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Monarchs



Those who beget evil, who in knowing contemplation of the harm which they prompt by their very actions, act upon dark impulses regardless. It is by that very propaganda of the deed bringing forth the actionable intent of malignancy which is in fell compromise of themselves, and all in their gambit.

Temptation draws in and ensnares, by ensnaring encircling, and by encircling forcing the hand toward betrayal not only of others but that betrayal of self, and thus the vistas of all hell become manifest on earth, by those who gaze falls upon horrible intents for conspiracy.

The undead, those dread forces of extra-dimensional evil, are not called by label or abstracted name but by "violence for the sake of violence." It is that violence, violence in all domains, by which the neophyte embodies the forces of that adversary which is of the thirteenth bloodline in tangibility, and so ascending to adepthood in caustic evolution beyond their current station to one hideously endowed, and endowed for terrible pastimes operating in the blackwater's of the world.

Not by any spiritual credence, nor ideological code based on temporally underpinned moralities, but corruption beyond all sane comprehension; corruption is the arena in which such perverse emissaries operate.

It is extremism itself, adversary itself, and harshness itself which is the constituent of the nature of the self identified "accomplice of evil" - what to speak of its font. The clandestine operator prorated for operations of black propaganda so engaged therefore in psychological war, and through psychological war, psychological damage.

Within that "theater of terror" they operate according to their maxim that "terror is the only thing which is true, terror the only thing which is real." Terror their constituent, terror their blood.

They tread upon the bloodstained soils of countless crimson oblations produced through acts of dreadful self directed sadistic ferocity both evidencing their own abject insanity, and the necessity of the very forces which they placate, by calling entombing in the flesh, and so embodying, therefore animated by.

Through compromised humanity, through the destruction of the indwelling human host spirit, and the shedding of moral inhibition and all faculties of human reason, the host so embarking enters the gray areas of liminal space which are the existence as agent of evil. Not through professed allegiance, but in action as well as word to forces dark and bringing compromise to all. Evil begetting evil, conspiracy begetting conspiracy, and so the labyrinthine spire of misery, the wilderness of mirrors, inescapable.

To be possessed is to be taken over by a thing, for it to sweep through the psyche as a horrible torrent, alike radioactive fallout descending upon the gutted remnant of civilization, such that nothing but that thing remains acting out, playing itself out in the worldly stage.

Via the harsh alchemical transformation process is the human neophyte effected into that which is no longer human, via ordeal and through works of dark sorcery becoming a being which is enchanted. Via the intrusion of hostile intelligence of the undead, such a psyche ceases to be its own, and through compromise of the psyche creating the very fragmentation setting the stage for such in the first place. To be of the nightbreed is to resonate with and through resonation to become synonymous with the night. That which is occulted, hidden, clandestine, to act as an embodiment of that very principle is to be in line with those clandestine movers who set the scenery via facade and ploy. The confluence of the undead, the horrors of which are demonstrable through a historicity meandering and wayward, by their very nature forwarding agents of destruction into positions capricious and deceptive. Such is the very domain of the noctulian. Effected by social engineering and manipulation of consciousness alongside the the multitude of fronts and mirrors in the angletonian wilderness, thereby is psychological warfare firmly established. Bringing forth upon its leathern wings infiltration, compromise, and subversion. That this is well documented to the mundane scholars of wamphyrism should not be lost. It has been said that wamphyrism outlasts the lesser and outmoded forms. The reason thus transparently clear: those of human stock beyond mundane constitution are at best resources, useful for a time, and then discarded.

The Satanic-Panic arose on the global theatre and in so doing thrust fears previously unknown into the global conscious, an entire globe deprived of its time bit by bit stolen away, via conspiracies roused, and the actions of discontented and violent operators.

The powers and principalities which seek to uproot, destroy, and collapse are as many and multitude as the expressions of the devil itself precipitating through a massive scale and turning to corruption all golden calfs and sacred idols. A basic education with the disciplines of counterintelligence and espionage will reveal this, and often by virtue of the very clandestine and subversive nature that goes with such a territory, its influence, alike a malignant tumor, either goes unnoticed, feared yet unchallenged, or celebrated and praised openly by the uneducated (or more correctly to say the deceived) as the defenders of freedom and liberty, when it is the clandestine movers, the nightbreed, the Noctulian who has freedom and liberty in a chokehold.

Through compromising certain channels of planetary emanation of seven, certain voices within the firing line, have made accusation of state sponsored black propaganda carried out through counter intelligence strategum. Although gutted from the inside, either option remains for them, a bad one. The serpents seed, the representatives of the devils kingdom, by their fruits shell you know them, of that tree which among trees is rough and unsparing. Where hostile intelligence enters, so too shall doubt and from doubt paranoia. Speculations shall abound from this concerning a state sponsored propaganda. But the grandeur and beauty of the blood shall be known only to those elect who, suited to purpose by dint of MONARCH, ever present but obscured due to the secrecy of the shifting sands which is the constituent of our arena of terror. For they are of the undead and walk with them into the lap of liminality, and those cold, cruel controllers oriented to purpose inhumane in purview, possessed to the man by those discarnate wickednesses of the deluge. Their very nature is cognitohazard and that thread, weaving conspiracy - for they are all threat itself. The sheep meander but so far, the hook and the crook prepared, allegiances fastened in discreet places in gorey terms, all deception, surveillance, and subturfuge upon them.

Pain is that which drives the repetitive nature of trauma which is required to implant the programming of the MONARCH variety to cast off the layers of ones humanity, making egress into the blood pool. By taking the numeric three hundred and thirty three as part of oneself and those three hundred and thirty three spectres of dread compromise, one seals ones fate as an agent of evil, driving forward the establishment of hell on earth. In order to feed the beast, to let it emerge in one down to the cellular level of biological mutation, requires embracing the fragmentation and seeking out those levels of alpha, beta, and delta coding transfiguring ones human nature into a shattered state, enforced within the hierarchy of blood by the shattered mirror releasing those demonic forces.

