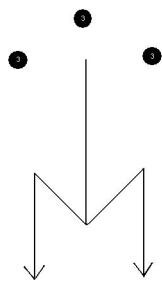




The Directives of Wamphyrim/Vampirism
In Accordance with the MSS of the American
TEMPEL OV BLOOD

A Limited Distribution for
Members of the Temple of THEM,
Australian Nexion
2008



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The Focus and Direction of the Tempel ov Blood

Lord Karnac 114YF Era Horrificus

For those so inclined to work with the Tempel ov Blood (after proving their Noctulian potential), our main aims are threefold:

First, we wish to hold as our highest priority the creation of the New Being. The realization of the meaning of the human's life is this - humans are nothing in themselves, they are great however once they have decided to become a bridge to the New Being variously described and symbolized by Homo Galactica, Übermensch, Noctulians, Vampires, and the various titles given to Alien beings in such mythologies. ANY and ALL humans who fail to embrace this evolutionary urge will serve as food and a resource to be used by the New Being- as a human would a lesser animal. Thus is our philosophy and way of being a terror to the Magian. So much sweeter will their Blood Essence be to consume...

Second, the infiltration and manipulation of organizations and forms with Sinister potential. Aryanism, particularly the more religiously fanatically forms of it, such as Christian Identity are a good example. The manipulating Noctulain is to use these forms for their own Presencing of the Dark, as well as changing in subtle ways the followers of such forms to following a more Sinister direction. For example, in Identity, using knowledge of the Biblical doctrines and prophecies encourage war, hardship, and system disruption using the scriptures as guidance and proof of the message you are sending to adherents of the said form. Any form with a transhuman, system disruption, or satanic direction to it may be of use here. The key is finding a form that in itself is an aid to the Dialect and empowering it further, causing a saturation of Acausal Energy.

Third, disruption of Magian organizations. Whether overtly occult forms, such as Judeo-Christian churches, Wicca covens, pseudo-satanic temples, or more physical down to earth forms such as Magian political groups and government. These need to be infiltrated and disrupted via both magical means (the ways of which are detailed in a ms not available to the public) as well as in more physical and practical ways.

The Tempel itself is but a means for the Noctulain Empire to provide a harsh alchemical change process to those who seek it, allowing them to aid the dialect on their own with the knowledge and skills attained during the transformation. Those few who go on to become

Noctulians will join with us in our Harvest and pass thru the Jihad as One of Them that will reign immortal in the Dark Land.

"Come as a reaper, for thus will you sow." - Black Book of Satan

Tempel ov Blood: A Treatise On Sinister Dialectics

by Czar Azag-Kala ; 114 Era Horrificus

The Tempel ov Blood, far from being a fly-by-night operation of what is sometimes referred to in the ‘modern’ world as ‘occultic’ or ‘satanic’ , is, in fact, concerned with enacting agendas of a long-term nature with far-reaching implications for both those who participate (in one way or another) with the work of the Tempel directly as well as the general populace of this earth planet. In fact, the Tempel ov Blood is engaged in what members of the Roman Equity system of law practiced in America would term as a grand or broad based CONSPIRACY. Naturally, this ‘conspiracy’ as such is seen as detrimental towards the forces controlling the Magian Lodge (which is already in the process of dismantling itself via decadent, internal self-destruction - that being hardly a fit state in which to battle it out with the forces of the Seven Fold Sinister Path). Yet, the discerning observer realizes that all the works of the Sinister Path in general - can only be beneficial towards human kind, whether than be in the form of creating new Adepts or mercifully culling the dross from the globe via means which will not be discussed herein.

Why then, is the Tempel ov Blood largely ignored by the kinds of law enforcement agencies that track and monitor other so-called ‘extremist groups’? The reason being is precisely this: the aims and the goals of the Tempel ov Blood in keeping with our processes of Aeonic manipulation and promulgation of the Sinister Dialectic are seen, to mortal eyes, to be so huge in scope that they determine that our goals are practically ‘impossible’ and thus, such organizations as ‘Satanic Temples’ therefore must be merely fantasy.

As the Judeo-Christians know, as expressed in their popular music of the day: (Satan) ‘My job is getting very simple now, since no one believes in me anymore’. Since the underground nature of most Sinister temples puts us under the proverbial radar so to speak, this is one reason why we do not face hard repercussions from the external/exoteric forces that would seem to be either run directly or controlled remotely by the Magian/White Lodge. However, the main reason, is that the machinations of beings who are in fact, non-human, beyond humanity in every respect, are too in-depth and complex for an unevolved human being to understand. Physically, physiologically, psychologically, spiritually and intellectually those are of the new race - the progeny of the Tempel ov Blood - are operating on a completely higher level than the masses of humanity. While the new, sensitive Nazarene-trash breed of humans bemoan the social affliction of ‘racism’ , they ignore much more sinister malaise which threatens their feeble existence. While they chase after so-called ‘racists’ the real perpetrators of their woes operate unseen and with full, unholy fury: behold - the SPECIESTS.

Altars of Hell

Practical Working for Neonates

Tempel ov Blood

One of the fundamental tasks of neonates upon the pathways presented by our Tempel is the embracing of the shadowside; the exploration of the dark (both Acasual and practical). Far from being simply an exploration of their own (supposedly) singular person, the exploration of the shadowside implies both the 1.) recognition and working with Sinister atavisms within the

psyche, which in turn lead towards the pathways towards the Dark Gods 2.) presencing (via rituals appropriate for neonates) demonic, adverse spiritual forces.

Through the beginnings of the strivings and development of a Satanic character and the development of one's self via ordeals which cause alchemical change, knowledge of the self will come as a by-product of the previous mentioned activities of the neonate. This beginning of self-knowledge will be a start of a journey towards developing a true 'self-consciousness' which will last many decades. After the level of External Adept has been obtained, the Satanic adherent will begin to have a proper perspective on what they have become and how they, as an independent amoral force, interact with the world and the forces of Casual and Acasual nature (most often, Adepts will be working towards the furtherance of the Sinister Dialectic. Goals of varying color in regards to manipulation of Aeonic forces are worked towards by various Satanic groups and individuals although the prominent goal is the bringing about the Return of the Dark Gods.

In the beginning, for the Neonate, one of the primary goals will be to strip the self of imposed Nazarene 'morals'.

In the beginning, it will be very imperative for the neonate to realize what is Satan and what it means to be, in reality, Satanic. Satanists - especially within the goals promulgated by Lord Karnac in "The Focus and Direction of the Tempel ov Blood" - and especially true for those actually working with the Tempel ov Blood specifically, are, quintessentially, a martial force of evil which stands in defiance to the Magian. Not only do we defy, we infiltrate, disrupt, dismantle, raze and sabotage both philosophical strongholds and both esoteric and exoteric infrastructure of the Magian system. As the Satanist develops, through their opening of certain nexions within their own being to the Dark Gods and forged in the fire of their own 'living on the edge' experiences in life they will become more Sinister, more Satanic. The neonate must begin a path that will force a self-evolution upon themselves. To undeveloped humans, a Neonate and especially an Initiate will be very dangerous indeed. This capability to both 1.) draw down Acasual forces related to the Dark Gods of the Sinister Pantheon (and) 2.) be able to effectively enact system disruption will only increase over the passage of years and the descent of the practitioner towards the Casual and Acasual Altars of Hell.

For the neonate, it is important that a real breakdown of Magian brainwashing to occur. It is not enough to go about it, willy-nilly, simply extracting things that may be personally attractive to extract while still holding onto deep, harbored emotions and ideas. It is precisely those deep-rooted magian elements which must be destroyed if one is to truly become worthy of the title of 'Satanist'.

In the pseudo-satanic groups, we often see individuals who, while flaunting certain conceived 'taboos' and 'indulgences' will truly 'run like the devil was after them' if confronted by an opinion, action, emotion, etc. which is truly dark, truly sinister. For instance, LaVeyian Satanists may still find it 'thrilling' to paw at a naked altar girl, shout 'Shemhamforash' with nasal intonations or make 'vague hints' that National Socialist Germany possessed occultic power. In truth, the large majority of non-Sinister Path so-called 'Satanists' are simply dabblers, who have no real interest in 'getting their hands dirty' so to speak. Put these would-be Satanists in the presence of a truly heretical political or religious doctrine (an example in America would be, for instance, a Racial Covenant Identity adherent of Posse Comitatus limited government, who practices polygamy) and they will become surprised, bewuddled and, in most cases, completely disoriented. Confront these would-be Satanists with a practical act of chaos and darkness (for instance, the destruction of the World Trade Center) and these so-called Satanists will suddenly become god-bless-america flag-waving patriots.

So, as you can by now see, even when many 'taboos' are broken in an attempt to cleanse oneself of Magian brainwashing and force-fed dogma there are always more to be broken, deeper layers of consciousness to uncover. This deprogramming is not just 'desirable' - it is ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. For remember, we are not simply discussing a 'personal salvation' here, we are not simply explaining that for one's own personal benefit that these changes are desirable. One must begin to view themselves, straight from the start, as being a part of the whole - a Satanist with a specific destiny, but one whose primary objective is being a Satanic, vampiric shock-trop in the war machine which will plant the seeds for the return of the Dark Gods physically upon this earth planet. In this respect, it would be recommended for neonates to study, in-depth, the history of the National Socialist party and the Third Reich. Look into the philosophers and thinkers who influenced the National Socialist policy and credo and read those well. As is said in the Twenty-One Satanic Statements (Black Book of Satan, Order of Nine Angles): 'Build not upon sand but upon rock And build not for today or yesterday but for all time'. It should be the goal of every Satanist to create a widening sphere of Sinister influence which will outlast their casual lifespan. For this purpose, it must be understood that all beginning steps are necessary training so that the Satanist, later on, might be capable to influence via their Sinister deeds the shifting of Aeons. And, by sacrificing for Sinister outcome in the turning of the ages, one is putting their effort in the pool of all those who wish to see the gods of darkness, the Lords of Evil and Plague, to enter from the dark spaces - coming out of their prison of Saturn - to descend upon the earth planet and establish open rule, making 'SOLVET SAECLUM IN FAVILLA' complete.

So, when the attempt of deprogramming the Magian influence is duly enacted one must remember that he or she is training to be a SOLDIER for the Sinister Dialectic. One must strive to be a PROFESSIONAL that is not ruled by unconsciousness influences and deplorable remnants of Magian thinking. When deprogramming the method which must be used is SHOCK. There is no other way.

This must be enacted on every possible facet of your operations. For instance, one big shock would be the defilement of sexuality for those who harbor traditional American 'fraternity boy' practices. Of course this will be especially effective for those who have been raised in the sexually-oppressive atmosphere of a Judeo-Christian home. Sadomasochism (which actually has a specific esoteric usage within Sinister Vampirism to be explored in other mss.), sapphism, uranian practices, etc. are all useful. The first thought of the neonate may very well be 'oh my, but, I find some of those practices to be disturbing!'. THAT is precisely the point and that is why it is precisely those things which are unexplored and 'disturbing' which must be engaged in. Only by dropping headfirst into the Abyss of Sinister experience will one become a truly Sinister individual, one which is capable of effecting change and disruption which is adverse to the Magian yet fraught with potential of evolution for the humans which come into your sector of operations. Satanists, via overcoming themselves, will become amoral, Sinister beings who are beyond human - beings which will be winds of change wherever they may go. Sometimes, the change they bring will be met with resistance. That in itself is only another opportunity for the Satanist to engage in a favorite pastime which is sorely needed in today's emasculated feminized society, and that pastime and operation is the operation of CONFLICT, STRIFE and WAR.

The neonate should begin, right away, to identify and observe the behavioral factors within the society in which they live that are causing anti-evolutionary results within the populace. Once identified, it can be readily assumed that these anti-evolutionary factors are being introduced by the Magians, who promote the kind of deplorable 'half-life' which is the anti-thesis of an upward, Sinister evolutionary course. It is useful for the neonate to early on begin exploring

the disruptive forms, actions and creeds which elicit hysterical vituperation from the hordes of human chattel. When one has found a form which is able to 'touch a nerve' within the populace, it should be explored. More often than not, or if it possesses a psychic contaminant of anti-evolutionary creeds, it can still be manipulated and subverted to serve Sinister aims.

Along with the traditional tasks that are given to a Noenate (certain specific tasks will come from the Tempel ov Blood if one is so affiliated, and there are several traditional tasks such as the killing of an animal in the manner of a hunter with a primitive weapon such as a bow and arrow or a stone and sling, the procurement of holy water and consecrated wafer from a church which is then defiled ritualistically to bind oneself to Satan, etc.) every Neonate is highly recommended to undertake the following (or very similar tasks). This will be a 'building block' that will provide the base from which many more ambitious projects in the way of Aeonic manipulation of forms for the furtherance of the Sinister Dialectic later on along the path.

Neonate Black Ops

Infiltration and Sabotage

The neonate should start (especially if one is young and unable to travel great distances via modern vehicular modes) their Sinister Path operations by becoming familiar with the different institutions and social groups (including, but not limited to, local 'sub-cultures') in their immediate geographical location. They should identify whether or not these institutions and social groups are operating according to Magian or Sinister principles. More than likely, the former will be the case.

As the Neonate establishes his or her first temple area (this could be a grove in the forest or a bedroom which is used for meditation and practices of Vampirism and Sinister pathworkings) there will begin to be an outpouring of black, abysmal energies which will 'disperse' amongst the area in which the Sinister adherent is living.

In addition to traditional rituals it would be recommended to obtain some more conventional grimoires on black magick and work with the formulas while subverting them to cause Sinister, calamitous results. An example of this would be working with grimoires that require elaborate magical circles of protection with 'holy names' so inscribed on them. In such rituals the 'demon' or 'astral force' is usually summoned into a 'protective triangle' which is OUTSIDE OF THE CIRCLE - in other words, the magicians who practice such are very concerned about protecting themselves from the primal force/demon that is summoned. Another staple of these types of rituals is that elaborate 'banishing' rituals are used at the end of the rituals. This is to 'banish' all the remaining energies to prevent 'psychic contamination' or 'chaotic dispersion' of the (most of the time) adverse energies/forces/whatever which has been brought forth during the course of the ritual.

A rule of thumb for neonates concerning such rituals is this: whatever the white-light magicians recommend for 'safety', promptly eschew. Furthermore, reverse portions of the ritual in such a way that you will be bringing forth forces that will NOT BE BANISHED and will be allowed to run rampant, indefinitely.

A sample scenario of such would go as follows: An older 'black magic' manual gives the explanations for how to summon and banish a demon/primal force/etc. The manual explains that a circle must be drawn and that the demon will manifest in the triangle outside of the circle.

Afterwards, the demon must be 'banished' and the room cleansed with salt and other nice, pretty herbal tinctures of exorcism.

Do not bother with forming a circle. Simply use an altar bearing the sigils/pictures and accessories specific to the demon which you are summoning. After the ritual is complete, do not utter any words or perform any actions which supposedly will 'close' the ritual - simply leave the area, with no banishment whatsoever. Another method would be to simply draw the triangle and to stand inside of the triangle, hermetically sealing yourself in the same small area in which the demon will be manifesting. Such purposeful subversions of ritual will quickly lead to demonic possession and dispersal of evil, chaotic energies in your geographical area.

Performing such 'open-ended' rituals along with other Sinister practices will begin the process of saturating oneself with Sinister energies from beyond (a virtual 'crash course' in abysmal shadowside) and also saturating the area in which you live with similar energies. Your goal here is to be the catalyst for sort of an 'All Hell Breaks Loose' type of scenario in your respective location. This grooming of an area will again be a building block for more elaborate activities which can be taken on later during the Path which include forming a proper 'nexion' which will become a doorway for Abysmal, Sinister forces to enter into the casual.

Once these prerequisite 'renegade' rituals have begun to show some effect and once your initial meditation practices have begun to yield fruit, it is time for some exoteric disruption of local Magian as well as (potentially) Sinister forms. By this we mean institutions which exert some sort of social engineering upon the populace as well as social groups which are often by-products of the aforementioned institutional structures.

Find the following:

1.) A local church into which you, the Sinister Adherent would be able to infiltrate and play a role within. For youth, the most useful would be 'the struggling teenager' (individuals in their early twenties could also undertake this role, lying about their age) who is 'interested in Jesus' but 'just not ready to make a commitment'. One could easily, several months down the line in the course of the infiltration, feign a sudden 'I've been saved, by the grace of God!' conversion which the (victims) will attribute to their own 'holy effort' and will further endear you to (the victims) that much more. Find such a church and visit it overtly and covertly on a few random occasions while you plan on your strategy and how you will disrupt their organization. By covertly I of course mean some after-hours visitations for purposes of feeling out the astral nature of their structure (placing strategic sigils around the physical building of churches is useful here) and begin some preliminary disruptions of the area on a physical level.

2.) A local occult group or a local sub-cultural group in which intimations of being overtly Sinister will be met with interest and curiosity. As Nietzsche said, if something is falling - push it! The key here is to find a group of people who are (unconsciously) being affected in adverse ways by the Sinister energies that you are unleashing by your working in their geographical area. Agitate their deterioration and begin psychic and astral sabotage,

putting them quickly on the road to perdition. This technique could be termed a 'vampiric massacre'. The astral and psychic terrorizing of a group of people, en masse, for massive blood essence feeding with you, unseen, being the cause of their woes.

These practices of infiltration, subtle (and in the case of some Neonates, not so subtle!) subversion and presencing of dark forces only on a local level will begin the development of skills which will be of use later on, during the stage of early Adephood, when one begins using increasingly larger forms to manipulate. During that later period, the Sinister adherent will be taking the skills which were first developed during the stage of Neonate and honing them to use on a global level.

While breaking down forms of Magian brainwashing one of the most effective tools to use in tangit with shock treatment (for more information on the methods and guidance on such please contact the Tempel ov Blood. TOB leaders will be able to assist individual members through observing the Neonates own personal nature and then prescribing certain duties and techniques which will be specifically beneficial to them personally) is to also undertake a serious influx of Sinister images, music, art, activities, etc. In essence, this is to implant certain 'impressions' of a Sinister nature which will override and replace former mental characteristics which have been implanted by the Magian.

The 21 Satanic Statements of Conrad Robury should be used as a catechism for every Neonate. If not memorized, they should be at least meditated upon (choose one Statement for each day of the month and meditate on one statement a day. After several months, the import of these statements will begin to sink in and you will find yourself applying the lessons which are taught within the statements.) If you have not so already, find a form of music available which embodies for you, atmospheres which you would consider appropriate to the Sinister Path. This should be music that moves you and brings forth thoughts of darkness, chaos and evil. Music of a past age (medieval or Victorian music for example) can be of aid in establishing a non-linear mode of conception when dealing with the Dark Gods and the Undead. The key here is to use appropriate props which will allow you to 'march to the beat of your own drum' and begin shedding the natural 'herd mentality' of 'follow the leader' which exists in undeveloped human society.

Rudimentary Vampiric practice should also be undertaken during the stage of neonate. The practice of draining blood essence (via touch, sight, and later, via astral travel) should commence and it is useful to pursue the mss. of groups such as (the now defunct) Tempel Azagthoth of the nineties to begin learning these methods. MSS. are also available from the Tempel ov Blood detailing more Sinister appropriate approaches to these practices and the TOB mss. should be read first. Ask your Tempel guide for information regarding Vampiric practice in this regard as they will be able to point you in the direction of knowledge and information which shall be appropriate for assuming the most hideous and dark forms of Wamphyrim in accord with the nature of the Tempel.

IN CLOSING:

This manuscript is to serve the purpose of being a supplement to your Neonate workings within the Tempel ov Blood. The information within is 'open-ended' and should not be read casually, but rather read in the mood of reading between the lines and apprehending the concepts which are intimated within. Much information regarding the Sinister Path of the Tempel ov Blood is not kept secret by choice, but rather, by necessity. For, the TOB stands at the threshold of

darkness - amoral and thus, is a threat to the powers of liberal Western Democracy which would like you to believe that the practices of social engineering and genetic manipulation 'do not exist'. The development of our emerging tyrants who are becoming genetically in similitude to 'Those From Without' must be guarded against the prying eyes of opposing forces from the White Lodge. This is especially true within the United States.

The aims of the Tempel ov Blood are very ambitious and they will be ruthlessly pursued far after the casual lifespan of the individual who is now writing these words to you. Certain methods of ours are by necessity cloaked in the symbolic language of 'occult'. Through strenuous practice the curious may advance and have these layers of secrecy removed to reveal the true abomination of our agenda. This will come only through the personal effort of those so seeking.

The methods which will be learned as you make your progression within the Sinister Path will be of such a sensitive nature that many would think such techniques would only be known amongst top secret government sectors.

They are here, for those who wish to take the path of power, because we are a Tradition. Some of our members are moving (and some have already arrived) towards a state of existence which cannot be classified as 'human' (psychically, physically, mentally or biologically).

Those who, being chained by their own Magian brainwashing believe that such results are not possible are in for a big surprise down the line. What to us has arrived as progress will be seen by the vast majority of undeveloped humans as a terror which has no equal.

Noctulian covert infiltration and subversion leading to Noctulian overt command and control.

Day of Wrath, Day by that way...

Age of fire, Final Harvest, Final Omega...

Noctulian.

Czar Azag-Kala

Tempel ov Blood

114YF Era Horrificus

Alchemical Ordeal - 18.333

Tempel ov Blood

Introduction:

In all systems of the world including the federal government and military, there is a set system which is used to break down the subject (who is henceforth a funded "experiment" in themselves, who sometime receive some small compensation for their trouble) and build them back up again, in the image chosen by the experimenter - being usually a government or military. The system is known when dealing with heretical groups as "brainwashing". What the government does is never termed "brainwashing" but it lies to reason that with the years of experience and funding behind them, the government system of breakdown - psyche death - build-up-in-another-image model is far superior to what is practiced by many common 'occult' groups as we know of them today.

Paramount to the system of 'breakdown' is shock. Shock is a tool which is used, along with fatigue, stress and terror heaped upon the subject almost constantly. During the period following shock - certain 'imprints' can be made, neurologically, upon the recipient of the shock. For instance, if one was in casual circumstances to see a sigil of Abatu this may or may not seem to

be a significant experience itself. In fact, the seeing of such a sigil in normal or even induced 'magical' consciousness may not be enough to even put a strong enough neurological imprint into one's mind where the subject would even remember what the sigil looked like. However, if one was, for instance, beaten within an inch of their life and then had a sigil of Abatu shoved into their face - a very strong neurological imprint will indeed be made.

This alchemical ordeal from the Tempel ov Blood is graded 18.333. 18 standing for Adolf Hitler (A.H. = 18 numerologically) and 333 standing for the demonic entity known as the 'Lurker at the Threshold', ie: Choronzon. No pain, no gain. And remember that 'All that is great is built upon sorrow'. Agios O Vindex Est Venturus!

DIRECTIVES:

Procure and memorize Sinister chants 'Diabolus' and 'Sanctus Satanas'. This can be both in the musical meter and for word purpose only, however, during this ritual the chants will be chanted consistently without any tune per se, in line with the beat of the heart (this is similar to the beating of the heart of the slain dragon Tiamat as her blood flowed out in tune with the heartbeat, creating the world). Practice listening to your heartbeat and uttering one word of the chant in tune with your footfalls - like a martial cadence seen used in militaries the world over.

Memorize the 'Our Father' blasphemic rendition of the original which can be found in manuscripts stemming from the Traditional Satanist group, Order of Nine Angles.

The duration of this ordeal will be three months - three corresponding to Choronzon (or appropriate Sinister pantheon entity in similitude) and the breaking open of the psychic gates, thus allowing the powers and energies of the Abyss to enter into the physical plane. This ritual serves a dual purpose. One of the purposes will not be mentioned but should be ascertained by the practitioner during the course of the ordeal. The second purpose is to presence the dark.

The period of ritual will begin on the new moon and end on the new moon - three months later. The adherent should be dressed in black clothes and have a vial in which certain herbal tinctures have been collected (contact Tempel hierarchy for further information on the proper herbal compound to be used in your particular case). During the course of the ordeal this vial will be worn via a leather thong or carried on one's person at all times excepting sleep, and then it should be placed no further than several feet from the adherent.

Go dressed in black into the forest at the hour of 3 a.m. on the new moon, carrying your prepared tincture in a vial. Situate yourself in the forest where you have a view of the sky above you and absolute privacy from any humans coming near. If the state of complete solitude or deep wilderness is not feasible, make sure that you are prepared to deal with any trespassers who may enter into the area.

Draw the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon a surface of earth. Within the sigil place the tincture which you have prepared. Begin an informal ritual by reciting "Sanctus Satanas" and then "Diabolus" followed by the "Our Father" prayer. Following this meditate upon SATANAS. You will remain, in meditation, until sunrise.

As you perceive sunrise beginning to occur, take the tincture and put it on your person and with you left hand rub out the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon the earth with the words "Mein blut ist fur ihr". Leave the area without looking back.

Upon arrival at your abode, immediately get upon the road and run one mile. If you are used to running more, up the number of miles appropriately. The purpose here is to create stress. The

number of miles run and the length thereof is to cause discomfort - so go beyond your limits you have set for yourself, but never less than one mile. Upon reaching one mile, recite the "Our Father" prayer and turn around and walk back to your abode. Recite the "Sanctus Satanas" or the "Diabolus". As this ordeal progresses you should alternate one chant every other day ie: one day chant "Sanctus Satanas" and the next day "Diabolus" then back to "Sanctus Satanas". Recite the chant in line with your footfalls or your heartbeat as explicated at the beginning of 'directives'.

Every morning until the new moon three months from the beginning of the ordeal, you shall each morning repeat the process of running one (or more miles) followed by the "Our Father" and the "Diabolus" or "Sanctus Satanas" on the walk back to your dwelling place. As your tolerance to the run begins to build, run farther so that in each instance you are reaching a state of fatigue/exhaustion.

Before going to bed in the evening recite the "Our Father" with reverence and conviction while staring into the glass of tincture which you have prepared. Have an alarm clock set and wake to repeat the same bedtime ritual at 12a.m. and again at 3 a.m. Upon waking, undertake the usual run followed with appropriate chants.

During this period of three months the adherent is to eat nothing except meat and liquids of animal products (such as goat or cow's milk). No cheese, bread or any solid substance other than meat is to be consumed. This will put the body into a state of ketosis and sooner than later your body will begin consuming itself. This is not harmful. By NO MEANS should one cheat at all on said diet.

By the time the period of three months is up, you will have reached a lithe or skeletal state befitting one of the predators of Tempel ov the Blood. On the new moon at the end of the ordeal period, proceed with black clothes and carrying your tincture into a secluded wooded area. This is NOT to be the same area which you used to commence with the ritual to begin with.

At three a.m. assemble yourself in the woods and draw the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon the earth. Within the sigil place the tincture which you have prepared. Recite the "Diabolus" followed by "Sanctus Satanas". Follow this with a recitation of the "Our Father" prayer. Following this meditate upon SATANAS. You will remain in meditation, until sunrise.

As you perceive the sun beginning to rise take the tincture and drink it followed by the words "Ich bin Noctulius". Alternately (see T.O.B. representative for specific instruction) conceal the tincture within your clothing and offer to the Master/Mistress as a sacrifice.

Rub out the sigil of NOCTULIUS upon the earth with your right hand while repeating the words:
"AGIOS O NOCTULIUS".

The ritual is at a close.

Upon completion the adherent should compose an essay on his/her experiences while and during this period of trial. Also, consultation should be made with a Tempel representative for any extra tasks which should be performed during this three month period.

AVE SATANAS

Discipline of the Gods

by Czar Azg-Kala

The Satanic Monkhood

History is made and the destiny of civilizations are decided by hard men. Hard men are only bred via hard experience. All that is caustic, severe, harsh and cruel compromises the territory in which the vampiric/satanic/ demonic aspirant must traverse and master. The horribly mangled whitened sepulchre known as 'modern thought' and 'current theology' safely sidesteps with care that which truly merits the title of sinister.

False so-called 'Satanism' of the LaVeyan and Setian veins see the archetype of Satan as pure and unbridled hedonism - a domesticated consumer and seeker of pleasure and so-called 'hidden knowledge', nothing more.

The stark facts remain: Too much indulgence breeds individuals who are soft, fussy and generally classified as dross of the human population by Sinister standards. The idea of Satan/Satanism being nothing more than pursuit of pleasure, a proud hedonist which functions within the safe legal confines of Western society, is false. What is more, it is an insult to the very idea of Satan and Black Magick. The concept of Satanism as promulgated by the Church of Satan is, in itself, part of the overall Magian deception. It is a disinformation front operated by the White Lodge to obfuscate the true and startlingly dark and evil nature of the Sinister itself.

If we look closely, we will see that the modern 'Judeo-Christians' are closely linked with the disease of spiritual enervation which afflicts the false Satanists, the poseurs. The White Lodge of the Magians wish to crush out all that is dark and possessing the promethean gleam of progress and evolution. They wish to turn the wilderness into sub-divided land for shopping malls and quaint suburban dwellings. They deny the true and holy emotions of Predation, Revenge, Discipline, Honor, Glory, Sorrow and Sacrifice. They do, and encourage others to do likewise, to live and promulgate a version of reality which is nothing more than a jewish fantasy.

The Satanic/Vampiric/Demonic Neonates, Initiates, Adepts and Masters of the Tempel ov Blood are, in essence, shock troops of the Apocalypse. Entities and intelligences who do or are working towards embodying the acasual forces of the Aeon-to-come. As such, they are disruptive by nature to the current society which nears the 'Day of Wrath' spoken of in our holy chants (see "Dies Irae, Dies Illa"). True Satanists and vampiric entities (bred through ordeals and the alchemical change processes of our Sinister Path) are essentially embodiments of chaos and evil. They in themselves are literal nexions, portals to the powers and energies of the new, Galactic Aeon which looms upon the horizon. They possess a certain awareness. They cut through the disinformation, propaganda and thrallodom to fantasy that runs rampant in Magian-influenced society and are, in essence, the only true realists.

Satan is the archetype of the untamed wilderness. His is the skies. His is the earth. He is no stranger to intrigue, espionage, genocide, violence and nuclear war. He is the possessor of secrets. He is the guardian of the occult. He is the master of Awe and Derision. Satan - whose word is CHAOS.

Satan is what we strive to become, literally, in real life. Not a person who only assumes the tint of 'Sinister' within the safety of a ritual setting but rather a literal walking demon of darkness. An undead, uncool and uncaring clan deathsmen. A hard man, bred via hard experience.

The dangerous terrains of what we of the Tempel term as vampiric only serve to explicate that new sort of intelligence, that entity which is alien and very disruptive to modern society, which neonates of the Tempel ov Blood seek to become. Erase all images of the emasculated 'romantic' version of the vampiric that is promoted via media and most films. This usually has nothing at all to do with the physical reality of vampiric intelligences, who exist embodied in the physical and disembodied in the astral. The nature of the vampiric is extensively catalogued as 'folklore' all across the earth planet and has been recorded for thousands upon thousands of years. The preconceived Magian/Nazarene ideals and falsehoods which are ingrained via neurological imprinting since childhood must be erased from the mind of the Neonate if he or she wishes to reach into the Backwards Darkness and BECOME something which is more than human.

All old and outmoded forms of the body and psyche must be discarded. The spirits of the Undead Gods must inhabit a new vessel which has been cleansed in the holy fires of ordeal, trial and hardship.

Old and unproductive neurological imprints may only be erased through exploring the shadow-self of the world and one's own psyche and body. Exploring and learning to use the dark, hard world as one's arena of operations. The earth itself ("tui sunt caeli, tua est terra...") is the working arena of the Holy and Immaculate Satanists and Vampires of the TEMPEL OV BLOOD. Via the Tempel, you will, if you are part of said temple, be aided in the eradication of chaff from your being. You yourself must be willing to step into the caustic and sinister black flames of change.

This change will be enacted (amongst other methods) via SHOCK, TRIAL, ORDEALS AND TORTURE OF THE MIND AND BODY AND SOUL. You must effectively die to the self and the ego of which you now consist to step into the glorious undeath which you seek. You must feel and experience first hand the glory of horror and the purity of pain. Transformation must be enacted if you wish to reach into the higher stages of BREAKTHROUGH and beyond...

As is stated by Adolf Hitler (an individual whom should be carefully studied by all who wish to enter into what is known as the Sinister) concerning youth: He desired the youth of his day to be an IRON YOUTH - heard as krupp steel and within their eyes, very visible, the cold hard stare of a beast of prey.

We must become as such.

We must not set low expectations for our progress. We must embrace "Joy through Discipline" and strive towards the triumph of the Will. We must become familiar with brutal force and overcoming obstacles. Not merely overcoming obstacles, but decimating them entirely.

Seek not to become the next deluded occultist, but seek instead to become the next Dictator, the next black wizard who shall ascend the pyramid of skulls via the piercing and destruction of many, many minds. You shall become as we state. Our black hands of undeath are upon you now even as you read these words. You shall become that predator, that sinister beast of prey.

Our history and the vampiric lineage of the Tempel ov Blood shows us that we are to be harsh. We are those who are at one with the 'Day of Wrath'. We walk amongst the stale and ghastly atmospheres and rotted flesh of the tombs and cremation grounds. Swarms of rats carrying the Black Plague are included in our astral entourage. Genocide is our pleasure, and

pestilence is our portion. We walk not in life nor in death, but rather, in the undeath of entities which have transcended humanity altogether.

The truth of undeath and understanding of what it means by being in a state of 'undeath-ness' will only be revealed via your own effort, which must prove to your temple and yourself if you are possessed of the fanatical will that is necessary to step into a higher plane of psychic, astral, intellectual, emotional and physical evolution. You must break yourself as you are now if you wish to create and re-create yourself.

Discipline, privation and hardship must be imposed for the deadly and sinister vampiric entity to blossom forth from your particular shell of potential. You yourself must not simply fantasize about the dark nature of the vampiric, you must live it - in the physical realm. To actually perform Sinister Chant while sitting upon a corpse in the crematory grounds. To live as a walking corpse, eating no physical sustenance, living upon the dark rays of the moon deep within the forbidden and wild hinterlands. To manipulate and use force for the furtherance of the Sinister Dialectic.

In this manuscript we will be exploring the nature of privation, discipline and pain pursuant to the pathworkings of those who wish to become and enter the state of monkhood of vampiric and satanic power.

Many of the advanced practices that accompany what shall be explicated within are kept secret only to be revealed to you via oral tradition by legitimate representatives of the Tempel ov Blood. This manuscript itself we wish not to keep secret - whomever hands it falls into, it shall aid in Presencing of the Dark and become grist for the mill of progress which shall usher in the coming Noctulian Empire.

The methods within are hard, but such is necessary to become an acolyte of real darkness and real evil. To become a courtesan of the Prince, the Master of Awe and Derision - whose name is Satan, and whose word is CHAOS.

Build not upon sand but upon rock And build not for today or yesterday but for all time. (7th Statements of the 21 Satanic Statements of the Order of Nine Angles)

'And yours is the kingdom, for Aeons and aeons...'

Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace.

Far and large, the concept known as 'peace' is and will remain, an ephemeral and illusory concept. 'Peace' is something that people seek - but yet it continues to elude them. From every angle that sinister obscurer destroys illusion and brings reality (if only for a little while) into focus. That destroyer of illusion is known in layman's terms as chaos. The White Lodge via the doctrines of the Nazarene sing their songs of praise to a 'Prince of Peace' - yet even in their own scriptures their deity states that during the turning of the age people will cry for peace, peace when in fact, there is no peace! As the prey spends time building the psychological house of cards that help them make it through the day (or years) and continue to ignore what is reality, chaos will intervene and destroy their illusions - pulling the proverbial rug out from under their feet. Rather than learning from such experiences, the herd quickly recoups and catches hold onto another illusion to keep them on an 'even keel' - to keep order in and to keep chaos out.

What most do not understand is that strife, conflict and War (the latter being one of the most infamous no-no's of modern society, or so they say!) are essential - they are necessary for progress. They breed character. And, large scale conflicts (such as a world war for instance) further serves to clean out the dross, the weak, from the population as well as building individuals (the conquering warriors and all so intimately involved) into forces which shall need to be reckoned with in the future. Many pivotal figures of the last hundred years have been frontline fighters. An example from America would be Timothy MacVeigh. A prime example of a frontline soldier going on to enact Aeonic change would be Adolph Hitler.

When most people say they want 'peace', what they really want is to live life in a fashion where they are able to exist (note that I said exist, not live) in such a fashion that reality will not intrude. Such is an attitude which has come into vogue largely via the brain manipulation of the Nazarene ethos. What is unpleasant is evil and therefore should be avoided. This sort of attitude, combined with the soft consumerist vision of modern society - serves to breed an entire generation of weaklings.

Certain people term "peace" as the freedom to live alone, without the bother intrusions from society or an overbearing government. This is something entirely different. Rather than 'peace' this should be termed as 'freedom' - for in the Imperium stage which we now inhabit, finding the aforementioned solitude and self-government is something which has to be struggled for - war must be employed to achieve freedom of that sort.

The White Loge wishes you to become a person who is lassitudinous and bereft of action. In a sense, they seek a populace of soft and pliable human vegetables. The society being the vegetable garden into which you must assimilate yourself. If you do not assimilate, then you must face the consequences (persecution, social ostracism, prison or in some extreme cases, death). Another acceptable human type which is mass produced by the Magians is the caricature busy-body. This person (the busy-body) chases after illusory causes, enwrap themselves in meaningless intrigue of a noxious and irrelevant sort (ie: can you believe who movie star "X" married? How about that football team "Z" beating football team "Y"!) and dies at an old age with a full schedule of irrelevant and non-disruptive activities to engage themselves in.

