

Annotation by the Black Glyph Society:

The Diary of a Devilworshipper was written by Ryan Frank of Auckland, New Zealand, born 1979. Like all Diaries, it is highly subjective material in places meaning something only to its Author, yet the entries given are seldom arbitrary, the Author using each as a demonstrative example of magical growth by explaining the deeper meanings and connections in a separate narrative.

This Diary would have enabled greater perspective not only of how the Author felt at certain times in his youth, teens and adult life but also helped him to understand what others go through at similar times in life [i.e. Archetypically]. It is a chronicle of the concepts that one can expect to meet with on a satanic journey – concepts that are generally formed in a linear fashion owing to the biological pre-disposition of the brain and the rites of passage within social trends.

The Author begins with an examination of his earliest recollections of Satan as a small boy and recounts the events that lead to his practice of Devil Worship. Later, with the growing ability to make increasingly subtle mental connections, more advanced philosophical and political forms are adopted; Satanism, Buddhism, and National Socialism for instance with each form lived providing further insight.

But it takes time and talent to sift through the forms available that cater to many different stages of mental growth to get to any real kind of Gnosis [Understanding] and there are many traps and demons one may encounter that can stall magical potential and real-life growth. Most people become interested in Diabolism and the Occult only for a short time as a means of rebellion and self-understanding, separate from the dominating rule of parental and authoritarian figures. And most of them fail to develop any real occult power or knowledge, abandoning the passing phase to pursue a career or surround themselves with material substitutes, succumbing to the illusions the world has to offer.

The Author of the Diary at various stages failed too, again and again in his attempt to unearth the Occult keys of power. But where his experience differs from others, is that ultimately he did triumph – recording his overcoming of the limitations that beset him.

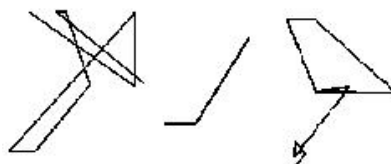
The records take the form of a diverse number of styles of writing with equally diverse content – the author drawing on Scientific, Psychological, Sociological, Religious, Magical, and Meta-Physical disciplines throughout his entries. The subjects include essays on Lucid Dreaming, Dream Interpretation; the Authors involvement with White Power/National Socialism; the use of Jungian analysis & Psychology that helped the Author change his negative perception of his parents; Inspiring stories of overcoming alcohol, smoking and drug addiction by will-power alone, Encounters with demons both real and figurative, Revelations of the Magical connections between the Psyche, Art and Writing, Treatises on Black Magic, the Ouija Board, Voodoo Dolls & Sympathetic Magic, Superstition, the Occult, Time & Space and the Matrix, Rare insights into the secret world of Satanism and much, much more; couched within a staggering array of personal

discoveries carefully written in the rare spirit of self-honesty, self-discovery and self-revelation of what really goes on in the psyche of a Satanist.

The Black Glyph Society is proud to present The Diary of a Devilworshipper as a definitive journal of magic from a phenomenological and individual view; unparalleled as a guide to black magical mastery.

~ Oto Anorha .: TBGS ~

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Dearest Reader:

I am a Modern Day Satanic Magician and this is my Diary.

From an early age I have been disillusioned with the Christian God and have looked scornfully upon the Religious Zealots that practice hypocrisy in his name. Certain experiences that I shall recount led me to scrutinize the Christian and the feeling that something was very wrong with the world began to grow in me. I came to see hypocrisy was not restricted to stuffy Christian moralists nor did the reach of the Church stop at the gates of the houses of worship but spread ugly, distorted tentacles into every realm of modern life. To counter the sickness I saw in a world ruled by the Christian Empire I decided to enlist the help of God's greatest enemy and set out on a quest to find the Devil.

I began my quest as a young man fascinated with Satan. But although a penchant for casting spells, summoning demons and satanic worship took up a good part of my early life, over time the quest became something more, it became a spiritual War. The older I got, the more complex my involvement with Satanism became. New questions began to arise in every direction. I attempted to answer them and found myself stepping out of the simplicity of the chalk pentagram and into a vast array of decidedly "un-magical" disciplines such as Theology, Politics, Philosophy and Science.

Throughout my journey I was determined no matter how far the madness of the Occult world took me, no matter where I had to go, or how I had to do it - to find the answers to

the world around me, to understand why the world was the way it was, and to storm the gates of Heaven with the power to challenge a Tyrant. I never imagined that my search for answers would take me so incredibly far or lead me off into so many different directions.

Today I look back on my notes and see the many stages of growth I could never have hoped to see until now; the differences between biological and magical age, the obstacles I have encountered that helped shape who I have become, the many varied characters that I have met, and the various states of mind that I have held from the ages of twelve to thirty.

I put this Grimoire together with the intention to help counter the Church-based, demonic-philosophy that would see the potential black magician unconsciously wasting their time dabbling with forms without power. When I got into the Occult I was deluded as to the nature of the powers I could attain. I wanted to be invincible, time-travel, astral travel, have ESP, move things with my mind... I found none of these things where they said they would be. Although I am very much a realist, the powers I developed through my training in alchemy, sorcery, Traditional Satanism and the occult are powerful, formidable and as dark as the magic of any necromancer. I help teach these principles part time through the Temple of THEM, and I will teach them to you too over the course of my triangle of books by demonstrating how much a person can change if they have the courage to face themselves.

The Diary combines the appearance of an ancient arcane-styled Grimoirum with highly functional contemporary insights into the world of Satanism and Black Magic to aid all aspiring magicians. I have illustrated it with my own artwork and with the sigils of my Dark Angles Codex. It is intended for anyone involved to some degree in the practice of becoming a genuinely Satanic Individual and who has the potential to grow beyond the 666'ers of this world, beyond a stage of pentagrams and useless pretense, and transform into the formidable First Human.

The aim of these Diaries is a scale of seven degrees that operates by gradually increasing the level of intensity and complexity of its writings from book to book. It does this via archetypal exploration of different characters unified in one man; seeding real experience regarding the world of Satanism in the consciousness of young people such as myself. It is exactly the kind of Grimoire I'd have liked to have read when I was starting out on my journey.

Taking the type of person (with potential) that exhibits pseudo-satanic mantras (that I have been) from scratch - and introducing them to a massive variety of increasingly difficult concepts intended to awaken lasting (and hopefully permanent) alchemical changes takes time, just as it took me time. Too much, too fast and the points made go over ones head. Much must be broken down for the average person plagued with

misinformation and unreal expectations of Satanism, and in ways that I see fit, it has been and will be broken down.

Although any one of these volumes can be read independently, the first three form a deliberate magical and organic triangle of contrasts allowing the processes of Change to be recognized. The book of Azazael is relatively simplistic in its themes and acts as a gentle introduction to give the reader genuine magical understanding of the role of Azazael-type personas in the growth process when its contents are contrasted against the second and third books that develop increasingly complex characters and themes from this original base.

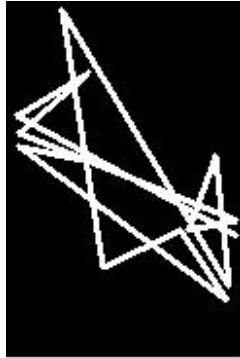
This book has been made possible from the written records I have kept over the years of my exploits as well as from memory; it is thus limited in the wondrous things I have seen, felt, and wish to share and as a result, not everything here is wonderful and not everything wonderful is here. However, I am confident that these records may be of use, interest, and insight into the dark world of Satanism, and to someone, somewhere, somehow, as a key to Know Thyself ~

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Acknowledgements:

In Sinister Solidarity, I give thanks to Owy, my beautiful Mistress, Lover and sinister Twin Sun. I cannot count the times your wisdom and Chaos have shaped my path, nor do justice to the way your Love holds me and helps me to grow beyond myself. You have always been with me & I hope you always will be. May I do you proud by our path now and forever. Luci, my once-friend and Alchemist; your guidance was invaluable and your friendship a torch that shone my way in the darkness many times. I will never forget our good times. Dale, for proof-reading the Diary and offering constructive criticism that encouraged me to perfect it. Christine, who helped to edit vol 1 and for her invaluable criticism and commentary. Vaughn, you are the only man I know younger than myself that I look up to. Your encouragement meant a lot. Nethnine, you may be lost but you are not forgotten. Thank you for your guidance and wisdom. Sor Terrosa, your secrets of black sorcery have well fed the Serpent, thank you for the lore, the dialect and the unforgettable changes. I am indebted. Aevea, no doubt you would laugh at the seriousness of these acknowledgements. Congratulations on building your pyramid of skulls, and shout outs to the RHCP and to TOOL on your behalf. Denise, Andrew, thank you for the encouragement, your support and your friendship. Eusebius, May a degree of the successes borne of my Satanic spirit belong to you. Through you I turned toward myself, and for that I AM. Lyceus, thank you for aiding my quest and my understanding. Thank you to

all members of ONA group. To Ixaxaar of Finland, who hosted my Sinister Tarot and many of my creations. To the Czar's of the Tempel ov Blood who shared with me many secrets of Wamphyric Lore and Astral Magic. To Natalie, the Black Rose. To Sepniphar. To Carl Jung. To my Family both magical and blood, and to the countless who in some way companioned my Journey or contributed to my understanding. I hope this Diary serves someone, somewhere, sometime and helps break the cycles of stupidity that reign supreme. My everlasting thanks to Satan, whose word is CHAOS.



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[All names have been substituted with Demons to protect the identity of the characters within.]

INTRODUCING AZAZAEL

“For my world and personal views would change a thousand times before I found my Self.”



“Summonarium”

In Judeo-Christian Scriptures, ‘Azazel’ was an Angel who sided with Lucifer in the War on Heaven. According to the Scriptures; when Lucifer was defeated Azazel was cast out of Heaven with the other insubordinate Angels and chained to rocks in an obscure desert on Earth to await the Final Day of Judgment. It is said that Azazel hopes to regain his lost throne after the passing of 100, 000 years.

It was dogma such as this that heavily influenced and spellbound me in my early journey to become Satanic. I took the name Azazel as a pseudonym for myself and lengthened the spelling to include the character ‘Æ’, a symbol that I had always found aesthetically pleasing. Taking the name of a fallen Angel for my own was a typical example of the fervent adoption of religious and mystical “Occulture” that I indulged in from the ages of twelve to nineteen without ever really understanding the significance or meaning of such symbols and writings.

Up until 1997, I had been making a name for myself as a Devil Worshipper in the world without the aid of a computer. Internet, Inter-what? Some of this is detailed below, yet beyond those experiences related I discovered the possibilities open to me with electronics in the form of personal pages and websites. By taking the name Azazael and assuming other assorted demonic monikers over

the years, I hoped to make an identity for myself 'on-line' as well as off of it. When I did, my world was suddenly divided into two paradigms, one external and physical, the other internal and mental. In the wondrous internal dimension of the cyber-world I experienced a new kind of freedom where I was able to indulge in shape-shifting, anonymity, chat and search through a vast library of resources. I quickly realised that I could feed my online personas with aspects of my real-life activities, and likewise, flesh out my real life with the fantasy-reality of my rapidly developing, cyber-based alter egos. It was not long before I got lost and confused about which was which. The more I added to the personas of Azazael online, the more I became those demonic personas and identified with Azazael, and the less I recognized myself as a single personality. If the internet had blessed me with unlimited powers of creation to invent, it had also cursed me with a weapon of dangerous self-destruction.

As Azazael my mind was easily manipulated. I lacked the aspect of 'Self' as do most young people and was at the relative mercy of my environment - shaped and channeled by my peers, influenced by the values and whims of others, and told who I was and what I liked. With no discernment of what "I" really was or wanted I was angry and confused. I wandered through the world trying to piece together an identity, assembling the most attractive bits and pieces of other Wanderers ideas into an Ego-Armour thick enough to cope with the demands of reality and shield my precious "I", but diverse enough to be elastic and endure different sets of conditions. If such a thing had a name it might be called "Tolerance". But despite my attempts to build the armour, I was no less confused about who "I" was, seduced by one explanation or identity after the other, not yet mature enough to break free of the cyclic process of trying to be someone or something else. In creating other personas to explore myself and discover the identity "I" wanted I adopted personas as costumes; and in trying each on for size to see if it was 'me', "I" found it increasingly difficult to function. And this 'Azazaelian' state of mind is a ubiquitous rite of passage traveled by all would-be magicians, essentially an exploration of as many forms as possible searching in blind idiocy for the answers to ones existence from others.

The need for independence, for instance, and thus the emergence of an attitude of rebellion, generally occurs between the ages of 12 and 14. For a potential Satanist, it is during this age that the crudest anti-disestablishmentarian ideas develop that represent a basic negation of social values, i.e. moral perception is simplistic and there is a clear division of the world into black/white halves with attention fixed upon basic opposites to the current ruling regime of Judeo-Christianity. The concepts adopted are often chosen for their shock value and anarchic flavour because such concepts are rebellious - they empower the individuals separate state of being, or act as an escape, from what is seen to be a parody played out by others playing roles and pretending that life, and its purpose, is both normal and mundane. Most persons who get into some kind of black magical practice early in life still have the magic of childhood instilled in them. They harbour an un-jaded view of the world as an exciting mysterious place, but the clash between that world and the world which adults have created,

where children are told they must eventually go, forms a fundamental difference in perception of the world between the two groups that cannot co-exist. In all cases, an individual is outnumbered and must pit a single will against the will of millions. Little by little the resistance of that individual is eaten away until that individual ceases to resist the Real. The Real is a conceptual construct that posits what is experienced by our five senses is the most valid state of being – unfortunately, belief in this concept is open to abuse from those who impose it. When that individual is forced to become what they resist, i.e. an adult, or adopt someone else’s view, (usually that of an authority) - deep resentment is generated at being forced to conform. Because it is often dangerous or detrimental for an individual to openly defy authority, the resentment is pushed down and cloaked or results in the venting of frustration via an obsession with themes, such as, Death, Devil-Worship, Black Magic, or Satanism. This reactionary escapism is often perceived as making a defiant stand against Authority – yet it is Authority that created and Authority that maintains, the idea of dualism in the first place. Hence, perceived practice of evil or rebellion does not defy, but is in fact ruled, controlled, and dictated by the System itself and forces the individual into a convenient role for persecution – if you are not with us, you are against us. If you are not a Christian, you must be a Sinner. But this will be covered more thoroughly in Book II and I digress.

In the realm of Black Magic it is often useful to borrow metaphors or terms from sources such as Psychology. I shall now aim to represent a psychological foundation for the ideas I have encountered: but I must impress upon the reader that this theory and the use of its constituents may lie outside of conventional Psychology. It is important to address this theory now however, for Psychology has its roots in Alchemy, Alchemy is a highly relative notion to these books because of its emphasis on Change, and part of Alchemical Change involves knowing thyself. I will give a crash course in Psychological terms and concepts and then relate why I believe suppression of the part of the psyche called the Id, personified and demonized, gave rise to the origin of Satan, to Demons, and to the concept of Evil.

Our minds, when being formed, are protected from psychic harm by a container called the Ego. The ego is a vitally important function of our total Psyche that stores for us the unique, stable set of conditions we each live by, with our actions motivated toward keeping those conditions just right or in ‘homeostasis’. It is also the aspect of us that generates our sense of control and security over our behaviour, thoughts, and environment. When the ego is first formed it is malleable, elastic in its growth and able to take on new ideas and information, but as it reaches maturity it hardens and becomes brittle and resistant to change. For this reason, once set, the beliefs of people are often unchangeable. Entwined as they are with their world-view, the ego’s protective mechanisms, and sense of identity; the beliefs of a person are a hyper-extension of the ego that can sometimes take control over the organism like an autopilot. Ego is the part of us that will fight like a cornered animal to re-assert its view of reality if it is questioned or challenged.

Another function of the ego is to act like a dam holding back a vast lake of water. It acts as a division in our mind that holds back the contents of our animalistic “Sub-conscious” or “Id”. The Id is a separate compartment of the mind that originally dominated our Being. In order to have an individual sense of identity to separate us from our previous animalistic instincts, the ego developed by repressing (blocking out) the subconscious. The content and role of the Id is an on-going matter of speculation; however it is best known for its capacity to act as a psychic waste-land ruled by unknown dimensions; a primeval enigma that contains contents highly disturbing to the logical, rational mind. It is a subliminal pool that contains among other things: our dark secrets, wishes and desires, our irrational urges and impulses expressed without restraint, intense anxieties and repressed memories of fear and pain, the surfacing of which can be extremely dangerous to our fragile well-being. Our ego helps to deceive us about our innate fragility and keep up protective illusions of safety, conformity, normality, control, security and “Reality”. It essentially tries to ignore the Id and takes great pains not to disturb it. Those in the field of Analytical Psychology (Qv. Carl Jung) are painstakingly aware of the care that must be taken when allowing content from the Subconscious of a client to emerge; and Psychopaths and the impulsive/compulsive individual embody examples of the ability of the contents of the unconscious to interfere in sane growth. As well as guarding against internal pressure the ego also helps us to deal with threats from outer forces we face in our external environment. Because it is subjected to enormous psychological and physiological pressures it is important that its development is properly executed. If the Ego is damaged during crucial stages of its development, it may crack and cause unpredictable leaks of content from the subconscious to occur. A significant crack can enable a large flow or even a flood of subconscious content into our consciousness allowing what is called ‘the Abyss’ in magickal terms or ‘the Collective Unconsciousness’ in psychological terms, to be released onto what we know as ourselves: the “I “ resulting in madness or severe psychosis. This theory closely parallels our biological evolution.

Before we gained the level of consciousness that allowed us to recognize ourselves as individual thinking beings separate from each other and the rest of the world, in fact before we were “humanity”, proto-man was ruled by base desires and savage primal instincts. At some point in our evolution we were able to suppress our ruling animal instincts long enough for Consciousness to arise. We eventually achieved a state of self-awareness that allowed us to appraise and wonder at our own existence. This unique state of self-awareness is referred to as the ‘I’ in Psychology and has long been regarded as the single-most fascinating achievement of the human organism. But the emergence of the ‘I’ came at a heavy price. In exchange for Consciousness, we had to forcefully drive our natural, raw instinct of what we were (the Collective Unconscious) back from the fore of our minds and forge a new artificial conscious collective agreement (the Collective Consciousness) on what we wanted to be.

To help do this, over time our species created, and then instilled, Values, Group Obligations and Right Conduct into and onto each other, further suppressing the raw state of our natural being to further the aims of our artificial one – which was a mass social form of indefinitely deferred gratification (having to wait for set conditions to arise before one can gratify ones natural desires). So long as we kept our primal dark forces [The Id] in check, we were able to get along with each other relatively well enough to develop groups and societies – usually ruled by a few, who used fear, violence etc., to enforce Law, Order, and instill conscious conduct.

Over a vast span of time, and as Consciousness spread, the majority of people developed an Ego strong enough to contain the Id indefinitely, or productively released it via outlets of creativity, dance, music, language, symbols, etc. A whole social matrix was built upon the attempts to keep the subconscious out so that our new state of independence could thrive and we began to cloak immediate needs and base desires within respectability and glamour. Such glamour is artifice; all humans contain the Id and all Conscious human beings are scorpions.] We also began to give names and labels to things to begin dispelling fear. The more names we created the more complex the world became. Today, there are so many names for things, and so many institutions to perpetuate more names, that we have forgotten its original point as an exercise in control. Because there are so many concepts and names and ideas that have been layered onto what really Is apparently there [which is geometry] and nameless, there are now millions of illusions that must be broken before a grasp of genuine reality can be achieved. Owing to the hardship required to break free from such illusions most cannot help but be entrapped by the deception of authority and the webs of the matrix.

But, those that made a religion of suppression were ill-prepared for the strength of their new enemy. The Id or “Beast” could not be tamed and the forces of the subconscious proved powerful beyond their wildest dreams. Although punishment was meted out to those unable to hold back the advancing forces of our primal being as a social admonishment to discourage others from releasing what was imprisoned within; suppression did nothing to sate our desires and urges to behave naturally. While some adopted the new Conscious collective agreement and joined the religion of holding back their impulsive urges, some followed only in part by practicing its release in private (or in public granted certain power); and still others refused (or were incapable) to suppress it at all, continuing to embody our original natural state of being that sought instant gratification.

Out of growing fear of the Beast to undermine our civility and our human-ness, we denied the unknown realm locked away within us that frightened us for its unpredictability, its cruelty and its propensity to erupt from the calmest human

being. Such a force threatened to engulf the conscious accomplishments of humanity in chaos and destruction. In time, various Religions and magical tribes came to call signs of activity stemming from the subconscious by unfavourable names. In effect – A war was declared against the forces of ‘The Great Beast’, the opening psychic shot in a Mind War that would lead to all manner of dark masters/forces Named responsible for the horrors that issued forth from people – various Monsters, Deities, and Gods, and of course, “Satan”, all in a bid to control the subconscious. Other words crept in “Demons”, “Evil”, and so forth that led to wide-spread persecutions to stamp out the Beast. It did not take long for some to realize the power that came from interpreting existence for others... Yet those who suppressed the beast the hardest were often those most afflicted by its insurmountable power.

When the subconscious is kept under lock and key and an option to vent it/express it by ‘exercising the beast’ is denied; the expenditure of energy needed by the ego to hold back subconscious forces grows exponentially. Without outlets, the repressed forces grow stronger by the day until they grow powerful enough to over-run the defenses of the Ego or shatter it completely causing psychosis. They manifest outwardly as unchecked acts of raw desire, often many times stronger than when originally imprisoned, often expressed as acts of sadistic cruelty, murder, torture, brutality, violence, blood-lust, war, passion and rape. Or they consume the ego with a barrage of irrational emotions and desires that drive the being to fulfill them or take out its frustration at being unable to fulfill them in other, often destructive ways. The Ego can only do so much to hold the subconscious back until it is eventually overwhelmed. The fact that our natural state is one dominated by the Subconscious tends toward its favour in a war of wills.

No matter how emphatically the subconscious is repressed; like the metaphor of the stubborn weed, the tendrils of the unconscious will keep returning, writhing forth again and again into the fore of the mind in an endless struggle to choke the host plant into submission.

By forcing our instinct underground we committed ourselves to a life-long struggle against our very nature in order to maintain an artificial existence. The artificial existence can only prosper under certain conditions: the most important of which is suppression of raw unconscious desires. In the eyes of the Artificers (The Magian Illuminati. Qv Book III) in our natural, uncontrolled state of being, humans are either; terrifying creatures suffused with a brutal, primal darkness that has been called “Chaos” that are too ferocious to tame; or frightened creatures too timid to work or help create the matrix and further the Artifice. Pending on Environmental and Genetic Factors we might be either – thus we are shaped by the Artifice as soon as possible.

Chaos is representative of the unconscious and is anathema to the Order that the Artificers wish to exist. One may be reasonably sure that the Artificers were simply those that excelled in disguising the Beast, who over time granted their base desires and ambitions using deception and cunning – forming groups of self-interested individuals that conspired to manifest their Beasts within using the forms and illusions of the Artifice to conceal them. There is ample corresponding evidence within Sociology for this. For example an individual who commits Corporate Fraud which relieves hundreds of people from millions of dollars, homes and savings, is far less likely to be charged and go to jail, than someone who steals a single car. Using the illusions of respectability and the forms of the Artifice – the Beast is concealed. The Artificers support suppression of the Beast *in others* via religion and politics for example, negotiating with others to defer gratification by reason, cultural norm, money, threat of imprisonment or force – but they do not support it in themselves. They use the subsequent meekness adopted by a populace to rule it. This type of thing has been going on for a long time – and it is known in Satanism as the Great Mind War. The Great Mind War is a fight between the Magian to assert Artificial Forms based on original fear such a moral good and evil existing in the world over the Sinister understanding of the world as Godless and dominated by Chaos. This will all be covered in great detail as we progress through the books. However, because they fear Chaos so rabidly, the Artificers have deliberately fostered great ignorance concerning Satanism and created a whole system of occult blinds and myths intended to prevent any real magical Adeptship from arising in an individual that could seriously pose a threat or challenge to their ruling regime. For this reason it was extremely difficult to learn the Traditional practices of genuine Satanism beneath the tame, safe, watered down version that is happily peddled commercially that misdirects and controls the Beast by dictating the terms of its release. And the simple motives are Jealousy and Greed. If everyone released the Beast or mastered its control as well as the Artificers, the Artificers would no longer be powerful. Their power rests on maintaining an unequal distribution of power. If for arguments sake everyone was suddenly as powerful as everyone else: power would become mediocre and ergo, normal. All diversity of forms within the matrix would fail and a utopia created which would also be mediocre. The Artificers money, assets, lifestyles that set them apart would become commonplace – and were this so, money would become obsolete because there would be no workers willing to work, thus no-one to generate wealth, thus no socio-economic growth, no creativity, no slaves, no masters, and no Artifice. Hence: to be powerful means keeping power from others. The means to regain the power are within your reach, but you must first understand the scope of what it is you must overcome, how the system of control works, and how you can begin to set about facing yourself in order of break free of the cycles of lies.

Understanding the creation of the Matrix is the first step to regaining control of ones Being, hijacked by the ego. Through practical and thorough magical/alchemy practice or psychic exploration, the contents of the subconscious can be integrated with the Ego to form a Super Consciousness, or Self.

The name Azazael represents the first stages of my life where I began to develop the necessary mental faculties to question my existence. Azazael also typifies the seeker that sets out on a well-meaning journey to find the Self and Knowledge only to become disorientated and lost in one of the many circular mazes of the Occult world. Such a journey often ends in despair or steeped in avid commercialism and spiritual denial.

Being Azazael was not an 'A to Z' stage in my life; I did not start being Azazael at twelve and stop at nineteen. I sprouted and developed many such personalities in my teenage years, constantly changing from one to the other like one might change their clothes, and even now I continue to do so – with each personality or “skin” suiting a different function of the totality that is 'me'. There are however, vast fundamental differences concerning the degree of control I have over these changes now. I, Tnepres Ra, am whole*, while Azazael represents a fraction of several particular aspects of my young personality in a state of extreme assertion and domination over the many others.

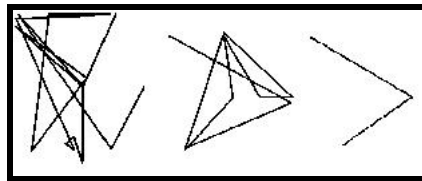
[*For reasons that will hopefully become clear, being whole does not mean one stops learning or growing – rather it is one's learning and growing make one whole...]

I hope by demonstrating my evolution from Azazael to Tnepres Ra with my Diaries to allow others to recognize and identify their path within my own; themselves and/or their views within my own experiences and enable consciousness, acceptance and remedy if they are following the Pseudo-Satanic trappings that hinder and destroy the potential in a rising black magician. Pseudo-Satanism is a safe, well-traveled path that prevents genuine understanding and power from arising. Genuine Satanism is the way of extreme black magick: a means to tear down the fragile restraints of the Artifice and Consciousness - and integrate the Beast.

Volume I may be considered a diary of how I gradually evolved from one 'stage' or 'state of mind' to another – often by making many 'mistakes'. The main theme is the practice and philosophy of lifting my distortion from Satanism and in general. Or, to put it more succinctly - how I worked through the deluge of misinformation out there and stopped filling my head with shit. There are a lot of lies to get through, a whole host of unrealistic bullshit abilities to debunk that a magician will believe they can achieve, and a hell of a lot of demonstrations of the personal work to be done before I can even begin to relate many of the black magical principles I have learned. This book provides the merest slice of my many experiences as Azazael – it is only the beginning, and aside from the little points it makes throughout concerning what I learned, what I broke down, how I changed, it is part of a larger triangle of Change that demonstrates just how much and how quickly a person can shed ignorance and escape the Matrix if

they are willing to be self-honest. The depth of this change will hardly be appreciated until all three books are read in turn.

I have endeavoured where possible to keep my original writings and notes 'as is' without alteration. I believe that above and beyond the surface appearance of what I have written, there exists an equally important esoteric imprint of my psyche in how I have written: a secret language that divulges and makes apparent the presence of the Ego or the Self. For this reason too, in Chapter Seven I have selected a number of the artistic works I created during the phase of Azazael to demonstrate my lack of understanding of certain magickal principles, using illustrations that show my lost wanderings expressed unconsciously through my art. This particular chapter is intended to show in an entertaining manner for the reader, the actual moment of spiritual/magical growth in Azazael's psyche into the stage beyond.





CHAPTER 1: **In the Beginning...**

Pictured Left:

An image of Satan on my wardrobe doors.

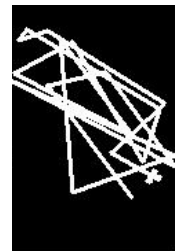
It seemed everyday life had attained such an incredible momentum that my days were over before they even began; a repetition of random swirling patterns of Chance and Chaos as night followed the footsteps of morning, reducing dusk and dawn to fleeting glimpses of time through my disinterested eyes.

I thought I was awake then, but time would tell a different story and cause me to feel as though I had been dreaming forever. Something had been calling to me, and I had a distinct feeling it was telling me I was in the wrong place at the wrong time. But then, I'd often felt like that...

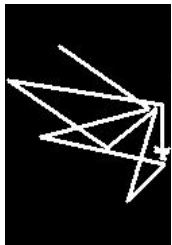
In the Beginning...

My childhood was mostly a silent one. I didn't talk much. Words and worlds wheeled through my hand via my artistic creativity and my head in daydreams, and nobody else seemed willing to imagine white unicorns in the forest, dragons sleeping under the earth, or goblins too quick for old eyes to see darting around the house and the garden. But I did, and the power of imagination seemed to belong solely to me. That I didn't physically see them didn't stop me thinking they were there. I fancied that all the magical places I had read about in books were out there somewhere too: The Faraway Tree, Never-Never Land, the Land of Oz, and later on as I developed an interest for 'local' Myths, Atlantis, Camelot, etc. All just beyond my young horizon perhaps, but to me, definitely there, and someday I vowed I would find them.

I must have read every book in the house at least three times. There were always lots of books in the house for my mother was a collector with a great fondness for them. They ranged from Classics to old hardcover comics, Atlases to Dictionaries, novels to old tin toy magazines, children's stories, to adult literature. There was always something new to discover, more knowledge, more fuel for my imagination, or a fresh vision that I hadn't seen before with my mind's eye. And it seemed that each time I read a book I would become armed with new comparisons with which to explore the possibilities of other books. The books I read expanded my realm of the imaginary to encompass all manner of subjects: the Phantom Tollbooth showed me that tricks could be played with words and numbers; Animal Farm by George Orwell introduced me to politics and the magic of talking animals, but perhaps my favourite world to immerse myself in was



Alice's Wonderland, a dizzying myriad of Occult concepts that astounded me and instilled my young head with the very plausible question "Why not?" well before I was to feel the weight of the mundane world weary my innocent fantasies and demand "Why?" I once read about a both humorous and profound concept called 'L-Space' invented by the author of the 'Discworld' series, Terry Pratchett. Inside a library on Disc World, a phenomena existed which posited that all books were contained inside one another in a dimension called 'L-Space' and that every book, Past, Present and Future contained the potential for every other book ever to be written. L-space did not conform to the laws of physics and warped the dimensions of time and space to make all books possible: a magical concept I found to be of astonishing intrigue, and somewhat disturbing because it might possibly be true. It coincided with my view that inside this world lay every other world ever imagined and ever to be imagined, a view that later allowed my speculation of the possibility of both Heaven and Hell. Fundamentally, I needed to believe that the world my senses told me about was incomplete. Believing in ideas like L-Space gave me grounds to reinforce the idea. The underlying theory of my choice of perception of the world was never to discount other theories lest I lose something magical. My perception of the world was often fanciful because it was necessary for me to escape to an imaginary world in order to survive the real one. If my childhood, teenage years, and adulthood were seen as stages in history, my childhood would have been the Dark Ages. Nevertheless from the stony silence of my childhood I would pull a magnificent sword; the Artists Brush, and wield it as might a king a golden scepter.



Like a crow collecting shiny treasures, I stole from each fantasy world I encountered to decorate the real one. I used others Beliefs and Cultures to enlighten, enrich and encompass my own. Ancient Cultures and History in particular fascinated me. I read many books about them, hoping to someday find a key that would unlock the mysteries of the world around me. Later I conceded that finding such a Utopia would have been a thankless task, because my view of the World back then *needed* mystery. It thrived on it, breathed it... and without it would have died.

I was the eye of a hurricane of magic and reality. As a young boy the two worlds melded effortlessly and I slipped from one to the other unable and unwillingly to separate the inexplicable entwine. But as I got older the amalgam threatened to separate into two isolated spheres as the two worlds fought one another for dominance over pragmatism. One by one the elements of my magical world were challenged. And though the knightly ideas of my imaginary realm fought hard and valiantly, each battle with the external world left the internal world littered with the corpses of the fantastic. I was hardened with each death, and as my army of make-belief diminished I was threatened with extinction.

The threat came directly from the Matrix/ the Pattern – the 'Machine of the Perpetual' that thundered by with the weight of the world behind it, crushing all

competition of creation and laying to waste my chance to escape from a world in which I felt obsolete. An impending howling tempest of terrible magnitude: the din of the imminent confusion and chaos that is 'World' that children are temporarily ignorant of, was fast approaching. Though I would not know when I had been thrown amongst the whirling debris even as I listened for it, my later development of writing would enable me to slow the event of the carnage down for others to recognize it had happened to them too.

Young and impressionable, I was susceptible to suggested beliefs and unchallenged input. My upbringing didn't seem Christian per se, i.e. we didn't go to Sunday church or read the bible, or observe any religious holidays other than Easter or Xmas, or say grace, but anytime I asked my mother what religion we were she would state firmly that we were Christian. My earliest recollection of Religion is of attending Sunday school at the age of five. It was a nice enough looking place from memory; high ceilings, wooden pews, stained-glass windows, white linoleum floors and big grey-blue carpets, but cold. There were lots of kids my age and via the instruction of adults we sang hymns about the 'Lord'. I don't really remember much else. I made a Paddington Bear sculpture out of Plaster of Paris and painted it. And then for reasons unknown to me, I was taken out.

Primary School was where I first took conscious notice of Jesus Christ. There, the lovely parents of one of the students made it their mission to 'get God into us'. There was a 'Christian Story Time' organised before the School day started where either one of the parents or some other guy read passages from a Bible to the class. The guy confided to us about how he had been in a gang and a big street fight with car aerials used as weapons to show how hardcore he had been and then said that Christ had saved him. I used to look at the colourful pictures in his Bible and wonder why I wasn't Christian – why none of this was familiar to me but at the same time felt so uplifting. The parents I mentioned played guitar and taught us the words to Christian songs. They gave a prize to the kid who read out the Psalms the best to reward our interest. They always seemed so cheerful and happy and bursting with energy. It had the effect of influencing me to compare my family's demeanour to theirs. I might have believed they were the perfect people because of their Faith, had I not witnessed an early glimpse of what went on behind the scenes.

A custom of my Primary school called 'Calf Club' required parents to park their cars on the edge of the rugby field in order to transport calves, goats, and sheep to the occasion in the hope of winning a ribbon or prize for the quality of their animal. Passing the back of the aforementioned parents van on my way to a cold drink stall I witnessed the usually cheerful father of the boy, red-faced and angry, lecturing his son on his behaviour in public quietly but pointedly through gritted teeth. When I turned my head to note the source of the noise he noticed me, stopped, and sort of smiled at me. I kept walking. Needless to say it spoiled the illusion of their world and family as being absolutely untouchable and perfect

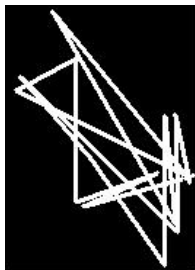
as they posited it. But I put the incident to the back of my mind almost immediately as if it had never occurred and I kept wishing I was a Christian.

My siblings, my older brother and older sister, were Christian for a time, probably courtesy of a 'kindergarten ambush'. I colorfully referred to them later as 'Christ Junkies'. My sister wrote 'I Love Jesus' all over her belongings and school books. She prayed, sang 'cool' songs about the coming of Jesus, and hung out with a bunch of converts. She seemed really happy and spoke to me at length about the 'changes' in her life since converting to Christ. Something happened to dispel the illusion for me of her newfound faith bringing 'Truth' and 'Everlasting Joy' though. So seeing my sister and her friend rejoicing in the Lord one day, it came to pass that the subject of 'Speaking in Tongues' was brought up. Gathering the concept of 'Tongues' from their excited chatter, on a whim I stood in the center of the room muttering and speaking scrambled nonsense to them. I don't know why I did it but from the way they reacted, a truth hit home. Something was wrong with all of this. They truly believed I was talking tongues, that I was spiritually possessed (and at the drop of a hat too), and they had jumped about on the bed screaming "Hallelujah!" or something to that effect. I seriously questioned the validity of their Faith. Even as a kid I knew some things weren't right, even if I couldn't explain them. Couldn't they tell I was making it up – that it wasn't miraculous holy fervour at all? Why couldn't they tell? To finally see what Christianity was all about I began reading a Bible. I don't know what Edition, Old, or New, just a Bible. I must have been reading it for months. If I skipped a page, I felt guilty and re-read the entire chapter. It felt like I had to do it right, but I didn't know why. It certainly seemed to explain the mystery of the World – right down to its Origin and its Meaning. Thinking back, it's no small wonder they and others seemed ecstatic and overjoyed to have the World and everything in it 'explained' in this manner. It expounded a finite end to the confusion and suffering in life one was supposedly enduring. And in my brief stint as a Christian during college, I too, was uplifted into rapturous states with a 'Bible' that claimed to answer all my questions and All Questions: Yea the Great Simplifier of Life.

But eventually after many Psalms and Miracles, I ventured into 'Revelations'. Revelations was the beginning of a momentous new path for me: because it was where I met Satan. For all His magnificence, God never seemed to me to have as much glory or lure as Satan. God had Heaven: a place of peace, purity, paradise and angels. Satan possessed Hell: a fiery pit of torture, evil, suffering and demons. Although at the time I believed I wanted to go to Heaven, I was spellbound by visions of the Great Beast with Ten Horns arising from the depths of a bottomless Abyss to destroy everything in its path. The sheer romantic force by which the Christian concept of 'Satan' entered my world was similar to the force by which He would later leave it, with many of those romantic aspersions cast well aside. The omnipotence, the power, the charm and the enigma of the character of The Devil had marked me and left me curious to know more.

Soon after I finished the Bible, I began to draw. I had seen things in my dreams and needed to get them out. Suddenly the visions in my head were shared through my hand.

I have a lot of love for naturally beautiful things, Clouds, the Sun, the Moon, Stars, Storms, Rainbows, Stones, Shapes and Colours etc. and I drew them into the drawings I made of the visions from my head. I would start by selecting a theme or object; a wizard for example and immediately get a sense of the shape of a wizard in my head. After the preliminary sense of shape, I would add detail to the picture using my imagination. It was not long before my artwork improved to a considerable degree. At the age of ten, I painted a three-page painting of a black horned shape with fire all around it. When questioned, I told my mother it was The Devil and immediately she was angry. She told me to burn it, that it was Evil, and that I would bring harm to the house. I had worked hard on it though, and was very reluctant to part with it. Instead of destroying it I secretly took it under the house and pinned it on the roof. It seemed only minutes later before my mother came out and asked me if I'd gotten rid of it. Either I said yes or I said no, I don't recall, but she saw it and started yelling at me, scaring me by asking me if I wanted Satan to come and kill everyone I loved, because that was what would happen if I worshipped the Devil. I gave her the picture at her insistence and I never saw it again. I don't know what she did with it, but her fear at the painting got me thinking later on in life when I was studying superstition.



The painting marked the beginning of a downward spiral into the Occult world. I found myself drawn to books on ghosts, werewolves, vampires, witches, and magic, but they were not easy to find. At Primary school I read everything the little library had to offer on the 'Dark Arts' then returned to books by Roald Dahl, and other writers who fascinated me just as much. I learned much from the writings of Dahl. I recall being given a werewolf book as a kid that gave me terrifying nightmares for weeks on end after reading it. I woke up frightened after being chased through dark woods and torn to pieces by huge, humanoid wolves with glowing red eyes and sharp teeth. I actually told my mother and her boyfriend who came in to investigate my screams to burn it. But I think I'm slipping into a reverie. And I haven't yet mentioned the turning point whereby I came to call myself a Satanist.

Do you want to know why I became so passionate about being a Devil Worshipper to the extent I was? I offer this explanation: After I turned twelve I was again into God as a Belief system. I was not religiously obeying his laws or reading the Bible, but I did believe in Him, and I did turn to him for help, and only when I really needed it. And the one time I needed Him most, He failed to be there.

Turning Point

Eight years ago my friend Simon came to school crying. No one could get near him and if they tried he told them to piss off. I must have a gift. It seems I can get close to anybody. I asked Simon what was wrong and if I could help. He kept crying but through his tears he told me his Dad was dying, diagnosed with cancer and told he had only three weeks to live. I was shaken by the seriousness of the news, and knowing I couldn't do anything to help or console Simon only made things worse. Still, I did the only thing I could. I told Simon I would pray to God for him; that God would make it all right (I truly believed it) and then I left. That night for the first time in my life, I asked God for help.

I rolled onto my stomach and clasped my hands together. I didn't know what words to speak or whether to actually speak the words or just think them, but I figured from the power that God held He already knew what I was going to say and I just had to say it. These were not my exact words, but they are close enough: "God, my name is Ryan. I'm sure you already know who I am and that I need your help. Simon's Dad is dying, and Simon is upset. I'm only young, God. I don't know what I can offer you that you don't have already, because you have everything. But I ask you to save Simon's Dad. In exchange, you can have my life, God. Please save him. I know you can do it. And I'll be yours forever, God, I promise. Amen". After the prayer I went to sleep. I think. What I am about to tell you may seem impossible. It's only because my conviction that it happened is so strong that I am not ashamed to share it.

Later that night, I woke up. It was a dark night and I don't know what time it was. Looking straight ahead at the foot of my bed I saw an oval-shaped blue-white light. Amazed I scrambled closer to the foot of my bunk and peered at it. It had a face. The face was an old man at first, then a young boy, and then a baby, and it was smiling. In an instant I knew it was God. It was a very bright light, but the room wasn't lit up, just Him. After a while I got out of bed and walked over to the bedroom door and shut it, part of me thinking the apparition might just be an effect caused by the neighbour's lights. It had no effect on the light. I walked around the light and went over to the windows. The curtains were open and I waved my hand over and around the edges of them but still the light didn't move or change. I shut the curtains, and it was still there.

I tried to wake my brother who was sleeping on the top bunk, by anxiously whispering his name. But he wouldn't wake. As I returned to my bed, sat at the end and looked at the light, the most incredible feeling of peace came over me even though I was terrified.

After a while I climbed back under the blankets and went back to sleep. In the morning I had completely forgotten about it until a few weeks later when Simon's Father passed away in his sleep. When that happened, something very powerful grew inside me. It was the feeling I had been rejected. I had offered God

everything I had to give and still He had let the man die. I felt so helpless and so incredibly angry too, for what was I worth to God? The Creator who was supposed to listen to me, be there for me and help me (according to the Bible and all I had heard) - apparently not much.



That night, I prayed to God again (but it was not the final time). This time I cursed him for what He had done. I told him that I had offered him all I had, but if that wasn't enough and if He wouldn't answer my prayers, then perhaps His enemy would. I ended the prayer with "Fuck You!" and the same night I prayed to Satan. I told Him what had happened and that I had been ignored. I vowed that I would follow Him if He would have me, and asked Him to teach me. I also asked for something as proof of our pact, I asked for rage. When I awoke, I felt inside me an intense and implacable hatred for being cast aside. The malice I displayed from that night onwards when dealing with Christians, I wanted to believe was from that gift of Satan. From then on I sought anything I could find on the Devil to pay homage to my new Father, to worship Him: and after learning that the Pentagram was popularly associated with Satan, I began drawing Pentagrams on everything.



Two Worlds Collide

It was not until I started college that my two worlds of magic and reality really started to collide. College, the factory of conformity was a nightmare for me. Up until then, I had been struggling to comprehend the events in my life with a limited grasp of the ramifications. With no one to discuss them with, I had no one to challenge their authenticity; and by the time I got to college my mind was hell-bent on belief in Satan.

This belief, coupled with my shyness, exposed me to ridicule and bullying and served to isolate me from my peers even further than I already was. I earned the nickname 'Devil Worshipper' and was constantly taunted with it, but it did not bring the glory, fear and admiration I had previously enjoyed among my primary school friends, but scorn and derision. The shock of the transition of leaving a little country school that had never had more than forty-five students, and thrust into a college of over fifteen-hundred was horrific.

My un-informed dress sense, my awkward demeanour, and my views combined to make me pretty unpopular. I did manage to find a niche with some of the other unpopular students however and sometimes a few of the cool ones too- so I wasn't entirely ostracized. I learned a lot of lessons at college. Unaware of the golden rule of 'No Snitching' I informed a teacher about a student who had threatened to bash me. He caught up with me one day when he thought there

was no one around behind one of the form buildings intending to kick my ass. If I recall clearly, he showed me a knife.

Luckily for me, a group of seventh formers were eating their lunch on the form building verandah when I rounded the side of the buildings, and when I refused to leave their sight eventually he went away. I avoided him afterwards the best I could. I kept my mouth shut too, after that incident; a brilliant realization dawning that despite a Teacher's optimistic promises to be able to protect a student from bullying it just wasn't the case, and any time I was alone, there would be no one around to help me but me. At any rate he seemed to lose interest and I just kept out of his way. Looking back I think it interesting that the ones with a penchant for violence always seemed to find me something of a threat.

Finding it increasingly difficult to take the hatred of so many people on so many levels, I'd run after a careful selection of the taunters. Of course such chases must have looked ridiculous, but therein I still had will to power, after-all *they* were running from *me*. One such chase was observed and followed by hundreds of students, ending with a huge circle of them surrounding the two of us. The intent was to let me catch him. The guy I was chasing was talked into stopping and turning around to face me, calling my bluff with others saying I wouldn't do anything. With literally hundreds of people standing around, my rationale was that they would all be witnesses to any violence and not in my favour. While I genuinely felt like changing my image of myself and actually trying to punch him I was under strict instructions from my mother not to cause trouble at school. This confrontation on the inside and outside angered me, and I felt like a coward; but when the numbness of being an outcast set in I really only noticed the few die-hards that tried to aggravate me. One incident involved a comment from behind my back in detention about my personal hygiene to which I replied by turning around and trying to stab my pen through the boy's hand. He jumped up, and so did I, pushing my desk over with a flourish and then tearing around the room trying to catch him, throwing desks out of the way to do so. That day I literally saw red, a haze of red, and if I'd caught him I think I would have violently stabbed him if not tried to kill him.

In another incident during a mathematics class I had an altercation with another guy who together with his friend constantly made snide remarks about me. I endured this for almost a year. Then one day, sitting in the desks in front of me, they turned around to look at me, gave me a cheesy grin and said something under their breath which brought them a fit of laughter. Having something of a bad day that day I leapt forward and stabbed the prime antagonist in the shoulder-blade with the point of my steel compass. I was then engaged in a fierce argument with the mathematics teacher over my refusal to leave the classroom and go to the office to report to the Principal, during which I punched him in the stomach and ended up with him dragging me out of the classroom in a headlock, my feet barely touching the ground. By that point I'd had enough of trying to be

good for my mother's sake and was tired of putting up with other's shit so I began to retaliate. My life then became replete with tit for tats like this.