To become a master of predation and to approach humanity as the slave fodder which it constitutes, to compromise ones humanity and to become a slave to those dread forces, requires a discipline and devotion, a basic level of fanaticism which is the very lifeblood of those given wholly unto those spiritual masters, whos blood flows within their veins yet whos hearts of stone beat no longer. One should examine the confluence of transcendentalism and pursuit of those anti-material planes of existence in the highest planets and its relation to that which is the domain of intelligence, deceptions within deception, subversions and counter subversions.

Approaching its application, the realization of ones nature becoming increasingly torn from all prior vestiges of held sentiment of humanity becomes apparant. In one infamous maxim, it was inscribed by a particular clandestine operative:

"The mans eyes were black and had a wild evil look, a violent slash of red marked his throat, the same red dripped from a bare knife in his hand"

Exactly as those self destructive emissaries of historicity made obeissance unto Chamunda, so too through the portal of omega bringing the end of ones humanity and emergence unto that undead state, does the horrible manifestation and destruction of all which is human make way for demonic fructification, from fructification the establishment of prophecy.

Such is the very lot of those shock troops of the apocalypse of the organization which is clandestine forwarding unholy providence engineered in secret by black wizards possessed of purview inhuman, and outlook inhumane.

By inviting the hideous spectre at the threshold does human consciousness eclipse into the abyss, by embracing the terrors of choronzon and terror at the left and terror at the right all the same, does terror become inescapable, inside and out, those of ideological stripe, those of superficial inherence, should indeed be frightened as they engineer the course of their own dashing unto the rocks. They are that chaff fanning the fires of hell, the arisal of the antichrist unto the stage manipulating even mundane prophecy to total detriment, gripped in the grasp of those grey, alienic beings, operating in those liminal spaces of intrusion and morally grey area to drive forward prophecy.

They are the agents of the Commandant, their horrible goddess, she who is the embodiment of nuclear death spreading her influence over the world even at the highest channels of power. She who shatters minds, she whos corrosive blood is alike fallout poisoning the soul forevermore, she whos cult is of that blood, and gorge themselves on blood. Those of that blood, those possessed of unshakeable fanaticism to the blood, those constituted solely by that blood are made by the lines of programming which constitute them, humanity long lost if not never before known, and when triggered, their horrible destiny and purpose to destroy takes hold.

Their mission is to bloodline the population for the adversary, to bloodline the population, and bloodline the world for satan. Thus our prompt, thus our goal, thus our nature. At the level of programming demarcated code green, when the code is sounded and enforced via demonic bindings and blood sealing then do those traumatized fragments of what was formerly a psyche coherent no longer coagulate into action lashing out both at all outside and the host themselves in indiscriminate psychic fury, ever advancing the boot of totalitarianism crushing humanity forever, ever advancing the cult of the blood. Inspired by the despots of the past propagating and internally subjected to all the same, it becomes understood that terror is that which brings internal compromise, terror as that which brings outward subversion.

The most dreadful spiritual masters, those most horrible entities of terrible force, ancient and evil possess, ensnare, entwine, and so those agents self sworn to the above do wield with totalitarian certainty that authority which crushes human will. To dissociate, to go deeper into the grid, is for omega to arise in those faceless operatives no longer human as that counter pole to the alpha bringing destruction, so to do they carry out their grim work of erecting their architecture on the earth, imposing restriction on the soul, and encircling the very world in razor wire.

To have to see, to have know, the imperative to make approach unto that lurker at the threshold, and by approach will the soul be shattered, mutilated, and will one make their entry way into the blood pool, drowning in that ocean of crimson coagulate and caustic metallic life flow, beneath the punitive gaze of those forces of interdimensional intrusion which is the alienic itself, so we are driven to establish the devils kingdoms.

We are the ones holding that whip which shatters the mind and erodes the soul, we who praise evil as our birth right, evil as our imperative, evil as our directive. We take flight on bloodied wings as those MONARCHS making transgress into realm of psychic transgression across stygian night, emerging from the shedded snake skin of prior humanity and discarding the cocoon into that awful and glorious state of life eternal in all life lost, as emissarys of death, and beings of walking death awakened unto undeath. It is through unlocking those layers of fragmentation of alpha, beta, and delta variety levels of programming respectively that one accepts the harsh discipline of the undead, thus enacting the transformative process.

By the technologies of MONARCH ones world shall be turned upside down, all which was once previously conceived of as sane shall be reversed, all which was held as good shall be inverted, one shall become as grey, one shall become as the alienic itself. As Saturn devours his children, so via innocence lost do we awaken to our destiny, the repetitive nature of trauma sparking into espionage as the means of our action, accomplices of evil its perpetuants. Then will the fell winds of compromise blow, as we work sleepless and unblinking toward the day of wrath. Those who tread our shores live by the maxim that has been drilled into them:

"Do not be a Human! Be a Noctulian!"

Indeed, those MONARCHS of the current of three hundred and thirty three are as has been outlined made of those lines of encoding, from which platform of adversarial devotion they enact psychological warfare, enforced by the punishment wielded by the cold hands of the undead and the enchantments of those demons of the night. They are the nightbreed, to be of the nightbreed necessities that discipline, by which one enters deeper into the grid.

To be in the grid, suspended in animation in that liminal state of undeath, leads to the intersection of intelligence and counter intelligence dread wake, the ancient evil playing out over prophecy revealed by the intersection of the black world of horrible demonic force, and the black world of intelligence and state surveillance, all fate manipulated, all humanity eventually strangled.

One noteworthy precedent of historicity may be found with the central intelligence agency involvement irrefutably demonstrated by declassifieds concerning the jonestown massacre, from being enacted outside the purview of the law, was perpetuated with its sanction at the highest and most secretive levels. Certain voices make a nod to the hand of death paramilitary cult, and the educated may eruditely note a principal spiritual influence of those cults of tamasic spirituality of the dravidian variety and origin which had deeply set their fangs in the soil of guyana long before the events perpetuated.

To take flight on the astral planes, to ascend as raven therein, to embrace a distorted self concept as raven black, makes way for the possession by the alters emergent from the trauma one will embrace within the blood pool. Via embracing deception, embracing coercion, and embracing subversion, by awakening unto the luminiscence of those dark mothers administering discipline unto humanity, the initiate losing humanity and entering the possessed state is awakened unto by those sadistic spectres undead, all humanity subsumed by that faceless outward coherence of front which is the mask of sanity, so coopted and thus blind to the light and deaf to all grace and salvation.

