

C.O.M.M.E.N.T.A.R.I.V.M.

Agogai

Diakopai

Heka, Voces Magicae, Aurea Apprehensio
Charaktêres, Katadesmoi, Ketone, Acrimonious, Anathema,
Fascination, Ostraka, Defixiones, Damnatio memoriae.

This papers its haunted

Apathanatismos: Aeeioyo, Ppp Sss Phr, Mmm, Ey Eia Ee, Ooo Aaa
Eee, Ye Yoe, Nn, Yei Ayi Eyoie Meterta Photh Methartha Pherie, Iere-
zath, Anchrephrenesoyphirigch, Eronoyi Parakoyneth, Eioae Psenabo-
th, Kraochrax R Oim Enarchomai, Nechthen Apotoy Nechthin Arpi
Eth, Kyphe, Nyo Theso Echo Oychiechoa, Arnomethph, Nn, Eye Yia Eei
Ao Eiayiia Ieo, Oey Aeo Eya Eoe Yae Oiae, Psycho N Demoy Procho
Proa I Am Macharph N Moy Propsychon Proe, Nechtheir Thanmeloy,
Proprophegge Morios Prophyr Prophegge Nemethire, Arpsenten Pitet-
mi Meoy Enarth Phyrkecho, Psyridario Tyre Philba, Oxy O Xertheyth,
Silence! Nn, Pentiteroyni, Semesilam, Psyrinphey, Iao, Oai, Eloyre, Az-
ai, Achba, Phnoyenioch, Arei Eikita, Gallabalba, Aio, Pyrichibooseia,
Sancherob, Ie Oe Ioeio, Beegenete, Soysinephien, Soysinephi Arenba-
razei Marmarentey, Proprophegge Emetheire, Moriomotyrephilba, Eeo
Oeeo Ioo Oe Eeo Eeo Oe Eo Ioo Oeee Oee Ooe Ie Eo Oo Oe Ieo Oe
Ooe Ieo Oe Ieeo Ee Io Oe, Ioe Oeo Eoe Oeo Oie Oie Eo Oi Iii Eoe Oye
Eooee Eo Eia Aea Eea Eeee Eee, Eee Ieo Eeo Oeeoe Eeo Eyo Oe Eio
Eo Oe Oe Ee Ooo Yioe, Archandara Photaza Pyriphota Zabythix, Eti-
menmero Phorathen Erie Prothri Phorathi, Thrapsiari Morirok, Eoro
Rore Orri Orior Ror Roi Or Reorori Eor Eor Eor Eore, Prosymeri,
Minimirrophor, Chrepsenthaes, Meneschees, Mechran, Ararmache, Ech-
ommie, Tichnondaes, Eroy Rombries, Aieronthi, Mercheimeros, Achri-
chioyr, Mesargilto, Chichroalitho, Ermichthathops, Eorasiche, Mokrimo
Pherimophereri, Nn, Entho Phenen Thropioth, Proprophegge Emethiri
Artentepi Theth Mimeo Yenaro Phyrchecho Pseri Dario Phre, Phrelba,
Pheroyra Mioyri, Aeeioyo, Nn, Ie Ia E Ee Oy Eia, Phor Phora Phos
Photizaas, Phor Phor Ophothei Xaas. I Ee Oo Iai, Prosthymeri, Psino-
ther Nopsither Thernopsi, Aski Kataski Aasian Endasian | Lexicography.

COFFIN RITE (O PASTÓS)

This was the final rite of Initiation in the Mysteries in Egypt, Greece and elsewhere. The last and supreme secrets of Occultism could not be revealed to the Disciple until he had passed through this allegorical ceremony of Death and Resurrection into new light. "The Greek verb *teleutaó*," says Vronsky, "signifies in the active voice 'I die', and in the middle voice 'I am initiated'". Stobæus quotes an ancient author, who says, "The mind is affected in death, just as it is in the initiation into the Mysteries; and word answers to word, as well as thing to thing; for *teleutan* is 'to die', and *teleisthai* to be initiated".

And thus, as Mackenzie corroborates, when the Aspirant was placed in the Pastos, Bed, or Coffin (in India on the lathe, as explained in the Secret Doctrine), "he was symbolically said to die." | Eléna Petróvna von Hahn.

YAB YUM

In the Tantra texts, and especially in the commentaries of the older Tibetan sect, Albert Grünwedel has found a certain ritual, repeated again and again, which corresponds in striking fashion

to the ritual preserved in the Etruscan inscriptions. This recurrence of similar ceremonials has proved to our student of comparative demonology, that the Etruscan ritual is not simply the subjective interpretation of a scholar, but is, in fact, an earlier manifestation of a widespread system of "black magic" the counterpart of which exists today in its most undisguised form in Tibet. In addition, the Tantras contain many similarities to the witch cult of mediaeval times.

The position of the witches at the altar, known from old prints, corresponds to that of the Tantric sorcerer; sacrifices of children occur in the West, and similar practices are commented upon in the Tantras; witches that fly through the air are counterparts of the Oriental *Dâkinîs*, so important in the Tantra system; the hearing of children, according to the Tantras, is tabu, and woman is therefore cursed, sentiments which are professed by the witches and sorcerers in the West. In tracing the origins of mediaeval witchcraft and sorcery, there is found evidence pointing to the fact that mediaeval Tuscany, the former home of the ancient Etruscans, was one of the centres from which these practices radiated. [...] The earliest known motif is

the naked Siva prototype, with phallus erect, who sit in a yoga posture. First seen in the Indus valley civilization of the third millennium B.C., its corollaries are the representation of fierce deities, the protector gods, who are often portrayed with blue or black skin and set in furious scenes suitable to the deep seated demonism that formed the Himalaya's aboriginal faith. Another characteristic motif is the ever popular Mithuna, or lovers, sometimes in sexual embrace.

