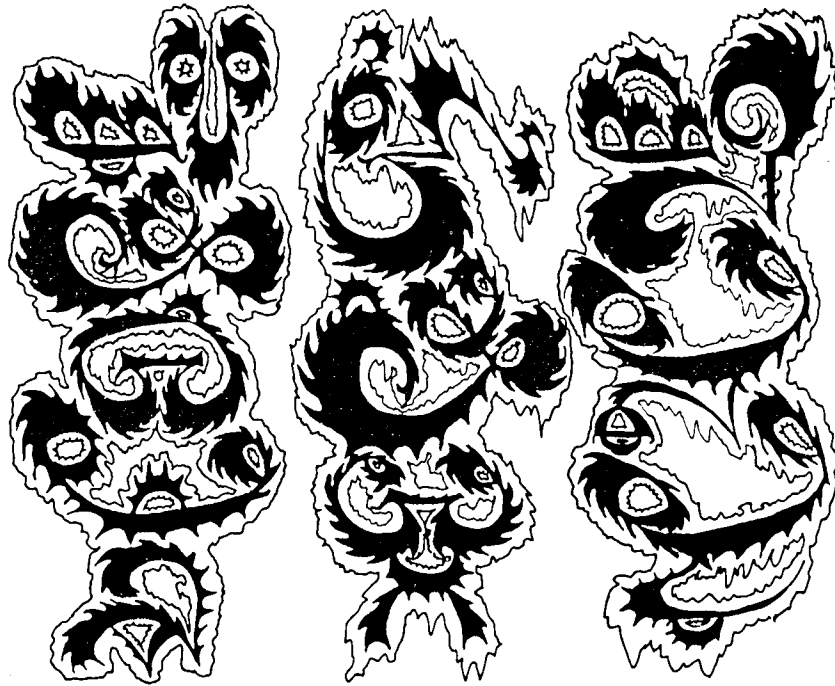


THE BOOK
OF EBON
BINDINGS

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M.A.B. Barker



THE BOOK OF EBON BINDINGS

by

PROFESSOR M.A.R. BARKER

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Discretion is advised.**

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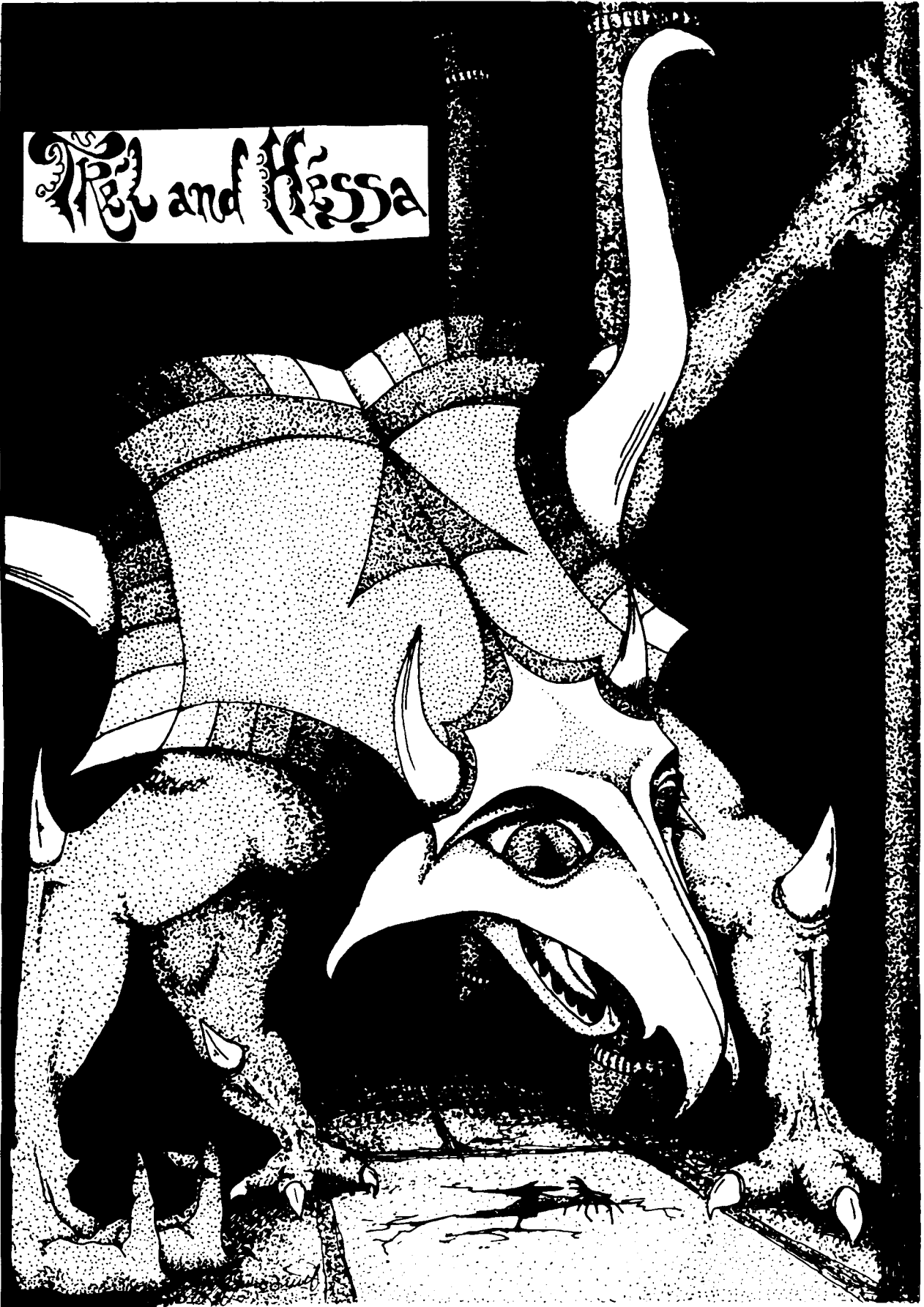
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Preface

The first part of this book consists of an introduction to the religion of Tsolyánu, its deities and cosmology, plus a brief discussion of its magical arts, the planes of being, and the various creatures which inhabit these latter. The second section of this work then presents a translation of *The Book of Ebon Bindings*, one of the most complete and detailed texts on the subject of Tsolyáni demonology now found in the Five Empires. The introduction is itself a translation from the work of one of the writer's oldest friends and mentors, Tsémel [roughly = "Cardinal"] Qurén hiKétkolel, High Ritual Priest of the temple of Lord Ksáruł at Béy Sú. In response to questions put by various foreign students resident in the Tsolyáni capital, Tsémel Qurén had kindly summarized the series of lectures which he regularly gives to acolytes entering his priesthood. He has modified this summary somewhat so that it will be suitable for those unfamiliar with Tsolyáni mores and beliefs. The writer wishes to extend his thanks to Tsémel Qurén, as well as to other friends in the Temple of Lord Ksáruł for their kindness, patience, and willingness to explain the intricacies of their faith. The writer is neither a philosopher nor a theologian, and the task has not been an easy one for his Tsolyáni colleagues. Particular thanks are due to Mr. Trasüné hiTánkolei and Miss Kalusú hiViridáme, who joined in the work of translation, corrected the author's errors, and proofread this manuscript.

The choice of *The Book of Ebon Bindings* for translation is largely due to the writer's long-standing interests in comparative religion and iconography—fields in which he is purely an amateur. Many other texts could have been chosen from the vast holdings of the temple archives and the Imperial libraries. Any one of many theological, cosmological, or exegetical treatises might have been of greater service to the student desirous of becoming acquainted with Tsolyáni religious matters. Indeed, almost any other text would have been less difficult, less open to misuse and misunderstanding by the unqualified, and perhaps less perilous to the translator himself! Nevertheless, there is a strong fascination inherent in the darker side of man's dealings with the supernatural (or, in the case of Tsolyánu, the "super-phenomenal"), and it is hoped that the author will be forgiven for indulging his own predilections. Sufficient safeguards have been employed to prevent the uninitiated from working harm upon themselves and others, and those with the knowledge to circumvent these protective measures will almost certainly possess the wisdom to avoid calamity as well.

The Book of Ebon Bindings is one of the most authoritative texts on the subject of the demonic hierarchy and the summoning of the dwellers of other planes. It is thought that the work is based upon an ancient Llyáni original, but this version is no longer extant. Available sources thus include the following:

- (1) The Engsvanyáli recension: this consists of 451 folios, somewhat wormeaten and fragile, and missing at least four or five leaves at the beginning and the end. The manuscript is 32.5 x 20.5 cm. It is illuminated and illustrated with diagrammes and glyphs in colours and gold, and there are fourteen lovely miniatures painted in the Hrunasántle Style. The language and script have been copied by an unnamed scribe in the palace of the Priestkings of Gánga. There is no hint of the scribe's name, nor of the author's, although in one place it is mentioned that the text is "based upon the Llyáni." It is customary in such sorcerous texts to omit the names of authors and scribes, of course, in order to prevent later readers from using hostile magic upon them—or to summon them to return from the Isles of the Excellent Dead, or whatever may lie beyond the grave. This manuscript is presently found in the Archive of the Left Hand in the Temple of Lord Ksáruł in Béy Sú.
- (2) The modern Tsolyáni recensions: some seven of these are known, of which the writer has seen and used four. These are often corrupted by later scribes unfamiliar with Engsvanyáli grammar, and there are innumerable interpolations, emendations, and marginal and interlinear notes. One of these copies begins directly with the rulerships of the Demon Planes (see below); another is quite incomplete; the third contains a long and ornate preface written much later and really irrelevant here; and only the fourth includes what purports to be a translation of the Engsvanyáli author's actual introduction.
- (3) A version in ancient Salarvyáni, this volume is one of the treasures of the Ebon Palace in Tsatsayágga, and it is never shown to the public. The present writer thus was not able to gain access to it, although it was

possible, however, to consult the commentary of Hisúnoz of Tsámra, which is said to be based upon this recension.

The first pages of the translation which follows are thus taken from the fourth Tsolyáni manuscript described above. Thereafter the earlier Engsvanyáli recension is used. In some cases, however, it has been necessary to have recourse to the Tsolyáni versions (and even to the commentary of Hisúnoz) in order to clarify passages which were worm-damaged or unclear. The writer has been careful not to include materials from the Tsolyáni copies (particularly relating to magical procedures, which might be spurious and hence lead to disaster!) not found in the Engsvanyáli original.

A debt of gratitude is also owed to Mriyán [roughly a “Bishop”] Mríktoken hiSaanyússa of the temple of Lord Ksárul in Mrelú, one of the most renowned scholars of the Engsvanyáli language in the Imperium. The tongue of ancient Éngsva hlá Gánga is not a very tractable one, and the recondite nature of the text, plus the elaborate style of the period of Ssirandár IV, often sent the writer and his Tsolyáni collaborators to seek aid from Mriyán Mríktoken. This he provided most generously.

Mriyán Mríktoken was most insistent, however, upon the inclusion of proper safeguards against the misuse of this book. He thus excised certain portions of the text, omitted a few crucial stanzas of the Rituals of Summoning, and slightly altered the more dangerous diagrammes and the Patterns of the Way. This has rendered the book relatively harmless, so that it may be used by novices and scholars in other fields. These omissions can, of course, be filled in by a tutor or a scholar versed in the subject, should this be desired. A clear warning must be given, however: the misuse of the materials provide in *The Book of Ebon Bindings* can only lead to unimaginable consequences for the seeker and for those around him.

Mriyán Mríktoken also urged that certain abominable and disquieting passages be stricken from the translation, given the fact that the work is to be made available to the general public. This the writer has been loath to do, believing that adult readers must make their own decisions as to their choice of readings. Nevertheless, in one or two instances the repulsiveness of the text has led the writer to agree with Mriyán Mríktoken. Even so, those of delicate sensibilities are advised to seek their reading pleasure elsewhere.

The writer has given his own comments, notes, and occasional explanations within square brackets (i.e. [...]), rather than employ the more cumbersome device of footnotes. For reasons of space it has not been possible to collate all of the extant manuscripts and to discuss variant readings; this must remain for some more scholarly edition in the future.



The Glyph of Present Defense
[From a manuscript of the reign of Emperor
Nriğa Gaqchiké, nicknamed “the Spider,”
9841010 A.S.]

Introduction

I, Tsémel Qurén hiKétkolel, of the Clan of the Great Stone, High Ritual Priest of Lord Ksárul, the Doomed Prince of the Blue Room in our Temple of Intricate Offerings at Béy Sú, exalted Performer of the Ceremonies of the Opening of the Dark, Chief Celebrant of the Awakening in Azure, and Master of the Halls of the Priesthood of Shadow, do make reply to the queries of those who would learn. May the Sapphire Glow permeate my being as I utter these words, and may our Ancient Lord of Secrets hold me safe from error.

The first question concerns the Gods, Their natures and beings.

I reply: though much had been known from aforetime, it was the Priest Pavár (may he find surcease from the torments of life!) who first gave formal shaping to our theology. Through his procedures and methods, many of which are lost to us today and lie at the bottom of the sea in the sunken libraries of ancient Gánga, this Priest Pavár made contact with the Gods and Their Cohorts; he learned of Their comings and goings in this world; he charted Their ineffable beings; so far as this can be comprehended by mortals; and he composed the Impeccable Scrolls, which indicate the paths which our obedience to the Gods must follow.

If you would visit the Gilráya Forests, or the jungles of southwestern Mu'ugalavyá, you will encounter peoples to whom the gods are no more than the wind, the thunder, the rains, the lightnings of the storm, the sun, the planets, or other natural phenomena. In the mountains north of far N'lúss there are men who believe their supreme deity to be like unto a great father, a divine progenitor. These simple deities can only be the creations of man; they stem from the fear of the unknown and of a world which cannot be controlled. It is wasteful of breath to devise refutations for such confections of the human mind. Should any doubt this, I shall be pleased to present ample philosophical proofs at some later time.

The Gods contacted by the Priest Pavár are no such fabrications. That these Beings exist cannot be denied, for to do so would be to reject the amply recorded evidence of thrice a thousand years! Each temple in the Five Empires has within its archives the accounts of those who have literally seen or experienced the Presence of the Gods. How shall I prove this to You? It is easy to recount the histories of men who have encountered the Gods and learned Their will. I can read the treatises of the Priest Pavár to you—or the works of the many sages who both preceded and followed him. I might also urge you to speak to those yet living today. There are many—not madmen, zealots, or fools, not charlatans or victims of the powders of the drug-vendors—no, rather, sages, scholars, learned priests within the temples, men of worldly wisdom and serious mien. Let these persons inform you from their own lips. Let them show you the signs of the advent of the Gods upon the land. Let them instruct you yourselves in the methods of achieving the Divine Encounter. Such they can do, though success is not vouchsafed unto all alike. Accept the evidence of each of your senses; the Gods are no mere seemings and visions, tricks performed by jackpriests to cozen coppers from the unlettered. When all of the data have been considered, no reasonable mind can again refute it.

Yet who—and what—are the Gods? This question has plagued the world since the Time of Darkness. The Priest Pavár writes:

“The Gods are like stones seen through rippling water. They are neither of the shape we see, nor are They quite where we see Them. We know Their reality. The seeker can plunge his hand into the current and touch the stones; thus it is slippery, cool and distant from our ken. They are the Gods. [Scroll XXXIX, Stanza 76]

To characterise the Gods is either to venture towards naive oversimplification or to wander helplessly in the labyrinths of human limitations. On the one extreme is the old peasant woman who paints a stone in her field with the blue of Lady Avánthe and then lays the first fruits of the harvest before it; on the other end of the spectrum is the philosopher who would snare the Gods in his net of words, define Them, limit Them, and make Them totally amenable to his reasonings.

Both the peasant woman and the savant have grasped an aspect of the truth. One perceives the ocean with placid acceptance, the other would chart the dancing waves and ask the reasons for the existence of water. Both are right, and both are wrong.

If we would know the Gods, we must consult the revelations which They Themselves have vouchsafed unto us. The treatises of the Priest Pavár (and those of countless other sages also) inform us of the natures of the Gods, of Their

affinities to certain areas of existence, of Their desires and of Their antipathies. Whether these qualities are inherent in the natures of the Gods, whether They have somehow chosen these affinities as a man chooses to become a priest, or whether They have revealed only minor portions of Their ineffable beings and conceal the rest—is an unanswerable question. We can only bow before Their Godhead and accept such illumination as They provide.

Let me but touch briefly upon each of the ten Gods in turn. Lord Hnálla, the Supreme Principle of the Lords of Stability, seeks light without darkness, the refulgence of Essential Glory, and the ultimate pervading presence of Changeless Radiance in the universe. He is the final goal towards which all of the other four Lords of Stability strive in less perfect ways. Lord Thúmis, the Master of Wisdom, seeks total knowledge, cognition without the limiting blemish of ego, and an understanding of the mechanics of the cosmos. Lady Avánthe, on the other hand, yearns for a smooth-running and well-ordered world, one in which all creatures flow along the lulling stream of time effortlessly, without stress or violence. Her perfection may end in Lord Hnálla's all-pervading Light, but along the way She seeks a gentle, patterned rhythm of cooperation, symbiosis, and tranquil cycles of being. If we Tsoláni have any "nature-gods," perhaps Lady Avánthe comes the closest, for she is charged with the rains, the harvests, and the periodicities of fertility. Lord Karakán exemplifies the attainment of Stability through more active change: He stands for the glories of War, but war for the sake of establishing a social order, war for the expression of each being's instinctive courage, war of the destruction of the Dark and victory of Light. He may appear to some as allied to Change, but He is Change for the goals of Order. The fifth of these Gods, Lord Belkhánu, is quite different; His sphere is not of this world at all, really, but rather that of the Isles of the Excellent Dead and the Paradises of Teretané. He desires the peaceful journeying of the spirit-soul on through the many realms of the Hereafter towards the eventual All-Goal of Lord Hnálla's final transcendental Light.

Amongst our own Lords of Change, great Hrü'ú is the antithesis of Lord Hnálla. He seeks the Dark, an end to choate form, a negation of this world of phenomena, and a return to the Nullity which was before all time. Then, it is written, He will bring about a new beginning, a new being, which in its turn will be brought down and destroyed. Change without cease, never-ending, random and unpatterned, always roiling and shifting; this is His purpose. Always does He pluck at that string within each creature's heart which thrums to the call of Change and is impatient of the silence of tranquility, however much we may prate of our yearning for peace. The second of our Gods is Lord Vimúhla, Master of the Flame, the catharsis and cleanser through Fire. He would consume all matter and bring about the Final Conflagration, after which the cosmos will be reborn again in the heart of the Flame. True glory is to be but a spark of scintillating brilliance in the heart of the Inferno, and then to know no more save the terrible burning joy of oneness in annihilation. The third Lord of Change is mighty Sárku, Master of Worms. He seeks a slower, colder winding down to Lord Hrü'ú's final Nullity: the slow and certain encroachment of Death upon the domain of Life. Life is no more than a brief orgasmic spasm before the dusty eternity of Death. To Lord Sárku, Life and Death are however only two aspects of the same Being; Death is the more perfect condition because it is lasting and the urgent demands of living exist no more in the grave. Lord Sárku's priests do not speak of non-being or of an end to awareness, however; one condition of His faith is that the ego—the conscious intellect—shall survive in the sepulchre. Thus, each of His minions will survive in some fashion to witness Change and to know the final end of the universe. He thus promises the survival of the individual intellect in the tomb as it existed in life, so that it may witness and savour the final victory of the Dark. He is the Master of the Undead, the One Who Comes Forth from the Tomb. His worship is quite contrary to the fourth of our Lords, the Lady Dlamélish. Not for Her is the catharsis of violent annihilation, nor the observation of the dying of the universe from within the tomb! This Goddess seeks the existential reality of the Now: Change as it occurs at every moment, the pleasure and the pain of sensation. She would attain the heights of ecstasy, the depths of sensuality, the egoistic and selfish joy of exploring Her perceptions, and the delights of plucking at the strings of her body and her mind. She cares little for society or the needs of others. Only the immediate self matters. She would agree with Lord Hrü'ú's objective of total, constant Change, but She insists that each sensation along the way be one of pleasure.

At last I come to the doctrines of our own great Lord, mighty Ksárul. He is like unto Lord Thúmis in His quest for knowledge, yet He is unlike Him in that wisdom has no meaning in the abstract, nor is it to be written into books for all to see. Lord Ksárul seeks knowledge for the sake of power. We must learn who and what we are in order that we may dominate our environment and our fellows. To do otherwise is to become a slave to those who would then enforce their will upon us. To study, to learn, to practice the Arts—these things must be for the benefit of the self. Lord Ksárul would establish a rule and a society, but their purpose is to ensure His own ultimate victory and the

continuation of his Godhead even during and after the Changes to be wrought by Lord Hrú'ú. Magic and science and learning are the tools of the wise—not the heavy swords of war, not the ploughs of the peasants, nor even the edicts of kings. The truly wise man outwits the warrior, rules the peasant, and stands behind the throne of the king. Sensual pleasure can be enjoyed by the wise man, but it must be tempered with the clear perception of one's goals. Life after death is possible for the wise man also, but mere continued consciousness in the tomb can give but poor satisfaction. The half-life of the Undead is not enough. Raw violence, too, can be used, but again it should not be purposeless, and it must bring about those changes which will gratify the ego. Even the final Nullity of Lord Hrú'ú can and must be ruled and shaped by the ego, as a ship is guided through the storm by the hand of her steersman. Naught else will suffice [Tsémel Qurén may be forgiven a strong bias in favour of his own Deity. Priests of other persuasions would no doubt be quick to provide similar justifications for the supremacy of their own Gods.]

Now let us consider the Cohorts of the Gods. Each God, we know, is served by one of these Beings. These are no mere minions, not demons or demigods, but are individuals of only slightly less potency than the Gods Themselves. It must be noted that these Cohorts are separate personæ also, not simply facets of the natures of the Lords They serve. The relationship between the Gods and the Cohorts is a mystery which our theologians have thus far been unable to encompass.

Each Cohort partakes of the nature of His or Her patron God. One may say that a Cohort focusses upon some one area of the sphere of interest of a God. Thus, while Lady Avánthe is "Woman" in Her rôle of lover, mother, wife, clanswoman, and upholder of the social order, Her Cohort, Lady Dilinála, is "Woman as Woman Alone": woman without the polarity of female vs. male. Lady Dilinála is the innocent virgin, the beloved daughter, the loyal sister, the wise woman of many years, or even woman in love with woman. She is Woman looking inward into herself. Similarly, Lord Keténgku, the Cohort of Lord Thúmis, is "Wisdom Applied." He is the patron of physicians, scribes, architects, engineers, and of scholars who would employ wisdom for humanity's benefit. Lord Chegárra, the Cohort of Lord Karakán, is "Courage Applied": He is the experienced warrior of many battles, the resourceful king, the patron of armies. Lord Qòn, the Servant of Lord Belkhánu, guards those who travel the uncharted thoroughfares of the Hereafter, protecting the journeying spirit-soul from the Demons and the Dark. Most curious, perhaps, is Lord Hnálla's Cohort, Drá the Uncaring. He represents the total disinterest of the light in the things of this phenomenal universe. What occurs in this plane of being has no relevance, say the priests of Drá, and the true goals of the seeker must not be allowed to remain hidden behind the distracting and tawdry veils of sense perception.

The Cohorts of our own Lords of Change are more mysterious. Lord Wurú, who serves great Hrú'ú, is the active antagonist of Stability. He comes forth to aid those who would overturn tranquility, and He acts as the catalyst which brings about Change of many types. Lord Chiténg, like His Master, Lord Vimúhla, spreads death and devastation by the Flame. But He is somewhat more oriented towards societal violence; He is another of the patrons of armies, the besieger of cities, and the overseer of torments. He is thus closer to mankind's needs than the pure annihilation of the Flame of His Lord. Lord Durritlámish, the Cohort of Lord Sárku, organises the Undead in the catacombs, serving His terrible Master in the dark places which lie beneath the many of our ancient cities. Lady Hriháyal, the Dancing Maiden of Temptation, serves the Goddess Dlamélish. She is the overt performer, the orgiast, the Hedonist of the Mysteries, and the one whose powers are most clearly connected with the innate urges of sexuality. Lord Grugánu, the Cohort of our own mighty Lord Ksáru, is the counterpart of Lord Keténgku. Lord Grugánu is the Knower of Spells, the Applier of Arts, the True Servitor Who Seeks the Countenance of His Lord. He it is who combs the world for sorceries which may aid His Lord; He aids the followers of our Master upon many planes; He is the one who adheres always to His Lord, for therein lie His own power and glory.

Each of the Gods and Cohorts, moreover, is multi-faceted. You have only to enter any temple to see shrines devoted to the Aspects of its God. An "Aspect" is difficult of definition. Unlike the Cohorts, they are not separate beings and have no identities of their own. It may be said that an "Aspect" is no more than one "focus" of a God or Cohort. Just as a man behaves differently when with his family, his superiors, his sweetheart, his comrades, or his foes, so does each Aspect represent the persona of a God or Cohort in different spheres of His or Her activity. Some are frequently worshipped, such as Tahlé, the Maid of Beauty, who is that Aspect of Lady Avánthe which makes young girls pretty and is said to attract lovers to them; the shrines of other Aspects are bare and dusty. Indeed, some Aspects are found only in the epics; for example, Lord Thúmis appears as a greybearded scholar when He aids the hero, Hrugga; He takes the form of a bejewelled, two-legged serpent when he fights against the Demon Qu'ú; and He becomes one of many limbs and faces when He shields Hrugga against the Dark Ones on Dórudai Fields. Thus, Lord

Thúmis is said to have forty-seven notable Aspects, each with its own focus and rôle to play. Lord Sáрку has one hundred and eight forms, of whom one may mention Ku'ún the Corpse-Lord, Chmúr of the Hands of Grey, Siyenágga the Wanderer of Tombs, and Ha'ótl of the Tattered Shroud. Our own Master possesses sixty-two Aspects, of whom Chópruna the Dweller in Shadow, Eyún the Knower of Skills, and Gorrúgu the Master of Black are worthy of citation. [The numbers of the Aspects of the remaining Gods and Cohorts may be added here for reference: Hnálla, 51; Avánthe, 93; Karakán, 56; Belkhánu, 67; Hrü'ú, 78; Vimúhla, 87; Dlamélish, 101; Drá, 1; Keténgku, 27; Chegárra, 33; Dilinála, 9; Qón, 19; Wurú, 18; Chiténg, 20; Grugánu, 27; Durritlámish, 16; and Hriháyal, 34.]

In order to understand the Aspects, perhaps an exercise will help, one which we use in our temple to instruct neophytes. Take into your hand a star sapphire. Hold it first this way and then that under several lights. Contemplate its deep richness and look into the star which forms its heart. Observe how it shifts and changes. Imagine the nature of reality to be locked within. The exterior of the stone is hard and palpable, and this is the reality which we can most easily perceive—this world. But the real essence of the stone dwells within it, shifting and illusory, shimmering from plane to plane beyond the reach of our eyes. Thusly you may come to comprehend the nature of the almighty and ever-enduring Gods.

Now I will speak of a common heresy which sometimes bemuses young acolytes. Can it be that these are not truly “Gods” but only beings greater than we? Indeed, there was once a sect during the First Imperium which argued just so and spread this dogma across the land. These ancient philosophers argued that the Gods and Cohorts are no more worthy of devotion than any other creature—or any natural phenomenon, such as the lightnings of the storm. Some went on to say that—may the Gods forgive my words—that we owe only hatred and detestation to the Gods since They interfere so constantly and mightily in our affairs! Rather than erect temples and offer sacrifices, therefore, we should defend ourselves against Them, learn Their weaknesses, and use our knowledge either to defeat Them or to bend Them to our will. Alas for those who took this heretical path! Their names are no more, and their shrines are smitten into the dust!

I adduce one further argument of these philosophers, however. They pointed out that there are Deities in other lands besides our accepted Twenty. The Mu'ugalavyáni are devoted to their mysterious Lord Hísh and proclaim many miracles and other signs of his. The Livyáni do obeisance to their veiled Shadow Gods, a few of whom seem to correspond to our Twenty, while others are alien to our thinking. The Salarvyáni make sacrifice to Lady Shirignnáyi, who combines some of the natures of our Lady Avánthe and Lady Dlamélish—an amalgam which horrifies the adherents of these Goddesses here in Tsolyánu. And then there are the “Proscribed”: The ancient and fearsome She Who Cannot Be Named, whose shrines still exist somewhere under the old city of Púrdamal; the One Who Is, whose precepts have all been stricken from the memory of man; the strange deities of the eastern ranges of Saá Allaq; and the many deities of the nonhuman races—the Hlúss, the Ssú, and others. When there exist many such great beings besides our Twenty, the theory runs, is it not likely that all of these together are not simply another, greater species? As there are many types of animals, some tiny and without apparent cognition, others great and near to mankind in their talents, is it not logical to carry the matter farther and postulate races of mighty interplanar beings beyond our own?

To carry the argument still to greater lengths, we may look upon the Demons and various other super-phenomenal beings which inhabit the many planes. Might not the variegated Demon races and such creatures as the “Heroes of Glory” [legendary minions of Lord Karakán] also be no more than beings like us? We know that these races are not Gods, nor are they Cohorts or Aspects; like the Gods, they may cross over the planes and perform acts which we consider wondrous. Are these races then of the same stuff as the Gods and their Cohorts? Some are amicable and kindly to man, such as the Heroes of Glory, the Entities of Light, the Warriors of the Scarlet, and others. Many are hostile, dreadful and repugnant in appearance and vile in their demands. A few would assist mankind, many are aloof and some deal with us only to gain sustenance, to feed upon the sacrifices offered to them, and to achieve alien and perverse goals of their own, unimaginable to us. These beings are clearly lesser than the Gods and Their Cohorts but yet far more puissant than man. They dwell upon their own planes, whence they can be summoned into our world for limited times and purposes. Is there a ladder of existence which runs from the tiny and well-nigh invisible animalcules of the sea all the way up to the Gods Themselves? If so, then where upon this ladder stands man?

I lay this position before you in some detail since it is one which many neophytes unversed in theology take. In truth, the reply is not a pleasant one for us to swallow. It begins with another question: what *is* a God? What are those qualities and attributes which are sufficient to the definition? If an entity transcends our perceptible reality and

possesses such vast and subtle powers as no being in our experience possesses, and if this being is so far beyond us in substance and nature that all of our imaginings fall short of conceiving its purposes, then is not this being—for all practical purposes—a God? I think that all will admit that we are limited and finite creatures, and the universe is not ultimately intelligible and analyseable by our minds and the strivings of our arts. We may ask, as did the Priest Pavar many centuries ago:

“What matters it to the Drí [a tiny ant-like creature] whether he is stepped upon by a man or by a dog?” [Scroll XLII, Stanza 12]

We do not deify the winds and the rain, for these phenomena are perceptible and perhaps analyseable through the application of our sciences. We do not deify the Father and the Mother, as do the primitive N’lúss, for it can be seen that these are no more than projections of our own needs upon the cosmos. We do not deify other men or women since it can usually be shown that such persons are indeed no more than we. But when we come to the Gods, we are left without choice: so much more puissant are They than we that They fulfill all of the conditions of any definition of a God which we may rationally postulate.

The beginning is as I have said. We start from the premise that the Gods are active in our world. They have been repeatedly perceived, and anyone who has been vouchsafed the Divine Encounter will tell you that Their existence is no vision, no drugged dream. They are active in our affairs; we cannot avoid Them. The man who claims to be an atheist or an agnostic upon Tékumel is either blind or a fool. What does it profit us to debate whether these entities are truly “Gods” or but “Beings of God-like Powers?” You see, the end is the same. All the rest is but word-mongering.

We know that we need the Gods. They are active in our lives, and if propitiated in ways pleasing to Them, They may grant our boons and aid our purposes. We are told by our savants that the erection of temples and the giving of sacrifices and the rituals of adoration are desired by them. But do They in turn need us? Who can say, for Their natures are beyond our limited intellects. Lord Ksárul did appear to “need” our aid at the Battle of Dórmoron Plain. When He called forth His minions from the many planes, we were amongst them—and were we not rewarded for our allegiance? [A reference to the legendary battle fought between Lord Ksárul and the rest of the Gods; for his part in this conflict, man was granted the Power of Enchantments, according to the tenets of the priesthood of Ksárul.]

The Gods are not omnipotent; this we deduce from the records of our sages. They may indeed “need” us and somehow draw sustenance from our sacrifices, inhale the prayers of our myriad worshippers as a man inhales sweet incense, and take some unimaginable pleasure from our performance of Their rituals. Who can say? We are finite and limited. Again I quote from the metaphor of the Priest Pavár:

“... And if the Drí is eaten by the Shqá-beetle, and if the Shqá-beetle is consumed by the Kúni-bird, and if the Kúni-bird falls prey to the beak of the Shánu’u [another, larger flying creature]—what profits it to any of them to know that they all are composed of the same substance and essence? Each sees itself as the supreme pinnacle of being, and yet each is food for something mightier than itself. To know that the Shqá-beetle is but a creature like the Drí, save mightier and more potent in its hunting, gains nothing for the poor Drí, whose Skein of Destiny is ripped violently from the Loom. That the Demons and the Heroes are but larger and more puissant beings like ourselves may tickle the fancies of the philosophers and provide meat and drink for the debate in the temple dormitories once the lamps are out—but the ultimate truth is not within our circumscribed understanding. We can no more comprehend the Gods than the Drí can comprehend a man—for this is the ratio between our intellects. Only if there be some Final Answerer at the very end of time will we know, and such a contingency appears most unlikely. In this world it is certain that there is no final answer, no “Truth” which we may come upon and cry with our tiny, piping voices, ‘Here it is! See, now I know it all!’ Nay, the Drí must avoid the foot of man and dog alike, and he must hide from the Shqá-beetle as well, without ever comprehending the why of it all.” [Scroll XLII, Stanzas 33–42].

Even we of the temple of mighty Lord Ksárul have no answer to the question of ultimate purpose. One might as well ask, “What is the yearning of a stone?” Or, “What is the meaning of the two moons?”—Oh, we can indeed comprehend matters within our sphere: we know that the purpose of a pillar is to hold up the roof of the temple; the temple is built to serve the people of the city; the city exists to provide for markets and industry and transport. But one comes very soon to the boundaries of our understanding, and not all of the parchments and scrolls, not all of the maxims of the learned men, and not all the ponderings of the centuries can take us much beyond. The Drí cannot

comprehend man without becoming more than a Drí. Even if the Gods are finite, as we are, They are still far beyond any level we can attain.

All that we of Tsolyánu know is that we are obedient to the glorious Gods. What relation They have to the deities of other lands can only be surmised. If Lady Avánthe chooses to meld Her nature with that of Her counterpart, Lady Dlamélish, in order to satisfy the rude sensualities of the scaly Shén—or the White and the Black of the forest-dwelling Pé Chói—are the “same” or “different” from our Lords is a matter for conjecture. The little Tinalya of the northern hills of Livyánu hold that there are no Gods at all, but only impersonal, abstract forces, to whom it is as useless to make sacrifice as it is to dance for the hurricane [an allusion to an old superstition found among Tsolyáni fishermen]. The crude Ahoggyá lay claim to no deities at all—at least none we can give name to—yet their lives are bound all about with rituals and ceremonies. Are the deities of other races any the less real, or any the less imminent in the world, for being alien to ours? No one, to my recollection, has ever called upon the Shén Godhead, the “One of Eggs,” yet who is to say that this would be a fruitless gesture? Might not that man recognise the pulsating light of Lord Hnálla behind the reptilian mask? Who knows?

We possess much evidence from those sages who have passed on before. For us, therefore, it must be sufficient to know that the Gods exist, that They respond to our obedience to their commands. Whatever the “Ultimate Truth,” Lord Ksárul is to us a “God” by any definition we can devise. We can learn the “what” and the “how” of the Gods; the “why” is not within our grasp. The Priest Pavár says,

“It is much boasted that man is supreme amongst all the creatures of creation because he alone asks “why?”. Yet it may be said that this very trait displays the limitations of our species, the foolish braggadocio of our race. Here is insignificant little man standing upon his transitory pinnacles of power, crying ‘Why? Why? Why?’ to a cosmos that neither hears him nor would care if it did. Alas, even the simplest answer to his yammering ‘why’s’ would probably be far beyond his intellect. ...”
[Scroll XLIII, Stanzas 118–120]

Believe in the Gods, therefore, and learn the “what” and the “how” of Them. Perhaps at some distant time in the unguessable future the Drí may transcend itself and achieve an understanding of a few more of the “why’s.”

The second question pertains to the principles of man’s behaviour and the value systems which he creates.

I reply: you ask me about the terms “good” and “bad.” [Here Tséme! Qurén is replying directly to a question put to him by the writer.] In our beauteous Tsolyáni tongue there are several terms which you may translate as “good”: there is a word which denotes “useful,” another for “elegant,” a third for “tasty,” a fourth for “lovely,” and thence through a dozen more. The same is the case with the attribute “bad”: we have terms for “futile,” “wasted,” “unworkable,” “ugly,” “jejune,” and so forth. We also possess more general expressions: /lán/ and /bússan/ [roughly = “good” and “bad” in general parlance]. You ask me whether these words do not refer to some greater reality, to qualities which pertain or which can be deduced from the universe itself. Is not a man /lán/ when he performs deeds of charity and kindness? Is he not /bússan/ when he acts in a violent, despicable, or repugnant fashion? This requires a discussion of the meanings of these terms and a look at the occasions upon which we apply them.

The truth is that the man who is kind, generous, and charitable is /lán/ only if he behaves thusly towards those whom the viewer approves and considers worthy of this bounty. The man who is /bússan/ is so when he acts contrary to the viewer’s wishes. When the priest of Vimúhla consigns the shrieking victim to the sacrificial flames, he is /lán/ to his colleagues, to his temple, to his comrades, to his family, and to the Imperium. He is /bússan/, however, to the man who was sacrificed, and to that man’s family, comrades, and supporters. The terms /lán/ and /bússan/ thus cannot imply any universal “good” or “evil,” for upon what shall we base our standard?

Take the example of two armies. Each considers its victory /lán/ and its defeat /bússan/. How can both be correct? Upon some all-pervading principle, you say, such as the proposition that one army supports kindness and charity, whilst its foes are the exponents of cruelty, tyranny, and hatred? A study of human behaviour reveals this to be illusory. Both are kind to their allies, and both are tyrannical to their antagonists. The victory of Light will tyrannise the Darkness, and if the Darkness wins, it will tyrannise the Light. Both are the same, and it is left to us to decide which victory benefits us the most. I myself have chosen to serve the Dark because I believe that Change is better than the stagnation of Stability. But others may think differently.

We must return to the division between Stability and Change. Neither is /lán/ or /bússan/ in any universal sense. Those who seek Stability yearn for a status quo, an unchanging and unruffled flow of being, a world in which each

creature slips easily from birth to death with hardly a striving, hardly a struggle against the current of the stream. We who hold with Change, on the other hand, desire a universe which alters and varies, a place ever in the throes of mutable creation and annihilation. We seek the gratification of our individual egos—power for some, sensual gratification for others—for it is the ego which matters most to each of us; the ego is the central pivot point of each creature's private universe. The world exists, and like the shipwrecked mariner in a stormy sea, it is up to each one of us to survive and to make the best of our circumstances. The tranquil equanimity of the shore is not for us who serve Lord Ksárul, but rather the kaleidoscopic whirl of colour and sensation and ever-shifting being within the eye of the storm! [Tsémel Qurén again presents the view of his own sect. Adherent of the other Gods would naturally differ but would still probably agree with him regarding the absence of real universals and the anthropocentric and ethnocentric nature of value systems.]

What, then, of the ultimate ends of the universe, as promised by the Gods? Are these not in some sense /lán/ or /bússan/? Lord Hnálla strives to attain the final stasis of the all-pervading Light, an unchanging and perfect illumination which will endure throughout all eternity. Lord Hrü'ú desires the chaos of the Dark, a constant wild and random change which may allow the Light to emerge again, only to return the cosmos to turmoil and darkness. There is nothing /lán/ or /bússan/ inherent in either of these states. Any value judgment lies in the wills of these two Gods.

The universe is itself malleable and neutral, like the clay of the sculptor. Lord Hnálla would mold it into a smooth and featureless sphere, perfect and enduring forever. Lord Hrü'ú would pound and knead the clay again and again, creating first this shape and then that, drawing sustenance and perhaps some sort of Divine delight from its shifting form.

There are thus no "absolute moral good" and no "absolute moral evil" in human experience. Only one's responses to one's environment, upbringing and principles can be seen in this world—plus, of course, the flesh and the innate abilities bestowed upon us by our parents. To give is not necessarily "good," nor is to take "evil." To love is no better than to slay. All depends upon the individual instance. If to slay is "evil," then what of the "good" being who must kill animals and plants (and these have as much life and being as does he) in order to live? What of the noble warrior of Lord Karakán who slays a soldier hostile to the state? His act is irrevocable, yet history shows the ephemeral nature of states and empires. Victory today may allow a tyrant to assume the throne tomorrow, and in every case our heroism and courage becomes no more than the forgotten dust of the future. Not to slay—*at all*—means death for the individual and for his society. To slay—*selectively*—makes the "good" individual no better than his foe who follows the same principle. To kill a vicious Zrné is "good" for you, but it is equally "good" from the Zrné's point of view to kill you and gain its sustenance thereby. To spare the Zrné, on the other hand, may be "good" for one who does not wish to kill; yet it only leads to the beast's slaying of other victims. So, too, it is "good" in the human sphere to give food to the poor. To do so, however, only increases their numbers without relieving their poverty and thus creates an insupportable burden for society. In the final analysis, one may argue that to remove poverty totally from the world would not be "good"; this would lead to overpopulation and to instant strife. The proverb says, "Give a beggar a copper Qirgál today, and tomorrow there will be two beggars; give these two a Qirgál apiece, and the next day an army of mendicants will descend upon you and dispossess you of your city." Spare the city of your enemy, and he will soon be strong enough to rise against you again.

One may now ask, if indeed there are no objectively demonstrable universals in human affairs, then are there no strictures laid upon us by the commandments of the Gods? Their perceptions are far vaster than ours, and cannot we gain guidance from Them as to how to live?

