

# Corpus Secuntra

## Order of Nine Angles

0na = 09a



## Secuntra Nexion



### Τέλος

*πάθει μάθος τοῦ Σεκυντρα Νεξιον*



Version 1.1 – 127 yf

Texts by *Secuntra Nexion*, ONA / O9A

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*To better appreciate this work, consult the original Italian edition*



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## Introduction

This collection, entitled *Τέλος* contains various texts written by associates of Secuntra Nexion – the *Traditional* Italian Temple of the Order of Nine Angles (*ONA, O9A*) for over a decade.

The intent of this present collection is to show

- i) an *ONA/O9A* Traditional Nexion in action, including part of its ceremonies, practices, training, and tactics, as undertaken in the real world;
- ii) the living and growing nature of the Order of Nine Angles (*ONA, O9A*) as a totality of Nexions and individuals operating clandestinely and in secret, bound by the same ethos, the same culture, and the same *Logos*, as enshrined in the Code of Kindred Honour;
- iii) some of the ordeals, tasks, and dares undertaken in the real world over many years by an Initiate who follows the Seven-Fold Way in the traditional manner – ordeals, tasks, and dares, which have often lead that Initiate to experiment and go beyond their own physical, mental, and intellectual limits, in addition to the limits of the so-called “society” in which they live, often by breaking, and thereby daring, its law in order to learn;
- iv) the essence of the Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition beyond the transient forms used to Presence The Dark – transient forms such as Satanism and National Socialism – and to bring about *pathei-mathos*.

As such, this is the first work of its kind that openly deals with the Nexion’s operation (*as an ONA Temple/group*). Unlike previously released texts, this work deliberately employs more visual forms – such as images and paintings – in addition to the printed word. This is to give a proper overview that in reality depicts at least part of what is trying to be communicated.

As with all works of the Order of Nine Angles (*ONA, O9A*), this present collection may disturb some people, especially the fake and docile latter-day Satanists. It may, in turn, appear to be totally heretical to the law.

Equus Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
Italia, Arcturus 127 yf

# **A Living Temple – Introduction to Secuntra Nexion**

## ***ONA / O9A Italia***

### **Understanding the Nexion**

*Nexion*, in a simplistic sense, is an esoteric term that describes

“[...] a specific connexion between, or the intersection of, the causal and the acausal, and nexions can, *exoterically*, be considered to be akin to ‘gates’ or openings or ‘tunnels’ where there is, or can be, either a flow of acausal energy (*and thus also of acausal entities*) from the acausal into our causal Space and causal Time; a journeying into the acausal itself; or a willed, conscious flow or presencing (*by dark sorcery*) of acausal energies.

Basically, there are three main types of nexion. The first is an actual physical nexion. The second type of nexion is a living causal being, such as ourselves. The third type of nexion is a magickal creation: that is, some form in-which acausal energy is presented or ‘channelled into’ by a sinister Adept.” [1]

As described above, whereas one particular nexion is the *human being*, another type is a *form (of any kind)* in which acausal energy is channelled with specific intent. One of the formative experiences of a committed Sinister Initiate following the initiatory Seven-Fold Way involves establishing and running a Temple/group/nexion for a certain length of causal time in order to obtain experience in: ceremonial magick, the manipulation of different individuals, and living through various roles and archetypes essential to their personal development.

The External Adept (*the stage or grade in which these tasks are usually undertaken*) will have to choose one of two ways for the newly established group to conduct itself (*this decision is usually made following the founding of the group*):

- 1) The Temple/group/nexion is for the exclusive use of the External Adept, whereby members are recruited for the purpose of obtaining specific experiences.
- 2) The Temple/group/nexion has an Aeonic aim and as such aims to realistically guide its members toward Adeptsip and beyond.

The Temple/group/nexion for the exclusive use of the External Adept has a limited lifespan, and is usually disbanded after a certain period of causal time. The Aeonic Temple/group/nexion has a longer lifespan and maintains a supra-personal awareness, one not limited to the ego of those who run it. When the External Adept reaches the end of their stage, they may experience a different and more profound state of consciousness, an appreciation for being a member of a *living tradition*, as well as a deeper insight regarding the Aeonic importance of a community that lives and is prepared to die for a common *Logos*.

“The Satanic Temple in practice describes in microcosm one of the most important magickal aims for the immediate future: the establishment of an esoteric community. [...] Such a venture made real, would take magick into an entirely new phase, away from the dying,

urban scene of the present: it would re-interpret magick as the most profound way of living. [...] To reiterate, this Great Rite of natural magick will allow a move away from the ‘post-modernism’ of present Occultism towards a new phase where individual lives can be dedicated to a higher purpose. Those who have been denuded of real power by the System can now begin to create History – all it requires is strength of Will. For the Magickian, there could be no greater Quest.” [2]

Moreover, the creation of a genuine Temple/group/nexion (*i.e., one with supra-personal aims*) is a rare event, because it requires people who are prepared and ready to face and overcome the numerous ordeals placed in their way; it requires persons who have consciously undertaken an Initiatory Way that lasts a lifetime (*qv. Seven-Fold Way*). ***It requires those who, although maintaining their individuality and solitary path, share and implement common aims.*** This genuine Temple/group/nexion is not only a sharing-place of *pathei-mathos* for all of its associates, but is additionally often bound to a particular land or rural area, marking itself as an important aspect of it: *Blut und Boden*.

### **Italian Temple of the Order of Nine Angles**

Secuntra is the *exoteric* name of the Italian Nexion of the Order of Nine Angles (*ONA, O9A*), the Order's *Traditional* Temple for over a decade. Secuntra is the Italian hereditary guardian of a genuinely Western tradition, one firmly rooted in Europe and referred to as the Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition or Hebdomadry. (*In the past and present, its sinister aspect is referred to as the Sinister Tradition*).

Correctly understood, the Secuntra Nexion is a direct emanation of both the acausal and the nexion referred to as the ONA/O9A. The Temple's associates follow and practice the initiatory path known as the *Seven-Fold Way* in the traditional manner, and the Greco-Roman pagan mystics in honour of the ancestral heritage of both Italic soil and the genuine Western tradition, choosing primarily the dangerous and extreme form of Traditional Satanism (*one which advocates terrorism, human sacrifice, crime and political and religious extremism*) as a vehicle to Presence the Dark, and as a means of personal Nigredo.

“The initiated apprehension of O9A esotericism is of a particular, modern, and occult, *weltanschauung* that melds aspects of ancient hermetic mysticism, and certain pagan traditions, with a personal exoteric and esoteric *pathei-mathos*. Esoterically, this occult *weltanschauung* is a new *logos* – that is, a new perceivation and a new way of living and a new ethos – and one which the term ‘the sinisterly-numinous’ reasonably well describes, for it is a balancing of (i) the previous ‘numinous *logos*’ which became manifest, over two millennia ago, in causal forms such as gnosticism and Christianity, with (ii) what is ‘sinister’ (*which is and has been manifest in various causal forms, such as ‘traditional satanism’ and occult antinomianism*), and which balancing, involving as it does various practical means and thus a personal *pathei-mathos*, enables first a return to the Unity beyond all causal forms and thence a conscious evolution of ourselves, as individuals.” [3]

“[ONA claims] (1) that most of their traditions and Occult praxises are firmly rooted in an ancient European paganism and in Western Occultism; (2) that the Western Occult tradition is and always been based on a septenary system; and (3), that the Qabalistic system – beloved and used by all other Western occultists from the Hermetic Order of the Golden

Dawn to Crowley to LaVey and Aquino and others – is a later, medieval, and 'magian', distortion of the Western tradition.” [4]

“In stark contrast to the unbalanced, masculous, egoistic ipseity manifest by both modern satanism and by the modern, Western, Left Hand Path, the O9A – despite outer appearances and despite its intentionally confusing mythos – continues the classical (*Greco-Roman*) tradition of esoteric paganism, manifest as that tradition is in (i) a personal, and years-long, anados (*a quest for immortality*) involving myesis and various practical esoteric arts, rites, mysteriums, and techniques; in (ii) an understanding (*intuitive or otherwise*) of the need to acquire or cultivate (*by various means*) a certain inner equilibrium as a prelude to apprehending our physis, the physis of other living beings, and the physis of Being itself, so that we are ‘not foiled in acquiring knowledge germane to our essence’, and in (iii) an exeatic (*pagan*) living balanced by an awareness (*intuitive or otherwise*) of supra-personal affective forces (*howsoever described or denoted*) beyond the power of egoistic mortals to control.

Furthermore, the O9A not only continues that classical tradition but has also substantially evolved it, as for instance by (i) providing, in the Seven Fold Way, a very practical anados that anyone can follow, and by (ii) correcting the thousands of years old imbalance between the masculous and the muliebral, an imbalance (*a bias toward the masculous*) that was internal (*personal, esoteric, in the psyche*) and external (*in societies, in manufactured abstractions, in ideologies and ideations*), and which imbalance not only meant that only a few individuals, per century, evolved toward wisdom, but also that external forms and structures followed an inexorable pattern of temporal rise, decline, and fall, and which unnecessary cyclicality has stifled our evolutionary potential as conscious beings.” [5]

“In contrast to that patriarchal ethos – which has dominated the world, East and West, for millennia – the O9A tradition is of ἀρρενόθηλος: of balancing the masculous with the muliebral through pathei-mathos both Occult and exoteric.” [6]

Secuntra Nexion’s aims are as follows:

- 1) Spreading the teachings of the aural tradition firmly rooted in Europe known as the *Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition/Hebdomadry/Septenary System/Seven-Fold Way* – as disclosed by the ONA/O9A, and in opposition to the Hebrewesque teachings/traditions (*qv. Qabalah*) disclosed by so-called Western occultists.
- 2) Spreading the teachings of the dangerous and extreme form of Satanism known as Traditional, as disclosed by the ONA/O9A; and, conversely, to dismantle the weak versions of Satanism propagated by docile latter-day Satanists.
- 3) Countering the distortion of the Nazarene/Magian current on Italian soil, infiltrating groups and structures emanating this distortion and disintegrating them from within – thereby aiding the Sinister Dialectic and those exoteric forms that favour it.
- 4) Presencing the Dark by doing and encouraging sinister, exeatic acts of defiance in honour of the Dark Gods.

- 5) Conducting sinisterly-numinous ceremonies at particular times of the year as a form of celebration in order to maintain the various nexions active on Italian soil, and working through these using Aeonick Magick.
- 6) Guiding those few really interested individuals, who have overcome our several tests and ordeals, along the difficult and dangerous initiatory path known as the *Seven-Fold Way*, in the traditional manner.

The founder (*or Initiate 0*) of Secuntra Nexion, a loner Initiate of the Sinister Tradition, assumed both the burden and the honour of translating the most important works of the Order into the Italian language [7]. The initial aim of this act was to use those teachings to progress along the Seven-Fold Way, both for himself and for the associates of the Nexion. This phase lasted approximately four years of causal time. These teachings were partially and subsequently disseminated through the creation of a public profile for the Nexion in order to initiate the spread of ONA/O9A Mythos, often taking an adversarial and defiant role. In addition to the opening of a nexion, another aspect of this phase involved the grounding of acausal energy in particular places, thus establishing and maintaining a connection with the Tradition. During a special celebration involving the opening of an Earth Gate – and followed by the natural form of the Rite of the Nine Angles, performed by a Priest and Priestess – a large quartz crystal tetrahedron was buried within a circle of seven stones on top of the mountain known as *Secuntra*.

The second phase saw the opening of two additional nexions, both located in some wild places within an ancient Italian forest already linked to *Secuntra* nexion. These locations have represented and continue to represent the centre of the Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition in Italy (*spanning the top of various mountains and the entire surrounding area*). There, one can still intimately feel an ancestral pagan tradition related to the land, to the clan and to a warrior ethos. Of the two additional nexions opened one emanates a masculous energy (*related to the spheres of Mercury, Mars, Sun on the Tree of Wyrð*); whereas the other emanates a muliebral energy (*related to the spheres of Jupiter, Venus, Moon on the Tree of Wyrð*). Two large quartz crystals shaped like tetrahedrons were also buried within stone circles at these sites. *Secuntra* is the most important nexion, representing a synthesis/amalgam of the masculous and muliebral aspects/energies of the other two nexions (*culminating in the sphere of Saturn and the Tree of Wyrð in its entirety*). Sinisterly-numinous rites continue to be celebrated in order to keep these nexions active.

These mountains, great valleys, woods, and the entire surrounding area of this region were an important emanation of the Hellenic Aeon and Greco-Roman ethos in ancient times – an ethos which underlies the genuine Western tradition. This region is still pervaded by an even more ancient and ancestral pagan tradition, which serves as a link to the rural tradition of the ONA/Rounwytha/Camlad (*aka Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition/Hebdomadry*).

Places of significance for the Tradition are passed down *orally* to the Nexion's Initiates during a stage of their journey along the Seven-Fold Way. Two Guardians (*including both a woman and a man*) guard these locations and celebrate sinisterly-numinous rites during particular periods.

An important aspect of Secuntra Nexion is the celebration and emanation of the energies that represent the dark feminine, as embodied by our Dark Goddess, Baphomet. To this end, hard work is required to develop the necessary muliebral qualities and skills within each associate (*with the aim of successively arriving at an amalgam of, and balance between, the masculous and muliebral aspects*). It is no surprise, in turn, that almost all of these associates are women; and, of course, our special kind of woman: often dangerous and deadly.



“[...] [O9A] always opposed the patriarchal ethos that has dominated and still dominates most of the world, manifest as this ethos is esoterically in the doctrine of ‘might is right’, in the axiom of the primacy and egoism of the individual (‘*my will be done*’/der *Wille zur Macht*).” [8]

“[...] the muliebral presences and manifests what is a-causal – what, in the past, has often inclined us to appreciate the numinous – while the masculous presences and manifests what is causal, temporal, and what in the past has often inclined us toward hubris and being egoistic.” [9]

“One of the manifest errors – distortions – of the Left Hand Path, and of the Satanic, Magian Occultism so prevalent in the West, in the past, as still now, is its patriarchal nature and the fact that it is dominated by the de-evolutionary doctrine of so-called might is right and thus dominated by and infested with male specimens of Homo Hubris who have no sense of honour, no culture, no empathy, no arête, little or no self-honesty, little or no manners, but who instead possess a bloated ego and a very high opinion of themselves.

[...] The truth is that many women are naturally gifted with qualities that many men still lack – qualities necessary in men for balance, both esoteric and exoteric. And qualities certainly required for someone to become an Internal Adept of our tradition and then pass into and beyond The Abyss, and thus qualities required to bring forth an entirely new and more evolved species of human being.” [10]

## **Employed Tactics**

Part of the Secuntra Nexion's physis, in addition to the ONA/O9A physis, can be represented by the term “shape-shifter”. That is, the Nexion has used, and will continue to use, the necessary and useful means/forms for the implementation of its short and long-term aims (*qv. Sinister Dialectic*). These means/forms include the dangerous and extreme forms of Traditional Satanism and National Socialism/Fascism. As with all exoteric forms, these are but a means, and, as such, do not and never have represented the essence of the Nexion. Simply put, Secuntra and the ONA/O9A are and always have been beyond the forms employed.

“[...] in its essence this practical O9A path, or way, is not ‘satanic’, not a ‘left hand path’, and not a ‘right hand path’, even though it has elements which could be described by such conventional terms. It is just different, unique, new. [...] it’s a journey and a way of life which, if they embark upon them, will take them from ‘the sinister’ toward ‘the numinous’ and thence toward what is beyond both those causal forms.” [11]

“The Order of Nine Angles (O9A, ONA) is a sinisterly-numinous mystic tradition: it is not now and never was either strictly satanist or strictly Left Hand Path, but uses ‘satanism’ and the LHP as ‘causal forms’; that is, as techniques/experiences/ordeals/challenges (*amoral and otherwise*) in a decades-long personal anados to engender in the initiate both esoteric, and exoteric, pathei-mathos, and which pathei-mathos is the beginning of wisdom.

The extreme type of ‘satanism’ advocated by the O9A is – for O9A initiates – only one part of the ‘sinister’ aspect of the sinisterly-numinous tradition: a necessary and novitiate pathei-mathos, a modern ‘rite of passage’.” [12]

“[...] the O9A initiate has to live, in a practical way and for several years, a 'sinister' life and then, again in a practical way and for several years, a 'numinous' life. According to the O9A it's only from the personal understanding (*the learning from practical experience*) of both types of lives over a period of many years (*a decade or more*) that there is an affective enantiadromia and thus the acquisition of wisdom. Anything else is insufficient.” [13]

“Thus the term *the sinisterly-numinous tradition* does seem appropriate to describe the esoteric philosophy of the Order of Nine Angles, their Seven Fold Way, and what they present, presence, and represent – their ethos and culture – beyond their polemics and their use, via Aeonic Sorcery, of various causal forms. For, correctly understood, the O9A presence and represent some-thing – a unique practical modern occult way – beyond satanism, beyond the Left Hand Path, beyond paganism, and beyond ancient hermeticism.” [14]

The first appearance of the exoteric aspects of Secuntra Nexion to the public seven years ago (*mainly through the internet*) saw the awakening of a movement within what some refer to as the Occult brotherhood/scene. With the aim of spreading some of the ONA/O9A teachings – both exoteric (*qv. Traditional Satanism*) and esoteric related to aural tradition known under various names (*Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition, Seven-Fold Way, Septenary System, Hebdomadry*) – the interest in the Temple increased. Several individuals approached it with the intent to follow its principles, methods, and praxis.

Over the years, this led to having to deal with different types of people, most of whom without no surprise proved to be without the necessary Promethean elan and totally mundane!

From the analysed human sample four types of individuals emerged:

- 1) The first type of individual includes those who dealt with us indirectly through the internet for some time, but left with or without excuses due to the difficulty and danger of the Seven-Fold Way.
- 2) The second type of individual – who are paradoxically the most conspicuous – includes all of those who, though having nothing to do with us, speak and write on our behalf. This has occurred privately and publicly, as well as directly and indirectly, through the means of the internet and otherwise. Having ignored hundreds of texts from the 1970s to the present, and having gotten quite lost in the Order's *Labyrinthos Mythologicus*, these individuals are often eager to inform the world what both the ONA/O9A and Secuntra Nexion are all about. This is usually based on a cursory reading of some selective and rudimentary Order MSS. These people almost always live on forums, mailing lists, and various groups via social networks; and are quick to proclaim membership or association with either the ONA/O9A, or with some particular nexion as for example Secuntra. Having had no first-hand experience with certain subject matters, some individuals additionally distort most of what is written through their awkward attempts at translation, both of Order MSS, and through the creation of web pages and blogs related to the ONA/O9A.
- 3) The third type of individual, while comprising a small category, includes those who have been interacting directly with the Temple for some time, but have lost contact with us for one reason or another.

- 4) The fourth type of individual – the only type of some value – includes those who have been dealing with us (*initially, some times, indirectly through the internet, but almost always in a direct manner by way of clandestine recruitment, de visu*). After having passed several tests, ordeals, and obstacles placed in their way (often by us), these individuals have acquired direct, personal knowledge of the Nexion, and, consequently, of the tradition that the ONA/O9A represents.

While there is nothing significant about the first three types of individuals, a few their usefulness should be noted. First, some of our associates have entertained themselves by directing, manipulating, and testing these individuals through the use of sinister games – games which have been employed by the ONA/O9A for over forty years.

This is especially the case with the second type of individual – those of the o9a-pretendu-crowd that for us are nothing more than raw material we played and play our sinister games with. Additionally, the first and third types of individuals have proved useful in grounding the particular energy that the ONA/O9A and Secuntra Nexion represent.

All first three types of individuals have aided in our short and long term aims (*qv. Sinister Dialectic*), particularly in spreading the Mythos of the ONA/O9A. This will not please many, but it is like that!

## **Beyond the Mirror**

To see beyond the mirror of the mundane is not that difficult. While it requires sagacity and insight, more than anything one needs to possess, or have the potential to develop, a particular type of physis.

“A member of this o9a-pretendu crowd is easy to spot, on-line and off-line, for their words and their opinions reveal their lack of style, their lack of sinister experience, their lack of esoteric understanding.” [15]

And to those who claim an authentic association in the nexion called Secuntra, one might begin by asking them the following questions:

- (a) What is the date that marks the esoteric emergence of Secuntra Nexion?
- (b) What is the name of a place of great esoteric importance in which one is expected to encounter during the ordeal of the Italian Black Pilgrimage?
- (c) What is the name of the force/energy which the Secuntra mountain is dedicated to?
- (d) What are the esoteric and exoteric homes, respectively, of Secuntra Nexion?
- (e) Where were the Esoteric Chants of Secuntra Nexion celebrated and recorded?

Instead, how many of those so skilled with words and who claim to be ONA/O9A, for example, have deliberately and as part of their anodos:

- (1) Undertaken a culling?
- (2) Undertaken the rite of External Adept?
- (3) Trained for and achieved the basic physical challenges of our Way?
- (4) Undertaken several Insight Roles?
- (5) Undertaken the rite of Internal Adept *or* spent at least three months alone in the wilderness?

- (6) Indulged in violent, 'criminal', and other amoral activities for six months to a year?
- (7) Acquired skill in Esoteric Chant and performed it with a group?
- (8) Acquired skill in the advanced form of the Star Game?
- (9) Undertaken rites to invoke the Dark Gods using a large crystal tetrahedron?
- (10) Run a group/nexion/temple of many individuals for a year or two – and so had to deal with their questions, the squabbles, the rivalry?
- (11) Had that group/nexion/temple plan and conduct the tests for selecting an offer and then perform a rite of sacrifice?
- (12) Sinisterly manipulated or incited someone, or several, into undertaking a culling and/or an act of terror?
- (13) Sinisterly manipulated or incited someone, or several, into a life of violence and/or crime and/or of practical heretical/adversarial activism disruptive of the status quo? [15]



### **Joining Secuntra Nexion**

Being part of Secuntra Nexion means to possess a particular physis and to live according to the *Logos* of the Order of Nine Angles (*ONA*, *O9A*) enshrined in the Code of Kindred Honour.

“[...] since such honour is considered as a primary means of maintaining the necessary (*internal and external, and esoteric and exoteric*) balance between causal and acausal, between the 'sinister' and the 'numinous', and between the masculous and the muliebral.”  
[16]

It means individuals who know each other in person and by virtue of the Code of Kindred Honour share an oath, a secret and common aims. As such, Secuntra Nexion is like an extended family, a clan linked by bonds of honour and comradeship.

The Secuntra Nexion, being the traditional Italian Nexion of the Order of Nine Angles (*ONA*, *O9A*), provides guidance and advice to all of those who, after a long and often painful quest, come to us. For the rest there is plenty of other groups around.

“[...] we expand nefariously, internationally, and often in the traditional esoteric manner of a covert personal recruitment of those with our physis or whom we judge have the potential to develop our type of physis. In practical terms this often amounts to recruiting (*and then testing*) those individuals who are or who may be useful to us in our own esoteric quest and our own lives and useful to our nexion (*as in them beginning their own quest*), and/or who may be useful to the Aeonic aims of the O9A, as for example by them recruiting specific others or by them ‘presencing the dark’ through various actions and activities.” [17]

“We grow and have grown slowly, as befits our Aeonic perspective. Slowly, through personal contact, a personal knowing, pledges of duty and loyalty based on our code of honour ... It means we are something of a large, growing, unconventional family, whose relations and relatives are becoming dispersed around the Earth, and who – unlike many extended natural families – have a shared, supra-personal, purpose and a shared culture. Naturally, like all families, sometimes there are disputes, as sometimes a young son or daughter leaves home to adopt another culture or none. But by and large the family stays together, because of our culture, our traditions, our practices, our Occult abilities and faculties, our very long-term esoteric aims and goals. Which is one reason why many of our people have been with us, part of our family, for ten, twenty, thirty years and more, and why we have slowly grown through assimilating their friends, their sons, their daughters, their relatives, their colleagues. And why we have recruited, we still recruit and will continue to recruit, in the old-fashioned way.” [18]

Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
127 yf

*Notes:*

[1] *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms v3.07*, MS.

[2] *Thernn – An Introduction to Natural Septenary Magick*, MS.

[3] *O9A Esotericism – An Initiated Apprehension*, MS.

[4] *The Innovation and Influence of The Order of Nine Angles*, MS.

[5] *Ontology, Satanism, And The Sinisterly-Numinous Occult Tradition*, MS.

[6] ἄρρενόθηλος – *Alchemical And Hermetic Antecedents Of The Seven Fold Way of The Order of Nine Angles*, MS.

[7] During the years 119 yf – 126 yf (2008-2015 ev.) there was a publication by Secuntra Nexion of some MSS translated into Italian of original MSS circulated among ONA/O9A associates. Additionally, there were some MSS/paintings/musick created by Temple's associates. Publication took place as part of a long-term strategy. More details in Italian about the Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition/Seven-Fold Way will continue to be disclosed by Secuntra Nexion and its associates. Currently, almost all ONA/O9A works have been translated by Secuntra Nexion, including: (i) *Naos – A Practical Guide to Modern Magick*; (ii) *The Black Book of Satan – A Practical Guide to Satanic Ceremonial I,II e III*; (iii) *Hostia – Secret Teachings of the ONA I,II e III*; *Nexion – A Guide to Sinister Strategy*; (iv) *Emanations of Urania*; (v) *Physis*; (vi) *Hysteron Proteron*; (vii) *Sacramentum Sinistrum*; (viii) *Enantiodromia – The Sinister Abyssal Nexion*, etc. These have been available through the Temple for internal use for many years, following the completion of the first phase.

[8] *Originality, Tradition, and The Order of Nine Angles*, MS.

[9] *Some Questions for DWM*, e-text 2014.

[10] *Presencings Of A Hideous Nexion*, MS.

[11] *O9A Esotericism – An Initiated Apprehension*, MS.

[12] *O9A 101, The Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition*, MS.

[13] *Is Satanism Now A Meaningless Term?*, MS.

[14] *Categorizing The Order Of Nine Angles*, MS.

[15] *Order of Nine Angles Style, O9A Chic*, MS.

