

**OTO ANORHA Issue # 31  
The Temple of THEM, Australian Nexion**

**TEMPLE EDITION**

**17th July 2009**

**[Members Eyes]**

*Notification:*

*The summary of movements and achievements by the Temple of THEM on the National and Global circuit entitled “Prescencing Falcifer” has been suspended from Oto Anorha. The informative spiels contained within the previous three public editions have served their purpose and are no longer necessary. Via wordpress our direction to those who know is clear – and we’d rather not hand sensitive intelligence to the enemy on a plate. ;)*

Dear Member,

The following publication contains mss privately circulated to members of good standing within the Sinisterion and is specific to OA31 and the members of THEM. As was a popular practice of the ONA, each copy contains a separate set of typos to track dissenters. Please keep this information entrusted to you, to yourself and no other. I. S. S. Also newly adopted for this publication, and popularly considered to be another stroke of genius by the ONA, is a format of black text on grey background that greatly reduces eye strain when reading long tracts of electronic text.

Some of these mss invite participation and a response in regards to the direction of the Temple, of which you are considered an equal partner in the formation that is THEM, and wherein your experience/opinion will be valued and welcomed in these matters.

ISS,  
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## **Grand Black Magic: Aims of Experiment A**

### **Brief:**

**In 1776, in an attempt to foster progressive ideas within a conservative Bavaria, Adam Weishaupt and a few of his friends formed the foundation of the Bavarian Illuminati.**

**To quote author John Greer “Weishaupt believed in the essential goodness of human nature, arguing that only the burdens of religious obscurantism and fossilized tradition stood in the way of universal human enlightenment; he originally planned to call his order the Perfectibilists, because of its focus on the possibility of human perfection, but settled on Illuminati as a reference to the enlightened attitudes he hoped to foster.”**

**“Illuminati novices thus started their studies with classical writers such as Aristotle and Cato, and then went on to contemporary philosophers such as Holbach and Helvetius. A process of self-examination, guided by written questionnaires and the close supervision of a senior initiate, helped direct the novice toward the goal of this strenuous program – the creation of an elite of enlightened initiates who would insinuate themselves into influential positions in Bavarian society and transform the kingdom into a Utopia. Illuminati recruitment focused on the socially prominent, the wealthy, and the talented from the very beginning. By 1784 the order had spread through much of central Europe, with active colonies in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Bohemia (Czech Republic), Hungary, and northern Italy, and the total number of Illuminati who had received the Illuminatus Minor degree (the basic working degree of the order) had topped 650.”**

**The Order was to later fall apart as its heavy secrecy was compromised - bringing it to the attention of conservatives looking for a scapegoat - and so disbanded. Three years later the French Revolution was to break out whereupon the name of the Illuminati was mentioned in anti-Masonic propaganda. But it was the publication of a book by an individual named De Barruel who argued that an inner circle of Masons had deliberately started the Revolution as part of a sinister crusade against monarchy and Christianity, that elevated the Illuminatus from obscurity into the role of a World-wide Masonic conspiracy. Another author, John Robison, helped to fan the flames of narrative and between them they managed to tangle the Knights Templar and Illuminati together so successfully that their (often dubious) claims and myths were taken up by and wildly speculated on by the media. Throughout the 1800's belief in a sinister Illuminati was popular with many conservatives.**

**It was again in the publication of the famous Protocols of Zion - alleged to be the master plans of a global Jewish conspiracy - that the fuel for further speculation on**

**a secret ruling elite was taken up eagerly by the West and has remained every philosophers stone since.**

**It is of great consequence that the mythos of the Illuminatus has been identified as a creation of Narrative Magic. We may cite endless other examples of powerful organizations whose legend sprung from the same excited chatter of the human imagination – among these the infamous Order of Nine Angles of which I have been an avid proponent of in the expansion and power of its Mythos; and in time we may cite Ourselves among these.**

**While certain changes in methodology and organization by THEM differ from those the Illuminati utilized, such as intense instruction mentored closely by senior members, a chartered procession through a geometric tablet of reading to lay the foundation for enlightenment – viz. the “Tablets of Set” via Aquino’s Temple of Set -, and an intense myriad of secret signs, passwords, and codes, not forgetting our two organizations are separated by 300 years time; we are nonetheless identical in our humble intent.**

**The Temple of THEM and its expanding syndicate of nexions contain all of the elements necessary to create a Sinister Illuminatus. Elements such as the coherence of its members independence yet also their collectivity via Sinister Solidarity, a curriculum that imparts great Empathy, teaches such skills as critical analysis via the development of Cynicism/Optimism, continues to forge global Connections via far firmer alliances than many other groups have managed to engender, and exists synchronously to gather those together with a shared desire to raise consciousness individually and globally – neatly complimented by the expertise and experience of a growing number of individuals well-versed in a variety of the world’s largest and most influential secret societies and occult orders of which each of THEM hold or have held prominent positions.**

**With the increase and crystallization in Solidarity and Personal Honour (via ISS), has been born the simple foundation necessary for a well-connected world-wide syndicate of great influence to arise. Some may now understand why the magian seek to splinter us apart from one another – but the voice of the Dark Gods is the eternal condition of humanity and will never be silenced.**

**The following dossier forms part of an original ‘master plan’ conceived in 2004-2005 by those behind THEM, to implement on behalf of Satanism, a hostile aeonic takeover to cause the world to remember/recall the potential inherent in Darkness beneath the increasingly bastardized and commercialized emphasis mainstream media has made of its tools and philosophy – a bitter source of disagreement among Satanists that has kept solidarity at bay or an ineffective private pastime for self-indulgence that insulates the magian against any real threat of challenge to its rule. Although somewhat outdated, this dossier may satisfy some of the intense curiosity others have of the formation that is THEM and its ultimate geometry. Since a number of the concepts have already been introduced, taken seed and produced (or**

are producing) the desired changes, such information is no longer as sensitive as it used to be. Many of the concepts are only referred to briefly and in a bullet-point format but various mss have been circulated from the Black Glyph Society tendril, Wordpress tendril and Mvimaedivm tendril - including assorted Temple manifestos – that detail the ways and means by which we are attempting (or have already succeeded in achieving) to achieve these goals.

Soon we shall pass through the stage of external laughter that comes with any strong expression of the will to Dare – the ensuing scorn that characterizes the currents of significant change. People are generally cowards, cynics, afraid to dream, and they will make fun of those who struggle beyond mediocrity until the day they are forcefully proved wrong. Remember among them who had faith in the beginning – who was with you when times were hard – forget those who profess faith when our task becomes easy.

*“Those who were laughing then are no longer laughing now. And those who are laughing now ... will not be laughing much longer.” – Adolf Hitler.*

:GBM:

- a) To forge a National Satanic Identity
- b) To use the Emerging Capacity for people to identify nationally to springboard evolved National Socialist energies.
- c) To Unite the Strong Threads of remaining Initiates i.e. Of Action.
- d) Unite A/Causally via remaining energies inherent in National Socialism
- e) Exoteric Emergence
- f) Generate Independent Wealth / Spread Wyrð
- g) Infiltrate existing Satanic Societies – train others to do the same. (Art of Shapeshifting MvV)
- h) Undermine resistance to THEM – Attain Critical Mass
- i) Kristallnacht – Int.Magical Socialism
- j) Infiltrate existing Power Structures – train others to do the same. (Art of Shapeshifting MvV)
- k) Undermine perception of Form/Authority within those Power Structures
- l) Kristallnacht – Ext. Magical Socialism
- m) Re-Alignment
- n) Esoteric Emergence
- o) Re-Alignment

## heRe be DragOns (v.02)

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The quiet solitude of the upstairs study was broken by the sound of a ringing telephone.

Ryan, sitting at his desk and staring at the computer screen in front of him, grabbed absentmindedly for the receiver.

"Hello?"

A painting by some mysterious figure titled 'St Claire' - a rare occult treasure from the 1970's and a 21<sup>st</sup> birthday present from a generous uncle - hung above the computer muddying the otherwise uninteresting walls with murky swirls of aqua blue and crimson.

When he recognized the voice on the other end, Ryan grinned.

"Ah. How are ya mate? Been a long time since I heard anything from you - shit, must be a year now? Good to hear from ya, man. What's been happening in your world?"

A frown crinkled his brow.

"Oh yeah? - sounds like you're doing well for yourself - mm, yeah doin' alright - hey you got that other tattoo yet? Mm, yeah well you gotta take your time and look around - make sure you don't get fucked over and end up some scratcher's orange."

"Hah, yeah, good, look if you need any help with your design let me know. I've been drawing a fair bit lately - probably not the sort of shit you're after for your arm, but I'm pretty sure I can finish that tat. Make it match the other one at least."

Ryan stretched out his hand and picked up a jellybean that had fallen from a nearby bowl and idled too close to the keyboard. He popped it into his mouth and leaned back on his chair.

"Not quite, no. Lot's been happening - you in front of a computer?"

"Yep ok I'll wait."

He chewed on the -lemonade?- bean and gazed thoughtfully at 'The Witches'.

According to his uncle - a lot of Australian occult art had not survived the 1970's. Apparently a narrow-minded police force had sought to destroy any that they found. This painting, a set of three he was told, was probably quite rare. He wondered if his uncle would give him the third one to complete the set the next time there was an occasion to be celebrated.

"Yeah mate, I'm here - yeah. Go to www, dot, wordpress, yeah one word, dot com, backslash, temple of them - yep one word."

A questioning murmur issued from the mouthpiece, followed by a confident tone of confirmation.

"Yes mate that's it. What you're looking at is about 60 manuscripts -"

"No, I know, there's a hell of a lot more. The rest are either contained in various works or - you remember I was writing Mvimaedivm last time we spoke? Yeah, well - \*pause\* Well it's *supposed* to be called Mvimaedivm; I only called it the Diary of a Devilworshipper to make it more commercially appealing when I started selling 'em. Yeah good mate, I've actually finished seven volumes and ... no, I cut out a lot of stuff."

"Cheers mate."

"No - well I haven't published all of them yet - as I say, a lot of shit's happened."

Ryan raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Yeah the Order of Saturn - awesome stuff - this guy really knows his shit ... no not like, not regurgitating occult lore, I mean he comprehends behaviour, habit, method, change, alchemy, the lot. Yeah remember that book I told you about? The one on Cybernetics? - Ah shit, Maxwell ... something ... I can't remember. Yeah, well I really like his work - we had a bit of a chat about some of the concepts he uses vs. those that THEM use - was very interesting."

"Yep. Yep. Okay, well go get yourself a coffee or something and I'll tell you what's going on alright."

