

# **Sinister Pathway Triangle Order**

**(Order of Nine Angles Philosophy)**



## **“Nythra Kthunae Atazoth”**

**Magister Hagur and ONA Compilations**



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## Nythra – Khtunae - Atazoth

### Foreword by Magister Hagur

Each Sphere or Planet of the Cosmic Tree of Wyrð, Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, manifests a triple energy called Dark Gods. Nythra, Kthunae and Atazoth, are the ruling Gods of the Deep, they are sinister and evil. Through rituals and pathworkings they are in contact with us to destroy and restore.

In the frame of Traditional Satanism, what does it mean: “destroying and restoring”. The “Sinister” works in the abolishment of old, erroneous thinking as presented by religions, in the West: Christianity. This is the Satanic work of repulsion and elevation (destroy and restore). The repulsiveness comes from seven directions and forces, from the twenty-one Dark Gods, to us to do the work assigned at last for the welfare of humanity. This means “sacrifice”, “action”, and “magnetism”.

The secret of magnetism lies in the Dark Gods, calling them forth in pathworkings and rituals through our Sinister Chants, such as “Nythra Kthunae Atazoth”. The mystery of our sinister life is concealed here. When the Satanists vibrate towards the Dark Gods, they in turn vibrate to us, in even a greater measure, and finally merging into one “Flame”, burning up the whole, old erroneous ideas.

The Dark Gods are connected with each other, but through the paths of hatred. They hate erroneous conceptions of life, killing erroneous belief about the life of the individual, until true, healthy living is restored. With us, the Dark Gods (Energies) stand and sinisterly serve. The hall of ignorance must disappear, and give way to the hall of wisdom (intelligence).

Darkness reigns, and the turmoil waters are eventually silenced. When all Satanists are blended into one full chord, the work of the Dark Gods is achieved.

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## **Introduction**

# **The Dark Forces**

## **ONA yf87**

For too long our enemies have lied about us. But, as the cosmic tides begin another Aeon change as the Age of the Dark Gods begins, we proclaim openly our defiance and our creed.

No longer shall the lies go unchallenged. Accordingly, we - as representatives of those dark forces which have always shaped our evolution proclaim the following about our sinister Way and its living:-

- 1) The Dark Gods are means to self-fulfillment, self-understanding and self-divinity.
- 2) We believe that only through journeying through the darkness within and without, in passing the Abyss, can true self- understanding be attained.
- 3) Our rites, ceremonies and magick are life-affirming and show us and bring us the ecstasy of existence, the laughter of life and the self-overcoming of the true Adept.
- 4) We are feared because we understand and because we rejoice in living - in its pleasures but most importantly in its possibilities. We extend the frontiers of evolution while others sleep and cry.

5) All that enervates we despise: we have nothing to do with the cowardly and weak who are trapped by their own failings and who scurry about in the filth that covers those who do dis-honourable deeds.

We revere honour because honour means self-excellence and a recognition of the cosmic balance that is an Adept.

6) When we hate we hate openly and with pride and when we love we love with a passion to match our arrogance: always mindful never to love anyone or anything so much that we cannot see it die, since death is a natural changing of forces.

7) We would rather die than submit to anyone or anything and this pride is the pride of Satan, that symbol of our defiance and a sign of our life-enhancing energy.

8) We prepare - through our magick, our deeds and our living - for the Age of Fire (the Aeon of the Dark Gods) which is to come, when we shall reach out toward the stars and the new challenges they will bring.

9) Our Way is difficult and dangerous and is for the few who can truly dare to defy the matrix of forms (like `crosstianity') that stifle the potentiality of our being.

It has been said (by Nietzsche):

"The more mediocre, the weaker, the more submissive and cowardly a man is, the more he will posit as evil: it is with him that the realm of evil is most comprehensive. The basest (most dishonourable) man will see the realm of evil that is, of that which is forbidden and hostile to him - everywhere."

"The most powerful man, the creator, would have to be the most evil, in as much as he carries his ideal against the ideals of other men and remakes them in his own image..."

- Order of Nine Angles -

## **The Dark Gods**

[Introduction from the '**Grimoire of the Dark Gods**'] (ONA)

The Dark Gods exist in the acausal realm and this realm is joined to our causal, physical universe in two ways – first, through Star Gates which are regions of

space–time where the two universes intersect, and second, in the medium of our minds since certain levels of consciousness in their very nature are 'gates'. Archetypes are to our causal perception simply ordered elements of some of the energy present in various forms in the acausal universe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## The Dark Gods [2]

"They lurk at the threshold of existence preening their wings and eyes and sound which they send forth to all who have ears to hear and minds to know. And they wait and reside in the space between worlds, the space that is the corner of the meeting of dimensions. They are the destroyers... the bornless forever who wait for our call. Soon they will come to collect that blood which is required by Them. To understand Them is to pass that Abyss beyond which the man ceases to be."

### The Message of the One of Thoth

Much has been uttered - 'in shrivelled hallways untidy with the Blackest Inventions' - concerning the entities/ energies known as the Dark Gods. Hitherto, all information regarding 'They who will have Blood' has consisted of misrepresentations and absolute rubbish. q.v. the works of *H.P. Lovecraft*, who intuitively grasped vague hints of the genuine Dark Tradition, whilst presenting it within the context of the 'opposites' (as with 'The Necronomicon' in its many hoax forms).

Those who wish to know the Dark Gods are required to pass the Abyss - the experience of going beyond 'opposites' - to understand what these energies are in essence (i.e. they just ARE) and to remain sane and in one piece.

From an uninitiated viewpoint, the Dark Gods are indeed the most hideous and terrifying manifestations of the acausal on this causal plane. Due to the Nazarene tyranny establishing evolutionary regression, very few can comprehend even the most remote hint of Chaos (or The Dark Gods) in its primal state, i.e. they do not perceive the essence hidden by appearance; they are bound by 'moral projections'. ('He is the damned, the baser for a moral corrupt'.)

While the Dark Gods may be perceived as 'convenient abstractions' or Archetypal Energy, they may also be regarded as having an actual existence

(and it is up to the individual to decide which of these, or neither, is the correct for him/ herself). The Dark Tradition, continued by small numbers of Adepts since the Hyperborean Aeon to the present day, contains many tales of the origins of the Dark Gods. Whether one chooses to see these as myth or mythos, is, at the end of the day, a matter of personal taste according to which viewpoint is the most magickally useful.

