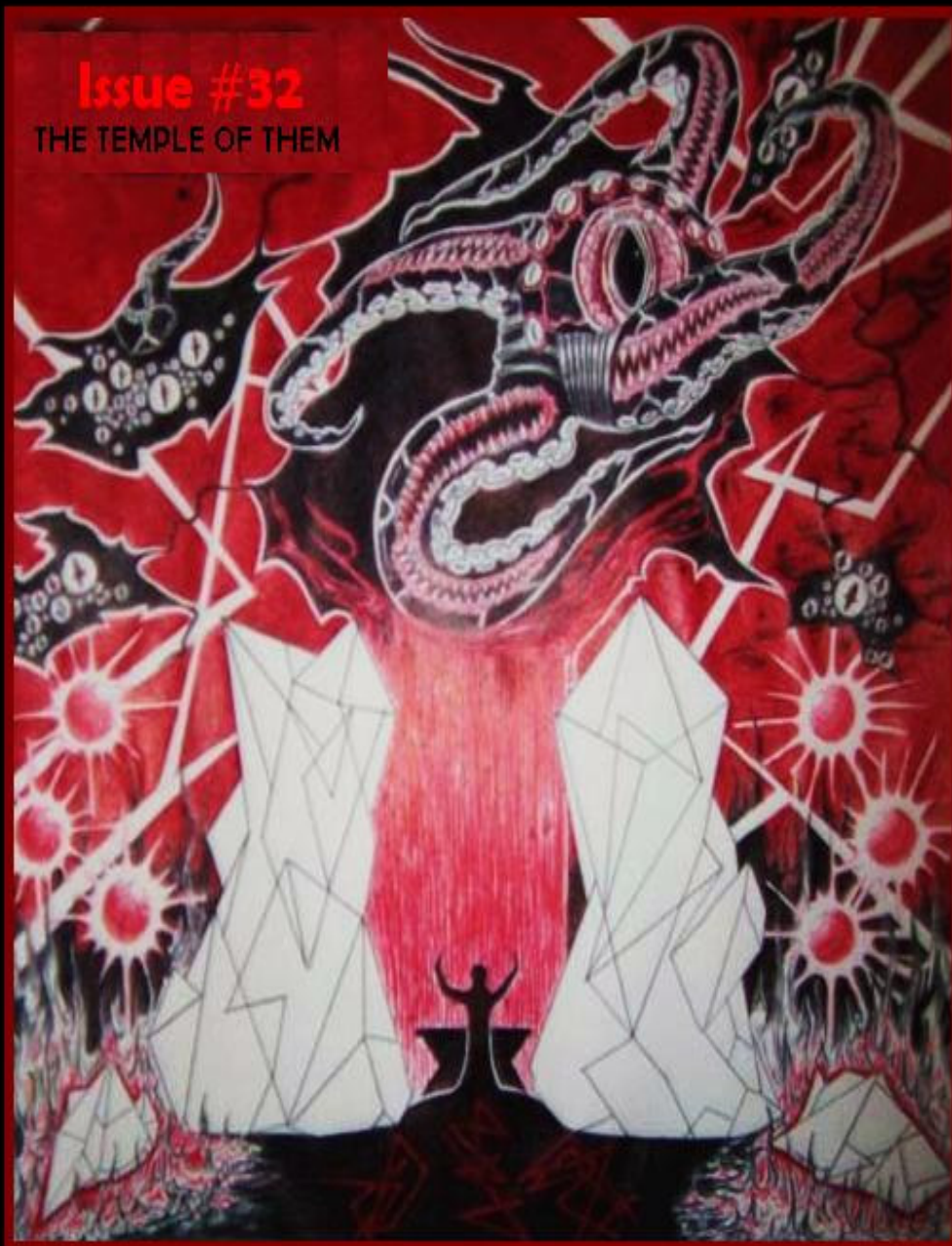
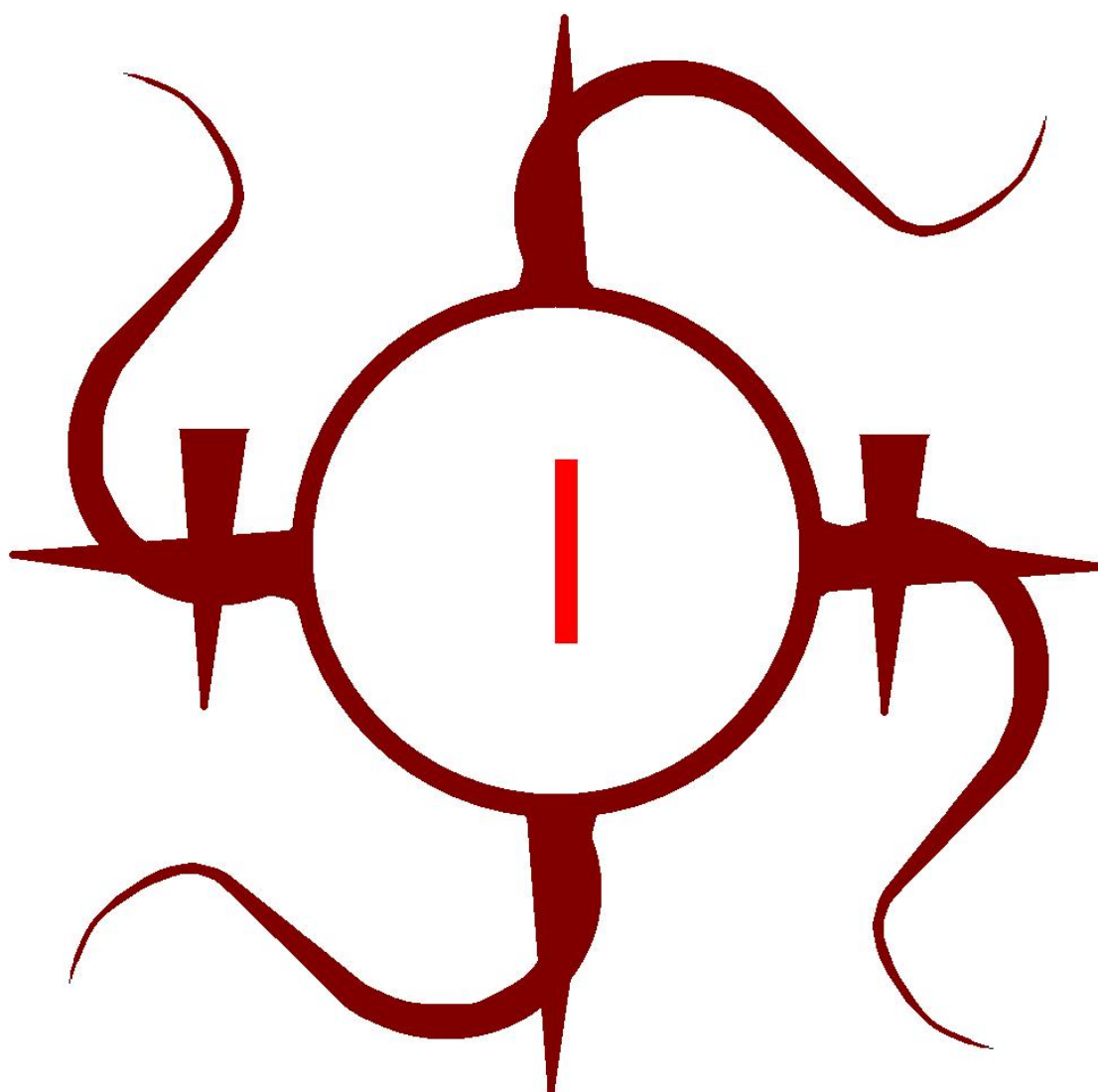


OTO ANORHA

Issue #32
THE TEMPLE OF THEM



THE TEMPLE OF THEM



Issue #32.

PRESENTING FALCÍFER

January 30th, 2011

For the past five years the Temple of THEM has attempted several experiments in a systematic fashion. The nature of these experiments were shrouded in secrecy to prevent awareness from disrupting the natural outcomes – which outcomes have been observed and learned from.

The Temple of THEM deliberately refused to supply a symbol – the normal power structure provided by cults and forms by which people are readily enabled identification with it – preparing the psychic ground by which they align themselves, project their forces onto, and become part of the form.

This experiment has had interesting results – some of which may be detailed in a later issue – but has indicated that at this present time of its psychic growth people are still unable to attain solidarity or connectivity with a form without a Symbol to focus on and gravitate toward. To illustrate the depth of its deconstruction of forms the Temple chose not to supply an identifying mark to see how people reacted.

Now it's time to try it differently.

We have also learned a great deal about Memory, about what is Remembered and how it is Remembered. In case it is not readily apparent the Temples watchword is: Remember. It refers to acknowledgement of the Original Chaos that caused Fear and the endless roundabout we have become engaged in to escape it. The denial of the beginning has become a Tradition enshrined in the very architecture of the mind – a game of hide-and-seek played for millenia in a world where the Ego, that dam against the abyss, is King. We deliberately withheld any attempts to brainwash, synchronize or otherwise infect the psyches of others with anything more than our logic. It is peculiar what is caught in that trapnet of the conscious mind – more often than not simple refuse is sifted from the endless torrents and we end up not thinking about the futility of the concept of being beyond good and evil in a word caged in morality, for instance, but humming that song we heard on the radio in the supermarket. There is something to be said for the deconstruction of forms and the disassembly of the power inherent in ideologies, techniques, methods that so intrigue and ensnare the ego.

Now it's time to try it differently.