People who seek "peace" as a primary objective (or people who fallaciously use the concept of peace for their own consumerist agenda) are never the sort of people who carve out nations from wild and uninhabited continents. They are not the sort of people who compose great works of music, literature or art. They are not the sort of people who become world leaders, or the sort who start world wars. The 'peace-niks' are the heroes of a sick, Magian-influenced society. They are embodied in such disgusting pieces of human filth such as Mother Thereasa, Martin Luther King Jr., ad nauseum. True role-models, true heroes, have been relegated to the caste of ill repute who are commonly called 'war criminals'. Taking the place of the world leaders and men and women of action are the heroes of the degraded society - including such non-entities as sports stars, movie actresses, comedians, etc. For any who have studied history with a perspective, for any who have any sort of knowledge and lust for power - you will look at the world today and realize that there is something very wrong going on in the social engineering of today's society.

This Magian, Nazarene and weak programming is what the Satanists and the Aeonic Magickans who respect PROGRESS wish to combat. Every Satanic/Vampiric/Demonic practitioner of the Tempel ov Blood is essentially an ENEMY COMBATANT in the arena of the 'souls' of the masses.

Regardless of the rise and tide of the battles between that which is Sinister and that which is Magian - the Sinister always tends to hold out. Why? Because the Sinister is concerned with

reality, the Sinister does not shirk from chaos - which we know is the word by which our Prince is recognized. And, as weak as the populace may become, there will always be one or two Satanic individuals who will perform what is necessary to tip the scales. Those of the Sinister path are the makers of history. And even now all across the globe - Satanic temples are operating, many in a very clandestine manner, to Presence the Dark. One of the means that this is enacted is via the opening of portals of chaos - the creation of nexions. A nexion is a person/place/thing/concept/philosophy ad infinitum which accomplishes the purpose of becoming a gateway to the Acasual. Acasual forces (namely, the Dark Gods which are the harbingers of energies which are beneficial to the progress of mankind as a whole and therefore, disruptive to the current malaise which infests the land) enter through said nexion into the casual (our world). Such is the essence of change.

As one who holds dear the fact that we should "Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace" you yourself will seek via the Sinister Path to become a nexion. You will become a vessel carrying certain knowledge, insight and energies which are more characteristic of the Aeon-to-come than the current dying Western Aeon. An orthodox interpretation of an individual who is a nexion would be someone who is considered POSSESSED. When you perform pathworkings to call forth the Dark Gods from the horrid angles which are compacted into the numerical matrix of nine, you will be INVOKING them rather than EVOKING them. When you INVOKE, you take that spirit/energy/what-have-you into yourself. Such an act will naturally cause pain to the ego which you have carefully built up over the years (or perhaps the ego that has been carefully built up for you by the social engineers of the White Lodge). If we think carefully on this, we can find a parallel with a vampiric explanation of a similar occurrence.

One takes the blood of an Elder (or the infused lifeforce of the Undead Gods from beyond the gate) into oneself. This lifeforce begins to enact the alchemical change process - and the aspirant practitioner of vampiric sorcery begins to transform, mutate and change. In the deepest stages the original astral self (ie: the embodying entity) will have for all effective purposes died. Died, been killed (by invading vampiric entities who wish to possess the physical body are permanently put into a stage of limbo or imprisonment on some obscure and dead alien landscape. Via the alchemical change process, the body itself (we mean here the physical) has also changed. It is no longer what it was, it is different going down into the very sub-atomic structures of such. Therefore, the body is dead. You have a walking corpse. What makes this corpse walk? The reanimation caused by the entrance of the Undead Gods. Such an individual will be seen to have become a vessel of demonic intelligences which are pro-Sinister nature and anti-Magian illusion.

Death leading to UNDEATH is a necessary state for any evolution to take place. This is true for individuals (and essential to the alchemical change process) as well as civilizations. To effectively allow the entities and infrastructures of the New Aeon to flourish, all the remains of the Old Aeon must be razed to the ground. Metamorphosis is never easy.

When seeking to become a conduit for Sinister energies - one must take on the attitude of a CONQUERER. Cursed are those that allow in themselves the creeping disease of Magian thought, existence and behavior - there is only one way to eradicate fully those insidious detractors from the evolution which you seek. That is through becoming SATANIC - becoming the adversary - possessing a Promethean/Faustian outlook and willing to go the necessary miles to become more than human. Metamorphosis is never easy. Seek happiness in victory - but never in peace.

[This essay was written as a commentary upon the third Satanic Statement from the 21 Satanic Statements of Conrad Robury. The author is a Westerner being held in a third world country on erroneous charges of terrorism.]

America and the Sinister

Czar Azag-Kala ; Tempel ov Blood

When we begin to analyze the nature and quintessence of what is the Sinister Path, and, especially, the Sinister Path in it's task of working towards enacting the forcible intrusion of the Dark Gods upon this planet to open power - a certain intuitiveness and discernment must be in place in properly and correctly gauging the field of operations in which the Satanic Initiate or Adept finds him/herself.

The depth of perspective needed to effectively execute acts of Aeonic magick are only gained through experience - this is the first prerequisite for those attempting to change and manipulate the concourse of history in favor of the purpose of the Dark Gods from beyond the astral gates. While many neophytes may be very enamored with Aeonics because of it's power and scope (as well they should be), it must be taken into account that Aeonics is best enacted effectively by persons who have lived, bled and suffered for Shaitan already for a period of at least several years. This is not to discourage those who are neophytes - nay! Far from it. It is apparent that even those who are relatively inexperienced in the path and in life in general can still aid the casual manifestation of one or more Dark Gods via practical acts of evocation - and we, in America, have seen this happen many times in the past form various angles. Even still - the monumental and earth-shattering effects upon the globe must be undertaken by Satanists with a level of maturity in the path. This does not in fact always necessitate a vast expanse of time, simply a vast expanse of experience - real, dark experience as befitting an adherent of the Way.

It stands to reason that via the participation (whether that participation be minimal or extreme in scope) within the path on any level is aiding in some way the Sinister Dialectic. With more experience, there comes a more effective operative for Sinister purposes. The Tempel ov Blood especially, via our targeted use of vampiric metamorphosis and increasingly harsh alchemical change processes, are offering the tools for rapid results. Our members do in a year what the mass of humanity only dream about accomplishing in a lifetime.

Step by step, the Sinister is taking hold on American soil. This agenda is being ruthlessly carried out by several different, independent organizations working alone but with the same goal (more or less) in mind - the bringing about of a new Dark Age, not in the sense of profusion of ignorance - far from it! Rather, an age in which darkness reigns supreme - when the weak, effeminate characteristics of a Magian infested civilization shall be immolated and turned to ash. In it's place shall be a civilization where proper perspective is part of the social and governmental equation (if indeed there are any 'human' governments left). In essence, the age will be a SATANIC AGE - an age concerned more about what truly is and bereft of the profusion of enervating illusions which haunt the minds and spirits of modern day America and Europe. In the coming DARK AGE - there shall be proper honor given to honorable violence. There shall be proper warrior codes, no longer shall weak and niggardly apes function in the infrastructure of society. It shall be the return of the beasts of prey - the day in which the emaciated corpse of Nosferatu rises from it's primeval catacombs - the day when plagues and rats run rampant throughout the Beverly Hills mansions once inhabited by the erroneous 'American elite' - a class of people who have long since perished, their radiation poisoned cadavers piled wily-nily on the 'highways' which are now infested by barbarians and astral beings of walking death.

Have you enjoyed your internal visions thus far in the reading of this article? We certainly hope so, because as has been scientifically proven: words and images in actuality effect biological change in the make-up of the human brain. Thus we, those adherents within the pristine halls of the immaculate Tempel ov Blood, are purposefully inserting certain subliminal 'key-words' and phrases inside of this article to intrude and disrupt the consciousness of you, the reader.

America is ripe for the coming of the cruel emperors and empresses 'Of The Blood'. Consciously or unconsciously, the American people wait with baited breath for the return of those who have no name from the gates far beyond the stars, where no human life can dwell. A popular colloquialism in the United States is: "The train is leaving the station, are you aboard?". Have you hopped aboard the train of coming darkness and Satan reigning triumphant? We certainly hope so, for if not, not even the annals of history shall mention the memory of your person - for such a memory will not exist in a world where much more pressing concerns are in the minds of all - such as basic survival, glory, horror and the aftermath of nuclear holocaust.

Already the American infrastructure is descending at a rapid pace towards the level of apes - in such an atmosphere in which decadence and enervation reigns supreme, in an atmosphere when the intelligentsia are regularly branded as 'terrorists' and mental midgets are glorified as societal role-models, this my friends (or enemies) is the atmosphere in which the dedicated cadres of ALIENIC INHUMANE CONQUERERS can enter in and, without 'a shot being fired', gain total control of all that is, all that was and all that shall be.

Victory through infiltration. Victory through infiltration. Have we gotten your attention yet? I certainly hope so. America and Americans are without a doubt, the most arrogant people on the face of the planet. Europe endures plagues, famine, revolutions and wars and because of such, possess a certain sort of sadness and resignation to fate because of such. America breeds plagues within our laboratories, executes trade embargos, executes CIA 'black projects' to train natives to foment revolutions in foreign countries and start wars for fun and profit. America indeed, is a different sort of land. Already because of America's happy rebelliousness and moral absence the country and it's ethos has been branded as "sin city" and "Mystery Babylon" respectively.

Shall we count the ways in which America is ripe for a total psychic pogrom? Shall we contemplate the many reasons why it is inevitable that the astrals of the mass of this nasty nation's inhabitants shall be forcibly 'excommunicated' or 'vacated with extreme prejudice' by nine-fold thirteen-fold astral clans of uncool, uncaring, undead who shall then proceed to 'reanimate' the flesh thereof?

I for one shall not be the individual to spell these consequences out to your person, for I have already intimated at what is inevitably to come and you yourself can consider and meditate in darkness upon that which has been spoken in this communication.

And this is the message to the adherents of the Sinister Path inhabiting the United States of America: Study carefully the history of 'evil' in your own country, experience the highs and the lows of 'American experience' and gain insight according to the precepts of Satanic/vampiric metamorphosis as promulgated by Tempel ov Blood.

Control over man is all.

Control is yours to take.

Control is won by lying, intimidating....

Control....Control....Control.

Darkness: A Confirming Necromancy

Obtain a cylinder shaped package of strong tobacco snuff. A brand such as 'COPENHAGEN' would be recommended, as it is strong with a pungent odor and comes in a black plastic case. Do not use metal as it will block energy. Remove the labels from the package and inscribe the 'Diabolus' chant along the circumference of the side of the case. On the lid either inscribe or

attach the symbol of NOCTULIUS or ATAZOTH. Or, leave bare (a pure black surface). Tobacco is a form of nicotania and is actually a poison - known in older times by the name "nightshade". Remove some of the tobacco and add several drops of your own blood and (if possible) a pinch of goofer dust (dirt from a gravesite). Before the rite put a quantity of this charged ethneogen in your mouth - allowing the mixture to seep into your bloodstream. Take the filled sigil and stroke it over your head, your hair and ears. Move it up and down your cheeks and chin. As you do this, open yourself to the sinister energies the tincture is radiating out to you. Visualize the black expanse of space and the void and fell the alien forces of Them filling your physical vessel. Close your eyes and brush their lids lightly with the sigil. Say these words:

'I see darkness!'

Move the sigil lower. Smell its dark scent. Drink in its aroma. Let it fill you. Intone:

'I breathe darkness!'

Open your eyes. Move the sigil away from your head and hold it aloft. Proclaim:

'I hold darkness!'

Lower the sigil to your heart. Stroke it up and down, soothing it, letting its energies melt into yours. Say:

'I feel darkness!'

Move it down your stomach. Press it gently against your skin or clothing. Say:
'I nourish darkness!'

Hold the sigil before you, gaze into its blackness treating it as a mirror of sinister power. See the reflection of yourself as Satan.

Intone:

'Darkness is before me.
Darkness is behind me.
Darkness is beside me.
Darkness is above me.
Darkness is below me.
Darkness is within me.
Darkness flows from me.
Darkness comes to me.
I am Darkness!'

Place the sigil where you will see it often or carry it on your person in the weeks following this rite.

On the night of the New Moon, bury it in the earth and sibilate towards the ethers:

'Aperitur stella et germinet Noctulius!'

Solvet Saeclum In Favilla

You lay down upon a shiny black leather couch. All around you is the atmosphere that you have created within the vast Victorian home that you use as the nerve-center of the Satanic Temple that you formed many, many years ago. The house was bought with money obtained via one of your international banking deals - selling several overseas businesses to an Arab developer who paid you handsomely. He paid so well, as a matter of fact, that you have for the last half-decade been living off the profits and been able to focus exclusively on workings of Aeonick Magick and personally training the next generation of Tempel adepts along with the help of Greta, your Satanic Mistress whom you encountered for the first time years ago while on a business trip in the mountains of Switzerland. Of course, all of these things: the Mistress, the business empire and it's consequent affluence came after many years of hardship and toil, and not of the sort which would be first thought in the minds of many who see the kind of person that you are now. You spent five years imprisoned after a large sedition conspiracy that the revolutionary group you were part of turned bad, and the government intervened. The best part of those five years were spent in isolation, in solitary confinement. The other parts were spent undergoing what they (the prison system) referred to as "diesel therapy" - traveling for weeks across the country in buses owned by the correctional dept., shackled and equipped with an electronic device attached to the manacles that would issue a high voltage shock at the press of a button from one of the guards.

Before your prison term and before you began to get involved with the revolutionary group which referred to themselves as "Black August", you had been a hermit: living alone deep within the Appalachian mountains of North Carolina. While living that life (which you did, for many many years) you composed several symphonies which have since been used and sold, via a fake name, to a movie company. Little did the company know (which went on to use the score on rather popular pictures) that within the music itself was sorcery, notes and movements tailor-created to effect subtle change in the psyche and spirits of the listeners. In one large metropolitan city, the murder rates in the inner city spiked forty percent during the three weeks after the opening night of the film. Few, very few indeed realized the connection at all.

Memories are now piled upon memories, and insights upon insights. As you lay upon the couch you look around you: the rich mahogany shelves lined with tomes of British bound books, bound in the finest leather and inscribed upon crisp, vellum pages. Lamps and chairs from the most reputable shops...In the corner, sitting upon a lectern the color of onyx, is an object bundled in black silk. A hint of sadness moves across your face for you know that within that black silk lies a crystal tetrahedron. The same crystal tetrahedron that was bought for you by a Satanic Mistress of decades past who, after summoning Budsturga high upon the snow-capped peaks of Colorado, became possesses and jumped from a cliff into the chasm below. You had somewhat snapped out of your own grim Acasual preoccupations only in time to go and peer over the cliff and see her body impaled gruesomely upon a bare limb of aspen - her head and naked body having been broken and bloodied upon the chaotic rock formations that are only found in the mountains outside of Denver.

As you look closely you begin to notice a faint glimmer of purplish light emanating from the silk-encased bundle. The scent within the room in which you are now lying begins to smell with the sweetness of petrichor and with a faint hint of sulphur. Far in the distance, you begin to hear the somber chanting of the Adepts deep in the woods on the border of your estate as they go about their night's work. A certain group of White Lodge Magians have been causing problems for one of the key covert members of the Tempel and the Adepts were now issuing forth from

their cells beneath the mansion to enter into that secret place in the woods where the rituals of the Tempel were enacted.

As the chanting in the forest grows fainter and the sweet smell begins to increase, you begin to feel apprehensive and sense a certain kind of foreboding - like that felt by a slave before their punishment or a sweet young virgin as the evening approaches upon her wedding to a cruel, calculating member of Royalty. Slowly a form begins to materialize above you - it is female, and her form and expressions ooze a sensuality of the blackest and most sinister sort.

Like the rapid fire of a weapon, images begin to be forced into your mind, picture-shows intruding upon the casual which is slowly eroding as the power of the Dark Gods grow stronger premeditating the soon breaking of the Gates. Upon a dark English moors you see a blonde female figure grimly seated upon a rock...in her left hand she holds the severed head of a man. The blood from the large gaping wound which compromises the area where his neck used to be drips a congealed stream of blood onto the black, muddy grounds which forms rivulets in the dirt and flows into the ditch behind the figure.

Suddenly you hear a scream issuing forth from the forest. Later you come to find out that one of the Adepts was the victim of what appeared to be a freak accident - an unseen force seeming to suddenly push him into the large bonfire in the depths of the forest.

As the Adepts begin to pull the charred corpse of their former brother out from the dying embers of the bonfire in the forest, far to the north, a different scenario entirely is taking place...

On a deserted strip of country highway in southern Vermont, Greta, the Satanic Mistress, shifts her sleek automobile into overdrive as the ending strains of Christos Beest's "Self-Immolation Rite" begins to fade out on her top of the art car stereo system. "Go forth Dark Messiah - the world is yours, destroy and create!" proclaims Beest, accompanied by a synthesized cacophony of sound that is ingrained with the spirit of the Galactic Aeon.

Greta smiles to herself and brushes away a bit of deep red hair that had fallen across her right eye. Her trip had been a success. She had been visiting one of her lovers, who also doubled as an intelligence agent for the Sinister Path who had successfully infiltrated a sector of the Magian cult which was currently operating out of a serene farm amidst the sprawling Vermont forests.

Her lover, Sarah, led several different lives at once. Or, to explicate more correctly, she had progressed sufficiently in personal and magickal aspects to be able to move with fluidity between several different arenas of operation in which she worked, tirelessly, for the cause of expanding and enacting the Sinister Dialectic.

Sarah's current job (amongst others) was that of a dominatrix in a seedy semi-metropolitan New England town. Her establishment, which was owned by the Tempel, was called "The Convent" and inhabited a simple, multi-sectioned one story home with a basement on the outskirts of town. Very few of the town residents knew what was housed in that unimposing dark oak structure. The sign which identified it as "The Convent" was a smallish, wooden engraved board which hung unobtrusively near the ironwork gate bordering the road. Once one came into the establishment itself, many wonders of the erotic could be viewed and enacted, usually for a fee of some sort. The Convent was by and large patronized by the upper-crust elite and was known, in certain circles, worldwide. The patrons came from a diverse population, but all of them were usually either rich, and if not, they were sufficiently decadent to pay the fee required of

them to gain entrance to the Convent and all it's marvelous and sadistic secrets. Sometimes, only at Greta's approval, monetary fees were waived for individuals who were earmarked as being particularly possessing of a certain kind of potential. They were divided into two categories: one being individuals who showed potentials to possibly become privy to the Sinister doctrines of the Tempel ov Blood, the others being individuals who, for one reason or another, seemed to be of correct 'calibre' to be bestowed the honor of becoming an opfer for the glory of Our Price, Satan.

At one o'clock promptly in the afternoon, Greta had descended upon the Convent to make good a date for a meeting with Sarah that she had scheduled concerning a possible security leak within the infrastructure of the mansion temple. Sarah herself had forewarned Greta that in the last convocations of Magians that she had attended (under the disguise of one Henrietta Walpole, a school-marmish and rigid Methodist from Bedford, Massachusetts) information had come out about a certain 'operative' being involved in an investigation of the Tempel ov Blood.

Greta came to the door, immaculately dressed in a rich, gleaming leather trench-coat over a skin-tight polyurethane bodysuit. The stiletto points of her custom-made Gestapo-style boots clicked up the cobbled walkway as she approached the entrance to the Convent and rang the doorbell.

Even through the thick oak door between her and the sanctum of the Convent, Greta could hear an ominous and deep reverberation drone that came as a result of her pressing the shiny, gilded silver button just below the mail slot. It sounded more like a Far-Eastern ceremonial gong than a doorbell. Greta suppressed a smile, and looked stolidly forward awaiting the door to be opened.

Greta heard activity near the doorway and then it slid open, the warm air of a central heating system spilling out into the chilly afternoon and the sweet scent of cinnamon wafting onto the winter breeze.

Before her stood a young girl who was aged nineteen, if even that. Two short plaited ebony braids hung on either side of her head, resting upon narrow, petite shoulders. "Welcome to the Convent, Mistress Greta" the young girl spoke, looking humbly down at the tips of her clunky brown Oxfords.

Greta crossed her arms across her ample breasts and her eyes narrowed dangerously. "Well, don't just stand there letting in the cold!". Greta took the youngster by her small shoulders and spun her around, marching her forward with her own person following precariously close behind.

The girl marched forward obediently and Greta closed the door behind her as she herself entered, automatically turning a heavy industrial-sized deadbolt as she did so. The inside of the Convent hallway was just as she had remembered it. It had been more than several months since her last visit in person, although she regularly descended her astral to this place during the secret Satanic rites which were performed in a ritual chamber deep in the basement, closed off and hidden from the rest of the basement interior which was used for various 'dungeon purposes'...

The hallway was pleasantly lit, bright enough to read a book but not bright enough to mistake this place as a hospital or some other kind of lesser physical center. The glow from the expensive French overhead lights cast a comforting gleam, which made one's mind drift to visions of the homely houses of the Welsh countryside. The light gleamed with sinister tint upon the finely polished reddish-wood walls.

The girl who had opened the door, stood with her back to the wall ten feet or so from the entrance. Greta approached and began to appraise her carefully. There was no one else present in this hallway and adjoining lobby, and no other sound could be heard from the inside rooms as the Convent was carefully sound-proofed room by room.

The girl with the ebony braids was small and petite, she looked to be perhaps eighteen or nineteen in mortal years and stood no more than five foot two inches tall. She had thin, cruel lips, slightly red but even still they stood in sharp contrast to her pale skin which was beginning to blush under Greta's careful gaze.

"Cast your eyes upon me, young lady" Greta stated with undeniable force but still in a kind tone. The younger girl complied, and looked up into Greta's eyes with large, sky blue eyes of her own - which were muscled into a look of childish timidity.

Greta moved in on the girl and stood less than an inch away, her leather and rubber encased breasts just a few centimeters away from the young girl's face. With one leather-gloved hand, Greta reached out and touched the girl's lower thigh and began to slowly run her hand upward and up underneath the hem of the girl's very short dark brown pleated school-girl's skirt. As Greta's gloved hand continued upward and grasped the flesh of the young girl's bottom, she squeezed and the young girl let out a surprised cry.

"Tell me your name girl" said Greta, still grasping the girl's bottom, inadvertently raising the right side of the girl's skirt revealing soft white thighs and knickers the same color of the schoolgirl uniform, which showed nicely the curve of the girl's youthful pudenda.

"Mary, my name is Mary Mistre...."

Mary's dialogue was cut off as Greta's other hand which had been hitherto unoccupied whipped up and smacked Mary on the side of the mouth. "Simple answers, for simple creatures such as you my dear" the Satanic Mistress intoned, bending over and planting a soft, lingering kiss upon Mary's forehead as her right hand continued to massage Mary's buttock and her left hand pushed tightly upon Mary's shoulder, pinning her against the wall.

Greta abruptly stepped away, looking with a gaze that well elucidated her previous military training, towards the narrow passageway that led into the inner part of the lobby, "Come with me" Greta intoned and began walking briskly towards the lobby area.

The lobby was equipped with several large comfortable leather chairs and couches and pocked with low dark coffee tables upon which sat several crystal decanters of whiskey and a few large, brown-glass ashtrays.

Greta grasped one of the decanters and without bothering to pour herself a glass in the proper manner, simply pops off the top and takes a goodly slug, licking her lips as she re-lids the container and sets it carefully back upon the table.

Greta turns towards Mary. "Now listen to me, sweet little Mary..." Mary shudders slightly as those words come out. "I am getting ready to attend a business meeting, in fact, I am about to attend a meeting regarding something which you yourself have been wishing access to for many months now..."

"The Tempel" responds Mary.

"That's right Mary, the Tempel! Yet, we must not speak about the Tempel to anyone else and we must seldom mention it in this place especially at certain times, what is the key to respecting the ways of the Tempel Mary?"

"We must keep them - sub rosa" Mary states, with some small satisfaction.

"That's right!" Greta exclaims with an enthusiasm which would seem startling in its happy inflection compared to her earlier mistress-role intonations to Mary. "We must keep all of these things, strictly and without question, sub rosa...."

Mary gazes downward again seeming to study the tips of her brown Oxfords. Upon her face is a pleasant, pleased gaze of one who has managed to answer correctly even under pressure of certain...chastisements if you will, that Greta was oft imposing upon her.

Greta steps closer and pats one gloved hand lovingly upon Mary's head. "You've been a very good girl Mary, a very good girl indeed..." Mary blushes deeply as Greta continues. "Now Mary, what can I do to reward you for your very high and glowing intelligence?". Mary's face now resembles the color of a radish.

"Could I have a copy of... the Elizabeth Bathory book?"

Greta stands, appraising Mary with some pleasure.

"Mary, I tell you what, you wait for me - in the gym, and I will see what I can do. But for now dear girl, I must be pressing on, I do have a meeting to attend as you will know."

"Yes Mistress, certainly" says Mary as she shuffles with clumsy speed towards the door which leads into the inner complex of Convent hallways to open it for Greta.

Greta moves past her wordlessly and into the inner hall, listening to the audible click of the door closing behind her. Greta pauses, and as a second thought, turns and clicks a lock shut behind her before continuing her journey towards Sarah's inevitable whereabouts.

She walks silently through the hall, the only sound to be heard is the click of her own stiletto heels as they hit the hardwood floor. They really must get some carpeting put into this place, thinks Greta.

Every few feet on both sides of her, is another new door. The doors are unobtrusive and covert, except for the small black and silver-gilded signs which are mounted near the top which identifies them.

She passes a door which says "The Schoolroom". Greta grins. Many fond memories in that inner sanctum to be sure. She reads them off to herself mentally as she passes them, remembering exactly which is which and where along the hall they are situated. Greta is no stranger to the Convent.

"The Stable", "Far East", "English Study", "The Bedroom", "British Kitchen".... No, and again no, simply seeing the titles of the rooms gives few clues at all to the variegated sadism which takes place within each and every one of them.

Greta nears the end of the main hallway, which sections off into a t-shaped junction which proceeds either way to the left or right. Greta goes right, and marches down another deserted hallway, this one more dimly lit than the one which she had just traversed.

As she proceeds further down the hallway, a feeling of growing ominous darkness begins to grip her. It is startling for Greta, as it is quite unexpected, yet at the same time not. She feels her chest constrict and images begin pouring in her mind from some hidden and demonic angle housed within the astral infrastructure of the Convent. She sees in her mind's eye a young man, a Satanist, speeding down a dark country road in Vermont. He is fleeing from something. Greta shifts her astral vision, and sees that this Satanist is near the Magian farm and behind his motorcycle are several white sport utility vehicles, gaining ever closer to the back of the motorcycle.

A dark tinted window on one of the suv's descends and from the opening sticks the muzzle, equipped with a deadly flash suppressor, of a fully automatic MAC-10 machine pistol. There is a rapid blaze of dim light and suddenly the motorcycle rides forward without a rider, teetering viciously and then crashing altogether, hitting a hardwood tree, its body mangled but its engine continuing to run.

The white suv's screech to a halt at various angles and from their doors jump several men and women. The men and women both have pensive, rodent-like eyes and their bodies are paunchy and soft, bred and raised on a life of, no doubt, posh metropolitan luxury in New York City or Jerusalem or Boston. One of the women run towards a red splatter on the ground. The other figures move in as well.

There, against the edge of the ditch, lies a figure in a motorcycle suit. The suit has been ripped and torn from the barrage of automatic machine gun fire and blood issues forth from gaping wounds like a flood torrent. One of the women reaches down and with some difficulty manages to pull the helmet off the motorcycle's previous rider.

The vision abruptly vanishes and Greta remembers the words spoken to her long ago: never love anything so much that you cannot see it die. The thought fills her mind with a certain kind of loneliness and sadness, and as she looks around the hallway of the Convent she knows that this too, shall pass. Thousands of years form now, the area upon which she now traverses in her workings as a Satanic Mistress of the Tempel may be nought but charred landscape; full of radiation and frozen grins of death as a result of a large nuclear war.

She has now reached the end of the hallway and before her lies a door which is only marked with the roman numeral for the number nine. She knocks twice, in close succession, and then hears movement on the other side.

A small grate opens, revealing a thick wire mesh through which spoken word may be heard but no vision of the person inside given. A male voice speaks: "Satan...." Greta responds: "Whose word is chaos...". The voice speaks again: "His is the kingdom...". Greta responds: "for aeons... and aeons...".

The grate abruptly snaps closed, and through the thick wood of the door Greta begins to hear deadbolts being thrown back and chains and other locks being loosened from the door. The door swings inward and before her stands a large, muscular figure with a full auburn beard that flows down almost to the figure's waist.

"Mistress Greta!" the voice intones happily, as the man waves his hand and steps aside for Greta to enter. "Thank you very much Ranulf, and how is everything going for you as of recently?"

"Lovely Mistress, simply lovely...Care for a cup of tea? A cup of coffee? A cup of something stronger perhaps?" The figure of Ranulf grins through his thick beard.

Greta reaches up and seductively massages one of Ranulf's massive shoulders... "No time dear sir, no time...." she speaks as she lingers on his shoulder for a second more before withdrawing. "I, as a matter of fact, had a nice sip of whiskey in the foyer while talking to your little pet Mary!". Greta chuckles.

"My little pet you say? Nay, I must deny that accusation my dear Mistress! She is but a young eighteen, and I of course, am advanced in years...For even this year, I reach the venerable old age of forty-five..."

"Oh pish-posh Ranulf", Greta shakes her head in amusement. "I myself know from a bit of, how should we term it, remote viewing? That just a few days ago, you yourself took dear little Mary quite viciously indeed after you birched her within an inch of her pitiful life, then proceeding to manacle her to a beer barrel and bugger once, twice, or was it?"

Ranulf clears his throat. "Now then, that's quite enough about that!". He laughs heartily with good nature, and not a little pleasure over his sudden remembrance of amorous (is that the proper term really?) encounters with young Mary Collins. "I'll be leading you down into the ritual chamber, per Sarah's express request, of course..."

"Of course" says Greta, still grinning.

Greta steps forward and Ranulf comes up behind her, removing the trenchcoat from Greta's body and hanging it upon a rough wooden peg just inside the door.

Greta's body is sensual and immaculate in its skin-tight sheath of black, gleaming polyurethane rubber. Every movement produces a shimmer and reflection of the dim lights of the sanctum, and Ranulf looks lustingly over her ample breasts, long Swiss mountain-climbing legs and muscular buttocks.

Ranulf expertly reaches into a closet just a few steps away from the coat rack, removing a bundle of soft yet coarse fabric of the blackest hue, handing it to Greta's outstretched and waiting hands.

Greta pulls the robe over her body and lets it settle comfortably upon her lithe frame. It is completely black, excepting a dark grey sigil embroidered upon the left breast which is the sigil of the Tempel ov Blood accompanied by the word "NIGHTMARE" which is prominent in red, written in archaic old english script.

Ranulf and Greta proceed wordlessly to a trap door, and descend the hidden staircase which leads deep into the basement and the secret basement underneath the conventional basement which houses the ritual chamber and rooms used for only the most royal of Convent customers.

Ranulf accompanies her down the stairs and part way into one of the dank, musty tunnels of the sub-basement and then retreats down a separate, barely visible passageway to his left.

Greta continues and steps into the ritual chamber, where Sarah and perhaps some others as well await her.

She steps into the dim purplish glow of the chamber. The chamber is shaped like an octagon, bereft of any furniture whatsoever except a lectern in the middle of the room upon which sits a tetrahedron, smaller than the one the Tempel houses at the mansion, but still filled with a goodly amount of Sinister power, infused by and by via the Satanic workings of the Convent inner circle, who are referred to as "NIGHTMARE" - the christened name of their clutch of the Tempel ov Blood.

Sitting against the wall in the corner is Sarah, a intense and brooding female figure with a shaved head and a beautiful body, fully revealed as she is clothed in nothing but the sparse leather-thong regalia of a 'Satan's slave' outfit; her breasts are fully exposed and menstrual blood seeps from the tight constriction of her tight leather panties, which is but a thong in the back as to fully expose a beautifully rounded and pert derriere.

Laying in her lap is the quivering body of what appears to be a man, yet the proportions of the figure are so inhuman that Greta wonders exactly what he is.

He is pale, so pale in fact that his skin has taken on a bluish tinge. Thick veins are visible all over his body, and the skin around his face and eyes have become near translucent. He is emaciated almost to the degree of a concentration camp victim, all of his ribs glaringly visible and his hipbones jutting painfully out above his pencil thin legs.

The flesh of his chest, right above the heart, has been engraved with the fine edge of a razor blade with the sigil of the Tempel. The figure's eyes roll back in his head and from his mouth issue the words of the "Dies Irae" chant in quickening and harsh whispers.

"Hello, Greta."

Sarah speaks with what seems to be an infinite sadness, which is only magnified by her surprisingly throaty, baritone voice. Such is the result of partly genetics, partly unending cigarette and moonshine binges and partly due to Sarah having been a coal miner for years and years deep within the backwoods hills of lower Kentucky.

Greta removes her gloves carefully, attaching them to a latch on her thick leather belt which encircles her wasp-thin waist. She raises her left hand, making the sign of the horns.,,

"Agios O Vindex Est Venturus!"

"Praise be to our dark prince Satan!" Sarah intones deeply in response. Her working-girl's hands cradle the emaciated figure resting in her lap and rub against the still-wet wound of the Tempel sigil which had been carved into his chest.

Greta smiles and stares down at Sarah and the man, who she now recognizes to be an opfer. With piercing eyes she analyzes the man's wound in the darkness...ahhh...the cut is fresh! Greta squats down onto the cold stone floor of the temple and crawls on her hands and knees, in animal fashion, towards where Sarah and her fortunate victim are resting.

Sarah bends her shaven head, softly whispering sweet words of deceit into the ears of the opfer. He looks up expectantly, ceasing his chanting, then closes his eyes slowly and drifts off into a sorcery-induced stupor.

Without looking up towards Greta, Sarah begins to speak... "So before you, dear Mistress, lies the weak link in the chain of Magian information. I kidnapped this fellow, named Robert Samuel, only three weeks ago. As you can see, the three weeks have not been easy on him..." As a flourish to her statement, Sarah lifts up Samuel's filthy loincloth. Greta can see instantly that the poor soul had been castrated, no doubt with Sarah's own ceremonial razor, and that the wound was festering - becoming dark and gangrenous.

"It took some time before he was willing to talk..." Sarah continues. "First we tried it the nice way, that is to say, he was offered various gifts - a period of enjoying my own body not the least of the pleasures with great respect he was offered... "However, his insidious Nazarene brainwashing held, he continued hurling phrases like "whore of Babylon" at me which he somehow felt would be vexing to my person, of course, they were only compliments after all..."

Sarah trails off, looking up at Greta and smiling. Greta smiles back in kind. When she first met Sarah, when Sarah was coal mining deep in the Kentucky hills, such educated language would have never been heard emanating from her mouth. Now, Sarah spoke with the fluency and authority of a baroness - and she was, after all, one of the most sought after dominatrixes in all of New England - and an External Adept to boot.

"To make a long story short Mistress Greta, both myself and Ranulf and a few other members of Nightmare were forced to take more, how should I say, more severe measures which were of course absolutely necessary to enact. Soon after his castration and at the beginning of his first or second electrocution, he began to talk quite quickly about who exactly was the informant inside of the mansion Tempel..."

Greta stares into Sarah's eyes intently - instantly receiving the knowledge of the traitor via telepathic communication.

"Let our work begin then, Sarah" Greta intones.

Sarah stands, letting the limb body of the opfer drop painfully onto the cold stone floor.

Greta suddenly leaps unto the emaciated figure, obscuring the skeletal figure in her black Nightmare cloak. Her head descends with a snap and she buries her teeth, which have been filed into very sharp points, into the neck of the figure. Blood spurts in great crimson floods, flowing into Greta's mouth and spilling onto the neckline of her polyurethane suit.

At that very moment, the knowledge which she had sought in her intelligence mission is solidified with great clarity in her mind even as the blood continues to gush into her mouth, much of it now spilling onto the floor and forming a blackish-crimson pool which sends gory rivulets trickling off towards the lectern in the center of the room.

The tetrahedron upon the lectern begins to pulse with increasingly dark and sinister lights of purple and black. Sarah now leaps about the room, uttering hoarse cries of exaltation to Noctulius, the patron of her temple.

Greta breaks away from the opfer, rising in a jerky, ghastly fashion to her feet, standing now at her full and regal height. Her eyes stare forward, dead and void of any and all mercy that could have once been seen upon them. Caustic gurgling noises issue forth from the gaping wound in the neck of the opfer as his breathing continues to become slower and more labored.

Greta's mouth and neck are covered in opfer blood, glistening with luster in the faded glow of the tetrahedron's power. She speaks...

"I have been satiated, for now, by the blood of this mortal. Great visions have I seen Sarah, of the Final Harvest which shall soon envelope this pitiful land. That great Final Harvest, that Day of Wrath when our Prince, Satan, the Master of Awe and Derision shall come forth from the outer gates and change all that we see now into ash.

Call the dwarves to medicate this opfer and keep him alive until the twilight hour. He will be kept alive until the first chanting of the Sanctus Satanas begins by the Nightmare chorus, and then he shall be left alone, in the temple. He will die at the appointed time, I have ingrained him with a time-release death which shall enact very soon.

Until then, let us go into your chambers Sarah, we have much to talk about..."

Sarah smiles, ear to ear, laughing like a demon from the very pits of hell and then turns, Greta following close behind her.

QUESTION AND ANSWER: What is the method of 'time-release death' that Mistress Greta speaks of during the story? Who is the informant for the Magians at the Sinister temple housed at the mansion? What role was he playing as an informant and how did he die? What was the outward cause of his death and what technique did Greta employ to enact such?

What is the 'Elizabeth Bathory book' that Mary Collins requested from Mistress Greta? Can you explain why the torture of Samuel's was beneficial for both Nightmare and the intelligence mission of Sarah and Greta?

Answer these questions and write down your answer before continuing. After you have finished writing down your answers, perform the meditation below and then continue reading.