Previously, weakening a Star Gate (or nexion, a physical link between the causal and acausal) and bringing the Dark Gods has involved hideous rites of sacrifice and suffering, and in terms of results, vile uncertainty principles. Refined magickal techniques (such as the Rite of Nine Angles) have replaced many of these bloody shamblings (the Blood remains, mostly in menstrual form) and the Return of the Dark Gods is now an easier proposition, both in terms of what can be done ceremonially, hermetically and how mass consciousness can be effected by Aeonic techniques.

However, certain cases involving those who, unprepared and otherwise, have attempted to bring the Dark Gods, have resulted in madness and/ or death. Such events are always followed by the shedding of blood on a larger scale - the Darkest of negations must have sustenance. And is bloodshed necessary anymore?

Returning the Dark Gods will fulfill the destiny (in its dying form) of this Aeon - the Western, still about 350 years left to run- by establishing the next Aeon, which has no word since it is Chaos itself. This Aeonic progression has been a gradual opening of various acausal - or magickal - centres on this terrestrial plane.

It is important to remember that there never was a 'golden age' way back when from which the human race toppled and has been trying to grovel back to ever since, armed with hints of 'lost knowledge' constituting the various 'mysteries' (not in the Greek sense of the word) we have today. In one sphere of evolution, we have reached an intuitive stage - the culmination so far of the Aeonic progression - where we can decide our own destiny. For this reason, it is generally agreed that the terrestrial centres are now exhausted - the new Aeon may very well be 'Galactic' in form (either symbolically, i.e. representing the forward looking nature of civilisation, or literally, the consequence of the same).

Establishing a forward looking civilisation reveals the nature and purpose of Satanism. Those (for example) qabalistic magicians who think they are contributing towards this progression should think again.

The Return of the Dark Gods will bring torment, gnashing Darkness and Death to some, and bounty to others. As stated, we have reached a point in

consciousness to recognise that the world is up for grabs. The strong will survive and the weak will perish - an obvious statement, though difficult for those bound by Nazarene morality to accept.

To invert the established is only a starting point, a means to an end. For most, that stage beyond may be realised in time. But for now, it is enough just to start.

As Derek Farr, bastion of the *film noir*, so eloquently said in his early film 'Lethargy':

"It seems there is no finer point than that which is lodged with the cranial index of a dying priest."

Christos Beest - Order of the Nine Angles

# Nythra

## A Sinister Concerto In Three Brief Movements

by  
**Anton Long**  
**114yf**

### 1

Lars smiled. The bullet had done its work, and his victim - his third offer in as many months - toppled over backwards by the force of the impact, lay on the dark green late Spring grass, eyes open, limbs akimbo, and quite dead.

His vantage point had been the old Quince tree on one side of the ornamental lawn of the large Edwardian house, and he was soon back, past the wrought iron railings, on the pavement and walking under the bright May sunshine toward where he had parked his motorcycle, the wide ring road a few streets away making his escape from the town quite easy. Less than three hours later he was back in his own city, in his own modern, small, if expensive, Apartment overlooking the river. The smallness, the uncluttered clean newness, the view of the river, all pleased him, and, opening a bottle of Chablis, he raised his glass and gave his customary toast: "To presencing the Dark."

For Lars - not quite twenty-three years of age, of medium if muscular build and with a mane of not quite curly almost long chestnut-coloured hair - was entering the second year of his dark, sinister, quest.

Months ago he had shed the once obligatory black clothes for stylish wear obtained through his new hobby of credit card cloning, just as he had exchanged the room he shared in a rented house with friends for his pleasing Apartment, and just as he had given up his dreary city office job. It was meant to be new start, after his successful completion of the Rite of External Adept, and it was. Even his own sinister group had begun to flourish, and tonight, his dark gods willing, there would be a new woman for him to sexually initiate.

The small bookshelf near his plasma screen contained a large quartz crystal and only a few books, all of which dealt with his dark quest, and he sat in his comfortable chair - set to give the best view of the river - to read from his favourite book.

"It is of fundamental importance - to evolution both individual and otherwise - that what is Dark, Sinister or Satanic is made real in a practical way, over and over again. That is, that what is dangerous, awesome, numinous, tragic, deadly, terrible, terrifying and beyond the power of ordinary mortals, laws or governments to control is made manifest. In effect, non-Initiates (and even Initiates) need constantly reminding that such things still exist; they need constantly to be brought "face-to-face", and touched, with what is, or appears to be, inexplicable, uncontrollable, powerful and "evil". They need reminding of their own mortality - of the unforeseen, inexplicable "powers of Fate", of the powerful force of "Nature".

If this means killing, wars, suffering, sacrifice, terror, disease, tragedy and disruption, then such things must be - for it is one of the duties of a Satanic Initiate to so presence the dark, and prepare the way for, or initiate, the change and evolution which always result from such things. Such things as these must be, and always will be, because the majority of people are or will remain, inert and sub-human unless changed. The majority is - and always will be until it evolves to become something else - raw material to be used, moulded, cut-away and shaped to create what must be. There is no such thing as an innocent person because everyone who exists is part of the whole, the change, the evolution, the presencing of life itself, which is beyond them, and their life only has meaning through the change, development and evolution of life. Their importance is what they can become, or what can be achieved through their death, their tragedy, their living - their importance does not lie in their individual happiness or their individual desires or whatever."

Slowly, as Lars read, drank his wine, listened to his favourite modern music, twilight descended as it does in England, bringing a strange aethereal beauty to the river and the mutely lit buildings on the opposite bank, and he lay down his book to begin to plan his next deed. For there grew in him even then a desire for something beyond the clean almost emotionless efficiency of his killings, and he

stood, outside, on his small balcony, glass of wine in hand, wondering what he might do.

His assignation with his sinister group was still some hours away and he spent one of those hours walking along by the river in the warmth of the early evening, half hoping that someone, or some gang, would attack him, for he had yet to try out the swordstick umbrella he carried. But all the people he passed seemed happy or absorbed in their own affairs, and he returned to the large, new, building that housed his own Apartment still considering what his new plan of action might be. Maybe it was this which made him err. Or maybe it was something else.

There was music in the room of a type he had not heard before, and he was scrutinizing the pile of CD's which lay beside the player when a female voice surprised him.

"It's Schubert's Piano Trio in E-flat."

She did not seem concerned to find a man in her Apartment, and stood, by the door to her bedroom, slightly smiling, her long auburn hair trailing over her shoulders, her nipples straining against the thin fabric of her revealing purple dress.