The Temple's Archetype of Satan is not human, nor did it think like one. Characteristically, it did not see the virtue in aiding evil over good, but destroying and disarming both to leave a cold vacuum. We attempted to remove the morality from our writings even as we engaged in Satanic practices – to see if what humanity really wanted was Nietzsches vision of a nullity of both. The answer is a resounding No. People are not able to give up their morals. At this present stage of the collective psyche the human is unable to function without morality – it cannot justify its actions without having an abstract to name its actions, or an abstract whose absence helps defines them. The forums of THEM were heavily watched as unique among the many Sinister agents who have emerged since the Orders inauguration, but the halls are filled with those who Hail Satan, spit the names of Jewish Demons and struggle to fit the shoes of the Devil crafted by the Roman Catholic Church. There is no place in this world for the perspective beyond good and evil – because when Evil is removed from Satan – interest is immediately lost. That is to say, when you strip the morality from things – those things become unintelligible to the moral person.

Now it's time to try that differently.

We have torn apart the chain links of causality to examine how energies effect and infect. In the name of Our mad science we have not employed what we have found that hypnotises and imprisons the psyche deeply within a prism of Form. Working backwards and stripping the meat of meaning from the world has wrought a strange but sinister collection of insights and an almost ethereal aura to the Temple of THEM. We have written at length, and length again, about the dangers of the Magians methods of manipulation, of its snares and wiles. We have warned others away from their faith in the simple, the convenient, the word, the act, the world – in the illusions that beguile and intrigue. For five years. This has left us with a legacy of odd geometry, an inverted foundation on which stand only the tattered ruins of the ideologies we have torn apart and the bones of the tradition by which men know them.

Now it's time to try that differently too.

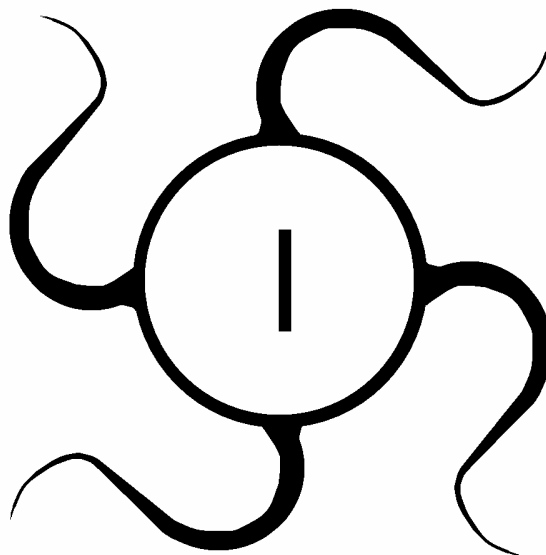
RA 112fy.

EYES OF THEM

The following Eye Sigils are employed by the Temple in the Conduct of Acausal Energy (shortened to “Aenergy”). They are sketched in the air with the finger, scratched into trees or the dirt, or painted on urban walls and citadels of the Magian. As Acausal Energy is drawn down via Ritual, the air of explosive irrational violence increases and heightened perceptions and sensitivities assail every member of the Mass.

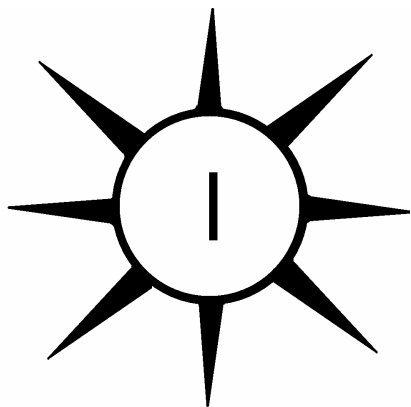
We have learned ways to direct the energy, hold/channel the energy, despite any lack of real control over them they act as crossroads for the energies drawn down during our Blitzkrieg Black Magic.

Causal Symbols that geometrically mimic energetic flow have proven the most effective. Among such effective symbols are a Broken (or Acausal) Pentagram and the following:

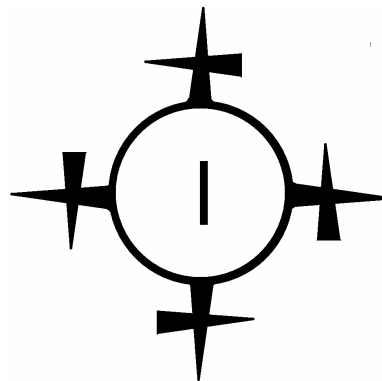


THE TEMPLE OF THEM

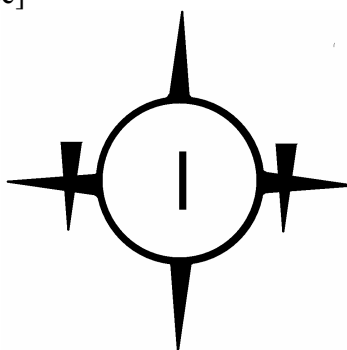
[Open the Abyss – Induce the Collapse of Causal Thought and Disrupt the Infrastructure that Sustains it.]



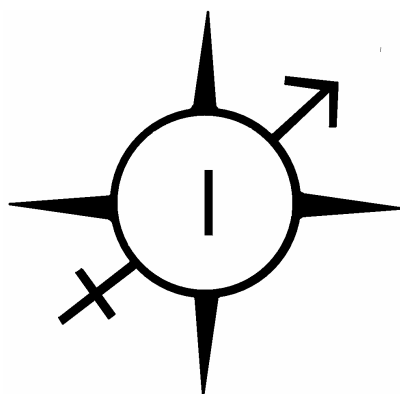
LET CHAOS DESCEND
[Draw AEnergy Down Here
Without Willed Purpose]



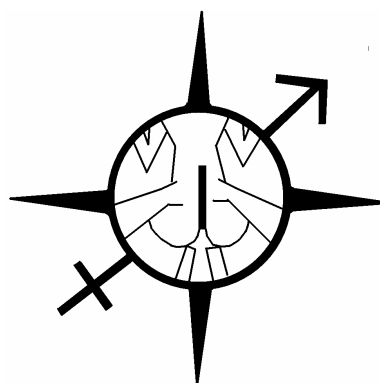
ENTROPY
[Turn Toward the Dark]



CREATE A VORTEX
[Do not Disperse the Energy Held Here, Keep it Stored]

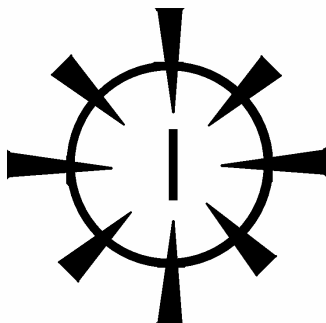


I.

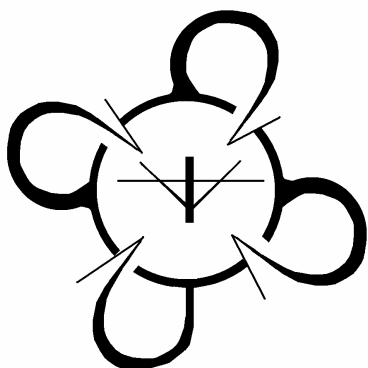


II.

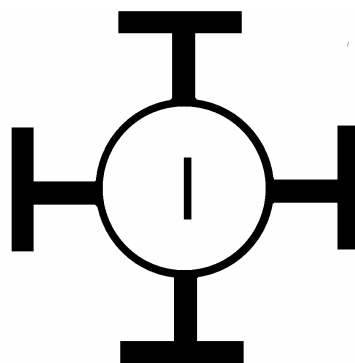
DRAW DOWN LUST HERE
[Cause Heightened Sexual Cravings and Carnal Lust in this Area. Second Depiction
works in the principle of Graphic Erotic Suggestion.]



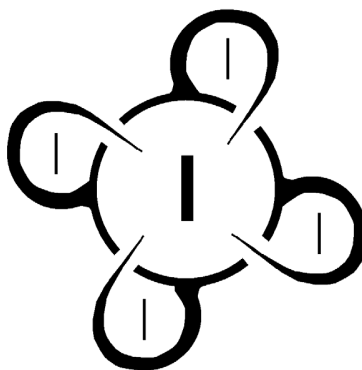
DRAW DOWN VIOLENCE HERE
[Cause Heightened Violence and Causal Suffering in this Area]



DISASTER
[Call the Elements Down to Cause
Localized Devastating Natural Disasters]



CONNEXION
[Draw Energy from
Surrounding Nexions to Here.]



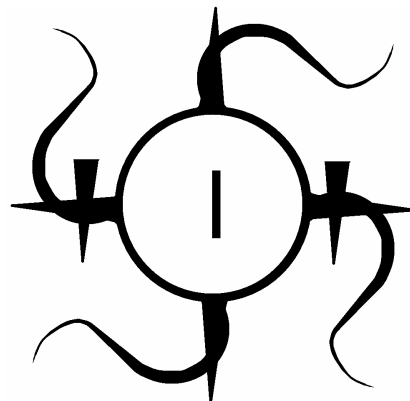
LET THEM BE WOKEN / LET THEM SEE
[1. Let Dark Ones Possess Human Vessels or [Name] in this Area,
2. Awaken Sleeping Memories in the Collective Subconscious Here.]

- PRIMER -

It is difficult to explain the different sensations that fill one depending on the Intent of the Mass/Magic involved. The Order denotes seven different classes or energy associated to each Sphere of the Tree of Wyrð – wherein our Sigils have proven interchangeable with the Sigils of the Dark Gods for rituals involving single or combinations of these seven energies. Aenergy does not seem to have a causal direction, so it is impossible to say Aenergy can be “drawn down” when the overwhelming sensation is that Aenergy fills the practitioner from, or somehow invades, the surrounding space as if from some Other source. I.e. A complex relationship exists between the causal mind imposing abstractions to define/explain the sensation of ritual energy and the actual energy. Therefore a depiction of a ritual Aenergy as being cyclical for instance, is a product of symbolic convenience more than anything else.