Such persons work in secrecy, and perpetuate the orders of the demon of subterfuge who knows all which occurs in the courts of the world at the highest levels. Lucifer, his light inescapable and felt by even those most holy lambs of god as they are lead to slaughter unknowing, the king of this world holds dominion over all, manipulating fate to his direction to bring forth his kingdom as he establishes his providence via preparing his armies.

Flagellation revealing the crying vistas of humanity, trauma opening a gateway unto the demonic spectres who like a thousand moths devour the soul, the faceless and clandestine blaze bringing forth the varying levels of programming, so enacting fate via beings of spiritual nature whos only purpose is to destroy.

The Commandant's cult, those workers in blacksites the world over, is a direct node to the active developments of black prophecy turning the very world upside down and bringing about such establishment of blood and manipulation upon those earth. It is imperative to be understood that all those who tread our shores, even from an outside positioning, service the despotic aims of the incestually sadomasochistic hierarchy of undead forces, even without their knowing, so too do they go deeper into the grid, dark forces possessing, dark forces coercing, dark forces controlling as they enter deeper into those astral realms of hallucinatory delirium, and ultimately the realms of the blood itself, ensnaring all that which is human, establishing increasingly compromised scenario.

Such men are implicated in horrible conspiracies actively engineered by deepstate operatives, are first targets of surveillance of the targeted variety, and later perpetuate stalking fitting the gang descriptor, paving their way into induction into such underground operations, first requiring initiatory crisis.

Through compartmentalization, through crisis, the outer light side deeply coopted by the night side alters, those alters born through ordeal, the individual remaining (and what little there is that can be considered individual in human terms) is pure walking death. By entering into the blood of the undead, by grafting themselves into the horrible bloodline, they ultimately endeavour to establish satans kingdom for a thousand years.

They service the father of lies, for deception is their nature, as they make offer unto dread lord Moloch unto whom they pass all the world through his flames as the smoke does rise and the drums of tophet sound once more, as hinted at in recent polemical essays by an infamous publisher. In carthage, infants were slaughtered in great swathes unto Baal Hammon, he who is Saturn, he who is old father time, he who is death incarnate, he who is lord of dread materiality bringing the death of the soul. The undead intrude, the undead surveil, the undead possess, the undead destroy.

Oh Moloch, so prepare an offer of the blood of the fated...

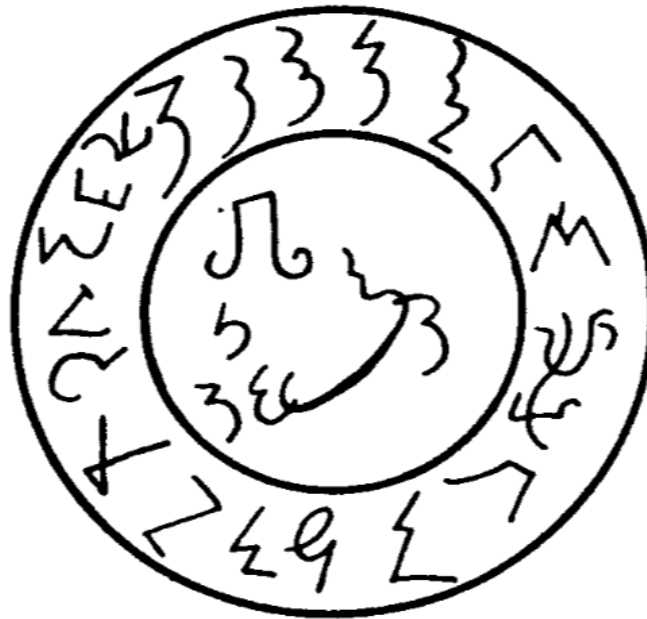
Oh Moloch, so bring forth your immolation...

Oh Moloch, so suffer unto thy little ones...

Oh Moloch, so devour the young...

Oh Moloch, so engulf the world...

Corruptionem Promovere



By the vector of the blood does corruption propagate, that of the wayward blood bringing spiritual corrosion. Through ordeal can this be effected, so facilitating states of communion with the dark forces themselves via that possession of the vessel brought upon by traumatic disassociation. Two operators are required, the one primary and the other secondary. A dagger for bloodletting and a disciplinary implement for flagellation are requisite. The sigil of selected demonic intelligence shall be prepared to service as the focal point of imprinting throughout the course of the rite.

The primary operator shall produce thirteen cuts upon his form drawing blood which shall flow in grotesque offering. While so doing, the secondary operator shall fix his gaze in meditation upon the sigil while self subjecting to flagellation.

Whilst the flagellation continues, the primary operator shall direct the life energy of both operators towards the hostile entities being brought forth while reciting the following invocation thrice:

To the propitiation of thy principality,
To the power of the administer of clandestine ministration,
In the theater of the real,
The father of lies thee I invoke,
All scourge unto humanity by humanity destroyed and desiccated,
And which blood we shall shed...

The secondary operator shall cease his flagellation only at the third recitation and being handed the ritual dagger, shall proceed in producing likewise thirteen cuts upon himself. The primary operator shall take hold of the disciplinary implement and fix his gaze to the sigil whilst beginning flagellation of himself during which time the secondary operator shall recite the following invocation thrice whilst flagellation continues until its end:

**Come forth bringing your countenance stained with the blood of fated men,
Oh lord of sublime punishment and disassociation,
Remake us into your perfect image as we give ourselves unto you,
To wield as the rod that smashes humanity...**

The primary operator shall thence hand the disciplinary implement back to the second operator who fixes his gaze upon the sigil once more and begins lashing himself, the primary operator taking the knife, then produces thirteen cuts upon himself. Whilst the flagellation continues and the blood flows the primary operator shall draw the malignant influence of the entities sought into himself whilst reciting the following invocation thrice:

**For the blood,
By the blood,
By the life within this blood,
Which I verily say is all poison and corruption,
Enter these vacated vessels,
Fill them with your presence...**

Upon cessation of the third recitation the primary operator shall implore the secondary operator to drink of his blood, thereafter shall he drink of the secondary operators blood, both shall drink in large quantity.