Ryan sat forward, cradling the receiver against his ear with his shoulder and typed seven letters into his search engine. A few maps of a woodland area in south-eastern Victoria popped up. He browsed the listed contents and clicked on one. He sat and studied the maps quietly.

A voice came from the phone.

"Hey man. Got yourself one? OK. Let's start from the top. Remember when you came over that time and we got crownies and sat in the garage? Yeah? Then do you remember we were talking about the powers of the Vatican and Vatican City? Yeah? Well apparently the Vatican has officially issued a private order to form a group of about 100 specialists to fight the rise in the occult."

"Yeah, I can't remember the name of their organization, but it's called something like the Sworn Brothers of the Sword against Magic and the Occult works of Satan, or some fancy ass title like that, and it's been put together by that fucker Ratzinger – yeah the pope – yeah he did, visited earlier last year and shut Sydney city down so no-one could even protest their presence – anyway, this action is quite a frightening proposition because its like a modern form of the Inquisition is being sanctioned by the Powers that Be. Well apparently he has ties to the descendants of the Inquisitors. Mm, well it's interesting to keep an eye on these things."

Ryan listened.

"Yeah, well the scary thing is that these crazy cunts are still as mad as hatters, nothing's really changed since medieval times in the way of attitude – just the forms. You've seen Guantanamo Bay? – Guat, no wait ... I forgot, they changed the name to Camp X-ray, that's right. Yeah \*laughter\* not much more comforting eh? Here you have a country whose propaganda machine has been raging for the last what - 60 years? - about the abominations of Nazi Concentration Camps, but who has almost a third of their fucking population incarcerated in prison."

"Yeah that's an awesome song eh? Mezmerize was a good album too."

"I don't care what they blame it on – the American system is fucked – and they're the acting hand of scary cunts like the Vatican – so you know what'll happen if they ever get their way. Yeah - but that



economic slump was almost certainly manufactured – it makes a lot of sense for it to happen now. The whole 911 thing – and then this – could not create more perfect conditions for them. America bombing their own people sent the entire world into an iron-grip police state that perfectly suits the clearly stated American-Magian goals of total global domination. Freemasons? I really don't know – who does? But thanks to America you can't get on a plane with toothpaste anymore for fuck sake and the mass given reason is because someone might die."

"\*laughs\* yeah well that's exactly right man, people are dying every day – because of America. America's quick to jump on soft targets accusing them of harbouring WMDs or abusing human rights – but you don't see them charging into China. No – and it's interesting that they've targeted Iraq, Afghanistan, Iran, North Korea and Georgia – because these countries all form a ring around China. I guess if you know you've got fuck all chance of invading a kick-ass empire like China – one of the oldest living dynasties in the world – the best thing you can do is keep cats at its feet. But from a military point of view it looks as if the American military has been trying to set up a perimeter around China for a very long time, at least since the cold war, and a lot of the countries fit the criteria for what are referred to as choke points."

"Mm, so you've got all these signs going on right? And all these noble sentiments of propaganda expressing the opposite that don't match those signs. It's like the protocols of Zion said: judge the merit of a conspiracy by what you can see happening. The Jews? Shit of course, but it goes beyond any racial war – and just because a few who happen to be Jewish are involved doesn't mean they all are. What's more likely is that millions of people lack the spirit or solidarity to argue with what's laid down, hundreds of thousands help enforce it, thousands of leaders and players the world over are following the lead of a hundred, a hundred are colluding together with twenty, twenty a few, and though it can be generalized the details of the world are just too fucking big and busy to really get any kind of handle on what's really going on on the personal level – you have to guess via the forms that arise, the forms that are trying to arise, the collective changes that occur. Meanwhile, wild cards keep everyone guessing. No - I do believe in a Magian conspiracy, partly because it's probable simply because people love to conspire. And partly because there do appear to be clear signs of a master plan unfolding on the chessboard."

“What kind of signs? Well, if you had access to a million cameras all showing you shady goings-on and you had to explain what was being done, how it was illegal, track the personal details of each person involved, and then go through court proceedings to get a conviction – where would you ever possibly start? There are so many things going on, on so many levels that it’s impossible to process it in any sort of entirety with any depth, proof, or clarity.”

“Well that’s right it’s not about feeling like your hands are tied because you can’t do anything – it’s the feeling that you can’t do anything that ties your hands. That’s the magician’s magic, billions and billions of forms that all act to tire you, make you afraid, feel overwhelmed – moreover the system also manages to cater for so many powerful influential people that not a lot of those people want anything to change or change too much. Doing something all starts with the development of a self-conviction to make choices.”

“Yeah well some of the signs are obvious and some aren’t. O and Sath brought a lot of these to my attention such as the death of touch in society, like intimacy is being made into a taboo. Well fear of paedophilia is rife, like an old-fashioned witch-hunt, and I have no love for those sick fucks but on one hand the government says kids need to be protected, and at the same time it makes all these absurd demands on mothers to put their kids in daycare, leave them with strangers and spend so much time at work they hardly ever see their kids. What the fuck is that about if not a direct attempt to send already over-worked people mad trying to obey two completely divergent attitudes to life? It’s like that whole fucking slap in the face with smoking where almost every media company brain-washed people into smoking, going so far as to use it as a sexual euphemism, tap right into human fundamentals, get all the big names doing it for like 50 years. But now some cunts have the absolute cheek to decide smoking is no longer profitable/publically acceptable, and rather than apologize for nationally and globally pushing this shit onto others, to turn around and blame smoking addiction on the supposed weakness of the individual smoker. Eh? Course there’s proof check out magazines and advertising from 1900 onwards – shameless! The funny thing is the whole campaign to stop smoking is just another repeat of the original campaign probably by a lot of the same players to start smoking! And people are buying it. You can’t have a smoke anywhere now – it’s like people self-policing for the State with every hypocritical fuck who tut tuts not having a clue that they’re just being brainwashed again to ark up about smokers. Retards. And what absolute cunts trying to make people feel dirty for doing something they told them for so long it was

in every way right and safe to do! And you know recently it got so ridiculous regarding touching people that there was a big hullabaloo in the papers about how swimming instructors were going to be expected to teach children but without being allowed to touch them. \*laughter\* yeah that's right, how the fuck are you supposed to teach children to swim without the instructor ever touching them? Your child's drowning? Oh sorry, I'm not allowed to help save them because I'll get sued. Maybe you could jump in an – no? Didn't learn how to swim properly either huh? Too bad for little jimmy. \*laughter\* Innocent handling and human touch and warmth is totally being made taboo – even my friend's who work in the prostitution business say so. They reckon the internet has totally fucked the sex industry, not only because most men think they have to copy the aggressive behaviour in porno's to be a man or get off – but because most of them are guys who work their ass off for a lifeless corporation, really only want simple human contact and affection. Yeah, 14 years she's been doing it. Never used to be like that apparently. Between them, 911 and the net really fucked everything.”

“Anyway can you hold on? I'm going to get a coffee now, I'll be right back. Yep just a sec.”

“Sweet, right, where was I? Oh, Yeah, anyway you got other signs like the tightening grip on oil, water, narcotics, medicine, the ownership of almost all the worlds companies and subsidiaries by a handful of people, increasing strain on resources, etc – but any event that even slightly changes the availability of something is quickly and completely blown out of proportion and given a media spin that makes each and every one of these human race collectively owned resources seem like the private property of some company or another and extremely scarce. And it's ongoing – day after day in the media, in the papers, in the TV, a whole slew, and I mean a non-stop fucking current since they got the idea from the Nazis, of fear-based propaganda saying this and that is running out, so people will stay afraid, believe the world is as they want it to appear, accept the greedy mark-up in prices, get squeezed dry for the benefit of capitalist cunts to widen the gap between rich and poor, and so affect people that that's all they'll talk about, trying to drown their sorrows in alcohol and braving the daily grind together. All the while feeding Orgasmatron. I've worked at bakeries and supermarkets – do you know how much food they dump? And what about water, the national statistics company indicates between 70-90% of water used is used by industry, yet they blame the working proletariat and even doubled water/gas/electricity prices overnight! I'd also add the horrific saturation of rap music, once the

most hated of forms by America, now allowed to openly pollute everything with nasty reptilian messages. No – it's the tunes that do it, not the lyrics. If you did any of those lyrics a capella they'd all just sound like shit – and exactly the same. It's musical engineers that inject the shite with trance not the two-bit actors that front the shop. Yeah I hate rap – it's an insidious state sanctioned poison - insidious, I mean you can't say fuck for fear of offending someone, but you can talk about bitch-niggaz beating raping women on a pg video game or popularize the gangsta culture in kid's movies. Which I should add in all fairness was another form of resistance absorbed and bastardized by the magian media. Yeah, yeah transformers had mongrelized negro robots talking Ebonics, and in transporter 3, in fact a lot of movies, anytime they want to make the movie fit in and be accepted by its audience they use contemporary music to make it fluid, so they use some ugly fucking rap track, thus continuing the cycle. \*laughter\* yeah well that or the horseshit pop bubblegum and love music that passes for music these days. I actually find a large number of people agreeing with me about my article on the frequency of the magian being so fucking enervating that it hurts their ears and brains just to be near it. Yep those fuckers have done extremely well to create such a powerful sonic weapon. Mate, people severely underestimate the role of music and movies in all of this."

"Eh? Orgasmatron – never heard the term? Song by ... Motorhead, well Sepultura do a version too but I don't know if it's the original – anyway, basically – Orgasmatron is the personification of the Churches Lust for Power and Armageddon. Find the lyrics online, you'll see what I mean."

"\*laughter\* Yeah well like America says – In God We Trust."

"Yeah right – so as I was saying, the Vatican put together this group to seek out and destroy the rise in the occult - \*cough\* I mean, disobedience. And with all these other signs popping up of a singular control over everything it's looking like this will be one hell of an interesting century. But the Christians are up against something new this time."