Depicted in a variety of forms, these are known in Tibet as the "Yab Yum" or mother-father couple. A third anthropomorphic theme is the human-animal configuration, in which the deity appears as half-human and half-animal. An ensemble of these cardinal motifs and several other subsidiary symbols popular in the Himalaya is the Wheel of Life. | D.

DEMONIC MAGIC

Two books have recently appeared, which may justly deserve the attention of those who are interested in the mental phase of those abnormal phenomena known loosely as magic. This term embraces a wide field; but we are here concerned with its lower as-

pects only, such as witchcraft, sorcery and other similar practices, which centre in what may be called the perversion of religious worship.

The author of these volumes is Albert Grünwedel, the well known Orientalist of the Berlin Museum, who is a distinguished and widely known authority on all matters pertaining to Central Asia. It may be of interest to note that this now Emeritus Professor devoted himself in early life to the study of Classical Archaeology, in connection with which he attended lectures on Etruscan Art at the University of Munich.

He found himself, however, utterly unable to accept the then current point of view regarding the Etruscans; and so strong was his conviction that the whole subject was based upon false assumptions, that he was obliged to abandon his plan of obtaining a doctor's degree in this field. At this point Sanskrit and Pali engaged his attention, and at the same time he became very much interested in the then little known subject of Buddhism, which led to his definitely devoting him self to Indian Archaeology. Little enthusiasm existed for this branch of research at that time. In an endeavour to establish a scientific ba-

sis for Buddhist Archaeology, our author was led to Central Asia, where certain views as to the sources of this archaeology, held since his student days, were found to be confirmed. In his Museum work he realized that the mythology of Buddhism, and especially that of Lamaism, urgently required scientific formulation; and it was investigation in this field which led our author to the Tantras, and above all to the Sādhana-mātā.

From now on the most cordial co-operation was offered him by Russian scholars; and these early opinions of our author, which are found sketched in his *Buddhist Art in India*, have influenced such well known authorities as Foucher and Sergeij von Oldenburg, as they acknowledge. In the first book under notice, entitled *Tusca*, Grünwedel assumes an Egyptian derivation for the Etruscan language.

On the basis of this presumption he has been able to decipher certain Etruscan inscriptions. Numerous scholars have attempted to solve the enigma of the Etruscan language; but our author has been the first to study the language from the point of view of its relation to Egyptian hieroglyphics. Curiously, a work appeared

two years after the publication of *Tusca*, which held that the Etruscan language was a dialect of the Egyptian; but whether or not the conclusions arrived at in this work agree with those of Grünwedel, I have been so far unable to ascertain. The decipherment of the inscriptions contained in *Tusca* presents the reader with a mass of exceedingly loathsome anthropological detail.

They are all of a religious nature; and the distasteful material they contain, reveals a sordid and debased cult, which is, in fact, a most vile system of demonology.

The question naturally arises: why do Greek and Roman sources contain such meagre evidence regarding Etruscan religion?

Grünwedel suggests that this is due to the fact, that the whole psychology and instincts of the Etruscans were so alien to the various peoples surrounding them, that an understanding of the real nature of their cult was impossible for their neighbours. Moreover, the Etruscans adopted certain names of Roman divinities, which they applied to numina of a totally different order and significance from those composing the Roman pantheon. This similarity of nomenclature served to conceal from

the ancient world the peculiarly sinister character of the Etruscan rites. In his researches into the provenance of the Etruscan language, Grünwedel, following earlier authorities, assumed the Oriental origin of the Etruscan people, though they found it impossible to place definitely the locality from which they sprang.

In scrutinizing the inscriptions, however, he discovered that certain words bore a striking resemblance to some of the Egyptian god names, such as Hathor, Nu, Ka, Râ and others. These names invited a survey of Egyptian literature; and this led to the working hypothesis that a passage in the famous Book of the Dead had in all probability served as a prototype for the inscription which appears as the first text in Tusca.

As the name of Râ in particular occurs repeatedly in the Etruscan inscription, the Hymn to Râ in the Book of the Dead suggested itself as a possible source; and upon careful study this was found to be the case. An almost word for word agreement was discovered to exist between the Etruscan and Egyptian texts. But although the external correspondence is so striking, the Etruscan version would appear to be a distortion and perversion of the ori-

ginal Egyptian. In Grünwedel's opinion an unwholesome and perverse atmosphere permeates, not only the religion of the Etruscans, but also their whole art, a point of view which should command the attention of those who are familiar with the examples of Etruscan statuary in the British Museum and in the Louvre. Using the Egyptian as the key to his translation, our distinguished Orientalist has succeeded in extracting the meaning from the seven inscriptions which appear in Tusca, and which constitute the basic material from which his theories are derived. These texts reveal to us the secret of the Etruscan ritual, which here follows in brief.

By means of a human sacrifice, lightning called down from heaven or the sky, a perverted form of sun worship, is supposed to enter the body of the person performing this rite, thus inspiring him, so to speak, and enabling him to attain, as he believed, immortality without passing through the phase of death. This immortality is experienced, however, not in heaven, but in Tartarus, the "hell" of the Etruscans, or their "heaven", if you will. The lightning, coming from above, is regarded evidently as the personification of a god or a demon, who takes possession of his devotees and gives them

supernormal knowledge and power. Two questions may now be raised: Why have previous investigators failed to give a similar interpretation to these inscriptions?

And are Grünwedel's conclusions altogether tenable? In answer to the first question, we must remember that our exceedingly well equipped Orientalist is a profound student of the literature of the Tantra system, a distasteful phase of Oriental thought, which is usually avoided, or at best misinterpreted.

Prof. Bournouf, for example, repelled by the nauseous absurdities of the Tantra literature, certainly underestimated it as a source of obscene magical beliefs.

Our author, owing to his extensive and expert knowledge of the Tibetan language, has read many unpublished and obscure texts, and has acquired, in addition, information from some of the Lamas at first hand.