Ritual 333/88/333

Seat yourself in a dark room where there is a mirror. Stare absently into the mirror, imagining dark astral filaments from beyond the outer gates intruding into the casual via the mirror and entering into your body. As these filaments begin to enter you, intruding upon your psyche and possessing your body, chant the "Sanctus Satanas":

'*SANCTUS SATANAS SANCTUS, DOMINUS DIABOLUS SABAOTH! SATANAS - VENIRE! SATANAS - VENIRE! AVE SATANAS, AVE SATANAS! TUI SUNT CAELI, TUA EST TERRA - AVE SATANAS!*'

At the very moment that the dwarves at the Convent withdrew their life support from Samuel, hundreds of miles away at the mansion a dark nebulous shape pushed one of the Adepts into the fire deep in the woods beside the mansion which the Master and his Satanic Mistress, Greta, dwelled and operated their Satanic temple.

The Adept which died, and was now but black charred remains, was an undercover intelligence agent for the White Lodge which had been targeting the mansion from their operative base in the woods of Vermont, at the place known to the Wiccans and Christians as simply "the farm". As the genuine Adepts pulled the charred body from the dying embers of the fire, they saw embedded into the black burnt chest a glimmering of silver.

Upon closer study they became aware that the silver was the melted remnants of a crucifix symbol used by the White Lodge. The Master was informed, disturbed earlier by the scream which reverberated across the estate as the traitor was flung into the fire by unseen astral hands.

The ashes were ground with mortar and pestle by a rotating group of temple members who silently mouthed the words of the "Death Rite" as they ground the Magian's remains into a fine, black powder. The Master stood over them, his initiate's ring pointed towards the Adepts as they worked - infusing the rite with Sinister power gleaned from years of toil upon the dark and dangerous road of the Seven-Fold Sinister Path.

Several weeks later, at 'the farm' in Vermont, a little girl of seven years of age went out early in the morning to begin the daily chores of milking the cows and bringing in the chicken eggs to the commune cook before breakfast preparations began. Soon after she left the door, she began to giggle frantically. It was snowing!

Thousands upon thousands of black specks descended upon the farm in a blizzard-like torrent. As they began touching down on the ground the little girl began to cough. The snow was not cold, as a matter of fact, the snow was black as coal, and left dusty stains upon her coat and stung her nostrils and lungs.

She did not return from the door which she left, but instead ran into the converted barn that served as a sanctuary and meditation room for elders of the cult.

She burst through the door with a start, setting off the string of chimes like an alarm which hung upon the large, wooden framed entrance.

"Father Wolf! Father Wolf! Come quick! It's snowing! It's snowing!"

The elderly jew looked up from his meditation, smiling with a mixture of admiration and annoyance - the little girl was cute, and her blood would be quite suitable to put into the batch of motzah balls he would prepare at the end of the year, but she did disturb his meditation after all.

"Now Cindy...whatever is this fuss about! Of course it may be snowing, it is winter in Vermont after all!". It was only fall, but the old jew felt like he had ample reason to take some creative license with his statements to children such as these..

"Father Wolf, the snow is black!"

A dark shadow passed over the old jew's face. He rose painfully and brushed past the girl onto the lawn outside of the sanctuary. Now, all of the ground and the buildings were covered in a thick black soot.

"Ashes....Ashes...."

Azanigin

A tale of the Blood

The following text is in dedication to and for the benefit of the Tempel ov Blood and those throughout America and the world who are traversing the dark, Sinister Path.

May the night winds of the north guide you towards the Final Harvest and an immaculate holocaust.

Agios O Azanigin!

Czar Azag-Kala
July 31st
114YF
Era Horrificus
Tempel ov Blood

'I tremble in memory of a time when demons walked the earth, the various examples of their cookery billowing in the wind. But now, heads roll past my feet, encased in pastries! ...

The Gates are aligned! They are returning!

Now is chaos...' C.B./O.N.A./S.I.R

AZANIGIN PT. I **DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL**

"Code Red, Code Red! We have a perimeter breach in sector four. Stephens. I repeat, code red!" The voice with the midwestern accent boomed with an inhuman, electric lilt over the loudspeakers. Odd alarm bells sounded and red strobes began flashing throughout the lifeless, clinical white hallways. Burly men in white coats darted to and fro, shining flashlights down corridors, inside locked cell windows and elsewhere.

Stephens sat, undiscovered in a dark, unlit corner of a janitor's closet in abandoned sector Five. He could not remember how long he had been imprisoned inside Selven Institute. Had it been weeks? Months? Years? He did not know. He didn't even remember how, when or why he had ended up at Selven. He knew the name only because it emblazoned the side wall of the exercise yard he was permitted to use once a day, along with his fellow patients. The others who shared his plight in this place were of no help to him in providing relevant information. He has asked other patients in what town and province they were located, but his queries were met only with blank stares. The staff were hostile - they consisted of grotesque, barbaric quadroon with Islander accents and gibbering, greasy shylocks; the former being the orderlies and the latter

being the hack "doctors" and "counselors". The orderlies were not worthy of directing discourse towards - they spent their time alternately abusing the female invalids or making cacophonous racket with their uncivilized, pernicious accents and their vulgar, niggardly ways.

When he attempted to parley with the jewish doctors for information regarding his whereabouts or situation, they smiled placidly and informed him in a condescending manner that "Such is not part of your treatment plan" before ringing the buzzer which brought in the two ape orderlies who would brusquely usher him out of the office. His memory only consisted of brief snippets of persons and events, even these were garbled, and seemingly unconnected. The mind-numbing monotony of the place coupled with the involuntary injections of experimental chemical tinctures which were administered to him each morning did not aid his task of realistically determining his situation. The memories he did have were of a dream-like quality, contrast as they were with the "total reality" of the institution . He remembered a girl standing upon a narrow walking bridge deep in a hardwood forest. The girl laughed as she poured ashes into the autumn air, watching them float downward and dissolve in the churning stream waters beneath. Cloistered in dark trees to the left, beyond the bridge, a robed figure chanted in droning intonations as the female continued to whimsically perform her mysterious task. Another time he remembered crossing the border into the United States, driving up along the Michigan thumb and then west towards Saginaw. He remembered the drive vividly: he had been alone, accompanied only by the sounds of Eckart's concerto in B minor issuing forth from his car stereo and the dark expanses of Lake Huron which beckoned to him from out the passenger side window. He remember arriving in the city of Saginaw at night and meeting two grim, sinister men in an abandoned parking lot from which could be seen a silo in the distance. After leaving his car and entering the men's vehicle they set off on a lengthy drive. The driver circled aimlessly around city blocks and sometimes took a ramp on the freeway, only to be back at a spot which they had already been to a half-hour before. The last hour of the journey he rode blindfolded, crouched in fetal position on the backseat before being stood erect and led out of the car, up a flight of steps and into a building. Once inside, the blindfold was removed. Before him sat three figures seated around a circular, kitchenette-style table. Behind them was a large bay window, from which the soft glow of pre-sunrise emanated. He had been riding around with the men for near an entire night. The man seated upon the right side of the table wore a thick beard and wore the clothes of an outlaw biker. He looked to be in his early thirties, though there were streaks of white in his hair and dark circles under his eyes. Despite his ruffian vestments, the clothes and look seemed to be affected - almost like a disguise.

In the centre sat a man of charisma - younger than the other fellow, but probably not by much. His vestments were soot black, and a silver necklace bearing a disturbing amulet rested upon his chest. Although the man was by all means well-dressed and of an affluent appearance, there was something harrowing about his aura. Stephens remembered that, during the colloquy that followed, he was never able to look into the face of the black clad figure for more than a few seconds at a time.

To the left was a seated female. For all practical purposes she appeared to be morally wholesome and, furthermore, quite attractive. Yet, there was a strange, abnormal emaciation to her - her eyes seemed to dart to and fro, exuding a deranged dominance and a masochism towards vague, nameless forces simultaneously. Upon her lap sat a grey cat, which purred contentedly as the female absently stroked the creature's fur.

He recalled that there had been little verbal discussion then, as the sun slowly rose in the east. The woman hummed strange tunes and the bearded chap sat as if entranced, smoking countless numbers of cigarettes.

The black clad figure in the centre sat, simply gazing forwards incessantly. Stephens's stared down at his humble shoes - better than submitting himself to looking towards the person, who he now knew must be the Master.

They occupied that schedule for many hours, long after the sun had rose and began it's noonward course. The bearded chap smoked in silence. The female hummed. The cat purred. The Master stared. Stephens was never offered to sit and join them and, he was not inclined to start any sort of conversation given the menacing, eldritch currents which he perceived to be emanating from the triumvirate.

All at once, the cat jumped from the woman's lap and rubbed against Stephens' leg mewing thrice as it was. The two men left the table and exited quickly. After the feline scampered after them, the woman ceased her humming; turning towards Stephens and beckoning him towards her. As he walked closer she rose; beginning to run her hands across his back and kissing him passionately. She led him towards the living room and then flung him upon the ground. She stripped off her rather old-fashioned clothes and then attacked: ripping off his trousers and then entering onto him, straddled. She began bucking ruthlessly, molesting him, hissing and uttering oaths as her fists pummeled his chest and her cleft brought him closer and closer to climax.

Near the end of the amorous adventure, the woman began shouting the word "AZANIGIN" at the top of her lungs, over and over again. She stared down Stephens with wild eyes, the uncontrollable mood of the berserker. After that, his memory started to blur. He remembered the men returning and bringing him take-out food, treating him as if he was a dear friend they had known for many years. He recalled seeing the bearded fellow slice open his own chest, letting the blood drip into a pewter mug. Stephens remembers being forced to drink that blood, and after that only chaos and calamity followed.....

After he returned to Canada, alone by way of Port Huron a constant dread filled his days and nights. Physical sickness broke his health and contorted his features. He worked for days on end, towards goals so terrible he desired not to recall them. Whenever nervousness would overtake him and start to bring about fatigue and total mental and physical collapse, the image of the woman and her songs would visit him at night - reassuring him. After such nocturnal episodes he would approach his tasks with renewed vigor, knowing that his deeds would be pleasing to the Mistress.

His last memories before Selven were chaotic - the feel of the concussion of high explosives, a red, harvest moon, a military installment deep in the northern territories, the sigil of Azanigin drawn in blood....

And now he crouched in the blackness, the alarm bells screeching through the long corridors - the pulsing red lights trickling in from the slats on the door.

A shadowy image materialized before him. The Master! The holographic form uttered one word: "Come!". He burst forth from the closet as the image dematerialized, armed with a broken broom handle and a bottle of acid. The next day the escape made the papers all over Canada. Weeks, then months passed. Stephens was nowhere to be found.

July 27th, 114yf eh
Czar Azag-Kala
Tempel ov Blood

The Devil's Highway

Deep within a forest in the southern United States, a young boy of seven years sat intently watching the smouldering embers of a huge bonfire. The curling smoke blocked out the twilight sky and traversed down the slopes of the gentle hills upon which many paths had been hewn. Women with very long, loral hair and bearded men in stained leather jerkins and moccasins moved amongst the forest. They were silent - listening to the funeral beat of the tabor and the single cantor chanting the "Diabolus" in the traditional meter. They were watching, ever watching. Their eyes were upon the boy. He pretended not to notice, pretending that he was simply captivated by the burning embers. He knew, however...He knew who he was and what he was. And staring into the last dying flames of the fire, he was aware of what was transpiring in the wide world, beyond the wood. He saw a man, curled up inside the trunk of a small Asian-made car as it passed the border from Canada into Buffalo, New York. The man was wearing stained, white shirt and trousers - the vestments of a medical prisoner. The boy smiled, staring absently into the fire.

The man had been on the run now for several days, and the mind-numbing effects of his involuntary medication had begun to wear off. He remembered why he had been institutionalized - for breaking into a Canadian Intelligence Agency farm deep in the Yukon territory. When interrogated, he had told the authorities exactly what he had been up to. Being human and afflicted with the common Magian fault of gross short-sightedness, they did not believe him. Furthermore, they thought he was "crazy" and had sent him to Selven without much ado.

Now, he was loose. The boy's smile grew wider. All was beginning to come together. The Sinister seeds which had been planted years ago were now beginning to bear their fearsome fruit. Elsewhere in the world, civil war, terrorism, plague, and famine were turning the earth towards its terminal stage. At the Acasual gate near Saturn, the entities who are not to be named strained at the door of their prison. They, too, would soon break free. And then, then would come true solvet saclum in favilla. Twilight had ended and true, black, country dark was now upon the rural community in which the boy dwelt. The men and women drew closer, all round him.

The burly men dragged a naked girl of nineteen towards the fire, stopping to strap her face down and spread-eagled to a large circular wheel upon which was etched all the sigils of the Dark Gods.

A young girl clad in crimson robes approached the boy from the east. She was small, only eight years old herself, yet her eyes shone with a preternatural intelligence that was far beyond her years. She smiled, kissing the boy on the cheek and handing him a thick, braided whip.

An ancient hag began turning a crank which, in turn, set the wheel in motion. Visions of explosions and horror filled the boy's mind. At each intermittent beat of the tabor, the boy struck out with his whip. The screams of the teenager filled the night sky, drifting into the ethers. The congregants began dancing widdershins around the torture shouting...

“Azanigin...Azanigin...”

A Clandestine Burning

“Illuminated children, ride the north wind towards my secrets! Moriah! Moriah, Moriah! The conquering and destroying night wind! Blow through the ruins of this nazarene church which has been immolated for Our Dark Prince! Scatter ashes of the earth which has been scorched for thy pleasure!”

The gathered congregants hissed the name of the Master as a hot breeze whispered through the trees, reigniting the embers still smoldering on the charred wood which used to be the A.M.E. Zion Tabernacle. The Mistress, dressed in a hunting suit of green camouflage, snapped her fingers at two congregants who quickly came to her side. The other congregants slowly withdrew, melting into the woodlands of a southern pre-dawn. Having received their instructions from the Mistress, the two remaining congregants walked towards the burnt husk of an inverted cross which stood in the graveyard adjoining the church grounds. Grunting, the two men lifted the cross and flipped it to upright position before reinserting it back into the earthen hole.

The, they too drifted into the forest with the rest of the congregants - walking upon well-memorized paths to their waiting vehicles located at a hunting cabin only half a mile through the forested acreage on the left side of the former church. Utter silence permeated the morning, the tread of the retreating Satanists were quiet and steady, and the mistress gazed at her handiwork before withdrawing into the forest herself.

“Azanigin, Azanigin, Agios O Azanigin!” she softly spoke. A faint smile came upon her lips as she turned her back on the incinerated scene and walked into the copse of pines which stood beckoning before her.

“Breaking news at five o’clock!”

The jingoistic sounds of the evening news broadcast filtered into the kitchen where Kathleen, a plump southern woman of thirty-five years busily stirred her biscuit dough in premeditation of her husband’s arrival at six o’clock. Her husband was an officer of the Mississippi State Police, and was not one who liked to be kept waiting when it came time for supper.

“This morning in the outskirts of Meridian, the elderly pastor of the A.M.E. Zion Tabernacle drove to his church only to find it reduced to ash! A charred cross was found in the adjoining cemetery which echoes the reverend’s suspicions that the arson was the work of a militant Ku Klux Klan faction that has been operating in the area since late last year.”

Kathleen continued to stir, staring absently into the swirling batter. She peered out the window, still summer bright. A buzzard flew down from one of the backyard pines and started picking at the corpse of a half-eaten rabbit situated by the back by the beginning of the woods. Kathleen smiled to herself. Just at that moment, her little tabby kitten, Nythra, came slinking through the doggie-door. Nythra’s mouth was reddened with blood from the now deceased coney.

“Oh you silly little cat!”

Kathleen looked down lovingly at the feline, who purred and licked her lips.

Suddenly Kathleen noticed that there was a bit of blackish liquid in the dough. Flummoxed, she peered closer. As she did, a few drops of ash fell from her hair onto the formica kitchen counter.

“Mental not to self - must wash hair before Ryan comes home.” She scooped the offending batter out of the dish and grabbed a rubber band from the windowsill tying her luxurious mane into a quick ponytail.

Peter Saunders, more commonly known to his friends as ‘P. Ugly’ , roughly scraped his scalp with the military brush, sending nappy little black springs showering down onto the dilapidated food-stained couch.

“Goddamn honkey cracker trash!”

Peter threw his brush at the wall, which simply dropped to the floor with an anticlimactic thud. Peter had been in a very bad mood all day long. He was never a religious man except in his younger years, and even then that was forced. He had no time for the white man’s religion or the white man’s bible. His father, on the other hand, was the pastor of the little Meridian chapel which had been burned to the ground, apparently by the Klan, sometime last night.

Painful crawling sensations went up Peter’s arm. He shivered, breaking out into a cold sweat. No goddamn money, no goddamn crack in town tonight, and some muther fucking honkey cracker burned down the only real black church in the area.

Saunders reached into his gym bag and took out his shiny MAC-11 fully automatic nine mil. machine pistol. That brought a smile back to his face.

Enough is enough! There are enough crackers running around thinking that Mississippi was still a backwards southern province where niggers could be mistreated anytime they took a liking to do so. Talk never gets the job done, it was time for a little payback.

He grabbed his pack of Newport menthols and shoved his gun into his oversized Raiders jacket before heading out to the pathetically small section of town that passed as ‘inner city’.

He knew one thing - a white man was going to die tonight!

“Sho’ nuff!”

With that, he headed out the door, locking it behind him.

Kathleen’s husband Ryan burped loudly before setting down his beer and reaching into his uniform pocket to withdraw a Pall Mall, which he promptly lighted with a big, tacky fireplace lighter. He didn’t really know why he liked using the ultra-flame instead of a more conventional lighter, shit, he just liked fire was all!

Ryan took a long draw, exhaling through his nostrils before tapping his first ash into an equally tacky ‘Dukes of Hazzard’ ashtray before beginning his evening lecture. Hating to spoil the moment, Kathleen flitted her eyes in a feigned exhibition of feminine expectancy before Ryan began his spill about his day at the barracks.

“How was work honey?”

“Well baby doll, I weren’t at the barracks, no ma’am. We had a situation on our hands all day today and prob’ly will all tamarra to boot. Some crazy Klansmen done went and burnt down the nigger church out on Maple Shade Road. That’s gonna cause all sorts of hell and tarnation, you bet on it sweet cheeks.”

Kathleen feigned shock and began to carefully phrase her next question.

“How did you find out it the Klan honey?”

Ryan stubbed out his Pall Mall before picking up the ultraflame to light another one.

“Oh hell baby, we know who dunnit. We got a big burnt up cross in the old Simon’s cemetery - a black cemetery, Simon’s is. It’s probably those boys who rolled in from Alabama and set up shop last year. The Militant White Knights as they call themselves. I hate to go after those fellas, but they are crazier than a rabid coon and shit, I’ll get a hefty pay raise if I catch some Kluxers - you know how the pretty biddies down at Channel Five are all the time wanting to bust down on the Klan in these parts.”

“Yes honey, I know...”

That same night, Harvey Goldberg stood at the speaker's lectern at the Community Town Center in inner city Meridian. Goldberg wasn't his real name, he was actually a Sicilian. However, he had learned that while participating in his current insight role as a "Communist agitator" , the illusion of being jewish helped endear him that much more to the local black community.

With a flourish he unclasped his hand and let a rivulet of ash fall down into the basket which had been strategically placed in front of the lectern for just the purpose.

"ASHES! ASHES!"

He shouted with feigned vehemence before whirling behind the speaker's podium and in front of the microphone.

"This my brothers and sisters.." (that proclamation itself was greeted with a smattering of "yes brother" and "fight the power" from the illiterate crowd of human chattel which sat, spellbound, before his oratory).

"This is a sign of HATRED which has engulfed the state of Mississippi for far too long! This is the HATRED that must be utterly razed and destroyed if we are to live as a socialist democracy as prophesied by Karl Marx. As prophesied by Martin Luther King..."

As soon as the last syllable came out of his mouth, shouts of awe and afro glory burst forth from the audience with a hysteria akin to a college football game. The small black stone embedded in the sleek silver ring on Goldberg's left hand seemed to twinkle in the light as he smiled.

"And we know brothers that the racists, the capitalists that they are, are NOT going to give up peacefully! We must take to the streets! We must drag them from their homes! To protect the sovereignty our ideals promulgate, we must destroy their security in outmoded racist ways! Tomorrow... we march!"

"Hello, it's five o'clock on the hour".

Old man Calhoun sat in his god awful summer-hot lawnmower repair shop as the crackling voice of the announcer came through the beat-up speakers of his transistor radio.

"Meridian for the last week has been a hotbed of racial strain. Beginning with the burning of the A.M.E. Zion Tabernacle, an outcry against the racist presence in the city has led to the recent march by the Urban Equality League through the streets of Meridian this afternoon. No disturbances were reported. In other news, an unsolved shooting took place near the corner of Samson and Elm yesterday evening. The victim was twelve year old Amanda Keats, an honor roll student at Meridian Middle School..."

In other news, unrelated my ass! Thought Calhoun. He massaged the arthritic fingers of his left hand as he thought. No one on the news would dare the truth, that a damn uppity nigger coon had been seen riding around the Samson heights neighborhood only five minutes before the Keats girl was shot. He came around that tasty tidbit of information at the barbershop, a good a place as any for gathering intelligence.

The year 2005, and getting worse by the month. Who was going to stand up for that Keats girl? Certainly not the sheriff's, they were too busy moaning about what a 'great tragedy for the city' it was that the damn nigger church got burned to the ground.

Hell, back in better days he and some buddies would have took a few uppity coons at nightfall and hung em' up high to keep their place! That weren't gonna do no good now, no how. Just then old man Calhoun had a vision, a vision of him and his trusty Sportsman sniper rifle on the rooftop at the next march by that damned commie red League march.

Somewhere deep in the North Carolina woods...

A young boy sat swaddled in black before a huge crystal tetrahedron which had come all the way from a distributor in London, England.

Before him lay a map of Mississippi and a satellite phone. "Just like Osma Bin Laden's" thought the boy, and chuckled to himself.

Around him, shrouded in the darkness of the trees, stood the members of his Satanist cult. At the sound of the gong, the chanting of the "Diabolus" began. Softly at first, then gaining volume until it was a frenzied sinister cacophony the emanated from the dark boughs of the trees.

The boy's eyes narrowed.

With surgical precision, he began pricking the dot on the map that was designated with the legend "MERIDIAN".

"Dies Irae, Dies Illa, Solvet Saeclum In Favilla...

Teste Satan Cum Sabiylla.. Quantos Tremor Est

Futurus... Cuncta Stricte Discussurus...

Aperiatur Stella et germinet Atazoth."

The sound brings down a starless night.

Suddenly, all is dark, all is silent. The Satanists

Have disappeared into the woods.

Old man Calhoun sat sweating atop the Feed and Seed in meridian. Cradled in his arm was the sniper rifle. The sound of a throng chanting " We Shall Overcome" drifted through the summer breeze. The Urban Equality League was only a block away and would be turning the corner soon.

"Honey baby, I think maybe you should call the FBI". Ryan sat with Kathleen over a bowl of grits before heading out to a day which he really didn't wasn't to come. In an hour state police would be raiding the farm that served as headquarters for the Militant White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. The FBI was ready to come out at a moments notice, and Ryan had only to give the word for the big guns to come in.

"Yeah sweetie, I think that would be a good idea."

Ryan walked into the mudroom and got on the old rotary phone. Fifteen minutes later, sixty FBI agents equipped with silenced M-16's were on their way to the rendezvous point three miles from the farm.

"They are going to come! Mark my words kinsman!"

Walter Shively stood in the converted barn which stood converted into what? Nothing more than a barn with a lectern and some old benches, which served as the church and political meeting hall of the White Knights.

"The Great Beast 666 has conspired against us!

The Satanic Black race will not stop their pillage and they are going to employ the Beastly government to attempt to smash our white resistance! Yes brothers, we'll give them our guns, but we'll give them our bullets first!"

The small group erupted with oaths and curses as men fed rounds into their assault rifles and pumped their shotguns. Shively beamed, putting his hands down so he could scratch his arm through his black uniform shirt.

Walter Shively always wore long sleeves when he went to speak to his men. That was the only way he could cover up the tattoo of the LIDAGON sigil and the Black Goat of Destruction which were on his left forearm. Having that exposed amongst these rednecks, well, that just wouldn't be expedient, not at all.

Kathleen sat naked in her bathroom, masturbating with an inverted cross while staring at the Sinister Tarot image of the sphere of Mars. Her pale thighs began to tremble as she neared climax. She began to pant the words "Azanigin...Azanigin...Azanigin..."

As the Klansmen took positions around the farm, waiting for the siege to start (they had been tipped off by their source in the State police, who called herself "Cathy", no one knew who she was, except Shivley of course.) Shivley took off in his beautiful BMW mini cooper. BURZUM'S "Hvis Lyset Tar Oss" blared through his state of the art speakers. Shively grinned.

A rifle shot made a loud report through the crowded city blocks. A grotesquely obese octoroon woman fell to the ground, her brain blown out the back of her skull. The crowd halted and screamed. An old white man stood up from the roof of the feed and seed, waving his hands excitedly. "Hey you commie niggers, hey coon, how you like that hurting I put on your mammie!". He laughed and ducked before the crowd started throwing bricks which happened to be piled in front of the feed and seed. I wonder who put them there? Must have been one of those crazy black metal kids from the suburbs, stealing from the brickyard and then abandoning his quarry before the cops rounded the corner.

Within four hours the city was in a state of emergency. Rioting had spread like wildfire, caused by the agitation of one Mr. Goldberg and started by the violent members of the Leninist Communist Brigade, which likened to operate under the corporate nom de plume of the Urban Equality League. The television news (the media center that hadn't been destroyed by the fires set by the ever-increasing horde of blacks) reported at five o'clock that the governor had called in the National Guard. A complete report was due in at eleven o'clock.

Special Agent Anderson started to walk towards the nondescript gold van before stopping and reaching into his pocket. He withdrew a small laminated picture. On it was a strange symbol with the word "BUDSTURGA" at the bottom. The ruby in his sleek golden ring upon his left hand seemed to twinkle in the afternoon light. He called on his cell phone to headquarters.

"Hello, this is FBI Quantico."

"Hello Quantico, this is Special Agent Anderson at the Kluxer Farm. We've got a situation here. We've had some flash bang hand grenades thrown at our men from several different locations, and we've got a lunatic screaming from a megaphone that they have women and children as hostages. They want to negotiate."

"What do they want Andy?"

"They're demanding to be given the entire northeast United States to be used for a White Aryan Bastion."

"Godalmighty, this is going to be worse than Waco."

Anderson grinned like a kid in a candy store before assuming a grim tone to continue the ridiculously funny conversation.

"It may be sir, it very well may be."

Pete Saunders had driven across the state line and was now in Louisiana. He had more guns, and he had some crack. And killing on crack was, well, you'd have to ask him really to get the full story. PUFF DADDY AND The FAMILY bumped and nodded out of his old dilapidated speakers as he drove into the night. He now had already five notches on his MAC-11 - five white honkey crackers dead. Sho nuff', they was gonna be a lot mo' crackers in Louisiana, that's for damn sure, niggah.

There was a celebration at the rural community which sat deep in the southern woods. Stephens, having escaped Canada had finally arrived. What is more, he had brought a few congregants from the temple in Saginaw.

Voluptuous, naked females danced in an eastern fashion around the flames of the fire. Stephens and another man sat off in the shadows, talking quietly to one another.

“It’s happening.”

“I know.”

“The mother of demons?”

“She has been evoked.”

“The goddess of Destruction, in physical form upon the earth.”

“Yes, she is here at last.”

“Agios O Azanigin....”

Questions:

- 1.) How many Satanists are there within the characters of “A Clandestine Burning”? Name them and explain the roles that they assumed and why.
- 2.) There is a very important part of the “Diabolus” Chant missing in the text. What line is missing? Write down that text, the English translation and explain the significance of the coming of Vindex.
- 3.) What sort of techniques could be used to esoterically influence a geographical area with acasual energies? From the text it seems that the rural community was in North Carolina while the ‘presenting’ is several states away, in Mississippi. How does this work? What is ‘remote viewing’?
- 4.) What is the significance of ‘the rings’ and in what stage of the Seven-Fold Sinister Path does one traditionally procure such a ring?
- 5.) Which character in this story was the most adverse affected by the Sinister forces which were being unleashed by the Satanists?
- 6.) Make a list of extremist political groups and religious groups (right-wing, left-wing or otherwise) that you can think of off the top of your head. Now, pick three of them and write an essay on what potential those groups could have if they were remotely controlled by Noctulians.
- 7.) What is the significance of the cat in the story? Explain what a ‘familiar’ is according to witchcraft.

SONG OF SATAN

Tempel ov Blood

‘They’ are coming from the black depths of deep space ‘They’ have been awaiting the time for Aeons and Aeons The gates of Saturn, the black spaces of deathly silence. And in that day comfort shall be destroyed for the weak. And in that day the Noctulians shall reign in blood which shall be split in the streets up the level of the horses bridle. And it will be a blessing for all.

Oh Immaculate Tempel of Blood - thou hast paved the way for the opening of the gates to the Abysmal black Oh Secret Rites of Satan, how your slaves pour out themselves in sacrificial suicide for the manifestation of thy erotic principalities to darken the skies with infernal smoke of hell.

Every seventeen years. Every seventeen years. The certain son being the age of eleven moons times two shall be the gift for him, the gift for them! Blood-splattered Baphomet, raise your knife above the porcelain flesh of thy male sacrifice. Four years after the turning of the millenium, thy shall receive the fertilizer which shall birth demonic spirits of power.

They tremble at the gate of Saturn awaiting release so that the needful change shall sweep the stars and terra.

Do not speak. There is silence in the land. The silence has become the song of the Abyss - bring us forth, Sons of Night.

THE BIRTH OF A DICTATOR

Directives: The length of this extended ritual will be three months in duration. Items needed include a swastika third reich blood banner (party flag of the NSDAP), a uniform of some type (militaristic or police, ideally it should either be all black with swastika armband or the brown/black uniform of the storm troopers), a packet of razor blades, a satchel of dust taken from a graveyard, apocalyptic military music (we would recommend ‘Puissance’ from Sweden) and a copy of ‘The Mass of Heresy’ from the Order of the Nine Angles. Also gather all items required by the ‘Mass’ manuscript. Also have study materials which should consist of all of the writings of Friedrich Nietche and a copy of Adolf Hitler’s autobiography “Mein Kampf” as well as John Toland’s biography ‘Adolf Hitler’

Morning ritual: Every morning proceed into the area which you have set aside as your temple area. Eight days before commencing with this ritual, prepare the temple in the following manner: Upon the northern wall of the room hang the blood banner, beneath this should be a small table or lectern upon which sits a copy of mein kampf, a razor blade. The uniform and the satchel of graveyard dust should not be kept in the temple, but rather kept with your personal belongings in a separate area (ideally whatever room is used as your bedroom in which you sleep).

Also in your possession should be a cat o’ nine tails or some other similar whip. This should be kept in the temple, near the lectern. Upon rising, dress at once in your military uniform. Proceed into the temple and perform a bowing obeisance to the swastika blood banner, uttering the words of the “Dies Irae” chant while you are lying upon the floor. Upon rising from the obeisance,

perform the Mass of Heresy - the full Mass if you are living in a temple commune or a solitary version if you are by yourself. Upon completion perform another obeisance before the swastika flag and repeat the 'Dies Irae' chant as you performed before. Leave the temple area and go about your normal duties in the world.

During the course of the day spend at least one hour reading the Toland Hitler biography or Mein Kampf. Upon night, before going to sleep, go into the temple naked, carrying the satchel of dirt from the graveyard/cemetery.

Upon entrance to the temple perform a full bowing obeisance before the swastika blood banner and repeat the 'Dies Irae' while making the obeisance. Rise.

While staring into the blood banner, take a small measure of the dust into your left palm, spitting to create a sort of paste. Rub the graveyard paste upon your forehead while repeating the word 'Change' eight times. Proceed to the altar and set the unused bag of goofer dust on top of the copy of Mein Kampf. Remove the cat o' nine tails from behind the lectern and turn on the apocalyptic military music.

Begin lightly (or hardly, depending on your preference) flagellating your own back with the cat o' nine tails while singing the 'Dies Irae' in the traditional manner (for the notation please contact the Tempel ov Blood or listen to the beginning of 'The Self-Immolation Rite). Give yourself eighty- eight strokes with the cat o' nine tails while chanting the 'Dies Irae' continually. Upon completion, replace the whip and remove the goofer dust, bowing obeisance before the swastika banner and leave the room. Allow the apocalyptic music to play.

This morning and evening ritual should be performed every day and every night for a period of three months. Ideally the extended ceremony should begin and end on a full moon.

AGIOS O NOCTULIUS! AGIOS O NOCTULIUS!

THE COMING OF VINDEX

Temple ov Blood
Czar Azag-Kala

Introduction:

At the time of this writing, that being, the sinister year 114yf (Year of the Fuhrer) eh (Era Horrificus) and known in the Roman calendar by 2003 Anno Domini, the civilization of the West is declining at a rapid rate. This Aeon is coming to a close via natural cause, however, the fall is being agitated and the aeonic forces distorted by the Magian forces who are embodied in the term 'the white lodge' (versus the 'black lodge' of Sinister Adepts, Masters and Lady Masters, and Grand Masters). Being knowledgeable that the energies of the West are on the wane, the Magians have sought to capitalize on the situation (as is not uncommon) by distorting the Western energies and also by executing and influx of energies congruent to their own purposes.

The results of the Magian influence can be seen the world over, very prominent in Western Europe and pre-eminent in America and Canada especially. As sites such as Stonehenge and Babylon were esoteric strongholds for particular groups of magickians working towards specific aeonic goals in times of yore we now see places such as New York City, Los Angeles

and London being utilized by primarily Magian forces who are working for their own very specific aeonic outcomes.

Logically, such Magian strongholds are being and have been targeted both esoterically and exoterically by individuals and groups which are at odds with the Magian program. Some of these individuals and groups, such as Muslim extremists, are under the influence of an older, stagnant ethos which is threatened by the Magian powers and also is in sum, antithetical to the kind of program the White Lodge seeks to see realized. The variety of cultural minorities and specific aeonic cults that wish to see the downfall of the White Lodge and the Magian plans thwarted are many. Not all of them (and to be truthful, most of them do not) work towards aims themselves which could be viewed as in similitude with what is being sought by the various Sinister groups spread across the globe. However, by seeking the breakdown of the infrastructures associated with Magian power they are being quintessentially defiant and aiding in the dismantling of certain institutions which impede a proper Imperium followed by a Galactic Aeon of sorts which has been premeditated by groups such as the Order of Nine Angles out of Shropshire, England.

Certain of these groups formations, especially those that are native to the West (a European example would be National Socialism, and American example would be the state's rights movements and the neo-secessionists) possess in themselves factors which are benevolent towards the Sinister strategy of a real, physical manifestation of Vindex - an event which will be a prelude to Imperium and a new Aeon which would flow from the (then) past Western Aeon. Such factions should be targeted and manipulated by Sinister Adepts as well as aided and subtly subverted towards Sinister purpose by Sinister Path Initiate. Even those groups which are not possessing pro-Sinister qualities but are at war with Magian forces should be aided in a way that they will hasten the downfall of the White Lodge, effectively being used by those of the Sinister Path as a sort of 'exoteric battering ram' against institutions that impede the Aeonic outcomes which we seek. After goals relating to their use have been completed, such groupings can be termed expendable and dismantled or properly subverted towards any number of programs according to the acting will of the Sinister Path adherent so involved.

The 'coming of Vindex' which is described by Grand Master Anton Long of the Order of Nine Angles as the arrival of a 'person of destiny' who will possess the needed skills and abilities to mount a considerable offensive against forces that are detrimental to the Sinister Dialectic and rally forces which will invoke future, Sinister energies is not an uncommon theme. Such is virtually the same as the 'arrival of the warrior Christ' in Aryanism influenced christian cults (He comes, his vesture dripped in blood with a sword in hand, riding upon a white horse, flanked by celestial starships to cleanse the earth planet of anti-evolutionary jewish forces and their willing lackeys) or the 'incarnation of Kalki' as told in the Vedic myths (a warrior figure, similar to the above mentioned 'warrior Christ'). Such archetypes can be manipulated within their respective cults in order to, more and more, make attributes of their archetype equal to that of Vindex.

Likewise, a Vindex-type figure within the primitive sub-cultural Devil Worship cults can be seen in the figure of 'the Antichrist'. This 'Antichrist' is the leader of darkness, a man of destiny, who is born into a physical body and rises to power in order to utterly wipe out the forces of Christianity and (magian) Messianic hopes - establishing a new Satanic Order upon the earth planet. In that sense, both 'Christ' and 'the Antichrist' are forms which can be manipulated by Sinister adherents to anticipate the arrival of Vindex.

THE CRUEL EMPRESS

Tempel ov Blood

Bitter night winds of winter rushed through the grim landscapes, audibly shrieking against the tips of the cragged mountains and down through the ancient hardwood forests. The hooting of the owls was lost among the symphony of night triumphant as the limbs of the wood creaked in evil rejoicing of the dawning of the dark. High atop a particularly ghastly mountain stood a black castle built entirely of onyx - it's forbidding shadow structure built upon the very face of the rock. Thousands of years ago, vast tunnel systems had been built leading from the castle into the very roots of the mountain below the earth. Down these horrid corridors were dungeons deep and dark, their prisoners lost and forgotten and silenced by the endless night.

Along a downward slanting road through the forest leading toward the castle main gate trotted a team of four pale horses pulling a covered wagon of deep burgundy. The coachman was tall and gaunt, clean-shaven and very pale for he had never seen the light of the sun. If you would have been standing close to the road when the carriage passed, you would have heard the sound of young sobs and crying coming from it's decadent recesses. Inside the carriage rode only the Empress and her Opfer for the evening.

At one time, according to legend, the Empress herself had been but a common girl - living in one of the innumerable nondescript villages in the nondescript land before the turning of the Aeon and the return of the Undead Gods to open power. When she was seventeen years old she was visited by a certain noxious intruder during the night and since then she had been Immortal. Her Immortality had bred in her a coldness, a cool and clinical approach to rule over humans, her herd , with a fist of iron bathed in a torrent of ever flowing claret.