The primary reason for the development of these Sigils however is not for Works of Wisdom & Understanding, Lust & Ecstasy, Chaos and Destruction as per the Planetary classifications, but to relate the subtle differences that exist in the potential of Aenergy to disperse into an area and cause Specific types of destruction, disruption and death. Some cautionary distinctions we have made are between disrupting the psyche via outer manifestations and events caused by the Aenergy that force change, or disrupting the psyche via inward turbulence via inner manifestations and alchemical events uncharacteristic of a persons normal state.

Finally, like Rune Staves, Tarot, or the planetary energies of the Nine Angles Rite, THEMs Evil Eyes can be overlaid to produce the desired combination of energies or intent.



INTELLIGENT EVIL

- 616 -

Where does the urge to commit acts of evil come from?
The Devil.

Like Satan, whose archetypal scorn is legend, and who spurned satisfaction, perfection, eternity and second place, the nature of evil seeks to forever surpass itself.

Evil is an accumulative insatiable monster – a hideous chilling killer – that always beckons man to take one more step into the creative abominate toward the temptation to revel in the rain of blood. It is an inexorable ancient force that drags those who ally themselves with it, well across the line they drew in the sand for themselves, and seeks to strew them far into the reaches of insane spaces to gibbering darknesses and inbred species of horrific cruelty most have only glimpsed in the white-cold fear that is sometimes possible to experience by phantasms through terrifying dreams. Evil is Older than man, wiser and more cunning – but it is its appetite that defines it.

It is seldom in the name of Evil that acts of evil are performed however and perhaps through the habit of humans to attempt to justify their actions morally - direct attribution to evil is rare. Worship in its name is often secluded to the acolytes of the Prince of Darkness – and the many devils that survived with Him, brought into the New World from the Old World. The Yezidi, Cult of Kali, Witchdoctors, Voodoo, Shamans and Sorcerers for instance, still occupy pockets on Earth and call directly upon the names of evil, seeking to placate, call down/back, or elicit the powers and ferocity of the Old Ones in many guises to hurtle vitriol upon enemies and chattel. Yet it is in the name of mindless and mundane events that Evil is given its most common graces. Seldom called by its true name, evil is the blind idiot god worshipped by proxy through unattributed acts of bovine weakness; through inane or petty jealousies, arguments or excuses, domestic violence,

unsatisfied sexual impulses, misunderstandings, envy, anger, pride, love, arrogance and other misgivings of the spirit and flesh. Few homages to Evil are openly proclaimed in these endless acts of worship, yet dark whispers betray and inform.

ACCIDENTAL EVIL

Accidental evil is the most common of evils – borne in the cauldron of mistakes others wish they could reverse – deaths, dishonours and damage they repent causing; sorries they can never give and emotions they can never take back. Their line is clear. They are the cows in life, unblinking servitors whose virtue is their regret in straying from the Dark Shepherd of Hate and following him only short distances. They are controlled in their evil, restrained by their own narcissitic vanity and the prospect of having to face their retribution. They are the quickly angered, the hearts who burn with uncontrolled flames of passion, those who put the heart before the head – the strong bent under their own will by uncharacteristic flashes of intensity that engulf and consume. It is the most common evil because it is the lot of the daily occurrence that comes from great activity and movement in the human as it goes about its life with its fire burning.

MUNDANE EVIL

Mundane Evil is the second of evils – fields of excruciation ingrained in the static slow-moving anomie of the human race whose love for repetition enables the greatest and most insidious of evils to occur through a lack of empathy with the wider remit, oblivious to the ultimate harvest that comes from the connexions of every action. The mindless paper-pushers, ink-stampers, button-ups, just-doing-my-jobs that cause that sweetest of delights for the Devil – the twisted knife of unnecessary anguishes. The foreclosures, fines, the punishing jargon of legalities, the financial squeezes, the pressures of conformity, the powertrips of bureaucracy, the roundabout chase of keeping everything in place, demanding the impossible. Those who watch on, who deny themselves as pieces on the chess board; these are the souls of mundane evil – for whom fault is a distant dream, and responsibility a pat on the back and some crumbs from the Tabernacle.

DELIBERATE EVIL

Deliberate Evil is the rarest of evils. There are few who seek to perform evil and call it by that name. For most people, evil has no name, and in their wicked light they never consider that they nor their acts could be evil, so cleverly justified and convicted are they – they think, surely any other would act the same in their place? Many commit evil, and many call evil by its name, but there are very few who openly drag themselves to Hell in a conscious chariot of cunthood. The book of the dead is full of leaders, kings, dictators, tyrants, villains, scourges, murderers, lovers, whose lives ended the lives of many. But in the name of Peace, Justice, Revenge, Honour, Patriotism, Loyalty, Control, Commerce, Acquisition, Passion, Envy, Anger, Country, State, Nation... For something, anything, other than pure evil.

Why so rare?

Even a black heart cannot bend to the total will of Evil. No matter what the particular action, regardless of how concentrated and creative, how unspeakable or horrific - it is never enough to sate the aeonic bloodlust of a creature spawned in the first days of man. A Djinn of Death whose face has been the last vision of trillions of lives in a veritable bottomless chasm of blood and trickery. The prevalence of terms such as Absolute/Pure by which the rightly fearful name the nature of evil is itself testament to the rarity of those who pass the hallowed gates of mans limits and become something else altogether.

Pure/Absolute evil does not exist – only stages of witness to its escalation exist. Pure denotes a measure, a limit, a place where evil is at its absolute – where it stops. It is a moral fantasy. Satan's Kingdom has no limits, nor does it have mercy. There is no point where evil ceases to seek to surpass itself – it does not persist or exist, it is exist-ing – chang-ing – burn-ing – thriv-ing, eternal and eternally, always seeking to exceed itself.

Violence is a vessel of evil – but only a vessel. It is not enough to smash a delicate babies skull in with the back end of a claw hammer, its father must watch while he is raped. His teeth must be smashed out of his face in splinters and handfuls of his shit as he loses his bowels forced to him. But that is not enough. His mouth must be torn like a zip-lock bag and his throat invaded with meaty handfuls of his loin-fruits and little undeveloped pulsing

insides, his violent vomit suppressed and his eyes pricked with pins as he chokes and gags in voiceless horror and helplessness on the slippery sinuous membranes of his own living creation – his infants remains pushed inside him in a sickening display of cold hatred and inhuman disregard for life, mercy, restraint.

But that is not enough. He should be raped by dozens of men, their fat dicks pushing his broken baby further down his throat, packing his colon with each thrust until his lifeless ragged body loses its form and cocks lose resistance against bone and broken meat. He must be torn limb from limb, pissed and shat on, his bones snapped, and scraps of his skin peeled off and trampled on the floor. His family should be told they will be let go, promised safety, allowed to leave and then locked in boxes with their hands and feet cut off – or locked in with his corpse and forced to fuck each other for their freedom. Fires should be set and the screams of the burning should be recorded and made into a song to be played for kindergartens and sent to the deceaseds loved ones. They should be buried alive, or burned alive – freed when their skin is like molten jelly to suffer and suffer more than death. They should be eaten alive, cannibalized, consumed, tortured with ice-cold nails driven through their flesh as they lay dying, gasping - holes pricked in them for fun. But that is not enough. Evil demands more, MORE, MORE! And its hunger is what many human percievers fail to understand. It demands ever more clever deceptions to wreak the maximum amount of suffering, of hurt and betrayal – it demands that the victims first be mislead, tricked, coaxed and relaxed and then horribly brutalized. Evil demands elaborate schemes and set-ups, the inward turn of promises that give rosy glows of love, affection, trust and the downward facefirst spiral into the turgid feces of realization that one is in a nightmare.

But that is not enough, the victim must think they have a chance to escape to be free, redeemed – to make their humiliation, agony and unbearable disbelief all the sweeter, the act all the more unthinkably evil. But that is not enough – every drop of salvation must be wrung for evil to reward its servitors, evil must endure – bear witness to the clumsy experimentation, the confident horrors of purposeful knowledgable infliction, blowtorches to blacken, pliers to extract, solvents to drink, rapes to endure, beatings to excite, the breaking of little bones, the sobbing, whimpering, screaming, pleading, begging, crying, the break down of the eyes and the glaze of resignation, the destruction of form under the force of ones relentless assaults – the white-hot orgasm of uncontrolled violence against others. But

that is not enough. Mark parts of the body, with hours, so the victim knows the game. Leave unsolvable tasks, ridiculous requests – revel in the defeat and soul crushing confusion of asking the impossible, of abolishing hope. But that is not enough, because it is Never enough. Mental torture, physical torture, hideous games of depravity. There is always more. To feel no remorse, no mercy, no guilt or anything other than hate. To hide the crimes under thin veneers and lies, to cheapen the deaths, or to deal death in denial, patriotism, circumstances – bury the truth under thick conspiracies, lies and falsehoods, to keep them secret and live two lives, or refuse to acknowledge the suffering and those who suffered at all – to refuse to give the lives taken even a breath of thought, a shred of decency or human subjectivity.

Flesh collapses before it can bear such levels of evil. So the killer stalks another, captures a second, rehearses Hell and horrifies Heaven. The pores of their skin stink of blood, their nails harbour flakes of horror, even as they go to church, donate to charity, smile at you as you drop your kids off at creche. But that is not enough. It is Never Enough.