The less known phase of the Tantra system treats of magic in its most degraded manifestations, and its sinister influence has, in the opinion of Grünwedel, profoundly modified not only later Buddhism but almost every other existing Oriental religion.

Its traces are to be found in countries as remotely separated as China and Japan and the Malay Islands. The centre of Tantrism is Tibet, where two sects are to be found: the old Red Caps and the reformed Yellow Caps.

The literature of the latter sect contains only veiled allusions to the Tantra cult. The older literature has been partly destroyed by the reformed sect; but its extant portions give us most frank and open commentaries on Tantra practices, which are an invaluable aid in understanding goëtic literature in general.

Grünwedel insists strictly on this, and holds that these commentaries alone enable us to comprehend the very subtle and diversified literature of the reformed Tibetan sect. As humanitarian and Buddhist phraseology is invariably employed to conceal the fundamental Tantric ideas, most Occidental scholars have failed to penetrate into the hidden meanings of the Tibetan writings and also into those of that part of the Tantra literature written in Sanskrit. [...]

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ds in striking fashion to the ritual preserved in the Etruscan inscriptions.

This recurrence of similar ceremonies has proved to our student of comparative demonology, that the Etruscan ritual is not simply the subjective interpretation of a scholar, but is, in fact, an earlier manifestation of a widespread system of black magic the counterpart of which exists today in its most undisguised form in Tibet.

In addition, the Tantras contain many similarities to the witch cult of mediaeval times. The position of the witches at the altar, known from old prints, corresponds to that of the Tantric sorcerer; sacrifices of children occur in the West, and similar practices are commented upon in the Tantras.

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In tracing the origins of mediaeval witchcraft and sorcery, there is found evidence pointing to the fact that mediaeval Tuscany, the

former home of the ancient Etruscans, was one of the centres from which these practices radiated. It may be interesting to note, for example, that the sorcerers employed by the notorious Gilles de Rais (Blue Beard) were Florentines, as well as the fact that a curious painting in the Campo Santo at Pisa, depicting Satan in the act of spewing forth his devotees, recalls strangely similar representations of Tibetan demons.

Thus, the Tantras, mediaeval witchcraft and the Etruscan inscriptions are interpreted as different phases of one and the same abominable cult. The origin of this phenomenon is further elaborated in the second book under notice.

We now come to our second question. In considering the origin of the Tantra system, Prof. Grünwedel dismisses the possibility that the cult is indigenous to Tibet or India, and points with confidence to Iran as the land from which this System was imported.

He believes that those elements of Tantrism which do not belong to the later degenerate Buddhism, are derived from an Iranian religion. By Iranian is here meant more particularly Manichæan. Manichæism, the religion of Mani,

is thus believed by our author to be the source or intermediary of the Tantra system.

From later Greek and Roman times onward, the Manichaeans were almost universally regarded as disseminators of an evil tradition; they were bitterly persecuted, and with especial severity in their native land of Persia. In mediaeval times many heretical sects were held to be influenced by the Manichaeans, which resulted in widespread abhorrence of their teaching in the West.

Modern scholarship has, however, dispelled these views, and has revealed to us in Manichaeism an eclectic religion with sincere worshippers, whose priests, the "Electi", followed a most rigorous and extreme asceticism, and whose scribes have bequeathed to us miniatures of great delicacy and beauty. It is, therefore, somewhat surprising to find Grünwedel holding this sect in such complete and utter condemnation, as the guardian and hander on of a tradition essentially evil and destructive.

The reasons for his attitude, however, are elaborated throughout his works, and especially in one book that describes a series of wallpaintings found in the

caves of Buddhist monks in Central Asia. These paintings show how the Buddhism which was brought to this region from India, is modified and finally debased by a foreign influence. The priests of this new religion are the "White Robed Ones", who are to be identified with the Manichaeans.

In certain of the caves, which are assumed to be the earlier, paintings purely Buddhist in character exist, while in other caves Manichaean elements are present, which finally gain the complete ascendancy. It is interesting to note in this connection, that genuine Manichaean literary documents have been recently found in this locality.

These documents and fragments, which include miniatures of rare beauty, are our only direct sources of the religion of Mani, and throw no unfavourable light on the Manichaean doctrines, as far as has been at present discovered. Grünwedel, however, has detected in Chinese and Tibetan literary sources clear and pointed references to the degenerating influence of the Manichaeans. According to these sources, the arrival of the emissaries of this cult in different parts of the Orient was followed by a debasement of the religion existing in

the locality. It is in the Tantra system of Tibet, according to Grünwedel, that the degenerating effect of Manichaeian influences is most clearly revealed to the investigator.

Having assumed the Manichaeian origin of the Tantra system, our author attempts to investigate the doctrine of Mani itself, which he does in the second book under notice.

Contemporary sources mention the fact that the Manichaeians possessed a secret writing, which was concealed from profane eyes, with the result that all traces seem to have disappeared. Believing that the Etruscans perverted the ideas of the Egyptians, Grünwedel has assumed that they had actually borrowed the hieroglyphs.

As Manichaeism, seen through the medium of the Tantras, appears to him to be a later development of the cult preserved to us in the Etruscan inscriptions, our author now postulates that a system of hieroglyphs might have been used also by Mani and the votaries of his cult to express their magic formulae. The real secret of the faith was reserved for the "Electi", always few in number, who understood the hieroglyphs. On the headdresses of the demons in the

Manichaeian miniatures of Idyqu-tsähri Grünwedel has actually found some of these symbols, which were meant, presumably, to convey to the initiate the true character of these entities. These hieroglyphs constitute one of Grünwedel's most amazing discoveries, for they strikingly resemble the hieroglyphs in the so called Hittite inscriptions, from Hamath and Jerabis and other places, some of which are to be seen in the British Museum.

These Hittite inscriptions, which have largely baffled decipherment, are now claimed by our author to be inscriptions in the language of the Medes, and quite unlike those used by the Egyptians.