The response is that each Deity does counsel certain principles and actions. Yet these are often at variance. The priesthood of Lord Qón is exhorted to abjure the eating of onions (for doctrinal reasons too obscure to be discussed here); the followers of Lord Grugánu utilise the onion as one of the articles of a certain important ritual. The priestesses of Lady Dilinála are sternly enjoined to retain their virginity and to sleep with no man (although dalliance with women is not frowned upon); the devotees of Lady Dlamélish and Her Cohort, Lady Hriháyal, are equally strongly warned to beware the state of virginity and to lie with any who would seek pleasure from them. Lord Thúmis recommends that knowledge be made available to all of humankind; our Lord, great Ksárul, is equally ardent in the pursuit of wisdom, yet He orders it kept within the Circles of the priesthood and used only for those ends which will serve His cause. Each Lord of Stability thus in some fashion commends the achievement of a state of stasis; each Lord of Change insists upon the existence of constant alternations. The Lords of Stability point ever to the need for concerted action and the construction of a lasting social order; Those of Change emphasise instead the demands of the individual, the

self-centred and personal goals which lead to the satisfaction of the ego. There is no real common thread, no bond of identity. Each facet of the gem reveals a different light.

One may then ask those of us who serve the Lords of Change why it is that we should develop societies at all? Why should we establish temples and organize priesthoods, collect tithes and own lands, take our place in the Imperium and serve as its citizens? Why not follow the tenets of our particular Deities totally and fanatically? Should not the priest of Lord Vimúhla take up his torch and set fire to his city, to his house, to his loved ones? Should not the devotee of Lady Dlamélish employ the deadly Zu'úr drug and then lie writhing and jerking in endless orgasm upon the couch until the body withers like chaff in the sun and dies? Should not the worshipper of Lord Sárku not simply slay himself and pray for reanimation as one of the Undead?

Most men are not so devout as to take these extreme positions. Even those promised the eternal joys of the Paradises of Teretané do not seem in any hurry to leave this worldly existence and journey on thither. Indeed, this brings us back again to the matter of purposes. Have you seen the Shürúm-coral of the southern sea? These little animalcules grow so fast that men farm it in the shallow bays near the city of Penóm and export it for use as building stone and the decoration of edifices. The little coral-being has an instinct to grow and to live with its fellows. How is it to know whether it will be part of a palace or of a tomb, of a prison or of a fortress, of a lady's bower or of a temple to dark Lord Sárku? It grows by its nature, knowing and caring nothing for its eventual fate. Thus are we: human instinct demands that we live and eat and breed and band together in societies. Through this we must be achieving the objectives of our Gods—otherwise would we have not received different commands from Them? We follow our instincts, and this seems to satisfy the Gods. Our mighty palaces and cities are ephemeral—this we know from the ruins around us of prouder and greater civilisations than ours—yet it is ours always to build and to strive. Lord Ksáru, we know, desires His domination in the cosmos; He would rule all of the planes. He has promised us, His tiny allies, a small share in His eventual glory. Is this not enough for the little insect?

Are those who adhere to the Lords of Stability so different? They, too, create societies, work for domination, and serve their Lords. They know that, like us, they too will pass away into the dust. They thus obey their instincts to organise and build and make structures. They seek eventual Stability; yet they must strive for this, creating changes as they do so. They are not passive and peaceable, whatever their dogmas may proclaim. This is as it should be: a response to their essential humanness. They strive, and we strive, all for goals we cannot comprehend. To question the purposes of the Gods is to hear only silence; to challenge Them is to die, as does the little Drí which sips the poisoned syrup guarding the food in the pantry. To aid the Gods, to serve Them and perform Their will—this is the true victory and the true glory. We build and we join together because of instinct; but to follow the bidding of the Gods—however at variance these commands may seem to us—is the only path which leads to the goal.

In this general connection, I may note, somewhat parenthetically, that if there is some abstract principle underlying our Tsolyáni society, it is the dichotomy between “noble” and “ignoble.” This permeates both our language and our thought. Our philosophers have ventured further to say that some form of this conceptual pair is included in the complex of basic instincts which characterise humanity. Almost all societies, in my experience, make such a differentiation implicitly or explicitly. As you know, our language distinguishes “noble” beings from “ignoble”; /khomoyí/ “to act nobly” is the antonym of /ramoyí/ “to act ignobly”; and even our pronomial system provides different forms for “noble” and “ignoble” referents. Returning to the context of our discussion, thus, when a man acts “nobly,” he behaves in accordance with his Skein of Destiny, as he perceives it. He serves his God; he is loyal to those who think as he does; he is staunch in his courage; and he is forthright in his deeds. Conversely, a man acts “ignobly” when he ignores his own avowed principles, when he abandons his clan and his comrades, when he vacillates or is false or lazy, and when his deeds are small and niggling. The priestess of Lady Avánthe is “noble” when she feeds the poor, assuages the pain of the aged and the sick, and supports the strictures of society. So also is the priest of Lord Vimúhla “noble” when he goes forth to bloody battle, sacrifices the daily victims upon the altar of the Flame, and burns the cities of his enemies. The same is true of the devotee of Lord Sárku when he establishes the cities of the dead [the great graveyards and catacombs outside of most Tsolyáni cities], gives his offerings to the mouths of the questing Worm, and strives ever to draw the living down into the eternal watchfulness of Death.

It is not given to everyone to act with “nobility.” This is too much to expect, for most men and women must live out average lives, obey the Gods when they can, and pay more attention to their stomachs and their matings than to high principles and philosophy. Nevertheless, most do make some attempt to live up to this instinct within their limitation. It is the task of the priesthoods to exhort men to turn to the Gods and to live according to Their guidance.

Nobility is the most satisfactory behaviour, personally and emotionally, individually and societally. The virtue of man is thus to obey the Gods and to be ruled by this and other instincts. No more can be asked of us.

[Again Tséme! Qurén has expressed some of the particular tenets of the faith of Lord Ksárul. Other sects would certainly put these matters differently, although, in the writer's judgment, almost all would focus upon obedience to the Gods, "nobility-ignobility," and the absence of any abstract philosophical universals affecting man's behaviour. Faced with a pantheon of many deities holding vastly differing views of right and wrong, most Tsolyáni opt for philosophical relativism and deny anything beyond it. It is interesting to note that the Tsolyáni do not stress a concept of "sin" at all, a problem which obsesses many other religions. To the Tsolyáni, "sin" seems to mean "acting against the precepts of one's Deity" and/or "acting ignobly." They also do not emphasise man as the centre of an anthropocentric universe—a natural thing, perhaps, when man finds himself surrounded with several other sapient species and by larger and more powerful beings on other planes. Thus, although "creation myths" exist in Tsolyáni epic poetry and in the dogmas of certain temples, they do not play a very important role in the cosmological system.]

The third question relates to the "Planes of Being" and to the arts of "Magic."

I reply: while it is philosophically possible to question the "reality" of our sense perceptions and hence of our knowledge of the universe, most of our thinkers accept the evidence of our senses and agree that the universe is "real." Our perceptions may differ—and those of the nonhuman races differ substantially from ours—but so long as we are concerned with material objects and not with ideas, all peoples and races concur upon epistemological being. Within limitations, this roll of parchment will be perceived as an existing object by everyone. Each will describe it in terms which can be understood by others. We may differ—you may see it as white and I as yellow—and the blind man may not be able to perceive its colour at all—but there will be a common bond of identification. Even allowing for senses other than those which humans possess, such as those of the alien Mihállí, and admitting the difficulties of language and semantics, I think that we should come in time to an agreement intelligible to all. I am here leaving aside the question of some "higher reality" lying beyond sense perception, and I do not speak of the theories of some thinkers that sense perception is but a veil and a snare to keep us from attaining to some quintessential Truth. Such discussion admits of no clear proofs, and these thinkers spend much of their efforts disagreeing with one another, setting up and knocking down "theories" and "positions" as archers knock over targets in the lists behind the barracks. Never have I met a proponent of these "higher realities" or a solipsist who did not continue to fill his belly with good sense-perceptible food! While such theories are interesting, they strike me as intellectual games, like our daqú [a kind of draughts].

Given the reality of this plane, however, it can be shown that this is not all there is to "reality." There are further spheres of being imperceptible to our senses. These are the "Planes Beyond." Perceptible reality is like the thin skin of the Gaún-fruit. Outside it is red, mottled with green. Peel this layer away, and a second skin of deep maroon colour is revealed. Remove this in turn, and a third skin of wrinkled brown appears. Pare this away, and a bluish-blackish fourth skin comes to view—and so until one reaches the fruit's tiny core of juicy sweetness. Thus it is with the Planes; if we follow the Ways taught by the priesthoods, we may peel back a segment of the thin skin of this reality and reach another Plane, and then another and another, apparently without beginning and without end.

Other scholars have likened our multiplanar universe to a series of islands in the sea: take ship here and pass from a sandy atoll to a wave-washed granite crag, to a swampy peninsula, to a warm land all aswarm with inhabitants ... Still others, notably the Priest of Thúmis, Mriyán Kuyéng hiChánkunu, fill many pages of parchment with drawings of spheres and circles inside other circles, interspersing all with such casuistic logic that one's head wobbles. Setting aside such metaphors and analogies, however, we must admit that we do not know what these Planes are or why they exist. The ordinary man cannot perceive them and would not know of them if it were not for the arts of the priesthoods and the will of the Gods.

We know very little of the "Planes of Being." The opening of a way between them is difficult and fraught with peril. Some are as cold and icy as the lowest Hells of Lord Hrü'ú; as hot as the burning stone within the heart of a mountain, and many are inhabited by beings of so alien an aspect as to make the deadly Ssú seem like one's own clan-brothers. These are the Demon Planes, of which the Book of Ebon Bindings speaks. Some are the homes of races neutral or friendly to mankind, and legends tell of strange meetings, of aid proffered to some lucky seeker, of fortunes made and causes won.

Only those with the talent and the training—and the years of experience of the true sage—can "Pass Between." There are devices of the ancients, of course, which can open certain of these doors, but these cannot lightly be put to use, for the most frequent result of such efforts is a swift and ignominious death. Successes are few, while failures are

legion. People would hear the tale of the wizard Metállja of Salarvyá and his bringing forth of an army of the Warriors of the Scarlet to defeat the hordes of the Beast Without a Tail. The sweet cozenings of Qiyór the Many-Tongued are equally popular: how he persuaded the beings of one Plane to provide him with a ship, those of another to armour it in magical metal, and a third race to arm it with weapons which passed all understanding—all so that he might sail to the Isle of the Worlds on the Demon Plane and bring back the Orb of All-Seeing from the very halls of mighty Origób himself! These persons prefer to forget the rest of the story: How Qiyór was turned into stone when he experimented with his new toy and accidentally confronted the dread Visage of Vokortún therein.

“Passing Between” is really not for creatures such as we. The dwellers of the Planes Beyond are often mighty and resourceful, fully aware of our coming, and ready with stratagems which we cannot oppose.

We have grown dependent upon the forces which lie between the Planes, as mud surrounds pebbles in a riverbed. Almost any barefoot village priest who has the innate talent can be taught to “Reach Through.” This is not the same as passing from one Plane to another, of course; it is only partial, a pinprick made in our bubble of reality which allows the sage to draw upon the inestimable Power. This is what the illiterate call “Magic,” and it is accomplished by innate ability, plus combinations of words, gestures, patterns, substances, actions and attitudes of the mind, obtainable through long training. Although this is not a tutorial in methodology, I shall speak briefly of each of these things.

Words are vocables, noises made with the tongue and the teeth and the lips and the chords of the throat, plus air supplied by the bellows of the lungs. It is content, however, which distinguishes a word from the whisper of the wind or from the howling of a beast. This content is the word’s message, its meaning. To place words in certain sequences is to enhance meaning, to develop it, to swathe it in beauty or in persuasive force. The orator tugs at the souls of his listeners with words; the Priestking commands life and death thereby; the swain woos his beloved with words, and she, with other words, assents or demurs. All of this is mundane and prosaic.

Beyond this, however, there is more. Certain syllable and sequences create vibrations in the ether and occasion effects at a distance. A certain note on the strings of the Miyalún [an ancient stringed instrument] causes a goblet to shatter. Thus it is with words of power. Cadences, rhythms, sonorities, shrillnesses, and juxtapositions have an effect upon the bubble-thin crystal of reality. To Pass Between is thus a matter partially of striking a series of notes, utilising both meaning and sound.

The use of words is related to the matter of Names of Power. Each entity bears a name, and to call this name is to attract the attention. So it is with the Gods, the Cohorts, the Demons, and the other inhabitants of the Planes Beyond. Each of us also bears more than one name, used within appropriate contexts to elicit a certain response. Thus, we Tsolyáni have formal names, house names, and secret names. You know me in the context of the temple and the priesthood, and you thus must address me by my formal name. My parents and my clansmen are permitted to use my house name. My secret name is known only to myself, and I do not reveal it even to my wives or to my children, for it would give them power over me. It is the name with which I petition my God and which I use to enter into compacts with my ultimate superiors both on this Plane and on others. This principle extends to the inhabitants of the Planes Beyond as well, though not to the almighty Gods. To call one of these entities by its Name of Power is to bind it to a certain response. Not to know the Name of Power is folly and death for the evocator.

Gesture, attitude, and the actions of the body are used to reinforce the use of words and names. The former include the exact movements of the limbs, the holding of the fingers, the tilt of the head, the stance of the feet, and many other things. Attitudes comprise the pressures of the pulse, the ventilations of the lungs, the rhythms of the heart, the dilations of the eyes, the secretions of the glands, and further skills which can be attained through training. Under actions are subsumed the turnings, the facings, the twistings, the archings of the body [?], as well as the rituals, the sacrifices, the dancing, the couplings, and the interactions between the mage and his assistants. All of these create vibrations between the Planes and facilitate the Reaching Through and the Passing Between.

External objects, substances, patterns, etc. are further aids. The successful mage knows which fragrance, stench, attar, or essence will enhance the endeavour. Metals, images, waxes, stones, parchments, and ritual instruments may be infused with power from the Planes Beyond. Diagrammes, delineations, patterns, and designs create passages for blockages between the Planes. He who imagines these things to be only adornment or mummery will soon learn otherwise to his despair.

Lastly, but most urgently, is the Mind: the firmness of the intellect, the governing of the conscious and unconscious being, so that the will holds to its course like the Chlén-beast to a familiar road. Long training is needed to learn these skills. Success cannot be achieved without this ability, for the undisciplined mind is like a maddened

Zrné, charging again and again fruitlessly the bonds which hold it. The disciplined mind, on the other hand, unlocks these bonds as surely as a thief of Jakállá [the artistry of the thieves of the city of Jakállá is proverbial].

As I have said, the Reaching Through can be done by any student with a modicum of basic talent and a minimum of training. The true art lies in the shaping of the Power and moulding it to one's desires. According to the scholar Homuóz of Tsámra, force and substance are but two different aspects of the same being: one can thus channel the Power and make it into objects or into forces. Used one way, it can become a blinding bolt of flame; used another, it appears as substances. Even shadow beings can be created by the advanced practitioner, and these creatures will serve their creator for a brief time on this Plane before dissipating again. Such kinetic actions as pushing, pulling, lifting, and depressing can be done as well. The unlettered term all of these procedures "spells," yet they have as little in common with the charms of the village witch-women or the tribal shamans of far Chayákku as does a fish with Thény Thendráya Peak! No bazaar illusionist's tricks these! To channel the force drawn through from the Spaces Between is not deception but the result of years of study and devotion to this ancient art.

This, then, is the basis of "Magic," if you would term it so. There are of course other ways of Reaching Through and Passing Between. I have mentioned the devices of the ancients, the principles of which are now no longer completely understood by us. These instruments do by some mechanical means what the mind can only perform after long study and training. There are other machines as well, the manufacture of the sages of old, before even the Time of Darkness came upon the world. Each of these has its functions and powers. Although these things are mighty, yet they are less than the human mind, for the latter is capable of learning more than one function, while most of these devices are limited to but one task. These mechanisms are thus like crutches; the sound man walks better alone without them.

There are also forms of "Magic" which require no Reaching Through: for example, the ability to see into other minds, to communicate with one in a distant place, and many more. Even so, the powers of the mind are aided—fueled, as it were—by power gained from Reaching Through, even though they do not depend upon this power for their success.

This brings us to the fourth question: that concerning the Currents of Power and the Nexus Points which lie Between.

I reply: who can describe the sensation of Reaching Through for the first time? The pulsing, throbbing, ecstatic touch, as of laying one's hand upon a naked, beating human heart—thus have some eulogised it. There is a sense of plunging one's hand into a great current, neither hot nor cold, flowing yet neither in one direction nor the other. This mighty stream is not perceptible to the senses; it lies just below—or beyond—the thin skin of reality which is all that we can perceive without knowledge of the Ways I have described above. It is there, glorious and strange and full of meaning, yet somehow terrifying and alien to our senses.

This stream is not the same everywhere. Some regions are like barren plains, while others are well-watered and rich. Here there is a desert, there the torrent of the mælstrom. We may expand upon this metaphor in order to comprehend the matter: like streams of water in this Plane, these currents of the Power flow from their sources and debouch out into some unimaginable sea on the farther shores of time. As with rivulets which flow from a watershed, these brooks flow into one another and become mighty rivers; some plunge roaring down from the crags, while others meander across flat plains; some surge down through narrow mountain valleys, and others are turgid and full of alluvial sediment.

Thus it is between the Planes. The network of streams and rivers of the Power crosses and recrosses our world. Where two or more of these currents flow together there is a place of great potency, a "Nexus Point"; where the streamlets are small and far apart there is a place barren of "Magic." As an example of the former, we may note the age-worn ruins of the city of Hmakuyál; there the Power seems to ooze from every stone, seeping into our continuum from some thunderous vortex between the worlds. Another such location is the labyrinth beneath old Púrdimal, the city called the Black Toad of the Empire. Still another exists amidst the high pinnacle of Avanthár, where our ever-glorious Emperor dwells in sublime splendour. Still another is the catacomb below the Inner Temple of the Worm Lord in the City of Sárku. Or I may mention the flame-flickering walls of the hidden temple of Lord Vimúhla which lies in the depths of the Chákan forests. Some of these Nexus Points are minor, like the joining of two brooks; others are mighty, the feeding of one vast tributary into its parent stream, like the Msúma, the Mother of Rivers.

As for those areas which are barren of the Power, I shall cite the Isles of Tsoléi, where no spell is efficacious, and not even the greatest mage (save for one or two) can Reach Through to tap the energies. Those who journey thither

had best carry weapons other than spells or the devices of the ancients! Yet, strangely enough, on the nearby coasts of Livyánu the streams begin to flow again, and as one progresses eastward, one comes into a plain well-watered by the Power, where the mightiest of all of these imperceptible rivers flows past the glories of the city of Tsámra and irrigates the magics of the shrines of the Shadow Gods. Other such wastelands are known to us as well: the emptiness of the Plain of Towers, where the winds howl down through the centuries and flutter the pages of time, the dizzy precipices of Kilalámmy where the Hláka glean amusement from hurling the unwary traveller down from the heights; the high valleys of N'lúss, the peaks so high there that it is called "The Land Turned on Edge"; the wilds of northern Yán Kór, and many others.

Our own land of Tsolyánu is relatively well-watered and fertile with the Power. Here the streams are close together, there they are farther apart; but we are generally fortunate, and it is almost always feasible to site our temples on or near a Nexus Point.

There is one way in which our analogy of the rivers does not hold: this is the existence of floating Nexus Points, drifting vortices of power which seem to wander at random through the world. Even in Tsolei one hears of this, and these are not infrequent here in Tsolyánu. For this phenomenon we have no explanation, and it simply shows that one cannot accept an analogy or a metaphor as the totality.

The fifth question speaks in more detail of the Demons.

I reply: These are the inhabitants of Planes reached by Passing Between. Their rôle in relation to the Gods and the Cohorts is not clear. Some say that they are truly minions of the Gods, created and used by Them to perform Their wills. Others have it that these beings are races like unto ourselves, reachable by the Gods and hence as much under Their power as we. Still others claim that the Demons are but Aspects of the Gods: they are not distinct entities but rather the savage and uncontrolled facets of the Gods' own natures. Who is to say?

We do know that these entities exist and can be contacted by those brave—or foolhardy—enough and who know the Ways. We can state with surety that some of these beings partake of the natures of one or more of the Gods. There are thus Demons close in character to our Lord Ksáru, others to Lord Vimúhla, others to Lord Sáрку, others to Lord Hrü'ú, and even some who are close to the tenets of Lady Dlamélish. There are also those which have no similarity or loyalty to any of the Gods or Cohorts. Some dwell alone and solitary upon their Planes, while others are served by races and hierarchies of their own. Some serve the Lords of Stability as well, and these beings seem in essence to be no different from the Demons who are the minions of our own Lords of Change. Some of these entities are very powerful and cannot be approached unless the fate of a world be in the crucible; others are lowly and weak; others are members of multitudinous races which are like our own in possessing but little power.

Who can speak of the numbers and the natures of these beings? The scrolls tell of hundreds, thousands, perhaps, and no one treatise can describe them all. Certain names appear to be but different callings for the same being, while others are mentioned in only one text and are never cited again elsewhere. Many authors eschew the taking of the name of a Demon directly, since to do so is to provide a tiny crack of access into our plane, and thus the titles by which the Demons are called become of paramount importance in identifying which is meant. Other writers have drawn up elaborate hierarchies of "kings," "princes," "potentates," and "prelates" within the Demon Planes, making them similar in organisation to more familiar societies upon this world. Not a few sages provide only glyphs of mysterious potency in the place of the names of these beings, giving no names or titles or ranks or identifiable descriptions, thus keeping their wisdom to themselves and their favoured students.

The overwhelming feeling gained from all of these treatises is fear. Fear—plus the intense human yearning for secret power over one's fellows and a greed for wealth—are the secret bedfellows of the necromancer. Few there are who seek the Demon Planes for the sake of knowledge alone. Most would ask for domination from the Demons, or for gold, or for some maiden, or for the vanquishing of a rival. Where there is such covetousness there are accidents. Knowledge of the natures and limitation of the Demons helps, of course, but not a few learned sages have disappeared shrieking into the maw of one of their own conjurings when they dared too much.

The minor Demon races are less hazardous, though still too powerful for any but a great wizard to encompass. Such include the Demons of the Dark, the Nation of Invisible Seekers, the Dwellers in Shadow, or the Spirits of the Aerial Realm of Tu'un kélmú. Those who serve the Lords of Stability likewise summon the Heroes of Glory, the Warriors of the Scarlet, the Entities of Light, and others amicable towards them. The powers of these races are limited, however, and for all of their conceits, they are of little worth to the sage who must assay mighty deeds. The procedure

for summoning these lesser Demons are not difficult of mastery, and most acolytes soon achieve them, if they have the basic talent.

The Planes upon which these entities dwell are known by many names and have as many descriptions as there are treatises. The texts speak glibly of the Land of Qélem, the Land Below the World, the Unending Grey, the Plain of Not Remembering, and many, many more. These are no mere imaginings, yet few human feet have trodden their alien paths, few human eyes have gazed upon their palaces. Legends exist aplenty. That of Metállja of Salarvyá has been cited above. There are also the tales of Subadím the Sorcerer, who claimed to have wandered in the halls of the Citadel of Sighs for four thousand years before again gaining his liberty. Then there are the Visitations of Girigámish, once a mighty sage of our own temple. He speaks of the Nine Pylons of the Barrier Gods, the Gate of Iron Fangs, and the River Which Flows to Eternity. The great warrior, Pendárte of Khéiris, is said to have entered the southwest quadrant of the Demon Plane, there to confront the inconceivable Rū'ütlánesh himself and win back the abducted Princess Ssneleth of the city of Purdánim. Whether these are truth or but the fables of the marketplace no one can say. The fact is that despite centuries of scribblings, books, scrolls, and parchments, none has come forward with a map of those alien lands. Mayhap no one can, for they may well exist in a form which cannot be charted by the human mind.

There is one more feature of the Plane Beyond which is at once both frightening and reassuring. Perchance you have wondered what the Gods and Their Cohorts say of life and of death and of the Hereafter? Does the person who acts according to the commandments of his God pass from this existence into some paradise? And what of the man who is ignoble and transgresses against his faith? After all, the promise of reward and the threat of punishment are two of the strongest motivations known to us.

The response is that death is not the end of the individual. Indeed, it is only a transition to a further Plane, a passing performed willy-nilly and without the benefit of skills and Magic! The soul does not perish; it is translated from this sphere of being into another, and then another and another. We know not where it ends. Perhaps we are like the mariners and the island archipelago to which I alluded before: a random wandering from shore to alien shore, tarrying here, stopping there, in response to some irresistible urge ever to travel onward, who knows whither.

Not all of a person goes upon this journey, of course. There are five—some say seven—parts to the totality of a man (and some say even of animals and plants!). The /bákte/ “the body” is born, grows, lives, and dies here upon this Plane, and here it is buried. The /chusétl/ “the shadow-self” is the ethereal counterpart to the mind: it is the self of dreams and visions, and in certain trance states it can be sent to visit far places and report what transpires there. The third part is the /hlákme/, “the mind,” and this is the conscious ego. It dwells in the body during life, hovers near the corpse in the tomb after death, and can be brought back to reanimate the body by those versed in necromancy. The fourth part is called the /pedhétl/ “the enemy”; it comprises the raw lusts and emotions which lie at the core of each heart and which provide the energy for our actions. The fifth part is the /báletl/ “the spirit-soul.” It is this which passes on to other spheres of being.

During life these are all joined together within the individual. After death the body rots in the sepulchre. The shadow-self perishes and is no more. The mind remains near its body in the tomb, where it rests in a dreamless sleep forever, unless it be returned by sorcerous means to inhabit its grisly shell once more. It is this part of the individual which Lord Sárku and His Cohort, Lord Durritlámish, would perpetuate: a cold and observant consciousness within the grave. The fate of the enemy is not known, although it is said that it, too, perishes—or is returned to the reservoirs of Power which lie Between the Planes. Some claim that it is this energy which we use for our spells and which is tapped by the devices of the ancients.

It is the /báletl/ “the spirit soul” which journeys on. Certain magical procedures exist which allow us to contact those spirit-souls which have not gone away too far, and it is thus that we have learned of the Isles of the Excellent Dead, a place of shadowy beauty and mournful serenity. Most of the dead remain there for a time, some remaining for long, while others voyage quickly away to Planes farther and farther from our own. As each spirit-soul travels, it casts aside its baggage of memories and concerns of this life, becoming whatever form of being exists upon those Planes where it tarries. It is thus impossible after a time to identify a spirit-soul in terms of its name and station while it dwelled here. Even if one acts quickly to contact a spirit-soul which has gone beyond, there is no guarantee of success, for the vast concourse of the dead fills the Isles like a great river, and none knows his place or his companions upon that journey.

And what of the final destination? The priests of Lord Belkhánu speak of the Further Shores, the Paradises of Teretané. But none can tell of the requirements for admittance there, and none can say with surety whether these are

not simply further and further Planes Beyond. There are scholars who claim that the travelling of the spirit-soul is circular: after a circumambulation of eons one comes again to this Plane and is reborn. Others describe the journey not so much as circular as spherical: one returns to this Plane, but each goes by a different great circle around the sphere. A few, considered heretics by the adherents of Lord Belkhánu, claim that the journey is random and that each spirit-soul takes a random path of its own, some returning soon to this Plane, some after many centuries, and many never again. The Gods alone know.

One thing is certain, however: our adventurings in the Isles of the Excellent Dead and our eventual destinations have nothing to do with our activities or qualities in this life. Not even the hierarchy of Lord Belkhánu speak of patterns or purposes in this matter. Not all of our piety or prayers, neither our deeds nor our failings, neither our wealth nor our stations, have aught to do there. Emperor and pauper, priest and warrior, slave and merchant, all travel thither alike, and none can know his itinerary.

There are only two known means of avoiding the journey to the Isles. One is to die utterly: to be slain by a God or a Cohort, to be dispatched or ingested by a Demon, or to be killed by that terrible incantation known as the Grey Hand. Thus, the destruction of the spirit-soul is one method of avoiding the Isles! When this occurs, the mind is also annihilated, and the corpse cannot then be reanimated. Only if a Demon itself chooses to return the individual to perform some task can the spirit-soul return for a time, but those slain by a God or Cohort and those upon whom the Grey Hand has been used are gone forever. This is why the summoning of Demons and their ilk is so perilous: one risks not only life and limb in this Plane but also one's future in all of the Planes of the hereafter! Are wealth and power then worth such a hazard?

The second way of evading the Isles is to be taken directly to one of the especial paradises or hells of the Gods or Their Cohorts. Each Deity possesses a paradise for those who have striven ardently and well, and whose deeds have been so splendid as to come to the notice even of a God. Similarly, each of these Beings maintains a particular hell for those wretches who have angered Him or Her exceedingly and are deserving of Divine retribution, just as a man may take especial delight in smashing a little Drí which has had the audacity to bite him. Thus, Lord Hnálla promises his worthy devotees immediate translation into the supernal light of His being, and His enemies are consigned to a Plane of utter darkness and random torment. Lord Thúmis provides his faithful adherents with a totality of knowledge and cleanses them of both ego and instinct, making them a part of His abstract wisdom. His foes are cast into a Plane whereon no knowledge can be certain, where all is madness and ignorance, and yet where the individual will remain ever conscious of his loss. The heaven of Lady Avánthe is said to be rather like this world, a place of peace and joy—really a paradise for peasants and old women. [Tsémel Qurén here expresses his own point of view; the hierarchy of Lady Avánthe describes their paradise in different terms.] Her hell is a barren Plane in which there is no order, no pleasure, no predictable cycle of being, and no repose. The heaven of Lord Karakán is martial and splendid, full of warriors and a sense of mighty deeds and brave causes. His hell is a Plane of drab sameness, dull and bitter, full of petty meannesses and eternal failure and despair. Lord Belkhánu assures His devotees of an adventuring onwards, beyond the Paradises of Teretané, into Planes where the spirit-soul will be shown new and different delights and novel forms of being until the end of time. His hell is said to be a mean and dreadful region wherein the spirit-soul goes round and round existing as ugly and repulsive things—moulds, fungi, vipers, insects—always aware of its punishment and never able to gain its freedom.

The paradise of Lord Hrü'ú is the antithesis of that of Lord Hnálla: the worshipper is made part of the ceaseless random Chaos of his Lord, delighting in the alterations and combinations of his perpetual beings and becomings forever. Lord Hrü'ú's special hell, on the other hand, is an everlasting terrible stasis, a consciousness of existence, yet a sameness and an inertness which cannot be described. Lord Vimúhla possesses a Plane called the Halls of the Ever-Blazing Flame, where his adherents experience forever the one supernal moment of ecstatic annihilation in the Flame. Those who have served Lord Vimúhla ill are removed to the Outer Portals of Kelkúùn, a region all clammy and dim and dripping with cold, where no fire will burn and there is no light. Lord Sárku's heaven might well seem a hell for those who do not serve Him: it is an endless consciousness in death, a serving of the Tomb-Lord and His minions, and a continual ghastly joy, like the grimacing of a skull. The hell of Lord Sárku is one of terror and pain: the gnawing of the worms upon the flesh, the sight of one's limbs withering and crumbling in the grave, and the frenzy and agony of waking to find oneself buried alive—over and over again, until all eternity. Much different is the paradise of Lady Dlamélish, a place of unutterable pleasure and ecstatic release. To know forever in every nerve the heights of orgasm and physical stimulation is Her promise. Her hell is a Plane upon which there is no desire at all—or perhaps

to know desire and never be able to fulfill it—an endless ennui. Our own Lord Ksárul promises us the Circle of Sapphire, a place of close proximity to our Lord, the presence of eternal, pulsating might and power, where the spirit-soul shall perpetually rejoice in its personal knowledge and its victory. The hell of our Lord is a land of strange and whimsical punishments, in which the spirit-soul wanders disconsolate and helpless, with neither knowledge nor power, unable to aid itself or to prevent its humiliation and its torment.

So also it is with the Cohorts. Some claim that Their heavens and hells are the same as those of Their Patron Deities. Thus, Lord Chiténg's Halls of Burning Victory may be identical with the paradise of Lord Vimúhla which I have described heretofore. The Pavilion of the Dancing Maiden, where Lady Hriháyal continues to satisfy the unending lusts of Her devotees forever, may be the same as the Emerald Kiosk of Her Goddess, lady Dlamélish. The fact is that there is no map or chart of these paradises and hells, whatever the amulet-sellers in the marketplace may purport to sell. We know of their existence through the revelations of the Gods. Lord Sárku is thus correct in stating that death is not the end of life, and we do not perish utterly when once the body has breathed its last. Only a veil of transition separates us from the Isles of the Excellent Dead, and for that individual who can please his Deity exceedingly, there are appropriate rewards. In the view of my own sect, however, Lord Sárku's doctrines err in placing too much emphasis upon the survival of the ego, the conscious intellect. It were better to allow the things of this life remain here and to pass onward in our journeying. Our eventual destinations are not known—and perhaps there are none—yet we cannot cling to this reality for long, and the Isles of the Excellent Dead beckon us forward to further adventures.

I have said that it is as possible for an adept to contact a departed spirit-soul as it is for him to summon a Demon or one of the beings of other Planes. Neither can dwell here for long—the drain upon the psychic energy of the summoner is too great—but it can be done. The search for any particular spirit-soul is difficult and frequently impossible, for there are no guides in the Isles of the Excellent Dead. It is harsh to deny the pleas of the weeping widow, or of the mother who would hear her child's voice once more; by the summoning is perilous and arduous, and thus these incantations are almost never used, say in extreme emergencies. Those who yearn to speak with the long-departed sages, such as Qiyór the Many-Tongued or Subadím the Wizard of Many Worlds, may find that they themselves are lost and cannot find their way back to this Plane. Thereupon their bodies wither and die, and their own journey to the Isles begins without their choosing. At this time I myself know only two or three great scholars within our temple who have the art to call back spirit-souls from the Isles, and only one of these might have the daring! In all the Five Empires there are likely no more than a hundred such mages, and not one of them would undertake the quest lightly, not even for all of the treasures in the Tomb of the Lord of the Black Mould.

I have now spoken of many matters concerning our religion and the bases of our faith. Many of these are open to interpretation and argument. I have not attempted to expound many of these conflicting views, some dating from periods so far in the past that we can only conjecture what moved men in those far-off days. The summation of my discourse must be this: the Gods and Their Cohorts exist and have mighty domination over men. It is our duty and to our benefit to obey these Deities, for any other course can only lead to our annihilation and doom. We are limited, beings, and it is an arrogant conceit to think that we can ultimately explain all things in terms we can comprehend—in spite of our sciences and arts and theories and compendia of wisdom! We are still the tiny Drí looking upward at the descending shadow, wondering whether we are to be trampled by a man or by a dog. All of our wisdom is at best partial, and our senses give us no more than a view of one thin skin of reality—thinner than the reflection upon a bubble. We have no inkling of the width and the depth of the stream, its current, or its eventual destination. We only know that our bubble exists for the here and the now, and that must be enough for us.

[Tsémel Qurén then added the following postscript:]

Let me advise you one thing: even if you do not believe me, even if all of the evidence of the centuries is not enough for you, even if your senses and your intellect and your instincts do not convince you, yet I beg and plead with you not to open the doors which are indicated in *The Book of Ebon Bindings!* I know that you would translate it into your tongue and that you would remove from it many of the hidden keys which make it most hazardous. Nevertheless, it is perilous, even so. Leave it where it is, hidden in the obscurity of archives, out of the sight and the thought of man. Once these gates are opened, there is room for those to come forth who can never again be expelled, and whose yearning is to wreak inconceivable havoc upon this Plane! None can say the future or tell of the will of the imponderable Gods; yet it is manifest that secrets such as these must never be brought forth! This I tell you from the depths of my being. The portents of catastrophe lie concealed with that book, and greed for knowledge, gold, or power

will lead to consequences which will reverberate from Plane to Plane until the end of mortal time! Here me, my friends and leave off this undertaking! [The writer must note that he feels Tséme! Qurén's anxiety to be somewhat overstated. The safeguards provided by Mriyán Mríktoken and others should be sufficient to render even the dreadful things in *The Book of Ebon Bindings* harmless. It must still be approached with caution, of course, and those who are not versed in the arts and the Ways should not tamper with it overmuch. Let the reader consider well, therefore, before progressing further!]



*The Sign of the Triangle
of Being Repelled Forever*

The Book of Ebon Bindings

[The Tsolyáni recension of *The Book of Ebon Bindings* begins with an invocation in the Engsvanyáli language, the grammar and style of which indicate that it is a later composition.]

“I lay the strictures of time and space upon you,
O Master of the ever-encroaching night!
I make these pages secure against the Unseen Coming Forth;
I lay the squares and draw the runes;
I surround myself with the incense and the blood,
With the stones and the instruments,
And with the sacrifices.
I encompass the guardianship:
O Whisperer, enter not!
O Wanderer of Tombs, seek me not!
O One of Spheres, call me not!
O Lord of the Unending Grey, your power touches me not.
I repeat the Names in peace; I say the Words with impunity.
None can come against me.
I shall not be borne forth from here!
I shall not be sent down into that land from whence none returns,
And where all mouths are choked with silence.”

Today I dwell in my city. [If the Tsolyáni scribe is translating from the Engsvanyáli recension, then perhaps ancient Purdánim is meant.] My heart gazes forth from beneath the eaves of my eyes, and it is fearful. For this day I shall take up the pen of Nnú-reed [a special implement favoured for the writing of magical texts] and the ink of blackest Hurumón [an unknown substance]. I shall write of what I know and of that which I am in terror. I shall name the Names and make the signs. I will expound upon those matters which should not be revealed. Yet I will reveal them.

Dread inhabits my heart, as a toad lives within a pond. What I shall say is neither pleasant to record, nor is it wise. If any there be who might falter upon the dark paths, or who are daunted by the Face of Horror, then let him close this scroll and return it to its place of concealment. Let no one peruse farther unless that one be dauntless and a knower of the Powers and of the Ways!

There are those who will question my motive for writing. To them I can only reply that all my life I have sought knowledge. It were sad indeed if all of the treasures of my experience and my seeking were to be scattered into the dust of my dying like straws lost from a moving cart. The Glorious Priestking [i.e. the ruler of Énsgvan hlá Gánga] departs and leaves his mighty Empire as his monument; the peasant dies, and the sum of his existence is his progeny and his fields and his clan; the slave perishes, and no memory of him is left behind. Am I any the less than a slave? It is vanity to think that my words may live to enlighten another age and to cause some sage yet unborn to think kindly upon me for having eased his path; yet I have no other means of making my imprint upon time. All things perish: the Priestking's Empire just as surely as the peasant's progeny, and the memory of both is mingled in the wind. So shall my works crumble and be gone. Nevertheless, I would have them last at least for a brief century or more upon this Plane. Like the elegant Hmúo-moth, I must flutter and dance and pretend that my being has had some purpose, some effect, some meaning in this ephemeral world ...

I have chosen today for my writing because of another, urgent reason. My time of parting is upon me. I have spoken my farewells to my mistresses and my concubines. I have apportioned my goods and have entered my final testament in the Hall of Ne'utláku [some sort of hall of records of the Engsvanyáli Empire?]. Within my bosom there is a heaviness, a strangeness, and a pervasive gloom. Too long have I travelled the Ways; too often have I held a lamp into chambers wherein no illumination has fallen since the Egg of Time was whole. Now the thin threads of my enchantments have wound themselves through and through the very fabric of me. A tenebrous genius dwells just behind my eyes, stealthily occupying more and yet more of my very soul. Dark phantasms drip from the rafters and the lintels of my house, soft as summer rain, unseen as the webbing of the Atlún-spider.

Soon, I know, One will come for me, One whose terrible Name cannot be set down here, and whose stern beckoning cannot be denied. Then I shall be as though I had never been. Not into the thronging catacombs shall I go, not the Isles of the Excellent Dead, not even the Land of the Unending Grey, but to another place whereof my pen

will not write. I shall pay for what I have evoked; I shall pay in the coin of uttermost terror. All of my pleading and all of my prayers to the Ineffable Gods will avail me naught. No, I shall be carried beyond the dismal climes of Death, ever to know the unknowable and to suffer the unendurable. I shall reap that which I have planted. I shall voyage upon that grim ship which even the Gods dread to board. I shall travel to ... [This sentence is followed in the Tsolyáni recension by a glyph which cannot be read by any of the scholars consulted.]

Now I begin my book. Let the unlettered reader lay down this scroll and never take it up again! Let even the wise beware and tread with more care than one who walks a narrow plank above dark rushing waters!

I COMMENCE MY WORK WITH A DELINEATION OF THOSE REGIONS OF MOURNFUL DREAD, THE DEMON PLANES. [This sentence is written in a large, elaborate script, in a rusty brown ink (probably blood), and the letters are twined all about with magical glyphs and protective diagrammes.]

None can know those places wherein the Demons dwell, for they are not sensible to the measurements of mankind. There is no geography of those lands, nor has any mariner charted their shrouded coasts. The Demon Planes lie not to the east, nor to the west, nor to the north, not to the south, not above, nor below; they exist and are attainable by simply reaching forth one's hand, if one has knowledge of the Ways.

It is not my purpose to write a treatise upon the Ways. They will be known to any who should have access to this scroll, and if the reader is not learned in them, let him not so much as touch this writing with the tip of his finger!

The Demon Planes are vast and labyrinthine. Utolén of Hnakhó [a city now lost] likens them to a network of caverns dug within the heart of some unimaginable mountain, winding, turning, narrowing, widening, opening now and again into chambers of unendurable horror or of magnificent splendour, now ending in cul-de-sacs or in pits which plummet the explorer into the unplumbable depths of the earth. Súsütlé the Marker of Paths [an otherwise unattested ancient wizard or scholar] sees the Demon Planes as a series of bubbles which rise slowly through the viscous liquid of nonbeing. Nonní of Tsámra claims them to be spheres within spheres, composed of matter not sensible to us, yet nearer to us than the beatings of our own hearts. One sees the effects of the wind, yet one cannot see its substance. These analogies are not complete, not perfect—yet who can analogise the indescribable?

We know that there are realms and principalities within the Demon Planes, for the sorcerers and necromancers of old have on occasion visited them. Some of these places have names: the Land of Qélem, the Citadel of Sighs, the Land Below the World, the Wastelands of the Dead, and many more. What these are in their reality we cannot say, nor can we draw maps of them and measure the distances between this city and that, as a merchant does in this world. We have heard of the Walls of Qurundélnu, yet we know not their extent nor what they guard! We have read of the Gate of Iron Fangs, yet we are ignorant of its city and of its keepers.

The ancient sages have described the regions of the Demon Planes in terms of "Quadrants" and of "Circles." This may be no more than a human attempt to give familiar structure to something which cannot be comprehended otherwise. There are four Quadrants: the Northwest, the Northeast, the Southwest, and the Southeast ...