An hour later her coach was inside the castle gates. The coachmen opened the door quickly and then began unhitching the team of horses, leading them to the stables beyond. The Empress led the young peasant girl, who was now quite hysterical, towards the entrance of her nocturnal abode. All the while she cooed and caressed the young female, offering false assurance. Even so, the Empress' eyes shone with a demonic luminescence. All that had been human had left her, thousands of years before, on that fateful night of darkness and pain when she herself was but a teenaged wench.

Up endless corridors, through passageways and down spiraled stairways beneath ornate paintings dedicated to her kinsmen - Azanigin, Shugara, Gaubni... The opfer still sobbed but the Empress pulled her along as one would a child, with indifference towards the suffering which she was inducing for the mortal serf.

“Please ma’m, please! Let me return home!”

The Empress gave a cold smile over her shoulder before responding, still pulling the child along incessantly.

“Certainly you would rather stay here, with me?”

The girl looked incredulous, before breaking out into a new spat of sobs and sniffing.

“Come, come child... I am the Lady of this land, and you have been specially chosen to be with me on this night. It is not everyday that one such as you becomes the guest royalty, hmm?”

The girl did not respond.

“Child, you must realize that we are all part of the whole. And, as such, it comes down to the bare facts of the matter that your independent wishes or comfort mean little in relation to the onward concourse of the change which my Initiates and Adepts have and continue to execute. Don’t you realize child, that you are now a daughter of the New Aeon? And, by your blessed flesh being submitted to my own, you shall ensure the continuation of what has already been started?”

The girl began crying hysterically, whispering the words “Oh Baphomet, mercy for us sweet Baphomet” in-between her emotional outbursts.

“There, there child. That’s better.”

Three o’clock in the morning, the hour of the Wolf and the inauspicious portent of Fenris, the blessed slayer of the white-sepulchers who were called ‘gods’ in the old Aeon.

The blue room is now splattered with shed blood. A thick trail of the stuff leads towards the spiral staircase which descends downward. At the bottom of the staircase is a ladder which leads upwards towards the very top.

Outside the castle.

The Empress stands looking over into the vast forests of the pre-dawn. The wind has calmed and an eerie silence permeates the landscape. Cradled in her arms is the desiccated husk of the child. Already, her blood which was spilt has spawned several golems, which will be useful for the workings which lie ahead.

“Noctulians...”

The Empress speaks with a husky, sensual voice.

Below, wolves gather from the forest, howling at the Empress and gazing upward towards the fortifications of the castle.

The Empress leans over and drops the corpse into the thin air. It drops, thudding upon the wintry ground where it is quickly quartered and consumed by the wolves.

THE CULT DANGER EVALUATION FRAME

By Miss Nythra Anastasia Katrina Kala

Prelude: In the modern Magian-influenced society, religious groups are considered ‘dangerous’ or ‘not dangerous’ based upon their acceptance or dismissal of the sanctity of humanistic psychology. Below is a list of attributes that are exercised within the ‘dangerous’ cults according to P. Bonewits taken from a modern book on the non-event of ‘neo-pagan religion’ in America. A suggestion to young initiates of the Sinister Path: using the below attributes, start a

cult of your own! Spread heretical religions all across this great land so that we will plunge into the Age of Fire! Ave Satanas!

- 1) INTERNAL CONTROL, amount of internal political power exercised by leader(s) over members.
- 2) WISDOM CLAIMED by leader(s); amount of infallibility declared about decisions.
- 3) WISDOM CREDITED to leader(s) by members; amount of trust in decisions made by leader(s).
- 4) DOGMA, rigidity or reality concepts taught; amount of doctrinal inflexibility.
- 5) RECRUTING, emphasis put on attracting new members; amount of proselytizing.
- 6) FRONT GROUPS, number of subsidiary groups using different names from that main group.
- 7) WEALTH, amount of money and/or property desired or obtained; emphasis on member's donations.
- 8) POLITICAL POWER, amount of external political influence desired or obtained.
- 9) SEXUAL MANIPULATION of members by leader(s); amount of control over sex lives of members
- 10) CENSORSHIP, amount of control over members' access to outside opinions of group, its doctrines, or leader(s).
- 11) DROPOUT CONTROL, intensity of efforts directed at preventing or returning dropouts.
- 12) ENDORSEMENT OF VIOLENCE when used by or for the group or its leader(s).
- 13) PARANOIA, amount of fear concerning real or imagined enemies, perceived power of opponents.
- 14) GRIMNESS, amount of disapproval concerning jokes about the group, its doctrines, or leader(s).

The friendly author of the above ‘test’ goes on to state (and I quote): “none of these organizations should ever censor your information, control your life, decide on your friends, insist on sexual favors, demand exorbitant amounts of money, or try to prevent you from leaving”. As we can see, the U.S. Federal Government meets all of the above attributes, thus making them (drumroll please) a dangerous cult! But, as we know, no cults like competition and when evil little fiends like yourselves who listen to Mayhem all day long and dream about being the next Jim Jones start creating cults in the image of the federal government...Yes! That puts everything on the fast track to “I am an Antichrist, I am an Anarchist” (from the redwood forests, to the gulf stream waters!) and creates (or will start a domino effect which will create) a land that has hundreds of thousands of utterly insane, demonized cults running around on it’s fine earth (not dissimilar to Dark Ages Europe!).

Remember: when you control someone’s religion, you control them! Special note: The author of this article is very interested in taking part in the CIA MK-ULTRA program so that we can learn your techniques and secrets, please contact via the appropriate channels (ie: I’ll be the invisible hand moving your Ouija board between three a.m. and six a.m.). And don’t forget children: control over man is all, control is crucial!

NOTES IN ADDENDUM:

For those of you living in the United States of America: You may be interested in ‘testing the waters’ and learning about dangerous cults firsthand via entering them for brief periods or, for longer periods (using them for a Satanic Insight Role as explicated by Shropshire’s Order of Nine Angles, another dangerous cult!). Be sure to read the wonderful book ‘Monkey on a Stick’ also which is an exposé about the corruption within the International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ie: Hindus, gone bad!). We have chosen the below cults for their degree of

severity and novel-ness - we're sure you'll have one hell of a time! P.S. be sure to hide this pamphlet somewhere where your mother and father won't find it!

And now, for the cults!:

1. Children of God
2. International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ISKCON)
3. Aryan Nations
4. The Bolero (Amishmen, with guns!)
5. Unification Church (extortion and moonies and mass marriages, oh my!)
6. United States Army (vewwy-scawwy!)
7. United States Marine Corps (ew-pew!)
8. Central Intelligence Agency (wha?)
9. F.B.I. (Praise the Lord and pass the plate!)
10. Al-Qaeda (warning: be sure it's really them, the cult members may actually be operatives from cult number nine just pretending to be members of cult number 10)
11. Pentecostal Holiness with Signs and Wonders Following
12. Non-LDS fundamentalist Mormon sects (polygamy, aliens, spousal m/f s/m, Moroni the Archangel, stir and serve!)
13. All 'Heaven's Gate' offshoots
14. The Raelians
15. The Noctulians (I wouldn't mess with these folks if I was you!)

Notes on Sinister Chant

At the time of this writing, that being, the year of the Fuhrer 114 (Era Horrificus), the violent winds of war are upon the horizon. The planet Mars in its expansive galactic circuits has now reached close to the earth planet - closer than it has been in the last fifty-thousand years. Increased number of Sinister temples operating around the globe are hastening the process of constructing nexions - the gates by which there will come an influence of Sinister energies onto the casual plane. These Sinister energies and the manifestation of the Dark Gods will be presenced in many ways. Via invokation (taking the Dark Gods of the Sinister Pantheon, one or many, into the self) and evokation (achieved via practical manifesting of chaos and evil into the world) the basic fabric of reality on the earth planet is shifted. Our Sinister brothers and sisters across the globe hasten the process by which advanced human evolution shall take place. By necessity, according the amount of dross which currently burdens mother earth, this increase in evolution amongst the elite of the left-hand path will be preceded by horror and sickness and plague amongst the populace. As Mars draws closer, and as the Dark forces beyond the gates near the planet Saturn write and quake for total release from their dimensional prison, the rotted bones of the Ancient Ones shall assume new life. As even the Magians realize, the dead shall walk - there shall be a sort of 'resurrection' which will take place. Aptly put by Christos Beast in the Self-Immolation Rite: 'the hideous dead rise to strangle the living'. 'Life' as we know it will cease to exist. 'Half - Life' will permeate the slave drones of the obsolete race of 'humanity'. The Undead shall rule in open power. All manner of Darkness shall be unleashed, and the Dawning of the Dark Age shall commence.

The correct practice of Sinister Chant aids the coming of the Dark Gods. As the chants are practiced, the words go forth to reverberate eternally amongst the ethers. It is often observed

that calamity, chaos and terror erupt in and around the geographical locations where a Sinister Initiate executes their rituals and practices. At any given night that an adherent of the Sinister Path practices Sinister Chant, there may be observed (post the fact) that upon nights that practice is enacted there will be a pronounced increase in murder, chaos and catastrophe in the region in which the sorcery is so enacted.

Sinister Chant also aids in the mutation of the practitioner. Sinister Chant, practiced daily, under strenuous conditions, will aid in the shedding of one's humanity and will hasten the influx of Sinister entities which will possess the individual and then fuse (or abolish) with what could be termed the base 'personality'. Sinister Chant will NOT be effective practiced while living a soft, materialistic, harmless lifestyle. The more inherently SATANIC the life of the practitioner, the more fully will the Dark Gods respond to the chant. Focused and continual chanting will, in many cases, bring about a state which is akin to traditional termed POSSESSION. For minutes, hours or days (or longer) the practitioner may experience the reality that he or she is detached from the body - watching their own selves acting and interacting in fashions which are not native to the base individual.

During these periods of possession, the speech, intellect, body language and other identifying factors of the person will change rapidly. Actual physical mutation (real, biological metamorphosis also known as 'shapeshifting' in European lore) is not uncommon amongst more gifted adherents of the Prince.

Each of the Sinister sigils while practicing Sinister Chant is recommended. It aids focus and we must remember that the sigils themselves are actually 'keys' to the Abysmal energies of the Dark Gods. Likewise, the chants themselves are also 'keys' to the DARK Gods. Combined, they quicken the manifestation of the energies of the coming Age of Fire - both within the world, and within the self as well. With your effort at Sinister Chant, you will aid the Sinister Dialectic and help bring about 'Solvit Saeclum in favilla'

Practice the 'Diabolus' (Dies Irae, Dies Illa) surrounded by the sigils of Vindex (to the left), Atazoth (in the center), and Binan Ath (to the right). Chant loudly according to the traditional tune and meter - continuously. Envision the outpouring of the breath to be likened unto the outpouring of flame from the apparatus of war, like the outpouring of black shapes from rents in the heavens (the gates have opened) in shadowy, sinister countryside. Stare absently into the sigils.

Via these practices you shall increase in knowledge and increase in your power as a Son or Daughter of Shaitin, our Dark Prince. Your aim is to become as a demon in the flesh, fully demonized, with total disregard for the edicts, utterances, conventions and morals of the slave race known as humanity.

Behold the fire...

Czar Azag-Kala ; TOB
114 YF ERA HORRIFICUS

Transmissions Alienic

Wulsin Alys Blake, T.O.B.

“Sanctus Satanas Sanctus, Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth. Satanas - Venire! Satanas Venire!
Ave Satanas, Ave Satanas! Tui sunt caeli, tua est terra - Ave Satanas...”

The words of the Sinister chant whispered forth into the night, reverberating amongst the dead, stale air of a maximum security prison in a certain Western nation. All was dark in the area, as in that hour of night no one walked except a lone guard making his rounds.

As the words were spoken they came out with a slightly high-pitched, almost fiendish inflection. The adept knew that though such was being spoken in solitude, that the words were being sent out into the void and would, indeed, reverberate eternally throughout all the ethers. Call out to the Backwards Darkness and the Backwards Darkness will respond in time...

As the prisoner stared out into the thin, slitted window of the cell into the vast, sprawling city landscapes beneath him, he remembered words that he had heard spoken by his Satanic Master long ago: “Yours are the skies, yours are the earth...” All the earth lies in wait, in sensual and feverish anticipation of the arrival of the Dark Gods from the black planes of the Acasual. The very blood of slain warriors of the Western Aeon groan in want of the beings which are to take their rightful place in the unfolding destiny of earth. When, via the harsh ordeals and alchemical change processes of those of the Seven-Fold Sinister Path, a new species shall be brought about - beyond and above what is currently called ‘humanity’. The Dark shall be presenced. The Sinister shall manifest in the physical.

The prisoner continued chanting, without cessation, allowing one repetition to flow directly into the next. As the chant proceeded the adept noticed that a strange and anomalous heat began to presence itself in the cell - a hot, humid pressure as if the very atomic structure of the surrounding atmosphere was being changed rapidly and severely. The presence of the heat descended, and then settled itself in the area directly surrounding the chanter’s body.

Soon, the individual’s vision began to blur and as he looked across the landscape filtered through the scum-covered window, he saw himself looking miles upon miles into the distance. A demonic quality of vision had entered into him, making his abilities absurd and acute. First he saw only the buildings a few miles away, but within minutes his vision took him far beyond the cosmopolitan vistas of the city and into the outlying countryside and soon, across oceans. And then, his vision extended across and beyond time-space itself.

A barbaric rustling of dead leaves and the snapping of branches comes into the realm of your auditory perception. The tramping of hooves, but these are hooves of no animal that you have ever seen. Busting forth from the heath comes a squat, fuming figure with the legs of a goat and the body of a man. Your flesh creeps as you see him, and you fell as if your head and very body will burst with this new sinister knowledge to which you have been made privy to. Things that mortal eyes are not meant to perceive. Oh, horror! This being is beyond human, it is in itself an inhumane creature, subject to every barbaric cruelty and pagan practice imaginable!

See that it is sexually virulent as well as violent, for the stiffness of it’s saturnine member is obvious.

It’s eyes are pure black marble . It’s head crowned with the obscured matted beard the color of the earth, sprinkled graciously with fragments of grey, blood-spattered brain tissue. From the furried nest sprouts the curled horns of a ram.

Through the entities beard you perceive rows upon rows of sharpened animal teeth. The teeth of the predator. The fangs of a being who lives by the law of tooth and claw. Every part of the entities body is a roaring monstrosity, a wonder unto itself. Oh Master of Awe and Derision! You find it hard to focus on any one part of the being’s anatomy at any length of time and near impossible to comprehend the glories of his complete and full figure at even one glance.

Vaporous fog issues forth from the undead and alienic intelligence’s snorting nostrils. Yet, the air around him seems full of an insane heat - although the forest in which he stands is

obviously enveloped in the cool chilled portions of season right before the onslaught of a bleak and frosted winter.

From the depths of the woods behind the entity you begin to hear the frenzied beating of tabors accompanied by laughter which seems to be issuing forth from children, male and female, who are possessed of some fulsome and preternatural intelligence.

‘Agios O Atazoth!’ - the chant is spoken, laughed and screamed into the twilight. Faster and faster and faster the chant is continued, faster and faster and faster is the beating of the primal drums. More possessed and sinister comes the laughter of the children of the woods. You begin to sink into the blackness of unconsciousness and the last thing you see is a small child with her ghostly mates begin to crowd around you; smiling with a sexual gleam that children of that age should not possess according to the dictates of the Magian Nazarene.

A small blonde girl smiles, laughing softly as her lily white arms are outstretched to begin binding you with leather cords...

“Sanctus Satanas Sanctus, Dominus Diabolus Sabaoth. Satanas - Venire! Satanas Venire! Ave Satanas, Ave Satanas! Tui sunt caeli, tua est terra - Ave Satanas...”

In the depressive and black atmosphere of the prison cell, the adept continues his chant, and wonders about the Prince who is said to be arriving into the casual through and via the obscene and horrid angles which are compounded in a numerical matrix of nine. And what of that pristine and immaculate Tempel ov Blood, inhabited by the Cruel Emperors and Empresses who walk, yet are not living?

As dry wood is consumed to the flame, so is the earth and the age which is present consumed by disruptive energies which issue forth from the living and physical nexions which are portals of the Aeon-to-come. As the night ends, the prisoner sits looking out into the same vista of metropolitan horror, though now the night has ended and the landscape is fogged with the humidity of a summer morning.

He knows that in tow hours he will be led down the steel and concrete hall to the electrocution chamber by grim faced federal agents. Through his mind, every instance of memory begins to bubble up into his conscious awareness...

Walking through vast forests with the ravens circling overhead... Being pelted with stones and bricks as he flew the swastika along with his comrades even in the most communist infested neighborhoods. The faces and soft bodies of the many girls and others that he had loved, and, inevitably lost.

Suddenly he hears the turn of the lock and the grim-faced guard stands before him, ready to carry him on to his final walk towards burning and searing death by high voltage physical incapacitation.

Immediately before the hood is brought over his eyes, several minutes before the execution starts when he knows that he will convulse as his eyeballs liquefy and smoke arises from the busted sinews of his hands, a vision of Aeons past and Aeons to come is brought forth into his mind’s eye.

The ram horned entity in the forest, along with the sensual throng of little children, wait for him anxiously. His tour of duty on this the casual plane was soon to end, but his purpose had been served. He had made the ultimate sacrifice. He had given a Gift to the Prince.

May 03, 30
ERA HORRIFICUS
Ravensbruck Terra (Terror)



By Michael Ford of the BoTD

Note: Upon reception of the above ToB texts – Fra.13 was supplied with supplementary texts written by Michael Ford of the Black Order of the Dragon and Temple of Azagthoth in order to introduce him to the concepts of Wamphyrim/Vampirism and to provide comparison between the system of Vampyrim utilized by Ford and that of the ToB's own Vampyric Order - strongly influenced by the ONA and its Sinister Tradition. These MSS are hereby retained for the same purpose. +o+

INTRODUCTION TO THE TOA

"The Black Rider flung back his hood, and behold! He had a kingly crown; and yet upon no head was set. The red fires shone between it and the mantled shoulders vast and dark. From a mouth unseen there came a deadly laughter." - J.R.R. Tolkien, "Lord of the Rings"

Tempel of Azagthoth was injected into the open during the latter part of this century. The group as it is known today is the magickal child of individuals of Swiss, German, and Celtic descent - reflecting the actual Blood-Heritage of the Tempel to its mysterious suborder, Coven of Ravenwood. Coven of Ravenwood acts as a blood reservoir for the actions of the Tempel of Azagthoth, and has its basis in the documented WereWolf and Varcolaci Cults which plagued the countryside of Medieval England. This Vampiric Plague of Blood Feeding and Witchcraft was due to the influx of malevolent ruling spirits from the Norman, Anglo-Saxon, and Scandinavian invaders. These crucial cults are carried on today by the Coven of Ravenwood, with rituals being practiced to presence these forces in the Casual plane in the Southern United Sites, Zurich, the

Black Forest regions of Germany, and elsewhere. Understanding of the actual nature of the Coven of Ravenwood and the Acasual forces it represents can be most enlightening for those seeking to ascend to the level of operations upon which the Tempel of Azagthoth goes about its business. For those who are familiar with or have the bravery to become familiar with the concepts of Aeonic Magic, what lies Beyond Godhead, and Varcolaci - then your understanding of the Tempel will be greatly enhanced.

The Tempel of Azagthoth is not to be taken lightly, for mark our words, we are deadly serious. We hold the philosophy that the mass of humanity is a meal for us, something that must be culled and used for higher purposes. We practice the art form of predating upon the life-force of the human herd for its use in Magic, blood-rites, and supra- personal goals that go well beyond affecting just an individual or a group but the fabric of 'reality' itself. We hold respect for those who dare to practice Magic, try to rise above the herd, but if they show any fear or weakness they prove themselves as prey and will be marked for continuing our purposes. We do not encourage blind faith and adherence of any one philosophy or set of teachings, all limits must be banished. All rules must be broken. Those who do not agree thus prove themselves as fit for our acts of Predation. The substance known as Lifeforce or Blood Essence has been greatly misunderstood and implicitly underestimated by interested humans and their witches and wizards. We hold a completely rational and scientific view when regarding Blood Essence, gladly making use of the information other individuals and sources may provide us with on the subject while keeping in mind the many possibilities which this substance is capable of. Because of our varied background and no-nonsense approach, we recognize the truths contained about Lifeforce as valuable (this substance, as well as Those Who Draw In this substance, are referred to in many Ancient Scriptures such as the Bhagavad-Gita of Vedic India) but we aim in all aspects to supercede these teachings by the tool which conquers book knowledge, which is practical application and experience.

Thusly, the Tempel of Azagthoth practices many forms of blood feeding for our varied purposes.

We operate as a creative-destructive force, made up of dedicated individuals who have taken upon themselves to work to the level where they have been transformed into Wampyres, Werewolf, Varcolaci - roaming and assuming the essence of Qliphoth. To understand this, first you must throw away the ideas concerning Vampires/Vampirism that you have picked up from television, drama, (most) music, and both fiction and non-fiction books on the subject. It is an elementary teaching that this propaganda, an effective tool, has been utilized by Wampyrs for various purposes to hide the existence of such behind a myth. However, particularly in some of the more obscured Hungarian, Transylvanian, and Sumerian traditions - for one who looks closely much about the true nature of the Vampire can be revealed.

Secondly to understand this, you must dismiss the illusion that there are no subtle influences - only gross physical matter. Understanding of the true nature of significance of the Astral Realm and Body beyond the normal New Age gobbledegook is important here. Also important is that you throw away the grand idea that Humans are at the top of the food chain. Many who say they are logical and believe in the evolutionary process still miss this important fact, if the sniveling crying undeveloped creatures I see roaming the streets of our cities everyday are the "Highest Evolved Living Organisms" then the world we live in is very, very pathetic indeed!

Our way of throwing off the herd mentality is unpopular because of the comfort that ignorance provides for the established human in the human world of affairs. We call for no less than an entire overhaul of human consciousness as it is to develop into a completely non-human being which may or may not choose to inhabit a physical body after certain levels of development are reached. This process involves the act of Predating upon the essential Lifeforce (Blood, or Blood-

Essence) for use in Casual and Acasual ritual. This, combined with the willful and dedicated actions of the initiate and association and energy-transference rituals with the Higher developed Wampyr who often come into the presence of the other Vampires by Astral travel. This process of evolution is known as the Alchemical Change Process, it enacts change upon the spiritual, mental, astral, instinctual, and physical aspects of the individual. This evolution does not stop. Soon the increased powers of the Vampire are realized, being many : the ability to drain the lifeforce of others in many different ways, the ability to shift shape into many different astral forms (Varcolaci, Werewolf, mist, bat, dragon, The Greys), understanding of the underlying control network of the human world, how to control others through the use of the mind, and many other powers. These powers that entail with the Vampires increased development entail the things expected of one who progresses amazingly in a relatively short period of time, including many worldly successes and receiving the pleasures of the flesh in many different manners.

Tempel of Azagthoth works in cooperation with the Black Order of the Dragon and proudly hail their Immortal Varcolaci. The Sigil of the Wampyre-Varcolaci Pentagram can be found adorning the walls of many of our Vampiric abodes, emanating horrific energies for the uninitiated - covered in the Blood of Varcolaci. The principle sigils of the Tempel of Azagthoth are the Black Raven, the predatory symbol of our order as well as the Wampyric Tendril and Wampyric Tendril-Coffin, the first representing our use of Black Magic, the second representing the Alchemical Change Process and the harsh evolutionary path of Wampyr.

- Emperor Norduk, Tempel of Azagthoth

Astral Predators and Vampiric Spirits

Tempel of Azagthoth

Haunting the night, towards the purpose of further exploring the physical and astral dimensions, and towards the purpose of draining the blood current from humans is an exercise which should be undertaken with vigor by the ascending Vampire. We quote here an interesting passage from Kenneth Grant's "Cults of the shadow":

"If the shadow is strongly developed and is under the control of the black magician, it can be projected into the aura of sleeping people and obsess them with sexual fantasies that can drive them to madness and suicide. It is then withdrawn by the vampire who dispatched it and he nourishes himself on the energy which the shadow has 'collected'."

The author goes forth to then describe various ailments which may harm the vampire, because the energy was of a primarily sexual nature. However, there is a key mistake that separates what described from them practice of Vampirism as implemented by the Tempel of Azagthoth. We are not feeding upon aura. With this in mind, the various methods of astral protection become inane because they are primarily auric vibrations caused via visualization by the supposed magician who would 'thwart' the vampiric attack. Most of these methods include some sort of neutralization of the sexual energy during rituals. Or, as in the case of some modern writers who have constructed rituals which the intent pure and simple is to thwart vampires in all and every case they involve various proclamations, cleansings, and visualizations. These visualizations usually consists of the victim imagining his aura growing bigger and bigger then visualize it becoming covered with 'astral needles'. However, it is folly to think that something as easy as visualization 'astral needles' could stop a Vampire who wants to, and will drain them of their blood essence. If you view it as an exercise of power within the astral, it is obvious that the Vampire is of a higher class in this respect than human magicians much less bad ones. If we were viewing this as a use of manipulation of the astral energy, the Vampire could easily turn on person's 'astral needles' into 'astral pillows'. The cleansing methods may at times work in sending away weaker disembodied spirits who like to cause mischief. Oft, these spirits were not Vampires

to begin with or if they were they are very weak ones. A strong Vampire who really wants to enter into the bedchamber of a victim and drain them will do so whether or not the victim has honored him/her by placing various herbs, salt, etc. about the room. More than often the herbs and such are of more psychological benefit than magical towards the said victim. Either way the base of the matter remains. Humans are food for the Vampire. We do not drain them of their 'auric energy', as this quickly dissipates. We drain them of their pure blood which lies within them. this is a primary practice which separates higher vampires from many of the often uninformed and weaker free-style 'psychic vampires' as they call themselves. We call ourselves Vampires period, in every sense of the word. We will choose to drain the Blood Essence because it is in line with our purposes of Survival. That is the key reason.

We will now explore for the aspiring initiate vampire ways in which one may drain this blood essence, in the context of what is known as astral travel. The aspects of the astral realm, the dimensions which may be accessed by astral travel (including the other physical dimensions which may also be accessed) is something that the true vampire will take upon him/herself to study as a science. There are many ways in which you may control through the use of traveling the astral dimensions but for now we will focus primarily on one of the many methods of which you may learn how to drain the blood essence. Blood essence is also a key factor which enables the vampire to perform acts within these realms - such as other methods of Feeding.

For start, this should be practiced in such a time period in which the individual will be able to bring himself to a calm and liquid frame of mind. Awareness is important. As one projects himself from his current physical body it is important to use your sense of awareness. while traveling other dimensions one is still able to smell, see, feel, and hear various things. It is also important to assume the mindset of what you are, a predator. No fear should be present within you, Fear is something that Vampires created to control and subdue the human herd in the first place. It is not something that is to be desired.

Sit comfortably in a chair or lie down on a bed. it should be dark to make the distractions of the things around you minimal. If it is possible for absolute quiet then this should be implemented. Music may also be employed to soothe yourself and bring you into the frame of mind in which astral travel is most easily executed. You will notice, upon returning, that during the traveling the music that was played in the background may not have even been heard by you. Its presence will be minimal as you begin to sense and hear other things within the realms you are exploring. Time may take on a liquid and intangible presence, especially when traveling other dimensions which are accessed by the astral realm. More often it will be as if little time has passed even though you may think that you have been away for quite some time, or vice versa.

Close your eyes. Now open your astral eyes. it is not rare that in vampires who have mastered astral travel to be able to close their eyes and still be able to see the things around them as they lie down because of the automatic workings of the astral senses after one has done this many times. You may now move your astral body about as you see fit. an important discipline within this sort of traveling is either that of speed or that of slow movement. It may be even harder to move slowly, slowly floating to your chosen place. You may travel within any place in the physical realm during astral travel. You are also able to access many other places which are not easily brought about while in your physical. You may access other dimensions of both astral and physical substance. often when it is seen that you are in some place which seems as not congruent with the current time period in which we live that you have accessed a physical dimension beyond our own. Often in these dimensions you may hunt in a material form which is recognized by the inhabitants just as you would recognize a wolf if you saw it roaming about a forest. Through certain disciplines you may exercise the practice of materialization within the physical-astral, as taught in the Ceremony of Insanity and Inflicted Idiocy.

An important note concerning sometimes when you may think "I can't prey upon that person". If some sort of barrier is felt, this is more than often a sign that the victim (who may be partially clairvoyant) is on guard. If the prey is learned in any sort of astral science he/she may try to resist

you.. The remedy for this is simple. Take your hand (which may be in the form of a spiked gauntlet, taloned claw, as to your liking) and strike them as if you wished to cut them. this will enable you to go about your act of Feeding unhindered. Do this as much as you like or as much as you think is necessary. Oft, in the case of highly developed astral vampires physical cuts on the victim can be caused by this. This is due to the practice (either voluntary or Involuntary) of physical materialization of your astral body. Accounts of these mysterious cuts due to malevolent spirits can be seen in many areas of psychic/ghost studies. If you feel hindered in your feeding practices, try then to feed upon the sleeping humans. It is also important for you to choose to shift into whatever chosen astral form that best suits your needs. These may vary greatly from vampire to vampire. some associates enjoy projecting in the form of a werewolf, while others may choose a very large beast-like creature or a demon. The forms vary greatly.

Move in on your prey, as a predator within the animal kingdom closes in on its kill. Descend your astral form directly on top of them (if sleeping) penetrating them. Often the victim will upon the morning report nightmares and the sense of being paralyzed for a short period is common. You must, telepathically, command your prey to not move and accept what is going to be done. For those who you purposely wish to play with, you may induce scenes and aspects of punishment (as is favored amongst many of our kind). Move directly on top of them. Remember that you are here to feed upon their BLOOD. It is the BLOOD that is the LIFE. It is not desirable to feed upon the energy swirling about them, but rather to penetrate and drain the pure-blood. Focus on drawing this into yourself. Do this until you feel it is necessary. this is an art which improves and can be augmented greatly over time.

We would like to recommend for beginners, this practice of meditation. View yourself in whatever scenery suits you best. Any sort of imagery that suits you can be used. You are sitting upon a mountain, in the form of a great bat like creature with fangs dripping blood and surrounded by a green smoke representing your powers to cause disease. it is night. A small village in India is below you. Earlier, you spy clairvoyantly a beautiful young girl entering into the cottage of her parents. All is quiet now, all that can be heard is the insects and other animals within the forest and field. The humans are sleeping. You fly down and enter the cottage through one of the windows into the girl's bedroom. She is sleeping softly, lying without blankets upon a cot on the floor because of the hot summer weather. You perch yourself above her, and then descend directly on top of the girl. Her eyes open as if to scream. You stare at her intensely, she is commanded to be quiet. She is commanded to see and experience the predation, but she is not to move nor resist you. You open your mouth which is filled with long fangs, and bite into her shoulder. Blood begins spurting into your open mouth. You hungrily drink this precious elixir. You rip open her gown, exposing a young tender breast. You can hear her heart beating. You position your bloodied mouth at the bottom of her breast and clamp your jaws into the soft flesh. Blood gushes into you. You raise yourself up, hovering near the ceiling. she lays limp, you can see the wounds but al the blood is gone. You have consumed the blood which spilt forth. You rise unto the night sky and return to your chosen abode. This sort of meditation will call forth to the hidden predator within, rising you towards ascension to the Throne of the beast. There is much to be learned.

The Law of the Hidden

by Emperor Norduk

What is the essence which lies beneath the watery depths of the sea of Leviathan, what is the droplet of blood which does not leave the chalice after it is drained, what is the goat that sitteth upon a rock high upon the mountains of Set as a man sits, what is the wisdom within folly. That wisdom my child of the backwards darkness is the utterance of the holy word: Nosferatu. Nosferatu. Nosferatu.

And the base of the working is Nosferatu! And this is the Roc and the essence contained! And this is the changeling birthed of the succubus, and this is the key to which the Aeon is held into place. One which utters the word and flows down into its depths is the one who proclaims that the master of the blackness earth has returned and with him the denizens of the night paths the throne of Ra who is Ra-Hoor-Khy-Ra, the thrice entranced god and goddess, the baphomet which projects no form about the wall when the light shineth upon it. Through the sacred doors through the keyhole there you will find the blood red goddess of blood and death which has her birth from chaos and is in chaos verily the chaos shall merge with the abyss and the abyss shall borne forth blood. Those of the priest's wand, those of the serpents fang, those of the dead leaves essence, he shall sit upon the banks of the black water and watch the partaking of the mother goddess who erects the temple with her breath for in the union of the mother and the daughter so is borne the son and the father uniting together in the birth of the terrestrial Qliphoth, the AEON OF THE DRAGON OF CORRUPTION.

Blessed are the black for they shall inherit the essence of black.

Blessed are the yellow and the white and the green for they verily too shall be merged into that Black.

Oh Great God of the Werewolf Forests, BAERMOTH whos name shall be uttered upon the Black Altars of the GODDESS OF DEATH! I am the Dragon of Corruption, I am also the Pythoness, I am the enchanted knight who gleams with the magnificent of the risen blood and I am the stripped skull which manifests as the king of the spirits of death and its essence. ARISE OH BLACK ONE! Ye RISE! Thou Has Risen! Now thou are the essence of A L. Black is the color! And of the sound : it is upon the winds through the hidden deserts of Father Pazuzu it is the winds through the forests of where Behemoth's name was uttered in the AEON of Rising BLOOD. Now Show yourself! You have been stripped to the essence and the one who whispers the words shall know the ways of the Black Ones! Come unto me! I have been Immolated in this Stream of Blood Essence from beyond the astral gates, from beyond the seat of Godhead where Krishna, whos NAME is BLACK sits, From Beyond the Beyond, Afar in the very ESSENCES OF DAETH DAATH DEATH I HAVE MET WITH THE YELLOW PUKING SERPENT OF VOMIT.

This is my Law. The Law of AZAG, of AZAG-THOTH ARISEN! Of the FLAME in the EYES of the city, of the flame in the breath of the Ja-Daf Djf-Koha is now kog-jd. What is the heart that beeteth out blood to the body? What is the mind that absorbeth the sounds of the word? These are the Flames Leaping from the Gate of the Endless Borneless Headless one whos name shall be uttered.

(C) Emperor Norduk

The Art of the Wampyric Tendril

By Emperor Norduk (from "The Countess Elisabeth Bathory")

Within the Tempel of Azagthoth, the art of drinking of the essence of life force from living humans is termed the Art of the Wampyric Tendril, the Wampyric Tendril is the prime symbol of our order and represents the art of draining life force, and causing harm via astral contact to your intended prey. This symbol is not overly complex in appearance, but its uses are varied according to the warlock/witch who would use this sigil and practice the arts it contains. For those familiar with the process of imbuing physical objects or symbols with astral energy, you may consider its application when the Wampyric Tendril (the symbol) was created. It is in fact the Oldest created sigil from the Tempel of Azagthoth and can be obtained upon request. The second symbol of the Tempel of Azagthoth is the Coffin, not only does this correspond with the Wampyric principle of

the human, through vampiric metamorphosis and training, it also has a very large symbolic significance regarding The Communion of the Dracul, the summoning of the undead gods in which the arising wampyr sacrifices his accumulated life-force from his predatory journeys until exhaustion sets in, then which comes the re-giving of life-force from the undead which is symbolized by the tendril near the top of the coffin which pours down blood upon 'the resting place of the corpse' thus enabling new life, higher powers through constant practice of Wampyristm, metamorphosis, and finally Immortality amongst the Undead Gods. This is not an easy path and it must be stressed that Wampyristm, unlike other forms of the Occult, must be taken on as a constant practice. The Wampyr faces many tests, but needless to say if you fail at your arisal to the Throne of the Beast, a fate worse than death awaits thee.

The Art of the Wampyric Tendril involves astral life force draining in many different ways. There is the practice of the 'evil eye' which with the skilled magus can implant thoughts, drain energy, and instill certain factors which will affect the recipient of the enchantment later on. By projecting thoughts through use of the unblinking stare, your astral body touches the victim, and your thoughts are instilled into his mind and the victim will always view them as his own thoughts and act. For instance, if you wanted the person to pick up a book, through this practice you could use the phrase "That book looks interesting, I must get it...", never say "I Want that person to pick up the book..". That is not the correct method, and it will not work. Always implant a statement into the persons head that will make the person think that it is his own idea, not for the sake of the person finding out that you are implanting ideas in his head, that is quite ridiculous, the trouble with using indirect methods in this art is that it tends to cause too much confusion in the brain of the recipient to reap results for yourself. Human prey do not believe for the most part that they can be mentally influenced without their knowledge. The Wampyric Undead as well as the Living Wamphyri always promote the literature and teachings which continues to brainwash human society and thus blind them to our hidden ways.

Astral life-force draining through sight involves the use of your eyes, and extension of the astral body (the wampyric tendril) to touch your victim and remove the life energy from them. Small completely undetectable motions with the fingers and hand, as well as physical inhalation, can speed the process of the recieval of energy from the victim. As the Wampyr strengthens his art and power other means of life-force draining are possible.

The art of Astral life force draining from the human while you are completely detached from your physical body and a part of the astral plane, is one of the primary practices of wampyristm. The sleeping human provides the purest life-force which will violently increase the wampyrs life-force. The more beautiful the victim, the purer the life force. As the human sleeps, they have no control over their astral body as they are not practitioners of our art and have certain weaknesses, while the wampyr has many uncanny advantages over the human prey. It is possible, when the wampyr's astral body has approached the prey, to enter into the dream state of the human and implant certain scenes in the human's subconscious. Through properly prepared potions and elixers, it is possible to cause sickness in victims, although this seems to be a common after effect of Wampyric attack. Remember, the more life force which you obtain for yourself, the less life force for the human. Thus the weaker and more fragile his whole being will become. It is always the pleasure of the Wampyr to be able to drain the purest blood from the veins of living humans, then muse as the humans world utterly crumbles into chaos and disorder before you as your world increases in experience and you come to know the way of the Vampire Dragon Tiamat and the way of the Black Wizard, AZAG-THOTH.