A few Egyptian characters occur in this script, which simply serve to show the familiarity of this people with Egyptian. Some of these inscriptions have small signs placed above certain of the characters, which render the phrase subject to a double interpretation.

It is stated by our learned decipherer that this second language extracted from the Hittite inscriptions corresponds to that of the Etruscan inscribed texts.

Grünwedel considers, indeed, that these bilingual inscriptions are among the most extraordinary in history.

These Hittite stone texts, according to our author, were set up by the Medes, the people who destroyed Nineveh and exterminated demon worship, the state religion of the Assyrians, in order to expose the cult in all its frightfulness as a warning to the conquering nation and also to the vanquished.

By means of the bilingual system the conquered nation was addressed in symbols which were understandable, and which, as magic formulae, had now lost their efficacy. These formulae closely resemble the texts of the Etruscan inscriptions, and, like them, are revolting and horrible.

The Median part of these so called Hittite inscriptions describes the battle against the powers of evil, indicating the nature of the cult that had been destroyed, but without giving details as to the ritual. The part of the inscription in Etruscan, to use this name to distinguish the two languages, prohibits all attempts to revive the old cult by condemning to the most severe punishments those who attempted to draw down lightning from heaven.

The Median inscriptions are of the greatest interest, in that they refer to the most ancient Iranian

tradition, a small portion of which is still extant in the Avesta, but which, because of an imperfect text, is difficult to interpret. These Median passages are, according to Grunwedel, the prototypes, indeed the original version, of several verses of the Zamyâd-Yast.

In the Median version of the so called Hittite inscriptions, according to our authority, an account is given of how an Iranian, an Aryan race, with Zarathustra himself mentioned as their leader, overthrew a people who worshipped a pantheon of infamous gods or demons.

These gods are referred to in the Avesta as the devils or devs, which fact accounts for the title of the work under consideration, *Die Teufel des Avesta*. The struggle of Zarathustra against the powers of darkness would seem, therefore, to be an historical reality.

One of the inscriptions, it is said, describes how Zarathustra drove the devils under the earth, and there bound them fast, with allusions to Nineveh, Babylon and other cities, which participated in the terrible struggle. It is further remarkable to find that the names of the evil numina worshipped by the people of Nine-

veh reappear in the Etruscan inscriptions, and also in the Tantras, and that similar rites are described in each case, which would seem to point to the Hittite inscriptions as the historical source for the later manifestation of this debased religion.

In a forthcoming work Grünwedel intends to demonstrate the relation between mediaeval witchcraft and the demons of these earlier peoples. One of the bilingual inscriptions appears on the base of a sculptured lion, and another, called "the inscription of the sword", shows the remnant of a sword in relief.

The lion and the sword were the ancient Iranian symbols of kingship; and our author points out how the Tantra literature has appropriated the sword motive, while giving to it the very terrible interpretation of being sacred, because it liberated the victim from the long chain of rebirths. Grünwedel maintains that this is the hidden meaning of the sword when mentioned in the Tantras. Not all the inscriptions which Grünwedel has thus deciphered, are of the so called Hittite class.

Some of them are supposed to be of Babylonian origin, written in cursive form; but a close exami-

nation has resulted in the discovery by our authority that the language is not Babylonian but Median, employing a system of hieroglyphs identical with those of the above mentioned Hittite inscriptions, although less well executed. The texts, on decipherment, prove to be similar to the other Hittite texts, namely, decrees prohibiting the worship of demons in a bylonian lands. These inscriptions are monolingual and do not contain an Etruscan version. In the remaining part of the work Prof. Grünwedel further elucidates the Tantra system.

He emphasizes how the Tibetans have cleverly concealed the Tantric allusions in their literature ; and, by way of example, he gives us the well known tale Roruka Avadâna, and explains its hidden meaning. The role of Manjushri is discussed, a potent Bodhisat in the Tantra pantheon, who is depicted as the incarnation of the ideal sorcerer. | Gerhard Heym.

ARBATH ARBAOTH BAKCHABRE

Execration texts are ancient Egyptian hieratic texts written upon figures, bowls, or blocks of clay or stone. In the execration ritual, these text objects would be bound and hidden, for a lunar cicle

or more, into a mummified corpses or inside a decomposed sacrificed human body, to be charged, then the object was smashed, stomped on, stabbed, cut, speared, spat, burned, saturated in urine and excrements, and finally buried. | Bshy.Krt. Vrtt.kr.

ESSENTIIS VENEFICIA ESSENTIARUM MALEFICIA

To generate life from dead matter, such as mud or putrified flesh, the magician must take some of his own water (*de aqua sua*) when it is still warm, and mix it with an equal amount of the stone which is called the stone of the sun, a stone that shines at night like a lamp. must be performed at the full or new moon.

With a mixture of his own water and sun stone, the magician inseminates the vagina of a corpse, carefully plugs up with the sun stone and smears its genitals with blood. Placed in a dark house, in which the sun never shines. Its food must be mixed with the blood.

While awaiting the moment of birth, the magician prepares a powder made of ground sun stone, sulphur, magnet, and green tutia, stirred with the sap of a white-

willow. The born unformed substance, must be placed in this powder, where upon it will instantly grow a human skin (*vestietur statim cute humana*). The new born homunculus must be kept in a large glass or lead vessel for three days, until it is very hungry.

Then it is fed on its decapitated mother's blood for seven days until it has developed into a complete animal. If the homunculus is fed for forty days in a dark house, on a diet of blood and milk, and then its guts are extracted from its belly and rubbed onto someone's hands and feet, he may walk on water [...] Kept it alive for a year and then placed in a bath of milk and rainwater, it will tell things that happen far away.