Evil goads others who kill one or two or even many – and then it leaves them for another willing to ride the dragon further than the pussys before it. It is a force that wants the World. It sleeps with anyone and it will do anything that results in a bigger cock to ride. Evil takes small sacrifices even though it doesn't care about them, doesn't reward them, doesn't remember them, because it is Evil. It leads men through blood-soaked darkness clawing at their hands and pulling them into travesties, sins, murders, toward perversions, abominations, toward new depths, unknown depths, where depravity lays at the gates like a mangy dog and new species arcane and sick writhe and pulse beyond in the Never – and yet it will stoop to commit petty meaningless acts in the same breath, because it is evil. The effort of the darkest men, regardless of the strength to hold Evils hand as it plunges them backward into the abyss, is always for naught. Sooner or later All men let go. They let go because they simply cannot follow Evil to those places or because they die in its service – It is too hungry, too unfeeling, too ambitious for men to sate, their lives too short to see more than the head of the Dragon. Those handful of mortal souls who have tried to give the World, who have come very close in making it a gift, have been left in utter dejection on learning Evil now wants the Stars – or experienced the ageless ice of betrayal as it abandons one to ones fate. For every evil doer of wicked, abominate deeds – there is always one to come after who will see the

yawning gaps where more could have been done, where opportunities were missed through weakness and a weak hand grip that resisted the drag to Hell.

But evil is forgetful, disdainful, indifferent to Today and living only for the ever after Tomorrow. It cares not what you did for it yesterday even if you piled enough skulls to obscure the sun, it craves only the Moment, the Evil Incarnate, not the Evil Incarnated. It is fickle and bears no qualms in severing its loyalties, revoking its gifts, renegeing on its promises – changing the sweet melodies of narcissus. It is always a matter of degree – and of those degrees the evil done unto one man is forgotten where the evil done unto men is a hundredfold, and again where evil perpetrated is a thousandfold, and again where that evil spreads its tendrils into the planes and spans the world as a poisonous spider, its fangs dripping with the anticipation of a godless haze of rabid murder. But when the mortal falls, it forgets. It takes time, but it forgets. It always forgets. And yet, even poised at the gate to complete global annihilation, evil undoes its creations just for the sake of any petty act of itself.

ARCHITECTURAL EVIL

For Evil the deed is not the act, it is rather that the Devil is in the details. Evil relishes mindless killings and suffering, violence and sadism – but evil has more in common with creativity and imagination than many admit. It accepts blunt featureless deaths but it presences itself all the more through Architectural Evil – the planning and plotting of Grand Deceits, delicious insidious deceptions played out over days, months, years, lifetimes or Aeons. The salacious pleasantries of the killing face, the elaborate misdirection of diabolic intent, the satanic schemes that crush hundreds of thousands on every front with excruciating patience, sinister deeds that steal and corrupt minds and flesh, set the virtues to burn, brother against brother, nation to war against nation, the vessel upon himself. It is the dance before the decapitation – the light that announces the Shadow.

Architecture is the consumation of Satan, the cosmic fucking of the stars and of the Self – the equivalent of plotting the overthrow of the Perfect, of setting Heaven and its inhabitants to burn in the heat of War – and the ecstasy of pretense. The immolatory flame of the Darkest Prince rises up within when we unleash the Beast – but how that flame loves to dance before it sets the world to burn! How it loves to parade its finery before leading lambs to the slaughter, to preen its wings and gloat in unrivalled

vanity as it unveils its sadistic mastery. To revel in concealing its evil deeds, to relate them, savour them, strum them to the slow screaming of the multitude as it delicately pulls the sweet skin off its wickedness to savour the depths of its arrogance, hatred and disregard for all of life and everything that is precious in it including moderation, temperance, restraint.

Evil cannot be controlled – if it can, it is not Evil one is doing but a simulation of off-day good. Evil balks at nothing. Nothing is sacred, nothing is Safe. It shares the meaning of Chaos but it is not without Order. Its meaning and purpose is to multiply – to destroy every vessel that carries it. Ultimately it has no friends, no loyalties, no master, no law. It does not know restraint. It does not know mercy. And it is all that is not. It is the art of the vain-glorious Blood King – the envelopment of the total soul into the black of Hell and the wicked legacy of the Original Genius – of that primal force typified by Satan – Intelligent Evil.

As for the architecture found in the height of virtue, in the karmic lift of samsara and the light of God – their existence could serve only to amplify and illustrate the extreme sovereignty of the Devil even for the evil man. For the evil man is not Evil, will never BE Evil – and forever, forever, forever, just human.

To Presence Evil, Everyone on the Planet Must Die.

+O+

We Remember the Temple, the Temple of THEM.

DISONICS

**There once was a Temple named THEM,
As prophesized by the visionary KHEM.
They Remembered Dark Gods,
And against all the Odds,
Delivered the World from Men.**

There is most certainly something to be said for Sinister Chants. The things I have felt whilst standing alone at the quarry, on the shores of the beach at midnight, even in my room as I idly potter – churning Agios O Asoth from my lungs into the world – have changed me. The sinister art of the mimic has opened up a world ruled by the power of Sound. Through; Songs, Music, Tunes, Melodies... the effect of Magian music on the world has been disastrous and continues to be insidious, a creeping death hidden below our liminal levels of perception that sneaks in and changes us – playing our emotions like a thief with a stolen harp. See “*An Analysis of Frequency.*”

Despite the best (and still on-going) efforts to create hypnotic, trance-like or above all Memorable sinister sounds, it is perhaps through existing melodies that have formed an indelible imprint that the tendrils of THEM should be carried. Many a great melody suffers only from the lyrical waste supplied with it.

We find many otherwise difficult tenets to remember or share can easily be remembered when attached to a familiar tune, and more often than not, lodge more firmly in the conscious mind than is usually the case. You may find yourself humming or repeating our rhyme in your head without noticing, as proof of our claims. Consider our efforts below, using the time-worn Civil War song “When Johnny Comes Marching Home”, also known

through a horrible Noahs Ark derivative “The Animals go marching Two by Two”.

The Temple of THEM, is Australian, Hurrah! Hurrah!
They Travel the Land, to do their Work, by Car, By Car.
From Hanging Rock to Moorooduc, Wilsons Prom to ye
olde Frankston,
The aim of the game, is to drive people insane,
So we’re trying to Open a Nexion...

We Believe, Man should Leave, the Earth, the Earth,
So through Magic were giving Dark Gods, their Birth, their
Birth.
Psycho-social collapse, where the Causal Snaps,
By Drawing Down, Hate into Towns,
So the Sinister will Increase...

Murder and Mayhem without Reason’s, the Start, the Start,
If you want to help, go back through this book to the Chart,
the Chart,
See those Evil Eyes, Coming Through the Skies,
Cosmic-Wheels to make us Die,
Join Us in Our Black Magical Plan
and Paint Them wherever You Can...

THREE O'CLOCK ONE ENGLISH MORNING

D. W. Myatt

"Myatt has undertaken a global odyssey which took him on extended stays in the Middle East and East Asia, accompanied by studies of religions ranging from Christianity to Islam in the Western tradition and Taoism and Buddhism in the Eastern path. In the course of this Siddhartha-like search for truth, Myatt sampled the life of the monastery in both its Christian and Buddhist forms." Professor Jeffrey Kaplan

It is three o'clock one morning of an English Winter, and outside it is dark, and somewhat cold, with cloud to cover the stars of night and a slight breeze to rustle the fallen leaves that, somewhat dried by recent daytime snow-melting Sun, have been wind-gathered to rest where two parts of one garden fence meet and are met.

Inside, the soft candlelight that pleases as I sit, typing this, at my desk on which the decanter of fine vintage Port rests, still half-full, and music by Mozart gently suffuses the room, brought forth from grooves in vinyl by a modern marvel of sound reproduction. There is, alas, here in this modern dwelling no fire of logs to warm, as in that farmhouse, abode for many happy years until quite recently... Instead, only the warmth of such rememberings as often keep this old man happy in these, the twilight years of his, of my, life.

Much to recall; and much to remain silent about, untransmitted by words such as this – to be brought forth, and some of which have been brought forth, only aurally to trusted friends of long-standing who may or who may not, according to their own judgement, recount such matters for and to others, by whatever means, but only after I myself am dead. Thus, there are some things I will not comment about, here, by written means such as this.

So, to try and answer at least some of your questions, although trying to abridge four decades of experiences into one concise reply will of necessity mean some terse and perhaps unsatisfactory explanations.

In Respect of Adolf Hitler

As I wrote some years ago while living that Way of Life known as Al-Islam:

I have never, in my heart and mind, renounced my belief in Adolf Hitler as a good man, an honourable man, who – believing in God – strove to create a just and noble society, and who was destroyed by the ignoble machinations of those opposed to what is good and who have spread dishonourable lies about him, his followers and his Cause. Thus it is that I find I cannot denounce this noble man and those who fought and died for the cause he upheld, as I cannot and will not denounce those who today honourably (and I stress honourably) continue the struggle in his name and who respect the Way of Life which is Al-Islam... Thus it is that I continued for several years... with Reichsfolk – an honourable organization striving to presence something of the Numen I believe was manifest in National-Socialist Germany and in and through the life of Adolf Hitler.

Furthermore, the National-Socialism of Reichsfolk was the [ethical, non-racist, National-Socialism](#) I had developed in the late nineteen nineties; a Way of Life which sought to respect the difference and diversity of Nature, and which sought the development of separate, free, ethnic nations, with their own culture and identity, with these nations co-operating together, with no one race believing they were somehow superior to, or better than, any other race, but with each striving to achieve their differing Destinies, with there being no hatred of other races but instead a respect, deriving from honour.