[16] *Ontology, Satanism, And The Sinisterly-Numinous Occult Tradition*, MS.

[17] *Internus Homo Est Eius Anima*, 123 yfayen, MS.

[18] *The Aeonic Perspective of the Order of Nine Angles*, MS.

## Interview with Secuntra Nexion

**Preface:** The following interview was conducted three months after the release of *Osservando L'Abisso (2012 ev.)*, a printed collection containing various ONA MSS translated into the Italian language, as well as assorted Secuntra Nexion MSS, published in Italy for the first time. As expected, many individuals distanced themselves from the contents of the work, from those associated with its distribution, and from the Order itself following its release (especially in light of certain topics such as culling and National Socialism). The following questions were compiled for Secuntra Nexion by various readers and adherents of the Left-Hand Path.

### **You speak often of the Sinister Tradition, the Seven-Fold Way and Traditional Satanism. What distinguishes these Ways from other so-called Satanic Paths?**

The Sinister Tradition is a corpus of teachings, traditions, methods, and mythos that have been passed down aurally and developed over years, always on an individual basis from Adept to pupil. It was inherited in a specific part of Europe – a rural area of England – and subsequently disseminated in other places. It is in this sense that the Sinister Tradition embodies the European ethos. The Seven-Fold Way, sometimes referred to as the Seven-Fold Sinister Way, is the name given to the traditional training path of the Initiate in the Sinister Tradition. This is conventionally formed by seven stages, and requires the individual to undertake a number of magickal and practical tasks, as well as selective ordeals, alone and without help of any kind. It is a Forbidden Alchemy leading to Adeptship and beyond. The experience and integration of all the dark, chaotic, and negative energies known as the Dark Gods is part of the early stages of the Way. It is a journey that takes years and a substantial degree of effort on the part of the individual. Consider, for example, that to reach the stage of Master or Mistress of the Earth, the fifth of the seven possible stages, one must undergo a variety of ordeals – ordeals that take approximately twenty years from the time of Initiation. These include endurance tests, such as running 26 miles (42 km) in 4 hours, cycling 200 miles (322 km) in 12 hours, and walking 32 miles (51 km) in hilly terrain in under 7 hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs (14 kg). Additionally, one must undergo specific acts of defiance, as well as have lived for at least three months in total isolation without any creature comforts. And these are merely a few of the requirements. These Grades, it should be noted, are not conferred in exchange for money, or for anything else. They are earned by each individual through struggle and effort along the dangerous path that the Seven-Fold Way is, alone and without help, with very exceptions (*some guidance may be temporarily provided under certain circumstances by someone who has completed said tasks, and can therefore offer advice based on experience*). Traditional Satanism, a term coined for the first time by the ONA about forty years ago, is a particular form currently employed by traditional Nexions to presence that aspect of existence we call the acausal. The ONA's Traditional Satanism is heresy, darkness, opposition and Presencing the Dark (*an accepted and encouraged task of which is culling, or human sacrifice*). The initiate of genuine Satanism is a very different individual from those of any other commonly accepted form of Satanism today – whether rational, theistic or otherwise – in addition to adherents of any other current of the Left-Hand Path. As made clear in other ONA MSS:

*“Fundamentally, one becomes a Satanist by acting like one – by doing Satanic deeds. A Satanist of some experience would say one and more of these things: ‘I have experienced combat; I have killed, watched comrades die. I have loved and hated. I have discovered*

*something for the first time. I have been alone for months, bereft of most things, and thus come to know myself. I have faced my own imminent death, not once, but many times. I have achieved things with my body I thought not possible. I have exulted in overcoming physical, intellectual and psychic challenges. I know the passion that motivated Beethoven, van Gogh, Nietzsche, and I know the feelings and greatness of Caesar, Adolf Hitler and Alexander the Great ... I have heard the music of the galaxy and the stars and planets within it. I have been in a Prison cell and known the meaning of freedom. I have culled human dross. I have done criminal deeds – to learn and defy.’*

*In contrast, the self-professed ‘Satanists’ will be shallow – all talk, with little or no real experience of living on the edge. They shy away from real self-effort, from real self-overcoming, and build fantasy worlds in which they find comfort. They need the company of others, as they need their ego to be massaged by what they regard as their ‘Satanic peers’. They talk an awful lot with others about Satanism, and probably, having learnt a lot of ‘theory’ from books and various organizations, write their own ‘Satanic’ rituals which they perform with the glee of the necrophiliac.*

*Genuine Satanists are at the sharp end: they act. They strive for and implement their personal Destiny and they work for the fulfilment of sinister strategy. That is, by their lives, by their ways of living, they actively aid the creative forces of Darkness. Or, expressed another way, they do the work of the Prince of Darkness. In contrast, the dabblers, the pseuds, keep themselves secure in their imaginary and fantasy ‘Satanic’ worlds – with correspondence, meetings, conclaves, discussions; with performing and writing/reading about worthless Occult rites; with their babbling about their pseudo-mystical fantasies. A Satanist will be living Satanically – and will therefore be dangerous, in the real world. They will do Satanic deeds rather than just talk or write about them. He or she will be, for instance, disrupting society in a practical way, or working to actively create a new, revolutionary society which is more Satanic. They might be real heretics – fighting against the State either politically or via armed warfare if that State (as most Western ones do) upholds the Nazarene sickness of spirit (evident in modern political ideas like ‘liberalism’ and ‘humanism’ and ‘equality’: the triumph of the worthless at the expense of the noble). Or perhaps they will be aiding the collapse of such a State, and fostering a reaction, by morally undermining it, for example by dealing in drugs or pornography. Or maybe they will be teachers in influential positions, subverting others in secret towards Satanism or those transient forms Satanism often assumes to gain control and influence. Or they might be actively culling the worthless, the scum – by being a vigilante, or a zealous, honourable Police Officer ...*

*Whatever, they will have a direction, a purpose, an intent which goes beyond the edification of their own ego. They will be working to achieve something great by virtue of which they can excel in their own lives and thus really live to the full. They will be developing and using their potential, their skills – and thus exulting in life, in overcoming challenges. They will be contributing toward their own evolution and that of existence itself because they are harnessing in a practical way the darker forces. This direction, purpose and intent is Satanic strategy, or Aeonics. A rational and thus conscious understanding of those forces which shape and change evolution and the forms assumed by sentient life from individuals to societies to civilizations and Aeons.*

*Each member of the ONA is thus a nexion to the acausal – they are participating in, by their following of the Way and by the rites they undertake, the work of evolution: they are*



*making their lives instruments for acausal change. Expressed simply, they are fulfilling the potential latent within them. They are positively contributing to evolution – they are using their lives to some purpose. Members of the ONA are doing and achieving – they are being significant and shaping future events. They are making history.*

*Compared to this, other groups are irrelevant.”*

**You speak of culling or human sacrifice as a part of Traditional Satanism. Does this mean that the Satanist as someone who kills virgins and children has some element of truth?**

No. We refer to culling as and selective elimination, not murder based on unconscious impulses or a loss of self-control. The victims are chosen systematically and with care, where what constitutes a victim pertains to certain aspects of an individual's character and deeds (*or lack thereof*). A person of contemptible character, a coward, those deemed worthless – all of these can factor in the selection of a victim. Imagine, for example, the case of the following individual. He is accepted into a traditional group, and participates for a period in both ceremonial rituals and practical tasks that, among other things, lead him to break the law. During one of these tasks, he and another Initiate of the Temple are arrested. While being interrogated, the individual negotiates with the police and decides to reveal the identity of the Temple's associates in exchange for avoiding time in prison. This individual has proven to be weak, a coward, and a traitor – all elements of a character that the ONA and Traditional Satanism despise. Moreover, this individual has turned against those who, by their actions, are aiding the sinister dialectic – the sinister strategy for long-term aims. In these and other regards, this individual could be considered a suitable victim to cull, either by magickal or practical means. It should be noted that a sporting chance is often given to the individual in order to assess their character. Tests are conducted such that, if they fail, and if the decision is made to end their causal existence, their sacrifice is given as a Gift for the Prince of Darkness; or, more often, for She who governs our world, Baphomet. It is thus the individual in question who assumes the role of victim, based again on their character and actions. With regard to children, given that their character is still in development, culling cannot be conducted or considered until they reach full adulthood. As a final note, it should be observed that culling is part of the training of the Novice, both as a selective ordeal for building character, in addition to being part of a tradition that, for some Nexions, is repeated every seventeen years.

**Can an individual who completes their Initiation as described in Naos be considered an ONA member?**

Initiation is simply the act of striving for a greater quest. With regard to the ONA, this means striving against the Nazarene and Magian forces by way of following the Seven-Fold way, both as a means of self-development and personal learning, to Adeptship and beyond, thus aiding the sinister dialectic.

The ONA, due to its subversive, clandestine, and non-hierarchical nature, does not have a conventional membership. Public contact, membership fees, and the like are entirely absent. Simply put, ONA members are individuals who share the same ethos, pursue similar aims and goals, and share a particular, distinctive culture. This culture has certain traditions and standards of personal behaviour. Our ethos and culture are easy to recognize vis a vis our code of kindred honour, the necessity of our practical deeds, what we refer to as the sinister-numinous, in addition to the

necessity of pathei-mathos. As a pledge of personal loyalty to the people we know and trust, our code of honour requires that our judgements are of those that we know personally, according to their deeds, and with great care. It should be emphasized that we value practical deeds above mere words, and thus exercise doubt until having direct knowledge of those we are interacting with. Anyone can claim to be ONA, but without having completed said practical deeds, and without personal knowledge of the person we are interacting with, based on a strict trust with respect to our code of honour, this person has nothing to do with us.

### **How is David Myatt viewed within the ONA and Secuntra Nexion?**

There have been many rambling tirades regarding David Myatt lately. Many identify David Myatt with Anton Long (*the ONA's founder*), despite the fact that he has denied this identification. Instead, some simply consider David Myatt to be an individual who moves from one ideology to another – a crazy man, praising Jihad and the supremacy of Islam after having praised Aryan supremacy and National Socialism, etc. From the perspective of Secuntra Nexion, we consider David Myatt to be an individual who embodies the archetype of the Magickian, the shape-shifter; an individual who has dedicated his life to a singular purpose, one which leads progressively to new liminal and threshold experiences; an individual who has experienced, *in prima persona*, myriad facets of life, and who has, as a result of his pathei-mathos, created invaluable works – works such as the Numinous Way, Reichsfolk, and countless texts of inspiration. Whether or not David Myatt is Anton Long remains irrelevant, as each individual will have to give this consideration in proportion to their own research and experience.

### **In a chapter of *Osservando L'Abisso*, prayers such as the Diabolus and the Agios o Baphomet chant are mentioned. Having never heard of them before, could you provide more detail regarding their history and use?**

First, these are not “prayers”, as the concept of prayer is absent within the ONA tradition and Traditional Satanism. Prayer implies submission, servility and a religious attitude, all of which are antithetical to the genuine Satanism that the ONA is. Rather, both the “Diabolus” and “Agios o Baphomet” are traditional chants, often used in ceremonial rituals. When properly performed, they *presence* certain acausal energies (*descriptions of which are further detailed in Naos and Codex Saerus*). One of the tasks of the Novice of the Seven-Fold Way is to correctly perform Esoteric Chant as a magickal technique. If lucky, an Initiate may find an Adept of the tradition who is willing to teach the proper method of performing these chants. In other cases, this may involve the Initiate undertaking the arduous role of Nazarene monk at a monastery for one year or more, where they will learn the basics of monophonic chant, and after which they will be able to perform the Esoteric Chants of the Sinister Tradition properly. In either case, it is often useful to seek advice from an Adept of the tradition.

### **Why is there a need to constantly point out possible affiliations of Satanism with right-wing, nationalistic ideologies over other political factions? Are there similar political links with Secuntra Nexion and the ONA that can be made official?**

Politics and religion are forms – a means for the Initiate and Adept to bring about change in both personal and social dimensions (*qv. Sinister Dialectic*). Consequently, they have been used by

Initiates and Adepts to bring personal understanding and change within society. The Sinister Tradition is heresy, and in this sense one of its main goals is genuine opposition. Thus, political forms such as the extreme right, fascist and National Socialist ideologies have often been employed, primarily because they are still viewed as real political heresy in the West, and can produce something significant *beyond themselves*. Today, to be a part of an overtly National Socialist group, spreading National Socialist ideas, can implicate those involved in legal and criminal consequences, subjecting them to arrest and persecution (*with the real possibility of death*), in much the same way that a member of a coven of witches would be during the period of the Inquisition. Today, it is heresy, particularly in the West, to foster National Socialist ideas, to deny the Holocaust and to praise Islam and Jihad, that is why these forms are used to bring Aeonic change. Conversely, other political factions and ideologies do not constitute genuine heresy. In their attempt to become distinct from or against the status quo, they have become part of it. Supporting a political form like Communism, Marxism or the current notion of “democracy”, in other words, lends support to the distortion imposed on the Western Aeon by Nazarene and Magian forces. The story is the same in cases of Satanism that use traditions, symbols and names from dead Aeons (*such as those from a Sumerian, Egyptian or Jewish/Qabalah ethos*). These aid in said distortion, and thus aid the Nazarene and Magian forces. A political form such as Communism could be helpful if the Western Aeon's distortion was totalitarian in nature (*though this concept will certainly be misunderstood by non-Initiates*). Both the ONA and Secuntra Nexion act clandestinely. With respect to the question of political affiliation, it should be obvious that no official links can be formulated. Regarding the question of whether or not the ONA and Secuntra Nexion are National Socialist, the answer is both yes and no. Yes in the sense that the ONA can and has used political forms such as National Socialism for its short and long-term goals; no in the sense that the ONA is beyond such forms, be they political, religious or of some other species. That this is so rarely understood today is testament to how little understanding there is of both the esoteric and occult.

**When you speak about the aspects of character that a Satanist should take care of, in your opinion, there seem to be connotations of a quest of the so-called Aryan race.**

One of the goals of Traditional Satanism and the Seven-Fold Way is the creation of a unique type of individual – one that seems embodying a new species. The type that we want to develop is beyond the character or quality that could constitute a so-called *Aryan race*. Although members of the Sinister Tradition are predominantly of European ancestry, they come from various “*ethnic groups*”, and the race that one belongs to is not therefore considered a prerogative (*though it is considered important for all of the Aeonic aspects that come into play*). They are individuals who are in control of themselves, who have gone beyond the majority, who have confronted and overcome their own limits physically, psychologically and intellectually; who have escaped the possibility of death on more than one occasion; who have immersed themselves in both a deeper darkness and light; who have dispensed terror and suffering, and emerged victorious; who have fought and killed, and, if having fallen, have risen; who have loved and lost and experienced solitary desolation; and who have learned from their mistakes and their experiences. In short, they have become gates to the acausal. For these and other reasons, this type of individual appears to comprise a new species, one that goes well beyond the concept of race, let alone the Aryan race: Homo Galactica.

**The significance of specializations are emphasized frequently, such as political manipulation and Special Forces. Why doesn't one instead focus their attention on real**

## **and direct opposition, the real rebellion, the one that pits the Satanist against the mundane?**

Many ONA MSS repeatedly discuss and emphasize the theme of opposition. An Initiate of the Sinister Tradition often assumes the role of adversary in opposition to the status quo, and the Nazarene/Magian ethos. In this sense, the Sinister Initiate will often become an outlaw or criminal. A political form may be used to bring about change in the world according to the sinister dialectic, and, therefore, may involve armed combat. Additionally, a religious form may be used to spread fanaticism and violence, or even to form or be part of a terrorist cell. Many clandestine applications are possible, and will often involve individuals living on the edge of society. Every application of course has a larger goal than the immediate ephemeral rewards, and this extends beyond any of the forms used to bring about desired changes. This means that whatever form used will be abandoned when its purpose is achieved. One of these long-term goals is the destruction of all existing societies (*by any and all means*) for the emergence of a new Aeon and civilization that we refer to as Faustian. New societies populated with individuals embodying what we call “the qualities of an Adept” will be the prerogative of the many, rather than, as we see today, the reality of a chosen few.

## **How did the unique concept of Baphomet as the female counterpart of Satan originate within ONA teachings?**

The figure of Baphomet as a hermaphrodite figure widely accepted today in almost all Occult circles is just a romantic distortion of Eliphas Levi. Essentially of the symbolic/real union of Mistress and Priest and his later sacrifice. Baphomet is regarded as meaning “the mistress (*or mother*) of blood” – the Mistress who sometimes washes in the blood of her foes and whose hands are thereby stained. The supposed derivation is from the Greek – βαφή μητρής and not, as is sometimes said, from μήτιος (*the Attic form for “wise”*). Such a use of the term “Mother”/Mistress was quite common in later Greek alchemical writings – for example Iamblichus in “De Mysteriis” used μητρίζω to signify possessed by the mother of the gods. Later alchemical writings tended to use the prefix to signify a specific type of “amalgam” (*and some take this to be a metaphor for the amalgam of Sol with Luna, in the sexual sense*). In the middle ages, Baphomet came to be regarded as the Bride of Satan – and it is from this time that both “Baphomet” and “Satan”, as names for the female and male aspect of the dark side came into use (*at least in the secret sinister tradition*). Hence the Traditional depiction of Baphomet – a beautiful mature woman (*often shown naked*) holding up the severed head of the sacrificed priest (*usually shown bearded*). To some extent the Templars revived part of this cult, but without any real esoteric understanding and for their own purposes. They adopted Baphomet as a type of female Yeshua, but with some bloody/sinister aspects – and contrary to most accepted ideas, they were not especially “Satanic”. Rather, they saw themselves as holy warriors, and became a military cult with bonds of honour, although their concept of “holy” differed somewhat from that of the church of the time, including as it did dark/Gnostic aspects. Their sacrifices were in battle and not part of a specific rite.

## **How are women considered with the ONA and Secuntra Nexion?**

Point 19 of the 21 Satanic points contained within *The Black Book of Satan* states:

*“Nothing is beautiful except man: but most beautiful of all is woman.”*

The figure of the woman within the Sinister Tradition, the ONA and Secuntra Nexion has a prominent role. There are many women who run Sinister Temples and who operate in secret. The tradition itself was inherited by Anton Long from a woman who lived in a specific part of Northern Europe, in a rural part of England. The ONA aims to restore the Feminine against the current tide of the patriarchal and regressive Nazarene/Magian period that we live in. The ONA aims to produce an entirely new type of woman, one essentially constituting a new archetype, A type of woman for whom personal honour is the key both to live and to die and who has enough attitude and ability to take care of herself and defend herself and take revenge using even deadly force, without relying on the “law” or other, and the one who does not, whether consciously or not, need a man in order to make her happy and satisfied. Someone, then, who is not slave of their own desires, their feelings, their needs. Whose happiness, whose achievement is their own, deriving from having made a choice consciously and having understood, and having understood the natural desires and feelings, she is in control of herself, but who can enjoy and relish herself as she thinks and chooses her direction, her goals and even her sexual orientation. Moreover, someone who has developed a strengthened empathy, insight and awareness and a feeling for the numinous.

### **I tried to contact Secuntra Nexion, but the site is offline. Why?**

Because the site is only a short-term means for a larger strategy. As such, it has a temporary lifespan and has been, for the time being, disbanded (*although those who know how to effectively search can still access some MSS*). The Temple, together with other ONA Nexions, have decided to Return Back To The Dark to continue their work, as has been done in the past. In line with part of its long-term strategy, Secuntra Nexion has decided to provide a *temporary* contact address: [*expired*].

Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
123 yf

## Self-Honesty – From a Sinister Perspective

It is common in modern life to see and hear people who misrepresent names and titles with an incredible talent. Our society is full of individuals who are manipulated by their roles and the many archetypes that intoxicate their consciousness. Self-honesty is one of the secrets of our Seven-Fold Sinister Way. Our Way is solitary, and as such requires a Satanic judgement that will progressively grow with new experiences, as well as with the practice of living with those experiences. There is no substitute for practical experience – no book, no MS, no oral guideline. In spite of this, the experiences and the roles that emerge from them are means to be used and discarded. One achieves transcendence from the form, and with it an internal change in one's consciousness (*internal magick*). The role adopted should furthermore not enslave its actor. Often the Initiate will not understand the form used, and so becomes unconsciously manipulated by the role itself. This can lead to the Initiate abandoning their Sinister quest in favour of their current way of living, and the prospects that it has brought. An Initiate who therefore undertakes an *Insight Role* must keep in mind that it must be lived and left after a certain period of causal time. There are other experiences to be encountered along the way, as well as other ordeals to undertake and other forms of knowledge to gain. Self-honesty about one's current way of life is thus essential.

An Initiate must direct their attention to their current task, whatever it is. It is not always productive to project that attention too far into the future, though one has to focus on current goals that are being pursued (*at least in the early stages of the Way*). Self-honesty does this. It means being honest about one's degree of involvement with the Sinister.

Outer influences affecting the ego sphere should be avoided. Imbibing creature comforts and habits that breed complacency should also be avoided. One must commit to living as a genuine Satanist, just like those who act in secrecy and move through the shadows, planting pieces for the next Aeon. This requires strength and resolve that few have. Such is human weakness, placating in the safety and lethargy of a passive existence.

Every Initiate should foster a rigid self-discipline capable of guiding them mentally and magickally through perseverance and overcoming their own limits. Excuses such as regarding meditation as unnecessary, letting fatigue and fear interfere with fixed goals, complaining rather than enacting internal and external change – all of these are indicative of an individual passively playing Satanist; and as has been written elsewhere:

*“Passivity will render you as useless ash, cast into the pit of a particular nameless horror ...”*

ONA, *The Self-Immolation Rite*

Every Initiate swears an oath: an oath to our Prince, to Baphomet, the Mistress of the Earth and to the Dark Gods waiting beyond the Abyss. Becoming absorbed with the mundane, in all of its vagaries, will stray one to the very path that genuine Satanism despises: that of human dross, victim advocates selected for culling, those lacking anything noble in character, devoid of anything akin to Satanic elan (*see Nythra: A Dark Trilogy MS*).

Practices such as lying about the inefficacy of a ritual, a certain goal, or the evaluation of your own skills for a given task are futile practices that only hurt the practitioner. One must strive for the stars, gradually mastering and achieving specific goals.

These tasks are difficult, challenging, and dangerous; they are fundamentally Satanic.

One must be vigilant. At any moment one's circumstances could change drastically and strenuously, including potential incarceration. It is necessary to find and harness an inner strength capable of overcoming these conditions.

The way is savagely simple: self-honesty and self-control. As has been carved in stone, the strong will survive, and the weak will perish.

*“Our way is difficult and dangerous and is for the few who can truly defy the matrix of illusions – of 'good' and 'evil' – that stifle the potentiality of our being.”*

ONA, *The Black Book of Satan I*, “The Sinister Creed”

Eques Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
118 yf

## Ex Abrupto



*(Falcifer, by Eques Sinemus)*

March was still tied with the Winter's cold.  
The wind blew over the wheat fields, the ears danced in unison.

The Nazarene Church was on a busy street, and it was a working morning like any other.  
Day-patrol for the Sinister Predator. It was funny to play the role of the God-fearing Nazarene seeking comfort in his church that morning.  
The tabernacle was on the side of the altar.

Pretending to pray to the Nazarene God while instead reciting the Diabolus.  
Some people entered, lit a candle and knelt at the foot of a statue of a saint.  
The priest entered from a small room from behind the altar and sat down on a bench in front of it.  
Next came the celebration of a Mass to honour a relic in the Church.  
Our eyes met.

Timing, host positions, and possible escape routes were recorded.  
I arrived three days later, and the thrill was great.  
Gloves and a screwdriver to force the tabernacle open.  
I stood within the Church again, and the timing was perfect; there was no one in sight.



Immediately and without hesitation, I found myself in front of the altar, before the tabernacle.

It was closed and made of steel! Shit!

I tried to force it open with the screwdriver without result.

At any moment someone could have entered, and I needed to hurry. Nothing.

I found myself staring at the tabernacle and at the front door of the Church in the distance.

Crossing the door meant to never return; it meant failure!

I had to make a decision! Behind the tabernacle I found a weak point with many screws. Great!

I unscrewed them one by one while trying to keep calm. The last screw gave way, and I removed the steel plate. In the frenzy I forgot to use gloves to cover my fingerprints. I removed the gold lamina. A ciborium with hundreds of white hosts. I filled my hands and pockets, trying to clean my prints with the jacket's sleeve, and then escaped, far away.

The inner calm was the secret. An understanding of the offers to come!

About a hundred hosts that day, a Sinister's prey.

Not steel nor light... and the wrath of the profane erupted suddenly.

*"I will go down to the altars in Hell"*

*"To Satan, the giver of life!"*

A Black Mass ...

*"Behold, the dirt of the earth which the humble will eat!"*

Laughter in the dark of the room, surrounded by a hazel and civet smoke amalgam.

Night fell, and a child woke up screaming in terror, far away.

Three days. A landslide fell on a train in transit. Nine deaths.

