

Analects of the Third Garden



STORYTELLERS
VAULT



FICTION

ANALECTS OF THE THIRD GARDEN

Written by Felicia Svilling

Art by Johannes Jörgenssen,

Felicia Svilling and Public Domain



VÄSTGÖTAGATAN 5
SE-118 27 STOCKHOLM
SWEDEN

© 2017 White Wolf Entertainment AB. All rights reserved. Vampire: The Masquerade®, World of Darkness®, Storytelling System™, and Storytellers Vault™ are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of White Wolf Entertainment AB. All rights reserved. For additional information on White Wolf and the World of Darkness, please, visit: www.white-wolf.com, www.worldofdarkness.com and www.storytellersvault.com.

Introduction

I have always loved the in-universe books for vampire, such as Revelations of the Dark Mother and the Eurycess fragments. But I have also always felt that while these books are great to read, they don't really work as the ancient tomes of lore that I longed for. Thus I set out to create one. In the beginning, I just wanted to compile all information that was available on Abyss Mysticism, as that has always been one of the most fascinating forms of occultism to me. I soon found the material lacking. I needed more. So I thought about other things to include. The descriptions of the Mystics reminded me of kabalists, so that was one potential inspiration. Further, the Abyss Mysticism seemed to lack a morality. There was a lot of descriptions of powers and rituals, but no ethics to guide how they should be used. I decided to add my favorite of the many strange ethics of World of Darkness: The Bahari, the followers of Lilith.

After this, the project just kept expanding until I had a veritable Bahari bible, because yes, over time it was the Bahari elements that came to dominate the work. In particular I did a lot of work on filling in the details of various rites, so that you have all the information necessary to actually perform it. My goal with this work was to create something that was whole and complete. Something that could have been used by an actual living faith, and not just a brief description from the eyes of an outsider.

The Analects of the Third Garden, is a collection of texts from a now defunct Bahari cult, that practiced Abyss Mysticism. It is divided in five analects. The first contain the story of Isotta Nogarolla who composed the collection. It is the story of how she was inducted into cult and why she put its secrets to paper.

The second analect is the largest. It tells the history of Lilith, Vampires, Bahari and so much more. The Story of how the Abyss came to be, and how knowledge about it was spread through the kindred by Lilith, Tzilah and Nahema. How Lucifer warred with Sabaoth, and how Lilith and Kayin turned into enemies. How the Nine Antediluvians where embraced, and how they rebelled against their sires.

The third analect describes the rituals of the Bahari. Ceremonies for initiation into the three degrees of cult membership. Yearly rites and rites of necessity.

The fourth contains various texts on Bahari philosophy, including how a Bahari coven is organized and guides for the induction of mortals, as followers and for the embrace.

The last analect focus on the Abyss. Its denizens and geography, as well as the rituals of Bahari Mysticism that allow Vampires to summon its power.

F nally there are two appendix containing songs, prayers, oaths and the secret language of Bahari pictograms.

I hope you will enjoy this work as much as I have enjoyed writing it.

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

The Guarded Rubrics of the Dark Mother

Translators Preface

The present translation was begun in to 1813, when I was completing my Commentary to Curio's 'The Thorn of Heaven.' Owing, however, to various causes, I was unable at that time to do more than prepare a rough translation of about a third of the whole; and it was not until 1842 that I found leisure to revise and continue it. It is based on the Latin translation as I couldn't get a hand on more than scraps of the Hebrew original. My efforts have been directed primarily to a popularization of the subject treated here, and I have therefore avoided, as much as possible, any complicated phrases or obscure expressions often met with in works treating subjects of this or similar nature. My notes are rather of an explanatory nature and tend to enlighten the reader on some points she may not be familiar with. In addition to my own enlightened notes there are also notes as well as illustrations and illumination from other members of my coven. These are in my opinion a valuable insight into the various ideas debated among the Bahari. Except for those from Sebastian which are mostly nonsense.

If the style of this book is found unattractive, it will show that I have done my work ill and not represented the author truly; but, if it is found odd, I beg that I may not bear all the blame. I have simply tried to reproduce the author's own mixture of colloquialisms and technicalities, and her preference for the precise expression of her thought rather than the word conventionally expected. To better capture the spirit and detail of the original I have chosen to use a somewhat archaic language. I have used the old form of pronouns, denoting plurality instead of familiarity, or the lack thereof. Even more archaic, I have chosen to use man as a strictly sexless word, with wereman, to denote someone of the male sex. But even when these and other difficulties, inherent in the original Hebrew, have been overcome, there remains for the translator the task, from which there is no escape, of restating the content of each of the more complex sentences in a number of separate sentences. To do this without distortion of meaning is probably in most cases possible; and indeed I have found that, by patient and careful handling, even the most cumbersome sentences can generally be satisfactorily resolved. Certain sentences, however, occurring not infrequently, present the translator with another type of problem: how far she ought to sacrifice part of what is said, or at least suggested, to gain smoothness in the translation. There are sentences which, to judge by their irregular structure and by the character of their constituents, must have owed their origin to the combination of passages independently written and later combined.

In a careful final revision of the translation I have found a number of errors, major and minor; and I fear that others must have remained undetected. Should students of Lilith, in using this translation, discover any, I shall be grateful if they will report them to me.