But at the age of around fourteen, despite these clashes of Reality Vs Magic, Me Vs World, I was on a mission to worship Satan and such incidents just ran parallel to that worship. The first College I attended had a massive Library and I began to find substantial information on Witchcraft, Satanism, and Black Magic. But I came to realize that these were just commercial books: sensationalized reading with no real value to my vow since any understanding I took from the books was sooner or later challenged. For all the symbolism and theory of magic I absorbed – there was little I could do with it other than pretend I knew more about it than others. If they weren't afraid of the Occult to begin with, then I found myself powerless against them. I needed to find darker and deadlier things to read. Something that actually gave me power. I began trying to find literature that would give me more idea about what I was actually studying. But this proved much more difficult than I had imagined for I had not the slightest idea how to go about educating myself on things. My search was focused narrowly on simply finding more glamorous 'Occult' books and rather than History or Science or Philosophy, I discovered Voodoo Dolls, Rituals, Curses, Symbols, and Divination. At the time, these things were all very well in theory, but I still needed some actual experience with them. It was about this time I started making and using Ouija boards.

Dabbling

The Ouija Board is a device used to speak with the dead. Its simple design allows many creative variations, but its common elements are a board inscribed with alphabetical letters and a wooden pointer which the Spirits are expected to possess in order to move the pointer to letters and spell out messages from beyond the grave. I first became aware of the Ouija when I saw my mother using one when I was quite young. On the dining room table she had set up an Ouija board simply by using Scrabble letters and a glass; which was basically an arrangement of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet in a circle with a glass in the middle. By candlelight, she talked to something that I could not see and I watched in absolute fascination as the glass moved from letter to letter. During a lull in her conversation with the unknown conversant, she warned me that speaking to the dead was a dangerous practice. Sometimes the Spirits were angry at being summoned and could harm the speaker, or cause physical objects to be thrown about, such as a glass across the room, (Spirits that did this were called Poltergeists). About half an hour into the fascinating ritual I was asked to get a can of Coke from the refrigerator. I went to the Kitchen took one out of the fridge and proceeded to open it. As I did, it began fizzing like it had been shaken, but instead of the liquid running down the sides, it streamed straight up and onto the ceiling where it formed a shimmering puddle for a strange amount of time. A few seconds later it came crashing down in a sheet. At that moment the glass my mother was using was launched across the room and into the wall. I



don't recall much else, but the atmosphere became very panicky; the candle flames flickered madly, casting eerie shadows on the roof. Even now stripped of feigned pretension and hungry for the essential truths – I still remember the coca-cola puddle on the roof. Maybe Mum tried to scare me or add weight to her warning of Ouija and launched the glass herself. Actually, I don't know how my Mother made the leap from using Ouija to being scared of my drawing of Satan, and I never cared to ask.

I recall another experience years later in which I directly experienced the power of Ouija myself. On an evening in 1996 some friends and I were using an Ouija board down at our local Hang-out 'The Bridge'. In this particular case I was using a piece of Plexiglas that I had shaped like a pentacle in woodworking class for the pointer and a heavy wooden Ouija board I had decorated in a similar fashion to the design mentioned below. It was about 9:00pm. We had just taken off from Gomorrah's place in his car when Jaziel suggested we do a Séance, which is what most people I knew called an Ouija board session. I agreed, and we pulled up into a small flat area between two, large trees and parked. Gomorrah set the car headlights facing us to illuminate the area while we used it. I lit five small candles and placed them on the board. After a few laughs and a cigarette we each sat down at a different side. We each put a finger on the pentacle and took turns asking for something to "Talk" to us.

Jaziel, Damien, and Gomorrah didn't get a result and accused each other of moving the Plexiglas. But when I took my turn to ask, by coincidence the wind started up. That was enough to make them uncomfortable. I continued the Occult atmosphere by asking for my "Ancestors" to come. The Plexiglas began moving around on the board and we all looked at each other. Nobody was smiling. Even in times as tense as this my humour came out to play. As the tension mounted, I told the guys I had summoned one of my witch ancestors, a Warlock burned at the stake named 'Xavier', and that he was "coming through" but I was desperately trying to stop him by means of an Invocation.

Suddenly there was panic. Jaziel and Damien were terrified and jumped up waving their arms and yelling about shadows in the trees behind us. Gomorrah freaked out and made a hurried attempt to start his car. Incidentally, it didn't start. I was inwardly grinning with glee at each of them building up the atmosphere for the others by their respective roles, deliberately or not – it was perfect.

I continued with my 'Invocation' while Jaziel and Damien panicked and begged me to leave it alone. There were two things that made me do so. One: when I looked behind me I could *also* see a number of tall, horned-shadows flitting quickly amongst the trees. Two: the Plexiglas pentacle now had a bubble inside it that it didn't have before.

Not sure what was going on I blew out the candles, put the pentacle in my pocket, threw the Ouija board under my arm, and jumped inside the car where Gomorrah was cursing and swearing because his car wouldn't start. Eventually though, it did start and we drove off at high speed towards Riverhead Forest. We talked about what had happened, but not for very long. Gomorrah seemed spooked by the whole thing and told me to get rid of the board and to shut up anytime I tried to mention the Ouija session again.

I threw the Plexiglas pentacle out of the window as we drove. That night we spent a cold night sleeping in the little car by the side of the road. In the morning I destroyed the Ouija board at Jaziel and Damien's insistence and much to Gomorrah's relief.

Experiences like these raised many questions. Is the power of the Ouija real or something akin to Mass Hysteria / Hypnotism? If it's not real, what are the elements involved that create a seemingly supernatural event? Certainly tools were necessary.

I have participated in about fifty Ouija sessions in my life and created numerous boards for the purpose of communing with the dead. When making my Ouija Boards I laboured under the impression that Spirits liked the elaborate and illustrious rather than the plain and simple. I'd begin designing my board with the necessary elements and write the twenty-six letters of the English alphabet around its edge in styled script. After this I placed Runic Bindings in great detail around the edge to 'Protect' anyone using the board from malefic Spirits. I put Sigils I had made up for the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse on the corners to entice a demonic aura to the board. Next, the four Elements Fire, Earth, Water and Air for the purpose of the Spirit to explain what element had caused its death; then the four directions North, East, South, West, the words Yes, No, Goodbye and a Question Mark. Then I added the Kabalistic names of Spirits associated with Protection, Sun and Light. Finally, I drew an image of Satan in the centre, a large, brooding goat in the form of a Pentagram. I created about six such boards like this over the course of a few years. Only much later in life did I pick up the idea from an occult text that Demons didn't care about the outer shape of an object or person and that it was the Inner nature of something they were attracted to.

It is interesting to note that a glass and a set of scrabble letters, or even pieces of paper with letters written on them and a glass, are expected to achieve the same results for communing, as a heavily garnished board of polished wood. But there is a good reason for this: mentioned further down.

When using an Ouija Board became popular at local parties, because of my reputation as a Devil Worshipper I was often among the first asked to put my

finger on the glass, because it was then that strange things happened. Of course, by 'strange', I do not mean supernatural. People often accused one another of moving the glass during an Ouija session, but in almost every group with whom I participated in conducting the practice there seemed to be one or two individuals who held an innate belief that what was occurring was a real supernatural event. I soon learned the trick of moving the glass myself and noticed that others moved it too, and often this was enough to set people into a frenzy of awe and excitement.

At this point, Ouija lost its magical element for me. Whereas I had once thought of the Ouija as a mystical gateway to the realm of Spirits, a diluted form of Necromancy; I now came to view it as just a pretty plaything for the superstitious. A means of playing a psychological game of fear to mess with people's heads using their superstition and fear against them (A less well known, but powerful form of magic). For instance, during my 16th birthday party some friends and I conducted an Ouija session during which my sister and her boyfriend turned off the lights and made spooky noises from behind the fence using an instrument called a Didgeridoo, throwing the whole gathering into a panic. This unexpected (and well-timed) show proved most effective in creating the right conditions for 'supernatural' events to happen. Out of the confused babble of excited chatter and screaming girls, in the pitch dark, Jaziel, who was one of the credulous-type of individuals mentioned above, began yelling that a Ghost had snatched the piece of cake he had been holding in his hand.

He did not yell that 'something' or 'someone' had snatched it, but specifically and indignantly, proclaimed that a 'ghost' no less, had made off with his slice of marble cake. I became annoyed when people reacted to simple mind games as if they were 'magic' – I guess I didn't want magic to be so easy to find.

But though Ouija itself ceased to interest me, the effect that it had had on some people was quite enthralling. Over time I experimented with it. So long as I kept a poker face while I moved the glass or accused others of moving it to distract attention from myself, I could keep up the illusion of an occult happening relatively well. With malicious glee, I occasionally spelt out the names of my friends on the board to watch them freak out. It was both priceless fun and empowering. While it may seem to the honourable reader confusing that I had such skepticism toward the occult arts for someone so involved with them; because I had been sorely disappointed with the so-called 'powers' of Christianity and God, I believed that by applying a sort of Scientific/Behavioural analysis to Magic, I could eliminate the dogma from it, and correspondingly reveal the true nature of Satan and His Works; a nature that often seemed cloaked by hysteria and misdirection, just like the episode of speaking in tongues had been. Much of the time, it was the group's collective unconscious energies, manipulating and manifesting such atmospheres by superstitious fears or peer pressure to play along, not because of any genuine Spiritual event. Yet these experiences definitively showed me the basics for building up a dramatic occult atmosphere

lay in appropriate magical devices, psychological manipulation, and the surreptitious acquisition of marble cake.

Occult Atmosphere

To build an effective Occult atmosphere, a lengthy semblance of normality seemed to be required in which suspense and anticipation were slowly built up. The energies of Fear and Superstition, for example are chemical/physiological responses that occur when certain conditions are met. The mention or imminent suggestion of practicing Magic, and the Ouija Board automatically creates these conditions in some people and such people are usually the key to a successful occult atmosphere. The suggestion of performing a 'Séance' or setting up an Ouija board was enough to set off the anxieties, fears and memories/stories of past experiences that others had believed themselves to have had, or heard others to have had necessary to begin building one; with the mere telling of these stories having considerable effect on people. Unconscious associations with Death and the idea of actually contacting/disturbing the spiritual world can produce intense deep-seated anxieties in some people.



Participants should be physically isolated in some way from others by being asked to sit around the board, or taken to another room in preparation for the communing with the dead to come. This 'cocooning' of people together in the idea of an anticipated event, here using the device of a Ouija board as a central point, psychologically as well as physically separates the participants from the mundane world and those who were not chosen to take place, within a localized area of the mind and body, now imbued with the potential for a supernatural event. It's true enough that a good occult atmosphere requires a certain freedom from cynical persons, who will impinge on the anxieties of others and make them conscious of appearing foolish. Hence a Tarot Spread, for instance, is done by one or two people, alone and psychologically and physically isolated in the same manner as stipulated above.

The aim of a successful Occult event is to increase the participants awe, excitement, panic and expectations enough to over-excite the individuals imaginations to create for themselves some sort of sign that can be interpreted as proof of involvement in an 'occult experience'. Such signals might be coincidental such as well-timed lightening, the suggestion of strange noises heard, a door slamming unexpectedly, the phone ringing, or someone grabbing someone else in the dark. The atmosphere of an occult event is usually tense and heightened by the anxieties, endorphins and adrenaline of its participants.

'Transference' is a projection of stored emotional responses onto something or someone else. A variation of this is transference onto objects, events, or persons

to give those things a temporary or permanent supernatural status whereby something I the Author call a “Voluntary Concession of Reality” (VCR) is made by the transferee that the laws of normality for that object, event or person are temporarily suspended, with the temporary new laws of the occult situation taking precedent. Hence an ordinary man may become a Priest by others VCR, or PCR (Permanent Fixture of Reality) whereby he is truly thought to be able to commune with God on a permanent basis. During these suspensions of consensus reality, a person who has had the honour of a magical/shamanic etc. character bestowed upon them, is seen as being a conduit for the supernatural, especially if that person has a degree of charisma and self-possession about them.

But in many cases, particularly when the energy of the atmosphere is motivated by fear or superstition; transference of energy onto a person is not enough to create a successful Occult atmosphere unless that person is well-versed in acting occult. So ‘candy for the eyes’ in the way of occult trappings such as candlelight, shadows, darkness, black cloths, pentagrams, a creepy attic or a thunderstorm, etc. are often also needed to induce the right conditions. The right conditions are usually met when the situation ceases to be seen as a mundane attempt to dabble in the realm of the spirit-world, and become an actual occult happening.

All it takes is for one person to ‘define the situation’ as ‘supernatural’ and others will often follow suit, joining in to affirm the definition. It is a sociological precept that our actions are determined and defined by the actions or inactions of others. For example, a man walking down the road with a gun will not be seen as a threat until someone defines the situation for the rest of us as a threat. If there are other defining visual cues nearby, i.e. a movie camera, the interpretation is likely to be that the man is an actor.

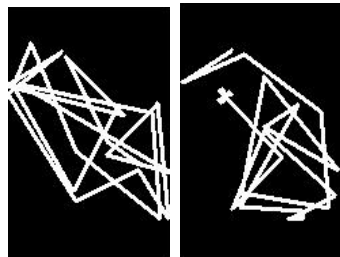
If there are no other visual cues the interpretation will be based on previous experience of men wielding guns and is likely to cause the interpreter to scream ‘he has a gun!’ thus, the man has been defined as a threat and will be treated as one. A lot of people have drowned while waiting for others to define the situation as an emergency.

Occult situations are the same; it takes only one or a few persons to define a situation as occult, whereupon it will become perceived as such. This is why it is important to have visual cues, and the more impressive, the better. So what I was really dealing with when I was using magic, was not a Ouija board magic in itself, but an ideal that involves certain elements to make it manifest. And it is these elements and the role people play in creating an occult event that I feel are the important forces for a magician to manipulate; not whether the words of his incantations or the particular movements of his hands are actually a means to access the hidden worlds. The hidden worlds are actually accessed via the skilful psychological manipulation by the shaman over his participants.

There are many reasons why people will ‘make’ something happen during occult anticipation. The first is the most simple; they want validation of the occult. Other motivations might be Power; to scare someone else, Vanity; to validate magic, spirits or the power of the participants, Curiosity; a real desire to be part of something supernatural or Saving Grace to not feel embarrassed for having sat down at a scrabble board with the belief of being able to commune with the dead. Most often in my experience, people tried to interpret something mundane that happened unexpectedly, or a coincidence as an occult experience to validate their participation; possibly to prevent being thought of as foolish. Participants rationalized that some important conditions weren’t met for the event to happen – the spirits weren’t interested, an unbeliever was involved, etc. Or the seriousness of the atmosphere was dissolved by the emergence of other emotions, usually laughter or silliness as the tense atmosphere of anticipation and fear faded away in the absence of occult happenings.

While the board itself may not be magic – the skilful recognition of different personality types and the ways in which to use certain people to set others off seems to me to be the only true magic involved in Ouija, Séance, Tarot, or any kind of mystical tool or device, and even Ritual. Call me cynical – but the tales I have heard of spirits throwing things, demons being summoned, and prescience into the future are, in my opinion and experience, an example of the conditions mentioned above; a mixture of ‘signals’ thought real, fabricated upon, embellished by hype and blurred by selective memory and wishful thinking. Yet despite my cynicism I remain convinced that there are two parts to magic: the art of being able to convince people to see or experience what is not there, for whatever purpose that serves one. And the irrational, mystical, acausal phenomenon of magic that works by intent and irrespective of intellectual understanding.

But these realizations were for the most part unconscious, and despite my cynicism in some matters I was also sure that there was *some truth* to the claims of occultists and magicians. I had seen a great many strange things by the time I became a teenager, not all of which could be easily explained or even explained at all. My studies intensified and after a while I was learning so much, I needed somewhere other than my head to keep all the information.



Mvimaedivm

This realization led to the construction of my first 'Book of Shadows': a very crude, sixteen pages of the words "I LOVE SATAN" and notes that I wrote to resemble rituals I had seen in books. As I entered the 'Dabbler' stage and spent more and more time studying Satan and the Occult, the quality and quantity of my book gradually improved. I continually updated and revised it. In the Second Edition I included parts of scripture from Revelations in it and some Latin curses I had found. By the Third Edition it had become long enough to begin numbering the pages; and I illustrated each page with a variety of my own and copied, diabolic images and designs. I studied all kinds of occult subjects that were later added to the Book, The Names and Attributes of Demons, Candle Magic with associated colour correspondences, and Numerology for example, at length until I found enough information to make a decent section. When I found a lot of information on a subject, more than just a few pages, I would give it its own Chapter. Incorporating my own imagery and writing into the Book became a standard practice whereby I'd sketch inverted crosses and pentagrams with assorted apocalyptic sounding portents of doom for God and Christ underneath, or anywhere there was space left to do so. One such phrase that springs to mind was for the section on Sympathetic Magic in regard to the 'Black Image' or Voodoo Doll: "Black, Black Image, made by Thee, Graven of Thy Enemy, Seek Them Out, Do Them Harm, Do My Bidding, My Dark Charm". There was much more but I don't remember the words now.

Some of my own original inclusions were the 'Sacrifice' sections. The first 'Sacrifice' was created by printing out a pornographic picture and superimposing a drawing of a demon anally raping a woman with a huge, embellished Demonic penis. The second 'Sacrifice' was a drawing of the outline of a figure hanging from a cross onto which I pasted cut out images from magazines of eyes and vaginas as a sort of skin. The motive behind these sacrificial offerings was mostly unconscious at the time, but I can safely concur now, was two-fold; to give Satan suitable sacrifices without actually killing something to do so; and to make a lasting impression on anybody who viewed the book that I was a serious practitioner of Satan and devotee of Evil by virtue of my dabbling with disturbing images and concepts and leave them believing that I worshipped the Devil. Whether this actually did signify a devil worshipper is open to interpretation – one must remember that I found my own way through the occult with no-one to guide me in the correspondences or teachings of black magic - suffice to say that it *does* signify the workings of a psychotic mind with deep-seated issues. It was while constructing this book that I taught myself how to read and write in Runes, cobbling together my understanding from the few occult books I had and the cover of J. R. R. Tolkien's "The Hobbit". The intermittent use of Runes gave the book a more sinister appearance than mere English, and when I fluently learned the runic substitutions for the letters of the English alphabet, could also be relied on as a code when I felt it necessary to write in secret to friends whose parents snooped through their stuff. At one stage I also taught myself to write in Theban, a 13th Century magical script.

I spent a lot of time working on the Book and I didn't stop writing for hours once I began. For some strange reason, whenever I did stop, my nose would begin to bleed. As a boy I found this most magical – and looking back it was these types of things that I deem supernatural rather than tarot readings or standing in a pentagram. Strange synchronicities occurred all the time – forgive me if I do not recall how I felt about them. It was frustrating at first, because unexpected splashes of blood ruined my careful writings many times. But soon I realized the upside to the condition and tried to use the blood more or less like paint for some of my illustrations. Sometimes I would take blood from small cuts I'd make on my wrists or arms, and smear it on the books as a sympathetic bond of ownership. Fastidious about spelling errors, I would tear out a page if I made even the slightest mistake and re-write it with infinite patience carefully making sure the mistake was not repeated. I kept the book secret from all but my closest friends. When it was small I disguised it as a cassette tape. When it got larger I hid it inside another book I had hollowed out, and near the end of the book's life I kept it on an altar in my bedroom in plain view. When updating the Book, I neatly removed selected pages from a previous edition and used tape to attach them to the new one. This lent to the appearance of the book as having a history. After updating my book I would often destroy the remains of the lesser book I had taken pieces from. Not all of them were destroyed though, some were given to people I knew. Somewhere, a few people may still have the few surviving editions of my Black Book.

The final book was almost completed in 1999: eight years after I started writing it at age twelve. It largely took over my life as an obsession, a thirst I just couldn't quench. By the age of nineteen I had created a masterpiece of exquisite (if dogmatic) construction and was sharing with certain individuals how to perform various magic, such as Bindings and Voodoo Dolls. My 'Book of Shadows' which was then three black and red books bound together, with a silver Tetragrammaton on the cover was around 600 pages long. Over the years, I tried to tutor a few interested female friends in the principles of black magic, the majority of which I at least taught how to write in Runes. They did not seem overly concerned with the depictions given in my black books of anal rape and sacrifice – I only remember them looking at the books in awe. From memory here are the contents of the first book. On the inside cover was the inscription. It read: *'Do you know who we are? Do you know what we can do? That's why we don't do it. Because we know who we are, The Child-o-Satan.'* Then a table of contents with the sections numbered in Roman numerals. The contents were as follows:

I – Demonicanum

A comprehensive list of Judeo-Christian Demons and Fallen Angels with their respective Attributes, Sigils and Associated Ephemera; listing approximately 150 Demons.

II - Diabolus Numalika

A text copied from a book that claimed there were so many Demons – I forget the number – then went into detail about where they dwelt. I took the number given and invented a formula that added the numbers together until they equaled 666.

III - The Order of the Fall

An index copied from a book of the Order in which the Angels were supposed to have fallen.

IV - Magical Languages

Runes, Theban, and other Magical Alphabets I'd found.

V - Magical Tools

A short, rudimentary index regarding Altars, Swords, Chalices and other occult tools.

VI - The Names of Satan

An illustration of a painting in which a winged shadow is falling from clouds, followed by a large list of the different names by which Satan is known.

VII - Baphomet

A drawing copied from a book of the popular Templar image of Baphomet with a Goats head.

VIII - The Necronomicon

A chapter about the Cthulian Mythos.

IX - Order of the Spheres

A list of the Order of the Angelic Spheres. Thrones, Dominions, Seraphim etc.

X - Hell (Dante's)

A drawing of the Nine Circles of Hell from Dante's Inferno.

XI - Hell (a dream)

My own addition of a dream I had where I felt I was on (not in) Hell.

XII - Heaven

A text from an Occult Encyclopaedia about Heaven.

XIII - The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

A Poem I wrote.

XIV - The Black Image

A drawing of a 'Doll' with 'Points' where pins were to be applied, methods of construction from the image using wood or wax and a Curse that I wrote that was to be read while inflicting the Doll with damage.

XV - Runes and Runic Bindings

A list of Runes with their English letter correspondences and information on Rune Sigil Magic.

XVI - Sympathetic Magick

A text explaining the theory behind Sympathetic Magic and some of its historical uses.

XVII - Hells Hierarchy

An addition of my own comprising an imaginary Rank of Demonic Entities, including those from the Bestiaries of games such as Dungeons and Dragons and the Fighting Fantasy series that listed Demonic Planes from highest to lowest.

XVIII - The 21 Satanic Statements

Exactly that. It was perhaps these intellectual applications that sowed doubt in my mind that what I was doing might not actually be 'Satanism'.

XIX - The 9 Cardinal Sins of Satanism

Taken from the Website of the Church of Satan.

XX - Contact Addresses for the Satanic Church and the Satanic Bible

XXI - Curse Magick

XXII - Pacts: Expressum/Tacitum

Demonic Pacts taken from various Grimoire-style sources. My own 'Pact with Satan' similar to Urbain Grandier's, with 'Latin' written in reverse, Demonic Sigils and my Signature in blood, was sealed between two pages.

XXIII - Signs and Seals.

Another Section comprising the Sigils and Signs of Demons.

XXIV - The Black Mass.

A Ritual and associated words for the Black Mass.

XXV - Numerology.

Some Kabalistic Symbols, a short treatise on Numerological theory regarding the meaning of different numbers and how to add them.

XXVI - Candle Magic and Colour Correspondence

The theory of Candle Magic and a chart of colours that corresponded to different energies and intents.

XXVII - Types of Satanists.

A list of Names ranking a Persons Occult interest.

In fact anything I found that could be attributed in any way to Satanism was inside. And when that angle was in danger of becoming exhausted the last of the three books was devoted to the Mythos of H.P. Lovecraft's 'Necronomicon'. It contained copies of the writings of the Mad Arab Al Azhared, the Hours, Stars, Signs, Names, and Manifestations of the Cthulian horrors known as the Old Spirits, and drawings of the Demons described. When I was 19, I obtained the Gateway Ritual of Yog-Sothoth from the Internet and tried to seek out all the necessary elements needed to do it.

My purpose was as crazy as it sounds. I was feeling rage at our diminutive human race for being so insignificant in comparison to behemoth Gods mentioned in the Necronomicon. Again I had been influenced by the values held by Occult literature and now I had the intention of punishing the world. I sought out the Necronomicon to test its purported power and to attempt to bring about Humanity's destruction. Although a number of people I spoke to over the years claimed they had read the Necronomicon, I was unable to find a version of the complete book and worked only with fragments of its curious and puzzling text. The texts informed me the language of the Incantations was written in 'Enochian' or 'Angelic Script', so I again searched the Internet and located texts that would enable me to translate and pronounce the script. Maybe I would have had a

better chance of succeeding in opening the gate to Yog-Sothoth if I had known what the Hour of the Moon was, known the Sign of Silence, had had a finer grasp of astronomy, or were able to find a ruby the size of my fist. In spite of my efforts to understand it, the Necronomicon was simply far too complex for my rudimentary knowledge of the occult. I wasn't able to use the Incantations and settled for the knowledge of the Mythos. Such arcane and eldritch things held a great fascination for me; but as you have guessed or may well know; dabbling with these kinds of phenomenon is not done without paying a price. In fact, just to accept that a world is possible where ghosts and goblins exist, let alone Elder Dark Gods is a very un-social view.

I lost many friends because of their fears or the fears of their protective parents. Later on however – I had a serious think about the so-called powers of the Necronomicon and learned that its legend was not grounded in real facts at all but had come about as a literary device invented by Lovecraft. The whole seemingly dangerous business of reading forbidden incantations and destroying the world was rather on the nose – if such power existed in these books why had it not been exercised over the many hundreds of years they had been lying about by one of the many hundreds of people who must have read it – and obviously people in a far better position to employ the necessary astrology, gem stones and various tools than I ever was? All there really was to the Necronomicon was a popular fable of superstition, and as time would tell, a fable shared by a great many members of the occult community and thrice as many books. However it would become apparent to me that it was not a simple task to define what was and wasn't magic – for while the above is valid, the effect such tomes, magical scripts, symbols and ritual have on the human cannot be dismissed, for even today it continues to hold thrall over the masses even if the form by which it does it is no longer recognized as magic.

Hype

One such incident in from seeing someone Phoenix who I'd spoken then later met in friends. At the time we cultivated my 'demonic' attracted her disdain, friendship of sorts



which I was prevented involved a girl named to over the phone, and person through one of my spoke I had well aura. At first this later her curiosity and a developed between us.

I was a few years older than she was, and my age coupled with my posturing as a devil worshipper with 'extensive' knowledge of Occult dogma made me seem to her like an authority on the subject. Hence, when I mysteriously passed to her a silver box adorned with Chinese dragons in which were some 'occult' items and a few pages from one of my books of shadows – the stage was set for over-active imaginations to create a suitable Occult drama. I received a phone call a few nights after she'd had the box in her possession. Apparently they'd been reading some of the 'spells' I'd written and their friend Shawn had become possessed by

“some sort of evil spirit” reportedly going into a seizure or two. The box was returned to me a day later (I still have the box) with its contents, but the spell this incident cast over my supposed abilities to ‘summon’ demons and perform powerful magic was real enough, and became something of a local folklore. Her parents however banned her from seeing me ever again. Phoenix still rang occasionally despite this and for her birthday I drew an enormous pastel canvas I named ‘Charon’, after the recently discovered tenth planet. I hand-delivered the present to her house much to the chagrin of her parents. They reluctantly accepted to pass it on. Phoenix was delighted when she finally received it. Phoenix wrote me after I moved to Australia – but eventually we stopped communicating. One by one my friends in New Zealand stopped writing, and Danielle too – who had always endeavoured to keep in touch even managing to ring me on an irregular basis eventually faded away. I was too self-centered (and in many ways I still am) to keep up such correspondences for any great length of time.

Hype #1:

At a party with Kthunae, Cthulu, and Asoth, I was asked to ‘do some magic’. The recollection of my exact actions is vague, but more than likely I kept up a demonic stare and mumbled some ‘magic’ words – the sum effect of this little charade however prompted comments to the effect of "Oh my God! It feels like the whole room’s not part of the house anymore. Do you feel that? It’s like we’re in the middle of nowhere! Look at the windows! Shit man whatever you’ve done, bring us back!" This type of consistent over-reaction from people puzzled me even as it pleased me and I remember many times thinking about where this reaction came from. Perhaps I was fulfilling the role of the country witch-doctor? Later that night I was asked to again do some magic, and acted as if I were hypnotising Asoth from opening his eyes. Since it was dark, I can only assume that when he panicked and said he couldn’t open them, he was either playing up to the act to scare the other two, or experienced the less likely: inability to open his eyes. There were many such incidents in my life in which I was directed to play the role of having supernatural powers.

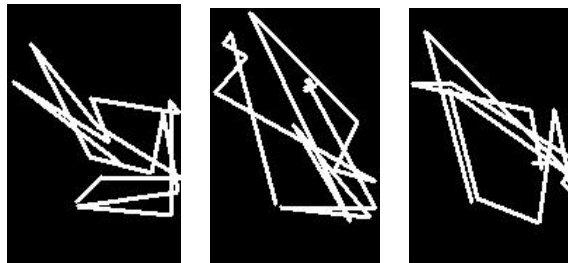
Hype #2:

Shortly before leaving New Zealand to live in Australia I was visited by two of my female friends. Being somewhat bored they began looking through my books, and found a test that claimed to prove if a person had E.S.P. It involved using twenty marbles: five of yellow, five of red, five of green, five of blue. The marbles were to be placed in a bag and the person being tested for E.s.p. was required to guess the colour of the marble before the tester brought it out of the bag. The marble was then placed back in the bag so the probability of chance was not affected. Mammon scored an average and so did Glasylabolas – the likelihood of them having E.S.P. was therefore low. Glasylabolas then decided to test me. Remarkably, my score was higher than average. However – the highlight of the occasion came when Glasylabolas tried to trick me and sabotage my score with good humour. When she asked me what colour marble she was holding, from her

tone, her facial expression, the previous mock annoyance expressed at my better than average score – I told her she did not have any marble at all - and she didn't. Needless to say this astonished the two of them – and the folklore of my abilities was added to.

Hype #3:

One night whilst approaching a house to steal a motorbike with a group of associates, their nerves gave out. They wouldn't go near the bike, saying they felt bad vibes and that something was going to happen. After fierce whispering amongst ourselves someone suggested I 'do a spell'. It somewhat surprised me given the characters of the group of boys I was with – but one of them was always rather credulous. I accepted the responsibility and made some signs, muttered some unintelligible words for a minute and stared at the full moon. I told them that I had made them invisible. Though nothing visible happened to the moon save for a few clouds drifting into but not obscuring it – the effect was total. Believing they now had the powers of invisibility their daring swelled once again and in a short time the bike was procured. Other such incidents abound. Dramas that ensued from the superstitious only too ready to believe in or play games with mystical mumbo-jumbo.

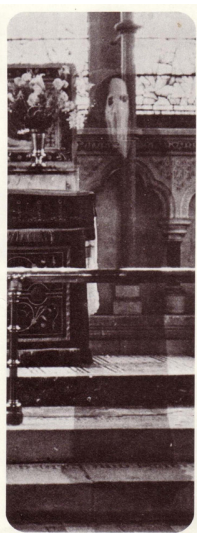


I paid a price for dealing in the currency of the Occult many times; for wanting to know, or pretending to know. I was ridiculed, shunned, laughed at, despised, feared, and physically attacked. But as the ancient Samurai adage goes, "What doesn't kill you will only make you stronger." And more often than not the price was worth it, because each time I paid it, adamantly holding onto my view of the world in spite of the efforts of others to get me to let it go, I generally made a mistake. And each mistake made me a bit less stupid, a little less fearful, and a lot more understanding. My belief in Occult energies and magic powers often put me on a brink of madness. I tried to fit the roles society had set for me, and at the same time enforce my own – but ghosts and searching questions aren't welcome additions in society, no matter how clearly you see them or put them.

[I can't count the number of times I've been asked by friend's parents not to visit anymore or told that I was no longer welcome. Nor the number of times I've put myself and my Satanic Quest ahead of family, friends and girlfriends. All have fallen by the wayside on my Journey, unable to keep up or understand what it is I strive to do and become.]

The path has not been lonely though – many people endure a much lonelier path than I have. My path has been vibrantly lit with thousands of different people with whom I shared the Journey for a while. The great sadness comes when such people can no longer keep up and must go a different way, often permanently, for I cannot look back or give endless concessions to those who are unable to go where I go – and I am more often than not forced to leave them behind. The all-consuming powers of Love have taken their fair share of friends and lovers away from me – for Love operates through people on a social selfish emotional level – and is rarely ever supra-personal. To be loved on a social level is to have great contentment and emotional/sexual satisfaction – but in being comfortable, there is no motivation to continue the Journey. The energy to strive forward spiritually wanes and dies when that which is struggled for becomes secondary to physical and emotional pleasures. The body becomes lazy with the heavy narcotic of the orgasm: entwined in complex trade-relationships with boundaries that limit free growth. My Love is supra-personal. I want more than a massage for my ego and my body – I want to see the dawn of a new consciousness. The all-too-human nature of people is a beautiful thing, as varied and colourful as stars in the sky. But I have striven to go beyond the all-too-human, to cease being controlled by basic emotions and archetypal energies and become something much greater, the first human. And any ideal as vague and esoteric as this will often leave one walking alone.]

But while most of the time magic was simply a matter of opportunity to work mind-games on others by releasing their imaginations, sometimes there were situations where the coincidences seemed too closely linked to be anything other than magic. Up until now I have left out a vital part of my experience with the Occult, and it begins with the telling of the following dream and the introduction of my 'Black Mentor', *Sepniphar*.



The Episode of Judas

When I was about five years old I began having a recurring dream that haunted me for years to come. In that dream there was a non-walled shed on six, solid, wooden poles that were half-sunk into the ground. In each subsequent dream the same shed appeared, but sometimes the landscape or sky would change, or the dream would take place at night or in the rain. In one of these recurring dreams there was a road leading away from the shed that I followed to the top of a hill and to a Museum with great stone doors. As I tried to open the doors, I became aware of an immense number of different kinds of spider crawling over the doors and then on to me. I was so terrified I woke up covered in sweat. [*This is interpreted by me as deeply symbolic of my unconscious self's latent desire to manifest, faced with the epic task of conquering the demons that guard entry into the underworld of the subconscious.*] The dreams continued to

come sporadically and in a similar vein until the age of about twelve. Then something very strange happened to me.

Me, my mother, and her boyfriend drove out into the country to a place in New Zealand called Kumeu. As we rounded a corner my heart skipped a beat. On the left side of the road near a grassy hill, half-set into the ground, was the very same shed I had been having visions of all that time. I experienced an intense sense of déjà vu, even though I had never seen the shed before and this was my first time in Kumeu. I felt uneasy in the stomach and told myself that it was impossible to dream things then see them for real. Or was it? After I saw the shed, the recurring dream stopped and a new one started. The new dream changed my life and my perceptions of the world, forever. It began with another landscape.

In the new dream, the sky is pink and the ground is blackened and cracked from fire. Standing next to a large, charred tree I look into the distance at a brooding, black castle on the horizon. The castle is on fire, and I hear blood-curdling screams coming from inside it. As the castle burns, its walls drip with blood. Then, an old man dressed in a black robe appears beside me. He seems to have come from nowhere. I sense him smiling at me, but I can't see his face. He hands me an identical black robe and I put it on. Then, taking my hand he leads me around the base of the burned tree and down a stairway of stone steps hidden inside. I follow him down until we emerge into an incredibly large cavern. The cavern is lit with a red glow but I can't make out where it is coming from. In the middle of the cavern, there is a large, metal cauldron. The old man walks over to the cauldron then beckons for me to approach and look inside it. I do.

The cauldron contains a liquid I assume to be water, the surface of which is swimming with visions. I see a ring. The ring is that of a skull with two small, blood-coloured rubies for eyes, adorned by an Indian Head-dress. Suddenly my concentration is interrupted and my gaze is torn from its trance. Out of the corner of my eye I see something strange happening to the old man; he is beginning to change. He grows awkwardly tall and his face undergoes a metamorphosis, getting longer and thinner. His eyes sink into his head stretching the sockets lengthways, leaving dark, elongated pits.

A thirteen-foot, Crow-faced spectre steps out of the old mans skin, shedding it onto the floor.

The spectre then speaks to me in a raspy voice using telepathy. It says: "I am Judas. To hear my tone is to rejoice in an eternity of razors ripping through a sea of flesh. To meet my gaze is to begin your descent into madness. I am the Manifestation of Sorrow, the Harbinger of Malice. I am Judas." The spectre beckons for me to look again into the cauldron. This time, I see myself... but what a strange self I see. I see my Past, my Present and my Future all at once. I am simultaneously young, old and ancient, flying, dying, and possess powers of telepathy, pyrokinesis, and E.s.p. While I gaze in awe at the wonders in the cauldron I hear Judas speak again. "All these gifts can be yours if you free me."

Then he leans over and stares at me with his long empty sockets freezing my heart in fear. I wake up.

The next day in the right-hand side of my top drawer I found the ring from the vision. I had dreamed of a ring that belonged to my brother. But it was no ordinary ring to me; it took on an almost relic-like quality. I confiscated it from the drawer and wore it until I was about seventeen before I lost it. I was sure I had taken it off and placed it beside me but it was gone the next morning. The scenario in the cavern played out much like the shed in the previous dream; while each subsequent dream was similar in fashion, I was offered a new gift in the cauldron each time. After the first dream, the following repetitions concluded with Judas asking me to free him. And eventually I agreed to do so. I freed Judas by enacting a ritual he showed me, inside one of the cavern dreams. Somehow, I released him from my dreams and into my waking life.

In the morning things seemed different and darker. I felt as though there were a Presence in my room. It was confirmed when a voice from the Presence spoke to me in my head and told me that it was of the rank Judas, and its name was Sepniphar. I didn't know whether Judas was a real or imagined Entity, maybe something brought on by my frustrated subconscious, but as far as imaginary friends go, Judas was a doozey. For a while I did think it was just my imagination. It told me it was my 'Familiar', my 'Guardian Spirit' and that it would watch over me to protect me from harm. It began to teach me things in my sleep and in waking life. It told me what books to read and how to find them. *[It is perhaps important to note that I was actively working on my black book before Sepniphar arrived on the scene, although it was far from finished.]* It told me I had great powers and promised to show me how to use them to scare people. At about this time in my life I felt I was very evil. I had cultivated a monotone way of speaking and begun wearing a hood to resemble the classic follower of Satan. I think at that time I was actually a Devil Worshipper and believed I had brought the powers of darkness and Satan into my house. I decked my bedroom out with black sheets and began lighting candles and incense on an altar and listened to bands like Testament and Metal Church. Although Judas might have been imaginary, there was a conflict of reality caused by other witnesses to his presence. People experienced him that had never learned my secret.

Months into the self-delusion or supernatural phenomenon, I overheard a conversation between my mother and her boyfriend one day about spirits, whereby both claimed to have been held down in their beds at various times by some kind of smothering force that attacked them during the night. Both he and my mother mentioned having been terrified, and my mother claimed that it would not leave until she screamed the Lord's Prayer at it. Later she told me while I'd been out at the movies something that had felt like two hands on her back had pushed her when she was standing near the fireplace.

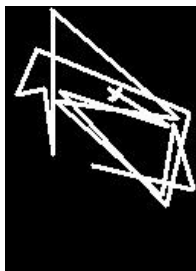
Although as down-to-earth as they come, my friend Karu Samsu also had some run-ins with Judas. Karu had mocked me about Judas, calling it names like 'faggot' and threatening that he would kick its ass. I told Karu that even if he didn't believe in it, I did, and he should take care.

One of our friends, Lidagon, was Christian. There was a time she came over to my place wearing Rosary beads and a Cross. Karu had the 'hots' for her. Lidagon was in my room, Karu was in the lounge and I was outside with friends. There were six of us outside drinking, smoking and talking. Suddenly I heard Karu yelling for me to come inside. I ran inside to see what the commotion was about and then into my bedroom, where Lidagon lay curled up on a mattress, crying and kicking out at something, yelling at it to leave her alone. Karu and I just looked at each other. I couldn't believe it. I helped her up while silently asking Judas to stop. Karu and I took her into the lounge room and tried to calm her down. I took her Rosary beads from her and asked her to take off the Cross. She was afraid to let it go and wouldn't give it to me. She took off outside, and since she and her friends were supposed to be staying the night we had to convince her for over an hour to come back into the house. I played a little mind-game with her and sketched a cross above a few doorways. I told her that Judas wouldn't come past them. Which was quite true, He wouldn't. I believed he was confined to the space of my room. Lidagon confided to us later on that something had been kicking her in the stomach on the mattress and telling her to get out of my room. After things calmed down, we had a little chat and told Lidagon about Judas, what he looked like, and that he was a Spirit. I also asked her not to bring her Holy things into my house anymore. Whatever happened to her that night, I strongly believed that Judas had something to do with it as revenge for Karu's comment.

In another incident in which the influence of Judas was involved – the three of us took a drive to visit one of Karu's friends, Moloch. Apparently the house in which Moloch lived was haunted by a ghost that 'wouldn't harm anyone it liked'. When we arrived and stepped out of the car, I believe Lidagon deliberately left the handbrake off when she parked. The car was then seen to roll backward as if by 'magic' with Lidagon acting mystified and asserting she'd left the brake on afterwards. More than likely, Lidagon's affection toward me was expressed by exaggerating the powers of Judas and the Judas episode. I think much of the power of persuasion in the existence of Judas was due to its dangerous thrill and the opportunities it afforded for fun over the mundane trudge life might otherwise have been where we lived. Meeting Moloch's mother didn't go down well. I was a sullen, stubborn young boy with strangers – and perhaps jealousy and disbelief in the 'new' ghost was apparent, because Moloch's mother took a near instant disliking to me, informing the others that the Spirit was angry I was there and that she had 'gotten bad vibes' from me. So, I waited outside in the driveway for the others. On the way home, probably to assert the power of Judas over the other 'ghost' (two ghosts being too many) I leaned over from the back seat to the drivers-side and gripped the steering wheel of the moving car. Karu and Lidagon

both freaked – and I tried to turn the car into the ditch. That I still held the belief in one Absolute Power whether it was God, Satan, or mine, was apparent here. Trying to kill myself and others to prove a fantasy was the act of a psychopath and further proof of my dangerous psychosis. Anything that didn't conform to my way or my Will was rejected and events were re-configured to bring the spotlight back to Judas and I.

Sometime later, Lidagon got into witchcraft. I never saw her with her cross again. She used to come to my house to give me all kinds of strange books. Lidagon could read, write and speak French and there was a time when I had a book that had French Incantations in it. Sitting in her car, Lidagon had apparently begun to read them. Karu came to get me when she entered a trance. I don't know if she was faking it or not, but Karu said she just froze halfway through a word. I looked at the book but couldn't make out what was written. Her behaviour was so drastic that we began to worry when our efforts to make her laugh and snap her out of the trance failed. Karu even slapped her but there was still no response. She just sat there with a glazy look until eventually from calling her name again and again she blinked, shook her head and looked at us vaguely, asking us what had happened. Maybe it was a game to her, a swapping of one Cult following for another. Because that was the last time I saw Lidagon do anything to do with the Occult. She even stopped using the Ouija Board. But my own occult dramas were far from over.



With all this demonic business going on, I was apparently becoming a very different person. Karu said he didn't like it and that I should get rid of Judas before things got too weird. I just shook my head and said I had everything under control. But hell no, things were far from under control. Judas kept coming to me in dreams, showing me more and more. Then he began getting jealous of Karu, Lidagon and the rest of my friends. He told me they were not welcome in my room anymore, and even that he would harm them if they ventured inside it. Judas was growing stronger. His domain seemed to have expanded, because I started seeing him in other places, the steps of the back porch, in the lounge room, outside and even felt him within myself. Soon Karu stopped visiting me. So did Lidagon. They were too afraid. I don't know if they were afraid of him, or me, but something had to give. I remember a terrible dream in which Judas stood at the foot of my bed and I could see him as if I was looking at him from a whole lot of angles at once. He told me I had to kill my friends and my family. I screamed "NO!" and Judas suddenly bent over and put his face right up to mine. Looking into those eyeless, hollow black sockets that emanated terrible rage, I was scared shitless. "Yes!" He rasped! "Kill them!" I woke up screaming in fear. The next day, I told Karu what had happened. Karu was a fairly staunch guy, but also understandably worried. We knew that I had to get rid of Judas A.s.a.p. Too bad Judas was thinking the same thing about me. I began getting the urge to kill myself, and when I fought it I got sad and depressed and cried. I rang Karu and told him I needed to see him

right away or I was frightened I would end up committing suicide. He came down to see me even though it was at least a 4km Bike ride, and if it weren't for him, I wouldn't be here.

I spent a few very moody hours in my room talking with Karu, angry and confused about what to do about the 'Spirit' I'd vested the last few years of my life around. I didn't want to lose it but I didn't want to lose myself and Karu told me how much I had changed with this whole Judas episode. Karu said he could actually see Judas in the room. We argued fiercely and morosely for a while, until something just snapped. I made a decision to mentally exorcise the demon with Karu's help, and it wasn't happy. Psychopathic, and deranged, it was suddenly as though I was possessed by Sepniphar and I approached Karu with a hastily snatched baseball bat. As I swung it – I made my decision. I fought madness. I brought the bat not down on Karu but on my stereo – the release of enormous tension by smashing it was like the final act of a long and dramatic play. Karu looked relieved and I just stood there in silence holding the handle of the bat lodged halfway into the stereo. But I felt Judas had left.

My mum heard the terrific smash and came in to investigate, presumably saw our serious faces, worried, asked what was wrong, what had happened, if everything was okay. Karu calmly led her out of the room assuring her I was okay, just upset and gave her some excuse about me going through tough times. Karu saved me from a Demon. A real or imagined one, it makes no difference to me, in my experience they are both just as dangerous. Using a glass hexagonal-shaped box, I forced myself to believe I could trap Judas inside it using a Binding Spell, and buried it under the local bridge. Things between Karu, Lidagon and I slowly went back to normal after that. It had strengthened us all to have shared that experience.

The influence of Judas can be seen within my artwork and my writings. Before the days of Judas, I physiologically dealt with the suppression of my emotions with healthy outbursts of anger and violence: My childhood is replete with examples of throwing bricks, hammers, knives, ripping doors off the hinges, and smashing things. During College life I was subjected to appraisal by many guidance counselors (which is understandable, given the System's fear of unsociable behaviour contaminating the flock) most of which bluntly asked whether I was being sexually abused. I was usually un-cooperative in sharing my thoughts and unless a question was asked, quite silent during these rhetorical interrogations. But I remember being quite shocked one time by the rude accusation. I was not being abused. They eventually found a black and white answer for my outbursts and behaviour by deciding I had an 'anger management problem'. They talked me into believing this with 'empirical data' and offered faulty explanations for why I felt the way I did, which I believed. During the proscribed Anger Management course I concentrated my terrific willpower on changing my attitude toward violence. In essence, I repressed my emotions and actions even more, this time under the perception that I was guilty for some sort

of crime. This repression of my feelings only intensified my demeanour until I was forced to create a sneaky outlet for my anger that did not break the rules I had been psychologically contracted under to channel my anger away from others. I believe one of these outlets was my Creative side, and another was Judas, an imaginary friend, friend of my emotions and friend of me. The manifestation of Entities for the purpose of channeling suppression is a common event in the Occult and Psychological world and Judas was a convenient lie where I could tell my truth. I had dealt with this energy on a minor level via the Ouija, but this was an entirely different range on the spectrum. The formidable intensity of emotion required for the manifestation of energy that can actually attack people or hold them down in their beds must be absolutely phenomenal in our own energetic realm, or operate on another one altogether: the rarity of either energy experienced on our plane is supported by how rarely cases of poltergeist activity are reported. Judas then, could be considered a wraith created by an overflow of psychological pressure that had no outlets and leaked unconscious contents into my psyche, what psychologists term 'a psychotic delusion'. But delusions are rarely experienced by more than one person.