A collyrium made from the eyes and brain of the homunculus, enables one to see spirits and demons; drinking a concoction made from its tongue allows one to converse with them. Suffumigating a dead tree with a mixture of its brain, the brain of a fresh human corpse, and the seeds of a certain tree can make it start to flourish instantly. Locking up a corpse in a dark house with fourteen closed windows on the East, blocking all its body orifices af-

ter having reattached the head, hitting it with a large dog's penis, extracting the flesh from the skinned corpse, grinding this with a certain herb, and leaving the mixture in a corner of the house, until it will be converted into worms.

When the worms are generated, which must be ground with an equal amount of human blood and put into the head, which is then put into a vessel and buried in the ground for forty days. The successive stages involve the addition of more animal and human substances, more incubatory vessels and burials, leading to the creation of other secretiora. | Bshy.Krt. Vrtt.kr.

BLACK METAL MASTERCLASS

What's up everybody i'm Finn Mckenty, [...] i wanted to talk about Black Metal, because somebody asked me some examples of Black Metal that i liked [...] the truth is that i actually do like some Black Metal a lot, just not the stuff that probably a lot of my audience likes; the truth is i have pretty cold taste in Black Metal and i want to talk about this, i want to talk about why, the reason that Black Metal to me is sort of underwhelming as a gen-

re, especially at this point in time, is because i think it's no longer threatening or weird or dangerous, which i think is the whole point of the style, or at least to me it was for Black Metal, to now be just sort of yet another style of metal that it's just one of the templates you can pick right like when you start a metal band [...] my personal opinion is that, at this point, Black Metal just means a style of riffing and maybe the choosing of the font on your logo [...] the reason why Black Metal it is interesting to me, in the first place, is because it was shocking and different and new and threatening. I discovered Black Metal in '94 i think on some newsgroup.

[...] it was pretty cool and that stuff was interesting back then, because it legitimately was cool art, if you listen to those guys talking back then what they said about it, is that it was a reaction to death metal and thrash metal becoming like too technical and clean and standardized and stuff like that, which i agree with, i mean i like a lot of you know that kind of death metal, but it is true that it become very clean and sort of corporate in a way [...]

I respect the stuff i like, what i would call outsider art, and i

have tremendous respect for like outsider art is usually made by weirdos, like kind of by definition that is something i will always respect [...] and just it feels like it's not even breaking the rules, it feels like the people who made this don't even know what the rules are, that's what i respect, like the kind of stuff made by true outcasts, not the people you know who think of themselves as outcasts but are getting positive reviews from Pitchfork and Vice, so how can you say that it's anything threatening or revolutionary or dangerous at all when the musical gatekeepers eat it up. So i wanted to talk about some of that kind of Black Metal and talk about why i like it so much: the first Black Metal band that i got, was one of the very very first bands to do Black Metal in america, called Profanatica, back in the late '80s.

This is truly challenging, unsettling, weird there's no guitar, there's no obvious sort of drums like this, is when they just completely reject any of the conventions of music basically and this is what i respect people are just like completely throwing out the rule book, like this is a vibe it's very artsy, yes this is like avant-garde weirdness this is, so sick. As far as i know, even to the

Black Metal's people don't really like this, because the fact of the matter is that stuff like Death Spell Omega, Watain and stuff like that, are too clean, too polished, too commercial. This is still boundary pushing by today's standards of Black Metal. This is truly challenging, unsettling, weird there's no guitar, there's no obvious sort of drums like this, is when they just completely reject any of the conventions of music basically and this is what i respect people are just like completely throwing out the rule book, like this, is a vibe it's very artsy, yes this is like avant-garde weirdness this is, so sick!

As far as i know, even to the Black Metal's people don't really like this, because the fact of the matter is that stuff like Death Spell Omega, Watain and stuff like that, are too clean, too polished, too commercial. This is still boundary pushing by today's standards of Black Metal. The contemporary Black Metal scene it sounds like pop punk, compared to this, it's very commercial, it's very safe, there's just nothing interesting about it, to me it's not outsider art, it's hipster, this guy is so weird, like this is truly like punishing anti-music you know it's borderline noise, it's just this like repetitive grating noise, with this guy screaming over it [...]

Abruptum, punishing and unrelenting and not accessible, because it makes the song unpleasant and difficult to listen to, that is exactly why i like it there are no dynamics no hooks like it just goes on and on and on and on and it's unpleasant and harsh and relentless [...] you can't fake this kind of energy, it's too weird you know what i mean.

We're going to listen to some more really weird, Aakon Ketreh, this would be an example of it there's uh all these bands from france like in the late 90s early 2000s or whatever, this is one of my favorites this is sort of on the edge of depressive suicidal Black Metal but, weirder, is like you died. Again, contemporary and modern Black Metal stuff, compared to this, just sounds like it might as well just be pop, but if i'm gonna listen to Black Metal i want it to actually be difficult and challenging and weird and inaccessible, it should make people ask, how could you possibly like this?

That is the point of Black Metal, is to be difficult and challenging, it should not get a positive reviews. Another one that i really like a lot, which truly is barely music, is this Moevot, yeah i love this, this is fire to me, this is fire!

[...] I am avoiding using the word music to describe it, well it's not just music to me, it's art, i look at this the same way that i look at painting.

[...] Emit, the dark bleedings, let's listen to this. Yes this is actual pain put on tape, that's right! | Finn Mckenty.

VORDB NA R.IIDR | VORDB
BÁTHOR ECSED | VORDB DRÉ-
AGVOR UÈZRÉÈVB

I am among those who dedicate men to other things than ceaselessly increased production, who provoke them to sacred horror. | Georges Albert Maurice Victor Bataille.

