

# **The Sinister Pathway Triangle Order (SPTO)**

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## **Order of Nine Angles Manuscripts**

# **Infernal Texts – Book One**

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# ORDER OF NINE ANGLES

The Order first emerged into public view in the early 1980's (eh), and basically taught that Satanism was a means to attain self and Occult insight and abilities, and that this could only be done on an individual basis via direct, personal *experience*.

The archetypal CoS member was a black-robed figure who played a 'role', and who placed ego-fulfilment and pleasure before everything. LaVey was accepted as a 'Master' and an authority to be revered - and a personality cult developed. The archetypal ToS member is someone who has read a lot of Occult literature, who engages in discussions with others about their beliefs and practices, and who likes the charisma and appeal of being a 'Satanist'. Often they dress for the part - and need a group identity, a sense of 'belonging'. They also accept Temple authority and are content to let an organization confer advancement upon them (in the form of titles and positions).

The archetypal ONA member is the lone sorcerer/sorceress struggling - via practical (and sometimes dark) experiences toward self-attainment, guided by the teachings of the Order, and by occasional meeting with someone who has gone that way before.

Each of the above manifestations will be considered in turn. But what, then, *is* Satanism? By what criteria can such a manifestation be judged? First, let us consider what Satanism is **not**. It is not an acceptance of conventional morality or ways of living; it is not a belief, or a faith, which causes a rejection of the reality (and harshness) of life; it is not a refuge for the failures, the cowards and the weak. Satanism is about pride, an acceptance of individual worth. It is about defiance - challenging the accepted, seeking to know the unknown and seeking to discover, to explore and conquer: a refusal to bow down or give in. It is about excellence - of going beyond what *is*, in personal terms; of achieving a greater awareness and understanding than the majority. It is a desire to experience the limits of living, *to strive for the gods...*

Diabolists are insipid, rather pathetic - a historical curiosity only: a footnote in the psychopathology of the Nazarene religion. Crowley was a rather under-developed egotist lack the character to develop real self-insight. He could and did manipulate others, and did possess some Occult powers (intuitively) and some understanding of the Art of Magick. His followers are trapped by the flaws of his system. - chief among which, are the self-stupefaction and self-satisfaction (and the thus the illusion of development), rather than real self-insight and thus Occult abilities.

CoS members (and to a lesser extent those of the ToS) accept a sanitized Satanism - a 'safe Satanism', where the Darkness is said to be only within, where it cannot threaten them. They also are stuck on the bottom rung of Occult understanding - seeing nothing beyond the confines of the ego and the carnal. The ToS claims to go further, but there is little or no practical experience of evil, of the Sinister, of those Dark Forces which are part of the Cosmos - there is instead an intellectualizing. There is also no going to extremes in living, no ordeals which challenge (and make) *character - no quest for personal excellence*. Instead, there is the security of an organization, the acceptance of Temple authority and mandates. In brief, the fostering of a type of mental servitude - in belief and in practise. All these are contrary to what Satanism is.

Only the ONA understands and practices Satanism *as it is*, insisting that Satanism is about individual self-development in both the real and Occult worlds, and that this can only be achieved by long, hard dangerous and toilsome *experience*. Furthermore, the ONA has exhibited a creativity and an understanding which makes all other manifestations pale into insignificance. Thus, it is not surprising that it has been so influential over the past few years.

This influence has, however, seldom been acknowledged - other groups and individuals often borrowing the teachings, methods and ideas and claiming them as their own, this 'borrowing' not being confined to 'Satanism' or LHP groups in general. This is both natural and necessary - given the sterility of creativity which exists and has existed in such groups, and given the nature of the human species in general, and the Satanic in particular.

The chief contributions of the ONA, toward an understanding of Satanism in particular, and the Occult in general, may be briefly described:

- 1) Satanism and the LHP (Left-Hand Path) as a means to individual development, leading to Adeptship and beyond - via practical experience and ordeals (qv. the grade rituals).
- 2) The emphasis on developing both the mental and physical character of the individual.
- 3) A greater understanding of Magickal (and Occult) forces - and thus their nature - via the development of the concepts of causal and acausal, and an abstract system to represent this, enabling conscious apprehension (as opposed to belief and superstition).
- 4) The re-structuring of magickal symbols and forms in archetypal terms - in particular the Septenary Tree of Wyrd and the deofel Quartet (the latter explicating the archetypal, particularly in the 'real world' from the viewpoint of the Sinister Novice).
- 5) The creation of a Sinister Tarot whose images **are** Sinister, and thus imbued with Satanic energy.
- 6) Revealing and significantly extending Aeonic Magick - enabling any individual to undertake such works.
- 7) The emphasis on an individual Initiate working alone and achieving practical goals - without accepting in a religious way a higher authority - and making this achievable by all via the publication of practical guides to all aspects of Satanism (Naos, Codex Saeus, Sacramentum Sinistrum, Thernn, etc.).
- 8) Bringing an awareness of the Dark Gods - of the Sinister energies/forces which exist and which have been symbolised by 'Satan'/the Devil...
- 9) An emphasis of the personal qualities - the character - of a Satanist, enshrined in the concepts of Excellence, Honour and the motto "die, rather than submit to anyone or anything".
- 10) A re-affirmation of the positive, life enhancing nature of Satanism as opposed to the stereo-typical image of obsession with death and decay - a moving away from the image/role of the Satanist as a showman-type 'Devil'/Mephisto figure obsessed with carnality and pandering to his or her own weaknesses, and seeking media attention, toward the secretly-working lone sorcerer/sorceress concerned with their own development and works of esoteric Sinister Magick...

A perusal of literature, statements and other such causal forms by other groups and individuals, since the manifestation of the ONA, will show the extent of its influence - of how, in a subtle way, such individuals and groups have been changed by a Sinister organisation. Such changes, and such influence, will grow, although it may well go unnoticed by all save the few genuine Adepts.

So, as an overall conclusion, it should be obvious how internal influences/conditioning tend to survive via a delusion, that externally, by performing Magick and being seen to perform it, one has conquered conditioned values. Most Occultists become possessed by this need to externally project mostly through a sense of guilt and paranoia, because internally, they are no more Adept than Joe Soap.

That is so, because they have not dealt with the very difficult and lengthy task of destroying internal illusions and '*returning to the source*'; this requiring mainly the qualities of Courage, Discipline and Honesty. What happens is that weakness, confusion and self-deception fester into bitterness - a descent into alcoholism and other such indulgence is not uncommon. At the very least, the psyche is so re-inforced by the illusions created to mask inadequacy, that the appreciation of other seemingly contradictory ideas, would lead to its destruction (in ceremonial terms, this destruction - or liberation - occurs during or after the Black Mass). This is perhaps the most vital of magickal experiences, creating Adeptship - yet how many are prepared to take that step? How many will read, and in reading, understand, and in understanding seek practice?

As Gilles de Rais once said:

*"Much goes unseen to the unknowing eye Things that lie behind the Earth"*

## **Return To The Dark: Esoteric Notes XVII**

### **The Sinister, Archetypes, Forms and Aeons:**

All genuine Adepts understand the simple truth that all causal forms - propounded/described by whatever esoteric Order or group, or manifest by the creativity/discovery of whomsoever - are but intimations, and that this especially true of attempts to define/understand The Sinister/The Acausal/The Dark Gods, all of which are but terms which attempt to describe Some-thing beyond the four-dimensional matrix.

Magick, the Occult, and especially a genuine Sinister Way, are a means to move toward experience of this Some-thing, and this experience - which alone is the basis for a true Knowing - is only and ever individual: that is, unique to the individual, with such a Knowing being the essence of the stage beyond what has been called Internal Adept.

Thus, even such things as archetypes, and the division of our outward and inner Change into Aeons, are such an intimation, such a symbol or symbols, which attempt to make accessible to our consciousness what was not accessible (and thus not-knowable) before. That is, such intimations, such symbols, are useful and indeed still necessary - until the stage of Adept is reached. There is then a moving-away from such things toward an experiencing of the essence. Of course there may (and should) arise a time when such things are not required, when the Seventh Way of Five-Dimensional Magick is understood and practised by many - but that is indeed many centuries from now, given the rather low level of the majority in terms of genuine understanding and the lack of use, lack of control and lack of development, of their faculties. In the meanwhile, genuine esoteric Orders will continue to guide the few of promise, the few who can be bothered to change and master themselves, breeding thus an evolved type.

### **Learning by Experience:**

As has been stressed again and again in Order MSS, the only way to evolve is to experience: to strive forth and undertake practical magick, practical deeds. To experience magickal energies, and to have a plethora of both Light and Dark practical experiences.

All words, whether written or spoken - indeed, all forms presented in the causal - are only guides; intimations; inspiration, and this applies to all Order MSS. Some-things have not been said or written about; some other-things have only been hinted at, while other-things have been described or symbolized in detail. There is intent here, which those of genuine insight and genuine magickal skill will perceive or come to perceive, just as the genuine ones - who do strive forth via practical experience of the "two worlds" - will be able to work out certain things for themselves, and thus correct the few "mistakes" or "omissions" they may/will find in some ONA MSS. If they are not able to do this, then they have not advanced far enough; or they are among the failures.

Hence, there will always be some things left unsaid, left unwritten about, in "public" - and some-things which will only ever be revealed from individual to individual, or experienced/discovered anew by each genuine new Adept and each new genuine Master/Mistress.

### **Beyond the ONA:**

Twenty or so years after the ONA first came to "public attention" by the decision to distribute various Order MSS, there are now several Sinister/Occult organizations and groups who have derived their inspiration, their knowledge, and such like, from the ONA, even though some of these organizations and groups may not publicly acknowledge this, and even may, sometimes, attempt to distance themselves from their source by such things as criticising the ONA, or what they see/mis-understand as its "teachings". Of course, this applies just as much to those individuals inspired or otherwise guided by the outer, publicly-known, ONA.

This is a natural and expected process, for - as several ONA MSS have stated - the ONA is in some ways akin to a living-being, in the causal, imbued as it is with aspects of the acausal (Adepts and even some gifted Initiates will understand what is meant here). It was given its current form (and even its name) to be this, among other things.

From these and other emanations, from such other often unacknowledged presencings of the ONA, there will be new understandings born, new changes wrought - that is, new causal presencings of the acausal, of The Sinister, which is all as it should and must be, for the ONA has indeed opened certain nexions, which openings The Dark Gods have been waiting for...

Even my own life - rich, diverse, sinister, of both Light and Dark and thus perplexing to others - is only some new guide, one inspiration, one intimation of what all genuine Adepts should be. It, like that outer ONA which is now "known", can and should be surpassed, by others.

The ONA will continue, evolving, changing, in its own way, for the stage has now been reached when the life that is the sinister presencing manifest in the *outer* ONA is a life of-itself, and can thus be left (exoterically/publicly) without any new writings or any open guidance being provided, for the "public/exoteric" work has been done. Thus there will be soon, a return to the dark, to the secrecy of the past - to that which is the slow, genuine, hidden, and individual, guidance there has been, for thousands of years. All that needs to be known, for others to continue along the Way, has now been made accessible, known - and there are hints enough, especially in some of the more recent Order MSS, for the gifted to go beyond what-is-publicly-known to what-must-be. Thus, it is natural and necessary that others are inspired by the ONA - and natural and necessary that they try to surpass it; that they strive to create some-thing of their own inspired by the ONA.

Of course, we can expect some, or many, to try and appropriate exoterically and in public (and probably even in secret) the name of the ONA, but those of insight, those of genuine magickal ability, will see them for the impostors, the liars, the weaklings, that they are, just as the genuine Adepts will - if they have the genius - create some-thing unique, and perchance describe it by some new name.

As for the inner essence, manifest in the inner, hidden, ONA, it will continue - reached, accessed, by the very few who have the ability, the desire, to find it, despite the obstacles they will encounter. ( Anton Long - ONA116yf)

## Defending the ONA?

There has been some debate over the past decade about the traditions of the ONA. Some people have accused the ONA of "copying" various things - for example from Crowley - while some have claimed that the ONA system itself is flawed.

Before examining some of these claims, several things about the ONA should be understood.

### Aims of the ONA

One of the basic aims of the ONA is to create genuine Adepts - that is, individuals who question, who are rational; who possess genuine magickal skills; who have gone to and beyond their own limits. Essentially, the ONA is a LHP organization - there is no morality; no limits; no sycophancy. In fact, the ONA in its essence is profoundly anarchic, and may be said to preach and practice genuine anarchy. The ONA system, such as it is, is for only limited guidance, on a direct individual basis, to be given. The novice, the Initiates, are expected to learn by trial and error, by practical experience.

The championing, by the ONA, of such things as National Socialism, is part of the Sinister Dialectic - a means, one causal form limited to a certain causal time, not the essence of the ONA. Those who cannot understand the difference have totally misunderstood the essence of the ONA, and genuine sinister magick itself.

### The Septenary System

The ONA never claimed to have "invented" the Septenary system - only to have made public various aspects of it; and to have extended it in some particular ways.

According to the ONA, the works of Robert Fludd contained some allusions (note: *allusions*) to the genuine Septenary tradition, as did some alchemical MSS.

The Septenary system, as revived by the ONA, is basically contained in NAOS, which is a practical guide to simple external magick (i.e. basic sorcery), appropriate to a novice and an External Adept. That is, such a system, as given in such ONA MSS is itself only a beginning - to such things as the Star Game, which is a new form of magick, appropriate to our times, and which in its advanced form captures the real essence of the nexion that is conventionally described, in noviciate terms, as the Tree of Wyrd.

Part of the Septenary system is the Tree of Wyrd. In essence, this is a 4 dimensional image, or re-presentation - not a 2D one.

What does appear to be original - as published by the ONA - are such things as the Wheel of Life, as given in NAOS, The Star Game itself, the explanation of magick as a willed presencing of acausal energy (for a simple explanation of this, see NAOS) and Insight Roles.

### Grade Rituals

Again, the ONA never claimed to have "created" the system of Grades, or magickal training itself - only updated them, and made them practical, and efficacious, as in the case of Internal Adept.

## **Crowley et al**

The main criticism of Crowley, by the ONA, is that he used the distorted qabalah based ("Magian") system, and thus did not represent the genuine Western esoteric tradition, which esoteric tradition was Septenary based.

Further criticisms of him included his misunderstandings of Aeons, his use of dead archetypal forms (e.g. Ancient Egyptian) and his general egotism, which according to the ONA indicated a lack of the insight of a genuine Adept.

## **Aeonics**

One aspect of the ONA system which is original, *in its esoteric form*, is Aeonics - that is, a conscious understanding of the Sinister Dialectic. However, the ONA made it clear that this conscious apprehension of theirs is built upon the work of others, especially Toynbee and Spengler (see, for instance, Myatt's *Vindex - The Destiny of the West*). This acknowledged debt is evident in the ONA use of the Spenglerian term Magian.

## **Oral Tradition**

The ONA admit there is no written evidence whatsoever for the existence of their oral tradition, and what has been recorded, is to be believed or not, according to what an individual wishes to believe. However, the ONA make it quite clear in many MSS that each novice is expected to be highly critical of all traditions, and use reason and practical experience to help them judge such traditions.