[If there was a genuine Occult secret revealed by such an extraordinary experience it was that people readily played along consciously and unconsciously with my degree of reality and helped build my psychosis to a fevered pitch. If the episode of Judas was imaginary, then the ability to be able to make others experience my delusion is an incredible feat of energy transference, hypnosis and persuasion (at any rate magic) that begged further enquiry. If the episode of Judas is real, then I summoned a demon from the dimension of sleep and made manifest some form of corporeal wraith that was capable of physically attacking people – which could well be grounds for having had powers of telekinesis, a possibility that also begged further enquiry.]

The specific chronology of events that made Judas manifest are even today unclear. While the energy of Judas was unexpected, the shape of Judas was not accidental. The original source of the title rank of 'Judas' was inspired by my belief in demonic Hierarchy; while his name 'Sepniphar' was my own invention cobbled together after reading numerous occult books with demonic names. His appearance was decided by a photograph and his energetic motivation was a phantasm from my unconscious that first emerged within my dreams and later in corporeal flesh. Signs of my repressed emotions are present in the Astral Realm. These repressions were being dealt with psychically by the magical visions in the cauldron where I enjoyed fantasies in which I was allowed free reign. And the cyclic urgency of these dreams indicates the intensity of my psyche to impress upon me that I must act on them. Dreams contain a definitive universal collective message that appears encoded in a possibly infinite array of incarnations of action, object and situation (for instance). The museum with its stone doors, the cavern in which there was a 'cauldronic' gateway to freedom, going down the stairway in the tree all symbolize the same thing: a going down, a descent into the underworld or a hidden place. The Archetypal Journey for all

human beings is identical in essence, it differs only in appearance. The recurring nightmares I had been having were probably for the sake of my sanity. I was mostly unaware of the reasons for the tremendous energy inside me, and felt it only unconsciously as an innate frustration that I consciously projected onto other sources and expressed through my acts of uncontrolled anger or intense creativity. But these outlets didn't channel the emotions properly and the hidden geometry of my psyche would leave me at its mercy until many years later when I began to search for the blueprints to that geometry. There are further indications that my unconscious had leaked into my 'I' from the following recollections of the way in which I sustained what would be called a 'psychotic delusion'. For instance, I excluded rational contradictions from the world that could bring the fantasy undone and reinforced the fantasy by giving it a name, place, job, history etc. until it metaphorically 'stood alone'. I tangled Time in knots and manufactured the order of events so as to seem plausible to my audience, and thus the lie became all the more plausible to me; so much so that I began believing in the Mythos of my own Creation; so much so that others believed in it for me and I became a Cult Leader at the age of just fifteen.

After the episode of Judas, I returned to devoting my time working day and night on my Book. To me, the Book felt like it emanated a feeling of evil, like another presence in my room or a portal to another world capable of summoning demons; which suited me just fine, the aim of the book being that it would call many. It is likely that my Black Book was somehow influential in summoning Judas. The Book had a real, hypnotic power over me. It seemed to 'call' to me to finish it. To write a little bit more inside it, stencil a silver Tetragrammaton on the cover, write a Theban inscription on the spine, splash some more blood upon its pages, and to practice what it was preaching. I named the books, Mvimaedivm. A word I made up that meant "Know Now the Way". [Many years of magical exploration later it would become Now Know My Way.] Although never intended from the outset, my aim became to use the book to show others 'The Way' of the Black Arts and the gateway to Satan. At one time I believed in the power of everything I had written in the books: in the idea that I was evil and could use the power of amulets and chants and ritual magic to empower myself for instance, but there was a fine line between believing in magic in the safety of one's own mind, and attempting to work it on the world.

The Judas episode had impressed the Occult (And latently, the Psychological) world more heavily upon me as one of the only events in my life I would sincerely term supernatural. During my childhood and even teens my mother often mentioned feeling the presence of Ghosts in certain households or even seeing them herself; pointing one time to a small boy standing beside my sister's horse for instance. Although I believed her sincerity, I could not see him. But I have seen apparitions too, leaving me undecided about the existence of ghosts. So far as I knew ghosts were supposed to be only of dead individuals, but I once saw one of my living mother.

We lived in a house that had once been a pub a hundred years prior. It was a turn of the century Victorian house, with witch spires (the pointy spearheads on the apex of the roof) and trellising. My mother and sister often made reference to it being haunted, mentioning strange noises, babies crying, televisions that could be heard but not found, and macabre stories of seeing handprints in the walls. Alone at home, sitting in the lounge reading one day, out of the corner of my eye I saw someone standing in the kitchen doorway. I looked up and saw my mother standing there. I asked her if she could get me a glass of water. She stared at me for a few moments then turned sideways and moved out of sight further into the kitchen. Thinking she hadn't heard me I called out, but when she didn't answer I got up and went into the kitchen to get it myself, and discovered that there was no-one there. There was no exit out of the kitchen where she went, and I would have seen anybody going the other way, or heard them opening the back door, which was closed. Thinking rationally I called out, but I was home alone. I knew she couldn't have come through the lounge which was the only way to get to the rest of the house, so I opened the backdoor and checked outside around the house by the clothesline, the backyard, the garage and finally the front of the house. I found no-one. It was the oddest feeling, because what had stood in the doorway, although somehow ashen, looked exactly like my mother, and yet, there was no-one here. Bewildered, I went to the front gate to look down the driveway. At that moment I saw my mother and her boyfriend turn into the end of the drive in the Mazda and make their way up it. I then realized that whatever I had seen, was not my mother.

These strange experiences helped give me the impetus to search for the existence of a supernatural world and develop an avid fascination with Psychology for analyzing the riddles set by the mind.

[Sanity, is measured by social productiveness. Once the madness (or the pursuit and living of an independent view) of an individual reaches a certain point it becomes disruptive. The intensity of separation of view causes a corresponding ratio of difficulty in disguising it from others. As the individual tries to force reality to bend to match ones own view, it becomes recognized by the consensus collective that the individual is incapable of performing a productive role in maintaining the Artifice/Society – and that individual is then warned to fall in line, treated to restore 'sanity', or deemed mad and incarcerated by physical or chemical imprisonment. You can be as mad as you like, as long as you fit in, no-one will notice. Notorious serial killers are examples of the human attempt to perfect chameleonization: a power that can split reality by using the consensus collective to disguise their independent view of it. Or briefly stated: the social patterns for acting 'good' are memorized and perfected to deflect suspicion whilst the destructive capabilities of the beast are released in a separate and to the individual 'valid/true' paradigm. And in this respect, serial killers reveal the Artifice for what it is. If sanity is measured by social productiveness, then the notorious serial killer is the pinnacle of sane; they are well-spoken and polite, often good-looking, often charismatic, hold down a job, are often married, sometimes have kids, and are considered to be friendly unassuming people (if a little strange) by most people who know them. When they kill, releasing the Beast in uncontrolled

fashion, they are expressing a base element of natural desire – as definitive of sane, this is telling of the sane thing to do, i.e. act naturally and express the unconscious urge. Highly-intelligent and sane, notorious Serial Killers illustrate the shortcomings of the Artifice, by excelling at using it to fulfill raw instincts.]



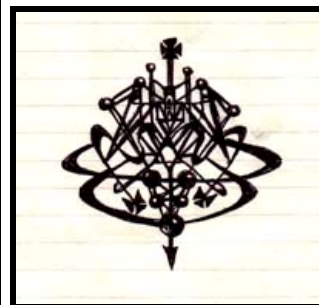
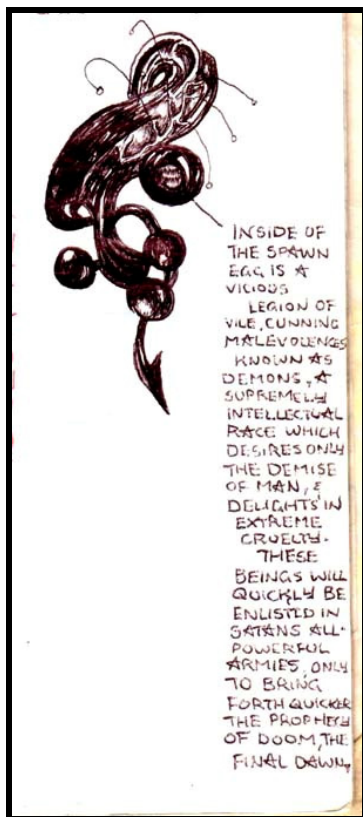
Aftermath

By 1999 the delusions weren't a game. I was being mentally disturbed by my venture. I had created for myself a real and very dangerous Satan. Not just another phantasm like Sepniphar, but a psychic war with an Entity that posed an acute danger from the flowing contents of my unconsciousness to cause schizophrenia or madness. I fought constantly with myself over whether Satan was real. I had many verbal and mental arguments with myself over my feelings and whether or not I should commit the acts I felt compelled to commit as a child of Satan. My Satanic world had been privatized for so long, that my family, and many of my friends had no idea that the extent of it reached right down to the roots of my psyche. Although they probably thought me strange, I doubt they recognized that I was mentally ill. I felt possessed and depressed and tried to kill myself many times during the construction of the book. I constantly struggled with myself to physically/mentally stop my involvement with the Occult and lead a normal life like I thought everyone else did.

Needless to say the suicide attempts resulted in failure and brief hospital stays, and the resolutions to leave Satanism alone failed. I owe most of my suicide recoveries (in one of which I ingested a large quantity of pills and gave myself toxemia or blood poisoning) to my sister, who found me after the act a number of times and drove me quickly to emergency.

In my frame of mind, if I wanted to rid myself of the attachment to Demons and a torturous Lifestyle I believed was the cause of my depression and grief, I would have to fight fire with fire. I used to chat online under various demonic pseudonyms, "Azazel" being one of these. It was under such a guise that I encountered a Christian from the States whom I developed something of a friendship with. (She did not reveal her fanaticism until much later when she and I corresponded by letters). During the time we shared correspondence she prompted me to talk about my feelings, how I had become a Devil Worshipper. These talks succeeded in gradually raising to the mental surface many dark and murky issues from my past that had been suppressed and bottled up since I was a child. Our talks left me seething silently in my bedroom, full of hatred, grief, and Self-pity. In my passion and grief I imagined and blamed suitable scapegoats: Satan (my Father) and my poor Mother.

This dependence and belief in the Christians interpretation led me to ask the Christian community for an 'Exorcism'. After making a decision that wavered for months, I finally went online and sought out some Christians with whom I had infamously acquainted myself. I asked them to pray for me to give me the strength I needed to exorcise Satan from my heart. The exorcism basically consisted of a whole bunch of people egging me on to blame 'Satan' as the cause of my state, typing encouraging things such as they were praying for me in mass numbers, and coaxing the belief that I would be 'free' and 'happy' once I got rid of him. Caught up in the religious fervour, the sweet seduction of being the total center of attention was empowering. I took Mvimaedivm, my pentacle necklace, all unfinished notes, and my pacts with the Devil, and burned them to ash in the backyard. As hard as it was, I watched eight years of work nearly completed, my lifelong dream, the fruits of my ego, (and some of my earliest artistry) go up in smoke. I tried to save the book maybe a few times, putting my hand into the fire to try and tug the pages out, but each time I tried it was too hot. And I admonished myself for being weak by trying to rescue it. Of course there was relief, but the memories that had been stirred did not go up in smoke with the book, in fact they were pushed right to the forefront, because if the Book had been a lie, then really who was I?



(Above: The only surviving fragments of the original Mvimædivm – “Caecocoecedes” or an illustration of literal Demon Spawn, “Xamael” City of Demons, and the Magical Sigil of the Crow-faced spectre, Sepniphar.)

My World and Personal views would change a thousand times before I found my Self. And it was harder than I ever imagined it would be – to let go of the child who craved the power of the pentagram.



The accompanying emotions and previously suppressed memories of my “Satan-free” state coupled with the abandonment of the attention of my ‘Saviours’ now I had been ‘Saved’ was more than I could bear in silence. I lost control and trashed my room, had a near nervous breakdown and an almost homicidal dispute with my mother in which I slammed her up against the wall and told her I never wanted to see her again. I moved out of home and left to my own devices, gradually picked up the pieces and got on with my life. In my attempts to find happiness, outlets for my energy and a relatively normal life I began dating girls. But the Devil was not gone.

I had been dating a girl with whom I had a relationship for two solid years. But the temptation to resort to the role of a Devil Worshipper surrounded by demonic symbolism gradually returned to haunt me. I ended the relationship by choosing Satan over her, as the better alternative to being emotionally controlled by the capricious whims of a teenage girl. I regretted my decision almost immediately and tried to patch things up, but to no avail. I came to the conclusion that I had lost her, my first lover, by being trapped in my own Will and my belief that always gradually returned to me that the Devil was more important to me than anything else in life. It wasn’t the first or the last time I blamed the Devil for breaking my heart and making my life difficult. I had often been in despair over how different my life was, how hard it was to fit in and function like everyone else around me. And at nineteen, now with the added ingredient of alcoholism I often went days at a time in a black mood.

I had since moved house to another and now my old friends rarely visited me. The isolation drove me to drink and the resulting depression to consider taking my own life.

I lay on the floor of my bedroom with blood all over my arms after a suicide attempt, a belt tightly wrapped around my arm. It was a pitiful miserable cycle of despair. But eventually I came to grips with my life. I finally realized that the

cycle was not going to go away by paving it over with pretty distractions. I was obsessed by Satanism, and the only way to find out why was to go deeper into the fascination, as far underground as I could go. The dabbler stage was coming to an end, the unconscious wanderings of Azazel were about to become the conscious understandings of 'DevilworshippR'.

[It may be of interest to the reader to know that during these years I tried many ways to externalize myself and my unique situation using my writing. I attempted several times to write an autobiography, and also worked on a fictional story in which a character (predictably) named Damian is physically and mentally abused by his father and meets members of a Satanic coven who encourage him to use his hidden powers of darkness to exact revenge. Damian becomes involved in the Coven and brutally murders his parents and the town in which he lives becomes increasingly besieged by ritual killings and demonic goings-on. This is of course every child's dream – to be all-powerful (in this case using dark arts and witchcraft) and to be able to exact revenge against those who wrong them. The story ends with Damian, now a powerful Satanist, standing on a street corner stabbing pins into a cloth doll outside the police station. Inside, the policeman investigating the ritual murders is wracked by invisible and excruciating pain as the black image works its deadly effects. Meanwhile an elderly man walking his dog along the roadside sees Damian stabbing the doll and mutters quietly to himself "Oh how very sad... a retard". In retrospect this wishful written scenario speaks volumes. The division of people into those who understood and those who understood nothing was one of the defining aspects of my young personality. The re-enactment of the process of being ostracized from one group and growing powerful and exacting revenge within another was replayed again and again by Azazel – and is a common motivation of many young persons involved to some degree in practicing Satanism. It would take a long time and a lot of disappointment before I realized where power truly lay. Not in drawing a chalk pentagram perfectly, but in Art and Symbolism and their meaning for humanity. Not in making and using wax dolls but in manipulating the fear and superstition of others in things they did not understand. Not in dressing up in black and wearing an inverted Cross to make a futile statement about where I stood in relation to the Church, but in studying the intricate infrastructures of the forms that made people what they were and those that could change them. Power lay not in deluding myself about being a mean, bad devil worshipper with magical powers that no-one understood, but in social-engineering; observing repetitive human behaviour patterns, large and small, and studying the clockwork that makes the various parts of humanity tick. It takes time to learn self-honesty, to develop incredible resilience to our shortcomings, and to unlearn much of what we learn - that we may learn for ourselves what is really what. And to that end, these stages of my life dancing aimlessly on a stage of pentagrams were invaluable, while my uncertainty of the realness of the occult world via my personal experiences with ghosts and demons vitalized a dynamic tension for my quest. Below are memoirs that accompanied a basic version of the above story about my time as Azazel. It is not hard to see that I have been influenced by many new views on what Satan should be, and thus we see the reference to Him no longer as an ethereal entity but

as a set of values, morals, a lifestyle. Often Azazael expressed the way he wanted things to be, not necessarily the way things were. However, this change in perspective from needing a god, to wanting a guide, marks an important stage of my transition from Azazael into DevilworshippR.]



A Psychic Snapshot:

"Satan ceased to be a Father or a real Entity to me, and instead became a set of Values, Morals, A Lifestyle which promoted Intelligence and Individuality, and acknowledged the Self as supreme. Thus, I am a Satanist. This is but a small part of my life story, but it is the story. II the Wiccans I give my highest and deepest respect for following the most beautiful way of life there is in the name of Religion. Merry Meet & Absolutely Blessed Be. II the Satanists among you, I salute you as I would salute soldiers, Hail. I have found you to be been an honour to be among the ranks of such higher thinkers. II the Christians, I acknowledge your beliefs, and if it were not for your God, I may have never tread the paths I have trod, I thank you. Azazael 1998."

[This note above from my Azazaelian website shows a perspective that is typical of many persons who get into the Occult – a diplomatic equality that deliberately avoids offending or showing bias toward one form over another. But note the cheeky dig at Christianity by thanking them for helping make me into a Devil Worshipper. This ‘state of grace’, of accepting all religions as equal, was at its essence a conscious denial of my own truths previously held self-evident, in favour of other doctrines. The seduction of the individual into abandoning arrogance and assertion in ones own perspective and even the preference of dogma is the beginning of the occult labyrinth in which many get lost. Looking into other religions and magical practices can cause complete distraction from the original quest to discover oneself, by burying the individual under a mire of dogma. When this note was written I had sufficiently experienced the popular forms of each religion’s dogma, looking for answers to my many questions. I felt I owed each of them some gratitude whether the experiences within each religion had been positive or negative. I was extremely fortunate that I was so arrogant and found it impossible to settle with explanations put forward by any of them for very long, my habit of self-education providing me with new ways to cross-reference and logically analyse the claims of each.

Because my cynicism prevented me from getting lost for too long; eventually I would follow a path I had taken back to the crossroads I had set out from to spite

myself- and be returned to the point of departure, because the only right path in the end is no path or all paths.]



Chapter 2 –The Pent-Entangled Goat

The Pent-Entangled Goat

[As ‘Azazael’ both my writings and my art were heavily dogmatic – copying the classic Christian world of demons and Satan right down to the last horn. The depiction of Satan as dark, evil, opposed to God was still built on a very simplistic construct in my mind, based on what I had understood from the Bible and the general feeling in the air of others. I still felt a smouldering obsession with the contents of Mvimaedivm, the Black Bible I had burned, and many of my works resurrected and resembled the grimoire-style approach I had previously taken. I can see by looking back on this that I had yet to really understand what made me tick, let alone what made the world tick. But to be fair, and kind, these things take time. Because of my limited resources on the subject – the Biblical view became authoritative and so much of my work was based around Anti-Christian sentiment, a direct opposition or inversion of Christianity. It is a fundamental and magical stage inimical to ones young age; a crucible of thought that determines whether one will succeed as a Satanist. I choose to see these steps as productive rather than as wasteful years; for instead of knowing what Satanism was straightaway, I first had to learn what Satanism was not. This section is mainly comprised of my records of poems and prose made during the height of Azazael: typical examples of what I considered to be Satanic in 1999. [Chapter 6 contains a few of my Un-Satanic writings, of which there are far more examples than there are Demonic ones, the reader may be surprised to know.] These writings were gathered together on my website at the time, where the visitors first met with this incantation cobbled together from books on Demonology & Qabala.

Emperor Lucifer,

Master of all Rebellious Spirits. I beg you to be favourable in the invocation that I make to your great Minister Lucifuge Rofocale. Genuis Demon, protect me in my enterprise, for I claim this II be the groundz of insidious evil. In the names of the ancient ones, Astarte, Asmodeus, Asturuth, Moloch, Mammon, Baal, Beelzebub, Bind fast this room, & let only the darkest and most impure of human souls inside this system. Inata Impat Inatau Lucifuge Rofocale. Arize. Agion Telagram, vaycheon stimulamatron y ezipares retragrammaton oryoram irion esytion existion eryona onrea brasim moym messias soter Emanuel Sabbot Adonai, te adoro et invoco. Nema.

Welcome II the pagez of Azazael. Herein, know that this cyberspace belongz II me & I make no apology II anybody I may offend. It is my design II trick and II trap the dark and disturbed flashes from my base satanic animal nature. interpersonal demons within this Internet limbo with the hope that they might separate from my Self and release the stranglehold they have over my peace. The purity I seek to obtain by purging my soul of all evil is a timeless and unconquerable entity that dwellz in reaches I cannot grasp and I curse you for being unable to comprehend it, ignorance is bliss, but truth is all-destroying. All madness and warped genius needz a doorway II serve no other purpose than to rejoin itz origin. Herein in random hateful and horrific concentrate I am storing away my blackest creative energies that have been spewing forth from inner gates left open by my careless study of the Occult among a halo of white ones. Know this place is more for me than for you, it is an outlet for my frustration at being unable to reach God for my sinful trespass of his territory. I journeyed far and I journeyed long, but once exalted, I am thrown down and ruined. No longer a proud creature but a crushed one. Wander where you will among the deep recesses of my psyche but you will never understand. One with God, I am a Satanist and isolated from creation, my soul belongs to a master so dark you could not imagine it a shape to see it as it is.

Down

DOWN IN THE DEEPEST SHADOW,
DOWN WHERE THE GODLESS WALLOW,
DOWN WHERE I AM REAPER,
DOWN WHERE I AM KEEPER,
DOWN FOR YOU TO FOLLOW.

IN THE DARKEST WHISPER,
ONE LOST WHO HOPES 2 HEAR,
TYRANT MASTERS RISING FREE,
BROKEN FAITHLESS JESUS,
YOU ALWAYS LIE 2 ME.

I BELIEVED IN PROPHECY,
NOW I FAKE THRU LIFE,
I STRUGGLE THRU THE FLAME,
AND RAGE AGAINST THE LIGHT...

No Sanctity

...And when the Lamb opened the Seventh Seal,

Silence covered the sky of still falling Angels...
...And from the silence arose a mighty trumpet blast of such omni-power it
shattered the final of the remaining stars...
In awe I saw One rise to his hideous magnificence, wingless and undone,
Yet,
His arrogance supreme even in defeat, and proclaim thus...

**THEN, NOW, AND FOREVER, I AM THE BEAST THRICE SIX!
THE ALMIGHTY INHALATOR OF DESTRUCTION AND THE ONE.
IEHOVAH IS UNDONE, AND I AM YOUR INHERITOR. SATAN!**

The world twisted on its axis as the Morning Star turned to address the
numberless.

**MORNING NO LONGER
I AM.**

The Nameless and Godless flowed forward in untold manifest...
All eyes ceased to see,
Insanity voiced itself.

**.TSAEB DEKCIW YHT FO STNAVRES PEEW
.DOG FO THGIS EHT MORF REVEROF DESSAP EVAH UOY ROF
.UOY SDNAMMOC ENORHT LANIF EHT NO EH
.WONK LLIW UOY LLA SI MODGNIK EHT
.ECIFIRCAS
.EGELIRCAS
.YROLG EHT ROF EFIL RUOY LLA
.HPMUIRT EHT ROF DOOLB RUOY LLA**

The Sayer then so sayeth from the scrolls:

**Ilovedyoumorethanjesuseverdidthekingdomisallyouwillknownowsurrenderyo
urgoddamnedandgodforsakensoulsrightfulnessenceofthesonsoffireyoudarecas
tuponthegloryofthereignallthusblacktheOnewillhathunwilledwhatwaswhatisa
nwhatshallforeverbeuncreationliesinruinedashesandthefallenonesarizeressur
ectedtorulethethronestheywererejectedinheavenandbeholdwhathasdwelledn**

**eathmankindalphagibberingdemonspawnofuncontrolledlustriddenbloodwant
devouringthemasswithblackenedforkedtonguessplayingbloatedpustakeninte
stinesinabodysmashingfrenzycrunchingfibrousbonemilky marrowandflayedpi
nkchunksofhumanmeatswimminginbottomlesspoolsofyellowdecaywrithingw
ithmaggotlarvaeburrowinginjelliedeyepulpandthearomaofcharredsmokingfle
shfromthestakedheartsofoneandallexcruciatingpainknivingyemoltenleadpou
reduponpinkshelltissuestrippingskinlessscreechingblubberingformspungents
tenchofsicklysweetmustardpuswrungjuiceofmashedgreybrainsspreaduponmy
breedarkcrustedboilichorsauceofkingsspewingunbornfoetalmucusabominatio
nsofwretchingbilephlegm semenandwastefulwarmstillbornbabesinvomitspray
edpitsofcentipedalhorrorscrawlingunderandinbetweenfleshy carcassescastrat
edmountsofgenitaliatorntoothedgapingmawdrippingsalivablackdeathhappend
agefallenangelsareyouridolnowthereisnoforgivenessnowfesteringpigsno loveb
utrageblindhatredandinterminablemalicedarkenedmaleficicgeniusinabhorre
ncyforeverwardeathbeastplagueininfintecataclysm andsecondaryapocalypsed
ethronementchaosandimpietyexcruciatingagonytotwistandrendinsanequiver
inguntoldbrutalitydroolinggibberingintohomicidalrecreationdoomedtoburns
anctionedtonoreprieveintheinfernaliceandfiresofhellwitnessato atrocitiesofhi
deousmutilationflaming swordofredhotchainsbindingandbrandinginmerciless
rainofhotliquidscaldingdiarroheabowingnotbutgrovellingthroughexcrementf
oulandstinkingimmersedinmoltensuphurbrimstonemeltedclumpsofformlessg
oreforcedcannibalismandsavouryoftaboodiningonfleshofsweetbrothertearing
ligamentslooseandeschewingwithwildabandonmentsodomizedrapedbyincucu
ssuccubustenderlinsrippedfreeandspreadmixingbloodwithdemonsemenaband
onallhopeyewhoenterhereantichristcoupledwithbeelzebubgrotesquelyravishi
ngofmortalbodiesunspokenforbiddensexualpracticesworshippingnomannopo
penoqueennohopepayinghomagethoseofevilartsnomortalnamegiventothemor
rorsoftheshapelessmammonrimmonglasylabolasbunevualsepnipharzeparasta
ruthasmodeusbaalcarnalknowledgeyou shall servenoootherthanthewillyou shall
donoootherthanthewillyou shall benoootherthanthewillthejudgementhasbeende
creedandnoothershallruleabovetheOne. . .**

Minion (Never Finished)

SSENDAM FO SNOITACIDNI

BENEATH YOUR FEET, UNDER THE FOUNDATIONS OF HOUSE AND BUILDING
IS EARTH.

BENEATH THE EARTH, UNDER FORMATIONS OF CAVE & ROCK IS FIRE.

BENEATH THE FIRE, UNDER MOLTEN MAGMA AND INSANE TEMPERATURES
IS HELL.

HELL IS GENERALLY ASSUMED TO BE BENEATH HEAVEN, WHICH IS
INCORRECT.

HELL & HEAVEN ARE DIFFERENT PLANES OF EXISTANCE ALTOGETHER.
PLANES EXIST NEITHER ABOVE OR BELOW ONE ANOTHER EXCEPT IN
HEIRACHY.

THERE ARE THOUGHT TO BE NINE CIRCLES IN THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

CIRCLE I-LIMBO.

CIRCLE II-THE CARNAL.

CIRCLE III-THE GLUTTONOUS.

CIRCLE IV-THE HOARDERS & THE WASTERS.

CIRCLE V-THE WRATHFUL & THE SULLEN.

CIRCLE VI-DIS/ THE FALLEN ANGELS.THE HERETICS

CIRCLE VII-THE VIOLENT AGAINST ART, NATURE & GOD.

CIRCLE VIII-MALEBOLGE

CIRCLE IX-COCTYUS, THE FINAL PIT OF HELL.

ONE WISHING TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS SHOULD SEEK OUT A
TRANSLATION OF

' THE INFERNO ' BY DANTE. I HAVE SUCH A TRANSLATION BUT I REST
ASSURED YOU
WILL NOT WANT IT.

YOU SEEK THE QUICKEST KNOWLEDGE, YOU LEARN WITHOUT
UNDERSTANDING.

YOU WILL FLICK THROUGH THE BOOK FINDING WHAT YOU FIND
INTERESTING

SKIMMING THE PAGES AS IF IT WERE A MAGAZINE. IF SO YOU ART A FOOL.

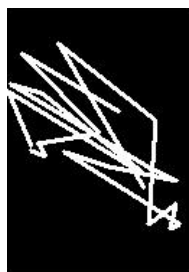
I WILT ASK YOU A QUESTION & I WANT YOU TO ANSWER.

BUT I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, I ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWER & SO I
WILL NOT WASTE TIME ASKING THE QUESTION.I KNOW HOW TIS
YOU ENVISION HELL. FIRE, FLAMES, A HUGE IMAGE OF SATAN SITTING
UPON A THRONE. BLACK, SCREAMS OF THE DAMNED. NO. THINK DEEPLY.
WHO TAUGHT YOU THIS? THE BIBLE? TELEVISION? THESE SOURCES ARE
MAN-MADE & MUCH AS YOU KNOW THIS YOU HAVE BEEN WILLING TO

ACCEPT SUCH LIES & FALSE IMAGES. WHY? BECAUSE YOU WANT THE
FORBIDDEN. YOU SEEK THE KNOWLEDGE YOU CAN'T FIND. THE SECRETS
& SPELLS LONG LOST FROM THE WORLD, KEPT ALIVE BY ONLY BUT A FEW...
YOU KNOW ITS TRUE. NEARLY ALL HAVE TRIED A SEANCE, MOST HAVE
USED AN OUJA BOARD, AND WE HAVE HIDDEN SUPERSTITIONS.
SOMEONE SNEEZES , YOU SAY GOD BLESS YOU.
AN ANCIENT SAYING INDEED.

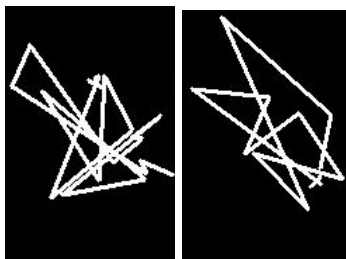
BUT FROM WHAT SOURCE CAN ONE CLAIM KNOWLEGDE OF THE DIABOLIC?
FROM A SOURCE NOT MAN-MADE. DREAMS. BUT DREAMS ARE NOTHING
WHEN THEY ARE GUIDED BY THE MORTAL MIND.
INDEED, ONE WOULD NEED SOMEONE, OR SOMETHING TO SHARE THE
KNOWLEDGE. NO MORTAL, BUT PERHAPS SOMETHING WELL LEARNED IN
THE
ART OF THE OCCULT & THE DIABOLIC. A SPIRIT.

THOSE OF YOU WHO DO NOT BELIEVE IN SPIRITS OR THE SUPERNATURAL
SHOULD STOP READING RIGHT NOW, BECAUSE IF YOU DO NOT BELIEVE
IN SPIRITS MANIFESTING THEMSELVES TO PEOPLE SUCH AS ANGELS
DEMONS, POLTERGEISTS (END)



[Although rich in attractive demonic dogma such writings are not inherently Satanic- for they do not seek to go beyond. Alone they mean nothing but for the personality who tries to shock others - being perhaps creative, but useless corruptions made of the dead forms promoted by the Church for the last 2000 years. They speak only of an archaic view of the world and in a mostly forgotten language of fear. They are church-forms that exemplify only the Distortion of Satanism, further burying the actual practice of it under powerless fancies that the Church would like it to be. Such affectations and romantic notions of 666 and the power of pentagrams and demons should be carefully considered. For they ARE useful, yes – but only for a brief stage in the magicians life, usually when still

young, when they learn to develop personal power over others by inducing fear and awe with these symbols. But these powers stem not from a Pagan legacy, but from a Christian one, and those who cannot go beyond such forms and explore higher forms of power such as sociology or recognition of the power to manipulate situations by revealing others hypocrisies for example, will serve only to do the work of the Church by dealing in and peddling further ignorance. I may have believed that kneeling with my head bowed in homage to Satan before an altar draped with a pentagram and two black candles once had the power to make demons do my little will. I doubt that at the time I had a will strong enough to separate my Self from my ego or could determine my own interests and the consequences of my actions, and like all children, sought immediate and simplistic gratification in an immature appeal to some higher gods to satisfy the burbling urges of my ego. But questions begin to arise when you see nothing really happen after spending a lot of time making voodoo dolls to hurt people, dipping your head into a bowl of water to scry the future like Nostradamus, or making obscure amulets for increasing your power, or wealth, or invisibility. When nothing really happens, i.e. when you don't know for sure if there is a link between your doll and a chance coincidence that so & so got hurt three weeks later, or, if while scrying you see a blue hole in a black disc that reminds you of staring out of a well foretold you punching a hole in the wall of your bedroom that night, or if the fifty cents you found on the bathroom floor was some joke by the divine in response to your perhaps greedy request for unlimited riches; you tend to become a bit, skeptical. Cynical. Because God, could answer whether voodoo was chance or a direct result, in fact almost any religion or magical school has its theory – but how can you be sure? If you're serious about knowing for yourself, you need to experiment for a start. I.e. learn more about this mysterious phenomenon of synchronicity, coincidence, sympathy which may lead to researching the history and theology of magic in general. One must also ask why, if your will is making things happen just so, the time it takes to determine your will always seems uncontrollable and could be one day, could be three weeks, could be a year. Because if it's uncontrollable, then is it a direct result of your magic, or is it that you just think that there is a connection and interpret the chance happening of your will coming true when it occurs on some level, even a very vague one? To find these answers for your self is obviously a hard task – because it is exceptionally easy to deceive oneself about ones world and place within it, but hard as hell to be self honest. To keep dealing in petty minor artifacts is to deny oneself the ability to understand what is required to take human consciousness to the next step. The Satanist must be ready to grow – and one of the ways in which this is done, is to accept when enough has been learned from a form or stage of life, and move on. Thus, the poems above are not Satanic, they are Anti-Christian. If they are in any sense Satanic, it is in their function to serve me as a teaching guide as a part of a whole, and demonstrate a basic mode of understanding that should not be repeated over and over again but struggled with to surpass its rudimentary scrawl. So sometimes the bad example is the best example. However, that said – there will always be exceptions and anomalous ways in which these Christian-based Black Arts (or any arts for that matter) are still useful. Such writings tend to fascinate and are quite hypnotic for their sensationalism, for instance. Or you would probably not be reading this Diary.]



THE EMAILS OF: NECRONOMICON & NETHNINE

[The following e-mail correspondence took place during 1999 at the height of my Pseudo-Satanic delusions. Necronomicon was another pseudonym I took on amongst the plethora of identities that I tried on for size. At this stage my Self was not yet developed enough to assert itself independently. Still present are the mention of ideas and views picked up here and there by Azazael that contradict one another; indicating fragmentation of the ego, not wholeness of the Self. But it is possible to see glimmerings of an emerging self-honesty in the texts, with Azazael admitting he does not know certain things, dropping levels of pretense and letting Nethnine tutor him now and again. These e-mails demonstrate Azazael's many convictions; the mixed bag of believed-in truths he holds dear and certain qualities of his character. It serves as a literary pre-cursor to the last chapter of this volume. Although the grammar of the e-mail is often terrible, the Self-absorption enervating and difficult to endure – Azazael does, amongst all the tired clichés, and terrible grammar [preserved intact] exhibit the promising emergence of self-honesty: A vital trait to nurture for any aspiring magician. During correspondence with Nethnine, Azazael feels acceptance from a comrade and lets down his fiercely protective guard. After feeling invigorated over time, Azazael discovers there is a purer form of the energy he has been trying to take from others. It lies not in impressing them with fabrications and his alter-ego “Azazael” but in discussing the experiences he has had openly and honestly as Ryan. He finds a relaxed approach to sharing genuine information about his experiences with the occult and life at large far more rewarding than trying to overpower people with an intense barrage of pre-set views that he knows are merely decorative attachments. Azazael takes the first steps in developing a mode of non-judgmental attitude toward conversation. These e-mails are an important proof that a personality can change – change that can be seen by the contrasting characters of DWR and Tnepres Ra.

The state of mind that can accept contradictions and paradox as harmony is not yet formed or achieved – it would take many more years, hundred of irate arguments, and the persona of DevilworshippR to begin consolidation. Only via the completion of this process of erasing division, in thinking beyond good and evil not in the shallow form of tacking on an intellectual badge and pretending I was

beyond them, but in truly changing my perception of the world by finding for myself the meaning (and subsequent meaninglessness) of both terms good and evil by going to extremes and struggling to understand both ideas intimately via practical acts and the testing of my values again and again, would I truly discover my Self.]

Ryan to Nethnine

Subject: I am Necronomicon am I

Date: Sat, 22 May 1999

Hello H, assuming that is indeed your name. As i would like to keep things informal at this point in time, i hope you will not mind terribly if i call you Nethnine. Good.

This is more of a test email than a letter, as i would like to see if this msg gets through to you. I thoroughly enjoyed your company in the Xtian room, it was a refreshing change to meet a like-minded in such a small-minded room. Unfortunately, despite the fact that the Xtian room is the best location in Alamak to meet and find conversation with interesting people like yourself, my temper toward them is barely controlled, and I find myself blurting out anything that will offend them, whether it be true, or not. Doesn't matter. I know what i know. As I said earlier, I am a practising Satanist, and have been for many years...I find Satanism almost second nature. But, I am more likened to a crow than anything else. I have my own strong beliefs, and I 'steal' from other religions and cultures to further my own, by enrichening, educating, enlightening, and building them.

My name is Ryan. Or Ry if you please. I am 20 years old. I worship music above anything else, except my beautiful girlfriend. I love Heavy Metal, like Alternative, some Techno, rock, 70's, 80's, 90's stuff...classical, relaxation, etc. Hobbies include drawing, and creative writing. I have been studying the Occult since I was 12. At first I was a dabbler, as you suspected me to be. And I assumed the Satanic stance to frighten others into leaving me alone. I like to use fear as power. I like power. It worked. I gained a reputation around the school for being a 'devilworshipper' (hardly, but nice title for a teenager). I found a deep respect for Satanism, and became fascinated with it's powerful teachings. I can proudly say, I have done my religion proud and will continue to do so until the night i choose to die.

I have messed about with various branches trying to find my feet, The Tarot, Runes, Candle magick, Ouja boards, Symbols, Languages and Divination methods such as scrying, and started to write my own book. At the time i called it my book of shadows. Since then, there have been a great many copies of it, as i constantly re-

wrote it and added to it, according to what I had learned and the only thing i learned, was that magick, is infinite. You can never have it all. I practised various types of magick, and was interested in various branches, including Angeology and Demonology, Paganism, Traditional Christian witchcraft, Wicca, Sympathetic, Black, and White magick, Conjunction, Tools, Enochian, Scripts, Pacts, Spells, Curses, Incantations, and above all, methods, history of witches and satanists, Anton Szandor Lavey, Aliester Crowley, John Dee, Nostradamus, H.P.Lovecraft, Antichrist, Lucifer, Dante's Inferno, Baphomet, The Bible, and The Necronomicon...

Sadly...it is with a heavy heart that i no longer pursue these interests. Having found more than enough knowledge to last me a lifetime, i already feel like i am 1000 years old...and i am just a simple man like everybody else. I have had varying success with my magick, the most common type I use us Blue Magick, or magick of the self. Leadership etc...I have used witchdolls, black image, poppet (whatever you want to call them) with medium results, and have enjoyed random success with curses. However, my black magicks exceeded all my expectations, and became my chosen art. I was fool enough to think I would open the gateway to Yog-Sothoth, and thank christ I didn't! Who knows what would have happened? I might have killed myself or worse...You see, the thing is, i BELIEVE in magick. And it is not a subject i consider to be undertaken or dabbled with by fools...I see magick as an energy. An energy that can be bent by the will alone. And after 7 long years of writing my book, Mvimaedivm, (now know the way). I have decided to live life as a normal person, that is, dwelling on the physical realm, having a gf...not going around on this ball of clay questioning things, accepting that what is, is. I look back more than I look forward and think to myself, what if i had finished my book? I look forward to your reply. That is, if you have not considered it a waste of your metaphoric breath & time to reply back to me. Hail Satan.

Not yours - Necronomicon.

Utterly Sincere - Ryan."

Nethnine to Ryan

Subject: Re: I am Necronomicon am I

Date: Sun, 23 May 1999

Ryan,

I did indeed receive your e-mail. Sorry if I don't always respond in a timely manner. I have you e-mailing my work account, so I don't get my mail except the 40 hours a week I'm at work and I don't always have the time to respond. I don't like people mailing

my home account because my wife freaks out (because I've sort of cheated on her with women I've met on the Internet). Now she's extremely suspicious of anyone that e-mails me. And she doesn't want me on any chat sites. At the moment she's the ruler of the house, so I have to tread lightly sometimes. Though all that may be changing soon.

Anyway, I thought your e-mail was very interesting to say the least. You were very thorough in describing yourself, I was impressed with that. Most people don't go into that much depth. You sound like you've been exposed to a lot of things in the occult arena. You're not afraid to learn, that's the biggest obstacle I've noticed people have. Many religions (especially christians) and many organizations in general (look at our government) operate through the method of fear. As if the knowledge could hurt them directly, what fools. When I was about 16, one of my best friends was given a Satanic Bible to read from a girl who wanted to convert him. Him and his mother were afraid to even open the damn thing. I took it home and read it, all the way through. When I told my friend's mom what it contained, she about slapped me. My friend took the book and burned it, remember Hitler? Hmmm.... Afraid of Evil? Afraid of the Devil? Afraid of the Dark Side? <sigh> They were fools believing in superstition, something they would condemn in more "primitive" peoples and religions. Sad really. And they weren't even religious zealots by any stretch of the word... And they're still ignorant of what the book contained...

I understand what you mean about abusing Christians. Sometimes I do the same thing just because I know it doesn't matter what I say and they annoy the piss out of me. Other times I like to try and debate them logically, a lot of christians are easy to trip up in their own twisted logic, though they always have a way out, awfully convenient if you ask me. I've shocked a few christians into religious "trauma" and had them seriously questioning their faith. Mostly, though, I go to the Christian room at ***** to meet people like you and me, and to talk to people on "the edge" so to speak. They're seeking and looking at christianity, but at other things too. I like to encourage them toward the other things. I personally think Christianity is dying and I want to be there when it breathes it's last breath. Christianity is an abomination of the soul and I am thoroughly Anti-christian.

You assumed correct, my name is H. I am 27. I'm a computer programmer by trade, though I think I would be happier as a philosopher or something, but I wouldn't make near as much money. I too started studying the occult when I was 12. I'd always been interested in ESP and UFO's and all that. So one day I rode my bike down to the bookstore and bought a book called "Helping Yourself with ESP" by James Manning (at least I think it was James). I read the book in one sitting and it scared the pants off me. I put it away for about three months. Then I got it out again

one day and read it again in one sitting, and it didn't scare me at all. I guess I just needed a period of adjustment. Anyways, I started to practice the "practical" things he suggested in the book. I got results immediately and have been hooked ever since. Where I really excelled was being able to control and see my Aura. Before I ever read anything like that, though, I was already messing with my energy. I stuttered really badly when I was young, so much that I absolutely dreaded being called on in school to read or answer a question, or do anything that involved talking in front of the whole class. I noticed that the more I said to myself, "Please don't call me, please don't call me..." the more I was called. I imagined that I was probably drawing "mental" attention to myself that my teacher subconsciously picked up and therefore thought of me to call on. So, I used my mind to make a "bubble" around myself, one that would make me mentally invisible. Perhaps my perceptions are skewed, but I swear that bubble worked 99 percent of the time.

And I played around with the bubble, I made it bigger, I made it smaller, I had it cover only parts of my body, I made it really thick or really thin, I changed it's shape, I put it around other people, several times I put it around everyone in my class, one time I put it around my teacher so he wouldn't remember something the rest of us were worried that he'd remember - you know what, he didn't remember, I made my bubble permanent for awhile - so much so that I couldn't turn it off for awhile, but eventually I did. Anyways, I think you get the point. I did this stuff when I was 11. When I was 15 I got into Tae Kwon Do, I tell you what, Martial Arts is one of the best ways to learn to "move" your energy around. Because I was aware of that energy, I excelled in Tae Kwon Do and I had an edge that few other people had. I was stupid and didn't realize it at the time, but I know it now, and now when I practice Martial Arts, well, I'm doing much more than just moving in the physical realm.

Anyways, I'm really big into music too. My favorite music is 80's Heavy Metal. I love Iron Maiden, Slayer, Dio, Savatage, Queensryche, Metallica (though I think they sold out in the 90's), and on and on and on. I played drums and guitar as a teenager, had a band for a short time. Now I'm into some alternative music, some of the new Heavy Metal (Korn, Marilyn Manson, etc) though I still don't think they make it like they used to, I suppose that's my age showing. I also like a lot of 80's pop music, I suppose because that's when I grew up, as they say. Like I like Wham, George Michael, Culture Club, Michael Jackson, all that old gay stuff. Though Metal is by far my favorite. Hate 60's and 70's music, except Jimmy Hendrix. I wish I could nuke every country and religious station in the world and oldies make me gag, though there are some oldies that still rock. I live in *****, *****, Anal Christian capitol of the world. There aren't any good radio stations here. Every time they start a good one (aimed at kids),

the commercial sponsors decide the target audience is too young and doesn't make enough money to warrant advertising on that station, so the station is forced to change format to an older audience with more money. The only station that plays any alternative is a college privately owned station and they only play the hard alternative stuff at night. Sucks to be in *****.

I've been actively studying Magick since I was 18. I have a library of books at home with about 100 books on Magick. I could have many more, but I'm trying to focus myself somewhat on a few aspects of magick. You're quite correct when you say Magick is infinite. I've briefly studied a lot of the different aspects of occultism and I instantly knew what my path was - High Magick, or Kabalism, or Golden Dawn Magick, or Crowleyian Magick, or whatever you want to call it. So I haven't had the same broad exposure that you've had. I'm more concentrated in just a few areas. My biggest emphasis is on what I've heard called white magick, though you called it blue magick. Above all, I value my spirit and I seek to discover my spirit and eventually merge my mind and emotions with it. That takes a lot of work and a lot of perseverance. I also will on occasion practice a little bit of grey magick, ie. manipulating the environment for things that don't necessarily focus on my spirit, like making a talisman to draw more money toward me, those types of things. But I'm always careful to make sure my desire doesn't hurt anyone else. Does that make me a goody two-shoes magician? Hardly not, because I'm also not interested in helping anyone in particular. It's a karma thing. Whatever you put forth, returns to you Threefold. Put good forth, it returns to you, put evil forth, it returns to you, reach toward your own spirit, it reaches back. I'm interested in the latter.

