

Apex of Eternity

by Archaelus Baron

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"Behold a pale horse, and the name of him that sat thereon was Death and Hell followed after."

Up to this point we have been systematically purging ourselves of our humanity, and therefore of our limitations. We now find ourselves in a very unique position of absolute autonomy, and therefore of absolute responsibility. Suddenly eyebrows raise and you ask, "Responsibility? Isn't that what we're against?"

Know that there is only one single thing to which you owe all of your power, intelligence and ultimately your existence - and therefore all of your responsibility: your personal Sinister Destiny.

That place wherein we find ourselves is the outermost regions of the Being. We are at the crossroads of action. We are in a realm of necessity where good and evil cannot trespass. We are at the very apex of eternity.

Once you have Realized your 'Destiny' or your specific role in the Sinister Dialectic (which, if you have made it as far as to reading this MS without being afflicted with life imprisonment, death or sanity, you SHOULD have realized such), your existence as a whole would be pointless and you would be the finest candidate for culling were you not to put into action that things which have in silence been revealed to you.

Shiva sits in solitary meditation for approximately 4 million years, according to the Hindu measurement of a Kalpa. Yet, at the end of the long meditation, with the power such discipline has generated and stored, Shiva opens up the dreaded Third Eye, out of which flows pure destruction, bringing the whole of creation to a fiery end.

Much more than a myth.

Our power has been gathering, especially as the Mighty have been connected with one another and have joined in Unholy Communion. Now, let us send out a shock wave that will shake the foundations of this galaxy, with the Hinderlands at ground zero - the typhoid Mary of this, the final virus of this Age of Devastation.

Let us ride into the world as the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, bringing famine and war, disease and despair, death and Hell.

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I would never suggest that a single person attempt to plan and execute an operation that would be difficult even for an army. I would never ask that any initiate undertake a work that is impossible to complete. Have no doubt that what I ask now is no more or less than what I have asked of myself. What I now say that needs to be done is only that which I have seen the necessity for in my own world, and have acted in accordance with my own Destiny.

A powerful explosive first collapses in on itself. This is the effect of the low order explosive, the charge being shaped to direct the blast inwards, being detonated. This triggers the High Order explosive, causing a reaction in the chemical core that expands quickly and violently, effecting everything it touches. The nuclear shock wave, once it has left the earth's atmosphere, travels endlessly into space, carrying in its wake an awful scream of man's Will to Power.

By this time, our Selves should have already collapsed, and we have died. That death, however, is momentary. From there, the REAL force of our Beings pushes us from the grave and into a state of godless omnipotence.

Now that the explosive core within has been detonated, it is time to start bringing the buildings down and turning the useless into ashes.

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Modern occultists practice an esoteric art called Assumption of Godforms. In a ritualized setting, the magician will assume the mental and physical postures of a chosen godform or archetype, gradually uniting his lesser consciousness with the Grand Consciousness of the godform at hand, eventually resulting in a state that would make the magician appear to be the archetype manifested, astrally and sometimes physically.

At our present state of Undeath, we perform the exact reverse. As autonomous Gods of Darkness, we – through great discipline and unimaginable suffering – must take on the illusion of being human. We must be able to walk in the midst of the dying without recourse or even detection. We must appear in every way to be nothing of a threat. In this, we must be able to deceive even the very elect.

We are therefore Gods practicing the esoteric art of Assumption of Manforms. From there, handshakes become hazardous and stares melt the spiritual ice age that humans have brought upon this plane.

Now we can get to work.

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Study military field manuals. From experience in the USMC, I would suggest anything from the MOS AIT Combat Engineer Training, as well as the basic 2 week Combat Training School teachings given to Marines following the 12 week Basic Training (boot camp).

What we're looking for is the knowledge and skill needed to kill with any weapon, with no weapon and from a distance (as with explosives or traps).

Study and memorization of the Terrorist Handbook or other such books is also recommended. Here, you will learn to use everyday devices for extraordinary purposes.

In handling all equipment, wear powder-free latex gloves. It is also advised to shave body hair and shower regularly to avoid leaving nasty DNA traps.

Using guidelines given in ONA MSS "A Gift for the Prince" and "Culling: A Guide to Human Sacrifice" select one of such offer. Immolate them in the names of the Undead Gods, pulling their soul from the fires of their death and casting it into the Blood Pool.

The Terrorist Handbook teaches wonderful way to make and use long distance (or even timed or triggered) explosive detonators. If done correctly, these leave very little evidence behind.

Always remember the first rule of murder: never kill a person that you have a reason to kill.

What we're look at is the Final Harvest in the guise of terrorism. And with the ritual of Assumption of Manforms being performed properly, you should be the last to be suspected of any such activities.

Serial Killer Ian Brady suggests, in his handbook Gates of Janus, using methods of auto hypnosis to erase old secondary psychotic patterns and install new ones. What this achieves is to not only alter one's modus operandi (the method by which one has learned to successfully kill), but also the pathological ritual (the specific reason one kills).

This can be utilized by the Sinister Activist at great lengths, leading the officials to look for sexually inadequate devout Pentecostals (as an example).

We are Gods pretending to be wolves in sheep's clothing.

Study the TOB MS "A Clandestine Burning" as well. It is a beautifully written piece that inspires to true Sinister cleverness and activism of the most horrifying sort.

Assassinations are sometimes necessary. I personally would suggest religious figures over political... the latter is far too obvious and overdone.

If you prefer traditional assassination, I suggest using a bolt action .22 long rifle. These are extremely accurate at close to medium range and are easy to use. Once the bullet enters the cranium or chest cavity, it will "bounce around," scrambling whatever is inside. Also, in order to successfully trace the ballistic patterns of such a common caliber round, the police would need to confiscate and test guns from every farm boy to hunter to businessman from California to Florida. By which time your gun should be in the hands of some Crip or Blood in L.A. or buried somewhere in the Mojave Desert.

We need to cleanse our own communities of the filth that assails us every day. Garbage like religious imperialism, governmentally monopolized morals, mass complacency, etc.

This earth is being prepared for its final baptism in Blood and Fire. So let us be the baptists.

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I have barely hinted at what needs to be done, beginning in our own communities, on an active level. I have done this for good reason. Any initiate of the TOB should be able to take the above as a complete guide to the systematic downfall of the Magian Lodge.

And now we hit the carotid artery of the human race.

The world is in the state it is only because We have put it there. We have Our fingers on the pulse of All Life, Our teeth hovering just above.

Stand above creation, feeling it all pulsing down from you. Your arms become the stars, your legs the foundations of the worlds, your stomach the vastness of space, your eyes looking upon all the souls born into misery. They are all yours.

Choose a goal. make the changing of the world your target. Become Vindex.

Pull the fullness of the power of the Blood Pool into your Being. Solidify your wicked purpose in your mind. Allow the entirety of the potency of the Blood Pool to flow down from you into creation. Know that Blood is rushing between every molecule in existence, at your will.

Bring into causality that which you have fixed in the prescience of your Being. Let it sweep down like a thick fog into the physical plane and there condense into complete manifestation.

And then move away. Give up all attachment to the goal.

Through this simple, yet omnipotent transference of Reality, empires have risen and have fallen. Warlords have been made rulers and the innocent are beheaded. With this,

leaders have entered the grave and others have been lifted into office.

What needs to change in YOUR world?

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We walk the earth in human form, consulting unknown with the leaders of this world.
Yet we are not men, but gods sent forth from the abyss to clear the Path
for Vindex. Grant us dominion over the inhabitants of this world. As we speak it, so
shall it be!