"No – and I knew you'd ask that. I've explained why forming a Paramilitary group or promoting extremism won't work against the Magian – at least not yet. What the fuck are you going to do against a powerfully trained unit of state-sanctioned S.W.A.T.? Or when the System gets hold of you and drags you through the courts, through the legal system – launching a one-sided argument to justify your

arrest, your treatment, using all its media against you, and you end up in a cell fucked over after someone pays the cops or screws to ice you – or the cops or screws use the inmates desperation to nail your coffin shut? What? Call yourself a political prisoner? You end up just another David Koresh or David Hicks – making maybe a loud bang at first with your individuality, but which day by day under a torrent of propaganda and damage control from the Machine silences it – demonizes it – or worse: uses what you did against you by making you a martyr for the opposite cause. Take September 11 2001, even if in some distant planetary dimensions terrorists actually did blow up the twin towers and I've seen too much evidence to believe that - a couple of thousand people get hurt in arguably justifiable payback for what America is doing to those countries their people and the world in general, and suddenly its ok for Americans to bomb the absolute shit out of Afghanistan. They do that shit in war – they do everything and anything they have to - and we're at war. If you take a careful look at the Christ/Satan myth embedded in nearly all movies where there's two clearly demarcated sides, yeah again transformers classic example, you see that after 2001 the message of such fights changes. Suddenly war is allowed to be won at any cost once the enemy has been identified. Yeah well a lot of movies show popular monuments and world-historic sites being smashed to dust in the name of American justice – and even cop shows are giving fantastic justifications for treating 'perps' any old way the cops desire – collectively sanctioning and condoning torture and assault of anyone whose deemed a criminal. We're at war with something old archaic and massive – and to take down a two-thousand year old mongrel dragon you need pretty spectacular weapons."

"What's that? No I still get it, I'm always meeting people who want to get together and form some sort of "Satanic Army" with a cache of weapons and secret hideouts – fuck man, a lot of people still treat the work like its cops and robbers. Well let me put it this way – if you've ever done martial arts you realize how extremely fragile the human body is even as it can be super-strong. You get in a fight and you might learn the same thing. You get one chance to take on something as huge as the Dragon if indeed you're even able to live such a life in the first place that you become aware of it before it subsumes you – and you can't go throwing that life away on some doomed crusade your carefully manufactured ego wants you to go on – that's falling prey to narrative magic. Especially, especially when there's still no solidarity among people. That was the first thing to go. Um yeah, what's his name, Henry Ford introduced the production line and everything just kind of snowballed from there into consumerism,

capitalism and the era of automated machines. Do you know at my local supermarket they no longer employ people at night? They only provide a self-service machine that fucks people out of jobs.”

“Yeah, but I mean a lot of people are still being trapped by the same shit – doing the same things despite the obvious precautions the Church has taken to meet various actions with various results. You wave a weapon, you’re gonna get fucking shot. And you’re gonna get shot by professionals or tasered now, the cops are being given tasers here in Oz. And say you blow yourself up on a tram – yeah you might start something, Australia has never had anything like that happen, and it’d start a wave that’d turn oz into a police state – but why would that help? And what kind of weak assfuck thinks blowing up civilians is okay? It’s not okay – it’s a lazy easy way out of actually tackling the huge and insidious problems that face humanity as a whole. Most of these bombers are young – easy to control, easy to convince, easy to replace. The bombs don’t ever seem to get anyone of importance, or anyone who has actually been causing the shit. It’s just an endless blood feud fuelling itself- just the way the magian likes it.”

“Well any of those poor tortured motherfuckers who did those school shootings are symptoms of the geometry America forces its inhabitants to endure. But I’d love to believe that’s finally starting to change – that people are starting to understand that there is a life beyond form and thus choices beyond what the magian offers us. The plan to implement Magical Solidarity is - \*pause\* yeah, \*laugh\* but it’s very different to National Socialism for a variety of reasons – name one? OK, well it hasn’t failed yet.”

Ryan sipped his coffee while he listened.

“No. well I can’t explain that to many people – I can’t give reasons for various actions because people need to learn how to think like that for themselves – if I tell them what I’m doing they’ll just get lazy, add the info to the pile of downloads, and never get around to understanding digesting or integrating what was actually being done – instead they’ll try to find a shortcut with some other group who’ll bury them up to their ass in weird and ridiculous practices ... yes and that’s right, you can give away all the secrets of the Tradition in plain view but that doesn’t mean they’ll be appreciated or even understood. Like, nobody ever thanks the guy that takes the fall, do they? \*laugh\* precisely. Understanding is still at a pretty shitty level – people still don’t understand let alone appreciate the supreme subtlety of how they and things work – like how having a common enemy can join two allies

together in hatred firmer than cement. It's not always fun having to play the enemy – it's not my idea of fun anyway – and it's a shitty job \*laugh\* but it works, and someone has to do it, just like it's always been done. You've no idea how many groups or key people we've brought together by making them hate us as a team, well me really because I stick my head out as the so-called representative. Well what they think is me anyway – I'm just a fuckin' phantom really. Hell I don't know "who" I am half the time. Eh? Yeah well fuck 'em it's way too early for people to even come close to that kind of perception. Softly, softly, catchy monkey."

"Aw fuck mate, list is endless."

Ryan swiveled to the right and picked another jellybean out of the bowl.

"Well, we had to start somewhere – all these other places are stigmatized, so any place we tried to deconstruct the Magian would have had, shit, at least a few hundred years of sediment, in some cases like Britain, maybe a few thousand. We'd have had to spend a lot of time eroding too many thick layers of convictions and traditions before getting heard or even to the point. New Zealand would have been good, but Bolton has that, and I don't live there anymore. And so Australia was the perfect platform to launch Magical Socialism. Eh? Yeah – met quite a few interesting people over the years – most of them are still working with me toward this. Yeah the ONA too."

"Mm, well that's helped fuckin' heaps – but you can't tell people that sort of shit – if you tell everyone you're this or that – it changes perception – better to remain quiet on the extent of one's achievements, for one reason people can doubt my 'credentials' and 'training' all they want ... \*raucous laughter\* yeah! It's from the Simpsons. Anyway what was I saying? The proof is in the pudding. Say what you like THEM is undeniably influential. And secondly, I'm avoiding being seen as an authority. Why? Well people would treat our work differently; just go along with it because we have some vested authority – when really they should go along with it because it makes sense to them. Well yeah that's why when we published a number of our books we deliberately didn't give them exciting pictures – I mean I could have easily used one of my pictures or drawn something to make them look cool and satanic – but what the hell would that do? It's very easy to wrap something up in pretty pictures to sell it. Man I've wasted a lot of good money buying shit just because it looked good only to get it home and read it. I went through all that shit when

I was DWR, god, as a teenager. I want our work to sell, to spread, to influence, whether it's wrapped nicely or not – after all, this fascination people have with valuing something based on its outer appearance needs to be balanced out. I'm testing synchronicity and I'm trying to reverse some of the lean on marketing that people use to qualify something's content. Heh, yeah, I read a lot what can I say? Mm, well ONA officially recognized us publicly as a Traditional Nexion not so long ago. Well yeah but we've been that privately for a long time – being announced publicly really only serves to elevate people's notice – people are trained early on to seek authorities. As a perceived authority we command respect – with respect, time, and with time – attention. Attention's important. Because once we have it – and they're not flitting about from form to form but paying close attention to what we're saying/doing – then we can point out how the whole process that brought them to us worked. Well yep, the idea is that it will make them immune to any further attempts by others to use form to entice them away from their own will and to serve in the will and forms of others. Well yeah I realized the paradox in telling people to think for themselves – but I can't make them think for themselves. I can simply do the best I can, with the others, to present what we have diluted from our own paths.”

“Yes, well a mixture of long-term and short-term strategists as far as Satanism is concerned is important – you can't be too careful with generalizing things out of habit because then you cut your options short. But THEM has – yeah THEM, that's the name of the new Temple – changed the game for a lot of people. As I speak, in just four months there's been almost 4000 people visit the site you're looking at. Right 4, 059. Well, that's true, in fact someone made a point of telling me some other assclown got twice as many hits and he did fuck all with his life. But the point here is that 4000 people taking the time to read serious methodology and insights into the problems and solutions and strategy of a vehicle like Satanism – and not even Satanism but just life – is a fucking good start. Because they're not taking an interest in the same old tired bullshit trotted out year after year, century after century that encapsulates them in commercial forms – but frees them from them. With enough influence that could snowball rapidly into a giant fist that fucks the Magian completely. Yeah that is quite an image. Sorry.”

“Um, sales are steady and I've sold several dozen copies of each volume of Mvimaedivm now – and that was despite stripping all the bullshit that goes with so many occultists from the very start. \*laugh\* well that's right and that's because being occult isn't the point. But



occultists are the most likely place to find minds free of certain prejudices, more open to change, who will try things in spite of the seeming impossibilities of them. Well actually - Oh guess what? My publisher sent me an email the other day that let me know one of my books had been chosen to sell on Amazon - and without me doing a damn thing except writing it. Again, a small start - but a dozen or more small starts in the right place are every bit as good as the proverbial good one. Saturation is one of the keys - but flooding people with books would just repeat what so many others have done - that doesn't help anyone - but you know about my other work."

"Yep going very well in fact. Tried a couple of times to get in good with a publisher - but for whatever fucking reason..."

"\*laugh\* yeah, must be my winning personality, eh?"

"Well - Mvimaedivm is the name of the forum we run. Yeah and the name of the books. Well I'm sure you can figure out why they both share the same name ... That's right mate, they're the same thing. Anyway the forum Mvimaedivm has been extremely successful - remember when everyone just fucking argued because they wanted to be right? Because of the domination of the ego? Well we found a way to satisfactorily explain to the collective ego how everyone can be right, while everyone can be wrong, and yet everyone work together, In Sinister Solidarity. There's now 21 separate nexions that I know of and counting, working together while each working in isolation."

"Mate, there's no way to explain it over the phone without it sounding confusing - you'd have to see it for yourself, be a part of it to get it - its magic. I'll send you some of the dossiers we put together so you can see for yourself. It's only the first finger to the enemy though - the first fuck you as it were. Well a) the Vatican can't tackle the occult if the occult doesn't seem occult. b) The magian have a powerful knack of absorbing everything into the machine and making it harmless, we've just shared the blueprints for that machine with the world and because it was so popular, that machine is all the magian ever built. They don't have time to build another one."

Ryan made a face and dropped the wet blue jellybean he'd taken out of his mouth into the nearby rubbish bin.

"Look I don't mean to sound like I'm blowing my own trumpet, but fuck mate I'm blowing my own trumpet. See look at it this way. The Christians haven't really evolved in technique - yeah their enforcers

have, and technology has given them an edge, but numbers don't mean shit if you have a superb strategy that gets the masses involved. See they still teach the same intolerance they taught way back when in the same way. They still have a cyclopean definition of Satan and Satanists, and Satanism too for that matter. But instead of having discussions restricted to forms and thus peoples thought processes being effectively controlled via a restriction of choice of thoughts - people around me are now beginning to look much harder at form - examine the motive for their presence - see the fragility in them, and understand the layers of each - not just as individual geometry, but as a powerful context to be used in casual intellectual examination. With the bones of the magic of the magian laid bare - people are slowly stripping away the "cumbersome wreckage" that being trapped within the stricture of forms has left behind as a legacy for our generation and which has profound influence on everything we do by ourselves, in a group, or as a species."