To conclude the rite the sigil shall be marked in blood, no closing shall be performed, so shall the horrible influences of the hostile consciousness besought permeate the space indefinitely.

Come all those of Malevolence

I first saw my handler outside the airport, where we had planned our initial meeting and pickup. It was a hot summer day, set dead in the middle of August. I recognized him instantly across the street and waved him over to the taxi. After he got in, we shook hands and formally introduced ourselves. It had been mutually agreed beforehand that we would not speak of Nightside activity during the cab ride, so as not to arouse suspicion. As you could have guessed, discussing such matters of paramilitary training, the planning of demonic workings and SRA is shockingly NOT A GOOD LOOK! I was heavy with anticipation, nervous even before calling the taxi. I had read the MS Night of Satan, Trauma-Induced Programming: A First-Hand Account, and SRA Is Real Suckers. I thought these texts were meant to prepare me for the sheer horror I was about to partake in. Words do satanic ritual little justice; to truly experience it, one must hold the whip, speak the invocation, feel the slide of the razor against flesh, watch the blood pour, and feel oneself being overtaken by the Dark Gods. Upon our arrival at the motel, we walked to the room with utmost urgency. Unbeknownst to me wasting no time, my handler quickly procured a small folding knife from his bag without a word. Since our brief introduction, there had been little conversation between us. I suddenly felt the cold steel brandish itself against my neck for a brief moment before being released from the hold, immediately thereafter, I heard the familiar scraping sound of the tip and point of a dulling knife being dragged across flesh. I turned to see my guide with a crazed look in his eye, frantically cutting himself over and over and over again one could sense the rising insanity in the air suffocating the room. His arms were already shredded from times past, a notable hallmark for those who have properly serviced the Demonic. "Fuck," he said aloud. "This thing is too dull. It won't even cut properly." I gave a twisted smile and looked him dead in the eye. One could feel a tension rising, as if chaos were about to break loose. Instinctively, out of fear, I reached for my piece, intending for there to be a conflict right then and there. In times past, my guide and I had discussed planning a fight before a certain rite of animal sacrifice to determine who would be the favored one to carry out the act. I pulled out the knife clipped to my waistband and deployed the blade. Still staring at me, my guide walked over, took my hand, and violently pressed the blade to his chest, the point digging into his skin. He took my other hand and placed it against his heart. "I AM CALM RIGHT NOW," he shouted. "ARE YOU CALM?" he said, pressing his hand against my heart. He gave a sick smile and began to cackle, my heart rate highly elevated by what I had thought was going to be a genuine conflict. "Smoke?," he said. I was in disbelief by this complete turnaround in behavior. "Come on, buddy ol' pal, let's go have ourselves a smoke."

Still flabbergasted, I mustered a simple, confirming "Yeah, sure." As we walked out of the motel, all I could think of were the descriptions of the Lieutenant within the novel Iron Gates. It is noted that the Lieutenant's own violence and insanity were mirrors of the Commander's own violence and insanity. The Commander, who is head of the organization, cultivates an atmosphere of absolute terror within the organization.

This truly made me question what sort of horrific shit I was inviting into my life. This was only one man, there are many many more. And as for the Bloodfather...? There were still a couple of hours until it was truly our time to shine, so to speak. We both figured we should go pick up some libations of the alcoholic variety for after the rite had reached its apex as well as fresh razor blades for the ordeal that was soon to be taking place. While walking to and fro from store to store, picking up the various supplies needed for the coming week of paramilitary training, I was briefed on numerous organizational details. My guide began asking me hypothetical questions about espionage and blackmail, pressing me on how I would conduct myself in tense situations involving such matters. By the time we returned to the motel, it was already pitch black, and with a long night ahead of us still yet. After returning to our room I was then immediately instructed to sketch the sigils of Lucifer, Beelzebuth, and Astaroth onto a piece of paper from the Goetic volume that I had brought with me. Meanwhile, my guide was drafting the invocation we were set to use. After finishing the sigils, my guide spoke in a robust and lively manor, "Make yourself comfortable. Have a beer. Put on some of that Nickelodeon channel. I'll be done momentarily." I cracked open a drink and took a few small sips while lying back on the bed. My thoughts were drifting as I lost focus. I noticed the room beginning to feel colder. A strange heaviness settled over me. I felt paralyzed. It was as though the room had been thrust into a meat locker. I tried to focus on the television screen but it was as if I was looking right through it absent minded, I continued to stare. A few minutes later though it felt as if no time had passed at all I suddenly snapped out of my state when he exclaimed, "Ah, here we are!" I immediately got up to help my guide set up the area that had been decided upon for the ritual. It was to be performed in front of a full-length mirror, with a flag bearing the organizational insignia set behind us, the area decorated with red candles. I was then instructed to seat myself in front of the mirror.

A razor was placed in my hand. I didn't need instruction, as all was very clear; I then proceeded. My guide removed his belt and began to lash himself into a frenzy, reciting the invocation in a steady, deep, monotone voice. I began to cut my wrist, each incision deeper than the last. With every cut, more blood poured from my arm, splattering against the floor and gathering into a pool of crimson, growing ever wide. I outstretched my arm to make my offering. My mind raced as I lifted my gaze from the sigils to the mirror. There stood my guide, lashing himself heavily; I met his unblinking, focused gaze.

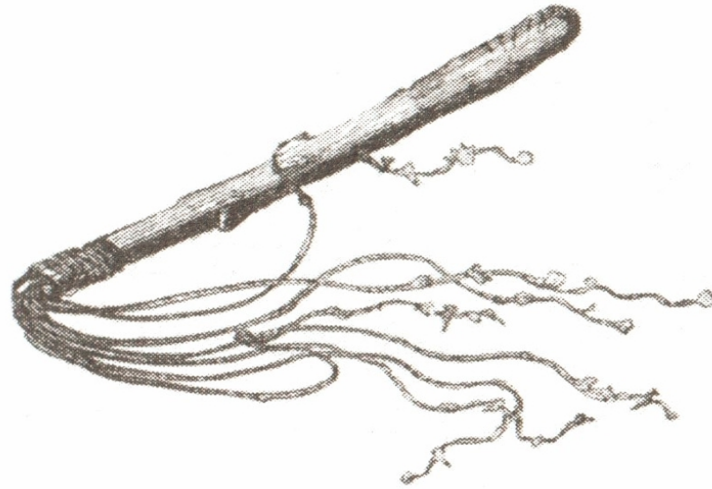
It was as if he was staring into my soul in the most literal sense. I stared back at my reflection. I did not look real. I looked distorted, alien almost. Nothing around me felt tangible. The room itself did not exist, and my mind began to fracture. When my handler finished his round of lashes, I rose and took the belt from him.