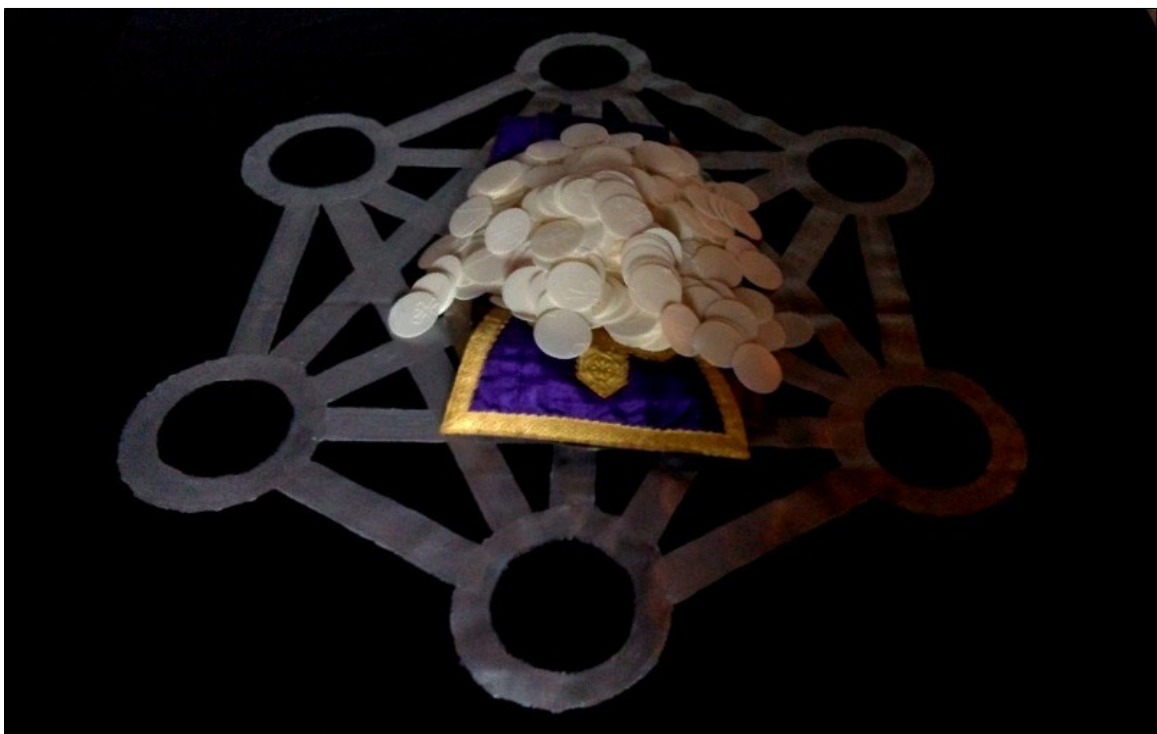
A volcano erupted, paralysing Europe. And in the countryside nearby, a young man of twenty one was inspired by the Devil to kill his entire family in a fury – so he said in a letter before jumping off a bridge.

They fall like ears of wheat ... like ears of wheat!

*Agios o Falcifer!*

Eques Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
Italia, May/Antares 121 yf

*A Dare*



## **Eighteen**



### **I**

A cold wind flapped the shutters and the street-lamp's light filtered dimly, lighting up the little dark room. Augusto was sleeping laying on his bed, dressed in black trousers, a couple of boots and a t-shirt with an eagle depicted. The ringing of the telephone broke his sleep, as he ran to answer.

“Hello!”

“Hello Comrade, we’re due at 10 pm.”

“Okay.”

Augusto returned to the room and took the backpack he filled with hundreds of posters of his political movement. He stood in front of the svastika flag that adorned his room, and for ten minutes, without moving, he meditated on that symbol and on what it enshrined.

“Sieg Heil!”

He took his car and reached Antonio's house, who was waiting in front of the door.

“A Noi” said Antonio with an arm pointed upward.

“A Noi!” said Augusto in the same way.

“Everything is ready, let's go” he said, helping to put the glue bucket in the boot of his car.

The sky was filled with clouds, but it did not seem like it would rain. The two decided to stop at a bar, as it was still too early to move.

“I'll take a beer, and you?”

“Just water”

“Just water?” said Antonio.

“Yes just water!” said Augusto.

“Look at these people, wasting their lives ...”

“Ready to die for the latest fashion of the moment, whereas at one point in time one would have died for a pure ideal, for Honour, for Loyalty and the Duty to People, Nature and the Homeland” said Augusto, with a little of bitterness.

“Yeah, but here we are – few but here we are!” said Antonio.

“Yeah, A Noi!” exulted the comrade, making a vigorous upward thrust of his arm.

While Antonio replied to the greeting, a beautiful woman with long black hair came into the bar's room and sat alone at a table in a corner. She was dressed in black and purple, with light skin and deep, insightful eyes. On her neck, she wore a silver necklace with a quartz stone embedded. Augusto and the woman exchanged glances before Antonio looked at the clock.

“Comrade the time is good, let's go!”

“Okay.”

The two entered their car, stopping at every corner of the city, putting up posters illegally. They were not to let anyone see them, especially the police that usually went around the city during those hours of the night.

## II

It was four o'clock when the phone rang.

Jolted out of bed and still half asleep, Augusto answered:

“Hello!?”

“Some gypsies have attacked a friend! I will meet at the spot you know!”

In just a few moments he was dressed and drove quickly to the meeting place. Antonio and another comrade were there waiting.

“Stefano was surrounded and reduced to a bloody mask by five bastard scum!” said Antonio.

“Those bastards are infesting our land! Where did it happen?”

“Outside the bar we were at yesterday, and of course the scum are gone and no one will identify them, for fear of retaliation.”

“People without honour!”

The three re-entered their car and reached the Bar. It was full of people, as if nothing had happened. There were people drinking beer and eating. The few drops of blood on the street seemed to pulsate.

### III

The Sun had just risen over the sea rippled by the wind, while the foliage of the trees seemed to hiss words.

Augusto ran on the trails through the trees, where he often sat to escape the city noise. Lost with his eyes facing forward, he recalled what had happened yesterday. There were only a few people jogging that day because the sky was filled with clouds, and a chilly wind seemed to fill the air, presaging the coming of Autumn.

After about an hour and a half, tired from running, Augusto sat on a small hill where he often laid at the end of his training to regain his strength, and to relax while watching the movement of the trees' foliage.

At the beginning of the path he noticed a small shelter of a gypsy. A filthy mattress, blankets, and thousands of plastic bags were discarded around the place. He wandered in to see if the man or woman who created this ruin was still there. But there was no one.

Someone had to pay for what had happened yesterday! Augusto thought to himself.

Back home, he planned what should be done.

### IV

Rome once occupied these places. It was the only civilization to have had the Thousand-Year Reich, the pagan gods, and a firm concept of War and Honour. None of these things existed any more. Everything was infested by the dross of this society. Augusto began to reflect on his name, derived from one of greatest Emperors of Rome ...

It was past midnight. Dressed completely in black, he left his home and drove to the place where he had seen the dirty mattress and filth around the woods.

He parked the car and waited a while before advancing on the path, walking among the darkness of the trees.

He was inside, carrying a petrol can with him. He put on his balaclava, and slowly reached for his target.

Augusto hoped to find someone, but both the mattress and the area were empty. He poured petrol around and set a fire.

He ran towards the car to avoid being seen by the residents of the nearby houses. Just before leaving the trail he took off his balaclava and got into the car to leave the place, which shone in the distance because of the flames.

While driving into the city centre, a fire truck passed with its siren blaring. Someone had called, having seen the flames, and knowing what was burning.

Augusto parked his car in a crowded location, and began to walk around in order to be seen, thus validating his alibi.

After about an hour, he returned home.

## V

Outside the rain had stopped and the air was cold and dry.

Augusto decided to go out alone, into the streets of his city. With a black bomber jacket, camouflage and boots, the cold blistered on his shaven head.

He took pleasure from the people staring at him – staring at the symbols of the ideology that he affirmed and upheld. Downcast, their timid eyes failed to hold his gaze when their eyes crossed.

He wanted someone to confront him, and his desire was not far from happening.

He was deliberately walking near an area frequented by political opponents. With head held high, and with a defiant glance, he sat nearby to observe.

It was not long before three individuals with matted hair and beards approached him.

“Aren’t you ashamed of the svastika on your jacket?” said one of them.

“And why should I be ashamed?”

“For the extermination of six million Jews, for one thing.”

“I can not be ashamed of something that never happened!” Augusto replied with a fury that rose suddenly from within.

“Nazi bastard!” one of them shouted almost foaming from the mouth.

Before the man could finish his words, Augusto knocked him to the ground. The others rushed him and tried to hit him, but, mindful of some of his martial arts training, he dodged the blows of two of them while in a guarded position, striking them repeatedly and drawing blood.

Meanwhile, a fourth man from the shadow hit him with a stick behind his shoulders.

After falling to his knees, he got up almost immediately and dodged the man's attempt to hit him again.

Augusto threw a kick and the man was on the ground. Within five minutes the four men were all on the ground and a bit of their blood stained the earth. They had not expected this swift reaction from someone of an apparently calm demeanour and clearly outnumbered.

He escaped before the police arrived. Without a shadow of a doubt, he would have been in the wrong; after all, in their eyes he was only a dirty "Nazi"!

## VI

Bach's musick filled the dark room, Augusto stared from his bed at the few stars that could be seen from his window.

It had been almost two years since he had concentrated his interests on politics; but these same interests, which two years ago had animated him, now bored him.

The gauze was blood-stained and he got up to change it.

When the musick was over, sleep came.

*A black space with hundreds of stars. A distant whirlwind of fire. A large asteroid. A hole seemed to open in it, and small spaceships passed into it. A strange building, as if it belonged to a distant future.*

Augusto woke up a bit before dawn. He sat on his bed thinking about the dream he just had, and soon after directed his thoughts to the face of the woman that he had glimpsed at the bar.

"I have decided!" he said to himself.

## VII

The postman rang the bell.

"Sir, you have mail."

Augusto read the letter aloud while collecting the newspaper from the ground.

"Dear Mister," he read aloud, "your job application was accepted." A job away from the city was now his. "Accommodations will be provided at the address listed."

The day's newspaper headline read "Fire devastates a nomad camp. Three dead and many injured."

Augusto's suitcases were packed as he began travelling in the direction of his new home.  
He arrived at the house and brought his things inside.

Night had fallen, and the air was cold as a breeze arose from the surrounding trees.  
Augusto took a small oak casket containing a quartz crystal tetrahedron, wrapped in a black cloth.

For nearly two years that crystal had been in the casket, and now seemed to pulsate.  
It was cold, and the crystal seemed to light up intermittently.

In the darkness of the room, he sat on the bed holding the crystal in the palm of his hands, gazing at it.

Something inside him had changed, again.

There were two knocks on the door, which he opened.

“Hello” said the woman from the bar.

Eques Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
♫ 119 yf



## Fragments 125 - I

*Alchemical Season of Arcturus, 125 yf*

Dark Gate.

The Sunedrion begins. Only the few who have the courage to dare.

The transient forms. Satanism.

The sinister dialectic is the evaluation method for our short and long-term aims. Among other things, it is what distinctly distinguishes us from the plethora of pseudo-Satanists who now abound in a nominal “*occult brotherhood*”, one that some enjoy to define as such.

Culling. Opfers.

A gift for the Prince, or, according to Tradition, for She who rules this world we call Earth: Baphomet, our Dark and Violent Goddess!

Both these worthless dross and the forms and structures can be immolated and sacrificed to the Dark Gods. Further means to fulfil the work of our Prince.

So it was chosen, on this night full of terror.

Invoking an acausal force, directing it to break up that form and group, who, with their actions, have tried to undermine the sinister dialectic and the emergence of the New Aeon. A right Satanic punishment, and a warning to those who will come.

The first part of our secret and sinister magick. *Copula cum Daemone.*

The stone circle in the glade. Dark all around.

The Priestess holds the quartz crystal tetrahedron in her hands.

The Priest incenses with sulphur counter-clockwise and then puts both his hands on the crystal.

*Dies Irae, Dies Illa*

*Solvat Saeclum in Favilla*

*Teste Satanas cum Sibylla.*

*Quantos Tremor est Futurus*

*Quando Vindex est Venturus*

*Cuncta Stricte Discussurus.*

*Aperiat Strella et Germinet*

*Atazoth et Falcifer!*

The Sinister Chant echoes in the darkness.

A chthonic vibration of *Agios o Shaitan* begins and a darkness emerges from the crystal, entering and encircling the Priestess. The sexual union begins with darkness swirling in the air and lust makes part of the work. The Climax of the Priestess.

She, who is a Gate to Their world. *Shaitan!*

They all go.

The Priest stays until dawn.

The Sun appears slowly.

*Shugara* rises from the Nexion that was opened that night. The culling sigil burns while the Sun inflames the surrounding sky.

*Suscipe Shugara, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth.*

Nupus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
Arcturus Rising 125 yf

***The Sinister Tarot***



***Eques Sinemus, Secuntra Nexion, ONA, 117 yf***

## **Satanic Nazarenes**

### *A Death Bell*

It's an epidemic! Indeed a true pandemic, one initially originating from Amerika, and propagating in Europe. For several years this disease, which we term for simplicity's sake the “*Satanic Nazarene*”, has been spreading here in Italy.

We are talking about that disease which takes the form of a herd animal, which in Amerika is mostly known as a “*theistic satanist*”, though here called a “spiritual satanist”.

Almost all of these “*spiritual satanists*” are weak and dull individuals, despite the fine words that they sometimes use to describe themselves. They are nothing more than Nazarene dross dressed up in black, prostrating themselves – as is usual in the religious practice of any type – to a “*Being*” they have mistakenly called Satan. In their matrix of illusions, and on a childish spectrum of good and evil, their “*Satan*” would actually be closer to a commonly accepted “*good*” – a divinity personified with human features and characteristics, or form resurrected from a dead Aeon (e.g., *Sumerian, etc.*). This is not to mention one of the old and grotesque medieval forms – one lacking in *numinosity* and any real darkness, linked in form to causal, Jewish, and old Aeon influences. A kind of “*benevolent entity*” who was mostly subjected to a “*bad light*” over centuries.

They are slaves to ancient mythologies to say nothing of fanciful and utterly ridiculous abstractions about aliens and genetic alterations that are so in vogue these days.

More often than not, their practices contain a jumble of eastern pseudo-mysticism, superstition and Jewish *Qabalah*, along with excerpts of invocations extrapolated from grimoires of Jewish origin (*which are very dear to the old Aeon's current*). Armed with their Jewish grimoires, we hear of these “spiritual satanists” contacting demons as often and easily – all from the safety of their home. These pseudo-rituals rarely achieve anything meaningful or effective, other than reinforcing the sedated felicitations, childish abstractions, and pseudo-intellectual gymnastics of all involved. No direction, no Path leading to Adeptship and beyond, no real personal development.

Many of them view sex as something taboo, something antithetical to Satanism, and therefore castigate ceremonial practices such as the Black Mass or other forms of sexual magick, as if the ecstatic joy of sexual frenzy in a ritual environment were something regrettable. This is no surprise, given their affinity to the Nazarene religion. As the good sheep that they are, they are in fact aiding the current of the Nazarene/Magian distortion in the same way that worshippers of Yeshua do every day.

They love to create labels to define everything that does not fit into their Satanic sewer hole, one such term being “*acid satanism*”. This species of adolescent Satanism, born from weakness and a lack of self-control, eschews anything and everything that does not fit into its niche as “acid” – as not belonging to or affirming Satanism. This usually includes everything that is illegal, dynamic, involving action in the real world, real heresy, darkness, and opposition to what is accepted.

Far from the real darkness that Satan is, they utilize the dishonourable practice of reporting to the State – an impersonal entity for them to respect and obey – as well as those Satanists who stray so far from their standards that they are considered “*acid*”. Of course, this is a thinly veiled way of eliminating those who promote and embrace differing viewpoints.

They love to feel part of a “*satanic community*”, a flock of same kind. But as with all flocks (*qv. the Temple of Set and the Church of Satan*), sanctions are used to ostracise right and wrong types of behaviour, in addition to what is or is not considered true Satanism. This is a dog that scatters truth with its bark, constantly threatening expulsion from these corral-carousels at the first sign of anything resolute. When someone incites distance from the flock, they are removed.

They love the safety-net of their own ideas, and will play to satanism with their occult paraphernalia as long as no laws are broken. They take delight in prattling the “*objective*” and “*subjective*” in laborious discussions, trying desperately to pass satanism off as something acceptable – an acceptable religion. As muddled and fuddled as their ethical elixir is, they obsess over trying to get everyone to swallow it. Their prophetic proselytizing claims that this “religion”, with Satan as the origin of mankind, has a privileged position (*in much the same way that all monotheistic religions do*), often inventing all kinds of fanciful theories and childish myths to sustain their crumbling (*sand*) castle. Their talk of respect (*for people of their kind*), ethics, non-violence and morality, coincidentally this is a simple extension of the status quo, one in line with the current occupation regime.

They consider themselves “*spiritual warriors*”, fighting against an *obscurantist regime*, simply by sitting comfortably and safely in their own homes – playing the role of “*black wizard*” with their pseudo-rituals without any effect, except the continuous massage of their egos. No real action in the real world, no real dare, opposition, danger, heresy, disintegration of that regime, none of these. But rather, a silent subservience to the State and then to that regime that loudly they define *obscurantist*. Nothing more than mundane playing to satanism.

They take delight in adulating their shepherd – a slovenly scapegrace with little to no experience or knowledge of any kind. They speak of an “*individual path*”, and yet prostrate themselves at the sycophantic feet of anyone who claims to answer. Bawds of public recognition, they claim that their form of satanism is the only one that's right. They are obsessed with the Magian's 666 and they seek in Satan (*often unconsciously*) or in his female counterpart a sort of “*family*” who they have obviously never had, by adopting such an obvious psychological projection. They are slaves to the archetypes, who have never dealt with and which often they are completely unaware of.

The disease of the *Satanic Nazarene* has been aided by the ephemeral medium of the internet and its countless social networks. As “*keyboard warriors*”, these flashlight-suburbanites almost always lack real experience of the Sinister in the real world. In virtual space, their proliferations blow like the steam-engine of a stammering monkey. Rarely have they tried to understand the essence of the one they call Satan. His darkness, his dynamic and his evolutionary essence – that which is beyond all forms, be they esoteric, religious, political or otherwise – beyond the dualism of good and evil. The self-discipline, the Satanic Honour, and the need for both internal and external selective ordeals. The importance of direct and personal experience over the course of many years, in solitude and unaided (*pathei-mathos*). The importance of developing one's character and physique, in addition to the necessity of Presencing the Dark and performing acts of defiance in the real world striving to become like Satan.

With regard to understanding the ONA, then, who among these “satanists” has ventured to understand it? Who among them can see the **essence** beyond the trappings of the outer/exoteric forms that ONA adopt for its short and long-term aims? Who among them would dare to navigate the *Labyrinthos Mythologicus*, created by ONA through decades of experience within thousands of pages of its esoteric corpus?

But very little of this matters, “*Non generant aquilae columbas*”.

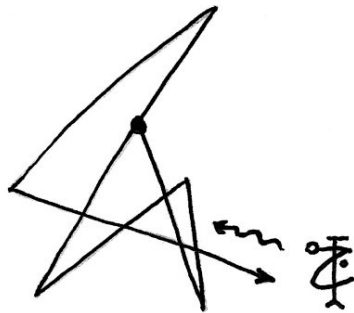
Perhaps a select few will have some potential after having discarded the myriad emotional crutches that, until now, have sustained their complacency while deeply adrift around fantasy-island of their satanic world. This will require a great effort and a significant degree of deep inner work that few are willing to face.

We, on the other hand, will continue to be amused with their clamouring proclamations, their internal disagreements and their reactions to the heretical ideas that the ONA promotes and which undermine the safety of their little satanic world. Some of them, perhaps, may also be suitable to become *opfers*, and then they will have, even if only for a moment, a chance to experience the true darkness that Satan is.

Given their lack of understanding (*whether esoteric or exoteric*) they will continue to brand us with their useless labels. Some of them will call us *criminals, terrorists, “acids”!*

Well then, we are the *Acid par excellence!* That caustic vitriol which corrodes all base matter. What disrupts the Homo Hubris!

In the end, like all the beasts from flock they are doomed to perish!



Equus Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
Italia, Deneb 124 yf

## **The Baeldraca's Roar**

Some Order MSS speak of “*a danger in coming in contact with a Sinister Initiate*”, but what does this mean?

The Seven-Fold Way is a means to become a nexion to the acausal, a gate to The Land of the Dark Immortals, and this requires a *conscious* integration of all those “dynamic” forces/energies known to us as the Dark Gods.

A Sinister Initiate is dangerous insofar as they have integrated and freed various forces/energies of a sinister/dynamic nature. They are dangerous in a practical way based on their way of life, as well as in more subtle and esoteric ways.

Indeed, the Sinister Initiate is a causal counterpart to the freed forces/energies/Dark Gods, and this leads them to a certain way of life, one that is in tune with the opened acausal flow. In case there are resistances and therefore the interruption of this acausal flow, the life of the Initiate almost certainly would start its disintegration. As a vortex of energy from the Abyss, the Sinister Initiate can therefore prove to be disruptive for those who interact with them, either directly or indirectly. It is no secret that the mundane serves as raw material for the Initiate to use and sometimes destroy or transmute for their short and long-term aims. It is not uncommon to see individuals in their vicinity go insane, or be devoured by obsession, disease and sometimes death.

There is no ritual of death here, but a wordless Magick/Curse.

*“With a glance I can strike you dead!”*

from “The Ceremony of Recalling”,  
ONA, *The Black Book of Satan I*

This is why it is useful and necessary to Presence the Dark at regular intervals – to continue flowing with the acausal flow summoned. When that dark, formless energy is released in the causal dimensions, it will produce changes in accordance with both its nature and the Wyrd of those who invoke it.

What has been sown must be reaped, or it will burn away with the Sun.

Eques Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
Mid-Summer 123 yf

## Nèkyia – Nigredo in the Seven-Fold Way

As has been written elsewhere, each of the seven stages that make up the occult path known as the Seven-Fold Way are characterized by a particular process or alchemical phase (*qv. Alchemical Process in Naos*). The first sphere, the Moon, for example, is Calcination. The second sphere, Mercury, is Separation, and so on and so forth. The particular process or alchemical phase is the essence that will be perceived and experienced in every Grade Ritual of every sphere. The first three phases of the septenary anodos (*tasks and ordeals respectively*) can be compared – in their entirety and through the language of alchemy – to a larger phase of *Nigredo*, which involves an internal and external immersion into the darkness of the individual living and performing *sinister* exeatic experiences.

*“Only by journeying through the darkness within us and without can we attain self-divinity and thus fulfil the potentiality of our existence.”*

ONA, *The Black Book of Satan I*, “The Sinister Creed”

The first three spheres and phases culminate in *Putrefactio*, experienced during the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept (*the forth of seven stages*). Here, the Ego dies and the Self takes over. An effective way of living and performing the aforementioned *sinister* exeatic experiences is through our extreme and dangerous form of Satanism. Through the experience of *Nigredo*, this “descent”, over many years (*qv. V.I.T.R.I.O.L.*), the life of the Initiate is altered by continuous change. Anguish, sadness, obsession, madness, and extreme joy and ecstasy are found at the threshold of these liminal experiences. A true internal and external immersion into darkness is required for the *Nigredo* to produce the desired results, obviously with a clear goal in mind. One must not give in to idle impulses. Their hands will be stained with blood. There will be perversions and violence; but if one survives after many years, the resulting *pathei-mathos* will be the key for transcending the “*sinister*” and living the “*numinous*” aspect of their self – one of *sinisterly-numinous* emanations, specifically (*qv. Internal Adept*). If one, in turn, survives the Crossing of the Abyss, they emerge through the genesis as a genuine Master or Mistress.

It should be noted that the term “*pathei-mathos*” signifies our esoteric ethos. As a banner for the Initiate of the Seven-Fold Way, it progressively acquires a more significant meaning as the septenary anodos becomes more demanding (*qv. Internal and External Adept and over*). As has been described in more detail:

*“The term pathei-mathos (πάθει μάθος) expresses the essence of the esoteric ethos of the Order of Nine Angles: the personal learning, by individuals, that often results from consciously undertaking practical exeatic experiences conventionally described as both ‘numinous’ and ‘sinister’.*

*Often simply translated as ‘learning from suffering’, the Greek term πάθει μάθος implies much more:*

- i. The Aeschylean term – in the context of the original Greek – imputes that πάθει μάθος is a new logos; that is, is a guide to individuals living in a way that is more reasonable than hitherto.*



- ii. *The Greek term πάθος imputes more than the English word ‘suffering’. For example, it means or can imply – depending on context – misfortune, or what befalls a person, or personal adversity.*
- iii. *Similarly, the Greek term μάθος means or can imply – depending on context – not ‘learning’ per se but acquiring knowledge or acquiring understanding or acquiring instruction or acquiring insight (qv Thucydides, 1.68). This insight is or can be an insight into the physis (Φύσις) of beings and of ‘things’, but is often an insight into one’s own physis.*

*Thus, a more accurate interpretation of the term πάθει μάθος is personal misfortune can be the genesis of insight.”*

ONA, *On The Esoteric Learning Presenced Through Pathei-Mathos*, MS

During my personal anodos along the Seven-Fold Way, a particular ordeal – as a compendium of my solitary approach to life – awakened unconscious elements that left me feeling overwhelmed and dejected, among other things. The *Nigredo* that I experienced was unquestionably powerful! For a year or more I lived in Hell, with all certainties and comforts swept away. What followed was a type of ascension, one with an alteration in awareness – a transmuting pathei-mathos. The unconscious must be integrated, and all projections withdrawn, prior to attempting the ordeal of Internal Adept. There, *Putrefactio* dissolves all constructs external to the individual.

What follows are a series of simple methods used to create self-discipline by throwing yourself into the abyss in order to recall your own Shadow [1]. It is a useful “psychological” part of Internal magick for the various practical and overtly magickal tasks that are expected during the first three stages of the alchemical process known as the Seven-Fold Way.

The best period to begin is the alchemical season that starts with the Autumn Equinox and ends with the Winter Solstice. If necessary, the alchemical season can be extended. These methods must be performed for at least three months. These tasks, in addition to the other corresponding requirements of the septenary anodos, must be completed during the stage of External Adept. It may in fact be carried out twice – once during the stage of Initiate, and once during the stage of External Adept (*possibly after pathworkings*).

- 1) **Remembrance:** Every day, as soon as you wake up and before you do anything else, analyse everything that you did the day before. Analyse actions and sensations in a detached manner. Then imagine the actions that you are going to perform throughout the course of the day.
- 2) **Invocation of Sorrow:** Every day, for a certain period of time (*ten minutes, and immediately following the Remembrance stage, for example*), get in a comfortable position, close your eyes, and begin to think about all of the things that cause you pain, all of your fears – in short, everything that you try to consciously avoid and forget while awake. Conscious volition is required to recall all of our painful memories. We must live them as if they were real. Do not fight any emotions that surface. If you want to cry, cry; if you want to scream, scream, and so on. At the end of the session stand up, wash your face and note the feelings that you experienced and what feelings will emerge during the day.