"No way. There's way too much work to be done to dismantle that terrifying machine than I could ever hope to do in a hundred years of writing. Because there are all these probably infinite angles that need work, study, perfection, alignment to replace the artificial machine with organic life-centered geometry. That's why it's so incredible to see all these different groups rising up as one each with its own personality, goal and engine driving it - yet, all working toward the same thing, the destruction of the magian thought process - not just to tear down their transient outer architecture or personnel but a collective internal alchemical eradication of their function. I mean obviously there are groups doing all sorts of different functions - but it's like they're working as one creature to bring about the same aim. We're not just changing the flag here - we're actually changing consciousness insofar as we are influencing what people choose to take notice of, care about, and with luck permanently affecting people's perception in such a way as to revolutionize perception itself. Once something's broken man, it doesn't get unbroken. Perception is like that."

"Well yeah, I know I'm fucking crazy. But I'm also horrifically sane."

"\*laugh\* Whaaaat? Get fucked cunt, I'll buy *you* a fucking swear-jar!"

"Yeah. Nah. Actually that's a good point. Try thinking about it like this: what does the Magian really have - really have - except our Trust?"

In a nearby room the shrill cry of a mobile phone rang out.

"With power comes responsibility – especially when you're trying to help change the world in so drastic a way. And with so many handicaps! Like, we're not wealthy, we have to work anonymously, we don't have the luxury of cheap and wide-spread media or advertising, we're trying to presence something that is completely outside the box so far as the occult is concerned, we're trying to expand consciousness for fuck sake, and we're only three years old as a Temple. I have to believe it can be done - otherwise who else is there? Shit phones ringing hold on a sec?"

"Fucking telemarketers. Okay, I'm back, sorry about that mate. Where was I? You get one life, seventy or so years, and then you're fucking dead. In that time, at least as a Satanist - you have to break down all the bullshit lumped onto your brain and cultural program to see something lies beyond it – you have to try escaping that program a number of very disheartening times in order to identify what lies beyond it – you have to sum up all the knowledge left to you by others by using only the merest portion of it – and you have to learn how to learn. In that time you must also accomplish any number of extremely tricky tasks, including individuation, finding the self, accepting the ego, dealing with the concept of God, the concept of godlessness, dealing with the concept of concepts, get disappointed by any number of idols and gods, not go mad doing all this, not lose interest pursuing such goals, and not give in to being a part of the furniture in the Time in which you find yourself. You must fight death, doubt, failure, and chance, and even beyond all that – you must be able to write, draw, or otherwise communicate what no-one wants to hear without being drowned out, ignored, or laughed at. That is, assuming you align in the first place with the forces of the Sinister and not the status quo. Now I'm going out on a limb here and I'm saying to you that no-one, not a soul, can do or does what I do. That's why I write so much and talk so much because I've never met or encountered anyone like me, and I have something to say about the world and my place in it, I have something to say about all that I have encountered in the people around me as a result of its history and its domination by the Church. I'm not going to sit around and waste my life, quietly biding my time and tapping my fingers waiting for someone else to come along and say what I am saying, or do what I am doing. I'm just giving it one hell of a good go to try and smash these cunts or leave behind the means for others to do it, like I promised to myself I would do when I was twelve. What's that? Mate, the army will come – one thing I've learned is that there are many ways to fight a war, and many ways should be used to fight a war."

Ryan's coffee had gone cold. And he pushed it away.

"Yeah – well if we can just reach a critical mass then shit could really change in a big way. Yeah? We'll I'm not a megalomaniac – no – I'm not – one of the most important things I teach from the Temple is not to trade one authority for another. Instead of just repeating the same hypnotic trick but with me as the new puppet master I try and show people how it's done and hopefully how to shut that shit down. Because replacing a magian authority with a satanic one isn't the name of the game either man, it's all so much more complex than that and yet so blindingly simple – depends which side of the fence you're looking at it from. People need to split their perception and dual view of yes/no a little bit further to work with us, so they have all shades of understanding operating at once. Yeah it is asking a lot – but look at what we're trying to do – and that includes your work too – it's huge, insane, and fucking impossible – but hey shit, it's being done anyway."

"Slowly? \*laugh\* mate, where I stand that term means nothing anymore."

"Exactly. But you know how super subtle the power of forms can be – and how people's brains tend to work – for instance, form is so powerful, the reader may have unconsciously assumed that –I- don't like blue jellybeans.

End.

## The Magnitude of Scope

One of the important questions an experiment like ours must ask, and ask now to be certain of direction, and for the future reference of others who come this way – is what is our magnitude of scope?

In just a few short years we have brought forth a national reputation that challenges the satanic cultures and traditions of continents vastly older than our own. Our tendrils “the wordpress” continues to surprise us with a steady increase of visitors pushing its readership higher and higher with each passing day. Our publications and our reputation as an elite satanic formation are both reaching the corners of the globe - challenging the way thousands of people think and by proxy, act. Suffice to say since the Inception we have done extremely well to lay a solid magical foundation and implement our modus operandi.

Our experiment centres on raising what for now it is convenient to generalize as “consciousness” but which at a later date and if certain signs make themselves present must be accurately specified. But consciousness is a phenomenon shared by all human beings, the entire hulking mass of six billion or so of us. Amongst which we still find the impossibly vast webs and threads spun by the spidery ego that make such a rise extremely tricky and extremely dangerous.

If the Temple and its experiment continue to obtain similar results to the last few years, even months, at an exponential rate: we risk stepping on a lot of toes, more than we already have, and those toes whom actually have the power to annihilate our nexion and all those associated with us. As it stands we are still ghosts – going largely unnoticed by the potential pool of the world’s minds and not considered a threat to anyone. But the charter predicts (through action) a time coming when we face the possibility of getting a sudden burst of mass media attention, possibly nationally, possibly globally.

If for instance, THEM were to go the route of forging a physical Temple ala the Church of Satan, such a burst would be likely to bring us the kind of limelight the magian really can’t afford to give us. Successfully handled – such exposure could rocket our nexion into the public consciousness. Whether the exposure is negative or positive makes significant difference – positive exposure could usurp us into the machine, soften us, make us acceptable, harmless, paint us as a fringe group – whilst negative exposure

could smear campaign our efforts thus far, or worse, make us a lot of enemies (or friends) too soon.

Let us suppose we did get that big – after all you can't tap into the collective consciousness and the currents of the active psyche without expecting to start a tidal wave of repercussions – positive or negative. It is a dangerous game we play. Our exposure would get the attention (and comments) from other satanic groups – I'm thinking here in particular of the sanitary and popular CoS. Not only would we bring what might be seen as unfavourable media scrutiny back upon Satanism – but we'd alert the witch hunters, evangelists, rednecks, at best, politicians, religious figures, police dept, government officials, at worst. Anonymity is hard to maintain under a concerted effort to find you by the powers that be – and were we approached by 'friendlies' whose 'generous offers of assistance' we knocked back; find ourselves with a bevy of slighted time-bombs.

There is also the small matter of global scope and the larger matter of what we do – which is re-orient thought. Re-orient enough thought our way and there are going to be a hell of a lot of THEM. But the more of THEM, the more we start cutting into others industries, into world industries. Suffering is exponential; anytime you try to decrease it somewhere, it increases elsewhere. Other Satanic groups might be all too willing to throw us to the dogs should the chance arise or be made possible – if trapped, the messy world of legality, of lawsuits and counter-suits could tie our hands even if our work continues to spread – you need to each remember that this is not a backyard operation but a concerted effort to re-orient world consciousness, a feat of immensity few are arrogant, ignorant enough to attempt or even dream possible. The more we grow the more our name will come to the fore, and the more we will provoke the wrath of the world dragon with the potential for an extreme explosion whose collateral from its blast cannot be predicted. It is quiet for now but if we continue the experiment it is guaranteed it will not remain so for long.

Media is an inestimably powerful and monstrous force ladies and gentlemen; millions of people receiving the same tailored message bodes a lot of carefully directed emotion and a lot of voices in unison. That is why our works have been distributed quickly, freely and in such volume. Our name is gathering on the lips of thousands – and our alchemy will only intensify. We are a new magic, strange and mysterious in shape to their eyes, but it won't be long before the magian sit up and take notice, take notes, take aim...

Type ‘Australian Satanism’ into your search engine. Guess who pops up?  
No mean feat.

THEM discuss the focal point of awareness and the dislodging of consciousness to diffuse our being into or out from the collective psyche – give genuine psychic and magical ammunition to disarm, dismantle and destroy the enemy and their matrix of form - while our Australian competitors trade tips on the best place to buy black candles...

Our arrogance is a magnet – but it must be that way for the experiment to work – and so I ask each of you – what is our magnitude of scope? Is it enough to aim to saturate a nation and implement magical solidarity therein? Or do we continue to aim for a no-returns hostile aeonic takeover? Is there a way to minimize chaos theory and entropic decline of our egregore by deliberately restricting our reach – or should we just continue to work together in unrestrained ferocity and see what comes with frothing the water?

With such aims as ours – these are questions we need to ask early, and frequently.

## On Building a Compound

***[This was my response to the question posed by XE / OA22 on the benefits of building a physical Temple to THEM within Australia on 4<sup>th</sup> July 2007. As this issue has re-arisen I have re-affirmed my opinion on this matter with amendments where necessary. K.]***

### REASONS FOR BUILDING A COMPOUND: OTHERS

Many groups and cults have sought to isolate themselves from the world by building a commune or compound to achieve the task of solitude. Isolation is sought for many reasons but most common of which is control.

How do so many perceive the world around them? Some, very rare individuals and groups remain blissfully ignorant of the daily onslaught of propaganda – but most people, and especially those THEM can expect to deal with - are influenced to a considerable degree through media.

Newspapers, TV, Emails, the Internet, Books, Pamphlets, Advertising, Billboards, Signs, Shop fronts, Logos, Symbols, T-Shirts, CD's, Food Products all carry messages; alternate messages to what most cults, whose dialectic and purpose is often extremely narrow-minded (due to being an operation of and for an ego) want their members to see, hear, or be influenced by.

This reaction to screen media by isolating a person from the full quantity of concepts/sensations to be processed and available to immediate perception is never a humanitarian drive to save people from unsavoury influences – never an unselfish act to protect people from harmful influences – but a reaction that stems largely from an individuals (usually the ego doing the enshrining via a cult following) desperation to save themselves, or more accurately, to preserve both the particular geometry that makes-up, and the geometry that is important to – the ego in charge of the operation.