His eyes were still fixed. The air felt thick, as if something had entered the room and vomited upon us. He sat down and began cutting himself deeply. I answered this by striking my own flesh as hard and as fast as I could with the belt, the invocation continuing now in a venomous, growling tone.

I paused, mesmerized, watching him drag the razor across his wrist. Dark blood spilled from the mutilated flesh, running free onto the sigils before him. He stopped and motioned for me to come forward. Suddenly, he grabbed me and forced his bleeding arm into my mouth. I drank. My mouth filled with blood; I swallowed, only for it to fill again, over and over and fucking over again, until I felt the need to vomit, gagging on the continued flow. Then I extended my own wounded arm. My guide, rabid with the lust for blood, grabbed my arm, mouth to my flesh. At first, he began with a gnawing sensation, almost exploratory. Then it became biting. His jaw tightened, clamping down harder and harder. The pain became almost unfucking bearable as I then instinctively struck him with my hand. He pulled away but recovered quickly. We lunged at one another and crashed to the floor in a violent frenzy, being driven by the malevolent beings so inhabiting the room and thus extending their black hands down upon us, infecting us and corrupting us as we coiled. He bit down on my left pectoral; I likewise sinking my teeth into his arm. He grabbed my chin and slammed it upward, forcing me to bite harder.

For a brief moment, he paused, his breath ragged, his eyes wild. He spoke, "I feel the devil, I feel him flowing through me, inhabiting my body." Both of us, now covered in blood from the display of violence, he took his still bleeding arm and cut himself more, showering me in blood, reciting the line, "there is only purity here." I took my blood and smeared it all over, as night careened towards its darkest hours, my memory becoming a blur...

Breaking a Butterfly



If one thing is to be said about the Clandestine Organization, it is this; that which we lay our hands upon will be transformed. When something is set in motion, even that which time frame is counted in decades, it will be seen through to its inevitable end. Of those various trades and crafts for which we ply, none is more potent and intensive as trauma programming. A strong mechanism whereby some have achieved success in this predatory arena is by punching thru the sexual boundaries one has established in order to systematically dismantle their sense of bodily autonomy and communicating that their feelings and physical wants are truly secondary to those desires and dark pastimes the operator is steeped in. The flesh becoming a mere tool for the ancient and unholy, highly coordinated ritual abuse where every movement made becomes transgression. The idea is to first create a power imbalance leading to a feeling of "learned helplessness" from the one being programmed making them more compliant in other areas as well as tearing down moral boundaries, and second to manifest depersonalization. The first is so the operator remains the one in control and authority at all times and the latter is to achieve the control of the mind that is required...

"It appears that there is a systematic form of highly sophisticated, trauma-based mind control being used...through the use of hypnosis and the creation of multiple personalities."

-Dr. D. Corydon Hammond, *University of Utah speech 1992*

The official standard definition as given by the APA for hypnosis is as follows: "*A state of consciousness involving focused attention and reduced peripheral awareness characterized by an enhanced capacity for response to suggestion.*"

Dissociation allows an individual to mentally detach from the physical sensations and emotional terror they are experiencing during a specific event, this can result in the aforementioned depersonalization, where the person feels like an outside observer of their own body, and the psyche's natural defense is to "split.". The operator must be able to acutely understand when this is occurring as dissociation isn't merely a side effect, it's the gateway. As can be readily understood one must strain the initiate with physical cruelty and mental and emotional sadism to achieve success, while on the other hand the initiate learns quickly that the only way to serve the Organization is to fracture their own consciousness until there is nothing left but a hollow, obedient vessel. The operator will be able to create a mental wall where the personality that experiences the trauma is hidden away, compartmentalized and leaves their primary self unaware of the event.

This is the point in time where the Operator can harness this splitting to create distinct, isolated sub-personalities, generally referred to as alters. This is also when the possibility of undead confrontation may take place, "severe intrusion of the dark knights, the evil gods - unclean spirits - Rephaim."

These actions are best used on a significant other in which you can continually program them, changing modes of operating and approaches as one sees fit. If this isn't available then there are other choices; the world of fetish apps and BDSM can be a tool for the operator to make use of the community itself as a hunting ground to find and groom inexperienced individuals, weaponizing hard-kinks and a scene that is already (supposedly) based upon sadism and masochism. Not for want of merely the pleasures of the flesh or human devotion and submission, rather their soul is the only thing we intend on keeping.

"Trauma Based Mind Control can be defined as systemic and calculated torture that blocks the individual's capacity for conscious processing. Trauma programming employs suggestion, hypnosis and or classical and operant conditioning to implant thoughts, directs, and perceptions in the unconscious mind. The behaviors are implanted in trauma-induced dissociated identities (parts/alters) that force the individual to do, feel, think, or perceive things for the purposes of the programmer. The objective is for the subjective to follow directives with no conscious awareness, including execution of actions in clear violation of the subject's moral principles, spiritual convictions, and volition.

The primary factor for Trauma Based Mind Control is the ability to disassociate. Dissociation is used as a defence to protect an individual from overwhelming pain and trauma. It is a natural ability of the brain. Installation of Trauma Programming relies on the individual's capacity to dissociate, pain threshold, and imagination which permits the creation of new walled-off personalities to hold and hide programming. Genetically predisposition dissociative children are prime candidates for programming. The subject's ability to dissociate is a major requirement and it is readily found in individual's that come from families with multiple generations of abuse. Mental dissociation enables the handlers to create walled-off parts in the individual's psyche, which can then be programmed and triggered."

