

## Black Sea – Luna Rosa

People Change, Nature Changes, even Time itself changes. Change is the universal Law. But even so, there are some things that remain somewhere deep inside you throughout your life. These things don't care about you, they just are. They manifest almost in the same way, indifferent to what you believe, or act. For Kandur the principle of Water has always been important – from the flow of a river to the deep of the ocean. And if you think or feel far enough the same applies for the pace of a song, a philosopher's thought or history. Indeed, time is a river.

Kandur has been into Satanism for a few years. He studied different paths, everything he found to be of potential value. And when you lack information, any bit is important and when you practice it, you literally eat it like food and drink it like water – even when it has an odd smell or taste. The fountain of knowledge has bad and brackish water. But also, a lot of traps, fallacies and lies are taken as granted by the naïve and ignorant neophyte. On his quest he first met Laveyan Satanism, then Thelema, Diabolism, Luciferianism, Setianism, Spiritual Satanism and Demonolatry. He was not alone, he had a coven of like-minded people with whom he conducted his experiments together. But one may get lost in this infinite labyrinth if he or she doesn't possess the right mix of attitude, insight, knowledge and a certain perspective. Almost all of those people got lost somewhere along the Path. But Kandur somehow managed to find his way. And one day he discovered Traditional Satanism. Being already interested in the Traditionalist school of the early 20<sup>th</sup> century, he somehow integrated and related Traditional Satanism to the concept of Tradition he previously assimilated. Now everything started to come into place and by age twenty-one he decided to undertake the ritual of Self-Initiation in the Sinister Tradition, as presented in NAOS.



The rite itself requires bathing in a water in a natural setting. So, after considering the available options he decided that a small beach at the Black Sea coast is the ideal place. This beach, called Raven Beach is one of the last Romanian virgin beaches, or at least this is how it's advertised. But as usual, when people hear about some untouched place they rush there like grasshoppers. Raven Beach has the advantage that it's hard to reach and there's no village too close to it. Also, by going there at the middle of the week there are lower chances of meeting other people. This may sound like a lottery, but nothing was left by chance, as Kandur prepared this ritual some months in advance. He even obtained the design of the robes used in the Middle Ages and found a Satanist tailor who used traditional materials like linen. His mistress, Lyra, also decided to come with him and aid him, if necessary. After a pretty long and tiring journey they arrived at the beach late at night, a day before the ritual. They set the tent and then inspected the beach. Indeed, a beautiful place, but there were groups of people every fifty meters or less. It's fine, but still, this is not the intimacy they hoped for. But the Self-Initiation Rite had to be done and a solution had to be found. And it came pretty soon, in the form of a small forest just near the beach.

Next day they swam in the Black Sea and then searched for some shelter from the Sun's melting heat. All night they froze to death in their sleeping bags and wished for some warmth and now they get what they asked

for. Their tent had become some sort of incubator, or an oven, to be more precise. And don't worry for the black candles, they're dug deep into the cool sand, awaiting the night, together with the red wine. But they ran out of water, so they had to leave the tent and go to the nearest village, approximately ten kilometres away. When they returned, the air was still hot, but breathable, so they went to that small forest in search for a good spot for ritual. And they found it – it was a small glade guarded by three old trees, and again, nothing comes without a cost, so they had to pay some blood tribute to the tall and spiky dry plants all around them.



Initially, Kandur planned to undertake the Self-Initiation right on the beach, black robed and loud chanting but now in order to avoid being discovered by someone walking by, he had to slightly modify the rite. So he swam in the sea one more time then returned to the tent for the final preparations. Lyra will wait him there until everything will be done. Just before midnight he dressed casually, all-black, carrying a small backpack and went on a walk along the shoreline, following the small and calm waves. Then he stopped, took off his sandals and introduced his feet in the cool water, gazing at the Sea, at the dark horizon and to the stars - he quickly recognised Rigel and a few others. Now he meditates, clearing his mind of all mundane thoughts and feelings. And there's the wait, the long wait for the full moon to rise. After almost half an hour, a big and sinister looking, blood-red scarlet moon rises over the Black Sea and over the quiet Raven Beach. It's the "*Luna Rosa*". Kandur didn't know this phenomenon will align with his work, so imagine the impact it had on him, after seeing that sanguine moon rise in the dark after a long meditation with his feet in the now-cold water. He took some of it and washed his hands and face. Then opened a small glass bottle containing the civet oil and anointed his body with it, while saying "*Agios o Satanas*". He drew some energy from the Moon, gathering momentum for the next step in the working. The air was full of it. Kandur turned around and silently went to the old trees.