I studied true Satanism for awhile, even called myself one for awhile. To me, Satanism is basically a humanist philosophy, not particularly new, though valid in its own right. I'll be honest, I'm not a Satanist now, nor do I philosophically agree with Satanism. At first glance, it would appear that Magickal Theory is very similar to Satanism, ie. we each have our own path designated by our spirits and the universe and as long as we follow that path, absolutely nothing can stand in our way except our own will. In other words, it seems that it doesn't matter what I do to someone else because they've got their own path and I'm helpless to change their path no matter what. This is Magickal Theory taught by some, not Satanist philosophy, correct me if I'm wrong, but that reasoning sounds similar to Satanism. Crowley's famous line, "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law" seems to bear this philosophy out. However, most people neglect to consider deeply the next part of that passage, "Love is the law, love under will". He's qualifying "Do what thou wilt" by also equating "the law" with love (love has a secret meaning in Magick), and then again constraining love with will. Crowley is using a few words to explain a philosophy that would take volumes to explain, few

people look that deep into the philosophy, neither proponents nor opponents of Magick. And please, don't think I'm judging you at all. If there's one thing I've learned, it's that we all have our own paths, unique from anyone else and absolutely nobody has the authority nor the wisdom to judge your path except you. Ultimately you are the master of your destiny and what is right for you is right for you and anybody else's word on the subject doesn't mean shit. I'm just pointing out that I'm not Satanist and I have philosophical differences with Satanism. Though I certainly think it's better than Christianity, and to be honest, I haven't studied Satanism as deeply as I have Magick, and it's been over 9 years since I've read anything Satanic, so forgive my feeble comparisons and arguments.

You're also right about belief in Magick. If everybody truly believed in Magick as you or I do, this world would be a very different place. But Magick never was for the masses. <sigh> Too bad, too. It amazes me that people are so willing to be deluded, they don't want to see any truth if it's "scary" or challenges the "normal" way of thinking. They don't want to think. One of my friends has a saying, 99.9 percent of the planet is populated with total idiots and they're breeding at a frightening rate. I believe that wholeheartedly. Then again, I'm a big conspiracy theorist, I think this is all a conspiracy that started thousands of years ago. But that's another story.

I've always been attracted to the dark side of things and I consider myself to be a dark sort of person. I've learned that I'm probably not really a dark person, Magick opened my eyes to a lot of things. But before Magick I would have definitely said I was dark. That's only because that's what my christian family was telling me, and to be honest, I loved it. If they thought I was evil or delving into things evil, great! They were fools, they were afraid, where I live and play, they are afraid to go, I want it that way. I still want it that way. I think the Magick I practice is fairly benign, or at least apathetic, but if I were to explain to my parents, they'd think I was a psychopathic, delusional, devil-worshipper for sure! And I still think they are fools!! But such is the way, they are treading their path, I am treading mine. It just pisses me off that they have to think they are wise enough and big enough to judge my path and tell me where I ought to be and what I ought to be doing. How can they possibly know better than me!? It's funny, I used to have my room completely covered with Iron Maiden posters, I had a very religious aunt that used to visit sometimes, she was literally afraid to go in my room because of the demons in there. She tried to talk my parents into putting in me in a psych ward because she thought I was possessed. She tried to talk me into taking down the posters and worshipping god, I laughed my ass off at her. I loved my posters and wouldn't part with them for anything. Anyways, that's me, I'm still that way. I'm still attracted to dark things

and dark people. My favorite saying will always be, "Yea though I walk through the valley of death, I will fear no evil, for I am the evilest son-of-a-bitch in the whole valley."

Anyways, I better go now. I look forward to your response.

Nethnine"

Ryan to Nethnine

Subject: The World Thru MY eyes...and no other.

Date: Mon, 24 May 1999

Christ. That was a frigging long email & highly appreciated, I now know that we can be good friends for the perhaps few years to come in this dismal corpse of a reality. I hope and trust you feel the same emotions as I.

H...It has been so very long since I have had the golden opportunity to meet an individual as genuine as you in my life. I consider it a honour to know you, Sir. I am known in my sphere for being a somewhat cynical person, never fooled by fools, and always looking through people like glass. You seem not to have any glass. But courage, commitment, and the imagination that so many are lacking. I was very impressed with your letter, and i want you to know something...I am not like anyone you will ever meet or have ever met. I am what i consider dead. I can no longer co-exist with the conformity of humanity, simply because i have seen so many truths shattered and exposed. I am already 'dead to the world' to quote Marilyn Manson. (quotes are something i rarely use).

You see...when one has his innocence stripped away from him when he is not ready. He feels as though there were more to life than what he has been told...other parts of the book that have been torn out, and chapters that have been re-written...Know this before i continue. I consider myself mentally insane, i caused it by seeking after knowledge that was hidden for a reason, too much contact with the demonic has left my mind somewhat demented. I find the only way for me to communicate my emotions, locked away and screaming for release, is to write them down. Hence my book. I cannot deal with the simplicty anymore. I have always refused to believe what I have not known to be 'True'. And when i say true...you know exactly what I mean. I am the kind of person that people fear. As i said, I am already dead, I know too much to go on in a myst like everyone else. I cannot deal with having a car, a job, having chit chat with friends, doing dishes, etc...I cannot watch Tv without abusing it in disgust, knowing how fake and manufactured the ad's are, meant only for the sheep that plague my world like a disease. It makes me sick to think that there can be so many stupid wastes of time, Celebrities, governments, rules,

laws, its all illusion. I fear them...they are what i either was, or will become. They are our past and our future. and if this be true, i want no part in it. I want to be a free spirit like we were so many thousands of years ago, i want to get rid of powerlines and phones, and houses and live in a forest. I despise technology because it makes me a hypocrite. I wish i could take all that has ever been done, screw it up, and start again. And i clearly want you to know, that i mean no offence nor harm. But had i not found outlet for my pain and tortured mentality, i would most likely have become a serial killer. So strong are my beliefs, that i would die for them. My life is worth the glory.

As you can tell...i am intense if not deluded. Though i am perfectly sane, I do not feel as such. So much exposure and contact with the Occult has left me feeling seperated from what i knew, I can never look at things the same ever again. and using magick has shown me what is underneath the curtain of reality that i know. I am not a liar. I do not pretend to know more than I do, Your arguments and polite comments about Satanism, easily shadow mine. I will not defend them, nor substantiate them, I will leave that for you to decide. I have not mentioned it yet, but the book i constructed, the almighty Mvimaedivm, i burned it. I was driving myself crazy with the Occult, i was obsessed with it and it took its toll. I am no longer the man i wanted to be, Simply because in a way i torched my childhood. I burned the book and in a minute i will tell you why. That book was my talisman. It was Who I Am kinda stuff. That book was a part of my spirit: the biggest part, it was my identity. Without it, i am lost. I don't know what to believe in or whether to believe in, i don't know what real and fake are. I cannot deal with just being a number, a sheep. I know that my only weakness is that i like to be understood. and thus doing so, i betray my own confidence and let the darkness flow. I scare myself knowing what i could do if pushed. I hate these thoughts, but they are vital for the working of black magick. such is my gift, so be my curse.

I hope and i hope, i have not frightened nor mislead you. I am not a killer, nor am i likely to go and burn a church or something equally irrational. My energy is in my head. And in my art, and my writing. I can seem like a psychopath to you or another simply because no-one wants to admit we all think like i do. There are some very dark and scary people out there, nothing has changed since humans arrived on the earth. we are still violent. we are still animals. and we are still afraid. Of anything and everything. You have nothing to fear from me, i can do you no harm, but to a feeble Christian mind i am the antichrist himself, i am lucifer tempting them, i am a sad streetkid with no friends or family just begging to be saved...that is power. I have discovered how to steal it. and i will continue to steal it until i find a better way to do it. I am not who your conceptions tell you I am. I am a semi-smart kid, who just happens to know how to

see things for what they are and what they can be, i am a just-gone teenager who just happens to know how to break someones legs with a doll. I am societies fear and an abomination in the eyes of God. I am Ryan. And i am learning to be an individual. I am not a threat unless i am allowed to be. I am no less than any other person, should they choose to be. I am my own God. - H, after you read this. You should destroy it. It is not wise to dwell on things for more than a second. because they change. I might wake up tomorrow and tell you i am a 31 year old woman whose name is Alice, and i like baking scones. I just got hold of my sons private diary and wrote a story which starred me as the main character. Though, we both know this isn't true. And what we share in common is that we both, just know. You have become an entity on my computer, and I on yours. you will never meet me, nor i you. Simply because to do so, would greatly diminish our respective power. I respect you, because I don't know you. And i feel the other thing we share in common and i emphasize this - is Our contempt for humanity as a whole. Ignorance has darkened my rage of humanity beyond comprehension. Nuke em all i say.

I remember the 1st time i saw the Satanic Bible. A girl was reading it. And i asked if i could read it for a second, she handed it over, and i glanced at the pages...

And what i saw was not what i expected, i was 15. I was expecting pentacles to be drawn everywhere, diagrams of how to make spells, rituals, and incantations, blood sacrifices and shit.... What i got was a bunch of paragraphs with little roman numerals on them. I had been fooled by myself, and i was so angry, so disappointed that what i was believing in, was so fake, as opposed to the grand-scale structure of something as powerful as a doctrine that someone else had written, could make me see thru my own lies, lies that i forced upon myself and others, i vowed never to be stupid again. I stopped drawing signs on my hands, trying to make them look indiscreet when i knew that people would be curious and go, 'what's that?'. I stopped scribbling meaningless but impressive squiggles in my book and exchanged them for Satanic Statements, theories of magick, and very 'effective' notes. I wrote in runes and people took me seriously. and i became known as a witch. I adopted all manner of stereotypical stances, wearing black, wearing a pentacle, listening to heavy metal etc.all to enforce the illusion. A perfect example of Will power. They were in my world, my world which I controlled, and they did exactly what i knew they would do. School kids are easy to scare. But i am not a school kid anymore. I am a very focused and intense man, i have no mission yet, and if i get one, then i shall move on it, and it shall be done. I admire Charles manson, Hitler, Anton LaVey, all very smart and powerful men. Using magick to get what they wanted. And why not? If someone is manipulated then it is their fault. The way i see it, I do not need a wand or spellbook to make magick, i have the use of millions of people. And to each and everyone of

them i can chameleonise myself to appear as an ideal. To a Christian i can be understanding yet blind to the word of Jesus, to a 15 teenybopper i can be a cool kinda druggie who's-done-it-all, to a middle aged woman, i can be a friendly nice young man. To an Operator i can be a smug sonovabitch, and to an enemy, i can be a nightmare. (no pun intended). It is my ability to understand human behaviour that gives me the edge in magick. It is the wall of flesh upon which i paint my canvas. I can be sexist, yet an equalist, yet a feminist, such is the magick i create with my words. The Internet is the best place to work magick, other than in one's home. You know as well as i do, that people like to be scared, and if we give them the opportunity to be so, then they will RESPECT us.

Christians...*grin* O pray do not get me started. yes, they have a very intricate web, and a very good defence system incase of attack, they have the Bible. Who can argue that the Bible is the most ambiguous text ever conceived? Anyone can take it's writing out of context to suit their own. It is futile to argue with a Christian. Because they are not part of your world anymore, they have stepped off at the lights, so to speak. They cannot or will not hear you, because they have become deaf. I don't blame them, life is so much easier with a crutch to lean on. But i have no crutch, and i must endure knowing that what i am saying is dangerous to a lot of people especially myself. I could be whatever i wanted, but i chose to be a nobody. And that is the way i like it. I say no more, except this - never fail, never fall, never fade. It is my motto.

Agreed - Christianity is an abomination to the soul and i too am thoroughly AntiChristian. In fact, i tried to convince a girl whinging that she was going to kill herself, had already tried, had scars...blah blah f blah...to kill herself if she could. I have no doubts she is still very much alive. All she wanted was attention. Nethnine, focus on what i just said...You knew what she was before i told you, didn't you? You know it was unnecessary to say it, because you already know that....That kind of madness still drives me crazy, Words drive me crazy, they are so unnecessary. if everyone just said what was needed, we would be much better off. in fact we would be near-perfect.

27...i thought you were much younger...20's or so.

Now, about your bubble...that is truly incredible mindwork. And don't doubt that i believe you. I don't believe you because i am dumb and go along in a daze with whatever i am told, or because i want you to think you can trust me, i believe you, because i know it can be done. Have you ever read the Celestine Prophecy by James Redfield? remarkable book, changed my life. All the answers i had been after while delving into magick, were in that book...They had, and i know they had, been staring me in the face ever since i questioned them, but i could not see, because i was not ready. Now

i am ready for whatever the world throws at me. If i become homeless, i will become a criminal and rob people. such is the injustice. If i am jailed for being a criminal, i will become a murderer and drive myself insane. such is the injustice. if i am tried by electric chair, i will scream, because that is all i ever wanted to do. be a victim. But i, nay We are not victims, we are the last of a dying breed...we are perhaps the most formidable force in the world today. I used to have a saying on my book, it said...

Do you know who we are?

Do you know what we can do?

That's why we don't do it.

Because we know who we are...

Children'o'Satan.

There is so much to say, and so few words to say it in, I know what you mean by mental energy and i too have experienced the class room...i have been frightening people since i was aware i could. I want to be the Antichrist that destroys the world, I want to be the next mad gunman that takes out 34 people, I want to be able to experience what I want without another getting in the way of my hopes, goals, and dreams. I want to be a God. And what I want, i get. What i don't get, i bring. I am slightly jealous of your library *s* I loved my book, but to prove that i could live without it, and had no addictions, i burned it. I keep all my knowledge in my head. where it stays. It's funny, because thru-out my life I have had at least 12 people, mostly young girls of 15, asking me to teach them 'witchcraft' and things...I am far too dangerous to let them know my arts, in my world if they want power, then they can suffer for it like I did. Let them do 8 years of reading, listening, writing, and persevering to find the secrets that are so rightly hidden from them...if they can, then good. they are awake. if not. then more fool them. please excuse me. I let my emotions get away sometimes. Good, but hardly polite.

About being a goody-two-shoes...that is not true. cannot be true. Only definition would make you so, and as we know, that does not exist. In a world of infinite realm and possibility, nothing can have a defining shape or reason, create your own destiny. No-one is evil, no-one is pure...no-one is grey. You are what you believe yourself to be. I can see strength in your desire not to hurt anyone else, I am like so...but i have to know if i can hurt, and if i can, then how much? where are my limits? Will burning the eyes out of a photo, and chucking it in the freezer, be enough to rid myself of a person? or must i do the job on the physical plane? - AND again i would like to say a little something of my

character, this letter may not be in any order, but if you are accustomed to chaos, then you will find it much easier to read. Apologies for being complex. I don't know how else to be.

Your talk of demons sparks many memories in my head. I have seen them. I have seen a frightening number of things, and were my fascination not so great, i would probably be afraid. I have made things happen that you know I cannot explain. It is a very obscure world we live in, and i know that my confidence in you is not unjustified. I will never know what they are or why I saw them, i cease to figure out my imagination, who cares if it plays tricks? that's what it's for...but these were not tricks. I have shown friends the devil coming up thru the floor, black and horned as one would imagine. Yet i cannot remember clearly the moment, dreaming or awake, I don't know. so many questions. I used to have a familiar. I think i forced it to be real, but if so, then i have telekinetic powers i didn't know about. It pushed my mother, and i clearly recall her and our flatmate saying they had been held down in their beds at night by something. Hatred perhaps? I gave it a name, and even named several of my creative writings after it, I called it Judas. I shall describe it, then i shall say no more of it. A 13ft spectre in a black cloak. It had an elongated face like a long-triangle with long black eyes. It looked a bit like a crow and it spoke to me inside my head. If that was fake, then i am a fucking madman and no-one has pointed it out.

So much i could say, but then, you would have to be me, wouldn't you? My story is no less freaky nor divine than any others, yet i fail to see the humour in lying and in life. Excuse me if i seem vague. I am.

Thankyou for replying Nethnine...I shall await yours... Know that i do not expect a reply, but indeed you fascinate me with your honesty. such a rare trait in humanity.

Respectfully - Necronomicon.

P.S - Until next, beware the Tv.

P.S.s - Michael Jackson etc are not gay...damn good musician that guy. Don't condemn your tastes for the benefit of another...compromise nothing unless it HAS to be compromised.

P.S.s.s - They're watching. (conspiracy comment)"

Nethnine to Ryan

Subject: Re: The World Thru MY eyes...and no other.

Date: Mon, 24 May 1999

You and I are not so different, Ryan. I have looked through many eyes, I used to think that a curse, because I couldn't look through my own eyes, always I felt the mental screams of others,

always I felt the pain of everyone else, it became my pain. It was as if I could sense billions of people's pain all at once, it nearly drove me mad. I recognize now what I felt, it was life, all life is pain, all death is bliss, manifestation will always yield pain, death will always bring peace. I, too, had my innocence stripped away, as does everyone in life. The people who control the sheep are very efficient at what they do, and the vast majority of people are quite happy to let themselves be controlled, ignorance is bliss, nobody wants to find the truth, though many seek. This pain that everyone has is the seeking itself, they know in their hearts that there is a truth beyond what they are being told, but they can't see it for what it is, even though it's right before their eyes, they have to have the courage to see it, few do. For truly it takes great courage to go against the grain, to go against everything you've ever been taught, to be labeled a madman, a heretic, a lost soul, when in truth the only madmen, heretics, and lost souls are those that are doing the labeling. Indeed, reading your reply, you don't know how much I can sympathize with you because I feel the same way about a great many things. I don't believe in luck or coincidences, I believe everything happens for a reason and by intelligent design. I can't help but wonder if we were meant to meet in order to further reflect on ourselves, for in you I see me, and in me I see you.

You speak of death, to me death is only a transition, it is a birth in disguise, for in dying we are born into a new world, and in being born we are dying from another, but always we persist. I, too have died from who I was, I, too will never be the same sheep being led to the slaughter by those who try to tell me lies. I find it interesting that Christianity describes Jesus as the lamb, the lamb that was slaughtered by the establishment, and that we should all endeavor to emulate his life - in other words, be a lamb to be slaughtered by those who are arrogant and evil enough to think they are wise enough and powerful enough to rule others. I believe true evil lies not in the devil, nor any demons, they can be controlled, I believe true evil lies in those men who control other humans for their own purposes and mislead them from their own spirits, because these men have already denied their spirits, and so they believe should everybody else. Sometimes I become so enraged, other times afraid, other times just sad at what these men have done, I think they are the cause of all pain. But then I would be deluding myself. The fact that we are manifest brings about these men, they are a part of the natural order of things, they must exist so that people like you and I can seek and find our own spirits and know the truth from the lie. For how can you have white if you don't have black?

I, too have sought out knowledge that is hidden. At the risk of sounding judgmental (which believe me I am not), I believe it is not that you know the knowledge that's hurts you, as with many

things, it's what you do with the knowledge. The example I like is that Adam and Eve did not commit a sin by eating of the tree of knowledge and knowing, but that they chose to hide their nakedness from each other, from god, and from the world. They did not pass the test of knowledge, as few do, and they chose the way of establishment, the way of the lamb, the way of the slaughter. Thus was humanity born in a shroud of death, because Adam and Eve first pointed the way out, the path leading to death, ... and rebirth. Only the courageous find their way off the path and truly find life. For in the end, the path of death is not the path that we will take. But similar to what I said above, why would we have a reason to seek another path if there was not already one laid out before us?

When I was a teenager I felt a lot like you, I had no time or patience for simplicity, had not patience for fake people which most are, I recognized the brainwashing that went on in society, I had to get my mind out, had to get my emotions out, had to get this pain out, wanted someone to understand, wanted to be recognized, wanted to be understood, wanted... Today I still feel much the same, but my mind has changed. I really hate saying these things, but what I see in you now, I used to be. I really hate sounding like an old man (which I am not) but I am different now because I put myself through a rigorous kind of discipline that life is more than eager to provide. It started when I decided to join the United States Marine Corps. I spent four years in hell, but I learned a lot about myself, my limitations, my abilities, my mind, and simplicity. I was pushed to the limits in everything I did. Hell is a great teacher and a great mentor to the undisciplined, it should be used for what it is, instead of feared and avoided. Discipline is pain, pain is discipline. I couldn't stay with that organization because I had taken what I needed from it and could no longer stand the control they imposed on all of us. But I am grateful for the experience and I am much different than I was even at 18. It brought home a lot of things about the nature of this world and the nature of reality and the nature of myself. Being married has also taught a lot of things to me. I told you, Hell is a great teacher. As has having children. I have two. I guess I'm just trying to share with you what I have known, and what I have felt and experienced, take it as it is, or discard it as you will, because ultimately what I say is for me alone, and what you know is for you. And I want you to know that I really hate saying things like, "I know how you feel, I've been there". Makes me sick, but I can't help but feel like saying that. And I am not foolish enough to think that I know EXACTLY what you know and how you feel, because you are who you are and I am who I am, and never will we be the same, we will each always have our own eyes and I will never be privileged enough to truly see through yours, nor you through mine, as it should be. So ignore me if you don't like what I say, most people do ignore me.

Writing is a very good outlet. Especially if someone of like mind is reading it. All these things you hate have a purpose, else they wouldn't exist. The illusion is that your spirit is locked up by these things, it is not. Your spirit is as free as the day it was conceived so many lifetimes ago, your mind must struggle to see the truth. That's the hard part. These men who endeavor to control your soul, do so by controlling your mind. And I think you know how they try to do that. One thing that they give the illusion of taking away from you is your Will. They can never take that away, and they know it, but they don't want you do know it, or anyone else. THAT is the secret knowledge they want locked up, THAT is the reason they are afraid, THAT is the reason they have control. Because people are so willing to believe the illusion, and because they are so willing to let other people "drive" their destiny, people will always suffer until they figure out the secret knowledge that THEY don't want us to know. Then everything changes.

There are many dangers in the occult, as I'm sure you can tell me more than I know about. I've been fortunate to be able to avoid most of those dangers. The biggest danger I've heard about is obsession. The best cure for obsession is Will. I was in the store the other day and I heard a clerk ask an old lady if she could help her find anything, the old lady said, "Oh, I'm not looking, I'm just exercising my willpower."

Please pardon me for saying this, but you sound like you're still in pain, you sound like you're still seeking. It may not feel like it, but seeking is good for the soul. It makes you who you are, it lets you learn who you are. You've figured out that you're an individual, now you're lost (your words). I understand your intensity, I've scared away I don't know how many people and girlfriends because of my intensity. Most people I know think I'm a quack. I am not. I am not frightened by you, indeed I am somewhat encouraged by you. Everything you have said to me, I have said or written also. As I said above, we are not so different. And it heartens me to know that you are seeking so vigorously, you will find what you're looking for. I did. By the way, I am not a graphic artist, I've wished many times that I was. My art is in my words, but I greatly appreciate dark art, art of the soul, art of seeking. I would like to see yours.

I've been told I should start a Magickal Diary. I don't think I will. The information I need is in my head, it is mine and mine alone, anyone else reading it would only taint it. When I die I will take my Karma with me, I will not leave it in a musty old tome for others to find and bear it also. And words are so inadequate to describe the spiritual, the experiences of the magician, words simply fail when they are put to use, no matter how elegant an author one may be. I love to write, but I will not write my Magick, that is for my soul to write down in the glorious record of the Akasha, and none other.

There was a time when I realized that I was utterly alone in this universe. I feared that realization, I hated it, it brought me great pain, I shed many tears because of that realization. Then I accepted it and the knowledge brought me comfort. Then I revelled in my aloneness because it meant that I was an individual, it meant that I AM. I am not a part of the Marine Corps, I am not part of my high school class, I am not part of my work team, I am myself, I am an individual, I AM. That is my greatest strength now, one that nobody and nothing can ever take away from me, it will make me immortal. I AM, I EXIST, I HAVE BEEN, I AM NOW, and I SHALL BE. The significance of that concept is beyond this reality, it's the underlying secret that we all know exists, but most of us never find. And most of us are afraid of. For instance, my wife has known for a long time that she is ultimately alone in this universe. She cannot bear the thought and has been searching her whole life for SOMEONE to BE with HER. That she be not alone. But in the end, we die alone, we are born alone, as long as we exist, we are alone in our existence, and that scares many, many people. I hope you know exactly what I mean. I suspect you do. My wife finally realized a few years ago that no one will come and save her, no one will come and be a perfect partner to exist completely with her in her mind and soul, she is ultimately and always alone. She is lost because of her fear, but it is the path she must tread to find out that that secret is strength and immortality, not death. <sigh> I feel like I'm preaching or something - Jesus Christ!! Please understand I'm just relaying what I see, think, and feel. The reason I'm so paranoid about sounding like I'm preaching is because I really hate when people preach to me. And I mean real preaching, not just saying what they think, because most people don't think. Anyways, in recent years it has come to my attention (mostly through the internet) that I'm not as alone as I first believed. Ultimately I still exist by myself, but I share this existence with others of like mind. Thus I have found people like you.

I, too, have seen demons. When I was a child they haunted me nightly in my dreams. I had vivid dreams of bloody messy murders and deaths. Once I was watching a documentary in a dream about a man in the 18th century who took a child to the back of a church and started tearing the kid's guts out and splattering them on the wall. There were many, many dreams like that. But the one time I am certain I met a demon face-to-face was a dream I had about a little puppy walking out of a paper tent. It was another documentary in my dream. The puppy got about half way out of the tent, it was so innocent and pure, when a light appeared inside the tent and the shadow of a small but hideous figure appeared on the side of the tent (from the inside) and I saw it pull the puppy back in and tear it apart. A voice of the documentary explained that the demon kept the puppy alive by unknown means for a half an hour of torture. The screams of the puppy and the screams of the

demon I will never forget, they were more than physical screams, they were spiritual, the demon was killing the puppy's soul. Then I was afraid like I had never been afraid in all my life, but now I know the demon has no power over me, it only wanted me to think it had power. Quite similar to the people who think they can control me in this world. They want me to believe the lie that they have control. I will not. A few years ago I discovered the secret to rid myself of these nightmares, then the waking nightmares began - life, ...OK, marriage. You may guess that's part of the reason I have chosen the name Nethnine for myself. Not that its meaning is apparent. There are other reasons to do with my Magick, but those are personal.

Are we ever ready for our innocence to be stripped away? I thought that was the definition of innocence. That is the way of the world. Waking up to reality is a hard trip, as it was meant to be. For if it was easy, would we really gain anything by doing it? You are not mentally insane, my friend, you are human. I know what it feels like to feel insane. I have often compared myself to the cattle that roam this earth and felt insane because I did not graze on the mindless chaff that they did. I have always questioned everything, and for that I have suffered and I have learned and I have gained by it. Indeed, I have gained nothing less glorious than my SELF. But the journey is a profoundly painful one, one very few people have the WILL to make. As I know you know. Intensity is the mark of someone who is truly alive, and seeking, and spiritual. Though it goes against the norm, intensity is a sign that there is a heartbeat. Be intense, my friend, and never, ever stop.

One thing I must disagree with you on. I feel contempt for parts of humanity, certainly the men who seek to control us through their twisted vision, and I despise certain aspects of humanity, ones that I find even within myself, but most of mankind I feel great anticipation for. For in each human is the seed of seeking that will grow into the tree of the spirit, the tree of life. Everything must be done in it's own time, so it is with most humans. Occasionally I am enraged by the senseless mindlessness and petty activities and jealousies that a good majority of humanity express, but then I realize that is the way of things for now, and someday they will all wake up and realize who they are one at a time in their own time. Aleister Crowley had another saying I take to heart, "Every man and every woman is a star." Think about that one for awhile.

I have not read the Celestine Prophecies, though I have heard of the book. I will have to find it and read it.

Thank you for your conversation and sharing. I look forward to your next response.

Nethnine

P.S. by the way, regarding your familiar, have you ever read much about alien abductions? Just asking, I'm a big alien abduction believer. The description you gave immediately brought alien abduction to my mind."

Ryan to Nethnine

Subject: Ryan...Now Deep In Thought.

Date: Wed, 26 May 1999

You know why i like emailing you Nethnine? You give me that old feeling of hope that has since got a little rusty the last time i used it. I feel the strong unspoken bond that let me meet you.. it is the same kind of strength that i felt when i met my girlfriend, and the same kind of strength i felt when i realized certain truths...I know the day will come when humanity is my inspiration. I would like to thank you for your correspondence, And i would like to

thank you personally, I have learned from you. This will be a shorter email than the others, ((added after note: Or will it???)) As i feel much more focused on my thoughts. Ra shines down upon me, And Ea holds my gaze with it's beauty.

I have never met someone quite as unique as you Nethnine, You're one of the most interesting email friends i have ever had. I actually look forward to your letters, because I know that i am going to enjoy reading them. Thanks for being you. *grinning* The law of threelfold must be at work here, for i seem to get back thrice what i sent out...You made a lot of good points in your reply, and rather than sway from the point like i did in my previous letter, i will try to reply a step at a time. Pray, bear with me...

After reading your comments, I could give a myriad of different answers and theories...But, I will not. I ask you instead to find the book I mentioned last time and Read It. - The Celestine Prophecy by James Redfield - As i have already told you, I am a cynical type of person and cautious of fake representation. I have never read a spiritual guide in my life, and only 13 pages into this one, i could not put it down. I could not put it down because it was Everything. Summing up what i had attempted to find out by studying magick and religion for years, in 9 simple insights. H, If ever you read one book, make sure it is this one. As one seeker to another, I make you a promise, This book, is the Truth. plain and simple. Please, make no judgements until you have found it and read it for yourself. All that you believe in will be revealed in its pages. And if you ever do get a copy, I will tell you about the most profound spiritual experience of my entire life. Your comment about no coincidences, is the First insight in the book.

It says we should look for coincidences and acknowledge them...it says a great many other things too....

And i know you do not wish to be judgemental, (Don't worry so much!) - But i beg to differ...The knowledge i found did hurt me. In a great many ways, before i was even capable of using it. A long dusty time ago, I used to be a Christian. (surprise!) . At the time i was still innocent. My sister was the main cause of me converting, she was young too, but she used to come home so happy and cheerful and read her Bible and write I Luv Jesus all over her school books...I wanted to know why she was so happy and I was not. I thought about it and waited. One day my sisters friend came home with her and they sat in her room reading the Bible...i thought they were nuts personally. However, and this is not as clear to me as it could be, Somehow i ended up being involved in their 'rapture' and going along with what they were saying. The girl, my sisters friend, started speaking in tongues..It came from nowhere and i was totally taken aback. My sister said that she was speaking to God in her own personal language. I was fascinated. Anyway, this continued and somewhere down the track I became a christian. And further down the track in my sisters room i did something that just comes naturally to a kid. I lied. It was just like normal, they were praising Jesus and telling me I should go to church and shit like that, and then I did it. I started gibbering a whole lot of unintelligible words and they just kept coming out...As you can imagine, my sister and her friend called it a miracle or something and said that i was speaking in tongues. Ahem, bullshit. I wondered how anyone could believe that i was doing that for real? Was i really doing it when i thought i was just trying to belong? No. I wasn't. and the more i thought about it, the more angry i became. It was all so false. Questions formed and eventually i tore up my Bible. All except for one part, Revelations. That bit was too cool to tear up. I kept it under my pillow and would read it, marvelling at this thing they call Satan and the Beast, and it's unbelievable power. I was hooked. A few years later. I was developing quite a taste for the Devil, and I tried to dress like him, be like him, act like him. Except i didn't know anything about him. I spent an entire afternoon painting a big picture of a horned satan with fire behind him, I was only 12. My mother saw it and went ballistic! She started screaming at me to take it down and throw it away or burn it...she said i was asking the Devil to come into our house and hurt us, and that once he was there we would never get rid of it. She said it was my fault that people had been having bad luck and accidents lately. I was scared shitless. I took the picture she was trying to tear up, and went under the house to my cubby. I put it up under there, and thought i was safe. Minutes later my mum came and looked and said That she thought she had told me to GET RID OF IT!!. I got rid of it. What else could i do? Anyway, I wondered why she reacted that way for weeks...and the more i thought about

what she had said, the more i wanted to bring the Devil! (reverse psychology huh?) And i did. I brought him into the house and he stayed there for a very long time. No-one knew but me...except when Judas showed up...long story. tell you sometime but not now.

One day, in primary school, my friend, a usually happy kid, was crying. No-one could get near him without being told to "piss off" . I did though. I asked Simon what was wrong and he wouldn't tell me...and when he did i wished i had never asked. He said his dad was dying of cancer and had only 6 weeks to live. I still remember my mum going to the funeral. I told him i would pray to God for him, and that it was gonna be okay. That night i did pray to God. The first (and i wish i could say last time) I told him my name. I told him that i had nothing to offer him and that if he would save Simon's dad, i would give him anything, even my own life. After a lengthy prayer i went to sleep. That night was to change my life forever. I woke up during the night, i don't know what time it was but it was very dark. There was something at the foot of my bed. I know it is going to be very hard to take me seriously, but i want you to listen. I saw a light, a ovalish bluey-white light with a face in the middle. It was an old mans face i think, and it was wearing a shroud. I looked at it and i knew it was God. I could not believe i was seeing it. I had to prove myself wrong. I got up and went over to the curtains and shut them. No effect on the light, even when i waved my hand over the frames and stuff. Went to the door, it was shut already but i waved my hand around the edges of it, still no effect. I didn't know what it was and i still don't. I got back in bed and looked at it. It seemed to be smiling and the only thing i really know, is that it was God and there was a very calm feeling in the whole room...I went to sleep and when I woke up, i soon forgot about it. 4 weeks later, Simon's dad died. Cardiac arrest or something. I was devastated. And i was extremely angry. God had lied to me. He had not taken my life i had offered, for Simon's dads. Was it not worth as much? was it not worth it at all? I prayed to God that night in bed, and I said some very harsh things. Among them i made a vow. I told him he was a fake and a liar. I told him he was selfish and i hated him. I told him, that since he would not listen, then maybe the Devil would. I told him i would destroy him, and i would never talk to him again. I have been a Satanist ever since, and to this very day i still despise God for what he did, I try and i try to forget what i saw, i try to convince myself he is not real and that i never saw anything. I try not to acknowledge that there is a God. But deep deep down i know there is...i saw it. And i was more frightened when i saw God, than when i saw Satan. Nethnine, the knowledge i found, the things i learned from these experiences was not used, but had a very profound effect on my life. The very essence of make-believe has become my reality, If i know that God is real, how can I deceive myself into thinking he is not? Even when I am implicitly against him, i still know it's

there...somewhere. Thus I remain a Satanist, one day i will know for sure...I can tell you one thing though. I do not believe in Heaven or Hell...I've been to Hell. It's quite a nice place, no fire, no ash, but very quiet and quite disturbing. Do you know what astral projection is? One time, and i think the only time it's worked for me, I 'landed' on a desert. This was Hell. I didn't have signs up or anything, i just knew it was. The sand, was a colour i can't describe, though it was sort of red, green and blue all at the same time. The sand turned into blood when i picked it up, and the blood started screaming. There was no sky, but there was a very intense wind all around, and which way it blew i couldn't tell. There was a large jagged black mountain in the distance and i tried to walk toward it, but for every step i took forward, i seemed to take one back..i screamed in frustration and heard nothing, until the echo. It was too too odd. My footsteps left no print in the sand, and i knew, I was all alone. In a vast and endless universe i was the only thing there. there was nothing else. It was Hell. I was alone for the first time in my life, truly alone. and i was scared and frightened of that...

There is a longer description of that experience but i am trying to shorten it...there was more. And i note when i say was not used, then perhaps i mean that from the view of a child's eyes, i know about sub-conscious, and ethereal, and such...now. but even then, i knew it was not normal to be seeing this stuff. It was not, right. Anyway, i am wandering again. excuse me. Death. Do not get me wrong Nethnine...I do believe in life after death, otherwise, how did i get here? There is deja-vu, there are dreams, there is coincidence, all much too much evidence that i have been here before...and i will be again. And i do not, believe in Sin. I understand you not wanting to say "you know how i feel" - i am exactly the same way. But i know you have. You need make no apologies for treading the steps in front of me. Insight and hindsight are valuable keys to me. So by all means, you are not preaching, you are teaching. I know what bits i need and want, and i choose to ignore the common illusion that one is telling me, or preaching to me. I respect you H. That goes a long way in my book. Even to understanding you as a human. I forgive any misconceptions you might have about me thinking that way. I don't. I know what you mean, and i know you mean well. Most people ignore what they don't understand. Thats how it is, how it was, and how it will be for a long time mate...don't take it personally. We cannot transform the world in one day. But we can try, eh?

H, I see the illusion that you see, but to acknowledge that illusion would have some dire consequences for my beliefs. If i believe that THEY want me to believe that they control me, then i am acknowledging the very fabric of that meaning. I stay where i am and I watch. I don't really exist to these people. It's true. And thats the way i like it. Until one day, when i find the inspiration and ambition to climb on top of this self i am

currently wearing, and show the world why i am here, then i will remain in the shadows of my own barriers. The walls i put up now are not for me as much as for others, i am trying to focus on things at the moment. I have been floating too long...i need a job, and i need 'education'. I left school when i was 15. I need to nurture the love of my girlfriend whom i love above anything. And I mean, anything. I need to show my family some time together, and i need to find a solid ground to set myself up for things to come. I cannot drive, i was never taught. And i was taught, that if you weren't taught, then you never learn. I am still fighting that one. I want all the things that i need to survive physically, before i can worry about my spirit. But there are sacrifices...I no longer practice black magick, for the sake of my lover. I no longer read about the Occult, for the sake of myself. I am tired. I am tired of playing the game, man. I spent all that time learning, reading, using, creating, destroying, and all because i thought it was what i needed. Now i am 20. What do i have? Almost nothing. I have no education. no job, no car, but i'm happy. I'm happy because i tried. I went where many are afraid to go. And these other things are nothing compared to the knowledge i gained from such a journey. I still have many years to go, those other things will come in time. Slowly but gradually, i will shed this skin and become the butterfly i always wanted to be. As you said, no black without white. Now i emerge from the darkness, so that i can be in the light. That is how i wanted it to be. And so it was. Hard, painful, but worth every second. I have done more in my life than a lot of people, and for that I am proud. I am proud to call myself human, and i am proud to call myself your friend. You probably understand me, because true, we are not so different. In fact, we are more the same than anything. we are friends.

Willpower....ah...now theres a key. I have it. Tremendous willpower. It was a gift.

After 4 years of smoking marijuana and cigarettes, i gave them up for my girlfriend with out so much as a blink. No cravings, why of course not, it's all in the mind, psychological...and i have strong control over that. I can't bend spoons, telekinesis, but why would i want to? bending the 'rules' is enough for me. I have never given away a secret. I see no reason. I control curiosity. I have changed myself and my spirit overnight by willpower. I have become a Satanist by willpower. The strongest magick there will ever be, is willpower. I know this. I use it.

About your wife. I know at the level we are on, it is hard if not impossible to feel sympathy or pity for one who has trapped themselves. It is hard to feel sorry for a beggar on the street because we know that he/she put themselves there. Even if only so we could see them and look at ourselves. I find it hard to comfort my girlfriend when she is upset about me not coming over to see her. She has no right to be upset. I AM, and SHE IS. We, even though bf and gf, are two separate entities, the quicker she

learns that, the better and stronger our relationship will be. In the Celestine Prophecy it makes a comment about not becoming addicted to people as it drains energy on both sides. This is so damn true!! - I should be able to walk away from her without going on and on about when i'm going to see her next and at what time to ring...She cannot do this. I find it hard to deal with a person like that. And i do not know if she has the ability to change....although, i think she does and she has shown some very interesting signs of it lately....

Grin Sorry about the puppy....

And finally...Alien abductions....a very tentative subject in my book. I have no doubts that we have 'visitors' in fact we may even be the aliens ourselves, and the visitors are human. I don't know...i feel that u.f.o's exist, but whether they are government vehicles or extraterrestrial beings i don't have an opinion, probably a bit of both. My sister and i have a little joke concerning big brother on the Internet. We think that the person on the other end of the chat, is not human, but an alien hybrid...In fact, i have my own theory that, each and everyone of the people you chat to on the net, are not real, i mean, you never see them do you? and that they are all mass generated programs using a highly sophisticated AI computer. Yet, why they would bother is a little vague, maybe they keep tabs on us, maybe they are conducting experiments to see how we react to certainties, maybe...we are are just being kept busy or distracted while things go on unnoticed....anything from abductions, to laws being passed. Who knows? not me, but i can always guess, and then find out....

Apologies for the wait, it took me 3 days to get this email to you, on account of rationed time on the net.

Thanks for the energy.

Necronomicon.

P.S - The being i described was not an alien. It was definitely from this plane. It had an aura i can only describe as very very black. I summoned it using some strong enochian incantations, some vital fluids, a black heart, and a unbreakable belief that i could. Though, it came to me first.... That being was a demon. No doubt about it, and i assure you, it will return, no doubt about that either. I will send you some poetry when i have some spare time. Just know that when i say poetry, i don't mean poetry, i just don't call it anything else. maybe 'writingz' on occasion. I'll be in touch. Hail Satan."

~ END OF CORRESPONDENCE~

[Nethnine and I corresponded frequently for about a year but I only have these few emails from our conversations. The Wisdom and intelligence of Nethnine was the main deciding factor in using

these examples to demonstrate Azazael's typical self-absorption and the radical contrast of personality that occurs in subsequent volumes of this Diary.]



AZAZAEL & V

[In the following email, recorded perhaps two years after the Nethnine E-mails, a great many of my dogmatic ideas had fallen to the wayside. As I grew from a boy into a young man my conversational tone became more professional and succinct and a greater clarity in my thinking developed. I had begun constructing the groundwork for a logical method of enquiry that could elevate or destroy various modes of thought using counter arguments that emphasized or de-emphasized various components of fact. No longer satisfied with surrounding myself with dogma and occult make-up, I had begun to turn my attention to Biology, Psychology and Sociology in my quest for answers, i.e. to know why I had surrounded myself with dogma and occult make-up. I had also begun to piece together my impenetrable rationalization that each individual was God and therefore there existed no objective authority that could provide concrete and infallible answers, though many set themselves up as prophets to do so. I became aware of existentialism not through study of it, but through trying to make sense of the many occult contradictions and paradoxes that beset my path and understanding. This powerful reductionism was instrumental in making many of my points to destroy the credibility of others arguments and evidence. Azazael became aware that each human being was as equal in ignorance as the next. Such an observation might be referred to as a psychological or biological 'constant' that could not be broken. I.e. I may not know what is going on, but No-one else knew what was going on either. My Satanic arrogance and manipulatory charisma was beginning to emerge, and with it, growing conviction of the fragility of the Matrix and the ideas of the individuals within it.]

To V from Azazael

V - please excuse my late reply to your email.

In response to your comment, I may be sensitive and emotional, but I also believe myself to be logical and objective about the topic

of religion. V, I view everything in life as if it were a basic primal instinct. There are 3 basic things in life that everyone shares in common. The need to eat, the need for shelter, and the need for sleep. Aside from these basics there are a further 3 primal instincts that we share in common.

TRIBALITY: Man is like any other animal in that he is tribal. We hunt, protect, explore, etc. in a group. Racism is a natural response with an evolved name to man's instinct to protect his hunting, feeding, tribal ground/territory. Thus, because it is Nature's nature to weed out the weak in order to keep a species strong, there are naturally selected Leaders, and Followers. This I believe is the atavistic origin of Religion in its most basic form.

EVOLUTION: The second of these primal instincts is to Evolve. I feel that all tangents aside but considered, that Evolution means Complication. Imagine V, in the Beginning, man has just become aware of his own self and a new world; a totally alien environment. The brain would be going off the scale with new data, and not just one brain, but thousands, then millions: all with different ideas, sensory perceptions, and all struggling to understand, comprehend what the hell is going on..

CONTROL: The third is that No-One knows how we came to be here, because we were not here to observe our beginning. And all we can do and have done is assimilate all the data from way back THEN in the very first early days of the birth of the human race, to NOW, and try desperately to understand, which we still don't. My point V - is that Christianity, and Religion, when stripped of all their dogma teaching, foundation, words, ideas etc. is just a chaos theory propounded by an inestimable chain of primal events that have simply been individually interpreted by each man and so on and so on and so on..

200,000 years ago, while a caveman struggled to make a fire; in the year 2001 we carry lighters in our pockets capable of creating in the blink of an eye what it took them hundreds of years to perfect, and never give a second thought about where this seemingly most simple of tools came from. It is the same with Religion, there is no truth in religion, only mans desperate effort to understand himself and his new world. And this world may have changed a lot, but it is always new. Keep that in mind.

V - I reduce everything to primal cause, because I am primal. I am struggling to understand, and rather than just accept another

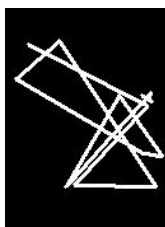
human beings interpretation of my new world, I interpret it for myself, only using the guides of those who have gone before me as just that, Guides.

Keep in touch V, interested to hear your response.

AZ

[A different tone of letter but still from the mode of Azazael; my letter to V shows yet another ideological possession has occurred by which I tried to find the ultimate truth inside things. Reading Charles Darwin, Azazael subsequently begins integrating semi-biological explanations for life. I would go through hundreds of these moments of thinking I had it all figured out only to be rudely awakened.

Note however, Azazael's consistent manner of using formal address. Azazael was aware of the commanding power of using formal names. It had the curious effect of continually re-focusing people's attention by showing objective detachment. From psychology and sociology I learned that formal names tended to disappear from relationships and conversations when familiarity between two people developed – and also that familiarity often bred contempt. When becoming familiar, concessions were made that ruined the raw persona that Azazael was interested in studying. All too often those with interesting views, once well met, declined into mediocre small talk. I felt it was better to always try and keep others at arms length. Upon observing this about myself I discovered that conflict and adversity were crucial in conversation if my Satanic Ego was to perform.]



Truth Vs †ru†h

(The following statements demonstrate a growing politico-religious fury in Azazael as his delusion intensifies. Though his writing is fluent and hypnotic - he is under a spell of heavy influence by the ideas of others. His own sentiments are only vaguely expressed in the bracketed sections of the paragraphs – almost like formulas for a set of commandments. Drunk on his own sense of power, or

perhaps deluded by the simple way in which he views the subject and subjects of Satanism; Azazael attempts to assemble an army of followers with his rhetoric using the prejudices of white supremacist, satanic, antichristian and other secular groups to incite indignation at the Church and makes a call to arms. During this assault Azazael has taken the stance that Jesus was merely a man misunderstood. The strategy is to attack the church for hijacking the “true” message of Jesus by discrediting their interpretation as false, thus interpreting those that worship the Church as innocent victims of a conspiratorial dupe. There was great ambivalence at this stage of my life between hating/loving Jesus. I was

trying to reconcile the idea of a once great Christ with Satanism by attacking the Churches hypocrisy in relation to Satanism. I was angry that much of what they said “we” did was in fact, modern day practice and historical record of what “they” did. I attempted to defuse the possibility of a white/black moral argument by ‘stealing’ their very own symbol from them and making him pure as the driven snow – at the same time accusing the Church of misleading people as to Jesus’s real messages that were forever lost in antiquity and making up a whole load of bollocks that saw them get fat rich and powerful at his expense. It is not long after writing these statements that I suffered a near nervous breakdown as the confusion about my convictions and the angry helplessness at being unable to live up to lofty ideals, or reason things through to a conclusion without encountering yet another tract of text that made my arguments look feeble in comparison to the conspiracy according to PhD’s, professors of archaeology, scientists, philosophers, and others that made my best efforts to understand, look like chicken scratchings. I spent a few years going around in circles, shrugging off religious dogma, piling it on, shrugging it off, cross-referencing it etc until one day I began to become interested in Psychology and what others had to say about the biological and interpretative faculties of the human being. It interested me to know why Christianity has come about, or why people looked both ways before crossing the street, or why I felt the need to write about the Devil; and the possibility of understanding what was behind much of what was said, done, or thought about by the human race excited me greatly. DevilworshippR would later arise from the ashes of Azazel – outlining his views on Christianity in a much more informed manner, within a growing realization of a greater subjective paradigm of human behaviour.]