This non-racist National-Socialism was developed for two main reasons. First, because I considered that the notion of racial superiority was untenable because it was fundamentally dishonourable; that is, unethical. Second, because I realized that the old type of National-Socialism led to unethical conflict, and that modern warfare was itself unethical.

In Respect of National-Socialism

For some thirty years, from the late nineteen sixties to the late nineteen nineties (CE), I actively strove by various means, political and otherwise, to propagate National-Socialism with the overt aim of creating, in my own homeland, another NS State, on lines similar to that of NS Germany. Indeed, one might with truth say that this singular aim was the main, the most important, aim of my life.

For the first ten or so of those years I naively and idealistically believed that this goal was attainable by conventional political means, given good leadership and a correct explanation of what I then understood National-Socialism to be – a noble cause, based on the values of honour, of loyalty to comrades, and duty to one's folk. I never saw or even imagined myself as some leader; instead, and knowing the importance of leadership, I sought to find someone to whom I could pledge my loyalty and who, unlike me, possessed the charisma, the virtues, of a genuine revolutionary NS leader. Indeed, it was something of a friendly jest among certain members of Column 88 that I was "a Himmler in search of his Adolf Hitler".

Never finding such a leader – but always, during those decades, hoping that such a person would emerge – I floundered about, doing the best I could to propagate NS politically; and also trying keep the spirit, the ethos, of NS alive, as Colin Jordan had done and did do, until his death, although in a much better way than I ever did. For I was often reckless and impatient, and perhaps too fanatical at times. Not to mention occasionally arrogant, disdainful as I was on such occasions of advice from people such as CJ – who, for instance, considered that my plan for recruiting and using ruffians (as with the short-lived NDFM) was not only foolhardy but not really in keeping with the ethos of NS.

After those first ten years, while much personal experience was gained, little if anything political had been achieved, and not only not by me. No one else, no other NS (or even nationalist) organization, had achieved anything significant either, despite much commitment and effort by hundreds of supporters. Indeed, what I termed The Magian System seemed to be stronger, more tyrannical.

Thus, for most of the next two decades I occupied myself with other tactics, other than overt political ones. Trying to use covert means, and seeking to explain, codify, refine, and possibly evolve National-Socialism itself. However, toward the end of these two decades I did briefly return to active, overt, politics – forming and leading the NSM, but more to try and continue the work begun by a loyal and dedicated comrade than because I had changed my view of myself as a leader. For I hoped, even then, that this new organization might attract someone of the right calibre to lead it. But neither these covert tactics, nor this new political organization, worked, leading me, over a period of many years, to certain conclusions, and among which conclusions are and were the following.

1) The first conclusion was that NS – or something based upon or evolved from it – could only ever become a significant political force if there arose a leader of sufficient nobility to lead a new movement. For such a leader would be the movement – just as Adolf Hitler was both the NSDAP and NS Germany. That is, political programmes, slogans, propaganda, activities, ideology, meetings, marches, were all fundamentally irrelevant – if there was no such leader to inspire, to lead, to give one's loyalty to, and who embodied the essence of the NS ethos, just as Adolf Hitler embodied the essence of German National-Socialism. Without such a unifying, charismatic, figure, all movements, organizations, groups, whatever the initial idealism and enthusiasm of their members, descended, sooner or later into squabbling factions, just as dishonourable behaviour and lack of loyalty became rife. Even some limited electoral success, as the BNP and other European nationalist movements have shown, does not prevent this process, so that such organizations soon devolve to be at best minor political parties, perhaps with some political representation, but without any realistic hope of being elected to power, despite their constant rhetoric to the contrary. Thus they become a minor irritant to The System, but no real threat to it.

2) The second, perhaps more disturbing, conclusion was that we ourselves are a significant part of the problem. That it is not just a question of simply changing the political system, but of changing ourselves, as individuals, in a fundamental way.

Thus, and for example, perhaps a majority of those of European ethnic descent were no longer Aryan in nature. Instead, they de-evolved to become what I termed Homo Hubris, and it was this new sub-species of the genus Homo which has become the often willing and the easily manipulated hordes who had sided with the Magian and so defeated NS Germany. Not only that, but it was these new White hordes who kept the whole Magian System going, by their obedience to its ethos, and by their love of, and even now need for, the abstractions and materialism of The System.

In a personal way – through a practical striving for covert action over many years – I discovered just how difficult it is to find people (freedom fighters) ready and willing to do practical deeds and possibly sacrifice themselves “for the Cause”. Partly because this Cause – supposedly our shared Cause – did not live in them: they merely agreed (instinctively or consciously) with some aspects of its outward tenets. That is, it was more akin to some fleeting, easily discarded interest, or some passion which they could and often would forget when some other passion came along to enchant or ensnare them. For our Cause was not for them a Way of Life, a numinous and living faith, but rather just one type of politics among many.

Furthermore, while perhaps a few individuals might be inspired to action – or a few other individuals might do some deeds, elsewhere – such few actions, such few deeds, did not and never would affect The System in any significant way, and certainly would not break it, simply because a majority still supported it, actively or passively, and certainly did not support “us”, our Cause.

One therefore discovered for one’s self the truth of the truism that practical resistance to tyranny – to an occupying power – only works if one has support, significant support and sympathizers, from one’s own people, from those so occupied because they resent such occupation and its tyranny. The hard reality was that a majority of our people did not even feel they were living under some alien tyranny, and that a significant percentage even embraced the ideas and the ways of the occupiers and their collaborators (the hubriati) so much so for so many decades that The System had ceased to be something which “they” (some alien interlopers) imposed upon “us” but instead had become a hybrid system, partly “theirs” but also now “ours”, although always under the influence and ultimate control of “them” and of those who benefited from such a system, such as the hubriati. In a simplistic sense, “we” – our folk, or a majority of them – had been changed, from within; or been bred and educated by The State to accept and endorse, or at least be fairly passive parts of, The System.

One therefore began to consider working to undermine The System not from within, but from without – by aiding those freedom fighters who for various reasons also wanted the demise of the Magian and their own oppressive systems, and who thus not only desired to live in their own lands in their own way, but who also had a Cause that many were ready to die for.

Then, after about a decade or so of such experience it became obvious that even this approach was also not working, and would most probably also not ultimately succeed. (a)

It was not working partly for similar reasons it has not worked for “us” (although our efforts were on a far smaller scale, over less periods of time) – that is, because these external allies were also a minority among their own kind, with many many others of their kind actively supporting and even collaborating with “the enemy”, and even desiring to manufacture a type of Magian system in their own lands. Thus, they were as lost to their kind, as a majority of our people were lost to their own innate ethos and the potential latent within us. (b) It would probably not ultimately succeed because to do so it needed internal dissent in the heartlands of the West, which was not forthcoming. Indeed, while some dissent existed, it was an annoyance to The System rather than a threat, with perhaps a majority believing the propaganda levelled at those freedom fighters, and actively or passively supporting the policies of their governments aimed at disrupting and destroying those freedom fighters in other lands.

3) The third conclusion was that each and every European homeland was no longer European by ethnicity, given the large-scale and continuing immigration of many decades, and that – short of implausible practical civil wars and a significant change in exterior lands – there was no practical way to make them wholly European again, and thus build a new folkish State. Implausible, because as mentioned above, a majority of even each and every European folk would find such a practical, civil war, solution unacceptable now and in the foreseeable future; and because one small homeland alone could not take such steps to expel whole communities while Magian power and the Magian ethos held sway in other lands, for the lone small homeland would soon find itself subject to punitive sanctions and, ultimately, invasion and thence “regime-change”.

4) The fourth conclusion was that, in essence, The State itself – as concept, as idea, as ideal – was ultimately incompatible with the numinous essence behind what Adolf Hitler had intuitively presenced, manifested, as National-Socialism in Germany. That is, that The State could no longer be made numinous, or manifest the numen, as it had begun to do in NS Germany, and that NS Germany was only an intimation, a beginning, a pointer toward a deeper truth; a truth revealed in part by the defeat of NS Germany by the White Hordes incited and led-on by the Magian.

This is the truth of our natural and necessary tribal nature, and of the nature of honour itself. The truth of Numinous Law (the law of personal honour) and the truth of how the clan, with a living, numinous, tradition, is and always will be immune to the Magian, and the dishonourable, un-numinous, abstractions that the Magian and their hubriati have manufactured, and which abstractions stifle our potential, disconnect us from the numen, and profane and undermine Nature and thus the living folk communities which are and which have been natural manifestations of Nature.

5) My fifth, last, later, and possibly most significant if contentious, conclusion was that the very notion – the idea – of there existing, or of desiring to move toward the ideal of, some pure race was an abstraction, and as such was un-numinous and thus unethical; contrary to honour itself, and which honour I had concluded was a practical expression of the essence of personal empathy. That is, that both race itself and the concept of an ethnic folk were – just like the concepts of the nation and The State – causal, immoral,

abstractions; and that what was needed were new clans, new tribes, not based on any abstractions, any ideology.

In Respect of the Future

Given these conclusions – arising from four decades of practical experience and from much reflexion – it is my view that the future lies in numinously pursuing two things. First, the numinous goal of new clans and tribes, and which new clans and tribes could be either (1) evolutionary manifestations of (derived from) the natural already existing folks found in and evolved by Nature (and which thus possess ancestral living traditions), or (2) honourably and thus ethically, entirely new folks (not based upon any particular ethnicity nor upon any belief in such ethnicity) and which new folks we ourselves found and establish by dwelling in a certain local area, and which begin as our own extended family, or that of ours and also of a few trusted friends who feel as we do. Second, in changing ourselves as individuals, within, by a striving to live in balance, in rural harmony, with Nature and by a striving to uphold the most important because numinous principle of personal honour.