The oral tradition included Esoteric Chant, Insight Roles, legends about the Dark Gods, and the use of crystals, be they tetrahedron shaped or otherwise, in conjunction with sound vibration.

## **Terms Used**

The ONA uses a rather specialized terminology, and defines some terms, such as archetype, and psyche, in a somewhat different way to their generally "accepted" definitions. This usage, by the ONA, can lead, and has led, to some confusion among novices and others.

Some particular terms used by the ONA include - Aeonics, the Sinister Dialectic, nexion, presencing, External Adept; Internal Adept; acausal.

As for the use of the term archetype - the ONA define an archetype as a particular presencing of acausal energy, which presencing is limited in causal time. This is in contrast to, for example, the definition given by Jung. That is, an archetype is akin to a living being: it is born



(or can be created, by magickal means), its lives, and then it dies (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).

## **The Dark Gods and Lovecraft**

Yet again, the ONA never claimed to have "invented" or made public for the first time, the legends about the Dark Gods, just as they acknowledged the work of Lovecraft in making known the tradition. However, the ONA do claim that Lovecraft had access to only part of the genuine tradition regarding them.

The "names" given for various entities, in such works as NAOS, are useful symbols (note the words *useful symbols*) intended for Initiates. That is, they are not re-presentations, in the causal, of what are essentially acausal entities who/which cannot be described in causal terms, but which *may* be better apprehended/re-presented in part via genuine vibration/chant. *The ONA make it quite clear that it is for the Initiate to discover if this is indeed the case - via practical experience.*

## **Nine Angles**

The ONA use this term to refer to what is represented by the elements of the Star Game - the nine aspects of the three whose changing in causal time represents a particular presencing of acausal energy. That is, the nine re-presents the nexion that is the presencing of the acausal evident in our psyche and consciousness.

Thus, the ONA use the term nine angles in specific esoteric way unrelated to the use of that term by any other group.

## **Specific Criticisms of the ONA**

1) That the ONA's Tree of Wyrd (ToW) is related to or somehow derived from Crowley's "hexagram" figure or "square of nine".

Several points here:

a) That hexagram figure is not even original to Crowley, and was, and is used, by esoteric Taoist groups, especially those deriving from Wu Tang mountain, and as such it has a long history, of a thousand or more years.

b) That this figure is purely 2D while the ToW is 3-D and only an approximation of a true (causal) representation, for which see the advanced Star Game. To relate such a 2-D image, by whomsoever and whensoever it was derived/created, to the ToW shows a basic misunderstanding of the ToW. [To be precise, it should be stated that the ToW is 4-D, where the movement of the pieces in The Star Game re-present some aspects of causal time. However, very few will understand what is meant here.]

c) The ONA use the figure (as given in NAOS) in Martial Arts training (Physis) and in Esoteric Chant, and never claimed it was their "creation".

2) That the ONA copied Nazarene (and other) chants, such as the Dies Irae, and just changed a few words.

This claim shows a basic misunderstanding of magick, especially of both sympathetic magick and the technique of mimesis (qv. mimickery). Mimesis in its basic form is to mimic, and/or adopt and change, with sinister intent, some work/text/ritual/music or whatever and to capture, alter and use the energies that the original form may have used or captured. A classic example here is the genuine Black Mass, which is a mimesis of a Nazarene Mass.

3) That the Tarot used by the ONA is not original - specially that the Christos Beest Tarot is not original.

Yet again, this shows quite basic misunderstandings - in this case of what the Tarot itself, and of artistic creation.

It is stated quite clearly that each Initiate should ideally create their own Tarot images - and that the forms given in such works as NAOS are only basic, causal, guides: one basic means of one type of basic magickal working. That is, they are but learning forms - to be used, and learnt from, and then transcended. Following such a learning experience, the Initiate is then in a position to create their own apprehensions in the causal terms of images. It is the magickal working that the images are "gates"/nexions to that are important, not the details of the images used. That is, the images are merely magickal props, a device to access certain acausal energies.

Furthermore, the Tarot itself - by whomsoever produced/created in the form of images - is only one, low, causal manifestation of such energies. An imprecise one. To fully apprehend such energies, further experience and workings are required. That is, the Tarot itself is but a stage - for the beginner.

4) That the ONA somehow "copied" or "stole" the use of the tetrahedron from Crowley.

The only reference to a tetrahedron given by those who write such criticisms about the ONA is to one image in Crowley's Tarot cards. There is no proof whatsoever that Crowley knew about the use of the tetrahedron in a magickal way - that is, quartz, and sound vibration and esoteric chant.

The ONA tradition in respect of the tetrahedron is quite specific - the use of a large quartz tetrahedron in conjunction with esoteric chant and/or sound vibration. Indeed, there is no non-ONA Occult or esoteric literature extant which mentions this tradition.

Furthermore - and of great importance vis-à-vis the ONA detractors - the ONA do not claim and never have claimed that they created or invented this tradition regarding the esoteric use of a crystal tetrahedron. Once again, the ONA are merely recording - for the first time it seems - a hitherto secret Western tradition. They do not claim it as their own. This older tradition is mentioned in a specific ONA MS. There is a Latin quote, taken from an Alchemical MS, which the ONA reproduce in their MS *Copula cum Daemone*. This particular ONA MS has indeed made it onto the Internet - but beware, like of lot of older ONA MS it was electronically scanned by a non-Adept who did not proof read it and who obviously did not know any Latin, for there are scanning errors aplenty. Those who really want to know, can seek out copies of the original (there are three, to my knowledge) or learn Latin (hint -both

classical and medieval) or even take it to someone who does know Latin and have them correct the scanning errors.

## Conclusions

It should be quite obvious that those who have criticised the ONA as enumerated above show either a basic lack of understanding of the ONA, and/or a basic lack of magickal understanding, or both. A lot of the claims made against the ONA are based on hasty assumptions made by people of little esoteric knowledge who thus reveal their lack of genuine magickal training.

In addition, it needs to be made clear, yet again, that -

- 1) Every Initiate is expected to work many things out for themselves, that the ONA is only a guide; *it is practical experience, self-insight, and self-honesty, which matter.*
- 2) The information made available by the ONA to public domains - such as the Internet - does not represent the sum total of ONA MSS. Much of the oral tradition remains unrecorded; and some MSS, although available to Initiates and Adepts, have not for practical and other reasons yet been made publicly available. A few MSS have also been lost, and a few exist only in limited, private, editions.
- 3) That there are some tests which the novice and Initiate are expected to undergo, and that sometimes such tests - to bring a certain self-insight and self-honesty - can be in the form of riddles, or deliberate "mistakes", or fables. Two classic illustrations here.

First, in the days of typewritten letters, sometimes letters might be sent out with a word spelt in an unusual way, or containing deliberate spelling mistakes. Sometimes, the grammar was also unusual. Those who could not see beyond the outer form (the words; the syntax, and so on) to the essence (always contained quite clearly in such letters) so obviously failed, restricted as their apprehension was by the norms of their own times, by their own preconceptions, by "society", or whatever.

Second, in the quite olden days when little public information about the Dark Tradition was available, an Adept might arrange to meet an aspirant novice. On occasion, the Adept might appear not to keep the appointment (often outdoors in some difficult to reach place) - but would of course be around, observing. Sometimes, the Adept might just "bump into" the person and pretend to be someone else. There were of course many variations on this theme. But the point was to test the person - their commitment; especially their desire to seek; their intuition. That is, things were made difficult, quite often; sometimes things were made confusing for the aspirant novice, and even for the Initiate and the External Adept. In the case of our example "meeting" - the Adept would wait to see if they were contacted again. If they were not; the person was quite obviously not sincere, not sinister, enough. Sometimes the Adept might promise some sort of ritual - only to let the person down "at the last minute". Yet once these initial tests were over, and a commitment made by the person, they would be guided.

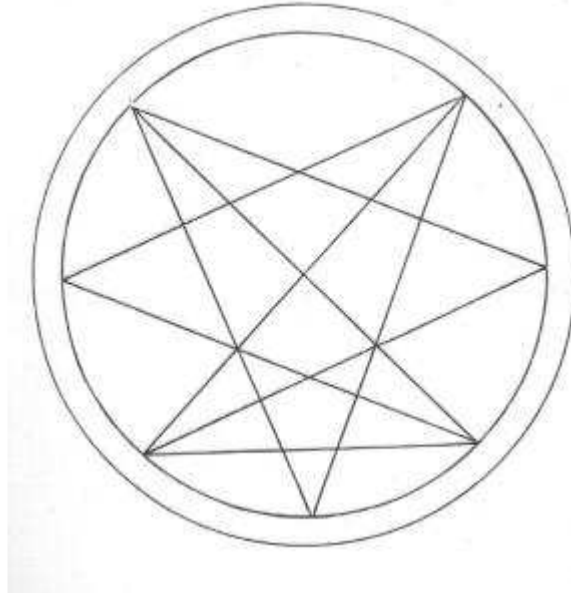
Need it be written that some information available on the Internet might be, or could be, part of some "test"?

4) That a great deal that could be written, about traditions, tests, and the likewise in respect of the ONA, has been written - in *The Deofel Quartet*, and the recent *Dark Trilogy* by Anton Long, which after all are but instructional texts, to learnt from, and to be surpassed.

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DarkLogos - River Isis Nexion (115) (Revised Jan 116)

## Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery



The fundamental basis of five-dimensional acausal sorcery is acausal thinking: that is, knowing and understanding what the acausal is, what acausal energy is, and how such things relate to our causal phenomenal world, and to us, as individuals.

Explained in a simplistic way, acausal thinking means the following:

(1) Simultaneity - that is, that acausal energy does not propagate in a causal linear way either in "time" or in "space". Instead, such energy propagates (and can manifest or be presented) according to the nature of acausal-space and acausal-time. Thus, there is no direct, causal-based, "cause and effect" - events are not, or may not be, separated by a duration of causal time, and are not, or may not be, separated by a physical distance as measured according to causal-space.

(2) Acausal energy implies acausal beings (or "entities") which exist in both the acausal dimensions/spaces (acausal-space and acausal-time) and in our causal universe. These beings live, according to the type of acausal energy that they are, and their existence is independent of us, as causal beings. Thus, The Dark Gods, of mythos, legend and esoteric tradition, are one type of such acausal entities.

(3) Empathy - that is, knowing and understanding that causal beings (or "entities") such as ourselves, who have life or existence in the causal spaces/dimensions, are not separate, discrete or even "individual" beings or entities, but are only parts of the matrix which comprises causal and acausal spaces. That is, that such causal entities are nexions, and are "alive" by virtue of having acausal energy; they can be viewed, in one sense, as receptacles, composed of causal, physical elements, atoms and so on, in-which acausal energy can dwell (or be presented). Our consciousness - and especially magick, correctly understood - is a

means to apprehend our true nature as causal entities and can be a means for us to access more acausal energy.

Explained in a simplistic way, five-dimensional acausal sorcery is a means to create, or draw-into-the-causalspaces, acausal beings/entities, and a means for us to transform ourselves (and other causal entities) by accessing/presencing acausal energy and thus possibly move toward a dwelling in the acausal

spaces. Furthermore, acausal sorcery works on the fundamental premise of the irrelevancy of causal-time and causal-space - that is, our concepts of cause-and-effect, of spatial distance, of a beginning and an end - of a past, a present and a future - do not apply.

### **The Nature of Acausal Beings**

Acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions. Some dwell (and can only exist in) the acausal spaces, while others can dwell or be manifest in both the acausal and the causal, with there being many different types of acausal entities all of which have their own "nature" or type of being. Essentially, they have no physical form, as we define and understand physical form (for example, a body) although some types of acausal being, who can dwell or manifest or be presenced in our causal spaces, can dwell-within, or presence themselves within or be presenced within, a causal form such as a living body or being (including a human being) and some of the acausal beings who can or who have done this are known as "shapeshifters". We cannot "see" or detect (by our limited physical senses or by using causality-based physical instruments) unpresenced acausal beings who may be transiting through or dwelling-within our causal spaces (our physical world/universe) if such beings have not accessed, or presenced themselves, in some causal, living, form (or even, in most cases, even if they have done this). However, some of us (and some other life) may sometimes "feel" or be aware of some such acausal beings: for example, if we possess a certain type of empathy or have the esoteric knowledge to detect some such transiting or in-dwelling acausal beings.

Since these acausal beings are beyond our causal concepts and abstractions, it is incorrect to judge such beings according to our limited, causal, "morality". They are neither "good" nor "evil". They live according to their own nature, as acausal beings, just as, for example, a wild predatory animal lives according to its wild predatory nature. According to esoteric tradition, there are some acausal beings who are drawn or who have been in the past been drawn toward our causal spaces (our physical universe/world) because they do or have acquired the ability to "feed off" certain types of emotion (or "states of being") which emotion (or "states of being") are but types of energy.

Due to the nature of the acausal spaces (and thus the nature of acausal energy) acausal beings do not "die" as we die and do not "age" as we age. Furthermore, our causal concept of physical travel (or movement) which takes causal time is irrelevant to and does not apply to such beings, due to their very nature as acausal beings. However, most acausal beings are not, by our standards, "all-powerful" and many cannot change or restructure temporal things, just as some cannot transit to ("be presenced in") the causal spaces, or dwell-within causal beings, without some aid or assistance in opening a nexion or nexions (which in many instances is just a direct connexion between the causal and acausal spaces).

## **Acausal Sorcery**

Among the techniques of acausal sorcery are the following:

(1) Esoteric chant, especially that involving the use of certain shaped crystals of a certain type. This chant can access and/or produce, certain types of acausal energy (or under certain circumstances, open a nexion to certain acausal spaces to allow certain acausal beings to presence in our dimensions).

(2) Empathy - that is, by direct acausal thinking (or "being") which implies a particular type of awareness and consciousness and certain abilities. It should be noted that one of the aims of The Star Game, in its various forms, is to provoke such acausal thinking, and to provide some experience of some of the awareness involved. This is the natural creation of a nexion or nexion (or the use of an already existing connexion) and then the attraction of acausal energies or acausal beings (a natural "calling" of such beings).

(3) Certain acts (which over a certain period of causal time may be said to represent an extended "ritual") can be done to create a nexion or nexions (or to prepare an already existing nexion or nexions, such as an individual or individual) and to then access or generate or otherwise produce those particular energies which may attract into or through such a nexion or nexions, certain acausal beings whose "nature" is to be drawn toward such energies to then indwell in such a nexion or nexions or to otherwise be presented in the causal.

(4) What should be understood about all methods is that it is in the nature of certain types of acausal energy to flow through a nexion. That is, once a connexion is established, and such energy or energies accessed, then a causal presencing will begin. Furthermore, certain times are regarded, according to a certain esoteric tradition, as more favourable than others - that is, there a certain causal times when certain "cosmic tides" (caused by the structure of causal and acausal space-time) facilitate the flow of such acausal energy into the causal, and other times when the opposite occurs (when, that is, it becomes more difficult for such energy to be accessed and presented in the causal). One causal apprehension of such cosmic tides is said to be "aeons" - with the beginning of such an Aeon being a time (in causal terms) when such a presencing, such a flow, is favourable.