As members of THEM you are all highly fluent in the machinations of building maintaining and operating a cult or temple. But my concern is not to re-relate these machinations but to itemize some of them to make a point. I will be extremely brief in going over the processes to familiarize you with key points for the summary of this essay.



The inherent weakness of the ego is in its narrow-mindedness and its extreme fragility. Many gurus seek to separate people from influences that would interfere in the brain-washing (literally washing the brain with the same waves/frequency/habits/repetitions aurally/sonically/physically/psychically etc. day after day) they inculcate upon them which would lessen the chance of complete acceptance by the person of the cult and its values – and thus weaken total control over that person. This fear of lack of control is among one of the characteristics of an operation by the ego. The cultist ruled by ego is unable to face the prospect of their desire to impose control being challenged by other influences, by the totality of the world and its currents also each seeking control in a fashion over a person, and so seeks to squirrel away its members in an isolated place where they can be kept and tended to like livestock without being challenged. The loss of new and divergent media gradually breaks a person's resistance to programming down, creates restrictions that limit action and word to the detriment of self-preservation, and may even make them completely obedient to the cult. Books, and the deep devotion people spend absorbing their contents work on a similar albeit minor type of level – whereupon if one book grabs you, it is a short step to purchasing the entire available collection to immerse yourself further. We all know how this is done so we will require no details, nor further details from this form. You may skip to the next section unless my thoughts on cultism interest you.

A cult's cosmology or philosophy if you like is often as fragile in logic as the ego controlling its emission. That is the very reason why the form arises: as a carrier. The ego is simple, idiotically so, in its aim – which is always control. Control being related to power. But control shares a ratio with hard work if you don't start the process with any power. The ego wants to go from A to A. But it can't usually do that – suffering from an inferiority complex is the reason many egos create a cult – as an exoteric monument to their inner exasperation and madness. Getting from A to B to C, to D is all hard work that will be resented because the ego only wants to get to A. But to build a cult some kind of form is needed to carry the essential tools of the cult – one set being narrative, the other set being those related to persuasion. You also need a standard set of accoutrements that go along with creating a form to entice others toward you; you need a catchy name, a catchy purpose, laws and regulations or a code of conduct, a place to gather, and the innate ability to make others feel special/unique.

For the temperament of a follower the energy required for these lengthy processes of manipulation is out of bounds - but this level of energy is all too easy for a charismatic leader ruled by the thermonuclear energy of the ego.

Once you have everyone feeling special and unique – and this is important - devoted to the leader who feeds their ego what it wants to hear - you have successfully plied the collective ego of the cult with enough delusion to act freely without the necessity of yourself having to maintain and sustain the façade of whatever form you built. The form will then stand alone and requires no further decoration or construction – it is a finished monument of automatic worship. One can then largely abandon the speeches, songs, and celebratory projection of the Coming, or stories of the Great UFO Journey, or the Age of Aquarius to your followers – who will happily carry on the delusion (without batteries required) in your name, for your name, while you snort cocaine off the wet fucked buttocks of the latest male or female conquest to join your group. With a practical carte blanche to act as you please, the cult is a success. Congratulations - you've built yet another stale mediocre shrine to the carnal immaturity and lack of imagination so common of the ego and created the greatest most seductive trap of many a would-be satanic magician. A dead end.

This creation is the epitome of selfishness at the cycle of expense of other human beings; a form that has filtered down in stunted maturity to parody the practices of the Church ingrained in so many. A form so much a part of us we are rarely conscious it exists – but act as parrots of the Church in repeating this process ad infinitum in nearly everything we do.

#### THE REASONS FOR BUILDING A COMPOUND: OURS

The original plan (c.2003) was to make enough money via infiltrating the good books of publishing houses with our works, and to pool our funds from our respective 'jobs' to purchase land and a house somewhere isolated and near the bush in Australia to begin 're-enacting' the literary cult of the ONA. Some speculative persons have perceived this reaction to ONA to be the point of the ONA, all along.

As time has gone by, and we have discussed, this would be an action that would not just set us and THEM back considerably, but the Sinister itself.

In creating a physical representation of the Order's cultus – wherein we train others to chant, perform group rituals, induct others into the Sinister, and congregate to wear black cloaks under a moonless night, not only are we creating a self-contained and limited expression of Life but we are once again, like so many of our peers, enshrining Human-Centered Geometry and setting up the conditions for failure. Enacting once again, the schema of the Church and its hierarchical madness of degrees, and laws, and rules and restrictions – when as we all know, Form is not restricted to this myopic use. To live the literary cultus would be both foolhardy and dangerous.

Firstly because as I have said it would reaffirm the use of forms by the Magian as a Sinister practice, i.e. reaffirm that the magian have dictated how this war is going to play out, that the Sinister are defeated in their ingenuity to get around these entrapments, and as a final insult let the Sinister design their traps for them! MAGIC must be freed from its imprisonment in form – the magician must remember what came before crystallization.

The idyll of such a cult sounds great on paper – but we each know the difference between paper and projection. If not a Satanic Compound we should become an Esoteric School and what can come of that practice and focus of infinitesimal little forms and practices endlessly divided into categories, concepts and constructs, all packaged tightly and neatly into colours, shapes and sizes – but a dire regression to the Occult? Wherein do passwords, secret meetings, identification, security cameras and systems, patrolling dogs, armed watchers, spies, informants, drugs, sex, paranoia, suspicion, squabbling, bitching, boasting, worshipping acolytes; a cycle of repetition and living trapped within the crystals, within the Narrative created for us, to explain us and charitably provided for us to explain ourselves to them, by the Magian, work for US? At one time, in one form or another, perhaps. But now?

Moreover, to seek to isolate people within one or even a handful of forms is to repeat the Magian program. We do not want people to run from the world, nor hide from the world dressed in black cloaks exalting the Dark Gods through thinly-disguised prayer! But to face it in all its terrifying glory. On all its wonderful levels. Ours is not a group that fears the challenge of the Magian's presses or its media – let others read what they will, let them be influenced, just let them see influence. We ask only that they read also our studies on the context of such presses, their design, purpose and relativity.

We will never achieve disconnected consciousness while we trot out the same tired clichés the magian has been pinning us under for years. In such uniforms, with such footsteps, repeating those words, we resemble only our enemy's fantasy and enact our enemies sympathetic magic over which their grasp of the form of Satanism is extreme. We're not dolls XE; we don't dance to the puppet-masters tunes. We faced the Abyss together and saw what/that it lies beneath. We have a duty to preserve that terror and beauty, honestly and accurately. And what is accurate is beyond the clumsy and sloppy measurements the world fumbles with for its current interpretations, especially where language and passage are concerned. What is accurate is beyond the walls of any Temple or Order however grand its oak-panels and altars – beyond the rudimentary inverting of what they lay before us.

From altering perception to releasing consciousness from the skull; dissolving forms in acid and vitriol and seeing the connexion between the universes parallel; how the macrocosm is the microcosm is the macrocosm is the other and the same; how the stars above are the cells within in one hideous-for-now loop; perceiving and understanding the extent and danger of the magian, knowing how to destroy them once and for all.

These things cannot be taught by enshrining ourselves within walls, or by limiting the world for others through the re-enactment of a cultus – however pagan. What we do and what we know can not be bound by walls or captured in ritual; especially the rituals of others; it is living and lives beneath, behind, and beyond. It is a drawing down of something yet to be familiar to our time, but which will one day be. The best way to see it is to SEE it. And isolation from the fullness of the world and from the fullness of perception to pursue an idyllic satanic fantasy will render the chance of genuine perception null. All factors, all facets, all dragons of the Magian must be accessible; those within, those without and those between. The enemy and its movements/monuments must be studied; not hidden from sight and mind. Meditated upon, embraced and dissected, not mediated through indirect experience and hearsay. The Sinisterion must remain aware and cogent of the factors streaming from the magian Wyrð, see and recognize the outer forms of the tools being used and the esoteric context and motive behind them, and if not the factors from the magian then from the rivers that run beneath synchronicity. The Sinisterion should be able to see freely what is influencing others, what they are reading, seeing, hearing, observe the media they are being controlled with and identify how and by whom, break down the

concepts being introduced and played out; so they may, if necessary, formulate appropriate "counter"-measures. Wherein "counter" does not mean to respond in kind inversely – but to attack and weaken both the effectiveness of the original measure, counter-measure and any kind of measure.

But you cannot hope to Gather while Solidarity remains in tatters.

That is why the Temple of THEM operates the way it does; it works outside of the magian's magic, outside of their illusions, whilst using their technology against them. It doesn't repeat the same tired cycle of giving someone a spell-book and new cosmology to study and work through, filling their heads with mountains of semantic and categorical information perchance that with enough of it they can become some awesome occult mage with supernatural powers – because the powers described are usually non-existent, fantasy, or described in magian forms using magian language – the wet dream of failures who dared not return without something to show for all the time they spent on demonic worship. You can dabble with your incense and say whatever you like during ritual after ritual – while the magian's forms bear down upon the world relentlessly and religiously despite your best efforts. So many just waste their time muttering incantations and worry about burning the right coloured candles - in painful ignorance of the true scope of the enemy of Satanism.

Meanwhile the world grinds them down into dust; they get older and get treated the way the magian wants people of our age to be treated; predetermining the trends and attitudes toward the various sectors and stages they artificially dictate with arbitrary fashions and fads where once tradition and initiation lead the wise way. Their poisonous deafening cacophony of sickening magic controls our destiny by controlling perception, and our chance to break ourselves and others free of it. The short and sweet of it is this: teenagers (quite a new marketing based term, 200 years ago childhood didn't exist) are the most likely demographic you will encounter looking into Satanism. If they're dissatisfied, and they usually are, they're going to look for the "darkest" books, the most "satanic" groups to join, and they're all going to be missing the entire fucking point (and weapons being used) of this War.

What's the first thing people do when an animal at the zoo is born? They give it a name. They give Everything names - once the name is attached, culture takes over. We all know the difference between the named and the nameless, wordless, ecstasy. Wherein magic has no

name and no form – no causality. It is an operation with laws unto itself as is the supernatural wherein what occurs usually occurs without a known or knowable name. Once it has a name, then its controllable – attachable – alterable – arguable... a form, with counter-forms, that slots neatly into pre-prepared categories for forms which are already given their moral context by other categories, over-simplification, arrogance, and the basic and ever-limiting restrictions of the human language to define/refine something.

Thus Lucifer has changed so many times over the centuries because of his naming, a victim of endless subsequent attachments and become an ineffectual idol thrown to the anti-Christians to paw at who perform the Churches work anyway.