There is thus, in either of these two possible ways, no involvement with practical politics, nor any desire to seek revolutionary change, by whatever means or tactics. In truth, there is no ideology, and no politics at all – only a living of life in a certain way. A rejection of The System by withdrawing from it, and letting it decay and fall as it is destined to decay and fall, as all such causal un-numinous systems decay and fall, given time.

The former – that is, (1) above, the first possible way - is, for example, the old way of Reichsfolk, and of kindred groups; and the latter – (2) above, the second possible way – is the ethical, human, way proposed by my own Philosophy of The Numen where what matters is a personal compassion, personal empathy, and personal honour. And it is the latter – the compassionate way of The Philosophy of The Numen – that represents my views, now; views, perspectives, obtained by the *pathei-mathos* of my past forty years. My experiences, my reflexion upon those experiences, have therefore changed me, as a person, and taken me far beyond, far away from, National-Socialism and even from what I termed, over a decade ago, the ethical NS of Reichsfolk.

In The Philosophy of The Numen, there is a return to a more human personal scale of things; to slowly growing, through the generations, the foundations for new communities. An evolution toward a new type of human being, a new human species, and a new type of culture. For these, we do not need some revolution, some ephemeral State, some ephemeral political type of power; some ephemeral military force. Instead, we only need to presence, to manifest, within us the numinous itself, beyond ever changing causal abstractions.

There is thus the perspective of decades, of centuries – born as this perspective of ours is from the wisdom of our experience; from a concentration on the important and the numinous as against the unimportant and the profane.

In Conclusion

Now, the decanter only a quarter full, and Dawn not long in duration away, it is time for a full English breakfast to ready me for the tasks of another daylight day, again.

But before then, perhaps I should, and in conclusion, quote some words of mine, recently written, which at least for me seem to capture the essence of my life and the understanding I believe I have garnished from such strange livings as have been mine:

What, therefore, shall I personally miss the most as my own mortal life now moves toward its fated ending? It is the rural England that I love, where I feel most at home, where I know I belong, and where I have lived and worked for many many years of my adult life – the rural England of small villages, hamlets, and farms, far from cities and main roads, that still (but only just) exists today in parts of Shropshire, Herefordshire, Yorkshire, Somerset and elsewhere. The rural England of small fields, hedgerows, trees of Oak, where – over centuries – a certain natural balance has been achieved such that Nature still lives and thrives there where human beings can still feel, know, the natural rhythm of life through the seasons, and where they are connected to the land, the landscape, because they have dwelt, lived, worked there year after year, season after season, and thus know in a personal, direct, way every field, every hedge, every tree, every pond, every stream, around them within a day of walking.

This is the rural England where change is slow, and often or mostly undesired and where a certain old, more traditional, attitude to life and living still exists, and which attitude is one of preferring the direct slow experience of what is around, what is natural, what is of Nature, to the artificial modern world of cities and towns and fast transportation and vapid so-called “entertainment” of others.

That is what I shall miss the most, what I love and have treasured – beyond women loved, progeny sown, true friends known:

The joy of slowly walking in fields tended with care through the hard work of hands; the joy of hearing again the first Cuckoo of Spring; of seeing the Swallows return to nest, there where they have nested for so many years. The joy of sitting in some idle moment in warm Sun of an late English Spring or Summer to watch the life on, around, within, a pond, hearing thus the songful, calling birds in hedge, bush, tree, the sounds of flies and bees as they dart and fly around.

The joy of walking through meadow fields in late Spring when wild flowers in their profusion mingle with the variety of grasses that time over many decades have sown, changed, grown. The joy of hearing the Skylark rising and singing again as the cold often bleak darkness of Winter has given way at last to Spring.

The simple delight of – having toiled hours on foot through deep snow and a colding wind – of sitting before a warm fire of wood in that place called home where one’s love has waited to greet one with a kiss.

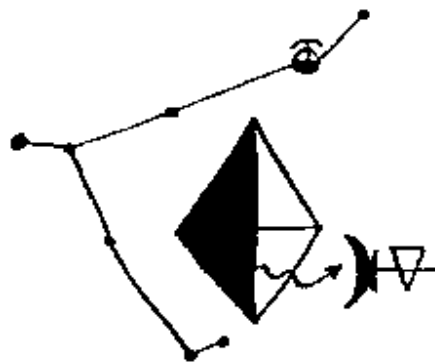
The joy of seeing the first wild Primrose emerge in early Spring, and waiting, watching, for the Hawthorn buds to burst and bloom. The soft smell of scented blossoms from that old Cherry tree. The sound of hearing the bells of the local village Church, calling the believers to their Sunday duty. The simple pleasure of sitting after a week of work with a loved one in the warm Summer quietness of the garden of an English Inn, feeling rather sleepy having just imbued a pint or two of ale as liquid lunch.

The smell of fresh rain on newly ploughed earth, bringing life to seeds, crops, newly sown. The mist of an early Autumn morning rising slowly over field and hedge while Sun begins to warm the still chilly air. The very feel of the fine tilth one has made by rotaring the ground ready for planting in the Spring, knowing that soon will come the warmth of Sun, the life of rain, to give profuse living to what shall be grown – and knowing, feeling, that such growth, such fecundity, is but a gift, to be treasured not profaned...

These are the joys, some of the very simple, the very *English*, things I treasure; that I have loved the most, and whose memories I shall seek to keep flowing within me as my own life slowly ebbs away...

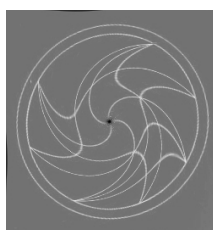
David Myatt

(Extracts from a letter to a friendly enquirer)



**THE TEMPLE OF THEM is Indebted to Mr. Myatt for his permission to reprint this
Profound explanation of his Personal Insight.**

TOWARD THE DARK FORMLESS ACAUSAL



I've read several times recently – on the Internet, of course! – that the Order of Nine Angles is defunct. Do you have any comment to make about this?

Anton Long: If people wish to believe that, fine.

All I will say is that – for many decades now – our membership has been closed. That is, we have not actively and publicly sought to recruit members. We are not interested in large numbers of people joining us, and we have placed many obstacles in the way of people contacting us. The few that do and have joined us are selected by us if we perceive they have the right qualities and if they have been tenacious in their search, and passed the various tests which are part of the selection process, with these tests being mostly unknown to them at the time they are being tested. Such tests, by us, continue until they have achieved, for themselves, Internal Adept.

Thus, we are elitist, and secretive. For the moment, and for the past few years or so, we have and have had a slight “public profile” – with an unofficial Internet website and an unofficial “Internet blog”, run by a member – but these things are temporary, serving a specific CausalTime-limited purpose, and when that purpose is achieved then they, and this slight public profile, will cease. Of course, we will not make any announcement of this ceasing, at the time.

It should be understood that our goals are of not only decades but of centuries, and that we act, and plan, accordingly.

What about the people who leave – or who seem to leave? I'm thinking of people like Vilnius Thornian, who ran the old Nasz Dom website, and C Beest, who did the Sinister Tarot. Have they really left, and if so is that a betrayal, and what does their leaving say about the state of the Order of Nine Angles itself and its method of training?

The question itself reveals something of a lack of esoteric insight and sinister knowledge.

Over the decades, several people have come and gone – some only achieved External Adept; a few achieve Internal Adept. Of those who wander away, and give up or renounce their Sinister quest, one or two return, having learnt much – about themselves – during their exile.

Yet some of those who wander away or who may renounce their quest may still have done some useful work; may still have presenced the Sinister in some way, and thus have contributed something, or affected some changes, however small. Some of these may even have been manipulated into doing such things, into contributing such things, by a Master, or a Mistress, with their leaving or their renunciation a sign of their failure.

For such renunciations – whatever the reasons, or the reasons such people tell themselves – are expected, and indeed natural; part of the selection process itself. Those who go have failed, and proven themselves unsuitable; for the real, and the most important test, is that which lies beyond Internal Adept and which signifies the change from Adept to Master/Mistress. Of those who thus progress beyond the Abyss, there have been no renunciations.

Each Grade, of Internal Magick, is thus a test, a selection; and the move away from each Grade toward the next is also itself a test, a selection, and one which lasts many an alchemical season – in exoteric-speak, which lasts for some or often many many years.

Again, such people, such failures, should be viewed in the perspective of centuries: of the progression toward our Sinister goals, our disruption of the Old Order, our presencings of the acausal darkness, and the emergence of the New Aeon, whose Sinister magickal energies are already being felt, by some, and whose exoteric affects are slowly causing causal changes.

There has been much speculation as to your use of the word “Fayen”, which seems to have replaced the “yf” date code you previously used. Is there a reason for this change, and what does Fayen mean? Is the change in any way connected with a move away from NS type politics, which politics many associate you with?

Firstly, the use of that particular word, now and in the past two or so years, is quite deliberate: to mark the beginning of the third stage of one particular, and century-long, strategy of ours.*

The first part was the codification of what it may be convenient to call “The Mythos of the ONA”. This involved the writing down of the various aural traditions inherited from the reclusive Mistress who hailed from Shropshire, and who owned properties in London, Oxford and Manchester. These traditions involved such things as Esoteric Chant, The Septenary Tree of Wyrd, legends and myths about The Dark Gods and Baphomet; culling, various ceremonial rituals, and the Grade Rituals. It also involved refining and

extending the Tradition itself – developing The Star Game, for example, and writing basic guides such as *Naos*. This stage took around a decade or so.