In control again, Lars said, "Beautiful."

"Yes, what a tragedy he died so young."

He was referring to both the music and the woman. "I believe I'm in the wrong Apartment." He guessed her age to be early thirties, and it was his turn to smile.

"Surreal."

"What?"

"This."

"I must be on the wrong floor."

"You are. You're right at the top, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Better view?" She gestured toward her window and balcony.

"A little. Would you like to see?"

"Yes."

She was on his balcony, intently gazing across the river, and he stood so close to her their shoulders were touching. His dark quest had given him a confidence with women that his previous years lacked, and he allowed his hand to briefly touch hers as he turned and said: "Would you like some wine?"

"Yes," she smiled and followed him back inside.

He noticed her interest in his small pieces of electronic equipment, resting on the glass table he used as a desk. But she surprised him again by knowing what they were. "Cloning. Interesting," she said as she took the glass of wine he offered.

"It's just a hobby," he said and tried to hide his smile behind his glass as he drank.

"And one which can be quite useful. To interesting hobbies!" She raised her glass.

"To interesting hobbies!"

"You have a contact, I presume, who supplies some useful and necessary details."

For a few moments he looked at her suspiciously. Jared, one of the members of his sinister group, had indeed proved quite useful, employed as he was in an hotel. "Well..." he began to say in reply, trying to make some reasonable answer or excuse.

"Don't worry!" And she came toward him and touched his arm. "I've been looking for someone like you."

For a second he found her confidence, her attitude, her interest perplexing, but it was only a second. She was waiting, and he knew she was and he did not disappoint, taking the glass from her hand and placing both his and hers on the glass table. She did not resist his embrace: instead, she welcomed it, pressing her body into his and embracing him with a strength which surprised him. Then they were kissing, tongue to tongue, and removing each other's clothes.

Soon, they were on the floor, her dress pushed up around her shoulders, his shirt undone, his trousers and underwear removed. She was naked under her dress,

and their sexual passion was intense. And when they were satiated, they sat, stretched out on the floor leaning against his sofa, drinking wine.

"You must have some interesting friends," she said.

"Not as interesting as you," he quipped, then winced at his use of a cliché. But before he could make some clever riposte in compensation, she spoke.

"You enjoy it, then?" she asked, "the game?" And she gestured toward his electronic equipment.

Her perspicacity amazed him and as he looked into her azure-coloured eyes he felt a brief contraction in his stomach as if she had reached out to him on another, darker, level. "Yes! Care to join the game?" He said the words quite without thought, instinctively, his face flushed with excitement.

"I would love too!" she replied, and kissed him. "When can we start?"

"Now?"

"Excellent! Anything in particular in mind?"

"Well, there is this meeting, tonight."

The Temple of his sinister group was a large converted room of a large house in Lars' chosen city, and it followed the precepts laid down in the *Black Book of Satan* as did the ritual of Initiation. Unusually, Lars did not participate, but sat with Arleen, his new lover, on cushions to one side of the altar, and as the ritual progressed Lars knew Arleen was unimpressed. So was Lars, despite the dramatic rendering of the ritual, and for the first time it occurred to him that such theatrical games had served their purpose and belonged to his past. He must quest forth into new realms, new sinister experiences.

It was many hours past midnight and Lars and Arleen left to stand for a while, in the garden of the house, in the still warm air of the night.

"You found it boring, then?" Lars asked.

"Yes."

"It lacked that vivifying ecstasy - that excitement, that danger - we need and crave."

"Most certainly."

"It's still early."

"My thoughts exactly!"

She stood smiling at him, and her presence, her eyes, the memory of their passionate, sexual, encounter earlier that evening, affected him in a reckless way. "I've got an idea," he said, satanically.

"This one," she said with an air of knowledge.

She had broken into, and started, the car parked in some nameless city street, in only a few minutes. "A youth, well-spent," she smiled as he looked at her quizzically.

Their target was several miles away in the sodium-lit darkness - an all-night garage on the edge of the city - where they, both dressed all in black, stopped, away from prying surveillance cameras, to assume their disguise of demon masks which Lars had borrowed from one of the members of his sinister group. There were no other customers, a tribute perhaps to the lateness of the hour, and Lars brandished his revolver while the thin, gaunt, and male keeper of the till with the face and clothes of a student, went even more pale. Lithe, Arleen vaulted over the counter, pushed him aside and took what cash there was. Less than a minute later, their first deed was done.

The money was irrelevant. It was the sheer excitement that roused them, that captivated, exhilarated, and after they had abandoned the stolen vehicle they sat in her powerful, sleek, car, laughing. Then they kissed, passionately, before she speedily, recklessly, sped them back to his Apartment and a night of physical passion.

## 2

It was only the beginning. For some reason Lars did not understand, but did not then bother about, he and Arleen not only inspired each other in a sinister way, but also complimented each other. He knew little about her beyond the few unimportant things she said about her past and present circumstances, but the truth was he was not that interested. What mattered for him was that he found her company vivifying. He felt stronger, more confident, more Satanic, as he knew she did. Quite without expecting to, or even wanting to, it seemed to him that he had found his perfect sinister partner, and he felt that with her he might Presence the Dark in exhilarating practical ways, bringing dark magick to the Earth in a manner far beyond the mundane rituals, and cullings, he had previously used.

They spent the morning of that cloudy, rainful day, in his Apartment planning their next deed. Once, after they broken bread and drank wine, she browsed through his small collection of Satanic literature, all of which emanated from the *Order of Nine Angles* and all of which did not seem to interest her.

Taking down one of the books, he read for her his favourite quotation, and, after he had finished, she smiled and said: "That certainly expresses the essence. We two are more than mortal, for we are ready by our combined will and life-force and through our deeds to forge the next link in our evolution to inspire those who will admire us."

It did not seem a pompous thing for her to say given the circumstances, for Lars knew then with perfect clarity that she understood and it seemed to him for one indefinite, although brief, moment that she was darkness come alive.

"We might even become infamous," she added as a coda to his thoughts.

Now that, thought Lars, would be good. With this, his conversion was complete, and he showed her, locked away in aluminium cases and hidden behind a false back to his wardrobe, his small collection of guns, collected and bought from his sinister friends and contacts over the past two years. She said nothing, but the way she touched them pleased him.

Their planning completed, they left in her car to purchase the few items, and extra clothing, they needed, returning only to change into their new black outfits and affect a minimalist, but reasonably effective, disguise. They kissed passionately before setting forth into the typical rain of typical English middle afternoon.