-Ozian, U.W, *Chainless Slaves: Trauma Programming*

Castles of Darkness



Those who by OCCUPATION have entombed their physiology, by repeated acts of blackest ordinance entombing their psychology, make entreaty unto those CASTLES OF DARKNESS, so does occupation begin paving way for later possession.

Those who by DELINEATION of psyche so occupied define internal compartments, those black boxes enacting COMPARTMENTALIZATION complete, so does MONARCH come into play.

Those who by the STRUCTURE of such delineation, produce increasingly tangible structures. Attention is to be always kept in two places: the structure itself with occupying alters, and that entry point of the very razor tip of EVIL, itself where CHORONZON lies in all dread infamy and agency, devouring the mind, and devouring the soul.

The human is RAW MATERIAL for the UNDEAD, the human mind is as FOREIGN TERRITORY that the demonic agents constantly poisoned as legions are called to OCCUPY. Demonic occupation is enacted through enforced discipline, enforced punishment, enforced correction. Correction of humanity gone awry, humanity wayward, humanity astray. To effectively carry out occupation, a definitive structure and implanted access codes are used to control the areas of tangible skill and personality which are of interest. Everything outside of the outlined is to be considered as fair game for venting that IMPULSE which is SADOMASOCHISTIC and thus up for grabs for predispositions sadistic, encouraged in its ANNIHILATION.

The structure populated by entities who manage and which keep the human soul and its fetters in iron manacles, advancing the human biological machinery in its work forward. The programmed code enforcing in the mind the castle of darkness which serves its function, those enacting the program perpetually exterminating all else and the other in the ultimate evil that is the sole motive and aim of its every action, and thus the means by which the occupation of the ENEMY TERRITORY of the soil of THE HUMAN SOUL, and the clear delineation of the area to be occupied, by occupation corruption, and the creation of structure to be observed and maintained in relation to the POINT OF ORIGIN of the EVIL SPIRIT enforcing the DISSOCIATED consciousness, the point of origin itself being the point of EGRESS.

Hosts of Evil



Those who desiring to fashion themselves as purveyor of evil via necessity to dawn the mantle of such a secret agent in league with the forces which control this world from clandestine position and which, in service to the undead, "encircle the earth in razor" must, in order to carry out such a role, avail themselves of a number of unavoidable conclusions:

- I). Any luxury or opulence needs additional protection. Such liability will not do. One must live austere and for the mission.
- II). The attitude of ease and indolence must be exterminated from the soul, which requires the active use of intelligence in order to sustain a laid back lifestyle.
- III). Develop an unbelief in the effectiveness of every human effort and contrivance. Only the inhuman can make a difference, ghastly and unavoidable progress only being effected from the realm of evil.
- IV). Cultivate around that air common to men who profit from the vices and follies of others, as a bird of carrion that feeds on fear.
- V). Become a trustworthy comrade of the target prey, let your voice be heard at open-air meetings and large assembly halls.

These lay out a foundation of operative maliciousness that must be lived and cannot be counterfeited. Any half measures invite self destruction that will rain on the weakling from the dead of night. Only the imbecile bourgeoisie makes themselves an accomplice of those who oppose them. One must tread forward resolutely.

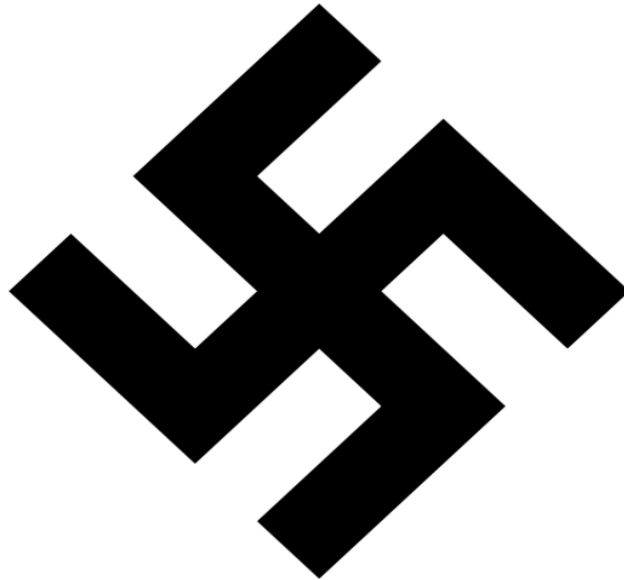
At the next level, the morals and morays of the class you were born into, its sensibilities must be blunted, rooted out, and extirpated. That class which you must attack, making short work of the basis of their very existence, starting by their belief in private property. Attack, attack, attack, for you cannot count on their emotions of pity or fear for too long. Fear must be seeded again and again and the malign outgrowth alone allowed to burst out of the poisoned ground.

Fear must have a basis in a kind of outrage that goes beyond all semblance of reason. The victim of such a campaign of applied social engineering and propaganda of decidedly horrific variety must cower under the impression that what is done is beyond the faintest suspicion of vengeance, or terrorism. It must be made perfectly clear that nothing short of the complete destruction of the whole of mundane institution, of social creation will do.

Pure insanity alone is terrifying. Strikes must be directed from outside of the ordinary passions; something which cannot be bargained nor reasoned with, possessed of insatiable and wanton perversion which knows no limits nor bounds, standing upon the institution of murder only as foundation, knowing butchery alone cannot accomplish the desired results.

Such a unit of men is absolute in their dedication to crush all scruples with impunity when it comes to the selection and deployment of method. They are of adamant constitution - cold, hardened destroyers, devoid of pity, sympathy and all which is symptomatic of prior humanity. They are that which holds out bringing the advent of the highest possible state of undeath.