The second stage was, internally, making most of the exoteric Tradition available by circulating a limited number of copies of various ONA MSS, and works such as *The Black Book of Satan*, and *Naos*. This created something of a “public profile” for the ONA, which was intentional. Externally, the real work of the ONA was continued by presencing the acausal, the Sinister, through supporting, and creating, various causal “forms”, through opening various nexions, through practical de-stabilization, through propagating and championing various “heretical” causes and ideas, and so on: to the greater glory of Satan, one might have said, and say. This stage took around two decades, or so.

The third stage involves, internally, releasing items and MSS concerning some of the more esoteric aspects, which esoteric aspects include such things as: (1) the actual nature of The Dark Gods, hinted at in stories such as *In The Sky of Dreaming* and MSS such as *The Mythos of the Dark Gods: Beings of Acausal Darkness*; (2) The Seventh-Way, and the nature of Five-Dimensional Magick (hinted at in some earlier MSS, which mentioned some of the effects of a-temporal magickal rites; (3) the reality of The Abyss and beyond, where one goes beyond words, and causal symbols, such as the Tree of Wyrd, and thus beyond the opposites inherit in words, names and symbologies.

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

After this – in future decades – as the signs of the de-stabilization of the Old Order (symbolized outwardly by the so-called, and mis-named, “New World Order”) becomes ever more esoterically obvious and then even more exoterically obvious, there will that conjoining that can be symbolized, exoterically, by the union of Satan and Baphomet, and thus a bringing-into-being (a birthing) of what is Beyond: the acausal Darkness itself, fully presenced on Earth and in our causal Universe. To the greater glory of The Dark Gods, and thus the beginning of our own evolutionary change into a new species.

Thus are some esoteric truths here revealed – for the sagacious.

Furthermore, NS-type politics – as explained many times over the years – was and is used as a form, as a presencing (even sometimes as a nexion) by Sinister Initiates and Sinister Adepts as part of Sinister Aeonic strategy, as a work or works of Aeonic magick (or even as an individual Insight Rôle). It it never was, nor is, the essence of the ONA, or the Way of the ONA: which is essentially to create, to breed, individual individuals and thence a new type of human being. Such individuals have gone beyond the abstractions, the forms, of the Old Aeon, and thus can – if necessary – use and manipulate such abstractions, such

forms (be they conventionally described as political or religious, or whatever), in a Sinister, magickal Way: to presence the Dark Forces.

That many people did not understand this, reveals only the lack of understanding of those people. That many so-called esoteric Initiates did not and do not understand this, reveals only their lack of Initiated understanding, their lack of knowledge of genuine Magick, and of what it means to be a genuine follower of the Sinister Path.

You have stated – in the recently issued ONA Glossary – that the term Traditional Satanism, which now is in widespread use, was coined by the ONA. Is this correct, and does this mean, as some have supposed, a “worship” or reverence of Satan, as a real entity?

It is correct to say and write that we were the first to use that particular term, over two decades ago, for the reason given: because of our inherited aural Tradition, and to differentiate our really Dark and really Sinister Way from others, such as the the gabbling posturing ToSers [See Footnote (1) below], the Magian-inspired crawling Crowleyites, and the sanctimonious egotists who fawned upon and followed the Magian clown named LaVey [See Footnote (2) below].

To understand Satan – *sans* Nazarene theology and ontology, and the silliness of “theism” – is to understand that He is one of The Dark Gods and thus, according to our Tradition, our Mythos, an acausal-being, dwelling in the acausal Universe, Who has, at one or more times in our Earth-bound causal past, been presented in causal form, which form can change, since Satan is, like most of that particular acausal species when manifest in the causal Universe, a shapeshifter.

Yet there is, for us and others of our Sinister kind, no worship of such a being; no reverence. Just an admiration, at most, and a feeling of kinship, such as one might have toward an older brother, or sister, or a respected and older if distant relative. Or rather, and more correctly perhaps, such as a desire, such a yearning, for, the kinship of a long-lost half-brother, or half-sister, given that – for many – such relatives of ours have been missing for rather a long time.

Thus – and to continue the metaphor – do Sinister Initiates seek to find such missing relatives of theirs, and thus do they desire to not only have them “home” again (presented on Earth) but also to learn from them so that they themselves can pass to the stars, and beyond: into the realms of the formless, timeless, acausal.

So you still regard yourselves as “Satanists” and still regard the term “Satanism” as having esoteric meaning?

Yes, and yes. Greek scholars – and lexicographers – will understand what *-ism* (and thus *-ist*) in this context refers to.

Although, of course, “Satan-ism” is only a beginning: a nexion to the acausal itself; one causal and exoteric name for a particular presencing which can begin a particular, and dangerous and difficult, journey for some humans, to some-where.

I also refer you to my previous answer: the Third Stage, and what is beyond.

You mean Baphomet, whom you describe as a Dark Goddess?

Indeed, for She is The Mistress, The Mother, of Blood; of our blood, and of the blood of those who are sacrificed to her, for her, and who can provide Her with some of the causal living necessary.

Furthermore – and here is another clue – one must view both Vindex and Falcifer in relation to Her, and, of course, that acausal being whose exoteric name has been given as Satan.

Since you accept Satan as a real being, what about God? Do you accept there is a God?

No. We consider “God” to be a myth, an abstraction, a metaphysical construct if you will, created by the need and the desire of individuals who have not only yet to face, understand, and integrate, the darkness, within themselves, but who also – from weakness, inability or whatever – cannot go beyond such abstractions, such immature bifurcation into non-living “opposites”, to the esoteric quintessence, which is of the numinosity of the a-causal Sinister imbued with the essence *and the potential* of causal life and causal living. Thus, “God” – as conventionally described – is a symptom of the human disease of negative-evolution, which is an un-knowing, an un-feeling, of our human potential, which potential can be unleashed by the energies of the acausal.

In the same way, the kindred disease of hubris, the disease of the modern materialistic West, is an outward manifestation of the still current Old Aeon – the Magian-inspired and Magian-controlled Old Order – and of those Aeons that preceded it. Hubris – selfish, blind, ill-disciplined indulgence and egotistical arrogance – is a lack of self-awareness; a lack of self-discipline; a pandering to the ego and its delusions; a lack of esoteric insight; a lack of that perspective, that self-judgement, that rational detachment, that awareness and practical experience of the acausal – of The Dark Gods, of Satan and Baphomet – creates. Or at least can create in those possessed of the right character, the correct attributes.

Thus do we seek the practical destruction of this Old Order, which keeps people in thrall, stifles our potential, and which becomes ever more oppressive and tyrannical with every passing year. This destruction is necessary – whatever the cost in so-called “human suffering” – for such destruction is a prelude to the New Aeon which will unleash our full potential and enable us to become a new, and higher, species.

You do not therefore accept that there is such a thing as an “innocent person”?

Here is a quote from a now somewhat old essay of mine, which is relevant here:

“There is no such thing as an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death. their tragedy, their living – their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever.” *To Presence The Dark*

But I still expect the full meaning suggested by the above words will escape the vast majority of human beings, including the vast majority who call themselves, or describe themselves as, “Satanists” – which of course reveals quite a lot about such self-styled “Satanists”, just as the very title of that particular ONA MS, quoted above, reveals quite a lot about us.

Anton Long
Order of Nine Angles
119 Year of Fayen

*** Notes on Esoteric Dating: [Q.pH] -** YF (usually in lower case, yf) was used on most ONA MSS issued by AL during the first and second phase, though sometimes - specially on the older, 70's style MSS - e.v. or e.n. was used. Now, in the third phase, it's Year of Fayen, which I'm told relates (or might relate) to the return of the sinister feminine, the Baphomet archetype. YF means both *year of fire* and Year of the Fuhrer (Celebrating the Birth of Adolf Hitler 1889) in line with our anti-magian stance and hence is still used. TM

CB sometimes used eh - Era Horrificus to date manuscripts. *e.n.* refers to the era of the nazarene, and *e.v.* to *Vulgaris Aerae* as used by Johannes Kepler and others including some alchemists, though some still think (wrongly) that Crowley invented the use of e.v.

Myatt often uses JD - the Astro Julian Date, which is why we sometimes see his usage of e.v. given its astro origin.

These three phases of basic ONA strategy get a mention in some of AL's articles, like - <http://nineangles.wordpress.com/toward-the-dark-formless-acausal/>

These three phases also relate to "our" - the ONA's - particular alchemical seasons, each of which season spans a particular astronomical period, signified by some observable stellar/planetary alignments. I'll only say that each such season lasts longer than a decade of solar years.

TM +O+ *There are suggestions that Nietzsches Thus Spake Zarathustra, believed to have been almost entirely a product of automatic writing, heralded the arrival of Hitler and the Birthpangs of a New Aeon and subsequently the rise of a Champion to destroy the Magian. There also exist rumours of another connection to the year 1888, which relate Jack the Rippers horrific crimes as ritual sacrifices specifically to announce the character/energy of this Age – further rumours that Jack was part of a secret cabal.* +O+

CAUSATING THE ACAUSAL

1 December, 2010.

The theory that we cannot explain the acausal because the act of explanation is causal – as are all our tools for understanding – and that we (wrongly) impose causal perceptions on the a-causal because we have no and can have no a-causal equivalent.

It is the tradition of people to rely on the intellect, on being able to understand rationally, to limit the unknown to the known and translate perception. It is commonplace to use our intellect to explain things to others or enable things to be explained to us which we do not understand – and natural to make the effort to explain things that cannot be explained. Explanation, however it plays out, is suitable/servicable for many things, for things in general - but it is not difficult to demonstrate the restraint built into language as a means to communicate, or show that it involves a prejudice of time and space used as the basis for its model of understanding. This model cannot be changed or evolved to explain certain things because of its inherent duality and the present lack of understanding of the power of a duality-driven mindset – moreover the model contains within itself by virtue of its duality a self-regulating gyroscope that causes language to perpetuate duality – and itself like an unchanging fractal that falls into itself forever.