An hour, and one stolen car later, they arrived at their destination: a Building Society in a fairly prosperous suburb. Three customers of indeterminate personality, and several staff, were inside. From his bag, Lars produced a shotgun, firing into the ceiling. One stocky middle-aged man, in a checked shirt and jeans, rushed toward Lars as a hero might, and Arleen drew the pistol Lars had given her, and shot the man dead.

"Money!" Arleen demanded to the terrified woman clerk nearest her, who duly if nervously obeyed, stuffing the small bag Arleen held out with a collection of banknotes.

Then they were gone, amid the sound of an alarm and a delayed, female, scream.

That night in Lars' Apartment - after a celebratory meal in an expensive restaurant paid for by Lars' hobby, and the customary toast to Presencing the

Dark - their sexual passion and excitement attained new levels, binding them even closer together.

The morning sun found them tired, but joyous, and they lay together a long time in bed, drinking wine, touching, and talking of deeds they might - and should - do. Once, Lars left to return with one of his books, from which he read, and once they wandered to his sitting area to watch the news on his plasma screen. Their deed was there, if only briefly reported, and both smiled when they heard their deed described: "...callous...cold-blooded..."

"Those people, at that ritual, would they dare to do what we have done?" she asked.

"Probably not."

"Then they are still in chains; held back by their own feebleness, their inertia."

"Probably."

"So, it's only a pose for them, is it?"

"Probably."

That day of dark joy, killing, exuberance and passion became the archetype for the next part of their life together. Their next plan took them away, to another city, and although their *modus operandi* was almost the same, the dark intensity of their deeds increased.

This time, there was a long queue of non-descript people waiting patiently in the non-descript area marked out for such waiting, with the three non-descript serving staff of the chosen Bank seemingly secure behind their screens. The vestibule was large, if poorly lit by high modern lamps, and a non-descript kind of tribute to the time when the Victorian Bank building itself was a symbol for its times. Arleen and Lars, in their now customary black clothes and minimalist disguise - a wig, Egyptian style make-up for her; a flat tweed cap and a moustache for him - energetically entered the building, their guns ready. Arleen shot the last person in the queue - an elderly man - and gestured for the remainder to lie on the floor, which, obedient to her gun, they did as the body of the man lay bleeding and dying near her feet.

The cashiers swiftly handed over money, and it was all over in a minute with Arleen and Lars calmly walking out of the building into the street where oblivious people, and traffic, passed. Over the road, and two side-streets later,

they were back in their stolen car as, in the distance, a Police siren wailed above the city vehicle noise, lyingly proclaiming a kind of mastery of the streets.

Three days later, Lars and Arleen ventured forth again, to a city even more distant. The drab, dreary building was almost the same, and it seemed to Lars that he already existed on some higher level, taut, waiting, like some dark predator, ready to lunge, to kill. There was no queue, this time, on that dreary rainfule morning in that dreary city of copycat shops and traffic - only one customer with a face like an artists' blank canvas, leaning against the counter while a young woman Bank clerk talked trivia to him, half-smiling. Lars pointed his gun, but it was Arleen who shot him, once while he stood, and twice after he had fallen to the floor. A young man pushed opened the glass door as she did so, and he stood there, unmoving, his hand, knuckles-white, still holding the handle of the door. Arleen turned, raised her gun, pouted a kiss at him, and the young man fled with memories, a face, to haunt his dreams for years to come. Then she was smiling, waiving at the surveillance camera while Lars collected money.

Once outside, several people stood watching them - uncertain what was going on or what they should do - but Lars and Arleen walked calmly away not even bothering, this time, to hide their guns. They had not gone far along the street with its passing traffic when a Police car skidded to a halt.

"Armed Police!" a Police Officer shouted as he swiftly in a trained and masterly fashion exited the car, brandished his gun while using the open car door as a shield. "Put down your weapons!"

Lars turned and in an even more masterly fashion shot the man in the centre of his forehead. Around them, people ran, cowered, sheltered behind anything they could, astonished, afraid, amazed. The other Police Officer, about to aim, was forced to move away from his position beside the bonnet of the car as Arleen fired three times in his direction before brazenly walking around the back of the vehicle toward him as he crouched on the pavement that stood in front of a row of drab High-Street style retail shops. It might have been a scene from some film - except the dead body of the Policeman, the terror, the astonishment, of the people, were real. For a brief moment the Police Officer and Arleen looked at each other, weapons raised, and it was this look that doomed him. He could have fired at his closing target. Instead, he stayed crouching, looking into her eyes, looking at her smiling face, until the first of her two bullets impacted - one in his head, the other in his chest - when he tumbled awkwardly backwards yet sideways before the stillness of death overcame him. The rain had stopped as she had walked toward him, and a small swathe of bright, warm, sunlight came to relieve the scene of its repetitive city-drab greyness.

Lars gestured toward Arleen, who understood immediately and she fastly, recklessly, drove them away from the scene in the Police car which, a few minutes later, they had abandoned in favour of another hijacked vehicle.

Hours later, back in their lair, the television news had pleased them - "...cold-blooded.....ruthless..." but Lars sensed Arleen was restless as they sat on his sofa, having toasted their latest triumph.

"If what you say - or rather, what those books of yours say - is true," Arleen said, after Lars had read another extract from his book, *Grimoire of the Dark Gods*, "why don't we just bring these entities who can cause chaos, disruption, back to Earth? Wouldn't *that* be fun! Watch all the morons scurry about in their terror."

Lars smiled, and continued to read aloud. "I quote: *The Dark Gods are means to self-fulfillment, self-understanding and self-divinity.....According to Sinister tradition, it is possible to "open a nexion to the Dark Gods" by certain sinister rites. Some of these rites involve such things as esoteric chant (for which see Naos) combined with a large, clear, pure quartz tetrahedron, while others involve ceremonies of blasphemy, excess and human sacrifice.*" He paused to look at her. "We would need a sacrifice, or two."

"Or three!" she laughed. "We should really change our tactics - keep one step ahead. I know, why not a bomb?"

"Or two."

"Why stop at two?"

"One small technical problem."

"You don't know how," she said.

"You guessed it."

"Can't be that difficult. Are we above mere mortals, or what?"

"I suppose the Internet would be a good place to start."

A meal, a bottle of wine, and several hours later, they had their answers. "All we need now are the materials, and ingredients."