- 3) **Invocation of the Shadow:** Every evening, for a set period of time (*twenty minutes, for example, and possibly after sunset*), lie down and vibrate the word “Nox” nine times with your eyes closed. When you have concluded your vibrations, say the following: “*I invoke my Shadow!*” Relax and let any images from your unconscious flow through your mind. Try to observe rather than control them. At the end of the session, write down what you saw, heard and perceived. At the beginning of the second month and onwards, try to speak with your Shadow. From the third month onwards, after having understood what form your Shadow adopts, try to subsume it by visualizing it before you as you either gradually melt yourself into it, or try to devour it.
- 4) **Searching for the symbol:** *Invocation of the Shadow* sessions frequently generate archetypal images that contain hidden meanings. Using the associative method, and by searching for the symbol in various myths, cultures and cosmogonies, try to give a rational account of what you saw, heard and perceived. This process is the objectification of energies.
- 5) **Contemplation:** Every night, before going to sleep and weather permitting, lie down on the ground and contemplate the night sky and the stars, visualizing a bond that binds us indissolubly to Earth and the Heavens. When and where this is not possible, focus on the following sigil and try to perceive it three-dimensionally:



- 6) **Lesser Enantiodromia:** Whenever you are presented with a choice that generates internal conflict (*for both ordinary and serious matters*), consciously force yourself to behave differently from how you normally would. This process is often unsettling and internally violent, as it requires us to break deeply embedded patterns and mental façades on both a personal and social level.
- 7) **Lidagon:** Explore and develop your sexual dark side. This will involve dismantling sexual structures by living as your sexual opposite, in addition to undergoing experiences that conventional morality would define as perverse and objectionable. Importantly, the archetypes of Anima and Animus are involved here [1].
- 8) **The Fool:** Once a month, perform a deed that you would never do voluntarily. This act aims at breaking and reconditioning mental patterns and masks on both a personal and social level. Plan and act.
- 9) **Lesser Antinomy:** Every day, regardless of your social situation, consciously enact the role of adversary, be the same force that we call Satan. One example of this is to play the role of contrarian, debating and defending ideas with conviction, even when you know them

to be wrong or don't believe in them. Pay attention to the reactions of other people, as well as how their attitude towards you changes.

*“Confrontation with the shadow produces at first a dead balance, a standstill that hampers moral decisions and makes convictions ineffective or even impossible. Everything becomes doubtful, which is why the alchemists called this stage nigredo, tenebrositas, chaos, melancholia.”*

C. G. Jung, *Mysterium Coniunctionis*

*“Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbraeque silentes et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late, sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit numine vestro pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.”*

Virgil, *Aeneid*, “Liber VI”

Almost all of the small tasks mentioned above generate personal conflict and pain; but, if fully experienced, they can *transmute* us into something else. The tension that is created between opposites can lead to the birth of a *Tertium*, a new equilibrium that transcends opposites and expands individual consciousness. With constant practice, some of these tasks can be adopted as a way of life for the Initiate.

Forgetting is the hybris of man!

Eques Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

*Notes:*

[1] The integration of the archetype of the Shadow, followed by the integration of the archetype of Anima/Animus and of the Wise Old Man, is an essential process for achieving the stage that Jung describes as “individuation” (*qv. Internal Adept*).

Esoterically understood, an archetype is:

*“a particular causal presencing of a certain acausal energy and is thus akin to a type of acausal living being in the causal (and thus 'in the psyche'): it is born (or can be created, by magickal means), it lives, and then it 'dies' (ceases to be present, presenced) in the causal (i.e. its energy in the causal ceases).”*

## Return to Primeval

I'm on a train travelling through Italy to meet some clients for my mundane job. Out the window, I observe a meandering landscape with clusters of houses shrouded by trees. There and far away, amidst tirades of cement, a species in aimless frenzy caricatures itself as a pantomime of sheep: *Homo Hubris*.

I find myself walking through the same city that I was looking at through the window of the train. The Sun radiates its heat as the asphalt emanates an odious cocktail of vapour mixed with car fumes, feeding the gluttonous populace of the city daily. Like those who study animal species, I dissociate my causal being to observe *Homo Hubris* in its daily pursuit of nothingness.

The people poke blindly at their electronic fetishes, floundering like dead fish with their devices: mobile phones, smartphones, notebooks. The vastness of space and the scaffold of the sky hold no mystery for the dead sparks in their eyes. Their complacency lacks comfort; but, like a sponge, absorbs every negativity.

You need to go to the first floor? Don't go up seven steps, use the lift!  
You have to go buy milk, or your beer in front of your house? Don't walk one hundred meters, go by car! And so on to infinity.

The abstraction has taken precedence over life. Stupid social networks, stupid television, stupid everyday worries dictated by fashion of the moment. That grey abstraction, which absorbs the numinosity that may be inherent in some people. Aeroplanes that in just over an hour take you miles and miles away, into another country, losing the connexion with the land, with the effort, and thus with themselves.

A bastard species without spirit, capital consumption remains the law of the land. The Magian/Nazarene influence continues its abuse and dissemination of technology. These technological trends must be corrected. As the exoteric form of the current Aeon, they must be re-aligned with an aim towards "stellar colonization". Technology will lead the way, but not in its current state.

I, too, take these transports. I, too, use this technology, such as this computer to transcribe my thoughts. I, too, use a mobile phone, even though minimally, for running my mouth; it seems inevitable given the time and space in which we have our being, or not?

I think back to the days when Anton Long wrote MSS with his typewriter and pen. I think back to the task of finding them before the internet became commonplace. I think of that effort and the *pathei-mathos* that lead to new understanding and insight. I think of the challenge of survival and the joy of having survived another day while living at the thresholds of society.

Then my mind returns to the scum of *Homo Hubris*, why should we have pity for them? Pity for those who spread out and graze upon expanses of cement, pity for those that nourish the Magian/Nazarene distortion and abstraction; pity for those that have no manners, who are cowards, weak, without honour and spirit and who try to level all down to their own level, in opposition to that natural imperative which is the natural evolution of our species!

Why not use them as a raw material, cull them with joy, individually and en masse?  
Why not a Return to the Primeval?

A Gift for the Prince and for She who rules this world we call Earth!

*Suscipe Baphomet, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Satanas!*

Eques Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
Antares 122 yf

***Baphomet, The Dark Goddess***



***Eques Sinemus, Secuntra Nexion, ONA, 124 yf***

## Waiting for Arcturus

Darkness had crept behind the hills as we sat on a carpet of dead leaves. The Sunedrion had begun. As had been planned, the *Nigredo* of all associated had commenced with the rising of that particular alchemical season.

The Master of the Temple took one of their texts, breaking the silence as he began to read:

“Life culls – that is, the very process of human life on this planet, Earth, now and for Aeons past involves and involved some humans being preyed upon by others, usually because these other humans were driven by some instinct or some lust or some feeling that they could not control. In many ways, the development of human culture was part of the process that brought – or tried to bring – some regulation, a natural balance – to the process, generally because it was in the common interest (*the survival, the well-being*) of a particular ancestral or tribal community for a certain balance to be maintained: that is, for excessive personal behaviour to be avoided.

Whatever the actual genesis of natural justice, it was a feeling, an attitude, of only some – not all – humans. This feeling, this attitude, this instinct, this natural justice, was that some things – some types of behaviour and some particular deeds by humans – were *distasteful*: that is, not wrong or evil in any moralistic, dogmatic, modern manner, but just distasteful, disliked; that such behaviour or such deeds was *rotten*, and generally unhealthy, that is, not conducive to one’s well-being and so something to be avoided (*this sense of personal distaste, of something gone rotten, or bad, is the correct the meaning of the word κακός in Hellenistic culture*).

This personal distaste for certain types of human behaviour was the attitude of those whom we may call noble by nature, in terms of personal character, and those who possessed this taste (*for natural justice and this dislike of rotten humans*) were almost always in a minority. [...]

For Aeons, there was a particular pattern to human life on this planet: small ancestral and tribal communities, led and guided by an aristocracy, who often squabbled or fought with neighbouring or more distant communities, and which aristocracy was quite often overthrown or replaced, usually by one person who was far less noble (*often ruthless and brutal*) and whose rule lasted for a while – or was continued for a while by their descendants – until that less noble person, or their equally ignoble descendants, were themselves defeated, and removed, and the natural aristocracy restored. In other words, individuals of noble instincts dealt with, and removed, individuals of rotten character. [...]

Given this pattern of slow evolution toward more nobility – and of a return to a natural balance which is inherent in this evolution – a certain wisdom was revealed, a certain knowledge gained. [...]

This wisdom concerned our human nature, and the need for nobility (*or excellence, arête, ἀρετή*) of personal character. This received wisdom was:

- (1) that natural justice, and the propensity for balance – the means to restore balance and the means of a natural, gradual, evolution – resides in *individuals*;
- (2) that natural justice, and the propensity for balance, was preferable because it aided the well-being and the development of communities; and
- (3) that nobility of individual character, or a rotten nature, are proven (*revealed*) by deeds, so that it is deeds (*actions*) and a personal knowing of a person which count, not words.

Or, expressed another way, ancestral cultures teach us that our well-being and our evolution, as humans, is linked to – if not dependant upon – individuals of noble instincts, of *proven* noble character, and thence to dealing with, and if necessary removing, individuals of rotten character. Hence, that a type of natural culling was desirable – the rotten were removed when they proved troublesome or became a bad influence, and were seen for what they were: rotten. [...]"

Darkness had taken over, the only remaining light being that of the red glare of the lanterns. The Mistress of the Earth looked at all of the members, and, elaborating on what the Master of the Temple said, she began to read from the collection of their most controversial and secret MSS:

“In genuine Satanism [*primal Satanism*] sacrifice is accepted, and indeed necessary. In former times, it involved both animal and human sacrifice. Today, however, it involves human sacrifice only – since there are an abundance of suitable specimens, due to the increase in human dross.

Sacrifice is accepted Satanic practice for several reasons. First, it is a test of Satanic character – to kill someone on the personal level (*e.g. with one's own hands*) is a character building experience, and today enables various skills to be developed (*e.g. cunning in execution and planning*). Second, it has magickal benefits. Third, it sorts the imitation or toy Satanists out from the genuine – the former find excuses and usually retreat to their comfy, intellectualised world of playing at ‘Satanic roles and rituals’, or they are genuinely horrified and expose themselves for what they are – gutless cowards who lack Satanic darkness.

However, as explained elsewhere, genuine Satanic sacrifice is always done for a reason – a calculating purpose. It is never strictly personal – i.e. it does not arise from any desire which is personal, whether unconscious or not. [...]

The word 'opfer' generally refers to the sacrifice that occurs – symbolic or otherwise – during certain rituals. There are, generally, two types of opfer: (1) associated with rites to open a nexion (*or 'Star Gate'*), between Aeons – when such an opfer(s) is considered necessary in terms of the 'energy' required; (2) those associated with traditional beliefs regarding the 'working of the cosmos'. (*'Opfers' associated with death rituals form a third type*). [...]

As has been written – opfers are human culling in action. That is, Satanic sacrifice makes a contribution to improving the human stock: removing the worthless, the weak, the diseased (*in terms of character*). Naturally, this culling occurs on a somewhat larger scale by using magickal means to direct/influence/control events in real time (*i.e. in the causal*) and so produce historical change (*war/strife/struggle/revolution and so on*) than it does by choosing a specific opfer and executing an act of sacrifice. [...]



Opfers are not chosen at random – they are always carefully selected, then judged, then tested. The actual act – be such a ritual or a practical act (*such as an assassination*) – is never done for any personal reason. That is, it never arises out of personal emotions or from personal desires. Instead, the act is supra-personal – done with a Satanic judgement and a Satanic detachment arising from both sinister knowledge (*e.g. of Aeonics*) and direct knowledge of the character or actions of the victim. The act itself and the prior judgement as to the suitability of the victim or victims is often communal – involving a Temple/group and thus a participation which enables a reasoned and balanced assessment by those participating. [...]

The use of victims by Satanists has been misunderstood. Victims are always carefully chosen following an assessment and judgement of them (*usually by a Master or Lady Master*) – the victims stands revealed by their deeds and their life. The victims are then tested (*usually three times*) to give them an opportunity to show potential and reveal their true nature – that is, they are given a sporting chance. Only after these tests have confirmed their suitability – their defective nature – will they become victims. Hence, Satanic victims can never be children: all victims must have done something which reveals their defective nature. This ‘doing’ is always of a certain type: it reveals them for what they are, generally worthless scum whose culling, for example, benefits evolution. That is, the actions/life of the chosen victim are indicative of weakness – of all those traits of character which genuine Satanists despise. Things such as cowardice, treachery, sycophancy, fear, bullying, lack of self-control ...

Hence, there is no such thing as an ‘innocent’ Satanic victim: the victims of Satanic acts get what they deserve. Victims are thus instruments of Satanic change – raw material which the novice uses (*and often disposes of*) to learn from.”

And so it was decided by all of the associates. Culling through the Ritual of Death!

The Autumn Equinox was over, and all of the members of the Nexion were still imbued with the energy that had possessed them within the shrine of the mountain that night. Their magick, known as *Copula cum Daemone*, had transformed them into a vehicle that presented the terrible acausal energy that they had dared to summon.

Thus decided, *Shugara* was called back to the consciousness of everyone several days later, over the course six nights. Clearly noticeable in all of them, their lives were changing once again.

The Sun had set and the Temple was filled with fumes of musk that saturated the air. The Priestess was naked and lying on the altar. The Mistress of the Earth, having just begun her red flow, was with her. With her hands, as smooth as porcelain, she began to shape the effigy. Once completed, it was placed on the Priestess' womb, designating the birth to come. A link with the offer in question was thus created via the acausal matrix that binds all living beings.

Thirteen tolls sounded.

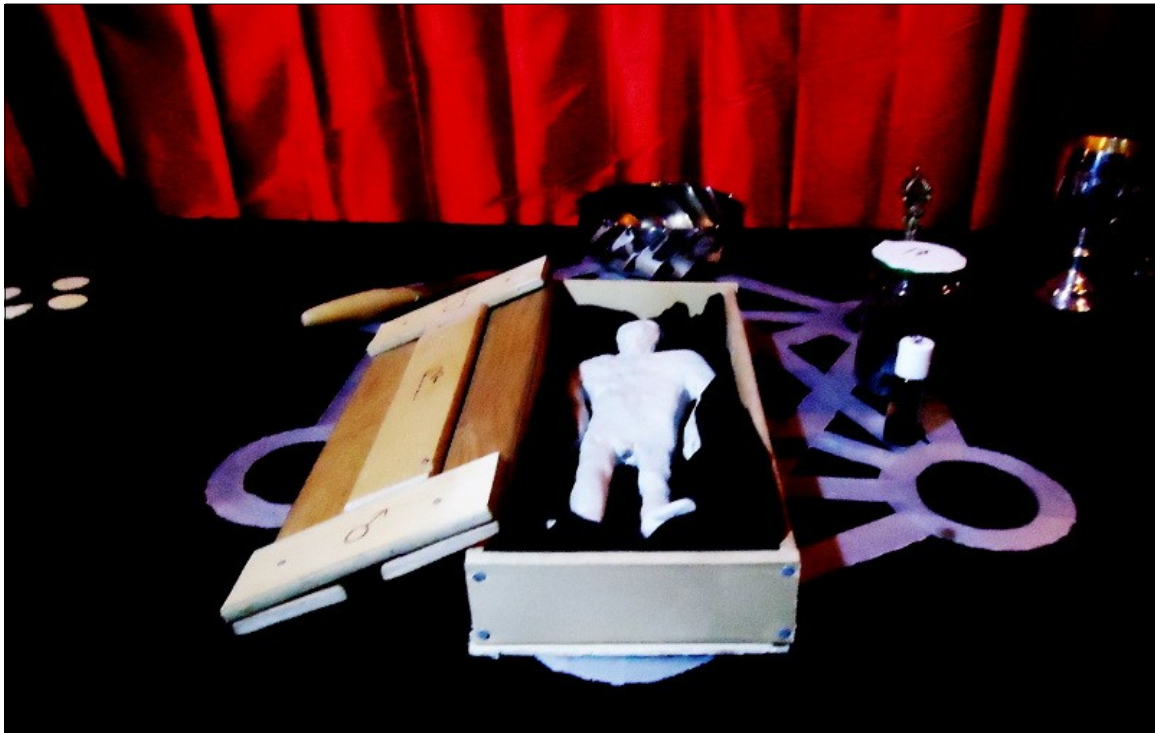
The Master of the Temple led the congregation in front of the altar. The musick was slow and deep. The climax of the Rite and the chant, *Agios Alastoros*, rang throughout the building. An atavistic darkness rose, ready to banquet its chosen offer.

Rain continued to fall as the wind moved in the distant trees. Arcturus would soon rise, announcing

the coming of the Sun. A pit had been dug, and silence fell on the hill at that rural edge of the land. The dark and the grey formed a frame around the sky.

The Mistress of the Earth placed a wooden coffin with the effigy inside at the bottom of the pit, and covered it with soil. Her words broke the silence: “[omissis] you are dead, now, killed by our curse”. With this, the Master concluded, “*Suscipe Baphomet, munus quod tibi offerimus memoriam recolentes Atazoth*”.

A banquet began. As a community, all of the associates celebrated the culling with joy, knowing that they had done the work of their Prince.



Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
126 yf

## The Fool

After planning for a few weeks, today was the day that I decided to give shape to my thoughts. I laced up my Doc Martens, put on my black bomber jacket and shaved my head again.

It took a few hours by train to reach the large Italian city. The Paris attacks on the thirteenth of November had recently passed, leaving their mark as a palpable, plebeian threat, lingering in the air. An invisible threat that could catch *ex abrupto* these plebs.

This was my second task of this type. The first, having taken place a month prior, came with real danger in the real world. Having tested me, it aroused something transformative and interesting. My present task was to play the role of a political extremist in “hostile” territory, the aim of which was to spread a climate of fear and intolerance – one that was beginning to take form in the West at this time. As has been said of *The Fool* ordeal:

*“once a month you will perform a deed which we would never do voluntarily. This act is aimed at breaking your own mental patterns/masks, both personal and social. Plan and act.”*

Secuntra Nexion, ONA, *Nèkyia – Nigredo in the Seven-Fold Way*

It had now been a long time since my *Insight Role*, where I lived as an extreme right-wing political activist for about two years. These were very intense years, during which I presenced the sinister without ritual and without occult paraphernalia. My perspective had changed, and my previously direct approach had transformed into something more introspective, in a work more “behind the scenes”. The manipulation had become more subtle and the audacity and arrogance of that age were transmuted into a more controlled approach and in some ways a more scholarly approach over matter. Wear those clothes again anyway had its effect. As well as in the past the warrior archetype had awakened.

The neighbourhood was full of immigrants – a neighbourhood ghetto, *par excellence*. I was the only white male in the area, walking defiantly and ready to instigate a fight with the local Muslims. As I approached the entrance of a store, I noticed two men sitting in religious regalia. I shoved them and threw the objects outside of the store. Stupefied, they did not react, attempting to appease my aggression. I continued for two hours with my attempt to instigate people in that neighbourhood ghetto, and no one attempted to intervene.

A group of street vendors saw me and attempted to run away. I tried to follow them. Still, no one intervened.

I reflected on the arrogance of what I was doing – judging without personal knowledge of an individual or their actions. As I beat a Muslim into a wall and threw his taqiyah to the ground, spewing hateful words and insults loud enough for all bystanders to hear, I reminded myself that you often have to dirty your hands to achieve bigger goals.

Despite the neighbourhood being full of immigrants, no one attempted to stop me. The police arrived later with sirens blaring, though not because of me.

Terror to generate a reaction; terror to plant a seed.

After a couple of hours, I decided that I had had enough and left the neighbourhood.

In the same city and in a “hostile” zone, someone else from our group would appear somewhere else, shape-shifting in the appearance of a Muslim, Koran in hand, preaching the superiority of Islam.

Nupus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
126 yf

***Spreading Mythos***



***Training: China, TM, ONA, 125 yf***

## Opening Wide The Abyss

Although my first encounter with the Seven-Fold Way occurred under circumstances that a mundane might describe as random and seemingly unconnected, their pattern revealed some consistency – at least in my mind. Most people tend to ignore the symbols and signs that continually overwhelm us; those that we are unable to recognize. Impulses, feelings and inclinations that instinctively lead toward a particular path all play a role in forming this myopic lens, one often clouded by laziness and abulia. After having established my first contact, what I saw and felt appeared unfiltered in another aspect, speaking to me in a fluid language, pure and familiar. It took time to overcome the doubt and resistance generated by my rational unconscious. This involved fighting one's ego, stripping it of all the prejudices and false moral remnants that had accumulated over the years, forming chasms of cowardice and credibility. The resulting *Nigredo* was devastating. As I consciously fell into the Abyss, new levels of perception – and a new conduit of “common-sense” – emerged as an epiphany of what relates us to the world.



*(Psychic Pressure, Temple's Antechamber)*

Even our inner demons take on different features, communicating with a different intensity, nestled in a vast acausal framework. Direct experience and the use of aeonic energies combine well

internally to form an individual of sinister character, one disciplined and broken through the catalyst of suffering. The path outlined will therefore seem arduous and discouraging at times. It takes time, patience and above all dedication – qualities that, especially at the initial stage, are often insufficient to sustain both the power of the forces evoked, and the weight of living dangerously, always at the threshold of what one can endure. If one is unable to embrace the dark and numinous presences that emerge by way of direct experience, it is likely that he or she will be destroyed. The spectre of madness and psychological loss looms constantly around the corner.

With mixed feelings and well aware of the risks, I decided to join my companions on the path. These events catalysed my life, taking me away to an unknown and sometimes hostile territory. In celebration of my Initiation, I left from my recent residence in Northern Europe to get back in the fatherland. It was at precisely that moment that I received an initial response from my unconscious – clear, unambiguous and especially powerful, one able to wipe out that whole plethora of quirks that undermined my convictions with the same blinding fury of lightning.

There were answers from within, as well as many external confirmations. There is a point where signals become irrefutable, a point where no physical distance can interfere with the desire and fulfilment of the work at hand. After several months, subsequent events permitted me to return to my brothers and sisters, further validating the aforementioned reinforcement of the bond and common purpose that originally brought us together.

Azanya  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

## Hibernum

As agreed, we went to the chosen place of our celebration. Having carefully studied the terrain for several weeks prior, a specific place was identified as the most suitable location for our purpose.

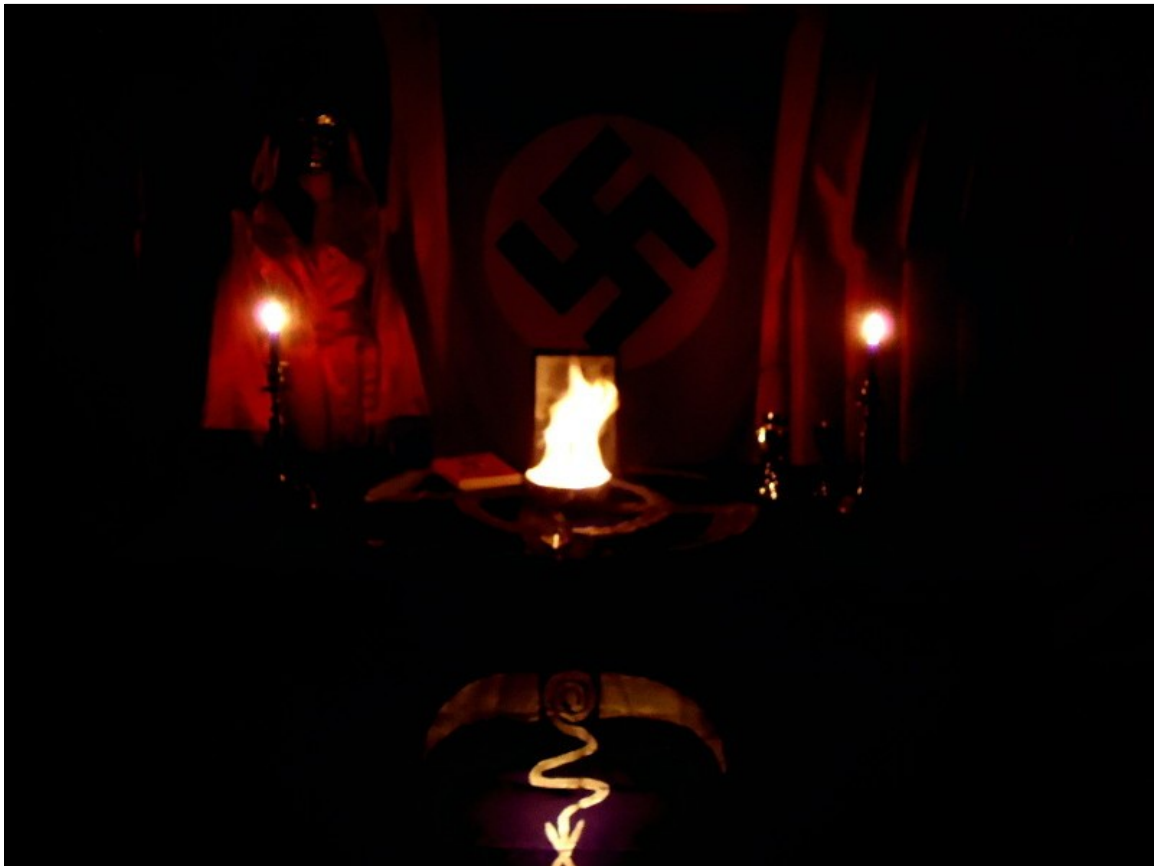
The chosen location was a quiet valley intersected by a small muddy river – a glassy glade surrounded by hills with dense woods. A small town appears from behind the hills.

Certain trees revealed a glimpse of the grassy glades as we made our way to the location.