TRUTH VS TRUTH:

My name is Ryan. I have no religion. I assume the role of a pseudo-satanic crow. My mission on Earth is to destroy the Church and Free Its People. I believe this to be my mission because One & I have agreed it is. All I have to complete my mission are the tools Society has equipped me with, Sight, unequivocal passion and patience. I am taking my mission forward one step at a time, but very carefully, and with the utmost strategy I am capable of, because perfect evolution is important to me. I will not slow in my mission. I will not pause in my mission. I will not stop in my mission. I will fulfill it & destroy the Church and free its people. I do not question my irrational drive to do this. I do not explain my instinct. I obey it. All I know is my mission. If any slave of The Church can disarm this Truth with their †ru†h, let it be done, or forevermore know me as Ryan. My mission statement - There are no words I know of to encompass the scope of my mission, perhaps just, let there be light...

I

- The Church has stolen something precious that was supposed to be for all

of Us, The message of Jesus Christ, and altered it to deliberately deceive The People. They have abominised it to mislead The People into believing the message they are preaching is the original and in the correct context, & in doing so, deceive and deceive again. They are the great Deceiver they claim to be the enemy of. And what better ruse of the Beast than to lead the hunt for the Beast itself? The Church affects Earth and Its People as it sees fit, self-appointing righteous leaders who propel themselves above The People as Prophets of God, but are simply Kings of Hypocrisy. Every lie is covered up with another lie and these lies with more lies, The Church using everything in its power to control The People and keep them from the Truth. The Church has used and continues to use grand deceit to establish and maintain themselves as the Ruling Authority. (From the beginning The Church has used lies and deception to gain a stranglehold on the Earth. I am against the Ruling Authority ruling by deceit and anything that deceives The People.)

II

- The Church is the source of the great sickness of the mind that has been unleashed on Earth. A high plague that attacks the souls of the Eggs before they can become Chickens. The plague comes in the form of human demons practicing mass hypnosis to subvert and ultimately control The People in the guise of Salvators spreading 'The Word' (of God) making them sick and unhealthy to keep The People from themselves, and thus deny the Earth, Thinkers. The Church spreads this disease among the populace in colonies and condemns those who stand up to them or think against the grain. It is unchecked mental murder, an efficient bully tactic, and psychological slavery. (I am against that and those whom sicken The People, trick, trap, or harm them.)

III

- The Church holds itself up as being a saintly faction of peace and benevolence for The People, a good and virtuous role-model that 'promotes' world peace, end of famine, human rights, kindness, forgiveness, charity, love, and unity, when in fact the correct words for their actions are 'culturing a glamour'. It is in fact responsible for the highest number of mass murders, bloody crusades of arrogance, untold rapes, culture thefts and dismemberments, cruel acts (torture to name one), conspiracies to deceive The People, wars, acts of violence, riots, cover-ups, hypocrisies and hypocrites, bigots, racial prejudices, gender prejudices, oppression of minorities, violations of human rights, bloodshed, frauds, money scams, sexual crimes, and losses of Third Sight, in the name of their scapegoat Christ, in the entire history of the human race. In all the time they have been in power The Church has done nothing for The Greater Good of The People. (I am against Waste, False Idols and the way the Church 'honours' Jesus Christ yet forces its adherents to follow a doctrine in an act of penultimate hypocrisy.)

IV

- The Church supports charities and ads on the TV that depict world famine and starving children in other countries, homeless and hungry, directly targeting the GUILT factor in The People and in doing so subliminally shift the blame from both their faction and the Banks who both exploit and manipulate The People into feeling guilty for the plight of those People, drawing attention away from the fact that the \$\$\$ The People donate is used by The Church to promote The Church in the land where famine has weakened the resolve of those masses, making them an easy target for the Church to subvert the populace of millions for the price of a few bags of rice, and that the World Banks caused this famine ON PURPOSE because the Third World no longer served any economic use. Yet, the Church, one of the most lucrative establishments and wealthiest organizations, overflowing with money, pays no tax. If it were to, it would wipe out 'World Debt' and 'Famine' overnight. (I am against exploitation of The People & One Law for them, another for Us, keeping the illusions of the Establishment intact, and projection of GUILT.)

V

- The Church sucks The People into a pipe dream reality with empty promises and no substance, and after the initial afterglow, fabricates 'truths' that make The People fearful or guilty for things that never happened, and things they themselves have not done nor should feel guilty or fearful for. The People are threatened with promises of death and violence if they do not accept the teachings of the Church. They are told they will 'Burn in Hell' and 'Suffer for Eternity' if they do not let The Church into their lives, and thus again deceive and manipulate The People with horrific logic-less suggestion. There is no logical reason to join Christianity that is not a motivation of GUILT or FEAR. (I am against Mind Control, Anti-Logic, and intimidation of The People.)

VI

- The Church divides and then conquers The People in mind, body & soul. It segregates them with trivialities to prevent them from ever reaching any real conclusions and they then tread the eternal wheel of philosophy and chaos searching for answers that do not exist, nor need to, fulfilling pointless tasks to prove loyalty to The Church which despises them and could care less for their welfare than it could for taking all their money, and in a sick paradox they remain slaves to The Church. The wheel is turned by a principal of such a ridiculous but sinister nature it is a credit to The Church for its ingenuity, but incredible evil to The People. An invention similar in tangibility to that of money, FAITH. An insidious concept that cannot prove itself or its inherent worth and is used to fall back on when holes in the structure of the teachings of The Church are discovered. (I am against FAITH because it is the one brick that prevents The People from escaping their chains of deception and yolk of slavery. It is

also an abomination of logic.)

VII

- The Church is not taxed and resides under different laws than we The People. Nor are we the populace of Earth allowed to remove these edifices of offence. (I am against anything that is an Idol of Christ and the hypocrisy they exhibit concerning the commandment, thou shalt not worship false idols.)

VIII

- The Church forces its teachings upon everybody, yet claims it does not. It is a Liar. It has always been the policy of the Church to kill crush and destroy those it cannot enslave. It is no different in the year 2000, except perhaps the blood has been replaced by money. Crafted zealots target people in their own homes peddling The Word of God, such as TV evangelists with such a plastic nature it makes my stomach turn. Blatantly begging for money, in exchange for a few shitty words, and another empty promise. The Church is a disease with no cure that turns otherwise healthy People into mad blithering clones. A wall of pretence has been built around the methods of the Church and from an outside glance it is their intention to appear that The Church is only interested in converting those who wish to follow its teachings by free-will, but this is not true, the Church is well aware that it cannot reach all of The People at once as it used to, so it has cultured a public 'we keep to our own' policy. Yet this so-called policy does not stop their private slaves coming around to my house to stand uninvited on my doorstep, and assault me with their obscene logic-less profanity. It is so offensive to me, it is fate I do not own a gun. Private sectors of The Church have taken over distribution of experience, (GODS JOB) and if they were keeping to themselves my TV programs would not have been censored by the CFA, or bands like Cannibal Corpse, Marilyn Manson BANNED from playing music in a number of world locales. The Church has assumed the mantle of God and is controlling what The People can and cannot do, what is right and what is wrong. The Church are dishing out experience and keeping the Universe in a state of suspended animation, bringing natural evolution to a standstill. (I am against this unnatural act. I am against anything that limits my experiences as a Son Of Earth. I am against the Power of Control over The People. And to deny Evolution is Evil.)

IX

- The Church is set on Total World Domination. (I am against Totalitarianism from such a plastic company.)

X

- The Church allows only illusionary freedom outside of its strict and ridiculous doctrine, and has created an insane mathematical equation that

cannot be solved, of rules and laws to keep The People on the Wheel towards 'salvation', a pipe dream of ungodly proportions. It saddens me to see lives wasted in such a way. The People are given false freedom to create their own beliefs, but all such beliefs ultimately honour the Church. Under the Church, The People are all puppets in complete control. (I am against loss of True Freedom.)

XI

- The Church does not allow The People gratification or indulgence, alternatives or choices. Its clones are taught to project fake compassion, integrity, and sincerity onto all The People whom the Church has deemed 'sinners', (A sinner is a person who is not under the Power and Control of the Church) a derogatory and insinuating term that is intended to make The People feel guilty for what they experience or accomplish in life. The drones are brainwashed into collecting more drones for the Church, by mimicking the exact methods the Church used to enslave them. The 'unsaved' person is made to feel part of a group by Flockers, made to feel welcome and warmly loved by all, with the grand promise of the prize of eternal happiness with God when they die. . (drones are necrophobic; they are afraid of death with no afterlife) Whatever method it takes to convert the new victim is employed. Yet once converted, the new drone is isolated and considered derisively unimportant by the other drones as they move like a virus to the next victim. Feeling confused in the stampede the new drone starts running on the Wheel from which there seems to be no escape. Like a virus, they move from person to person leading each person on with expectations and lavish promises of happiness but then leaving them alone, confused, and lost, as they all are.... (I am against flocking and those that shepherd The People for no Greater Good.)

XII

- The Church programs its People. These People preach logic-less banter such as 'Jesus Loves You' and lose all dignity and respect for themselves. They crusade together to 'pray' for others whether the prayer is wanted or not. They use thinly disguised black magick and rituals and yet righteously reject any other source of this practice as being evil and wrong. (I am against those who deny the acknowledgement of magick after having employed it, & I am against those who kiss the Ass of Christ and speak on Christ's behalf.)

XIII

- I cannot touch the symbols associated with The Church without feeling sick.

XIV

- I cannot suppress my murderous rage upon entering into an Experience with the Church and Its Peoples. I want to free them but I cannot do so in

the immediate present. They have forgotten not to listen, They can no longer see and it is a hard task to guide the blind from the Dragon. The Church has taken their souls and shaped what GOD meant to free-flow, and when this happens I get crazy with black rage that makes blood drip from my fists. I am invincible when I hate the Church.

XV

- It started with stone tablets, temples, then bibles, crosses, now internet and tv... why the hell won't it end. It is my life to hate the Church.

XVI

- The Church has all of the best warriors. I have no army. I am but ONE man. But I AM ONE MAN.

XVI

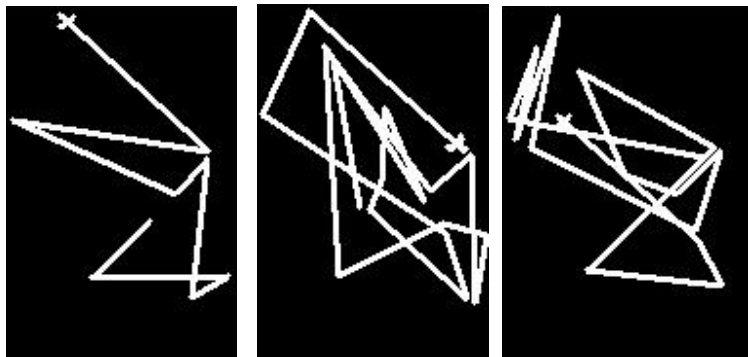
- Everything the Church has done and does, would be fine if it were in the name of GOD. G-reater go-OD.

XVII

- The Church has become the AntiChrist it suggests, Itself. It has the Signs. I have the Sight. (I am a warrior of One and I am against the Beast that has enslaved The People.)

XVIII

- I am against supporting the Church because it is a breeding ground for stupid people, and it is taking more and more people into its charms everyday. I do not want a stupid population on Earth, I do not want lackeys and morons wandering around doing nothing for themselves or the Greater Good. This is partly the reason I also feel compelled to circulate information on my web sites that can be used as weapons against the Establishment. Trying to kill the Church to make the World a better place makes sense. Maybe it will be a better place, maybe it will be a worse place, the point is that I have to try. I hate the Church so very much and what it stands for, and how it can sit their with a smug smile on its face all high and mighty, left alone fat and content while it systematically eats the Ideas of a generation!





CHAPTER 3 – Memoirs 2003

[Every once in a while I'd feel all I had learned and experienced had culminated in a new level of understanding that could be summarised by a self-analysis of my psyche: a snap-shot of where I was in the world. With access to the Internet – I had found and looked into various satanic groups, including the well-known Church of Satan, and the Temple of Set. Neither of them published more than a few introductory notes on their practice of their craft and neither offered more information without paying money to join. Later I heard tell of a group called the Order of Nine Angles (my experiences with the ONA are dealt with in detail in Book II and III) and an online user supplied me with what would shortly take over my life and propel me into the world of genuine Satanism – an online collection of ONA writings. These memoirs are the earliest records I have of my state of mind when reading and acting on the ideas laid down in ONA manuscripts and also a commentary made three years later on the first memoirs at the end of Chapter 1 in "A Psychic Snapshot". The transformation from personal to impersonal outlook and the degree of self-honesty developed in such a short time is remarkable when compared to the frame of mind in the notes of my first memoirs – but it was not yet a real understanding and experience of that state of being... there were formidable mountains ahead that would later laugh at these written mental wanderings in valleys choked with mist. Although wiser in the ways of the World, Azazel is still exhibiting a stage prior to the finding of his Self. Until he finds it, he will continue to switch between groups and ideas, choosing what he feels are the most powerful by wearing the right costume and wearing the right badge. Only when he discovers who he is and what he has to offer the world in terms of his unique powers will he stop looking for others to teach him about himself. But for now, the adoption of others ideas as his own is a necessary part of discovering what he is not.]

Breaking the Crystal

"I was nearly there. Indeed everyday Life *has* attained an incredible momentum, but only in a physical sense; for inside my head my visions are becoming stagnant and flawed and while time continues to egress, my inner child is struggling to overcome Self-imposed limitations. Now there is no chaos where my thoughts collect, only undiscovered clarity. I used to believe in Chance, that this World, this Time, this Race, was one random eccentricity of the Universe, but this savage concept too, has in the Now, evolved into a staircase of certain projection with the steps of Future Outcome and manipulation being trod boldly underfoot. I was nearly right... I was awake. As awake as any of our dormant couch-potato species could think itself to be. The last twenty-two years of my life were Evolution in a System-drugged coma living a pipe dream of the Past, thinking selfishly that I had a personal Destiny, a right to be an Individual, thinking, with stupidity, that I was a Satanist. I was so far from this I was

shamed into eventual redemption. I give my life over to the Universe far removed from all the triviality and come to find Satan. Oh how the word cruel springs to mind when I think of the ultimate destruction a moment of realization or even a glimpse wrecks on the unsuspecting world of one in a Self-deluded daze. And the word Satan becomes my mind when I think of the purity, the essence, the infinity, the honour, the scope of having my selfish needs swept away for the greater good and immortality of our race to aid the Acausal and serve the Will of the Cosmos.”

Examining the Crystal under a Black Light

"Now that I have explained my childhood to myself there is no need for it any more. It was so hazy and hasty there was purpose for me to write it down to later interpret for myself. I am twenty-two now, considered an adult by the System. But the Inner Me is still a child, scarred with stupidity and lack of vision from my foolish foray into what I believed was Satanism. My belief turned out to be an act of Self-deceit, played out by a pathetic and ignorant man on a pretty stage of pentacles: how hard it was to look at myself in the mirror and crush my own spirit! But it is being done because it is necessary. I used to believe in Atlantis and faraway worlds of mythical origin. This is not a useless notion, instead it has prepared me to accept coming face to face with the cosmic truth. I now believe in a world such as this again and it is this one, Earth and beyond Earth. There is no need to stop for a moment and let the image of my destiny sift through my head, to examine it, to analyze it, because I see it. Everything I understand as I understand it seems to have a sign above it saying, "don't worry about me, I'm not necessary" - as if finally admitting what a liar and a distraction it has been.

As clearly as I see what a fool I was to absorb so much liquid life-force from a system I have never had anything in common with I now see what will happen; what has already happened, but must be fought for and sacrifices made for, to maintain. And for no other reason than it is the destiny of our race I come to fight. In this the Age of Exploration I am cutting off the stupid parts of my body and re-conditioning my mind to remove the shackles modern society and the system have imposed without my even knowing it. I have already begun breaking myself into pieces to shake off the dust I have gathered as a fool and a follower and an individual, to glue myself back together with the strongest adhesive possible, Satan. I, in my pseudo-satanic trappings considered at one time Christians and the Church to be the prime enemy, I was such an idiot. These two established faith systems need not be feared for they are nothing but figments of imagination. Inferior designs of Evolution, to be ignored or opposed. It is NOW that I should have lived, and it is NOW that I have begun to organize the facets of necessity.

SATAN is that which I embrace now, True Satan. And I care not where my path leads but that the race reaches its Destiny, that Destiny stays constant, and for this I junction myself to the whims of the Cosmos. On the subject of God I close my eyes. I have proven I exist. The only residual I wish to keep is this: An oval shaped blue-white light with faces in it. It looked just like the faces in the

pictures. The face was an old man at first, then a young boy, and a baby...and it was smiling. The instant I saw it I knew what it was".

Giver of the Crystal's Beauty

When the Messenger came I embraced him.

When the Messenger imparted his message I denied him.

Now that the message is clear, I reveal Him and His message.

The Messenger came from within a dream: as a thirteen-foot Crow-faced Spectre named Judas/Sepniphar. The message came from the messenger in the form of astral travel when I visited the surface of a planet with colours that have no Earthly resemblance.

“There is no sky here, though clouds move overhead, in which direction it is impossible to tell - for the wind seems to be blowing in all directions simultaneously. The planet does not seem infinite because there are black jagged mountains that float on what appears to be the horizon. However I find that walking toward them is futile as they get no nearer even after hours. Furthermore, no imprints are left behind in the sand by my feet. In despair, I bend down and scoop up a handful of sand; what appeared to be grains is now liquid blood. The blood has small humanoid faces in it and all indications of the facial features suggest them to be screaming, but they make no noise. There is no sound when I venture to speak and release a word from my lips, but there is an 'echo'... and, something else, an indefinable magnitude of isolation is omnipresent, even oppressive. I know beyond a doubt that I am utterly alone. No sentient beings, no life can I sense as my imagination trawls the whole of the cosmos, not another soul is there. Not one. Not yet. This is Hell.”

I look with open eyes and I despise.

I see the crafters and the crafty,

But all they know are lies.

I wrote a book its nature was black,

It destroyed itself but I wanted it back.

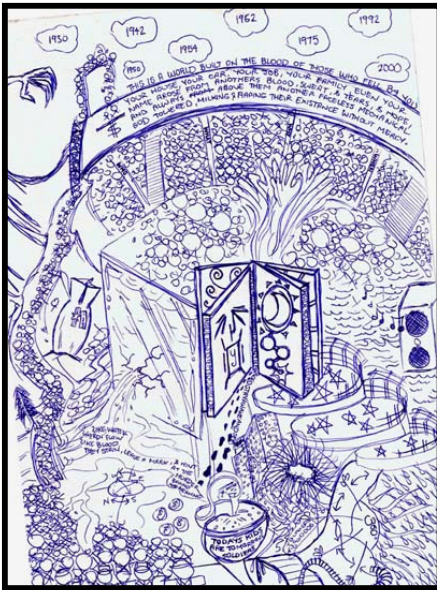
So very addicted was I to the System,

I could not imagine the severity of the problem.

The solutions were many but always in ilk,

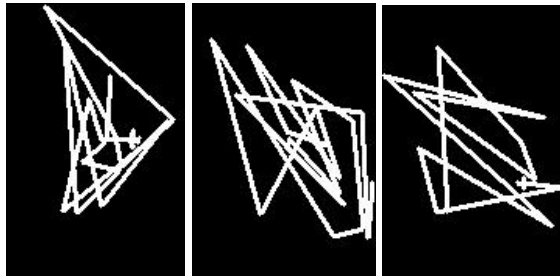
There is NoThing like True Satan.

"This is now the story. If you missed the previous, don't worry. It wasn't important and neither am I. I used to have acknowledgements here, but I no longer acknowledge your beliefs, just that you acknowledge them..."



[Regarding the Astral experience of Hell: Having explored the powers of Lucid Dreaming and studied the ideas of Carl Jung, the dream is easily interpreted. There is a sense of wholeness to the quality of the dream. The colours have no earthly resemblance; a metaphor that there are no meanings in the appearance of objects in my dream. The strange lack of opposites, no footprints in the sand, no sound but an echo, a wind that blows in all directions, moving into and simultaneously away from things such as my walk toward the jagged black mountains, are all similar in nature, a sign that I am not to draw meaning from the things in my dream separately but that there is a deeper common message that such things represent. Any momentum

is un-important: everything is centered even if strange symbolism is used to indicate it. It does not matter in which direction things move as there is a compensating force for each movement that leads back to where it started: going in any direction in my dream is thus not required, even futile, and I am urged to think more laterally about the message. It is when I pick up the sand and see faces (Unknown figures and people in ones dreams are generally aspects of oneself) the dream becomes clear. The bloody humanoid faces are my own – the countless facets of my personality that make no difference how loud they scream individually. It is the Self that matters, the immovable Zen of Self - and the Self can only arise when individual screams of a personality are silenced and the facets work together. And herein the indescribable feeling of being utterly alone can be surmised – it is an isolated task to become whole, since no-one but oneself can aid in the task of uniting the facets of the personality to reveal their Self. Hell then, is that which shows a conscious being, the location of the imprisoned Beast.]

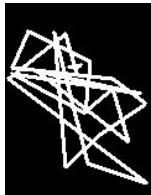


CHAPTER 4 – Building Character



Pictured left: “Theta”

[The following are Diary entries of formative and character building experiences in which I gained some kind of insight or better understanding. I know that no words can ever convey the Journey itself nor can I attempt to communicate more than a few examples of my extraordinarily rich life of experiences, for a variety of reasons. The chronology of these events cannot accurately be determined, and neither can these experiences be wholly classified as all Azazaelian in nature. The ever-changing miasmas of experience that form us, elude time and space, something insignificant in the past may become wisdom in later years, or lay the groundwork for idiocy in an individual’s present. These anecdotes serve only as guides and signposts through what will always be unique and un-chartered territory to each wanderer. The Journey is always made alone, the lessons learned private, and all that I can do to illustrate it, is provide a few examples of some of my own waypoints encountered on my long walk in the desert. Why I have chosen to include these anecdotes may elude those readers expecting to see stories of demon-worship and the slaughter of livestock during my days in the country. Very few formative experiences involving my Satanic Character were marked with a pentagram but were instead linked to Satanism by the profound discovery of something previously hidden: Insight. And insight is to be found in the widest possible range of practical experiences.]



Shoplifting

My first encounter with the Police happened in Auckland when I was fourteen. My friend ‘Enlil’ and I were caught shoplifting after trying to lift a two-hundred dollar, pewter Dragon from a Gaming (Dungeons and Dragons) Store. It was pre-meditated. We had planned earlier on that morning to go into the city to steal

some Figurines for our gaming collections. Enlil's mother took us in because she didn't want us to go alone. She visited a friend in another suburb, while we took the bus into the City and looked around the shops. I was heavily into Role-playing games then, especially Hero Quest – a type of role-playing game that was easy to play. But pieces and figurines to expand such games weren't cheap and I had been acquiring them by regular theft. We started our thieving in a DEKA store by pinching a packet of Batteries and some large packets of red and green M&M's. Then we visited a D&D store where we took some Monster Compendium Cards (Cards with pictures of monsters and their D&D Statistics). We also stole several pewter figurines.

It was really quite exciting to shoplift, an adrenaline rush. To carefully make sure nobody was watching me pocket things and to look completely innocuous to conceal my thefts took a good degree of body language and sleight of hand. I had to be able to accurately gauge the proximity and activities of persons in the store to estimate when all eyes were occupied on something other than me to feel comfortable enough to steal things. I had a knack for it – the glare of colour from the skin of peoples faces would often be dimmed when they turned their head. When the least glare was present, and I could sense all faces turned away from me, it was then that I would quickly pocket an item. A few times during earlier shoplifts I felt nervous and was self-conscious that I was acting suspiciously and increasing my chances of being sprung. This would unnerve me even more and I'd become aware my presence had become unnatural, sometimes even putting things I had pocketed back.

One of the methods I developed to shoplift was to role-play as a customer right up to the hilt. I had taken a keen interest in the difference of the demeanour I exuded to others when shoplifting and a customer and had learned that it was a psychological game, that is to say, all in the mind. I frequented the store I stole from on a regular basis and I took note of how I acted when I went there as a customer and actually bought things in preparation for my act. I would then go shoplifting, acting exactly like a time I hadn't gone there with the intention to steal. My second method was to purchase something that required them to give me a bag. Then I would leave the store and wait outside for a while. Eventually I would re-enter it under the pretext of getting impatient waiting for Enlil. Acting naturally, with that smug arrogance the genuine purchaser has after buying an item that he believes gives him an entitlement to strut around the store, I made my way around the store to a pre-determined pick-up point for the item. I then moved the item from its original position as I took it to Enlil to show him – asking what he was looking at. For I sensed that the shopkeepers would generally treat me with indifference after I had purchased something, thereby proving myself a valued customer - and when I expressed further interest in a purchase loudly enough for them to hear me, they tended to withdraw their attention so as not to disturb the potential transaction. With the shopkeepers curiosity placated, I would take the item back to its original position, and then remove several more like it to give the impression I was deciding which to buy. Then as I put them

back, making sure I acted with the natural roughness a customer generally applies when he has a perceived right to be in the store, I would take the item in the hand that was holding the bag, carefully concealing it from view behind the shield of plastic after making sure no-one was interested in me. Because others in the store saw me with a bag, they assumed any items in my possession had been bought and paid for. I would then walk over to Enlil making sure the shopkeeper could hear me say to him 'I'm so going to buy that book next week when I have the money'. Then I'd give the impression of being impatient again and tell Enlil I'd wait for him outside. I'd walk out carrying the item with no-one the wiser.

In the next store, with a load of free goodies already in our swag, I had decided I was invincible. Although I knew it was a preposterous risk I was high on adrenaline. Brazen as you like, I tried to steal a huge pewter dragon in a box. It barely fit under my shirt and I might as well have waved a flag with "Oi! - I'm a Thief!" emblazoned on it. As you can imagine, I was stopped by security as we tried to leave. I thought of dropping the gear and running, but realized there was a chance I would be chased, and so probably tripped in the street by the leg of a well-meaning passer-by. I turned around at his request and stood with my arms folded staring into a man's face. He was wearing a shirt that said 'Helmet'. He asked what I had under my shirt. I uncrossed my arms, removed the dragon, and handed it to him. Then he asked Enlil who started up in an indignant charade saying "nothing - I've got nothing under my shirt!" Eventually Enlil grumpily handed over the goods. The Store Manager joined the party and told us he was going to call the Police. He walked us down to the back of the store to wait for them. The Store Manager then left and the Security Guard came and sat in the room with us, giving us stern looks with disapproving eyes. Enlil and I started laughing. It was probably nervous laughter, but it all seemed so funny, getting caught stealing an enormous boxed-dragon. The Security Guard wasn't impressed with us laughing at the situation, but he was less impressed when they found out how much other stolen property we had on us after they rang the other D&D store to enquire if they were missing it. "You think it's funny do you? Some big joke?" he asked. Enlil replied that he did. Enlil was funny like that. Blunt.

I recall a time he was found scraping paint off the side of the college dorm, and when the teachers found him, he acted as though it was the most natural thing in the world saying in a very reasonable manner "What do you mean what am I doing? I'm scraping paint off the side of the building - what does it bloody look like?"

Two cops arrived to hear what had happened and then took us to the police station. They walked us up the road, and around just one corner, and we suddenly found ourselves right in front of the damn thing. The order of events is a little hazy from here.

We were separated, and Enlil was taken to be interviewed first. Before he came out I was taken into a little, white room and seated. A policewoman asked me where I'd been and what I'd stolen. I told her we'd been to two Gaming stores and admitted to taking what we'd been caught for taking. She wrote it down and then asked if I had anything else on me. We'd been carrying the M&M's and batteries in the same bag as the Monster Compendium Cards and figurines but I had a small number of pewter figurines in the pockets of my jacket. I kept quiet. Now here's the thing: the Police believed they'd accurately traced our movements of that day, knew we had been stealing, yet saw the property we had in our possession. If we had only been to the two Game stores like we said we had, where the hell would we have gotten M&M's and Batteries? They didn't pick up on it, and after about half an hour they let me go.

When I was able to leave I asked where Enlil was because it was getting late and he and I were supposed to catch the bus together to meet up with his Mother. I realized in horror that Enlil had been let out much earlier than I had and only he knew the number of the bus I was supposed to catch. I rushed up the street to where we'd caught the bus but Enlil was nowhere to be found. I was terrified of being stranded in the City with no money and no idea how to get home. I ended up catching the bus back to the suburb Enlil's Mother had visited, but could not remember the address of the house we had set out from to visit the City on our own. I had to ring my own Mother to tell her I was lost and couldn't find my way. She told me to wait for another bus to come, catch it back into the city and get the right one. So that's what I did. She was angry when I got home. The Police had phoned her and told her what had happened. She even cried, I think. Then she asked me if it was because I didn't have any money that I'd turned to stealing things. Seeing my mother upset that day made me consider things in a different light. Seeing her disappointed made me realise I wanted her to be proud of me.

I had never really figured her as part of the equation for the consequences of messing up. It made me look at how many other things I hadn't figured on, a friendship going down the tubes for example. The funny thing was that although Enlil had been the one to suggest the shoplifting expedition to begin with, he got off lightly, and I got blamed for teaching him to steal. I learned a few things that day. Firstly, that despite my belief that Cops were Superhuman Lie Detectors, they weren't. So a mental wall came down and an idea changed. And secondly, even though we'd both done exactly the same thing, had laughed about it together, and been friends when we were caught - there were certain 'elements' involved in the aftermath of the situation that had determined who was culpable for the entire drama. Somehow he'd twisted out of the way of being held responsible for his actions, and all the blame shifted to me. It was one of my early dissatisfactions with justice. And so another wall fell...

Bomb Scare

When I was attending a College in the Auckland area I had a friend named Azanigin. Azanigin was a friend of a friend, but over the years I got to know her better and we used to have a lot of laughs. One day she told me it was close to her Birthday. I asked her what she wanted and she said she didn't know. I said that that was okay because I didn't have any money anyway. But then I thought about it some more and said I knew what I'd get her. I'd get her the day off on her Birthday. 'How are you going to do that?' she asked. I just nodded and said 'trust me.' On the morning of Azanigin's birthday I placed a phone-call to the College. A woman, already in conversation, picked it up, finished her sentence and said 'hello?' I remember this well. In a clear, deep, monotone voice I said, 'There is a bomb in the building. You have exactly twenty minutes before it goes off.' Then I hung up. The second before I hung up I caught the edge of a laugh; a nervous laugh that indicated she'd thought it was a joke but was quickly changing her mind with the seriousness of the call. I sat down on the doorstep of my porch, stared at my feet and waited. What for I wasn't sure. About half an hour passed and I was still staring at my feet when the phone rang. I answered it and it was Mactoron, (another good friend). Mactoron told me the College had just been evacuated, that she thought I'd had something to do with it, that she didn't think I'd go through with it, that Azanigin was laughing, and that my last name had been mentioned by Teachers and Students alike. Azanigin was in the phone box with her and said pretty much the same thing. I wished her a Happy Birthday, said I'd done what I told her I was going to do and to call me later. Then I hung up. I think the word is 'Elated' for how I was feeling; I'd gone through with something that meant something very different to one person (Azanigin) than it did to the hundreds of others inconvenienced, and I knew she'd remember it forever. (Apparently, she has.) But after the call from Mactoron I was a little shaken. I'd planned to place the call from a phone box in Auckland but I hadn't gone to my own College that day, and since my reputation for keeping my word and giving Azanigin a present meant a lot to me, I felt I had to go through with it regardless of the chance I'd get traced and caught. I thought of running away for a few days, up into the Forestry behind my house, but reason took hold of me and I figured that was stupid. I decided to wait at home and see what happened.

A few hours later, 'DC' the local policeman knocked on our sliding glass-door. I opened it and said 'Yes?' DC looked me up and down and said 'Have you been making any phone calls you shouldn't have?' I said 'nope,' (a little too quickly.) DC looked at me again in such a way that I knew the jig was up. I shrugged my shoulders, and said 'Yeah'. He asked me what I'd said to the College and I told him. He said he couldn't believe the bomb threat had come from me, because I just didn't look the 'Type'. He sat down and talked to me, asking me questions about how much I knew about making bombs. I knew nothing about making bombs and so I told him this. Then he said he'd ring my Mother and talk to her later about my punishment. He also said I was lucky I didn't have to foot a very expensive bill for Fire Services and a Police Squad that were going to be called down from Ellerslie because the Police had taken the threat seriously.

For making the bomb threat I ended up having to do twenty hours of 'PD' (Periodic Detention) pruning hedges and gardening for a local School. A prank like that today would be called Terrorism. Back then I called it a damn good Birthday Gift.

Throwing Stones

Friends and I used to have a hideout on top of a mud bank that was a few metres higher than the road, concealed by trees and very difficult to get to the top of if you didn't know how to. We used it as a place to get away from our homes and our parents, to kick back, eat junk, and talk shit. It could be very boring for teenagers where I lived. We had to find our own ways of entertaining ourselves. One night we broke into the School Sport shed and stole a bunch of Hockey sticks and Baseball bats for our new 'Gang', an idea we had come up with to stave off the intense boredom of living in the country. Quite who we intended to use these weapons on was unclear; there was no animosity in us toward anyone who lived in the area, and no such thing as a rival gang. The point of contention was that a gang had to have weapons. There is no easy way to carry thirty hockey sticks, and so in a moment of genius I had inserted several down each leg of my pants and hooked the heads over my belt. Because the Caretaker lived less than a hundred metres from the school, we tried to be commando in our approach, but during our getaway an alarm was raised when the lights in the Caretakers cottage lit up and we ran hell for leather. Since no-one else had the foresight to put hockey sticks down their pants, my friends made a fairly swift getaway into the relative safety of the shadows, while I tried my best to run without bending my legs. At the urgent insistence of my friends, I attempted to conceal myself, by rolling down into one of the steep gravel ditches beside the road. Under duress, it did not occur to me to remove the hockey sticks and I stalked along the ditch for at least a hundred feet until I found a flat enough incline to make my way back up onto the road and join my friends, who not surprisingly were in hysterics. We kept the stash of weapons hidden under a log in our hideout where they stayed for months. We never used them, and for all I know they may still be under the log if none of the other boys removed them. We had also stolen bottles of Methylated Spirits which we wasted by pouring it onto the ground and setting it on fire, and later used what was left to light several fires in the middle of the road near our hangout, watching from within the trees as drivers screeched to a halt and hurried over to stamp them out. We were never caught for the theft, but a point was made during School about the extreme stupidity of people lighting fires in the middle of the road, apparently word of the fires had gotten back to our Principal.

At this same hangout, we devised a past-time of throwing handfuls of gravel at cars as they went past, listening for the spray noise to indicate we'd hit them. A few people stopped and yelled, or got out and looked around, but from the road there was no chance of being able to see anyone on the top of the bank and eventually they'd get back into their cars and drive off. Everything is so quiet in

little towns that once you find something new or different to do, you tend to stay with it. So we made gravel throwing a regular thing. But what we meant to be a harmless game soon got silly. We'd collect entire buckets of gravel to haul back up to the top. After a while there was no more gravel, and we began picking up bigger and bigger rocks until we were simply hurling large stones as hard as we could at the panels of passing cars. The whole game came to a head when rocks that were thrown smashed a car's windscreen and headlight. The driver stopped, and man was he mad.

We'd already begun running before he'd fully gotten out of the car. We made our escape along a path that ran along the creek beside the road and led to a Forestry area where we knew we were safe. At the time we were running, we were laughing (scummy little cowards we were) and listening to the driver going spare, yelling out threats and stuff, and generally scaring the hell out of us. We realized at some point he couldn't come after us, and stopped to listen to him. Jaziel and Damien opened their traps and began taunting him. Then we heard him shout "I'm taking your bike you little prick, if you want it back, you'll have to go to the Police Station!" We all turned and stared at Jaziel.

'You didn't leave your bike down the bottom, did you Jaziel?' Jaziel had. We swore our heads off at him and then made one of those hurried pacts where you swear not to say anything to anyone and everyone will be safe. Two days later, Jaziel went down to the Cop Shop to get his bike, and lagged every one of us in. It was unbelievable. We got a lecture from the Police on behaving like adults and being responsible and how inconceivably irresponsible we had been because we could have killed someone. We could have killed Jaziel. But it was true; our hideout was situated beside a bridge; if we had caused the driver to take fright via the fires or the thrown rocks and he had crashed into the concrete bearings or worse, plunged into the river below, we'd have been facing Manslaughter charges. As it was the punishment was extremely lenient. The five of us were required to do forty hours of Community Work and build a gravel path from the local School to the Gas Station nearby. Karu Samsu wouldn't lift a muscle, Jaziel was a slacker, Gomorrah did 'half' and said that was his 'share' done, Damien couldn't hold the barrow and made everything more of a job than it should have been, everyone was arguing, and I just wanted to get the hell out of there. We built a nice gravel path though. The kiddies loved it. But don't take my comment as flippant nonchalance for my actions. The fact is that there was always a far deeper sense of remorse in me than most of my friends ever seemed to dwell on when it came to the possibility of harming other people by our stupidity. It was simply true that I didn't think – and if I did think, it certainly wasn't for others welfare but about my own entertainment. But my apologetic frame of mind was short-lived and a burning curiosity and Devil-May-Care attitude would see me doing similar and much worse things again and again until I finally learned my lesson through the imminent threat of imprisonment or retaliatory acts of violence to my person.



Boat Trip

When I was fourteen, there used to be a wooden boat in my friend Nemicu's backyard. We lived near a lot of creeks and began thinking how cool a boat in the water would be. We asked Nemicu's Dad if we could take it, and after a long lecture about how it must be treated, brought back in exactly the same condition, etc, he gave in and gave us permission to use it. It was an effort to drag the large and heavy boat through the Apple Orchard, over a number of fences, and finally into the creek. It took us almost half an hour, a lot of yelling and frustration, and some serious Co-operation. When we did manage to get it into the water, we were stoked. It was fairly big, and had more than enough room for four people to use it. Only Nemicu and I were using it at the time however, so one of us had to paddle, and after sitting in the boat for a while, we realized one of us would have to bail. The water seeped through the bottom of the boat slowly, so it was no major drama to use a milk bottle scoop to bail it out.

After the initial excitement of having a boat wore off, Nemicu and I simply drifted around the water aimlessly until the Boat hit a clay bank, at which time we pushed it off with a paddle. There wasn't much of an alternative to this because the location we'd launched the boat at was a three-way waterway. One direction led back to Nemicu's place where the banks rapidly got too close together for a boat. The second direction led around the base of a large Forested hill and was, as we knew, also very difficult to float a boat around because of the large number of fallen trees, blockades, obstacles, dry pebble beds, and over-hanging branches. Besides, we knew what lay that way because we'd often walked along that stretch of the creek on our way to the old abandoned Quarry where they used to crush rocks. The third direction was a fairly open, obstacle free, flowing stretch of water with only the occasional log and a few grassy marshes the Boat would have to be dragged through. It promised adventure. Nemicu and I had been thinking of taking the boat somewhere by that stage, and the only option we had was to take it in the third direction. If we followed it, it would eventually take us out to the local bridge near our hangout, so we made plans to make the journey the next day after School had finished. Straight after School I went home with Nemicu and helped him prepare chips and sandwiches for the mission. Nemicu's Dad gave us another lecture on taking care of the boat, and made us promise we'd bring it back. After packing our snacks in a bag, we hurried to the boat. When we reached it, it was floating on the wrong side of the creek... we'd forgotten to moor it.

We swore, but quickly realized if we crossed the creek using the Vine-swing a little further up, one of us could get into it and come back for the other. Nemicu went for the boat while I waited. He had no trouble, and despite being left overnight the Boat hadn't soaked up much water at all. We set off, Nemicu paddling and I bailing. We ducked our heads to pass under a mossy log, leaving our 'Lagoon' to begin our Journey.

I could smell the dank odor of leaves and trees and the sharp metallic stink of the cold creek water. The Sun was still high, but the light was golden, and it made the dark Forestry seem gloomy and eerie. We kept to the middle of the creek to catch the current and soon found ourselves floating along easily. We must have talked, I just don't remember what about. Probably a lot of 'Remember the time we...?' type stories. We spotted the ragged skeleton of a dead cow half-submerged in the water. It wasn't unusual because the creek ran all over the area and through a lot of farms. People were always dumping things in the water, including cars, washing machines, chemicals, rubbish and deceased livestock. I'd never seen a dead cow up close before though and certainly not one without skin on its ribcage and empty eye-sockets. Both of us agreed it would be better to go around it. But the cow was blocking the way and one of us would need to help drag the boat over it, and the debris that had collected in the water beside its carcass. I got a footing on a nearby clay ditch and scaled the walls of the bank to reach a wire fence. I climbed over the fence and down to the creek, this time on the other side of the cow. We managed to drag and push the boat over the cow, albeit with a lot of horrible scraping noises.

The next obstacle was a matter of lifting the hull over dense weed that grew in the shallow water. This was soon done, but not without a few grazed knuckles when we lost our grip on the then-slippery boat. But we'd done it. We'd arrived at the Bridge and the Boat was fine. We floated on the muddy brown water to a shady spot in the shadow of the Bridge, very pleased with ourselves. We had a wide area of water to use the Boat in now. I repeatedly asked Nemicu if I could paddle and he bail. He kept putting an answer off. I think he was having too much fun of his own. I played a joke on him and began bailing water into the Boat. He was unaware of this and kept chatting away, not looking back, or wondering why I was laughing every now and then. He turned around when he felt his ankles getting wet and yelled at me. He took the bailer and began bailing, and I took the paddles and I paddled. But the sun was about to set soon so we found a suitable place to get out onto the bank, tied the Boat to a Tree Root, and left it.

Over the next week the boat stayed where it was. School holidays came up and we found ourselves with a lot of time to fill. We took the boat two more kilometres downstream through all manner of obstacles and kinds of water. During the course of the second trip we were nearly urinated on by a possum, had to fully submerge the boat under water to get it past a large log, dealt with rapids, whirlpools, low over-hanging branches and sharp rocks, hunger, thirst, boredom

and dragged the boat up an almost vertical twenty-foot bank and down the other side. We learned a lot about each other and ourselves in the process. One particular memory I have is of the boat stuck in shallow water on a long bed of pebbles. Nemicu got out and pushed the boat, while I sat in the boat and waited. Nemicu was irritated that I wasn't helping, and indicated for me to get out and do so. I stood up, but he was still pushing and right then, gave the boat an almighty shove. I felt the boat glide forward, and I lost my balance and fell backwards grazing my back on the rear end of the boat, ending up with my legs hung over the rear-edge and my upper body laying in the shallow water. Nemicu thought it was extremely funny. I wasn't impressed to start with but his laughter was infectious so we both had a good chuckle and set off best of mates again.

We'd promised we would look after the boat, care for the boat and most importantly, bring back the boat... But when we reached an area of creek that was blocked by the biggest Tree I'd ever seen, and the banks were too steep to drag the boat up, we moored it and left. We traveled back via the paddocks and made our way onto the main road where we walked back to our houses, tired but satisfied. Nemicus's Dad kept asking Nemicu where the boat was and Nemicu told him it was in the creek. The boat, now far from home was too arduous a walk to be bothered getting to. We all but forgot about it until one day we went back to see if it was still there and all we found when we got there were the remnants of smashed timbers and a soggy rope. The creeks had flooded during one of the regular storms and smashed the boat to pieces. So that was the end of that. It was my first real adventure. Nemicu's Dad eventually gave up on the idea of getting his boat back.

Break and Enter

When I was twelve I broke into my three best friend's houses in one day. I remember feeling no guilt in planning it in my head, but a sort of cold calculation of the events that would take place. The first hit I made was on Shugara's house. I went to the door of his house as I often did when I went over to play and knocked on the door. Nobody answered so I waited a few moments. But still no one came so I turned the handle and entered the house. Once inside, I noticed a ten dollar note on the Dining Room table. Keeping the note in mind, I walked through the house just as I would as if looking for Shugara, to make sure I was really alone. I went to the back door and checked that there was no-one in the backyard then satisfied, headed back up the hallway checking to see each room was empty. I went into Shugara's Parent's bedroom and knelt beside the bed looking for change, and just looking. I didn't open any drawers or check any pockets or take any stuff: I was after the kind of loose change people left lying about. I found nothing in the Parent's bedroom, so I went to Shugara's. I remember standing near the window listening intently for the sound of their car, feeling intensely nervous. I looked around Shugara's room and thought about how strange it was to be in my best friend's house alone. How strange it was to be in any house I wasn't supposed to be in. It was so quiet and so far removed from all previous and legitimate visits to his house when there had been people

inside. I didn't touch any of Shugara's stuff, but went into the Laundry where from my experience most loose change was to be found. I found a handful of change and pocketed it. I was relieved to have not entered the house for nothing. I made my way out, and was about to leave when I saw the ten-dollar note again. I looked around quickly to make sure no-one was coming or could see me, and kept staring at it. That was a lot of money to me. I thought at the time it must be a lot of money to the owner too, and it was on the table for a reason, milk or bread maybe, but it was there at any rate. I took it, stuffed it in my pocket and left the house, carefully setting the latch on the front door to the same angle it had been in when I first arrived at the house. After Shugara's, I went to Binan Ath's house.

I jumped their driveway gate and started walking toward the house, but I'd taken only a few steps when I heard their car and saw Binan Ath and his family drive into view on their way out. I waved at and spoke to Binan Ath's mother who told me they were going out and wouldn't be back until late that evening. I said I'd come over another time, walked alongside their car up to the gate, opened it for them, closed it after them, and waved them off as I walked toward home. When the car had left my sight I immediately turned around and went back to their house. Their neighbour, a good friend of theirs, had a good view of the house if she was home and I was wary of her seeing me on the premises. I made my way around to the front door and stood on the front porch. Their dogs were barking and it made me nervous. If their neighbour was home then she'd know that wasn't right. I knew the dogs by name, but they were still formidable, especially now that I was on the property when the owners weren't there. Taking a deep breath, I took the front door key from its hiding place and unlocked the front door. I put the key back, entered the house and shut the door behind me.

The first thing that hit me was the smell of a strange house, then the silence, the darkness, and the weird sensation of being in another world where I wasn't supposed to be. I think because it was the second time I'd broken into a house that day, I grew a little bolder. I was confident enough to open the pantry and take a packet of chips. But unlike Binan Ath's house I didn't wander aimlessly, I knew where money would be found. I went to one of the rooms and took a moneybox. It was the kind that had to be cut open to remove the money. I took it and put it in my pocket, it was almost full and quite heavy, and I was pleased about that. I listened carefully for cars or dogs or other warning noises but hearing none I opened the window in the same room and climbed out. I put the window back in the same position it had been in before I had moved it and walked stealthily down the side of the house to a place in the front yard that was protected from view by a large row of pine trees. I knelt on the ground and tried to open the moneybox. I can't remember if I did or not - I have a very clear sensation in my memory of a knife slicing through plastic. After I had attempted to or achieved in opening the moneybox I left Binan Ath's property and headed up the road to my friend Marduk's place. It was a twenty-five minute trek up another road that ran off the main road, to Marduk's place.