[At this point the Engsvanyáli manuscript begins, and this will now be used for the remainder of the translation.]

... The Ruler of the Northwest Quadrant is the Demon Prince Gereshmá'a: the Lord of the Northeast Quadrant is the Beast Without a Tail; the Master of the Southwest Quadrant is mighty Rū'ütlánesh; and the King of the Southeast Quadrant is Prince Kurritlakál. Above all of these nobles stands the most terrible of all, the dreaded Origób.

At the same time there are listed the Circles, each ruled by a Demon Lord. These rulerships do not correspond at all with the Quadrants. For example, great Kurritlakál is Lord of the Tenth Circle, the Beast Without a Tail commands the Sixth, mighty Gereshmá'a the Twelfth, and fearsome Rū'ütlánesh none at all. Certain Circles are ruled by Lords who are otherwise unknown and never summoned—indeed, no incantations for calling them exist in the treatises. Thus it is with the Demon Tlár, the Master of the Fifth Circle; nowhere will the seeker find a depiction of him or the means to evoke him. Moreover, there are many Circles without a Lord, or whose Rulers are not attested. All in all there are some fifty Circles belonging to the Demon Planes (and excluding the thirty-nine Circles which are the provinces of the minions of the Lords of Stability). I now list these Circles and such of their Rulers as are known to me.

First	No Lord is ever listed, although some texts do give a secret glyph.
Second	Hrgásh, the Blind One
Third	Llyanmákchi of the Twisted Visage
Fourth	The Beast of Durún
Fifth	Lord Tlár
Sixth	The Beast Without a Tail
Seventh	Ku'éth, the Wrinkled One
Eighth	Chegéth the Insatiable
Ninth	Lord Kirikyágga, the Forked One of Double Being [?]
Tenth	Mighty Prince Kurritlakál
Eleventh	Tkél, the Guardian of the Gates of Flame
Twelfth	Great Prince Gereshmá'a
Thirteenth	Jnéksha'a of the Raging Flame
Fourteenth	Marássu the Ever-Nearing Pursuer
Fifteenth	Mishomúú, Steward of mighty Origób
Sixteenth	Girtlén, the Eater of Souls
Seventeenth	Unknown
Eighteenth	Unknown
Nineteenth	Héssa, the Little One
Twentieth	Erbulé, He Who Comes Without Summoning
Twenty-First	Unknown
Twenty-Second	Lord Ka'ing, the Striker of Spheres [?]
Twenty-Third	Mighty Prince Ge'én
Twenty-Fourth	Mrígga, He With Scales of Fire
Twenty-Fifth	Unknown
Twenty-Sixth	Unknown
Twenty-Seventh	Unknown
Twenty-Eighth	Chéssa, the Vile Crone
Twenty-Ninth	Ssüssú, the Eater of the Dead
Thirtieth	Narkonàà the Beetle, Lord of Nò-Tikún
Thirty-First	Gurushá, the Starveling
Thirty-Second	Mikoyél, the Formless
Thirty-Third	Unknown and never mentioned; even to write the numerals of this Plane is foolhardy!
Thirty-Fourth	Mi'royél, the Infant Who Eats Its Mother
Thirty-Fifth	Tomúa, the Blind One Who Flies
Thirty-Sixth	Lord Ashónu, steward of Lord Gereshmá'a
Thirty-Seventh	Pa'íya, She Who Drinks the Substance of Men
Thirty-Eighth	Ó, Who Echoes Between the Planes [?]
Thirty-Ninth	Uní, of the River of Mud [?]
Fortieth	Neré, the Many-Bodied
Forty-First	Unknown
Forty-Second	Nyérebo, the Spreader of Darkness, Reaper of Gloom
Forty-Third	Ktélu, Who Cannot Be Gazed Upon
Forty-Fourth	Zanátl, the Secret Foe
Forty-Fifth	Qu'ú, He Who Would End Wisdom
Forty-Sixth	Lord Missúm, Master of Death, Servitor of Sárku
Forty-Seventh	Hés, He Who Laughs Forever
*Forty-Eighth	Chargál, He Who Flows Slowly
Forty-Ninth	Kekkéka, the Tormentor
Fiftieth	Uléla, the Maid of Despairing Delight
*Fifty-First	Anúo Müáz, the One of Many Horns
*Fifty-Second	Ngüngéhib, She Who Copulates With Three [?]
*Fifty-Third	Quyóve, She of the Obelisk

[*According to the Tsolyáni recension, the Ruler of the Forty-Eighth Circle is Húrsha, Who Is Curious. The last three Circles are not listed at all in the Tsolyáni version, and it will be noted that the names of their Rulers are Livyáni in form. Quyó, the Goddess of the Obelisk, is still worshipped in parts of Livyánu.]

This list of the Circles does not include the minor Demon races. There are the Demons of the Dark, beings who live beneath a dim red sun and who are stinking and hideous to look upon. The Dwellers in Shadow are another such species; they despise the light and prefer to slip unseen from shadow to shadow. Then one may mention the high-flying voracious ones of the Realm of Tu'unkélmú, the subterranean-dwelling Shuóleth, and many others. All of these can be summoned by the simplest spells, although their powers are oftentimes little more than those of men. Still, they can be useful, as they were to the Azure Prince [Lord Ksárul] during His battles against the powers of the other Gods. None of these species are to be trusted, of course, for they would as joyously carry off their master as his foes! One must know the rituals of Summoning and Binding, and even then the evocator is counselled to apply whatever further safeguards are within his ken.

In order to emphasise the hazards of overconfidence, I cite the tale of Mnuótl of Tischála [a city now unknown]. This great sorcerer did summon the Demons of the Dark to his aid, as he had sworn to the prince of his city, to do battle against the Lords of Chéschi [possibly modern Ch'óchi in Mu'ugalavyá]. His summoning was however marred by a sudden and irresistible need to make wind, the consequence of supping too heavily upon sea-slugs the night before. His concentration broken, he could only lay about him with the Wands of Puésmanü [some sort of magical weapon, judging from the ideograph]. But to no avail; he was seized and borne forth from this Plane. Now he does battle each day as a common warrior in the armies of these Demons in their endless conflict with the foes of their world, also a race of Demons. Alas, each time he is slain, he is revived to fight again, and thus he shall remain until the end of time—or until Lord Ksárul summons forth all of His minions to aid Him in the Last Battle of the World.

Another anecdote is salubrious. It concerns the mage Gratsátla [apparently a Salarvyáni name]. In his search for the shell of the Egg of Time, he sought to climb upon the tallest peak of all, the ice-needle Hléè Tlúris [possible Thénu Thendráya Peak in modern Tsolyánu, about which the same legend is told]. He used his arts to call forth the Flying Ones of Tu'unkélmú, and these he instructed most judiciously, saying that each must serve him for one year and each would receive one mote of the shell if it were found. The Flying Ones took counsel and agreed, bearing the wizard to the place of his search in a contraption of leather and straps and wooden boards. The search took many months, however, and unbeknownst to Gratsátla, the mating time of the Flying Ones came upon them. Some went and deposited their leathery eggs high in the cliffs. In time these hatched, and the young came forth to feed. Alas, wretched Gratsátla had bound the parents to his spells but not the young! These boisterous creatures seized him, plucked him from his litter, and flew with him to their own Plane, where they dropped him into the Abyss Between the Worlds. Even today his body must still be falling, plummeting down and down without end, perhaps dead, perhaps still alive through his arts. None shall know of his fate.

Similar procedures of summoning can be utilised to call forth the Undead, for Death is but a transition to another state of being. What is left behind upon this Plane is the corpse, and hovering near it in the grave is the conscious intellect. These two may be rejoined to one another for shorter or longer periods by the arts of necromancy. By Reaching Between, the practitioner can recreate enough of the withered muscles and crumbled flesh to allow the lich to function, though never as well as it did in life. One must also remember that the Undead are basically the possessions of Lord Sárku, even though they be raised by the followers of other Gods; hence they will perform only those services which are consonant with the purposes of the Worm Lord. The Undead are, however, not Demons, and the laws governing their summoning and binding are different from those applicable to the latter.

I am minded here of the legend of Vu'é of Nofér [possibly Nuférsh in Livyanu?]. This sage, it is written, was ever one to rush headlong to a task and skimp the details. Thus, when the prince of ... [glyph unreadable] employed him to create a phalanx of the Undead wherewith to defend his person, Vu'é consulted his tomes and found that the Eight Interlocking Squares of Djaréva are proof against the mightiest Demons who serve Lord Sárku. Moreover, the chalks and substances with which the Squares are drawn were cheaper than the powdered blood, corpse-tallow, and iron filings required to ward against the Undead. Thus, Vu'é entered into the rituals—and was disagreeably surprised to see that the Undead did not stop at the boundaries of his diagrammes but continued to advance towards him! He drew the Scimitar of Chakú the Dismemberer, which he had obtained—but that is another tale—and laid about him mightily. Many of the Undead fell, but others took their places, and those which had fallen soon joined themselves together again—for such is the power of the incantations used by Vu'é—and returned to the attack. At length the wizard tired, and abandoning his weepson, he cast himself upon the mercy of great Lord Sárku. The God, however,

was offended at this treatment of His minions, and soon Vu'é was seized and borne forth from this existence to serve as meat and drink in the halls of the Wastelands of the Dead. Lord Sárku was not mollified by this justice, nevertheless, and the Undead were allowed to loot the palace of Vu'é's prince, whence they took away every living being together with all items of the metal copper, a substance Lord Sárku loves. The inhabitants of the city were then awakened by a great roaring and turmoil, and when they rushed to the palace they saw that it had collapsed in its entirety, for the bolts and spikes which held up its wooden floors were of copper. Thus are the results of ignorance.

It were perhaps meet that I should speak now of the rituals of summoning and binding in all of their particulars; yet when I look upon them all, their chants, their gestures, their substances, their sacrifices, and their actions, I am brought to realise their diversity and the impossibility of describing each thing individually. Some are common and can be discovered in almost any text on sorcery, such as the Litany of the Absolution from the Taints of Life, the Diagramme of the Rising Up of the Dead, the Station of Kelúo, and others. Others are more difficult of access, and not a few contain in themselves great dangers for the uninitiated. The Tá'ón, which is the copper ritual knife of Lord Sárku's celebrants, and the Tetkumé, which is employed by the adherents of Lord Vimúhla and which is made from iron, are common implements within the temples. The Mirror-Bright Shield of Repelling the Demon Ktélu, the Crown of Mssíla, and above all, the Pallid Effluvium of Bú-Tlátme—these are rare and difficult to come by! In order to acquire just the simples of the last-named of these, it might be necessary to send a hundred seekers halfway around the world and await their doubtful returning for many score of years! Even I, mage of mages that I am, possess but three drops of the Effluvium, and the price I paid yet makes my soul weep and my limbs shudder ... But that should be another writing.

No, I think that I must eschew the giving of the descriptions of the more common items and rituals; naming them will be sufficient for any sage worthy of his books. I shall then include all such matters within the narratives of each of the great Demon Lords in turn, delineating the more inaccessible elements as fully there as is within my poor powers. Should any seeker then not possess full knowledge of the matters whereof I speak, let him not attempt the incantation upon pain of his life! Instead, let him search first in other works and inquire of other scholars until he is confident in his mastery. There is no other way.

Now do I begin the relation of the Demons, their summonings, their bindings, what can be asked of them, what will be granted by them, and, most urgently, the means of dismissing them hence. Firstly I shall speak of the Ruler of Dread, great Lord Origób, then of the Masters of the Quadrants, then of certain of the more accessible and useful Rulers of the Circles, and lastly of some of the minor Demons whom I have found amenable to my biddings.

I pray now for your soul, O reader! There is no cause to pray for mine, for it is pledged from aforetime, and all hope for me is departed.

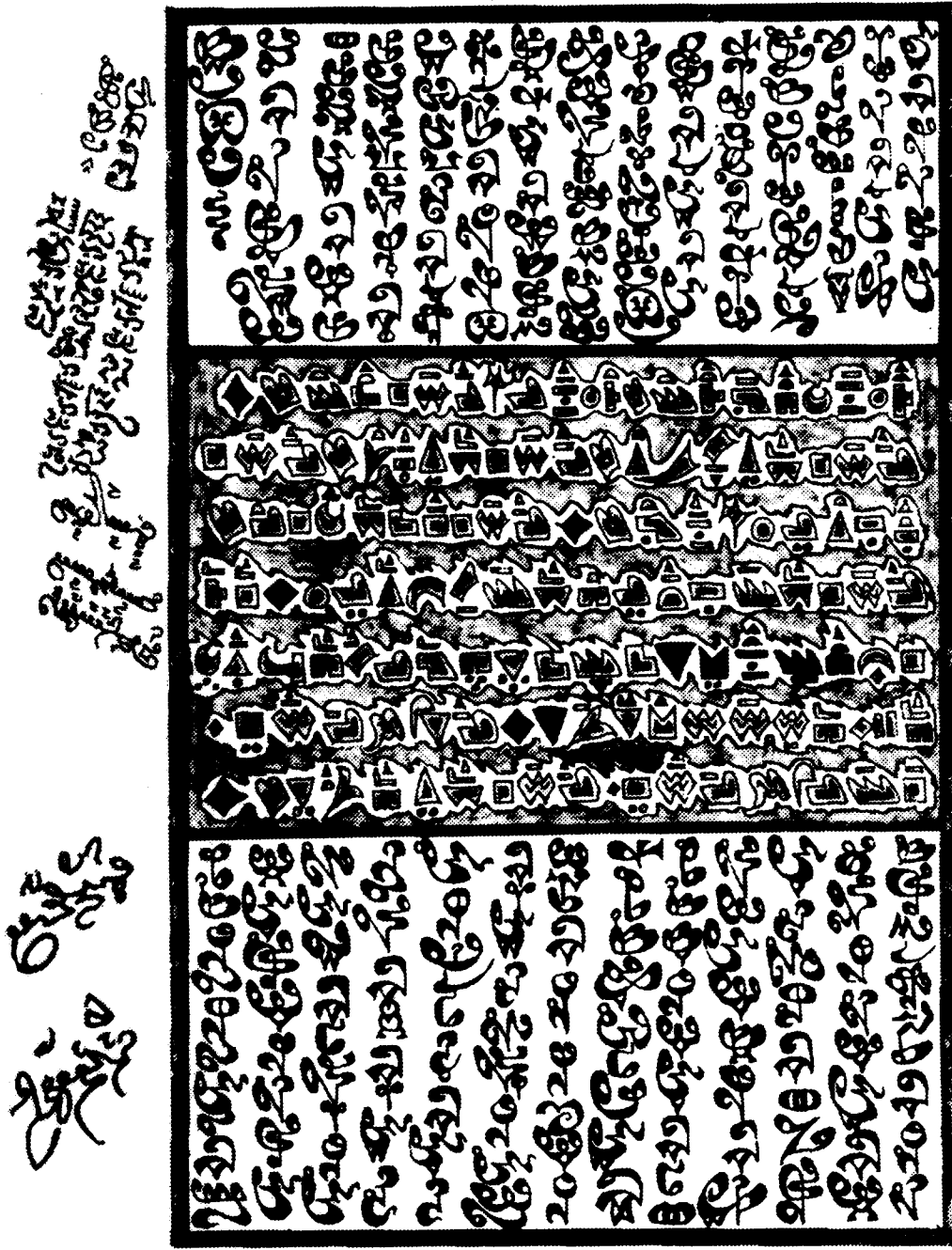
“Let not the darkness bind you!
Let not the Visitations of Dread deceive you!
Let not your spirit wander astray from the paths!
May you never dwell in the Wastelands of the Dead!
May you not serve the grim Lords of the Land of Qélem!
May your soul not flee shrieking into the Unending Grey!

Allow no shirking from your task!
Allow no perforation in your armour!
Allow none to come against you from the left hand nor from the right!

Be glorious in your striving! Be victorious in your seeking!
Be famed throughout the halls of the eons for your wisdom!

Hail unto those who know well the pathways!
Hail unto those who perceive and who are mighty!
Hail unto those who are redolent in the nostrils of the Supernal Gods!”*

[These verses are in the rhymed triptiches popular in the latter days of the Engsvanyáli Empire. The language, however, is archaic Llyáni.]



The photograph above is a leaf from the Engsvanyáli recension of The Book of Ebon Bindings. This section is translated on page 25 (the paragraph beginning with "This, then, ...," the Llyáni recitation, and part of the following paragraph. Both Engsvanyáli and Llyáni are read from right to left, but in this manuscript the scribe has written the former language in vertical columns and the latter in elaborately illuminated horizontal lines. The notes in the margin are in Engsvanyáli, Classical Tsolyáni, and modern Tsolyáni.



ORIGÓB

Lord of All Creatures of the Demon Planes

None knows the titles and qualities of this, the mightiest of Demons. The pen dreads to write, and the ink dries of its own fear. To set his name upon the page is itself an act of daring, for the summoning of this Prince of Princes is not a thing which is done in any land, save with the gravest of provocations and with the fullest protections which can be constructed. Let the would-be evocator beware, therefore, and think ten thousand times before venturing upon this conjuration. Let him rather

himself go down to death than bring forth this Lord. Abjure this thing and seek it not! The perils which beset the calling of Lord Origób are more than any world should be made to endure.

Those who are knowledgeable of the Demon Planes speak of mighty Lord Origób as though he were king thereof. Other Demon Princes draw back and cease from their vauntings when his name is recited. None can say how many legions of Demons he rules, nor which Quadrant is his home, nor what powers he commands. King of the Demon Planes he may be, and perhaps even the almighty Gods Themselves would consider well before confronting him.

How can a mere mortal, then, call him forth? If it must be done, let it be for such a circumstance that the very fabric of the Many Worlds is at stake, and for nothing less!

One shall recognise the coming of Lord Origób by the procession of lesser Demons—many of them Lords in their own sphere—which shall first appear before the evocator. These denizens of nightmares will stride forth in turn, and to each must the evocator speak the correct Name and the proper formula of dismissal; else all is lost, and the Demons will be free to work their will upon this world. Only at length and after many seemings will Lord Origób himself appear. Then the evocator will perceive him in one of his many forms. The most frequent, according to the Book of Presences, is of a mighty lizard-like being, so huge as to fill the veritable Cave of Echoing Winds itself [this cave is not now known, and no legend speaks of it]. Scaled and clawed and plated in crusted armour, the Prince will stand so high that the evocator cannot see the waving forest of spiky protuberances which depend from its head, if such it may be termed. When the Prince leans down, the evocator will behold six dripping, ichorous mouths, each mottled and oozing and of the height of two men. Above, in the darkness, are the eyes, but these are usually invisible amidst the wrinkled flaps and pods and saggings of the face of the Demon King. The tentacles which depend from the mouths writhe and twine and ever seek prey, and the limbs which are like unto pillars of one of the palaces of hell move restlessly and hatefully with a sound of many scrapings. Odours of long-dead and decaying things fill the chamber with noisome stench, and there is also the smell of something dry and sharp, as of certain fluids of burning [acids?]. The colours of this Prince are black and deep red, and tiny flames sparkle over his body like eldritch dancers. Thus is his appearance, usually, as much as can be comprehended by mortal men.

The powers of this Demon King are vast indeed. Amongst the recorded summonings one finds tales of the sinking of cities, of the crumbling of mountain peaks, of the rending of whole nations, and the slaughter of myriads of beings. The wizard Changéla of Kettuláno [a city now lost but probably somewhere in northern Livyánu] is said to have called this Lord to destroy a wizard inimical to him. Even though Lord Origób was offered the enemy wizard, that person's entire entourage, his island palace, and all that was under his foe's hand as serfs and followers, still the Demon Prince was not sated. After slaying the enemy mage and consuming all of his people, Lord Origób so devastated that land that it was no more; the waters rushed in, the adjacent lands were made into volcanic wastelands, and cities of principalities nearby were made overnight into the haunt of ghosts and the unspeaking dead. This destruction was so terrible that the Gods arose to protest; the wizard Changéla was in turn slain, together with all of his creations and adherents. Thus, it is no light thing to summon mighty Lord Origób, and those who would do so had best be able to offer him much in return for his services.

Aside from Sundering [tearing victims into very small bits], mighty Origób utilises the powers of Purguing [sweeping a region clean of all life and even of its geographical irregularities], of Expunging [annihilating an area and leaving no trace of any habitations], and of Overthrowing [turning a region completely upside down, so that the

molten rock beneath is uppermost]. Lord Origób grants no boons of wealth, for he cares naught for such things, nor does he gift the evocator with secrets. He is not a patient being, moreover, and the evocator must speak his demands at once and waste no words. To hesitate is to die and never to be seen again upon any Plane. Once the compact is made, however, the Demon King will perform his task instantaneously and without taking more time than it requires to blink once. Thereafter the evocator shall cry out the formula of dismissal urgently, else will restless Lord Origób seize upon the evocator as well as a sign of his vexation.

The summoning of Lord Origób is not an easy task, and it should not be attempted by one person alone, although it is said that there are secret books in which special calling and binding spells are inscribed for this purpose. These are not known to this writer, and were they so, they would deserve only instant destruction or at least a permanent concealment within the hidden places of the Planes Beyond!

EVOCATION: Let a party of grave scholars of the highest circles of knowledge be gathered together, not less than twenty persons of the rank of Eighteenth Circle [approximately Twentieth to Twenty-Third in modern Tsolyáni reckoning] or yet higher. From all parts of the land they shall collect virgin youths and maidens to the number of twelve of each. Let none amongst these be of the ancestry of those in that place which it is proposed to destroy, else all is lost! Let there also be found twelve bars of the purest gold, each weighing neither more nor less than twelve Psékh [one /psékh/ = .75 Kilogrammes]; twenty-four rubies of good quality; twelve jars of Njé-oil [probably /purúkh/-oil in modern Tsolyáni] of sweetest redolence; twelve rings of steel the diameter of a man's head; and twelve scrolls of finest Hmélu-parchment, upon which is inscribed in blood [in the Llyáni tongue], "I serve you, mighty King."

The evocation of Lord Origób may be performed at any time, but the best is when the moon Gayél [the second moon] is in conjunction with the outer planet, Zurúna. Then let the party descend into the subterranean halls below any great temple, where each wall is impregnated with the watches and wards of the most efficacious magicks. This hall shall be not less than one hundred cubits on a side, and its pillars shall not be so massive as to block the view of any part of the chamber.

Firstly the sacrifices shall be bound hand and foot, and a lesser priest or priestess shall remove the eyes of each with an eye-spoon and fill the sockets with rubies. Bind these in tightly so that they cannot fall out. Then each male sacrifice shall have a bar of gold, suitably shaped, inserted into his mouth and fastened there similarly. Their bodies shall be entirely cleansed of hair, and they shall each be anointed with oil, to the amount of one-half jar per person. One of the steel diadems shall be set upon their heads. The females shall be treated identically, save that their mouths shall be filled with the parchment scrolls, appropriately folded, and they shall not receive diadems. Divide the sacrifices into two groups, six males and six females in each, and set them one at the northeast axis of the room and the other at the northwest. Then let the circles of protection be drawn.

Here the utmost caution must be observed. Each of the twenty evocators shall take a stick of black Trütlé [charcoal of some sort?] and inscribe one circle about the party, working from outermost to innermost, so that there are twenty parallel circles. At the same time let all chant the Litany of Descent into Night. Then the leader of the group shall erect an altar-stone in the midst of the circles—a wall-stone from some ancient and ruined temple is fitting, since these are often infused with magic and the powers of the past. Upon this altar the leader of the party shall stand, garbed in black and red. The others shall arrange themselves in a rough circle around him, and their costumes shall be of black only.

At the correct time noted above the leader of the party shall recite as follows [in Llyáni, although one of the Tsolyáni recensions gives it in Bednálljan Salarvyáni]:

“Descent into night, unlighted place, wasteland beyond the seas of Being!
Mikoyél, Mi'royé, Narkonáá!
Give forth your Lord, send forth your King, O exalted Ones!
Niritlál, Akhóne, Nimuné!
We worship you, we serve you, we adore you, O Blighted One!
Gurushá, Etbulé, Chankosú!
We await your coming, we hail you, we give praise!
Tomúa, Zanátl, Mishomúù!

Thereupon the place will darken, and dots of angry reddish brilliance will flare here and there about the walls. The first Sign shall be the emergence of a great dark splotch at a distance of several cubits from the party. This shall slowly grow and rise, bubbling and hissing, and its centre will take on the likeness of a huge, crude face. This is Lord

Mikoyél, the Servitor of Knives. Unto him the leader shall intone, "Mikoyél, I see you! I know you! I abjure you!" Then shall this Demon depart, and the room will darken once more.

Second shall come a crawling worm-like being with a multitude of tiny tendrils and a face like that of a dead infant, save the eyes, which are white. Unto him the leader shall cry "Mi'royél, I see you! I know you! I reject you in the name of the One Who is Not Named!" Then shall this being vanish.

The third of the Demon Servitors is like unto a fat, black beetle with the colours of mould and scabrous green. The leader shall say, "Narkonáà, I see you! I know you! I dispel you in the Name of Ón-tikú'un!" This creature will then return whence it came.

The fourth and the fifth and the sixth emerge together. These have the semblances of powerful men, but their faces lack eyes and their mouth have no lips. They are armoured and helmeted as though for war. Unto them the leader shall recite, "Niritlál, Akhóne, Nimuné, Slayers of Souls! I see you! I know you! I command you to be gone in the Name of the Black Angel of the Doomed Prince!" These shall then dissipate as does smoke.

Thereafter the Demon Gurushá shall arise, gaunt and spindling, like one who is all starved, yet not at all human of aspect. The leader shall cry, "Gurushá, I see you! I know you! Depart in the Name of your nauseous substance!" This Demon shall then melt away.

Again the party will see another, the flat and insectoid form of horrid Etbulé. This being will lunge insensate against the bonds which hold him, striving to reach the evocators and the sacrifices. The leader shall say, "Cease, I see you, O greedy Etbulé! I know you! I conjure you to depart by the powers of the Right Hand!" Discomfited, Lord Etbulé will hiss and roar, but in the end he, too, will leave the chamber as he came.

Then shall Chankosú the Beast manifest itself, a great horned creature of no clear appearance or dimensions. The leader shall recite, "Chankosú, I see you! I know you! I repel you from this place in the Name of Him Whose Hooves are of Iron!" The Demon will rise and rear and thrash about, but it cannot remain against the conjuration.

Then, very quickly, the Demon Tomúa will emerge, flying about the chamber and striking against the walls with its hideous blind head, all covered with pale fur and dripping burning ichor. The party shall not be daunted, and the leader shall call out, "Tomúa, Blind Feeder Upon Flesh, I see you! I know you! I cause you to depart in the Names of the Winged Bird of Eshme!" The Demon will then return whence it came.

After this there will be only silence and darkness, but the leader shall not be deceived. This denotes the presence of invisible Lord Zanátl, and it can be sensed through a feeling of unknown terror and a rising of the hackles, as when one walks through a nighted place alone. The leader shall then say, "Zanátl, Secret Foe of All Being, I see you not, but yet you are there! I know you! I drive you forth with the Wind from the Well of the Gods!" There will be a howling like that of a storm gone mad, and then again silence.

Finally, the Steward of the Palace of the Relinquishment of All, mighty Lord Mishomúù, shall appear, formed like a great, glistening, black slug, a worm without a face and without limbs or orifices. The leader shall address him, "Master of the Halls of Your Lord, Mishomúù of the Cold and the Dark, I see you! I know you! I entreat you to summon your Master, the One Whose Step Shakes the Lands, the King of All the Demon Planes! You do I reject in the Names of Him Who Is Your Sovereign!" Lord Mishomúù will retreat slowly, and there will be a low vibration, so deep that one can only feel it and hear it not at all.

This, then, is the coming of mighty Prince Origób. The stench and the sounds and the sight of this Lord will affright even the staunchest heart, and it is now that the leader must draw upon the collected powers of all of his people. All together shall recite [in Llyáni]:

"Unto non-being do all return, unto nothingness do we depart;
We who serve you, we who give you praise, we who adore the Shadows!
We are prostrate before you, we are your creatures and your servitors!
Lord Origób, Sunderer of the Fabric of Time, End of All Beginnings!
Heed us, come forth to us, and let us pay you homage!"

The leader must now point with his left hand to the northwestern group of sacrifices, six males and six females. He shall then cry, "We bring you sustenance, Glorious Sovereign. We offer these unto your glory!" The six great orifices will descend upon the chained victims, and the feeding of these is not to be described.

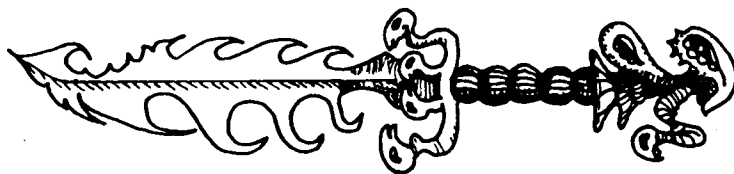
When the Demon King has completed his repast, the leader shall quickly and succinctly state his purposes. He shall list in short terms what he wishes done and what rewards shall accrue unto the Lord Origób. Then he shall indicate with his right hand the northeastern group of sacrifices, and he shall cry, "These are but a sign and a pittance,

O Vast One! These do we offer freely, with the salutations of our spirits!" Then Lord Origób will feed again until all are gone.

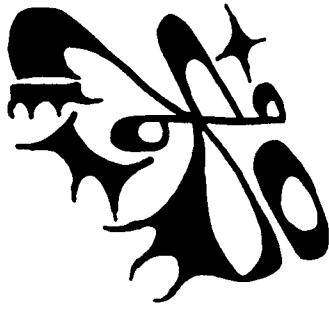
If the Demon King be favourable, the party will perceive a flickering in the air, and then Lord Origób will reappear even greater and stronger than before. This is the crucial moment. The evocator must instantly cry out the formulæ of dismissal, else the party shall be consumed, protections or no. The three gestures of dismissal are made, one by the left hand, the second by the right, and the third by both together. All of the members of the party shall perform these, for every assistance is required. The leader of the party shall repeat the following stanza, while those in the background chant in cadence the word "ahoné," which in the Secret Tongue denotes "Our Master."

"Hail, Origób, Master of Silences, Lord of Irreality!
No more are you in this place, no more are you here!
Minions, servitors, adorers, all are gone and none remain!
All is done, all is as it should be! The Skein has unfolded.
The fabric of the worlds is as before; naught is altered.
All is as we have entreated you, all is as you decree!
A voyage in glory unto your homeland, Beyond the World, Realm of Sighs!
A far-traveling, O Lord, between the realms of being!
All hail, Lord Origób, all hail!"

When this is complete, the leader shall step down from the altar stone and stamp with his right foot upon each of the twenty protective circles in turn. When he has reached the outermost of these, he shall call out, "Hú! It is done! In the Name of the All-Lord! It is done!" Then shall he make the Sign of the Closing of the Nexus Paths with his left hand, and he and his party shall depart from the chamber, not looking back.



*The Kú'núr, the copper sacrificial knife of the temple of Lord Sárku. This specimen is 49.5 cm in length, and the handle is wrapped in leather (probably human skin).
The eyes of the little worm-heads are brown topaz, and the blade is chased with gold.*



GERESHMÁ'A

He of the Mound of Skulls

According to the hierophants of the temple of mighty Lord Sárku at Thu'yúrsa [probably modern Thráya], the Northwest Quadrant and the Twelfth Circle of the Demon Plane are ruled by Lord Gereshmá'a, He of the Mound of Skulls, Nighted One of the Lonely Tomb, Minion of Lord Origób the Undying, Selector of Those Who Shall Dwell in the Unending Grey, and Princes of the Legions of the Mantle of Vipers. By these titles is he known, and as his rune shows, he is of the nature and

allegiance of great Lord Sárku, and of His Cohort, Lord Durritlámish. May these Lords dwell forever midst the dusty silence of the tomb, and may they know the eternal poignancy of the existence which comes after life is gone! May they be pleased and glorified!

It is written in *The Book of Emanations* (now lost) that Lord Gereshmá'a was first evoked by the priests of the Empire of Llyáni during the latter days of that realm. This may appear strange, as it is well known that most of the Llyáni sects adhered to the Doctrines of Imminent Dissonance [?] and were thus unlikely to deal pleasantly with the Thanatophiles and their allies. [The doctrinal differences between these two groups are difficult to follow here since the texts are not extant.] Lord Gereshmá'a dwells, it is written, within a tomb of copper and dark amethyst upon the Plain of Not-Remembering in his own Northwest Quadrant of the Demon Planes. He rules this Quadrant and also the Twelfth Circle, and there he is mighty amongst the Followers, the Ones Who Writhe, and the acephalous Tsúghiyur [?]. He serves great Origób as commander of the Legions of the Mantle of Vipers, and this is a service of value unto that Prince. He is to be evoked only seldom, and then with infinite caution, for Lord Gereshmá'a is a mighty Demon Lord, and one whose temper cannot be predicted with certainty. The proper place for his evocation is the darkness of an underground shrine devoted to his All-Lord, the Ever-Powerful and Splendid Sárku, Lord of Worms. To evoke this being elsewhere is to court unmitigated disaster.

The evocator may know the coming forth of Lord Gereshmá'a by the stench of burning stone [sulphur?] which precedes him. This is followed by the coagulation of a greyish mist in the centre of the pattern of evocation, and at this time the evocator must take the steps to be described hereafter. When this is accomplished, Lord Gereshmá'a will appear, although the evocator will find that this Lord is not entirely perceptible to our vision. He will see no identifiable shape, but only geometric forms which float in the air before him, much as when one shuts one's eyes and then presses them hard with one's knuckles. These shapes will be of the colours of rust and dark yellow, and they will flow from side to side of the chamber as though seeking egress. The darkness will ripple and seem to curve outward [the scribe has written the word for "outward" but has added the ideograph for "inward"?] and at length a shape will arise before the evocator. This figure differs from summoning to summoning, it is written, but most frequently it will be a likeness of a great, many-limbed insect-like being. One can perceive the segments and wing-cases of a beetle-like body, but the head is more like that of a human, though too elongated, with pendulous lip-like appendages and no places for eyes. The body is of rust and yellow, mottled like the underside of a rotted log. The head is of paler yellow, and the mouth (if such it is) is of scabrous brown and black. The limbs at times do not seem to be joined to the body directly but come forth from here and there in the chamber, as though questing for egress and probing at the wards which the evocator must establish in order to prevent Lord Gereshmá'a from emerging in his entirety into this Plane of Being.

When Lord Gereshmá'a is completely manifested, then the evocator may speak, but not before. This Demon Prince is the possessor of certain great powers: he is competent at Transformation [changing a being into some other shape], at Dispelling [ridding the evocator or his client of a hostile spell], Visitation [appearing before some victim and terrifying him to death], and Ingurgitation [swallowing up a victim whole]. Beyond these, he holds several minor powers as well.

When addressing this Lord, one must begin with the praises of his being (provided below). Then one must make the appropriate sacrifice. Thereafter the purport of the summoning can be named. Lord Gereshmá'a is a temperamental and a fickle Prince, however, and he cannot be directly bound. Thus, he will speak falsehoods and temporise and vacillate and deny his own powers and pretend to no ability. The evocator must be ever firm. At length, if the sacrifice

has in fact sated the Lord, he will rise and whirl about the chamber like a cascade of rust and yellow shadow. He will bluster and demand a higher price for his assistance, and he will attempt to gull the evocator with legalisms of words and omissions of speech. Only after much bargaining will he go forth to accomplish his agreement—and it is written that even then he may not perform his task but will instead betray his mission to the foe. For this there is no remedy. If one is in straits dire enough to warrant calling him forth, then one must be prepared to accept the rending of one's Skein of Destiny thereby.

Once, when the present writer was no more than a threave-score of years of age, he was commanded by the Iron-Glove of the city of Tí-Farazhù [possibly Fársha in modern Livyánu] to call forth this terrible Prince in order to relieve the city of a geas of despair placed upon it by Those Who Serve the Pearl [possibly priests or worshippers of Lord Thúmis?]. The Iron-Glove himself joined in the incantations, he being a most noble and high-minded ruler. The bargain seemed well-struck, the sacrifices accepted, and all appeared well. The geas was lifted. When the Demon Lord manifested himself once more in the place of evocation, however, he made his usual and expected demands for more payment. At this time the Iron-Glove, inexperienced in things sorcerous, was moved by impulse and said, "I might consider ..." No more had these words crossed his lips than the great Demon shrieked "A servant for my Palace of the Lonely Tomb!" and seized the wretched man! In vain did I cry a spell of protection. Thereupon, realising my own jeopardy, I employed my magicks and fled the city. Even as I did so, I heard the great bronze gates booming shut and the screams within beginning. Alas, the city was sealed by the power of Lord Gereshmá'a, and his own servitors were loosed to work their will upon the hapless dwellers therein. None could emerge, and none could enter to aid them. For five nights and four days I stood without, gathered with others of my colleagues. But to no avail. On the fifth day the gates came open of themselves, and girded all about with spells and amulets and talismans, some of the more daring of us ventured within the walls. There we found no trace of a single living being: no man, no animal, no bird, not even a single one of the city's normally multitudinous vermin! Everywhere, moreover, were there scorings and polishings, trails of scoured stone as much as five cubits in width, crossing and recrossing randomly throughout the place. Our hearts were replete with grief and with fear, and we departed. Now, even after the passage of half a hundred years, the city stands empty, and none will dwell within it. Thus it is with the Demon Lords. Of all of this infelicitous tale there was only one good consequence: the plight of Tí-Farazhù so moved the Poet Yetl that he composed a beauteous ode upon it, and this, when appropriately sung by a choir of little maidens, cannot help but awake nobility and solemnity within the breasts of the hearers. Thus it was in my youth.

EVOCATION: The Lord Gereshmá'a can only be summoned by a priest of Lord Sárku, or by a servant of His Cohort, skull-faced Lord Durrítlámish. Let this person be of the Seventeenth Circle or more [roughly equivalent to the Twentieth or Twenty-First Circle of the modern Tsolyáni priestly hierarchy], since only one of this status will possess the knowledge, the talent, and the experience to reach into the Demon Planes and call forth such a mighty Prince thereof. Let no other venture it!

Firstly, let the evocator ready his spirit: he must begin with the Ritual of the Quintessence of the Dark [still used by the priests of Lord Sárku]; then he must undergo the Litany of the Absolution from the Taints of Life [a common ceremony]; and finally he shall follow the ceremonies of the Priest Naratlún [these are still to be found in a manuscript in the temple of Lord Sárku in Báy Sú]. Having done these things, the ritual may now begin.

The locale of the ceremony shall be within the Inner Shrine of one of the underground temples of mighty Lord Sárku, or of His Cohort, Lord Durrítlámish. A diagramme of three adjoining pentagons shall be drawn upon the stone flooring in a chalk composed of rust, the blood of a child, and corpse-tallow (though some fools would skimp and utilise the grease of the Hmélu-beast!). Upon this, one shall draw the Diagramme of the Rising Up of the Dead in white chalk. These diagrammes shall be aligned as follows: the three pentagons shall be set in a precise north-south orientation; the top of the latter shall face the place of setting of the planet Rfruchel [the second planet from the sun]. The positions of the moons and the planets are of great import in magical matters, for, just as the tugging of the moons operates upon the tides of the sea, so do the powers of these bodies push and pull upon the elements of our bodies and facilitate or obstruct the paths of certain forces.

In the northernmost pentagon let a copper pot of Vrés-incense be placed; in the western one set a scapula-bone from one slain within the month, and upon this inscribe the runes of the All-Lord of Worms, and in the eastern pentagon let there be a Ta'ón [a ritual dagger made of copper with a golden hilt and dedicated to Lord Sárku]. In each of these three spaces let sacrifices be bound: in the northern pentagon a male human, in the western a female, and in the eastern an infant of not more than seven years. All of these shall be sound of limb and fair to look upon. So far as

the infant is concerned, both male and female are acceptable until the conjunction of the sun with the planet Ríruchel; thereafter until the next great distance [probably the aphelion of the planet] let it be only a male child.

The evocator shall then await the next rising of the second moon, Gayél, and at the exact moment [of its rising] he shall recite the Five Words of Power and the One More. He shall repeat these first to the north, then to the east, then to the south, then to the west, then to the sky above, and lastly to the earth below. These Names of Power will be known to any mage who is of the Fifteenth Circle or higher. Thereafter he shall recite [in Llyáni]:

“Rise, rise, heights of darkness, limitless spaces of night!
Ever-seeing, ever-powerful, ever-hearing one!
Rise from your blanket of mould, from your tomb of copper,
From your stronghold of brown amethyst, from your cerements of grey!
Come forth, Neré! Come forth, Ktélu! Come forth, Njénú!
Prince of Night and Lord of the Mound of Skulls, mighty Master!”

Then the minions of Lord Gereshmá'a shall come forth, first this one and then that. One appears in the shape of a serpent, and to this being the evocator shall say, “Tomb-Lord!” A second is manifested as a pale, dead maiden, and to this one he shall cry, “Mould-Princess!” A third has the guise of a learned man of gentle mien, and to this being the evocator shall call out, “Knower of the Passages of the Nighted Land!” These minions of the Demon Prince will strive to beguile the evocator and to lead him from his task, but he must remain steadfast and say no more to any of them; else he is irrevocably doomed and lost.

When these servitors cease their tormentings and depart, then the evocator shall perceive another, the hideous Ashónu, He of the Head of the Beast. This is Lord Gereshmá'a's steward. Lord Ashónu shall call out, “Give thy Name!” Under no circumstances shall the evocator do this; instead, he shall respond with the names of any common objects: “fish,” “book,” “fly,” “bone,” or others. Then the evocator may in turn question the mighty Lord Ashónu. He shall direct his first question to the north: “Who are you?” Then to the east: “Whence come you?” Then to the south: “Whom serve you?” Then to the west: “Where lie you entombed?” Then to the sky: “Whither go you?” And the last to the earth beneath his own feet: “What is your True Name?” Lord Ashónu will then be constrained to reply or to depart in peace, and this last will he choose.