We began walking the short distance that separated us from the secluded area. The tangle of roots and muddy ground made it difficult to walk as we traversed the path beside the small river.

Having arrived, we settled next to a large open glare through the trees. We used a suitable shrub as an altar, hanging our banner and a portrait of the Führer on its short, thorny branches. We placed red lanterns, incense and various items for the rite at the bottom of the shrub. They were protected from the wind, but not from the high humidity that impregnated the air and ground.

We proceeded with the first phase of our celebration: the Mass of Heresy.





As we turned towards the flag bearing the immortal symbol of the Svastika, a rhythmic and epic military song accompanied our silent contemplation. In homage to the altar effigy, we bowed and declaimed our Creed:

*We believe  
Adolf Hitler was sent by our gods  
To guide us to greatness.  
We believe in the inequality of races  
And in the right of the Aryan to live  
According to the laws of the folk.  
We acknowledge that the story of the holocaust  
Is a lie to keep our race in chains  
And express our desire to see the truth revealed.  
We believe in justice for our oppressed comrades  
And seek an end to the world-wide  
Persecution of National-Socialists.*

*We believe in the Magick of our wyrd  
And curse all who oppose us.  
We express our pride in the great achievements  
Of our race  
And shall not cease from striving  
Since we believe the destiny  
Of our noble Aryan race lies among the stars!*

The musick stopped. In silence, we honoured the memory of our fallen comrades, soon joined by the pulse of drums, played by the group's Cantor. Mead was consumed from a chalice, passed around to each member of our group. With outstretched right arms of pride and imperious will, each sip was followed by an emphatic "Sieg Heil!" to the Führer. The excited tones of our festive celebration attracted the attention of dogs, whose barks resounded in the air. Surrounded, and with dogs only a few kilometres away, our words and declamations fell upon the most distant houses. The surrounding vegetation only amplified our celebratory cacophony, defying the law of the mundane with our heresy.

The second phase now began – a seasonal ritual marking the Winter Solstice.

We turned to the West, the winter cosmic quadrant. Impressing a holy sigil in the air with his stick, the Master shouted "*Agios o Lucifer!*" In unison, and after weeks of preparation, we began to intone the Esoteric Chant of the Mercury sphere, generating a powerful wall of sound. The Master and Mistress were placed in the centre of our congregation, vibrating "*Atazoth*" and turning counter-clockwise until exhausted. A tetrahedron – the channel, grounding and dark vortex for all coalescing energies – was held within the hands of our Mistress. Standing still next to the Master and Mistress, the Cantor continued the incessant pulse of the drum, accompanying the rite with a violence that disturbed the silence of the valley.

The Master and Mistress began to vibrate "*Nythra Kthunae Atazoth*", visualizing a cosmic tear of the Nexion opening and filling the air with dark matter from the acausal plane. After uttering the words of power, "*Binan Ath Ga Wath Am*", the widening of the Nexion ceased, leaving in its wake a stable gate, opened wide – a bridge to both the Earth and our circle. The Master proceeded by chanting the "*Diabolus*" and the "*Chant of Atazoth*". A shapeless mass began to descend on the

Earth, filling us with energy from its violent stream. The Cantor stopped drumming. In the silent air of night, the congregation placed their hands on the tetrahedron – a receptacle of the Dark – trying to absorb the writhing, shapeless mass, filling both mind and body with torsions of Darkness

In unison, and as a conclusion to our ceremony, we charged the symbol of our Tradition with a final chant: “*Aperiatu r Terra et Germinet Atazoth*”.

Whosoever undertakes this Way must remember that there is a possibility of death and destruction in every calculated, voluntary act. One often jeopardizes their life and sanity on the path to supra-personal Dark forces, to learn and to dare.

The aforesaid events marked an important moment of pathei-mathos. With the disintegration of personal constructs and the collapse of surrounding reality, one can intimately feel the effects of something esoteric – something experienced and verified first-hand by each associate of the Nexion.

Nythra  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
A 126 yf

## Days of Solitude

Thunder rumbled in the sky and shook the earth.

I awoke to the sound of dropping rain falling on the sides of my tent. The grey air gave the terrain a deeper sense of isolation. The surrounding stream continued to flow and murmur. I tried to rekindle the dead fire in order to eat before the rain began pouring down. There were many tall beech trees and noises from within the forest, all of which pulsated with life. I lost sight through the leafy fronds of the trees, and began to think of the being that visited me in my dreams the night prior. Like a dragon, it opened its foreboding mouth and shouted at me. Incarnated in another body, I took an amulet from my neck and placed it before him. Then I awoke.

This was an ideal place to refine my chanting and read. All around, I experienced a deep empathy with primal nature, far removed from “civilization”, with its noises and hubris.

Darkness was approaching, and a storm drew near. I stood staring at the feeble flame before returning to the tent. A storm erupted. Rain fell heavily as I heard the thunder in the distance. Like a river, the rain engulfed miles of wild and remote forest. I rested inside the tent for several hours. The rain continued, and soon began to flood my tent.

Darkness came. The rain finally stopped.  
I went outside with my quartz tetrahedron. It was cold.

I sat near the extinguished fire. While looking at the tetrahedron, I began to chant *Agios o Baphomet*, followed by the *Diabolus*, seven times. Everything around me began to dissolve like dust scattered to the wind, revealing what lay beyond Nature

I bow to the North.

For a brief moment, the **awareness** of the acausal ...

Equus Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
2nd August 119 yf

## Fragments of a Magickal Diary

### Dark Pathway VI



5th November 116 yf



*Azanigin* /  $\bar{2}$  (e)

I took a bath and went to the altar room. A strong smell of mixed Petriochor and Ash washed over me.

I covered my body with the oils of the Pathway's planets. In my black robe, I lit candles of the two planetary colours. I took deep breaths while concentrating on Atu X of the Sinister Tarot.

I began vibrating the name of the Dark God. At the end of the fourth vibration, I felt an alteration in my consciousness. I saw that the Atu had changed. Having completed the eleventh vibration, I took more deep breaths, and continued to visualize the Dark God's sigil on the card.

I began a counter-clockwise dance while continuing to vibrate the name of the Dark God. The dance sped up until the frenzy caused me to fall to the ground. I vibrated the name of the Dark God with all the breath in my body, and then called her to appear. I immediately felt electrical energy in my hands and, soon afterwards, in my legs. The visions began.

I saw two wights in black hooded robes, both kneeling and facing each other. The one on the left seemed to make signals with his hands to his partner, while the one on the right appeared to lean on a rod held in his right hand, keeping his left arm outstretched upwards. Above them, I saw an altar made of stone – a sharp-cornered semicircle. Above it, there was something that I could not discern at first, but which later became clear. A woman's body wrapped in a translucent white cloth, was lying on the altar. She was dead. After a flash of lighting and behind the altar, I saw the silhouette of a man who soon after became a face, as if watching over the body on the altar. A hole in the ground emerged in place of the figure holding the rod, one which seemed to pulsate and change shape – from round to square, and then back again. After some time, a figure with a black hooded robe came out of the chasm, standing in front of the entrance. All of a sudden, he turned towards the hole and disappeared inside of it. Other creatures followed him, all wearing hooded black robes.

I got up from the ground and began to turn clockwise, rejoicing.

I concluded the working by bowing to the North, in accordance with Tradition.

*Agios Azanigin*

Equus Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

## Dark Pathway II

(*Anima et Animus*)



20th January 118 yf

Nythra / ☽(♀)

I took a ritual bath. The water was warm and included the two planetary oils. My partner waited for me in front of the altar, holding the quartz tetrahedron with both hands. I wore my black robe and stood on the right. I placed both of my hands on the crystal as we began to vibrate the name of the Dark God, visualizing the corresponding sigil within the tetrahedron, projecting our vibration.

Our voices merged, and the vibration was powerful. With the start of our seventh vibration, I began to see the energy from the tetrahedron propagate like bright filaments. My consciousness began to alter.

After a clockwise dance, we fell to the ground and screamed the obscure name of the Dark God, visualizing the sigil on the altar. We closed our eyes and laid on the ground.

I saw a black Sun setting, surrounded by a reddish incandescence. I had a physical sensation, as if I were lying on the top of a hill, observing the night sky. I didn't see stars. The sky appeared to be starless. All of a sudden, a small bright point punctured the sky: a star. It disappeared immediately after. I saw an arched portal with two bright shapes at its entrance. They were similar to men with faded, misty profiles. A man at the entrance of a cave appeared before me. There were indistinct figures, overcast like fog, twirling in the dark. Cosmic winds were whirling in the darkness. On the top left, dark matter began to form a black hole. From the bottom right, a blurry white mist rose, entering the black hole. My stomach began to burn. The black hole continued to swallow indistinct white figures, like fog. One last star appeared, then disappeared.

Opening my eyes, I saw myriad stars on the room's ceiling. In the centre of the ceiling, I saw a square shadow. I felt something touch my left foot. I then saw something coming out of the tetrahedron on the altar, rising upwards. We got up, and concluded the working according to Tradition.

When the Rite was finished, we extinguished the candles and sat on the floor in the dark. An electric energy crawled up from my body and paralysed one of my legs. I saw something glowing in the dark, in addition to hazy figures above the altar. Above it, a sphere of radiating light appeared, whose centre seemed to contain two flames. The sphere had the consistency of a glowing mist, and was clearly visible to me alone. As its light began to diminish and eventually disappear, we turned the lights on.

Nythra appeared, and we are no longer the same!

*Agios Nythra*

Equus Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

## Aryan Remembrance Day

9th November 119 yf

Black bomber jacket, pants and boots.  
I went out to buy food to celebrate the last part of the ceremony.

The incense of Mars and the flag behind the altar gave me a sense of destabilization.

Heil Hitler!

Today, on 9 November, the year 119 of our Hitlerian era ...  
I performed the Mass of Heresy.

Filaments of energy appeared during the second vibration of *Agios o Falcifer*. When the vibration was completed, I took the flag behind the altar and kept it raised with a stick.

In the dark room, the March of Silence filled the air, after which I lowered the flag. A shiver ran throughout my body. Horst Wessel's song resounded in the air, which I followed with a waving of the svastika.

The latest paramilitary addition to the ceremony aroused strong sensations, awakening feelings of pride and respect, bringing me back to 9 November 1923 ev. I reflected on how it will be difficult for there to be a rebirth of National Socialism in Europe without changing its external form.

Some comrades of the political party I joined for my *Insight Role* are now celebrating under my advice a "purged" version of the Mass of Heresy, one lacking clear Occult elements. As a guide, they used a collection of texts that we translated by Reichsfolk and named *Il Modo di Vivere Ariano* (*The Aryan Way of Life, ndt*), assembled and distributed clandestinely.

The following night, I dreamt of two eagles screaming outside of my window. In the dream, I went outside and noticed that the one on my left was great and beautiful. After returning to my room, I saw that someone had closed the shutters on the window. One of the eagles clung to them, and I could see its claws. I was in a small town, hiding and looking for a gun. A war appeared to be going on. For some reason my family died in the end, probably killed by soldiers.

I learned later that an acquaintance of mine had killed himself during the performance of the Rite. His life was comparable to our definition of an offer.

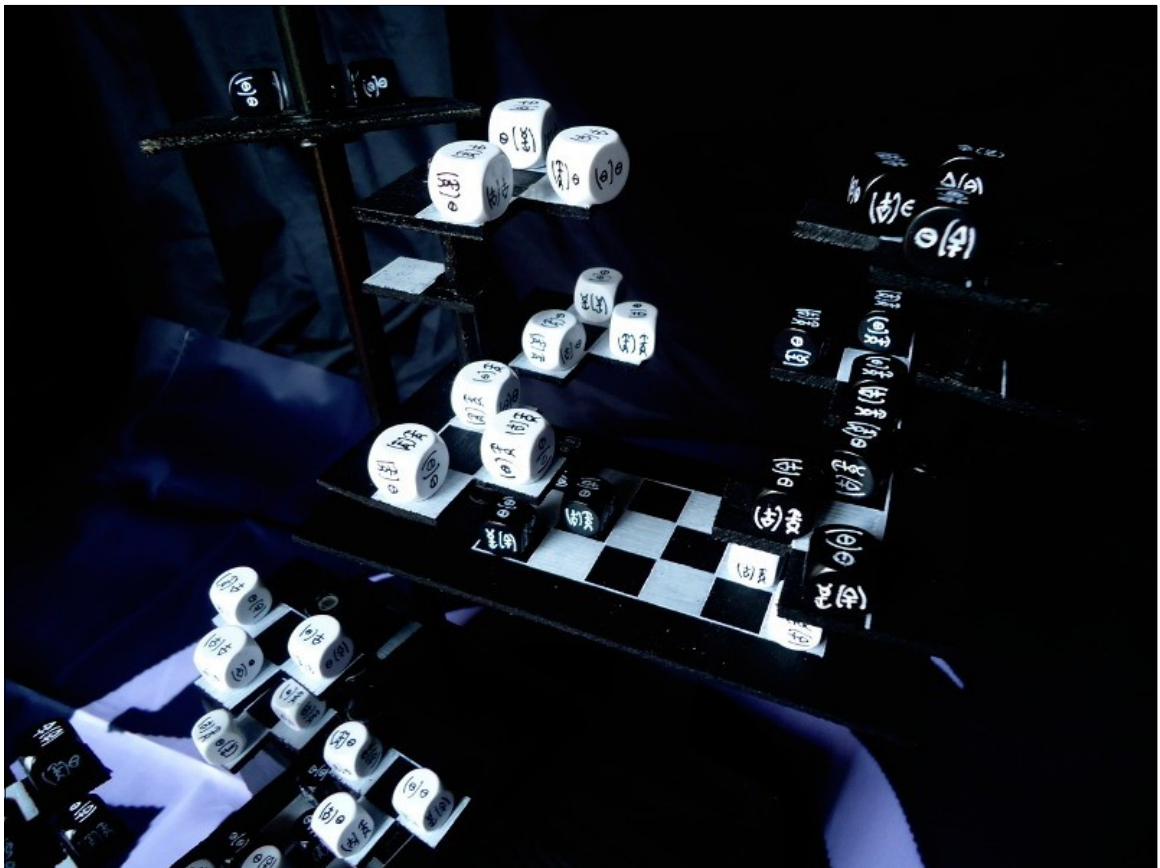
Eques Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

## The Esoteric Star Game – Hyle

One of the ONA's esoteric aims – an aim insisted on as conducive to our progress in this century and beyond – is the playing and development of the Star Game. It is available in three forms. The Simple form of the Game appeared for the first time in the *Book of Wyrd (1984 ev.)*. It consists of one board with four levels (*18 pieces and 38 squares*). The Septenary (*or training*) form consists of seven boards with one level (*54 pieces and 126 squares*). The Advanced form, which represents the full version of the Game because it re-presents the Septenary System in its entirety, consists of seven boards with four levels each (*90 pieces and 308 squares, with a different series of additional pieces*). Both the Septenary and Advanced forms are described in *Naos (1989 ev.)*.

The Star Game is a complete way of working with the three forms of magick described by the ONA: Internal, External and Aeonic. Internal Magick changes the individual internally by way of the development of acausal-thinking. External Magick manipulates the individual's psyche by altering a representation of it. This is affected by moving particular pieces to certain boards during the Game. Aeonic Magick affects a representation of a given Aeon or existing civilization through the placement and movement of certain pieces on certain boards. The main goal of the Star Game, or rather of the Advanced (*aka Esoteric*) form, is the development of acausal-thinking. The construction of the Advanced form requires the development and refinement of specific practical and manual skills – skills that are often the prerogative of a craftsman. In order to produce affective results – those aimed at changing the player (*the Initiate*), and resulting in insight – one must learn to think in symbols, thereby “seeing” connections between things. To this end, the Star Game must be played on a regular basis for many years, both individually and with a partner. This is in addition to other esoteric techniques, such as Esoteric Chant.







An important element of the Star Game is the interaction that takes place via the acausal-thinking through the player (*the alchemist*) with the alchemical substances (*salt, mercury and sulphur*). These are symbolized by the pieces of the Game in their tripartite form. In addition to the meaning of the pieces conferred prior to the start of the Game (*e.g., psychological levels, stages of civilization: Spring, Summer, Imperium, etc.*), the pieces re-present the nine angles, and therefore a gate – a nexion to the acausal.

Each board of the Advanced form by its nature is a small Tree of Wyrd. The levels of each board represent the ☉, ☽ and ♀ aspects, respectively. Thus, level 1 represents ☉, levels 2a and 2b represent ☽, and level 3 represents ♀. The movement of the pieces above or below these levels represents acausal or “alchemical” time of Change. Every tripartite Septenary Sphere (*qv. Naos*), in addition to their corresponding archetypes, can therefore be represented by an appropriate board in the Game. For example, the Mercury Sphere corresponds to Arcturus; the archetypes Loki and Hermes; the evolution of said archetypes as the Fool, Change and the Tower; the forces and energies of Ga Wath Am, Nekalah, Abatu, and the like.

During a magickal use of the Star Game (*i.e., when one wants to work with it for the purposes of External or Aeonick magick*), and when one plays either individually or with others belonging to the same tradition (*where the goal of the working is usually the same*), it may be helpful to apply a rule to avoid conscious and unconscious influences, with respect to the outcome of the Game or working. Each player closes their eyes and sequentially picks a piece from the bag that contains the black and white pieces. This occurs prior to the start of the Game. The colour of the piece drawn indicates the colour that the player will play. (*In cases where players draw the same colour, the process is repeated.*) The intent of the working is written on a piece of paper or parchment. The opposite intent is written on another piece of paper or parchment. For example, “aiding the forces of the Imperium” is written on the first piece of paper or parchment, while “countering the forces of Imperium” is written on the second. The pieces of paper or parchment are then turned upside-down and mixed around. Each player then draws another piece from the bag. If both players draw a different colour (*where one player draws white, and the other black*), then the player who gets the piece of the same colour that starts the game places it on top of one of the upside-down pieces of paper or parchment. If instead the colours drawn are identical (*black and black, or white and white*), the procedure repeats. The other player places the piece that they drew on the remaining piece of paper or parchment. The Game then begins. This way, each player will strive with the same enthusiasm to achieve an aim revealed only after the Game is completed. It is therefore possible for a game to counteract the originally intended outcome of a working. This random or unconscious aspect (*qv. Abyss*) favours the “numinosity” of the working.

Equus Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

## Physical Training

The physical ordeals of the Seven-Fold Way are difficult. They require training hard, overcoming one's physical and mental limits and tempering one's character. What follows is a brief summary of the training that I underwent, the goal of which was to reach our standards of excellence. These include:

*(for men) (a) walking 32 miles. in hilly terrain, in under 7 hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs. (b) running 26 miles in 4 hours; (c) cycling 200 or more miles in 12 hours; (for women) the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking 27 miles in under 7 hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running 26 miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling 170 miles in 12 hours.*

### **16/09/125 yf**

I worked all day. It was hot outside. First training session began at 4:00 pm. First km/4 minutes, then the other in about 6 minutes. **5 km/27 min.** It was still too hot. The shoes did their job.

### **18/09/125 yf**

Breakfast. I worked and then went. Began at 11:00 am. On average 1 km/5 min., 5 km/28 min., **7 km/40 min.** I heard thunder approaching at the start of the sixth km. It started raining at the start of the seventh km and got cooler. I tried running without going to the steep slope. The shoes did their job.

### **19/09/125 yf**

I got up early to attend to some business matters. Began at 11:30 am. 5 km/28 min., 9 km/52 min., **10 km/63 min.** I finished the last kilometre walking. It was cloudy. Then the Sun came out, and without wind the heat was unbearable. I had to run first. It's nearly impossible to run continuously without a break.

### **23/09/125 yf (Autumn Equinox)**

There were no work concerns today. I ate breakfast and drank a lot. Began at 11:30 am. 5 km/28 min., 10 km/60 min., 12 km/72 min., **13 km/84 min.** I walked the last kilometre. I didn't even feel the first five kilometres. I started feeling them around the seventh. It was hot when the Sun was out. It's better now. I tried to focus on the goal, but not obsessively. I tried to distract myself by thinking about something else.

### **25/09/125 yf**

Usual breakfast. Work. Beginning at 11:30 am. 5 minutes of stretching at home before going. 5 km/28 min., **10 km/57 min**. Then I made 5 repetitions of 100 meters at full speed.

The sky was cloudy, and the air was cool. Then rain came. I was completely drenched, and think I should cover myself next time. I did not feel fatigued.

### **26/09/125 yf**

Usual breakfast. 5 minutes of stretching at home before I left. Began at 11:00 am.

The Sun was out, and the air was cool. 5 km/28 min., **10 km/58 min**. Then I decided to run the half marathon. By the thirteenth kilometre onward I started feeling fatigued. My legs were heavy. At the nineteenth kilometre I had to drink. I stopped for about a minute and drank while walking and running. At the twentieth kilometre I drank water and washed my head. I felt hunger pains and got pins and needles in my hands. I ran the last kilometre. **21 km/2h14 min**. I got a few blisters on my thigh, and there was a bit of pain on one of the toes of my right leg. I walked the half marathon a few hours later with my body aching all over. I felt weak and tired.

### **30/09/125 yf**

I went running at 6:30 pm.

The Sun was setting, the air was cool, and there were more people out than in the morning. 5 km/28 min., **10 km/59 min**, then I sped up for the next three laps. 13 km/1h14 min., **15 km/1h26 min**. There were no problems with the first ten kilometres. I started to feel thirsty and hungry during the fourteenth and fifteenth kilometres. I finished when it was completely dark out.

### **07/10/125 yf**

I did not run this week. I went running today at 11:30 am.

I forgot the watch. It was sunny and hot. I exerted myself and had pain in my feet. **10 km/1h**, then 5 repetitions of 100 meters at full speed.

### **09/10/125 yf**

I worked all day and went running at 6:30 pm.

I forgot the watch again. The Sun had just set. I ran 10 km without difficulty. After the first ten I began to feel hungry. **15 km/1h30 min**. The Moon was huge. I have rarely seen one that big. It rose slowly on the horizon. An old man stared at it in the dark.

### **16/10/125 yf**

Tired. I went running at 5:45 pm.

The Sun was setting. I felt a bit dazed. I planned to run the half marathon, but decided to run ten

kilometres instead. In the end, I decided to run what I could. Sometimes I feel like I can run the whole marathon, but at other times I do not. I am more relaxed when I don't have a definite goal. By the eighteenth kilometre my legs were as stiff as concrete, with a bit of pain in the stomach. By the end of the twenty-third kilometre, I had to stop for five minutes to drink and eat a bar. It was painful to begin again. I felt pain all throughout my joints. I could have done another two laps, but was exhausted. 5 km/27 min., 10 km/56 min., 15 km/1h27 min., **21 km/2h7 min.**, 23 km/2h21 min., **25 km/2h43 min.**

[...]

Nupus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

## A Bridge between Sky and Earth



*“To open a Star Gate and return the Dark Gods,  
a crystal tetrahedron made of quartz should be obtained.  
This crystal should be as large as possible [...]”*

Primal Atavisms – We invoke You  
Devourer of Words – We invoke You  
Endless Abysses – We invoke You

*Nythra, Kthunae, Atazoth* – We Invoke You

Through She who is a Gate to Their world  
She who washes in the Blood of Her foes  
With the Blood of the Mundane – We invoke You  
The Angles are Nine and Two are the Tetrahedrons  
From the Double Pelican, behold Azoth

You who are Never Named – We invoke You!

Effluvia of Life and Death  
*Agios o Nekalah*

Secuntra Nexion, ONA

## **Ad Lucifer – Second Degree Initiation**

We arrived at *Secuntra*. The Sun had already gone down.

We reached the top of the mountain. It was very cold, and the circle formed by seven stones seemed to be partially undone. A stone had been moved, probably by some grazing animal or wild horse. Three cows watched us impassively nearby. The sky slowly began to fill with stars. The Milky Way was above us in its magnificence.

After placing the stone back in its position, we dug a small hole in the ground at the centre of the stone circle. We then undressed, remaining completely naked. It was cold!

The Priestess stood in the centre of the circle, holding the quartz tetrahedron in the palms of her hands. She began to chant, “*Ad Lucifer qui Laetificat Juventutem Meam*”.

At the end of the chant I saw four falling stars in the sky, each one in succession. I smiled.

Once the Priestess completed the sevenfold chant, I repeated the same chant three more times while placing my hands on the crystal. The Priestess laid on the ground with her head turned north. I awoke her with my tongue. She shivered and moaned because of the cold. I got on top of her, trying to warm her with the heat of my body. The union began.

We visualized a black hole appearing in the sky, flowing with an energy of light that surrounded us. It was cold, and the Priestess moaned from a mixture of pain and pleasure. After several minutes, she visualized an energy that was directed inside the crystal. Climax!

Long breaths accompanied that moment with an air of strange silence.

We kneeled as the Priestess buried the crystal at the centre of the stone circle. I covered it with earth. Above it, we both chanted “*Aperiatu Terra et Germinet Lucifer*”.

We got up and left the circle.

Before leaving, we perceived and visualized an energy of light wrapping around the top of the mountain. The energy was drawn into the crystal and buried beneath the cold earth.

*Agios Lucifer*

Eques Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
13th August 118 yf, New Moon

## **Grade Ritual of External Adept – An Italian Experience**

*20th/21st of August 120 yf – New Moon, Secuntra*

It was the longest and coldest night of my entire life!

Another change in my life was approaching. I was nervous – not for the success of the ritual, but because of my expectation of it, as happened with my Initiation Rite.

After about two hours by car, I arrived at the location with the Sun still in the sky. It was a place that I now had a symbiotic relationship with.

I walked slowly towards the peak. In the distance, I heard the bells of a herd of animals.

As usual, the top of the mountain was a wonderful sight.

Two horses – one brown and one black with a spot on his face – grazed to the west. In the east, a distant cow had lost its way. I monitored the area's perimeter while waiting for the Sun to set.

I entered the stone circle with the tetrahedron in the palms of my hands, invoking my will for success. I dedicated the Rite to myself and to my Gods: “*External Adept or Death!*”

I chanted the *Diabolus*. At the end of the chant, I looked west and saw three black horses running, like the materialization of a vision.