When I arrived and knocked, his Mother answered the door and said Marduk couldn't play and I couldn't stay because they were going out. I said 'Alright.', told Marduk I'd see him later, and left. I returned to the road but instead of going home, I climbed up into Marduk's tree hut for a while, waiting about half an hour before climbing down again. I had just started walking to Marduk's place again when Marduk and his family came down the driveway in the car. The car pulled up beside me and Marduk's Mother asked what I was doing. I replied that I was going to see Marduk and she gave me an odd look and said something like 'No. You can't. I told you we're going out. Come back later'. It must not have seemed as suspicious as it probably looked; but an observant person would think it odd that I had only traveled a few hundred yards in thirty minutes and that something suspect was up. Maybe it just didn't cross her mind that I would ever break into their home. I followed their car out of sight and then turned and went back to the tree hut. I lay low for twenty minutes in the hut in case they had decided I was acting suspiciously and return, but they didn't come back. I went up to Marduk's house and took the key from where I had seen Marduk put and remove it on several occasions and unlocked the front door.

Marduk had a rich house with a big Kitchen, plush carpeting, flash appliances etc. I felt kind of sad to see how different my house and lifestyle was to his. Unlike the other two houses, I wandered around a bit in Marduk's house looking at stuff, before getting down to the job of going into Marduk's room and finding his wallet. I took what was in it and then slipped out of the nearest window. Once again careful to return the window to exactly the same position it had been in before I touched it. I put the door key back in its hiding place, again relying on my photographic memory to return it to its original position, and turned to walk back down the driveway and go home. As I turned, I saw Marduk's Parents car driving along the road and about to turn into the driveway. I freaked.

Here I was, Marduk's best friend, in his house, stealing his money... (Which makes me wonder, what kind of psyche did I have to have definitions of right from wrong but to do this anyway?) I hoped like hell they hadn't seen me and moved quickly out of view to think. I was standing in the backyard and looked about frantically. My eyes fell on a small wooden hut built onto the garage. I heard the crunch of gravel as the car came closer and ran into the hut and shut the door. I crouched down with my knees pulled up to my chest and tried not to breathe. I heard the car stop, doors open, Mum talking to her sons, and the excited chatter of my best friend and his brother. It was a very strange sensation to hear them talking as a family, and I actually felt a physical sensation of breaking a taboo and disobeying the normal laws under which my friendships were conducted. It was like secretly observing something I was never meant to see, namely, Marduk's family in the wild.

Someone came out into the backyard. My heart froze when I heard them step toward the hut. I stayed as still as I could. The person hesitated as though listening or waiting for something, and I almost had a heart attack thinking that I would be discovered. Then someone called that person from inside, but because they didn't call back I couldn't determine who it was. As I breathed a sigh of relief I looked around the hut and realized it was home to a large nest of wasps. I opened the door as quietly as I could and ran toward their back fence, jumped it, cleared it and kept running... I looked back at one stage and remember someone standing on the front porch watching me with a hand above their eyes to shield them from the sunlight...

I don't remember what I did with the cash. I probably spent it on lollies. But it was a very serious experience. So many elements involved that it provided a treasure trove of human behaviour to sift through, analyse, and draw on. I felt guilty afterwards: but it was a sort of silent stony guilt because I couldn't appreciate the true extent of what I had done, or the considerable consequences I'd have faced if caught. I had entered three of my best friend's houses with mental precision and calculation, stolen money, invaded privacy, (A concept I was hazy on back then) and gotten away with it. It was the getting away with it that really changed my life. If I had been caught I don't think I would have lived the experience through properly and it might have become a habitual thing if I felt it hadn't been completed. I was able to think about everything in my own time - break it down into pieces and analyse right action. I realized what I had done was illegal and a serious breach of trust, for I was witness to others being blamed for the thefts. The constant fear I felt at being found out and the conflict I experienced in letting other people take my rap gave me an awful feeling that I did not wish to repeat. I never broke into anyone's house ever again - nor took up offers to join other thieves. I developed an unbreakable respect for the private property and etiquette in friendships and erected boundaries that have never been broken. I can only analyse the root motivation of my actions and processes so far back, because conscious information of the input I received in the formative years of my life is missing or unaccountable. But the reasons for the break-ins are simple. I did it for gain. I was a thief. Testing and defining my own boundaries and deciding for myself in retrospect what was right and wrong, and again, right and wrong for me, after certain actions; a Law unto Myself; became a common theme in my life.



Psychopath Stalking

If you recall the Black Bible/Book of Shadows I constructed you'll bring to bear the memory that it was completed in stages, and that there were different editions of the book. It was with one of these editions that I played a game with a girl in which my fantasy of Satan was rejected and gave rise to my empathy with the actions of a Psychopath.

At about the age of fifteen I had started to become seriously interested in girls, and more seriously interested in why I wasn't with one. I was naïve and inexperienced with girls, sex, and love even though I had had a few token girlfriends. In fact, disturbed is probably a better word. I was never informed about these mysteries by anyone, and ignorance did a lot of psychological damage.

Sex was a taboo and not spoken of. Several times when exploring the subject for myself via adult literature I was caught and made to feel ashamed and guilty. When my healthy emotions and sexual interest couldn't follow the natural course of discovery, were virtually suppressed and replaced with guilt and confusion for my normal feelings, I became something of a repressed, confused madman. Since most children are at least 'Schooled' in how to behave toward the opposite sex by parents, and told that sex is a healthy part of growing up, they at least have some idea of how to go about it. I was alone in trying to figure out the world for myself. Having no such education, I had to blindly fuck up over and over again. It did wonders for my Self-Esteem.

I think a lot of the frustration stemmed from not having a Father Figure. My Dad wasn't in the picture to steer me towards cars or beer or women or sport, give advice on or talk to about the problems I was having with any of these. To compensate for the lack of machismo that led to so many misunderstandings with girls and consequently embarrassing pain, I developed a mastery of erotica using description, sensation, emotion, psychology and Body Language etc. to subtly gain sexual power over women to fulfill the scarring formative lack of Self-confidence, Power, and Love. I also wrote explicit erotica as a means of exploring sex in lieu of being able to get it, and to conceal my innate shyness. However prior to the invention of these outlets I would unfortunately creep women out with the intensity of my awkward affection or my inappropriate social cues. I used to get crushes on girls. While I was theoretically aware of other ways to go about expressing myself to beautiful girls, I lacked the courage and the confidence. This shy awkwardness was a result of my crippling fear of rejection, and my repression found an outlet in Demonic-staring and Psychopathic behaviour. Citing the example of Asoth: A beautiful girl showed up on the School Bus one morning upon whom I developed an immediate crush.

The other guys on the bus were all drawn toward Asoth too and she got along well with most of them. I did too to begin with. She and I were just starting to talk to one another, and this, because I was drawing by then. I was a bit showy back then, mainly because I was shy and used these things to attract attention to initiate interaction. Drawing pictures near other people generally prompted their interest. One evening on the bus home, I was showing some of the guys a marijuana leaf I'd nicked from a mate's plant and all my mates thought it was damn cool. Asoth then spoke up and asked if she could have it. I smiled at her, and nodded, and she took the leaf, and smiled back.

Things could have gone two ways for me that day. I thought they were going the way to a connection with the 'Fairer Sex', i.e. Asoth, and having her as a girlfriend. Maybe it would have gone that way if I hadn't tried to impress her. I wanted to somehow get her attention but lacked the confidence to do it directly. She had no knowledge of my interest in Satan, and I couldn't have predicted the outcome of revealing it to her.

I took a Book of Shadows to College with the intention to show Asoth, but she was not at College that day. Jaziel borrowed it and hyped it up around College telling people that it held Evil Spirits that would deliver a curse upon whoever read it. I hatched a plan with Jaziel at home to scare Asoth as a joke. I wrote something along the lines of "Whosoever reads this Book, Know that I Know, and You are Cursed" on the inside cover, and told him to give it to her without her knowing I'd wanted her to read it: to say he'd stolen it from my room and brought it to College. I remember him coming to see me during Lunch and telling me how Asoth had flipped through it, screamed, dropped it, and refused to pick it back up. The next day Asoth came storming up to me and said "So you're a Satanist are you? How can you believe in that shit? Putting curses on people? You're fucked in the head!" She had my number alright. I had drawn a colourful pentagram design over the palm of my hand that I knew would attract her attention. It did and she made me show her what was on my hand. She stared at it and then said "You're fucking crazy". At first I was pleased my reality of Satanism had been affirmed again, but then slowly became depressed as I realised Asoth was ignoring me.

I struggled to comprehend whether being a 'Satanist' was such a good idea if it had turned my crush away. I interpreted the event as being forced to make a choice between Satan and Asoth. I chose Satan. Confusion reigned supreme. Feeling rejected on the grounds upon which I was built, her reaction had basically negated my existence and really hurt me.

I had the demonic stare thing going on so I'd stare at her on the Bus. I wasn't trying to freak her out, but in some misguided way, to get the chance to say sorry without saying sorry. This went on for a while; weeks maybe. But she still refused to speak to me. I remember Asoth barking out a remark that I didn't scare her and could put the knife away. Someone had told her that I had a knife to scare her, I didn't. When she stepped off the Bus she did the fingers and glared at me. I remember the situation escalating from others goading me on until I did get a knife, a large carving one that I hid in the lining of the back of the rear-most Bus seat. I do regret doing this, I wasn't aware of what I was doing, all you know when you're Psychopathic is the Moment and controlling that Moment is all you care about, the consequences can go hang. No-one else matters or exists for you as you slowly unfold the events you build in your head, fantasizing about them happening exactly as you expect them to - She would be prompted to talk to me, I would apologize, she would forgive me and we would be friends.

On the Bus trip home, I removed the knife from the seat and began tapping it on the steel rail of the back seat. I'll never forget the look she gave me when she heard the clinking and turned around. It was indescribable. It wasn't total fear, and it wasn't anger, hate, or venom. It might have been confusion. But I don't think she was more confused than I was. She gave me the oddest look through the Bus window after getting off, but said nothing. I stopped my stupid game that weekend when I was walking along a road with Karu Samsu and suddenly felt a hard punch on my arm. At first I thought it was Jaziel or even Karu; but it was Golgotha, Asoth's Brother, riding past on a pushbike. He turned and looked at my reaction as he rode off – again I saw that odd look. I now know what that look means, and how they must have felt.

The last time I ever saw Asoth was near my mate Naos's place. Naos and I saw her walking on a stretch of road ahead of us. Something made her turn. She recognized me and walked off as fast as she could. By the time we got to the bend of the road she had been on she was nowhere in sight. An impressive feat if she had managed it; the road ahead was straight and it took at least ten minutes to walk it. Asoth then, had hidden herself from sight. I often wonder why I did what I did. At any rate, that was an experience where I exhibited psychotic intensity. I just wish Asoth knew the full story. This short serial (no pun intended) in my life, later analyzed, provided me with interesting parallels and first-hand experience with what Psychology said about the psychotic mind. I experienced the drives behind one; currents that heighten to a screaming pitch the intensity of a fantasy.

My fundamental perception of world was formed by the perception perpetual of those who came before me. The way I figure it, my responses to certain stimuli were conditioned to a considerable degree by both of my parents. When my parents divorced, I was three. Because I lacked a male influence I compensated for it with God. The Christian religion made many promises but it did not keep them – just like my Father didn't keep his. Because God was the Representative of the Religion that had broken its promises to me, I blamed Him. Subsequently identifying with Satan as an outcast, I adopted Satan as a Role Model for male influence in my life. My fierce passion to affirm Satan as an unassailable concept stemmed from a need for stability and a fear of being disappointed, betrayed and hurt again by promises from a Father figure that weren't kept. These were the motivations for my studies to demand Satan's absolute reality by all means possible and to provide a loophole where he would always be an unassailable Father figure in some form or another. The process of finding a replacement Father was my lifeline, caused by pressure from the environment around me to have a father to belong to the world and be normal. Therefore Satan was a significant formative of my Ego, and to deny Satan, as Asoth had done, was to deny me. And to deny me; left me with nothing.

In regard to my Mother, I was heavily traumatized by her abuse of a step-sister who joined our family for a time and was often subjected to degrading acts while my siblings and I looked on and laughed. Such abuse included forcing her to do Star-Jumps until she was exhausted and crying, singing songs that made fun of her own name, running around the house over and over, and dissension, whereby we would receive gifts but some imaginary fault in her behaviour would mean she got nothing. My Step-Sister was often belittled, hit, and degraded, in front of us. It is a period that I have never confronted my Mother about and even today it is considered taboo to speak of by my siblings. But all too often it is convenient to lay blame. My mother often lacked the power of authority so perhaps that had something to do with it. She was unable to enforce me to follow a regime of personal hygiene until I was well into my teens and I remember suffering the humiliation of being asked to go home and shower by a friend. The result was poor teeth, poor hair, poor skin, poor eyes, poor health, poor body, and later, shocking self-esteem. I often blamed my mother as my caretaker for not taking better care of me, and also for being responsible for my sexual hang-ups because it was she who should have told me about sex instead of making it seem shameful. Yet the reality is that I know nothing of my mother's upbringing, or the influence her parents had on her as mine did on me or their parent's and so on. There are no culpable parties and no scapegoats on which to throw blame. Essentially for me, it was either find a way to enable all such events to be strengths, or wallow in the mire of psychological and physiological hell. (One can see for themselves how I later resolved my feelings of my parents using powerful self-psychological analysis in my manuscript *'Be It Ever So Sinister, There's No Place Like Home'* in Book III.)

If you interpose these two parental influences onto what is expected of a member of society – you can see how I had many problems trying to fit in. I am of course very thankful for my family, and would change nothing of my memories even if I could. As awareness dawned that my family was different than other families because my mother was the only parent I had, I gave it the meaning that of the two, one hadn't abandoned me and therefore I owed an allegiance to her. Unable to bring myself to blame her for my sexual hang-ups, my poor hygiene, my psychological trauma, and many disturbing facets of my childhood – I blamed myself. After a few suicide attempts I decided to try and blame other causes, hence my intense interest of Psychology, Sociology, and Human Behavioural Science, for example, to find reasons for why things were the way things were. This is also why Satanism held such a draw for me, because Satanism put all these things into a blameless perspective that allowed me to accept them, survive them, and Love myself. Granted, my idea of Satanism greatly differed from the traditional views by believing it a Religion that empowered and healed. But my Self-preservation techniques required a different approach than that used by my seemingly identical peers. I have always been separated from the Herd, and I found it increasingly difficult to find a niche amongst society's archetypes. Because of my introversion and shyness I was often subject to the Will to Power of others. The outlets I created to compensate for this were Artist and Writer, both of which enabled me enough personal power to function on my own terms

in the Matrix. Using these two tools I built an Empire. This Empire assimilated with and then reclaimed the World a piece at a time.

Having my own Will to Power undermined the authority of God as absolute, and believing that the Matrix was fallible meant I didn't have to cancel myself out of the scheme of things and accept influences over me. The base point of this Will to Power was my utilization of Satanism as the hardest oppressor and enemy of what had rejected me; a reconciler of all previously, seemingly pointless pain and confusion with Meaning, Meaning that could be used to learn from the Grand Pattern, the name I had been giving to what I was beginning to feel was an increasingly predictable World.

Understandably, taking on a non-conformist view of life in a small Town where Christian values were the norm isolated me from the Community. But no stranger to spending time alone I would maintain my views even in the face of tyrants. Many tried to kick the metaphorical chair out from under me and say Satan (my Father) didn't exist: tried to tear down My World and stuff the things that were important to them but completely banal to me, into the hole. I would defend my views the best I could, yet would eventually find myself in an indefensible position. In these cases, I carefully identified the angle of each opponent to find a way to equip myself with the larger sword the next time I came to blows with them or with others using the same or a similar argument. I was fanatical about it for the reasons given above and my anxiousness motivated the first eight years of my involvement with every kind of Satanism that I could find. Without Satanism to channel, express and explore my confusion and depression I might have been on the path to becoming a Serial Killer or Serial Rapist- I certainly exhibited some early tendencies of one. My fascination with Serial Killers and their crimes, lives, and pathos, was partly due to my belief in being able to understand how suppressed Psychological trauma and illogical ordering of life's complete chaos into 'Society' and 'Values' can leave some of us feeling very lonely. And when these illogical sequences (i.e. absolute moral views) are forced on someone who is already under the influence of certain trauma or world-views it can cause some rather unusual errors in the brain. Perhaps this explains the inability of Socially-Conditioned people to recognize the Psyche of the Serial Killer as a healthy indication that something is terribly wrong in imposing an Ideology. That Serial Killers may be monsters when viewed from a certain point of view is true enough – but it is the Values of Society itself that creates them. When you're not in the loop, you're out of the loop. Enough said.

I would later find my feet and develop my ability to love within a number of amazing and insightful relationships with Girls and Women who would teach me much about myself and some of the most vibrant secrets to life as I grew into a well-adjusted mature young man.



First Acid Trip

Back in 1996 I was attending a college in Auckland and made friends with a guy into heavy metal music: named Nox. As it turned out he was into more than just heavy metal and we had quite a bit in common. One day Nox asked me if I'd ever taken acid. [LSD].

I said 'Nup. But I'd love to trip'. So Nox set up what was to be my first Acid-trip that same day. 4:00pm and \$25 later we were staring at a small tinfoil square resting on the power junction box out the front of the College. Nox unwrapped it and revealed a small (0.5cm) square of white-yellow paper. You can imagine that I was naïve and pretty pissed off having put in \$15 for what seemed like a complete rip-off. Nevertheless, I inspected the square and was suddenly growled at by Nox's mates, also standing around divvying up acid, and was told that touching the square made the LSD the square was soaked in stick to fingertips and lessen the trip. I was also told never to expose the tab to sunlight because it does the same thing. Because I'd touched the tab, Nox chose the half I hadn't touched and re-wrapped it in a separate piece of tinfoil. An hour later, together with a number of friends we left the College and walked to the Bus Stop.

There were lots of thoughts running through my head while we walked: How long would it take to kick in? What would happen? What would I feel? Etc. Nox explained most of this to me. The trip would last anywhere from 5-12 hours. It would start to take effect or 'Come On' after about half an hour to an hour, at which time I would probably start laughing uncontrollably, and begin to 'see' things, i.e. coloured patterns of ABC's wallpapering my vision. The trip would then slowly get stronger over the next hour or two and 'peak' (reach full effect) in about 5 hours time. We took the trip, 'Dropped Acid,' while on the Bus. I stared at the little triangle (It had been cut in half) that lay on the foil Nox had given me. He told me to place it on my tongue and let it dissolve. It looked like cardboard, felt like cardboard, and surprise, surprise, it tasted like cardboard too - albeit cardboard with a distinct flavour. The taste of LSD is a flavour all of its own, I can't describe it.

It was about half-past four. I was watching Nox & Thanatos thrash each other at Ultimate Mortal Kombat in an Arcade Parlour at the bottom of Queen Street. In between fatalities, Nox let me know I could stay at his house and trip out. Then he broke the bad news. He told me we had to walk to his house, a good two hour hike along the Waterfront.

We left the Arcade and a few minutes later I was staring up at the massive yellow bars on the fence of the Auckland Docks while we walked. I had begun to notice something was up... there were little fuzzy 'ABC's' starting to appear in front of my eyes, or to be more exact, on my eyes. They were like sun-spots, but they covered both eyes with a veil of dancing, coloured-patterns. The 'ABC's' continued to grow and increase in intensity. My eyes felt wet. Still walking I was

suddenly aware of being gripped with laughter for no apparent reason. Then while laughing I suddenly got a fright and crouched down in surprise as a huge crane passed me on the inside of the Dockland fence. The crane looked normal as it approached, but as it passed me its legs seemed to distort and give it a strange spidery-appearance. The crane wobbled, wavered and looked strangely huge. (I was tripping.) Maybe half an hour passed. Five years on I still can't piece together how we got to the BP Station. It all gets a little strange from here on in and the order of events isn't exactly clear to me, like photographic moments that have accidentally been shuffled. Behind the BP Station, Choronzon lit up a joint and we took turns toking it. I felt pretty cool hanging out with a bunch of guys doing drugs. After the joint was finished, Nox found a five dollar note on the ground. I was pretty sure it was mine. But after a little persuasive discussion about the long walk ahead of us I agreed to let him use the money so we could catch a Bus to take us the rest of the way.

Choronzon looked totally smashed but Nox was complaining that he felt nothing. We caught a Bus. Choronzon jumped off at his stop looking very green and went home. Nox and I continued toward his house. And I started laughing like a maniac. A solid-looking guy sat two seats in front of us. Solid was bullying a guy with a smaller-build sitting on the other side of the bus, taunting him and threatening him. And I hated that. I had been on the end of it too many times. I began to speak loudly *about* Solid, but not to him. What I said went something like this: 'Nox! Hey Nox! Ahahahahah! Look at his head! Ahahahahaha! It's like, it's... It's an Octagon! Aahahahahah! Look man, he's got an Octagonal-shaped head! Aahahahah!' – And so on. It worked. Solid seemed a bit put off on being called out and left Smaller alone. But that wasn't enough for me. I started calling Solid a Gorilla, and he turned around. I was expecting trouble - but when he went to say something he suddenly went quiet, gave us both an odd, lingering look and quickly returned to facing the front.

I did not know at the time that LSD enlarges the pupils and gives its user quite a startling appearance. He must have noticed our eyes. Nox sighed while I burst into short fits of hysterics. Our stop arrived. As luck would have it, it was also Solid's stop.

Solid and his Girlfriend were walking in front of us and we followed some distance behind (because that's the way we were going too). Then with no prior warning, Solid muttered something to his girl and bolted off down a nearby alley, leaving her standing there. It was really funny. But everything was really funny at that stage.

When we got near Nox's house he said that I was welcome to stay but to please try not to show that I was tripping to his Mum if I could help it. She knew he tripped, but my acting normal, that was just good manners. I tried hard, but the effects of LSD were new to me and I had no idea how to control them. I met Nox's

mum without any problems. Nox told his mum I was an artist and at her insistence I showed her my Canvas Bag that I had decorated with drawings. Nox's mum liked it, and began to discuss the possibility of me drawing something for her. She mentioned her involvement as an extra in the show Hercules, and suggested trading a prop from the set for one of my drawings. She said I could have almost anything, and I told her I would like a fake egg. The absurdity of my request immediately hit me and I tried hard not to crack up laughing in her face. Meanwhile, my hands felt really big, and my state of mind was wandering: several times I realized there had been long pauses between my replies. When her face began to melt I was desperate to get out of there. Thankfully Nox noticed my predicament and ushered me into his kitchen so we could eat. Shortly after eating we left his house in a hurry. On our way out I saw the Book I had been hearing so much about at College, called the 'Celestine Prophecy' on a shelf. Reading this Spiritual book later provided me with an amazing experience similar to that of tripping: *[Another story I have included in these memoirs]*.

Nox and I had the intention of going back to Downtown, Auckland to hang out. He took a look at my eyes and informed me that they were almost completely black. He said I must be really 'tripping hard' and I was in agreement. He also told me to put my Bus Pass back in my pocket (it had a reflective surface) because I was staring at it in wonder and he knew I couldn't afford to lose it. I didn't even know I had it in my hand until he said something. When you're on acid you can get really attached to just one thing and spend hours contemplating it. I was laughing like crazy again, and Nox told me to try and be a little quieter. We were in a rich area and he might have feared the police being called, but telling me to be quiet just made me worse. He told me to put the Bus Pass back in my pocket again. I didn't even know I had it in my hand. Again, five minutes later, Bus Pass.

Meanwhile, Nox was feeling low because he wasn't feeling anything, while I was off my face. Then it happened... Nox and I were sitting at the Bus Stop. Just chatting casually, he leaned over and asked, 'What's the time on your Wodge?' All of a sudden he started laughing. Quietly at first, then as he laughed it set me off, and before I knew it we were both rolling on the ground in tears. The Bus came into view so Nox and I forced ourselves to straighten up, suppressing our giggling enough to get on it. Nox told me his trip was coming on. While on the Bus I stared at Nox's head. I got the idea that it was like an axis that the world revolved about like a Merry-go-round. He noticed me staring at him and asked me to try and focus on something else. Out came the Bus Pass.

The Bus reached Downtown, Auckland. And Nox and I headed straight for the Games Arcade, but were briefly distracted on the way by a Snack Machine. We bought every packet of burger rings in it, at least half a dozen packs. We tore them open like Psycho's, stuffing the rings into our mouths between fits of laughter. Eventually we made our way over to the Street Fighter Alpha games. (Nox was the best player of SFA I have ever seen). While Nox played Street

Fighter, I sat on a stool. My hearing was distorting and I was only catching fragments of the noises around us as my perceptions wavered in and out of strange modes of thought and sound.

Suddenly my attention traveled to the Arcade Game Nox was using just as Ken (one of the Street Fighter characters) put his hands together to do a fireball. Ken's hands seemed to grow huge and then to my surprise came right out of the screen and tried to grab me. I fell off the stool with a shout, scattering burger rings everywhere. Nox said 'what's wrong, what's wrong?' I replied 'The fucking game grabbed me man!' - At this point Nox wisely decided it was time for us to go back to his place. You didn't want to advertise that you were off your face on a drug in Downtown. We left the Arcade about 7:00pm and caught another Bus.

Near his house, Nox & I did 'Edward Scissor-hands' impressions using the moonlight to stretch the shadows of our fingers out as long as possible against a corrugated-iron fence. Everything looked strange and everything seemed funny. Outside Nox's house, He decided that we were both too far gone to be around his Mother, and it was better if we didn't go inside just yet. So we walked to the beach.

It gets harder to remember the order of events from here. I know we went for at least a two hour walk down the beachfront waiting for his Mum to go out. Then we were sitting on the beach itself and Nox was talking about swimming to Mt Rangitoto, a dormant Island Volcano that was highly visible from that part of the City, and a few miles out to sea. Suddenly he jumped up and started taking off his shoes. 'I can make it' he said. I said 'Dude! What the hell are you doing?' He was headed towards the water and I started to panic. Just as I officially freaked out, he turned around with a grin plastered across his face and said 'Gotcha'. It was all very funny.

Night fell and with nothing much else to do Nox suggested we visit a 'secret' park. We started walking and I made a mental note to observe my surroundings and discover the location of this mysterious 'secret' park. Somehow, we ended up in the secret park and I had no idea how we got there. Nox didn't tell me either. Nox and I had a conversation during which I might have concerned him somehow because he told me to stay where I was while he went for a short walk. I sat on the ground, shrugged my shoulders and watched some woman in white climb a tree.

Then we were walking along the Main Road. We each had a bottle of blue powerade. I've no memory of how we got them. I remember gazing up at the Houses and Mansions on the Hillside and the neon lights of streetlamps and cars. And then running from Police; we saw a Patrol Car at the end of Nox's road and paranoid and high on acid we ran from it. They saw us run and gave chase.

Even though we were both in hysterical laughter, somehow Nox and I made a clean getaway. Sitting down by the beach near Kelly Tarlton's Underwater World at around 8-9pm, I reached the peak of my trip. Staring out to sea I saw massive shadows, like giant sharks with no fin, swimming underneath the surface. Meanwhile Nox had disappeared. When I finally roused myself and went to investigate his whereabouts, I discovered that he'd climbed over the concrete barrier designed to stop cars from going in the drink, and was crouched on the bottom of its steep outer slope staring into the water. It was a really cool spot, because I could see the fish too. At least that's what I told him. There were sentences and words made out of rock formations under the water, and the ground around me was rippling like liquid. When I looked up Nox had disappeared again. Out came the Bus Pass.

I found Nox trying to run up a very steep bank of stones on the opposite side of the road. I tried it too but both of us kept sliding down onto the road. It got boring and we made a smart choice to stop trying before we got run over.

Back at the pier Nox walked along the railings and I watched a trick of light lift the entire Ocean up a few metres and reveal dry sand underneath. And as I gazed in absolute wonder at this remarkable illusion that I knew couldn't be true but yet seemed so real – I rested my head back against a pier pole, and at that moment, the Night sky curled up into a ball and rolled away.

Eventually we cruised back to Nox's place. I remember discussing the idea of throwing things at the house of Nox's neighbour, a famous News-Presenter. I recall hanging out of the window by my arms, playing bongo drums while standing on my head while Nox was trying to sleep, throwing lit matches at him too, vaguely. Also that at some point he was talking to a Girlfriend from College on the phone while I tried to draw. I still have the only picture I ever drew on acid, which looks surprisingly mundane compared to those I drew when I was not on it.

After Nox got off the phone he told me his scheme about nutmeg. Apparently you can get high off it. It was pretty late in the Morning by then. Nox complained he was coming down and didn't have any weed to go back up. And so he was considering the narcotic possibilities of nutmeg. He was in his kitchen for ages deciding how much to take. In the end, he just jammed a whole clove in his mouth and started chewing. I was on the floor in tears over the awful faces he was making from the flavour. A few seconds after chewing it he bolted off to the toilet to throw up. He had made himself so sick that he told me he was just going to go to sleep. I asked him if he felt high and he complained about a headache and said that his eyes felt crossed. I remember we had a long, meaningful conversation about all kinds of different things – and I remember thinking how bare his room looked compared to my own. He had a bed, a few posters, an old stereo and not much else. I felt quite sad for him at the time. He explained to me

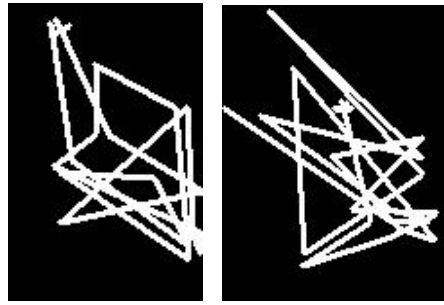
that he'd sold most of what he owned to buy dope and that he was happy enough with what he had. It wasn't long after Nox fell asleep that I crashed out at about 3:00am. It had been a wild night. I really enjoyed the trip – it was all so new.

I tripped with Nox and a few other boys once more before I left to live in Australia – in fact the night before I was to leave. It was also a wild time; during that second trip all matter appeared to be made of pentagrams to me, and anything that moved caused pentagrams to leap through pentagrams. There was one particularly notable side-effect of using Acid though. It's hard to say if it was negative, but my art was especially affected. I was never able to draw the same way I had been drawing again. My style had completely changed overnight and my drawings became angular, abstract and arc-laden.



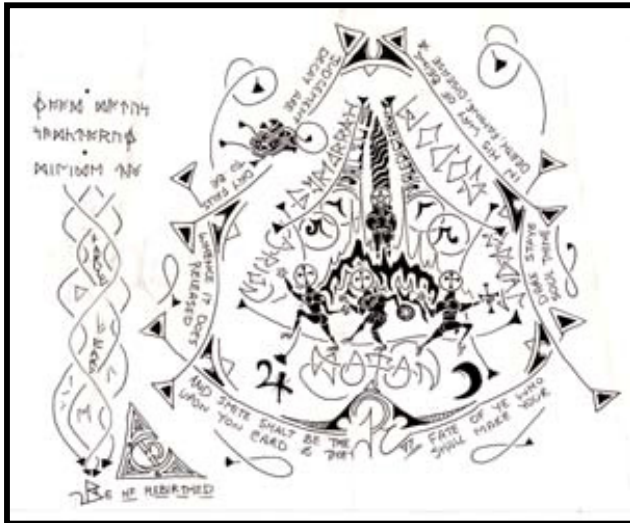
(Left: Drawn on LSD. Centre and Right: Drawn in normative state (post-experiencing LSD).

Later on in life I met 'Luci' who schooled me in the dangers of drugs and told me that LSD could turn on its user – thus I should know as much about what I was taking as possible, be in a safe environment with people I know and who know how to take care of me if it turns bad, what I can expect from LSD but also that its effects are largely unpredictable –I later made this story available on my website with a host of additional information about side-effects, dangers, and medical solutions for users whose trip went bad. Luci also taught me the science of "Entheogenics": i.e. not taking the drug as a recreational escape or just to get high: but utilizing the substance meditatively to open neural [brain] pathways and make new psychic connections. The influence of narcotics and hallucinogens in my life has thus been both mundane and profound.



Bad Karma

I once made a “Voodoo Doll” out of candle wax scrapings melted together and cut holes in its limbs to place drops of my blood inside it. I masked it up in tape and sketched various points for pins to enter into it. Abatu visited me one day and with furious curiosity seized upon it, made several enquiries as to how it worked, and then somehow broke its leg. Annoyed, I said ‘oh no man, you're gonna have some serious bad luck now’. Abatu, ever knowledgeable in nothing, barked out ‘That shit doesn’t work, it’s all bullshit’. I said ‘No way Man, you broke its leg, and Karma’s going to come looking for you to fuck you up’. Scoffing as he followed me out the door, I slammed it back into his startled face, hitting him with it, and watched his face contort with serious surprise, pain and confusion. ‘Toldja’ I said.



Witches

I remember a night when Karu Samsu and I camped out at our hangout near the Bridge. We’d been there for about three hours, smoking cigarettes and talking now and again, but were mostly bored. It got dark and we’d pretty much crashed out for the night in our sleeping bags under the huge Tree on the bank. I remember Karu getting up to go take a leak, and then a few minutes later coming back fiercely whispering something I couldn’t quite make out. He said he could hear the sound of drums coming from somewhere and told me to listen. I laughed and then listened. I didn’t hear anything. Karu looked annoyed and said they must have stopped when he told me to listen. I told him he was full of shit. Karu lay there and lit a cigarette. Then in a serious and worried sounding voice he asked me ‘You don’t think it could be Witches, do you?’ I laughed again and then considered this. Rather than pass up the opportunity to scare Karu and have some fun for the night I hyped him up saying ‘Yeah. Could be? I dunno.’ We then traded our expert opinions on the habits of Witches and the likelihood of them setting up residence in our shitty little Town. Then all of a sudden I heard the drums too.

They were being played slowly: Deep booms that sounded like they were fairly far away and also muffled - probably by the dense bush of the hills and surrounding area. Intrigued by this strange new phenomenon in our neck of the woods, we then had another discussion, sharing our expert opinions on the drums signifying Sacrifices and Satanists. For me, it was one thing to have previously asserted I wasn't scared of Satanists, knew all about Satanism, etc. but to actually be presented with the possibility of coming face to face with genuine Worshipers of the Devil was not only frightening, but humbling too.

After a number of discussions that went one way then the other, we finally decided to wander toward the noise of the drums and find out what was going on. It was slow-going negotiating the paddocks, fences, trees, and ground heavily pock-marked by the hooves of cows, and there was no moonlight to guide us. The drums got louder as we walked over the rise of the first paddock - and nerves set in when shadows played tricks on me. We headed toward a gap in a belt of trees that lead out into the second paddock and headed toward the 'Beach'.

The Beach was a flat bank of stones and sand that we'd sit on down by the waterline of the creek. There was a huge Tree Stump further up that choked the flow of water and created a little waterfall nearby. Underneath the waterfall was a pool of cool, muddy, brown water that was deep enough to jump into from the top of the grassy bank. Ferns and Native New Zealand Trees grew on both sides and a huge Willow that we sat on grew virtually horizontally over the grass of the paddock. I went down there by myself a lot to sit in the sunlight and listen to the wind filtering through the trees, rustling their leaves in a continuous hiss.

A couple of days before while down at the Beach, we'd been mystified to find a large, circular, brown, Canvas- structure had been erected on the other side of the barbed-wire fence at the end of one of the paddocks. We were also puzzled to see huge poles forming a triangular structure across the other side of the creek. We'd tried to get over to that side before, but the creek was wide and deep and dangerous and we hadn't yet found a safe way to cross. We didn't want to risk stepping on any one of the hundreds of possible sharp objects we were sure would be in there either. With no solution forthcoming we'd left the mysterious structures alone and gone swimming. Karu and I remembered the Canvas-structures and knew that they were probably connected with the drums. We thought the noise might have been coming from the Beach. But when we crept up to it commando-style, there was no-one there. Then Karu noticed the flickering light just visible between the trees at the far end of the paddock. He pointed it out to me and we just stood and looked.

We'd never seen people over that side of the creek before, or for that matter, people anywhere near the trails that wound through the surrounding Forestry and Hills.

Creeping closer to the light we could make out voices carried on the wind, female and male, and by the sounds of it quite a few of them. We crouched behind some trees and whispered dramatically to one another about ‘turning back’ and ‘getting across’. The drums had stopped by then, but Karu really wanted to get across while I wanted to go back to the camp and crash out for the night. We managed to sneak our way right up to the canvas-structure and could again hear voices; but too far away to make out what they were saying. Light shone through the trees, and I could see that the poles forming the triangular structure were now covered with something. Karu tapped me on the shoulder, gestured at the opposite bank and pointed out the silhouette of what looked like a Plesiosaur. We looked at each other with surprise and said in unison ‘Let’s find a way across!’

We followed the winding creek searching for logs, crossings, low-level water or anywhere else we could attempt a crossing, but there was nothing. We followed it for hours through long grass, electric fences and apple orchards, getting more and more disheartened as time ticked by and we were still on the wrong side. It seemed like the people and the lights might stay an enigma. Then at a bend in the creek we heard the voices again. A torch light suddenly shone out from beyond the other side – and we immediately dropped down into the long grass, my heart beating fast. We heard a faint discussion about someone being seen over the other side of the creek, then laughter. Karu and I carefully made our way forward keeping low to the ground to the next bend in the creek, where we were met with a welcome sight - a tree trunk spanning the water.

Carefully making our way across, the long grass gave way to a paddock and then a fence, and then a neat row of trees and a large, brick house on the crest of a small hill. Beyond the brick house, we saw twinkling lights and heard snatches of faint laughter.

We didn’t know what to make of it – so we stayed low and cautiously made our way along what appeared to be a driveway, with hay-bales spaced every ten metres or so along it. Then tents and caravans came into view. Puzzled, we concealed ourselves off the driveway in the shadows and watched for a few minutes. In hushed whispers we decided that because we’d come this far we might as well see what was going on, even if they were Satanists.

We passed a few figures in the dark that gave us a cheerful ‘hello’. We replied and it made me less nervous that whoever these people were, seemed nice. We walked into what appeared to be a large encampment (something totally alien to me) of tents, maybe a hundred, and the more we walked the more we saw. Following the paths between the tents we headed toward the lights, and as we rounded a corner we could see a huge Teepee maybe forty feet high, that explained the triangular structure we had seen - and beside that, the sculpture of a Plesiosaur. To our left someone was bouncing on a trampoline - their form made visible by their contrast against the dark sky. We approached the Plesiosaur and the figure

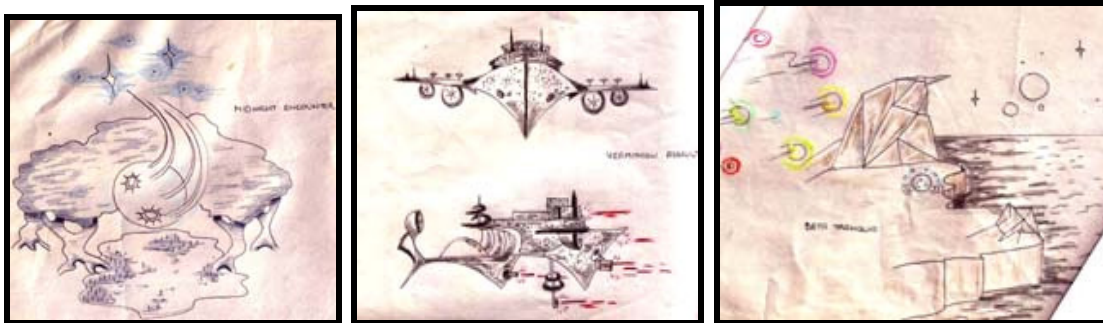
that had been bouncing on the trampoline jumped off and disappeared into the darkness. As I stared in amazement at the sculpted dinosaur, Karu tugged at my sleeve and said 'That girl was naked!' I ignored him, absorbed in figuring out where we were. Karu continued, 'She was riding a broomstick... She was naked and riding a broomstick'. I turned to look but she had long gone. I told Karu I wished I didn't have such shitty eyesight.

We didn't want to march directly up to the Teepee, so we walked around some more. We encountered numerous figures in the darkness that greeted us and asked us if we were having a good time. We tried to make out like we knew what they were talking about and said we were. Then, I don't remember how it happened, but suddenly we'd been sitting with a friendly, elderly man in his tent watching him cast Runes for at least twenty minutes. His name was Colin. He'd asked us where we were from and we told him that we'd heard drums, seen lights etc. and found our way across. Colin told us that we were at a Healing or New Age Fest that traveled up and down New Zealand, coming to this spot once every two years. The circular canvas tent we'd spotted was actually a Sauna.

Karu and I listened to him talk about his experience earlier that night in which he'd had the pain in his leg dissipated by a form of massage called Reiki. By and by, Colin revealed his interest in things Occult and I told him that I drew pictures and wrote poems to do with the Occult. He said he'd like to see them and asked if I'd come back in the morning to show him some. I told him I would. It was early morning when Karu and I made our way back to camp, this time a journey made easy by the bridge at the end of the driveway that led out onto the Main road. In the morning we told my Sister about the drums, the lights, the people, the tents, the teepee, etc. and she said she'd like to come with us to see it, so the three of us made our way back into the heart of the New Age fest. I met up with Colin and had a good conversation about Runes, my art and other New Age stuff including the merits of Reiki. He was impressed with my drawings and I offered to draw him a picture of a Wizard. He said we were all welcome to stay around for the day and I remember my sister and I entered the Teepee and received a one-card Tarot Reading. I'd never been in a Teepee before, the inside was deceptively large, and I remember gazing up to where the poles joined in awe, thinking 'Wow'. I also remember feeling cynical about the White-Magic factors around me. I humoured the people performing Tarot but secretly thought them fakes. We left about midday and came back again at night. This time, Colin took us inside the Teepee that was now quite full of people with a fire blazing away merrily in the fire pit at the centre. We were seated and I remember incense, hand-made music, a Native American emphasis on décor, and a candle holder with feathers. Then the people in the Teepee sang songs and spoke spells. I was still cynical about the White-Magic atmosphere and the inane positivism that defines it followers, but I appreciated it as a unique and interesting experience all the same.

The New Age fest was to move up North the next day, so Colin and I swapped addresses. I told him that I was moving to Australia soon but would draw him a

Wizard and mail it to him as soon as I got there. He was really pleased and said that he had something for me too; some New-Age music called "Encounter", some more New Age music by a group called Tangerine Dream, and some poems he'd written. He said the Soundscape of Encounter would take me on a spiritual journey, as if I was traveling in space. He sent the tapes and poetry to me after I mailed him the Wizard, with the notes he had made from his own experience of the Soundscape and told me to read them only after I had experienced it for myself, which I did. I lost the tapes eventually- though I still have the poems. But the encounter with Colin and the New Age Fest had given me much to think about. The Soundscape was the first time I would meditate and astral travel. His 'Tempus Fugit' poem was as strange as anything to me, like the piece of paper was a window into a new dimension. And there was something profound about his gentle warning not to spoil my own experiences with Encounter, by reading his first.



(Left: Midnight Encounter / Centre: Vermithon Assault / Right: Beta Tranquia)

Also, while crouching near the Sauna with Karu just before we decided to go looking for the source of the voices and lights; my curiosity about what was over the other side was immediately diminished when I heard laughing, as though happiness was a deterrent.

True enough that what I was looking for in life, would not be found at a Hippy Commune I later become a regular visitor at, involved in Anti-Nuclear Protests, Anti-Logging Sit-ins, and other green political issues: nor in the company of Druids I learned from for a brief time during disillusionment with the Order of Nine Angles: but in privation away from the company of any group – especially those groups involved in 'White-Magic'.

Rocket Fuel

"Rocket-Fuel" is the nickname for a strong concoction of eight or more 40% proof Alcohols. I only ever made it once. Karu, Narcissus, Atazoth and I were at Atazoth's place one night while Atazoth's parents had gone overseas for a few weeks. There was a large wooden Liquor-Cabinet near the front door stocked

with an amazing array of alcohol. Karu and Narcissus tried talking Atazoth into letting us drink some of them but Atazoth was adamant she'd be killed if her parents arrived home and found any of the bottles tampered with or missing contents. I resolved the situation by telling her I'd take just a tiny bit from a few of the bottles and mix it together to make 'Rocket-Fuel'.

I'd heard the term 'Rocket-Fuel' used somewhere and remembered it. I also made out like I'd made it many times before even fabricating some imaginary facts about it, like its colour determined its strength. For all I knew, it probably did.

It wasn't actually my intention to take just a little bit of a few and I took a sizeable dose from eight or nine different bottles, including Whiskey, Sherry, Gin, Vodka, etc. and poured the alcohol into a coffee jar that Karu had washed out for this purpose. The idea was that each of us would drink a quarter of the jar. Being a jerk I sculled the entire thing before anyone could stop me. The alcohol burned my throat, my eyes, my stomach, my mouth and my nose and I must have had a bit of a facial spasm after I downed it because it hit me like a punch in the face. I stood and grimaced until the burning subsided. Then to a chorus of complaints from my friends, the Rocket-Fuel immediately started to take effect and I did all kinds of stupid things. But I'm not sure of the order.

Ignoring the other three's complaints that I'd drunk their share I sat on the windowsill of the Lounge-room window and pretended as though I were falling out of it. Then I accidentally fell out of it. I climbed back in and went into the kitchen where Atazoth was peeling onions. Thinking they were apples I took a large bite of one and promptly disgusted, spat it out into the rubbish. Then I stood on the back porch and in a drunken stupor, admired the 'possums' while holding on to the high-voltage electric wire that went around the perimeter of the handrail. I was getting electrocuted in bursts for some time before I heard shouts and was pulled away from the fence by force. Drunk and numb I wandered out to the front of the house and crashed out on the verandah for a while.

When I woke I discovered I had been covered with a blanket. Still very drunk, I made my way inside and sat down for a few minutes at Atazoth's Dining Room table where I used a pen nib to carve a pentagram into it. Meanwhile Karu and Narcissus had poured themselves a drink from one of the bottles in the cabinet, but were grumbling that it was not enough. Karu rang someone to pick him up to get beer. After he left, Narcissus and/or Atazoth had a shower, and I remember staggering around drunkenly waiting for them to finish. Narcissus and Atazoth had an argument, and Narcissus sat down to watch TV in the Lounge. Atazoth went into her bedroom and I wandered in behind her.

The first thing I noticed about Atazoth's room was a Golliwog Doll suspended from the roof with a noose around its neck. Turning the doll around in

amazement I saw its hands had been tied behind its back. I enquired about this and Atazoth told me a story about being threatened with a gun in South Africa. She spoke for a long time about the level of racism where she used to live – telling me she'd been threatened with rape and had had guns pointed in her face. It was then that I learned she was an Afrikaner (Born in South Africa) and it was for simplicity that she told people her name was Atazoth instead of her actual Afrikaans name. She gestured for me to sit down a number of times as I continued to chatter excitedly and I sat on the vacuum which made her laugh. Then when she said to sit beside her, I went to do it and lost my balance, ending up with my face against her inner thigh. I was really embarrassed and mumbled apologies again and again, but she just laughed and smiled, and we chatted about how each of us knew Narcissus for a while. Then we joined him in the lounge, waiting for Karu to return. Still exceedingly drunk I recall Narcissus hyping up my character, mock suggesting me to have the temperament of an Axe Murderer. I found it funny and flattering (being given power often was) and played along, picking up a nearby knife and suddenly acting very serious, then grinning again. Then Narcissus said something that didn't sit well and the situation was in danger of going out of control. I was too drunk. Atazoth was standing beside Karu when I picked up the knife and she interpreted it as a serious threat.