Only then may the evocator take the Name and titles of the Demon Prince, Lord Gereshmá'a, and conjure him to appear in his own form. He shall recite from the Hymn of Descent into the Sepulchre [in Llyáni]:

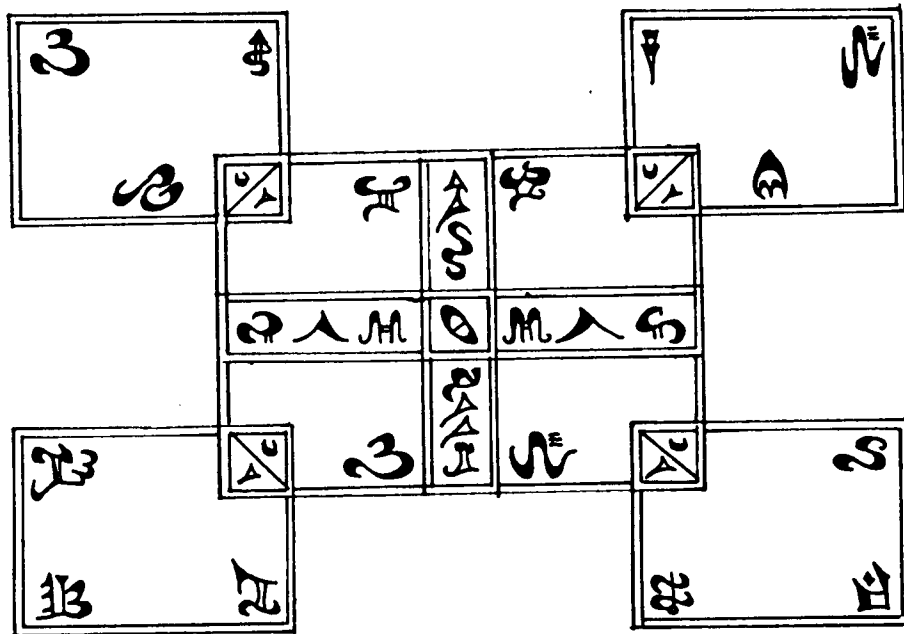
“Go down, deep; go down, far; go down, away!
See no more of light; Know no more of sky;
Hear no more of voices; touch no more of joy!
To the sepulchre of the dark, to the grave-shroud of everlasting Death—
Yet death is life, and life is death, and none shall say you nay!
Earth is breath, the mould your food, and the worm is your companion!”

At this point the mighty Lord Gereshmá'a will appear. Let the evocator utter no word until the Demon Lord has manifested himself in all his being. Then shall the evocator praise the Demon Lord and make the sacrifices. The infant shall be held head downward, and its belly shall be slit with the Kü'núr [the jag-edged sacrificial knife of the temple of Sárku]. When the blood is drained, the body shall be flung outside the diagramme. The female next shall be similarly offered up, and lastly the male. Then the evocator may begin his dialogue with the Demon Prince, as described heretofore.

At last when all is done and the matter come to its end, according to the Skein of Destiny and the will of the Immortal Gods, then shall the evocator enter the eastern pentagon and take up the Ta'ón. Then he shall enter the western space and lift the scapula-bone and read the runes aloud. At length he shall enter the northern pentagon and cense himself and his instruments in the Vrés-incense. He shall hold himself high, raising his arms to the heavens, pointing with his left hand to the present place of the planet Ríruchel and to the northern point of the compass with his right. Then he shall cry out that formula of dispelling known to all of those of the Fifteenth Circle or higher, saying this in Llyáni. Only then may he step out of the diagramme, and only then may he relax his concentration upon the inimitable words of the Priest Naratlún. Then he may depart from the place of summoning.

Thereafter let the evocator purify his body with the rainwater which has collected in a grave and with the milk of a mother newly slain with her babe in her arms. Let him bathe and refresh himself with the fruit of the Ngásh-tree [a fruit often used in sorcerous endeavours because of its legendary associations with both Lord Ksárul and Lord Thúmis] and enter into congress with his concubines and his womenfolk, both living and dead. These things are pleasing to those who serve the All-Lord, mighty Sárku, the Lord of Worms.

North



The diagramme of the Eight Interlocking Squares of Djarteva, according to the Engsvanyáli recension.

THE BEAST WITHOUT A TAIL



The Lord of the Northeast Quadrant of the Demon Planes and also of the Sixth Circle is the Mighty Beast Without a Tail, the One Foretold of Antiquity, the Insensate One, the Ruler of the Monoliths of Speaking Terror [?], the One Who Returns to the Plain [perhaps a reference to the legend of Lord Ksárul's famous battle on Dórmoron Plain against all of the other Gods], and the One Worshipped in the Scarlet Halls [no further reference to this exists]. As his rune implies, this majestic Lord is

of no particular essence or allegiance, and he may be summoned by those favouring Change and Stability alike. Although it is recorded that he did aid Lord Ksárul in His conflict against all others, yet he is not bound to Him, and he assists all those who seek violence, destruction, war, rampage, and quick transition to a state of nonbeing. He is thus popular in the temples of Lord Vimúhla as he is in those of Lord Karakán. There is none other like unto him in all of the rosters of the Demon Lords, and those who seek him had best ponder well their purposes, for once released the Beast cannot be gainsaid.

The sage who would summon this great Lord must be of at least the Twentieth Circle [approximately Twenty-Second or Twenty-third by modern Tsolyáni reckoning], for to curb his is so fraught with peril that no one lesser may hope to essay it.

An instructive tale may be related here. It is written that once a very minor wizard, by name Burukétü [possibly Vúürkétü—the manuscript is unclear throughout], happened upon a secret place wherein were the means to summon the Beast Without a Tail. Being brash, he did so at once, His purpose is obscure, as given in the legend, but it may be surmised that he had learned of the Beast's capability of transportation, and he desired to return to his home which lay many Tsán across both seas and mountain ranges.

Burukétü performed the first incantations successfully, and he took heart thereby. With the Reins of the Sky-Spheres in hand, he made the final ceremonies and recited the Secret Names. The Beast manifested himself at once; the mage placed the Reins upon him; and he bore him forth without complaint. At first Burukétü was pleased and delighted. After a time, however, he chanced to look behind him and saw to his dismay that everywhere the Beast had passed here was immense desolation upon all sides! He then remonstrated with the Beast and attempted to dissuade him from the manner of his passing, but to no avail. The Beast fled onward at even greater speed than before. Again the wizard expostulated and censured the Demon, but this also did not prevail. Desperate now, for the Beast was approaching the homeland of the mage—which he had no desire to see devastated—Burukétü laid about him with his fists, his belt, and even his shoe, shouting imprecations all the while, but naught served to deter the mighty Demon from his assigned course.

With only moments left before his arrival at the coast of his beloved land, the wizard bethought him of another sorcerous device which he possessed: the Golden Key of Vayunámu, which is said to open locks and bars between the worlds. This he employed in utmost haste, and an ebon aperture appeared in the air before the Beast. Both plunged thereinto, willy-nilly. The mighty Beast tumbled over and over and down and down, the wretched wizard clinging to his back by fingers and toes and teeth. Who can say how long they fell there together, but at length the power of Burukétü's summoning ended, and his incantation expired. With a terrible sucking sound the Beast disappeared, leaving the wretched mage to hurtle on into the endless void. Lungs bursting, eyes popping, Burukétü managed to make use of the Golden Key once more, for it still depended from its chain about his neck.

Suddenly he emerged into this Plane of ours. Soft grasses and limbs of trees broke his fall, and he arose to find nothing damaged saving his conceit. He looked about and recognised one of the peaks of his own land. But alas, beneath it, where his house and city had been, there were now only brambles and wind-worn stones. Even the very contours of the harbour had altered. None dwelt in his city now but the ghosts and the Huégga [perhaps a species of owl-like bird—unknown in Tsolyánu].

Burukétü wandered there in that empty land for many, many years. Then he was seen by relic-hunters who had voyaged from our own land in a ship, and these assisted him and bore him back with them. Never again could he be

persuaded to work with magic, and although he lived to a very old age, nevermore did he speak of sorcery and enchantments but eked out his living as an opener of molluscs in the harbour. To this tale I can myself attest, for my father met him and knew him well. Indeed, it is through him and thence through my father that I possess the Golden Key of Vayunámu, which even today lies before me upon my writing board. My father made an investigation into Burukétü's strange story, and in one place only did he discover the name of that ancient, lost city across the seas to the south. It is Lfü-Sánmü, The Heart of Oracles, and it perished, it is written, seven and a half eons ago! Alas for the conceits of wizardry! Alas for Burukétü! Had the wretched man only known of the controlling spells, he might have ridden to his home in safety and arrived thither in glory, but such are the darings of the very young, as I myself can testify ...

I speak now of the manifestation of the Beast Without a Tail. Know that he is a vast creature, possessing eight limbs like tall pillars of black basalt, nigh ten cubits in height, with a long and supple body which is never wholly of this Plane at any time. The Beast has such thick fur or hair upon his person that the contours of his shape are obscured from the eye, although one can see that his shoulders are muscled and corded and ribbed and sheathed with power. His head is like that of a hook-beaked Chlén-beast, save that it is flatter, longer and broader across the forehead. Moreover, his head is fleshy and not of horn. There are sharp, upcurving ears, and the nostrils rise and flare, bigger than the orifices of the Sewers of Ré-Tnùmù [?]. The mouth is elongated and filled with tusks like granite boulders, and its tongue is smooth and grey and forked at the end, being quite capable of picking up a man and dragging him into the cavernous depths of his maw. The eyes are terrible, for they are huge, shadowed by heavy ridges of bone, and they are not the eyes of any common irrational animal but are instead wise—and very old.

The body of the beast is curious, for it slopes back down from the shoulders in sinuous elegance to the hindquarters, but there it ends abruptly although the eye might wish for a further extension to give it a more pleasing proportion. This is why this Demon Lord is called the Beast Without a Tail, although there may be other reasons for this appellation, and the matter is one which has exercised the minds of many over the centuries.

At first glance, the Beast appears to be a creature without sapience; yet this is most false, and he is both cunning and clever. It is for just this cause that the first incantations describe the acquisition of the Reins of the Sky-Spheres which alone can bind him. In his own Plane, the Beast rules over a multitude of beings similar to himself, though smaller and less potent. The Beast is also empowered with Transportation [taking a person from one location to another, even across Planes], with Trampling [the crushing and destruction of a region by his very passage], with Arriving [sudden appearance with no prior warning], and with Divestment [the stripping away of any matter or shell of magic from around some person or object]. Although the Beast does not speak in human tongues, he comprehends well what is said to him, and he is expeditious at detecting deceptions.

EVOCATION: The first step is the construction of the Reins of the Sky-Spheres. The evocator shall first fill a small crucible with his own heart's blood, and into this he shall mix his own semen to provide masculine powers. [It appears from this that the Beast Without a Tail cannot be invoked or controlled by a woman—?] To this mixture he shall add stone of white burning [unknown—possibly quicklime?], seven drops of the fragrance of the Giyú-flower [?], and the sinews of the wings of a Gíriku [a species of flying reptile]. Then he shall inscribe upon a clear floor or upon a flat place out-of-doors a depiction of the Reins of the Sky-Spheres. Thereafter he shall bring dried grass or straw, seven small stones of any convenient substance and shape, and two coins or lumps of gold. These things he shall place upon the diagramme as follows: the grass where the mouth of the Beast is to be, the seven stones at those places where the reins cross over one another, and the two coins upon those junctures where the Beast's lips and eyes shall be. Having made this completely, the evocator will weave straws together in the likeness of the Symbol of the Beast, and this he will set directly to the north of the depiction of the Reins. Then he will stand to the south of the pattern and cry [in Llyáni]:

“Rise, steed-binder; stand, snarer of strength!

Nareskán Tì-Komúù!

Be secure, be efficacious, be mighty!

Elutlán, Tì-Sharvúù!

Bind, clasp, tie, and hold!

Chranuán, Tì-Holmúù!

Upon the earth before him, the evocator will now discover the Reins of the Sky-Spheres, all black and glistening and perfect, made of no substance which can be identified. Where the stones had lain there will now be great buckles of silver; in the places of the golden coins there will be seen the huge, yellow-gleaming bit as thick around as a man's torso and the Rare'ù [possibly some sort of metal blinders or eye-guards?] which will hold the Beast to his course. The

Reins will be covered all over with runes pressed into the black leather; these provide power over the Demon Lord. Let the evocator lay the Reins aside and proceed to the next task.

This is the step which poor Burukétü either knew not or chose to ignore in his haste. The evocator shall prepare a stick of green-cut Yetlé-wood [possibly modern Jútl, a tree found on the high slopes of the Tláshe Range in Livyánu] two cubits in length. He shall lay this upon the ground and add thereto a strand of dry grass, at the end of which he shall set six small balls of mud or clay, the size of a man's thumbnail. Around this he shall draw the diagramme of the Four Oblongs of Surety, and he shall recite, "Hnámūan Tì-Farétü" thrice. Then he will see upon the ground the Whip of the Crescent King, with which the Beast is guided and curbed. It will be of black leather wrapped with gold wires and set all over with garnets and carnelians. At the end of its strand, where the six balls of clay had lain, there will be six cruel barbs, each inscribed with one of the Secret Names of the Beast. Thus it is.

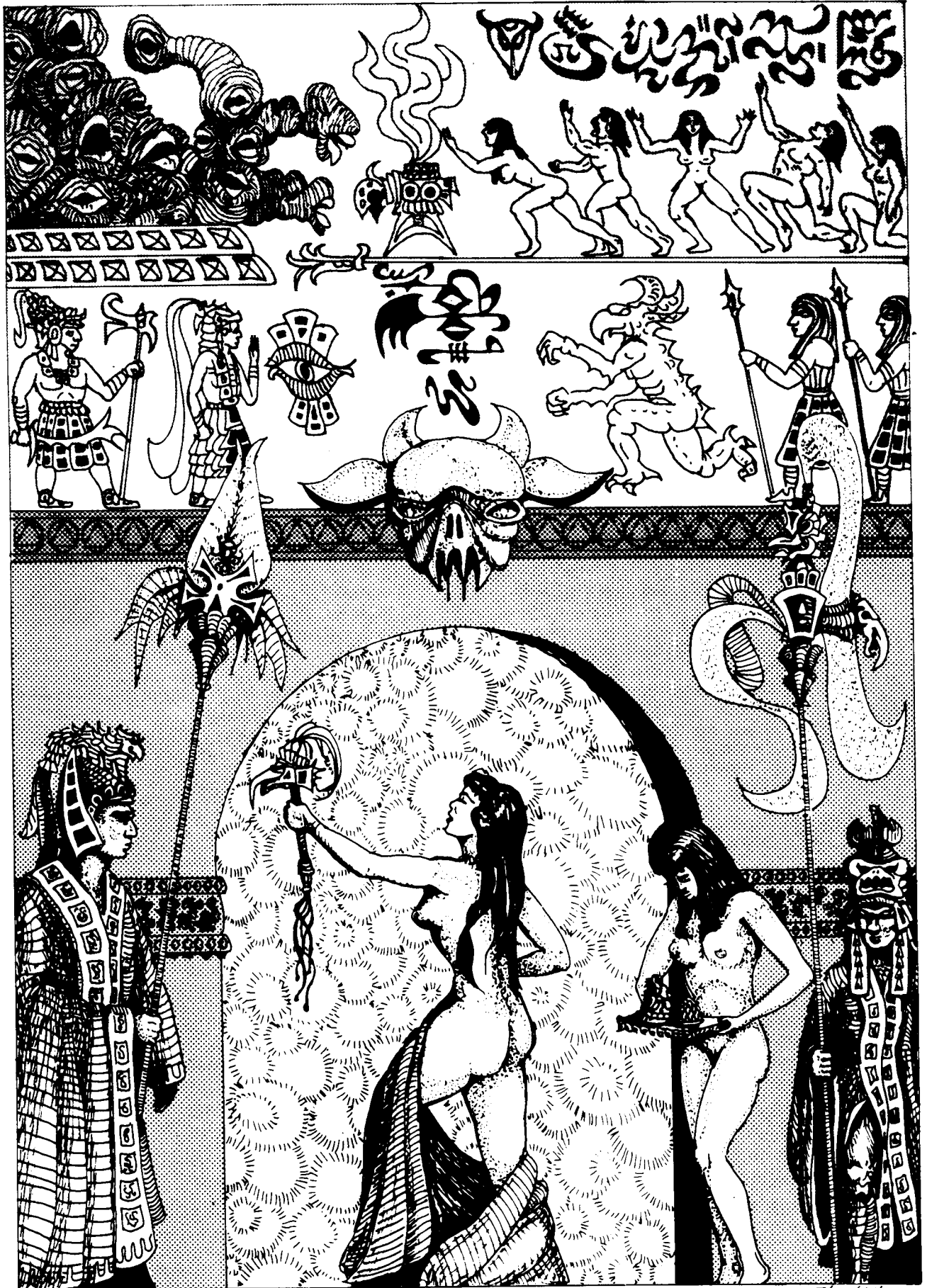
Then shall the invocation to the Barrier Gods be made. This is done in a place apart from the first diagramme, preferably to the west. It consists of a censuring, a litany, and six acts, according to the Practices of Kyunumúr of Tì-Sharái [possibly modern Hráis in Livyánu]. The evocator must prepare an incense of three parts of Vrés-wood, to one part of Osrudhá [the dried and pulverised leaves of a flowering plant common in southern Mu'ugalavyá and northern Livyánu], one part of charcoal made from the bark of the Tíu-tree, and two parts of Attar of Dené [probably modern Chuizhé, an aromatic gum much favoured by incantationists]. A circle shall be drawn upon the earth with a reed dipped in a mixture of water and urine, and the sorcerer shall stand inside of this and burn the incense at the four cardinal points. As he does so, he shall recite the following litany and at the same time perform the six acts of fealty described below:

- "You who bind, standing upon the path!" (Bow once to each of the cardinal points)
- "You who guard the roads and the ways and the towers of all the Planes!" (Kneel facing to the north and touch the earth with the left hand)
- "The Gates of Iron Fangs are opened; the Warders turn aside!" (Without rising, turn to the east and touch the earth with the left hand)
- "The coming forth is in your power; the returning is yours!" (Without rising, turn to the west and touch the earth with the right hand)
- "The opening of each Pylon shall be made, and he who dwells within shall come out unto me!" (Turning without rising, face to the south and touch the earth with both hands)
- "I know your Names and your Stations, and by these do I demand a summoning!" (Without rising, one must prostrate oneself upon the earth facing to the north, and the arms and legs are to be extended diagonally in the form of a cross).

Then there will appear a black opening in the air to the north of the place of summoning; this will be of the shape of a tall, narrow, vertical diamond many cubits in height. The evocator shall now rise and face this, and he shall call out the Six Secret Names of the Beast Without a Tail. These are: Onnú; Sekkétl; U'unvidlé; Dlakonáinu; Khatichása; Ariyórn.

The diamond shape will expand and widen, and the evocator will perceive the emergence of the Beast. Although he is huge and of fearsome aspect, yet the evocator must not allow himself to be daunted. He must stand before the Demon and ignore all of its roarings, pawings, and stampings. Now he may take up the Reins of the Sky-Spheres and display them to the Demon Lord. The Beast will then know that he has no recourse, and he will bow his mighty head and allow the evocator to attire him in the harness. Still as the heart of a stone he will stand while this is done to him. Thereafter the evocator shall state the task which is to be performed, and he shall list those benefits to accrue to the Beast therefrom. If this is agreeable, the Demon will snort and stamp and remain; if not, he will turn and depart with no further interest. Once the bargain is made, the Beast will perform it well, but he will do one thing only, and then he will vanish and can never be summoned by the same evocator again. Once the deed is done, the Beast will vanish and return nevermore.

Even without the use of the Whip of the Crescent King, poor Burukétü might have avoided the calamity which befell him. He had only to demand that the Beast utilise but *one* of his powers in the doing of his bidding. If permitted, the Beast will always slyly attempt to use more of his capabilities—to the detriment of the evocator. One may bind the Beast to this bargain by saying, "Onumé, no more than ... [naming one of the powers] shall be used for me! Onumé, Virikán Tì-Kodé!" Thus it is written.



Fián Bâ Yéke
2355



RÜ'ÜTLÁNESH The Hairy-Legged Mouth

Those who are wise in matters of the Demon Planes may claim that they know the natures of those who dwell therein; yet when one consults *The Book of Presences*, *The Scroll of Bringing Forth the Unnameable*, or indeed any of the other writings of the masters of the past, one is struck by the many and diverse descriptions of the Demon Prince of the Land of Qélem, great Lord Rü'ütlánesh. It is known that this mighty Prince rules the Southwest Quadrant of the Demon Planes, that he [the manuscript

uses the Engsvanyáli pronoun for “he” throughout, yet it adds *both* the determinative ideographs for “female” and for “neuter”—?], that he comes forth in reply to those who summon him with appropriate litanies and sacrifices, and that he gives many boons, though of perverse sorts. Yet no one can speak with authority of his form, nor can one say what is this Demon's true nature. The rune by which this Prince is known includes elements of sensuality and alliance with the principles of the Emerald Ladies [probably the Goddess Dlamélish and her Cohort, Lady Hriháyal], although devotees of other Deities (including some of the more daring of the priests of the Lords of Stability) may call upon him.

It is known from the works of ... [a careful, scribal hand has erased the name of the ancient practitioner everywhere in this section, substituting the name of Subadím the Sorcerer instead, a mage who lived long after this copy was made] and other scholars that the love of this Prince for the Dark Lady [the Goddess Dlamélish?] and the unnatural acts of her innermost temples cause a great rapport between him and Her servitors; yet there are records of the answering of Lord Rü'ütlánesh to the summons of Lord Ksárul's priests, to those of mighty Lord Sárku, to those of the Master of Black, great Lord Hrüú, and to many others. One may thus opine that this Demon Prince is in nature neutral to the doings of men. He must be fed and satiated with sacrifice, and there can be no stinting in this. All must be done with propriety. This is offensive to the followers of the Lords of Stability, who have eschewed human sacrifices, and their attempts to placate this Lord with other offerings have ended in catastrophe. Thus it is written.

As for bounties, mighty Rü'ütlánesh does indeed grant much to those who provide him with his sustenance. Yet his price is often terrible, and for this reason the followers of the Dark Lady only call this Lord forth and serve him well, asking no boons from him. To so worship this being is pleasing to their Goddess and also to themselves, for there is great sensual pleasure therein.

Other may choose to seek favours from this puissant Lord, of course. There are records of these instances as old as the towers of Purdánim [now lost]. Lord Rü'ütlánesh is famed for Gathering [collecting items or persons together in one place at the direction of the evocator], for Translating [carrying a person or object from one Plane of Being to another], for Depriving [removing an object from someone's possession—though not necessarily giving it over to the custody of the evocator], and for Gifting [providing the evocator with great wealth in gems or coins]. In return the Demon Prince will ask for a boon or a quest within the power of humans. From ... [again the name of Subadím the Sorcerer has been inserted] it was asked that the Egg of the World should be brought back from the Home of the Gods [a legend indeed attributed to Subadím—but which may actually precede him?]. From Muratló of Tu'ússa [a city or land now unknown] it was asked that the mage seek out a great beast which dwelt upon the other side of the world and bring back its head. The mage cannily inquired what strength this being might possess, and the Demon told him that it was so weak that a babe could slay it. The sorcerer took this quest upon himself and departed. Alas, he had not requested the size of the being—and of its head—for it was of such magnitude as to be impossible for any ship! When the Demon Prince did not receive the head within the stated period, he appeared before poor Muratló and deliquessed him. Hence all things must be made clear.

What can one say of the appearance of this Lord? Great ... [again, Subadím's name is supplied in a later hand] calls him the “Hairy-Legged Mouth” and speaks of a presence so huge that only the vast maw appears upon this plane. “A great open abyss,” he states, “full of a lolling black tongue of horror, spiked with fangs two cubits in height, drooling ichor and with a breath like the winds out of the pits of Qélem, yawning and breathing with the susurrus of a tempest, dark unto lightlessness, a lust and a greed and a hunger greater than all the worlds, an eagerness to feed and a yearning

to come forth into this Plane and devastate it from one end of the cosmos to the other ...” [This quotation seems to be from *The Scroll of Inimical Sendings*, by the Llyáni wizard Mu’utlékka, Canticle IV, Stanza 7—the two passages differ only in a few words.]

Some describe Lord Rū’ütlánesh otherwise. The priestesses of the Dark Lady declare that he—they claim “she”—appears to them as a flat, glistening, brown, worm-like creature covered with a multitude of lipless sucker-like mouths. They thus call this Demon “The One of Mouths,” and thus do they introduce him into their rituals, particularly into that named “The Undergoing of Myriad Final Joys,” held at midnight in the great temple to this Goddess in the city of ... [the glyph looks like that for Tsámra, but it may be Purdánim].

The wizard ... [the name of Qiyór, a much later mage, has been inserted] asserts in his “Memoirs of Intimacy with Desolation” that his summoning brought forth mighty Lord Rū’ütlánesh in the shape of a huge, flowing brownness which left ichor and strands of some pallid stinking substance upon the flagstones of his tower. This amorphous being accepted his sacrifice by raising a portion of itself and swallowing up the victims entire. Nor, says this wizard, did the being speak at all; instead, it made only fierce gestures with its pseudopods and indicated a rabid hunger and an obscene yearning. What this sage asked of the Demon is not written, but it is recorded that he was enriched thereby and made pretensions of wealth and power in this life, although afterwards he was made to suffer for his vanity in a way not to be described here.

Still another source, the mage Wiyunób of Tsámra, wrote that this being emerged in no perceptible form at all, being simply present in a soundless, sightless nothingness which devoured her sacrifices and left no trace. It is well known that Wiyunób is a speaker of lies, and that her books are of less worth than a beggar’s rags. To speak further of Wiyunób would demean the dignity of my pages.

EVOCATION: With so many sources at variance with one another, how can this poor writer come upon the truth? Since those who know Lord Rū’ütlánesh best are the priestesses of the Dark Lady of the Undoing of the Senses, it is their procedures which I shall inscribe herein.

In a most secret apartment, preferable beneath a temple of the Dark Lady herself, her servitors prepare the way. A chamber or cavern is constructed in the northern wall, and this is purified with a solution of two parts blood to one part water, the latter being taken from a well in the earth which no human hand has touched. Then the corners of the apartment are sprinkled with drops of black blood [venous blood?], and the seed of males is also released into these corners upon the floor. The smaller chamber in the wall is treated likewise. In the larger, outer chamber the diagramme of the Eye of the Emerald Lady is made upon the paving, for this pattern has much to commend it with the Lords of the Land of Qélem. The pattern is made of powdered emerald or chalcedony mixed with white clay and touched with the Nméréng Stone [a ritual gem, probably green fire-opal]. Around this pattern is made another, titled the Protections of the Wise, done in red ochre, tallow, the grease from a slain infant, and other substances which will be known to those who have the knowledge of the Arts.

When these things are in readiness, all will repair to the larger chamber. Those with the evocator—or evocatress—shall wear no garments, for mighty Rū’ütlánesh hates aught which is woven and those items in which two things cross one another [?]. The Demon Lord loves the sight of rich gems and jewellery, however, and thus each male and female shall be decked in splendid ornaments: ears, nose, hair, throat, wrists, ankles, and other organs shall each be dusted with powdered green emerald and gold dust, and they shall be hung with gems, pendants, bracelets, coronets, and all manner of adornments.

It is necessary to provide the Terror of Qélem with his sustenance. This is not easy, for his sacrifices must be young men and young women who are in their adulthood but who have not cohabited with any person. They must be perfect and clean of limb, the best which the Potter of All has fashioned. They must be beautiful of features, tall and slender, and of rich and ruddy [the meaning of the Engsvanyáli word is not clear] hue. For a great calling, the priestesses utilise six males and six females, although more or less may be used for greater or lesser purposes. These sacrifices shall have the hair of their bodies removed, they shall be anointed in fine oils, and they are to be bound with fetters of silver (for great Rū’ütlánesh despises iron, nor cares he overmuch for copper or bronze). These persons are laid in pairs of two and two, one male and one female, in the northern part of the chamber, one in the centre in front of the smaller cavity constructed there in the wall, and one pair each at the sides somewhat back from the first. Thus it must be.

At the appointed hour the evocator stands forth from those present. If this be a man, then his ornaments are to be of emerald and turquoise and silver; if a woman, then of emerald and lapis lazuli and fire-opal and silver. The evocator shall step to the front of the diagramme of the Eye of the Emerald Lady and call out in a loud voice, “Let the

way be opened unto mighty Qélem! Let the Barrier Gods of the Nine Pylons be silent! Let the Gates of Iron Fangs be made open! Let the Names of the Guardians of the Path be said unto them! Let there be a reaching unto far Qélem and an obeisance at the feet of that Lord who dwells beyond the Tenth Pylon, so that the One we seek may come forth unto us!”

Then all of those present—up to any number which the apartment can hold, so long as there are not exactly thirty-three persons, a number hateful to Demons—shall begin the Litany of Summoning [in Bednálljan Salarvyáni]:

“Otuléngba, all hail! Otuléngba, all glory!
Victory upon the Night of Power!
Mastery unto the One Who Comes Forth!
Eater of Entrails, One of Mouths, Famished One!
We call unto you! We supplicate you! We serve you!
Otuléngba! Great Rü’ütlanesh! Homage unto your eternal power!”

Let this chant begin slowly and dolefully. Then let the leader thereof speed its tempo, over and over, in a low voice at first, then louder and then even greater, until it reaches a crescendo. Let those who sing sway with their chanting, touching their bodies together, chanting and stamping their feet so that their anklets clash and ring. Let all of this be done even while the evocator calls repeatedly upon the Demon Lord, as given above.

It is a far passage unto the Land of Qélem, and time is required for the calling. None shall cease the chant, nor shall any person break it with a cough or sneeze or anything untoward. Should this occur, let his fellows slay him at once, lest all be similarly taken. In any case, such an accident will cause the ceremony to be broken off, and it cannot then be resumed that night.

As the chant quickens, the darkness will pulsate strangely with its rhythm. The little chamber in the northern wall will flicker and grow illumined, then dark, then pearly grey, then murky brown. At last a greenness will flow forth into the room, filling it with coils like incense smoke, but with an odour which is acrid and dank and repugnant. Still let the chanting be maintained without ceasing.

Great Lord Rü’ütlanesh will now become manifest in the cavity in the northern wall, as is attested by all who have attended these rites. Hideous is his coming, for there is a sensation as of the release of one’s sexual ecstasies, yet this is not so in reality. Then there is a feeling of lassitude and a weariness which surpasses all wearinesses. A yearning for surrender, as of a beloved who approaches her lover, shall come upon all, and many will sway and fall within the patterns, rolling rhythmically upon the paving stones. The evocator, however, must be strong and steadfast in the forefront, maintaining the Litany of Summoning.

Then the Demon Lord manifests himself fully. There is a sound as of some stupendous beast breathing and also a sense of red lust and passion greater than one has ever known. The eyes are blinded with fervour, and voluptuousness rises to an unbearable pitch, yet ever with an underlying threnody of horror just beyond the limit of one’s brain. None can describe it completely. Only an experience of it can make it fully known, and it is not a condition which one cares to endure again.

When the Mighty One is fully present, the evocator shall raise his left hand and indicate the pair of sacrifices upon the floor to the left. There then occurs a flowing forth, and one will perceive many tiny scarlet mouths opening up on all parts of the Demon Lord’s body. There are no eyes, no face, but only a multitude of tiny sucking, mewling mouths. These will touch and caress the offerings, leaving everywhere great red weals and bloody wounds. Yet the victims will know it not; they will couple together and jerk and writhe in an ecstasy of pleasure. The mouths of the demon Lord will cover them entirely, and they will be engulfed. Their limbs will raise and lower and tremble beneath the horrid carpet of mouths. At length one will behold their flesh withering away and their bodily fluids emerging through raw and naked gashes in their skins. The victims are deliquesced before one’s eyes, and their substances are taken up into the being of Lord Rü’ütlanesh. At last naught is left but the bones and a wrinkled, shrivelled shell. A sight more horrid cannot be found.

When the Demon Lord has finished with this pair of sacrifices, then shall the evocator signal to those who chant, and they shall become silent. Then the former shall perform the Hymn to the Night of the Soul, which provides for the next act of the ceremony. [This again seems to be taken from *The Scroll of Inimical Sendings*, Canticle IV, Stanzas 8–9, cf. above].

“Feed upon the joy of life, feel its presences within your being!
Go down into the Pool of Misty Water in you Land of Qélem!
Go forth into the forest of many branchings and seek your prey!”

For you are the hunter, and the hunt is all your rejoicing and your glory!
Beyond the ends of time do you dwell, and yours is the power forever!
Feed upon what is offered here that we may worship you!
For we serve you, O Master of Qélem, in the Darkness Which Shall Be!
Let it be the Eternal Night of the Soul!"

Then shall the second pair of sacrifices be offered similarly, being those placed to the northeast. Those who chant shall now repeat over and over the Words of Power: "Neskolém, Vayoném, Hikótumè." These are the secret Names of the One of Mouths.

When the second couple has been received, the paving will run with their life-fluids, and mighty Rū'ütlánesh will leave their crumpled shells to return to his place. Only now may the evocator speak of desires or boons to be requested, although, as has been said above, the priestesses of the Dark Lady make no such demands and are content only to worship. If one must speak, then speak no words which are not in every way true, for the Lord shall know of it. Make no promises which cannot be kept; call each thing by its real and secret name and not by those appellations used in the external world. Only thus can it be done.

Now those who perform the rites will again feel the surge of wild ecstasy and sensual joy which overcomes all logic, reason, and the instincts of life itself. It is impossible to resist, and all will enter into an orgy of indulgence. Many will fall unknowing and uncaring of what is done upon their persons. Again there will come a lassitude of satiety, and the party will arise and prostrate themselves before the Lord. The evocator shall gesture to the third pair of sacrifices, those directly before the cavity in the northern wall, with his right hand, and he shall say [in Bednálljan Salarvyáni]:

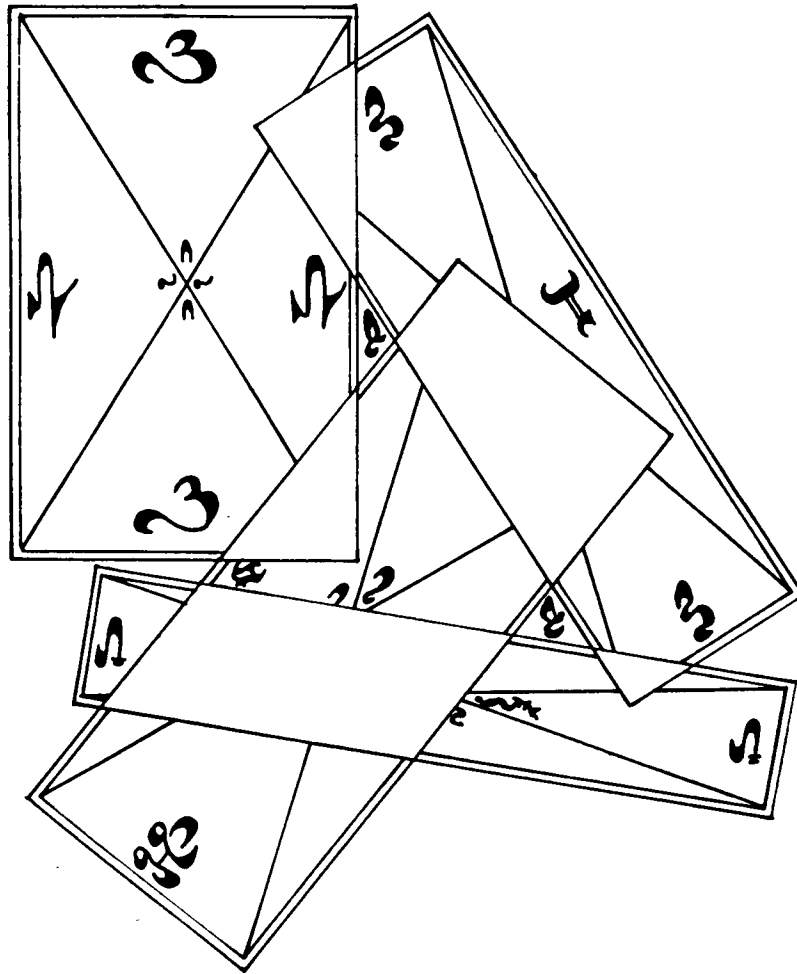
"Who has fed shall feed once more;
Who has been worshipped shall rise again in majesty,
Adored forever by those who serve, ever and ever eternally!
Who has come forth shall rejoice at the repast;
Who has satiated the Glorious One shall enjoy the ecstasy of service!
Who has done obeisance shall be given the strength to enjoy again!
Forever and for all time, perpetually and everlastingly!"

Now will the Demon Lord move to seize upon the third couple. Under the caressings of the mouths these shall rise to perform delights and abominations upon one another. The lash of ecstasy will raise them to all of the heights of pleasure. And as they do, so shall those who observe do likewise. For the third sacrifice creates within the hearts of men and women the most powerful and undeniable lusts which any human can experience. Raw, naked, untrammelled and unleavened by reason or by pity, this emotion sweeps away all before it and ends at last in an exhaustion so profound that none can rise, nor speak, nor possess the strength to disentangle oneself from one's partner. Now, also, is the time of greatest danger! The lassitude of which I have spoken creates a deep and troublous sense of emptiness, of depression, and of unease. The vanity of existence and the meaninglessness of all human sentiments and endeavours rises before one's eyes, and all who are there must cry out in their grief and hopelessness. Those who have strength have been known to slash at their own throats with bared nails or with the sharp edge of some ornament. Others swallow their tongues or attempt to strangle themselves, while some plead for the kind aid of a friend or lover in their yearning for self-destruction. It is in this fashion that the Lord of Qélem gains further servitors, for those who succeed in this death are translated directly into his bondage in the Land of Qélem.

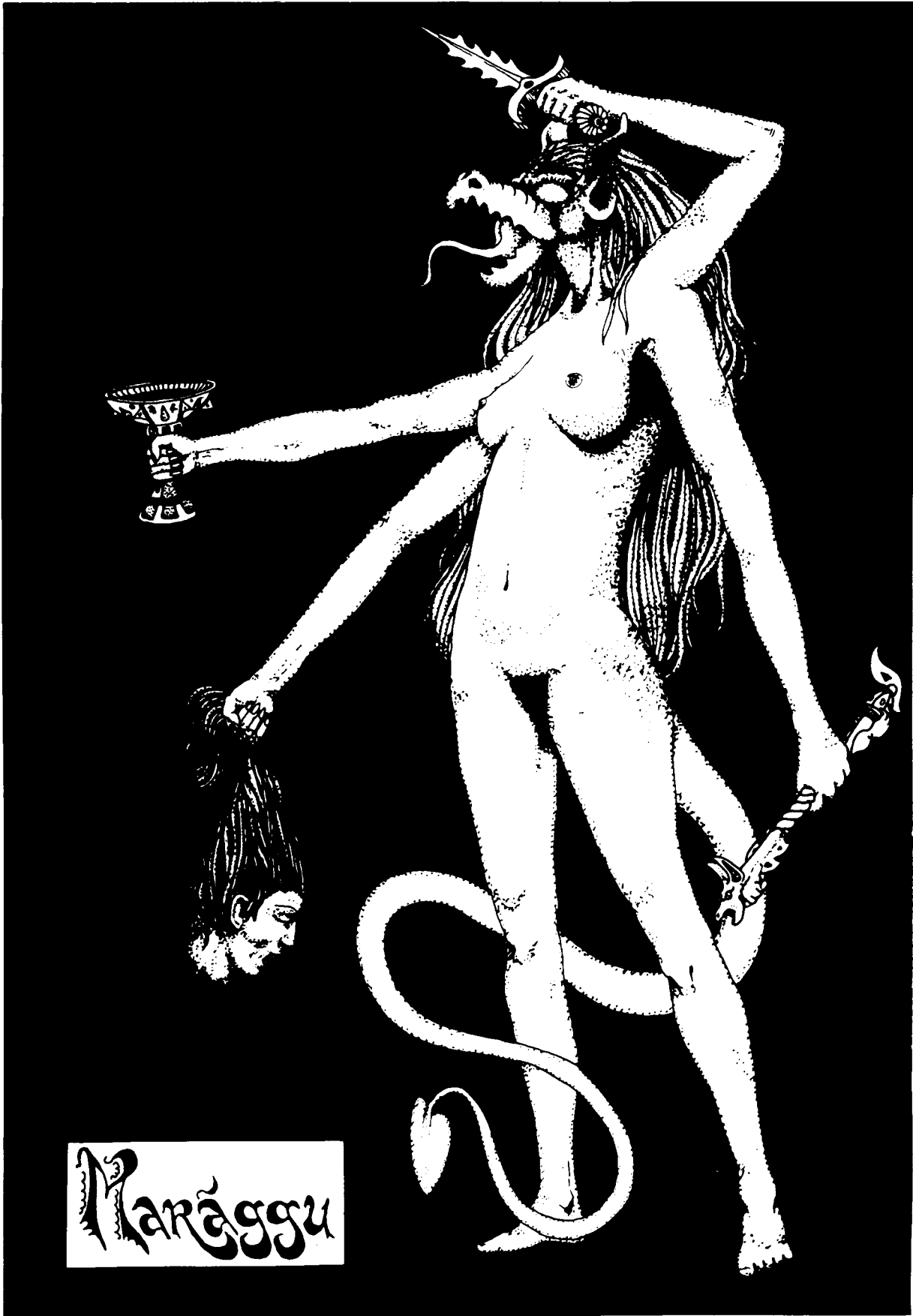
During this period the Great One shall slowly retreat within the cavity in the northern wall. When the evocator and his party have regained their senses and their wills, they will behold the Demon Lord to be gone. There is thus no need to end the ritual or to provide a means of dispelling this Lord, for he departs of himself. None may leave the pattern while he is manifest, but once he has accepted the sacrifices and departed, it is safe for all to go.

I add a word regarding the Land of Qélem, that region which is ruled by this Prince. It is written in the Book [probably again *The Scroll of Inimical Sendings*, Cantic IV, Stanza 18 ff. where there is a very similar passage] that the Southwest Quadrant of the Demon Planes is ruled by this Master. Yet this is not the Land of Qélem, which lies beyond. This Land is another place, and only those who are the servitors and slaves of Lord Rū'ütlánesh may travel thither. This Land is his and his alone. None knows the secret Names of the guardians of its high-peaked pylons, none has access to its avenues and its palaces, nor does any God or Demon Lord journey there. The Land of Qélem is spoken of in *The Book of Webbed Transitions* [by Sirudáshe Virumáni, an early wizard of the First Imperium; the work is now apparently lost], and it is written that the region is one of darkness and dismal gloom, full of mists and dull fogs which are beloved of the Demon Lord. Great stone monoliths rise above foetid marshlands. Sharp razor-edged peaks of black

glass hover above the horizon, and their precipices are untrodden by any since the Egg of the World was whole. There are bubbles of marsh gas and little elfin lights which flit chittering across landscapes of pallid despair, for the Land of Qélem is a sad place, an empty place, the haunt of One Who Loves Solitude. This is his region, that Lord who dwells within the morass. Grievous is it for any who is enthralled in this land, for none returns, and his sojourn there is not one of tranquility. Those who are slain by the Demon Lord are his bondsmen forever in his Land, and there is no surcease unto their apprehensions. Let all else occur, give up all possessions and all life and even the hope of the hereafter; but travel not to the Land of Qélem. ...