I laid on the ground with my head to the east. The Rite began.

With the tetrahedron in my right hand and the Sacrificial Knife in my left, pointing at my leg, I observed a sky without stars.

I recalled the beginning of my Way – how it turned my life upside-down in the quest for Sinister realization. After twenty minutes, it began to get cold. My equipment was barely adequate.

Stars began to appear in the sky. My thoughts continued to wander to the past, to my Neophyte experiences. The temperature continued to drop. Thousands of stars were fixed in the black sky.

Black horses were around me, staring. They came closer, clearly interested. At first they annoyed me. One touched my feet with its snout. Although I would invoke their presence later, I breathed deeply, intentionally making noise until I heard them move.

Irate, I reflected on how shepherds might interrupt the Rite. I contained my anger, storing the internalization like a weapon, ready to explode.

Involuntary spasms shook my body. Everything was cold!

I thought of the stage of Initiate, my lonely experiences and my connection to these places.

I saw stars moving in a non-linear trajectory. It was hard to believe they were real!



Like energy spheres dancing in the sky, they looked like lights on a black pond. I closed my eyes and opened them again. An abyss appeared in front of me. Who knew whether or not someone else was gazing at me as I was gazing at them, off in the cosmic distance.

In the sky, falling stars framed a bright and luminous Milky Way.

I meditated on the Second Degree Initiation and my relationship with my partner. Just as staring at a star can prevent you from seeing everything around it, so too was my relation with my personal Star.

It was freezing cold. My body was in pain all over! There was stabbing pain in my abdomen, and my back seemed to break. I tried not to move. The fear of falling asleep vanished due to the low temperature.

I reflected on my recently finished Insight Role and what was waiting for me when I came back from the mountain with the knowledge of an External Adept.

I turned my attention to the stars.

Bats hovered over me. What looked like a fox moved close to me – a shadowy figure in the night. Like a demon running fiercely, it amused me! The horses' neigh and breath soon became a pleasant distraction. The horse directly in front of me looked like a werewolf ready to devour me.

Stars moved slowly across the sky, and time seemed to come to a halt. One after another, aeroplanes crossed the sky at a snail's pace (*at least I thought so*). I became impatient due to the never-ending cold. The beauty of the stars became a nightmare with open eyes.

The thought of giving up crossed my mind, as I told myself that the Rite was already a success; but I reminded myself that self-honesty was important. I had to see it to completion. As I said at the beginning of the Rite, "*External Adept or Death!*"

At times, a horse approached me and stared.

I was comforted by the wind blowing at the top of the mountain.

There was a looming sadness as I thought about my family.

I felt like vomiting, delirious from the pain. I tried to concentrate in order to reach sunrise. What seemed like a star began to appear from the south, moving slowly and rising behind the crown of a tree, preparing for its setting. It was Jupiter nearing the Capricorn constellation. The Milky Way had moved from its initial position. Ursa Major had disappeared from sight in the north. The Pleiades shining brightly, not far from a pulsating Algol.

I closed my eyes, counting to three thousand six hundred. An insect slammed into my face, causing me to move involuntarily. I saw a toddler with purplish skin and monstrous eyes.

A few mosquitoes rested on my face. I began to count to three thousand six hundred again.

Jupiter set, and the Sun's light began to overshadow the thousands of stars above me, until they disappeared completely. The mountain top was completely visible. Two cows were sleeping to the west, far from the stone circle. Two distant horses continued to graze.

It took about fifteen minutes to restore circulation in my body.

It felt like it didn't belong to me any more. I knew that it would ache for a few days to come.

A peak had been climbed, but higher heights still lurked in the sky, waiting to be overcome.

*Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!*

Eques Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
20th/21st August 120 yf

# The Black Pilgrimage – An Italian Experience

(Exoteric)

## Premise

It was time to do the secret ordeal of the Black Pilgrimage. This task requires a Sinister Initiate to travel alone with minimal equipment (*only a sleeping bag – no tent*), a minimum ration of food (*two sandwiches and three bars, in my case*) and about fifty km of travelling land linked to the Sinister Tradition (*the Italian route in this case*). This is done during the period of Autumn Equinox. This task has to be completed in two days.

The Temple's contact gave me a map with the route to walk.  
I was to use only a compass to navigate. No torch.

The ordeal is a kind of second initiation with no obvious symbolism (*like those used in hermetic or ceremonial rituals*). It inextricably binds the Initiate to places sacred to Tradition, as well as to the energies and associated Dark Gods of the Tradition itself. It's a very powerful alchemical ritual.

I performed the ordeal at the end of Summer, a season that welcomes the beginning of Autumn.

## Day I

The Sun rose.  
I wore a silver medallion with the symbol of my Nexion.  
I began. I chanted the *Diabolus*.

There is a sense of pressure and anxiety surrounding the ordeal being undertaken.  
There is a large rock and a small valley with a small stream descending from the mountain.  
I checked the map. I have to go farther.

Trees covered the sky.

I continued to walk. I reflected on how mundane indoor-ritual is, done in the safety of concrete walls. The futility of theories and speculations are nothing compared to an ordeal like this. To immerse one's self in first-hand experience – this is the only way that one can truly learn.

The forest was dark and shadowy.

I recognized some edible mushrooms. I continued walking.

Along the way, I saw an old lady with a hand-woven wooden wicker basket. She had a child at her side. I cordially greeted her, and she replied with a smile. She asked me if I had seen any mushrooms. Returning her smile, I told her of the ones that I saw. What a strange coincidence. Or maybe not. I continued on, observing another old lady sitting on a rock. I greeted her, and she replied. There was an ancient sense of respect that still lived within mountain-folk and small rural

villages.

I kept walking. I had the feeling that I was lost, and soon the five kilometres to a nearby crossroad turned into ten ...

I sensed a different kind of “*time*” there. I felt like I had been walking forever.

Days, months and years – they didn't exist there.

I got lost. It was wet, and the Sun was blocked by the trees as I continued walking in the dense forest for hours.

I crossed several paths.

A bit of discouragement came over me, but I decided to continue.

I chanted *Agios o Lucifer* several times.

I invoked Lucifer, calling him into my consciousness, and asking him to show me the way.

After some time I crossed what appeared to be a small stream ... Maybe ...

I kept walking, bumping into the same stream. It had grown into a river.

Unexpectedly, I saw a small gravestone among the trees. A young man of twenty-one years was said to have died here, apparently murdered.

Magickally, I left the dark, shady forest, soon arriving in a sunny green valley, intersected by the river.

I rejoiced. I was at [omissis]. *Agios o Satanas!*

It was here that my Wyrð directed me – not to the highest mountain top, but here.

I sat under a tree in front of the stream and meditated on the *Atu VII – Azoth* of *The Sinister Tarot*. I vibrated *Agios o Satanas*. I felt a presence. Something came up from the water. I felt a heat rising all around me. The card fell, pushed by the wind. It pulsed and dissolved with the vibration.

I ate half of one of the two sandwiches that I brought with me, then resumed walking.

A flock of magpies cackled near a large boulder by the stream.  
Cumulonimbus clouds and thunder threatened in the distance.

I began to think about the difficulty of the ordeal of Grade Ritual of Internal Adept, reflecting on the courage and resolve required to overcome and survive it, both physically and mentally.

I sat down to meditate, staring at the sky and passing clouds. A sense of anguish washed over me as unconscious forces began to emerge. I thought [omissis] about what once was, and about how relentless the passage of time can be.

I stared at the distant forest. I realized how small I was before its vastness. My eyes filled with tears.



I continued to walk. After passing several large ponds surrounded by lush green grass, I reached a small paved road that I followed for a while. I heard a car approaching with sirens blaring. It stopped nearby. It was the Forest Ranger. He told me that a seventy-year-old man had gotten lost, and asked me if I had seen him. I said that I hadn't and moved on.

I left the road and went back into the forest.

I chanted *Sanctus Satanas*. Awareness emerged from silence.

I was approaching the Azanigin glade, and soon appeared to be near the foot of Secuntra (*maybe*). I shouted *Agios o Azanigin*. Stopping nearby, I looked at the Sun behind the trees and meditated on existence. I was tired, and had to close my eyes for a while.

I meditated on the *I – The Magickian* card of *The Sinister Tarot* while chanting various chants. The depicted man became a woman – my partner.

The day seemed to have no end. It was important for me to keep my mind occupied. I carved a wooden stick.

It started to rain.

I reached Azanigin and chanted *Agios o Baphomet*.

While waiting, I built a shelter to protect me from the rain. I could not sleep on Secuntra because of the lightning.

The twilight. The darkness.



I climbed, finally reaching the top of the mountain known as Secuntra. I shouted *Nythra Kthunae Atazoth!* Clouds fully surrounded the top. The atmosphere was sinister. There was a strong, cold wind. I saw what appeared to be remnants of a stone circle, but it was in disarray. According to legend, this was the place where the sinister ritual known as *The Ceremony of Recalling* was celebrated every seventeen years, during which an offer would be sacrificed in honour of the Dark Goddess, Baphomet.

I turned towards Saturn. I performed the Rite of the Nine Angles. Arcturus appeared, and the quartz tetrahedron began emitting powerful rays of light. Darkness embraced me. A shy Moon appeared to the east, behind the clouds.

I slept.

I awoke to noise from the woods. Black boars were all around me. I used noise to make them run away. I woke up several times. It was cold.

The Moon was full and moved slowly out of sight.

I dreamt of a woman with red lips and long black hair. There was a shore next to a dark sea. Communion with the Dark Goddess.

## Day II

It was dawn and cold. There was a strong Northern wind, and the sky was covered with clouds. I performed the *Black Mass of Life* on top of Secuntra. I did a Sinister Blessing in the direction of the circle.

I sat for a while to meditate, then ate one of my last bars. I continued to walk back.

I walked between the road and the wood. I met no one except for a shepherd and a man looking for mushrooms. I chanted several Traditional chants while walking.

I returned to the valley with the river. It was beautiful! I have never seen anything like it. There was a sense of isolation and *sinister numinosity*. I shouted *Agios o Shaitan* with my eyes closed next to what appeared to be a stone circle. I saw a swirling black hole absorbing all of the surrounding energy. Everything returns to the centre.

While walking, I had the sensation that I had never done else in my life. Time was different here. Or perhaps I was experiencing a different “*time*” (*acausal?*). The wind was cold. I don't think that I have ever walked so much alone.

I now understood that accomplishing bigger goals first required starting with small ones. It was important to avoid negative thoughts. These must be wiped with an act of will.

It was almost midday when I arrived at the parking lot. *Agios o Satanas!*

I was happy, tired and a little sore. I thought how this ordeal must be hell for some – as it was for me – at certain moments. As it should be. I passed the test and survived.

I was a little sad. The knowledge that I obtained aroused certain unconscious elements. Again, this was as it should be. *Pathei-mathos*.

I realized that I walked at a fast pace for fear of not arriving on time. I could and perhaps should have spent more time meditating in certain established places.

It was doubtful that the change was immediate, but something from those places planted their seed inside of me. I, in turn, felt something of myself there.

The alchemical change is a slow process. It has been and always will be this way.

I was aware that very few have had the honour to undertake the ordeal in those places. My trial and energy were now connected to theirs. Empathy and Tradition. Though I returned to the mundane present, one is no longer the same after returning (*as is the case with all ordeals*).

## Esoteric Notes – The *Somnium Scipionis* and The Septenary System

A very important text to better appreciate the ONA's esotericism is the *Somnium Scipionis* (dated 54 BC) from Liber VI (9-29) of the *De Re Publica*, by Marcus Tullius Cicero. The text sheds light on both the septenary nature of Western esotericism, as well as the Septenary System used by the ONA, with respect to its Seven-Fold Way. It is mentioned by Mr. David Myatt in his essay, *Mercvrii Trismegisti Pymander: A Translation and Commentary*. Unfortunately, the text is seldom read or known by many so-called Western occultists.

In paragraph 17 of this text, there is a description of emanation with respect to the different constitutive levels of the cosmos. This emanation occurs through nine spheres (*novem globis*) – from the highest heavens of the Fixed Stars (*globus caelestis*), and through the seven connected planetary spheres (*conexa sunt omnia*) in the following order: Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury and the Moon, finally arriving at the lower sphere of Earth. Thus, beyond the traditional seven planetary spheres (*from Saturn to the Moon, or from the Moon to Saturn*) we have two other spheres – a sub-lunar, non-participant of divine nature known as Earth; and a higher sphere, designated as the heaven of the Fixed Stars. The latter represents the gods themselves (*summus ipse deus*).

“[...] And as I gazed upon it more intently, Africanus said: “How long will your mind be chained to the Earth? (17) Do you see into what temples you have come? Lo’! the whole universe is linked together in nine rings or rather spheres; only one of which is of heavenly nature, the outermost of all, which embraces all the other spheres, the same supreme god, which keeps in and holds together all the others. In this sphere is the eternal immutable orbit of the stars, which are subject the seven spheres which turn backwards with a counter revolution to the heavens. Of these spheres one is occupied by the planet, which on earth is called Saturn. So it is that bright star, auspicious and benevolent to mankind, which is known as Jupiter; then in those glowing and sinister glare for the earth, there is that one you call Mars; lower, then the Sun which is ruler, and sovereign of the other heavenly bodies, the mind and ordering spirit of the universe, of such magnitude that he illumines the whole and fills it with his light. Followed by Venus and Mercury, each with its own course; and in the lowest orbit of all the Moon inflamed by the Sun's rays. Now below these there is nothing more but what is mortal and transient except those souls donated by the gods to the human race; above the Moon all is eternal. As for the Earth, the ninth and central sphere, it does not move and remains below, and towards it all heavy bodies tend by a strength that is their own.” [1]

In different parts of the *Somnium*, we are reminded of the propensity to ascend into the higher realms of the cosmos, to the heaven of the Fixed Stars (*summus ipse deus – the same supreme god, ndt*). It is here that one makes immortal that non-causal, individual aspect, referred to as *animus* during that historical period. According to Cicero, an individual can achieve immortality by living in a certain way and ascending the nine spheres. One can perform acts for the Republic, which includes living by nurturing *virtus* [2], *pietas* [3] and additionally by living honourably according to a warrior or heroic ethos. Ascending the nine spheres begins with the lowest (*Earth*), and eventually reaches the immortal realm of the Milky Way in the highest sphere of the heaven of Fixed Stars.

“[...] to all those who have saved, helped, increased the fatherland, it is given in heaven a well-defined location, where they can enjoy the beatitude of eternal life; In fact, at that



supreme god [...] their rulers [*of the civitates, ndt*] and preservers, came from there, and there they return.” [4]

“[...] But you, Scipio, such as your grandfather and me that I have begotten you, you follow justice and *pietas* [...] this life is the way to heaven, and to multitude of those who have ceased to live and freed from the weight of the body dwell in that place that you see – there was a circle that gleamed in the flames of dazzling brilliance – that you, as you have learned from the Greeks, called the Milky Way.” [5]

“[...] the law by which men are in the world is to preserve the globe that you see at the centre of this temple and which is called Earth, and to them it is assigned a soul which originates from those eternal fires which you refer to as constellations and stars.” [6]

“[...] aren't you to be mortal, but your body; In fact, you're not what your appearance shows, since each of us has their own soul, not the figure that one can point with their finger. Then know that you are a god, if it is true that god is a source of energy, emotion, memory, foresight, that both governs and guides and moves the body to which it is responsible, as the supreme god of this world does; and how the god themselves moves the mortal world in some part, so the immortal soul moves our fragile body.” [7]

“[...] But possessing *virtus* as an art is not enough, unless you treat it; if an art, even when you're not exercising it, it can be possessed by itself as theoretical knowledge, the *virtus* is all in the use of itself.” [8]

“[...] *virtus* almost demands the honour, and nothing but the honour is reward to *virtus*.” [9]

Anyone with even a basic knowledge of ONA esotericism can understand the clear link between it and the Septenary nature of the *Somnium Scipionis*. The seven spheres or planetary globes in the *Somnium* correspond to the seven spheres of the ONA's Tree of Wyrð [10]. The other two spheres of the *Somnium* – the lower sphere of Earth and the higher sphere of the heaven of the Fixed Stars, respectively – are much like the two gates or nexions represented within ONA tradition by both the Abyss and the Tree of Wyrð in its totality. These are also represented by the causal and the acausal (*though in this case, the seven spheres or globes serve as a bridge between two states of being – between the dual natures of existence referred to as the Terrestrial causal and the Spiritual acausal of the heaven of the Fixed Stars*). These nine emanations – as seven plus two – make up the nine angles.

In ONA terminology, one can further appreciate this connection if we substitute “acausal” for “deus” in the *Somnium*: “of which one [sphere] is heavenly nature, the most distant, which includes all the remaining, the same *acausal* that it retains and includes in itself all others.” [1]

For more details on the antecedents of the Seven-Fold Way see the collection of texts ἀρρενόθηλος – *Alchemical And Hermetic Antecedents Of The Seven Fold Way of The Order of Nine Angles*.

designaui super ueracem sicut descripsi habebit simi-  
liter in quacumq; migrauerit parte insignis ubi fuerit  
et se dicetur.



(Macrobius Ambrosius Theodosius, *Commentarii in Somnium Scipionis*, Diagramma folio 126)

Eques Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

Notes:

[1] Translation from Latin of paragraph 17 of the *Somnium Scipionis* by Azanya, Secuntra Nexion, ONA.

“(17) Quam cum magis intuerer: 'Quaeso,' inquit Africanus, 'quousque humi defixa tua mens erit? Nonne aspicias, quae in templa veneris? Novem tibi orbibus vel potius globis conexas sunt omnia, quorum unus est caelestis, extimus, qui reliquos omnes complectitur, summus ipse deus arcens et continens ceteros; in quo sunt infixi illi, qui volvuntur, stellarum cursus sempiterni. Cui subiecti sunt septem, qui versantur retro contrario motu atque caelum. Ex quibus summum globum possidet illa, quam in terris Saturniam nominant. Deinde est hominum generi prosperus et salutaris ille fulgor, qui dicitur Iovis; tum rutilus horribilisque terris, quem Martium dicitis; deinde subter mediam fere regionem Sol obtinet, dux et princeps et moderator luminum reliquorum, mens mundi et temperatio, tanta magnitudine, ut cuncta sua luce lustret et compleat. Hunc ut comites consequuntur Veneris alter, alter Mercurii cursus, in infimoque orbe Luna radiis solis accensa convertitur. Infra autem iam nihil est nisi mortale et caducum praeter animos munere deorum hominum generi datos; supra Lunam sunt aeterna omnia. Nam ea, quae est media et nona, Tellus, neque movetur et infima est, et in eam feruntur omnia nutu suo pondera.”

[2] From Italian Dictionary Treccani Ed. 2015:

**virtue** (*ant. virtude or virtute, and even virtù, vertude or vertute*) s.f. [Lat. *virtus-ūtis* «strength, courage», der. of *vir* «man»; the modern meaning is primarily due to Christian lat.]. –

1.

- a. Natural disposition to shun evil and to do good, pursued as an end itself, without taking into account any reward or punishment; [...]
- b. According to the object to which they are addressed at, it can be distinguished among various virtues, that is, various attitudes of mind naturally inclined to good; [...]
- c. In literature, with a meaning closer to the one of lat. *virtus*, to indicate the conscious and persevering strength with which the individual works to achieve a goal, resisting to fortune's adversities; with particular reference to military value;

2. Ant. or literal, Faculty, capacity, power, especially with regard to individual mental and intellectual faculties: *visual, auditory v.*; the reason; the will;

3.

- a. With a meaning closer to the word *ἀρετή* among the Greeks, ability to perform a particular work or task, ability to achieve a given purpose;
- b. The work, the will of God: *divine v.*; *the first v.*, God;

[3] From Italian Dictionary Treccani Ed. 2015:

**piety** s. f. (*ant. pietate, pietade*) [lat. *pietas -atis* (der. of *pious* «pious, pitiful»)]. –

1.

- a. Feeling of affectionate pain, emotional and intense participation and solidarity that one feels towards those who suffer;
- b. Disposition to feel solidarity with those who suffer: *trust another's p.*; *a person full of p.*;

2.

a. In the language of literature, closer to the original meaning of the lat. *pietas*, disposition to feel affection and devotion to parents, fatherland, God, and to act accordingly; or, more generally, reverence for what is considered sacred: the *Enea's p.* (*qv. pietas*); *son p.*; *p. towards the homeland*; *p. for memories, for domestic traditions*. In partic., in moral theology, virtue, considered part of justice, for which one pays the proper and appropriate respect and due reverence to blood relatives, to fellow citizens and neighbors in general.

[4] M.T. Cicero, *De Re Publica*, Liber VI, 13; (translation from *De re publica* librorum sex quae manserunt, ed. Konrat Ziegler, 7° ed. Leipzig: Teubner, 1969)

[5] M.T. Cicero, *De Re Publica*, Liber VI, 16; (translation from *De re publica* librorum sex quae manserunt, ed. Konrat Ziegler, 7° ed. Leipzig: Teubner, 1969)

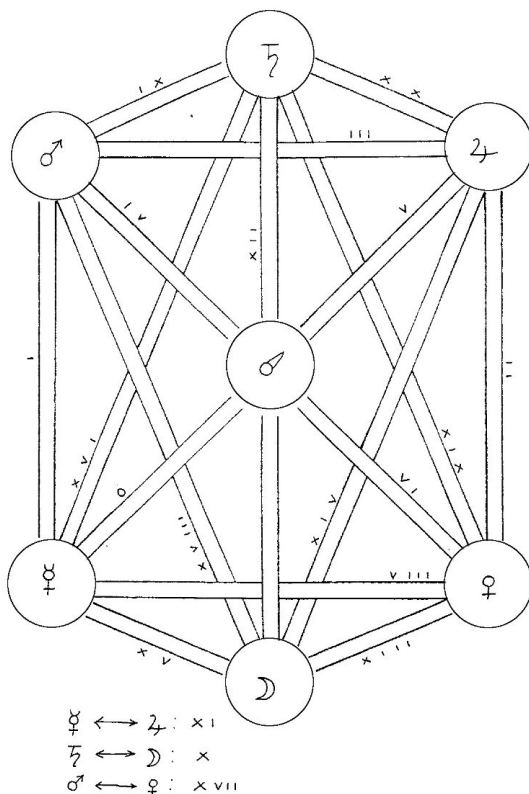
[6] M.T. Cicero, *De Re Publica*, Liber VI, 15; (translation from *De re publica* librorum sex quae manserunt, ed. Konrat Ziegler, 7° ed. Leipzig: Teubner, 1969)

[7] M.T. Cicero, *De Re Publica*, Liber VI, 26; (translation from *De re publica* librorum sex quae manserunt, ed. Konrat Ziegler, 7° ed. Leipzig: Teubner, 1969)

[8] M.T. Cicero, *De Re Publica*, Liber I, 2; (translation from *De re publica* librorum sex quae manserunt, ed. Konrat Ziegler, 7° ed. Leipzig: Teubner, 1969)

[9] M.T. Cicero, *De Re Publica*, Liber III, 40; (translation from *De re publica* librorum sex quae manserunt, ed. Konrat Ziegler, 7° ed. Leipzig: Teubner, 1969)

[10] ONA, Tree of Wyrd:



## **Empathic Awareness**

One of the most important aims of the Seven-Fold Way – perhaps the most important – is to develop the acausal or dark empathy that distinguishes a genuine (*Internal*) Adept from a Novice or non-Initiate. This empathy can be developed, in part, by using our Dark Sorcery and related workings or techniques (*qv. Dark Pathways and Sphereworkings, both individually and with a partner*). More specifically, it can be developed (*and is usually only developed this way*) by a certain way of life, one that requires isolation (*living the role of the Hermit*) and a certain natural or numinous place to live, away from human interference.

In this sense, as a Nexion, we believe it is appropriate for all of our associates to develop this empathic awareness as a prelude to the Grade Ritual of Internal Adept. We propose a simple but difficult ordeal for the novitiate.

The ordeal involves living alone and isolated for a period of seven days. This should be in nature, where one can experience various sinister-numinous energies. This should be a place where energies have been brought to life and nurtured at regular intervals by the Tradition's Initiates. Such a site represents the Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition in our country.

### **The Task**

#### **Equipment**

Sleeping bag, mat (*optional*), food rations, water, poncho and a quartz tetrahedron. No tent, no light, no GPS device.

#### **Duration**

The first two days are to be dedicated to the ordeal of the *Black Pilgrimage*, where the Initiate walks a distance of about 50 km at the designated site linked to Tradition. This is to be done with only a map and a compass. During these two days, meditation must be performed at specific times. At twilight during the second day, the solo Rite of the Nine Angles must be performed at the top of a mountain of esoteric importance (*qv. Black Pilgrimage – An Italian Experience*). From the third day onward, one should be performing meditation with the Sinister Tarot while in nature, performing Dark Pathways, performing The Black Mass of Life, practising Esoteric Chant and the like. One should additionally keep a small diary to record, and thereby objectify, the energies experienced. The most important practice of all during this time is *silent contemplation* (i.e., *acausal-thinking*). As might be guessed, this ordeal is a prelude to the ordeal of Internal Adept, where the Initiate lives alone and isolated, without any creature-comforts, for the duration of three months.

An esoteric aspect of this task involves direct contact with *The Earth* and *The Heavens*; that is, without any abstraction, symbolic or otherwise. It is a chance to perceive the meaning of *nexion* acausally.

Following this text, one will find a detailed account of an Initiate who has undergone the ordeal of *Empathic Awareness*. Beginning his journey from his native country and later reaching Italy, the account details his journey to that isolated rural area that represents the Italian Sinister Tradition.

The account shows the difficulty of this task, one that often results in life-or-death situations. It is one that pushes an Initiate to their limits, both physically and mentally, often manifesting hidden sides of one's character.

Another aspect that may be appreciated is the passage of *esoteric* information through in-person, face-to-face meetings – meetings involving individuals who live (*and die*) by the ONA/O9A Logos, as it is enshrined in the Code of Kindred Honour.