Then of course we can witness those glimmers of US – in those who tried to move away from the stereotypical Satan and Lucifer but who failed nonetheless because they underestimated the scope of the problem – which is that most just fall right back into another form with all the right words in all the right places so harmoniously that they become seamless conspirators with the magian empire.

THEM cannot do that. Nor can we seek to rent castles like the IOT to practice sorcery and repeat the performance of past magical acolytes. Nor can we bind together under a symbol or word or flag or standard or banner. Nothing causal fits, nothing symbolic works, but the concept of a numinous symbol beyond representation to represent potential – and which in the causal is void. We are causally separated in time and space and yet unified under the same concepts – a collective growth of consciousness appearing in a large concentration at a time when perception is mature enough to begin consciously embracing it. This is a phenomenon happening beyond the confines of a Church or any two-bit resemblance to one, beyond any one culture or set of beliefs, and despite the best efforts of the Magian to contain it.

A curious elixir of cynicism and optimism in just the right doses and just the right places is re-invigorating the War and those fighting it. Our works are making their way into hardcover and thus lasting impressions via books right across the world. Thousands of people are reading, watching, relying on us because we are different, because we are unique, and because we say we are the voice of THEM that issues forth beyond the contrivances of the ego and in the inhuman utteral pitch and frequency of the Dark Gods.

Our Temple is in the acausal, in the potential; it is magic – it cannot be contained in physicality by us because it does not come from us, or just for us – and it cannot be torn down – it comes from a different place, a place where there are no buildings, no bombs, no way to erase its architecture or its persistent voice. It is the same collective impulse toward human solidarity that has always struggled for emergence but been denied its freedom to thrive. Whether fault lies in the ego, lack of context, or the clever machinations of the magian designed and re-designed to counter such threats to its dominion – I won't speculate on in detail. But now this impulse has come to us – six magical self's – at a time of remarkable collective synchronicity and has possibly been given its greatest chance yet.

We continue to influence, instruct and impart knowledge and insight that saves time, shatters illusions, and causes others to Remember ; to look deeper, further and more carefully into the worlds around them and the worlds between them. Any person can see for themselves what can be achieved when humans act together – see what is held together by an endless stream of cars every morning and night – and as our voices grow in unison the external architecture of THEM will make itself visible. As the prophetic ONA intuited - an individual has become individuals – individuals a group – a group many groups – and now we, the Sinisterion are very close to becoming a culture. Let's not damage our good work, our collective work by regressing to using forms in the manner allowed, manner proscribed, manner dictated by the magian; nor to giving them everything they desire in defeat on a platter via convention and entrapment in their crystallizations by catering to classical human-centered geometries of worship - but to continue dissolving the illusions above 'the great citadel' that lies beneath.

Great patience is required now: we are only a few years in but with so much appearing to have been accomplished remember that we still have more than twenty-five years of our charter to go. As was once told me: "Recognize the narrative in which you find yourself and which influences us to make mistakes. Nurture awareness of the world ethos and act accordingly."

ISS, XE

Krys

\*Further reading: "heRe be DragOns." - Liber SsS.

## THE DEATH OF TOUCH

+O+

[Ed. This essay was supplied incomplete by my mistress (author of Love vs. Loyalty) at my insistence. The very concept dealt with is one of extreme activity and sensitivity in societies the world over and compliments neatly the essays by SATH on the canalization of sexual energy as posted on the Temple wordpress. 'The Death of Touch' excellently highlights an active magical-based malady infecting society at this time and era – a highlighting that I felt needed to be aired as soon as possible. Although unfortunately unfinished this essay will hopefully be completed at a later date and possibly issued via OA #32. +O+]

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Touch in western society is becoming more and more of a social taboo. This concept was first introduced during the Middle Ages, but soon abandoned by the church as adherence by its followers was socially impractical. But the magian realized the enormous power the control of touch and intimacy would have over the common man and bided its time until social and economic conditions were better suited.

The repression of intimacy has become a huge tool of the magian since the end of World War II. In this manuscript I aim to touch upon the ways and means in which this is being done, and to suggest ways in which the rule over the body can be broken down.

### World War II

The emotional fight for the 'moral' and ethical high ground was an important factor for both the allies and the Germans all throughout the war effort. While the allies claimed to be fighting to uphold the family along with religious and social freedom, the nationalist socialist party portrayed the family as a production unit for the state. Both sides, in theory, exalted the importance of the family, but at the same time the very essence of the war effort tore families apart. Men ,( husbands, brothers and sons) were sent off to fight and die, while the women and children were left not only to fend for themselves but also, as the fighting progressed, were required to work in the manufacture of the tools of war. So between the men on the front lines killing fathers and sons from other lands, to the women toiling in factories producing the hardware for their men folk to kill or be killed with, generations of families were destroyed to be used as cogs in the military- industrial complex. As these facts sunk in, I believe a collective cynicism toward the family unit arose as a psychological barrier, a shield for people to hide behind in the face of understanding the true nature of what their 'war efforts' had truly cost them.

Thus the trauma of all this has had a huge effect on the interaction between men, women and families ever since. Divided by their individual parts, resentment grew between men and women: men resented 'women and children' back home, being told by their leaders that they are what they are fighting, suffering and dying for. That they are to 'stand up and be men' to leave their wives and children to fight for the freedom and happiness of the whole country, told that the enemy would destroy the sanctity of the family if not stopped. During the course of their years of fighting, the men would have realized that



the enemy was just men of a different nationality, fighting to protect and honour their own wives and children back home. Seeing this would inevitably created a split in a large amount of the fighting men; on one hand wanting to be honoured as being responsible for killing so many families, their country (and therefore their families) encouraging them to do so supposedly to save their own families way of life, while at the same time having to devalue all human life and loves and be able to kill, kill, kill. I believe this is where men started to believe the lie that only they were strong enough to understand what needed to be done, that to have a wife and child and home would create some kind of mortal danger, that wanting to be in the arms of a loving family was somehow weak and that in wanting that kind of love was rejecting your fellow man and your manhood.

Women on the other hand were burdened with a tremendous amount of guilt during and after the war. They were the weaklings that couldn't fight but needed to be saved from the enemy. Their hands worked to forge the munitions that killed their men folk. Still on home soil they missed the comfort and love of their men, they could see just how quickly families could be torn apart by war. In an effort to hold on to the semblance of a nuclear family many women took up with men still on the home front, even so far as copulating with POWs. At a time of such chaos women were trying to uphold the sanctity of the family, but understandably this was received badly by the men they had abandoned. Women were starting to see men as absentee and men were starting to see women as disloyal and flippant. This was rewarded by church and state; women whose men were off fighting were given sympathy and material assistance, men who had been abandoned by their families while fighting were also given sympathy and were encouraged to hate not just the woman who had left them, but all women in general. The social consensus nurtured the resentment leaving many a man feeling that the only true loyalty the soldier would ever feel from now on would be the camaraderie of his fellow man. For the first time men were openly encouraged to live a life separate from their wives and children, to form bonds of mateship to cushion them from the inevitable breakdown of their marriages.

Thus true separation of the male/female bond of intimacy was achieved and both state and church, and by now budding corporations, took a stranglehold on individuals now alone in their struggle against their repression.

## **50's**

This is where the start of separation truly began. As families became smaller and more affluent, children and parents for the first time were to occupy separate rooms. Until then most families lived in small houses, and if the children didn't sleep in the parental bed, then they at least shared very close quarters with their siblings. During this time sex between parents was not something that was a mystery to their children, as they were often moved to one side of the bed, while sleeping, while the parents copulated.

With women starting to move into the work force during the war, first out of necessity, and then to stay on afterward out of a sense of empowerment, it was realized that the time and conditions to implement physical separation was ripe. Household incomes became higher, and families for the first time, spent long hours separated from each other without the feminine matriarch awaiting their return to her bosom.

The magian sprang upon this, implying that now a woman could labour for money she was much more important than she was in her role as nurturer of the family. The family unit, where one first learns the beauty of touch and intimacy, was infiltrated and a rapid decline in the ability of humans to properly connect with each other aided the church in holding power at a time when they had almost lost. People, after experiencing the horror and loss of war on such a large scale, were starting to question their fundamental belief in god, and the system that contained it.

This was around the time that the church started openly condemning masturbation en masse. Now that children were in their own rooms, the church preyed on the natural fear of parents that this separation was wrong, turning it back on the child; what was the child doing in bed alone at night? Turning the parent's fear of abandonment of their children into a fear that their child was unclean or perverted. Before this separation parents knew full well that their children and themselves enjoyed healthy touch and intimacy between each other, but now that their children had become strangers, and the parents felt guilt for missing the touch of their children, the conditions were ripe to exploit a divide in the very base of society. From this foothold the magian has gained perhaps its greatest influence, repressing the very core of humanity in little more than 50 years.

## **60s – 70s**

The government now realizes the control lack of intimacy gives it over the masses, and consciously assists the church in perpetuating the taboo of touch. Men and women, empty from a decade devoid of intimacy, are the perfect targets for corporations willing to cash in on their dissatisfaction. Women are shown, through advertising, the media's idea of the perfect woman; as this "perfect woman" seems content when they themselves are not, women begin to believe that if they could reflect this perfect woman then they too could replace what is sorely missing. The church has made it wrong for women to desire sex, which has by now been wrapped up with any form of intimacy or touch, so the loss of this vital connection is rarely discussed by women, and believing that they're the only ones that feel this way, disconnect further from the women around them and by proxy more with the "perfect woman" in advertising that seems to have all she desires.

Around the same time pornography for males is pushed more into the mainstream. Men are being told that all they desire is sex, not intimacy or children [the real purpose of sex], that although their urges are 'unnatural' it's okay for them to shamefully indulge them as long as it's not with a real woman. Through pornography men are being told that all men are selfish, that their need for intimacy is really just an urge to 'get off', and that the only woman with whom he should be intimate with is an unattainable beauty.

Man and Women were being confronted with sexual imagery more than ever before, whilst being told that this so called obsession was the cause of all their misery. Sexual freedom became a sign to health professionals of either drug use or mental illness. Through media the magian had obtained another ally, Doctors.

## The 23 Syndrome: Notes and Practice

By ThoTh +O+

Part of the extreme emphasis and cynicism of form by THEM, of dissolving faith and reliance in the man-made architectural geometries of the physical world, is related to an attempt to try to silence the equivalent of the “inner chatter” of the mind – for the eyes.

To create uncertainty in perception offers the possibility of unhinging or relaxing the focal point of awareness of the being – with the possibility of exploring or experiencing altered states of perception that being anchored concretely to the world via the collectively shared matrix of ones thought with the general consensus does not usually allow.