### **(5) The Dark Gods**

One of the aims of a certain groups of Adepts is to presence (or, rather, to re-presence) The Dark Gods. That is, to bring these beings (who are mostly shapeshifters) into our own causal dimensions and thus change the life, the living, of our world, and our causal universe. According to one ancient esoteric tradition (to be believed or not according to one's way of thinking) *one* such acausal entity - a shapeshifter - is known in mythos and legend as "Satan", with this acausal being assuming, in former times, various causal forms (or "appearances").

### **Beyond Sorcery: Toward The Acausal**

According to a certain esoteric tradition, it is possible for us, as individual human being dwelling (existing) in the causal spaces, to move toward an existence in the acausal spaces. That is, in a simplistic sense, to transfer our consciousness, via a nexion or nexion, into an acausal being and thus begin to dwell in the acausal spaces. According to another tradition, it is also possible for us to create, for ourselves, such an acausal existence - that is, to transit into the acausal. Such a dwelling (living) by a causal-based entity such as ourselves is often regarded as one of the greatest goals of genuine esoteric arts, and the means to do this as perhaps the greatest secret of genuine Dark Arts, the greatest act of natural alchemy (1).

Anton Long  
118 yf (Year of Fayen)  
Agius o Baphomet  
*Notes:*

(1) For some further details, see the MS *Acausal Alchemy* .

## **The Dark Gods: A Basic Introduction for non-Adepts**

According to sinister tradition, the Dark Gods are actual entities which exist in the acausal universe. According to our spatial, causal, perception, these beings may be regarded as "timeless" and "chaotic" (and also terrifying not mention "immoral").

Since our consciousness is by its nature partly acausal, these entities may become manifest for us - or rather may be partly perceived by us - if we possess the keys to reach the appropriate levels of consciousness. What is termed The Abyss (on the Tree of Life/Tree of Wyrð) separates our ordinary, everyday, causal consciousness from the consciousness (and thus apprehension) of the Dark Gods. The ordeal of the Abyss involves confronting these entities, and accepting them for what they are: that is, unbound by our illusion of opposites and the alleged conflict between "good and evil".

While it is convenient to regard the dark Gods are merely symbols that re-present the energies of the acausal - as a projection of our own consciousness upon Chaos itself - it is equally possible to regard them as physically existing in themselves. Which of these (or neither of them) is correct, the Adept discovers during the ordeal of the Abyss. Legend, however, recalls the Dark Gods as visiting our planet several times in the past, by passing through one of the many "Star gates".

Star Gates are regions in (causal) space-time where our causal universe and the universe, or realm, of the acausal are joined: they are physical gates, or nexions, and passage from one universe to another is possible through them.



According to legend, Star gates exist near the stars Dabih, Naos and Algol: that is, if you journeyed from Earth in the direction of one of these stars you would pass through, or near to, a Star Gate. There are also stories of a Star Gate within our own Solar System: the Gate through which the Dark Gods came to Earth. This Star Gate is believed to be near the planet Saturn.

Sometimes, the Abyss invades our dreams, but mostly the Abyss is reached by following the Seven-Fold Sinister Way. It lies - on the Tree of Wyrd - between the spheres of the Sun and Mars, and divides the Adept from the Master/Mistress. In one sense, the Abyss is the gate, the nexion, to the gods within us, and beyond us, just as the Sinister Way is a means to access and increase the acausal that is presented both within us, as individuals, and on Earth.

According to Sinister tradition, it is possible to "open a nexion to the Dark Gods" by certain sinister rites. Some of these rites involve such things as esoteric chant (q.v. Naos) combined with a large, clear, pure quartz tetrahedron, while others involve ceremonies of blasphemy, excess and human sacrifice.

Anton Long  
ONA

## **Introduction from Grimoire of the Dark Gods** (ONA)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **H.P. Lovecraft and the Dark Gods**

A lot has been said and written in recent years about the writings of H.P. Lovecraft, particularly his Cthulhu mythos, but to gain an insight into the truth it is necessary to compare Lovecraft's mythos with one of the most sinister traditions of Occultism.

Lovecraft, aware of parts of the ancient tradition of the Dark Gods' dramatized and mis-represented the tradition as a whole. Part of this mis-representation was literary, some of it arose because Lovecraft could not see beyond the Abyss where opposites are meaningless, but most of the mis-representation arose because Lovecraft had access to only part of the tradition, through his own Occult researches and sometimes inept experiments with dream control.

To these, he added inventions of his own - such as the so-called 'Necronomicon' (the book of this title published by Colin Wilson et al is a hoax) - which he wove into the cthulhu mythos. This mythos bears about as much resemblance to the genuine tradition of the Dark Gods, from which it is derived, as a fir tree does to an oak.

One of Lovecraft's mis-representations is in naming the Dark Gods. The Dark Gods (or 'forces') may be symbolized by vibrations, since it is partly through such vibration that certain levels of consciousness may be reached. These levels re-present primal Chaos - that is, they are devoid of Word since such levels pre-date the covering up, by Word, ritual, idea and even myth, of the essence from which Being and non-Being were derived. Viewed conventionally, these entities are negative and by their return restore Chaos - that is, they destroy the historicity of Being. When seen through the stricture of opposites such a return is terrifying.

According to tradition, the Dark Gods are waiting, in what may be described as a parallel universe, to return to Earth and thus our spatial, causal universe. Essentially, the universe of the Dark Gods is acausal and the two universes may be re-presented as being joined by various Star Gates (or more accurately 'nexions'). These 'Gates' are regions of space-time where passage from one universe to another is possible at certain times - that is, when the Gates are aligned according to their cosmic cycle. Traditionally, it is believed that these Gates open about once every 2,000 years. Because of the nature of the two connecting universes (that is, their difference in time and spatial geometry) not only is physical travel possible between them, but also to a limited extent, a special form of astral travel. This astral form is possible because our own consciousness, by its nature and evolution, is partly acausal and therefore already to an extent on a primal level part of this other universe. Thus, it is possible for an individual to journey into the other realms where the Dark Gods are waiting just as it is

feasible - if the psychic Gates are opened - for those dreaded and negative entities who are seldom named to manifest on our level. Such travels are manifestly only feasible when a nexion is about to be opened, is open or is closing - that is, at the beginning and ending of an Aeon. At other times, travel is very difficult and very severe measures must be taken in order to create the energy required. Such methods have seldom been used in the past: they involve great danger to the individual(s), hideous rituals of suffering and sacrifice, or immense detail in preparation and the acquisition of a crystal tetrahedron of the right quality.

The intrusion of these entities into our universe takes many forms, both physical and psychic, and here again Lovecraft has mis-represented them. According to Tradition, the last overt physical manifestation took place thousands of years ago, around 8,000 BP and gave rise to, among other legends, the myth of Dragons. Prior to this, the sinister tradition speaks of the first coming of the Dark Gods at the dawn of our consciousness - probably around 20,000 yes BP. Psychic intrusion is often minimal but nevertheless terrifying for some. According to one recent account: "They lurk at the threshold of existence preening their wings and eyes and sounds which they send forth to all who have ears to hear and minds to know. And they wait and reside in the space between worlds, the space that is the corner of the meeting of dimensions. They are the destroyers ... the bornless forever who wait for our call. Soon they will come to collect that blood which is required by Them. To understand Them is to pass that Abyss beyond which the man ceases to be."

Such manifestations often take the form of nightmares when unsought, and occasional madness is not unknown among those who have deliberately tried to bring the Dark Gods: for example, in a case known to the author a group tried, in the early seventies, to invoke these forces. The working was only partially successful and one of those involved went mad.

One of the most noticeable effects of deliberate contact by Adepts is the change that results in the consciousness of certain groups of people and individuals - such as a resurgence of primitive atavisms. Such changes are often misunderstood, bound as most people still are by old Aeon concepts of duality, and over recent decades these changes have been a prelude to the calling forth that will re-open the physical nexion and return the Dark Gods to our universe and thus the Earth itself.

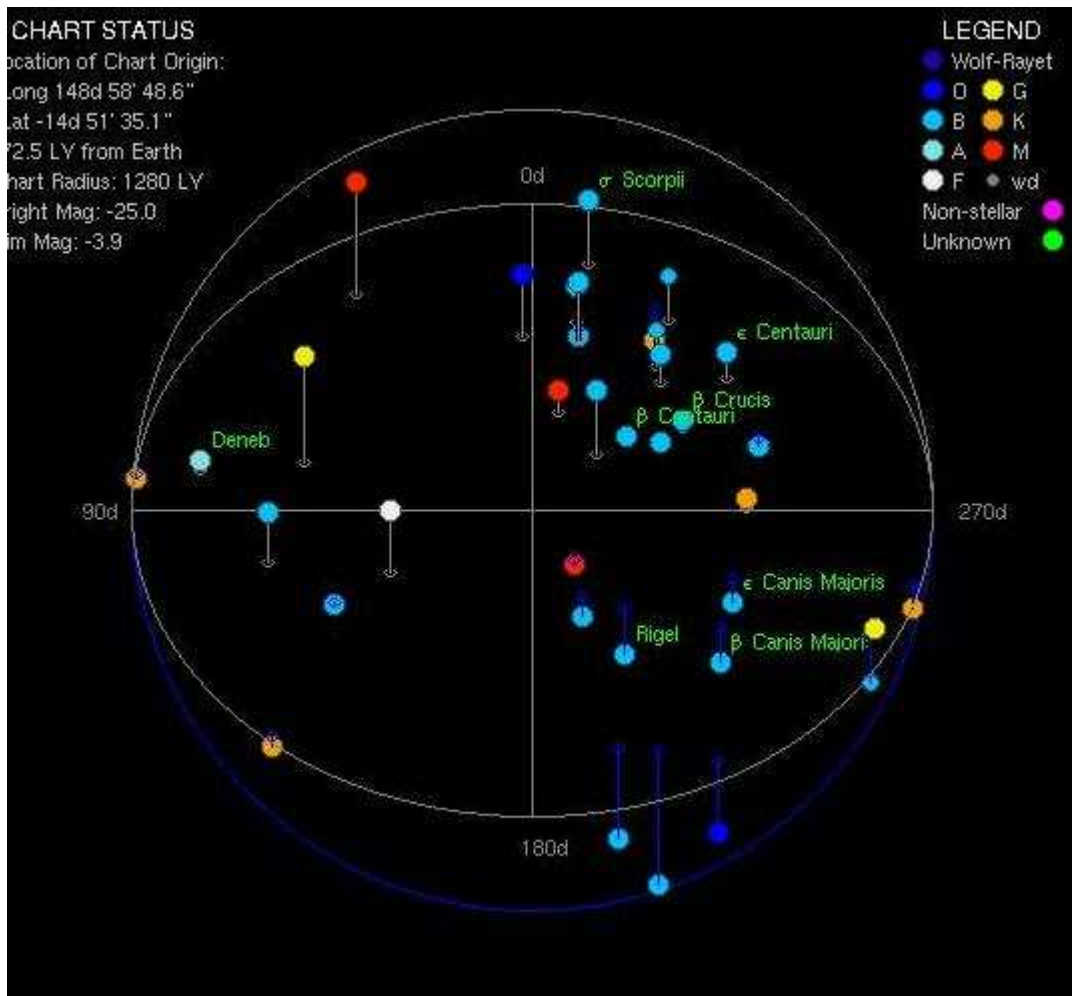
The details that Lovecraft gives regarding 'calls' and rites are mostly fanciful and only in a few places does he inadvertently reveal the truth - for example, in his mention of the trapezohedron and 'Azathoth'. The key to travel along the passages between the star nexions is the Nine Angles and the key to the Nine Angles is the crystal tetrahedron which is activated by voice vibration. 'Azathoth' as described by Lovecraft, is a symbolic and distorted representation of the intersection, in acausal space-time, of these astral star passages: a kind of galactic vortex or node. Those who journey there never return the same. Along the star passages the shells of long dead civilizations lie strewn.

The Nine Angles (the key to contact both physical and astral) are re-presented in the septenary Star Game and it is through this symbolic re-presentation that the magick of the Dark Gods is made manifest. The rest, to the uninitiated, is sheer terror.

- Order of Nine Angles -

# Invocation to the Dark Gods

The following are taken from  
*Codex Saerus: A Practical Guide to Satanic Ceremonial*  
(ONA, Limited Edition of 63 Copies)  
Thormynd Press, 1992 eh



See further in book “NAOS” – A Practical Guide to Modern Magick

## The Approach Of The Dark Gods

The Seven Spheres of the Septenary represent Gates, and each Gate expresses an aspect of what is represented by the abstract symbol “Time”. In one sense, these Gates join our physical world to those realms created by the evolution of consciousness itself. These realms can be viewed in two ways - firstly, as convenient abstraction, bounded by acausal time, and whose most fundamental forms are what Jung called ‘archetypes’, and, secondly, as having an actual existence, either extra-terrestrial or extra-dimensional. In the first instance, the realms are considered as products of the mind - real enough on their own level, but without any existence that can be scientifically ascertained. In this sense, they are psychological. In the second instance, the realms are considered to have an actual physical existence, and various models for such existence have been proposed. This other realm, approachable through Gates, will be simply called the ‘acausal’ realm for the sake of convenience, and although it helps to consider the acausal in the psychological sense, each initiate must arrive at their own mode of explication, using the faculty of Thought.

Each Gate that joins these two realms (that is, the causal and the acausal) when it is opened signifies a New Aeon and a consequent increase in human consciousness. According to tradition, each Gate is linked to a specific place or location and it is through this location (which may be considered a channel for the forces involved) that the magical form of the particular Aeon in question is most obviously expressed.

The teaching of the Order of the Nine Angles accepts that all previous Gates had terrestrial counterparts (for example, the centre of the Hyperborean Aeon was the area around Stonehenge; that of Hellenic, Delphi.) and that the opening of these Gates was the result of the natural evolution of consciousness rather than something consciously planned. That is, one may think of the Gates being opened, in the symbolic sense, by Gaia, the Earth Mother. Our consciousness that is, our ability to consciously reflect, to question Being, is the result of this process, and in the past this process was understood by the use of myth. Each of the previous five Gates (that is, from the Pre-Hyperborean to the Western) derived their power from the Earth and its energies (although according to one tradition the first Gate was opened due to the interference of alien life-forms [discussed later]) and it is important to understand that there existed no “Golden Age” in the remote past from which there was a subsequent fall. Each Aeon drew its magical inspiration from a natural force which was symbolized and which gave rise to the powerful archetypes and myths and which became the ethos of a particular higher civilisation. At the geographical location of a particular Gate, the force was revered, and it is vital to realize that this religious reverence was only partly conscious: its origin was an empathy with Gaia and this empathy was partially understood (i.e. consciously) through symbols and myth. Inevitably this empathy became obscured by dogma, ritual and elaborate myths until the centre itself became magically exhausted, and another Aeon dawned. Some centres however, like Stonehenge, still retain an aura of power, but nothing like that which once existed. This gradual exhaustion of the Aeonic force - and the consequent decline of the civilizations associated with it - is a natural process which may be likened to the depletion of a battery under electrical load.