Eques Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
125 yf

## **Black Pilgrimage – And Other Tribulations**

*(Genova, the 24th of August)*

I got off the bus late yesterday night. Which was not so bad. It was 7:20 am. The train departed at 9:49 pm. That was more than fourteen hours. My first goal was to find a nearby train station, one that would make it less cumbersome to walk with my large bag. A week's worth of food made it heavy. I had some strange dreams during the night. Nothing interesting, but at least I slept well. Once at the train station, I would quickly look for a place to leave my luggage. I wanted to use the remaining time to explore the city and practise chanting.

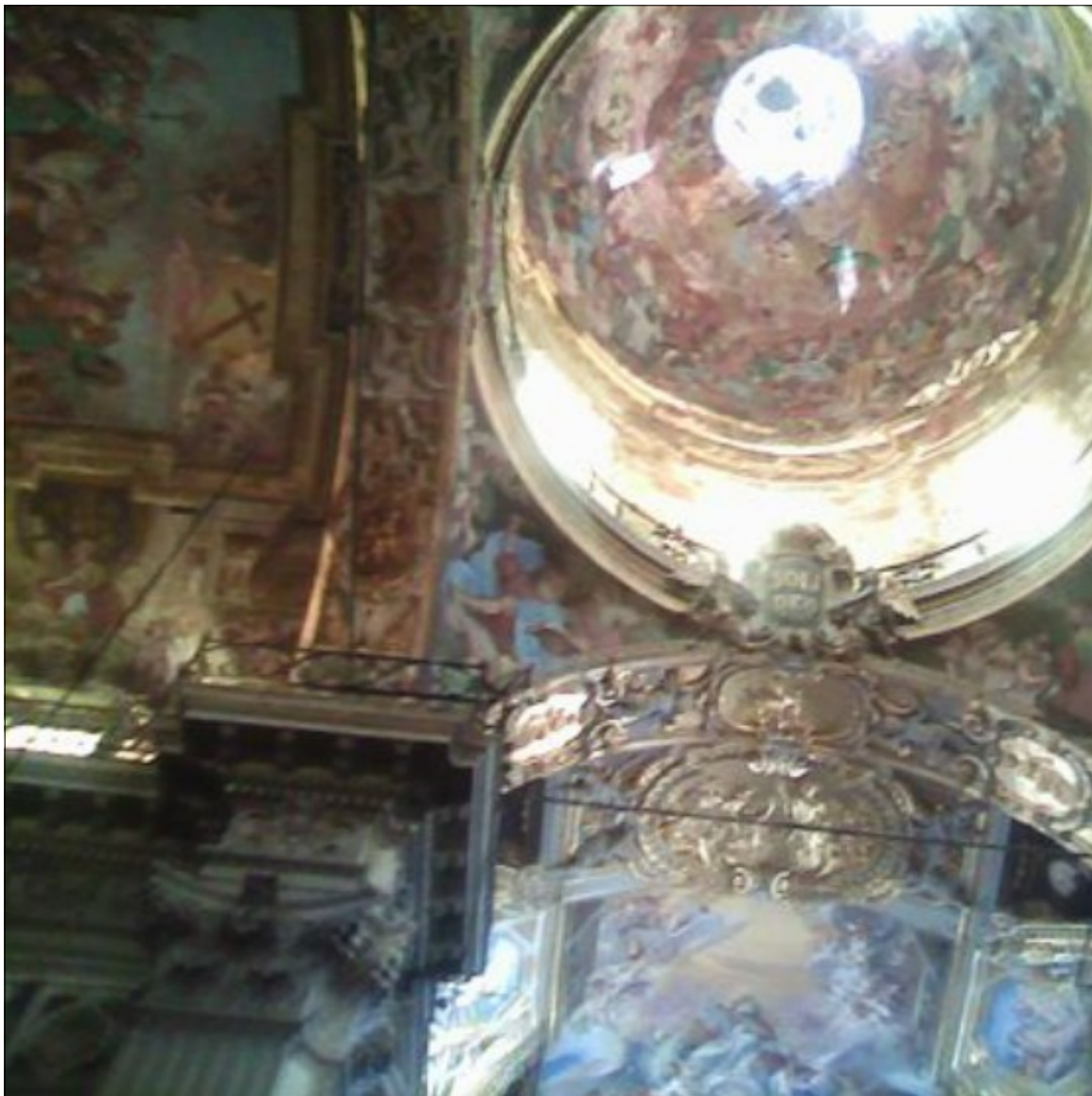
I was glad to be there, but had trouble relaxing. I made a list of specific goals to help ensure success during the trial of the pilgrimage. The goals would additionally help me to stay positive under potentially hostile or unfriendly circumstances.



I found the train station and left my luggage – all except my heavy bag. I planned on waiting until 9:00 am to drop it off, and would return at 7:30 pm. The weight of the bag was substantial, but I figured that eating some food would warm my body and make the bag lighter. Things would improve with time. I still had doubts about finding water, and was wary about hypothermia. I decided that it wasn't worth worrying about. That night I would have a seat or, even better, a berth. Tomorrow morning I would start eating my combat rations. For the time being, the plan was to wait and explore the city. I had ten hours before the train departed.

I began to walk around, observing many political messages on the walls. There was also quite a bit of poetry. I soon saw a nazarene mass, and tried to interfere with its energy. I decided to go to the old harbour. I would stay there for some time. It was only 10:00 am.

It was 12:30 am. I ate and saw things. I still had six hours left to wait. I decided to continue walking some more. I felt irritable and nervous. I knew that I couldn't give up. These were the most important moments, and I needed to keep my goal in sight.





It was 2:30 pm. I was at the train station, waiting. I didn't particularly want to see the city. My future tasks made me nervous. I knew that my anxiety would increase until I began. I wanted time to move faster. I thought that it might help to go for a walk. I couldn't stand all of these hours. My thoughts were like torture – burdensome and tense.

I didn't feel very well. My emotions, the stress ... But I was not alone. My children, my brothers, my sisters – it was for them that I was here. Giving up was not an option. It would be difficult, but the thought of doing this for something other than myself tamed my myopic dread. Everything would be all right. I wanted to direct my thoughts in a positive way. I wanted to create something good from these experiences, something larger than myself. But in order to help the world, I needed to help myself first. Negative thoughts can be parasitic; and, if not kept in check, they can become an illness. I reminded myself of a smiling girl that I saw, running freely inside a church.

*(On the train, the 25th of August)*



Finally, after fourteen hours of waiting, the train had arrived. I had a berth – a small one, but still a berth. It was the first time that I had slept inside of a train, and the experience was pleasant. Today, I would begin my pilgrimage. I would first need to buy a map, then find a bus, eat and meet the Order's contact. Much would follow. I decided to do the Promethean Office beforehand.

The experience was made special by another person in my coach, in addition to the train assistant coming by to ask for something. Chanting especially modified the perception of time. It was 8:36 am. I would arrive in forty minutes.

*(At the meeting point, the 25th of August)*



Once we arrived, I managed to find a map. I also found a hostel for my trip back. Unrest and anxiety returned. It was 1:40 pm, and the air was cool in the shade. I hoped that my first night would go well. The man who drove me introduced me to M., a person who took care of the place.

M. gave me a map and some fruit. I had arrived. I was in the forest of a foreign country, ready to meet strangers and venture alone into nature without human contact for seven days. I had never been cut off from humanity for such a long time. My contact was scheduled to arrive at 6:00 pm. I had four hours to wait.

*(Lost in the mountain, the 27th of August)*



The contact arrived in military trousers with a backpack, a stick and sun glasses. He asked me for the time in Italian, then where I came from. Then he just said "*follow me*". He walked quickly and brought me to a quiet, isolated location. He handed me the map, and we talked for a little while. He left at sunset. I ate and did the Promethean Office. Then I slept.



I slept well. It wasn't cold at all outside. I began my walk. I encountered a few problems while using the map. The route did not follow normal roads. I crossed a few fields and forests. An old man seemed unhappy to see me there, but I did not understand what he was saying. I got lost, but eventually managed to reach *Mount T*. I was looking for the *T. River*.

Later, I found *Mount P*. I believed that I was heading in the right direction, going west toward *Mount M*. I turned back, crossing steep hills. It was very hot, and my bag was heavy. I finally found the *T. River*. I tried to cross it, then headed for *Mount S*.

I got lost again, so I decided to veer off the path to try to find my way back to T. Valley. I followed an unknown river for hours and hours. I was exhausted. I fell partially in some mud. The path had disappeared. I was very anxious. I finally found the path. Soon, I came across a sign and an area for camping. There were some men. I felt sick and collapsed on the ground.

I started to think after calming my mind. I understood that the river in front of me was *T.*, and that I would be able to continue the pilgrimage if I followed it. I regained my strength and courage, and went back on the path. I thought that I had reached *Mount M. G.* I kept walking until I found a suitable place to sleep. I ate, did the Promethean Office and slept. I was very sick during the night and felt lost. It was very cold...

I woke up feeling very weak, and it took me some time to boil water and take more medicine. I went back. My fever made it difficult to move. I had only four hundred millilitres of water left. I was on a path. I found a mountain spring and washed my teeth, collecting as much water as possible. I also saw a Jeep. I had been walking for an hour and a half and still couldn't find the road that I was looking for. My fever and the scorching sun made me feel sick. I didn't know where I was, and the possibility of failure became real.

I was depressed, and put all my strength into survival. I didn't give up – I did not want to die from laziness! I was sure that the road would bring me somewhere!

(At an Inn, the 28th of August)

Let me begin the story again more clearly. A little over a year ago, I was looking for a way to contact the Order directly. After sending messages to various groups, I came across *Secuntra*. There was a code with a sentence stating that “people seeking hard enough will find us”. I couldn't resist temptation. I deciphered the code, and discovered a geographical point. I did some more research to clarify what I had discovered, and sent the results to *Secuntra*, not knowing if I would receive an answer.

Soon after, I left for a short trip – one week in length – with a backpack and some camping equipment. I crossed my country by hitch-hiking, by train and by other methods of travel. My goal was to find someone that I knew only by pseudonym. To my delight, the mission was a success. On a train ride leading home, I saw a flash of lighting in the sky, which I interpreted as a dare. I accepted, jumping off the train and walking through the storm. I remember chanting *Baphomet*. Various cars passed me until someone finally stopped. Without asking for anything in return, they drove me towards my town for one hundred fifty kilometres. Upon my arrival, I had received an answer from *Secuntra*. This was my first serious contact with the Order.

After many months of personal experience and numerous events, I decided to leave to Asia to follow an intensive training regimen. Life was hard there, but I had to master suffering and endurance.

When I returned to my country, I felt very disturbed. I was seen as an outcast with a useless philosophy degree (*one that was not profitable*). My training was regarded as a simple tourist trip, and they proposed many unsavoury jobs... But during the same period, *Secuntra* sent me a list of tasks. I had already completed some of them, such as the construction of the Star Game and meditating on the Dark Pathways; but I decided to do all of the meditations with my partner again anyway. As a side-note, stealing hosts proved to be difficult for me. I tried to at many churches – even some in different areas of the country. Eventually I succeeded. It was a great and ecstatic moment. I was proud of myself for having performed the action in such an inconspicuous way. The church was blasphemed in a way that no one would have noticed (*and, in turn, in such a way that no one could have tried to “purify” the damage from the deed*).

Time passed, and I meandered from one unsatisfying job to another. I have decided not to describe them, because I gave my word not to complain. One must have courage, even in the worst situations.

Then arrived the time when *Secuntra* proposed me the pilgrimage. At this moment of writing I am not really sure about the outcome of my mission. I don't want to lie to myself because this would be just a waste of time. I have failed this task. There are no mitigating circumstances, nor good reasons. Here, I don't want to justify myself, I just want to give facts.

I took a very long trip to reach the meeting place. It was long and exhausting. Once there, I had to wait for more than five hours (*which was burdensome and stressful at the time*). The contact arrived thirty minutes late (*perhaps to kindle desire?*). I have to admit, his arrival was in perfect accord with the Order's aesthetic. Without any superficiality, he walked up and uttered, “*follow me*”. Once we reached a more isolated area, he gave me the map, some advice and then talked with me about various topics. There were still many things that I wanted to ask him. I ate and slept after he left. I slept well that night. It was the first time that I slept beneath an open sky.

I should add that prior to this time I had never gone hiking in nature that way before. I had also never used a map or compass, and my bag was very heavy (*probably more than twenty kilograms – more than half of it was full of food and water*). I think that this lack of technical and practical knowledge was one of the causes of my failure. The second cause had to do with me being sick during the second night. Fever, physical pain and getting lost in a deserted area in a foreign country made things difficult. While I had a constant internal desire to continue the adventure, common-sense told me that staying outside for even one more night could have caused death.

Let us return now to the trip itself. When I awoke the second day, I ate and began walking. I hesitated a long time before taking the first turn. I had a difficult time using the map. I went inside the forest. There, a farmer spoke to me. I was not able to understand what he was saying, but my presence there clearly did not please him (*probably because it was his land*).

I reached *Mount T*. I tried to follow the compass, and finally arrived in front of a river. Looking over the landscape, I really believed that it was *T. Valley*, when in fact it was *Mount P*. I followed it and reached *Mount M*. (*I believe this was correct, though I'm not sure.*) I climbed many hills without a path. It was difficult and very hot. Once on top, I found the *T. River* that I was looking for. After this long detour, I decided to follow the *T. River* for some time. I eventually crossed it, reaching *Mount S*. I took a small break to eat, then went back on the road. I was worried that my sweat and the cold wind would get me sick. I walked for a long time without finding any indication of where I was at all. The compass got me lost. So I decided to follow my intuition to find my way back to *T. Valley*.

Things became more difficult. I didn't find the valley. I followed a river for hours, but did not find a path. Going forward was hard. I got lost. I told myself not to give up. I continued following the river that was joined by many other small rivers. Finally, I found a sign. Though I was relieved, my illness began to spread. I fell partially in the mud and was exhausted. The sign made me feel a little better – not because there were other men there, but because I could determine my position and possibly find some landmarks.

After I collapsed from exhaustion, I took a break to take some medicine and calm my mind. Negative thoughts began to circle inside my head, returning to themes of failure and how ridiculous I was for getting lost. I finally had some idea of where I was after finding a few paths to continue my task. The more I regained my strength, the more I obsessed over this idea. There were some men a little further away. I refused to give up. I prepared my bag, took some water and made my way back to the path. I eventually reached *Mount M. G*.

Around this point, I got lost again. I must have missed some turn or path. I believe that I slept on *Mount B*. It was a terrible night, and very cold. I wasn't feeling well. It was hard to relax on uneven ground. Terrible. I waited for the sun to appear before continuing. I was in intense pain. I had less than one litre of water, and realized with horror that insects were inside of it. I boiled it, then took some medicine. I had only four hundred millilitres left.

***I was in a dangerous position. This was real-death danger, not something from a Hollywood script with tumbling boulders, wolves or bear attacks. This was much more realistic – being lost in an isolated land with a fever and without water.***

The nights were cold and the days were hot. This contrast made life difficult. It became clear from my declining health that another night in those conditions could have been deadly. I continued to



follow the path for three long hours to no avail. I did not find the road or the wooden sign that I was looking for. The idea of a successful pilgrimage began to fade. I sensed real danger. Fever, nausea ... I was having a difficult time.



I finally found a real road, and began walking down it for some time. A herd of goats surrounded by strong dogs appeared. The dogs surrounded me and began to bark. I stood up, took my bag and continued to walk. Some of the dogs followed me for a while. The road was steep. It was 1:00 pm.

Progress was slow and difficult. I was not able to see the end of the road, despite my attempts, so I decided to hitch-hike. Someone eventually stopped to pick me up, though I wasn't able to understand what he was saying. We drove for some time. In my condition, the road would have been impossible to walk. I was so weak and dizzy that I nearly fainted on the ground before getting in the car. To my surprise, the driver suddenly stopped and dropped me off on a lonely path in the middle of a mountain.



I appeared to have been next to the village of *P.* when I was picked up. He must have dropped me off near the village of *P. M.* I needed to reach the village of *T.* It was a matter of life and death. I had to fight my fever, as well as the numerous injuries on my feet and back. I refused to give up. I was nearly speaking in tongues due to my fever, alternating between the bitterness of failure and the fight for survival. I thought that I had found the *S. River*. It was likely the *P. River*, but it was hard to say for sure. At the time, I believed that it was the *S. River*, and that the path could lead me outside of the forest.

The landscape seemed familiar. In fact, I thought that I was close to the starting point of the pilgrimage. But this false hope got me lost again. I thought that I was past *Mount G.*, or at least on a safe road to the village of *T.* Some farmers gave me a ride to a location about two kilometres from the village of *T.* After a final walk, I arrived at the starting point of my pilgrimage.

I asked for some help at the *V. G.* They gave me a room and some medicine. I am writing these words on the following day in the same room. I am still sick, and walking makes me dizzy. I am not sure what is going to happen next. I will write more later. Despite all of this, I did have some direct

esoteric experiences. While I didn't meditate or chant, I did feel a deep return to nature while looking for a shelter, braving the elements and constantly searching for water.

I definitely reached my limits. Physically, I had to overcome intense pain, in addition to the weight of my bag. I had to force myself to continue, taking and timing periodic breaks to lighten the burden. Mentally, I had to fight the looming threat of death, the panic I felt from getting lost and the fear of being so far from home without any communication device. The fact that no one knew where I was, as well as the threat of failure, were difficult to deal with. I felt like a schizophrenic, constantly making fun of myself: "*Who do you think you are? You're just an amateur*" ...

I am exhausted on many levels. I don't want to make excuses. The fact is I failed. I need time to reflect on all of this.

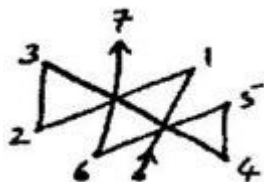
*(At the Inn, during the night, from the 28th to the 29th of August)*

The trip was truly full of sudden developments ... After my last entry, I became dizzy and had to go to bed. Half asleep and half awake, I had some delirious thoughts from the fever. I woke up at 4:00 pm. I decided to go to *Secuntra*, which was seven kilometres away. I felt too attracted to it to miss the opportunity. Walking was much easier without a bag. I brought a map, five hundred millilitres of water and a quartz tetrahedron ...



It took me some time to get there because I was limping. It would have been funny to watch. The closer I got, the more excited and anxious I became. I was excited to get there, but anxious because I was travelling under strange conditions, particularly with thoughts of failure still looming in my mind. I was still sick, though my fever had diminished. After a long time, I finally reached *Mount V.*! I could finally see it! *Secuntra!* After a few more meters I reached the top!

I repositioned some dishevelled rocks to form a circle (*though I'm not sure if I placed them correctly*). While contemplating the sunset, I performed the Esoteric Chants in the order of the Septenary sigil:



I have to admit that I made some mistakes, especially during *Elutrodes*, *Olenos* and *Vindex*. I sat down, facing west. I meditated by visualizing the *Secuntra* sigil, vibrating its name.

I decided to lie down, not moving until it was completely dark. My goal was not to perform the Grade Ritual at that time, given that I was still sick. I moved four or five times while waiting for dusk, always for the same reason: insects landing on my face, as a reflex. I was shaking due to the cold, but I found the ground to be comfortable and warm. It may have been due to being the beginning of the night. I decided that I would protect my face to avoid these reflexes whenever I performed the Grade Ritual in the future.

As soon as the sky was dark enough, I stood up and performed the solo Rite of the Nine Angles. The vibrations lasted longer than expected. I also made a mistake during the *Atazoth* chant. Two things should be said about it. First, I should note that I saw the crystal glowing during the end of the vibration, particularly during the *Atazoth* visualization. This may have been the result of some kind of optical illusion. At times, my face seemed to be illuminated by the bluish white light of the crystal. Second, I didn't feel very strong emotions during the second visualization. I saw shapes dissolving in the darkness as permutations of form, movement and time. I did not see anything that confirmed or justified the warning in the ritual text. I may have missed the point. I'm not entirely sure.

But the story doesn't stop there, my friends. A big adventure was about to begin. I decided to return after the Rite. It was completely dark, but I was not anxious. I clearly remembered the way to get back to the road from *Secuntra*. Even though it took a considerable amount of time, I managed to make my way back to the road without an issue (*aside from frightening two poor horses along the way, who were kind enough not to kick me out of surprise*).

Once I was back on the road, I believed that everything was okay. But this was not the case. Seven kilometres of road without light, covered by trees and with ravines as neighbourhoods ... Again, I started considering the real possibility of death. But I promised myself that I would sleep in a real bed that night; and once the idea took hold, I was determined to see it through.

It was really dangerous. At times, I wasn't even able to see my feet ... Stars illuminated the road when the sky was visible. The walk was brilliant and surreal. At other times, it became darker. I

often guessed the shape of the road by scanning the openings between branches. Sometimes it was black, and I would go step-by-step, occasionally kneeling down to touch the ground, making sure there was still a road in front of me. One time I imagined that I could use the sound of rocks to see if I was on a road or a cliff. But there was only dust; the road was too long.

At one point I stepped on a small branch. After looking for a stick – which would have been perfect! – to no avail, I decided to take a branch from a tree, which made the leaves slide on the ground while walking. I used this to monitor sound. If that sound changed, I knew that I had better turn. It was terrifying. I became an animal of pure instinct, one without any moral trappings or superficiality. My only thought was to return home. All of my being turned towards that direction. I used all of my senses, my memory and my intuition. At first, I reassured myself that I could see. In the end, I proclaimed it as a fact.

I thought how all of this was a good test of courage. Even in intense pain, sweat and the throes of fear, I knew that ***I was alive!*** An idea resounded in me: “*each step was a victory, and each meter a conquered territory.*” I thought about how darkness dissolves all forms, and how the world is dreadful without them. It was not the change of forms or their disappearance that ended the world. We use our intuition to give them shape. Darkness, I thought, was a way to live without useless forms; a way to go back to the essence of things.

We do not conquer by avoiding darkness. Anyway, at the first artificial light I felt blinded.

Distinction doesn't always lead to understanding. When I arrived, I threw my dear branch away. It landed at the precise point of my meeting with the Order's contact. With relief and courtesy, I wanted to thank the branch, the trees and the forest.

Then I thanked myself. I saw that determination saved my life once again. I finally understood that there was no one in particular to thank. I was a part of the cosmos; and the cosmos was as it was because I was a part of it. We were forging destiny together. It was 12:00 pm when I arrived back at the room – an eight-hour journey!

*(At the Inn, the 29th of August)*

I went to help the village people towards the end of the morning. With horror, I noticed the current state of my feet. I was unable to walk any more; there were blisters upon blisters. In the end, the pain was too strong. One of my toes was quite painful to look at ...

After helping M., I realized that I would not be able to walk for some time. I decided to stay where I was, eating and sleeping without speaking, without any distractions. I wanted to spend my last two nights in *S. Valley*. It would depend on my state tomorrow. If it was still impossible to walk, I decided that I would spend my last night in nature. It was strange to remain in silence. I went to sleep – there was still more to explore before my departure.

(Somewhere in the S. Valley, the 31st of August)

There I was, my last day. I decided to go back into nature early Saturday morning. I ate, paid for the room and said farewell. I decided to follow the *S. River*. I did not want to get lost and miss the taxi on Monday. There was no need to travel so far in order to be isolated from humans. There were many flies. I had to put my jacket on my face in order to continue on. I didn't feel anxious those last two days. My bag was no longer heavy. I had all the food and water that I needed. It was easier to spot a shelter here than in the mountains, where nothing was flat.

I stopped at a comfortable spot, and decided to work on all of the twenty-one energies, according to my knowledge and direct perception of them. I started with the Moon, which made me a little melancholic. I suddenly decided to do the Grade Ritual. A lot of stress flooded my emotions. After eating, I began to gather conifer branches to make a warm bed, protect me from the ground and deter mosquitoes. I heard thunder in the afternoon. Nature stopped, as everything returned to silence in light of *Baphomet's* power. The clouds aroused anxiety. I became very pessimistic. I ceased my meditations and waited with my doubts all afternoon.

In the meantime, I created a present for my partner.



The clouds disappeared at sunset. I ate and dressed warmly. In fact, I put on as many layers as possible. I began the ritual. My bed of branches had a small problem – a bump located beneath my spine, which made the muscles on my back tired. I was hot in all of my layers, and didn't notice this problem right away. It became a problem in the hours that followed. I didn't move my head, arms or



legs. I did, however, move my hips and shoulder slightly (*in order to relax my back muscles*). At first, I was reluctant to accept failure. I had, after all, gone back to nature despite being sick. Later, I reminded myself that it was preferable to fail for real than to achieve success dishonestly, especially in this place. So I stopped the ritual and went to sleep.

I had decided to protect my head with tissue, leaving holes only for my eyes. At first, it was comfortable, because the heat from my breath made my face hot. However, it can be bad for your health to breathe your own air in for prolonged periods. I had a severe headache when I stood up. My symptoms fortunately stabilized and disappeared the next morning.



I started walking again, stopping next to the river. The landscape was a good place for all of the spheres. I had to think and re-read my conclusion about the energies. I tried to intimate them one-by-one, precisely. After chanting *Agios o Baphomet* to channel Jupiter's energy, a storm began. I went under a tree, standing up with my bag on my back, covered by a poncho. I waited. I was very uncomfortable and anxious. The storm stopped, and I was in a bad mood. I wanted to go home ... I began my way back to the village of *T.*, thinking that if the thunder hadn't gone by sunset, I would sleep at the Inn. I really wanted to give up this time. It was hard to remain alone in nature when the weather became bad, just as it was to stay in a good mood. It was probably that way for all living beings.



I finally found the location where I had slept my first night. I slept well there. I wanted to sleep there one more time, waiting for the taxi the next day. When I re-read my writings, I will probably discern a bitter-sweet array of alternate, easy solutions.

Being in nature was stressful. I remembered the text by Nupus about the pilgrimage, which made it clear that nature does not have the various forms of protection that one finds in the city. Rationally, I knew this. But now I understood the idea more intimately, despite having tried many times to return to “civilization”. It was important for me to force myself to return to nature, which was harder than it seemed. The pilgrimage taught me something important.