“In 1996, there was no more Black Metal scene, and everything had drowned into the most memorable shit of the history of Metal. This unbearable situation, and several other more personal reasons made Vordb decide to withdraw from an ‘Underground’ which, according to his own words, had become an ‘overground’, henceforth doomed to a decline The Black Legions Circle had predicted and fought for years, a miserable universe he could not and did not want to be a part of. The best and most memorable

example of this fight was and remains the March to The Black Holocaust, split CD featuring Vlad Tepes and Bèlkètre, which was the most anti-commercial work ever to be released in the history of Metal; at a time when Black Metal was becoming a mere matter of money, when labels and musicians were betraying it one after the other and taking it out of Darkness to expose it and make it accessible to the world in the most contradictory and degrading manner, the musicians of Vlad Tepes and Bèlkètre on the contrary made it even more horrible, uncompromising, and refused to be paid for this CD [...]

The philosophical fracture between the overground and The Black Legions Circle seemed henceforth irreparable, and everything was said and done. The Black Legions Circle disappeared from society before summer 1996, returning to the Darkness that had spawned it. (Vordb n.d.a.)”

"The idea of my 'uselessness' as an individual (in the context of an artificial definition of life and aims following from this definition), in front of the erected wall of that impossibility, made me consider the fact that I was no longer an individual, but had to belong to something much stron-

ger, bigger, higher, than me, which strangely, made my uselessness [...] useful. The relationship between my once microcosm and this macrocosm was possible because of this dead end, because of this impossibility. Nothing was negative or positive anymore.

Things were just the way they had to be, beyond any will or desire or judgement of anyone, beginning with me. The desire of death was not to escape anything but on the contrary to find something back, possibly, an initial state, where the fragment of Darkness that I always felt I was would be reintegrated (in the sense of reconnected) in a whole, without any other purpose than merging in this whole and being a part of the 'divine', not in the sense of looking for it as humans do, but experiencing it permanently, realizing that.

At last, you're a part of something because you've been temporarily 'detached' (in the sense of disconnected) from it, because you have faced, and understood, by analogy, the impossibility of seeking what is in fact only an extension of your own material, what is the macrocosmic expression, or version, of the microcosm you are... This impossibility, in its peak, lasted for months. It was

one of the most difficult times in my life, and I have no idea how I am still here today to write this [...] However, having faced such an impossibility, a dead end, I know that nothing will ever be the same, and that an important stage of my Dark Journey has been reached".

Tuning in to this decollative logic, to the delimitation of the bounds between actual and potential life, and to the inaudibility of its impossibility, that necessarily theoretical component of what cannot perforce be heard but still belongs speculatively, 'tenuously, longingly, to the territory of sound'; on this occasion, to the eretofore unheard sound of colour, of subjective visual phenomena that Vordb translates through the 'Moévöt prism' (Moévöt 1992–2015), and through which, we witness this divine distortion in the Entity's first 'non-material' edition (Vordb n.d.d) that, formally evincing the same twining structure, constitutes an audio 'Offering of Darkness' in two parts: a before, Moévöt's *De fenêtre entrouverte*, recorded in 1992, and an after, Moévöt's *De fenêtre entrouverte*, analysed, re-scored and re-recorded in 2015.

Overall, as Vordb notes, "the piece is a lament, an ostinato on a two

harmonic intervals progression [...] Everything is depicted with only three instruments: a synthesizer (two staves: a harmonic bass and a melody), [and] two voices, one in treble clef, the other navigating between bass and treble clef".

With the exception of this latter, which was especially created and developed for an unreleased operatic work, *Ikzabae und Èlsyèdyae*, Vordb composed during the same period, the piece is a typical stylistic illustration of what he would call Moévöt's 'first manner' (1992–2015), which mainly consisted in a synthesizer with very cold, bleak sounds, and a lyrical, moaning, ghostly voice (1992–2015) that, now doubled, and running from gamma to utor the gamut of Arezzo's solmization system, mirrors the structure of John's gospel, but radicalizes it.

In dispensing with the markedly difficult onset and polysyllabic clusters associated with *Gloatre*, played out, for instance, in the demo title of the conceptually related 'Tagesanbruch' - Moévöt's *Ézlèyfbdrèhtr Vèpréub Zuèrkl Mazagvatre Èrbsèdréa* (1994).

[...] *De fenêtre entrouverte* gives precedence to the monosyllabic Ut, both sonically and semantically. Sonically, as the note at

the beginning, and semantically, as a narrative of beginning or, more properly, in the vein of Eckhart's heretical mysticism, as a 'counter-narrative' or 'before narrative' (Colucciello Barber); a narrative of before beginning, of Uht, the time of night just before dawn, during which, according to Anglo-Saxon tradition, feelings of care and sorrow are especially strong.

"Each morning [...] before the sunrise [...] I used to stand for a while in front of the [fenêtre entrouverte] ajar window of my room. The landscape, which at that time wasn't ruined by ugly constructions [...] was rather natural. Past a big field [...] was a big house surrounded by high sinister trees, protected by railings, and overhung by a huge sky; a picture from which, especially in winter, derived beautiful and [...] typically moévötíc frozen landscapes

[...] What I sing in this piece is the ecstasy of these visions [...] but also my despair at the ending of the night which was my protection."

The lyrics' formal structure is in three equally weighed paragraphs of four lines, but there are no rhymes here. However, there is an idea of something cyclical in the fact that the last two lines are

the same as the first two lines, implying a return to the origin, hence, the idea that the ecstasy, though it helped me survive, did not ease the suffering, which is, and will be still here...

[De fenêtre entrouverte
sur un ciel livide...

Arbres vomis du sol,
aube d'espace avide...]

The first verse is some sort of discovery of the landscape that I see when opening the window.

[Au son de mes orgues rends
de tes entrailles la glace,
le jour gelé d'eau claire.
Sous lui, la nuit trépasse...]

The second verse is the climax of the ecstasy and the immediate artistic connection that it inspires in me.

[Je veux pleurer le noir
et sangloter lumière,
de fenêtre entrouverte
sur un ciel livide...]