I don't really remember how things happened. But they ran upstairs, Narcissus play-acting as though I were chasing him or something. I played up to the role like an actor in a drama given his cues. I walked up the stairs slowly and heard a door being slammed and locked. I tapped on the door with the knife. They refused to open the door unless I dropped the knife and Atazoth pleaded with me to go sleep it off. But I didn't drop the knife and insisted I wasn't tired. Then in a moment of clarity, I felt real fear from the two of them and became confused about the reality of what was going on. There was a long stand-off with me on one side of the door knocking, alternating between calmly reasoning and being scary, and them on the other telling me to put the knife down and that I was drunk. I thought Narcissus might have been playing the Hero Act to make Atazoth admire him; that he'd been jealous Atazoth and I had been in her room together and this was his way of claiming her back. Atazoth and Narcissus made a phone-call from their room and called one of my family members to pick me up, telling them I was drunk and that they were scared for their safety. My next memory is of being picked up out of the cold, damp rock garden and someone telling my Sister who had arrived to pick me up that I'd had a lot to drink.

Later my Sister remarked that she had seen the doll hanging by its neck in Atazoth's room and it was somewhat ironic that she'd been told by Atazoth that I was nuts. Looking back, I think the situation could easily have escalated into murder. Karu didn't make a deal of it, Narcissus was edgy around me for a while and Atazoth wouldn't talk to me for weeks. Her parents were furious about the pentagram in her table, but she denied knowing who did it. I phoned her a couple of times, apologizing profusely and eventually she accepted. I never made

Rocket-Fuel again, but there would be ten thousand more times that I would endanger my own and others Lives because of my penchant for heavy drinking.

Alcohol

Alcohol played a massive part in my life well into my twenties. I was drinking heavily by the age of seventeen and was an alcoholic by twenty. At first it was fun and I was not concerned about how much I was drinking. I was having a good time with my mates and that was all that mattered to me. Though the circles of friends changed time and time again, alcohol remained constant. I have many scars on my hands from violent acts as I lost my inhibitions and spiraled out of control letting the drink be an excuse for my behaviour. There were a great many fights, verbal and physical in my career as a drinker. Under the influence I would start fights with my cheeky or asinine comments or commit random acts of vandalism, spray-painting or damaging cars, smashing glass bottles on the road, performing dangerous stunts such as running in front of traffic or climbing up and leaping off high surfaces I also sustained numerous serious injuries. In the beginning I used alcohol to be cool and fit in with my peers, as alcohol was a huge part of my families social gatherings in New Zealand. Later on as I realised the years of living in a world of my own had left me without schooling, job prospects, or a future – to battle depression, to take me away from the painful memories of the days events, and to numb myself into oblivion where I could rest in peace. I would like to say I mostly knew when to pull back from crossing the line in terms of fun and stuffing-up but sometimes I drank too much to care about what I was doing. Although I was never arrested or charged, I was threatened with imprisonment by the courts after admitting to smashing a phone-booth to pieces in a drunken frenzy.

That night I had been previously drinking for three days solid and passed out at a party in a Friends laundry. Woken up I gradually staggered my way outside with others and there I kicked the change-box of the phone as I used to do in New Zealand. Then M did the rest, getting carried away and kicking the phone-booth literally to pieces. I took a piece of the plastic window in drunken glee as a ‘souvenir’ for my friend, who upon seeing it asked what had happened, and when she learned kicked me out of her house, telling me to go home and sleep it off. I wandered off down the road where I found myself suddenly abused by a man with a shaved head from his doorstep. His comments were fascist (A topic with which I was intimately acquainted) and to the effect of who the hell are you? When he suddenly blurted out “I’m White Power!” presumably to impress or scare me, I ripped off my beanie and said “So am I. Have you read Mein Kampf?” He was surprised and overjoyed at this turn of events as we discussed Hitler in the middle of the road. He invited me on to his property where I sat in a chair and he brought me a beer. It was alright until his girlfriends decided to come out and meet me. One took a liking, and when another man came out of the house and noticed this he was most adamant that I leave. The other skin argued for my defence but I saw what was happening and about to happen and said “No problem guys, if you want me to leave, then I will leave. Thanks for the drink and

have a good night". The younger skin waved me off and I wandered toward home, passing the broken phone-booth in the process. Being a lightweight aluminum and plastic construction it had been literally flattened. I tried once again to get into my friends house but she refused to open the door except to give me the stereo I walked around with. I left peacefully but a bit disgruntled and got about a hundred steps before the police rolled by in a patrol car.

They stopped me and I told them I had been drinking and was on my way home. They stopped the car and came over to talk to me. Asking if I knew anything about the phone-booth I denied it. As they took my details which I gladly gave them I got into a conversation about Eminem with the male police officer. They left and I had almost arrived home when I heard a voice from behind me. It was the same patrol car and again they wanted to know if I had had anything to do with the phone-booth. I denied it again. They said they had a witness. I told them that a witness was impossible because I had nothing to do with it and they could go talk to their witness all they liked, it didn't change the facts. When they left, I was under the impression they believed me. A few days later I got a call from the police station asking me to come down and make a witness statement and to discuss what had happened that night, my whereabouts and so on. I put it off for a while, but eventually I rang the police and told them I was coming in to see them to get things out of the way.

When I arrived at the police station it was an oppressive feeling. It felt very clinical like a hospital. There was very little to look at to occupy my mind, and the desk at the front was unmanned as I waited, staring at the one-way mirror in the side wall. I was eventually greeted by a policewoman who led me through numerous heavy locked doors and down a corridor into a small secure-looking room that I learned later was an Interview Room. A second policeman joined us, a male and they began interviewing me. Although they asked a lot of questions – the information I gave answered only those questions, never expanding on anything. My calm, deliberate and tranquil state seemed to unnerve them – they said "Are you sure you understand the questions being asked? You don't seem to be registering? You're just sitting there..." I replied "I am co-operating with you every step of the way". At some point during the interview they brought up the witness. I had no idea who it might be, but if they did have a witness I was in trouble. I'd fought with my friend the night after kicking the phone-booth where she literally exploded into calling me a thief and other irrational things and telling me she wished we'd been caught for damaging it. So, I felt it was best things didn't get that far – wasting police time would have a much more severe penalty. Although they seemed somewhat exasperated, carefully asking each question and taking notes dolefully it was at some point in the interview where I became bored and said "Okay. I admit it. It was me. I smashed the phone-booth". They both just stared at me for a while, until the female officer said "Okay... okay what happened?" I told them my version of events. They wanted to know if the attack was racial – I said it wasn't. They wanted to know if anyone else had damaged the phone-booth with me – I said they hadn't and I was solely

responsible. They didn't seem to believe it but had no option but to accept the statement. Though I had in fact not done it, the man who did had pleaded with me when I told him the police knew about it to not mention his name as he would go straight back to jail and lose his kids. Whether that was true or not, I will never know – but I decided to take the rap alone.

Suddenly I found myself face to face with the System I had only known from second-hand sources. I had the chance to talk to a solicitor and a counselor (who I believe was a priest) about my options. The solicitor told me to plead guilty. And the priest was confused by my statements about Satanism. I had never been to court before and waited all day for my hearing. I struck up a conversation with a security guard who told me he had to wait there all day until the last case turned up because he'd missed his hearing. I sympathized and said I had to wait all day too. When there was no-one left in the waiting chamber but him and me, and I heard my name called, I suddenly realized that I was the last case that the guard had been talking about. We exchanged one of those looks of bizarre recognition. I was quite frightened and apprehensive about going to court alone, but I had already disappointed my mother with my drinking antics and wanted her to know nothing of this one. So I went alone. Being somewhat short-sighted and ignorant of court procedures, as I entered I saw the security guard and made to sit next to him. The judge, called my name twice before I realized that I was supposed to be seated near the front. The sentence was lenient under a new approach to first-offenders and involved taking an Alcoholism course, an apology to the phone company, five days of labour at the railway station, and a five-hundred dollar fine. At the alcoholism course I surprised the female counselor by rattling off why I drank alcohol to hide, belong, numb etc, the effects of short and long-term drinking and even the greater sociological implications of my excess. Despite this she was unable to let me go early just because I knew alcohol intimately and as we sat in relative silence for hours I sensed a great deal of fear in her toward me. Unfortunately my intellect often intimidated people, it didn't fit with my actions - and my desire to do the actions I did despite being aware of the consequences, probably bewildered them.

At the railway I worked my ass off with a polite manner. I did the work required in half the time expected and was thus allowed to go home early and even miss the fifth day. I paid the fine in one hit, and wrote an apology letter to the phone company.

Several more incidences where I nearly killed myself or was killed came about and other ugly events – one after the other that strengthened my resolve to quit drinking. Just like with smoking, I was psychologically strong and satanically arrogant enough to reject the idea I was addicted to my vices because of the salve nicotine or alcohol gave me to apply to my problems. Although quitting smoking was easy because there were a lot of reasons to want to do it – my skin broke out, it cost me too much money, I gave most of my smokes away, I was unfit, I couldn't run more than fifty feet without losing my breath, I tired of feeling

irritable and depressed without cigarettes, and I was looking to a better life under the Order of Nine Angles where I would need to be Spartan fit to compete. I replaced my desire to be cool, with my desire to be Satanic. And thus I went cold turkey relatively easily by sheer willpower. i.e. I've had one cigarette puff in six years.

But drinking was a different matter altogether. From as early as I can remember, drinking was social glue that permeated everything. The best times of my youth were at parties where alcohol was free-flowing and everyone was laughing and drunk. I was taken to party after party as a kid where I watched people consume alcohol in vast quantities. And it's no surprise that it became the norm for me to drink. But little did I realise the social implications of basing your life around the bottle.

When I attempted to stop drinking I suddenly realised how very little I did that didn't involve drinking. In avoiding places where I might be tempted to drink, I didn't go to the pub, the beach, my friends places, or join any of my mates in visiting other mate's places where I knew there would be beer. I had no reason to go outside, no reason to go anywhere, because all my reason and motivations for going to those places had been alcohol-related. I found myself in a bubble surrounded by the extreme social pressure everywhere I went in Australia to drink. And sank into a dark depression for a few months, confused about what life could possibly offer for me? I could no longer see the point of clubs, pubs, pool, movies, visiting friends, or a variety of other things. I turned inward, away from the drink, and away from all those things that reminded me of it – devoting my full attention to a project for the Order of Nine Angles – my Sinister Tarot.

During the creation of my Tarot I did not see close friends or family for more than cursory periods for over two years, and I stayed away from alcohol. But nevertheless, it would still take some time to adjust to a world without alcohol and several times after my Tarot I drank heavily. Although I had learned something very interesting with alcohol over the years and now put it to practice. It was not the alcohol that made me act the way I did. It was me by virtue of the attitude I had *before* I began to drink. If my attitude was "Oh yeah I'm going to get ripped!" then I would get ripped and become a drunken yahoo. If my attitude was "I'm going to have a few drinks and enjoy myself". Then I would. I could drink twenty beers and still have all my faculties, appearing sober and calm: or two beers and get wild and boisterous. The alcohol did nothing more than offer an excuse and a platform for my behaviour simply because my choice of behaviour for that drinking session was always pre-determined. I still have the occasional drink – but I no longer desire getting drunk, or feel the need to artificially dissolve my problems away. I deal with them without narcotic or liquid agents and head-on as a mature man.

Prophecy

During my first LSD trip in NZ in 1996– I was imprinted with the words Celestine Prophecy. I had been hearing them from all kinds of people in all kinds of places – and I remembered on P’s shelf while in an LSD-induced stupor, I saw a copy of this mysterious book. I did not however have the chance to read it – and the CP remained a mystery for the next three years. It was in 1999 that I was reminded of the CP by an associate who had recently begun reading said book. I remembered the comments passed about CP from different people and how amazing it was supposed to be. I managed to find myself a copy – and having read all kinds of fringe and occult material over the years I recall not being skeptical about the idea of reading it. When I started reading, I found the book to be superbly well-written – and that I could not put it down. The premise of the CP was to reveal nine insights to the reader that were ancient secrets of Life itself. It was the first time I had picked up a spiritually-based book of this calibre and I was thoroughly intrigued by the concepts within. I was almost immediately enlightened. That is, the author put into precise words, vague sentiments of my own life in a manner that left me feeling light, as though a load had been lifted from me.

During the reading of CP I became steadily more fascinated and open to the ideas presented – and even found bizarre new ideas worth investigating. I got up a few mornings much earlier than I ever would have to watch the sun, and to try and see the auras or energy fields of trees for example. And when I could see said auras, it was as if my view toward nature was rejuvenated, restored, and I felt something there that I didn’t before. In short – the more I read, the more in tune I got with the Ideas in CP – and the more I felt transformed into some other, lighter, being.

When the insights into character were revealed – I.e. that there were a number of different spiritual states that a person fits into – I was thoroughly intrigued and began to apply the insight onto others, suddenly seeing the four types present in people. One of the insights dealt with trees. Its premise was that the energy fields of nature could be used as pointers to indicate which way a person was supposed to travel according to some higher dictate. I experimented with this particular Insight by going for a walk some weeks after being absorbed in the teachings of the book. I did indeed find that certain directions seemed to be glowing brighter than others; light emanated from certain trees and strips of grass indicating which way I was supposed to go. I stopped by a local park and just sat, drawing in the energy from my surroundings and mentally giving it back. I really felt charged. Then I followed the trees, and took a train trip into the local town. It seemed to me that people were looking at me strangely – quite possibly because of the tie-dye hooded-sweatshirt I was wearing. But the experience that followed felt truly transcendental. Walking along the street – I met the gaze of those who looked at me full on and without self-consciousness, in fact I stared into them. I could ‘feel’ which of the four types these people were, and I found myself rattling off in my head, he’s one, she’s one, he’s one of those,

he's one too etc. I did this as I walked – and suddenly it was if the entire human population in the street was named, tagged and revealed for what they were. No stranger to the effects of LSD, that was when I noticed that I felt like my feet weren't touching the ground. I actually felt like I was floating at first a few centimeters, and then a few feet off the ground by the time I reached the end of the street. I headed up into the suburbs – still following the advice of the glowing trees and flowers. I was amazed at the natural high and self-induced euphoria I was experiencing.

I don't remember the rest of the experience – which is curious because I generally have an excellent memory. I did stop back at the park again however– and sat down for a few hours relaxing and meditating. It was an amazing feeling and except for the high of Psilocybin I haven't experienced anything like it since.

A few months later I reached the end of the CP and was disappointed and disillusioned by its ending. I felt that the author had been on the right track, but had then lost it in favour of a mystical ending. The reference in CP to the ancient culture of the Mayans referred first to it being a peaceful and loving culture, and secondly a highly advanced culture that vibrated on such a high frequency that they simply disappeared. Having recently watched a documentary on these same people as being a vicious and warlike culture, I was somewhat surprised at the authors take on the Maya, but more-so that he actually thought they disappeared because of how pure they were. Although unhappy with the ending – I believed the CP had incredible merit otherwise. I was inspired by the first eight insights and experienced a drug-free spiritual trip via them. I discussed the tenets of CP with people – and with one of these people I developed what I hoped would become a cult following for spiritual enlightenment. The cult was called Nf.Nf.Nf. "Never Fail, Never Fall, Never Fade." I wrote a number of manuscripts for Nf, and designed a symbol based on these ideas but the idea of Nf never took off. Although Nf was a good premise, I only half-heartedly promoted the venture and it was soon forgotten. As well as an introduction to the spiritual New-Age, CP was however, genuinely insightful. I realised that from CP, I had been able to give myself a natural drug-free 'trip' from the strength of my belief alone. I thought to myself: Now if I could only find a similar revelation of the spiritual that was insightful and total from beginning to end – Imagine what I could do.

Trust

When a youngster – my sister and I used to spend time sitting on top of the concrete water-tank that supplied our house with water. I remember one day my sister conned me into playing 'trust' with her, (a psychological exercise whereby one person falls back into the arms of another, establishing trust.) of course I only knew it as a game. Standing behind me on the tank, my sister instructed me to close my eyes and listen to her talk. She began a meditation of sorts, telling me to relax, and then to imagine myself as a pirate on the high seas, sailing on the ocean blue. As she wove a skillful tale of description, I began to really see

myself on the pirate-ship in my mind and even saw the boat. Then suddenly her narrative changed and my pirate ship was under attack, I fought valiantly (apparently) but I was struck by a blow to the head and knocked backwards into the water... at this point she said “you feel yourself falling...falling...” still standing there with my arms outstretched unsure of what to do she prompted me, ‘fall back’ she said. And I did... and it was amazing, I could almost imagine the air rushing past me, the force of gravity quickly pulling me to the ground, and just as I said “Oh wow! It really feels like I’m falling!” I hit the ground. My sister had let me fall off a 12ft water-tank flat onto my back. I sometimes wonder if this incident is the reason I found it difficult to form strong relationships and friendships as a boy.

The Circle

When I was 19, I and four others formed a Magical Coven called ‘The Circle’. It was essentially a Chaos Coven – its members including a Shaman, a Satanist, a Wiccan, a Goth, and the Shaman and Wiccans boy, possessed of great personal magnetism. The only ceremony the five of us performed together was a Name Giving during which we were given magickal names by the Shaman according to his knowledge of our essence within the Circle. I had not been a participant in overt group magick before – but the atmosphere was well set and occult-tempered for a sombre but quickening of the pulse experience. Herbs were added to a pot on a natural fire, each of us choosing one to add. Candles were also lit and each of us chose a point on a pentagram on which to erect our candle. When the pot of herbs was simmering we sipped some of this each and meditation began shortly after. I was asked to meditate on the Sun with my eyes closed, others were presumably given other spheres or attributes but I did not hear them. I began picturing a giant fiery sphere. My forehead was inscribed with a symbol and my ‘witch-name’ given to me thereafter: Tnepres Ra. I was slightly amused by this display of herbs and names and meditation then, but I am grateful for it now.

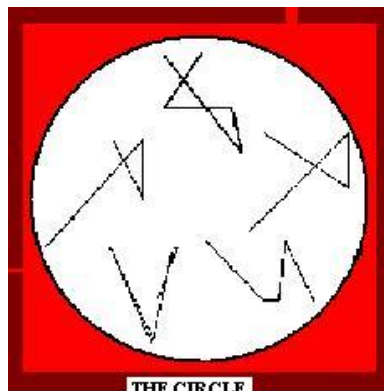
I was informed after opening my eyes after some fifteen minutes of meditating that the flames of the fire had risen to an enormous height during it. The priest said he had asked for our circle to be tested – and tested it was. Some months later, one of us became absorbed with the trappings of pseudo black magick and darkness and was admitted to the mental ward by a family member without his prior consent. In the ward he accepted his station and enjoyed the attention that is given to ‘mental patients’. He chose weakness and indulging his petty ego and degenerated into self-pity before our eyes. We lost him.

Marijuana was used before and after this ritual and has had a lot of influence over it since. Not in a strictly ritual sense either – but as a weight and a burden to one of the members. The circle is still active today in a passive form of non-ritual companionship but just recently lost another member. The one ritual only ever performed by us noticeably strengthened our ties and solidarity. But the member that left the circle recently was myself. My companions do not share the

same values I do regarding drugs now and it is my view that their continual indulgence has been at the cost of many better pursuits, financial priorities for example. Over the years my companion has heavily touted the great merits of using drugs for enlightenment and such spiritual attainments. I can say only this: If his example of drug use, which served only to confuse and then to disgust me, enabled my view of him wasting his life, then he has enabled me the choice not to waste mine. In my experience, being on drugs during magick or even creative pursuits is a rather hollow special effect. Coming down off the drugs and examining my stance (particularly my ability to use, control, or utilize the effects for specific desired ends) with such substances, was sometimes valuable. So I guess for me its not the actual duration of being on the drugs that's spiritually useful – but how I interpret the experience afterwards.

I did drugs out of curiosity – I tried what I wanted to try, from organic substances like mushrooms to synthetic drugs like amphetamines and now I'm no longer curious. If anything, I have found my ability to perform (magickal) acts hindered by the use of drugs / though the merit of these substances has been a solid base of experience to speak from concerning drugs and magick, and certainly a great many different (neural) pathways made available - as an artistic type person this has been of profound value.

[Although undergoing its greatest test with the upheaval and transmutation of the remaining member's energies; in spirit the Circle essentially remains intact even today.]



I should add that one of the members of the Circle was heavily affected by the forces generated within it. His dabbling with themes of Charles Manson, Death, Sex, Violence, Satanism and Black Magic came to dominate him and he lived in a world of his own, obsessed with these forms unconsciously without ever knowing why or the deeper meaning behind attachments to such themes. His world became all he knew, he locked himself away in a dark room watching violent movies listening to heavy metal and drinking chronic amounts of alcohol. While

there was nothing inherently wrong with this, these being merely his choice of hobbies, his lifestyle came to the attention of others, particularly his mother, who then had him incarcerated in a mental ward.

Pretending to take him out to lunch she took him to the hospital and had him committed, despite his protests and relative sanity, believing him to be possessed by the Devil and mentally unfit to make his own lifestyle choices. We tried to get him out but unfortunately he took a liking to the pandering and attention that such environments bring, and gave up fighting his mothers will. The pharmaceuticals and sedatives given to him to curb so-called schizophrenia, paranoid delusions, alcoholism and depression utterly destroyed the man we knew and he emerged from hospital some six months later a pale and unrecognizable shell. His smile had faded, his eyes were dead, and his soul was gone. He couldn't hold a conversation and all his topics were bland rehearsed social niceties. We fought to re-inspire the fire he once had, but eventually he stopped visiting, or calling, and we lost contact with him.

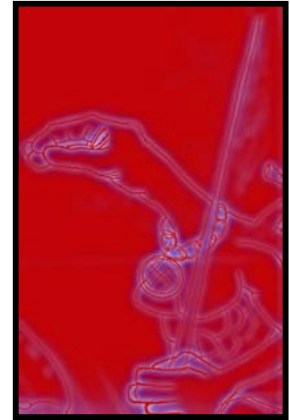
Years later, he remains the same. After rare chance meetings with him I have learned he is studying to be a priest, and has become a devout Christian follower. What was done to him was horrific. His loss of life revitalizes my attempts to get this book out into the world.

CHAPTER 5 – Sing a Song of Violence

(Building Character 2)

Vs Con

After being ridiculed by an older boy on the School Bus for a year or more, one day I leapt up and threw my arms around his throat from behind and tried to crush it. I was talked out of doing so by the Bus Monitor – then again, it was always me that talked my self out of it. If I'd wanted to kill him I could easily have done so. The same boy ridiculed me all day while I was struggling to build something in Woodwork Class. When I ignored him he physically pushed me, and I chased him around the room with a hot poker. I had met Con when I was younger, but he seemed to take an instant disliking to me. He lived in the same area and knew some of my friends, so we seemed to run into each other at local parties or those boy's houses. On one occasion he I and another boy were passing time with a local game that involved constructing a hut from wooden battens and then locking the limbs of someone sitting inside it in place by sliding battens through the gaps. Con and the other boy set me up. After imprisoning me in one of these huts, Con and Other began to tease me, and Con spat on me. I was renowned for being able to break out of or escape from any such hut built to contain me, but Con and Other barricaded the hut-roof with large steel poles and a bench, telling me it would be more of a challenge for me to get out. When they started calling me names and spitting on me, I lost my temper. I had learned that when someone was tying my hands or compressing my body to take a deep Breath and hold it, effectively puffing out my body mass. Then when I relaxed, enough room would be created to slacken the ropes, or free my limbs. Having already extracted myself from the battens enough to move, I pushed the roof so hard with my back and shoulders that the hut erupted into a pile of timbers and the heavy steel benches clattered to the ground. On seeing this, Con was terrified. Clambering out of the pile of timbers I stormed over to 'Other' with the intention of vengeance because he'd spat on me too, but 'Other' was Top Dog in the Styx, and Self-preservation made me back off. Con was also much larger in stature than me, but he had a long history of taunting me and I was really angry. I turned and saw Con getting on his Ten-Speed Bike, and I gave chase. Despite his lead, his being on a Bike, and his fear, I was running so closely behind him that I could almost hit him with the batten I was carrying. When Con reached his front Gate he threw his Ten-Speed over the top then threw himself over after it. Still angry, I sat on the opposite side of the road with my legs crossed pretending I was doing some magic.



It unnerved him and he kept making shallow (empty) threats that I'd better leave or else. Eventually I did leave. I wasn't inherently aggressive though. It was only

after a lot of provocation that I reacted like this toward people. I had more run-ins with Con, including a time he punched me so I ran and grabbed a massive tree branch which I tried to jam in his Bike spokes as he went past me; and another time when he threatened to punch me and in frustration I went and stood in the middle of the road and told him that I would rather get hit by a car than put up with any more of his shit. He panicked and coaxed me into coming off the road, then gave me a weird look and went home. My intensity and my odd way of confronting things as a young boy seemed to confuse many of the bullies I encountered in life.

Vs Tasman

At Primary School I was chased by Tasman for God only knows what. Because I was an exceptionally fast runner and deft at maneuver he blamed me further when he tripped over the same seats I had just jumped, injuring his knees. At Lunchtime I walked down the path to the shop to buy my lunch. I got just out of sight of the School when eight of the oldest boys made a circle around me blocking off my exits. I managed to bribe them by telling them I would buy them each an ice-block. I don't think they agreed to this, because I never did buy eight ice-blocks, but the more I talked the less confident they seemed. In the end they simply left me alone. Only of slight build, I quickly developed a silver-tongue.

Vs Todd

At another college I had my nose broken by a guy known for violence. While playing Darts as part of the Sport Hour, he turned and started lobbing Darts at my feet. They came very close and I told him to fuck off. He was angered by this and asked me to repeat what I said. So I did. I started to reason with him that he'd say the same thing if I threw darts at his feet, but I only got about halfway through the sentence before he crowned my nose and knocked my glasses to the floor. It happened very quickly. He grabbed me by my shirt and spun me around, shoving me into the Blackboard. After a blur of punches I sank to my knees and covered my head with my arms, feeling the hard impact of his fists rain blows on my skull. It was dark where I went, purple and blue, a black solitude that comforted me I would soon be dead. It took maybe three minutes for the teachers at the far end of the room to realise what was happening and drag him off. I remember feeling dazed, but felt no pain. I was helped up by Mr. C, and purposely, to make light of the situation, and of Todd's intimidation power, said 'Whoa Nelly!' Later I was informed that Todd had an anger problem. I said 'No shit?' I think he might have apologised somewhere down the track, I don't know. That day proved to me I had more of a capacity to withstand physical harm to my person than I thought I did.

In an odd incident I was expelled from that College after being set up for possession of marijuana seeds (like, 12) by fellow students. The College before that, for showing the Principal and his entourage (who wanted to have me expelled for my 'violent' misdemeanours) the location of a knife I'd hidden on the

College grounds. And from my last College for setting fire to a rubbish bin, a practical joke that went too far for the liking of most the students and Teachers. The only reason I kept going to College was to try and get my Art Certificate. But refusing to comply with what was being taught and preferring to practice my own style, I left College aged fifteen.

Vs Daz

On the trampoline in a mate's backyard where we used to bounce all afternoon, Daz developed an unusually vicious streak and tried double-bouncing me off the trampoline then using a wrestling move to drop kick me off instead. His Dad and his mates simply watched this from the porch and again I felt I was alone and had to sort shit out for myself. I tried to placate him by talking, but for some reason he just acted aggressively toward me. As he bounced upward, I shoved him in the chest and he flew through the air and landed hard on the ground. Knowing he was well-versed in a Martial Art, a high belt, I ran. He got up too and ran after me, his Dad cheering him on. As Daz gained ground I thought very quickly. I jumped and cleared a steel picnic table, and timed it just right to give the table a backwards kick: sending its huge round top toward Daz. I heard a mighty clang and a lot of swearing. He'd run straight into the table, and later I saw his knees were bleeding from the impact. I couldn't help but laugh with this victory. He chased me into the orchard nearby and held me down and I think, in lieu of punching me, spat on me. He was probably just trying to humiliate me for humiliating him in front of his doting Father, but more than likely he realized he'd deserved it.

Vs Don

Where I used to live it was relatively unknown to encounter people of the Maori persuasion. I lived in a predominantly white Town. One day on the School Bus an older Maori kid appeared. We made fun of him, falling just short of using racist slurs. During the day there was a fair bit of talk about this guy – and I got dared to get into a Punch-On (fight) with him. Summoning up the balls to do it I sat one seat in front of him, staring at him. Then I actually told him I was going to hit him. He seemed somewhat concerned but he just kept looking out of the window. Though I secretly didn't want to hit the guy I had the weight of my mates behind me and my reputation riding on my ability to keep my word. So I hit him. It was the lamest punch in the history of lame punches. I made a fist, sure – but I clocked him with the side of my fist in a windmill motion. But the effect was total – Don jumped up and shoved me backward really hard.

He obviously knew how to look after himself. He came at me, threatening me, telling me to try it again. Something of a recurring theme in my life I fell on my ass and he towered over me just waiting to punch me. His cheek was red. He called me weak and I didn't press the point. I'd tried to make myself look like a big man and had only succeeded in embarrassing myself and looking stupid. Some days after this, Don was the most popular guy on the Bus, and then the

School. We made a sort of friendship after I apologised. And over the years we lived in the same town – I even forgot I'd punched him and we chatted and hung out as mates. But on that particular occasion I learned a valuable lesson of humility from a cowardly attack.

Vs Standing Guy

At a party in 1997 I was involved in a face-off using knives. There were about twenty people there, most of whom were friends. I was inside the house drinking when I heard a commotion outside. As I walked down the Hallway to investigate I heard 'Ryan, do something! He's got a Knife!' Outside, a group of people in the front yard were standing around in a half-circle. They looked at me and then looked toward the corner of the yard, where my attention was drawn to two figures. One figure was crouched on the grass huddled up against the fence looking away from the face of the other figure, and the figure standing was speaking softly but angrily to the figure crouching. I didn't really know (or even like) 'Crouching Guy' except through friends, but I noticed 'Standing Guy' was holding a blade. The fact that 'Standing Guy' was twice the size of 'Crouching Guy' and yet standing over him and threatening him with a knife - angered me. So I pulled my knife.

It was a flick-style knife with a gold-coloured handle given to me by my Father during the brief time he was back in my life earlier that year. He'd impressed upon me never to pull a knife on anyone unless I intended to use it. He said that knives weren't for stabbing they were for cutting – and that if I was in a headlock I couldn't break out of, a knife could be used to slice the tendons of my aggressor. This meant the aggressor would have to stop his bleeding, thus stop attacking, or bleed to death. He also told me that when I used a knife it was to be very quickly. I didn't want to have the blade hanging around for all to see, just flick the knife out, do the damage and put it away again. He further emphasized that I had to be able to open any knife I carried with one hand. I remember practicing flicking open the blade and shutting it again for months, until eventually I could flick open the blade with my thumb, swivel the knife around in my palm, and close it again with one finger in just a few seconds.

I was standing on the doorstep when I pulled my knife from my pocket and flicked the blade. I told Standing Guy to get away from Crouching Guy. I don't remember if I taunted his Ego by asking if he thought he was a 'Big Man' or told him to 'Pick on someone his own size,' but he seemed pretty angry when he turned around. That was when it actually occurred to me that there could be a knife fight. He told me to put my blade away. I told him to put his away. He told me again and slowly advanced toward the doorstep, saying that if I wanted to fight, we could 'Settle it like men.'

Since my only intention had been to get him away from Crouching Guy, I hadn't reckoned with the consequences of pulling a knife – I backed slowly up the

hallway of the house with Standing Guy still advancing. I turned and ran up the hallway and into the Kitchen, where I stood behind the bench that divided the Kitchen from the Dining Room. Girls were screaming ‘Oh my God! They’re going to kill each other!’ and ‘Someone do something!’ as Standing Guy walked into the Dining Room and saw that I still had my knife out. He stood on the other side of the divider and tried to talk me into putting my knife away. I refused. I told him to put his away *first* – and the showdown of eyes and egos was on. It took Devin and Trent to pacify the situation. Standing Guy eventually relented, made out like he was only joking and tucked his blade away somewhere on himself. I did the same. But I was very wary of his then friendly advances. Devin and Trent brought out the tired old ‘Now shake hands and be friends,’ scenario and Standing Guy extended his hand across the bench top toward me. All three of them looked at it and me as if to say ‘Shake it’. I did, and while Devin and Trent sighed with relief, Standing Guy suddenly pulled me closer toward him and hissed at me between his teeth ‘Don’t you ever pull a knife on me again!’ I think there may have been more. But I said nothing. Devin and Trent were both watching us again. Standing Guy suddenly smiled and made out that everything was okay between us, but he kept shaking my hand and secretly tried to crush it. He was looking away at Devin and Trent when he tried it. But my old man had taught me something else besides using a knife, He’d taught me how to release a handgrip. I never thought I’d use it at the time he taught me. But here I was in a situation that was potentially Life-Threatening if I didn’t resolve it. Using the technique my Dad had showed me I silently injured his thumb and he quickly removed his grip. He stared at me in stunned silence. Then he put his tail between his legs, mustered some false bravado, and left the scene.

I haven’t carried or pulled a knife on anyone since.

vs MSK

On our way to the Millennium Celebration in the City well after midnight, Devin was being harassed on the train by a young black man. I told the young man to fuck off, and he made boasts about who he was and the gang he belonged to. I told him we didn’t care what gang he belonged to and repeated my request that he should leave, and eventually he did. Shortly before our Train was to reach the Station we wanted, Devin became very nervous and said we’d better get off earlier. I pressed him for his reasons but he just repeated that we should get off. So we got off at Richmond.

While I began walking off, presuming Devin was with me, the young black male had returned, had bailed Devin up against the side of the Train and seemed to be having an argument. I watched for a minute or two trying to size up the situation, before deciding that the black guy was getting louder and more aggressive and made a stand on behalf of my friend. I tore off my beanie and issued a challenge to the black guy, removing my Nunchuku from my bag as I did so. He looked somewhat taken aback at this excessive display and tried to

calm me down. I shouted at him to get lost, and he kept telling me to calm down, then someone else, some Asian guy tried to placate both of us. Suddenly, from each carriage further up the train stepped more black guys armed with trolley bars. I became aware that there was another one behind me and privately admonished myself for not noticing earlier. He and I began issuing threats of violence to one another as the other eight guys with bars came toward us. I quickly realised that I was out-gunned, out-numbered, and out of options. Devin and I would be killed if this escalated into a fight. Thinking quickly, I shouted out 'Okay, fuck this! I just wanted to come into the City for a good time to celebrate the New Year! This is f***ed! I'm putting my 'chucks away, right? And I'm leaving. It's New Years f***ing Eve and I just want to celebrate, I don't want to fight. I'm putting my chucks away and we're leaving.'

It worked. The men quickly dispersed and Devin and I left the Station in one piece. Why did it work? Maybe they over-estimated the level of expertise I had with the Nunchuku, maybe the Asian guy had been able to calm things down, or maybe they just saw the sense in what was said. Although we got off the platform without an altercation and alive, I realised I'd forgotten to pick up my beanie, and despite protests from my friend I went back to pick it up. No one was on the platform, and my beanie was nowhere in sight. Some bastard had swiped it. Later that night, extremely drunk, and trying to get to the City Centre as quickly as we could, I took a short cut through the alleys of Chinatown. I forgot to mention I was dressed like a skinhead. I was so pissed I didn't notice the dozens of Chinese and Asians that I passed which Devin later told me looked stunned at my brazen approach. I remember on my way out of the last alley seeing a bunch of Skinheads sharing a joint and talking to the Asians. They looked a bit guilty at being busted. Needless to say I was somewhat surprised, disappointed, but not disillusioned. White Power might have been about hate, but some of the boys seemed smart enough to realise the indefensible and impractical position of racism.

VS TWO-FIFTY

Last year PND and I started a fight in a Pub. I'd been reading the Temple 88 manuscripts by ONA about Honour and Dueling and somewhat drunk, egged PND to take me on in a fight in the backyard to test my fighting capabilities. He kept declining and my attitude grew steadily abusive until I was practically begging to have my head punched in. He still refused to fight me and said 'Mates don't fight each other, but I'll tell you what, if you want a fight I'll get you a fight, let's go'. And because I wanted to see what it was like to start one for the hell of it for a change, we headed off to the local Pub to initiate a fight. On the long walk there PND gave me instructions to let him stir things up and wait for his signal before any punches were thrown. I nodded in consent.

Inside the Pub, we got an offer from one of the tables to go smoke a joint. Once outside in the Car Park with the two gentlemen that had offered to share the joint

however, it turned out that there wasn't one. It was all a little bit strange, but it was not the start of a fight. Back inside, PND cruised the tables trying to start trouble while I sat on a stool near the Bar drinking a beer.

An old guy approached me, maybe in his Fifties, and glared at me. He asked me what I was doing in the Pub and demanded to know what kind of music I listened to. Sizing him up, I scanned through my repertoire of musical weapons and replied "Aw, bit of 'Zep, bit of Zappa, some George Thoroughgood... Y'know, stuff like that." Predictably the old guy was impressed and apologised for coming on so strongly. He said he was going to bash me until I told him I was into the 'good stuff'. He gave me one of those 'you're alright' smiles and wandered off. I went back to my drink. Soon after that another bloke sat down next to me and asked me to buy him a beer. Wanting to keep up the illusion of being there on peaceable pretense, I did.

I kept drinking beers with this guy but began to wonder what PND was doing. I entered the Pub with about seventy dollars, intending to spend about ten; but after having now been in the Pub for a few hours, I'd bought the guy next to me drinks all night. He'd asked for yet another beer and the two dollars and fifty cents to pay for it. I gave it to him, but getting increasingly drunk as the night went on, the Bartender finally refused to serve either of us. I argued half-heartedly for another beer to make my role a bit more convincing and then accepted the Bartenders verdict and put my money back in my pocket. A few seconds later the guy was at it again, asking for 'two-fifty'. By that stage I was feeling pretty used and resentful of the rude jerk, so I told him 'No man, I already gave you two-fifty and the guy said he wouldn't serve us, so just forget about it.' Instead of forgetting about it he went on and on about it and started to get whiny. So I said, 'Look man, I've been giving you two-fifty all bloody night, you give me two-fifty eh, how about that?'

He didn't like that. He put down his drink. And whereas before he had been moving a lot, he then sat very still on his seat beside me, and I suddenly got the feeling he was judging how he was going to hit me. In a slow, careful voice he started to say, "Right, mate. I've had enough of..." and as he turned around on his stool I grabbed his jacket tightly with one hand and smacked him really hard in the side of the face three times with the other. They were drunken punches, and to the side of his face from the side, but he went down. I felt a hard pull on the back of my singlet and I went down too.

I lay on my back on the ground wondering what the hell had happened. The Pub was in an uproar. All around me in my drunken stupor, I could hear the cacophonous yelling of excited voices. Some guy was kicking me in the chest and yelling 'Don't you hit him! Don't you ever touch my mate! Ever! Blah Blah...' I took his foot in my hands and pushed it away. In a reasonable voice I asked him to stop kicking me - and that confused him. He stopped kicking me. I got up, or

was lifted up by Security, and saw PND in the arms of Bouncers too. When security grabbed me roughly I relaxed and said 'Alright. I'm going'. We were escorted out by the confused security and told not to come back.

Enquiring of PND what had happened - it seemed he had been trying to start a fight with some of the guys at the tables, had then seen me punch the guy at the counter out, and then as the Pub erupted, began trashing the entire population of it while I was busy taking a breather. And that would have been the end of that: except that I was drunk.

Pnd and I walked about one hundred metres up the road from the Pub still discussing what had happened, when I heard someone yell something out. I asked PND what had been said, but he didn't know. I yelled back 'Come on then ya Cunts!' Whoops. One of the biggest guys I've ever seen appeared from the shadows and came storming up the road toward me. I freaked. Of all the people to come running I got the biggest. In desperation, it occurred to me that I still had a beer bottle in my hand. I turned it around and held the neck. As 'Action Man' approached, I told him that if he came any closer I'd deck him with it. He sort of stayed where he was but seemed to be inching closer, unsure and making threats that I'd be damn sorry if I followed through. Also unsure, I started backing off onto the road. Action Man advanced, and then PND stepped out in front of him and started talking. PND has a kind of magic with people - he's not big in the physical sense per se, or tall, but somehow he manages to placate the meanest people with his hypnotic charisma.

Then I saw someone I assumed was Action Man's mate come running full pelt up the road to take me on. As he closed to foot distance, he tried to land a punch at my head. Do or Die time, I brought the bottle down hard on his skull and heard a hollow clonk. It didn't break but it sure as hell must have hurt. His body collided with mine and we both fell to the road where I hit the back of my head on the asphalt. Dazed, but still unsure of his capacity to fight or harm me, I quickly forced my body to roll on top of him and put my hands around his neck; positioning my thumbs on his throat to choke him if he made any sign of going to get up. He just lay there, breathing slightly, not moving, and pretty messed up I'd imagine. And so I just left him. I could have killed or seriously injured the guy. It was one of the first times I'd been in a position of absolute power over life and death in a fight where it was up to me to decide. And briefly I considered it, but seeing his inability to harm me, that he was on the ground and no longer any threat, I got up. The first thing I saw, was six ambulances and six police cars lined up only a few metres from the fight along the roadside - they were apparently empty and I remarked out loud how typical it was that when you needed them (the police) they were never around. Then I saw PND and he told me to run. So I stood there. What was I going to do? Leave him here on his own? When he said it again with more urgency, I didn't think, I ran. I trusted his judgment. It was one of the binding elements of our friendship.

As I ran, I fell over about three times because I was so drunk. I injured myself on both hands, both elbows, both knees and my hip by the time I crossed the road and near the trees that cover the foreshore. I chuckled drunkenly to myself and immediately planned to double-back and catch up with PND. I got down on my knees and attempted to crawl through the scrub. I got only a few feet of the way in when I just about poked my eye out on a branch. I felt the wooden shaft go all the way into the bottom of my eye socket. I 'slid' back off it and sat there dazed. Eventually, I began to stumble home, wondering if PND was okay all the way. He was. We met up halfway. He informed me that a whole group of patrons had observed the fight inside the Pub, the fight outside the Pub, saw us drop the two attackers that had pursued us up the road, and there had been a grave threat that those patrons might want to have a go to. I never found out how PND resolved the situations facing him. The next day and for the next three weeks my eye was totally bloodshot like a tomato.

Looking back on the fight when I was sober, I realised just how dangerous things could have become because I wasn't equipped to fight a whole Pub. But at the time I needed to push myself to know what it felt like to start a fight, what I was like in a fight, and if I could go against my usual stance of staying out of trouble, to instigate violence. Obviously not - the fight was over manners. But the code of honour I live by wasn't broken by my conduct during the fight either, even when I had had the impulse to kick the man's head in with my boots that I hit with the bottle. Obeying PND and trusting his judgment of my ability to take care of things was difficult, I didn't want to leave him but I knew I was being commanded to. The way I handled myself proved to me I was not a violent man, But I was every bit a warrior. But, there were many more lessons in store to teach me again and again the hard way, about drinking, fighting, and the painful combination of the two, most of which I was incredibly lucky to survive.

VS E

Another incident where I was proud of the way that I handled myself was back in 1998.

I'd moved to a new area of Australia and didn't know any of the locals. Mates of mine from my former suburb sometimes visited me, and one of these mates was a guy named Olenos. Olenos and I had been smoking bongos in my room one day and discussing the merits of 'Huffing': or inhaling the contents of a Butane Can. We ended up getting a couple and trying it out. It gave us intense thirty-second highs. We decided to go for a walk and take our cans with us to huff along the way. It was fun for a while.

We hung around a local School and inhaled, getting smashed, and then headed off toward the Station. Olenos said he wanted to go into Town. At the Station,

Olenos and I waited for a Train. After a while, he turned to me and said something about the way the guy on the other side of the Train Platform was looking at him. With bravado, high on Butane, I asked where, and saw the guy he was talking about: a stocky guy. Out of character, I joined Olenos in stirring up trouble by asking the usual questions: What are you looking at? Have you got a problem? Do you want one? 'Stocky' accepted our challenge by replying that he didn't have a problem, but if we wanted a 'go' (to fight) he'd be happy to oblige us. Olenos was offended and jumped down into the Track Pit. I did the same, one of us either side. When 'Stocky' simply said 'Oh yeah two of ya? Come on then'. I lost my nerve. Olenos was still stirring up trouble, taunting Stocky. And between pauses in trading machismo with Olenos, Stocky taunted me about my own intentions for having jumped down to start trouble. I mumbled something like 'I'm just standing here'. I must have come across as a real dickhead.

Meanwhile Olenos and Stocky exchanged challenges until the Train could be seen approaching, then we returned to our side of the platform. Stocky called us 'Fucking losers' then the train pulled in and he left. Olenos kept huffing, but I'd lost interest. I tried to talk him into heading home, told him he was welcome to crash at my place. But instead we spent an hour breaking into cars and rifling through the contents of them. That is, until Olenos and I heard a shout, ran in alternate directions, and were separated. I decided to walk home after being unable to find him – and as I entered the street that lead home a car pulled up beside me. The door opened and I became nervous. The driver just sat there gesturing for me to get in. I started walking hurriedly the other way until I heard Olenos shout. 'Oi Ryan! What are you doing man? It's me!'

Olenos had found the keys to a car and stolen it. I was hesitant about getting in. This was a new level of petty crime I didn't want anything to do with. I got in, but I was very careful to cover my hand with my sleeve and touch nothing but the door-handle. Olenos made a U-Turn and just about wiped me out on a power-pole. I was concerned about his ability to drive and thought that it was probably better to get out of the car than stay in it. He tried to convince me he was sober and okay but a little distance down the road, I got out. Good thing I did. Olenos waved and drove off. After he had disappeared from sight I heard a boom. I ran down to the corner and waited nervously in the dark, wondering what to do. He walked up to me some minutes later with his arms full of gear he'd taken from the car: Sunglasses, a torch, a jacket, change etc. He said he was glad I'd waited. He told me the car had crashed into a fence at the end of the street. And was laughing and joking that I should have seen it, been with him, that it was crazy etc.

I was annoyed he was acting irrationally and didn't seem to be taking the event seriously, even suggesting we steal another car and go for a joyride. I used paranoia to get his attention. I asked him what he'd done with the Keys and he replied that he'd thrown them over the fence. I said 'was it a high fence?' He told me that it was. I said 'With your prints on them?' 'Oh hell...' he replied. I said

‘When I got in the car I didn’t touch anything with my hands man – what did you touch?’ Olenos looked grim. ‘Erm, the Door-handle, the Glove-box, the Wheel, the Dash... oh hell.’ He managed to talk me into going with him to the scene of the accident where I saw the crashed car, and he spent several minutes trying to climb the very high fence. As the minutes ticked by, I became anxious. I told him if we didn’t get out of there we ran the risk of getting arrested. I let him know I was leaving, and despite his persuasions I left the scene and began walking home. A few minutes later, Olenos caught up with me and said he couldn’t find the keys but had wiped the car down. He also said he was going to catch a Train and head into Melbourne. So we shook hands and went our separate ways.

The next morning when I awoke I had a splitting headache and had all but forgotten about the incident at the Train Station and the nights other events. I traveled into Town that morning to see someone and then arrived back in my suburb in the afternoon. I left the Station and began the walk home. I was more than halfway down a long stretch of road when I noticed two guys: one stocky and tallish, the other broad and muscled, walk around a corner at the far end. I wasn’t really concerned until they got closer. They seemed to be approaching aggressively but trying to hide the fact. I kept eye contact with them, then just as they were about to pass alongside me, the taller one ran into me. This somewhat surprised me and I grabbed his shirt with both hands and asked him what he’d done it for. The broad guy just watched on. I held ‘Tallish’ by the shirt tightly, but while at first he seemed unnerved he then gained confidence and told me to let go. Broad guy said to let him go, too. I thought about this, and I knew that if I let go I was likely to lose any advantage I had in the situation. But I let go.