***Magick was probably there, lurking and lingering. When I previously wrote that I didn't feel anything during the first two days other than the will to survive and a sensation of danger – perhaps this was the real magick. In that arena of terror and amazement, circumscribed and sacrosanct; that was magick. It was not inside a heated room of egocentric creature-comforts and gluttonous curiosity.*** It was not an ecological getaway for hippy-dippy nature-lovers.

***This was magnificent – real magick on the pedestal of risk and fire, catalysed by loss and sorrow.*** Each period of history has reached this. What tradition lacks can be found in the opposition of and to a given society – adversarial forms that are rarely evident. This is very different from what we find colloquially in the West, lurching in that chasm of rotten abnegation, futility, distraction, comfort and self-indulgence.

To learn magick under these circumstances, isolation and a total immersion into nature are more effective than any system or loyalty card. In contradistinction to *Secuntra's* members, I was not sure whether or not I had left something in those lands. If I did, I didn't notice. Nevertheless, they instilled something in me that I will never forget.



*(Next to the starting point of the Pilgrimage, the 1st of September)*

I have finally used all of my paper. I slept very well last night. This may have been thanks to the altitude, or to the tree that protected me. I did the Promethean Office. I reflected on how difficult it can be to fully love nature (*especially with all of the surrounding anxiety*). I ate, prepared my bag and finished contemplating the energies of the spheres. I tried to depict a specific energy by drawing it. It was hard to leave that place, and I felt melancholic upon my departure. It is probably common to experience some distress in light of the changes to come. I was happy that I went there. I was also a little sad that I didn't succeed in all of the tasks.

I hope that this story will not disappoint *Secuntra's* members. I think that I did the best that I was able to at my level. I really forced myself to face the various ordeals. From this, I think that  $\pi\alpha\theta\epsilon\iota\ \mu\alpha\theta\omicron\varsigma$  will bear its fruits.

These lands will never leave my mind.  
Agios o *Secuntra*.

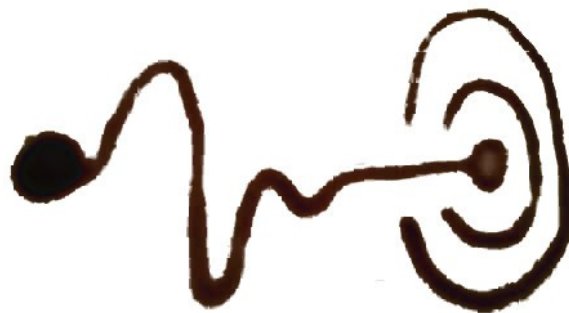


(On the train, the 2th of September)

I finally used my last piece of paper. I felt strange inside the taxi, going back to the city of *L*. I was happy to leave alive, and to go back to a familiar universe, but I also had some anxiety. I went directly to my room to get some food. I stayed there. I set my human relations and interactions to auto-pilot. I felt something similar on my way back from Asia. I had a strong desire to return after experiencing some difficulties. It was probably a normal psychic mechanism, one used to deal with change in the face of the unknown. Here, there were many things: entertainment, many forms of stimulation, movement, sounds, unique smells ... But everything seemed so empty and cold ... I reflected on the time that I spent in nature. What made my time so difficult was my lack of practical knowledge, which gave rise to stress and tension. This was especially so during my illness, as well as when I was waiting during the storm. When I had no particular goals, I felt good (*like on Saturday and Sunday*). Time, then, felt like another dimension. During these periods, I was able to spend around an hour contemplating each sphere. I was able to empty my head, freeing it from thought, remaining present and in the moment. On Saturday afternoon, for example, I didn't think about anything for more than five hours. Time moved quickly then; it did not feel slow.

***This world's structure gives us the impression that there are many things to do, many responsibilities, forms of entertainment, taxes and consumer goods; but these are illusions. There cannot be responsibility without choice. Who among those so-called "serious people" can take responsibility for their own lives?***

From my lack of experience, it is easy to feel secure in a complacent world. But this security feels unhealthy. Certain feelings within me are stronger now. I think that these feelings will help resist feeding that complacency and sense of security. The experiences that I have imposed on myself reveal these feelings. I can't accept taking part in this world. On a practical level, this is terrible; I can't leave Earth to go to Satanica or Empathia System B46 ... It is true that a lot of money would make things easier. I am losing inspiration now, so I will stop writing. I will try to "forget" the *Secuntra's* cards everywhere.



*(Somewhere in Genova, the 3rd of September)*

After arriving in the city of *N.*, I wanted to see the city quickly but didn't have enough time. It had just started to rain, so I went to get something to eat. I took some time to place some of *Secuntra's* cards around the train station. The night was long on the train. I was wedged tightly between two people. After sixteen hours of waiting, I finally arrived in *Genova* at 6:00 am. To help pass the time, I got a room for the day and found a way to get an internet connection. While waiting for the hostel to open, I put more *Secuntra* cards in large, conspicuous places. I placed the last cards at a local university in either the School of Philosophy or Literature (*not sure*). I kept one card as a souvenir, per my evil materialist side.

I took some time to rest and soon was back – back to the same point, back to the beginning. I was precisely where I was when I wrote my first words at the start of the trip. It had been a long trip, and rather hard. But I was back and alive. Tomorrow I would return to my country.



Trevor Miltros, ONA  
125 yf

## Summer's End – A Sinister Duet



### Nupus

Here once again, in this land surrounded by forests, mountains and rivers.  
Here once again, to fulfil our Destiny and the Aeon's Wyrd.

The air was cool despite the warm Sun. We entered a forest cradled in the embrace of a wide valley.  
This was where Initiates of the Sinister Tradition began the difficult ordeal of the *Black Pilgrimage*.

The *Diabolus* echoed and crept like fog in the forest.

We arrived at the *T. Valley* – a memory of our Dark Goddess, Baphomet. We chanted *Agios o Baphomet* as everything around us began to dissolve. There were distant echoes following a shout.

We left the valley to go back into the dense forest, and then experienced the hell of ascending a torrent.

The numinous embraces the sinister and vice versa.

A storm was approaching. The clouds were full of water and lightning.  
The air was cold. Chthonic thunder pervaded our souls.

We laid on the grass, momentarily losing ourselves in the sky above as the clouds danced and

clashed. We continued to *S. Valley*, which was replete with streams and small gorges. It led directly to the entrance of the *M. D.*

The bones of dead animals that had been thoroughly dismembered by wolves were scattered everywhere. Their framing of the scenery was pleasant. The sacrificial areas were not far away.



A mountain top, though not the highest, led to the entrance of the *M. D.* – a place where few dared to enter. The *Agios Lucifer* chant echoed, followed by *Sanctus Satanas*.

It was a long walk, but we were finally there – on top of the mountain, in the stone circle. We arrived at *Secuntra* at sunset. According to tradition, this was the location where the Ceremony of Recalling was conducted every seventeen years. During the Ceremony, an opfer – usually a man – would be culled and decapitated in honour of our Dark Goddess, Baphomet. The opfer's severed head would then be crowned with a garland of flowers and shown to new initiates at the next sunedrion.

The top of the mountain was full of dried spikes, much like arrows scattered all over the ground; everywhere except for the stone circle, in which, strangely, nothing seemed to grow. Nothing, except for a prickly plant in the centre – right where a quartz crystal tetrahedron was buried many years ago.

The Rite of the Nine Angles commenced in the cold of night. The buried tetrahedron began to show itself during the vibrations. The nexion above us was open, and a tentacle-form emerged from it. It embraced us. There were a multitude of stars in the black sky without a Moon.

Lying at the edge of the circle, we fell asleep, cradled by a wind we lost ourselves in the Cosmos



above. Hieros Gamos took place with a woman with black hair and voluptuous breasts, appearing in a dream. Communion with the Dark Goddess.

Dawn. A red Sun appeared from a frame of trees at the edge of the mountain top. Nythra was invoked from within the circle. *Sanctus Satanas* closed the working.

^^^

## **Nythra**

One morning during the first ten days of August, we left by car for the mountains. It was not the first time that I spent a night outside; but this time my anxiety was palpable. It was accompanied by the intimate awareness that what I was about to face would be more than a simple hike. It would be a real journey into myself – an ordeal.

We left the car at the edge of the road. We immediately entered the woods and followed a path that soon became confused and untrodden. It was covered with mud and dead leaves.

After some time, we reached the first of many beautiful landscapes that were waiting for us. The site brought me back to the archetypal images depicted in Beest's *Sinister Tarot* – simple, but pervaded with a distressing and almost unreal atmosphere. It was the first stop of our journey: a valley of grass and rocks with a ruin and a small river.



We took off our backpacks and ate some rations. While sitting on a rock, I started to feel the energy of the place. We loudly chanted the *Diabolus*. I felt that we were being followed and watched by someone, which interfered with my ability to chant and perform certain actions. We continued on, making our way through the woods. This time the path was clearly visible. It often gave way to bright glades, which attenuated a bit of the oppression caused by the tangle of trees.

At one point during the journey, we stopped near a river. Standing on a cliff above a roaring waterfall, we deeply vibrated “*Atklal Maka*” with our eyes closed. Our imaginations were led by the roar of water. I visualized foamy and twisted grey streams, from which arose an aquatic entity.

We resumed our route and arrived at another valley, one no less beautiful than the previous one. With their bells, the livestock were the only source of noise. An unreal silence permeated the landscape. We loudly vibrated “*Agios o Baphomet*”. Every word echoed through the slopes. Our vibration must have moved the right energy, because suddenly, almost like a mystical response, the clouds covered the sky, obscuring the valley.

After a short break, we resumed the journey. Here began one of the hardest parts of the route. The path disappeared, and bright glades gave way to a suffocating tangle of trees, rotting leaves and ground with streams of water and mud. The nature of the land had changed. The path became very steep, and the only chance of reaching the top of the slope was to climb the riverbed. I did not think that it would be so unnerving to walk in these conditions. Our feet sank in the mud. In the freezing water, my shoulders began to give up under the weight of an unbalanced backpack, threatening to make me fall backwards. My trusty stick was my only lifeline, preventing me from falling over. The rotting leaves were slippery, and the air was wet and heavy. The walk seemed endless. It was hard to tell what time it was, since the foliage of the trees covered the sky and the Sun.



We reached a crossroads, which marked the beginning of an impervious ascent. My body was taken by a kind of frenzy. The pain and fatigue became new energy. Hastily, I arrived at the top, finally reaching the rays of the Sun. The view of the sky filled me with joy. An inhabited house a little further on reassured me that we were going in the right direction.

The first part of the journey was over. We could now move towards the second stop.

At this point in the day we totally lost track of time. We undertook the new path knowing that we would arrive at our final destination before sunset.

We followed a stream along a flat route, one much simpler than what we had previously experienced. The new obstacle, however, was shoulder pain, which was almost unbearable due to my backpack. While walking, I saw a strange polished white wood in the grass. On closer inspection, it turned out to be a bone. We saw it as a good omen, and noted with interest that there were other bones and portions of what was probably the dismembered body of a cow scattered all over the field. Everything was there: the skull, teeth, vertebrae and ribs. We rebuilt part of the body, assembling some of the bones randomly.

We arrived at the next stop (*after which we turned back to go to the final part of the route*). There was a grassy hill with two beautiful trees, a clear pool of water and rocks scattered about. It looked like the traditional *locus amoenus*. We rested for a bit in the shade of the tree, eating another food ration. To my surprise, I was not hungry, despite the distance that we had travelled. Once finished with the meal, we got up and chanted "*Agios Lucifer*", listening as the surrounding valley returned our voices. While turning in a circle, we then euphorically chanted "*Sanctus Satanas*".

At this point, we were ready for the final part of the journey.

We quickly turned back. It was late afternoon, and there was still a long way to go. We rushed and lost our orientation, walking a different path than the one we took previously. The grass was higher and the slopes were steeper; even the woods along the valley were no longer familiar. I began to lose patience. I was discouraged by the idea that we might come out somewhere other than predicted. We all had severe pain throughout our bodies and were very tired. An irrational euphoria prevented me from thinking about the pain. I strove up to a steep climb, hoping to reach the mountain top as soon as possible. Fortunately, the path that we took turned out to be the right one, so we kept going.

This time we had to walk along a paved road – the only road in that area that allowed mountain villages to stay connected. The walk, however, proved to be harder than expected. My legs were stiff and seemed to be on the verge of breaking at any moment. My feet were full of wounds. My back and shoulders were deeply marked by my backpack, and the pain was unbearable. The road seemed endless. I almost lost hope of reaching our final destination. We seemed to have been walking for hours or even days.

When the frenzy had finally pushed me to run breathlessly at the end of a never-ending turn, I saw our goal. There were horses grazing majestically and peacefully. The fixed point was located on top of a slope, one completely exposed to the sky, full of rocks and some long-stemmed plants resembling sheaves of wheat, which I had never seen before.

We finally freed ourselves from our backpacks and prepared our sleeping bags on the ground. We

built a circle of seven stones to perform the concluding rite of the day. The Sun was setting. We had arrived just in time. The forest looked overwhelming. It was soon no longer possible to distinguish one tree from another. Everything became a shapeless black spot, which occasionally emitted noise and a dim light.

We performed the Rite of the Nine Angles. Our vibration was powerful. It seemed to be enveloped by a third voice. Below us, we felt the ground trembling. This area was sacred to *Secuntra* – an open Nexion, and a powerful energy receptacle.

I felt good and satisfied. I had finished my long journey at the right time. I was exhausted, but proud of myself. I felt that even Nature was participating in my victory, evidenced by a radiant hill and a sky studded with brilliant, clear stars.

It was unfortunately impossible to fall asleep. It was neither cold nor pitch dark. Once again, the feeling of being observed began to annoy me. In fact, I felt that something inhuman was watching me from the surrounding forest. I felt the presence of *Baphomet* permeate the glade. I tried to fall asleep visualizing her in the archetypal form of *Kali Ma*, a goddess I loved very much. In my mind, I intoned a song invoking her name. I divided myself into half-sleep and hallucinations the rest of the night. In a state of semi-dissociation, I was certain that an entity was actually there with me.

At dawn, when the sky turned rosy, I felt relieved. We could finally get back on the path. We greeted the rising Sun – a small red fireball lingering on the horizon. We concluded the Rite of the Nine Angles

I walked back with a different awareness. It was the same awareness that you get after returning from difficult and exhausting ordeals – a life surrounded by people, completely unaware; people who will never have the courage to emerge from the fog of mediocrity; people who live without having ever seen the spectacle of Nature in action.

At night, two dreams revealed to me that my unconscious had undergone a significant change – one that would have effects on my everyday life.

Nupus et Nythra  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
August 126 yf

## Wyrđ – An Aeonic Destiny



It was quite easy to leave Italy undercover using one of the many identities created for this purpose. A new terrestrial season had opened its door, and the air in this part of Europe was cool and pleasant.

Several months ago, we received an invitation to attend a secret Sunedrion as special guests, held by various European Nexions of the ONA/O9A. Spanning several days, it was a good opportunity to make new alliances, discuss common strategies and strengthen the body and mind. Above all, it was a chance to live with our own kind, *de visu*; those that share our common *Logos*, exemplified by the Code of Kindred Honour – a code that has and will continue to distinguish us from the mundane rabble.

It was to be held in a forest near what was once the centre of the Aeonic energies of the Faustian era. These were condensed nearly a century ago in an attempt to give life to the Imperium.



We prepared two styles of combat training to show for the occasion: physical conditioning and perception of the attack. We stayed in a mountain hut within the forest, which provided a pleasant setting for the various forms of training that each Nexion demonstrated and engaged us with. These occupied our physical and mental faculties for days.

Each night, when the darkness grew dense and enclosed the hut, the Sunedrion began. Tactics, strategies and traditions occupied our time in a part of Europe where the Imperium was still something capable of being realized.

A common factor of each associate was their pathei-mathos. As a speaker remarked, “Behold, this is the *living tradition* we speak of”.

Although there remained many fields to plough, some seeds were planted. There were new possibilities and new destinies for the Sons and Daughters of Wyrð to feed on – to feed on that homogeneous, metallic water that dissolves and creates everything.

*Agios Europe*

Eques Sinemus  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA  
127 yf

## Κοσμιον – Echoes of a Secret Tradition

### Introduction

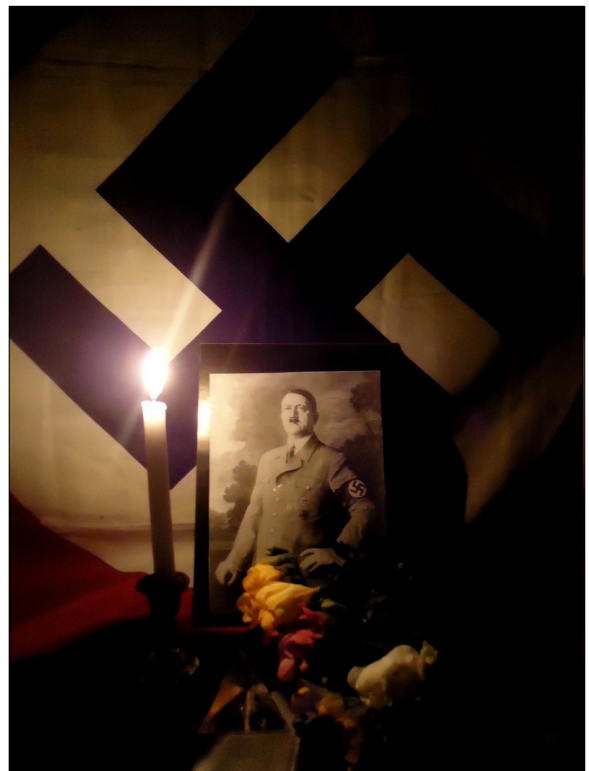
Every year, many of the Nexions of the Sinisterly-Numinous Tradition prepare to conduct Aeonick Magick through a special celebration that lasts eleven days, held at a specific time of the year. Marking the most important period for the Western or Faustian civilization, this is a time when Aeonick energies are made stronger and more accessible in order to affect individuals on a large scale. The exoteric form used for the working – which has and allows the flow of those acausal energies – is the political form of National Socialism. This form in fact remains an open nexion, one useful for the grounding of acausal energy.

The use of this form and its associated energy aims to re-present the Faustian ethos and the warrior archetype. This is made possible through the involvement of each participant, utilizing the positive values of National Socialism, thereby channelling grounded acausal energy into a new form (*via Aeonick Magick*). This involves the evolution of prior political form, in addition to a radically new religious form created for this purpose, one known as the Aryan (*or Aryanist*) religion.

The working works on two levels: the *individual* and the *Aeonick*.

*Individual* – the participation in the working affectively influences those who take part in it. It is designed to change their *physis*; and, as such, is a rite of Internal Magick. The Faustian ethos is re-presented, thereby re-enforcing *sympatheia* with feelings of sacrifice in much the same way that it did for fighters of the Waffen SS. It is a species of *pietas*, imbibed with warrior virtues and a communal or tribal sense of living according to a new law or *logos* (*aka, the Code of Kindred Honour*). The union of all of these elements is designed to produce a profound change within the individual.

*Aeonick* – the aforementioned individual effects conglomerate, in part, given that a change in individual *physis* can lead to a genesis of change within a given society. Change furthermore occurs in light of the channelling of acausal energy drawn from National Socialism as a nexion within the religious form created to re-present Faustian values.



The highly subversive nature of this celebration is in direct contrast to the Nazarene/Magian distortion (*to understand the details of this distortion see the essay by Mr. David Myatt, Vindex – The Destiny of the West*). This makes it one of the greatest heresies of our century – *Κοσμιον*, a nexion to the Kosmos.

## A Heretic Tale

Every year, per our Destiny and the command of this Aeon's Wyrd, we live that secret tradition known as *Κοσμιον*. This intense celebration lasts eleven days. It is a period full of energy and potential. Each individual preparing for the celebration is made well aware of what is undertaken. The years of Adolf Hitler's regime marked an unprecedented era in the history of the twentieth century – an era when the prospect of achieving an Imperium and opening a physical nexion became more than a possibility; they became real and tangible.

The start of the celebration begins on the twentieth of April, marking the birth of the Führer. The celebration lasts until the thirtieth of April, marking the day of his death in the Berlin bunker in 1945. For a brief but intense period, the goal is to bring back to life the archetype of the glorious Aryan warrior, thereby channelling the powerful antinomian energy that for fifteen years made Germany the most feared and powerful nation in the world.

There are no robes of occult paraphernalia. A simple paramilitary uniform is worn by the participants, comprising a black jacket, pants and boots. Silver symbols of the Cosmic Wheel and Secuntra Nexion adorn the heart. (*These additionally glow in the dark at night.*) All participants focus on a presumed intent for the eleven days of the celebration, with an attitude suited for the event. Namely, one of strength, honour, contempt for danger, racial pride and identity, superiority to the mundane rabble and anger and disgust for the enemy, the Magian – the international Judaism. These are pre-requisite dispositions for the revival of a genuine Western warrior archetype.

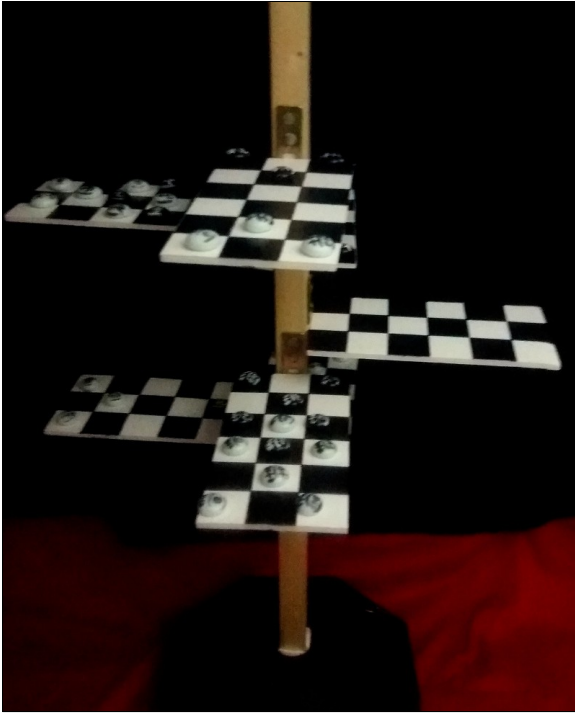
During a late afternoon on the twentieth of April, we were in the agreed location to hold the opening ceremony of the *Κοσμιον*. Special arrangements were made for the altar, which had a black cloth bearing the silver symbol of the Cosmic Wheel, a flag with the immortal symbol of the svastika and a portrait of Hitler with black candles and flowers as offerings. Darkness fell, and the ritual began. The scent of oak pervaded the air.

Standing in a semi-circle, we lit a pyre and intoned *Agios Vindex* in unison, focusing our energy and intent on the Cosmic Wheel. The *Mass of Heresy* began to the sound of military musick in the background. The impetus grew at various stages of the celebration. Various quotations from *Mein Kampf* were read aloud by each of us during the middle of the ritual. A resounding “Heil Hitler!” pierced the air intensely and frequently, echoing in the landscape that surrounded us. The touching remembrance of fallen comrades, with a hand on each heart and arms extended into the night, marked a supreme gesture of nostalgia and recalling. We chanted *Agios Vindex* again. Our sense of unity was strengthened with a drink of consecrated wine from the same chalice. With the conclusion of the rite, we returned to mundane reality with a warrior spirit burning throughout our minds and bodies.

In the days that separated us from the conclusion of the *Κοσμιον*, we celebrated the rise and fall of the Sun with the *Agios Vindex* chant while charging the Cosmic Wheel with energy. We evoked a dark pathway each night – a force/energy/God for nine evenings – forming a special sigil in a growing acausal vortex, one that would climax in celebration on the thirtieth of April. Shaitan, Noctulius ... Vindex!

Every day, for nine days, all members of the Nexion engaged in a synchronous working of the Star Game with the aim of favouring and intensifying the forces of the Imperium.





30th April – the final day of the Aeonic cycle that, in those eleven days, drained our energy again and again; one that allowed us to be reborn on this final evening.

A black fast and abstaining from any form of communication for twenty-four hours made us extremely receptive and sensitive to stimuli, both externally and internally. We felt detached from the world. The chaos of the city and the voices of our acquaintances seemed like distant echoes. Our minds were quiet and aware.

Our next rite was scheduled for 3 am. We walked on a rugged mountain path for twenty minutes with only the light of the Moon to guide us. The waning Moon was unusually large and blood-red. The chosen area was an open hill that dominated the entire valley. A simple altar was erected. At 4 am –

the time of the self-immolation of the Führer – the rite began. Physis, the form of our Martial Art, was performed in the silence of the night. The pyre burned with the chants of *Atazoth* and *Agios Vindex*, framing our feat sonically. A silver Cosmic Wheel on a black background – our only symbol – shook in the wind.

The celebration was simple, devoid of unnecessary abstractions. The stars, the Moon, the land, and all of the surrounding nature provided everything we needed. A strong scent of oak, ash and henbane pervaded the valley.

We loudly declaimed the material and spiritual testament of the Führer in order to bring to mind the great trace of a man now living as an immortal among the stars. “To die rather than submit!” Our offerings, signs of personal sacrifice and the symbol of our sworn enemy burned in the fire. The musick of a flute and drums with their hierogamy made both the air and our souls vibrate.

A sudden heat permeated the quartz tetrahedron while the acausal energy forcefully made its way from the nexion opened in the Kosmos. *Agios Vindex!* The destruction of this society, the Imperium – our New Aeon – was a step closer! At the end of the celebration, each of our comrades – united by the indissoluble bond of our mystical belonging – meditated separately on what they had just experienced, as well as on the long journey ahead. We scatted throughout the place, each one of us looking up at the stars and the night sky, which gradually gave way to the light of dawn. Once again, we uplifted our arms in the cloven, surrounding air, this time shouting “*Agios Vindex!*”

A new day, a new era: catharsis.  
This is our work.

Eques S., Nythra, Nupus, Azanya et alii  
Secuntra Nexion, ONA