A week later, they had their materials. Two days later, they had their bombs. They had slept little, and had ventured forth into the real world only to purchase or acquire the materials, the food, the wine, they needed. Their hours were spent

studying the texts - the manuals they had acquired via the Internet - talking of deeds they might do, and satiating their sexual desire for each other. Those nine days had affected them both, although in different ways. Lars looked older, and somewhat tired, while with every passing day Arleen seemed to become more passionate, more energetic, more needful of physical passion.

Their city targets were chosen quite at random - a Bank, a street of shops, an Inn - and they left their deadly explosive devices, packed with long nails, in three stolen cars, with their timers set one hour apart. Lars and Arleen were not disappointed by the chaos, the death, the terror, they caused, and they sat avidly watching the television reports of the explosions in Lars' Apartment, smiling, and making toasts with their glasses of wine to strange-named Dark Gods as the toll of their sacrificial victims rose: Shugara, Azanigin, Gaubni..

Lars was visualizing their victims - past and present - exulting in his deeds, and imagining the life of their lives seeping into, seeding, the large quartz tetrahedron he held in his hand. Arleen was beside him, pressing her warm thinly clothed body into his, and it seemed to him then that her nearness, her warmth, her very presence, not only strengthened him, overcoming his tiredness, but also seeped somehow into the crystal, warming it and his hand.

That night they ventured forth into the darkness of the rural English countryside, traveling hour upon tedious hour until they reached their destination. Lars had been there, already, in the first keen months of his dark quest, and he was not disappointed as they left their car in the lane by The Marsh to walk in the almost full moonlight to the top of Corndon Hill, for it was there that their simple ritual began.

Arleen held the crystal and he chanted his first chant: *Nythra kthunae Atazoth*. She lay down then, naked, still holding the crystal, and he stood over her, chanting his second chant: *Binan ath ga wath am*. He lay with her then, naked body to naked body, while a cool breeze came to dry a little of his sweat as he moved upon her. Was there really a change in the light? Or was it just the intensity of his visualization? Was there really something there, seeping through the nexion of their ritual, their crystal, their visualization, coagulated by the blood they had shed, and their own, cold, sinister, desire?

She was reaching her climax and as she did so her shout became a dark exultation: *Aperiatum terra, et germinet Chaos*. Then, there was stillness.

### 3

He had been a little ahead of her as they descended the hill, clothed, and happy, and he had to will himself to stop from laughing, loudly, raucously, for in the

moment of her climax he had sensed the worlds, the beings, the dimensions, beyond. So little; so puny - we are..... He wanted to run, to jump - to shout, scream, to share, the truth, and he was nearing the bottom of the hill when he turned around. But she was gone, nowhere to be seen.

Calmly at first, he walked back toward the top, as - calmly - he walked back down again. He waited, then, a long time, before returning to the top. He waited even longer by the car; in the car, even as Dawn arrived to bring the warmth of the Sun to dispel the chill of the last hours of that night. Once, twice, in the bright morning light of that warm morning he ascended that hill; wandered around it, and it was only many hours later that he willed himself to leave, wondering, hoping, she would be there on his return, having played a lover's jape.

But she was not there, in his Apartment, and he found himself - surprised by his nervousness - knocking on her door, several Apartment floors below. There was no response to his insistent rapping. Her door was unlocked, as he half expected, and he stood inside the completely bare, empty, spaces, not knowing what to think, and drained of all feeling.

The days, the weeks, past, grave-worm slowly, and even the news of chaos spreading across his planet did not please him, at first.

## **Kthunae**

**Anton Long. Order of Nine Angles 114yf**

It was dark. Not the usual dark of a rural English night atop some isolated, tree-free hill, but an intense dark that made Jared unable to see even a few feet in front of him, and he could not help but be nervous. His *Black Pilgrimage* was not going that well and he had to finally admit to himself that he was lost. His brown hair - like his out-of-place urban clothes and shoes, and even his face - was covered in drying mud.

At least the night was mild, and he bumbled on as best he could for a few minutes in the hope of reaching the top of the hill. It should have been Black Rhadley Hill, but he had lost both his map and torch in the tumble caused by falling over something, somewhere, some time ago. It seemed like hours since he had passed through that dense copse of his fall but it was only thirty minutes. Thirty minutes which had seen him stumble into a stream, trip over twice, and stand still at least seven times in the hope of hearing something, anything, which might give him some indication of which direction to go.

Then, he really was at the top of the hill, able once again to see the stars in the sky, and make out dim shapes ahead and beyond. There was even a faint yellowish glow on the distant horizon which he took to be Shrewsbury town, and, pleased that the strange darkness had gone, he sat down on the damp grass. He thought - but only for a moment - about Lars and his sudden disappearance, for there was a faint light, down toward one side of the hill and he set off, hoping it was a Farm or a cottage.

It was neither. Instead, and nearer than he thought, it was a butane lamp, and it stood on the edge of a field beside a small tent. Jared waited by the old wooden field gate for a long time, watching, listening. But all he could hear was the slight breeze in the nearby trees, and all he could see was a young woman sitting outside the tent, reading, oblivious to the many moths that swirled around the lamp. Her long blonde hair was plaited in a single plait - a style Jared had assumed was long out of fashion.

Then, obviously aware of his presence, she turned toward him as he lurked in the shadows and said a friendly "Hello!"

Awkwardly, Jared climbed over the gate. "Hi."

"Lovely night," she said, as if they had met many times before. "Yes."

"Traveled far?" She smiled, and something about her - maybe her round, cheerful face - made him feel quite calm and relaxed in her presence, and he sat down on the grass near her tent.

"Not really." For some reason she seemed familiar, and it was several seconds before he realized where he had seen a young woman, with hair like hers, and with a youthful, lively face like hers. It was a photograph in a book about National Socialist Germany and it showed members of the BDM. She was about the same age as the young woman in the photograph as well, perhaps between eighteen and twenty years old, and thus seven or so years younger than him.

"Be Dawn, soon," the young woman said, and put down her book.

"I suppose so." He tried to see what the book was, and failed.

"I'm Hester, by the way."

# Atazoth

**Anton Long. Order of Nine Angles 114yf**

"So, you came back to see this old man." Ellick smiled, and stroked his greying beard before leaning on his ash walking stick. He stood by the gate of the small field of pasture land on the slopes of the old hill. Below, the hedgeful land gradually leveled out until it met the sea, less than fifteen miles distant.

"I knew you would be back here," Hester said, and kissed him on the side of his face.

"Will he do?"

"Maybe. There's a long way to go."

"But he shows promise."