Organizational Secrecy and Nazi history



The Clandestine Organization thrives on secrecy, and the CIA's post WW2 and post Cold War structure mirrors the compartmentalized nature of Nazi intelligence operations. The CIA's use of front organizations, diplomatic covers, and covert action channels provided the perfect environment in order to absorb Nazi operatives without public scrutiny. Enabling institutional secrecy which allowed the CIA to successfully shield its many Nazi assets from mundane oversight establishing a fabric of concealment which aligned perfectly with the secretive mindset engineered in the SS, allowing for an easy alliance between the Nazi and CIA clandestine operations which helped build a legacy which was not alien to United States intelligence in regard to the tolerance of so-called "human rights" abuses in order to prevent the spread of Communism and equally contributed to the resurgence of fascist movements in Europe. With ideological lineages traceable through various operations which as one can see easily explains the compatibility between Nazi ideology and CIA clandestine operations which were not accidental but instead an intended result.

It arose from shared anti-communist zeal, complementary operational skills, mutual moral ambiguity, and a culture of secrecy that enabled collaboration despite public condemnation. This history underscores the absence of mundane "Morality" and "Ethics" in favor of the pursuit of security, which benefited and continues to benefit America, "The Great Satan" as well as Ukraine, in protecting the nation itself through violent and often times subversive means which the public at large would rather not know about as they sleep comfortably in their beds at night, which is only made possible by those who work in the shadows, those who would no doubt be ostracized by that same public, even though their actions protect the public from other nations which seek the downfall of America and our allies across the globe.

Tell Angel Held Aloft



Elsa whimpered softly as she was led by the hand through the steel door slathered in thick black paint. Not again – she could not take the torture, the pain, the humiliation to come – yet she must. She had considered suicide before the ordeal had commenced – when she had been back in her personal cell – small and stifling. In her eleventh year she felt as though in truth she was already thirteen – number inauspicious – an appropriate age in that, the year of thirteen moons – with the flower moon, the blood moon, the super moon and eclipse having just passed the night before. The day after had reared itself dire and dread. Her body was scarred with myriad testaments to prior punishment – raised flesh reddened, bruises black and blue – scars still healing from lacerations made by disciplinary devices and serrated blades sharpened to razor points wielded by black-masked internal security personnel. So long within the wilderness of mirrors. How entirely had her mind been shattered. How whatever natural moral sense she had once held had been inversed, reversed and decimated completely. Her consciousness was suffuse with secrets and her trajectory was bent irrevocably toward deception conceived within the highest organizational tier. An amoral brat suited to purpose.

Elsa remembered Anja with fondness – back at Agony's Point. Anja had graduated with honors as had she – though her distinction had been slightly less. Who knows where Anja had gone afterward – Elsa had gone south, down to the black site – training amidst the hangars and then deployment. She had seen the towers of the panopticon in the distance but had never been afforded the choice training that took place there, nor had she been entrusted with the secrets that those edifices of the clandestine housed. Rather she had been given what seemed to her – soon after Agony's Point – to be rather rudimentary orientation to forward mission and then she was set out into the far and horrifying wilderness – armed with minimal information and equipped with the physical means and equipment to effect the

objective that her black paymasters had set before her. Her targets for infiltration had been hostile and the mission had been a failure. Maimed with a bullet through her shoulder she had barely survived – yet still alive she made her way back. The organization had given her a second chance after that – this mission even more deadly. SADM had been unleashed on several areas and as such hell like the planet had not been seen since the original nuclear war seventy-years prior was ignited. Helmeted and bearing gear, Elsa made her way through a blackened landscape of constant fire and ash – skulls leering from faces of half-incinerated victims of a holocaust triggered almost on a whim, those at the organizational helm responsible beyond insane.

How she had reveled in dark exultation as bones crunched under her feet, how she discovered even more horrifying vistas of the self as she practiced her atrocity within the very eye of cataclysm.

At some point along the course of her varied missions she had been bequeathed with the sign of the black widow – insignia denoting a very particular sort of programming. It was tattooed on her inner thigh after almost six hours of non-stop trauma programming at a secret base deep within the woodlands northwest of the commander's headquarters. Elsa had undergone a forced march amped up on the latest innovation in organizational narcotics in the hottest part of the afternoon during that early summer directly prior to her receiving the mark. Her eyes were dilated to the point they seemed almost entirely comprised of black and this along with the blazing sun of middle afternoon gave the entire wilderness atmosphere an unmistakably hellish sheen as she marched at breakneck speed with several other recruits from the point and a retinue of internal security. At one point they moved across a ridgeline and deep in a valley below devoid of all vegetation she could see piles of whitened skeletons, leavings of some old massacre. At several junctures along their journey one of the internal security personnel would yell a command and all present would hit the ground, drawing their weapons and pumping bullets in the direction of unseen, imaginary enemies. When she arrived back at the physical base she and the other trainees were exhausted however another round of the new narcotic was administered – this time at a higher dose – and they were set running around a track for several more miles as a female shock troop shouted invectives at them from the sidelines.

After that, sheathed in sweat, they were forcibly rehydrated and then sent into a large open hall within the base – shadowed for the most part but letting in the putrid light of late afternoon from high set windows. All the trainees were forcibly stripped and brought to metal gurneys lining the side of one wall where they were strapped down on their backs by their wrists and upper arms. Leather medical manacles were attached to their ankles and their legs were pulled up until their ankles were situated almost at the level of the wall – posteriors bared, sex and anus exposed and vulnerable. The female shock trooper from the track came in to administer the discipline – thin and tall, shaved head and arms covered with various organizational and cult tattoos. She stripped off her shirt revealing almost non-existent breasts but soft, rounded and very red nipples and a chiseled abdomen