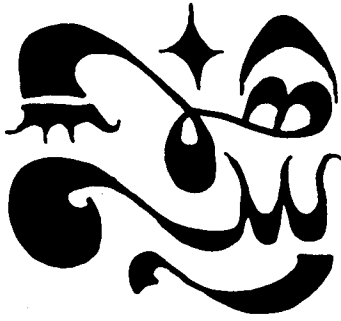


The diagramme of the Four Oblongs of Surety, according to the Engsvanyáli recension. The angles and relationships must be precisely drawn since they represent interplanal nexus points. The evocator stands at either of the loci marked , depending upon the incantation being used.



KURRITLAKÁL

The Eater of Skins



Of all the beast-Demons, Lord Kurritlakál is the most misshapen and grotesque to human eyes. Records of his summonings are not frequent, and one must consult the works of Chiyúvaz of Náth-Sùnù [a city only recently rediscovered in the jungles of Nmártush in Livyánu] for an account of his nature and qualities. As his rune implies, this Demon Prince is allied to mighty Lord Durritlámish, the Cohort of Lord Sárku, Master of Worms. He thus partakes of the character of the tomb and of

the ways beyond Death. He is a mighty Prince, moreover, having sovereignty over the Southeast Quadrant of the Demon Planes and also over the Tenth Circle thereof. His names and titles are many: the Cracker of Bones, the Eater of Skins, the Father of One Thousand Progeny, the Spawn of Great Durritlámish, the One Seated Upon the Shore of the River Which Flows to Eternity, and many more. Various of the Lords of other Circles are his liegemen as well: Unf of the River of Mud, Kekkéka the Tormentor, and Héssa the Little One are prominent as his servitors, though rulers themselves within their own spheres. Lord Kurritlakál is held to be a god by the Half-People of the Lands of Ngyúóm; he is given offerings by the Dwellers in Shadow, and at the end of each three hundred and fifty thousand year cycle the Blind Ones of Hreshkággetl bear an image of him forth in procession and make sacrifices of bog-eels thereto.

A delineation of Lord Kurritlakál is rendered difficult by the complexity of his appearance. The wizard Chiyúvaz speaks of a many-limbed being—not an uncommon phenomenon on the Demon Planes—but he states the number of these appendages to be twelve hundred and seventy, surely an exaggeration! Chiyúvaz tells of a great globular body, like a bloated Atlún spider, borne along by these myriad stunted limbs, some emerging from the top, others from the sides, and many more from the bottom of the sac-like abdomen. The face, says Chiyúvaz, hangs like a bulbous, sagging parody of a human countenance in the midst of this body, and it possesses “many stony eyes, carven like cabochons” [faceted?], “a stinking hole wherefrom vapours seep” [perhaps a nose], and “a maw which opens as a vertical slit, with innumerable blue-stained fangs which slide horizontally across it between black, glistening lips.” Ears there are not, nor is there any other lineament which would connect this beast-thing with the living things of our world. The upper surfaces of this Demon are covered with hanging pouches of fluids, like the sea-grapes which grow in the waters beyond Tnóthussa [unidentified], and there are further appurtenances and members which one cannot describe in words and which fill no functions known to any sage. The colouring of Lord Kurritlakál is a deep, murky blue-black, with more pallid blues upon his limbs, and blacks and greens beneath the roundness of his body. His manifestation is also accompanied by an illumination, moreover, this being a faint blue luminescence all about his form, much like the corpse-lights which can be seen in the depths of ancient catacombs. His voice is full of wheezes, whistles, and howls, and he forms human words only with the greatest difficulty. Chiyúvaz does not describe his odours, but another sage, Ga’áb of Tl-Karéska [possible modern Kakársh in Livyánu] mentions acidity, bitterness, and strong redolence of mummification. Since the works of this notable enchantress are lost, however, this quotation comes from secondary sources and cannot be confirmed or denied.

The powers of Lord Kurritlakál are numerous. In *The Book of The Fourteenth Gate* [a copy of which is still said to exist in the library of the Opal Palace in Tsámra], Chiyúvaz credits him with Gifting [the bestowing of wealth upon the evocator], Consuming [swallowing up whatever is offered to him and ingesting the souls of the victims], Sundering [tearing persons and objects into very small bits], Comminution [utilising the teeth to pulverise a victim to minute particles], and also of Descrying [perceiving some person or event upon this or another Plane]. Lord Kurritlakál also commands his adherents to assist in his tasks. Some time after the wizard Chiyúvaz himself became part of Lord Kurritlakál’s sustenance, his disciples released the story of his untoward demise. It seems that the three suzerains of Zru’ó [unidentified] required Chiyúvaz to aid them in repelling Those Who Came Forth from the Sea [?]. The mage summoned Lord Kurritlakál and made a compact with him to send the assistance of the Half-People of the Lands of Ngyúóm. All went so well that the wizard became overweening and issued remarks which were interpreted as indicating an ambition of himself becoming suzerain of Zru’ó. The three sovereigns of that place then prepared a snare for the Half-People and slew all who had emerged in this Plane. Mighty Prince Kurritlakál was much disaffected by

this act and summoned Chiyúvaz to an accounting. Although the wizard attempted to lay the blame upon the rulers of Zru'ó, the Demon possessed greater wisdom, and he demanded that the services of his lost minions be made good. He thus bore the wizard hence to the Lands of Nguyóm, which are a repugnant bog, and there he set poor Chiyúvaz to live out the exact lifetime of each of the Half-People who had been slain. This number amounted to ten thousand, five hundred and sixty-eight beings. Chiyúvaz was thus compelled to live in Nguyóm until he had expiated each separate one of those lifetimes—and the Half-People are a long-lived folk, existing for perhaps eight hundred of our years as an average. More, since the dignitaries of the Half-People deemed Chiyúvaz responsible for the demise of their compatriots, they set him the unpalatable task of serving Lord Kurritlakál in the fashion most needful to the latter: swimming through the bogs and eating the stringy excrement of the great marsh-worms which otherwise chokes the channels through which the Demon Prince travels to take his pleasures. Therefore, although many eons have gone since Chiyúvaz dwelt upon earth, it is likely that he still splashes through the foetid waters of the Lands of Nguyóm, suffering abominations and afflictions; more than any one should be required to endure.

Still, when one considers the natures of the puissant Demon Lords, it will be acknowledged that Lord Kurritlakál is one of the most reasonable and affable of them all. He listens to those who petition him; he makes compacts which are not impossible or unreasonable; he maintains his share of such bargains correctly; and he does not of himself perform actions which are infelicitous, unless he be provoked, as in the instance of the wizard Chiyúvaz.

EVOCATION: A large space is required for the summoning of Lord Kurritlakál. This may be within an edifice or out-of-doors, but its minimum dimensions must be at least fifty cubits by fifty cubits, and its height must be at least twenty cubits. It is best if this area be oval or circular, but a square or rectangle will do, providing that the corners are ceremonially cut off by drawing a diagonal line across them with a stick of charcoal. Then let another line of charcoal be drawn unbroken around the chamber upon the floor at a distance of three cubits in from the walls, so that this line forms a circle or oval. Let there be no break in this line, and be certain that there are no sharp corners! At intervals of one cubit each, then, all around the room, let little golden thuribles of incense be placed upon this line. These shall be filled with the finest incense of the Behlmé-plant, which grows in the wild heights above the plains of Tsámra and which can be had for ten copper Vzhfb per Haóz [these ancient measurements are now inexactly known, but as a matter of interest it may be noted that the current price of the incense of the Vátlaz-plant (the modern name for this substance) is seventy-five Káitars per Tnúng (a /tnúng/ = .1875 grammes)!]

The calling of Lord Kurritlakál may be accomplished at any time of the day or night, barring only that exact moment when the planet Ülél is in opposition to the planet Zurúna. At this time no sorcery can be worked! It is also good to look upon the positions of all celestial bodies and determine an appropriate time: the conjunction of the second moon, Gayél, with the planet Zurúna is best, providing no hostile planet be in square to either; next is the conjunction of the planet Ríruchel with the sun, in sextile or in trine to the planet Shíchel; and thirdly, at any time when there are no squares or oppositions to the planet Zurúna, which is termed "the sphere of sorcery." Thus it is written.

The sacrifices which Lord Kurritlakál loves best are not humans but rather beasts. Of all of the creatures of our Plane, he most prefers the ferocious Zrné, after which he desires the Sérudla, the Sró, the Qáqta, the Mnór, the Feshénga, and other powerful predators. He will also accept sapient beings other than humankind, enjoying muchly an offering of Shén, Tinalfya, and others, while abhorring the deadly Ssú and the Hlúss. The human evocators shall also wear leathern masks made in the semblances of beasts, as fantastic and elaborate as time and the generosity of one's patrons may permit. All shall be attired in robes of fur and skins, and each shall rub himself with the musk of animals. While these precautions are optimum, it is written that the Demon Prince will indeed treat occasionally with humans in their proper forms, although he dislikes those who are smooth and hairless.

At the appointed hour, then, the evocator and his colleagues shall assemble in the chosen place, having first tethered the sacrifices securely in the centre of the circle. There shall be a minimum of twelve in the party of the evocator (including himself) and a maximum of thirty-two, and the very same shall be true for the number of the sacrifices. The evocator and his group shall stand arrayed in pairs, one behind the other, at the southernmost point outside the charcoal circle. Two members shall bear drums, one the Syú [a type of flute], and one the Tiritíng [tiny bell-like castanets of brass or silver]. The others shall carry torches in their left hands and a Tá'ón [a copper ritual instrument favoured by those who serve the Lord of Worms] in their right hands. Beginning from the southernmost point of the circle, the evocator will lead his party counterclockwise around it, carefully remaining outside of the charcoal line. All will join in the following recitation [given in Llyáni, although one of the Tsolyáni recensions gives an Engsvanyáli translation]:

“Arise, overshadowing one of the still waters!
Victory, hated one of many aspects and beings!
Glory, swimmer in the deeps between the Planes of Being!
Majesty, suzerain of the lands of deep tenebrous shadows!
Power, spreading tree of intricate rootlets, whose branches bear black flowers!
All hail, one of the substance and the essence of Lord Durrítlámish!
All hail, one whose food is life, and whose coming is death!
Come forth unto us, in triumph! in conquest! in mastery!

Thirteen times shall the party thus circle the chamber, never stepping across the inner charcoal circle. Each time the southern point is passed, the leader shall make a mark upon the floor, for a lesser or greater number of circumambulations will cost the evocator and his comrades all of their existences upon this and every other Plane.

When this rite is completed, the party will stand at the southernmost point of the circle, the leader in the centre, the others ranged around him facing inwards to the north. Then all will see that the floor within will appear to buckle, rise, fume, seethe, and roil, as does water in a kettle over a fire. Vapours will arise, bubbles of noxious gases will appear and mists will form and press against the circle as though to penetrate it—which cannot be, unless there be an accidental gap or perforation in the circle. In this latter case there is then no remedy, and no further weaving of the Skeins of Destiny for any of those in the party!

The sacrifices will leap and shriek and tear at their bonds, as is the natural way of beasts in fear of death. They will be seen to sink slowly into the very floor, which will now be of the semblance of a great, miasmatic swamp. The extremities of these victims will be seen to burn, as though with corrosive liquids, and they will fall and wallow, roaring, in the death which seeps up from beneath. Soon there will be no sign of them, save for the ebullience of the surface, and then the mists will thicken and become bluish, lit by the eldritch marsh-fires of that Plane upon which Lord Kurritlakál does dwell.

Now will the Prince become manifest, rising up slowly from the centre of the circle as does the leviathan Akhó from the waves of the sea. Soon he will fill the entire chamber, pressing against the limits of the circle. He will breathe, and his breath will be as a tempest amidst the high peaks of the mountains; he will speak, and his speech will be the shrieking of the flame-mountains of Akh-Lijjársha [modern Alhajjár in Livyánu]; he will gaze upon the evocators, and his eyes will be the terror which fills men's hearts when they sink for the last time in quicksand and their mouths fill with mud and water. Lord Kurritlakál is indeed of hideous semblance, and only the bravest should be called upon to face him when he comes forth in all of his might and glory.

Let the evocator speak his designs only after the Prince is manifest. One may speak cursorily, or one may be prolix; it matters not. One may speak in squares, or one may utter circles and ellipses [the meaning of these idioms is not completely certain]; it is of no import. He may simply name his tasks or he may describe them as a poet sings of the beauties of Tàhelé [an aspect of the Goddess Avánthe]; it has no relevance. For Lord Kurritlakál can perceive every ambition, every yearning, every hidden lust and secret shame which lies within the breast of a man. He knows all aforesaid and cannot be denied.

When the evocator will have stated his desires, the Prince will reply. His speech is often difficult and unclear, for his oral organs are not formed like those of men. But all will become transparent to the listeners. The Lord will demand an excellent bargain; usually more beasts and the souls of such as he may encounter in the performance of his tasks. He may offer wealth, money, and boons of power, but in return he will himself require much. Ofttimes his requests are strange and whimsical. One time he may ask for books and magical devices; another time he may urge the giving of lives and souls; on yet another occasion he may crave a reply to queries and riddles which he will put to the evocator, and these must be answered to the Prince's satisfaction before he will agree to a task. He may demand impossible things, such as the entire unbroken shell of the Egg of Time, or a count of the drops of water which fill the seas, or a listing of the names and stations of all of those cadavers which lie in the catacombs beneath the temples of Lord Durrítlámish. In such cases it is not feasible to deal with the Demon Lord, and the evocator must pronounce the formula of dismissal instantly before the mighty one grows importunate. Thus the wizard Chayúvaz has written, and none there is to say him nay. Yet he notes that Lord Kurritlakál may also ask for things which are painful or of no account in our world. Thus, it is recorded that once the Lord did require the phallic organs from six of the party of a certain ancient wizard, and when no logical choice could be made, the Demon Prince took them all. Again Chayúvaz states that this Demon once demanded the head of a Chrí-fly, the fresh-dropped dung of a virgin male Chlén-beast, the nipples and breasts from a recently deceased human cadaver, and nine copper coins! None knows what purposes underlie such exactions. If it be within the power of the party to grant the Prince's requisitions, however, let it be

promised to him forthwith, and let the bargain be kept with precision. If the Demon Lord cannot be satisfied, then the evocator must recite the formula of dismissal instantaneously and thus bring the matter to a speedy end.

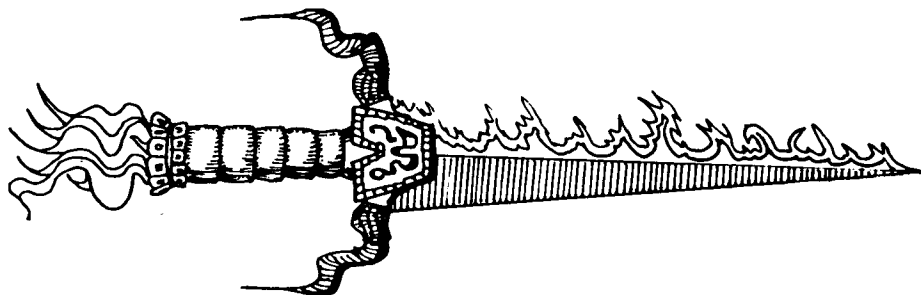
Lord Kurritlakál is ultimately a reasonable being. Once the compact is made, he will observe it to the last. Should it contain uncertainties and vaguenesses, however, he may choose to exploit these for his own pleasure or for his sustenance. The party must thus consider well what is to be requested of him before the summoning begins.

Once the bargain is struck, when Lord Kurritlakál will cry, "Hú, Nerestóminè; it is as it was said!" the evocator must reply "Hú, Shu'otlánunè; it is as it shall be done!" This will bind the parties to the contract. Thereafter it matters not how long is needed for the performance of the compact; it will be done.

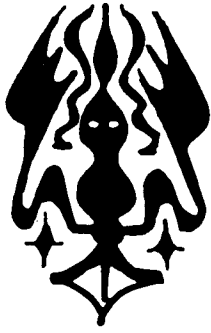
At this time the evocator shall recite the formula of dismissal provided below. The remainder of the group will walk thirteen times clockwise around the circle in the same order as before, maintaining their chanting to the end. The Secret Names are Ba'án; Siúhsa; Tlè-knáù; Edduélmigà. The formula is:

"Misudlá, Viridá, Charshomá, Tikàngu;
Let none hear, let none see, let none perceive
The roilings of the waters, the sinking of nations, the Doom of Time!
Nenuggá, Hreskolú, Srakomén, Tikàngu;
The stone sunders and is made into dust, the dust into mud, the mud into water, and the water
into nothingness;
O Prince, O King, O Ruler, O Sovereign of the Twisted Planes!
Arestómen, Akhanggóte, Welúdia, Tikàngu."

The Prince will have then departed, and the evocator and his party may retire to await the performance of their bargain with the Lord. It will be found that all are weak and faint for many days after this encounter, for in spite of the wards and the protections of the circle, there are great costs to those who seek the visitation of Lord Kurritlakál. Let each one rest and sup upon rich food and drink human mother's milk and eat the fruit of the Ngásh-tree, therefore, and gain strength thereby.



The Tetkumé, the iron sacrificial knife of the priesthood of Lord Vimúhla. The hilt is made of red gold and is set with rubies. The handle is wrapped in red-dyed human skin. The length of this specimen is 65.3 cm.



JNÉKSHA'A Scythe of Flame

Many of the texts written aforetime contain mention of Prince Jnéksha'a, Ruler of the Thirteenth Circle, the Charred One, the Ravener of Cities, the Exulter in Fiery Death, He of the Molten Face. I give the secret glyph of this being here, and, as any sage will see, its elements indicate that his nature is essentially the same as those of mighty Lord Vimúhla and His Cohort, Lord Chiténg. He rules in his Palace of Incandescence upon the realms of the Flame Dragons, the Blazing Warriors, and the Winged

Serpents of the Conflagration. Most mighty is he! All praise unto him, the One Whose Touch Consumes all.

Even the ancient tomes of the Time of the Dragon Lords [now lost] contain mention of this Lord, and later the Wizard Subadím [the name of the original sorcerer is scratched out and that of Subadím—who lived long after the Engsvanyáli copy was written—is inserted] prepared a true method of evoking him. Thereafter, almost every text will be found to describe him. Although he partakes of the natures of the Flame Lords, he is neutral to the affairs of the Gods and can be summoned by any who have the knowledge and the power to do so. The servants of Lord Vimúhla and His Cohort, Lord Chiténg, will find the evocation easy, of course, but those of other faiths must take more pains and guard themselves with stronger wards. His proper home is within the temples of the two great Gods aforementioned, but he can be called elsewhere as well—with only the stricture that the moon Káshi be not in the sky! It is said that great Jnéksha'a fears Káshi as the dwelling place of his arch-enemy, the Demon Lord Tkél, the Master of the Eleventh Circle, who alone can bind him.

The "Book of Burnings," attributed to the hierophants of Lord Vimúhla of the Days of Darkness [now lost] describes Lord Jnéksha'a thusly:

"Mighty is he and like unto a roaring column of flame, high as the sky and broad as the Circle of Diodásü [the hexagonal-shaped pattern within which the Demon is evoked]. No face has he, no eyes, no ears, no lips; yet his voice is heard as the roaring crackle of the conflagration, and his powers reach forth into the land unless barred by the powers of the sorceries which bind him. None may approach him, and none may say him nay, save for those who know the secret names of his powers. Red is he, and orange, and yellow, and flame-blue, and of the many hues of fire throughout his being. He hates black and brown and the grey of dead ashes, and green and the blue of water are his special foes. Let none of these colours be within the chamber wherein he is evoked, else will his wrath be endless and all-consuming. Let the evocator therefore wear a cap of red to hide his hair, let him paint his face yellow and orange, let him hide his eyes behind a scarlet veil, let him expose the red of lips but not the grey of beard, and let him garb himself from head to foot in the radiant hues of the Flame. All walls and objects within the place of evocation shall be of these colours as well, and any others who are present shall be similarly garbed. Then shall this Demon Lord be well-pleased." [This entire passage is in N'Lüssa, the ancient Tongue of the Dragon Lords.]

The powers of this being, as may be surmised, are those of the terrible flame: he burns, he destroys, he illuminates, and he consumes to ashes. He has another potent ability as well: it is written that he can compress the power of flame within a red gem, which can be carried with impunity by one who knows the wards. This can then be detonated at a later time, through the application of proper enchantments, and the effects of it are a mighty destruction and a blazing which devours all. The burning of cities delights this Lord; the flaming immolation of souls joys him exceedingly; the victory of fire over matter is his triumph. Naught else gives him pleasure, and those who request other aid court destruction.

The difficulty with summoning this Demon is the problem of protection for the evocator. Heat cannot be warded by magical devices and patterns, and thus the manifestations of this Lord must be arranged at a distance from the evocator's station. Otherwise will the summoner be consumed himself. No protection is known against this. The place of the evocator and of the Station of Kelúo (to be described below) are thus of vital urgency. Let no one summon Lord Jnéksha'a into a space smaller than one hundred paces; let this be a clean-swept hall or chamber, or if done

out-of-doors, then in an open place where the ground is of hard stone and without damp of any kind. Then let the diagrammes of protection be drawn at one end of this place, and let the Circle of Diodásü and the Station of Kelúo be made at the other.

EVOCATION: Thusly is it done. Any person may call upon the Flame Prince, but those beneath the Sixteenth Circle of Knowledge [an Engsvanyáli rank approximately equivalent to the Nineteenth Circle of the modern Tsolyáni priestly hierarchy] will unfailingly be consumed. Those who serve Lord Vimúhla or His Cohort, Lord Chiténg, have a special affinity with this demon and will therefore be safer than those of other persuasions [A note in the margin adds: "Curiously, it is recorded by Subadím the Sorcerer in his tract, 'Realms Beyond the Triple Knot,' that followers of the Lord of Ever-Glorious War, Lord Karakán, and those of His Cohort, the Hero-King Chegárra, are also favoured by this Demon. The purport of this is unknown." The book referred to in this comment is now lost.]

Let the evocator cleanse his body thoroughly. Let him remove as much liquid and waste from his person as he can. Let him fast for one day, taking neither food nor drink, and not even swallowing his own saliva, save as he cannot avoid it. Let him not go in to the chamber of a woman (or a woman evocatress to a man) or to a female of any other species [?]. Let him purify his mind by constant contemplation of the raw nakedness of a bright flame, molten metal, or the unbearable brilliance of the sun's orb.

Upon a night when the moon Káshi does not rise, and when the First Planet, Ülétl, is in the sky (and never during the daytime!), the evocator shall ignite four torches, placing one at the northeast corner of the place of summoning, one at the northwest, one at the southwest, and one at the southeast. Then let him draw the Station of Kelúo. The diagramme or a pentacle is made of red chalk or blood mixed with the grease of some being, human or animal, which has perished by fire. The side of this pentacle shall be seven cubits from angle to base. Within this pentacle shall be the image of the Eye of Flame: an oval with sharp corners, drawn in powdered bone and grease, much in the shape of an eye. The pupil, however, shall consist not of a circle but of a vertical bar, drawn in scarlet. Within the angles of the pentacle bowls of new-let blood—human or from sapient beings— shall be set out. Then one shall place the Tetskúme [an iron knife, triangular in form, about half a cubit in length, with a plain iron hilt and a bone handle] horizontally below the Eye of Flame.

All around the Station of Kelúo then shall the evocator mark out the great Circle of Diodásü, a great hexagonal pattern bound with the Runes of Protection, which shall include all of the Station of Kelúo.

At the opposite end of the chosen place the evocator shall lay out a square of pure white chalk or powdered bone. Within this he shall draw the Glyph of Present Defence, known to every priest and mage worthy of the title. Behind this square he shall erect an altar of stone of his own height up to his shoulders. This is more for the protection against the heat of the Flame Demon than for the worshipping of the evocator. Behind this altar a jar of pure water shall be concealed, stoppered with lead. This is of utmost importance: let no drop of it be spilled upon the earth!

When all is in readiness, the evocator shall face each of the cardinal points in turn, and to each he shall call out: "Hearken, O Flame, O One of Brightest Glory!"

Then shall he gaze directly upon the centre of the Station of Kelúo and recite:

"Blaze of Blinding Fire, Heart of the Incandescent Molten Glow!
Come Forth!
I bind you in the Names of the Flame-God, the Walker of the Spheres!
Come Forth!
I command you in the Names of the Ever-Burning Sun-Lord!
Come Forth!"

In the air before him, the evocator must now make the triple-fingered sign of the Flame with his right hand. This is done nine times. His left hand shall not leave his side. Then he shall make in the air with his right hand the triple loop of the Pattern of the Primordial Nexus, which calls the Demons forth from their Plane.

Mighty Jnéksha'a will now manifest himself. The heat of his coming will force the evocator to kneel behind his altar of stone, else he shall be blistered and may perish. From this position, then, the evocator may address the Demon Lord and request what he desires.

Lord Jnéksha'a gives nothing freely, however. He demands a bargain, and he is ever wise to detect knavery. Therefore let the evocator speak plainly in words of simple and straightforward nature. He shall state directly and precisely what he wishes consumed by the flames of the Lord. In return, he must offer a commensurate gift. The more he requests of the Demon, the more must be presented. The Lord consumes only that which can be consumed by fire, and, as stated above, he rejoices in soul-deaths. It is excellent, therefore, if a number of sacrifices be maintained in a

nearby chamber or space, likewise surrounded with the Circle of Diodásü. These shall not be brought into the same place as that in which the evocation is occurring, for the Demon Lord will not accept and devour them in the presence of a human. Let them rather be caged or bound in a well-lit chamber nearby. When the bargain has been transacted, the Flame Lord shall be directed to proceed to this room or space where he may feed at his leisure.

All things living does he accept, but more than all else he favours the souls of men and women. The larger the bargain the more will he expect, and his anger at a miserly wizard is not salubrious. [A marginal note in a later Engsvanyáli hand adds: "It is recorded in the book of Subadsm the Sorcerer that in order to destroy the ancient and populous city of Tí-Keshánu, the priest Greggúrjü did summon all of the senior burgesses of the place to a great assembly hall where he proposed to discuss the reasons behind the heretical acts of which he stood accused. When all of these citizens were gathered, Greggúrjü excused himself and went swiftly to a robing room in which all things were prepared from before, and there he summoned mighty Jnéksha'a. Then did he request of the Demon only the lighting of a single candle, which Lord Jnéksha'a granted forthwith, and in return Greggúrjü offered him the entire assemblage gathered without! The Demon Lord flew thither at once and devoured all who were there, much pleased with the priest. Thus was the city devastated and rendered into grey ash, and no trace of it remains unto this day."]

The Lord Jnéksha'a keeps his bargains well and faithfully. The evocator must maintain his equally, with utmost care; else the Lord will grow restive and return in the form of the Hideous Charred One to seek out his deceiver. Let this be sufficient warning.

The mighty Lord will at length become impatient, for the Flame has no endurance and no power to stay once its food is gone. Then shall the evocator take up the jar of pure water—spilling not one drop!—from behind the altar, remove its seal, and raise it in his hands. He shall then recite the Litany of the Coming of the Flooding Tide, which is best repeated in the Bednálljan tongue, but which may be said in any language. The most crucial canto is as follows:

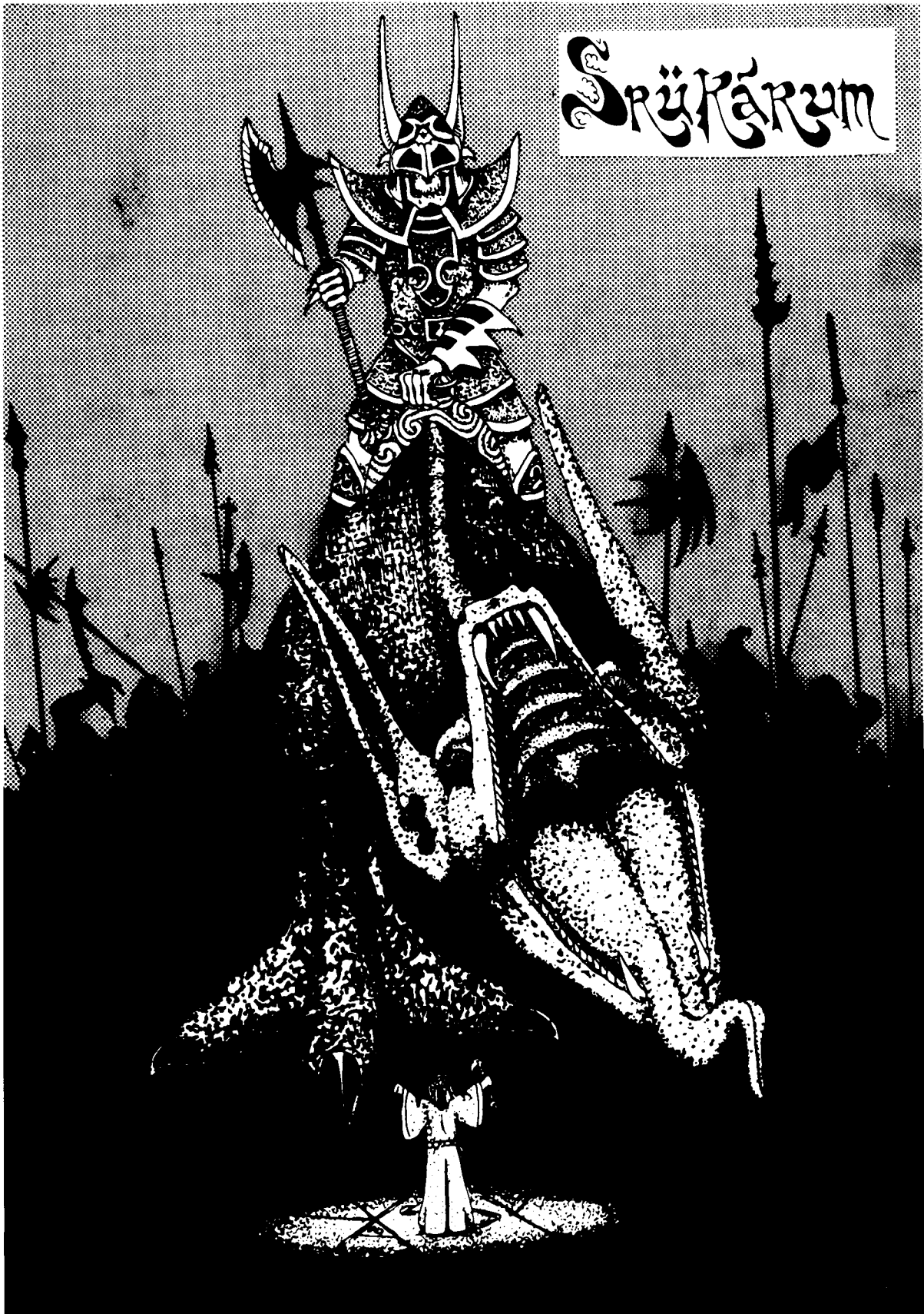
“Once the heat is gone, the rivers rise;
Once the summer has done, the rains shall come,
Misty and damp upon the horizons, walking with feet of fog,
Trickling in rivulets, running in streams;
Fire shall there be in hearth and home,
But no more shall the mighty Flame stalk the land;
By the sun shall we be warmed, yet never burned;
I conjure you in the Name of the Rain-Princess, of the Cloud-Wind!
I send you forth from hence in the Name of the Watery One.”

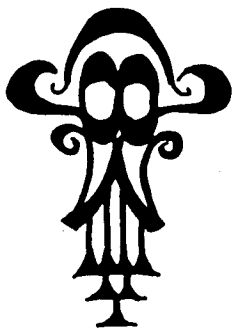
Then and only then shall the evocator slowly tilt the jar and spill the water upon the bone-powdered earth just before his altar. The Flame Prince will become angry and rage, but in the end he will dwindle and slip away. When no ember burns there in the midst of the Station of Kelúo, then shall the evocator be free to break the protection of his patterns and come forth to gaze upon the calamities wreaked by his summoning.



*The Twelve
Tangents to the
Circle of Dló.*

Drükarum





SRÜKÁRUM

Lord of the Legions of the Despairing Dead

Many mages and priests can summon up the minor Undead: the Mrúr, the Shédra, the Hrá, the Vorodlá, and others of Lord Sárku's lesser servitors. These beings are of no great powers amongst the Planes and of no more consequence than is a Shqá-beetle in the panoply of the world's creation. To summon these Undead, however, is all that these scholars can encompass, since they are not truly knowledgeable in the matters of the Wastelands of the Dead and in things pertaining to great Lord Sárku.

Perchance they will not even be able to recognise the elements which make up the glyph which I have inscribed here; if this is so, then they are "scholars" only in name and not in fact. Let them return to the preparation of love potions!

That which is a truly mighty deed, one which requires all of the skill, knowledge, and experience of a Master Mage, is to call forth the Master of all the creatures of that woeful sphere of Death, the Castellan of the Citadel of Sighs, the Warder of the Gates of Skulls, the Lord of the Legions of the Despairing Dead, mighty Lord Srükárum himself. This is an accomplishment worthy of any of the greatest sages of the past or the future yet to come.

It is necessary to add a warning: lest any practitioner should call forth this Prince through some whim or pettish pleasure of his own, let it be noted that Lord Srükárum takes such callings ill and often whisks the summoner away willy-nilly to the Land Below the World, there to wander in the Unending Grey forever.

I cite an instance. It is recorded in *The Book of Tenebrous Places* [perhaps the same as the Priest Furtlánte's *Tome of Unoccupied Darkness?*] that once a wizard named ... [the name looks like "Neretánbo," but it has been rubbed out in the manuscript by a thumb] sought to speak with the shade of his deceased beloved, a princess of the Realm of Lord Llyán of Tsámra. Instead of summoning her spirit through the more usual methods, he sought to bring her forth in glory and with splendour suitable to her station—she being a princess and of the blood of the ancient kings. Then the wizard did consult *The Book of Presences* and call forth mighty Lord Srükárum. When he came, he was requested to prepare a way from the Wastelands of the Dead and to line it with statues of gold, carpets of many hues, and slaves who were to chant the praises of the princess' rather inconsiderable charms as she was brought forth to her lover. Becoming wroth, Lord Srükárum obeyed, but he set the avenue of statues so that it ended not precisely within the wizard's chamber but rather a gnat's breath short thereof. Then the princess was brought forth in a procession, slowly and majestically, attended by tirewomen, singers, and those who cense the air with fragrances. The wizard knew too well the perils of stepping into the Land Below the World; he was therefore canny and waited until his beloved stretched out her arms to him at the very edge of the avenue of carpets. Then, believing her to be within his chamber, he embraced her—and stepped over the line by the aforesaid tiny space. Lord Srükárum and his minions then seized him and bore him grimly down into the darkest regions of the Wastelands of the Dead. There he was set to the task of cleansing the flesh from the skeletons of those who had lived and then died [?]. Nor was he given sustenance save for that very flesh which he removed. Thus it may be that this wretched wizard yet sits surrounded by a heap of dreadful cadavers, flensing knife in hand, his heart woeful for the place lost to him forever in the world of light. Let this tale be instructive.

Having indicated this peril, it is now needful to speak of those tasks which Lord Srükárum will perform in this Plane. This Prince serves mighty Sárku, Lord of Worms and the Eyeless Tomb; friend is he also to the Cohort, Lord Durritlámish. Lord Srükárum will come forth as well to servants of other Lords of Change, but for these two Gods aforementioned he reserves his special favour. It is thus easy for adherents of the Two Lords of the Tomb to summon this Prince, while for others it is more difficult, and for those who serve the Lords of Stability it presages certain doom. Lord Srükárum favours tasks which will permit him to send forth his Legions of the despairing Dead into this Plane. To fight against a mighty foe, such as the illumined Hnálla, the wise Thúmis, the pious Belkhánu, the beauteous Avánthe, or the martial Karakán—against these Deities does Lord Srükárum joy to contend. The marshalling of his armies delights him, and the appearance upon a field of a vast array of grim spears gives him pleasure more than all of the paradises of the Gods. Hence, when a mage calls him forth to do battle, Lord Srükárum will come most willingly; should he be summoned to other tasks, however, he will be found morose and cheerless. Should his forces be set against

those of the Lords of Stability, he will be rejoiced. Should he succeed in destroying a shrine or a place holy to his foes, then he is jubilant. No matter whether he wins the fray or loses it, he simply returns with his minions down into the Wastelands of the Dead, there to await another summoning. For Lord Srükárum is dead and cannot die again, not until the Final Day, nor can he suffer aught, nor can he be changed from his purposes.

Those who evoke him shall be prepared, therefore, to deal with a being of vast powers and of a cold and emotionless determination. The loves and hates of men are as alien to him as the sea-coral is to the desert. None can gainsay mighty Srükárum. Once he is manifest, the bargain must be struck at once in words of icy logic and sharp command. To hesitate or to vacillate is to journey with death.

None can mistake Lord Srükárum. When he comes forth he is attended by a legion of armoured soldiers, all skulls and bones and tatters of grey flesh and tomb-damp hair, garbed in the corroded plate and the mail of eons gone by. Some of these ride upon beasts of unknown mien, who are also of the dead. All bear arms of antique and alien aspect. Trumpets shrill, and the drums of the dead resound. And then comes Lord Srükárum attired in a corselet of copper verdigris and dull gold, a helmet upon his hollowed skull face, and a great two-handed axe borne in his withered hands. An odour there is like unto the stench of tidal fog and sick-sweet death. A gloom rolls before all, like the advancing sea of tomb-breath. The face of mighty Srükárum cannot be gazed upon for long, since to know his lineaments well is to trace the mournful fate of all things living. Save for the face of the Lord of Worms, mighty Sárku Himself, there is none so terrible.

Lord Srükárum cares not for the granting of boons and the enrichments of gems. Not for him are the simple destructions and devastations of others of the Demon Planes. These matters interest him not, as has been said heretofore, and his powers are so great as to render any such picayune seeking foolish. To call him forth, one must have a task worthy of so mighty a General: the razing of cities, the conquest of nations, the ending of dynasties, and the death of species. Does one command a legion to do the slaying of an infant?

Lord Srükárum does not perform his deeds without pay. He demands sacrifices, and also does he claim the soul of the wizard who has summoned him. Once one's skein of destiny ends in this life, then the mage must join him willingly and serve him there in the Citadel of Sighs. If the soul is given gladly, then so much the better for it, and it shall have a command in the Legions of the Despairing Dead. To be a servant of mighty Srükárum is not as pleasant and as peaceful as the Halls of Lord Belkhánu and the Paradises of Teretané, but neither is it as doleful as the fate of those who are condemned to the Wastelands of the Dead and the Unending Grey. Let the seeker consider well, therefore, before summoning Lord Srükárum. His service is not the worst of fates for those who are mortal; yet it is not a doom which one might wish ...

EVOCATION: The summoning of this Prince is not easy. Once one has selected the place—preferably a deserted tomb, a catacomb, a temple to Lord Sárku or to Lord Durritlámish, or else some dark and desolate spot in which there burns no fire—all must be arranged to proceed smoothly. The nights of conjunction of the planet Ríruchel with the greater moon [Gayél] are the best times, and the month of Hasanpór, the season of cold, is the most auspicious period of the year. Other times may also be chosen, however, if the sacrifices and the rituals are performed well and generously.

When the sun has set and at least two Kirén [about an hour] before sunrise, this is the period when the evocator shall bring all things prepared unto the place of summoning. Two skulls are needed, one of a male human, the other of a female. Four tapers made of the rendered fat of those who have perished by violence are required also, as well as seven living sacrifices—three female and four male, and seven dead sacrifices—four female and three male. Two bowls of red ochre earth, a parchment scroll containing the Litany of the Priest Naratlún, and an ewer of the blood of a living female virgin are also to be brought.

First let the evocator undergo the Litany of the Absolution from the Taints of Life so as to ready his spirit for what must follow. Then, cleansed and with mind focussed upon the passage down into death, let the evocator draw upon the floor the pattern of the Eight Interlocking Squares of Djaréva. In the four corner squares he shall set down the four tapers and light them. In the two foremost of the remaining squares he shall place the two skulls, the male to the left and the female to the right, and in the rearmost squares he shall set the two bowls of red ochre. The parchment scroll he shall retain in his right hand and the ewer of blood in his left. The sacrifices shall be bound in pairs, one living with one dead, and four of these couples shall be placed outside the Squares to the northwest and three to the northeast. The sacrifices shall be nude entirely, and their bindings shall be strong, yea, even those of the ones which are dead!

When all is in readiness the evocator shall stand in the exact centre of the pattern. He shall raise the parchment in his right hand and cry aloud the Six Secret Names. Then he shall empty the ewer of blood into the foremost squares of the pattern before him. Thereafter he shall recite the Litany of Arising from the Wastelands of the Dead [in Bednálljan Salarváni]:

“He who comes rises from the cold!
He who appears knows well the dark! He who is summoned hither is Lord in that place!
Wanderer in the Unending Grey, Effacer of the Light, Destroyer of Being!
Let the mould form; let the darkness billow up;
Let the cerements part; let the death of life begin!
Unto mighty Srúkárum we call, unto the Iron-Reaper,
Unto the Lord of the Legions of the Despairing Dead do we call,
Giving hail unto the Master unto whom all things shall soon return.”

Then the evocator shall step backward into the rearmost squares and overturn each of the two bowls of red earth so that they spill forth. With his feet he must trample this earth and spread its redness into the pattern, yet not so that any line of it be effaced. He shall now kneel and place each of his hands upon one of the two skulls, pressing his face down to the earth. Thereupon shall he hear the clangor of the drums of the dead, and the odour of the things of the tombs shall seep into the chamber. The trumpets of those who have gone before will blare, and there will come the measured tramp of armoured feet.