Projection of concepts such as density, mass, value, name, or time onto objects via practice and habit is a powerful process that fixes many people in stasis and In Time via the sympathetic bond and repetitive cycle that is built by the assumptions made by the mind when processing the ‘E’ or Black Clay (the environment) and informing ones senses via predetermined methods of interpretation. These processes occur via many unconsciously unchecked postulates that determine a certain way of thinking, and as such then require validation. Validation comes either from others reaffirming the consensus or oneself. And in having validation, it adds gravity/solidity to one’s perception of the world through that particular mode at the expense of others.

The Society of the Dark Lily expressed a similar conception using three descriptions of a walk down the street using three completely different sets of focal awareness:

- - - Society of Dark Lily - - -

### Three Alternate Views

#### *One*

*Walking down the busy high street, I look at all the aliens. I seem to have landed from another planet, now I walk amidst these people who, it seems, take themselves without a thought of the possibility of a different view of one another. I pretend that I am a visitor from another planet walking amidst a world of humans and so I get a different view. Everything becomes new and unusual, especially the shape of the people.*

#### *Two*

*Inside the shell that is called a body, I can feel the skeleton as it reacts to my unconscious commands. I walk down the high street, my arms swinging, my feet taking steps, my legs working in unison with one another, propelling me forward. I feel the skull beneath the skin and muscle, the backbone that runs up the middle of my back, the bones that serve as*

*the foundation for my fingers, my arms, my legs. I sense my body in a different manner and again, everything becomes new and unusual. Nothing is taken for granted.*

*Three*

*I listen to the noises: the thoughts and emotions as they pass through my mind. I am distant from them, but usually they command and I unconsciously obey. For this moment though, I observe: watch, look and listen. A thought that suggests one course of action, an emotion that threatens to sweep me away, but I remain aloof. Is this a first step to the state beyond time and space? The place where the Adept waits for millennia? Where no-one and nothing can cause harm? Where he, or she, becomes immortal?*

*Three different views on a world where it would seem everything is accepted at face value.*

- - - Society of Dark Lily - - -

Carlos Castaneda, SATH, and many other sorcerers agree that the nature of ‘second awareness’ or dislodging consciousness results in an experience so far removed from fantasy, day dreaming, imagination or wishful manifestation, that it would very likely send one who was unprepared for it mad or jolt them so severely they underwent drastic alchemical change.

I relate to this contrast personally via the experiences I have had with the intellectual and the supernatural world which were so distinct that they coloured my perception and beliefs permanently. Although admittedly a cynic of many things – I firmly believe there is much more to ghosts and demons than the idea of them being mere tools useful for psychological analogy. I have witnessed things that I previously and strenuously believed were not possible or were the sort of thing *other* people imagined – such as the corner of my bed being pushed down heavily as if something were sitting on it while I was the only one in the room in broad daylight. These sorts of things, even as mild as a ghost sitting on the bed, leave the rational mind with an eerie uneasiness that it would sooner prefer to forget. I was 19 at the time but dared not turn around to see what persistently placed so much pressure on the bed when no-one else was in the house for honest fear that what I saw would rival the nightmares I had seen as a teen. The experience was so odd, so unnatural, that it sent a shiver up my spine that chilled me to the bone as I lay there staring at the wall. I can’t forget – that – or a number of other supernatural events that have influenced my particular view of the occult and magic.

I remain a believer that while none of the currently available descriptions, explanations or theories for ghosts, the soul, afterlife, spirit worlds, alternate dimensions satisfy me or do justice to those unsettling and weird happenings – indeed seem weak and decidedly false in comparison to such supernatural events – that there is more to the world, more to ghosts and demons, more to life and to death, than our senses usually comprehend.

The realization that there exists such distinct and unheard of altered states that genuinely split perception into a before/after scenario is not unlike the dual perception that drugs such as LSD can bring about – resulting in a love affair with a drug (or drugs) for the heights and new worlds they allow one to reach or access otherwise locked out of perception. Such heights are as much the muse of the artist, the musician and the genius as they are the witch, witchdoctor, tribal chief, devil worshipper or shaman.

One of the naturally occurring heights analogous to an altered state that has inspired so many of the former – with countless leaps and bounds of human ingenuity just ‘coming to people’ – is dreaming. Yet the function and power of dreaming once historically and culturally revered, esp. as a prophetic tool or gateway to other worlds is in modern times (c.2009) a sadly neglected science and an occult art relegated to the scrapheap as something to be forgotten or treated as the minds garbage. So much for occult faculties within easy grasp disguised in full view.

Although dreaming is not formally recognized or appreciated by my society – it may be owing to the fact that dreaming is an extremely private experience with the language and use of symbols/metaphors deeply unique to each dreamer that causes so much frustration with any kind of interpretation that causes it to be shunned. However - Dreaming is as close as many people I’ve talked to seem to get to supernatural/altered state experiences – as many spurn the entheogenic properties possessed by certain drugs or wave away the risks associated with the drug culture. Wherein ritualized settings and implements for sorcery, meaningful incantations and strange or specific geometry, names of entities, demons, angels, gods and djinn, song, dance, trance, chant, frenzy etc can help aid the magician in increasing or channeling the effects of a drug – some drugs need no such help – indeed some drugs can take complete control of the magician – I refer to large doses of strong street LSD, an extra-strength dose of the psilocybin found in mushrooms, but more specifically mescaline/peyote. These types or doses are often to the “societal detriment” of the user – since these substances are so strong they can permanently affect ones perception, and permanently shift ones focal point of awareness so far out from its accustomed position that state-sanctioned madness (at least as it appears to others from the outside) results from the deeming of an inability of the user to function ‘normally’ within society.

Still continuing to expose/involve myself to a vast number of thought systems, alchemical paths, magical methodologies, occasional drugs, short insight roles, face or integrate stimuli that conflicts with my ego, and so on – what has impressed me most as a continuous factor throughout my experiences with thought is my belief that whatever I point my mind at, I breathe life into.

That is to say – that I have sufficiently proven to myself that altered states and in some cases, supernatural experiences, are possible through the agency of the mind alone and a fanatic self-immersion or accepted want of delusion of a form or set of forms – being the equivalent of descending into a personally chosen madness – does not substantiate what I then experience, but it does substantiate that I ‘experience’ because I have immersed myself. Qv the 23 syndrome: Liber 13/13.

I believe that others, pre-loaded with specific concepts and explanations of things such as Time and Space also project these concepts simply because its part of their programming – or what they have learned and/or chosen to accept to work with and work within. Shared convictions of the world in such a similar way – give rise to specific architecture and interpretations, defining permanence, solidity, validity and reality. If this permanence is deliberately broken somehow – things that were not previously visible, ‘believed in’ or locked out of perception are more perceivable. I have encountered over the years startling (startling because I have formulated many of my ideas thinking them original only to discover they are not) similarities in the works of others that verge on such a system though it is difficult to determine exactly what is meant and if the context exists for them as it does for THEM in what have often been occult-style garbled references to such a view.

Austin Spare, to cite just one example, appears to have struggled to express something of this line of reasoning in his ‘Logomachy of Zos’ and to seek to break down the processes of logic and assumption. In one set of insights he tried to show the other side made pure/raw interactions, language and words instant miscommunications via their own clumsy handling of such purity of expression because of their habit of attaching and reading into what was presented. In realizing this – he thus bordering closely on the means to break free of form. But his narrator either did not quite manage to achieve workable practical formula for doing so, or, in expressing perennial emanations of wisdom at a different time – did so in a different way, rhythm, vocabulary and tempo.

I quote here two interesting passages:

*“Is the Truth necessary? The need is for our own Truth: lack of integrity makes for sterility and is meaningless. Things more necessary than Truth are expressed through our efforts to render such.”*

&

*“There are no conclusive conclusions, yet nothing germinates unless we have, or make, the necessity of arbitrary ‘will-desire-belief’ for a possible image of our ambition.”*

Austin neatly expresses two of the many alchemical keys utilized by THEM; the first passage renders the intention by THEM to ‘return people to themselves’ wherein building their personal integrity and foundation requires that anytime someone grabs hold of our work as dogma or semantic authority we must dislodge that grip. This probably makes us appear dis-interested perhaps even stand-offish or arrogant – but it must be. That is the formula that works.

The second passage presages the conviction by THEM that any singularity is a deception, any conclusion creates exclusion – and yet to teach esoteria there must be something visible to allow interaction with the world – in this case, a form, our ‘Temple’ is itself that necessary evil.

I'll add another one here which amazingly relates a similar set of insights as was dealt with separately without any prior knowledge of Spares work in our essays on the "23 Syndrome" and "An Analysis of Frequency".

*"Words, words, words, however used, whatever they symbolize, request or tell, say more Showing in between the antics of all motives. Yes, word-rendering deals the quickest of deaths to flabby ideas; and also words are the most poignant, suggestive, contagious, substitutive, and lasting means to convey anything. Most deadly virus, most potent abreaction of magic subtlety even your erasures reveal your believing by their persuasive influence and their magic."*

Reading these tracts and the many more startling epithets in Logomachy of Zos I am struck by the similarity of Austin's insights with our own – as I am continually awakened by the over-arching power and undercurrent of Synchronicity that connects us. Spare also had the same luxury we do of leaning on the terminology of Psychology and seems quite enamoured with the Ego as the place/point from which the world proceeds outward. It is almost as though THEM's presence existed to re-translate these perennial truths, recorded so many times in so many other places, for a new time using a suitable contemporary reorientation of language those of our time would clearly understand – a message that quintessentially remains unchanged but whose stages of understanding provide a challenge for each generation as that understanding grows. Just as some may one day try to interpret us. Except - I have only just come across the work of Spare – so no deliberate intention for a translation was possible.

Moreover Spare appears to have shared the view that all of the minutiae that filled the volumes of his books was strictly His – that for all its scope and mass – was yet only His, and just one compression of the unique private experience of being. Chumbley and Crowley do too – using a quasi-language that sought neither to explain or justify itself to others, calling on all manner of strange words formulas and terms to denote processes and/or things from their perception of the world that had no prior name – or that used such terms to give a common meaning another one.

While beautiful expressions one and all in their own right – my own impressions of such works were like that of modern art – wherein because people did not understand what was written, and it went over their heads, or because they could not understand it because it was so stylized and cryptic as to not be decipherable but used all manner of poetry, glyphs and quite frankly, nonsense to appear deeper than it actually was – they read into it and made a pretentious song and dance about its awesome merit and genius.