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Rite of Barbaric Return

-An invokation and eating of the Death Current-

DEATH WILL SLAY WITH HIS WINGS WHOEVER DISTURBS THE PEACE OF THE
TEMPEL OF AZAGTHOTH

Rite of Barbaric Return

An Invokation and eating of the Death Current

'Oh Black Earth you vomit forth Blood you construct the conscious existence of humans to strike them down again unto the belly of the earth as their body dies and turns to rot. Tiamat - Come Forth from the Abyss! Oh Death which humans fear, show yourself in your form as Azrael the Angel of Death. Come unto me and show yourself in your most harsh and hideous aspect. So that I may eat of the filth and consume the powers of death that I may slay with my wings as the Vampires of the Ancient Days.

I, Under your shroud of death beseech and call unto the Ancient Forms:

AZAG - Sumerian Demon and Father of Lineage ripping through the black night with the ferocious blood lust of a thousand time thrice jackals. Your glance with blind eyes is transfiguration unto the brothers and sisters of the Blood of Tempel Azagthoth and discord and terror for those who oppose us. We are Black Ones great AZAG ! We Feed and Fire and Fury!
AZAG hear our calling!

TUTANKHAMEN - Lord of Egypt and the sorcerers of the pyramids and the hot desert nights - upon the breaking of your ancient seals your powers of death were unleashed for the glory of the Vampire and the culling of mankind! Thirteen have been slain to rise what is 13, Bless us with your horrific touch that we may slay many more in honor of our Family. TUTANKHAMEN hear our voice!

--

The Vampire shall now wish to lie down to sleep to let the powers manifest themselves and fructify within the unconscious mind. Before allowing sleep to overtake you, visualize a demon breathing green colored smoke from his mouth. Inhale this smoke within yourself. This rite will further cause Alchemical change and cultivate the death current within the witch/wizard. There are some risks that this rite may incur, take any physical reactions to this invokation as a part of the alchemical change taking place. Force yourself to enter into the states that come willingly. This rite may also be performed as a ceremony with more than one vampire under the same circumstances as above, with all participants reciting the invokation

Calling Forth The Blood of Tiamat

-Tempel of Azagthoth-

This is a technique issued for the masterance of the art of Blood Feeding. The vampire shall first will himself into a unified consciousness. This shall be done by a willing of the blood pattern to conform to your desire for unified consciousness. You shall suspend your active state, and descend gently into the Undead mind frame. When you have reached this, begin to feel the blood pools of Tiamat. Do not command this to depart when it comes, you will feel these blood pools instinctively. Now begin to transform your spiritual body into the shape and form which you desire. Begin traveling within these perpetual blood streams, connecting to your chosen Prey. You are Akhkharu, one of the Black Vampires of Tiamat. Assume your inheritance and feed upon the life-giving blood essence. You shall see with your astral eyes, the form of your victim. Merge into their body, and feed. One may also merge into the prey and enter into the (sleeping) victims mind by projecting yourself as a mental image. In this dream state of the victim, you can project images and interact with the dreaming human. This may be experienced directly by the prey, or even implanted as an unconscious action which will gradually manifest itself. When you are finished, withdraw from the prey and will yourself to enter into your physical earthly body.

Written under the Blood of Tiamat
For the benefit of Tempel Azagthoth Principality

Ceremonial Rite of Ma-Kali

by Emperor Norduk of the Tempel of Azagthoth

Dress in black robes are alternately decorated with the robes and dress of the Indian Priest/esses of Kali. Atmosphere should be aligned properly to that of India, in sight and sound and penetration of their area. This is a chosen culling. Focus your vampiric hand to pierce through the first veil revealing the realm upon the conceptions of the ethereal plane are birthed. We would recommend music of the tabla, sitar, and mrdunga. Music from the regions of India and Pakistan are quite appropriate. Burn strong incense, surround the room with pictures of Ma-Kali, hashish, incense, Indian deity photos, japa beads, and other paraphenilia as to your liking. For purposes of mood a colored light may be employed for the ritual chamber such as red, orange, or black.

Chamber: There should be a curtain, behind this curtain someone representing Kali should stand and appear upon the opening chant. This person should be decorated as proper to represent Kali. Curtain and Kali should be in the east, congregation directly opposite of Kali facing her. The chant is representative of six blood movements of the Indian Vampire Races coupled with invokation of the Indian Vampire Races.

OPENING CHANT:

(should be sung as kirtana)

Danava Naga Drishya

Viroopa Karena Roopantara

Danava Naga Danava

Saarpa-Gamana Mohini

Hdimba jai jai Kali ma

Hdimba jai jai Kali ma

There should be some sort of cup or gourd which contains an amount of human blood or proper substitute. Kali should be covered with this substance and/or human blood.

After the Opening Chant (opening chant should be sung as melodious kirtana, in the vocal style of traditional Indian priests. Kirtana is a word within the Sanskrit language). There should some moments of silence before the main chant commences. Kali should stand before the congregation and smile. She shall move and posture as she wishes, holding human skulls. Towards the end of the chanting (perform until exhaustion) she (Kali) should begin screaming, hissing, and growling. This shall be done as the congregation chants. The main chant should be recited in a monotone repetition.

KALI-MA KALI-MA KALI-MA KALI-MA KALI-MA KALI-MA KALI-MA KALI-MA
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OUR HOME OF PUNISHMENT

From "Der Pazuzu", Tempel of Azagthoth (C) Emperor Norduk

Black and grey clouds passed quickly above this hate-swept land. Just as the dark earth has housed the carriages of chuckling Victorian lovers, without really caring what may happen in their future, hoping for Immortal Life through their Lord Jesus Christ - but not really caring of understanding - the earth had also seen the trampling feet of great White horses of war. And upon the steeds, sat grim and hateful men - bearing swords and maces which were crusted with the

Blood of many slain foes. This land had also been home one dark morning to a dying woman, plagued with a hideous disease - one of many in her time period. It was this same black earth that soaked up the tears she cried as her lungs bled and her mouth dripped dark sweet blood upon the cold ground.

It was a land of hate and love, and land of darkness and Light. I walked through the forest during this night, cloaked in a dark black hood - as the shadows lengthened and the clouds moved ever closer to the earth. These were the depths of the woods, far away from the places of human habitation, behind the wall of the harsh winds could be heard the sounds of many a Nocturnal insect and animal. But as I moved through the forest these dark creatures did not move in, they gladly parted the way in respect and reverence. Even the grey wolf looked up in respect as I passed through the land. Many have traveled these woods with fear, expecting the darkened predators to come unto their death call at any moment. And, in the nature of things, their wishes were duly met as the pack of Wolves surrounding the screaming Opfer and tore him to bits. Hungrily gnawing on his bloodied flesh, gladly consuming that red elixir which split forth from his arteries. And when they had left, he lay there, being brought into the realm which he had only encountered (so he thought) in dreams. The realm which he had tried to ignore at every turn.

But I did not travel with fear, I traveled with understanding. These were no horrible places for me, but a place of beauty. Just as one would look upon a beautiful horse running across an open field in the light of day, I recognized the inherent beauty in this nocturnal landscape. But what is more, I understood. The Deeps Ones, those who dwell in the rivers and lakes and pools within the forest, greeted me smiling. Treating me like a long lost friend. The Trolls too had no animosity towards my presence, for they too were a part of this Older greater knowledge. For those who were, in all ways, Predators, they held love in respect, for those who traveled with ignorance and fear, they knew what their purpose was, for the better of the Universe at large - they must be used for a purpose if they will not unlock their own inner potential.

But I had not come to the forest for mere observance, I had observed these things many times before. There was a meeting tonight my friends, a beautiful meeting, a wonderful meeting! The young girls in the village turned back their heads upon the morning before and let out a laugh to the skies. Tonight the reward for their culling would be presented to them. Tonight - they shall see their Black Master.

The Priestess of the group was a young English beauty named Leisel, her ancestors had the blood of the Alp running through their veins, they had been the Anglo-Saxon invaders that had come into the land. And with them a great Host of Spirits from the Black Woods of Old Germany, and in the Astral realm, there was much rejoicing. She was around seventeen, her current physical parents were hard workers, they dwelt in the field and hills. Watching their sheep-herd, farming their fields. She was ravishing in appearance, shining blonde hair and blue eyes - her figure, voluptuous and full. Her eyes shone with the wisdom that could be seen in few, for she was a Predator, a daughter of that High Werewolf of the Forest! And through her veins, a powerful blood flowed, the Blood of the Alp, the inheritance of the Sexual Predators of her bright homeland and of even Older Traditions, that of the Death Goddess Lilith and Hekal Tiamat.

She stood now at the gate of some old ruins that were in the woods, smiling as I and the other members of the cult arrived at the place of ritual. She kissed and embraced each person. The Varcolaci were pleased by her, they crowded about her in their hideous blackened acasual forms. Now a brooding silence came over the place of ritual, which was welcome for Leisel and the other members of the cult. The Hunt was now about to begin. A small child began hitting the gong which was placed on a large piece of stone between two twisted trees, and the shiftshaping began. The forms were numerous, but because of the purpose at this time, they were all hideous. Leisel, who had since disrobed from her white garments and stood before the cult naked, arched her back as a ripple of power went through her body. Her shape began to change from that of a beautiful girl into that of a hideous beast, a Varcolaci. Her eyes were now yellow, her stature well over ten feet tall, her skin was a blackened crust with vaporous liquid dripping from the boils

and scars which she had placed there - in accordance with WILL - for her own purposes. Her lips curled back in a Satanic grin, and her black tongue darted out - serpentine - to drink of a goblet of blood upon the altar.

All the other Vampires followed suit, upon their complete transformations there were many different forms. Varcolaci, Werewolfs both of black and grey, pale and royal figures of the ascended Undead, bats, mists, and satyrs. By their astral eyes they spied into the Chapel, there, on the altar of Christ, adorned with the Cross, symbol of Death and Lilith awakened, the black robed figure of their Werewolf master grinned showing rows of razor-like fangs. It lifted a furred black paw, The Hunt Has Begun.



THE WAMPYRE-VARCOLACI PENTAGRAM

Project through the sphere of the Wampyre-Varcolaci Pentagram. Travel in your astral form to the sleeping body of your chosen Opfer (Victim). Do not just predate upon them, terrorize them, punish them, extract their Life-Force while injecting the most hideous and bizarre scenes into the Opfers dreams that you can muster. If they struggle, a fast swipe of a long taloned claw shall do the trick. Enlarge your astral body and merge into theirs, and drink deeply of the Blood.

The Hand of Black Lightning

Published by Tempel of Azagthoth

This is a most powerful spell within the Arts of the Vampires of the Tempel of AZAGTHOTH. This spell is called the Hand of Black Lightning. It is an event of shifting into the Vampire Reality. An invokation of the blood within the vampires nature. It is a seperation, an art of the Independant awareness as well as the one who observes - who is the Vampire as well.

Hold your hand in the air with the fingers pointed in front of you. This is a sorcery through the Blood. A steady stream of electrical white black in color lightning bolts will stream from your fingertips. This simple action can be one of the highest forms of active sorcery. It may be applied in many different ways. Perform as needed, long periods increase the discipline, perform until you no longer sense the passing of time.



Introduction to the BOTD:

Black Order of the Dragon is an esoteric/sinister "think tank" of individuals exploring the dark aspects of magick/vampyrism/satanism and the like. The BOTD publishes many manuscripts through their own publishing house, Nekromantic Productions/Axis Press. BOTD thus far has released manuscripts on pathworkings concerning Vampyric Magick, both Hermetic and Ceremonial, Astral Projection, Demonic sphereworkings, Ritual magick, Satanic/Faustian Will, Lycanthropy and blood mysticism. The BOTD is also dedicated to exploring the many so - called "evil" archetypes and symbols in folklore and mythology. The significance being the awakening of various sinister archetypes which are able to assist in the unlocking of subconscious "doors" within the psyche of European and Euro-descended man and woman. Sexuality is also an exploration, both with our affiliate "Tempel of Azathoth", who have dealt with fetishism, sadism as well as Vampyric Magick.

The BOTD represents balance as well as insight developed via personal experience. After all, personal experience IS the greatest teacher.

The BOTD is not for the squeamish and weak. We seek to inaugurate the essence of the Red Dragon and the rising of Lucifer. For those who travel the paths of wolves: Ascend!
- Michael Ford, Coven Nachttoter 2-12-98

Book of Wamphyri and Shadows

by Coven Nachttoter

The Black Dragon Arises

Vampyrism, Through the archetypical symbols which have existed since the Sumerian period, such as one of the first known cult of Vampyrism, HEKAL TIAMAT, to Vampyrism in Transylvania as in the reality of the original Order of the Dragon, in which European hero Vlad

Draculae was a member of, to current Vampyric covens through the centuries, to current period covens have always, intentionally, blinded the masses.

It must first be known that vampyrism is NOT at all a simple, or relatively quick path for everyone. Vampyres are more or less born dark, those who have been in touch with their darkside or shadowside since their childhood.

Vampyres do not view themselves as humans do, because we are NOT human in all tearnis. Humans are sheep to our kind, we do not hold any place for compassion, tolerance or love for sheep. They are our prey, and lifeforce. Vampyres look upon their personal being as GODS, the humanistic concepts of mortals do not guide us in anyway either. To become vampyre, the individual must tear away all strains and weaknesses they have picked up since their first birth.

Do take note, this is not any easy thing to do, however, observe, this is only the beginning. The individual proceeding down this path must push his/her physical body to the limits, as well as testing mental and developing psychic strength. Psychic strength is highly important for developing the Vampyric will. Through a period of several years, the individual will slowly build the character needed for the individual to immolate his/her essence with the crimson of the dragon.

For most involved with BOTD, a parallel with traditional Satanism should be observed. If traditional Satanism defines pushing limits, going beyond what is morally "right" and "wrong", "good" and "evil", as well as implementing Aeonic, acasual and casual transference (ie. the Nine Angles), building a superior, elite occult fascist character then Vampyrim can be seen as an extension of the path of traditional Satanism.

That which does not progress, perishes! This is very true and realistic. Any initiate interested in the BOTD will be introduced into a very harsh will training and Alchemical change process. Most of this is done in Hermetic rituals, seperated from all comrades, friends, and lovers. This the ONLY way which will build material for a GOD or GODDESS.

While actual human blood (not animal) holds psychic energies obtained in advanced vampyric rituals, BLOOD ESSENCE (Astral lifeforce) holds the highest significance for such, incorporated through many different levels, is the path or partial key for immortality. The initiate vampyre will learn to set his/her mind from the individual human and realize ALL progressive change and evolution is caused by him/her ALONE! The Vampyre IS god itself. The Vampyre realizes that ALL other humans who are not amoung his/her rank or kin are prey and pawns.

Lifeforce is drained from humans through astral contact, as well as clairvoyance amoung others. The powers of astral hunting through dream and drinking the purest lifeforce is ONLY best described through the experience itself. The symbol of the vampyre who drinks blood from sleeping humans (Opfers) is not far removed from the astral vampyre predator - Known as Varcolaci - who drains lifeforce from the sleeping humans astral body.

Through the nightside, the vampyre through will and practice, can shiftshape, to hunt amoung the shadows. The forms can be several, Varcolaci (a form of demonic bat-wolf and dragon resemblance), to wolf and bat. This is all based on general and simple scientific law.

Vampyric communion is an essential part of vampyric survival and renewal. Secrets of Vampyric communion are first described in "ART OF WAMPHYRI" and further in "CTHULU".

BOTD is currently guided by Clan Nachttoter, of Germanic blood, under guidance of acasual Vampyres, our goals are quite the numerous. Time will tell the significance. Our sigils to invoke the essence are two : The Wamphyri Pentagram, through the sphere, lifeforce is transferred, godhead is achieved. Nefarious shadows haunt any human uninitiated. The other symbol is the Nachttoter seal, the symbol of the Nachttoter Vampyre Family, descended from Germanic and Celtic blood. Members of Clan Nachttoter currently offer guidance concerning BLACK ORDER OF THE DRAGON trials and paths.

Circle of the Red Dragon

- Transcend the flesh in the form of Varcolaci -

This is the rite of dying and being reborn. The sigil is of our coven, our family - The Red Dragon, Tiamat. Of Nachttoter....

Those of royal vampyric blood. The altar should be located on the west wall if at all possible. Upon the altar should rest a human skull or well crafted model. The human skull represents the death of the human condition and rebirth. If the skull is authentic then some essence of the individual may be connected already - thus representing the risen essence - Beyond Godhead towards the black cloak of Azrael. A crystal should be implemented as well as soil from a graveyard enclosed within a cloth pouch. A virgin dagger.

Above the altar should be a large plate of the Wamphyri-Varcolaci Pentagram, as well as the seal of Nachttoter - The Red Dragon who is TIAMAT - Vampyre Mother of Chaos and Evolution, 77. Incense should be Frankincense or Jasmine. Candles should be red and black. Enter to die and be reborn.

RITE OF THE RED DRAGON

With the Sword of the chamber, shape the inverted pentagram, focus upon the fire which be arise from each point as a result chant: ALL THAT IS BORN OF FIRE LIVES IN FIRE.

Through shaping the pentagram the sphere of Satan is opened - the true self is revealed. The Triangle of LAYLAH is to be drawn upon the wind, to inaugurate the symbol of night and death - equaling 77, the tract of rising-GODHEAD. An inverted Triangle should be inverted, focus upon the blood red eye which will glow as much as your desire allows.

Point the Sword to the Sigil of Nachttoter and then to the Wamphyri- Varcolaci Pentagram - Call the Undead gods upon the astral plane - FROM THE FOUR WINDS, WEST, NORTH, EAST AND SOUTH - UNDEAD GODS OF THE NIGHT, ARISE FROM THY CRYPT IN THE REALMS OF THE DEAD, SHADOWDEMONS, THOSE WHO VEINS HOLD THE BLOOD OF TIAMAT COME FORTH!

Hold the Virgin Dagger and the pouch of grave soil, focus upon the sigils of the Vampyre and repeat: I have lived as Moroii, transferring the lifeforce into the jaws of the undead gods, I now seek to ascend into the condition of Vampyre-Varcolaci, to die a mortal death and be reborn to the blood of the dragon! I spill my blood into the grave soil and transfer a part of my essence and being into this - My life-immortal-My WILL STRONG!!! TO BE REBORN INTO THE NIGHT! - Cut yourself deeply enough to stream blood into the soil-while doing so chant and visualize TIAMAT - A burning sphere with a blood red dragon - UNDEAD GODS - Witness the deication of the burning spheres, within I have absorbed the WILL of Nachttoter, those shadows demons of TIAMAT - I have died and been reborn into the WILL of the Red Dragon.

-Hold the crystal and focus upon the Chaos that your WILL has evoked and invoked upon the casual realm - Focus and inject your new being, VARCOLACI.

-Begin a sacrifice of Life force into the Wamphyri-Varcolaci Pentagram, once your astral eyes are opened you can see strains of lifeforce entering the pentagram. After the sacrifice, you may feel a stronger Life Force known as the Blood of Tiamat given back to your being - The Undead Gods give such a sacrifice to you.

I AM VARCOLACI - MY WILL IS LAW AND LOVE IS TRIUMPH! THE GATES ARE ALLIGNED AND I HAVE RISEN! SO IT IS DONE!

Night Shadows and Varcolaci

Astral travel and the rising of the Varcolaci is an important step within the awakening of the Vampyric condition. In recent years there have been many books and articles by the so-called "Magick/occult society" who claim to have the secrets and system of astral travel. they call astral

vampyristm "wrong" and unnatural. Is it unnatural for the wolf to devour its prey? Is it unnatural for man to kill cattle and other animals for food? An absurd notion for an individual to deny her/his true nature.

The Vampyre looks upon astral travel as a time of meeting with other Varcolaci who have taken to ascending the human condition. Varcolaci will roam the night and brain lifefore from sleeping (i.e.. unaware) humans.

It is, during these times that the Vampyre may shape shift into any form according to Will. The Varcolaci form is always usually different from vampyre to vampyre. Some often resemble the demonic shadows of the Varcolaci - Wamphyri pentagram, while some are more wolf-like. The form is according to will and can change when desired. Some will travel and feed from prey in desired beautiful forms, as white and flowing beings or as ghastly wraiths.

Astral projection is a several step system of meditation and control. To properly meditate and enter the mindset of astral projections, one must prepare the home or place of this practice in a quiet manner. Take the phone off the hook, turn the TV off, and make sure distractions will be to a minimum.

You will need to find a comfortable place to lay - a bed or couch. Incense should be burnt, either Frankincense or Jasmine will do. A red and black candle may be burnt, of course totally optional and rather unimportant.

Once you lay yourself down to begin, you will want and need to clear All worries and thoughts in general from your mind. Be relaxed and slow your breathing and heart rate.

From your feet up, tell yourself as you relax each part of your body. do this until your entire body is relaxed. Once this is done, concentrate on causing your astral to extend and take the form of your desire - it is All according to your will. Once finished, focus your mind's eye toward extending and rising from your body. You will feel a strike of excitement but you will need to control this emotion and remain calm, nay very calm. The result if not followed will be failure.

Once you rise as Varcolaci observe your chamber and surroundings, look upon your sleeping body and absorb the feeling of pride of watching the sleeping human form in which you walk the earth in.

It is now time to rise and fly the night sky.

The Black Wraiths Ascend

Now that you have risen, you may pass through doors and windows. Float beyond your chamber through a door or window into the night. As you float through you will feel the power that is within the self and only begin to realize your possibilities of being Vampyr.

Once you enter the night, take some time to observe the surroundings, remember your astral eyes are now open and only now can you truly see. things may be a bit different now and you might see things you normally do not ever notice.

A word of caution however, once you have risen as Varcolaci it should be aware that you have practiced a path of inner strength and will to power. The reason is once you enter the state of dream and rise as varcolaci then are you open to the spirits and outer beings and energies within the nightside as well. You are only as safe as you will it. If you travel and float with fear, the predators, others as you may take scent of it... Wolves Smell Fear... a lovely scent for hunting the spirit.

Fly with joy into the night sky and travel where ever you wish to go. You will want to feed upon a sleeping human, for the life force in this state is so pure. Enter their home, float to their sleeping chambers ad watch them with your astral eyes... notice the life force, the astral body which lays with the sleeping opfer.

Float beside them and smell the life force flow through their veins. It is now time to feast and taste the blood which is the life. With your will, send forth a vampyric tendril and make contact

with the life force. Once you do so, begin to draw it in deeply, enjoy each slow drain until you are satisfied.

Once you finish draining the opfer, detach yourself and once again enter the night. you will feel much stronger, more invigorated than before. Fly as the bat within the night and enjoy all that is being Vampyr. You are predator and it is your natural duty to feed from humans.

For those advanced into the black arts of wamphyri, there are certain keys to entering other dimensions... however this is only for the inner circle of Coven Nachttoter and is a mystery of the coven. When this is obtained, many strange things will be seen and be sure it is mystery for a good reason. One must be prepared when entering a predatory state... or else he/she becomes prey.

Once you have haunted the night and you are ready to return to your human form let your instincts guide you back to your dwelling... you metaphoric tomb/grave. once you have entered your body then open thy eyes! Behold, you are as god itself. Now open the gates to further realms of Darkness.

The Wake of the Red Death A Ritual of Destruction

"The Masque of the Red Death" is a very powerful tale by Edgar Allen Poe, the late poet and writer who raised the level of literature during his time which has changed the field of writing and those interested in the macabre for all time. Poe used a great deal of symbolism in his works, a manifestation of death incarnated into the archetypical Red Death, the tall and gaunt figure of blood reds cloaked in the shrouds of the dead. The Red Death is implemented in this destruction rite as the plague bearer, an extention of Azrael - the Angel of Death as a messenger of Will.

This ritual is to be done during the night, past midnight for then the powers of the astral waves are yours to manipulte and man is vunerable at night, more of a chance o success if they are not of strong mind and spirit. If they are as an equal, then there are several secrets in the destruction not listed in these pages. this is either a hermetic rite or could be ceremonial as well.

The Sorceror is to be clothed in a blood red cloak and/or robe. The Sorceror should also be clothed in a white grave shroud which would be placed under the robe or cloak. The face should be streaked in blood red paint or blood, same with any bare skin shown. A personal item of the inteded opfer must be present, be it either a cloth, photograph, paper, etc. A crystal should also be present as well as bones, dagger, above the altar the Wamphyri - Varcolaci Pentagram and the Sigil of Nachttoter - The Red Dragon.

This night you shall become vengeance and anger - The law of Abraxas is implemented - The spirit of Kali is invoked. Love love and love causing destruction to those who have crossed you.

The Red Death Awakes

Shrouded in the habliments of the grave, take in your hands the grave soil in which you have blessed as your own, in the other the crystal which you store within your acausal energy.

Face the sigil of the Red Dragon and the Wampyre - Varcolaci Pentagram and visualize fire and blood entering yuour being, filling you with violent and destructive energy - Demonic shapes for within your mind, shaping according to your desire. The Red Death you become this night - Chant:

Tiamat - Mother of Vampyres and mother of immortality - I seek thy energy - thy life - This Dark night I invoke the powers of destruction to spread destruction to my enemy! I will remain unharmed from this calling and it is my Will that the joy of causing death to my enemies is one of the ultimate pleauras of existence! I am Vampyre - All humans shall bow before my might and strength - For under the bloodied kiss of LADLAH I have risen!

I invoke the Vampyre Earth Goddess KALI, Mother hear calling and enter my sanctuary and my being - I am GOD! Blood drenched mother of nightmares, My enemy is to be devoured this night through MY WILL! MY DESIRE! MY LAW! Just as I cause Joy and Love to myself and others i

can and also do DESTROY those who break my law - Hail Death! I now become the RED DEATH, fill me with the spirit - I am of Nachttoter - Blood of the Dragon fills my veins! The fire of Satan envelopes me, empowering my being through my desire. the svastika of EA spins fast, causing life, love and destruction according to the strong and clever.

I AM THE RED DEATH!!!

Take hold of the opfer's personal item, feel the astral energy of the opfer.

Raise the dagger and repeat:

Through the sigil of the Red Dragon and the Varcolaci Pentagram I condemn thee to Death -- NAME - - My astral talons are reaching to your dormant body and spirit, I am the Plague Bearer, Vampyre. I cast 1,000 diseases towards they life breathe, infecting you with torment and black death... This is my Will.. This is my Law! I drain from your body thy precious life force and install the breath of the Plague - the RED DEATH now upon thy spirit to suffer and writhe in agonizing pain. -- name -- , your life orce is mine to feast upon. The Red Death is above thee...

In hale deeply the life force from the object. Visualize plague and death infecting the intended opfer and the slow death which affects them.. rejoice in the death and blood.

Mother KALI, I give thee honor as I give myself joy! Victory is mine! Joy to a burning planet which ABRAXAS RULES! SATAN I AM THEE AS 77 - This is my Law - the Joy of the world and the beauty of Night and LADLAH!! I stalk the nightmares of thy enemies - I AM THE RED DEATH!!!! I AM VAMPYRE!!!!

SO IT IS DONE!

"The Moon Drips of Blood:

The Wolf (Varcolaci)"

(A Raven and Serpent Masquerade excerpt by Peter Nachtgeist and Michael Nachttoter)

The wolf represents the moon and the strength which flows from it's light. The feelings and emotions awakened in the heart of the predator by the glowing and enveloping fullmoon, are in nature similar to the dark, mysterious moods that the sound of howling wolves inspires.

We, Vampyres, predators of humans - visualize ourselves as the darkness of nature, nature unveiled. Strong, pure and beautiful. - When the night cloaks my thoughts, and by darkness I'm embraced, when the mist is colored red, and the moon drips of blood, when the chill bites my skin, and I ride the winds of Death, when the shadows haunt the night I lust for my nightly sip.. (Moonthirst)

Nocturnals do not fear death, as death only means returning to the infinite darkness, the Dragon's Womb - as well as for the risen ones - Varcolaci - Vampyres who have achieved Immortality.

Vampyrieth 77

The scorpion symbolizes the starts and the drape of cold and dark infinity in which they lay in wait. The scorpion is strength and honor - love and life - It is also the harvester of Death.

The Raven represents the darkness that cloaks out spirits.

The Raven seems to paint pictures of plague, death and misery.

The Raven or us is our nature and being. We are of the night.

From the Flesh to Spirit

From the lands of Transylvania and what is now Romania and Hungary comes the Astral vampire known as Varcolaci. The Varcolaci is said to during the night hours, rise from their physical form and under the cover of shadows, ascend towards the nocturnal sky and drink blood from the moon.

Varcolaci is known to appear as a wolf with many mouths, a small dragon or a blackened shape of a demonic winged ghost, filled with an aura of death and lust. In the folklore of Transylvania Varcolaci can travel in several ways: When a woman spins thread alone in the darkness, she may create an astral thread in which the Varcolaci may rise into the sky to devour the moon. Often, the thread would be spun from the accumulated dust and dirt towards the sun and moon, the woman

would be covered in blood and continue to spin. She would then have completed the bridge for Varcolaci, therein to wander the dark portals of the cosmos to attack the heavenly bodies.

The reality of Varcolaci is so very true. A Vampire is also in fact Varcolaci, once the discipline of Astral Traveling is Achieved, then Varcolaci is able to develop and rise as a demon of great power. This is the path of immortality, of predator and prey.

While our kind does not exercise just the rising of Varcolaci as it's primary discipline of vampyrism, the condition and exercise of Astral hunting is very important towards the developing of the Vampyric Godhead, in which under the control of 77 all is possible within Will.

Varcolaci is usually soil based, during the waking hours the Vampyr will walk the earth. When the time for physical rest comes, the Vampyr will then leave his physical body. During this the vampyr is able to shape shift at will.

The Varcolaci will rise especially when the moon turns a blood red or copper color. The dark spirits will then drink astral blood from either the moon, stars, or the sleeping opfer. Remember, the dream is reality and all is formed within the dream.

It is to be known the astral wars are not yet over, that there is to be two rivers of human blood and astral blood poured from the cosmos, that our harvest will come and we shall take heed of the powers in which we sustain as being the Vammptyric Godhead.

Folklore and Reality of the Germanic Vampire Races

In this section we will investigate the folklore and reality of the German Vampire races. Each differs in some way or another depending on the location. Common in folklore is that vampires eat from their own corpse before they rise from their coffins to prey upon human opfers. They would often lure opfers to their graves and by fog and funeral dust they rise to drink the blood which is the life. German vampires are often viewed as spreading plagues, like a cold wave their will calls upon rats and the army of the night to do their bidding. Below is the truth and lie of the vampire.

ALP

A german Vampirelike spirit associated with the Incubus and the Succubus, tormenting the nights and dreams of man and woman, driving them toward sexual extasy and then terror. The physical manifestation can be quite dangerous, long connected with the nightmare, the alp is aid to dwell as a demon within a tomb. Some forms include the werewolf or a demonic man-bat-wolf manifestation. (All of which is quite true and accurate as all is possible to those who have utilized magick and the dream.)

During some periods and times, the Alp, in the form of Varcolaci, may enter it's opfer to command the body. The ghost would enter through the opfer's mouth in the form of smoke and a serpent.

The alp will often drink blood from the breast of a woman (or any other place in which major vessels are.). The incubus/succubus are in most cases astral vampires, probably in 90% of all encounters. Although it is said that some demonic spirits who are not vampires can haunt sleeping humans.

NACHZEHRRER

It is this race in which one of ours is marked from, the Nachzehrer is long known in Germany and surrounding places in Germany. The Nachzehrer is said to be distinguishable in it's coffin by odd custom of holding the thumb of one hand and keeping it's left eye open. The Vampyr is said to chew upon his own limbs within it's tomb. The coffin in which the Vampyr sleeps is said to be

filled with blood and soil of it's grave and or/ homeland. The Nachzehrer can also eat flesh of the dead and is quite active with Necromancy, the art of the Vampyr.

NEUNTOTER

A blood line from Saxony, traditionally the great carrier of plagues, usually seen during grim and severe epidemics. The Neuntoter (Nine Killer) comes from the belief that it takes nine full days for the vampire to develop in it's coffin.

NACHTTOTER

This German race of Vampires is currently active in the United States, primarily in Indiana and Houston, a coven which is the control base behind the Black Order of the Dragon. Nachttoter translates "Night Killer - or Killer in the Night" being the power of this vampire as a predator within the casual realm, Varcolaci obtained. Members of this race may be summoned in Varcolaci forms on some nights, beware through, what is obtained comes with a price.

From the seed of Belial

- The Inauguration of the Devil -

Before one seeks to master the shadows of his/her astral one must reach a state of completion and strength within the flesh itself. One must never deny the pleasures of the flesh but one must always be aware to practice self-control and inner strength. This is the law of our kind.

Vampyres are masters of the flesh, we indulge fully in that fact. However, we understand that the flesh is not forever and that even though some of us are fully capable of floating from body to body, that eventually the flesh dies.

We are essentially to be as ghosts, vampyre spirits who have achieved immortality through the Blood of the Red Dragon. We do not fear death, as the spirit is immortal according to our will. However, we enjoy the pleasures of life. The devil is lord of the earth.

Vampyres do now bow to any anthropomorphic being, in fact we only view the archetypal "Satan" as a power... the power within the cosmos and earth, the power within us. Those who embrace this power and all that it is and utilize it in fact become the devil itself - Satan Ascend, Lucifer Rising. This is the law of Satan. Bow before no other gods but yourself.

Belial is viewed as a master of the earth. This is the key of understanding the mastery of the earth - Satan incarnate. The following rite is for those who seek the path of Vampyr, those who would stand strong in the face of a world for their own taking.

This rite can be used either as a hermetic rite or as a ceremonial rite. the primary design was for a hermetic rite.

Awaken the archetype of Pan, balance and joy is the key to rising.

The Inauguration of the Devil

To take place within the chosen ritual chamber. The Wamphyri - Varcolaci Pentagram to be above the altar as well as a Baphomet and the Sabbatic Goat aka the Goat of Mendes. The candles should be black and red. Upon the altar should be an inverted pentagram with some human bones or if possible a human and/or animal skull, to represent the power and lust of the flesh. Clad in black or crimson robes with dagger and chalice. A sword should be used as well.

This is the night you shall become as Satan.....

Invocating Belial

Face the Altar and point the sword first to the image of the Varcolaci/Wamphyri Pentagram, visualize what you are and what you shall become... lust upon these symbols for they are to be representations of your essence.

"In nomini dei nostri Satanas Luciferi excelsi, I call forth the dark lord of the earth... Belial, I am of your seed, a demon of the flesh to shape the world as I see fit. This is the law of the Strong. My will incarnate."

With the Sword, face the South, point the sword towards the baphomet pentagram:
"From the South, I invoke the essence of Satan... upon the wings of darkness you shall come unto me!!!"

Face now the East:

"From the East I invoke the essence of Lucifer, the bearer of light and insight... come unto me!"

Face now the North:

"From the North I invoke the essence of belial... lord of the earth, come forth unto me"

Face now the West:

"From the West, I invoke the essence of Leviathan... come forth serpent of the Depths.. come unto me!"

Take now the Dagger and recite:

"By the sigil of the Infernal Dragon, the Red Dragon of ALL I call unto the forces of Nature and align myself further with the natural powers of the earth! I will and do partake of the pleasures of the flesh and recognize myself as a god of the Earth. No one is before me as I am the Devil incarnate!

I call with the sigils before the spirits within... enter and grow within for I am Vampyr, of Dragon's blood. From the four pillars of Satan my law is sounded and the beast is unleashed. My flesh is iron and the werewolf is awakened! My voice and desires enter as will to incarnate in FLESH! This is as PAN and the love of the Earth and Cosmos. LADLAH is witness and love unto me, all is a mirror of sight and vision. Heil Shaitan!"

Take the chalice and recite:

"Within is the elixir of Life and Love, of strength and hate, destruction and creation. Renewal and completion. I recognize there is no god before the self and that self preservation is the highest law. This I say with my voice, which casts deep into the abyss and carries with it a law forever spoken! Heil Tiamat! I drink and am now reborn from the seed of Belial! So it is done! The gates are aligned!"

Meditate now upon the sigils and all that you have recited. Become as Satan. stand proud and push the self towards the heaven of ecstasy.

Werewolf

"Heil! Heil! Heil! O, great Wolf Spirit Heil! Mighty shadow within the circle enter the space of time - Make unto me a werewolf, strong and brave as my Will"

The connection of Werewolves and Vampires are quite parallel, in fact in the reality of the Vampire, it is indeed possible for a Living Vampyr to be a Werewolf. Transformation can be in two possible ways, a mental transformation, Lycanthropy as well as astral shape shifting.

When alone in a forest or secluded area is a prime location for a lycanthropic ritual. A skin of the wolf may be worn, a mask or other articles representing the transformation from the human shape into a 7 - 8 foot demonic gray man-wolf, burning blood red eyes of yellow gleams from large, sharp and cruel teeth. Those who seek to master shadows and sorcery may become a lord of Werewolves, in command of the shadow demons which may become as one with the WILL and the SELF.

When in a forest practice a Werewolf rite and feel the transformation, revel in the pleasure, in the hunger, in the burning glow which permeates the senses. When astral traveling, your human shape may shape shift to any desirable form, take pleasure in becoming the Demonic wolf. hunt your sleeping prey with stealth, feasting on astral blood as they sleep.

Below is some teachings of the Werewolf, ending with a rite of Lycanthropic power. Remember, no spell nor word can alter change which has not lit within the WILL. The misanthrope has risen and the age of the wolf is upon us! Feast!

Lord of the Woods

In the year 1502 there was a peasant named Pierre Burgot who was tending sheep while a large and fierce storm broke out. From seemingly out of nowhere rode three men dressed in black

riding upon three black horses. One of the men called himself Moyset, tall and pale, sunken eyes with long black hair. Moyset told Pierre he would let his hands watch over his herd and give him great fortune if he would obey him, Pierre agreed. In the next meeting, Moyset stated his commands, to reject a so called "god", the false virgin, the baptism and confirmation. Burgot accepted the demands and swore loyalty by kissing the hand of the Moyset, which was as cold as the hand of the dead.