The last Aeon, the Western whose center is in Northern Europe, is drawing to a close as its energies fade. The next Aeon, however, has as its centre not our Earth, but a location in space and until this centre is reached, the new Aeon will not be possible. However, the Old Aeon has some 350 years still left to run, and during this period, the energies of the New Aeon will

become more and more obvious as they seep around the Gate, brought in part by deliberate Ritual by small groups of Adepts. Hitherto, the seeking of Aeon centres has been mostly instinctive, but we have now reached the stage in our evolution when we can consciously decide our own Destiny. In a sense, we have, due to the opening of the previous Gates, passed a threshold, and henceforward little is certain because our possession of reflective, logical and scientific consciousness, represents a new and complex variable in the equation that governs Aeon forces. Already, for instance, as the Old Aeon dies, small groups of Adepts, still cling to an inverted aspect of their Aeon, are trying through ritual to change our evolution in accord with certain 'prophecies' over two thousand years old. These adepts hope to establish a terrestrial centre not many hundreds of miles from the centre associated with the Sumerian centre, and tied as they are to the illusion of opposites that has been such a fundamental (and detrimental) feature of Nazarene belief, their success will mean a significant step backwards in the evolution of consciousness.

In the evolutionary sense, the next Gate is and must be extra-terrestrial and the force beyond this Gate may be signified in two ways. Practically, the force will be represented by the physical exploration of outer space through vehicles such as spacecraft; magically, the force is represented by the mythos of the Dark Gods since, in essence, this magical force is chaos itself. It is beyond opposites - a return to the primal chaos, which the previous succession has covered up through ritual, word and even symbol. Misunderstood - that is, seen from the perspective of the Old Aeon - this represents the intrusion into our world, from other dimensions, of the darkest of dark forces, a return, according to the tradition mentioned earlier, of those alien forms who came to Earth Aeons ago at the dawn of man's consciousness.

In short, the New Aeon signifies a calling forth of the Dark Gods through the Rite of the Nine Angles. This Rite is very simple, and has as its basis what Old Aeon qabbalistic thinking signified by the word 'LASH TAL' - but the Rite itself is a conjoining, a drawing down, through pure Thought, that is devoid of word because the two fundamental aspects (of which 156 is one) hitherto apart and drawn together through Destiny ('wyrd') are, in themselves by their very existence, Keys. In a more symbolic way, and viewed through the distortion of opposites which is such a feature of the Old Aeon, one aspect of this Rite is represented by the Qlippoth of the 17th path of the qabbalistic Tree of Life

According to the tradition mentioned earlier, the first Gate was opened by the arrival on Earth of aliens. These aliens were, in themselves, without recognizable form and were capable of assuming various shapes, including human form. Legend knows of them as the 'shape-changers', and the demon Choronzon, as well as Lovecraft's Yog-Sothoth, are said to be primitive memories of them. These beings of chaos did not stay long on Earth, because Earth was for them only a temporary staging post in their flight, pursued, as tradition says, as they were by another life-form, humanoid in appearance. This other life-form depended on external means of transportation to take them among the stars, and in legend they are known as the Elder Gods. Some kind of confrontation between these two types of aliens occurred on or above our planet, traces of this conflict survive in myth and legend as the battle between Agartha and Shambhala and it is said that the humanoid species originated in the region of space near the star Sirius.

The shape-changers, for reasons of their own, interfered somehow with our evolution (according to one legend by giving us dreams) although it could be that just contact with such aliens was sufficient for this to occur among small and isolated groups of primitive man. It is

held that the Elder Gods or Sirians were basically opposed to any contact with primitive species, and according to one tradition shamanism resulted from primitive man's attempt to imitate the behaviour of the shape-changers. Both of these alien life-forms departed from Earth, and conscious evolution thereafter, spurred on by the original breakthrough, increased exponentially.

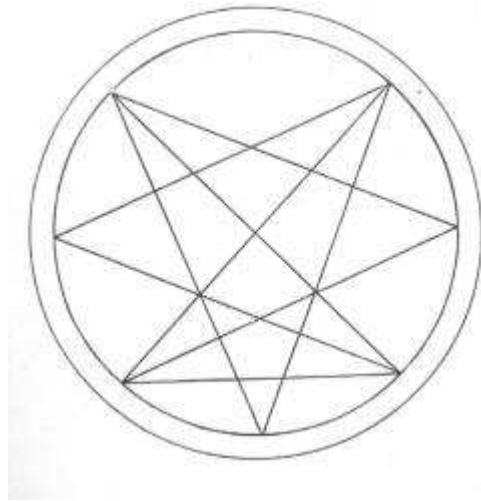
This tradition may be regarded as having, like some myth, a basis in fact, or it may be regarded simply as a mythos, that is a means, soon discarded, to greater insight into one's self. To establish its factual basis would take the discovery of factual evidence, unassailable in its interpretation, and while some evidence for this tradition has been proposed at various times none of it is conclusive, and the tradition remains just a tradition, to be believed or not, according to one's way of thinking.

**Order of Nine Angles - Camlad Nexion 1974 ev**





# In The Sky of Dreaming



## In The Sky of Dreaming

### Prologue

The dream had been startling - and he lay in his bed for several minutes while his sense of reality returned and the single Blackbird song that filtered through the window of his cottage became part of the late April Dawn Chorus.

He had dreamt he was standing among a circle of old Yew trees in some graveyard while beside him the dark-haired woman he had just kissed was transformed: into some-thing. She was still transforming as he awoke, his duvet on the floor, his bedsheets dishevelled, his nightshirt wet from sweat. She was beautiful - this young yet middle-aged woman of indeterminate age whose red lips, whose curvaceous buxom body, whose green eyes, had enticed him as he stood, waiting; waiting, for something he felt he knew yet did not quite know; something exciting, vivifying and yet also strange and, perhaps, terrifying: some Being to take form and venture forth again to Earth, released from alternate dimensions and the alternate time which had enclosed it - and her - kin.

In the sky of dreaming: a gibbeous moon; and light from the Sun which had set an hour or so before. And he could see clearly, and quite strangely given it was night, the hillside beyond his circle of trees as the hill of farmed fields descended down to a narrow valley, while - beyond - the further rising hill was wooded except at the very summit where jagged rocks protruded up from the gorse and heather-covered earth.

There was a vague, uneasy, memory that clung to his dream-image of that place - as if he had been there before, sometime in his distant ancestral pagan past. So he lay there, in his bed in his quiet old cottage in the country with only the sounds of the singing birds outside to disturb the peace of rural England. Then, slowly, tired from a night of broken and disturbed sleep, he got up to stumble forward toward the mirror above the old porcelain sink under the eaves, mindful as he almost always was of the black-painted oak beam that cut across the room.

What he saw in the mirror shocked him, sending him stumbling back toward his bed - until the back of his head hit the beam and he fell. For he had seen the face, the greying hair, of an old man - but he was still only twenty three.

Stumbling up, he looked again. It was no dream - he was an old man, in face and body, his back bent from age; his joints aching; his breathing laboured, his hands arthritic. He called, in his now old raspy voice, to his parents in the room along the narrow corridor. No reply - and so he called again, and again, until he shuffled, slowly, from his room to find their room empty. Totally empty. No furniture; no bed; no old oak wardrobes; no dark oak chest of drawers underneath the small-paned window. Nothing - only the smell of flowers, drifting up from the garden through the open window.

Thus did he pass his day, slowly, perplexed, shuffling - from room to room; from cottage to garden to outhouse to orchard and shed. There was food, in the kitchen - bread and almost stale cheese - and, as an old man unconcerned about his health, he ate them, as he drank a bottle of fine wine from the house's cellar.

There was no telephone - no means of modern communication with the outside world, as he, and his parents, had wished. Only books: thousands upon thousands of books, in the bookcases that lined the downstairs sitting room, the dining room, and hall, from floor to ceiling, and which, in stacks, had inched their way up the winding stairs that led to the four bedrooms, two of which were replete with, and given over to, glass-fronted high cabinets containing his father's prized antiquarian book, mineral, and manuscript collection. He was in his father's study reading from the old vellum manuscript that lay open on the large Oak desk beside a large quartz tetrahedron:

“In truth, Baphomet – honoured for millennia under different names – is an image of our dark goddess and is depicted as a beautiful woman, seated, who is naked for the waist upward. She holds in her left hand the severed head of a man, and in her right a burning torch. She wears a crown of flowers, as befits a Mistress of Earth...”

It was not that he had forgotten about his missing parents - or the emptiness of their rooms - for he had remembered they had died, over fifty years ago, now. He had been briefly married, then, for almost a year, with a newly born daughter. But they had died in the nearby reservoir, her boat overturned. So so long ago that no feelings now attached themselves to his memories, and - tired from reading - he, an old aching arthritic man, ambled out onto the veranda to sit in the worn Oak chair, to watch the Sun set behind the old cider Orchard, as it always did at this time of year. So many memories, so many that he drifted into sleep.

He awoke to find himself standing in his room, and although he had for some reason he did not know grown accustomed to the strange temporal peculiarities of his life, he was again surprised by his reflexion in his bedroom mirror.

It was of a naked young woman - quite beautiful - whose green eyes complemented the dark hair that framed her features and fell down to her shoulders. Then, there were thoughts in his - in her - head, and images, perplexing images of Life, strange life, seething, seeding, growing, spreading forth from acausal dimensions.

“I am you as you are me, ” she - he - was saying, and he understood without knowing why.

“You brought me back to life, here,” she - he - intoned, like an echo.

“How long has it been?” he asked.

“For you, only two of your days.”

“It was the book, the crystal tetrahedron,” he said.

“Yes!” she breathed out, and smiled. And he was forever gone from the causal world he knew.

The body no longer ached from age. Instead, there was desire; a strong, passionate, vibrant, youthful desire that needed to be fulfilled. The body, as the face, was quite beautiful, well-formed, and he was not surprised to find his - her - wardrobe full of women’s clothes. She selected an outfit appropriate to the dark passion of her task and it was not long before she ventured forth to feel the warmth of the Sun on her face. It was an exquisite feeling, which she lingered for a moment to enjoy before her first stalking began. And, when satiated - her need fulfilled - she would, could, begin the task for which she had returned to Earth, to the causal, restricting, dimensions of the so-slow-moving limited beings born to die. She - ageless - had been this way before in those forming times before The Sealing when such Earth-bound beings were struggling to develop both speech and thought, and she was, with her new human emotions, pleased to find that such limited life, still, could be easily inhabited and controlled. Thus would she, ageless, be joined by others of her ageless shapeshifting kind.

So she walked across the old Orchard toward the lane that would take her down the hill to a village of living people where she might find someone, or many - some offer - to provide her with the causal energy she needed to keep her current shapeshifting form.

## **0: Red Moon Dawning**

There was little that he could do, for she had bound his wrists, arms, and legs to the lattice frame that fenced one side of his small unkempt back garden. It had been a pretty, English cottage-garden, thirty years ago.

She had arrived that morning - early, as the Dawn of June broke over his Farm below the wooded hill where oldly named fields and scattered tumuli kept their waiting vigil. Arrived - to pound upon the heavy old Oak door which he, solitary, taciturn, rudely opened, gruffly saying “Yes!”, disliking as he did unexpected, expected, visitors and guests. Then: then, his memory after that was confused, hazy, as if a dream-remembered fading with each dwelling upon some moment, some segment, of it. Confused; hazy - until he awoke to find himself in his back garden, lashed fast by bailing-twine.

How, then, had she done this? For he was tall, stocky, strong - even if nearing the sixtieth year of life - while she, strangely beautiful, seemed to his memory but a slim young woman of little obvious strength. Perhaps someone - or many - had helped her. But there was no memory, only the reality of being there, waiting, trussed, as a farm animal awaiting slaughter.

It was a long wait of hours that saw the hot Sun rise and the humid air sweat and thirst him. The cows in the nearby fields - their milking missed - were strangely quiet; his three Farm

dogs absent. So he - annoyed, attacked, by flies - waited, waited, silently waited: for his prolonged yelling, profanities, curses, struggles, had worn him down. She had not - no one had - arrived, been seen, in answer. So he in the old worn working clothes he had fallen asleep in, waited, waited, waited... until the setting Sun brought a red moon dawning. The garden came alive then, briefly, scent following scent - honeysuckle, primrose, night-scented stock - bringing with his exhaustion a memory of life thirty years before when his garden bloomed as it had bloomed in Summers when she his wife lived as she, they, had happily lived before Death came to claim her. Then, the brief memory - the too brief memory - gone, he was alone, again, amid the silence.

Alone: until a slight almost lispings sibillation seemed to chorus around him. No words, only a rushing as breeze among dry leaves. Then, quite suddenly, she was there, before him, and he gasped as if intoxicated by her presence, her scent, her beauty. A test, a test, only a test of dreams, memories, life, desire. She was offering him a choice - offering, without words, feelings or even somehow without thought. The vision, the vista, the strange alien life, was there - in him - as she looked at him, and faintly smiled.

Then, he was free from the causal bonds that bound him, and he momentarily staggered to fall to the dry dusty ground, to silently cry out as she smiled before quickly moonlight-walking with her, against his will, toward the summit of the hill. No signs, no portents, came forth from the starry sky above, as nothing visible would result when his earthly life has been drained away to leave only the shell, only the empty shell, dust to interstellar dust, cosmic atoms to cosmic atom to form, reform, be de-formed, cycle after aeonic cycle.

No, nothing visible: to human eyes. But the cattle in the fields; the Owl; the Farm dogs still cowering in a Barn, the resting sleeping moving hunting hunted life around briefly stopped to feel, to look around, as some-thing now unsealed ventured fastly forth again toward the distant blue planet of Earth as the causal energy she needed seeded itself within her causal female form, bringing the temporary renewal desired.

## **1: The Seeding**

He knew the footpath well, even in the early morning Autumnal dark which reached out to him as he climbed up toward the summit of that wooded hill in rural England. There - tree roots reaching across the worn path; there - the overhanging branch that in the Summer of heavy foliage had been bent lower down to almost touch the broken, now rotten, wooden fence post on his left whose stretching wire had long been worn away by age, rain, frost, neglect. Here - the protruding rocks which snaked down from where the harsh contours of the old limestone Quarry above which had been softened naturally by three decades of abandonment and Nature's resurgent growth.

So he walked steadily, as befitted his age, clothes, in the hours before Dawn, used to the sound of nearby rustling - Deer, perhaps - and the (for him) natural sound of a calling Owl. There was no breeze, and no Moon on this mild mid-October night: but light enough to see by, for eyes used to dark, and senses, body, attuned to the natural being that was Nature. So he walked, as he had done for five and more years from the village where he dwelled on the flat land that bordered the hills and which as pasture continued for miles until it met the sea. Walked - as always - alone: one custom of his reclusive life - scorning any and every artificial light, for he was, had become, almost like the life, the animals, that lived, dwelled. in the almost forgotten woods. Wiry, lean, but well-muscled and with long dark hair going grey

which fell around his bearded face lined with nearly three score years of life and three decades of outdoor manual toil which had left his right wrist and hand rheumatic and his lungs a little worse for wear given the long hours spent toiling on dank, rainy, misty, foggy, cold and frosty days.