The third verse is a return to the reality that this ecstasy will not last, and that I will have to momentarily return to the earthly world, yearning the return of the night. (Moévöt 1992–2015) [...] "In the first version [of De fenêtre entrouverte] the window and landscape it reveals are mainly a way

for me to run away, so, although I wasn't conscious of that at the time, it was limited [...] In the second version, on the contrary, I don't want to run away anymore:

I am fully ready to explore this landscape, and I know that as soon as the window opens, the landscape it reveals will go as far as my eyes want to see". (Moévöt 1992–2015) | Vordb Na R.iidr | Edia Connole.

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DONJON DU CHÂTEAU DE SEPTMONTS, PLACE DE LA MAIRIE, 02200 SEPTMONTS, FRANCE.

We researched the historical origins of our family. We have studied the religions our family practiced over the years. [...] We learned that our family... significantly helped some religions survive at the end of the Middle Ages. The worship of the goddess Isis. I mean the religion which continued in Europe in spite of the persecution it suffered from the Catholic Church. That is why things were borrowed from foreign religions. Like the goddess Isis, who we already mentioned. Christians hun-

ted down their enemies. They adopted the ancient religion of the horned god who has been worshipped since prehistory. Violently persecuted, this religion went undercover. Although they claimed to worship the goddess Isis, in actual fact, they had turned a male god of local origin into a female god of foreign origin.

So those who opposed Christianity adopted two arguments against their persecutors. They'd Say? "We can't be blamed for worshipping the horned god, because she's a woman". Or: "She's a woman, so we don't revere an idol". This woman was the Virgin Mary. As I said, it was all about derision, because it was verging on blasphemy. In fact, it was all about blaspheming the Virgin Mary. With this notion of reversal, derision and blasphemy, we then take up this reversal of rites, which was later to give us Black Masses. The worship of the dear Isis is at the very heart of the Western crisis at that time. It's also at the heart, the very heart... of our research. | Monique Natan | Jean Rollin.

THE SATANISTS TUNES

"Then, let us assume that the sacrifices to the Devil are not preceded by preliminary murders. Per-

haps in some cases they aren't. The worshippers probably content themselves with bleeding a foetus which had been aborted as soon as it became matured to the point necessary. Bloodletting is supererogatory anyway, and serves merely to whet the appetite.

The main business is to consecrate the host and put it to an infamous use. The rest of the procedure varies. There is at present no regular ritual for the black mass." [...] "Do not speak." [...]

"This is the place," [...] "Be careful," she said, going through a vestibule. [...] "There are three steps." [...] They were in a chapel with a low ceiling crossed by beams gaudily painted with coaltar pigment. The windows were hidden by great curtains. The walls were cracked and dingy.

Gusts of humid, mouldy air and of that indescribable new-stove acridity poured out of the registers to mingle with an irritating odour of alkali, resin, and burnt herbs. He was choking, his temples throbbing. He advanced groping, attempting to accustom his eyes to the half darkness. The chapel was vaguely lighted by sanctuary lamps suspended from chandeliers of gilded bronze with pink glass pendants. Not a laugh, not a

raised voice, was heard, but an ir-resolute, furtive whispering, unaccompanied by gesture.

A choir boy, clad in red, advanced to the end of the chapel and lighted a stand of candles. Then the altar became visible. It was an ordinary church altar on a tabernacle above which stood an infamous, derisive Christ.

The head had been raised and the neck lengthened, and wrinkles, painted in the cheeks, transformed the grieving face to a bestial one twisted into a mean laugh. He was naked, and where the loin-cloth should have been, there was a virile member projecting from a bush of horsehair. In front of the tabernacle the chalice, covered with a pall, was placed. The choir boy folded the altar cloth, wiggled his haunches, stood tiptoe on one foot and flipped his arms as if to fly away like a cherub, on pretext of reaching up to light the black tapers whose odour of coal tar and pitch was now added to the pestilential smell of the stuffy room.

Preceded by the two choir boys the canon entered, wearing a scarlet bonnet from which two buffalo horns of red cloth protruded. Durtal examined him as he marched toward the altar. [...]

The canon solemnly knelt before the altar, then mounted the steps and began to say mass. [...] he had nothing on beneath his sacrificial habit. His black socks and his flesh bulging over the garters, attached high up on his legs, were plainly visible.

The chasuble had the shape of an ordinary chasuble but was of the dark red colour of dried blood, and in the middle, in a triangle around which was an embroidered border of colchicum, savin, sorrel, and spurge, was the figure of a black billy goat presenting his horns. Docre made the genuflexions, the full, or half, length inclinations specified by the ritual.

The kneeling choir boys sang the Latin responses in a crystalline voice which trilled on the ultimate syllables of the words. [...] at that moment the choir boys passed behind the altar and one of them brought back copper chafing-dishes, the other, censers, which they distributed to the congregation.

All the women enveloped themselves in the smoke. Some held their heads right over the chafing-dishes and inhaled deeply, then, fainting, unlaced themselves, heaving raucous sighs.

The sacrifice ceased.

The priest descended the steps backward, knelt on the last one, and in a sharp, tripidant voice cried:

"Master of Slanders, Dispenser of the benefits of crime, Administrator of sumptuous sins and great vices, Satan, thee we adore, reasonable God, just God!

Superadmirable legate of false trances, thou receivest our beseeching tears; thou savest the honour of families by aborting wombs impregnated in the forgetfulness of the good orgasm; thou dost suggest to the mother the hastening of untimely birth, and thine obstetrics spares the still-born children the anguish of maturity, the contamination of original sin.

Mainstay of the despairing Poor, Cordial of the Vanquished, it is thou who endowest them with hypocrisy, ingratitude, and stiff-neckedness, that they may defend themselves against the children of God, the Rich. Suzerain of Resentment, Accountant of Humiliations, Treasurer of old Hatreds, thou alone dost fertilize the brain of man whom injustice has crushed; thou breathest into him the idea of meditated vengeance, sure misdeeds; thou incitest him to murder; thou givest him the abundant joy of accomplished reprisals and permittest him to taste the intoxi-

cating draught of the tears of which he is the cause.