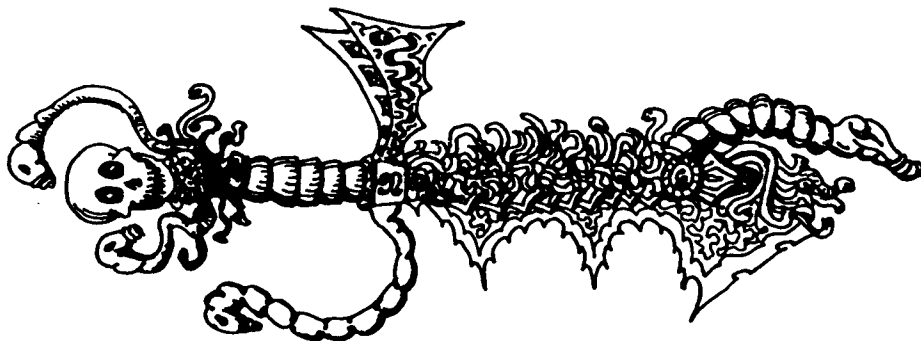
Slowly, as a picture forms before the eye of the heart, the vision of the advancing columns of the Legions of the Despairing Dead shall appear, as though the chamber now opened into an illimitable battlefield of night. In the midst of this thronging army the evocator shall perceive the great beast upon which Lord Srúkárum himself rides, the gleam of his corselet, the black and empty eye-holes of his helmet visor. Now it is too late to draw back; the matter is at hand.

When all of these beings are manifest, then the evocator shall cry out, “In the Secret Name of Ashónu! In the dark being of Nyérebo!” Then with his left hand shall he indicate the four pairs of sacrifices to the northwest of the diagramme. These will be seized upon by the advancing Warriors of Lord Srúkárum; their bonds shall be sundered, their bodies handled most cruelly, and they shall be lifted and tossed about so that none can say what is done to them. Those sacrifices who were dead shall once again be seized with life, and all shall live and writhe and dance and perform those acts which should not be mentioned herein. Those which were alive shall likewise howl and jerk and suffer and partake of the congress of the Undead, and they shall become themselves Undead. Then the evocator shall point with his right hand towards the three couples of sacrifices to the northeast of the diagramme, saying, “In the Hidden Name of Neré! In the hideous forms of Ktélu!” Then those Warriors who have come up behind Lord Srúkárum shall advance and perform similarly with these victims. Thus are the liegemen of mighty Lord Srúkárum appeased.

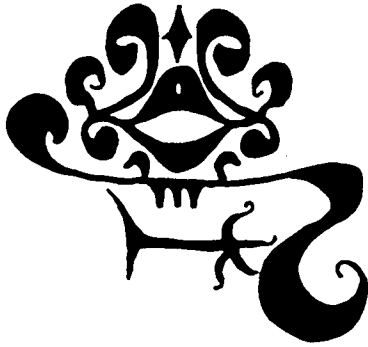
At length all will become silent, the bodies of living and dead sunk alike in stillness, the Warriors of the Prince sated with their doing. Now the evocator must address the Lord and quickly say his purposes. He must speak shortly and precisely, for Lord Srúkárum is cold and haughty and not patient in his discourse. The evocator must say what is to be done and what rewards the Demon Lord and his Legions will acquire. Lord Srúkárum will respond and will agree or disagree with alacrity. Should he accept the bargain, then all is well, and the evocator may expect his requests to be carried out to the letter—barring the intervention of one of the Greater Powers, such as mighty Lord Sárku, whose purposes are unsuspected in this Plane. Should Lord Srúkárum decline the task, then let the evocator beware, for the Legions of the Despairing Dead will strive by stealth and trickery to come within the Squares of Djaréva! They may bring forth other of the dead, often those departed who are dear to the evocator, and these will beg and plead most piteously to enter the Squares and return to the lands of the living. This cannot be, nor has it been performed by any sage aforesaid. Then they will shriek and hurl the bones and limbs of the sacrifices back into the pattern, heaping the evocator with abuse and vilenesses. This the evocator shall bear patiently. The Warriors will threaten to strike the evocator with their long weapons as well, themselves not approaching into the Eight Squares. They cannot harm the evocator—not without his permission, conscious or unconscious. Should he be steadfast, then their spears are as beams of moonlight, which cannot touch the living, save by the edict of the immortal Gods. There is no physical danger inherent in these buffetings, and when they perceive that they cannot do harm to the evocator, then these beings will depart much discomfited. Lord Srúkárum does not bargain again, and he himself will depart astride his strange and evil mount. When he has gone the chamber will lighten, the images fade, and all will become as it was before. Thereupon the evocator shall cry out the Six Secret Names and shall draw the Symbol of Returning Above in the air with his left hand. All of the things in the chamber—the remains of the sacrifices, the tapers, the skulls, the bowls, the

parchment, and the ewer, together with any of the pattern which remains upon the floor—shall be most carefully expunged, obliterated, and made into naught. This may be accomplished through burning and melting and charring, but as these processes are not pleasant to those who serve the Dark Lords, the evocator may substitute crushing, grinding, and immolation in corrosive liquid.

Should Lord Srükárum agree to the compact, he will perform all of the task most faithfully, as said above. When it is complete, then he himself will depart for his gloomy realm. Should the task be a lengthy one, such as the overcoming of a powerful army, the reduction of a city, or the devastation of a land, then the evocator must have recourse to the Twelfth Canticle of Líchon [now lost?] in order that he may come safely forth from the diagramme and accompany Lord Srükárum's Legions upon their grim mission. If the task be short, then it is better, for the Eight Squares will protect the evocator from any personal harm so long as he remains within. But if the matter unexpectedly requires time, then there is danger indeed, for one cannot rest, eat, drink, sleep, or answer one's bodily calls so long as one is inside of the pattern. I am here minded of the legend of the mage Isínju, who had summoned Lord Srükárum to destroy the City of Nine Walls [?]. To his chagrin, this place was defended not only by men but by certain entities of Light, summoned thither by an opposing wizard. The siege thus was prolonged. For nine days and nine nights wretched Isínju maintained himself unsullied, through the employment of various enchantments. At last, however, his belly burst. Lord Srükárum did then pounce upon him, gut him from end to end, reanimate him with the half-life of the Undead, and bind him with his mouth upon the Fount of Evídlu, the primary source of the River of Death, so that the icy waters flowed through him as liquid passes through a tube. Thus did he remain for one eon and three score of years, until the sorcerer Kcharánu found him and gave him the surcease of total death.



The ritual Ta'ón, a ceremonial instrument used by the priests of the temple of Lord Sárku in certain rituals. The skull is made of carved white opal, the handle of brown hide, and the rest of copper inlaid with gold and precious stones. The length of this specimen is 73 cm., and its weight is nearly three kilogrammes.



GE'ÉN

The Eater of All

The rune of this Demon Lord indicates the might of this being. He is the Master of the Realms of the Decay of the Body and Despair of the Soul [otherwise unattested in the texts]. He is Lord of the Twenty-Third Circle of the Demon Plane, and he is also called the Right Hand of Lord Grugánu and the Chanter of the Threnody of Lamentation for the Doomed Prince, Lord Ksárul. Aside from his clear friendship for mighty Lord Ksárul and His Cohort, his other offices are but poorly delineated.

Mighty is he and powerful, and his summoning is a deed of which one might be proud, if indeed one yet lives thereafter.

Almost all of the Books of Presences [the Engsvanyáli compendia of spirits and demons, now mostly destroyed in the sinking of the Island of Gánga] speak of Lord Ge'én. Only *The Tome of Mournful Cogitations* [translated by Nirodél hiRarenésha in c. 111 A.S. and still to be found in the collection of Prince Rereshqála at Jakálla] fails to praise his glory. Indeed, the author of this work claims that Lord Ge'én is not a separate entity but only one of the Aspects of the Doomed Prince Himself. This is a heretical opinion, however, and has no element of truth. [It may be noted that the priest Nirodél hiRarenésha was also declared an apostate by the Synod of the Hierarchy of Lord Ksárul in 599 A.S., and most of his books were destroyed or were sealed.]

Unlike many of the greater and lesser Lords of the Demon Planes, mighty Ge'én has no particular objection to any sort of place of summoning. So long as his sacrifices are provided and his demands are met, he cares nothing whether he be called at a forest glade, a temple sanctuary, or a prince's bedchamber. The priests of the Shadow Gods of Livyánu summon him, as do the mages of the Black Flint Palace in Tsatsayágga in Salarvyá [destroyed in the great earthquake of 917 A.S; the remains of this palace still form a hazard for ships in Tsatsayágga Harbour]. The little men of Saá Allaqí evoke him, as do the citizens of Ti-Ketláno [an unknown city]. It is only required that the appropriate wards be established in order to avoid the forcible decorporealisation of the evocator.

The presence of great Ge'én is sudden and terrifying. There is first a stench of putrefaction and a wafting of vapours of a damp and humid nature, such as the marsh gases from the depths of some ancient and rotting bog. Then, suddenly and with no further warning, great Ge'én is there. His appearance spreads a mist of fear, and those of weak constitution and faintness of purpose should not tamper with this Demon Lord, for this sense of apprehension is not natural, nor is it caused by the sight of this being alone. He brings it with him as the Chrí-fly brings its buzzing.

There is no mistaking the manifestation of Lord Ge'én. Huge and squat, like a tower of black, glistening, slimy mucus, he rises many cubits above the ground, and so large does he stand that one should evoke him only in an apartment of spacious capacity; else will he bring the roof down upon the evocator and others within. Appendages like tentacles or pseudopods depend from this column of darkness, and some describe him as of the appearance of a great tree-trunk hung all over with branches and fronds and tendrils. At least three mages dispute this, however, saying that his limbs are not so many. The Lord Ge'én brings with him a cloud of darkness, miasma, and fear, as said above, and there is no dispelling this so long as he is present. The head of this Demon is flat and oval, like the shell of the Hasunál [a mollusc now found along the southern coasts of Tsolyánu; modern Tsolyáni /hasún/]. The opening of the mouth is horizontal across the width of this head, and there is no nose. The forehead, if such it can be termed, slopes directly back. Above the mouth there are the eyes, great whitish-grey patches containing many tiny pearly facets. Some speak of four eyes, while others attest only to two. Mighty Ge'én moves not from the place to which he is summoned, but his column-like torso is extensible and flexible, and his limbs can be stretched out far to bring edibles within his capacious maw. His colouring is black, with shadowings of blue, and splotches of noxious brown and fungoid ochre here and there. His head is uniformly of a dun colour, save for the eyes, and there are no lips.

Lord Ge'én has numerous powers. The evocator must phrase his speech cautiously before this Lord, for the horrid and insensate fear with which one is seized in his presence may tend to unman even a puissant seer, much less a minor person. The results of misspeech are unhappy. Lord Ge'én is quick to seize upon weakness or vacillation.

This great Lord possesses particularly the abilities of Rendering [reducing a victim to a dry and desiccated shell, removing all of the bodily fluids and fat], Sundering [tearing a victim into many little bits], Consuming [swallowing up whatever is offered to him and ingesting the souls of the victims into his person, where they are lost forever], Decorporealisation [altering matter to a cloud of gaseous particles], and Transportation [removing persons and objects who are protected against him to some other location].

Mighty Ge'én is thus a fearsome ally and a dreaded foe, for his consumption is limitless. Once evoked and directed, he proceeds to feast upon all matter which has not been specifically forbidden him by the evocator's spells. Thus, in the History of Pantínu the Poet [a popular Engsvanyáli legend] it is recorded that the palace of King Homunéndu [one of the minor satraps of the Engsvanyáli Priestkings; his capital was possibly in modern Pecháno] was ingested in its entirety because the evocator (who also became part of the ingestion) had failed to set the wards upon Ge'én's omnivorous nature.

It is also common to find evocators calling upon Ge'én when they wish transportation to some other Plane or location. But Lord Ge'én is somewhat whimsical, and without exact specification he may choose to carry the evocator off to some undesired designation. Thus, in the History of Pantínu the Poet, it is reported that one Prince Vegés [possibly "Vepés," the manuscript being unclear] required Lord Ge'én to take him to the topmost tower of his father's citadel. This was done, but the Demon Lord deposited the Prince and the wizard who served him precisely upon the "topmost" of the tower—a slender pole erected there for the display of a banner. The Prince managed to cling to the pole and clamber down, but the elderly wizard lost his grip and fell to his demise.

Nevertheless, Lord Ge'én is counted as one of the more honourable of the Demon Lords. If properly summoned and addressed, he will generally obey the commands of the evocator, unless these conflict with his basic philosophy. He is not entirely faithful, but he usually carries out tasks pleasing to him with alacrity and exactitude. If anything, he is somewhat enthusiastic. He will utilise loopholes in the evocator's phraseology to consume more than was required of him, and for this reason is he termed "The Eater of All." He is not a difficult bargainer, and his sole demands are for matter to consume, preferably living. He does not disdain inanimate objects, however, as any number of sages ruefully attest.

EVOCATION: Mighty Prince Ge'én can be called forth by any person of sufficient knowledge and ability. No one who is of less than the Fifteenth Circle of Knowledge [an Engsvanyáli rank approximately equivalent to the Sixteenth or Seventeenth Circle of one of the modern Tsolyáni priestly hierarchies] should contemplate his evocation, and even persons above the Twentieth Circle have been known to suffer decorporealisation. The primary requirement is, of course, the establishment of proper wards. One should first purify oneself with the ceremonies taught in the temple schools; then one should fast for a full week, eating only Ngásh-fruit [possibly modern Tsolyáni /tsévu/, a bitter little fruit much used in magical invocations because of its association with both Lord Ksárul and Lord Thúmis] and drinking water untouched by a person of no spiritual power [?]. Before the evocation the body should be emptied of all wastes and fluids, and the evocator should concentrate upon the Exercises of the Heart's Intent [a set of rituals designed to improved the focus of the mind; these are still in use today in modified form]. Then the evocator will be prepared.

Let the place of the summoning be chosen with care in view of the great stature of this Demon Lord. The ground shall be level and unobstructed by irregularities. Any liquid or dampness may endanger the evocator since Lord Ge'én may utilise this to travel through the soil to emerge within the evocator's diagrammes of protection with unpleasing results. The ground shall then be brushed clean and prepared for the coming of the mighty one.

The evocator then will prepare a circle upon the earth. It must be of a maximum diametre of six cubits and a minimum of two. It shall be drawn in the white ashes taken from a hot fire of pure Vrés-wood. Within this circle the Symbol of the Rising Planet shall be made in the same substance, and within this in turn the name of Tsu'úntlà [otherwise unknown] shall be written in red chalk. Within the outer circle the evocator shall erect a small pedestal of any excellent wood or stone, and upon this let him place a box of black Tíu-wood, a round censer [called a /mifár/ in modern Tsolyáni: a hollow metal ball within which incense is burned], and a dagger of iron which has never tasted blood. A taper of purest wax shall be erected also upon this pedestal.

The evocator shall begin by walking around the circumference of the circle, just within it. At each step he shall release one drop of blood to fall upon the earth from a wound which he must make himself in his own finger or wrist. Not more. Thereafter he shall replace his dagger in his belt and think upon it no more [?]. He now shall begin the litany:

“Circle the sphere, transform the circle to ellipse, raise the Wall!
Turn the ellipse to never-ending strip [?] and Reach Beyond!
Raise the dark, release the boundaries of matter, bring forth the night!
Open the Way! Open the Way! Let there be a Way!”

Then the evocator shall step out of the circle at the northern cardinal point, and he shall face the north, carefully measured, and he shall recite:

“Ge’én! Ge’én! Ge’én! Lord of those who serve!
You are summoned! You are called! You are brought forth!
Arise from your throne and manifest your glory unto me!
I call you by the Secret Names of Renélu, of Ettukés, of Mezhu’úna!
I conjure you by the boundary walls of the Secret Land of Qélem!
I demand your presence and call up your being!”

The same speech shall be made at each of the other cardinal points, going counter-clockwise from the north. At this time begins the creeping foreboding of fear, the apprehension of gloom which has been spoken of heretofore. The evocator must guard against this in every way, channeling his mind to see only through his eyes and not hear the trepidations of his heart. The room will darken and flicker. The stench of rot and putrefaction will increase. The walls of the room will dim and disappear into unseeable and distorted spaces.

And then there shall be Lord Ge’én.

The evocator must now say to the Demon Lord:

“I have summoned you, I have called you, I have conjured you;
I have bound you within this Plane; I have sealed the walls and the doors;
I have closed the ways; I have stopped up the earth and the air and the water;
I have held you; I have surrounded you; I have encompassed you.”

Then will mighty Ge’én reply. At first he will demand release and freedom. Then he will rant and roar and threaten, his voice like the winds and the collapsing of mountains. The evocator must stand firm through this, even though whole seas of terror wash over his heart. At length mighty Ge’én will hearken to the evocator and will be open to discourse. Addressing him always as “Great Demon Lord” [these words are in Llyáni] the evocator shall lay out his purposes and shall at the same time state what rewards will accrue to the Demon Lord. There is no sacrifice as such, but the evocator shall indicate precisely what object or being may be consumed in exchange for the mighty one’s services. These objects or persons must be outside of the circle; never within it! The great mages of the past, it is written, often tethered several slaves, large beasts, or other delectables in a convenient location to the west of the circle [the Demon’s favourite direction, apparently?]. Mighty Ge’én will devour these in less than a bite, and he is then more tractable to discussion. Once the bargain is made, it is sealed as follows: the evocator shall again cut his finger or his wrist with an iron knife, and he shall drop at least three (and no more than five) drops of his own heart’s blood before the Demon Lord. He shall cry, “I agree! You agree! The mighty ones of the Dark have heard us both!” Then he shall release the Demon Lord to the performance of his tasks through a recitation of the following stanza from the [Llyáni] “Pæan of Irshúketl the Shackler”:

“Forth to the world! From out of the Dark,
Toward the light, the air, the substance of All!
There to see, there to do, there to be
Until the All-Lord shall draw you back once again!”

Then shall mighty Ge’én depart to perform the tasks upon which he has made his compact. His going occasions another wave of horror and fear. Even more disquieting is his reappearance in what seems but the single beat of a heart; his doing takes no time in our temporal terms. He manifests himself once more, and the shock of his coming strikes a blow like a red-hot iron upon the soul of even the staunchest evocator. Then will the Demon Lord demand more to consume, raving and bellowing (although none will hear this but the evocator), and he will demand even a greater reward. But on NO account shall the evocator agree! He must stand firm in spite of a veritable flood of dread within his breast. At length the Demon will quiet. The evocator will then pronounce the formula of departing:

“Without! Beyond! Away! Off! Depart!
A going which is seen by Mennuké the Watcher [?],
A safe going for those who remain yet here behind!
An arrival in the Land of Qélem, a coming out into Bushú’aru [?];

The lands of the West shall not see; the lands of the East shall be tranquil;
The lands of the North shall be at peace; the lands of the South shall rest!
The eating of the world shall cease; the devouring of the fabric shall stop!
Go forth, go forth, go forth! I conjure you by the All-Lord!"

Thus it shall be said. Mighty Ge'én will dwindle down, and as surely as the bursting of a bubble he will be gone. The stench and the flickering of the air will continue for yet a time, and when these manifestations are done the evocator may emerge from the rituals. He must then erase all, clean the blood from the earth, and leave no trace behind of the doing of this thing.

I add that there are those who would call upon mighty Ge'én without benefit of the circle of protection and the other wards described above. These are mighty wizards, perhaps, or more likely they are fools who court the permanent death of nonbeing as a part of the ingestion of mighty Lord Ge'én. One of these persons is the sorcerer Turshánmü, and to him do I here address a special plea to desist from this perilous practice! The accidental release of this Demon Lord into this Plane would leave all of the fabric of this and other Planes of Being open before his ravaging hunger. Who would risk so much for such a little reward as one's own life and ambitious purposes? Oh, it is written that there are the Great Ones, the mighty Gods, who would deny Lord Ge'én from his eating, even were a calamity to occur, but who can say with certainty what the purposes of the Gods might be? No, the possibility of a catastrophe lies well within the realm of being, and the results would be of such a terrible and irretrievable nature as to defy comprehension. The author of this humble scroll thus pleads with the sage Turshánmü and certain others of his colleagues to desist from this adventure in the Names of all whom they hold dear ...!



The Diagramme of the Rising Up of the Dead. This is shown here in black, although it should be drawn in white chalk upon a darker coloured stone floor.

TKÉL

The Guardian of the Gates of Flame



Various of the Demon Lords possess powers which are particular unto themselves and which are unparalleled amongst the other Demons. Such is Lord Tkél, the ruler of the Eleventh Circle, Guardian of the Gates of Flame, Supreme One of Doors, Warder of the Walls and the Pylons and the Portals, He who seals with Fire. As his glyph reveals, he is of the essence of Lord Vimúhla and of His Cohort, Lord Chiténg. Yet he also serves those of other faiths who require his talents of Sealing and Barring,

and who have the knowledge of the rites of his summoning. There are two of the Dark Lords whom he will not serve, however, and these are the Lords Sáрку and Hrü'ú; should those who are devoted to these Deities summon him, he will smite them mightily and consign their bodies to the Flame. Lord Tkél is also master of many races of minor Demons and beings who do obeisance unto him; prominent amongst these are the Hrè-Nirfu, which are like flat sheets of fire flowing along the ground, eager to consume those whom Lord Tkél may indicate.

In form, this Demon Lord is remarkable. Upon those occasions when I have myself witnessed him, he has borne the shape of a four-legged being, his two front legs much longer than his rearmost ones. His forelimbs are slender and widely bowed, and his back legs are short and thick and also bowed as a Chmé-tree. He thus seems to crouch upon the earth, looking as if to spring. His great head is triangular in form, with large, lambent eyes above a three-cornered mouth filled with crystalline fangs. There are sharp, up-pointing ears (if indeed these organs be for auditory purposes), and behind these he possesses two rigid, up-curving limbs which end in spikes and protuberances like the antennae of certain insects. Lord Tkél is of the colours of the Flame: deep red, orange, yellow, smoke-black, and grey. His stench is that of smouldered flesh and burned hair, and when he moves there is a sound like the crashing of brass and a hissing and a roaring, as when water is poured upon a red-hot stone. This Demon Lord is fearsome, and one must deal with him gently and humbly, for his nature is not affable but contumacious and irascible.

The greatest power which this Lord possesses is that of Barring [obstructing an exit or entrance so that nothing physical or immaterial may pass]. Allied to this is his talent of Sealing [so closing an aperture that no person and no thing may open it again until the proper rites are performed]. Should one transgress against Lord Tkél, or attempt to penetrate an orifice barred by him, then it is his prerogative to exercise his power of Contusing [bruising or pounding a victim until all of his substances are mingled into one] or of Dissection [segmenting a victim into numerous parts and scattering these throughout the many worlds].

Once Lord Tkél has been invoked, the evocator must instruct him precisely as to those orifices and apertures to be barred or sealed. The Demon must also be clearly informed as to what shall be permitted to enter or exit through these places, and he must be told the duration of the enchantment and the conditions under which it may be abrogated. Then he will state his offer for this doing, and a bargain shall be struck. Lord Tkél will be found invariably faithful. The priests of Lord Vimúhla, for example, guard their temples with his services, and they even gird their altars with his protections against certain Demons of the Flame, lest these be freed to wreak conflagration and destruction in this Plane. Kings and princes also employ him to protect their palaces and treasures, although this is at times difficult in view of the many paths into an edifice which an intruder might take. Lord Tkél must be made specifically responsible for each aperture in a place, no matter how large or how small, in order for him to guard it.

As a matter of record, there is the instance of the wizard Nná of ancient Cháimu [this sage may be the wise Nó'ish of Mu'uglavýáni legend, but the city is unknown today]. He was employed by the Autocrator of Dè-Virunén [unknown] to find an entrance into the Citadel of Torentiné, which was ruled by King Ha'ulés [unidentified]. The latter had vowed three provinces and an island dense with forests to Lord Tkél, if he would guard his fortress against the forces of the Autocrator. The Demon thus stood sentinel over every door, window, gateway, portico, gallery, postern, portal, ventilation tunnel, sewer, drainage pipe, and other aperture which the sages of Kind Ha'ulés could discover. The Autocrator, in turn, offered Nná six chests of emeralds, together with six virgin sisters, whom the latter required for a certain incantation irrelevant to this story.

For five years Nná strove against the powers of Lord Tkél. He sent fire-giants; he dispatched battalions of the Undead; he caused huge stones to be thrown against the walls; he employed others of Lord Sárku's minions to dig secret chambers beneath the towers, which were then to be filled with flammables and collapsed; he assaulted the rooves and turrets with burning stone which could not be extinguished; he set such illusions and phantasms against the place as to frighten the very fabric of Time itself. All of these things he did, and all were repulsed by Lord Tkél. The fire-giants were hurled from the battlements, all contused and segmented into appropriate small parts; the Undead clawed and raved at the walls but were similarly sent back to their dark Master in fragments; the stones from the catapults rebounded and fell amidst the Autocrator's soldiery to their own dismay; the miners were foiled by bubbling molten stone which Lord Tkél transferred from his own Plane to this one—this substance congealed within the sappers' tunnels and made the foundations of the Citadel even more secure than before; the burning rocks flung against the roofs were similarly set at naught and slid away into the moats below without doing damage. Only the illusions created discomfort, and Lord Tkél generously exceeded his original bargain and created a screen which allowed the sunlight to penetrate but which halted the phantasms entirely.

Thus it went. The wizard Nná was at his wits' end—and very nearly at a rope's end, for the Autocrator was neither chivalrous nor gracious in his bearing. It was in the sixth year that a familiar of the wizard's came to him and enjoined a new stratagem: the Demon Lord Héssa, master of the Nineteenth Circle, who is titled "the Little One," was summoned and requested to utilise his talents of Diminution, Incursion, and Penetration. This was done, upon promise of payment contingent upon victory. First Lord Héssa reduced himself to the size of Drí-ant, and in this form he searched until he came upon one crevice in a wall of a subterranean drainage pipe—one which Lord Tkél had not been specifically required to guard. This he penetrated, and after much seeking he came into the chamber of Lord Ha'ulés, who lay asleep. Lord Héssa shrank himself even smaller and entered into the ear of the sleeping monarch, swam through the chambers of the head, and entered into the brain. Once there, he expanded to his full size. There was a satisfactory pop, and the holding of Lord Tkél came to an end, for his compact was with King Ha'ulés and not with those who dwelt in the Citadel. The obstructions were removed, and the troops of the Autocrator entered the Citadel forthwith and subjected it to pillage, rapine, and other impairments such as had not been known since the Time of Darkness. It may be added that the Demon Héssa came thereafter to demand his payment, and what he required was the six virgin sisters promised to the wizard Nná. This so enraged the mage that he spoke angry words, and Héssa politely offered him the same fate which had been visited upon King Ha'ulés. Affrighted, the wizard quickly caused a seamless chamber of stone to be constructed within the bowels of a mountain, and there he retired, guarded again by Lord Tkél, who received in return all of the wizard's worldly goods. There, it is said, the mage lived out the remainder of his life far from the haunts of men, surrounded by darkness and the silence of impenetrable stone.

Lord Tkél is popular with those who require protection, privacy, and the certainty of performance found only rarely amongst the Demons. He is an easy and sensible being, though quick to intemperance. If one states one's purposes succinctly, however, then all will be well. The compensation which he demands is that of fire: his favourite sustenance is the molten heart of a world, but he normally will settle for less. He accepts the conflagration of cities, the burning of fields and villages, the combustion of forests, or whatever other great calefaction can be provided him. He cares little for what is burnt in the blaze—souls, wealth, objects, and goods interest him not at all. The more he is asked to guard, the more he will demand in payment. He will make his terms known to the evocator, and there may be dickering and chaffering until a settlement is reached, unless Lord Tkél becomes disaffected. Then he will depart—or perhaps slay the evocator out of hand. This is fortunately rare.

EVOCATION: The calling of Lord Tkél is simplicity itself for an experienced mage. One must prepare a chamber which is round and not square or rectangular. Seals of clay must be placed upon all of the doors, and the windows, if any, must be similarly shuttered and sealed. Then a fire of Behésha-wood [modern Livyáni Véezhb] shall be lit. This burns slowly and brightly without smoke. This blaze shall be in the centre of the chamber, and around it let the diagramme of the Station of Kelúo [cf. above under the section dealing with Lord Jnéksha'a] be made. Upon one otherwise blank wall of the chamber, let the evocator sketch the shape of a door, using a paint of red ochre mixed with his own blood. This shall be shown as being open. In the midst of the aperture of this portal let the evocator inscribe the symbol of Lord Tkél with a stick of black charcoal. It is best if this image of a door be in the northern wall, but this is not a firm requirement.

When all is in readiness, the evocator shall remove all of his garments and daub himself from head to foot with the solution of red ochre and blood, for this colouration is exceedingly pleasing to the demon Lord. Then he must

take up a brand from the fire in his right hand, and in his left shall he hold up a small ball of dampened, malleable clay. He must face the door painted upon the wall and recite [in Llyáni]:

“Otuléngba, Guardian of Doors
Otuléngba, Sealer of Gates!
Otuléngba, Closer of Ways!

Come forth unto me, by the Flame!
Consume not my body, by the Flame!
Covet not my substance, by the Flame!

Behold those places which I cause to be seen!
Bind up those entrances which I cause to be bound!
Bolt for me those portals, as now I do conjure you!”

Then will Lord Tkél manifest himself through the door painted upon the wall. He will approach the evocator and the fire, but his form will be insubstantial, and the evocator shall be unburned and feel little heat—saving that his spirit be weak and he allow it to occur. Lord Tkél will stride about the chamber roughly, peering this way and that, seeming to test the sealings upon the doors and other orifices. At last he will come to stand before the painted door, and he will speak in a voice which is like that of a green log thrown into a raging blaze. He will demand by what authority he has been summoned. The evocator must reply, “By the Unendurable Refulgence!” Then Lord Tkél will inquire the reason for his being evoked. The evocator must reply, “It is as Lord Chiténg had decreed when the sun-fires were not yet born and the Egg of Time was whole!” Then the Demon Lord will cry, “Serve me!” This is the most perilous moment, for the evocator will perceive a vast yearning to surrender himself, to immolate himself, and to become one with the Flame. Should he give heart to this emotion for even a moment, then all will be lost. Instead, he must concentrate upon water and dampness and darkness and the cold. He dare not let his body require warmth. If he can pass this test, then the way will be clear. He shall respond, “I serve you not. I am Mrittulésu!” [the meaning of this is unknown.]

Thereafter Lord Tkél will cease his pacing and will be at peace for the nonce. Now it is that the evocator shall utter his demands and list those rewards which the Demon Lord shall acquire through the fulfilling of them. Lord Tkél will reply shortly and angrily, and he may seem to reject the offer. But the evocator must not lose heart, and he must persevere, volunteering no more than he had originally promised. The Demon will disagree or agree. If the latter, then the evocator may pronounce the formula of dismissal at once, and all will be well. If the former, then the evocator may offer more, saying at the same time, “I bind you further by your Secret Name of Shrejjárshu Who is Impervious!” Then will the Demon hearken unto the evocator again. If no agreement be reached even after three such attempts, then it is best to dismiss Lord Tkél and end the procedure, for the Demon Lord’s impatience and anger will grow each time he is thus approached.

When the contract has been made, or when it is clear that no bargain can be made, then the formula of dismissal is required. The evocator must stretch forth both his arms, and he shall let the burning brand fall upon the floor. He shall recite—or better sing, using the fifth of the Musical Modes of Nettúkires—the following:

“Otuléngba, He of Walls!
Otuléngba, Strength of Portals!
Otuléngba, Barrier of Searing Flame!

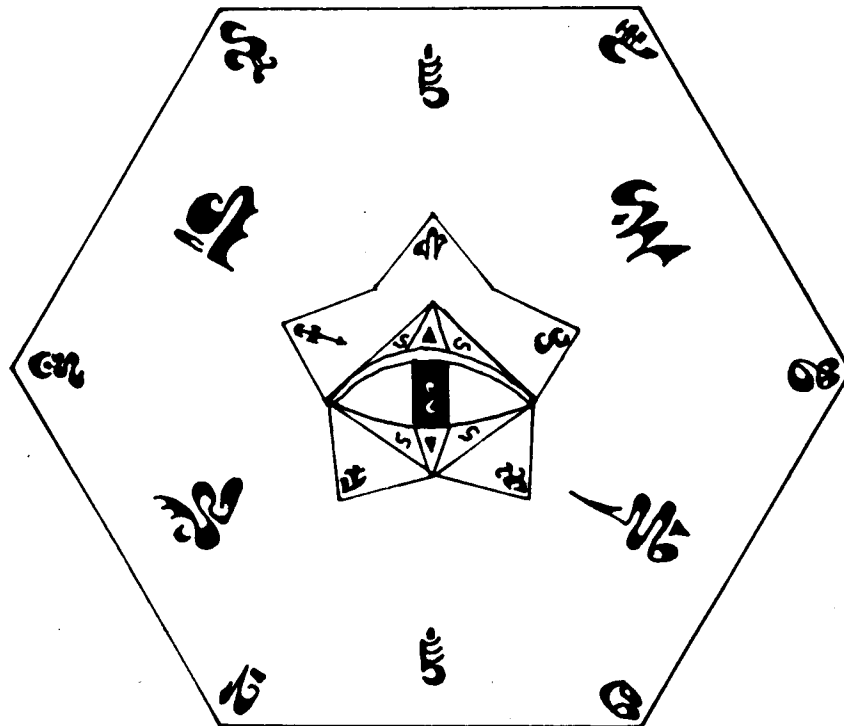
Let the blaze now die down!
Let the seals now melt away!
Let the drifting smoke carry away the prey of this Lord!”

Thereupon the Demon will appear even more insubstantial, wavering like a scene viewed through the flames of an open fire. He will retreat to that door which is painted upon the wall, and there he will pause, look about, and breathe out scorching heat. This cannot harm the evocator if only he does not allow himself to believe in its peril. Then will Lord Tkél attempt to make a further bargain: he may promise wealth and riches, the love of maidens and familiars, the glory of power and of victory. But these things are not within his province to give, and the evocator must deny him. The Demon Lord will request freedom upon this Plane and the right to enjoy further conflagrations. He may scatter great red gems upon the floor and entreat the evocator to take them and be amongst those of great riches. But these gems are false, and if the evocator were to touch one, he would be burnt entire, and his spirit would be joined

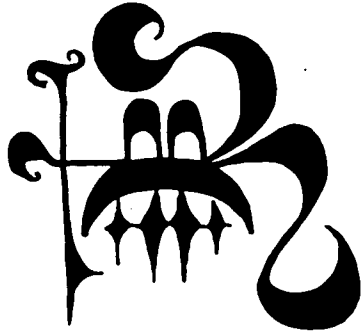
into Lord Tkél's terrible sustenance. No, the evocator must not allow himself to be tempted, and he shall recite the third stanza of the formula of dismissal:

“Victory of the Unendurable Flame!
Vindication for the scintillating spark!
Vigilance and Watchfulness and a Bulwark in your going, O Lord!”

The demon will then depart through the doorway. As he does so, the evocator shall leave his station speedily and apply the ball of moist clay to the painted door as a seal. Then he shall use a signet-ring, the stone of his own magical insignia, or his thumb to bind up the sealing completely, pressing one of these upon the clay. There is now no danger from the returning of Lord Tkél, and the evocator may remove the clay seals from the door and windows of the chamber. Let him then bathe himself in pure water, attire himself as is his custom, and go upon his affairs, Lord Tkél will observe the conditions of the bargain without cessation until its term has expired, or as has been directed to him by the evocator.



The Circle of Diodásü and the Station of Kelúo, as provided in the Engsvanyáli recension. Modern mages consider the extra lines around the “eye” in the centre of the Station of Kelúo to be superfluous. There are also minor differences in the protective glyphs. Cf. pp. 44–5.



MARÁSSU

The Ever-Nearing Pursuer

Now I shall speak of a Demon Lord who is of especial utility to those who walk the twisted paths of sorcery. This is Lord Marássu, the Ever-Nearing Pursuer, Master of the Fourteenth Circle, He Who Dwells in the Unending Grey, Singer of Silences, the One Who Does Not Turn His Face. As his glyph demonstrates, he is allied to Lord Hrí'ú and to His Cohort, Lord Wurú. Mighty Lord Marássu also obeys the summons of those who serve Lord Ksárul and His Cohort, Lord Grugánu, but he

responds not at all to those who serve the other Gods. As it is said in the Scroll of Inimical Sendings, Lord Marássu despises all things of the light and the air, and even the smoky fires of Lord Vimúhla are an offense to him. Here we may safely ignore the rantings of the enchantress Wiyunób of Tsámra, who claims that Lord Marássu does indeed hearken to the votaries of certain of the Lords of Stability, particularly Lord Thúmis and His Cohort, Lord Keténgku. Such a thing is not to be countenanced!

None has ever seen Lord Marássu in his own form. To do so, it is asserted, is to die and to pass not on to the Isles of the Excellent Dead, but rather into that never-ending limbo wherein no being can know another, the Land of the Unending Grey. Indeed, in order to come unto Lord Marássu, the evocator himself must journey thither to seek him, and there are few who can brave the loneliness, the lingering dread, and the alienation from all of the things of this Plane of light and colour long enough to perform this pilgrimage. It is written that many have sought this Demon Lord, and many have gone forth. But so few have returned that one may recite their names upon the fingers of a hand. Lord Marássu is mighty, and what he bestows is of inestimable value; yet are the rewards worth the price?

The powers of Lord Marássu are not numerous, but they possess great potency and portent. He is talented in Inculcation [the imparting of secret wisdom related to the Many Worlds and the denizens and doings thereof], Elicitation [discovering the whereabouts of some person or object concealed upon this or any Plane], Pursuing [following after a being relentlessly until apprehension is achieved], and Desiccation [removing all moisture from any object or person so that naught remains but a crumbled shell]. Lord Marássu's aid is thus of supreme worth to scholars, necromancers, mages and savants, for his are the secrets of the Many Worlds, and these does he impart for an appropriate consideration. His most favoured sustenance is the soul of a person or sapient being, and from human petitioners he requires a minimum of fourteen male sacrifices. These should not be devotees of the Gods whom Lord Marássu serves, but otherwise he lays no stringent conditions. The disposition and proclivities of Lord Marássu may be seen through an illustrative anecdote. This is the story of O'úùn, the chief enchantress of the Sealed City [possibly Dlásh in southern Livyánu, which remains closed to outsiders even to this day]. It is recorded that once she was employed by her patron to seek out a certain Sapphire Gem belonging to the Shén Overlord of Nù Peshétl [a city not now identifiable]. Having obtained the fourteen male sacrifices required, she descended bravely enough into the Wastelands of the Despairing Dead, thence into the Land Below the World, past the cloud-high Walls of Qurundélnu, into the Land of the Unending Grey. There she confronted Lord Marássu and offered unto him the souls of the sacrifices. He was refreshed thereby, and through his talent of Elicitation he informed her of the hiding place of the Sapphire Gem. More, however, the Demon Lord did, for reasons entirely of his own: of his own choosing he added the Inculcation of the powerful art of arousing men to sensuous desire. This greatly delighted the enchantress, for she was not good to look upon in her own person, and for many years she had had to make do with familiars, helpless slaves, and such other expedients as she could find.

Upon her return to this Plane, O'úùn was able to provide her patron with the Sapphire Gem. In addition, she employed her new art, and within a little time her patron was ensnared totally and was compelled to serve her as the slave of her pleasures. Soon she was the ruler of the city, not he. For a period this satisfied her, and she dwelt in that city as its mistress and dallied there with whomsoever she chose.

At length the enchantress became surfeited with her life of sensuality, and no variation or deviation could give her novel entertainments. Mindful of the further knowledge which she might acquire, she determined to seek Lord Marássu once again. Provided with the fourteen male sacrifices, she wended her way down into the perilous lands

which underlie this Plane of ours, and, being skilled and fortunate, she entered into Lord Marássu's presence. He received her amicably and at her request provided her with the knowledge of spells of Commanding, Communing, and other diverse arts.

Then Lady O'úùn—for now she so styled herself—returned to the world above and constructed there a splendid edifice. This she stocked with youths of such chivalrous beauty as had never been seen until that time in all the world. She caused herself to be taken as a demigoddess by several lesser races and presided over her own worship in temples which were built to her exacting specification. Her spells of Commanding she utilised to create armies, and these brought back loot and slaves and pillage from all of the lands nearby. She employed her spells of Communing and was then in daily contact with numerous minor spirits and Demons, who brought her gifts and informed her of all that transpired within their spheres.

Even so, she found herself pensive and disconsolate. A third time, then, she had appropriate slaves brought to her, and upon the performance of the incantations, she found herself once again in the presence of Lord Marássu. He received her pleasantly enough and inquired what her current request might be. She replied that she had dwelt too long with a succession of male concubines of no status or dignity, and now she coveted a truly noble consort who would be devoted to her repugnant person, and who would rule beside her upon her throne. Lord Marássu then indicated one of her fourteen male sacrifices and said, "This is the man. Know that he is a great prince in his own land, and he is here as a slave only through the hostile acts of certain of his foes. He is the only one in all of the Planes who may make you the consort you seek."

All unthinking, the enchantress commanded this youth to stand aside from the other victims, and this he gladly did. She then went on to demand the powers of living forever, of travelling between the Planes at will, and several other skills. Lord Marássu cheerfully assented to all of these, and the enchantress then took her dagger and cut the jaw-veins [jugular veins] of all of the victims save the putative prince. When there were none else left, she faltered. Turning to Lord Marássu, she said, "Mighty one, you yourself have set aside this one for me. When I return to the lands above I shall send you a thousand in his place." The Demon Lord made no answer and only bowed his shrouded head, for it is not his to suggest the weaving of another's Skein of Destiny. The Lady O'úùn turned to depart.

"The bargain is ever for fourteen," the Demon Lord whispered, and he stretched out his long, terrible arms which no man has seen without garments, and he seized her. Thus was she cast away into the Unending Grey, where all of her pleas and cries went unheard, and she was condemned to wander in that soul-affrighting emptiness forever. As for the prince, if he were so in truth, it is not written whether he was released or whether he was accepted by Lord Marássu as sustenance; in any case, he was not missed, and none came to O'úùn's land to inquire after him. All of the palaces, slaves, chattel, and other items pertaining to the sorceress were at length confiscated by the sect of the Blasphemous Accelerators, who came to power and held forth upon the lands for a time, before they, also, went their separate ways down into the Land Below the World.

EVOCATION: The invocant must first fast for a week, taking no food nor water at all, save for a little, while the moon Káshi is in the sky. Then he must cleanse himself of all the appurtenances of life: clothing, jewellery, amulets, talismans, and even the nosering which distinguishes those of noble birth from those who are of no account. Then shall he perform the Litany of the Absolution from the Taints of Life, and he shall repair to a secret chamber or to an unknown place within a forest or wasteland. To that spot he shall cause the fourteen male sacrifices to be brought also, their arms bound and their feet hobbled, and with opaque masks upon their faces so that they may not become too terrified of the sights which they would otherwise witness. These victims shall all be tethered in a line, the eldest first, then the next in age, and so forth to the youngest, and all shall have one of the spells of Commanding laid upon them so that they do not resist or falter upon the path.