There he put on his traditional black robe. It was the second time he wore it, and the first time in a ritual setting. But this was no ordinary piece of clothing, but a tool of the Art in it's own right. He was no longer a feeble mortal, a curious witness of the Occult, now he's the Satanist, the Evil One, The Enemy, the Black Priest and Dark Mage. Aaa...and that linen gave such a sensual feeling when touching his skin... He almost lost himself in the energies that have just gathered around him. After regaining his focus, Kandur set an altar on the ground, filled the chalice with red wine and stuck the black candles into the soil, then he lighted them. Then, in the candle's fire he lit some incense sticks. With his eyes to the moon, drawing down silver filaments of light and energy, his mind visualized the sigils of the sinister tradition. Then he started with the vibration of "*Noctulius*" and "*Nox*". He did this more than twenty times, each time more louder and more piercing than before, not fearing anymore of being discovered. The conscious mind was at rest. Now, something else was in charge. Something happened again, and he felt unknown presences all around him. After chanting "*Suscipe, Atazoth, munus quod tibi offerimus, memoriam recolentes Noctulius*" he prepared for the next step.

This implies drawing the Vindex Sigil with his blood, in the manner he does all the time – a nice cut on the thumb or index, over a brass vessel, and then using a pen to collect the blood and use it like ink. However, disaster struck! And no, he didn't chopped off his finger, nor he cut his veins. But worse! He forgot to sharpen

the dagger (or bring a sharp one) and this one simply refused to cut, no matter how much he tried. After more than a dozen of painful unsuccessful attempts, he finally succeeded in producing two small cuts – but there was too little blood for what he had planned – just a few drops here and there. He tried to enlarge the wounds but nothing happened, except for the pain. He would have been more lucky if he just bit himself, but this is not the way things work. Eventually he thought of drawing the sigil directly with his own bloody finger, which is exactly what he did. After more than a dozen attempts, the sigil was ready and a great flow of Darkness could be felt. Exactly in that moment, a large owl had flown right above him and made that sinister, specific sound: *Cú-cú-vèá, cú-cú-vèá*. Meanwhile, Lyra was awaiting Kandur in the tent, when suddenly, a wave of energy engulfed her and she started having a vision. The relevance of it will be later explained.



Then he showed the parchment to the cardinal points in a counter-clockwise movement and with a short but powerful sentence he sealed his quest. After this he burnt half of the parchment in one of the candles, and he put the remaining partially burnt parchment between the candles. Everything could be felt differently. He felt as if he was in a bubble, or in another dimension, or near a black hole, where space and time make no sense and the accepted laws of physics break down. Kandur now raised his arms to the full moon that majestically rose above him and imagined himself in the Moon, into its energy and again drew the silver filaments of lights towards him and he let them engulf him. He felt like being struck by the lightning, with a somehow strange and strong current flowing from his hands to his body, and from his body to the feet and down into the Earth. After that he extinguished the candles with his (uncut) thumb and finger, packed his tools and slowly left the area, as if something wanted him to remain there. He then undressed of his black robe and put on his casual clothes and returned to the tent. He was both full of energy and exhausted.

Three days later Kandur and Lyra returned to their home city, and now they are walking around a lake that spills its water into the Danube, which later spills into the Black Sea, not very far from the Raven Beach. They were feeling fine, but they weren't there just for having a good time, they were searching for the best spot for the final step in the ritual. And when they felt they found that place, close to a willow, they both knelt and looked into the water.



It felt as it pulsed in their presence. Then he took the remaining half of the parchment into one hand and slowly inserted it into the water, which was warm and gave a pleasant feeling, like a caress. Then the parchment slowly started to disintegrate – the carrier being returned to the elements, while the essence being spilled everywhere into the world, in him, in the lake... in all there is. He had a strong vision – his blood on the parchment contaminating the lake and turning it red, as if the entire lake was full of blood. This is exactly what Lyra saw three days ago, while waiting in the tent. For Kandur, the Self Initiation Rite is now complete.

This is how things went for the two. Whether it's impressing or not, it doesn't matter. This was the first true step in the path of an adept. Consider the preparations, the efforts, the suffering, the cost, the energy and the will involved in this ritual. Of course it could have been done in a ritual chamber, in a safe and controlled environment. But then would the experience be the same? Or less? And from what do you really learn something if not from experience? What is understanding if you haven't strived, wept, sweat or bled in order to gain it? Do you want to run from effort and hardship and choose the easy way? Because this is just the beginning.

VATRA