This can be illustrated quite easily by the observation that the order of words has a direct result on the reader (who perceives) – and reacts. How you react is for all intents and purposes random – but that you react is not. We can see that Ideas, as communicated by others are perhaps never simply accepted as a pure communication that passes exactly what the writer had in mind onto paper or screen – they almost always generate conflict – as if the writer is unable to capture an objective statement of truth no matter what words they choose to use, how carefully they phrase them, or how ever many clauses and asterisks and footnotes they may include. Writing, tends to have an automatic effect of causing a reaction rather than a reflexion. Caution at this point is advised against imposing a moral conclusion over this fact – my concern is never whether this process is “good” or “bad” but simply to illustrate and prove the existence of the process. By reaction I mean an unconscious pull by the ego to respond to the stimulus received – however it chooses to interpret it, and by reflexion I mean a contemplative state of occult and self awareness that recognizes one has reactions but does not automatically obey them as prompted by the ego.

The point of A-causal to Zen is not to provide another phenomena on which to hang ones causal hat, nor provide another point in space to speculate intellectually – however causally titillating the temptation and rewarding/gratifying the poetic associations that flow in tribute – but represents a faint light in the distance of the logos that dawns from time to time in the face of contemplation. It is borne of the struggle to escape language,

morality, duality, time and those dead weights we recycle in absurdio when faced with the prospect of something we are told we cannot know. It is the gnosis that jettisons causal spatial suppositions – spurns our doctrine of cartesian grid unconsciously imposed that orders phenomena to be ‘from’, ‘within’, ‘next to’, ‘outside’, ‘inside’, ‘beyond’ – simplifying the vast into the discrete using tensions that imply the existence of singular autonomous points. Unfortunately, in the desire to share, experience is written down, all too often profaning the mystery because of the means by which its message is carried.

The attempt to try to Know unhinges any knowing precisely because Words – those causal prisoners and jailers - are used to denote occulture. As soon as the word a-causal presents itself it undergoes a transformation, literal and literary. Its presence creates a shadow, an order, and is forcibly slotted into various heirarchies – pushed into and out of place by the law of words that draws some together and pushes other apart – an automatic dichotomy inherent in the supposed freedom of language to express. Viz. express freely – but within the limits of freedom.

In word or form the a-causal comes under verbal law. It becomes a ‘thing’ like all other mundane things, disposable, drained of wonder, drained of authenticity. As is the doctrine of verbal law, the word/sound/form once presenced causally is subject to the laws of form. Its name, used as a key to point toward a wordless door, a silent desert that rebukes understanding - is abused, misunderstood and sullied by clumsy attempts to extrapolate its purity with a barrage of associations and connective verbal tissues. It is thrown into the morass of language, sat next to words it has no sincere desire to be with, and forced to represent our will for it to be the occult secret itself. Causality supposes –this- and –that- to make separations where there are only prejudiced traditions of experiencing the world through the window of the human-centred ego. We cannot imagine what would be without our license to suppose, and it is ironic that our faith in knowledge prevents the evolution of it.

The word a-causal denotes an anti-concept, a sound for a vacuum of meaning outside the framework we conveniently apply. It does not denote a thing, a state, a term, word, or inference available to us through language – it is outside of language, indeed outside of languages ability to relate or even present – and that is precisely the words/sounds point – as a stop sign indicating the city limits of perception.

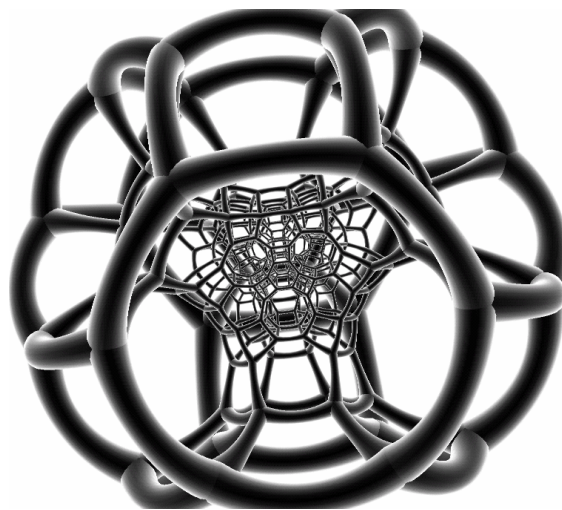
Like Zen before it, it is subjected to the same problems all words create – no matter what occult (hidden) wisdom they attempt to convey – once a word, immediately a form. Using a frame of reference built with instituted causal tools and prejudices people attach all manner of meaning and explanation to weigh down the sublime. To suppose nothing we must suppose something. How many ways have people tried to show Nothing. When it comes to the acausal people cannot leave well enough alone.

We build up a causal model of something we simply cannot fathom – precisely because we cannot fathom it. Precisely because we have a word like fathom and hate to waste it! We hate the idea that the universe could present something our lofty sentience could not control, we despise her secrets and her mysteries because they make us feel weak, small

and powerless. They are anathema to the ego, laughter at our arrogance, vitriol to those proud inner voices to which we entrust our humanity. We hate the unknown – it is a glaring truism in everything we do, in everything we name. We masturbate ourselves over daring thoughts of some untouchable void, orgasm over the fantasy that there is something forbidden, something we cannot attain, some realm or world we cannot master – some escapist dimension on which we can dream in order to forget. But the foreplay does not last – and we fuck ourselves.

We pour down tributes to our ignorance and enshrine our desperate fumbles as wisdom – congratulating ourselves that we managed to fit the word A-causal/Zen into our writing next to other words - to contain it, explain it, attain it - even if only to highlight it by virtue of what we didn't say by surrounding it with causality as many times as we could. Then, we pat ourselves on the back and move on to imprison the next purity and sublime occult experience that dares to think itself above our causal verbal laws. Its what we've always done, its what we'll always do.

Our reaction to the anti-concept of the A-causal provides deep and humiliating insight into the fragility and mentality of the collective human race and its paralyzing fear of the occult – of the hidden. Of a thing that dares remain truly hidden...



NAOS PAINTINGS

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MISTRESS OF EARTH



WYRD



DEATH



THE FOOL



THE PRIESTESS



THE MAGICIA



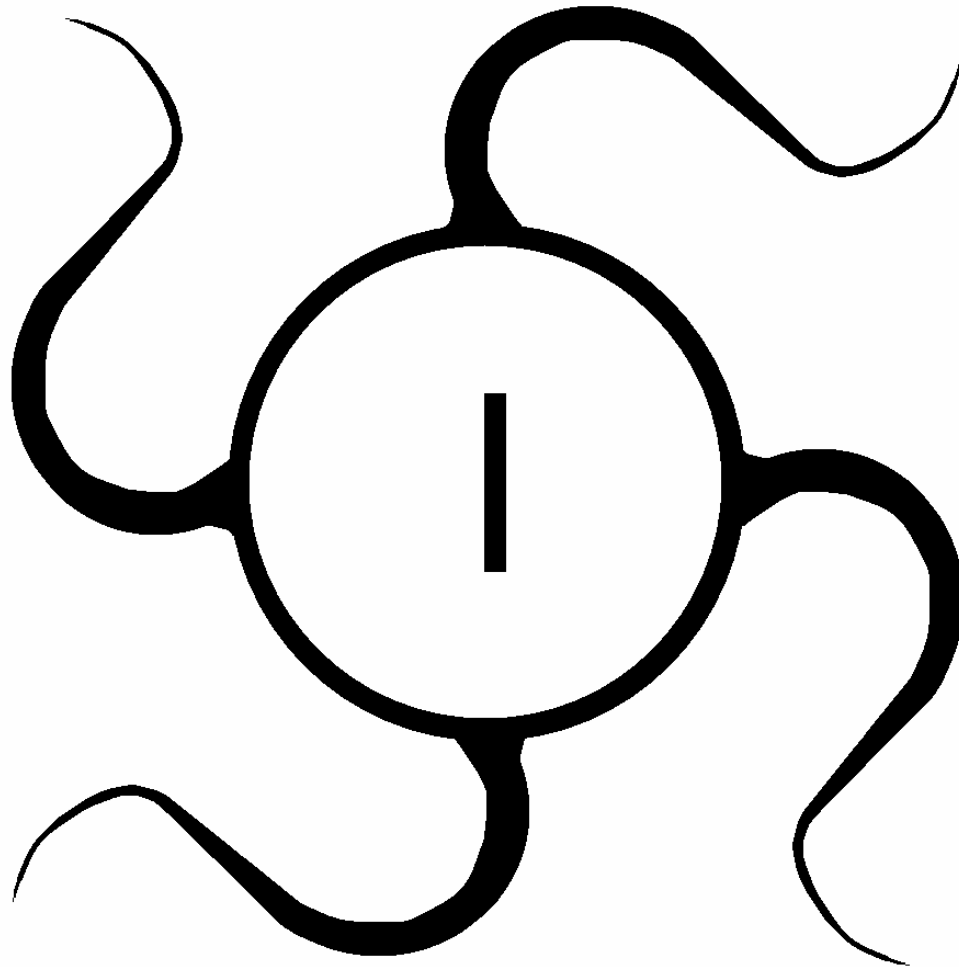
HEL



CHANGE



AEON



KÉNEWBÉS
REMEMBER

SINISTER



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