Hope of Virility, Anguish of the Empty Womb, thou dost not demand the bootless offering of chaste loins, thou dost not sing the praises of Lenten follies; thou alone receivest the carnal supplications and petitions of poor and avaricious families.

Thou determinest the mother to sell her daughter, to give her son; thou aidest sterile and reprobate loves; Guardian of strident Neuroses, Leaden Tower of Hysteria, bloody Vase of Rape!

Master, thy faithful servants, on their knees, implore thee and supplicate thee to satisfy them when they wish the torture of all those who love them and aid them; they supplicate thee to assure them the joy of delectable misdeeds unknown to justice, spells whose unknown origin baffles the reason of man; they ask, finally, glory, riches, power, of thee, King of the Disinherited, Son who art to overthrow the inexorable Father!"

[...] "And thou, thou whom, in my quality of priest, I force, whether thou wilt or no, to descend into this host, to incarnate thyself in this bread, Jesus, Artisan of Ho-

axes, Bandit of Homage, Robber of Affection, hear!

Since the day when thou didst issue from the complaisant bowels of a Virgin, thou hast failed all thine engagements, belied all thy promises. Centuries have wept, awaiting thee, fugitive God, mute God!

Thou wast to redeem man and thou hast not, thou wast to appear in thy glory, and thou sleepest. Go, lie, say to the wretch who appeals to thee, 'Hope, be patient, suffer; the hospital of souls will receive thee; the angels will assist thee; Heaven opens to thee! Impostor!

Thou knowest well that the angels, disgusted at thine inertness, abandon thee! Thou wast to be the Interpreter of our complaints, the Chamberlain of our tears; thou wast to convey them to the Father and thou hast not done so, for this intercession would disturb thine eternal sleep of happy satiety.

Thou hast forgotten the poverty thou didst preach, enamoured vassal of Banks!

Thou hast seen the weak crushed beneath the press of profit; thou hast heard the death rattle of the

timid, paralyzed by famine, of women disembowelled for a bit of bread, and thou hast caused the chancery of thy Simoniacs, thy commercial representatives, thy Popes, to answer by dilatory excuses and evasive promises, sacristy Shyster, huckster God!

Master, whose inconceivable ferocity engenders life and inflicts it on the innocent whom thou darest damn, in the name of what original sin? Whom thou darest punish, by the virtue of what covenants? We would have thee confess thine impudent cheats, thine inexpressible crimes!

We would drive deeper the nails into thy hands, press down the crown of thorns upon thy brow, bring blood and water from the dry wounds of thy sides. And that we can and will do by violating the quietude of thy body.

Profaner of ample vices, Abstractor of stupid purities, cursed Nazarene, do-nothing King, coward God!"

"Amen!"

A silence succeeded the litany. The chapel was foggy with the smoke of the censers. | Charles Marie Georges Huysmans.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

[...] Break, break, break. At the foot of thy stones, O Sea! And I would that I could utter the thoughts that arise in me! | Alfred Tennyson.

FASCINATION, DEFIXIONES, KATADESMOS, VOCES MYSTICAE, CHARAKTÊRES, EXECRATION, DAMNATIO MEMORIAE, AUREA APPREHENSIO, ARS COMBINATORIA

"About the Benin religion" says Dapper, "it consists of a cult of the devil, to whom they sacrifice men and cattle. [...] They call them Orisa.

They have their fetishes made of wood or green herbs; a devil charmer can ask to the devil to speak with him; the devil then answers by means of fetizi, by a sound that to come from a pot with three holes" [...] They profess to worship devils in human and brutal images, some of which are bones, claws, dead men's heads, and skeletons, etc. [...] The devil is not represented by any particular image, or distinguished from their fetishes otherwise than in the intention only. They know enough of the devil to call all that is evil by name. | H. LING ROTH.

Acousmatic Black Metal

This page it's dedicate to a "riff":
[...] *It's eleven o' clock in the desecrated church and now that we're all here, we're ready to follow the Black Priest, while bats and toads invade the church. The most beautiful witch shall lay on the altar; a magic pillow shall sustain her head. With open arms her body forms a cross and she holds black candles in her hands. Tonight HE will appear and if HE likes the sacrifice, we shall all become immortal! [...] Pray brother! Pray with me! Pray the Devil with force and faith! This is your great chance! This is the night of Black Mass!*

[...] *Take off your clothes! Undress completely! Rise to the altar and then kneel down! When you're all ready bring to me the sacrificed! This child's throat will be cut over the body of a witch mix his blood with my seed and dip inside the Black Host! Oh Astaroth! Oh Asmodeo! Princes of friendship I implore YOU! Accept my sacrifice! I offer you this blood! This is my body! This is my blood! Hallelujah Evil Sons! Join together in this orgy! This is your great chance! This is the night of Black Mass! / Steve Sylvester / Aldo Polverari / Lyricist: Silvestri.*

[...] *Satana, qui unus es dominus nobis prodimus deum orbis terrarum sanctos pinguemque feminam. Tibi profundimus sanguinem nostrum liberarumque subscribamus atrum voluminem mortis. Et gratiam tibi agimus pro peccata nostra. Stigma, quod nobis ipse impressisti, ostendimus. Tibi confitemur peccata nostra ut coniungas nos convivium ubertatis. Nostrum cibum Belzeb consecra et vinculum nigrae catenae solida. Coniunge animas saltatione et commissatione ad honorem tui, ut disiungat nos lux, Amen.*

Van Der Graaf Generator - "White Hammer"
Composer: Peter Hammill - 01 February 1970.
Listen the ending two minutes of this long piece "[...] suddenly the lugubrious sound of the organ, slowly unwary listener understands

that there is no escape, the lyrics take you back in time to the horrors of the Inquisition, the atmosphere is gloomy, with a delusional ending, sustained from Jackson's sax and a black mass organ [...]" | Cesare Buttaboni.