The invocant shall now inscribe the glyph of Lord Marássu upon the earth, using a stick of new charcoal. Then with a solution of grey ash mingled with the spinal fluids of men and women the evocator shall write the Six Secret Names of this Demon, three above his glyph and three below it. These may be written in whatever the evocator chooses, but know that Llyáni is the most efficacious. These Names of power are: Hnutiché, Guruséhlqa, Fazguór, Audendé, Balúm, and Ngí. The sacrificial victims shall then be made to stand to the south of this glyph and Names, held by a tether in the evocator's left hand. The evocator himself shall advance to the glyph of Lord Marássu, stand directly upon it, and recite:

"O, One Who Walks Beyond the World,
Without colour, without substance, without being!
O, One Who Is Solitary Beyond Solitude, Alone Beyond Loneliness,

Without a companion, without a voice, without a perception of life!
I go down into that place where all is choked with dust;
I go down into that place where water does not flow, where the leaves are sere;
I go down into that place where none walk save the unutterably forlorn!
Yet I shall approach unto Lord Marássu, and none shall hinder me;
My feet shall not be astray upon the roadway
My eyes shall not behold those sights which would wrest away my senses;
My ears shall not heed the entreaties and the hopeless cries;
Yea, I shall return entire unto this place of light and being!"

Slowly the glyph of the Demon Lord shall sink down into the earth, bearing the evocator with it and with the sacrifices drawn reluctantly along after. How this occurs is not known, nor can it be said what distance it travels or by what mysterious routes. At length, however, it shall come to rest in the Wasteland of the Despairing Dead. On all sides reside those who had perished of yore, ancient and pitiful and weary beyond weariness of the ennui of endless death. These are not those who go forth unto the Isles of the Excellent Dead, nor are they those shades who pass on into the Paradises of Teretané, nor are they even those who serve the purposes—dreadful though they be—of mighty Sárku, Lord of Worms. No, these accursed and bereaved souls are those who have so offended the almighty Gods that they have been condemned to this Plane of punishments. Here there is neither food nor drink, neither rest nor sleep, neither joy nor pleasure. No surcease is there to the tedium of death, nor is there further hope of a better hereafter. The evocator shall not look upon these wretched souls but must pass on.

Beyond this place stand the Pylons of the Barrier Gods. Tall as mountains, black as ebon, cruel as Lord Sárku's Angel of Death, thus they stand upon an illimitable plain of bitter grey stones. To each of these in turn must the evocator advance, and when he stands before the portal of each pylon he must cry, "I know you in the Secret Name of Ti-Komúù!" The Barrier Gods shall avert their terrible countenances and shall stand aside. The evocator must then press on without looking back. [At this point the manuscript bears many marginal notes in Engsvanyáli and Tsolyáni, and these deal with the details of the Barrier Gods, the Pylons, and the rites to be performed at each place. These are too lengthy to be adduced in their entirety here, and they are also likely to be replete with errors.]

Once beyond the last of the great Pylons, the evocator shall perceive a drear and unprepossessing road which leads onward through a wasteland barren of all life. Here and there loom tall monoliths of granite and basalt all eroded by the winds that blow from nowhere. There are also many temptations set out by the Demons which dwell in these parts; these are oftentimes beautiful and elegant, full of enticements and delights: young maidens and youths, repasts of delectable viands, assemblages of strange and winning beasts and sapient, towers draped in chains of gold and precious stones, and a multitude of alluring scenes. The evocator shall not notice these seductions. Though he be parched with thirst he must not go to taste the limpid waters shown to him. Though he behold his own heart's delight amidst the revellers, yet he must not leave the way to join her! Then the Demons may display other phantasms more dolorous: spectacles of agony and torment which cry out for pity, palaces riven and peoples massacred, the kinsmen of the evocator hung high upon spiky wheels, and misshapen and disgusting beings of many forms who will cry and threaten and make obscene gestures. Though his heart rend with sorrow, yet the evocator shall not abandon the road in order to aid those whom he sees. Though he quake with dread, he must not halt or give any sign that he has heard the invective of the Demon hordes. All of these things are but seemings and imaginings, and the demons of the Land Below the World set them as snares for the foolish and the unwary.

Upon the horizon, then shall appear the ponderous Walls of Qurundélnu, vast and soaring, turreted and towered, with high-flying banners the devices of which no many can descry. These shall be passed by on the left hand, and upon the right shall the invocant see the beginning of the Unending Grey: a region where all sensible objects fade away and become as insubstantial as glass, like the lineaments of a half-finished painting. It is thither that the evocator must direct his steps.

At first there will still be some semblance of matter, as though one stumbles through a mist, then a fog, and then a dense blanket of greyness. Soon the ground is gone, the sky no more, no stones or trees or hillocks along the path. It is as though one walked in the midst of the air, with no knowledge of up or down, nor of any foundation beneath one's feet. A silence there is, greater than any silence, and an oppression and a sense of utter and unbearable solitude—the loneliness of the soul which has never known another being. No one can say how long or how far one must journey through the Unending Grey. There are no guideposts, no landmarks, no boundaries. One can only trust in the excellence of the incantation, which must invariably bring the evocator at last into the presence of Lord Marássu, who dwells in that direful and haunted land.

Out of the Unending Grey the shape of Lord Marássu will loom like a craggy headland above a mist-driven sea. He is mightily tall, thin, and gaunt, yet no lineament of his can be seen with clarity. He is hooded, and his face—if indeed he possesses a face—is ever shrouded and dark. His hands, if hands he has, are concealed beneath the cerements of his garments, and none can assert that he is indeed a man or perhaps something other. He is fearsome, and every breast will know a foreboding and a dread upon encountering him like unto that when a man is confronted of a sudden with the face of one whom he has long known to be dead. Here in the Unending Grey there is no knowing, no recognising of familiar realities, no objects upon which the evocator may lay his hand and say, “These are things which I can understand.” Lord Marássu alone stands before the seeker in the realm of the Unending Grey, and encountering him is a thing which gives no solace.

Lord Marássu is ever courteous. His voice, if it be a voice, is as smooth and colourless as the grey in which he wanders. He will inquire gently into the evocator’s coming, and the later shall reply, “I am here by the power vested in the Binding of Lord Wurú.” Then Lord Marássu will ask, “How, then, of the Pylons and the Barrier Gods?” The evocator shall answer, “I came by the Secret Name of Tì-Komúù, and none could say me nay.” Then the Demon Lord will say, “Whom seek you?” It shall be replied unto him: “I seek the Ever-Nearing Pursuer.” Then will Lord Marássu exult in a voice like the coldest depths of the unfathomed sea: “I am he, and your doom is upon you!” The evocator shall not lose heart and shall rejoin, “Not mine, O Lord, but that of those whom I offer to you!” Then the evocator shall indicate the fourteen male sacrifices which he has with him.

Now Lord Marássu will inquire, “What seek you of me?” The evocator shall state his purposes, and the Demon Lord will listen and may of himself ask for details and add further ramifications of his own, sometimes to the benefit of the evocator and at times secretly to the contrary. The bargain shall then be struck, and the evocator shall cry, “I know you by your Secret Names.” He shall recite these in turn, as given heretofore, and the Demon Lord will bow his head—if it be a head—in acquiescence. Thereafter shall the evocator go to the first of the victims, the eldest, and open his jaw-vein with his sacrificial dagger. He shall do the same for each of the rest in turn, and when their deaths have come upon them all, he shall hold forth his bloodied hands to the Demon Lord and say, “My bargain is sealed, O Master!” The Demon Lord will say no more but will slowly fade into the Grey, and the evocator shall be left alone in total silence.

Now he must retrace his steps, using the efficacy of the incantation, to the world above. He shall use his guile and his wisdom to pass again the Walls of Qurundélnu [it is not clear why guile and wisdom are needed to pass these—no perils are mentioned—?]. He must go up to each of the Barrier Gods and the Pylons, and he shall recite, “I know you in the Secret Names of Tì-Sharvúù and Tì-Holmúù.” He shall be allowed to pass. Thereafter he will come again into the Wastelands of the Despairing Dead, but he can look neither to the right nor to the left, and he must march straight along the pathway until he sees before him the glyph of Lord Marássu. Upon this he must step, and it shall convey him to the chamber of summoning. There, using water mixed with the urine taken from one newly dead, he shall wash away all traces of the glyph of Lord Marássu and particularly those Secret names which are written near it. He may then depart from the place, bathe and clothe himself, and go unto his temple to give thanks to whichever of the immortal Gods he worships for his safe deliverance. He will find that all of his bargain with Lord Marássu will have already been carried out to its completion. Thus it is with this mighty Demon.



Glyph of the Demons of the Dark

NOW DO I TURN TO OTHERS OF THE DEMON LORDS. [This heading is written in rust brown, probably blood, and is entwined about with protective talismans, symbols, and patterns.] I must be cursory, for these are beings with whom I myself have less familiarity and for whose natures and powers I must depend upon other texts. Some are of but little account, as Demons go, but others are truly mighty. I list these Lords not in order of their Circles and Planes but rather in the sequence of the Heaven-Sent Syllabary of the Sky-Spheres [the ancient Engsvanyáli alphabet].



QU'Ú: He Who Would End Wisdom, Master of the Forty-Fifth Circle, He Who Roars. In form this Lord is a great, shambling beast alike to the Sró-dragon, but he is much larger and possesses several more limbs, tails, and heads. [This Demon is often pictured in temples of the God Thúmis, since he figures in the epic poem cycle dealing with the hero Hrúgga.] He can be summoned by any who are of the Eighth Circle [modern Tenth or Eleventh] or greater, and his powers include Numbing [stupefying a victim so that he can remember nothing, making no decisions, and cannot resist whatever the evocator proposes] and Gifting [bestow-

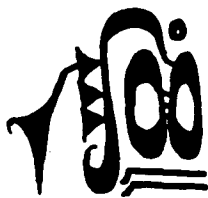
ing valued treasures upon the evocator]. Know, however, that Lord Qu'ú may include in his bequests certain green-hued gems of great beauty; these are invariably false and must be rejected, else will they become noxious vermin who will later slay the evocator or those to whom he entrusts this wealth. Lord Qu'ú also has the talent of Imperceptibility [making the evocator invisible for a time, although this can be broken by still greater enchantments]. His colouring is green and black, and he is of the essence of Lord Grugánu, though of the substance of Lord Chiténg, and devotees of these two Deities will find him most accommodating, while others may also deal with him. He may be invoked through the preparation of an eight-sided star in which his glyph is inscribed; then he must be offered five female sacrifices (human or sapient), each below the age of puberty. Thereafter one shall recite his Secret Name—Tirrigáschè—five times, together with the Litany of Summoning. He will accept further souls in exchange for his benefactions, and he can be dismissed by drawing the Glyph of Present Defence over his name-glyph, followed by the making of the Pattern of the Primordial Nexus in the air before him. He is ever true to his agreements and will not return to harm the evocator at a later time.



QUÝÓVE: She of the Obelisk, Mistress of the Fifty-Third Circle, the One Who Consumes the Organs of Men, Demoness of the All-Seeing Peak. Her form is unknown, for she does not manifest herself before the evocator. Instead, she makes her presence apparent through the sending of her servitors: a race of black and sinuous things with no heads, which writhe upon the floor, crawl upon the walls, and drip from the ceiling of the evocation chambers. Her voice is a hollow, echoing wind, and her colouring is grim and dark, like her great obelisk which stands in the mountains above high Hesùó [probably a place in northern Livyánu,

where she is now worshipped as a goddess]. She is powerful in Elicitation [discovering the whereabouts of any object or person], Gathering [bringing objects or persons together in the presence of the evocator], Commingling [joining the substance of one entity into that of another so that they share one body], and Restoration [healing both illnesses and wounds—but not poisons—so that no one may ever conjecture that aught had been amiss]. Her essence is that of the Dark Lady [the Goddess Dlamélish], but her substance is of some other being [?]. She can only be invoked by persons of the Ninth Circle [modern Eleventh or Twelfth] or higher, and she comes in response to the summoning of persons of any faith whatsoever, although she favours the servitors of the Dark Lady more. The compensation which she demands is various: she enjoys the sacrifice of large beasts, humans and sapients, and she is also recorded as accepting quantities of wealth, items of sorcerous nature, and even the lives of the evocators themselves. The evocator and twelve companions must stand within a circle guarded by the Four Oblongs of Surety, and the sacrifices shall be placed in a circle before this. Then shall the Six Interlinked Litanies of the priest Naratlún be recited. When the Demoness' creatures appear, they are to be repelled by the burning of incense of Osrudhá [a flowering plant grown in Mu'ugalavyá]. When the contract is fixed, the Demoness may be dispelled through the recitation of her Six Secret Names: Dlévunè, Alésha, Vadhúib, Eshmigétl, Orúú, and Qá. Then the evocator must cleanse himself well and anoint his body with the oil of the Béhlme-plant [modern Livyáni Vátlaz], for else will tiny tendrils from the Demoness' servitors lodge within the hair and skin and there grow and increase until they become the cause of demise. [Note that this entire passage is missing from all of the later Tsolyáni recensions of this book. Quýóve thus appears to be a purely

Livyáni demoness known to the ancient Engsvanyáli author or scribe. Such emendations and additions are not at all uncommon in this type of literature.]



KA'ING: The Striker of Spheres, Ruler of the Twenty-Second Circle, Master of Artful Demise. In shape this Lord is as a great standing monolith of ebon basalt. He has no features and utters no sound; yet his words enter the mind and reverberate there more powerfully than any Túnkul-gong. He is of the substance and the essence of great Lord Hrü'ú, and he is excellent at Guarding [protecting a being from attack], Favouring [causing a designated person to be fortunate in some dealing], Emulation [appearing in the shape of a specific person for a period of time], and Decardilisation [removing the heart from a victim and leaving no

external sign]. His hues are those of deep shadow: velvet black, purple, and grey, and the evocation chamber and all of the evocators shall be garbed in these colours completely. He can be called by those of the Tenth Circle [modern Twelfth or Thirteenth] or higher, and this is done by inscribing his glyph in human blood in the centre of a circular room, where four sacrifices—two adult males and two adult females—are to be bound at the cardinal points. At the rising of the planet Shíchel not less than six evocators shall sing the Litany of Òn-Téshqù [found in *The Scroll of Bringing Forth the Unnameable*] in the seventh of the Musical Modes of Nettukirés. As this rite progresses, two of the evocators shall go to a female sacrifice, and while one engages in sexual congress with her, the other will slay her with a garrote made from her own hair. Then the other female sacrifice shall be treated in the same wise, and thereafter two female evocators shall perform the same act with the two male sacrifices, save that the garrotes shall be of the hair of the evocatresses instead. The Demon will then appear in a blaze of purplish light and colour, and the chief evocator may bargain with him. Note that he will demand many sacrifices, and the evocator must chaffer and haggle with him in order to reduce this number. When the task is done, then shall the Symbol of Returning Above be drawn upon the floor in white chalk mixed with powdered bone, and the evocator shall cry, “Hú, Talék Tóhmi!” Then the Demon will vanish away, and the party may retire. The task will invariably be performed.



KU'ETH: The Wrinkled One, Master of the Seventh Circle, Terrible Vision of the End of Life. This being is of the essence and substance of Lord Sárku, and his colouring is russet and copper, black and deep maroon. His appearance is not described by the texts which I have to hand, although my colleague, Nu'tlántle of Tu'ússa [now lost] says that he has a wattled, scabrous visage “like an idol of evil carved by a madman.” His talents include Raising [calling forth the Undead and making them serve for a time], Entombing [taking a victim to an airless coffin within the bowels of the earth and allowing him to suffocate], and Warding

[protecting the evocator or others against other Demons, particularly from those who serve the Flame Lords or the Gods of Stability, but also others of the Demon's own substance]. He is to be invoked by any who are of the Ninth Circle [modern Eleventh or Twelfth] or more, through the drawing of a five-pointed star in a tomb-chamber wherein corpse-candles are burning. At each point of the star one must inscribe one of his Secret Names: Ba'alán, Tlés, Chrái, Pu'un, and Eútl. Then five evocators shall sing the Threnody of Lirinésü [a litany set to one of the Musical Modes of Nettukirés], which is found in the book titled *Memoirs of Intimacy with Desolation*. The demon will appear and will demand youthful and beauteous persons who are to be sealed into airless caskets to suffocate. There must be five of these. Ku'éth is not a faithful Demon, however, and the evocator must demand from him his Ring of Vilenesses before bidding. This shall be returned to the Demon upon the accomplishment of his tasks. Lord Ku'éth will make little objection to this, but may still strive to thwart the evocator's wishes. True control of him can only be achieved by a high mage of the Seventeenth Circle [Nineteenth or Twentieth in modern reckoning], who will have access to the Stone of Káá'otl. When all is done, this Demon Lord will vanish of himself and will not return again to the same evocators for another summoning. A warning: while this Lord is present let none mention or even think of the moon Káshi! To do so means immediate Entombment for all.



KEKKÉKA: The Tormentor, Master of the Forty-Ninth Circle, the One of Many Barbed Hooks [?], Servitor of great Prince Kurritlakál. This being is of the essence of Lord Durritlámish, yet of the substance of Lord Chiténg. Never does he serve those who love the Dark Lady, nor the adherents of Lord Hrü'ú, nor those of the Lords of Stability. He is of the visage of a small man, pallid white in hue, with a

globular head, no visible eyes or ears or nose, but with a pleasantly smiling lipless mouth. He wears a garment of dun and black and is hung all over with belts filled with copper instruments of unknown utility. His talents are those of Punishment [tormenting a victim] and Extraction [elicitation of information through duress], and he acts with joy and without rancor. None can stand for more than a moment against his ministrations, but always does he wish to continue on to the demise of his victim, and one must employ the XLIVth Canticle of *The Paean of Irshukéti the Shackler* to restrain him from doing so. He can be evoked by those of the Eleventh Circle [modern Thirteenth or Fourteenth] or above, and this is done by preparing the Four Oblongs of Surety in rust and blood within a secret chamber, then reciting the XVth Stanza of the Litany of Arising from the Wastelands of the Dead—although it is said that the mention of his Five Secret Names (Dugó, Thú, Gluír, Wésh, and Areksónbe) in conjunction with the singing of the Hymn to the Night of the Soul will also draw him forth. A list of the offerings to be made to Lord Kekkéka must be prepared in advance, for this Demon cannot be dismissed until a bargain is made and if one is not possible, then it is said that he will break through any pattern of protection and will work his will upon the evocator. He accepts souls, wealth, treasures, sorcerous items and books, and—curiously enough—large, fat, white grubs. Once a bargain is achieved, he will do his work upon the victim or victims designated by the evocator. To dismiss him, one must have recourse to threats of intervention with his Lord, mighty Prince Kurritlakál, coupling these with the Symbol of Returning Above and the making of the Pattern of the Primordial Nexus before him, for he is most persevering. Only thus will he abandon his tasks and vanish.



KTÉLU: He Who Cannot Be Gazed Upon, Lord of the Forty-Third Circle, the One of Enhanced Putrefaction, Servitor of dread Lord Sárku. He is of the essence and substance of the Lord of Worms, and he serves also those other Demons who are allied to the Tomb. In *The Book of Webbed Transitions* he is noted to be a spectral creature with no physical embodiment. He appears as a tatter of rags which whirl about the chamber wildly in a cascade of black and brown and russet and corpse-grey. Always does this Lord keep his features and form shrouded, for to look upon them, it is written, is a terrible doom. Even to see his hues is too

much, according to some mages, and they advise the construction of helmets of beaten copper which have no slits for vision. His powers are those of Putrefaction [causing a victim's limbs to rot without possibility of remedy], Vitilisation [causing inanimate objects to come to life and commit various acts], Ascertainment [finding a road to a hidden place or object], and Effusing [the giving off of noxious gases, some of which are perilous to the evocator]. Lord Ktélu cannot be evoked by anyone of less than the Seventeenth Circle [modern Nineteenth or Twentieth], and this is done by setting out the Paragon of Patterns [a circle with a pentacle set within it], done in corpse-tallow, blood, and excrement. Then one must recite the Ritual of the Quintessence of the Dark, followed by the Hymn of Descent into the Sepulchre. Then, with all of his party safe within this pattern, the evocator must chant the Seven Secret Names of this Demon: Arayá; Neké, Pór, Theshkólu, É, Lanmidánte, and Vnátl. Thereafter a female sacrifice must have five cuts made in each of her limbs, and these must be filled with the hideous grubs termed "Worms of Death" [obtainable in the temples of Lord Sárku]. She must then be hurled from the protective pattern into the room for the delectation of the Demon Lord, and at the same time the chief evocator shall slash the worm symbol into his own breast with the Kü'núr [the sacrificial dagger of the worshippers of Lord Sárku]. Each of his comrades must take the dagger and do the same, there being not less than seven and not more than fourteen persons. All must then cover their eyes with the aforementioned helmets and stand totally still, for motion attracts the Demon to commit excesses. When the Demon is still, then the evocator shall issue his requests and list those offerings to be given to Lord Ktélu in exchange. This being accepts only souls, both of the living and of the dead. If he is pleased, the Demon will perhaps add enhancements of his own choosing to his performance, although these may not always be pleasing to the evocator. If displeased, however, Lord Ktélu may hold the evocator and his party captive within the protective pattern for days or even weeks, until some member's stamina and concentration fail; then he will enter the pattern and perform execrable acts upon all of the evocators. While summoning Lord Ktélu is of great use, thus, in the exploration of tombs and catacombs, or in causing the painful death of an enemy through putrefaction, his evocation is indeed accompanied by perils.



KIRIKYÁGGA: The Forked One of Double Being, Sovereign of the Ninth Circle, He of Winds and Spaces. This Lord is not often summoned, for his major talent is Tempestuousness [the creation of winds and storms]. He is not of the essence or substance of any one of the Deities, and Shesmudlésa of Búró [possibly the modern island of Vrá] considers that he will obey the calling of any who possess the knowledge. This Demon is not perceptible to human eyes, and his presence is known through a shrieking and howling as of a mighty cyclone, yet the chamber of evocation will be quite still. The air will be gloomy and overcast, and

hints of lightnings will occur. When Lord Kirikyágga is present, the evocator may speak his will, and the Demon will whisper answer in a voice like the sougning of leaves in the autumn branches. This Lord accepts one sacrifice only: the soul of a being dear to the heart of the evocator, a son, a daughter, a wife, a beloved concubine, a comrade, or a parent. Those who serve one of the Lords of Stability may choose to offer one of their own number as a willing sacrifice, a deed of great nobility. Lord Kirikyágga is evoked by preparing a circular or spherical chamber (he dislikes corners which obstruct the wind), and therein the pattern of the Protections of the Wise is made in wind-blown sand; The Litany of Summoning (available in any of the Books of Presences) is recited, and then the Demon's Secret Name—Horgéssa—shall be shouted to the sky. When the Lord is present, the evocator shall sacrifice the chosen victim himself, preferably by suffocation: The Demon will then ask of the location and the duration of the storm he is to create, and when the bargain is made, he will emerge to perform this action at once. When all is complete, the evocator shall go at once to his bedchamber, for he will be overcome with lassitude. He must rest for a full week and eat copiously of Ngásh-fruit, sumptuous viands, and meats. He must not go near a sexual partner for at least one month, lest his vitality be thus sapped away [?]. The same evocator may never summon Lord Kirikyágga twice.



GASHTENÉ: The One of Tentacles, Lord of the Orb of the Sea [otherwise unknown]. He is not a ruler of any Circle or Quadrant, yet he is mighty. He can be summoned only by one who is of the Eleventh or Twelfth Circle [modern Thirteenth or Fourteenth], and he is of the substance and essence of no particular God. He prefers to come where there is water—a sea, river or lake—and in form he is a vast grey excrescence upon the waves, heaving and billowing as though he himself were of liquid. Within his aqueous body are four huge eyes, and his substance is translucent, thus giving sight of his nerve-ganglia and other organs,

as straws are seen through the glass of a goblet. He is famed for his powers of Dissection [segmenting victims into many parts and scattering these about]. Engulfment [submerging a vessel or a victim beneath fluids], and Ingurgitation [swallowing a victim entire]. He is evoked by drawing the Pentacle of Nnémré, as described by the assiduous Mu'utlékka in his *Scroll of Inimical Sendings*, in the midst of which his glyph shall be written in black oil or tar. Next one recites his Four Secret Names, which are Tnóbu, Beltéddám, Ràé, and Aufé. He will then manifest himself, and he will demand only the souls of the evocator's victims—or other sacrifices which may be agreed upon. He is easy to deal with, for he joys in destruction. When the bargain is complete, the evocator may dismiss him by crying his Four Secret Names in reverse order and then stamping upon the diagramme thrice with his left foot. Lord Gashtené will then betake himself elsewhere.



GIRTLÉN: The Eater of Souls, Lord of the Sixteenth Circle, the One Who Howls Below. This Demon can be summoned only by those who are devotees of Lord Hrü'ú, or of Lord Ksáru, or of Their respective Cohorts, for he is of Their substance and essence. The chief evocator should be of the Eighteenth Circle [modern Twentieth or Twenty-first] at least, and he must possess a strong stomach and constitution, for this Demon is dark and unpleasant of aspect. He cannot easily be descried, for he is ever accompanied by turgid darkness and miasmatic stench, and his form is wrapped in a flickering of dim amethystine light. Thus,

his numerous limbs, appendages, and other parts cannot be surely beheld, and there is also a sense of awe and ghastly terror which will unman a lesser evocator entirely. Lord Girtlén is endowed with Consuming [ingesting victims entire], Beclouding [making an area so dim as to preclude vision], Disincarceration [freeing a person from captivity], and also Imparting [the teaching of an art]. One may thus learn Astrology from him, the position of the mythical Sky-Spheres, or the interpretation of an Individual's Skein of Destiny and its place in the larger Fabric upon the Loom.

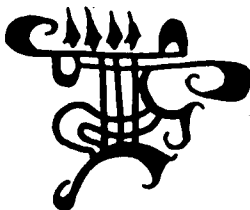
To summon him, one must prepare the Eight Interlocking Squares of Djaréva and guard them with the Wards of Ningmokáilu [apparently the same as the Twelve Tangents of the Circle of Dló, a common protective pattern used today in most Tsolyáni rituals]. Once Lord Giritlén is present, he must be fed upon magical items only: amulets, talismans, scrolls, books, instruments, crucibles, philters, rings, thuribles, altars and all else which has had the stain of sorcery upon it. Having provided for the Demon's nourishment, the evocator must take stringent steps to avoid becoming a part thereof, for this being is not trustworthy. Once, it is said, he took every third man and every second woman from the palace of King Bazhól of Tì-Keshánu [now lost] out of pure, malicious whimsy. The evocator and his party—never less than three nor more than eight—must rub themselves vigorously with a paste of Giyú-flowers, and when the compact is made, an incense of these petals shall be burned at each of the corners of the Eight Interlocking Squares of Djaréva. One then recites "Otuléngba, Tumú'es, Tlénku'es, Haókkenè" five times, and this Demon will depart. If he has not performed his task correctly, he can be summoned again and chastised—but the method of this castigation is not recorded in any text which I have seen.



GURUSHÁ: the Starveling, Lord of the Thirty-First Circle, He Who Hungers Ever. He is a servitor of Prince Origób and is himself a mighty power in the Demon Planes. He comes at the call of any who serve the Lords of Change, and he does not refuse the adherents of the Lords of Stability either, though he may demand a higher price from them. His essence is not identified, but his substance is that of Lord Wurú. This being is talented at Ingurgitation [swallowing up a victim whole], Denuding [rendering an area barren of all vegetation and animal life], and Transportation [bearing the evocator to some other location within the many Planes]. He can also provide the evocator with gems, but not a few of these have ill powers of their own and themselves may live as persons do [?]. He is evoked by any person of the Eighth Circle [modern Tenth to Twelfth] or higher, and his summoning is accomplished through the Practices of Kyunúmu of Tì-Sharái [possible modern Hráis in Livyánu], although Béhlme-wood should be substituted for the called-for Tíu-wood. One then calls his Four Secret Names in a whisper: Orúsu, Ninggitú, Chalélsu, and Razzáu. The evocator then must cut his own wrist and let a little blood fall upon the diagramme given by the estimable Kyunúmu. Lord Gurushá will appear then, all thin and hideous of aspect, knobbed and wrinkled, charcoal-black, and with the look of one kept from food until death has seized him. He is of human form, but his eyes are deep-set and iridescent red, and his mouth is not where it should be [?]. He will demand sacrifices of food, both animal and vegetal, and these shall be soaked in the blood and brains of men. The more provided, the greater his willingness to bargain, else he will depart. His bargains are strictly kept, but once called, he may return again and again to demand further offerings from the evocator. Should the latter not be able to give him more at that time, he may become wroth and carry off the evocator for more leisurely consumption. This can be guarded against by the wearing of the Amulet of the White Stone [a protective device still used by modern mages]. To dismiss Lord Gurushá, one must pour a bottle of pure water over the active aresas of the pattern and cry out his Four Secret Names in reverse order. He will then depart.



HRGÁSH: The Blind One, Ruler of the Second Circle, Eyeless Drinker of Life. This Demon is never summoned, nor is there any familiar with his being. It is said that he is a servitor of Lord Origób and is of the essence and substance of Lord Hrü'ú, but this is hearsay. No wizard boasts of having invoked him, nor is there any text which gives the procedure thereof. The Gods alone may know him. ...



HÉS: He Who Laughs Forever, Master of the Forty-Seventh Circle, the One Whose Joy is Pain. This Demon possesses an unusual aspect and stranger powers: he is described as being a small human, rotund and jolly, but with hands and feet which do not end [?]. His features are also not those of a man, being bestial and cruel, with tiny eyes set beneath a ridge of bone or horn, a vast toothed mouth, and no discernible nose or ears. His substance and essence are not known, and he appears to all indiscriminately, whatever their Circle. The evocator must have wisdom, however, in order to avoid his pranks, for Lord Hés is empowered with

Risibility [the ability to make any person laugh—and to keep on laughing until he dies from exhaustion], Derision [causing a victim to become the object of extreme ridicule for a time], and Drollery [playing ribald and oftentimes violent jokes upon a victim]. He is summoned by drawing a circle, within this a pentacle, and within this a square. Then one

must recite his Secret Name: Ju'alángmu. One then lights a taper of purest wax. The Demon will manifest himself with many twitchings and parodies [?], and echoes of laughter will rocket about the chamber. Then he will appear and will attempt to enthrall the evocator with seemings, buffooneries, and mockeries, but the evocator must remain firm and make his demands clear. The only offering which Lord Hés requires is the expiring breath of a dying man trapped in a bottle. If this is given, he will perform certain simple tasks, but he may at the same time choose to play tricks upon the evocator, and one must ever be on one's guard while Lord Hés is about. Once the task is complete, the evocator may dismiss Lord Hés by crying out his Secret Name backwards. Note that while mirth and raillery seem harmless enough, this Demon is in truth very potent and dangerous, for his object is always to cause death or injury through his burlesquery.



HÉSSA: the Little One, Master of the Nineteenth Circle, He Who is Ever-Present. This Demon is of the essence of Lord Ksárul, but his substance is not known. He serves any mage who seeks him, but that person had best be of the Fifteenth Circle [Seventeenth or Eighteenth by modern reckoning] or more. Lord Hésa is a follower of Mighty Prince Kurritlakál, and it is said that he dwells upon the Peak of Splintered Stone in the Southeast Quadrant of the Demon Planes. In form, this Lord is not describable, for he is very tiny, perhaps the size of a grain of Dná or a Drí-ant. He is black and glistening in hue, and one might mistake him for a

Shqá-beetle. He is very puissant, however, and possesses the talents of Diminution, Incursion, and Penetration [cf. the section dealing with Lord Tkél, above]. He may shrink himself down to invisible small size, or he may enlarge himself at most to the size of a man's fist. He then can find his way into any place which is not sealed with magic, and he penetrates past locks and bars and doors and bolts until he is within. He is an able spy, and his ability to enter into devices and spoil their workings is legend. He is summoned by the preparation of one finger's depth of Dohétel juice [modern Dlél-fruit] in a vial, to which one adds three grains of sea-salt, a pinch of dried blood, and a bit of the dust of white Gedlá-stone [perhaps limestone?]. Upon this one must recite this Demon's two Secret Names: Kashíkka and Diulágga. Then the fluid is poured out into a little hexagon made with green chalk, and the Demon will appear. He desires only tiny, valuable objects as sacrifices: small diamonds and gems, intricately worked miniature devices of gold and silver, and other little things. The more precious, the more he will do. He only demands that he be addressed always with all of the protocol of his great rank in the Demon Planes. He is invariable and prompt in his performances, and his dismissal is effected by rubbing out the little hexagon with the first two fingers of the left hand.



HÚRSHA: He Who Is Curious, Ruler of the Forty-Eighth Circle, according to many, [the Tsolyáni recension gives Chargál as the ruler of this Circle, and it is noteworthy that this passage is out of the normal Engsvanyáli alphabetical order: Húrsha should have come before Hés.] He is of the essence and substance of Lord Ksárul and stood as one of His liegemen at the Battle of Dórmoron Plain in the Time Before There Was Time. Lord Húrsha is a warrior in form, casqued and plated in iron scales, yet with his features hidden beneath a helmet which could never contain the head of a man. He is famed for his powers of Slaying and

Warring [self-explanatory], and he is also much known for his curiosity, which will lead him to dare much to discover secrets and mysteries. He is evoked by offering great quantities of gold and riches, and from his own Plane he will bring lesser warriors of his own race to the number of ten, all in black-lacquered armour, and each as mighty as eight men. The evocator need only make a hexagram of white chalk on the earth and place within the offerings. Then he shall recite Lord Húrsha's six Secret Names, Hmé, Ta'éq, Wnó, Prá, Chú, and Ínggonü. If the Lord is pleased, he will come, else will he take the offerings and not appear. The evocator must protect himself by the Amulet of the Sword of Ri'itlánen, which is made according to the rites of the temple of Lord Ksárul. [It is still used today and may be had for a few thousand Káitars from the priesthood of this temple.] The Demons will agree to fight for one revolution of the moon Káshi [about fifteen days] and will then disappear and never come again. If the evocator have a quest or a need for information, Lord Húrsha can be got to perform it only for great sums of wealth—unless he himself take an interest in the matter for reasons of his own, which no man can comprehend.



NGÜNGÉTHIB: She Who Copulates With Three, Lady of the Fifty-Second Circle, the One Whose Arms are Deadly. [This entire passage is not included in the later Tsolyáni recensions.] She inhabits the Southwest Quadrant and serves great Lord Rü'ütlánesh—and is his leman, according to some. She is of splendid human form, shaped according to every man's yearning for a woman, tressed with ebony locks and with eyes of startling green (a means of telling her from any human maiden). She is endowed with Gifting [the bestowing of wealth upon the evocator], Enrapturement [causing a victim to so fall in love with her that his wits

are lost], and Compression [the squeezing of a victim until all of his organs become a single compact mass]. Upon evoking her the evocator must not behold her; rather he must wear either the crown of Mssíla [now lost] or a helmet of iron. He may also blind himself temporarily with chemicals so that he may not be tempted. Naught else will do. The Demoness can be evoked by making the Seven-Pointed Star of Nmítu Tirikká [probably the same as the Seven-Starred Diadem of Lord Grugánu, a common protective device], and she shall be bound by the XXIXth Stanza of *The Paan of Irshukétl the Shackler*. She must be offered five phallic organs cut from newly dead men, and the evocator himself must perform with two female evocatresses such acts as the Demoness may direct, for in this she rejoices muchly. Lady Ngüngéthib will then perform her bargain. She may further use her time of presence in this Plane to engage in sensuous encounters with others whom she may meet, however, and these does she sometimes slay out of casual mischief. She can only be dismissed or guarded against by the wearing of the Nmeréng-stone, inscribed with the Thirty-Four Secret Names of Lady Hriháyal, the Cohort of the Goddess Dlamélish.



CHEGÉTH: The Insatiable, Suzerain of the Eighth Circle, the One Who is Never Pleased. This Demon should not be evoked under any circumstances. He is not of the substance or essence of any of the Gods, and his powers must not be unleashed upon any of the Many Worlds. It is said that he can be summoned by a secret formula given in *The Scroll of Bringing Forth the Unnameable*, but this must not be done! Lord Chegéth is never pleased with the sacrifices offered him, and he will thus demand ever more and more. His evil talents, moreover, allow him to evade even the Eight Interlocking Squares of Djaréva. In form, he is said

to be a huge, hairy, toad-like entity, stinking and filthy of odour, and his very presence causes plagues and pestilences. Let there be nor more mention of him here!



CHANKOSÚ: The Beast, Steed of Lord Origób. He commands no Circle, nor does he rule any of the minor races. He is therefore not a Demon of power, and his sole talent is that of Transportation [the bearing of a person from one location to another]; this is better accomplished through other agencies. He is also dangerous, for he is not docile, saving unto his Lord. His biting is venomous, and his hooves may slay the unwary as easily as a mountain may crush a Drí-ant. He is tall, as slender as a Feshénga-beast and is endowed with strange horns, a jag-toothed tail, and features as insensate and wild as those of a Zrné. If any desire

his presence he may be invoked with the Ritual of Summoning employed for his Lord, mighty Origób, and the evocator may then address the beast without fear. Even if a bargain be made, however, the Demon may choose not to obey it, and it were better that he should not be evoked.



CHARGAL: He Who Flows Slowly, Master of the Forty-Eighth Circle, and Inimitable Stifler of All. He is of no identifiable essence or substance, and he responds to any who require him with equanimity. He holds the powers of Engulfment [flowing over an object and submerging it entirely], Liquefaction [changing a victim into a disgusting liquid], and—strangely—Disenchantment [removing spells from persons or objects]. He is summoned with the Speech of Nyé-Tletlé, given in the *Book of Emanations* [now lost], although others utilise the Litany of Several Sighs [still available in many temple archives]. A person of the

Eighth Circle [Tenth or Eleventh in modern terms] may evoke him by drawing the Protections of the Wise in a mixture of river-mud, slime, and blood in a wet place. The Glyph of Present Defense should be worn, inscribed upon skin taken from a human virgin female. The Demon will then appear in the form of a foul quagmire of oozing jelly.

The evocator shall then offer up handfuls of mud, excrement, and mire in which at least three human males have been drowned, and he shall recite the Three Secret Names of this Demon: Buóggá, Hlétqu, and Ejjú. Then he shall make his bargain, to be paid in quantities of quicksand, ooze, and marsh-slime, plus a number of human souls. The Demon will then obey without fail and will thereafter vanish of himself.



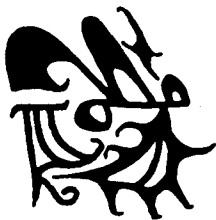
CHRÍYA: The One Who Skulks. He is a Demon of little account, being often used as a device placed upon shields to ward off blows. His main talent is that of Avoidance [dodging or turning aside an assault]. He is of the essence of Lord Hrí'ú but his substance is not known. He is small, long of mouth, with many little teeth, and with great eyes upon the sides of his head, his person being quite covered with blacking fur. He has no tail, but there is a ridge of furry spines which rises all along his back. He is summoned with the Minor Litany of Calling [the best modern source being *The Tome of Mournful Cogitations*], in conjunction with

the recital of his Secret Name: Yarugáth. He accepts only dead flesh, somewhat putrefied is best, and water from a black swamp [?]. He will then come and serve the evocator for a brief time. Thereafter he is dismissed by making the Pattern of the Primordial Nexus and reciting his second Secret Name: Usunggáhla.



CHÉSSA: The Vile Crone, Mistress of the Twenty-Eighth Circle, She Who Dwells in the Reeds. She is of the essence of Lord Grugánu and of the substance of great Lord Ksárul, although she responds equally to those who serve Lord Thúmis or His Cohort, Lord Keténgku. Any mage of the Sixth Circle [modern Eighth or Ninth] or more may call her. Her powers include Zooification [causing plants to become as animals with the ability to move, eat, etc.], and she can also inform the evocator of the presence and efficacies of plants needed for sorcery. She can openly be summoned in a bosky glade far from the habitations of men, and

this is done through weaving her name-glyph in dried grasses and placing it within a pentacle composed of bundles of withies. The evocator shall be nude, his body smeared with the juices of the Ngásh-plant and a crown of reeds upon his head. He shall recite the Demoness' Secret Name—Nu'ún—and she will appear in the form of a great-limbed tree, although she may also enter into any plant which is nearby. A quantity of small animals and insects must be offered as her food, and then she may perform the tasks asked of her. If displeased, however, she will send little rootlets up through the soil to ensnare the evocator's feet. This can be avoided by the application thereto of a paste of human ashes and Attar of Dené [an aromatic gum; modern Chuizhá]. Let the evocator be exemplary in removing any trace of plant matter from his person after the summoning, even to scrubbing himself all over with bristles of harsh Rüşé-fiber, for the Demoness delights in sending seedlets to grow within one's flesh unnoticed until it is too late.



NJÉNU: He of the Everlasting Dream. This Demon is master of no Circle. He is a servitor of Prince Gereshmá'a and dwells within the Northwest Quadrant. In substance he is one with Lord Sárku, but his essence is akin to that of Lord Ksárul. His powers include Soporiferousness [causing a victim to sleep for a time], and Envisioning [the giving of dreams, both pleasant and unpleasant]. In form, he is a delicately sophisticated man of scholarly mien and middle years, and he wears the starched robe and brocaded chasuble of the city of Purdánim as it was during the reign of the Ever-Advancing Victory [an epithet for Ssirandár I]. Lord Njénü

is summonable by any seeker of any religion whatsoever, providing that he be of the Eighth Circle [modern Tenth to Twelfth] or more, and his invocation consists of the drawing of the Four Oblongs of Surety, followed by the Exercises of the Heart's Intent (to maintain concentration). Then one must stand in the diagramme and hold up the head of a slaughtered beast (a Hmélu will do) in the left hand and a sacrificial dagger of flint in the right. Then one must pronounce the Secret Name of this Demon, which is Eridé. Thereafter the Demon will appear, and the evocator may speak reasonably to him. But one must beware of the pleasant drone of this being's voice and the hypnotic quality of his gaze. Nothing more than one's own dreams are offered in exchange for the Demon's services, which include the provision of sleep for stated periods (a thousand years is said to be Lord Mjénü's preferred maximum). He will also keep a foe inactive and locked in sleep, or he will provide dreams of fantastic joy or insufferable terror. When a bargain is struck, the Demon may be dismissed by saying aloud three times, "Tè-Garúdne, Tè-Alodétl!" Then he shall bathe and permit himself no sleep for the remainder of the night.