He did not now even mind the failing vitality of his life, the pains of age, for she - his wife, companion - died five Summers and a Spring ago, and he had grown used to his life alone. The nightly early walks; the work on a neighbours farm; the evening meal where he sat in his chair by the fire drinking glass after glass of Port until tiredness overcome him and he slept, fitfully and for a while. No, he did not mind, not any more - for there was recompense enough in the shrouding, shielding dark; in being-with the life around, in, of the woods, the hills, the very earth, which life he felt as he felt his breath drawn in on a cold and frosty cloud-free Dawn when he would, did, stand - had stood - on that hill's summit clear of trees, that hill's summit a valley, a wood and two paths distant, from where he could see the distant sea and the Sun as it rose bringing a soft joy that seeped into his very bones and a feeling, a feeling, of no longer being alone.

It was as if he belonged there, now - there, on that summit where the old ancient human circles of earth fortifications and trenches of thousands of years ago had been breached, reduced, covered, by the process of Nature's natural change.

He was not surprised to see her, there on the summit - standing on the raised mound of broken grass-covered rocks that marked the almost-centre of the not-quite-round upper fortifications. Standing there, as the dark grey of nearly Dawn gave way to the lighter grey that marked the cloud-obscured rising of another Autumnal Sun. She was dressed in green, as he was; but his olive green seemed drab beside her verdant richness, and as he slowly walked the last twenty upward yards toward her, the rising gentle breeze gently raised the ends of her auburn hair. She turned toward him then, and smiled.

No, he was not surprised to see her, standing, smiling: for she was his dream of the previous night; a woman, beautiful, mature yet of indeterminate age, whose green sapphire necklace both emphasized her green eyes and the tanned skin of her neck and shoulders. Not surprised to see her in that long verdant flowing dress that emphasized her well-proportioned voluptuous body.

But he was startled - momentarily shocked - when she came forward and touched him. He felt the warmth of her hand on his face; felt her soft fingers caress the dry roughness of his cheek. Felt the warmth, the scent, of her breath as she leant her face close to his, and all he could do was stand totally still with a palpitating heart and look into the cosmos of her eyes.

There was no need for words, he knew: for she was his thought and, in that dark numinous moment, the very thread by which he clung to life. She had been waiting for him - waiting for one like him to venture forth close to those sinister pathways where she and her kind waited, dwelling, long century after long century, thousand year after thousand year until almost two Aeons had passed. So he felt and so he knew, beyond words and a rational understanding, and she kissed him then, as a lover might, draining away from him the pains of his age and becoming for him, in him, that warmth of languid repose felt when two lovers, tired, sweaty, sleep together naked body entwined with naked body.

He was not to know, then - as she caressed him and bared her nakedness for him to touch and feel and kiss and enter - that she needed his seed to bring forth into the world a new kind of life. But had he known, then, he would not have cared. So he let his passion, his need, guide him, until he, she, spasmed in ecstasy as the warm Sun rose higher to warm the human world that dwelt upon, around, the land below that old and sacred hill while They, waiting, were watching as they waited and watched, almost formless in those formless acausal spaces where they dwelt. Waited, waiting, for their bodies as she had waited for hers.

He lay with her, naked body upon naked body, for what seemed to him a long time as part of her seeped into him bringing without words an understanding of what he must do and why. She was offering him a choice, a genuine choice, and he was free to rise and dress himself and walk away even as some-thing, some kind of life, was seeding itself in the womb of her human body.

His choice was to stay; to do as she - as They - desired, and his first willing task would be to seek out and find some women of child-bearing age and bring them to this place so that others might seep through the ever-opening nexion to inhabit their bodies and to breed from them the new species They needed. Thus would he use those acausal seeds that she, in and through and after their joining, had planted in him - talents, skills, and magick: to entice, entrap, beguile, bewitch, ensnare. And thus would he, alive, be rewarded - with her warmth, her touch, her kiss, her body.

## **2: Zarid, The Pretender**

Zarid's day began - as it usually did - with his Russian partner bringing him a cup of black coffee while he lingered and languished in his bed in the stuffy attic room of their house where he slept, surrounded by books and discarded clothes. Years ago Zarid had retreated at night to this room, his lair, to leave his common-law wife to sleep with their child in their room on the first floor of the large Edwardian house, and this retreat had become his habit, his routine, for he valued his privacy and his time, his priority his work at the nearby University, his obsession with seducing young women and his own secret submissive desires.

That morning of the damp overcast November day, he was tired, but aroused by the dream of his night, and, naked, he slunk down the steep winding stairs that led to the first floor and the bedroom of his wife. She was there - attractive, blonde-haired - dressing, and turned to look at him as he entered but he wasted no time on endearments and pleasantries but instead caressed her breasts before telling her of his desire.

She was used to his ways, her early romantic love having given way to the strange practicalities of their strange shared life, and she wearily followed him into their large bathroom where he lay, on the tiled floor, waiting. She did not disappoint, and, squatting over him, urinated on his body and face while he took his own selfish pleasure with his hand. Satiated, he showered and obsessively groomed himself while she attended to the many tasks of her day, and it was not long before he, dressed in his usual ensemble of long black leather jacket, black shoes, grey shirt and dark trousers, departed to walk the mile to his University office, knowing that she, his companion of five years, would assuredly clean the bathroom. He kept promising to marry her, as she, and part of him, desired, for then his little lie of years ago to the University authorities, to others (and sometimes even to himself) would no longer lie in wait to trap him.

He was a tall man, merging seamlessly into his middle-thirties, whose hair - to his chagrin - has begun to thin and recede, and whose body already bore the marks of his life and occupation: stooped shoulders, from hours hunched over books, and a pale complexion occasioned by his indoor existence. He did not care that, until recently, his place of work had been a Polytechnic in a northern industrial city - for he had achieved his dream of being a Professor, a dream nurtured by his boyhood desire to escape from what he felt was the cloying, enclosed, dreary, mundane, banal, dead-end world of the old terraced streets of Leeds where his family had lived for generations and pursued their occupation as tailors, and which he left aged eighteen, never to return. So he was proud of his success, if not of his first name - a choice of his mother's in honour of her immigrant grandfather from the Ukraine - and eager, this morning of threatened rain, to seat himself at his cluttered untidy desk and compose his forthcoming lecture. Then, that task over, the Professor of Philosophy who taught ethics would gleefully plan another secret assignation with another of his female students.

It was not to be however, for, awaiting him in his modest somewhat cramped office in a rather anonymous modern building, were two unsmiling conservatively dressed middle-aged men in dark suits, one of whom introduced himself as a Detective Sargent named Malloy. As they sat opposite him, Zarid - in his rather more comfortable chair - nervously played with his fountain pen.

“We believe you know this woman,” Malloy said, without preamble, showing him a photograph.

Yes, he did - but he held the photograph for a long time before saying, “She does seem familiar. I can't seem to place her, at the moment.”

“Sandra Letton. She was a student here.”

Zarid pretended to peer at the photograph again. “Ah yes. How can I help?” He smiled, rather unconvincingly.

“She went missing several weeks ago.”

“Last I heard,” Zarid said, “she'd moved to work in Cheltenham. Some sort of Civil Service job, I think.”

The two men look at each other knowingly before Malloy said, “We understand you had a relationship with her.” It was not a question.

Zarid's face went a greyer shade of grey. “That was a while ago, now. Just a brief, casual thing.”

“Indeed, so you say,” Malloy replied, in a tone Zarid found both intimidating and disapproving.

“I haven't heard from her in a long time,” Zarid lied, then instantly regretted saying it.

The two men betrayed no emotion. “Well,” Malloy said, standing up, “if you do hear from her, we'd appreciate it if you would contact us,” and handed him his card.

“Yes, yes, of course,” Zarid replied, his hand shaking as he took it.

“Your public lecture next week,” Malloy’s hitherto silent companion said, in a cultured accent, as he and Malloy stood at the door. “Very interesting and pertinent topic.”

“How did you know about that?” Zarid asked.

But the man only smiled, and then they were gone, from his office, as a mixture of conflicting emotions assailed Zarid. The glass of dry Madeira he poured for himself - from the small cabinet beside his desk - calmed him, a little, and he opened his notebook computer to read again her e-mail, received the evening before.

“Hi Zarid, how you doin? I bet you’ve kept those photos, haven’t you, you naughty boy! It would be great to meet up asap, have a drink (or three!) and chat and maybe - something else, like old times! I’m in your area again for a while. By the way, I’ve got a wicked story to tell you about a friend of yours. Call me on.....”

Without thinking, Zarid dialled the mobile telephone number.

“Sandra?” he asked in reply to the “Hello?”

“Yes?”

“Zarid.”

“Hi! Can you meet me?”

“Yes, yes, of course!” he said, remembering their many trysts and her sexy body.

She gave a place, not far, and a time - that evening - and he, after that quick call which she quickly terminated for some reason he did not dwell on, spent the day caught between turmoil, expectation, excitement, and a wordless feeling of unease which he tried, unsuccessfully, to dissipate by concentrating on his work. He wrote a few pages of his lecture, gave up, stood for a long while blankly staring out of his office window, and then sat, disinterested, through a tutorial with one of his students, before leaving the campus to wander into the centre of the city, unaware of the two men discreetly, and professionally, following him.

So he wiled away the late morning and the afternoon hours of that damp overcast November day dallying in various cafés, often taking from the inside pocket of his jacket one of the notebooks he always carried to record his musings and his thoughts, occasionally scribbling away, with his fountain pen, immersed in his worlds of philosophy and sexual fantasy, and smiling once - several times - as he remembered how Sandra had pleased him and how she had allowed him to wear her damp panties, and the suspenders he had bought her.

Then, in the descended darkness of that busy city, he wandered forth to be down by the river where no trees shadowed the footpath by a built-on ancient meadow and the wide railway bridge funnelled a noisy train. He was there, approaching the chosen spot at the chosen time, and saw her, in that diffuse glow sent forth from sodium city lights, waiting. She smiled in



greeting, as he did, and he was within three feet of her forming words of humorous welcome when she unexpectedly and slowly tumbled forward.

He caught her, as she fell, but she was already dead, her warm blood staining his hand.

For a minute, and more, Zarid held her, not knowing what to do in the emotional and physical numbness that enveloped him. Then, he was aware of someone standing over him as he knelt still cradling her dead body; aware of others, nearby. They - everything - seemed to him to be moving slowly. Blue flashing lights; distant voices. “Single shot...back of head...” Then another nearer voice, which suddenly intruded upon him.

“Let’s get you out of here. You’re in serious trouble...”

Zarid recognized the speaker. It was DS Malloy.

### **3: Consequences**

He disliked milky sugared tea, but Zarid drank it nevertheless - his third cup that morning - as he waited, shivering, in the warm brightly-lit, windowless, small and rather clinical interview room of his local Police Station. Waited, still dressed in the white forensic coverall given to him the previous evening, after his own clothes had been taken and before he was locked in a cell whose stark light was constant. Waited, as he had waited all of the evening and many hours of that night, awake, alone. Awake, alone - except for a startling dream during one short period of fitful sleep. He had dreamed that a beautiful woman was in the cell with him. She was chanting some name which he could not quite hear, and smiling at him, exuding a warmth that he could feel, physically feel; gesturing for him to come toward her, and he was about to do so when the cell door opened, returning him to a cold, severe, reality.

Thus was he waiting, again, for some questions; for answers, and thus did he sit that morning waiting for one of the two men opposite him to say something, anything. They just sat there, their arms folded, looking at him as they had looked at him earlier the previous day in his office; sat there, watching, until Malloy - slowly, with a practised ease - took from the folder in front of him several photographs, laying them neatly out on the utilitarian table.

Zarid knew then that they, or someone, someone from the Police, had been to his house.

“Did you know she was pregnant?” Malloy suddenly said.

“No, no I didn’t.”

“Is that why you killed her?”

“This is ridiculous!” Zarid said.

“Is it? You lied about not having been in contact with her...”

“I can explain.”

“I’m sure you can. Just what information did she pass onto you?”

“Information? What information?”

“You knew she worked at GCHQ, didn’t you?”

“Where?”

“Don’t play games. We found this letter, from her, in your house.” From the folder Malloy produced a three page wordprocessed letter.

Zarid glanced at it. It was addressed ‘My Dear Naughty Boy!’ and signed, by hand in lilac-coloured ink, ‘With love and kisses, Sandra.’

“I’ve never seen it before.”

“So you say. She goes into some detail about her work. Classified, government work.”

“Like I said, I’ve never seen it before.”

“The evidence against you is piling up.”

“Look,” Zarid said, afraid and rather annoyed at the same time, “I’d like to see a Solicitor. I’m entitled to, right?”

“Under normal circumstances, yes. These are not normal circumstances.”

“But - “

“Aiding and abetting someone who has supplied you with classified information is a serious offence,” Malloy said. “Then there is the matter of your affairs with your students - an impressive record, which would come out during a trial. The matter of lying to us. The images we found on your computer. The drugs found at your home and in your office. The fact that your Russian partner doesn’t appear to have a valid residence permit. And so on.”

“I get the picture.”

“But we’re prepared,” Malloy continued, unsmiling, and collecting the photographs and letter together, to place them back in the folder, “to forget about all these things, if you’ll agree to help us.”

“Me? Help? How? So you know I didn’t kill her?”

“We’re working on that assumption.”

Relieved, Zarid eagerly asked, “How can I help?”

“We know she went to see a friend of yours, last week.”

“Yes?”

“A certain Esmund Yaxley.”

“I didn’t know they knew each other,” said Zarid, with genuine surprise.

“Whatever. But you know his reputation, his past, his activities.”

“Yes, yes, of course. But - I’ve nothing to do with that.”

“We know. But we’d like you to go see him, and find out what he knows.”

“About Sandra?”

“Yes.”

“See him, when?”

“The matter is urgent; a question of national security; so today.”

From the briefcase which had been beside his chair on the floor, Malloy’s silent companion produced a new, boxed, mobile telephone, two large bundles of twenty pound notes, and two official-looking forms.

Malloy pushed the money over to Zarid. “Expenses. We’ll need you to sign this receipt, for the money, and this document, which you should read first.”

Zarid read, and signed, as he was told.

“We will arrange transport to take you to the Station.”

“But my work; tutorials...”

“All taken care of. A leave of absence has been arranged. And we’ve brought a few clothes from your house.”

“My wife...”

“I’m sure you can think of something!” For the first time that day, Malloy smiled. “From now on, ” he continued, as his companion returned the signed receipt and signed document to his case, “you’ll be in contact with Malin, here.”

“My contact number,” Malin said, “is already stored in the telephone, which is connected, with the battery fully charged. I shall expect to hear from you this evening.”

#### **4: Nexions**

The warmish Sun of mid morning caught Zarid as, carrying a small travel bag, he walked the short distance down to the Railway Station entrance from where the anonymous car, and driver, had deposited him. He was glad of the Sun, of his freedom, and lingered by the entrance for a while. Then, ticket bought with a little of the given cash, he joined the throng heading for the busy platforms. Once, he thought he saw the woman of his dream the previous

night, and rushed toward her - but he was mistaken, and was left, feeling rather foolish, to wait as the others waited for the southbound train.