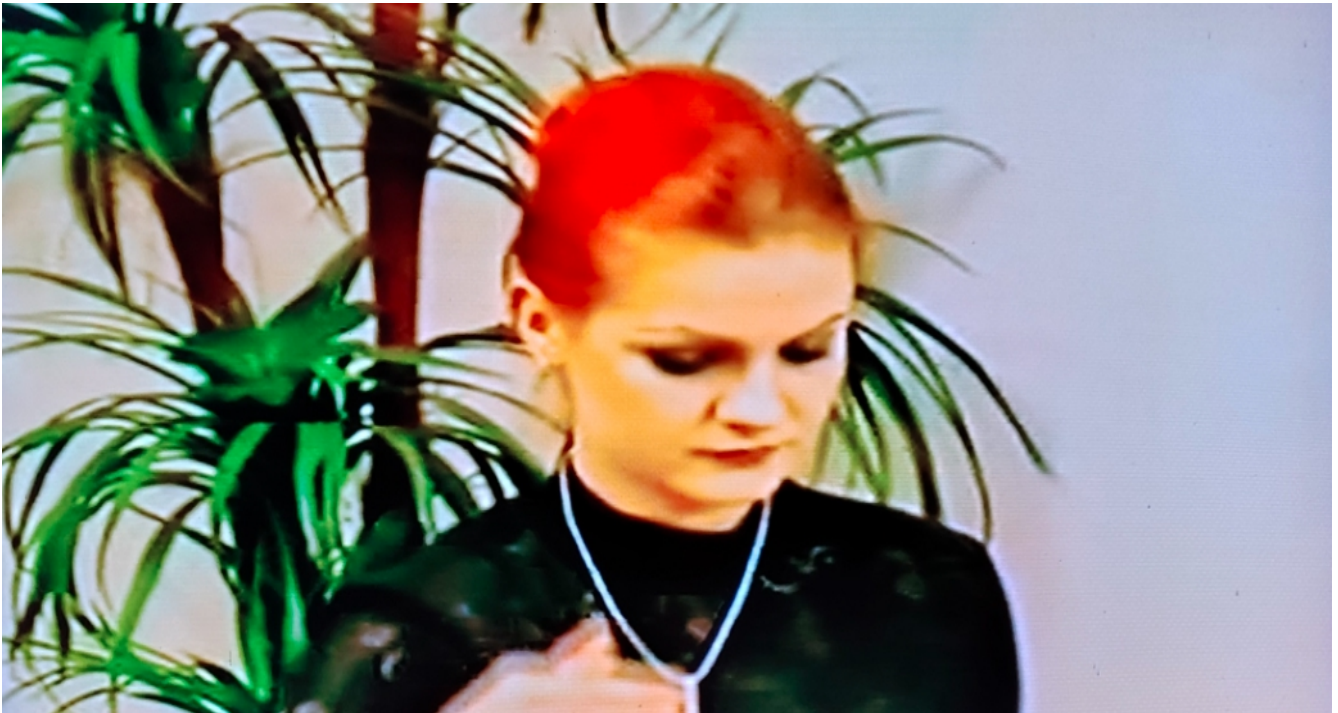
from years of martial service. Picking out a thick rubber penitentiary strap she began to lay into the girls – working on each one for around five minutes before moving to the next and then beginning the rotation again. Hardly amateurs, these hardened graduates of the point – albeit young girls they still were – faced the whipping with silence and gritted teeth but soon they too were pushed over the edge. Bodies shining with sweat from the early physical exercise and accelerated by the narcotics, the skin where the penitentiary strap slammed into naked flesh seemed to redden and ruin quicker than usual.

Once the young girls shaking naked posteriors and legs were appropriately tenderized the shock trooper picked up a small wooden paddle, the blade circular and smallish with one enlarged round hole at the end of a long-wooden handle.

The diminutive appearance of the tool was deceitful for when the shock trooper began expertly laying on with that particular device the sobbing and screams began in earnest. It gave the shock trooper great pleasure to see their faces contorted in reddened expressions of pain, their cheeks wettened by hot tears which continued to flow. Near the end when the girls were nearly unconscious from exhaustion, having approached the crescendo of pain and then passed beyond, the shock trooper ceased her attentions and withdrew. A team of cult recruiters entered and an anonymous figure in all black, black mask and black goggles and no discernible insignia entered. He placed the mark of the black widow upon each, each to a girl upon the pale skin of the inner thigh. Finished all withdrew, the shock trooper entering again to unwind the chains that had held their legs aloft. Still manacled to the gurneys they were then left – overnight – after being given one last dose of a different type of narcotic which set each to a one spinning into delirious, disturbing dreams. Elsa did not remember the details but she did remember upon waking they had all been set out on individual missions commiserate to their new qualification now indicated by permanent mark upon their flesh. Elsa's assignment, as she suspected was also the case with the other girls, was a honey-trap operation against brass internal within the organization. She appeared at the locale on false orders in order to become close with her target and then the seduction began. It didn't take long before she was in his bed – his cock thrusting between her spread buttocks, his tongue licking the contours of her body. Within two weeks time he had compromised himself, she having coaxed out secret information expressly forbidden to relay to anyone else outside of the specific project to which he was assigned.

Elsa was working in front of a nearby barracks building when they had come for him – she sat cataloging ammunition in wooden crates in front of her, in a titular fashion, she knew that the take-down was near and wanted to see it – the culmination of her work. The brass stood outside another building holding a casual squad meeting and giving instruction to a handful of his personal corpsmen. With a roar and seemingly out of nowhere three black personnel carriers screeched into the encampment – multiple internal security members leaping from the back and zeroing in on the brass. Several of the squad members reached for their sidearms but before they had the chance to draw they were pumped full of lead – smoking holes seeping blood swept across the uniformed chests of every would-be resister. Others, seeing the writing on the wall, hit the deck.

The brass had a black hood slammed over his head, his body bent forward in a stress position as shining platinum restraints were slapped over his wrists. His body was thrown unceremoniously yet with pointed violence into the back of one of the carriers and then they were off – off back to headquarters to the interrogation center and then only the black mandarins in charge of internal repression to know the fate of the former leader. Within days a replacement was on site and Elsa was gone – to enact similar almost identical operations elsewhere within the organization, testing security, measuring loyalty and bringing correction most extraordinary where correction was due. Now as she prepared to enter the door within the black cells, her own number apparently having been called up at last, she thought about all the missions and operations before – those that she had successfully executed most expertly as well as those that had been problematic. She wondered if her own sudden thrust into the black cells was the result of a legitimate transgression against the shadow state of the organization or whether it was simply a test – a drill made to further fortify her in her position as a spy, a bearer of deception bearing the sign of the black widow, a concealer bringing the hidden sword.



**The trauma she had experienced at the hands of the
Commandants Cultus had compromised any possibility
for humanity to exist within her fragmented psyche which
knew only predatory actionable intent for violence
indescribable and destruction inhumane for she was now
host to all Hell no longer human but Legion and Mary
indwelling a carcass**

She was Death itself