TOMÚA: The Blind One Who Flies, Lord of the Thirty-Fifth Circle, Voracious Feeder Upon Flesh. This servitor of Lord Origób is most distasteful to the Lords of Stability, for Their adherents are his special prey. He is huge and long and spindling, enwrapped in pallid grey-white fur. From his massive head bulge eyes which are milky white, and where a mouth ought to be depends a slender proboscis set with knife-like blades. He has the powers of Gathering [collecting persons or objects together from many places], Absorption [sucking the essence from a victim, thus leaving him soulless], Envenomisation [injecting undetectable

poisons into a victim], and Fabrication [the erection of edifices for the evocator, according to the latter's wishes]. He can only be evoked by a mage of the Twelfth Circle [modern Fourteenth or Fifteenth] or higher, and there must be not less than six and not more than twelve in the evocator's party. To summon him, let the Eight Interlocking Squares of Djaréva be drawn, and let four sacrifices, two male and two female, be bound backwards, belly-up, over rounded altars of stone. Then the Ritual of Qó-Tanküné [from *The Book of Tenebrous Places*] shall be chanted, and the Triangle of Being Repelled Forever shall be drawn in the air. Lord Tomúa will manifest himself and will direct his attentions to the four sacrifices. When he is done, he will be receptive to the evocator's desires. Four more lives, four gems of great price, and four magical objects must be given him, and the evocator may bargain and chaffer, for Lord Tomúa rejoices in negotiations and haggling. When the compact is done, the evocator shall suddenly cry, "Hú, now I bind you in the Secret Names of Lord Origób!" the Demon will give a dreadful shriek and will fly away to perform his tasks, for he must be faithful to his master. If this be omitted, then Lord Tomúa will return unexpectedly to sweep up the evocator and his party at a later time. He is dismissed by reciting the secret words "Ònu, Tisyémi, Arétku" and effacing the pattern. Even so, it is wise for the evocator to wear an amulet of copper containing the Glyph of Present Defense for not less than seven years after the summoning of this Demon.



NIMUNÉ: This Demon is Lord of no Circle nor of any Quadrant; he is of no known essence or substance; and he can be evoked by those of any faith whatsoever, providing that they are of the Fifth Circle [Seventh or Eighth] or higher. He is one of the three Warrior Kings who follow Prince Origób, and his aspect is that of a fully armoured man, all in black and silver and dull red, his face being concealed by his visor. He bears a great two-handed sword, and this is the Blade Aóme, which the hero, Lord Hrúgga, gave to him from the spoils of lost Lù-Ishatúr [cf. Stanza 1,210 of *The Lament of the Reaper of Sighs*]. He is summoned by the drawing of the pattern called the Protections of the Wise, done in fresh blood taken from a warrior, followed by the Minor Litany of Calling, and then the saying of his Secret Name: Lámínngé. He dislikes appearing without his brother, great Niritlál, and his comrade: Lord Akhoné, and it were best to invoke all three of these beings simultaneously. These Demons will agree to fight bravely in the evocator's cause, but their price is high: *all* of the loot, pillage, captives, and other things won from the fighting. Lands and fortresses they do not desire, but all else must accompany them back into their realm; else they will turn upon the evocator and his allies. Once the battle is done, Lord Nimuné and his comrades will of themselves disappear and come again no more.



NERÉ: The Many-Bodied, Lord of the Fortieth Circle, He Whose Breath is Venom. He is of the essence of Lord Sárku and the substance of Lord Wurú, and only one of the Ninth Circle [modern Eleventh or Twelfth] can summon him. Lord Neré is a huge being, a tangle of stalks and bulbous pods and pulsating sacs of glutinous fluids. He has no identifiable head, and each of his bodily sections is separate and is carried upon numerous little limbs, all being connected by great ganglia, fibers, and glistening, sticky conduits. His colouration is blackish and yellowish, green-brown, and viscous purple. He is summoned by establishing the

Pentacle of Nnémré [in *The Scroll of Inimical Sendings*], and performing the Ritual of the Quintessence of the Dark therein, followed by the saying of his Seven Secret Names, which are: Fiyú, Tettukánetl, Quriktáhl, Imónü, Re'á, Otlúng, and Siyusháà. When the Demon appears, the evocator must address him only in rhymed couplets [?]. He shall be offered not less than fifty souls [the method is not specified], and then will he utilise his powers of Defilement [causing something to be filthy, creating ugliness, tainting water, spoiling food, and making cities untenable] and Pestilence [creating plagues and contagions, most of which cannot be cured by known remedies]. He does not depart

easily, and the evocator must resort to the cleansing ceremonies given by the wizard priest Naratlún and should himself drink one drop of the Pallid Effluvium of Bú-Tlátme [this is dangerous, since this produces such side effects as bestialisation, vomiting, and pandation of the cranium].



NARKONÓÁ: The Beetle, Lord of the Thirtieth Circle. Master of Nò-Tikún, Servitor of Prince Origób. He is of the essence of Lord Hrü'ú and the substance of Lord Wurú, and his shape is a great, scuttling black beetle with wing-cases which shimmer like ebon jewels. His powers include Abstersion [the cleansing of a victim of all soft parts and the sprinkling of these all about], Manducation [the mastication of a victim so that no organ remains whole], and Artifice [the construction of mechanisms of a sorcerous nature]. He is summonable by any mage of the Tenth Circle [modern Twelfth or Thirteenth] or higher, and this is

done by performing the Litany of the Absolution from the Taints of Life, followed by the Hymn to the Night of the Soul, while five of the evocator's party draw the diagramme titled the Nine-Sided Icon of On-tikú'un. Then the Five Secret Names of the Demon are said, each five times over: Jigéth, Uriyó, Ahuné, Vióthetl, and Ptén. When the Lord comes, he shall be offered five sapient beings in sacrifice, the main condition being that they be of middle years and considered wise. When these have been absterged by Lord Narkonáá, then the evocator may ask his purposes. For a greater number of sacrifices the Demon will call forth the black-shelled dwellers of his realm of Nò-Tikún, and these will serve as needed. This Demon is dismissed by crying, "By the Secret Name of Òn-tikú'un!" and expunging the Icon.



NURGÁSHTE: Who Defends Against Death. He is a minor being, evocable by any mage of the Fifth Circle [modern Seventh or Eighth]. He is of the substance of Lord Vimúhla but of the essence of his brother, Lord Nimuné, which may be that of Lord Hrü'ú. He is also a powerful warrior, his colours being black and gold and scarlet. He is established with the Minor Litany of Calling, followed by the shouting out of his Secret Names: Tnéshste, Qoyón, and Dlá'ú. He is empowered with Avoidance [the turning aside of a blow] and also with repulsion [the creation of a shield of defence around the evocator, which will repel all attacks save those

made by more potent magicks]. His hideous, beastlike face is often depicted upon the shields of soldiers since he is famous amongst the common folk as a mighty defender against blows. He is dismissed by making the Pattern of the Primordial Nexus and crying "Osiggátle!" [said to be the ancient battlecry of the Warriors in Scarlet, the race which serves Lord Karakán]. Lord Nurgáshte must never be summoned with his two brothers, Lords Nimuné and Niritlál, for he rankles yet against his kinsmen, they receiving Lord Hrúgga's gifts from the spoils of Lù-Ishatúr, while he got nothing.



NIRITLÁL: The third of the Demon brothers. He is larger than the other two, a great warrior plated in silver and grey and dull green armour, his head long and snouted beneath his morion, and he mighty mace called "Erutléppa, the Log of Iron" ever in his hand, the gift of Lord Hrúgga. Even mighty Hrúgga himself was hard-pressed when he tilted against Lord Niritlál after the seeking of the Black Pit of Nekkuthané at Lù-Ishatúr. In all particulars is Lord Niritlál to be summoned like Lord Nimuné, spoken of before, save that his Secret name is Achédhnle.



NYEREBÓ: The Spreader of Darkness and the Reaper of Gloom, Master of the Forty-Second Circle, servitor of grim Lord Srükárum. He is of the essence and substance of Lord Sárku. In form, he is huge and broad, though essentially human, with a face like a fierce image hewed out of ancient wood. He is the counter of Lord Srükárum's Legions and the tally-master of all of the souls in Lord Sárku's hells. It is said that he can expunge a tally from the records and thus free a soul to return to the life of this world, albeit in some other body, and he can also impart the whereabouts of any soul which has passed away aforetime, as well as

the location of that dead person's coffin and a list of the wealth which lies within it. He is evoked by making the Diagramme of Rising Up From the Dead, followed by the Hymn of Descent into the Sepulchre, and the recitation of the Demon's Secret Names: Túù, Uó, and Gdéth. Lord Nyerebó accepts only that which he desires most: the chance

to roam this world of light and colour and air, and he will demand the borrowing of the body of the evocator himself as his vehicle. If sufficient strictures be applied, this can be done without harm, although more than one month of usage of a body often attenuates its connection with the soul, and Lord Nyerebó has at times had the full use of human bodies for whole lifetimes while the souls of their erstwhile owners wandered astray in the Land of the Unending Grey. This Demon is easily dismissed if no bargain is made by writing the Sign of the Release from Fear and making the Glyph of Present Defense upon new parchment, but he may return later and attempt to seize the body of the evocator unless the latter sleeps within a pentacle drawn in blood and corpse-tallow for a period of five years.

No Symbol



TLÁR: Master of the Fifth Circle. No sage knows his symbol or his secret names, nor has any person evoked him, nor is anyone aware of his secret powers. All that is certain is that he is terrible indeed.

ZANÁTL: The Secret Foe of All Being, Lord of the Forty-Fourth Circle, and a servitor of Lord Origób. His coming is announced by no great manifestation, nor is his appearance material. One sees only strange shiftings in the patterns of light and darkness, and there are evil phantasms which snatch at the mind: eyes open in the walls and leer, stones whisper of secrets too hateful to tell, chasms open beneath one's feet, and the very fabric of space and time seems to warp and twist. Lord Zanátl is of the essence of Lord Hrtü'ú and the substance of Lord Ksáru, and his powers include Phantasms [the creation of illusions and hypnotic visions],

Vitalisation [returning the dead to life], and Imparting, particularly the teaching of magical spells and incantations and the natures of the Demons. He is summoned by making the pattern of the Four Oblongs of Surety, followed by the application of the Practices of Kyunúmu, and the reading of Stanzas XL and XLII of *The Book of Presences* [another incantation for this Demon is included in Subadím the Sorcerer's *Realms Beyond the Triple Knot*.] No evocator of less than the Tenth Circle [modern Twelfth or Thirteenth] should attempt to call him, for he will try to enthrall the summoner with promises, illusions, pleasant phantasms, and finally threats and visitations. The evocator must remain firm and treat this Demon with sarcasm and severity, offering him only a crust of dry Dná-bread and speaking rudely and masterfully to him. At the same time, let the evocator keep the Glyph of Present Defense secreted upon his person, and if no bargain is reached, then one must use the Pattern of the Primordial Nexus to dispel him. He accepts no sacrifices but will demand repeated ceremonies of adoration at regular intervals for many years upon the completion of an important task: these must be performed punctually and generously, if one does not wish to be visited unexpectedly by Lord Zanátl. The Demon may also be bound to complete his promises by the use of his Secret Name, which is Vébbusa. Otherwise one will find him dilatory.



SSÚDÜNÈ: The Ravener, the One Who Melts. She is of the essence of Lord Vimúhla and the substance of Lord Chiténg, and in form she is a pillar of flame, although she assumes the aspect of a beautiful woman as well, all flame-orange, scarlet, vermilion, and yellow. Even her hair is red, which is most repugnant to our tastes. Her powers are Ebullience [the creation of seething heat and incandescence], Calcination [the reduction of an object to a calx through burning], and Inflammation [causing fire to burn anywhere, even in water]. She can also cause the flames of love, lust, or violence to arise in a heart. She will appear to any

evocator of the Ninth Circle [modern Eleventh or Twelfth] or higher, particularly those who serve the Flame Lords and also the adherents of Lord Karakán and His Cohort, Lord Chegárra. Her evocation involves the Circle of Diodásü and the Station of Kelúo [cf. the section on Lord Jnéksha'a above], followed by the saying of her Secret Name, which is Pahltúel, and the sacrifice of three young human males. She will appear, then, as a woman, and she will strive to beguile the evocators, of whom there should be two, one male and one female. If the evocator falls under her sway, then the evocatress must seize him and regain his attention by whatever means, and the same is true if it is the evocatoress who becomes enchanted with Mistress Ssúdünè. She has power over the Flame Dragons and the Winged Serpents of the Conflagration, and she can be brought to use these in the evocators' service. Her price is high: one thousand souls in return for one hour of her activity, and these victims must be willing to be offered to her—a task for a very senior mage. For lesser amounts she will create violent passion in the breast of a maiden, fury within the heart of a king, and other similar emotions. She is dismissed by the chanting of the XXXIst Canto of *The Litany of the Flooding Tide*.



SSÜSSÚ: The Eater of the Dead, Lord of the Twenty-Ninth Circle. He is of the essence of Lord Sárku and the substance of Lord Durritámish. His shape is that of a huge ophidian beast, apodal and squamous, with elongated jaw filled with many rows of teeth, like chips of chert. His powers are many: Implacability [the creation of permanent hostility between two victims], Immobility [paralysing a victim], Intrepidity [the creation of courage and tenacity in the heart of a weakling], Aeriality [the secret of flying], and Necrosis [causing a part of a victim to die and rot while the rest remains alive]. He is the overseer of the hells of Lord

Sárku, and he uses his powers always for this Deity's gain and never for the sake of others. Only an adept of the Sixteenth Circle [modern Eighteenth or Nineteenth] or higher may summon him; this is done with the Diagramme of the Nine Blind Eyes [unknown, though probably similar to the Manifold Matrix of Arús-tikú'un used in the temples of Lord Sárku], followed by the Ritual of the Quintessence of the Dark, and the sacrifice of nine anciently deceased persons upon an altar made of human bones. Lord Ssüssú's Four Secret Names are recited to each cardinal point: Rssá, Nthé, Ashühüná, and Hà-éssu. When he appears, the blood of a living human must be poured over each of the dead sacrifices, who will then be revived and able to take further part in the ritual, though they cannot remain after its completion. The evocator may offer further sacrifices and beg his boon, but Lord Ssüssú may not hearken, for he is a malicious and unmindful Demon. He may simply depart, or he may take one or more of the evocators into his glistening brown-scale coils and crush him, caring little for protective patterns and magickal obstructions. He is most powerful and extremely dangerous. Caution is therefore urged.



PA'ÍYA: She Who Drinks the Substance of Men, Ruler of the Thirty-Seventh Circle. She is of the essence of the Dark Lady [the Goddess Dlamélish] and of the substance of Lady Hriháyal. She combines in her form those elements of lustful delight which every male desires to find in a female—always, alas, with disenchantment ensuing in this world of imperfections. Lady Pa'íya, however, is all beauty, all sensuality, and all pleasure—but her service is death. So dreadfully does she suck out the juices of a man, and so horribly does she slay him, that the ministrations of Lord Chiténg Himself would be welcome in exchange. Mistress

Pa'íya is evoked only by women, particularly those adherents of the Dark Lady who take joy in the sight of salaciousness and pain mingled together. It is also said that certain of the virgins of Lady Dilinála call upon her as well, particularly when they have been outraged by a male and seek revenge. In any case no male can evoke the Demoness, and even a female evocatress should be of the Fourteenth Circle [modern Sixteenth or Seventeenth] or higher, and she must be accompanied by seven women of at least the Seventh Circle [modern Ninth or Tenth]. Once the Rites of Chulétha [the modern "Defloration of Youths," a common ritual in the temples of Lady Dlamélish] are performed, the evocatresses will recite the ceremony of the Undergoing of Myriad Final Joys. They will make a pattern in the form of a female organ, done in green chalcedony, powdered and mixed with the Attar of Dené and other substances from their bodies. Ten human males are then brought, garlanded and anointed with perfumed oils, and these are given such drugs as to make them lewd in the presence of the Demoness. Upon the recitation of her Secret Names—Kimuléth, Avazél, Sharvâè, and Diyánü—she will appear and will choose her victims one by one, draining them serially of their vitality and the juices of their bodies in a most repugnant fashion. Then she will hearken to the evocatress, who will request of her a boon. She is empowered with Disinvigoration [the weakening of a male through a surfeit of sexuality], Abcission [the severing of some organ, usually connected with castration in these magical texts], Obturation [the stopping up of all of a victim's bodily orifices so that no waste products may emerge and he strangles], Vapulation [the beating of a victim into insensibility and death], and Eduction [the drawing out of bodily fluids]. To her female adherents, however, Mistress Pa'íya is more gentle, being able to impart the secrets of beauty, alchemy, magical spells, and the languages of the ancients. She is also credited with Gifting, providing her devotees with riches or with beauty itself. She is dismissed by raising a Nmeréng Stone inscribed with the Glyph of Present Defense, followed by the repetition of her Secret Names in reversed order.



DURÛN: The Beast, Steed of Lord Hrü'ú, Master of the Fourth Circle. he is of the essence and substance of Lord Hrü'ú, and Him alone does he serve. Many cubits high is he, feathered as a bird of prey, with wings of ashen grey, a beak of black, and long tail whose touch leaves the dust of death [?]. His sole power is that of Seismism [the causing of earthquakes], although he occasionally gives counsel and provides wisdom to adherents of Lords Hrü'ú and Wurú. He is evocable only by one of the Eleventh Circle [modern Thirteenth or Fourteenth], and this is done

by setting forth the Wards of Ningmokáilu [the same as the modern Twelve Tangents to the Circle of Dló], followed by the recitation of his Secret Names, which are: Rláth, Thékèkè, Ghú, and Ne'epón. The evocator may then offer him wealth and items of sorcerous nature, in return for which he will exercise his great talent. Having done this, he will disappear and come no more.



LELMİYÁNI: The Sweet Singer of Doom. This Demoness appears in the form of a little girl of delightful presence and childish mien. Her essence and substance are unknown, and she will aid any having the wisdom to summon and bind her. She is talented at Conducting [guiding a person through labyrinths and even through the Planes of the Many Worlds], Disclosure [finding lost objects or persons], and Abstraction [the removal of objects unnoticed from a guarded place]. She particularly manifests herself in the maze which lies near the Garden of the Weeping Snows beneath the city of Jakálla—but which exists in other

dimensions as well—and thither she strives to guide the unwary with the playing of her flute. An evocator must be of the Eleventh Circle [modern Thirteenth or Fourteenth] or more, and he must be deaf or able to stop all sound from reaching his ears; then he may summon her by scattering gold and silver dust upon the earth and in this drawing her glyph. Then he shall call out her Secret Name, which is Ulílya. The demoness does not speak, nor does she approach the evocator. He must offer her only magical trinkets and items of gold and precious stones. If these are accepted, she will guide the evocator to a goal which he can call by name. Should she be affronted at the niggardliness of the evocator, however, she may guide him into snares and traps and even across Planes to some realm where his demise will be effected. She will depart of herself when all is done, although the evocator may wish to use the Glyph of Present Defense to assure her permanent disappearance.



LLYANMÁKCHI: She of the Twisted Visage, Mistress of the Third Circle. She serves no Deity and may be called by anyone with even a modicum of sorcerous ability. She usually appears as an old woman of deformed visage, but this is only a seeming, and she may adopt other shapes as well: monstrous animals, gigantic beings with many limbs, and hulking invisible creatures. She comes first as a single being, but she shifts her appearance whimsically, and then she may take on more than one form and approach the evocator from many directions at once. She has the talent of Imparting, particularly Alchemy, Petrology, Hierology, Enchant-

ments, and such matters as history and philosophy. She has as well the power of Marshalling [the calling forth of hosts], this being over several minor races of the Demon Planes: the headless Tsúghiyur, the Dwellers in Shadow, and the Ones Who Writhe. If enraged she can turn these against the evocator, but mostly she is amicable. Her chosen offerings are the hands and feet of children and adolescents of any sapient species, and the evocator should obtain a plentiful supply of these before calling her. Any evocator whatsoever can summon her by drawing the Seven-Pointed Star of Nmítu Tirriká [the same as the modern Seven-Starred Diadem of Lord Grugánu], followed by the Ritual of Summoning given in the dreaded "Book of Presences" [no longer extant, although the priests of Lord Ksáru claim efficacy for their Stridor unto the Encroaching Nullity]. Then the sacrifices are offered and her Four Secret Names are called: Kuyós, Gjémém Chájjeth, and I'í. She must then be bound further by the singing of the Litany of Ultimate Victory in the fifteenth of the Musical Modes of Nettukirés. Then will she hearken to the evocator. She may desire more sacrifices for her services, or she may choose to carry the evocator into one of her Planes, there to pit him against foes of her own. If he is victorious, she will return him to his own world and will acquiesce to his requests. If he is defeated, she will enjoy the torment of his soul forever in her realm of Ûdh [the name of the Third Circle]. This can be partially guarded against by the Sign of the Triangle of Being Repelled Forever, although this is not always efficacious. When her tasks are done, the Demoness will return of herself to her own Plane.



MI'ROYÉL: The Infant Who Eats Its Mother, Ruler of the Thirty-Fourth Circle, Servitor of Prince Origób. He is of the substance and essence of Lord Grugánu, and he is evocable only by one of the Sixth Circle [modern Eighth or Ninth] or higher. He can be summoned by the adherents of any Deity, though those of the Lords of Stability will take no joy from him [?]. His shape is that of a great, crawling worm, all of black and sickly blue, borne upon many slender filaments like the Hupó [a millipedal insect]. His features are tiny, soft and unformed, like a baby dead at birth, with eyes of white and a mouth which drools. Lord Mi'royél

has the talents of Refluence [causing time to flow backwards], Prorogation [causing time to stretch out to great length for a person], and Parablepsis [causing a victim to perceive matters incorrectly]. If annoyed, he may use his skill of Aberration, which causes a victim to become so divorced from reality as to eschew meat and drink and become catatonic. He is evoked by drawing a circle of white bone-powder, and in this a circle of red ochre, and within this a square of black charcoal. At each corner of this last figure one shall write one of the Demon's Secret Names: Qákh, Nmódha, Chué, and Zumír. Then one makes an offering before each of these Names in turn: the first of blood, then of spittle, then of urine, and the last of bile. Lord Mi'royél will then appear, and he must be bound with the second Canto of Irshukétl the Shackler. He will be tractable and will make a compact with the evocator, but his performance is less than one might wish, and he does not complete his agreements unless he is threatened with the Wands of Puesmánü [the making of which is described in *Realms Beyond the Triple Knot*, by Subadím the Sorcerer]. When all is done, he will disappear of himself and will not come again.



MIKOYÉL: The Formless, Lord of the Thirty-Second Circle, the One of Knives, Servitor of Prince Origób. He is of the essence of Lord Wurú and the substance of Lord Chiténg. His aspect is that of a dull reddish blur which floats in the air and has no proper shape. At times he manifests a vast, crude, vacuous face, like that moulded by a child from wet mud. This appearance he can alter at will, becoming larger, smaller, longer, taller, as he desires. Of all the Demons, Lord Mikoyél is the most adept at Transformation [changing into some other shape], and he can metamorphose one's features, stature, sex, colouration, and even species into any

form desired. He is also skilled at Raising [calling up the Undead] and at Obnubilation [beclouding a region so as to cause a fearsome gloom]. Another talent is that of Imparting the nature of spells, telepathy, and other extrasensory powers, even to one who lacks the talent entirely. He is able to Impart geognosy and geomancy similarly. The evocator of Lord Mikoyél must be of the Seventh Circle [modern Ninth or Tenth] or higher, and the summoning consists of the Diagramme of Aruché Ga'ináth [a six-pointed star set within a pentacle and crossed with four lines of different colours]. One then recites his Secret Names: Lésme, Akhizón and Dmégaha. When he manifests himself, the evocator shall offer up three cups of fresh earth dug from a place which has never been dug before, followed by one human sacrifice—preferably a youth, maiden, or well-bodied adult. He will then assist the evocator in one request, and he may demand more sacrifices therefore. He is dispelled by making the Sign of the Triangle of Being Repelled Forever, followed by the recitation of his fourth Secret Name: Kü'ümün.



MENNUKÉ: The Watcher. This Demon is Lord of no Circle, nor are his essence and substance known. In *The Book of Emanations* he is called "the Master of Secrets," and his power is that of observing all things which transpire in the Many Worlds. He appears as a single round sphere, having no external organs or other markings, greenish-grey in colour, and hanging in the air like a bloated bubble. He has no voice, but his words are perceived directly within the mind. He is evocable by any mage of the Fourteenth Circle [modern Sixteenth or Seventeenth] or higher, this being accomplished by the drawing of the Diagramme of the Nine

Blind Eyes [the same as the Manifold Matrix of Arús-tikú'un, which is more popular today]. One then repeats his Secret Name, which is Onùvrés. He will then appear and demand one sacrifice only, but, alas, he can read the mind of the evocator and will choose that object or person who is dearest to him. In return, he will use his talent of Pansophism [the knowledge of all that transpires], and he will speak of the mysteries of the Many Worlds, including the past and the future, as we know them. Unfortunately, he is known to equivocate upon occasion and to tell less

than the entire truth, delighting in riddles and vague oracles. When he has spoken as he wishes, he will depart as a dream departs upon awakening.



evocator of the Sixth Circle [modern Eighth or Ninth] or higher. She is of the aspect of a lissome human woman, but her head is that of a hook-beaked beast, and she has four arms, rather than our two. In one hand she holds a chalice; in the second, a staff, the powers of which are not known; in the third, a dagger; and in the fourth, a severed human hand. The symbolisms of these items is not recorded. Her calling is done with the Ritual of Qð-Tnakuné, which is given in *The Paan of Irshukétl the Shackler*. Her Secret Name, which is Tayélith, shall then be chanted five times. Upon her manifestation, the evocator shall offer her five freshly severed human hands, and these will cause her to bargain amicably, although there is no guarantee that she will make any agreement. Moreover, she will employ all her wiles to bewitch the evocator into false or unwise compacts and will then seize him upon these fallacious grounds. Against this there is only the Sign of the Triangle of Being Repelled Forever; if this is used against her, she will vanish and come no more. It is recorded that she also accepts other things than human hands: chalices of gold and gems, magical instruments, and weapons containing sorcerous powers. Aloné, the wizardess of Tl-Usáro [possible modern Sraón in Livyánu], has written that Lady Marággú appears in the shape of a handsome man before a female evocatress, but again with the beaked, beast-like head mentioned heretofore.

MARÁGGU: She of Sweet Deception. This Demoness is not the Mistress of any Circle, yet she is useful to mages of all sects, for her powers are those of Inclination [causing one person to fall in love with another], Enrapturement [making a victim fall in love with the Demoness herself], Delusiveness [causing a victim to believe untruths], and Metagrobolisation [the creation of puzzles, snares, and other traps in which a victim may lose his life if he fails to solve them]. The substance and essence of this Demoness are not certain, but it may be that she is of the nature of the Dark Lady [the Goddess Dlamélish]. She can be summoned only by an



with lentigines and buboes of flame-red, and spines and thorny protuberances rise likewise from the sides and back of his flat, ancipitous head. He is evocable only by a mage of the Seventh Circle [modern Ninth or Tenth] of the hierarchies of Lord Vimúhla or His Cohort, Lord Chiténg, and this only when great harm is to be worked upon some foe of these Deities. His summoning is done with the Circle of Diodásü, the Station of Kelúo [both detailed previously] and the saying of the Demon's Secret Names, which are Trübéth, Sá'áq, and Tlonétl. Lord Mrúgga must be offered five living sacrifices in the Sacred Flame of Lord Vimúhla, or in the Chalice of Fire of Lord Chiténg, and he will then agree to work his skills upon the foes of the Flame Lords—although this he will be loath to do when the moon Gayél or the planet Shíchel are in the sky. He is the sovereign of two of the Demon races of the Flame: the Haichútl, which are creatures dwelling within the hottest incandescence and which burn all they touch, and the Kholúr [not described, but perhaps the bronze-armoured, dragon-headed warriors called the "Chóhhu'arth" in the "Book of Burnings"]. These can Lord Mrúgga call forth to aid him in his endeavours, although his personal choler is such that any dealing with him may prove perilous. To dispel this Demon, one requires the XXVth Canto of *The Litany of the Coming of the Flooding Tide*.

MRÚGGA: He With Scales of Fire, Ruler of the Twenty-Fourth Circle. He is of the essence and substance of Lord Vimúhla, and his powers are those of Enrage-ment [causing a victim to become so furious that no decisions may be taken, and a seizure of the brain may ensue], Febrifacience [causing high fever, with resultant sores and weakness], Deflagration [the causing of great explosions], and Incendi- arism [making fires to rage amongst foes or within cities]. In form, he is an iridescent, squamous creature like unto the renowned Flame Dragons of the time of the Dragon Lords. He has a ridge of raised spikes upon his back, all covered



MISSÚM: He Whose Name is Death, Master of the Forty-Sixth Circle [which is said to be one of Lord Sáрку's hells], Servitor of the Lord of Worms. He is of the essence and substance of mighty Lord Sáрку, and in form he appears as a motionless, mummified cadaver, hovering in the midst of a sad amber lumines- cence. He does not speak, nor does he move, and none may gaze upon his eyes, for one would find one's own doom inscribed there, and this is more than any would wish to know. He it is who is charged with the transition from life into

dissolution, and he obeys no command save that of his dread Master. His sole power is the granting of instant and final demise. The evocator must be of the Twelfth Circle [modern Fourteenth of Fifteenth], and he must be accompanied by a choir of priests of the Inner Rituals of the Worm. One then draws the Eight Interlocking Squares of Djaréva and performs the Ritual of the Quintessence of the Dark, followed by the Hymn of Descent into the Sepulchre. Thereafter all shall sing the XIVth Stanza of *The Requiem for All Being*, which is written upon the altars of Lord Sárku in the darkness of His shrines. Once Lord Missúm is present, the chief evocator may ask one question relating to the present life or death of one being. In return for two further sacrifices, one male and one female (whom the Demon will not touch but will cause to die silently and without trembling [?]), Lord Missúm will perhaps choose to slay one victim whom the evocator shall designate. He may also slay those of the evocator's party whose Skeins of Destiny are soon to end in any case, thus saving himself another journey. When the matter is complete, the Demon will disappear, and all of the evocators must rest for one full month since his evocation takes much energy and leaves everyone enervated and despairing of the futilities of corporeal existence. It is also written that the summoning of Lord Missúm takes away a full decade of life from those who call him forth, but this cannot be proved—who can say how long a person's Skein of Destiny might have lasted, had it not been for this encounter with the Master of Death?



MISHOMÚÛ: Steward of the Palace of Relinquishment of All, Master of the Fifteenth Circle, Servitor of Prince Origób. He is of the essence of Lord Ksárul but of the substance of Lord Sárku, and his shape is vermiform, black, glistening with putrid slime, and he is without a face or any other orifice. He is repugnant to the race of men, and his summoning is done very rarely. His powers are those of Reverberation [causing such vibration in the atmosphere that persons, edifices, and objects are shaken to pieces], Stridency [causing shrill and raucous noises which will deafen a victim and cause him to become witless], and Thundering [making such a clamour as to frighten large numbers of persons or beasts]. He is also familiar with the rhythms of enchantments and can Impart new litanies and hymns which will call forth Demons and the denizens of the Many Worlds. He is summonable by any evocator of the Thirteenth Circle [modern Fifteenth or Sixteenth] or higher, and this is done by drawing the Paragon of Patterns in blue chalk mingled with the ashes of Chmé-wood. Therein shall one set out an altar which is a single stone with no crevice or crack, and a youthful sacrifice—male or female, it matters not—shall be bound thereto, face upwards. One shall recite the Threnody of Lirinésü in the twelfth of the Musical Modes of Nettukirés, as given in the book called *Memoirs of Intimacy with Desolation*. Death is then very close to the evocator, for Lord Mishomúù appears instantly, in the time it takes the eye to blink, and he has no patience. The bound sacrifice must be dispatched at once, using the substance Süghyaréth, which is a black, tarry ooze composed of the ashes of the Tíu-tree, crude bitumen, nitre, yellow sulphur, and natron; this is poured into the mouth and nose of the sacrifice so that he strangles forthwith. The Demon will cause a voice to resound in the chamber and will demand more and yet more victims, but the evocator shall be firm and state his precise task and the rewards which shall accrue to the Demon. Lord Mishomúù desires a type of sacrifice different from those sought by most of his fellows: he wishes to obtain permanent openings into this Plane whence he may emerge at will. This can be permitted, but the evocator must guard against his emergence entire into this world by setting the Wards of Tì-Kshéhl about any place which is bestowed upon the Demon; he can then visit this place, but he cannot go beyond it into our Plane. If no bargain be made, Lord Mishomúù will leave discomfited but will wreak no harm upon the evocator. Should a compact be arranged, however, the Demon must be bound to his tasks with the LXVth Canto of *The Paan of Irshukétl the Shackler*. Else will he do more than he was asked to the general disapproval of all. He is repelled by the Pattern of the Primordial Nexus, and he will vanish at once if this is used, whether by friend or by foe [?].



AKHONÉ: The Warrior of Lù-Ishatúr, Servitor of Prince Origób. He is a powerful armoured fighter, armed in scale-mail, his head concealed beneath a visor of darkest night-purple, and totally human form. He is famed for his Slaying and his Warring, and his weapon is the great two-handed axe named Ru'tlák, which he received from Lord Hrúgga from the spoils of Lù-Ishatúr. His evocation is like that of Lord Nimuné, save that his Secret Name is Ngá-Tothù.



ASHÓNU: The Steward of Lord Gereshmá'a and Master of the Palace of the Lonely Tomb, He With the Head of a Beast, Lord of the Thirty-Sixth Circle. He is most mighty, being of the substance and essence of Lord Sárku. He is of the form of a human male, save that his head is large and furred, and his tusks project up above his eyes. Long black hair covers his back, and his limbs are clawed and spurred with bone. Ever does he turn his countenance this way and that to show his ire at being summoned from his tasks, and one can thus see the scarlet of his eyes and the powerful muscles of his torso. His powers include Sovereignty [rule

over the Undead and other creatures of the tombs], Edacity [performing acts of great gluttony], Intermuring [causing a space or a victim to surrounded with impenetrable walls], Colliquation [causing a victim to melt or waste away], and Gerontification [causing a victim to become old before his time]. He is skilled at the Imparting of Sphragistics, Gelation, and the intricacies of the ambages which exist below ancient cities. He is evocable by the adherents of any Deity, although he prefers to respond to the servitors of Lord Sárku or those of His Cohort, Lord Durrítámish. The evocator must be of the Tenth Circle, [modern Twelfth or Thirteenth] or higher, and he must guard his physical integrity with the Pattern of Hrúsa, which is an eight-pointed star inside a square, inscribed with the words "Chnúè, Arizán, Gekkúth" in the Llyáni tongue. All of this is to be found in the Protective Pandects of Ni-Tirishké, a copy of which I possess [perhaps the same as that preserved in the temple of Sárku in Béy Sü, although this copy may be corrupt]. One then must recite the Secret Names of Lord Ashónu: Wásün, Párve, Bulóvre, and Védhe. A large meat animal shall then be offered up, and the Demon will appear. He will demand sustenance, and his gourmandising is renowned. Great piles of foodstuffs must be provided, and well it is written that Lord Ashónu can exhaust even the storehouse of a city within moments. He will then bargain for further nourishment, in return for which he will give his services liberally. Unfortunately, however, he can be diverted by the sight of more provender, and it is easy to bribe him and send him back to work ill upon the original evocator. This may be forestalled with the Sign of the Triangle of Being Repelled Forever. Once all nutriment is ingested he will disappear of his own accord.



ERBULÉ: He Who Comes Without Summoning, Master of the Twentieth Circle, Servitor of Prince Origób. It is noteworthy that when in the presence of the Demon Prince, this being prefers to be called Ertbulé, and to name him as Erbulé there will cause him to rage and devour the evocator immediately. The reason for this has to do with the cadences of Secret Names and their sonorities. Lord Erbulé is of the essence and substance of Lord Ksárul, yet he will come unto any mage who possesses the power, providing only that he be of the Twelfth Circle [modern Fourteenth or Fifteenth] or higher. He is flat and insectoid, brownish-

black in hue, having many small limbs and a hard carapace, while from his mouth seven tentacles depend. He is inimical to humans and prefers to deal with sapient of other species, although he can indeed be called to devour a region or a city. His primary power is thus that of Expunging, and to this effect he possesses many minions like unto himself, some flying, some crawling, some swimming, and some pushing up from beneath the earth. These he will bring to aid him, but his price is very high: the complete and total devouring of every organic substance in the specified area—and, given time, the ingestion of parts of the rock and earth of the place even! His powers are thus fearful for friend and foe alike, and his evocation should be attempted only in a case of the utmost gravity. To summon him, one requires a powerful protective pattern. The wizard Thómar of Llü-Orü [possibly modern Llü'úr in Tsoléi] claims that even the Eight Interlocking Squares of Djaréva are insufficient, and one must resort to the Paragon of Patterns or even to the Inimitable Tessellation of Trù-Kitáino [now lost]. When all is ready, the evocator should perform the Litany of the Absolution from the Taints of Life, followed by the Exercises of the Heart's Intent, and then the Hymn of the Night of the Soul. Four sacrifices shall be made: an item of gold (the larger and more splendid the better), a blue gem (a large sapphire, blue beryl, lapis lazuli, or turquoise will serve), an item of the metal platinum, and another of the metal iron. Incense of the Giyú-flower is then burned, and the Demon's Secret Name—which is Haóggü—is recited five times. Lord Erbulé will then appear, and his lunging and insensate fury have affrighted many evocators into forgetting the next portions of the ritual. He must be bound with the CVIth Canto of *The Paan of Irshukétl the Shackler*. Then the evocator must provide him with two identical spheres, one of gold and one of silver, of the size of a man's head, polished and solid throughout. What purpose these serve is not recorded. It can be seen that the evocation of Lord Erbulé is costly and cannot be attempted by a mage of less than opulent means. A bargain shall be written by the evocator in his own blood upon a piece of new parchment, and then will Lord Erbulé set out to achieve

the task. He allows for no failures and tolerates no delays. When the area has been devastated to the evocator's satisfaction, the Demon may be repelled by redrawing the ritual diagrammes, repeating all of the invocations, and summoning Lord Erbulé once more. At this time he shall be ordered to desist and return to his realms, and this is reinforced by the recital of Canto CVIth of *The Paan of Irshukétl the Shackler*. Naught else will do.



Ó: He Who Echoes Between the Planes, Ruler of the Thirty-Eighth Circle. Nothing is known of him save that he is only a vibration, a surruration, a breath of sound which is not sound. No one knows his essence and substance, nor does any mage have awareness of his powers.



UNÍ: The River of Mud, master of the Thirty-Ninth Circle, Servitor of Prince Kurritlakál. He is of the essence of Lord Ksárul and the substance of Lord Hrü'ú, and he serves only those who love the Lords of Change. He appears as a great pool of sodden, mildew-smelling ooze, all black and yellow and mould-white. No face or organs has he, although orifices open here and there, and exudations arise from fumaroles and bubbles which emerge upon his surface. He is evocable only in a place which is moist and dark, for he hates light and desiccation. The evocator shall be of the Ninth Circle, [modern Eleventh or Twelfth] or higher, and his

summoning consists of the drawing of the Seven-Pointed Star of Nmítu Trikkâ [the same as the modern Seven-Starred Diadem of Lord Grugánu]. In this the evocators shall stand, there being three males and three females. Then all shall chant the Psalmody of È-Shánmeth, which is disgusting but yet terribly potent. [*The Tome of Unoccupied Darkness*, by the priest Furtlánte, contains this in its entirety.] Lord Uní will then respond, and all will feel the terror of his slow and flexuous advance into the chamber. Nine souls are then offered to him [the method is not specified], and all of the evocators shall recite together his Secret Names, which are: Jigáretl, Múùshigga, and Zmakká-ludè. Lord Uní will then agree to use his powers in return for further souls. He is skilled in Effusion [the emission of poisonous vapours], Transmutation [changing one substance into another, particularly a solid into a semi-liquid], Engulfment [flowing over an object and submerging it entirely], and Saturation [filling a victim with liquid so that he bursts]. He is dispelled by the Glyph of Present Defense, coupled with the drawing of the Pattern of the Primordial Nexus before him in black charcoal.



ULÉLA: The Maid of Despairing Delight, Mistress of the Fiftieth Circle, She of the Thousand Acts of Lubricity. She is a servitor of the Dark Lady [the Goddess Dlamélish], and thus is her substance, while her essence is that of Lady Hriháyal. She is hermaphroditic, having a male shape for female evocatresses and a female form for a male mage. She is evoked safely by those of the hierarchy of the Dark Lady, if they be of the Eleventh Circle [modern Thirteenth or Fourteenth] or more, and even so if proper precautions are not observed, she will enchant one of these persons into her service and will strive to gain permanent entrance into this

Plane, whence she can only be removed by far more puissant magicks. Let there be six evocators, both male and female, and also a choir of ritualists. Her powers are those of Enrapturement [causing a victim to fall in love with her and so lose his wits], Concupiscence [causing a victim of pure spirit to engage in lecherous acts and thought against his will], Envenomisation [causing a victim to die of poison, in this case the result of achieving carnal knowledge of the Demoness, which she desires], and the Imparting of Sensuality, Salaciousness, and the rituals pleasing to the Dark Ladies. She cannot be summoned while the moon Káshi is in the sky. The Four Oblongs of Surety are drawn, and these are marked with the Demoness' glyph. Then the Litany of Summoning and the Litany to the Night of the Soul are performed by the assembled choir, while the evocator repeats her Secret Names in the third of the Musical Modes of Nettukirés: Mali'ya, Aluétthe, and Ninítha. All shall guard themselves with the Glyph of Present Defense, and the chief evocator shall avert his gaze from her enticements, which are those of the most lovely human female imaginable, saving that her hue is emerald green. Ten victims of both sexes shall be offered to her, and these will revel in their final ecstasy, even as they perish. When all is ready, the Demoness will depart upon her tasks, and the evocator should only beware of her duplicities and occasional laxities ...

[At this point *The Book of Ebon Bindings* ends in the Engsvanyáli recension. The various Tsolyáni versions go on to describe various minor Demons and races of beings inhabiting other Planes, but much of their contents appears to be apocryphal and corrupted by later scribes, and it seems unnecessary to append their materials here.]



Warning:
This publication contains
sorcerously explicit material
and is not meant for children.
Discretion is advised.

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