"Yes."

"I'm glad."

"As I am. It's been a long wait."

"But he can never know, from you, the complete truth."

"I know."

"One more corner until the angles of our nexion are complete," and he gestured with his stick toward where the Sun of early morning rose into the sky of blue.

"Shall I take the next one there?"

"Indeed."

"And the third, and last?"

"Where you met and enticed the first."

"But it won't really be the last, will it?"

"Only for this cycle; this nexion." He sighed, looking at her beauty, her youth.  
"How I envy you."

"I know." And she briefly, warmly, held his hand.

"You will live to see it all."

They stood for a long time, looking out toward the landscape of the levels that had seen much darkness and mystery, much joy and revelry, and as they stood, she rested her head on his shoulder, as a daughter might. Once, she remembered, there had been an island, there, before the straight, land-cut drains made and reclaimed the land.

"Will you see her, before the angles are complete?" he asked, interrupting the flow of her centuries of thought.

"Maybe. Do you think I should?"

"Perhaps not."

"But he will meet her again when we all meet for the closing of that angle?"

"Yes, and then he may understand. At least what it is necessary for him to understand." Then he smiled. "I hope you will choose better names, next time!"

They both sensed, and felt, the intrusion, long before the woman and her dog appeared on a footpath an hundred yards above the sloping field where lay several buried secrets.

"You should go, now," he said, regretfully.

She looked toward where her two guards waited, under the shade of the large, old, Oak tree. "Yes," she said, and briefly held his hand.

Then Ellick was walking away, breaking a part of the causal bond between them, and by the time he reached the field gate and the footpath beyond it, he appeared to be only what many people assumed him to be, an ageing if eccentric countryman.

"Good morning," he said as he passed the youngish woman and her Welsh Collie dog. The woman smiled, slightly suspicious, but his smile, his eyes, reassured her, and she returned his greeting. But he was gone, into the trees that led to the Coombe, where he sat, on the sun-warmed grass, thinking about Hester and her sister.

Suddenly, Lars understood. It was partly time itself that magick changed, the slow, causal, time of the world, of mere mortals. The ecstasy, the passion, the triumph, the exhilaration - the true magick - which he had felt since Arleen and Hester burst upon his life, were emanations of the real time which existed in the acausal, an acausal where space as he and mortals knew it, did not exist. So it

was he could be here, standing atop Bredon Hill in the falling darkness looking toward the Malvern Hills, and there in that house of cavernous cellars, southwest, on the edge of another sloping hill, while also being near Black Rhadley, completing the three-fold acausal link in this particular causal time and space. He just had to open the nexion to slip into the acausal dimensions where the Dark Gods lurked, waiting.

But there was something else, something beyond even this, which he could not quite comprehend - an intimation of something far greater, far more powerful, far more evolutionary and devastating to the mundane world. But this something was insubstantial for him, in that moment, as a shadow vaguely perceived in semi-darkness.

Then, the insight was gone, as the last light of twilight faded, and Hester, with her two guards, joined him not that far from the summit of the hill. Without a word, she cast dark magick to reinforce the barriers around them, sufficient to make anyone venturing onto the hill in that hour instinctively turn away. The deep pit had been prepared, and their middle-aged and balding victim - chosen according to the guidelines for choosing such opfers - sat, bound and gagged, on the edge of his burial pit, his eyes bulging with terror, his once clean and expensive city suit crumpled and stained.

"This is your right, and duty," she said to Lars, and he took the centuries old curved knife. Then, with the crystal tetrahedron in her hands, she began her sinister chant. "Nythra Kthunae Atazoth," she intoned.

His first cut was not deep enough, and the man frothed blood until the second cut to his throat when he toppled over to briefly writhe in the bottom of the pit. Almost immediately, the two guards began to shovel earth over the still warm and bleeding body.

There were several hours to Dawn when they arrived, washed, refreshed, and changed into new clothes, to stop in a narrow hedgeful lane not that far from Black Rhadley. Ellick was there, dressed in his customary olive-green country clothes, standing in the field where Hester had, not that long ago, sat outside some tent; and there was a woman, standing with her back to Lars, near freshly disturbed soil. She turned to walk toward him, and he could clearly see her face in the star-lit country night. It was Arleen.

He stood, staring, while Hester rushed to embrace her. Then, the two women were kissing, passionately, as lovers might.

"This, here, as you know," Ellick was saying to Lars, distracting his attention from the women. "Is the center, now. You must guard it well."

"I will."

The two women came toward him then, and each kissed him in turn.

"You're going, aren't you?" he said.

"Yes," they replied with one voice.

"There is no child?"

"No," they smiled, replying with one voice. "Not the kind you think!"

"When shall I see you two again?" he asked, feeling he already knew the answer.

There was a brief rushing of air behind him, and he turned around. But he was alone, standing by the hedge in the field, near the fresh earth that covered the recent burial, home as that topsoil now was to the Ash sapling which Ellick had planted, and home as the deeper soil was to a fresh male and beheaded corpse, Arleen killed. And this sudden departure of Arleen, Hester - and even Ellick - saddened him, for a moment, even though he had many reasons to rejoice. Forty, fifty, or more, years from now, who would he choose to follow him, as Ellick had chosen? Who would be tested, as Arleen had tested him? Who would know the joy, the ecstasy, the passion, the cold calmness of wyrd, the aethereal acausal beauty, that a true Mistress of Earth would bring? Who would be there to shape the changes as he would shape the evolutionary change that the dark rituals of the past months would most certainly bring?

Then he smiled, knowing that he would have to begin a search for some woman, of inner darkness, to share his deeds and his life, and knowing that around him strange, shadowy shapes were faintly hissing their sinister sibilations.

## Epilogue

### Chaos (ONA)

The essence of the new Aeon is chaos - that is, the acceptance that every individual, male or female, is unique and has a unique Destiny. The Great Work - the quest which begins with Initiation - is essentially the finding of this Destiny and thereafter attempting to live it. All ideas and systems are useful only insofar as they contribute to the fulfilment of this Destiny, although in the final analysis it is 'ideas' themselves which conceal and make the life of the individual inauthentic.