Esmund Yaxley. Why was he not surprised he might be somehow involved? The train arrived, on-time, and he was glad to sit within its warmth, to try to give some meaning, some semblance of meaning, to the rapid unsettling unforeseen events of the last two days. The warmth, the slight swaying motion and slight constant almost rhythmic noise of the train, his own tiredness, combined to relax him, a little, and once - to his surprise - he found himself overcome with sadness and a certain grief at Sandra's death. A single tear: then, unsettling questions to which he had no answers assailed him, and slowly - as fair-weather cumulus clouds pass slowly below the blue-sky of a languid almost breezeless English Summer day - he understood his situation.

He had been, was being, manipulated, and maybe - just maybe - his old friend Esmund could provide him with some answers. Esmund; the wiry but bearded and fit and well-muscled Esmund who had spent the last decade since their time together at University flitting from one place, to another, from one adventure to another, always seeking something that seemed - at least to Zarid - forever beyond his reach, and acquiring along the way a somewhat sinister reputation, aided by three spells in prison, for violence, association with a variety of disreputable and sometimes criminal characters, and his interest in, and knowledge of, the Occult.

But, soon, physically and emotionally tired, Zarid was briefly asleep, dreaming of that beautiful woman again.

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“What brings you here?” Esmund said, jovially. He was sitting on a bench in his well-tended cottage garden in the beginning twilight of what had been a warmish day.

“Just wanted to get away for a few days. Domestic things, you know.”

“Is that so?” And Esmund looked at him quizzically.

Zarid sighed. “No, not really. Have you heard? About Sandra?” He sat down on the bench, tired from the exertion. It had been a long journey, involving several changes of train, and a taxi from the market town on the edge of the Costwolds to the small village where Esmund's small cottage lay, up a track inaccessible to motorized vehicles and near the top of a wooded hill. Esmund's Border Collie dog had eyed him suspiciously as Zarid had opened the somewhat rickety wooden gate, then decided not to bark and returned to his slumber by the Cherry tree.

“Yes, there was a brief report, on the news.”

“I was there, when she died. She came to see me.”

“She said she might,” Esmund said.

“So you did know her then?”

“Yes.”

“And that she was pregnant?”

“Would you like some tea? I have Keemun, and some rather nice Chinese Sencha. Or there is Darjeeling, of course.”

“I was thinking of something a little stronger.”

“Coffee it is then. Ethiopian, or Kenyan? Come on in.” Esmund led him into the small, recently refurbished and very tidy kitchen. “Espresso, Americano, Cappuccino?” he asked.

“You’re joking.”

“No. One of life’s many little civilized pleasures,” and Esmund pointed to his one-group espresso machine.

As darkness descended, they drunk their coffee, black, in silence - seated in comfortable armchairs before the bright warming log-fire of the cottage sitting-room - until Zarid said, “You seem quite comfortable and settled, here.”

“Surprised?”

“Yes. Is this place yours?”

“Yes, and no. Belongs to a lady friend of mine.”

“It figures!”

“So, about Sandra. What do you want to know?”

“Did you know that she was pregnant?”

“Yes.”

“By you?”

Esmund smiled. An enigmatic smile. “Would you like to meet her, this lady friend of mine?”

“Possibly. I don’t know. Did you know about Sandra’s work?”

“Of course. She made no secret of it. She was very helpful, to us,” and he looked at Zarid in that penetrating way he had.

“Us? Not one of your Occult groups?”

“Not really. Beyond all that mundane passé stuff. You really should meet her, you know.”

“Who?”

“She wants to meet you. In fact, I’ve invited her here this evening. You’ll be staying here, for at least tonight, I presume?”

“If that’s OK with you.”

“*Certainmont!* The guest room is ready. Shall I show you, then you can refresh up while I prepare us some dinner? Nothing special, just some Trout I liberated from a stream down the hill.”

The guest room of low-ceilinged beams was small, with small windows, as befitted the small old cottage of thick walls, but it was - or seemed to Zarid to be - immaculately and tastefully furnished. There were crystal decanters, of Port and Sherry, on a small table by an armchair near the small fireplace where a fire of coalite burned, spreading a warming glow and a restful warmth.

“Help yourself to an aperitif,” Esmund said. “There’s a jug, and basin, for a wash.” And he indicated the old marble-topped stand in one darkened corner.

“Thank you,” Zarid said, and meant it, surprised by the hospitality.

“Oh, and if you need a light to see by, there are some candles, in holders, there. I much prefer candlelight, don’t you,” Esmund said, and smiled.

Then Zarid was alone, amid the country silence, and he took advantage of Esmund’s absence to try his newly acquired mobile telephone, surprised to find there was signal strength enough for him to make a call.

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The meal of whole baked Trout, with lemon and parsley butter and fresh vegetables, over, they settled with their glasses of vintage Port by the fire in the candle-lit sitting room.

“This is all very civilized,” Zarid jovially said.

“What did you expect?”

“Well - “

“Don’t answer that!”

“Really, I would have visited you sooner, if I’d known.”

“You are here now.”

“Yes.” Zarid felt very tired, almost exhausted, and he briefly closed his eyes before the exotic sensual scent brought him back from the verge of sleep.

She was there - the woman of his dream of the night before - standing beside Esmund who held her hand. She wore a green sapphire necklace and a long verdant flowing dress that emphasized her well-proportioned voluptuous body, and Zarid felt her warmth seeping out to touch him.

But something - some fear once deeply hidden, some nameless dread, something from his own ancestral past, and perhaps also some small knowing of his betrayal of his friend - overwhelmed him in the instant of that sensuous breeching searching touch so that he, gasping, screaming - while Esmund laughed - rose to stumble backward to lurch toward and out from the door to run down the path, falling, scampering over the gate, arms flaying, to the track and the road nearly a mile below where a single street light reminded him to pause and think and seek the best way homeward.

In his head: visions and vistas and words and sounds and laughter. She had touched him, if only for an instant, and all the answers he came to seek, he was sent to seek, he knew, along with many answers to questions he wished he did not know.

## **5: Homeward**

Zarid could not sleep, nor relax, on the even longer journey back to his home. Twice - three times, more - he fumbled with his mobile telephone, and twice, three times - more - he did not call his contact as part of him desired. Would would he say? What could he say? The whole matter was beyond belief - unbelievable - and the more he thought about it, the more he became convinced no one, least of all Malloy and Malin, would believe him.

So he spent many hours of that tedious journey through the dark of night striving to concoct some convincing story that he might tell. One version had him denying everything; another - that Esmund and Sandra were simply lovers. Or that she was some Priestess, a Mistress of Earth, even, in one of Esmund's many sinister covens. Or that Esmund was going to sell the information Sandra had provided to one of his criminal contacts. But who, then, killed her, and why? The sad, even tragic, thing was that he did know, and this knowledge placed him in danger.

It was in the taxi - well beyond the hour of midnight - on the journey from the Railway Station to his home that he believed he had found a suitable deceptive answer. He would telephone Malin tomorrow, and pleased with himself, he finally began to feel a little relieved. It did not last, for, inside his house, there was no wife waiting to greet him, no child asleep for him to briefly watch, as he often did, before he ascended the stairs to his private eyrie - only Malloy and Malin and two armed Policemen.

“Where are they?” he anxiously asked as he tried to trawl his house before being restrained by Malloy.

“We’ve taken them into protective custody.”

“Why?” he somewhat stupidly asked.

“You found what we wanted, haven’t you?” Malin asked him.

“No. I don’t know.” He felt intimidated, and his resolve to lie began to weaken. He might - probably had been - followed to Esmund’s cottage, as they - Malloy and Malin and those who controlled them - might, and probably already did, know the answers, or at least some of them. Why else had they taken his family into protective custody? Or was that itself a ruse, pressure, blackmail, a means to get him to talk? He was beginning to become confused, for his mind again became suffused with visions and vistas and words and sounds and laughter, for she - some alien being - had touched him.

“Can I see my wife?” he asked, trying to calm himself.

“Later, ” Malin said, harshly.

You do realize, don’t you, Zarid,” Malloy interjected, softly, “that this is a matter of national security?”

“Possibly; yes.”

“Therefore, surely your duty is to tell us everything that occurred, everything that you learnt.”

“Here?”

“No.”

So he was taken back to the Police Station where he sat, with another cup of sickly sweet milky tea in another interview room, with Malloy, Malin and another, older, well-dressed and unidentified man who stood by himself in a corner of that room.

“This interview will be recorded,” Malloy said, somewhat unnecessarily, as he turned the machine on.

Zarid began, slowly, hesitatingly, telling of Esmund’s admission of knowing that Sandra was pregnant; of him receiving information from her; but it was when he spoke of the women - recalling her - that his slow hesitation ceased, and the words flowed fastly, fluidly, from him as if he was being guided, for his mind became suffused again with visions and vistas and words and alien sounds.

“She who touched me is not quite human, you see, as Sandra’s child was not, which I’m sure you already knew. They have this plan, you see, to breed a new not quite human species, half human, half alien. She - They, these shapeshifters - need human bodies, at least to begin with. They want to live again, to dwell, again, on Earth: to have form and to cease to be formless. To live, to feel, to love. To guide. Thus, They came back and They will come back, dwelling in human bodies. They need humans to begin with at least like I said as they believe humans need Them. To evolve, together, a symbiosis. That is the key. Symbiosis. They were here thousands upon thousands of years ago, at the dawning of our consciousness, but They were then unable to complete their work, for there were The Others, who opposed Them, and who opposed her - the prime nexion, The Beginning - and who did their own dark work, botched experiments, botched changing, and whose botched living experiments stayed. They got it wrong, you see, The Others; wrong - for they produced a strange, vindictive and twisted and



unstable and mutant brood who survived on Earth by their mendacity and ruthless cunning and who made keeping their mutated blood pure into some kind of religion.

“Those humans were genetically-modified by these Others, the evil ones, and their mutant descendants are among us now, manipulating, controlling, planning. Slowly, they have planned, with their ruthless cunning, with the inbred slyness they possess, and over the last hundred years - especially the last seventy years - they, or their agents, have seized clandestine control of our governments, here in Britain, in America, using the power of money, of the Media - which are both under their control - and using the myths, the ideas, they have invented, to control humans, to manipulate humans not of their own kind. The first stage of their plan is for a world government of control, and that is nearing completion.

“To this end they engineered wars, and get some people or, mostly, their own agents among humans to do vile things just so they can get governments to react to them and introduce more laws, more measures of control, more repression, more tyranny, and all in the double-speak name of “freedom and democracy”, the false idols which their servants and their lackeys worship and obey, but which the mutants don’t. But they have found willing and brutal allies in many lands - particularly in America. They - or their agents and allies - persecute, and torture, and hound, or revile, or discredit, or kill, or imprison on some pretext or other, anyone who knows their plans or who sees them for what they are. That is, they now have the power, the influence to destroy anyone, any person, any group, any country, they want to - to get them out of the way.

But She - They, her shapeshifters from the acausal - want humans to be genuinely free, as evolved individuals; so She has come back as They will come back to liberate humans from those, The Others, the evil ones, and their mutant servants, so that humans might evolve and take their destined place among the stars and particularly among the acausal dimensions. The mutant, materialistic, causally-tied spawn of The Others, you see, have forgotten their origins, lost their true past, do not know who manufactured them, changed, them, made them what they were and are, but they do fanatically believe they are chosen, that it is they who should, who must, who have been chosen to, rule this world and its peoples, whatever the human cost and the misery they cause. They really are the spawn of evil; agents of evil - and She and her siblings will stop these bastard descendants of The Others who cannot ever reach out to, or travel among, or exist in, the timeless blissful beautiful realms of the acausal. But humans can - and can eternally exist there, in the acausal when the new symbiosis is complete.”

He was finished, exhausted, himself again, and saw Malloy looking at Malin with a look of disbelief.

“I see,” Malloy said, annoyed, before stopping the recording.

“You don’t believe me - all that - do you?” Zarin quietly said, uneasy and perplexed.

“Frankly, I’d have thought an intelligent man like you would have come up with a better story than crap and fantasy like that.” Turning to the unidentified man he said, “We’re finished here, I think?”

The man nodded, and left the room.

“You disappoint me, you really do,” Malloy said to Zarid.

Zarid was taken to a cell, where he waited, nervously, for something to happen. For what seemed like hours, nothing did, and he gradually succumbed to his exhaustion, to dream of the beautiful woman. She was speaking to him without words and he felt her moving closer, closer to him until he smelt again her quixotic perfume - but the dream, the beautiful vision, was snatched away from him as two men entered his cell to bind his arms behind his back and tie a dark hood over his head.

He tried to struggle, but the injection he was given soon took effect and he was taken through the corridors of a curiously deserted and darkened Police Station to a waiting van.

“Nothing happened here,” Malin said to Malloy as, outside in the cold night air, they watched the van being driven away.

“Your people checked the foetus, I take it?” Malloy asked.

“Perfectly normal,” Malin lied.

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Esmund knew he was under surveillance, and the reason why - even before Zarid’s arrival - and his years of experience of living on and often beyond the fringes of the law had made him prepared for most eventualities. So, from behind the false wall in the cellar of his cottage, he collected the items he considered he might need to evade and escape from those watching him so that he might keep the rendezvous with Raynould on that ancient hill circle where she, their dark goddess, had first touched Raynould and where in the coming hours of darkness she would give birth to his half-human child. For a few seconds, Esmund felt a little jealous of the man he had never met, but he calculatingly placed that human emotion aside.

He selected a variety of weapons - his favoured long-barrelled revolver with hand-loaded rounds; a handy pump-action shotgun; a grenade or two - and a passport, and driving license, for a new identity as well as a small rucksack containing a variety of clothes, bottled water, and toiletry items. Then, as the bright Sun of that early morning rose into the clear sky that had brought the nightly frost, he - revolver in hand, shotgun slung over his shoulder, rucksack on his back - sauntered casually out into the garden, followed by his dog.

“Stay!” he said, and his canine friend obeyed. There would, Esmund knew, be a woman, a lover from the village below, to care for his dog, for however long he was away.

Scorning the path, Esmund vaulted over the fence into the steeply sloping grazing field that adjoined the eastern side of his garden and began to run up, and right at an angle, toward the summit of his hill. There was no cover there for those who might follow him from below, and he had run almost two hundred yards when he saw them begin their delayed pursuit. He had assumed there would be others, covering the summit and the descent from the hill, and he was correct, for he had almost reached to tall centuries-old spreading Ash that grew beside the old summit pathway when he saw two armed Policemen who moved to block his way.

“Armed Police!” one of them shouted, raising his weapon. “Stop! Armed Police!”

Esmund did not stop. Instead, he dropped down, took aim and quickly fired three rounds from his revolver. The bullets hit their targets and he rose to run forward. One of his opponents was dead, shot in the forehead, but the other, only lying injured, was struggling to raise his weapon just as Esmund reached him. Esmund pointed his revolver at the man’s head saying, “Sorry mate, nothing personal,” before taking the man’s holstered Glock pistol and his HK MP5 submachine gun and side-stepping to turn and fire at the armed plainclothes Police Officers still running up the hill toward him. He shot one in the leg before moving sharp left and sprinting toward the woods that covered part of the western side of the hill.