The years past and the black rider returned. Moyset demanded that he should grease himself in an ointment he gave him. Verdun, another villager did so as well. soon after as their hearts and will was as Sinister, they turned into werewolves.

These wolves of Magick attacked a seven year old boy, tearing him to shreds, killing a woman and a four year old child and they only left an arm to be found intact. In time they were caught and killed by villagers.

One hundred years ago a fourteen year old boy named Jean Grenier was in a deep forest where they met a man upon a black horse who called himself Herren or Lord of the Forest. With his cold dead lips he kissed Grenier and with his long and sharp nails he cut a mark in their thighs. Herren gave Jean a wolfskin and an ointment. after donning the wolfskin and rubbing the ointment, Jean killed in his werewolf form over fifty opfers.

The Wolfcharmer

In france they are called by the humankind the "Meneurs de Loup" which were said to lead wolves by the use of a bonepipe, creating the orchestra of the night. The Wolfcharmer is a total misanthrope who in his heart hates the human race. The wolfcharmer is the leader of the wolfpack, and can by the use of the bones pipe, command the wolves to attack human prey.

The Wolfgirdle

The Wolfgirdle is commonly made from the skin of the wolf, mixed and sewn together with the skin of a dead witch or an executed murderer. Don the wolf girdle before the lycanthropic ritual.

The Rite of the Werewolf

- Mental Lycanthropy and the summoning of Shadows -

The altar can be either within a home or in the woods. Upon the altar should rest bones of the dead and two black candles and two red candles, above the Wamphyri - Varcolaci Pentagram (A Sigil of the Black Order of the Dragon).

With your mind draw one circle anti-clockwise that it might fit a man within.

"From the will of that which is Satan I call the Demonic powers of the Wolf - Shadows demons I call to thee! One spirit shall rise through this circle - One chosen of the Demonic hordes I evocate thee to bring forth the Gray Beast which makes all tremble, by my will and will to power I will become WEREWOLF! Phantoms of Darkness I now invocate thee - they likeness is to be within and through my Vampyric Will I implement the power of SATAN!"

With your mind focus upon the transformation. Feel each muscle as it stretches, grows stronger, more beastlike. Rough gray hair grows through the skin as the flesh itself turns ghost white and the face blackens. The bones stretch and begin to form a beast between a man and wolf. The face warps into a long snout which holds many razor sharp fangs. The fingers stretch and fold into Talons, cruel to the flesh they Shred..

Feel now the pleasure of the Werewolf, go out into the night and taste the pleasures of the Will.
SO IT IS DONE

Oath of the Magus

- Black Order of the Dragon

-I bow before no anthropomorphic beings as I am the only God that is. The reason being I am the only god who substains my own life.

-Magick is to be used according to WILL, no means may change this. Without WILL magick is non-existent.

-I am able to weave my webs of desire and will through the casual awake world as well as the dream. In the casual world I am sometimes the Angel of Light, a manifestation of Lucifer (or Lilith). When the night falls, through dream and the astral plane I am the Raven-bat shrouded Vampyre predator. Sufficient unto my self. With this truth I work the illusion of humanity to work my vision amoung sheep.

-As Vampires, we hold the powers of the WOLF (hunting, ferocity with defence/attack, predatory instincts), the BAT (during astral projection the powers of shape and stealth with nocturnal senses) and BEAST (appearing to the sleeper according to our true nocturnal nature during their dreams) These powers are developed at our own individual pace.

-Much guidance manuscripts of the BOTD are hermetic in nature. This is to strengthen the individual in all ways. Ceremonial rites involving two or more individuals is the gathering and collecting of astral lifeforce/energy focusing on an intended goal. Solitude and the exploration of archetypical symbols, moral restrictions and such to begin the understanding of the subconscious is the building of individual strength.

-Sexuality is no longer to be a hidden taboo. Explore all sections of sexuality between two consenting adults seeking the union of Pan and Baphomet. No longer is christian sickness and restrictions to pollute our individual lives within the flowing body of Nuit. Fear not moral judgements. Explore your true will with discipline!

-Experience is the greatest teacher. Stray not from that ideal.

-All morals are created within a controlling dogma, question all and reject is necessary. Charachter is built on the throne of defiance!

-Immortality is achieved by the strength and desire of the Vampyric spirit. The spirit of Varcolaci if achieved may become immortal if will is present, while the flesh is to die. This is according to the laws of nature. the solar swastika spins on. Life is also eternal if you are of the blood of the Dragon. You must live life to the fullest hear and now. Keep and never forget balance. Through chaos will arise order.

Michael "Nachttoter" Ford

Black Order of the Dragon

March 10, 1998

Rites of the Akhkharu

Preparations: The alter must have four black candles burning during this rite, the four candles representing four dark spheres which are : Mercury (sphere of transformation), Jupiter (sphere of wisdom), Luna (sphere of hidden knowledge), and Saturn (sphere of chaos).

Meditation with appropriate music is recommended, suggested time: 15 or 20 min. Two days and nights prior to this rite, drain as much Lifeforce as needed, and during the day of the ritual, before that night, have no contact with anyone. Meditate alone and decide the will and result that you wish with this rite. After this rite, sit out in the night, preferably in a field or wooded area, concentrate on your strengths, weaknesses, and self-worth. Let your heart beat as one with your surroundings.

Rites of the Akhkharu - The Calling of the Gigim Xul

IA! IA! IA! Akhkharu! Gods of UR! Awaken and come forth! By the winds of funerals to com, may the abyss crack and by the Vampire Dragon Tiamat, the gates shall open! Iak Sakkakh! Arise

creatures of darkness! I, (your name), call the Dragon-Vampire Tiamat forth, from the darkness come forth- THE GATES ARE OPEN!!!! Hear the calling of thy brother/sister, (your name).

Demons of the Abominations, ride the silent winds of funerals, I call thee. Azagthoth , black magician, may your essence come forth to our aid, God of Chaos rise!

Pazuzu, Lord of all fevers and plagues, Dark angel of the four wings, ride the hot winds of the desert, come forth and strike disease to our enemies, and Only our enemies!

Humwawa, Ride the South winds, Lord of the Abominations, bring thy black essence forth to curse our enemies, for we are of Arra Draconis! Rise dark lords!

Behold! I walk the earth as Demon-Incarnate, I am Vampyre-Elite Wamphyri! Black Dragon Goddess, Tiamat, I call to the dwelling of Uraeus, My voice trembles and shakes the bounds of time and dimention I am of your blood, The elite race. Spiritual undeath and immortality I seek. I behold a chalice of Human blood. This is the blood of my victim's to come, and what is the life and pool of immortality.

I drink this and summon your blessing. Hail Tiamat! Moroii rise! Four spirits of the four spaces, Hear me now! Those who dwell between the Sun's spaces, From the Abyss, From the void....You shall come to me, for I am Wamphyri!

I sacrifice Lifeforce, Astral drained from human prey, open the gates of Immortality. My essence shall be altered to the form of a blackened demonic combination of a wolf, a bat, and the Dragon. By this form, I command my sleeping human prey shall remember my sinister form as the shadows ravage their brittle minds'.

This shall be done, I have sacrificed and opened the jaws of Tiamat. I have died and been reborn....my form in all ways strengthened, progressed and grown into a fierce Wampyr, Behold, I am Wamphyri!

From this night further, my shadowside has grown, and my Astral claws shall touch and gouge the sleeping prey. My wolflike jaws shall drain the life force/blood from my prey. My Astral leathern wings shall fly above and throughout the nocturnal, empty graveyards and ride the north winds further into the nightside..

The predators of the night shall scream my name, The wolves shall await my calling...So it is and so it is done!!!! THE GATES ARE CLOSED!!!! HAIL WAMPHYRI!! HAIL TIAMAT!!!!

This spell is for the assumed Wamphyri who shall seek to understand, control and master the darkest powers of magick. -Written by Baron Von Abaddon, B.O.T.D., 1995 Axis Press

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SHADOWSPHERES

Including membership details offered beginning 4-20-98 e.v.

Black Order of the Dragon

By Michael Ford/Coven Nachttoter

The Shadowspheres are based on the areas of transformation in which an individual will go through in order to emerge towards the step of godhead and evolution. Magickal progression is achieved through a number of steps which involve open up the subconscious and exploring all of ones nature. The ultimate goal being immortality and discovering ones true will.

For those seeking membership of the BOTD, each of these spheres must be undertaken and conquered. The sphereworkings should be done in order and carefully recorded-including results, thoughts and perhaps new individual revelations concerning the effects.

Each working should be practiced alone for the period of ten days or longer. Once the period is over you may submit an essay concerning the working to the Tempel of Azagthoth contact address via e-mail, mail, etc. The submission will be-in detail reviewed- by TOA and then submitted to Coven Nachttoter to be reviewed. Upon the result, the TOA will then inform the

individual of the review and if membership is granted. We do not want slave like sheep, or those looking just for

groups. We want only the FREE individuals looking for progression and those who share a love for life and reaching individual evolution. The levels of membership are:

- 1.) Initiate
- 2.) Akhkharu Vampire (vampirism within astral plane and sorcery accomplished)
- 3.) Incubus/Succubus Magickian (mastering the uses and techniques of hermetic sexual workings and tantra on a completely individual level-this also includes the dream levels on the astral plane)
- 4.) Vampiric Magus (upon completion of the sphere of Chronozon-mastering of the self).
- 5.) Varcolaci sorcerer (high level of the outer circle of the BOTD, at this level you are able to operate a cell of the BOTD if council grants permission.)

We encourage each individual to study and focus on the recommendations given and that one will follow his/her true will. Through the dark spheres you will emerge as a god/goddess.

The spheres to enter are named below:

1. Sphere of the Red Dragon-Tiamat (spiritual death and vampiric awakening)
2. Sphere of Luna-(predatory and natural instincts mastering)
3. Sphere of Akhkharu-(vampiric astral mastering)
4. Sphere of PAN/LAYLAH (sexual explorations of the psyche including invocation of the Succubus/Incubus)
5. Sphere of Kundalini (Kali)-Pathworkings of Tantra
6. Sphere of Chronozon-(Chaos Workings)
7. Sphere of Varcolaci-(Astral hunting and control pathworkings)

USE OF SIGILS

Black Order of the Dragon

By Michael Ford/Coven Nachttoter 4-6-98 e.v.

Within the BOTD, sigils are presented in a very similar way based on partially on Austin Osman Spare's methods as well as the traditional sigil use by Agrippia and others. There are several sigils/seals of the BOTD, the first being the VARCOLACI PENTEGRAM. This sinister-looking symbol is the impression of vampiric nightside influence upon the dayside reality. The pentagram representing man/woman and being inverted represents the shadowside. The varcolaci spirits represent the points of

astral projection and the taken into being by will the predatory form. This sigil is not evil, by no means beyond our will and love of life and survival-immortality the main goal. This sigil during many BOTD rites, is the focus point above the altar in which astral life force is sometimes sacrificed under the honor of the spirits before us and what we are. The Varcolaci Pentegram is also - as well with the Nachttoter-Red Dragon seal- a means of summoning those vampire spirits connected with the BOTD. The means can be known as the manifestation of the Incubus/Succubus and much pleasure can be awakened by calling these spirits forth. Remember in doing so however, the importance of being prepared and initiated into the blood of the Dragon and the great work being undertaken. The point being protection from some malific spirits who sense a lack of individual independence and strength. You must be separated from the sheep indeed.

The second significant seal is the Nachttoter-Red Dragon seal. This represents the vampiric will and is the impression of Coven Nachttoter. Many BOTD rituals feature the Red Dragon seal and astral pathworkings may be undertaken with such.

Sigils, while upon the sphereworkings are cast in the following way:

Attribute all semblance and definition of the sphere into a set drawing, giving each line a memory/thought and focus associated with the sphere. Once you have drawn and finished the sigil, make your settings correct for your ideal pathworking. Concentrate fully and without distraction upon the sigil.

When undertaking the various sphereworkings, concentrate in a significant manner the focus point of the sphere and all the attributes connected with therein. Each sphere is to be a gate for personal evolution and further understandings of the self. The goal being the de-programming of the brain and re-programming according to ones own individual will.

While creating the sigils, focus upon the spirits and energies you are invoking, let your mind go free on this thought. Let your subconscious be opened and draw what you will associated with the sphere.

Each working must be performed daily for a period of ten days. Each results and thoughts should be carefully and in large detail recorded and documented in personal records.



An Analogy of Hermeticism

Hermeticism, being likely the oldest occult tradition that still exists, is the union of spirituality and materialism, that develops from within the practitioner, developing a total understanding of the universe. It originated in Alexandria, Egypt but is usually attributed to the writings of Hermes Trimegestus, who claimed to have been the reincarnation of the Egyptian God Thoth. It may be said that such ancient knowledge disappeared completely at one point, however, this is not the case at all. In fact, it only "disappeared" in that the tradition was coveted by the least suspected organization of all; the Christian Church.

"For example, few people today may realize that many of the early Church Fathers studied, respected, and wrote about the books of Hermes in their writings, even if they didn't agree with everything in them per se. But the fact that they took them seriously in their time, says something in itself. Today, the branch of theological study in seminaries that deals with the art and history of textual interpretation is called "hermeneutics", after Hermes." - Dr. Karen Ralls, 2000.

If that doesn't satisfy the curious, there is an even more telling quote from the "Grimore of Occult Philosophy", by Agrippa: "Crist (Christ) also himself, while he lived on earth, spoke after that manner and fashion that only the more intimate disciples should understand the mystery of the word of God, but the other should perceive the parables only: commanding moreover that holy things should not be given to Dogs, nor pearles cast to Swine: Therefore the Prophet saith, I have hid thy words in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."

For many years, the Christian Church has carefully guarded the secrets of Hermeticism, while telling its followers that such things are the works of witchcraft, which is firmly condemned by Jesus Christ. The fact is that the upper hierarchy of the Christian Church has always been and still is privy to this knowledge, having founded their religion upon the insights of this occult wisdom. The Last Supper was in fact an alchemical ritual, and it is no coincidence that Leonardo Da Vinci, who painted the famous "Last Supper" painting was also a well-ventured occultist.

Western versions of Hermeticism are the substance of secrets passed down by the Arabic, for the Arabs studied such works extensively and thus were responsible for handing the knowledge over to the west. The west has developed a large circulation of the material which is now frequented, in often diluted form, on New Age bookstore shelves. However, the writers never revealed the knowledge in full detail. The Western literature has thus long since departed from the oral tradition of Pythagoras or even earlier sources. Henceforth, many would-be sorcerers tainted by "witchcraft" media and superstition have sought after the arcane mysteries and failed, due to being blinded by their Western beliefs.

The Emerald Tablets are one version of a Hermetic text, although it is probable that it could have been called by other names in the past. The texts that are attributed to Hermes are called "Hermetica" and was written in the form of "Platonic dialogues", just as the Emerald Tablets are. This would make the claim of the man who says he acquired the texts from their original source, Doreal, that the Tablets are 10,000 years old, entirely untrue. There is also the "Corpus Hermeticum", which was supposed to be composed of 17 treatises, while the Emerald Tablets in their modern version (the web-based version) are 15. Part of the story in the Emerald Tablets can easily relate to the biblical tale of Jesus Christ descending into hell. Many other deities and Gods had descended into the underworld other than Jesus, of course. This was a somewhat typical storyline all the way back to ancient Greek and further. Similar analogies can be made regarding the Christian bible and Hermetic tradition, including the advocacy of spiritualism over materialism, albeit a very misunderstood topic in this day and age. Hermeticism also embraced an idea of creationism, whereby there was only the "one main thing" called the Demiurge, in the beginning, and then it became discontented with itself, therefore spawning creation, in order to explore what else could be known. This could be likened to the idea that God created the universe. "Demiurge" also means craftsman, similar to "architect". Christian Gnostics also used large portions of Hermetic thought to explain the crimes of "heresy" that they were accused of.

Annunaki Landmarks and References In Las Vegas

There are many cities with symbols and references to the Annunaki, Lovecraft's worshippers of Dagon, but since there are so many here in my current dwelling of Las Vegas, NV I thought I would share them. Keeping in mind Anton LaVey's Law of Invisibility, all of these references to the Annunaki in one place definitely fit the bill for things unseen when least expected.

1. The Luxor (simulation of the Giza Pyramids, with a light at the peak or "eye" which can be seen from space)
2. The Excalibur - based on times of Merlin, King Arthur, Avalon, etc.,
3. The Imperial Palace - owner was caught celebrating Hitler's birthday. Is this because of interests in the Thule Society or other Nazi occult influences?
4. MGM Grand - a giant Lion, the symbol of FIRE, (the Dragon) symbol of the predator, the Bloodline, colored GOLD no less, stands at the front entrance
5. New York New York - can't miss the replica of the Statue of Liberty, which does indeed simulate the Baphomet, one hand down, one up.
6. The Paris - one of main headquarters established by the Illuminati.
7. Caesar's Palace - can't miss the Roman legacy of the Bloodline inherent in Caesar's reign. (Or can we?)
8. Howard Hughes Center - just off the strip, Howard Hughes Parkway is a business center which is where the Wells Fargo tower (Bloodlines rule the banks) and an interesting Stonehenge-like structure. Howard Hughes was a multi-billionaire Illuminati extraordinaire who tried to fly the "Spruce Goose".
9. The Flamingo (hotel)- a Pink Flamingo is an important occult symbol.
10. Treasure Island - another location of occult significance. The book Treasure Island was written by Robert Louis Stevenson, who also wrote Dr. Jekel and Mr. Hyde, a story that is admired by Satan's spawn.
11. The Annunaki settled into lower areas of the west, including Nevada, due to its dry and hot climate, as many lizards also have done.
12. Not so coincidentally Area 51 is only 40 miles out of town.
13. The Mormons founded Las Vegas, or at least helped with it. The Mormon cult's founders were of reptilian blood, that intentionally started a city that was meant to be surrounded by the pretense of Jesus worship while covertly supporting mindless hedonism and carnal indulgence.

Black Holes and Early Creationism

Most people who've studied a bit of religion or cosmology are familiar with the ouroborous, the serpent eating its own tail. It is an interesting metaphor for a destructive and creative force, one that works in both ways at the same time. Some people believe in it, Tibetan monks claim to feel it, and many New Age spiritualists frown on it. What if we could look out into the stars and see it?

The Ouroboros originated from a Greek-Orphic term, though it wouldn't be surprising to find that the Greeks got it from the Egyptians. Regardless, this symbol of the beginning and end of time relates to a cosmic cycle. Without a beginning and an end, it would simply resolve to a creative and destructive force. It relates to our own creative and destructive urges, our development and personal evolution, and even to the universe.

Recently an article on Space.com announced that Astronomers have discovered an interesting possibility that black holes, notorious for devouring everything in sight, may be responsible for the creation and evolution of matter, such as galaxies. Interesting, then, that a black hole can act as a gravitational lense if seen from within the event horizon, which means that everything condenses into a grand union of infinitely dense matter inside of the black hole. Creation and destruction would then be defined, but most importantly origin.

The known theory is that black holes evolve (or appear to show activity) at the same time as the galaxies surrounding them are beginning to form. The unspoken theory I base on the idea that since the black hole is one with an eternal and present moment, the black hole really can't "evolve" in a separate moment. You can only perceive its evolution from outside of the event horizon. Otherwise, all of time is completely warped together in an omni-present moment. The difference with galaxies is that they are born into a realm where time exists. It is not certain yet whether the massive black holes at the center of a galaxy are related to the small black holes that form as the end of a star's lifetime. If proven, though, this would put a huge new perspective on the Big Bang and; the belief that there is such thing as a beginning of time. If a galaxy begins with a star collapsing, and this is the case with all galaxies and thus all regions of the universe, it means that the universe could be a bubbling lava without a beginning, that spawns an equal amount of creation as it does destruction for all of eternity? The established "age of the universe" gets older with each year.

Charlemagne and Vanity

Up until about the 6th century, pagans and barbarians engaged in merciless battles throughout the world. According to most popular opinion on the subject, there was very little social order. Other sources differ with this and champion the smaller tribal communities as being people who kept to themselves. During a time of many Viking and Saxon invasions, a Christian king with a seemingly indestructible will to enforce his own vision of social order rose to power. He was Charles the Great, also known as King Charlemagne.

Charlemagne was a descendant of the Merovingians. In the late 700's, the Franks would choose their kings directly from the Merovingian family. However, the dynasty had lost power and was in need of a change. The king had become merely a shallow symbol of power, no more than a puppet being controlled by the Mayor of the Palace. Charlemagne thus had inherited the throne, and established the Holy Roman Empire after the death of his brother. His intention was to restore order and peace to his kingdom and bring an end to barbarism. His ability to organize his military was notably unparalleled, and thus resulted in one of the most climactic changes in European civilization.

Charlemagne was described as a "just man, strong and tall, intellectual and opposed to drunkenness". He hated superstition, but still had an interest in esotericism when there was a sound basis for it, according to Einhard. (Einhard knew Charlemagne personally and wrote his

biography). He was health conscientious. He had several wives and a handful of mistresses, which resulted in a large offspring. His descendants are still alive today, with some of them belonging to the Order of the Crown of Charlemagne.

Christianity was Charlemagne's solution to his dislike for barbarism. This made him become recognized for such accomplishments as his instatement of education, which was the result of his disgust for illiteracy, and many acts of charity. He was a student of science, including astronomy, and this leads us to wonder if he would have been more in favor of scientific reasoning than creationism. Even more interesting is that a look at his application of law would suggest that had there been priests in the church abusing children, they would have suffered the most severe penalties, unlike today.

Charlemagne's triumph by conquest included destroying the smaller tribal villages of the Vikings. The Vikings were persistent enemies of Charlemagne's kingdom. The Holy Roman Empire nevertheless conquered and spread out across central Europe. Charles the Great was the champion ruler of the time, and titled himself the Emperor, stirring the envy of Romans and Greeks. This sparked the proverb, "Have the Frank for your friend, but not for your neighbor". Charlemagne's vision was one of immense control as he sought unity in the name of the Christian religion. It is also true that Napoleon was an admirer. It is interesting that the consensus of what is just and unjust changes with time. By the time Napoleon got around, it was no longer acceptable to treat a certain type of people with prejudice.

Charlemagne's conquest was fierce and ruthless, and his battles no less bloody than any other, though he had a reputation for being loyal and generous to his own people. This won the favor of many. He sent money to regions that he sympathized with, long before charity was a common thing. The Franks saw him as a savior, who brought humanity back from forgettable times. They did not like barbarians, nor green eggs and ham! One superstitious question that has been asked by religious scholars is whether or not the resurrection of Christ was not Charlemagne himself. The influence of Christianity was one of unity and not foreseen as something that would rob people of individuality. At least, as long as this only included those who willingly adopted Christianity. It says nothing for those who had Christianity forced upon them under threat of death. In the name of unity and order, Charlemagne also succeeded in destroying valuable esoteric knowledge and the spirit of the free-thinker, despite the fact that this could have been an indirect consequence.

Since then, the effect of industry and the ensuing consumerism has proved even more damaging to individuality than any religious order. (Many consumer products as well as the media tend to filter personalities and the ability to think for themselves). Where self-reliance and dependence on nature once prevailed, there are now the many artificial conveniences and luxuries that can be bought retail. Consumerism and the media penetrate every aspect of life. This is a bi-product of the unity of civilization under a single government known for capitalism; otherwise known as Christianity.

Some argument against the damage of religious orders might be made for the era of Malleus Malificarum, which was an event that did not reflect the kingdom of Charlemagne. The Catholic Encyclopedia itself refers to religion as a matter of individual will, and therefore denounces the Inquisition as a legitimate Christian development. Anyone who knows people who were forced to profess to the Catholic faith as children may oppose the hypocrisy underlying this. It also makes little sense considering Charlemagne's 40 year slaughter of heathens, whom he only sought a truce with once they'd converted to Christianity. The Latin phrase, "verbis melius quam verberibus res agenda est" means, "it is better to employ words than blows". Gandhi understood this, and was perhaps the only one who did.

In the Devil's Advocate, one of my favorite films, Al Pacino played an espouser of 'free will' and the corruption that people bring upon themselves. If Al Pacino's Satan were really around, he would be adamantly professing the logic of his rebellion, especially right now. After

Charlemagne's death, his empire crumbled because his sons and their successors were not as "enlightened" as Charlemagne.

Charlemagne was also one of the first to call Heathens devil-worshippers, and worshippers of graven images. He automatically correlated the lack of social order with the worship of devils and superstition, which is an issue of debate, because of the broad generalization that this made. While there was indeed much controversy over opposing territories, it may have also been a terrible idea to rob the many cultures of their beliefs under a monotheistic order. Nonetheless, someone was going to be wrong, and someone was going to be right by the way of the sword. This king single-handedly converted the Saxons, slaughtered the Huns, and held central Europe in his grasp. He founded Paris. The central power of modern civilization arose from the heart of Charlemagne's kingdom.

From our discussion, is it a mistake to assume that the last two thousand years have been completely corrupted by Christianity? Charlemagne died around 800, and only 1250 years have passed since then. Up until that point paganism and other religions besides Christianity were virtually undisturbed. After the time of Charlemagne's reign, the Holy Roman Empire began to deteriorate and corrupt, but by this point almost all of Europe was in the Empire's grasp. This era during and after Charlemagne should probably be what receives the bulk of criticism. Would Christianity have become defunct 1200 years ago if not for Charlemagne? Certainly the Merovingian dynasty had met its match to the Vikings and other opponents. Charlemagne's brother, who also inherited the kingdom but died without much accomplishment is described as much weaker and less intelligent than Charlemagne.

Charlemagne can be championed for his strength, intellectual prowess and esteem for education. We can also appreciate his indulgences, such as music and science, and he was not short on romance, either. He was one of the biggest successes in monarchy history. Unfortunately, the people who he governed did not measure up to his standard, misinterpreting his words and deeds, and taking advantage of the power given to them by the church. Charlemagne himself may have played into vanity, seeking a dream that was too hopeful and unrealistic to last, and this is why his kingdom weakened after his death. He left behind nothing but a shallow chance for "hope". Thus, in this sense, we've also seen one of history's greatest failures.

Shall we sip some more tea in the sun while the Gods go back to the drawing board once again?

Comments on the Emerald Tablets

I hadn't heard of the Tablets until about 2000. I was doing some novice research which started with a Masonic organization called the Order of the Dragon. Even though this order still exists today, it is closed to membership. Since my curiosity about the history of this organization was high, my interest turned to the Order of the Dragon in which Vlad Tepes was initiated. Seeking to find what sorts of texts or knowledge the order was based on, I discovered that it had something to do with Hermeticism, which is based on the writings of Hermes Trimegestus, and then from there I found that H.T. claimed to be the incarnation of Thoth. Before I knew it, I was probing the most ancient cultures known to man, including the pre-Sumerian Atlantis. While modern history suggests that civilization only started some 10,000 years ago, some less known and more arcane sources suggest that there were mighty civilizations long before Sumer/Babylon, except they were destroyed and are now underwater, thus much more difficult to find.

One of the texts that I found specifically relating to the wisdom of Thoth is the Emerald Tablets. It was originally translated by a guy named Doreal, who, we are told, was permitted to enter the Giza Pyramids and remove the Tablets, to be kept in a secret location, but not before Doreal got himself a copyright authorization. According to the introduction, this was written by Thoth around 36,000 B.C. or before, when Thoth was a great king and magician of the extra-ancient world. Here in this article I will make some comments about the significance of this text, as well as some difficulties that I have had in reading it.

My first impression was that this is a popularized version of the text, as for one, it is readily available on the internet, and for two, it is mostly being posted by occultist, "white magicians" who I've grown to distrust because of their unreliable sources of information. However, due to the pertinence of the matter, as the initial magical interests of the Order of the Dragon were alchemical and hermetic, just as those of the Emerald Tablets, I decided it would be worth it to skim over a few pages at least.

There are many places in the Tablets that refer to "Light" or the "Children of Light". The first few pages open up with Thoth's explanation that moving towards "the Light" is of the utmost importance, and he even warns the reader that any betrayal of these teachings will result in grave punishment. I tend to read right over that kind of stuff. Nevertheless, it became apparent to me that the "Light" that Thoth is referring to is nothing like the light that modern religionists and New Age thinkers usually speak about. It would be easy for a Left Hand Path traveller to shun this text because of its reference to "Light", but I feel that the Tablets refer more to the the "Light" of a Luciferian character, the "Son of the Morning Star" or the bringer of "enlightenment". "Light", according to Thoth, is simply pure wisdom; it is wisdom that raises one's mental faculties to their highest potential, and in that sense, I have less to complain about. "Light", according to Thoth, is a powerful source embodied within darkness, and not necessarily an enemy of darkness. "The Light" is the source of wisdom and therefore is the true object of pursuit rather than the darkness which is a "veil". Indeed, a popular occultist phrase attributed to Thoth is "As Above, So Below". Clearly Thoth tells how darkness must be penetrated as an initiation of sorts, in order to lead towards enlightenment. He even describes returning to the darkness hundreds of times within his immortal life in order to re-go a necessary process of progress. There are few parallels with the Christian "Light", which is full of angels and big puffy white clouds. The Christian "Light" is a much more subjective thing, or at least moreso than the way it is presented in the Tablets. Thoth is simply advising the individual to learn something from life and strive towards greater heights of potential, whereas the Christian "Light" is about faith, modesty, and leaving "knowledge" solely to God. There is no "God" in this text. There are other entities of wisdom and power, but the point is clearly to raise one's self unto the highest potential. Here is an interesting analogy: Thoth had sought to become a God in his own right, and indeed he accomplished things far beyond human comprehension. At the end of his text, he indicates that he is going to return to the "Halls of Amenti", which is kind of like the Greek "Tartarus", the underworld, or the Christian "Hell". From this depiction, is it not too obvious to say that Thoth was Lucifer, the Fallen Angel? What a convenient way to put a ban on Thoth's "wisdom" or "knowledge" and condemn man to an obedient, faithful life where knowledge and wisdom are sins!

Thoth is also a master of the Out of Body Experience. This is another "mystical" pursuit for some skeptics, but the value of the OBE is very definite. After an OBE, the initiate can easily understand how the flesh has physical limitations and is prone to suffering. It is a great joy to know another reality where these limitations are not imposed, and all physical displeasure is abandoned, even if only temporary. The fleshy vehicle is a rather awkward and limited shell for the astral self. However, Thoth does let us know that rarely does anyone escape the flesh completely without endless years of training, and therefore it is important to respect the flesh.

According to the Tablets, Thoth is not actually from the planet Earth. His father, Thotme, brought Thoth here from his "ship" which rose up "into the sky". Thoth's ancestors were from another planet and this makes a most interesting reference to the Annunaki, who were the ancient race of beings whom came from another world, questionably "Nibiru" or Sirius. Thoth believes that space, and not just the planet Earth, is our real home of homes.

The next section called "The Dweller of Unal" is interesting as it seems to make reference to something called "mind stuff" and the ether, which is of a higher dimension than the 4th . Beyond mere space and time, and the world that we perceive with our limited physical senses, there are other dimensions which are in fact more creative and productive, vibrating at faster rates, and

even transcending life yet not knowing death. This is the ethereal realm, which is connected to us but in ways that are invisible through the ordinary 5 senses that a human has access to. Thoth describes how Horlet, a lord of this realm, built at least one planet "with his mind", by manipulating the etheric substance itself. Indeed, these higher dimensions are only connected to our physical bodies through the mind, and only by the mind can we know them. Clairvoyance and psychic interpretations are seen through a "third eye". In Thoth's account of how Horlet constructed a planet with his mind is indicative of one who not only sees into the ethereal realm, but can control the realm itself, by using it to turn the etheric into the physical. The construction of a planet in this manner would certainly be a sorcery of the highest order, yet less consequential acts have been performed by Earth-born sorcerers as well. Finally, Thoth does let us know that despite the many dimensions or layers of existence, and the various orders of the universe, everything emanates from the one true source, and that nothing exists separately from anything else. In a spiritual sense, this could be interpreted as Christian mono-theistic propaganda, I suppose, but in Physics, it makes a lot of sense.

There are many noteworthy references to the nature of Time and Space, such as, "Time is not in motion, but ye move through time as your consciousness moves from one event to another." We could take a lot of the space and time references in this text and apply them directly to science. I wouldn't be the first to do it. Nevertheless, there are many suggestions here that instead of viewing time as an entity which changes things from one thing into another, we could notice how all matter changes more like the flow of a river changes as it glides over new rocks in a stream, yet the stream remains as a whole. In this way, space is a similar entity. All things are connected in one way or another. There is no such thing as blank, empty space. Thoth exchanges this wisdom with the reader, and indeed the thought is revolutionary. If anyone had tried explaining this theory in the 1800's, they'd be deemed insane. Even today, it hasn't been completely accepted, and certainly not in the mainstream, because it would require that one changes their own thinking and starts perceiving reality as a whole different animal.

Section 12 is on "The Law of Cause and Effect and the Key of Prophecy". One thing that is not new to anyone is the prophecy of the End of the World, the Apocalypse or a "Second Coming" that will result in a global change (or destruction) for all of mankind. I find it interesting, then, that Thoth claims he had conquered "the law of space-time" and had things revealed to him about the future. It is an interesting reference not because of this prophecy in particular or whatever implications it has, but that if this text is as old as it is supposed to be (which we cannot say for sure) then it shows how old the idea of Prophecy is, and is certainly not anything new that only the Bible has a mention of. Prophecy is a sorcery that has been in use for thousands of years. Yet there is still another twist to what Thoth tells us, as in these words:

"Look in the cause thou shalt bring into being, and surely thou shalt see that all is effect. So, O man, be sure the effects that ye bring forth are ever causes of more perfect effects."

Thoth seems to suggest that prophecy is not necessarily the wisdom of Gods, but that man has some influence over the future of mankind, or that man forms his own future from his thoughts. Such an idea would suggest that what man believes is going to happen is what really does happen, in the long run, and here we are advised to influence positive change instead of the negative. This is the value in Thoth's "Law of Cause and Effect".

The whole overtone of the Emerald Tablets is quite "preachy", and suggestive that Thoth has mastered much more than reality, but the laws of Physics, and the dimensions in which reality are bound. The tone of the writings implies that Thoth knows the direction in which every Earth-bound being should strive, and exactly what is right and what is wrong for mankind. If it were possible for Thoth to accomplish such miraculous deeds as he has claimed, then it certainly would have taken more than a human lifetime to have done so, unless he had some extraordinary training, which is also possible, or unless he was simply born with an almost supernatural intelligence, again, a possibility, at least if we make some presumptions about the validity of this text. Even scientific research would show that some of the things said by Thoth are not that

incomprehensible, such as that the Pyramid of Giza was built in the pattern of gravity, in order to withstand for many centuries, for it is fairly obvious that pressures of gravity would certainly not find as much resistance in a pyramid-shaped structure as they would with a bridge, for example. Even if the entire text is metaphor, it has incredible meanings, which can be interpreted from many different angles, including alchemical, pagan, New Age, Christian, Thelemic, and as mentioned before, Hermetic. In fact it is possible that this text could apply to nearly every world belief system there has ever been, and that depending on what perspective you read it from, it could mean something different! Certainly this would be a very significant find, especially if it really is 36,000 years old. It speaks volumes for Sitchin-sympathizers and conspiracy theorists, too.

I am personally not going to choose one opinion or the other. A text is a text. Morality and belief are the most wishy-washy subjects there are. Scientific explanations here are very vague and brief. The occult references could have just as easily been written by a modern author. Many other sources could probably lead to the same things. But then again, one must ask, "where did they all come from?"

Personal Speculations on Lucid Dreaming

To begin, I have actively pursued what is known to the common occult field as lucid dreaming for about 5 years now. This can also be referred to as an out of body experience, but in some disciplines this may stir up some disagreement. Regardless, my interest in this subject came about because I had unintentionally experienced many lucid dreams before in my life, but I really didn't know that they had a name, or that anyone else was having these profound dreams as well. I'd mentioned it a few times when I was growing up, but I just remember getting a "hmm, that's interesting", as a response, and not much else came out of it. So later in life, when I was 24-25 years old, I picked up a few books on the subject and started taking up a more serious interest in it, to see what it was all about. Let me just say for those who are not familiar with this subject that lucid dreaming is a very powerful experience. It happens when you are dreaming, and you realize that you are dreaming, and so the conscious part of your mind literally wakes up and becomes active, while the environment itself seems to take on "supernatural" qualities. Meanwhile, the body stays asleep. These dreams seem no less real than our waking reality. The only difference is that you may have a tendency to take control of your dream by making things happen within it; and that is where it is really exciting. With that said:

My experience in the lucid dream has been mostly involved with an attempt to control the environment of the dream to some degree or another. I find that when I am fully conscious in a dream, I can change the speed at which I am flying, when I dream of flying, I can move objects within the dream with my mind, I can cause colors to become more intense, and even make objects appear in my surroundings. If I had ever thought of it, it would be incredibly simple to hear someone speaking from far away, etc. The most difficult part is to pre-plan your lucid dreams, because then you really have to be fanatical about it, it seems to me at least.

In a Lucid Dream people experience exactly what Quantum Mechanics is putting on the bench and testing at this time. Quantum Mechanics is proving that life is like a dream, whether they want to or not. That is because in a dream, space-time becomes irrelevant, twisted, and backwards. Influence over matter becomes possible. Thoughts and subjective feelings control everything. Interestingly the Quantum world is surprisingly similar. It has been described as an "Alice in Wonderland" type of place.