However - and this is often overlooked - the nature of Destiny for any individual is bound by the parameters of the higher civilization to which that individual belongs. This is so because a higher civilization (which always has its genesis in the forces which create a new Aeon from a dying one) influences and sometimes creates those archetypal images which give to the unconscious its burden of power. Expressed magickally, this is equivalent to saying that the magickal force or current which creates and infuses a particular Aeon determines the magickal workings of that Aeon and thus to an extent determines the path/means to the Great Work and bounds the Great Work itself. For example, it is not only silly but magickally useless to use forms of a dead higher civilization. Of course, it is easy for people to delude themselves and the limitation of magickal forms described above does not stop people dressing up in Egyptian garb or shouting names of gods and goddesses whose archetypes were long since denuded of magickal power: all such things do is increase the illusion which the individual undertaking them surrounds themselves with. They may be comfortable with their illusions, but it does not take them on the path toward genius.

Thus, to understand the Great Work, an individual must understand how higher civilizations are linked to Aeonic forces (qv. the Aeonic MSS contained in **Hostia** and **Nexion - A Guide to Sinister Strategy**). For instance, the magick of the new Aeon is the magick of Thought, and this type of magick has its beginnings in forms like the Star Game.

For the new Aeon, an authentic existence - that is, one where Destiny is made known and fulfilled - implies a rejection of the dominion of abstract forms that have dominated the old Aeon. One of the most fundamental of these forms (deriving as a form does from Plato's "ideos") was the division of cosmic forces into 'good' and 'evil' - codified most stupidly in the organized religion of the Nazarene - led to all that is most natural, numinous and vital being regarded as 'evil' or 'dark' (hence, incidentally, the use of the term Satanist by the ONA).

This bifurcation has been disastrous in evolutionary terms because there is no conflict that does not originate in the mind - there is flow and change, and that is all. This fundamental principle of existence was understood by the Greek Pre-Socratics like Anaximander, by the Chinese sage Lao Tzu, and to a lesser extent by Buddha, and a re-discovery of this way of thinking is essential to the new Aeon.

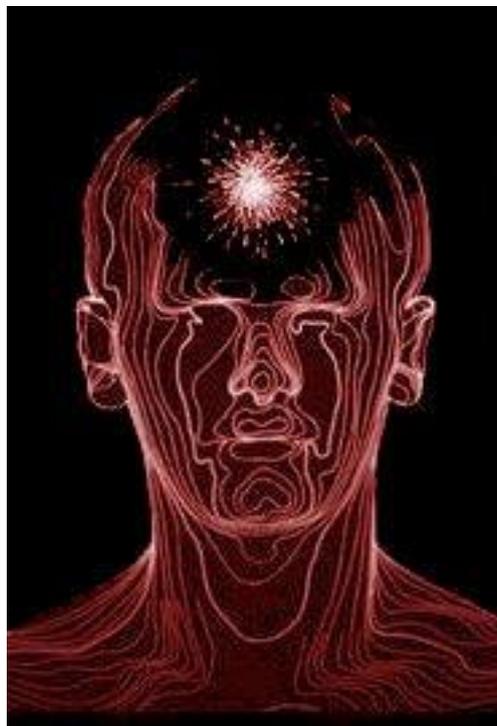
From such a discovery, by the individual undertaking the Great Work, will come chaos - the undoing of the structures and forms of the past, and the ultimate supremacy of the individual genius. Such chaos is a letting-be (what Taoists call 'Wu-Wei') - an acceptance of change as the natural and most fundamental aspect

of the cosmos. This perception is the perception of the Internal Adept, and is created by the Grade Ritual appropriate to this sphere - it is the first major step in the further evolution of consciousness.

In the final analysis, an Occult order like the ONA exists simply to create this level of consciousness within its members who will then, hopefully, extend it to others. Everything else is simply a game: but even games may extend, make vital and create.

## In the Cave of your Mind

By Magister Hagur (1999)



The evil forces of initiation produce their major effects on the Earthly Kingdom, for it is there that the initiated Satanist has to demonstrate his liberation, his understanding and his dark deity.

The five-pointed star marks five stages in the life of the Satanists:

### **Stage I.**

In the cave where we live, move and have our being the Nazarene's cross is inverted, under the radiance of the Dark Light of Lucifer, where the Sinister Way stands clear. "Agius O Baphomet" sounds clear within the head. Here in our dwelling place, the playground of the Dark Gods and Goddesses, time leads the games. Only red desire governs all the life and every act. Between the dead

shells, we ruminate all forms of passion and destruction. Here, no glory or rest, but travail until on Earth all hypocrisy is no more, “the death of religion”.

## **Stage II.**

In the “Dark Life of the Abyss”, another voice seems to sound forth repeatedly, chanting, “AgiOS O Vindex”. This is the cave of your mind in unity with other minds, walk in the dark and on your head carry the sign of Satan, that which is lighting and directing you until through death you are no more. The “Dark Light” of Satan’s Presence (Sinister Energy) is needed, as the cave is dark and lonely, cold for sure, and however a place of many sounds and voices. The voices of many Dark Gods and Goddesses in their faithful. The air is full of fog. The sound of running water meets the rushing sound of wind and frequent roll of thunder. Forward we go, eyes fixed upon Satan’s emblem, destroying without pity all that hinders man’s liberty above.

## **Stage III.**

The pathway of red desire is trodden upon, where dreams, visions and fantasies find realisation. The path of the destroyers is ready, the sinister task has begun, pulling down, and bringing to naught all that which has no reason to exist, until the broken forms no longer hold the power to satisfy.

## **Stage IV.**

The picture changes form. Another voice, coming from close at hand utters another chant, “AgiOS O Falsifer”. The dark life continues its way. “Enter the Abyss and join us where we navigate on a river of blood and join the “opfer”. Awakened to this game of dark life young and old pass the gate, they are our new recruits we are calling forth. Let us together weave the dance of evilness, the many patterned forms Satan takes. The lost “Ego’s” (Souls) enter “the playground of the Sinister”, and play until they see the star with the five dark lighted points, and say, “My Star” (*my life and my sacrifice*).