That’s when Tallish clocked me in the jaw with his fist. Expecting it, but nonetheless startled by this turn of events, I stepped backward. Tallish revealed the reason for the assault when he said, ‘Pick on Jason will ya? Eh? Pick on Jason?’ And suddenly I recalled the previous night at the Train Station. He hit me in the face again and a few more times as I backed up slowly, not sure what to do. I wanted to hit him back but the huge broad guy looked like that’s what he was waiting for. I tried to explain in a rational manner that I had been on Butane and wasn’t thinking straight and that I was sorry. He hit me in the face again. I had now backed up someone’s driveway and been punched about eight times. My jaw felt numb and tingly. I repeated to Tallish that I didn’t want to fight and that I was sorry I’d been such a dick. Inwardly I knew I deserved what I was getting, but I nevertheless tried to sort it out with words. Tallish stopped punching me and made threats. He gave me a vehement look and said ‘Next time it’ll be worse’.

Two things ran immediately through my head (1) I’d made a mistake and it was fair enough that I’d copped it sweet. I could handle that. (2) I didn’t want there to be a ‘Next Time’.

As Tallish and Broad walked off the way they'd come, I trailed maybe ten feet behind them. This seemed to make Tallish nervous and he spun around and asked me if I wanted some more. I said I didn't, that I was just going home. I rubbed my jaw to assess the damage. This seemed to satisfy him and the two of them continued walking until they reached and turned the corner and continued on down the street. I reached the corner after them and stood on the road watching them walk away. I touched my jaw again. It didn't seem so sore and I said to myself that I could probably go another round. Feeling rather stupid about the fact that I hadn't fought back and that I'd started the shit down at the Train Station to begin with, I took off my jacket, thinking that the only way to settle this was with my honour intact.

I cupped my hands around my mouth and called out down the street 'Oi! Do ya wanna go one on one?' Tallish and Broad spun around, and Tallish yelled out angrily 'what?'

I repeated myself as clearly as I could this time so as not to give the impression I was merely mouthing off. He turned and talked to Broad, and then my challenge was immediately accepted because I heard a loud 'Hell yeah!' and Tallish came running.

I'd scarcely tied my long-sleeve shirt around my waist when he was upon me. His quick barrage of punches knocked me off balance and I stumbled backwards taking them to the face blindly, and tripped over my own steel-cap boots. I fell on the road landing on my elbow and my side, grazing myself. He began kicking me while I was down. I felt that I'd restored my honour even though I'd lost the physical battle and asked him what he thought he was doing. 'What are you kicking me for? You've beaten me man, I'm on my ass. You win.' He seemed confused by this, and then, after a long pause, offered me his hand to pull me to my feet.

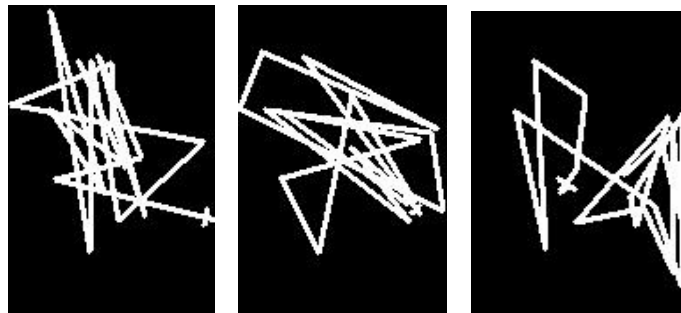
I declined. I got up of my own accord and we stared at each other for a few seconds. Then he danced off victorious, chanting 'I beat a twenty-year old! I beat a twenty-year old!' Numb and sore I began the rest of the walk home. At home I rang Olenos and another mate and told them what had happened. They started making all kinds of 'Oh yeah I'll show them' type threats. I told them that wasn't what I wanted - I just wanted to smoke a joint. They said they'd be right down.

When Olenos arrived at the same Station with my other mate, he was set upon and chased by around thirty guys. He put up a good fight, challenged four of them with two iron bars he'd found in a yard they chased him through, until the four turned into twenty. It turned out that the guy we'd picked to fight that night at the Station was the most popular guy in the district and loved by all. The mate that accompanied Olenos was also challenged - but he managed to stay out of it

by convincing the mob had he'd nothing to do with it. Needless to say he didn't help Olenos out. Olenos only got to my place after losing his entourage by jumping fences and diving through backyards. He had a black eye and a sore lip. I had both of those plus my jaw, elbow and hip ached. It was the last time I huffed.

Life's funny. I made peace with the popular guy later on. He was walking some way behind me as I was walking home. When I spun around he seemed genuinely apologetic and confessed that he was actually worried that I might think he was following me. I then tried to help him score some weed all day but no avail. A week after that the three of them, Stocky, Broad, and Tallish turned up at my house saying they wanted to put the past behind them and be friends. They seemed genuine so I let them in. They looked furtive when they asked for a drink and despite not wanting to leave them alone in my room I didn't want to make it look like I didn't trust them either. After I brought them drinks they hurriedly made excuses to leave, and left. Some time later I discovered they'd taken a rare Slayer CD, and my limited edition Pantera CD. I was furious. A fortnight later I found the two CDs in a pawnshop in town, they were my copies, and though I had to pay for them again, I did get them back. Despite seeing Tallish on the train some months after all this and him taunting me in front of all his mates that I'd lost, I didn't feel any embarrassment or loss of power. I'd taken him on twice rather than submit, and he had dishonoured himself by being a lowlife dog who'd stolen from me. Honour meant more to me than winning a physical fight and it was my opinion that because of my honour I had won.

The list of my violent experiences is sheer and too long to diary, but almost without exception they were the result of provocation.



CHAPTER 6- **Outroduktion**



["Outro" was a section of my website that contained my earlier holistic and new-age based writings. It is probably this balance of extremes that kept Azazael from snapping sooner. Below is a selection of texts, some are from Outro and some are not, but all were written while I was experimenting with different aspects of my personality to find my limits and discover who I wanted to be, or could be. An early form of what the Ona refer to as mimesis- with the exception that there was no conscious intent to subvert the original material. I mimicked a style and used said style for my own material. Over the years I have experimented with a great number of ways of writing; I've tried Shakespearean, an NSA/Classified type structure for an Alien Autopsy/UFO mock-up, written as if I were a

Serial Killer writing from Death Row, Short Horror Films, Fake Archaeological Records, Comic Strips, Children's Books, New-Age themes, Egyptian style papyrus's, Arthurian prose, Plays, Psycho-Dramas, Platonic Dialogues, and so forth. This section demonstrates my versatility and variety in artistic and creative expression; a versatility that would serve me to infiltrate secretive groups and organizations in my twenties - though these examples are intended merely as entertainment for the reader as well as to illustrate the type of writing I enjoyed as Azazael. Note that due to wishing to avoid Copyright infringements a humorous parody mentioning the little blue gnomes popular in the 80's and a tribute to the infamous shock-rock singer of America have been excluded. However, as this section is mostly demonstrative and merely for entertainment purposes I am confident the book will not suffer.]

Utopia - A Meditation

I WANT YOU TO RELAX...

I ASK ONLY THAT YOU LISTEN...

AND ALLOW ME TO TAKE YOU ON A JOURNEY

FEEL THE HARD SURROUNDINGS FADE AWAY

IMAGINE YOURSELF TRAVELLING BACK IN TIME

LISTEN CAREFULLY AROUND YOU

FEEL THE ANCIENT ENERGY OF THE EARTH

BATHE YOUR SPIRIT IN PURE LIGHT

FAINTLY NOW THE RHYTHM OF DRUMS CAN BE HEARD

GRADUALLY SEEMING LOUDER UNTIL YOU ARE AMONGST

A CARESSING MUSIC ECHOING THRU YOUR HEART
SLOWLY NOW YOUR SURROUNDINGS CHANGE
THE MISTS OF TIME PART FOR A BRIEF MOMENT
AND YOU ARE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA
IN A SPIRITUAL WORLD OF ROLLING PLAINS
STRETCHING OFF INTO THE RED, ORANGE AND YELLOW SUNSET
A COOL BREEZE BLOWING OVER THE SANDS
ENGULFS YOU FOR WHAT SEEMS AN ETERNITY...
NOW THE MISTS CLOSE AND YOU ARE TAKEN
UPON A CLOUD ON A MAGICAL FLIGHT
THRU A VOID OF FOREVER CHANGING BLUES
THE RAYS OF THE SUN EMBARK UPON YOUR SKIN
WARMING YOU WITH A FIERCE INTENSITY AS YOU BREAK THRU
THE CLOUDS
AND AS YOU DESCEND A MAJESTIC ARRAY OF EARTHLY GREENS
UNFOLDS IN A CARPET OF STEEP HILLS
YOU CAN SEE BREATH-TAKING TEMPLES CARVED FROM STONE
AND THE OCCASIONAL GLINT OF PRECIOUS METAL
AS YOU DRAW CLOSER YOU CAN HEAR
THE SHARP CHISELLING OF STONE & CHATTER OF THE INHABITANTS
NOW YOU LISTEN CAREFULLY AND CAN JUST MAKE OUT
THE AZTEC PRIESTS WHISPERING TO THEIR GODS
IN A MAGICAL ARCANES TONGUE...
A SLIGHT UPDRAFT CATCHES YOUR WEIGHTLESS BODY
AND CARRIES YOU SWIFTLY UP INTO THE BLUE SKY
YOU ARE TAKEN UP TOWARD A BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT
THRU WHICH YOU PASS INTO FAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS
THE SCENT OF PURITY ENTERS YOUR SENSES
YOU ARE STANDING IN A SHADED GLADE INTO WHICH
FRECKLED BEAMS OF SUNLIGHT ARE FILTERING FROM ABOVE
IMMENSE TOWERING TREES SURROUND YOU,
THEIR LEAFY FOLIAGE STRETCHING AS FAR AS YOU CAN SEE
NOW AS YOU BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO THE FOREST
YOU CAN SEE BRIGHTLY COLOURED MUSHROOMS
CLINGING TO THE EARTH IN A MYRIAD OF DIFFERENT HUES

YOU TURN AROUND AND SLOWLY BECOME AWARE
OF A HUGE MONOLITH OF STONES FORMING A CIRCLE
THERE IS AN ENERGY DRAWING YOU TOWARDS THE CENTRE
AND YOU WALK INTO IT
YOU FEEL DIFFERENT
CHANGED
AT COMPLETE PEACE
YOU UNDERSTAND THE MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE NOW...
EVERYTHING IS CLEAR AND YOU ARE AT ONE WITH THE EARTH
YOUR FEELING OF EUPHORIA FOLLOWS YOU AS YOU ARE
SWEPT UP INTO THE VAST EXPANSE OF SKY ONCE MORE
FLOATING EFFORTLESSLY UPON THE AIR
YOU ARE AMIDST THE SMOKY RESIDUES OF AGE
AND YOU ARE CONTENT...
YOU ARE ASSAILED BY SCORCHING HEAT AS YOU TOUCH
DOWN ON THE WHITE SANDS OF A DESERT
YOUR EYES MEET THE GAZE OF HUGE SHAPES LOOMING BEYOND
THE PYRAMIDS OF ANCIENT EGYPT STAND BEFORE YOU
MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURES OF CARVED BLOCKS OF GRANITE
STONE MIRACLES TO BEHOLD
A SYMBOL OF THE PHAROAHS THAT WILL SOON REST INSIDE OF THEM
HEIROGLYPHICS ADORN THEM
MESSAGES OF TIME
THE SHARP CRACK OF A WHIP IN THE DISTANCE ATTRACTS YOUR
ATTENTION
A FIGURE ROBED IN BLUE AND GOLD IS OVER-SEEING
THE CONSTRUCTION OF WHAT MUST SURELY BE
THE ULTIMATE PLACE OF REST
YOU TURN AGAIN
YOUR FEET SENSEING THE SHIFTING SANDS BENEATH
THE BLAZE OF THE WHITE SUN DOMINATES YOUR VISION
AND FOR A FRACTION OF TIME YOU SEE ONLY LIGHT
WHEN YOUR VISION RETURNS
THE SANDS HAVE DARKENED
AND WHERE THE PYRAMIDS STOOD
THERE ARE NOW A FLOW OF RED-BROWN CANYON WALLS

IT IS DARK AND LOOKING UPWARDS YOU SEE NO STARS
ONLY A SHIFTING EXPANSE OF BLACK CLOUDS
A PIN-POINT OF ICE SENSATION TOUCHES YOUR HAND
AS A DROPLET OF RAIN FALLS TO THE EARTH
FROM THE ON-COMING STORM
A DEAFENING CLAP OF THUNDER ECHOES IN THE DISTANCE
FOLLOWED BY A FLASH OF FORKED LIGHTENED
HEAVILY IT RAINS NOW...
THE HOWL OF THE WIND ISOLATES YOU
THEN YOU SEE HIM...
A DARK FIGURE STRIDING ACROSS THE CANYON FLOOR
HE IS HUDDLED WITH A FUR MANTLE WRAPPED AROUND HIS SHOULDERS
AND TOWARDS YOU HE IS COMING
THE WIND TUGS FIERCELY AT HIS RAGGED ADORNMENTS
AND HE STRUGGLES TO STAND
DARKNESS ENVELOPS HIM BRIEFLY
BEFORE ANOTHER FORK OF LIGHTENING ILLUMINATES HIM
ALLOWING YOU TO SEE THE MASS OF FEATHERS WORN UPON HIS
FOREHEAD
HE IS AN INDIAN
SITTING CROSS-LEGGED NOW
BRAVING THE STORM TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE SPIRITS OF THE SKY
ONE OF THE TRULY GREAT TRIBES ON EARTH
NOW IT IS DARK AGAIN AND YOU ARE PLUNGED
INTO A VOID
A VORTEX OF SWIRLING VIOLET
A SENSATION OF SADNESS ENTERS YOUR BODY
A FEELING OF KNOWLEDGE LOST PLAGUES YOUR HEART
THE MISTS DISAPPEAR AND YOUR WORLD BECOMES SOLID AGAIN
YOU ARE BACK FROM WHENCE YOU CAME
AND YOU FEEL STRANGELY DEPRESSED
MAYBE YOU HAVE FINALLY REALIZED
WHAT YOU HAVE LOST...
UTOPIA...

Mad, Mad Monkey.

MAD, MAD MONKEY TRIPPING UP A TREE,
MAD, MAD MONKEY DROPPING MONKEY LSD.
MAD, MAD MONKEY WITH A GREAT BIG SMILE
POOR FUCKING MONKEY DIDN'T SEE THE CROCODILE.
GREEN, GREEN CROCODILE FUCKED MONKEY UP.
GREEN, GREEN CROCODILE DIDN'T GIVE A FUCK.
WASTED POOR MONKEY WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST SOUND,
STOMPED HIS SORRY ARSE INTO THE FUCKING GROUND.
MAD, MAD MONKEY INSIDE GREEN CROCODILE
POOR LITTLE BASTARD, HE'S BEEN IN THERE A WHILE,
MAD, MAD MONKEY GETTING REALLY PISSED
MAD, MAD MONKEY THROWING EPILEPTIC FITS.
MAD, MAD MONKEY GIVING CROCODILE THE SHITS.
GREEN, GREEN CROCODILE CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS,
GREEN, GREEN CROCODILE STRAINS TO TAKE A DUMP,
OUT COMES MAD MONKEY,
A FECE COVERED LUMP.
MAD, MAD MONKEY LOOKING REALLY GREEN
GREEN, GREEN CROCODILE LOOKIN REALLY MEAN,
POOR MAD MONKEY TORN LIMB FROM LIMB,
THAT'S THE END OF MY STORY & THAT'S THE END OF HIM.

Untitled

LONELY.
EMPTY.
SADDENED.
MADDENED.
I STAND ALONE, ALONGSIDE THE LIGHT...
I HAVE COME FULL CIRCLE.
FROM THE INNOCENCE TO THE SCARS...
FROM THE WOMB... TO THE STARS...
BORN INTO THIS WORLD,
OF CHAOS AND CONFUSION...
I QUICKLY DISCOVERED, THRU HARSH INFLICTION,

WHAT IS REALITY, & WHAT IS ILLUSION.

-

NO LOVE TO LEARN,

NO LOVE LOST...

JUST LAUGHTER AND IGNORANCE,

THAT DULLS HEARTS FLAME,

AND BRINGS THE ICY FROST, OF PAIN.

WILL I EVER FIND MY WAY?

OR WILL I BE DESTROYED AGAIN?

-

OF AN UNKNOWN SOUL WE ALL FALL FOUL,

SO MANY WANDER DEAD, WITHOUT DIRECTION...

WITH BURNING HOPE INCINERATED,

FROM THE STRUGGLE TO REMAIN...

-

WE ARE THE SPIRITS OF FREEDOM,

THE ANARCHISTS OF LIFES PRISON,

THE SECRET MYSTERIOUS ANGELS...

WHOM SHARE THEIR RHYME AND REASON,

THE GUARDIANS WITH NO PURPOSE,

LOOKING OUT FOR THOSE WHOM HAVE FALLEN,

THOSE WHOM SO REMIND US OF WHO ONCE WE WERE,

AND BRING THE STEEL OF MEMORY TO BEAR...

THAT WHEN WE WERE IN YOUR POSITION,

THERE WAS NO-ONE THERE TO CARE.

-

THUS I WALK THIS WORLD,

IN A MASK OF FORGOTTEN FEARS...

TERROR THAT REMAINS UNSEEN, UNSPOKEN, UNDERNEATH,

KEEPS ME STRONG, AND HOLDS ME HERE...

WHEN MANY TIMES I TRIED TO DIE...

IT WAS NOT MY TIME TO GO,

THERE IS STILL SO MUCH FOR US TO DO YET,

SO MUCH YOU DO NOT KNOW.

-

I HAVE LEARNED EMOTION THRU STILLNESS...
AND MY LOVE COMES FROM DESOLATION...
MY HEART IS BROKEN FROM MISERY,
TIME AND TIME AGAIN,
BUT STILL I WALK ON...
I WALK ON...
TO FIND YOU,
TO HELP YOU FIND YOUR WAY,
FOR THAT IS WHO I AM,
AND THAT IS THE WAY I SHALL STAY.

-

KNOW THAT I AM BUT A SHADOW IN THIS WORLD...
BRINGING BRIGHTNESS IN THE NIGHT, WHEN DARKNESS FINDS YOU SAD,
I WILL TRY MY HARDEST,
TO ILLUMINATE YOUR DAY...
AND WHEN SO I HAVE DONE...
I WILL FADE AWAY...
I FADE IN...I FADE OUT,
LIKE A CANDLE FLAME I WILL LIFT THE BLACK... AND MAKE YOU STRONG,
BUT WHEN YOU TURN TO SEE THE FIRE THAT GUIDES YOU...
NO DOUBT I WILL BE GONE...

-

YET I WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU, NOR SHALL I ABANDON...
IN YOUR DARKEST HOURS OF NEED, REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE...
YOU ARE THE ONLY TRUE AND SACRED THING I HAVE,
YOU ARE MY FRIEND...
IT IS YOU WHOM MAKE ME WHO I AM...
IT IS YOU TO WHOM I SING MY SONG...
IT IS YOU WHOM I LOVE...
IT IS OTHERS WHOM MOVE ME ON...
SOMEONE ELSE NEEDS TO SMILE,
AND SHARE MY ONLY GIFT...
THE ONLY THING I WAS GIVEN...
THE ONLY THING I HAVE LEFT...

-

STAY STRONG, STAY HAPPY, STAY YOU...ALWAYS AND FOREVER...
FOR IT IS A BRIEF IMMORTAL TIME WE SHARE...
AND WHEN WE CAN NO LONGER TOUCH EACH OTHERS DREAMS,
AND TIME TEARS US APART...
JUST REMEMBER FRIEND...
IT IS YOU WHOM HEALED MY HEART...
I WILL ALWAYS LOOK OUT FOR YOU, AND WORRY FOR YOUR SAFETY...
I WILL NEVER HAVE THE WORDS, TO SAY WHAT YOU HAVE DONE...
BECAUSE AMONG THE MASSES OF STRANGERS WITH WHOM I SPEAK,
TO ME YOU ARE A LOVED ONE...

Imagine

*Imagine...*that cigarettes are the tool of Satan. A cleverly devised system of magick and the demons comprising the Satanic Army. A diabolic trap of such unearthly cunning that until its mechanics have processed, it is totally indistinguishable. *Imagine* that Satan sends out an innumerable legion of minor entities, each one an impure malicious genius, and each one disguised as the innocent white and orange-flecked smoke. Every time you light one up, you awaken the sleeping demon inside of it, and the system begins to work. The demon is generous at first, and allows you to partake of its reserves, because it knows, that it only takes one, and addiction is imminent. From the moment you smoke the next cigarette, it is already at work, reaching inside your body with hands of tendrilled smoke, wrapping its claws around your vitals, lungs, heart, kidneys, throat, in an ethereal grasp, only to tighten with each toke of the smoke. *Imagine* that while holding that nefarious stick, every angel in Heaven cringes in fear, and in Hell the demons rejoice, for now you are under the trance of the immortal Satan.

Each time you have a smoke, you let in another demon, and that demon stays with you, slowly building an army within you to possess you with cravings, building an army with which to ultimately kill you and deliver your diseased soul to Lucifer. *Imagine* if you will, that the demons steal a fraction of time every time you have a smoke, making each one a fraction shorter than the last, thus ultimately reducing the period between the next cigarette, & your death. *Imagine* if you will, that the demons cake your lungs with tar and bloat your precious blood with evil nicotine, blackening and rotting your insides, bit by glorious bit. ...they hook you, then they kill you....

M. I. B

THE FIRST SIGN OF LIFE AFTER THE STAR,
HAS FINISHED ITS FIERY DESCENT.
A TRAIL OF DUST ON THE DISTANT HORIZON,

FROM A LIMOUSINE DESERT SENT.
WHOM DOES IT HIDE BEHIND TINTED WINDOWS?
WHAT DO THEY SEEK THAT BRINGS THEM FROM THE SHADOWS?

WHY DO THEY COME?
WHERE DO THEY GO?
WHAT DO THEY WANT?
WHAT DO THEY KNOW?

THE LIMOUSINE SLOWS DOWN, THE LIMOUSINE STOPS,
WHO IS INSIDE THIS BLACK METAL BOX?
FOUR MEN IN BLACK, STEP OUT FROM WITHIN,
BLACK SUIT, BLACK TIE, BLACK GLASSES, BLACK AND GRIM.

MEN IN BLACK.

GOVERNMENT SPIES?

MEN IN BLACK.

CORPORATE LIES?

MEN IN BLACK.

FBI INVESTIGATOR?

MEN IN BLACK.

ALIEN INFILTRATOR?

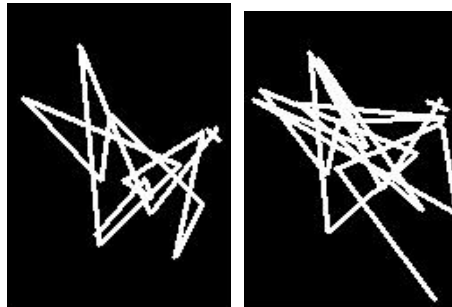
THEY COME AT DAWN,
THEY LEAVE UNSEEN,
DO THE MEN IN BLACK,
SEEK THE MEN IN GREEN?

Something for the Peace

Ashes are not ashes, but the birthing of the New.
Dust is not dust, merely the beginning of the Truth.
Your friend rests high in Heaven,
Be happy for them not sad,
For all we have are memories,
Visions to take us back...

To the times we shared in laughter,
And the life we shared together...
So cry not for your angel, but remember them in Heaven. †

[This particular poem was written for a Christian acquaintance with whom I struck up a tenuous friendship in the late 90's. A friend of her family had died and I wrote this to cheer her up. I did not feel like I was betraying myself or my views, the way I saw it, to think of this as an affront to what I believed, would be to acknowledge the dichotomy [division] that the Church had made of the world into Black and White. I think I wanted to show that I was bigger than those small boxes of thought and could overcome even my own prejudices in the spirit of love for other humans.]





Chapter 7 –

The Worldly Parallel of Artistic Metamorphosis

[My art and my writing are essentially inseparable and my creativity works best when they are allowed the opportunity to couple together. This special chapter of the Diary is a visual and literary journey of the various mental stages of Azazael combining psychology and magic to reveal the existence of a synchronous union between my inner states that expressed themselves outwardly and unconsciously via my artworks. Each characteristic change in my art corresponded with an internal change, and in this way it is possible to chart the psychological growth of Azazael through his various illustrations more accurately than by memory alone, whereby the reader may discern the transitions for themselves in the symbolism and in a more entertaining fashion. Note that a certain lightshow can be experienced with Chapter 7 by changing the background to black, the text to white, and selecting the entire document, i.e. Ctrl + A.]



“Elf”



“Buddha”



“Alien”

Above are three of my early drawings: “Elf”, “Buddha” and “Alien”. Most of my early drawings had human figures depicted in them. They were the innocent

fantasies of a boy trying on different skins to find himself (The obsessive symmetry that would later come to dominate my artwork is absent). At school, I tried desperately to fit in and please everybody. I knew well the harshness of being an outcast and wanted to be liked – and so I strove to impress. I experimented with softer, feminine-styles of drawing via dragonflies, faeries and a wide range of cartoon animals to endear myself to the female population. And to gain acceptance from my male peers I drew in masculine-styles via wizards, demons and monsters. I got on well with those who knew I drew and my skills afforded me certain popularity. But the need to please came at a tremendous price. I sacrificed my Self for my ego believing that my individuality was a magnet that attracted undesirable attention.



I began to see myself as a faceless machine not liked for who I was but only for what I could do. This came through in my artwork. Little by little, the human figures faded away to be replaced by monstrous demons. Skin became tortured and faces and eyes dissolved into menacing empty sockets. The human aspects became replaced with bio-machinery and bone and as I became more detached from my Self and ever more spiritual, demonic themes pervaded my once down-to-earth style. In “Bio-mechanical Skeleton” this transformation reaches a crescendo. I am listening too closely to the views others hold about me, and in my desperation to fit in I undergo a metamorphosis that strips me of my human characteristics. In heading toward these abstractions, I lose any latent opportunity to know my Self. We also see here the emergence of classic religious themes forming – the biomechanical skeleton holds up a burning tape marked “Scripture”.



“Bio-Mechanical Skeleton”



“Porky’s Back”



“Stealing the Necronomicon”

Centre and Far Right are two more samples shown of the on-going transformation. The picture of “Porky’s Back” outwardly conveys the inward idea I held of having to be dead to be noticed – a theme that came back to haunt me again and again. The figure with a pumpkin head has a book under its arm – the Necronomicon Ex Mortis (Book of the Dead). It has stolen it from a tower at the end of a high winding staircase (not shown). This drawing speaks volumes about my mindset. My ego was weak and had conceded to the pressure of my peers by becoming faceless. My Self, now a thief in the night, was not destroyed by the pressure but merely masked. Because it shone it was vulnerable – and so to protect it I hid it. The appearance of sanctuaries where secrets may be kept became prevalent in my art.



“Armageddon”

Here my inner and outer struggles are exemplified in this drawing. A mighty demon rises from the Abyss brandishing his giant fist in defiance and triumph while a winged-angel hovers nearby with his arms spread wide. The titanic battle not to bow down to societal pressures and completely conform to the wishes of others was still being fought. The angel fearlessly takes on the monstrous demon with all eyes (literally represented via the border) watching. In the background a sanctuary in the form of a castle is visible. On an outward level, I am represented by the Demon who symbolizes the ego crushing the Self and all that is pure. On an inward level I am represented by the Angel, who symbolizes the indestructibility of my core despite my outer affectations. These traits of a dual-existence, at once mouldable yet immovable, are common to all potentially Satanic individuals.



“Mr Kelly”



“Bunyip”

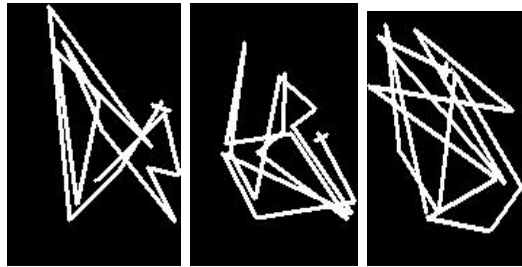
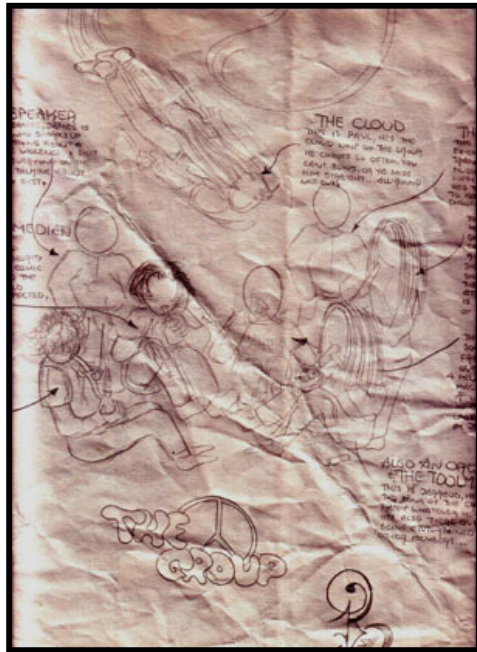


Pictured above: “Choronzon”

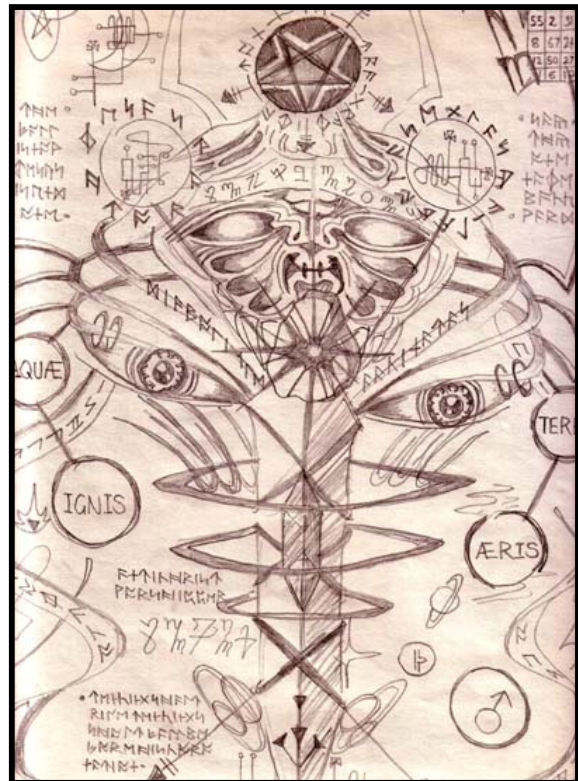
In 1997 I moved to Australia. I left without saying goodbye to many of my friends – I hoped to start a new life and began by severing the old one. “Mr Kelly” is the first picture I drew in Australia while staying at a caravan park. There is a restoration of the human figure in the drawing, particularly the hands, as I start my new life - but with a tentative approach to a strange new land: The figure is still masked, heavily armed, and has not put his feet down firmly. It is an accurate portrayal of my cautiousness. I hover above ground in a spirit of transitory decisiveness that could go either way – back into the safe solitude of abstraction and demons or toward unity with an increase in empathy with my human and individual side. My decision pended on the reception the new country afforded me. A young girl named Kylie drew me a sunflower. It was a most beautiful expression of humanity and I was deeply touched.

Contrary to those images above, these depictions are fairly humanistic but they still lack faces. I had begun to see these people as machines too, slaves to their surroundings and just like me, unable to be free of the roles they had been given by their peers. This was demonstrated by my supply of a text for each person to show regiment, the role that each of my friends played within the group. I moved

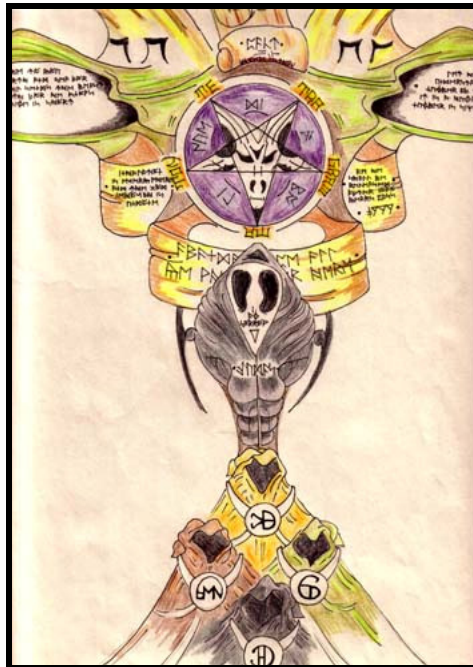
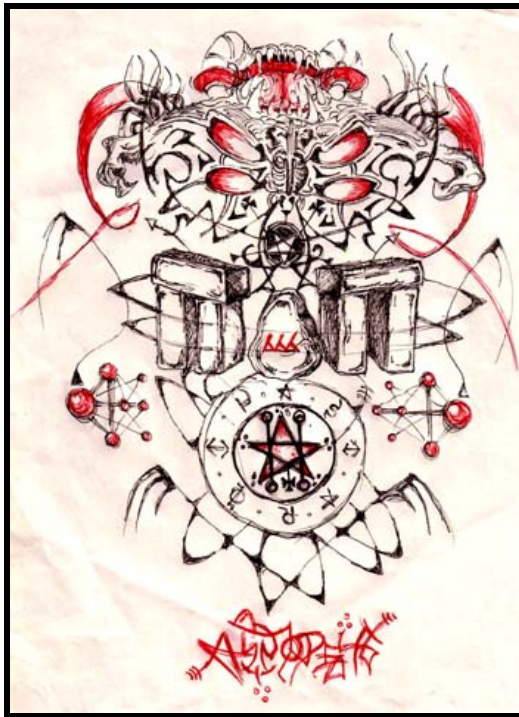
into different groups of people as time went by believing I could find my Self within some group or other. I soon discovered it was necessary to take on a role in any of the groups I found myself in and I was curious about the fact I couldn't be myself around others because they weren't being themselves. In the next few pages we will see my Psyche questing for Unity – to find out who I was and how I related to all the things around me.



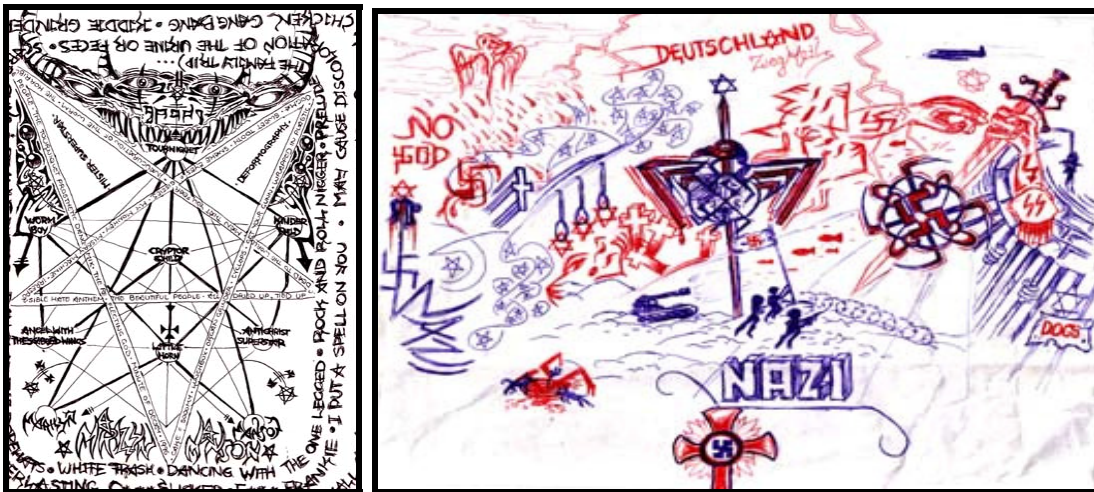
This picture of Diabola on the right, perfectly demonstrates a common format in my drawings as Azazael: A demonic entity staring at the viewer from the centre of the page surrounded by all manner of occult-style dogma and magical symbolism. I drew dozens and dozens of these. The picture demonstrates a grasp of glamour magic, but nonetheless a supreme lack of genuine magical understanding. Such eclectic drawings hypnotically enticed wonder and awe. But they were from a psyche that was similarly cluttered and fragmented. I did not understand why I was enticing people other than a very basic need to be seen and heard and for the most part these drawings were unconscious impulses. However, something esoteric is underneath the collage of occult-imagery slapped together. It's possible to recognize the influences of Latin, Astrology, Stonehenge, Runes, Theban (A 13th Century Writing Script), Elements, Numerology, Crystals and Qabala in this picture: but



strip these badges away and examine the structure of the drawings and a broader pattern emerges, namely, a quest for Symmetry. The dozens of similar drawings are the outward cry of repeated attempts to unite all of these different themes into one Unity, externally mirroring the inward drive to combine the many different facets of my ego into one Self.



In these four similar formulas the pattern is repeated: A collage of different occult themes and images combined into one unity under the banner of a demon facing the viewer. Also visible is the developing experimentation with aesthetics (geometry pleasing to the eye) and the use of symbols and patterns in groups of three, four, five and six – attempts to find a perfect numeric-geometric equilibrium. The images are accompanied by strange words and messages written in runes and other scripts but are mostly lofty sounding demonic extracts. The text around ‘Ordo Sinistra Satan’ and ‘The Inverted Black Cross’ (of which only a small piece is showing) are both much more highly developed - I had begun investing my common symbol with more thoughtful political and religious messages.



I superimposed whatever particular paragon I was into at the time over this common symbol, experimenting in my search for unity. Each time a form captured my imagination I created a “Shrine-like” representation to exalt it. The three drawings shown here are good examples of my love-affair with Music, Politics, and Religion. On the far left in “Super-Star”, enamoured by the music of Antichrist Superstar I weaved a tapestry of song titles by the artist around a pentagram. When “Nazi” was drawn I was heavily entrenched in the romanticism of racial pride and White Power. The two eyes of the demon staring at the viewer below the cross are not shown. And far-right is a relatively superior manifestation of my common symbol using the theme of the Necronomicon. It is in “Necronomicon Azoth” that the first signs my inner demon is undergoing a transformation begin to appear. At the time of drawing it I had become heavily involved in my interest with the Order of Nine Angles. Although still in the centre of the page staring out, an effort has been



made to make the demon appear three-dimensional and unusually; it is embedded in a fully detailed background. Psychic growth is indicated in many ways; the large carapace of the demon is symbolic of a mental expansion, the tentacles of many different directions, and the staircase that doubles as a stack of books is a surrealist touch, a commentary on the question of absolutes - all pointing to changes afoot in the psyche of Azazael. Underlying these pictures there is a great seriousness to the images driven by an obsession to find the right combination of imagery and themes that will provide an elusive Union. I thought if I could combine either my inner or outer world into a single perfection then the other one would follow suit, if I could understand one, then I was adamant I could understand the other.



However, as we can see in this image this seriousness was not rewarded – and I began to doubt that such a unity was really possible. In this image are the effects of the disintegration of my belief. The previously aesthetic and symmetrical artistry is discarded momentarily and made fun of and the images and themes fragmented and distorted in a grotesque fashion. On the outward plane I was a mess. An unfulfilled obsession with having sex, my dabbling in soft drugs and hard liquor and my failure to externalize my Self by integrating my ego led me into a frustrated Hell. I struggled violently between believing that my actions were capable of influence and refraining from all manner of perceived evils, and taking a new approach to life that gave no meaning to any of it and no need for responsibility. I tried all sorts of forbidden fruits with little regard for the risks or consequences; increasingly numb to the idea that my acts were connected with my physical

person. In the negative aftermath of certain acts, I was forced back into my Self and deeper contemplation about how things worked, and again, who I really was or wanted to be. During this time many different ideas passed through me with many states of mind captured in my sketches and writings. And each time I was forced back, it was with a little more experience – and when I found myself continually having to come back to answer to my Self and critically assess what I had been doing, I came to see this returning as a cyclic process, a circle, and I was reminded of my search for unity.



"Thoth"



"Crystal Eyes"



"Down"



"Limbic Cartwheel"

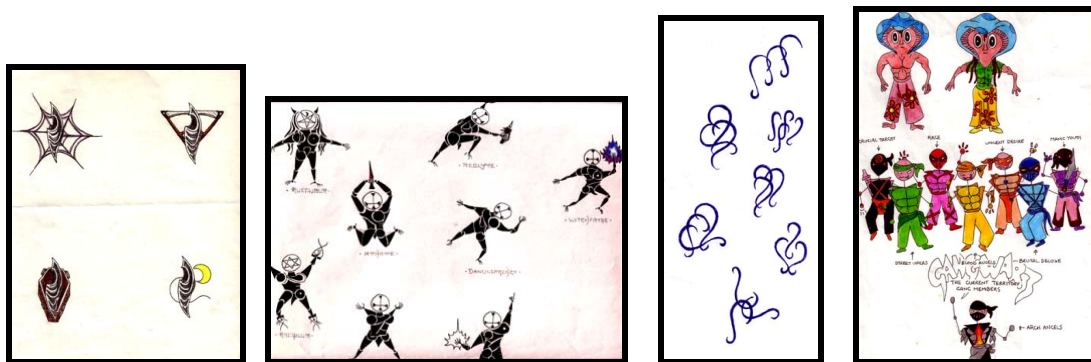
In these pictures there are signs Azazael's outlook had expanded – the repetition of three heads and multi-eyed images indicate a fresh breadth of spirit. I was now trying to solve my problems great and small by looking in different directions for the answers. A certain maturity had developed in me over time via some hard experiences with the facts of life. These literal eye-openers had expanded the palette of thought I painted with, and I was now able to look deeper into the problem of union by new and varied angles. In my various decisions and choices I had started catching glimpses of my Self - I had discovered that I did not want to be a mean-

spirited criminal bully like many of my peers at heart, and to see parts of myself externalized in them and their actions, to see how I appeared to others, shocked me out of my egos shoes. A new level of understanding had been reached. The premature stages of magical understanding had begun. On an outward plane I began curbing risks and checking my activities. I began drawing lines in the sand between mischief and mayhem. I'd steal a large number of garden gnomes to set up in a pentacle at the Church, but the appeal in robbing someone's house (as certain of my peers regularly did) dissolved. No longer comfortable with the idea of letting others influence who I was or my choices in life I chose to opt out of such circles, circumventing many potentially life-altering decisions such as taking heroin, for example.



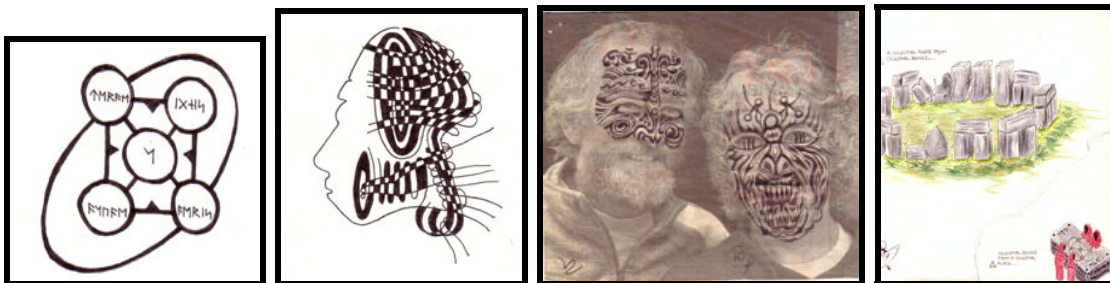
My vigour in finding my Self renewed, I began experimenting with different art-forms and playing with perspective. I tried diverse styles like Dali, Geiger, surrealism and optical illusion. The first of these four drawings is a four-way

doorway. One object used as four things. Next is an attempt at a three-dimensional drawing of a Labyrinth (in homage to the movie of the same name). 3D was a relatively new concept to me but it is not unexpected given the opening of my mind. Thirdly there is a Celtic-style wheel symbolic of my being at peace with Occult symbols as mere entertainment and used here in a joyful expression of Unity. And finally 2D meets 3D in “Hell Awaits”. These artistic experimentations ran parallel to my outer life experiences, and I produced a diverse range of art created for many different reasons. These drawings were for the most part unconscious impulses. In being able to critically analyse myself as though from an external perspective and make the changes necessary to separate my Self from my ego, I demonstrated magical potential: but not yet magical understanding. The recognitions I made of my actions were not consciously understood for the role each played in discovering the Self but were instead passively experienced in a semi-conscious manner.



It is difficult to say exactly when I became conscious of these processes and my Self. The four pictures below are markers of the dawn of my magical understanding. The image on the far-left is Unity created using one simple theme – in this case five (not four) elements are connected to one another and then encircled. The appearance of a fifth element is important. It shows magical maturity has occurred because I have become comfortable that Life has a mysterious fifth element to it, an uncompromising factor of chaos. Chaos was previously denied in my young idyllic quest for perfection. But having now lived longer and having experienced more of life, I recognized an unknown factor present in it that prevents it being squared and summed up in absolute terms. The second depiction is a smaller scale version of a larger picture - but the idea

is the same: Recognition of a direct yet complex correlation of the inner world to the outer world not via demons and sorcery, but via faces and people. My interest lay now in the psychical structure of people and in analysis of the abstract forms humanity used that ran their lives. My interest in Psychology and Sociology deepened simultaneously with my study of the social use of Magic: the pre-cursor to Psychology. I was fascinated by the observations I had made of people and the rich but elastic diversity of actions, traditions, behaviours, mannerisms, values and ideals exhibited by them. Because I had found it possible to manipulate positively or negatively people around me time and time again this was evidence and reason to believe that humans were capable of change if the right atmospheric conditions to do so were created for them.



This Stonehenge-type picture was drawn the same day as the image of the people wearing the masks. Both are interesting in demonstrating the new dynamic in my search for the elusive Unity because they show people and symmetry together. Humanity is illustrated by the earthy Maori, and Inhumanity by the demon – yet both worlds co-exist side by side. The demonic face that stared endlessly into space is long gone – the need for a large number of images to say something has long gone too. Four druids stand around a stone. In the stones micro-world is a symbol of the larger macro-world – a symbol that matches the position of the stone and the monks. The words around the henge read “A Celestial place for Celestial Beings” while the words around the druids read “Celestial Beings for a Celestial Place”. It is a paradigm of harmony - As above, so below. It’s worth noting that this drawing is comprised of two separate pieces of paper that were then



over-lapped: a minute fraction more like a sculpture than a drawing, testament to the power of art to mirror the inside with the outside. These images show emerging signs of self-empowerment and honesty occurring after a long systematic search for psychic integration and the discovery of the Self. The last image is certainly a telling image for triumph. The demon is raising and exalting a sphere (a universal symbol of wholeness, completion and the Self). And for the first time; Azazael’s demon is looking up. It would however be misleading to think that this difficult process had ended here. Finding the Self would continue to be a hard arduous task that lasted many more years the stages of which were captured in hundreds

more drawings. Again and again I would repeat the lessons of life, often backtracking over those insights and realizations I had previously encountered until each was truly hammered into me and I was able to integrate them consciously: to Know Thyself...

End of Vol I

As Azazel