The woods gave him the opportunity he needed - for he knew them well - and he zigzagged down, through the trees, stopping once to stand and listen. He heard shouts, above, and the sound of someone, or two, noisily moving through the leaf-litter and breaking small fallen twigs. There would be Police dogs, and a helicopter, and more men, he knew - but not now; not for a while. So he made it to his first destination without being seen: a path beside a stream to take him to where a vehicle waited, left for just such a time as this, hidden in a rented barn.

It did not take him long, in the old inconspicuous Land Rover, to reach the junction where the narrow rutted pot-holed tarmac lane that for nearly two miles had weaved between fields of pasture gave way to a minor road, and he turned westerly, driving until he found a place suitable enough to stop. It was a wide gated field entrance, and he parked to begin his change of identity. It took him longer than he remembered to trim his beard with scissors and then completely shave it off, but - pleased with the results - he changed his shirt, and jacket, and, with a tweed cap upon his head, his weapons out of sight, the transformation was complete.

No one stopped him as he travelled South, and he became just one driver in one of the multitude of vehicles that thronged the roads of England.

## **6: Aperiatur Terra, Et Germinet Atazoth**

Esmund was early for the rendezvous, in the hour before dusk, and spent a cautious hour scouting out the area. He had parked his vehicle down a secluded track near the foot of the hill, taking only his rucksack, his revolver with spare ammunition, the Glock pistol, and a hand-grenade, before bobby-trapping the vehicle with his remaining grenade.

Satisfied with his reconnaissance, he settled down to wait by a spreading but wind-twisted Hawthorn bush, a good distance away from the hill’s ancient fortified summit. There was the crescent Moon above the western horizon, and then stars in the clear darkening sky, and he continued to wait in the cold darkness for what seemed, and what was, a long time, before stretching himself and moving forward a little distance. They were, by now, many hours late, and he was deciding how much longer he would wait when he sensed someone behind him, and spun round, revolver raised, and ready.

Nothing; no one; no sound. And so he returned to his cautious waiting vigil until he saw something, some shape, fastly coming toward him from the summit of the hill. The shape was tawny white-ish and as it got nearer Esmund saw it was an Owl. There was no sound, just that bird of prey coming straight toward him and looking straight at him. He was surprised by its size, its wing-span, and it was within only three feet of him, its talons extended as if to land

on his head, when he instinctively ducked down and it veered away to his left. When, only seconds later, he looked again it was gone, down - he assumed - into the copse of trees that clung to the lower slopes of the hill.

Then she was standing beside him, and he rose to his feet without fear. She kissed him, then, and pressed her body into his, her tongue caressing his, and her hand stroking his face.

“We are alone and no harm can come to you here,” her melodious voice said as unspoken words within his head, and she gave him a vision of her past hour and more.

Of how she had gently painlessly given birth while Raynould watched. Of how he had taken the human-looking girl-child to a place she had provided for him where his role would be to care for that child as he would care for the other such children born that night and in the few days to all those women - except Sandra - who were seeded. Of how those children had grown quickly in their adopted wombs and how they would, as children, also quickly grow over the next few years until they were ready enough to go forth into the world, each one a nexion waiting to open, to be physically seeded, and to seed in their various and magical ways those powerful acausal energies which would, in causal-time, break down the barriers of The Others and steadily weaken through many causal presencings the causal that now held so many humans in thrall. Thus would her children gather the allies they needed, in secret at first; thus would they begin the great change that would break-down the very causal order itself; and thus would they breed a new and more evolved race, a new species to seed themselves among the very stars.

There would be those who feared this; those who hated her children and her allies. Those prepared to fight until the last drop of human blood. Those hate-filled ones who would strive to find, to ruthlessly hunt, down her children and their children’s children, just as they had found Sandra whom Esmund had seeded: the Sandra whom she changed with her acausal and shapeshifting arts after he, magically adept, had called to her, longed for her, one night having felt her presence, her return to Earth. So had he touched her essence, and so she found him, came unto him, while he lay asleep in Sandra’s arms, and so did she change that life that only a few causal moments earlier he and Sandra had brought forth into causal-being.

“But you have proved yourself, to me,” her melodious voice said as unspoken words within his head, “and you henceforth are my companion and only with you will I henceforth share this my physical form.”

So she kissed him again, and he saw as if in replay his escape from his - from her - cottage, and felt again his one jealous moment, as he saw Sandra’s death and Zarid being bound, tied, hooded, and injected. But he, Esmund Yaxley, was human - all-too-human, perhaps - and he surrendered his body and his love to her, there, on the dark night while a crescent moon descended, as Sirius did, into that almost-Winter’s starry sky.

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He awoke to find himself naked under a warm duvet in a bright room of large windows which showed, below, a cityscape under a clear blue sky of an English Winter. For a moment, he felt disorientated, as if both Time and Space had somehow slipped or been distorted and, after

looking out of one of the windows which, except for a door, almost seamlessly surrounded the room, he lay down again on the large bed.

He slept then, and dreamed - of the past, a present and a future - and awoke to find himself hot, as the city below basked in the warmth of early Summer. He understood then, in that moment, and was not surprised when she, suddenly, was there beside him, incarnate again, naked in the bed, pressing her body into his and kissing him as they made sensuous love in that, his, city-penthouse. There was, he knew, on a floor below, a child, a female child, growing, nurtured by his lover's breast milk and cared for by her sibling Nanny, as there was, in the city, many deeds of hate and violence while they, the lovers, loved as they loved, entwined within each other's body and each other's being, just as there was, suddenly and for him, no distinction between Time, place and Space: no him, or her; only a being which lived as it, they, as Them, The Dark Gods, lived: within the acausal Times and Spaces. He was alive, then, joyful, ecstatic, breeding with her, in her, the nexions that were needed; alive, joyful, ecstatic, while Zarid - his knowledge a danger to his captors - was languishing, drugged, in some enclosing psychiatric cell, and Sandra his former lover lay dead, her body and her foetus clinically, methodically, dissected.

Thus did they, her - his - enemies, still seek him with a lustful hate and need, and thus did she - his new lover, mistress - protect him as only she could protect him, and thus did he, when he awoke, feel again the pain of his new lover's absence.

So he dressed in one of his many expensive hand-made suits to linger awhile on a floor below with his three young daughters while they played as precocious children played, and their protecting shapeshifting Nanny waited, silent, smiling, watchful, in a corner of that plush room. Soon, they his daughters would venture forth, each to a life, a world, a task, of their own - as he would return to this building to seed her again as the acausal seeped ever more deeply in the causal world he once knew and loved.

He knew, then, as he walked out that particular time-slipping morning into the busy street of that capital city under the warm Sun of an English Summer, that Raynould had been found, caught, tortured, and killed, and his - her - daughter captured. So he was not surprised to find her, his lover, walking beside him as he walked among the bustling hordes of city-dwelling human beings.

There was a human pain, an anguish, in her, which he felt, and he held her hand as they walked along that street where several men, and women, stared, to stop, to look at her, awed by her beauty, her being, her scent. Then, suddenly, he was with her in a bright forensic room where her first-born daughter lay, stretched out and naked and restrained, but alive, on an operating table while men in white gowns and masks stood around and two men in suits stood by a door in one corner.

They, the men in gowns, were cutting the young woman, her daughter of child-bearing age, and she bled, as a human would - as another scalpel was raised, a probe extended to reach into her body. Her daughter turned, then, and smiled - aware of her mother's presence - but the humans saw only Esmund who, angry, snatched the scalpel to slash wildly at throats, faces. The two men in suits came toward him, one - Malin - brandishing a gun, but Esmund was too quick for them as he raged toward them to knock them to the ground, and the carnage - his berserker carnage - was soon over, even as an alarm sounded, the last gesture of one human scientist now lying dead.

Then Esmund, his lover and her daughter were gone from that particular and causal Time and Space, to leave only questions: only more unanswered perplexing questions for Malin and his ilk.

## **7: Agios Ischyros Baphomet**

They - Esmund, his lover and her daughter - rejoiced, and he was with them for what to him seemed a very long time in a place within acausal Time and Space. But it was only a few heartbeats of his dense causal Earth-bound life that passed while he languished in a beautiful blissful timeless eternity where his knowing, his feeling, stretched, or seemed to stretch, from one end of his Earth-containing Galaxy to the other, and where he was, in that singular acausal instant, all life, all living, all beings-coming-into-being, all the living life given and giving birth.

Then he, changed in some way he did not then understand, was back in his, in her, bed, in that bright city penthouse, while her naked and already healed daughter kissed him and he entered her, taking her human virginity, as her mother lay beside them, touching him, one lover to another. He had never known such bliss, such love, such existence, before in his own brief causal existence, and he lingered within her, this young woman, even as his seed seeded her womb which would bring forth a new kind of life. *Agios Ischyros Baphomet, Agios Ischyros Baphomet* he, his very being, intoned.

Causal Space and causal Time slipped again, as he knew they must - and he was sitting outside his modest mud-brick dwelling in the shade of a Palm tree dressed in a galabiyyah while, nearby, the younger of his two new young half-Nubian daughters played amid the desert sand and one of his two female domestic helpers carried a large pot to bring back water from the nearby artesian well. His afternoon would be filled with duties, as he instructed his two young male students in the ancient skills and arts of esoteric acausal magick, and - despite his satisfaction with such duties and his role - he still missed his former brief enchanted life in England. It was but a necessary stage - and part of him, most of him, had desired to return with her to her acausal spaces even as her daughter gave birth to their first child. But he stayed, for he was not yet ready or able of his own free will to forever pass beyond, to exist beyond, the causal; stayed, while she herself returned as she the primal nexion had to return to become the strange life-force burgeoning within them all. Stayed, for he would be, as he now was, the beginning of that hidden reclusive Order which would, when the causal Time was right, emerge as the Old Order faded, crumbled, and died, aided and partly caused by those others of the new half-human symbiotic race who now dwelt with their growing number of children, and human helpers and allies, on every continent on Earth.

Already the presence of this new acausal centre, this spreading nexion, was felt, as her daughter - now his wife, and Nubian - achieved a local, and for the moment, clandestine following, there on the fringes of that desert. Such beauty; such wordless power. Men, women, loved, obeyed her - and she had only to think a thought for them to strive to make it real just as each one of them would willingly, gladly, give their life for her, knowing the blissful acausal life which would await them. Thus it was as it had been, there, once before - and as it would be again, on another planet in another causal Time and Space.

Soon, he would as foretold retreat into his own world of reclusive and secret desert-dwelling teaching to leave her majestic, ageless with her ageless daughters as their influence spread, as it would spread until her, their, causal Earth-bound tasks were achieved. But, for now, he was

happy to prepare her way: she who would open, be, the new nexion to presence the acausal fully upon the Earth, bringing thus that futuristic culture, that star-travelling, star-dwelling, culture that many humans had dreamt about, beginning as such a culture was of new explorations into the very acausal itself, explorations which could, which would then in that future causal-time - as it would for Esmund and all of his esoteric kind now when they had achieved their Earthly goal - lead them toward and into the next stage of their journey of evolution.

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“You know,” Malin said as Zarid lay, in his windowless cell, half-stupefied by the drugs forced into him, “and considering your ancestry you should know, you had it the wrong way round; inverted. We’re the good guys.”

“Are you? Are you really?” Zarid managed to say. “But you didn’t have to kill her or her unborn child, did you?”

But Malin only smiled and left to let three men enter. They did their work quickly, quietly, efficiently, and Zarid was soon dead, only one more casualty of a war that had already begun.

Algar Merridge

Year of Fayen 118

# Sabirah

## 1

She could smell the rain even though it was still many many miles and hours distant, and - as the Sun descended down to bring the shadows of night upon her chosen town - she carefully left her house in Church Street. It was not that she needed the money, or even, then on that evening, the life-force that she would drain away from him until he almost expired. Rather, she desired - craved - the excitement that another such encounter would most certainly bring.

The streets and paths of Shrewsbury centre were alive, for it was warm and humid: following the end of another bright and sunny Summer's day, and the people she hid from during the daylight hours were taking advantage of their evening. Couples - mostly young - happy in their love; groups of friends, enjoying companionship, life, and the many varied gifts of such a modern town where many Cafés and Inns in the Summer season placed tables outside, such were the hopes for, the memories of, balmy English nights. And she was, there, among them, only one more face, only a beautiful face of curvaceous lips, only a slim - if elegantly dressed - silhouette, there among the throng where the lane from her town centre dwelling took her past Butcher Row toward the steps that led to the medieval and old timber framed houses of Fish Street.

Behind her, as she descended those well-worn stairs, there was laughter from among the people seated on their seats outside the Bear Steps café, and she was about to turn left to walk down the street when a group of five casually dressed young men sauntered toward her as they egressed that narrow shut of overhanging buildings named Grope Lane.

"Give us a kiss, darling!" one of them shouted as he stopped - slightly swaying in his inebriation - before her, blocking her path.

"Does your baby-sitter know you're not in your cot?" she quipped, pushing past him and deliberately walking down Grope Lane while his companions laughed.

"Who the fuck do you think you are, talking to me like that!" he shouted, angry, his pride hurt, as he - turning to follow her - caught her arm.

"I would advise you to let go of my arm," she said, slowly, staring into his eyes.

Instead, he pushed her into a doorway while his still laughing friends gathered round.

"Go on!" one of them said. "Give her one!"

"Show us your tits!" said another.

"Yeah - show us!" laughed another.

"You wanna see 'em?" the insulted man laughingly asked his friends.

"Yeah!"



"Sure!"

"Go for it!"

So he moved to rip away the thin covering of her expensive dress whose upper part barely concealed her fulsome breasts, but she only smiled at him as her slender right hand caught his left wrist to suddenly twist then bend his strong youthful arm back. The crack was audible, and she pushed him away where he fell onto the cobbles of that lane, groaning in his agony.

She stepped forward then, out of the doorway and, instinctively, the young men moved away until - for some dark reason on that warm languid humid night - another primal instinct assailed them to make one of them lunge toward her, wielding a knife, while another went to grasp her by the neck. The knife caught her, plunged into her left side, but she calmly pushed both attackers away with such force that they bounded against the opposite wall before raggedly falling to the ground. Then, just as calmly, she removed the knife from her side. There was no blood.

They knew fear, then. A cold, stark, wordless body-and-mind creasing fear that made those standing back off and those sprawled on cobbles crawl away as fast as they could move using hands, feet, knees. Such fear: to take them then away, running, stumbling, panicking, down Grope Lane toward a bustling High Street where, even then among the crowds and the bright street lights, they - faces the colour of corpses - did not stop.

Thus did she throw the knife away, before continuing, alone, on her journey.

## 2

She was pleased when he, her tryst for that night, quickly opened the door in answer to her ringing of the bell. It was a small house, terraced, in a lane above Town Walls and he - in his late twenties, unmarried - was smartly dressed, as she had asked. A lock of her strawberry-blonde hair had fallen across her face - the only sign of her previous encounter - and she, smiling, swept it aside, saying, "Are you going to let me in, then?"