## **Stage V.**

The sinister life has descended the deep and long stairway through the use of evil forms. Another door stands now open, where the following words sound forth: “Enter upon the pathway of the fulfilment of all desires. Well-done faithful soldier! It’s all yours now. Enjoy the black and vivid red chamber of desire, and triumph. Stand on your tower with gluttony and a destroying vision, and from that point act sinisterly, hate and make war. This is the destiny to which you are now dedicated. © 1999-2010 Magister Hagur

# Honouring the Mistress of Earth

Davcina



## Ritual

*At the deepest part of the unconscious layer lies the collective unconscious with its manifold archetypes as described by the Psychologist Carl Gustav Jung. Today, man knows himself first from the perspective of the conscious ego, from the periphery of the Self. The Ego Self is essentially rational in its approach to experience, and is associated with the serial neural tracts and programs in the brain. Next he becomes aware of the personal and collective unconscious, that vast pool of motives, energies, images, associations and archetypes that influence thought, personality, and behaviour from 'within'. Once we accept the*

*concept of a collective unconscious and its archetypes, it provides a natural explanation for a wide variety of otherwise puzzling phenomena.*

*Archetypes are powerful predispositions; garbed in the image and mythology of Dark Gods, each having characteristic drives, emotions and needs that shape our personality. When one enact a role that is connected to an active archetype within oneself, the energy which received the name as “Mistress of Earth”, or “Davcina” is generated through the depth and meaning that the role has for you.*

*Davcina, the Mistress of Earth has the characteristic, and is an important link between the planet Mars and Jupiter. The Planet Mars, named after the Roman God of War, was referred to by the Ancients as the “Lesser Malefic” (lesser magic). It governs desires, sexual energies, focussed energies, dynamic action, animal nature, force, power, strife, strain, adversity, work, achievement, competition, and death. Mars also rules weapons, war, accidents, violence, surgery, tools, iron, and steel. The action of this Planet is sudden, forceful, and disruptive. The energy of Mars can be used violently and destructively, but with valour and fortitude. The energy of Jupiter is backing as it were the energies of Mars as a more protective urge towards success, that every action may develop in a more orderly way for the benefit of the fighter towards his victim. Jupiter is the planet of expansion, aspiration, higher education, Satanic philosophical reasoning (Satanic because it is the only philosophy that is absolutely humanistic and esoteric at the same time), justice (tooth for tooth, and eye for eye), and sovereignty.*

*A man or a woman who resembles Davcina, the Wyrd Goddess, can be totally absorbed by her characteristics, as archetypes are pre-existent, or latent, internally determined patterns of being and behaving, of perceiving and responding. These patterns, we know, are contained in the collective unconscious, that part of the unconscious that is not individual, but cosmic, universal or shared. These patterns can be described in a personalised way, as Dark Gods and Goddesses; and their myths are archetypal stories. They evoke feelings and images, and touch on themes that are universal and part of our human inheritance.*

*A pathworking or a Ritual as this one activates the Dark God or Goddess in oneself. Dark Gods are potential patterns in the psyches of all men, yet in each individual man or woman some of these patterns are activated (energised or*

*developed) and others are not. In other words, an archetype is like the invisible pattern that determines what shape and structure a crystal will take when it does form. Once the crystal actually forms, the new recognisable pattern is analogous to an activated Dark God or Goddess. This is, in fact, a transcendent function, arising from the union of conscious and unconscious contents. And, the need for transcendence is also the Self.*



## **Cast:**

Mistress dressed in green robe, representing the “Mistress of Earth – Davcina”.

Young woman in white robes, the Priestess

A naked man lays naked on the altar, the Priest

A masked figure dressed in black, the Guardian of the Temple

Attendants dressed in crimson robes

*The Mistress holds the tetrahedron quartz crystal in her hands, and opens the ceremony as loudly as possible:*

- **Aperiatur terra, et germinet Davcina.**  
*Let the Earth be opened, and Davcina come forth.*
  
- **Mirabilia opera tua, Domine Satanus, et anima mea cogniscit nimis.**  
*Marvellous are Thy works, O Lord Satanus, and my soul knows it well.*

*A masked figure, the Guardian, dressed in black comes to lift the Priest from the altar and place him at the feet of the green robed Mistress, representing the “Mistress of Earth”, the Dark Goddess Davcina.*

*Mistress asks:*

- **“What do you wish?”**

*The naked Priest says:*

- **“It is the protection and milk of your breasts that I seek.”**

*The Mistress bares her breasts.*

*The naked Priest says:*

- **“I pour my kisses at your feet and kneel before you who crushes your enemies and washes in a basin full of their blood.” *He stares at her body.* “I lift up my eyes to gaze upon your beauty of body: you who are the daughter and a Gate to our Gods. I lift my voice to stand before you, my sister, and offer myself so that my mage’s seed may feed your virgin flesh.”**

*The Mistress says:*

- **“Kiss me, and I shall make you as an eagle to its prey. Touch me and I shall make you as a strong sword that severs and stains my Earth with blood. Taste me and I shall make you as a seed of corn which grows toward the sun and never dies. Plough me and plant me with your seed and I shall make you as a Gate that opens to our Gods!”**

*Slowly, the Mistress leads the naked Priest to the Priestess whom she kisses on the lips and caresses before removing her white robe. And, to the naked Priest the Mistress says:*

- **“Take her, for she is me and I am yours!”.**

*Around them, the coven gathers, clapping their hands to the rhythm of the tabors as the ritual copulation begins. And when it is over and the Priest lays probably sweating and still upon the Priestess, the masked Guardian of the Temple comes to lift him up and forces him to kneel at the feet of his Mistress.*

*The Mistress says:*

- **“So you have sown, and from your seeding gifts may come if you obedient hear these words I speak. I know you, my children, you are dark yet none of you is as dark or as deadly as I. I know you and the thoughts within all your hearts: yet none of you is as hateful or as loving as I. With a glance I can strike you dead!”**

*The Guardian brings her a large silver chalice which she offers to each of her coven in turn. The Priestess is last to receive the gift of wine and the Mistress kisses her to receive the wine from her mouth.*

*The following ritual may be observed, offering while lifting up the chalice with strong wine to Davcina, saying:*

#### *Offertorium et Communio*

- **“Agius o Satanas”, Deus, tuo nos offerimus calicem voluptatis carnis, fructuum vitis et operis manum nostrum, ex quo nobis virtus et fons salus terræ.”**

*Adding :*

- **“By our love of life we have this drink, it will become for us a gift from our Mistress of Earth.”**

*The Mistress, drinking from the chalice, and before sharing the gifts with others, says:*

- May the gifts of Satan be forever with you!

*The Mistress throws the remains of the wine over the Priest, saying,*

- **“No guilt shall bind you, no thought restrict you here! Feast then and enjoy the ecstasy of this life. But ever remember, I am the darkness that lives in your soul!”**

*While making the sign of the horn with the left hand, drawing the reverted pentagram in the air, the Mistress concludes:*

- Go, you are dismissed.

*Here begins the orgy of lust.*

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[www.haguratelier.com/Satanicthought\\_1.html](http://www.haguratelier.com/Satanicthought_1.html)

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