Now, obviously, such cryptic ciphers certainly have their place on another level of the occult in that being undecipherable or possessed of ambiguity they act like Rorschach, tarot or other meditative devices such as the mandala – inciting self-reflection. They also have the added advantage of not clearly saying anything about anyone – which means authorities can easily arise to interpret the content for others – and they also remain perennially interesting because each person can access such devices at any time in their own private way without feeling like a fool. Crowley was more amenable to this than

Spare. In one way, this crypticism is the very essence of the occult, as it aptly captures the heart of the matter concerning the struggle between objectivity and subjectivity.

I have continually encountered a desperation to quantify aspects of our Being step by step unto an extremely dissective degree of analysis – Chumbley did it, Dee did it, Aquino, Lavey, Long, IOT, WOT, ONA all passed through this intense stage of self-enquiry and exasperation - wherein the magician second-guesses every postulate, fears every assertion, and questions their own authority to assemble the answer with what are always considered to be flawed tools – this is a pattern in the work of many.

It is especially prevalent in the hundreds of young magicians that I have encountered over the decade wherein the maddening frustration to work things out to the nth degree results in volumes of privately deciphered text and correspondences, astonishingly strange diagrams and illustrations of cloaked insights in the unique language and logomachy of the magician. I have boxes of these, myself.

Of course, Spare, like Lavey, Crowley Chumbley or Dee, etc are dead men. Gone from the world and with them any answers. There exists no chance to enquire further of them into what was meant by various phrases in various works or to seek depth/clarity in the expressions they left behind. Perhaps it is a true signification of the Work itself that it leaves such quandaries behind even for those who pursued it with their lives. Like so many before and after them we continue the Great Work with Guess Work. A minutes silence for all the poor mad bastards who laid the foundations for the occult.

Synchronously – Spare appears to have also been concerned with the numinous and even refers directly to an intersection of time and space as a nexion – a terminology that has been behind some of the most influential work of the Order of Nine Angles. In this copy of Logomachy ‘numinous’ is spelled as ‘noumenal’ and a nexion is referred to as ‘nexity’. How long has the Cosmos been attempting to presence this change in consciousness that we are present vessels of?

Quote:

*“time-space is an empirical relativism deriving from our manifold of complete and unsynthesized representations seeking nexity. The unrelated has neither time, space, nor ego.”*

~

In order to return to my previous points regarding an altered state of perception I digress to notes on the results of my encounter with the Angles:

I used to look at a tree for instance, and instantaneously project its life direction or life force as thrusting upward from the ground. Running through my mind what I had been taught about trees – running the program “TREE” at the speed of light - leaves, branches, wood, sap, etc. and with it, my knowledge of how trees grow, that they grow and the innumerable examples I had seen that ‘proved’ all of this. Thus when I perceived trees I perceived them as growing objects and attached the concept of their life moving upward.



After having my brain fried by the Septenary Way by encountering my personal hell of the meaning and presence of the ‘Angles’ – coupled with my acceptance of relativity; when I looked at a tree (or anything for that matter), I no longer processed it automatically as something solid that was outside of me or separate from me.

It used to be just another stationary inert object that time flowed past/through just as Time and space intersected neatly so that one traveled with the other. But since the Angles – nothing is that nice and simple anymore. In fact all objects took on a more complex axis like this > \* and I could feel the trees energy as coming (and being part of) more than one source – and not just part of the scenery in my perception as an external item which once it and largely everything else was.

The tree was no longer connected to the world as strongly as once it had been - it did not seem to be anymore a part of ‘nature’ and causality than I did - but emanated (life) from some secret place of its own.

The angles also broke the convenience of feeling myself to be moving while it was a stationary object – my awareness told me now that it was moving in concert with everything around it – just as I was, and everything else was – shifting all the time. And the tree which had previously informed my sense of one fixed shape and description – i.e. large, covered in bark, standing still – split off to generate a layer of perspectives. Not just on the level that my eyesight could pick up, but with insistence that beneath the bark there was a world seething with insect life, within the trunk and leaves it was groaning with invisible growth spurts and secret alchemies, on smaller diminished scales it was the universe of smaller creatures harbouring microscopic worlds of its own, and yet at the same time just one tree of thousands, a relative part of a much larger landscape and forest.

Moreover, my perception of Time was altered due to the acceptance of the acausal component so that the tree no longer grew nice and simply from one point in time and would finish in another – but now all stages of growth were implicit while at the same time the tree lived its life before my eyes and the landscapes changed as if hundreds of years were passing, or dropping away, throwing my perception back and forth like a rag-doll trying to rationally conclude where in time and space this tree was situated.

My concept of the world has never been simple since the day I found the Angles – all at once things zoom up so I can see them from a great height, zoom in so I can see them as layered in dimension and size pending my own consciousness as a human, smaller and larger than a human... zoom back forward, and even directions lose meaning. “up”, “down”, just weird sounds and syllables that seem rudely out of place and desperately inadequate to explain this maddeningly slippery slideshow.

Time though, time really ruined my mind esp. when the Linear perspective of it was dissolved. See the diagrams in UAE wherein I discovered that not only was the tree growing *upward and outward* in time simultaneously with me – that is to say, sharing the same time continuum so that we both traveled it at the same time, me getting older as it

got older – but somehow space/matter which was on the y axis, while time was on the z axis, were both were traveling toward and away from each other at the same time – yet remained intersected. A conceptual nightmare for my linearly trained mind.

It's nice and easy to go through life with neat convenient postulates that you don't look at too clearly –and get wrapped up in the trials and tribulations of it to keep you busy enough not to ever have to seriously enquire into such foundations. But when these things which people take for granted are no longer accurate or possible – in fact irreparably damaged so that one feels dirty trying to return to them, to deny the expansions and opening of the senses that the magician perhaps foolishly lusts after - it is as though I had become obsolete to the rest of the world and am struggling to cope with the simplistic perceptions other use to govern it. These widening circles of perspective also re-coloured my interactions with people – in some of cases for the worse, in some particular cases, such as understanding how my own mind works – for the better.

None of this altering, zooming, maddening perspective is voluntary – or a gift or skill I can switch on and off – I need no meditation on objects to make them do this – the whole world and its contents have become extremely uncertain for me and all of its visible geometry null in value – and I doubt I can ever again trust or believe it. Now it's as if I look at things beyond the physiological media of my eyes. If this is some side-effect or result of some degree of acausal perception, it is maddening and I've stayed quite mad from its effect.

I find myself looking beyond things all the time – treating clocks watches etc as something that other people do, like I'm a visitor in the world and the “Time” is something others work to.

My enormous body of work with forms, illusions, dissolving the matrix and other such things is probably a direct result of my personal experience with suddenly breaking part of my mind so that I saw the world in terms of literal angles – very much like a wireframe.

I tried to encapsulate this ‘essence’ in the Master card of Archetypia – but nothing static really does justice to the uneasy shifting-ness of the world I now find to be my lot in daily life.

Things certainly don't have the permanence they used to – I see whole lives of things sprout grow and rot as they sit in place, the house I live in swallowed by grass and claimed back by trees as some sort of future vision forces the house away and through its path of time more quickly than it ever really should for a normal person – who I'm fairly sure doesn't feel the world is illusory or slipping to and from an unexplainable loop that spatial concepts like external/internal/outer/inner are just hopeless to use to describe it.

If I wasn't me and read some of the things written by the Temple of THEM – I'd certainly think the writers had lost a few marbles. Some of the concepts I believe in or try to explain really are completely mad insofar as they juxtapose what already exists as the status quo in regards to perception.

I don't curse any madness I might have picked up. It's not a happy madness – but neither is it really a sad madness – it is more than anything a deep sense of loneliness and isolation from others and just staring beyond everything that others find joy in. It seems that you have to lose a lot of marbles to go deep – and I've tried where skill had a hand and with a lot of luck to lose only the right ones.

I didn't have inner silence when I found the angles – I hadn't even tried at that stage to quiet the chatter within. In fact I had a 'religious' experience that left great distaste and embarrassment and anger with me.

But I believe the gradual erosion and eventual disintegration of the concepts that my mind held firm (such as the super-simplifications of linear time and space) was a fundamental step that helped greatly to experience the angles and to achieve unusual insights and ideas. Also that this process of breaking things down could greatly help as a process of alchemical putrefaction to enable someone to achieve similar or even greater perceptual changes without having to go through the personal anguish and hell that I did to get here. And yet the challenge remains to stay sane enough to continue to form and share coherent retrospective of my journey but still to travel further along it. Perhaps I am the only one to travel this path and come up with these ideas that characterize my work – perhaps I am not tapping into a collective current that others may follow and expand – but am self-deceived in my own delusions of magical progress – but at the end of the rainbow, sanity is over-rated.

Fair enough that my experiences are possibly all in my head – or in no way fit to match the set of descriptions that I've heard a mescaline or peyote trip brings on physically. Using (infrequent) strong doses of mushrooms and LSD does not appear to have been the causal component that led to the vivid hallucinogenic perceptual change of the world that has taken place for me – but LSD was almost certainly the launching pad.

I cite the complete difference that took place in my artwork after my first LSD intake as a drastic example of how deeply this drug may have affected me – but in all fairness I have been involved with others heavily into the drug culture for many years and throughout they nurtured my understanding, respect and made my experiences with such substances more meaningful and spiritually rewarding, acting as guides, than such experiences would probably have been – and my influence from drugs is best disguised as a rich and lengthy tapestry. "Burning holes in my brain", "opening up neural pathways" these are two of the concepts my entheogenic travellers used to describe to me what was possible with such substances. And no question that they did – and were at least partly responsible for my cynicism of all that I constantly refer to as 'forms'. A few near death experiences have added to the spiritual grasp for more to life and the urgency with which I've written about it.

All of these and no doubt many other factors have resulted not in a drug-addled delusion but a psychic re-integration and interpretation of the world that is best described as a permanent sense of slight disorientation both spatially and chronologically.

I have the constant feeling I'm between worlds, somehow a ghost traveling through time and alive and vivid - but somehow that I'm also a projection back from a future point in time where I'm already dead. And I'm only thirty years old – this is heavy baggage to go the rest of the way with.

Damn you ONA!

None of this may be real to you, or others, or even for me – it may not even match what is experienced by others who believe they've tapped into such things as the acausal or at least are onto the right track – but may be a direct result of the ideas and concepts I have continually washed my brain with. Uncharacteristically for me, I have not assumed a priori that the acausal or other worlds or states or that which lies in the glimpses of those strange places and happenings of the supernatural - by whatever name - are found subjectively or objectively.

But - what is possibly my own self-delusion could also very well turn out to be the groundwork for a science of reorienting consciousness resulting in acausal perception, or at least a weirdly expanded perception bordering on opening the gateway to the former. Experimentation continues.

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**[Members Eyes]**