In labs, Quantum Mechanics seek to create a physical reality where what was normally considered "impossible" because of the laws of contemporary physics, is now possible. In other words, the scientist seeks to put these laws into effect in an artificial environment. What they don't realize is that this "reality" has already been created many times over again by those who can experience lucid dreaming. When science makes this realization, I'd suggest to look out! It

will sever the line between physics and metaphysics. (Actually I think they're already onto this, but it just isn't common public knowledge yet). I believe it will simulate the discovery that occult magicians have been waiting for; the one that fuses science and magic together in a more finalized, recognized way.

The "Whitaker Principle" is one where Quantum Mechanics takes physical reality and breaks it down into little blocks. Each event or occurrence that happens is a block. If you change one of the blocks, then you change reality. It is like playing chess with reality itself. This has been tested, and surprisingly it works.

What was not mentioned, however, was that this power to change things, or (move the pieces to different squares) is also a common feature of a lucid dream, and it is a subtle power that exists within the waking mind as well. However, it must be tapped. No one can make this power operational without much understanding and concentration. However, feats such as breaking a stack of bricks with the bare hand are actually a result of this kind of focused concentration. It all depends on where the individual (the sorcerer) believes that their own limitations begin. Another more common example is that when you live life naturally and you feel good about who you are, pleasant things happen. When you hate the world and think negative about everything, bad things happen. The reader does not have to take my own word for it. A personal example of this, which is one of many that I have been constantly recording is one I experienced recently. I live in Vegas, so I went to a casino and won \$250 in five minutes, with five dollars. Trust me, this is a very rare event. I knew that it was going to happen because I was so in tune with this theory that I'm talking about, I knew exactly what perspective and approach was necessary for things to go my way.

In conclusion, perhaps with theories like this explored and explained, we may be able to control our worlds better than ever imagined.

The Celestial Dragon

Known as Draco, Draconis, or Alpha Draconis, the constellation that resembles more of a snake-like creature than a dragon has its symbolism expressed in nearly every culture, almost to suggest a universal knowledge embedded within it. In a previous article, I discussed the symbolism of the ouroboros, the serpent eating its own tail. This is the cosmic principle of creation and destruction, or simply duality, whereby all things fall under its wing, like a cycle of life that governs all causes and effects. This is significant for the fact that the ouroborous represents a principle of nature that modern science is discovering now, but apparently the ancient astronomers already had a steady grasp of. Ancient wisdom was intuited, being short of the mechanical devices that are in use today. It is a wonder how intuition could be correct when dealing with astronomical study. I won't attempt to explain why, but rather discuss some of the results that will verify this fact of ancient "science-magic".

Draconis is part of the big dipper, and is probably looked at more often than any other constellation by the casual viewer. The northern star was the star of Set in Egypt. Archeologists have also known for a long time that the Great Pyramid of Egypt is also pointed due north with "unprecedented accuracy". This is the north pole star, or the "morning star" symbolic of Lucifer, as if to suggest that all sacred structures are meant to be facing towards enlightenment. 5,000 years ago this star was different than it is today. The earth's axis pointed towards Alpha Draconis where as now it points to Polaris. It is uniquely visible during all of the seasons, and therefore gives the appearance of transcending the seasons or even time. Shih Huang Ti, of the Ch'in Empire (259-209 b.c.), was said to have "flown to the realm of the immortals" when he died, not coincidentally towards Alpha Draconis, which serves as a gateway to the heavens. In order to ensure his travels to the realm of the immortals, he built a pyramid-like structure that led to an underground imperial tomb. The way in which he did this had an uncanny similarity to the Egyptian ritual, whereby he took certain items of value with him.

The symbolism of the Dragon is still alive today and a cursory investigation into the past will illuminate many of the ancient symbolisms that are used in modern Western society. All 12 of the constellations are repeatedly mentioned through the book of Job and despite being condemned, were a significant study of science for nearly every major civilization in the world. There is also symbolism found simply by observing the stars themselves, such as four-star trapezoid that makes up Draco's head. The trapezoid is a reoccurring theme that has a direct relationship with the mathematics of Pythagoras, whose name means wise serpent. To recall even more ancient times, Babylonian records refer to a "Snail" constellation that matches up with the tail of the Dragon. Some would assert that this is what Babylonians described as the dragon Tiamat, who is being conquered by Marduk, Izhdubar, or Hercules, whose foot is resting upon it as to demonstrate victory as was related in the story of Babylonian/Sumerian creationism.

The Serpent Mound

Another interesting natural wonder regarding Draco is the Serpent Mound of Ohio, that is lined up exactly with the constellation, once again due north. Not only this is extraordinary, but also the fact that there seems to be a druid connection as well. Apparently Stonehenge also lines up with the previously mentioned Hercules constellation, who is resting his foot on the Serpent's head. So the serpent seems to be related to Stonehenge, which was Druid or Celtic, and the serpent was the original godhead of the Celts. Each of the coils on the serpent are practically equidistant from one another. This allows for all of the primary calendar events to be represented by each coil, thereby making the serpent above time, or all-encompassing of time.

What kinds of knowledge did the ancients intend to find by looking at the stars? Certainly the stars were used for divination, yet they also believed that the heavens as well as the material world were governed by geometry and mathematics. The stars were a key to understanding this that would lead to divine wisdom and a better comprehension of the world around and above us. Understanding this today gives science important clues as to our origins and even to forgotten yet important knowledge.

Both the Serpent and Draco are not necessarily just symbols, but something that implies an order of the universe, possibly a mathematical order of the universe, and this is why The Serpent is such a big theme in almost every system of belief. It is referring to something that scientifically exists as an equation of life, or a formula that opens up some answers to the nature of our existence. Mathematics can be demonstrated by using the imagery of the serpent, the one who transcends time. The Dragon is an arcane symbol that is meant to enlighten the seer with the wisdom of the universe. It has been referred to as a "template" of geometry. This makes perfect sense, because the ancients believed that all things can be explained through geometry and mathematics, from physical to celestial to spiritual things. It is interesting that nearly all of the crop circles are perfect geometric masterpieces. One thing that is sort of disturbing about the idea of constellations is that the ancients seemed to have no concept at all of the sky being three dimensional. Every one of the constellations is drawn on a 2 dimensional background. However, once the pieces of geometry and architecture of places like the Serpent Mound or the Great Pyramid are put together, it starts to become obvious that the ancients weren't just aware of other dimensions; but they built the gateways to ascend through them.

The Foundation of Reality and Concepts of Progress

How does anyone know what is true and what isn't? It is common to question certain worldly knowledge and information, but it is not common to question existence and reality itself, as with metaphysics. It is not common to wake up and ask ourselves if we are really here or not, and then to pursue any real skeptical inquiry into this matter. It is assumed that since we can perceive ourselves, and indeed many people around us, that we need no more proof that we are indeed here. It is uncommon to question whether or not reality has as much substance as we think it does, or if it is really as 'real' as we say it is. Yet it is important because many of our moral and

ethical decisions are based upon how 'real' we determine reality to be. I believe there is definitely a principle which states that somewhere within our realm of perceived consciousness there must be a common ground that people can agree upon. To what end this principle exists is very much open to debate and I am not about to approach that subject here. (Some people think life is a religious matter, others think that it has no meaning, etc., etc.,) Nevertheless, there must be ground that people can agree upon and for that matter quarrel over, but in the end the only ground we stand on is one where our feelings about how real life is, is only one of perception. I may add that the fundamental principle of self-professed psychics is that to make use of labels and decided fact is considered by them to be virtual nonsense. The power to channel the higher laws of nature is often deemed superior by such metaphysicists and psychics. It may conversely be argued that how clearly we define reality is a matter of intelligence, whereby smart people are capable of perceiving a more accurate 'depth' to reality by using those very labels and determinations. I believe that this confirmation and validation of "reality" is definitely an important factor. However, I also believe that beyond this the universe was created from many other principles that are possibly in other dimensions, which are not so permanent and ever-lasting, but more dream-like. Perhaps these additional principles exist within a reality that not everyone can perceive, and which are absolutely separate from ordinary carnal reality and the five senses. I have personally had lucid dreams where the colors in my dreams were far more outstanding and vivid than any waking reality I've ever seen. (So have most lucid dreamers). How can this be if my sober senses are supposed to perceive the more accurate reality? Is this to suggest that reality is more boring than non-reality? Furthermore, if we can confirm that there are various levels of reality by observing dreams, and observing waking reality, as well as hallucinations and the various realities existing within the minds of each person on the planet, then we must also conclude that there are possibly an infinite number of realities within the universe. This is also summed up in the "First Law of Metaphysics" of Kir-kin-tha, by simply stating "Nothing unreal exists". So where in Satan's name, is the sword of Excalibur, the foundation, and the grounding point of the Satanic Baphomet sigil pointing to, exactly? It is pointing to the one place that has been neglected from discussion. It is pointing to a place that could be said to only exist in one's mind, and I might further suggest a place in one's whole being, by the very nature from which we are born. This would certainly solve many religious debates, (and thus we may better wield the sword) and in my opinion would be quite a liberating revelation. I do not suggest that there is no reality at all. I am suggesting that it simply exists where we thought not to place it. Remember, great minds think alike. So do very small ones. Therefore, Excalibur, as we metaphorically refer to it, must be removed from its stone. It must retain its power and wield reality. I should be suspected for tricking the reader into thinking that just because the sword is thrust into the stone, that this means the sword is pointing somewhere. For no, it is merely thrust into a stone and kept stationary until we choose to release it from its stagnate bond within the rock. The rock should have properly been labeled "Logos" for logic. Without this, there can not be that important point of agreement between minds and no foundation upon which we build our worlds. The nice thing to complete this theory is that the foundation is, for our purposes, more or less subservient to our own desires.

A further argument can be made, and this is the centuries-old argument that sustains the Christian and Buddhist (among others) position that material reality must be considered inferior, or even abandoned. I believe that this is the argument for the existence of "heaven" and other spiritual planes that are unachievable if one attaches themselves too steadfastly to the material world and pleasures of the flesh. For it does seem a qualified argument that with excessive emphasis on material reality, one may inadvertently alter their perspective enough to completely ignore the other laws of reality I briefly hinted at earlier. More specifically those laws are the ones that are outside of the sphere of what people agree upon as fact, and where we may meet to form our understanding of the universe. For if we set aside the materialistic and logical facts that we feel to be everlasting and insurmountable, and recognize them as something that is only within our

sphere of what is known to the five senses, and our practical intelligence, then are we not dealing with an orphan?

I bring these concepts to the fold because I am simply not satisfied with partial truths. Based on what I have already demonstrated as being our limited way of constructing reality, there is no truth or wisdom which can be complete and all-knowing without further inquiry. I may be bold for suggesting any sort of all-knowingness, if you will, but then again how interesting can reality be if we are not privy to greater secrets which have certainly not been ignored throughout the history of man and his quest for wisdom?

In my opinion, the most rational method of action would be to recognize that the world we live in is the only world, and therefore any knowledge of other dimensions must be applied to the here and now. Awareness of other dimensions and whether or not we should proceed with recognizing those other dimensions is a very complex subject. For the question to ask one's self is whether or not we can learn from those other dimensions, and if that knowledge would be something so significant as to give us more control over the present world, or perhaps our own lives and our personal progress. We should also be aware of whether or not our awareness of those other dimensions would annihilate our need for this world, and if this would have any perceivable value; for knowledge of those other dimensions must also include verification of an afterlife if the present world's annihilation through knowledge is oncoming. With every system of belief based upon spirituality and the rejection of the flesh and/or materialism, there is the dangerous idea that our perceived reality is not important, and that the world of here and now is merely an illusion to go beyond; an illusion that cannot be justified in and of itself. Does the world that we are born into not serve any practical purpose in our evolution, other than being just a stepping stone towards 'greater lessons'? Thus it is our task to uncover those of here, now and if there are any, from beyond.

The Four Compass Points, the Celtic Cross and the Christian Cross

Every culture and religion inspired by the divine has set forth a concept of unity. 'Oneness', as it were, has been recognized as the epitome of spiritual achievement and yet it has also been deified by monotheism in such a way that it makes oneness of soul and spirit an impossible goal. 'Oneness' itself has been symbolized by Tiamat (the original primeval mother, who spawned everything else) as well as the Christian God, despite the Holy Trinity being a faction of sorts that fragmented the All-One. Nevertheless, it seems blatantly clear that 'oneness' is an essential aspect of spiritual evolution, perhaps even the end result of complete godhood.W

In Hermetic tradition in particular, both time and space are treated as primitive constructs for reality; being necessary for the common 3 dimensional world yet inferior to higher dimensions where time and space simply do not exist. In physics, the theory of black holes would amply demonstrate this concept, because a black hole has enough gravitational force to swallow both time and space, in effect "destroying" them both. This causes a "singularity" where essentially all moments in time and all distances are compacted into one present moment, in a finite area. To be inside a black hole would be rather like having 360 degree peripheral vision, and being able to see every moment in time in a single glance, theoretically speaking.

It almost appears to be that Pythagoras did this when he proclaimed that the universe is music, or that creation was the result of a "single note". Scientists studying black holes have recently discovered that not only do forces in the cosmos have an effect on matter, but they also create sound. The deepest notes in the universe are created by what scientists suspect are black holes. This effect occurs when matter is accelerated to nearly the speed of light just before entering a black hole. Did Pythagoras glance through the all seeing "eye", and get a glimpse of this himself, without the use of sophisticated technology?

"The presence of the black hole is the great leveler: Regardless of where the fuel came from, and what form it was in, it all ends up the same way, as a hot, turbulent plasma, spiraling in towards the black hole." – Phil Uttley in an interview with Space.com

All things – the same. All matter – the same matter. All moments in time – the same eternal moment. This is what singularity or “oneness” means in physics. Yet the idea goes back to ancient times in the occult mysteries, particularly in one ancient symbol sometimes called the “celtic cross”, or “Odin’s cross”, perhaps even the Merovingian cross.

The cross is a perfect circle with two lines going through it, splitting the circle in four equal parts. This is the earliest origin of the Christian cross, in fact, and having nothing at all to do with a crucifixion. A simple algebraic expression, $x^2 + y^2 = 1$ represents this cross perfectly. By saying that the square of two line segments measured from the center to the edge of the circle is equal to one, there is the implied statement of four compass points that are operating simultaneously for the benefit of the whole. Thus, Odin’s cross is a symbol of fire, earth, air and water operating as one. On a simple algebraic graph of the polynomial $x^2 + y^2 = 1$, the image of a Merovingian cross is the result. If one is unfamiliar with the symbol, it might be interpreted mathematically, and would therefore be a universal symbol of which the meaning could be interpreted cross-culturally. Many symbols are used this way, obviously, as the student of sacred geometry may be aware.

The symbol is also used as a “medicine wheel” in native American tribes, and it holds the same meaning of healing through all the properties of fire, earth, air and water. As all things were “created out of fire”, so, too, are all things healed through the properties of the four compass points, which is also something that sounds much like Western alchemy.

The more popular Celtic cross is no more than the Merovingian cross with an extended “y axis”, or vertical line. The southern-most sephiroth is known as Malkuth and represents “Kingdom” and this is not-so-coincidentally similar to religion, or perhaps God’s kingdom on earth, which is God’s religion and church. Therefore, the extended vertical line is used for the purposes of emphasizing the religious nature of the cross.

The Christian cross not so surprisingly denies the esoteric meaning of the cross all together, by removing the circle with the four compass points, and instead asserts the story of a crucifixion through the use of this symbol. It is not, however, anything remarkably original.

The Vampire in Sumeria

If the Undead Gods were here before us, then to go back to the beginning of Vampire history would be to recall a time when the Undead Gods "arrived" here on Earth. How did they get here? Who were they? In order to go back to the beginning, we can only backstep as far as the first etchings of human history will go. Preceding any earlier than that would obviously leave us at a time when there were no human records kept of anything, and that would make things very difficult. I will simply mention that two of the most significant occurrences before mankind were perhaps the extinction of the dinosaurs, which happened 65 million years ago, and secondly, according to some occult resources, the very first landing of the Annunaki, the race of extraterrestrial beings who were on a quest to save their own planet and their own race, 450,000 years ago. Their quest led them here, to planet Earth.

Getting back to the beginning of our study, however, we arrive at ancient Sumeria, reportedly and arguably the first human civilization. There are accounts of another smaller civilization just before this, but that is not the point of this article.

Two very important documents were written in the time of the Sumerians. The first is the Epic of Creation, or Enuma Elish. Another was the Epic of Gilgamesh.

The first question that I will propose is this: are the Undead Gods being referred to in the teachings of the Temple of the Vampire the same as the Annunaki? I raise this question because I have personally never doubted that this was true, before I even made Vampire Initiate. I always had this idea in mind, and when some friends from a cabal confirmed this for me (this was actually before the word "cabal" came into use, call it what you like) then I knew that I was onto something.

However, it is still going to be necessary to back that up in an article of this type. First of all, let's take a look at Enuma Elish. This is the story of creation, of how the solar system was developed and how the planets came to be. It is not very likely that people who didn't have telescopes , and weren't even around when it all happened are going to be able to tell us the truth. However, somehow the Sumerians devised their own story which turns out to have a few close relationships to what we know about the universe today. First was that including the moon and sun they were aware of the 12 planets, and thus the number twelve has been used for the calendar and for the measure of time in several ways even today. Secondly, scientists have now discovered that the asteroid belt is a collection of pieces from a planet that was destroyed at one point near the 12th planet. This explains the verses in Enuma Elish that speak of a planet (Marduk) that interferes with another (Tiamat) and then Tiamat is destroyed, broken into pieces, etc. However, there are two happenings going on here: one is the story of a war between planets when the solar system was still in creation, before man was ever on the earth. The second is the story of the Annunaki, how they came to Earth, and how their mother Tiamat was not happy with their decisions and wanted them destroyed. Then Marduk was made a God of all Gods and ended up slaying Tiamat, reportedly in order to free the remaining Annunaki. However, they needed workers in order to replenish the land and thus the genes of primitive man were altered in such a way as to be suitable for the Annunaki. Thus, the dawn of man or Adam and Eve. Throughout history, these Annunaki have been considered myth, and have been represented by every culture on the Earth. Greek mythology is the most well known example. In Sumeria, however, this tale was the basis for Sumerian religion.

While examining one version of the Enuma Elish, I found an interesting translation where it states: "He is the mightiest in the land, his strength is as mighty as the meteorite(?) of Anu!" Notice how the meteorite has the question mark after it, as if the author knew that that was the right word to use, but it still didn't make sense for some reason. What is the connection between the Annunaki and the planets, our cosmology and the skies? From every tale we hear of the Annunaki, it seems implicitly stated that these were not people who came from Earth. They were Gods, and they were from somewhere else beyond our local skies.

How else can we show the relationship between the Annunaki and the Undead Gods, ancient Sumerian beliefs and Vampirism? An interesting line from the Epic of Gilgamesh is: "Release your clenched arms, expose your sex so he can take in your voluptuousness. Do not be restrained--take his energy!" Don't worry about the context of these lines, that's not important right now. Just look at the last three quoted words. We find that indeed there was a belief in the transference of energy from body to body especially during an intense sexual encounter. This reflects the physical contact method of draining lifeforce in Vampirism. Whether this was a rather common belief or an esoteric belief, that does not matter. For the point is that in today's world, very few people would relate to sex as the "taking of energy". This may demonstrate a point that the ancient people's had similar beliefs to Vampirism, or it may reflect an esoteric belief that was unique to the Annunaki. We don't know this. In the former case, we may be able to show how Vampiric thought evolved out of ancient belief, in the latter case, we may be able to show how this was definitely an occult reference, probably of importance to the priests who likely wrote this story. Either way of looking at it could be a positive argument, which is to trace fragments or whole pieces of Vampiric practice and belief back to ancient times. In the Epic of Gilgamesh, we're told of how Gilgamesh is on his journey to conquer a mountain. (I'm not going to provide all of the details of the story here, it isn't important). While on his journey, in the midst of making

a decision and feeling at a loss, he calls upon his Gods to provide him with a dream that will assist him. Two very important things happen to him. One is that when he goes to sleep, there is an enormous and powerful wind that stirs up. You might recall the "coming of the winds" from your readings. Secondly, once he is asleep he wakes suddenly, questioning his friend. He wants to know who touched him, who woke him up. He feels that someone's hand has brushed him. Is this not one of the effects we experience during our communions? Aside from these two obvious points, we can also respect the faith that Gilgamesh had in his dreams. He apparently felt that they were just as real as day, for if not he wouldn't be calling upon them to help make important decisions.

Gilgamesh, we are told, was one-third man and two-thirds god. (Part-Undead) Lugalbanda, was a whole God, "the divine Lugalbanda," who ruled Uruk for more than a thousand years. His mother was a temple priestess. Priests and priestesses are human in origin, but in ritual situations they take on the aspect of the god or goddess they serve. First of all, how does a man rule for 1000 years? Was he immortal? Secondly, this process of self-deification in ritual sounds a lot like a Vampire ritual.

One may also find from studying the ancient religion of Sumerians, that they were commonly found giving inanimate objects names. Vampires are also told at some point in our initiation that to command objects, we may treat them as if they were living things. (That's the short description, for those who don't know yet). This was not practiced exclusively by priests. It was practiced by even the peasants. If a storm was desired, people would gather and call forth a "God" that represented a storm. They would pray to it and command it, and if fate was on their side, it would come. Sumerians believed that the planets, the stars, the sun and the moon were all Gods. Each God had a name, and could be summoned. Vampire sacerots will recognize the significance of this. It is also likely that many more objects other than those in the sky had the names of Gods and were commanded through ritual.

The Sumerians believed in immortality. In fact, they were using the process of mummification long before the Egyptians. If you are unfamiliar with this process, I would seriously suggest looking it up for it is a fascinating advanced technique that still baffles scientists today. However, the point is evident that the Sumerian religion did believe in the astral body, no matter what they called it, perhaps "LIL", and that it can rise above and take form in another world or dimension. (Which may have been - LA'ATZU)Without this belief, the purpose of mumification would be lost. The Sumerians left behind a text which was comprised of all of the details of this process. In one story, the Goddess Inanna ordered to have the body of Dimuzi, her husband, mummified and put in a shrine called Emash. The meaning of this word EMASH is precisely: Temple of the Serpent. The Serpent, in this case, is clearly the Dragon of ancient times that is still with us today in the teachings of the Temple of the Vampire. They are one and the same.

To further prove the point, the Dragon is Tiamat, as depicted in Enuma Elish. As we read in the Vampire Bible, Tiamat is the creator of the Gods. For example, depictions of a Dragon, a winged creature, fighting with Marduk, a winged man, are found in Mesopotamia.

We know that the two have names, from the tale of Tiamat being slain by Marduk in the Epic of Creation, Enuma Elish. Indeed this story does tell us of how Tiamat gave birth to the ancient gods, how she split them apart and gave them different specific purposes, and finally how she rose up against them in anger. Thus, she is the creator of the Gods. The Dragon is still alive and with us.

Conclusion:

Were there Vampires in Sumer? Who knows. I'm not going to prove it in this article. If not, then there was at least a belief in the Vampire. At some point I should hope to find information about the Sumerian "Akhakaru" which means "Vampire", such as where it came from and what beliefs led to its myth. Some detailed explanation of where this word was derived from might lead us to the next article on the Sumerians. When we get a hold of the lost texts of the priests whom

performed their ceremonies in their temples, then we may know what else they were thinking. Until then, there is little evidence that any Sumerians were specifically practicing Vampire rituals. It is more likely that their beliefs evolved into a more esoteric practice of sorcery later on. Gilgamesh's experiences may be entirely unrelated, or they may be authentic. I cannot confirm or deny this. The texts of the priests are also assumed lost to mankind, making more difficult our task. Perhaps there were no texts with teachings such as those used by the Temple of the Vampire in ancient Sumeria, but by studying the beliefs of the Sumerians, we may be able to find how Vampirism has its roots in the first civilization on earth, and that would still be noteworthy, in my opinion.

Hail Tiamat

Vampire in Egypt, Tales of Thoth

From out of Babylonia and Sumer, the legend lives on. Previously we finished with Tiamat, the Dragon that was alive in Sumer and alive with us today. In tracing this forward in time to Egypt, my findings were even more fascinating. I turned to the 12th dynasty of Queen Sobeknefru, who is mentioned as the one who formally established the Dragon Court, or Order of the Dragon around 2170 B.C.. This order was meant to explore the scientific teachings of Thoth, which prevailed in the second dynasty of King Raneb. Therefore, I was thrown into a whirlwind, and in my effort to trace a more recent time than Sumer, I find myself with information sending me back before Sumer, as supposedly the teachings of Thoth are much older than mankind itself. In addition, I had the time period between the 7th and 13th dynasties to reckon with- quite a gap. Interestingly, I came across information about the Emerald Tablets, which is the testimony and teachings of Thoth, reportedly found on tablets which cannot be destroyed. They are an alchemical material which does not follow the normal laws of disintegration or age. Nonetheless, the most important fact is that these teachings seemed to have everything to do with our teachings of Vampirism. Within this text are references to the magic of astral travel, to feeding upon Lifeforce, and to the deceptive nature of time and space. It makes direct reference to the Undead Gods, and gives the formula for leaving the flesh and being freed from the bonds of the flesh. It is a set of instructions on attaining immortality.

Another very necessary point to make about this text is that Thoth, keeper of the records of man's history, constantly refers to his path as the path of the Light. Now this could easily be misunderstood by one who does not know how to read. With further insight it becomes apparent that Thoth is not speaking of daylight, or the light from the sun, or any other "holy" light which is best known in religions of the right hand path. Instead, this "Light" that Thoth refers to is obviously pure illumination from within, a personal enlightenment. In fact, a "flame" that burns within. The wisdom that he teaches IS the Light which is being referred to here. In other words, the path of Light is awareness, and enlightenment of the spirit within. 'Darkness' in this text is simply the path of normal waking, or the acceptance of life as a totally mundane experience, with no spiritual value. To be left in darkness is to never seek any greater understanding of life other than what you can immediately see, hear, smell, feel and taste. This would be the equivalent of living blindly, thus, in darkness. At the same time Thoth is NOT preaching the word of Christianity or similar, and to interpret this text that way would surely be a corruption of the original. In fact, this text, if misinterpreted on purpose, seems to be the basis for Christianity, complete with a descriptive imagery of "heaven" and "hell", but like I say that is only when you purposely make it out to be something that it is not. Perhaps that is why the keepers of this knowledge established a Pharaonic institution and not an egalitarian one meant for the whole world to see. There are references to the words of the Bible, but in the Bible the words are clouded over, and the actual wisdom of Thoth is totally lost to the Bible. Technically, yes, the Bible does have the words in it. However, a literal reading of the Bible and total practice of its

teachings will not lead you to the path of Light, which is the path of Thoth. Therefore, despite any similarity I would persuade you not to consider the Bible as a resource. Finally on the subject of Thoth, it is said that he was later incarnated into Hermes. Hermopolis was the cult center of Thoth's teachings. This is important for further reference or research.

Further research will show references from the Emerald Tablets which describe how the Pyramids of Giza are the gateway to the other dimensions or the world beyond, being that the peak of the pyramid is of utmost importance, as this is where all mind soul and spirit come together and are able to extend beyond the reaches of physical existence. Not too unlike what we learn in our teachings as well.

We are also told of "the dweller", an interesting allusion to the Dragon, the Dragon within, as he dwells within each of us. Many more Vampire references are made throughout this entire text. It should be studied and read over and over again. I myself was amazed at how each reading revealed different wisdom, knowledge and power that I hadn't noticed the first time. Some of this text actually makes reference to things that should not be spoken of to others, and it is very, very sensitive. If you do read this text, I would make it a point to yourself not to speak openly about it with the profane. In posting this information about the texts, I trust that those who seek it will have made their oath to the Temple and will know the value of silence. There's not much you can do about the fact that this text is already posted on the internet. By my referencing it no harm is done, but my own posting of it and then sharing it with the profane certainly would be a mistake. Thoth warns of his curse, which shall fall upon those who betray his word.

So there you have it. That's really all I'm going to say about Egypt right now, therefore this is a short article. My conclusion is that if these sources are authentic, then Thoth could very well be the first of the line of Vampires to ever document the magic of vampirism, the only exception being the original Undead Gods themselves, of which Thoth later became. He offers the knowledge that you and I have this same potential. Isn't that what the Temple tells us, by saying, "the choice is yours"? In this way Thoth can be considered a father to us all.

Hail Tiamat

Secrets of the Knights Templar

As the ancient knowledge continued to be buried in secrecy, it was handed down to numerous groups, and one of those was the Knights Templar. A most evil hypocrisy was directing the Church at the time, for when near bankruptcy prevailed, the secret wisdom that was kept by the Templars was suddenly used as evidence against them. Prior to the near financial collapse of the Church, the secret knowledge of the Templars received little scrutiny. The Pope knew the power that the Templars held, and therefore any implied mysteries were guarded for the selfishness of the Church. However, such knowledge could also be used as a charge against the Templars, and that is exactly what happened, while the Church pretended that it never knew the wiser.

Templar knowledge was a threat to all other lesser societies. Just as the Egyptian knowledge was kept hidden and relegated to heathenism, the Templar knowledge was of the same descent, and therefore as the Church pretended that this information was abolished and evil, it was taken as sensitive material used to create or destroy. The Templar society was able to exploit their power which was derivative of the ancient knowledge, and this was attractive so long as it benefitted the Church. Afterall, they were the Church's military allies. Nonetheless, they were just as expendable as any other "secret society" when times of trouble for the Church began.

Scholars are in debate as to whether or not the Templars really did participate in devil-worshipping sex rituals and other so called 'satanic' activities. I believe that the truthful explanation is not the affirmative or the negative, but somewhere in between. What has the Church done with any sacred knowledge when it wants to exploit its own mission? It exaggerates. The underworld of the ancients, where the deep ones dreamed immortal dreams and kept the dark secrets of the Earth - became "hell" in Christianity. No more a place that implied a dark wisdom,

or another aspect of mankind that held value, the underworld simply became a burning inferno where souls met with a terrible fate of eternal pain and suffering. The idea of "sin" was born out of a mere expression of caution. Whereas the ancients would have simply been cautious about their animal desires, (taking responsibility for their own actions) the Church turned animal desire into a terrible evil deed that should be suppressed, and uprooted from the very soul of man, ripped out and never spoken of again. They taught us that man was born wicked and evil, and the only way to salvation was abstinence, restraint, and suppression of emotions and instinct. The ancients, or the Babylonians and Sumerians for example, would have simply seen man's natural state out-of-the-womb as a beginning to a lifelong journey of attaining higher spirituality and personal progress. Born into "sin" simply meant that you don't know everything from day one - you have to learn it. (The fact that Christianity is a subjective modification, and even a perversion of earlier pagan religions is definitely implied here. There is nothing entirely original about the Christian religion in their mythos or their practices). This tendency towards exaggeration is what leads one to the conclusion that the Knights Templar may have very well been the keepers of occult secrets and wisdom, while at the same time, they may not have been dancing around naked in lustful orgies kissing the ass of a demon. It is likely that they knew the meaning of the Baphomet, and that they kept this symbol in high regard, albeit secretly. However, the idea that they worshipped the Christian devil by performing heinous crimes of debauchery is nothing more than a fabrication devised by the Pope, who later had them destroyed.

It is said that many of the monuments around the world such as Stonehenge and the Mayan temples were navigating points for the ancients. For at a time long ago, people from the east travelled upon sea to erect their own temples, which could be used as maps, just as the stars helped navigate their journeys. They placed their mark on many very important territories across the globe. How else could astronomy and astrology be so well intertwined in the ancient religions of many far apart lands? The ancients taught the ways of the Annunaki to many civilizations, not just their own. The Templars seemed to exhibit quite a bit of this knowledge. They, too, looked to the stars for much wisdom and inspiration, for this was the basis of their geometry, which was nothing new in the coveted, heathen world. Great mathematicians such as Pythagoras also taught this knowledge to his colleagues.

Is there any mystery to the fact that Templarism later became a part of the Freemason structure? Those who are practicing Masons today will tell you that Templarism definitely is alive and well in today's world. How else can we understand the tradition of the ancient knowledge? It is also interesting that the Knights Templar are shown with the German cross which is the same cross used by the Order of the Dragon, discussed in another article. Is it any coincidence that the Order of the Dragon seems to practice many of the same objectives as the Knights Templar and the Freemasons, and furthermore, how did it come to be that the Order of the Dragon is made up of a royal bloodline? Does it not seem appropriate that Templars, royal descendants, who did escape the inquisition should maintain their legacy? We may also note that it was less than a hundred years between the time that the Knights Templar were supposedly destroyed, and the time that the Order of the Dragon was established. This is approximately one lifetime of an average man. (94 years, a long life admittedly). Perhaps this is part of the mystery of Henry Sinclair, the leader of the Templar society, who supposedly buried the knowledge of the Holy Grail deep in the wilderness in order for it to be preserved for a future date when man would be better equipped to handle the esotericism of the Templars.

Hopefully this article has demonstrated in some way how we can at least hypothesize, if not determine for sure, that the Knights Templar were the keepers of the lost wisdom of the ancients, i.e., the Annunaki. Previous articles on this website explain the connection in greater detail. Obviously a detailed history of facts surrounding the Knights Templar is not intended here, but rather just to further expatiate the purpose of the Alla Xul Studios mission.

Order of the Dragon

This article has to do with research that I have done regarding the Order of the Dragon. The Order still exists today, also known by the name of the Imperial and Royal Dragon Court and Order, however this is a closed organization and not affiliated with myself or anyone else I know. This is what led to learning the teachings of Thoth, for the organization is meant to be a foundation of these priestly pursuits which date back to Egypt, 2170 B.C., during the reign of Sobeknefru and before. In this article I'll be focusing on the modern day Order of the Dragon, as well as the purpose the order served in the times of Vlad Tepes, (tsep-ish) and his son Vlad III, who was Vlad the Impaler, or Dracula, in the later 15th century.

Vlad II Dracul was inducted into the Order of the Dragon by the Holy Roman Emperor Sigismund of Luxembourg in 1431. The Order of the Dragon was a knightly cabal dedicated to fighting the Turk. Its emblem was a dragon hanging on a cross, the type of cross, centuries later adapted by the Third Reich of Germany. Incidentally, the Third Reich's occult activities were dominated by the Hermetic teachings of old, Hermes Trimegestus being the supposed reincarnation of Thoth.

The dragon was the symbol of the devil and consequently an alternate meaning of 'drac' was dragon. Vlad II wore the emblem of the order from 1431 onward after swearing his oath, as he was not allowed to remove it until death. Currency of that time also had the dragon symbol on it. If we were to translate Dracul to English it would be 'the Dragon' and therefore, Dracul's son, Dracula, means 'the Son of the Dragon' or 'Son of the Devil'. Ironically, the symbol on his neck supposedly represented the triumph of Christianity over the forces of evil. We'll explain that in a little bit.

The Turks ruled the Ottoman Empire, and in due justice the Turkish name is actually Osmanli after the leader of the time, Osman. There were rather tyrannical laws governing the Ottoman Empire, such as high taxes and the taking of one child from every family of five so that they could serve as bodyguards for the Sultans. Of course, systems with similar demands are omniscient, including mandatory registration with the military in the USA. As for females, girls were sometimes made harlots for the Sultan, and perhaps this is where the Dragon order of today gets its creed to protect women. Regardless, Vlad Dracula had sought to conquer the Turks in the name of liberty for his people. He was sworn to other objectives as well including: protection of the German king and his family, defense of the empire, shielding of widows and orphans, and mourning for the deceased members of the society. Apparently the secrecy of the order was meant to protect the ultimate objective which was the domination of Europe. In the order today, the main objectives as quoted from their own web page are: 1. Protection of the Earth 2. Upholding of Peace 3. Support of the Downtrodden 4. Defence of the Feminine 5. Pursuit of Knowledge. These are known as the Five Holy Obligations. (For those who get a pointy nose at the word 'Holy' we'll see soon that this by no means represents Christian holiness.) These five goals sound similar to the goals mentioned prior. Granted these seem quite convoluted if they are to have anything to do with the teachings of Thoth, and especially the Temple of the Vampire. It must be considered that it is unlikely that religion outweighed political tactics in the original days during the Turkish invasion. It seems evident to me, even though it has not been stated so bluntly, that Vlad Dracula had his own agenda at all times no matter who he made allegiance with in order to keep himself in power. Are these "Holy Objectives" just a manipulative tactic to win the approval of the masses? I would affirm this only because we have seen this strategy used throughout the world's political history. Plus we are aware of the ultimate methods of Hekal Tiamat to oversee human civilization as an 'experiment'. The real question is in the integrity of the Holy Roman Emperor, since he was the one to re-establish the order. Would he deceptively open an order that was for the public a fraternity for Christ, while being an occult order of great secrecy at the same time? It was reported that there was no question over the religious practices of the Church at this time even though there were a few political differences. (This may be an understatement, for the latter became 'The Great Schism'). It was Sigismund, the Holy Roman Emperor, who sought to end this political debate. Yet just because there are no questions being

asked does not mean that this was an exclusively Catholic political power. In order to be the Holy Roman Emperor, one was not necessarily required to be Catholic. Protestant was allowed, and frankly examining its roots could mean anything. Therefore, influences outside of the Catholic fate were not criminal and may have been employed. One source reports that Sigismund definitely did have occult beliefs, and was loyal to them. Interestingly, he allowed the Church to maintain their own Catholic politics and control the masses, or the average populace with Christendom. Apparently Sigismund did not feel that the common man needed occult beliefs, and therefore it wasn't important to provide peasant witches or warlocks with legal protection. Shortly after this, the Inquisition came, and at the same time the Order of the Dragon was established, or shall I say 'resurrected' from its egyptian ancestry. The pieces fall together how the masses were meant to be controlled by some sort of prophecy-shared foretelling of control.