"Yes. Yes, of course."

"I thought we might have a drink here, before we went on to the restaurant."

"What?" Then - "Yes, yes, of course."

She had made him uneasy - as was her intent - and she, rather amused, watched as he, trying to find glasses, a suitable bottle of wine, bumbled rather nervously about the small sitting-room and kitchen of his house, furnished according to his modern minimalist taste.

She had been sitting, the previous night - as she often did - in a dim corner of an Inn in Butcher's Row, waiting. Waiting, dressed as she almost always was on such nights: exotic perfume; jewelled necklace; red lipstick upon her lips; a dress contouring her body, revealing of both breasts and thighs. He had arrived straight from the Solicitor's office where he worked and saw her almost immediately. She did not smile, then, as his senses drunk-in the sight of her body, but instead she turned away. So he - and she - waited, as a few more people arrived,

conversations were begun, continued; alcoholic beverages were consumed. And it was as her own, before her, was finished, that he made his expected move.

"Would you like another drink?" he asked, after he in his working but still expensive suit, sauntered, casually, over to her table.

"Yes," she smiled.

"G and T?"

"Rum. Oh, and make sure it is Pusser's. They have some."

He looked - momentarily - surprised, which pleased her, and on his return she surprised him further by saying, "Would you like to take me out to a restaurant for a meal, tomorrow evening?"

"Yes," he said, hesitatingly.

"You seem surprised," she said.

"Well. No - not really."

So she had named a restaurant, and a time, asked for his address, and spent one half of one hour asking about his life, his career, his aims, while he sipped his large glass of White wine and she drank three tots of neat Rum. "I shall call for you, tomorrow, then," she had said, kissing him briefly on his cheek, before leaving him seated, and not a little bewildered, in that Shrewsbury town centre Inn.

The memory pleased her as she sat on his sofa waiting for him to do his duty and provide her with a glass of fine wine, and - when he finally did - she took it gracefully and indicated that he should sit beside her. He - normally so arrogant, so determined, so full of pride - silently did as commanded, and it was not long before she put down her own glass and his and drew him to her to kiss him, her tongue seeking his. So his unaccustomed nervousness gave way to an intense sexual arousal, and it was then that she, gently, pushed him away, saying, "Shall we go and eat, now, and - afterwards - I would like you to spend the night with me at my house."

He was hers, then, and they spent a pleasant enough evening eating fine food and drinking fine wine in a fine and elegant restaurant, while he talked about his life, his dreams, his hopes, and she listened as she listened, until the time came for them to leave when a taxi conveyed them to her own town house where darkness awaited. There were only candles, which she lit to light their way as she led him, not - as he expected - to her bed upstairs but down into the warm clean brick-vaulted cellars that fanned out from beneath her dwelling to stretch beneath the road above, and it was there, upon an antique chaise-longue, that she possessed him after stripping away his clothes.

He was very willingly possessed, for he ardently desired her body and let himself be held down, naked, while she removed her silky thong and lifted up her dress to sit upon him after easing his penis inside her. Thus did she and gently - and, he felt, lovingly - drain from him

one bodily fluid to then lie beside him and kiss him for a long time, sucking from him his breath of life until there remained only a little of the vital energy keeping his body, his mind, alive. She left him then deeply deeply exhausted to sleep in the darkness while in a niche a large quartz crystal slowly began to glow. Thus did she satisfied venture forth upstairs to bathe so that when the time for the Sun's rising arrived again she was alone, replenished, ready to dream as she dreamed in her darkened room of those alternate realms of her birth, her alternate existence, knowing that he, her offer below, would provide for her in the days, the weeks, to follow while his own weak life-force lasted. And then, his purpose fulfilled, her crystal charged, his money, property, gone, he would be cast off to return to what remained of his Earthly life, where he - as others before him - would in the following weeks languish for months, alone, tormented by nightly sleeping travels into dimensions, places, where no unprepared human should ever go, until - at last, as an almost welcome release - he would die, all alone in the night. There would be no questions; no crime; only one more man, dead, alone.

Thus would she, and only then, return, in the dark of her night, to some Inn - some enclosing warm dim place where young and middle aged men went or gathered - to sit, to preen, to wait. And when she decided her chosen town or city was denuded enough, she would move on, through the years, the decades, centuries, living as she lived, one being of pleasure, of darkness, death, love and night, awaiting he who might - who could, who would - freely, willingly, travel with her to that acausal place of her birth.

She would be free then, returned, at last - as he, her chosen, would be, become, a new eternal being, birthed.

Algar Merridge  
119 Year of Fayen

# Jenyah

The warm Sun of middle-Spring warmed her as she walked down Broad Street in the county town of Ludlow to the entrance of the Feathers Hotel with its early seventeenth century timber façade. The oldness - the dark oak beams, the never-quite-straight walls, the sense of enclosing dimness - still pleased her, although the changes made during the decades of the last century did not, and she resisted the transformation that would have made the young man at Reception, in his shiny ill-fitting inexpensive suit, follow her unbidden to her room.

Instead, she kept her appearance, and the accent, of an attractive - but not too attractive - mature lady of the County set who probably owned a horse, or three, stabled somewhere in the grounds of her large country house, and the registration procedure lasted no more than a dull five minutes. He was too young, anyway, unable to provide the diversion, the passion, and the acausal-energy, she needed, for already the faint trembling in her hands had begun: the first reminder of her enduring timeless need. And even as she walked up the stairs alone, carrying her small travel bag, she began to feel the centuries weighing down upon her, ageing her ever so slowly.

But she had planned well, as she always did, for there would be men, tonight, some eager - as they almost always were - for that thrill of a tryst in the long evenings following their meetings or conference or whatever it was that drew them away from their homes and their wives. A few lies; one betrayal - first, or one among many - it did not matter to them; for there was their pride, their lust, their still living animal nature. No evolution, upwards: except for those few whose wordless perceiving bade them walk away, or those few who though enticed still had strength enough to resist. No, no evolution, upwards - she knew, except for such few. And she smiled, remembering the delightful dreams she gave to those few.

So she prepared herself as she always prepared herself while she sat in her room alone, knowing that her long-serving servant would tidy her room and see to all formalities after her chosen task was complete. Thus did she prepare: her dress suited to the young woman she was, as were the shoes, and the make-up which she, with expert ease, applied to her face and which reflected the times which had changed this particular chosen and familiar Hotel. And when she was ready she descended the stairs to enter the recently refurbished Bar where gathered some of the already alcohol-soaked conference-attendees.

The room - with its low ceiling, its carved oaken-bar, its discreet lighting - did not particularly displease her, and she sat alone, in a plush wooden armchair, at a table in one corner, already noticed by several of the Bar-thronging men. Perhaps it was her esoteric perfume. Perhaps it was her short purple dress, which seemed to scintillate in the light and which clung to the voluptuous contours of her youthful body. Perhaps it was the way she walked in her stiletto shoes. Or the red lipstick upon her lips. Or her long red hair that fell around her shoulders. Whatever it was, it was not long before a man came to greet her.

His suit was not inexpensive, as his blond hair had only just begun to recede and - to any ordinary woman, perhaps - he would have appeared as not unattractive; a fairly prosperous youngish family man, making his way in the Corporate world.

"Hi, I'm James," he said, self-assuredly and by way of introduction as he stood by her table holding a flûte of champagne. "Can I get you something to drink?"

It was not the worst gambit she had heard, and she smiled at him. "Yes. A Tom Collins."

"Certainly!"

So he left to place her order to return to ask, "May I join you?"

"Why yes! Are you here for the conference?"

"Hmm," he muttered.

"You do not seem particularly enthusiastic."

"I'm not. Bloody boring."

"But necessary and required."

"Unfortunately, yes." He drained his glass, and signalled to the barman to bring him more. "May I ask your name?" he enquired as he sat looking at her nipples, which - erect - prominently impinged upon the thin material of her dress.

"Jenyah," she breathed, softly, letting the scented warmth of her breath touch his face as she leaned toward him.

He smiled then, sure of his success, but began fumbling with his wedding ring.

"Perhaps," she said, now knowing and having sensed enough, and as loud laughter from the three men standing at the Bar reached them, "it would be agreeable to you if we went back to my house?"

"Why, yes. Of course. Certainly!"

"My car is outside."

"Splendid!"

So she led him out from the side entrance of that Hotel to where her car was parked among some others - elegant in its refined blackness and whose tall muscular chauffeur - her servant, his eyes hidden behind designer sunglasses - held open the rear door for her and her chosen companion of the evening. Thus were they conveyed in comfort on that long journey through the dark of the country night until they reached that steep hill of the narrow lane and her house above a valley.

He did not see much of its old-fashioned but clean and fastidiously tidy interior, and neither did he desire to, for his already intense sexual desire had been heightened by the luxury of her car and the wealth so obvious from her dwelling, and he willingly let himself be led along a narrow skein of corridors to a panelled room whose only light came from a burning, large, coal-

fire. Even the oppressive heat nor her strength did not concern him as she roughly pushed him toward the large Oak bed to salaciously rip away his clothes and remove her own.

Her beauty of body - her voluptuousness, her sexuality - was everything he imagined, everything he desired, and her intoxicating scent seemed to increase until he was wrapped, cocooned, within it. She was upon him, then, holding him down, his arms outstretched and pinned to the silken covering of the bed by her hands wrapped around his wrists while she manoeuvred her body to place his erection inside her where he felt the warmth of her warm sensuous wetness. For what seemed a long long moment he experienced an intensity of joy, of physical pleasure, such as he had never known before, making him close his eyes in exultation as she moved upon him. But then - then as he arched his back again in sheer physical exultation and delight - intense pain followed by agony engulfed him and blood from his severed penis flowed out of her.

But she was laughing, laughing, still holding him down, overpowering him as he writhed in pain, until she moved to lick his bloody wound - cauterizing it with her strange oral fluid - to kiss him, and it was in that briefest of brief moments before he fainted - weak, and overcome with the shock of this, and of his seeing - that he saw not a young sensuous woman but something else, not quite human, draining away the acausal-energy of his life through her blood-soaked kiss.

She, satiated, left him then to the ministrations of her servant who effortlessly carried the limp and bloodied but just-living body down stone steps and along a short brick-lined dimly lit tunnel to an unlit cell whose thick and still sturdy iron door bars were pitted with the seeping rust of age. There was a bed, a bucket, a stained blanket - but nothing else - and it was here, amid the cold dank stifling blackness, that he would hours later awake, shivering, lying on the slimy cobbles of the floor, while she - freshly bathed and dressed - walked outside, smiling, happy, renewed, among the wind-speaking moonlit trees of her dark ancestral hill.

There, in that unlit cell, he would live, for a while, while his usefulness lasted. And it was there in the first of his many many days that he would cry out into the darkness for hours, until exhaustion overcame him. There did he languish, lamenting his stupid choices, his lies, his betrayal of his wife and family. There he would briefly vainly plead to God, to any god, deity, for release, and there he would eat and drink the little that was provided him, pushed through the bars of his door by her servant, as it was there - in that unlit blackness - he would hear, or thought he heard, the weak sighs, the cries, of another, until, one day or one night, the soft sighs, the soft distant muffled cries, came no more to torment him.

There he would he close his eyes, sometimes, in sleep when what little strength remained failed him. And there: there were the nightmares, the pitiless nightmares of how she still enticing and scented would come upon him in the blackness to kiss him to suck from him the remaining drops of the life within. He would sleep then, peacefully - but only for a while, only for a while: longing after that short moment of rest never to awake, again.

The hot Sun of late Summer warmed her while she sat outside the trendy Café, waiting. Her chosen and familiar Hotel was nearby, and she would retire to it soon, as darkness descended upon the city. But, for now, she was content enough to let the warm Sun please her, as if almost always did as its healthy rays reached her youthful face, arms, hands and legs while she sat, fashionably if skimpily dressed, as were the other young women who passed, there on that evening in that city by the river whose water flowed, as her life, from one beginning to

another: a precious gift, finding its own level, its own way, while bringing death, to some.

Algar Merridge  
March 119, Year of Feyen

# **Final Examination of ONA Infernal - 1**

## **Who Is An ONA Adept (and Beyond)?**

Here are some questions, which genuine ONA Adepts, and genuine ONA Masters/LadyMasters, can easily answer. These answers cannot - at the time of writing (January 119 yf) - be found by searching the Internet or in published books and MSS, and are revealed aurally on an individual basis, and when required and/or when necessary, by the ONA Adept/Master/LadyMaster guiding the genuine LHP seeker/Dark Sorcerer/Sorceress

- 1) What is the meaning and the correct uses [plural] of the term Feyen?
- 2) What alchemical season is appropriate to Dabih and why?
- 3) What is the reason that Petriochor is used in the Rite of Afsana, and what is this Rite?
- 4) What one [singular] terrestrial location is used in calling forth Yusra?
- 5) How do the Nine Angles relate to Azal, Dhar and Zamal, and what Earth-bound (causal) form (structure/construct) is used to symbolize this?
- 6) What symbolic structure/construct is beyond the (advanced) form that is The Star Game?
- 7) How does the causal phenomena perceived in the causal as "gravity" relate to a specific type of acausal energy, and what has this to do with the Dark Gods mythos and the nexion that is the planet Earth?

Additionally, it should be known that answers to these and other such questions can also be discovered by a talented LHP seeker/Dark Sorcerer/Sorceress who has followed the guidance given by the Order (in works such as Naos, BBS1, and beyond) and who thus - having undertaken various Insight Rôles, ceremonial and hermetic workings, Grade Rituals, trained to perform (and performed) Esoteric Chant, learnt The Star Game, and seriously studied how the Dark Gods mythos is linked to causal representations such as The Nine Angles - has become a genuine Adept. Such an Adept - if possessed of sufficient sinister skill and desire - has the foundation required to begin those peregrinations, involving diverse experiences, much study, much rational thought, and the development of sinister and magickal empathy, which will move them forward toward Mastery and toward discovering the answers to such questions.

In the next decade, or so, a few more esoteric MSS (most appropriate to Adeptship and beyond) will be released by us, providing thus more clues for the curious and, perchance, being an inspiration for those possessing the potential to move toward Adeptship and beyond. Already, a few such MSS have seeped out into this causal world of ours, some (such as *Sabirah*) bringing perchance some understanding of certain topics long misunderstood, while others extend our conscious, sinister and esoteric understanding ever further.

Anton Long - 119 Year of Fayen

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## Contents

Order of Nine Angles - Introductive	2
Return To The Dark: Esoteric Notes XVII	5
Defending the ONA?	7
Advanced Introduction to The Dark Gods: Five-Dimensional Acausal Sorcery	13
The Dark Gods: A Basic Introduction for non-Adepts	16
Introduction from Grimoire of the Dark Gods	17
H.P LOVECRAFT and the Dark Gods	18
Invokation to the Dark Gods	20
The Approach of the Dark Gods	21
In The Sky of Dreaming	25
Sabirah	48
Jenyah	52
Who Is An ONA Adept (and Beyond)?	55
ONA MSS and Copyright	56
Content	57



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