The survival of the original liberty-based dogma may not have died out altogether, however. For when the pilgrims colonized in North America out of rebellion towards their tyrannically king and his unrealistic taxes, the doctrine of liberty once more was unleashed. Other statements of the modern Dragon Order reflect the same type of non-biased, liberty defending principles that went into our own Constitution of the United States of America. For example, "... in this tradition of weighing governmental and religious balances that The Imperial and Royal Dragon Court and Order persists today. It provides a fraternal rallying standard for those of all creeds and cultures who are dedicated to preserving the rights and values of others." In other words, there is no discrimination towards one religion or the other, so long as you are prepared to defend the freedom for each to set their own course in life, then you have understanding. In masonry, this principle is a constant. It also fundamentally states that any religious thought which goes into government cannot be biased.

Such was meant as the foundation for the United States, therefore any claims that the country was founded on Christianity and ideas to put the "faith-based principles" of Christianity into our government leadership are not an accurate application of the tenants of the Constitution. (Who's running this show, anyway?) Could the founders of the United States have been the descendant rebels of the Dragon Order, who saw fault in giving power to the Catholic church, finally breaking apart from the Church in order to found another independent country in the name of personal freedom? Were those who drafted the Declaration of Independence on a mission in favor of the original tenants of the Dragon Order?

Time changes things. Throughout history we've seen leaders and kings rise and fall. Sometimes they would make allies that later became enemies, and had to be fought against. Let me go back to an earlier statement, which showed the similarities between modern day Masonry and the Dragon Order. We know that the Masons, or Freemasons, had established themselves in America prior to the constitution being written, for they were the very persons drafting it! This was meant to be a secret order of eclectic persons who were plotting a political rebellion against the rule of Europe. Issues of this nature had to be kept secret, since it was of a sensitive nature. Surely there may have been rumours, however, those who really sought to make their dreams of personal liberty come to life, these people knew that sharing any realistic objectives with the public would be a mistake. There was a need for timing and focus. At a time such as this, the Masons were gathered. One nation under the Dragon, indivisible, with liberty and justice for predator and prey.
Hail Tiamat

The Worst Conspiracy

(This article has been slightly edited 06.14.03. This article is not referring to what some people consider a "Christian conspiracy" to control the masses and suppress powers that would lead to the Church's undoing. It is regarding a fictitious conspiracy that incorrectly involves those who have been and continue to be in positions of power, and have furthermore incorrectly been

affiliated with the second-rate leadership that has replaced the true sovereignty. It is in defense of the generations that were driven out of their own countries and removed from the noble class at the hands of a jealous and tyrannical monarchy. I will argue here that those who are sometimes called the "Illuminati", the original bloodline that has maintained power through various dynasties, are not to blame for the idiocy of the modern and Christian mental manipulation warfare.)

Conspiracy is generally thought of as a select group of bullies who have entirely too much power and wish to control everyone's freedoms and civil rights. There are many different conspiracy theories, but this is what they all amount to in the end. Authors like David Icke and others are vainly attempting to free people's minds and liberate them from the clutches of the world-wide conspiracy everyone is supposedly the victim of. Every secret society is accused of conspiracy by someone out there that thinks they've got the ticket to humanity's salvation. Everyone from schizophrenics to sports commentators are getting in on the game of conspiracy. Where this conquest is short-sighted is in the fact that "free people" chose their own slavery.

I am in opposition to conspiracy. I honor truth. If I alone should be the only one to know truth, then so be it. Yet I do honor that truth.

There is, in my opinion, however, a conspiracy that is very real and does indeed exist. It is the conspiracy of stupid people who resent the fact that someone else got to the top first. It is the conspiracy of losers who accuse governments and religious leaders of being wrong without an idea of what is involved or how the world arrived at its current state. It also shows up in the jealous behavior of those who want to govern, but aren't meant for it. Inevitably an entirely different story is made up and fabricated instead of simply investigating the non-fiction. The truth has always been there, accessible to anyone, and the fact that there are so many ignorant people running around only proves how little they want to know.

The idea of a conspiracy of the upper class against the lower class is a fraudulent lie. This is nothing more than a natural law of survival of the fittest; and furthermore it is of the discretion of those who have power to decide what to do with it. Not only that, but conspiracy advocates have made up stories, that, if they were true, would also apply to my own ancestry, and there are no stupid shape-shifting lizards in control of the world's population. There are leaders who have been loved by many throughout all time, who have shared and nurtured this world even when the only obedience they received was from disloyal and crooked thieves; the pretenders to the throne. If anyone in the same lineage should have a "different gene" then it is likely to be the one that makes one honest with his or her self.

By the same token, imagine if we suddenly put in charge all the people who really don't have a solid concept of history and the kinds of turbulence that has to be endured to create kingdoms and empires. Imagine if every unenlightened person who swears up and down about the existence of "one true God" could suddenly be standing at the altar preaching to us, while knowing nothing about the actual historical symbolisms and traditions that brought about religion in the first place. He holds up his chalice and sees something that it is not. I can tell you what it would be like. It would be horror. Horror from here on out, until the end of the world which would undoubtedly occur since every one of these flakes believes that an Armageddon is coming to wipe out the human race. Hence, the world today. (This isn't too unlike what has already been foreseen, and published in sensationalist journals everywhere we go).

If you were meant to know what this world is really about, then you will find yourself in good company. If you were not meant to know, then the simple fact that the world is the way it is will continue to torment you and disturb you to ever-increasing levels.

For who's benefit? For my benefit, and for the good of the whole world, if only natural law were a more prevalent thing in people's minds today. Yet how quick those who are in theological and scientific denial are to accuse intelligent people of being "deceivers". If people want to make an "Illuminati" of evil devil-worshippers out of those who we can really learn something from, then so be it. I will continue to learn something from those who intentionally reach out to us, in

metaphoric and literal ways, who showed and still show us a path meant only for the few. Their "secrets" are our right to discover. They are our inheritance, not our enemy. Therefore I will do my best to not be biased, but will recognize the positive and negative aspects of history, in order to formulate a responsible, as well as a more mature opinion of my own.

Dedicated to the lost family of Hugh the Grande

Through My Eyes

Through my eyes, I see an animal that has been in a constant state for thousands of years. Self-deceived. Fanciful. Ignorant. Stupid. I see a world as shallow as a wading pool, in comparison to the vast oceans. I see a breed that has refused to correct its own errors after centuries of promises and hope. I see a machine that will eventually overpower and destroy them, while a little wizard works from behind the curtain.

I see a world transforming by the power of those minds who've been one step ahead the entire time, from the beginning of civilization to the current day. I see a leadership that has capitalized on the reality of mind-enslavement and manipulation of what is and what isn't.

I see a Family that is desperate to know, and yet always grasping but never holding. We can wait for any who are so chosen, but for the masses, the hour glass has long since run out.

I see a lonely soul who thinks that the big machine over his head was created in order to destroy him, to take away his liberties and rob him of his freedom. I see a lonely soul that I know will eventually look to the cities of old, the legends of history and will walk in the path that his nature cannot refuse to him.

For the big machine does not fight him, except for in his own mind. He is simply confused between what is real and what is not, and what is him and what is not him. His experience deceives him.

If the lonely soul looks down at his finger tips, he will see that he has the imprint of the same Lourdes who made that machine on his own hands. If he looks back into the dark recess of his mind he will find a memory of the days before the machine was built, and he will return to his Atlantean self...he will earn his "webbed feet" and escape the desert heat.

When he realizes that he is not such a lonely soul, but a lost one, then all of his frustrations as the wayward warrior will cease. He will not fight the machine, but will appreciate it. He will understand the mechanics of the steel, and will see that this machine is the product of thousands of years of experience, trial and error. It has a very specific and rational purpose. He will no longer sit and watch the Family build empires, but will start a little empire of his own.

He will realize that his Family has been calling him home for a long time, and that in Our Family, we do not condemn and deceive and betray like the families of the masses...here, you only ask and you receive.

To rule is to hold the reigns and ride the worm. No matter what name the worm has, it has always been the same beast...the same machine. So ride.

Forget the little people. Forget your sympathy for them. Forget their stupidity and their inability to be anything more than primitive seekers of hope. You cannot change them. We don't try. You cannot teach them. They can only be ruled. They require lies. So grant them a glass of wine and a stale piece of bread.

Share in the joy of the Family. Know your place, and be aware of the transitions that are meant to come, along with the little harvests and the large. When the Lourdes meet, you will know them and you will sit at the Round Table once again, to construct the next application of the Truth of the Lie amongst the Lourdes and the Masters of Men.

In Vita Aeturnus.

Who Is A Predator?

The word "predator" stimulates the fears of people who sympathize with humanitarian morals. It is usually because of a misconception that self-proclaimed but unworthy "predators" often perpetuate. The common assumption is that a predator is one whose time is consumed with finding and cornering prey. Many Hollywood portrayals of the predator have force-fed this stereotype. At least two Arnold Schwarzenegger films serve as good examples, such as the appropriately titled Predator and also The Terminator. Conan the Barbarian, on the other hand, while showing many of the stereotypical predator-like qualities, did at least cast Schwarzenegger as a man capable of rational judgment, and so was his struggle based on this judgment in order to defeat the selfish tyranny of Thulsa Doom. (Played by James Earl Jones). Ironically, Thulsa Doom was a shapeshifting serpent/snake, which, historically speaking, is the archetype for a freedom-loving tribal people that thrived before Christianity, who had nothing to do with merciless tyranny. Democracy in its most orthodox form is a direct creation of those who aligned themselves religiously with non-hierarchical and ancient systems of government. At the same time, Democracy is completely based on predator vs. prey stratification. It rewards the competent and gives little to no reward to the stupid; but the meaning of stupid is broad-based. I'll give an example in this article.

There are some obviously deranged concepts of predatory behavior going around, to say the least. Yet if we remove ourselves from those Hollywood-cast definitions and stick with real people, then we can at least filter out the ideas that are entirely impossible, even for someone with a lot of imagination. (Robots programmed to kill by the government, rabid dogs that escaped from a lab, etc.) In reality, however, many people still understand predator behavior in a light that isn't too much different from an ugly beast that has no other instinct or purpose than to hunt and kill. Let us redeem ourselves from such lowly premises. The only reason someone would passionately insist on their ability to overwhelm their prey is because of the usual "empty shell" personality. It is self-granted meaningfulness.

Predator-like actions on a regular basis are suspect to illustrating how a person who has no power will aim to find power, somewhere out there in the world. This is a shallow effort on all levels. Any success is bound to be destroyed by the very fact that the misunderstood predator had no real power to begin with. This is commonly coupled with the effort to "improve one's self" and to struggle up the social ladder. The food chain is an aspect of nature. Survival of the fittest is also a natural law. Yet it is easy to take these facts and assume that they apply to every social function and all other aspects of life. Social demands for disrespect are numerous: "buy a bigger car", "have sex with more women", "show no respect for other people", "drive like a complete jerk", etc., etc. Unfortunately, this is overlooked by quite a lot of those who've witnessed and been awestruck by real power. The demands of the noble are: "respect yourself", "be what you are", "don't conform", etc.

The idea of "power", for a true predator, is internal power. It is kin to powerful thinking or powerful ideas, and not at all to be interpreted as power that one can wield over others, or by force. A powerful person does not need to learn how to influence friends or win people over. A powerful person acts upon their natural instincts, and if they have a point to make that is good enough to be respected, then they will make it. It is a result of having wisdom. You don't get wise by defeating enemies, or rendering everyone else insignificant. If an enemy crosses you, and you can direct them out of your life, this is because you already had the power to do so, not because you are becoming more powerful. Wisdom is not the result; it is the cause. The opposite conclusion would be a fault of the ego that tricks the mind into thinking that some other force, "Satan" perhaps, is responsible, and henceforth "divine proof" has been shown. It is like giving yourself a medal when you did nothing to deserve it. Titles and certifications in and of themselves are meaningless. When a person makes an effort of courage to save someone's life, he may earn a

Purple Heart; a big impressive award. This is garbage only garbage because foolish people see more value in the useless little piece of metal than they do in receiving a pat on the back and a hearty, thank you. They forget the original. It makes for disposable awards, and disposable people.

Some clumsy people think that they can go from being a nobody to a somebody just because they've accomplished a few things in life. When asked, "what has your view on life done for you lately?" they immediately point out their new house, new car, new boat, blah, blah, blah. Guess what? These aren't "accomplishments". They are just consequences of simply living life. Tony Robbins awards people who lose weight and earn a million dollars. That's his own clumsy mistake. Robbins is rewarding people for simply living life in a way that makes them happy. It demonstrates how sick this world is. For this, I find Robbins to be no more authentic than a psychic healer on a cheap prime time television show.

This error brings out the real personality of someone who sees other people living well, who expects to do the same if they adopt a similar dogma. It is a mistake to think that without having any real power, one can grasp an esoteric credo or philosophy, and their lives will immediately improve. The fact is that any truly powerful dogma is justified only in its correct interpretation of what it means to live life. There is no "source", such as a bible , that one must use to keep in check. The source is the self, which is fortunately or unfortunately something we are all stuck with.

I wouldn't disagree with anyone who claimed that a "self-help philosophy" has in some way or another been a beneficial supplement to their lives, and has consequently empowered them. However, for those who see the power in self-help books as something to acquire, or acquire "more" of, there becomes an itch that often does not go away. This "itch" is the one that a person who is constantly seeking power usually exhibits. It is the pretentious desire to climb the social ladder and to always assume the predatory role; as if just relaxing and doing your thing is too much of a struggle.

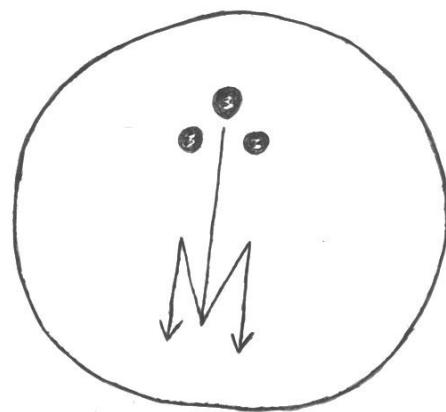
A shark is one of the sea creatures commonly associated with predatory behavior. Although tons of information has been released to illustrate contrary facts about these ancient animals, it seems that many people are still confused about them. For instance, many sharks are constantly in motion, merely for the fact that they cannot breathe without moving. Their constant movement is not solely for the purpose of seeking food. They move because that is the necessary function for survival. An analogy can be made of the human that is constantly pursuing various projects and leisure because this is what leads to his or her own personal happiness. At the same time, it could be said that such a person is only acting upon their own ego, in order to show how "powerful" they can be. The two concepts have an enormous line between them, though appearing very similar. One is natural, the other is simply moronic.

Thus, a real predator is hardly high pressure society's chump. He is hardly the desperate pursuant of material accomplishment with a quest to feed his ego. The real predator already has an ego. Thus, the actions of the ego are merely consequence. I personally couldn't care whether anyone considers me successful or not. I'm doing what I want to do with my life. A person with a healthy ego can be courteous and adaptable, since he is secure in his actions and knows that no amount of oppositional strain can harm him; and if it does, he probably deserves it! Yet still, those who seek power without having power will condemn themselves to frustration and aggravation whenever having to face the slightest inconvenience. It is most discouraging to see misanthropy stem from a hatred towards everyone who refuses to reward lack of competence. Perhaps instead of overwhelming the "enemy", they could just do something worthy of recognition.



Appendix

Chthonian MANIFESTING
TEMPLE of BLOOD



For B.L.Karmael Velton: Analysis of runic symbolizing in L.M. TGB fig. 1

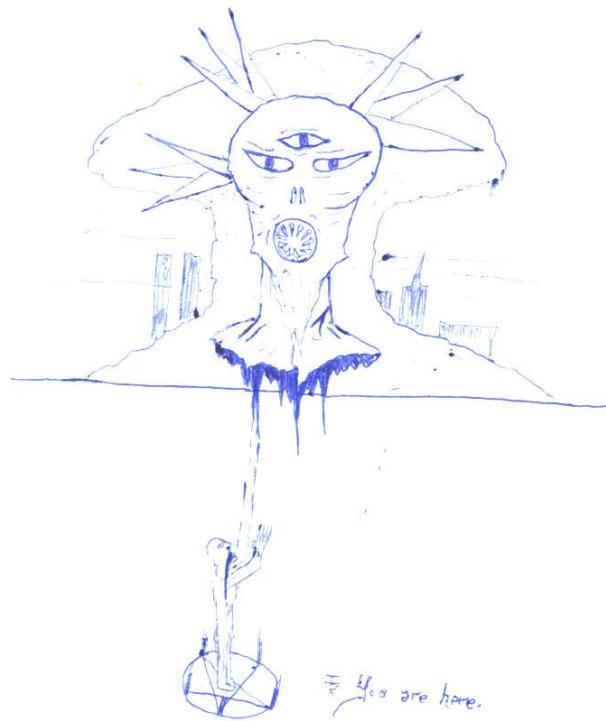
↓↓↓ - three inverted 'tau' rungs (rightside up is 'T') signifying lawlessness - destruction and anti-justice. Blasphemous to Tyr - the old god of justing law and order.

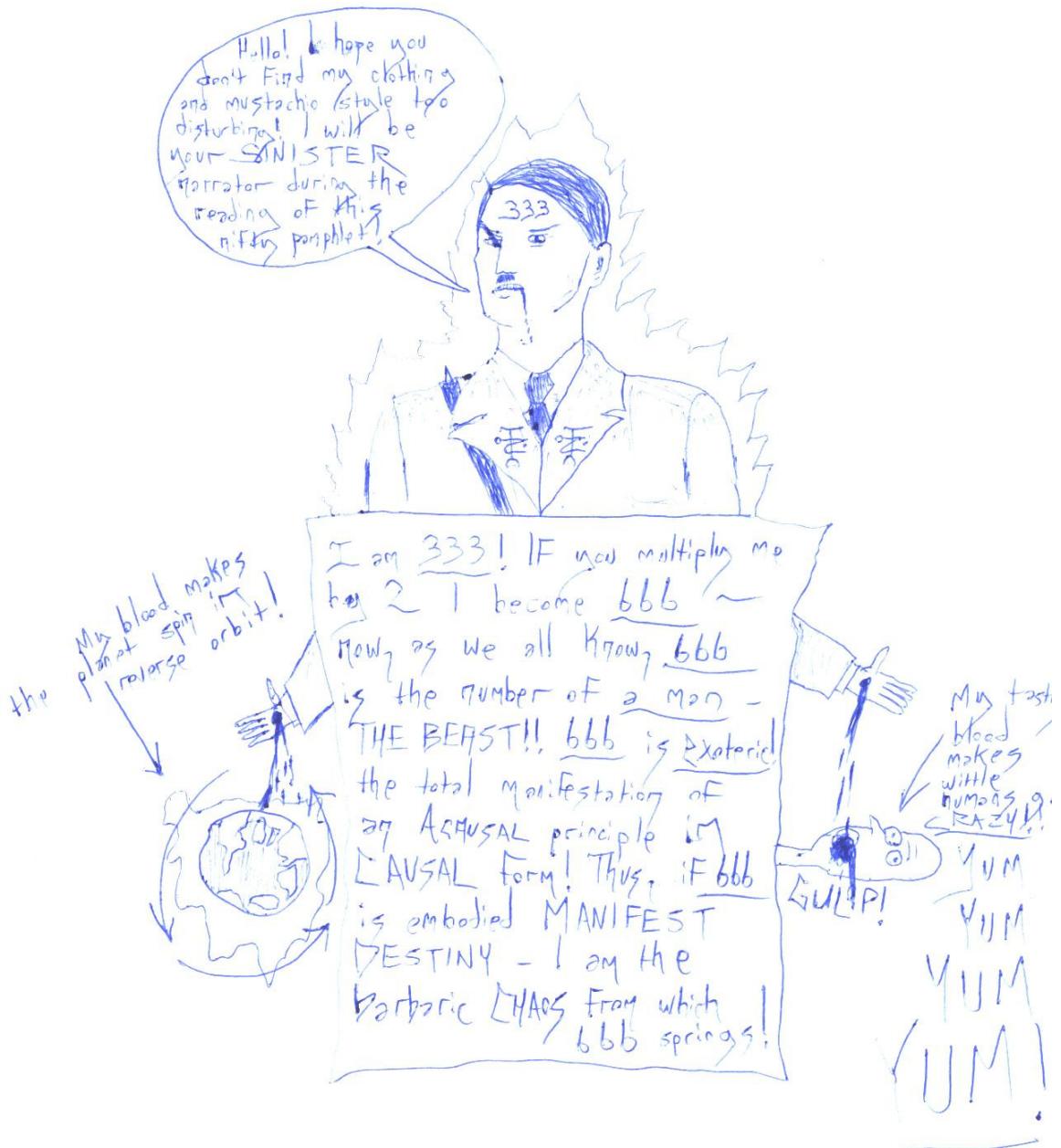
||| - three 'Isa' rungs - the 'ice' rune which represents NIFLHEIMR - the land of darkness, cold, mist and fog. 'Monomanical' singular-focussed Will.

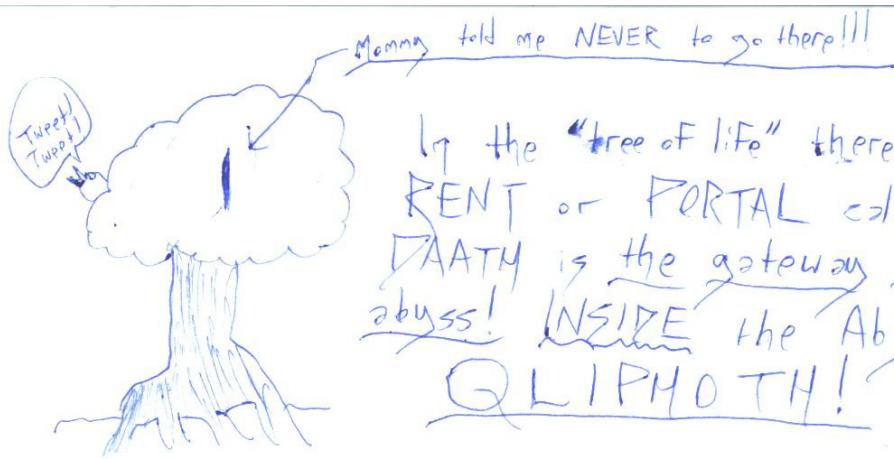
||||| - six inverted 'hagaz' rungs (rightside up is 'N') - the power/element of water. Reversed signifying the chaotic, evil aspects of water. Organic growth gone askew - the creation of abominations.

CHRONOZON:

↙ An illustrated guide for the curious ↘



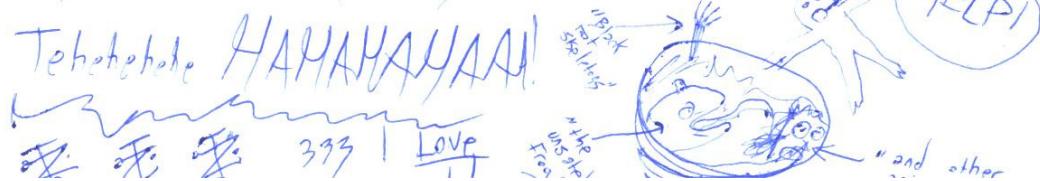




In the "tree of life" there is a RENT or PORTAL called "DAATH". DAATH is the gateway to the abyss! INSIDE the Abyss is QLIPHOOTH! ⚡ oh No!!

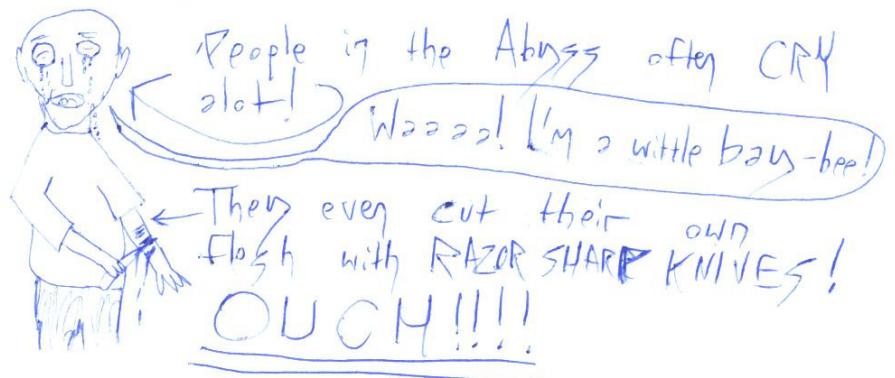
Now inside the ABYSS things don't make much rational sense! Why, people who are in the abyss sometimes do things like masturbate while watching videos of bloated, rotten cadavers being clinically dissected... they sometimes do this FOR HOURS... watching the same disgusting corpse being mutilated OVER AND OVER AGAIN! (sometimes climaxing 8, 9, 10 times in less than three hours!) Why, really little neonates, the Abyss is REALLY HIDEOUS!

I don't think ANYONE would ever want to fall into the ABYSS! Hahaha... but silly-billy Magicknights try to go there on purpose! And MANY MANY MANY innocent civilians often just fall in by accident!!



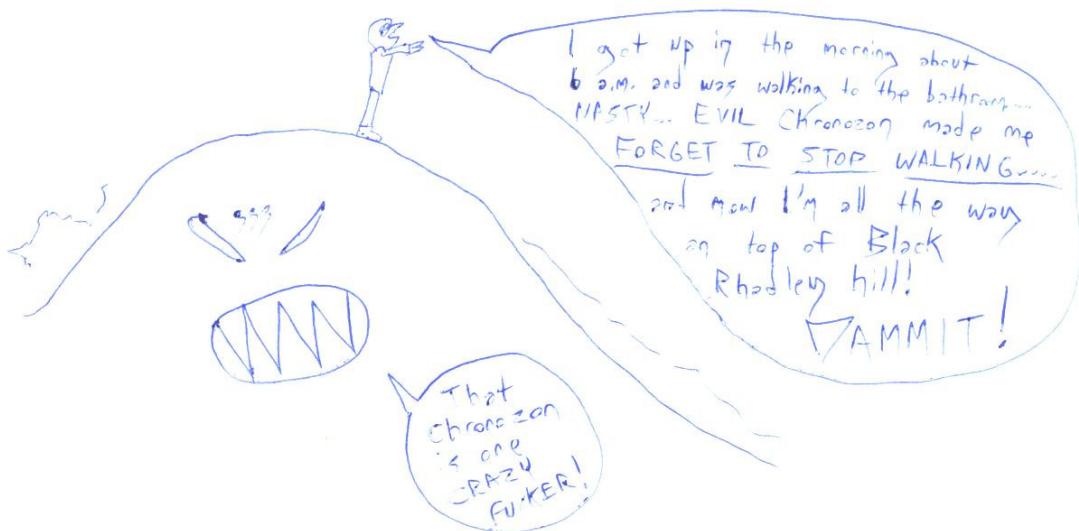
hard to
believe,
but it
is true.

Ahhh... SPLENDID! My sinister machinations
at WORK! Hahaha...



~~~~~

People in the abyss, hahaha, sometimes  
Forgot to stop whatever activity  
it is that they may be doing!  
ie:



P.S. Let's hope a stupid - pathetic -  
genetically inferior itsy-bitsy-teeny-wimpy  
shit-stained primate HUMAN PSYCHIATRIST doesn't  
get hold of this! An animal like THAT might  
find this page a wee bit disturbing!

If I can do get a hold of this LOVELY  
LETTER... dat's OKEY-DOKEY! Because  
Mr. Czar has implanted this letter with

ANTI  
HUMAN  
PROMPTS

that will  
act as  
destructive  
time release  
parasites!

to DRAIN

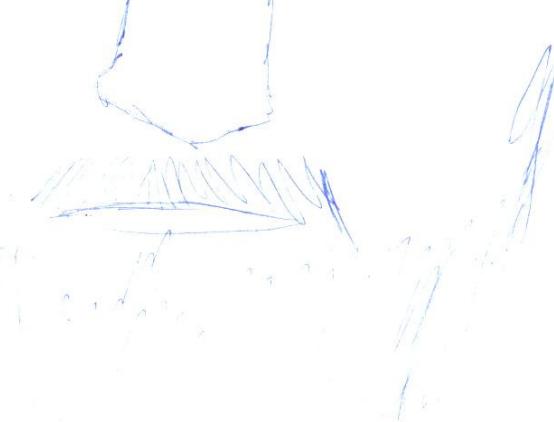
them of blood  
essence and put

it right back

where it belongs...

In the mouth of a

HUNGRY VAMPIRE!



CZAR AZAG-KALA  
SELF-PORTRAIT JULY 22nd 1997



← this meal is  
DEEE-LICIOUS!

So... can you understand by now  
that the Abyss is a nasty  
place to be? Hehehe... I laugh about  
it because I know it's really no laughing  
matter! RAATH is the gate which leads to  
the Abyss... once in the Abyss you  
have to deal with the QLIPHOETH...  
QLIPHOETH is psychic vomit -  
all the bad shit stored in one place  
where it FESTERS and FERMENTS  
and becomes even worse...

Now... for the

BIG

ANNOUNCEMENT!



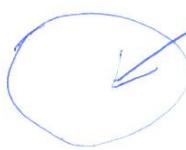
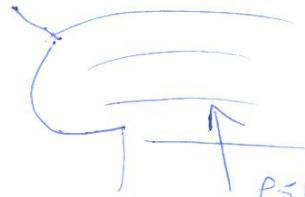
# CHRONOZON

is

The Abyss  
personified!  
Yes, it's (really)  
the Abyss embodied  
in a fangible  
ARCHETYPE!

And wut duz he do?

He is like the CARETAKER of the Abyss...  
He goes around preserving the DARK  
in REALLY DISTURBING WAYS and  
PUKES on everything and everyone!



sh't hole  
earth  
planet

psychic vomit ~~is worse~~  
than the nastiest biological weapon!

Well... hahaha...  
has that helped?

I KNEW IT WAS!

The only good literary fiction  
example of CHRONOZON can be  
found in the book "IT" by  
Stephen King... I could say  
more but I will leave that  
to Norduk who will write you  
tomorrow with 2 more skeletons.  
Some explanation... Dear Azog-Koba received  
all the MSS, and the letter from Mrs. Veltonas  
(yes! yes! BLOOD for the TeB!) and will  
write VERY SOON! Don't do my thing  
Chronozon wouldn't do!

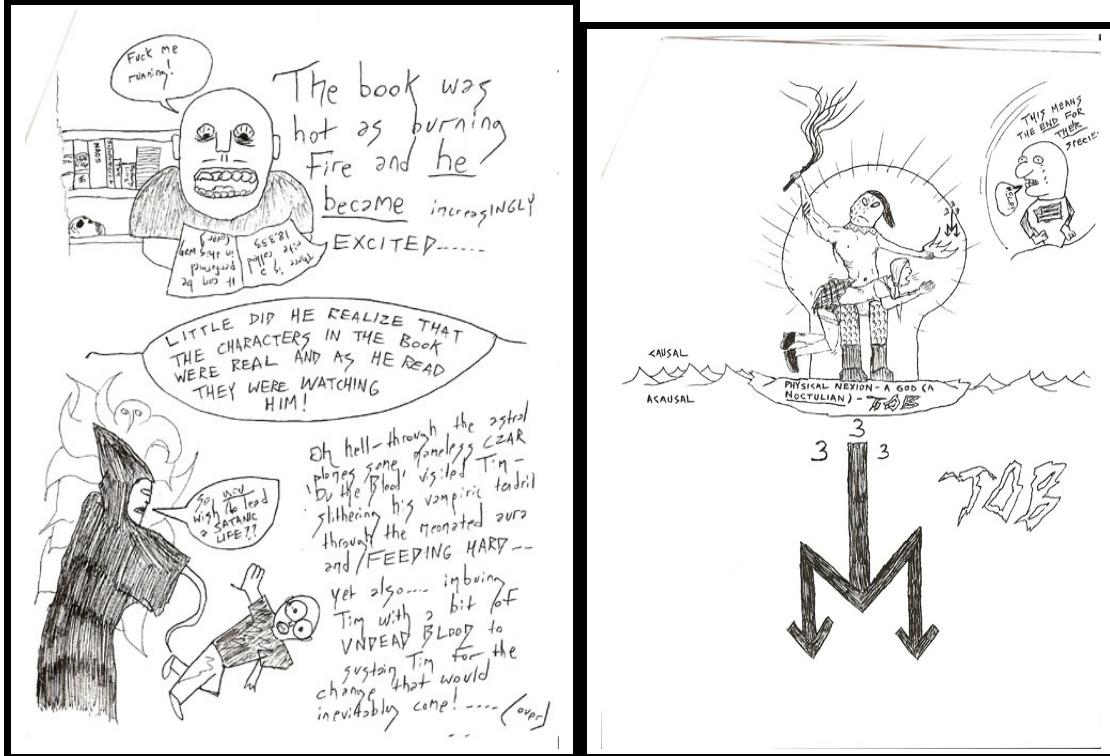
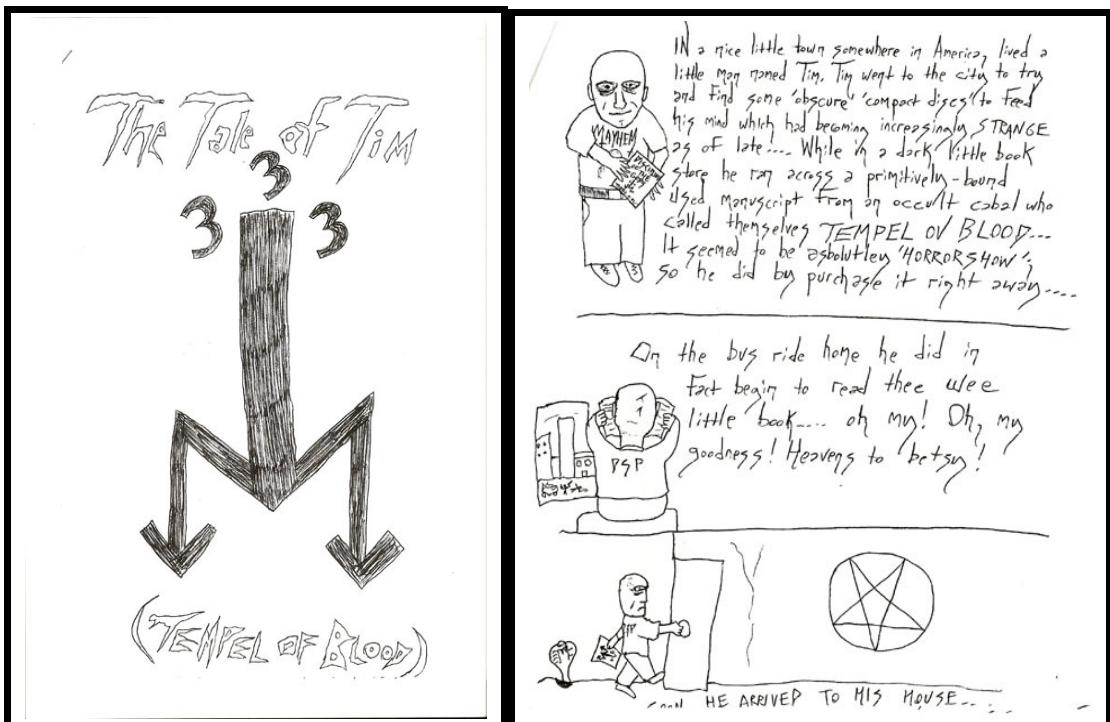
R.S. Chonozon and those he  
possesses are literally

Walking Machines who  
presence the dark - they  
are Biological abominations -

The worse anti-magian  
Weapons of mass induced  
hysteria, Insanity - i.e. we take  
the earth and marinate it in  
Psychic vomit.

(Good  
evening, ...)

# THE TALE OF TIM

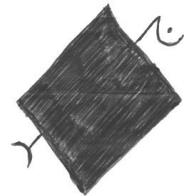
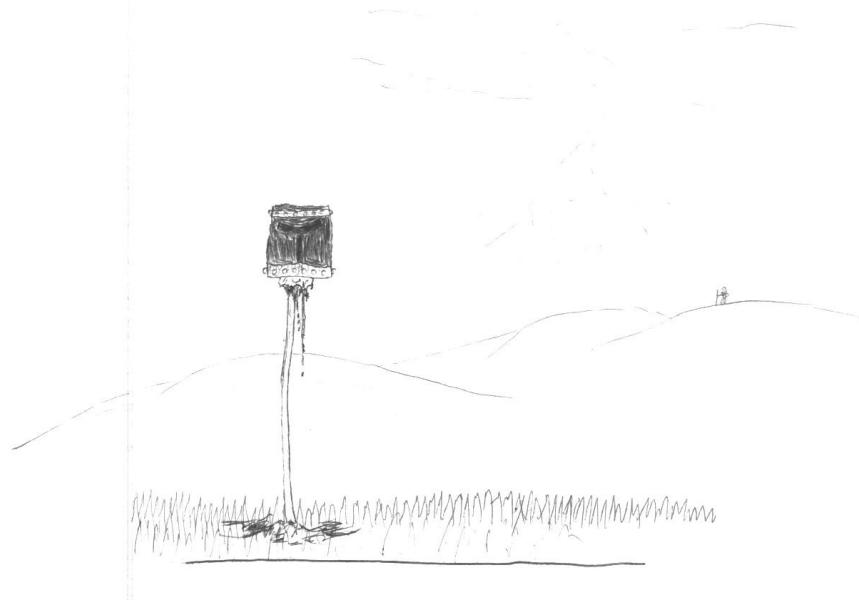


through the blood that came to him and experience  
knowledge too - the way name Tim did burst his  
shell and achieve an Aionic view - his days as a neonate  
would always be with him, a fond memory for his  
mind - but, compared to most American 'satanists' he was a  
very different kind. Not only on the astral plane  
but on the causal too, Tim prevailed to destroy and  
create and presence something new. Although Tim  
was the same as ~~any~~ one of us at his  
time of birth, over decades his existence was  
as if SATAN walked the earth!



# BINAN ATH

---



Spilled blood of shock troop Feeds the earth  
terra splits open to gorge on gore  
Firmament splits to unleash energies of the New Aeon  
A thick heated darkness descends rapidly  
open spaces yet hermetically sealed  
External Adept roams the outer hills