Rowan Storm, Great Yarmouth, 1847

Table of Contents

Introduction to Baharah or the Seeds of Wisdom	1
What is This Book	2
Who am I who Wrote this Book	2
The Motivation for this Collection	4
How I Came to Know the Depths of the Discipline	5
How I set Fourth in the Search for Wisdom	6
My Meeting With the Wise Ilana	8
How I was initiated into the Mystery	10
Of the Falsehoods I Meet in my Searching	13
On my Return from Egypt	18
He Who Cast Her Out of the Garden	19
On the Use of Power and Mysteries Herein	21
 Genesis of Suffering or the Gardens of Lilith	 23
Gishidah: The Garden of Night	24
The Book of Yaldabaoth	24
The Blinding Light is Made Manifest	25
The Book of Sabaoth	26
The Creation of Man	26
Lilith is Exiled	29
The Return to the Endless Sea	31
Lucifer Guards the Gate of Eden	33
The Book of Chavah	35
The Serpent Reveals the Truth	36
Damnation is Cast Upon the Four Lovers	39
Dhainuv: The Garden of Renewal	42
The Book of Kayin	42
Blood is Sacrificed	43
The Book of Lilith	45
The Coming of Kayin to the Garden	47
Dhainuv prospers, then falls	51
The Book of Lucifer	55
The First Murder	57
Defeat of the Rebel Army	59
Ba'harah: The Garden of Torment	61
The Book of Hanokh	61
The Embrace of Veddartha	65
The Embrace of Typhon	67
The Embrace of Ishtar	68
The Book of Tzilah	69

The Embrace of Absimiliard	71
The Embrace of Mekhet	72
The Embrace of Haqim	74
The Book of Irad	74
The Embrace of Ilyes	75
The Embrace of Ennoia	76
The Embrace of Nahema	78
Ubar: The City of Turmoil	79
The First Book of Nahema	79
The second city is founded	82
Hanokh allows the embrace of the fourth generation.	83
Haqim sets himself up as judge.	86
Veddartha is interogated	87
Mekhet abuses prophecy.	89
Hanokh banishes Typhon, Veddartha and Haqim.	90
Hanokh leaves the second city.	91
The Second Book of Nahema	93
Nahema meets the exiles of Ubar	97
Nahema journey to the dead realms	99
The Book of Lamech	101
Absimiliard leads his brood in an ambush.	105
The Antediluvians kill Tzilah.	108
The Punishment of the Dark Father	109
Rites of Growth and Loss or the Thorns of Tribulation	111
The Common Ceremonies	112
Search for the Garden	112
Meeting Dance.	113
Stride of the Sun God	113
Sermons of Lilith	114
Search for Wisdom	115
The Lovers	115
Celebration of Suffering	116
Initiation	116
Choosing supplicants	117
Craving and Conversion	118
Proof in Pain	119
First-Degree	120
Sowing the Seed	120
Tribulation	121
Reaping the Harvest	121
Second-Degree	124

Sowing the Seed	124
Tribulation	126
Reaping the harvest	127
Third-Degree	129
Sowing the Seed	130
Tribulation	131
Reaping the Harvest	133
The Cycle of Exile and Return	134
Winter Solstice	134
Spring Equinox	135
Summer Solstice	136
Autumnal Equinox	137
Rites of Necessity	139
Casting the Circle	139
Diagram of the proper layout of the Hieron	141
Monomancy	142
Blood Hunt	144
Acceptance Rite	145
The Ceremony of Signs	145
The Rite of Silence	146
How to Conduct the Ceremonies	146
Of the Officers and their Station	147
Portianitor	147
Adjudicator	147
Custodian	147
Chorus	148
Initiate	148
Hierophant	148
Of the Ordeal of the Art Mystical	148
The Working Tools	149
The Meaning of the Tools	150
The Consecration of the Tools	151
Principles of Pain or the Flowers of Awakening	153
Visions of the Scarlet Empress	154
The Gospel of Nahema	154
The Awakening in Pain	154
The Revelation	156
The Continuing Revelation of Lilith	157
The Faces Of Lilith	159
The Queen of the Night Garden	159
The Dark Mother of the Garden of Renewal	160

The Crone in the Garden of Torment	160
The Primal Abyss	161
The Trials of the Visitor	161
The Third Descent	166
Derech Lilit	167
The Garden Ba'harah	168
The Laws of Lilith	170
The Code of Ananda	170
The Traditions of Kayin	172
The Commandments of Tzilah	173
Workings of a Bahari Coven	175
Hierarchy of the Bahari Coven	175
Supplicant	175
Novice	175
Acolyte	176
Hierophant	176
Secrecy of the Cult	177
Maintaining Order in the Coven	179
The Crime of Amaranth	180
Construction of Labyrinths	181
Induction of Mortal Followers into the Cult	182
Gaining Converts to the Cult	183
Finding New Followers	183
Separation From the Unawakened	184
Rules of Tribulation	185
The Fruits of the Garden	186
The Mothers Love	186
The Fruits of Knowledge	186
Faith in the Truth of the Goddess	187
Embrace into the Ranks of Lilith	187
The Long Road into Darkness	188
Testing To Destruction	189
From Life To Unlife	190
Revelations of the Akh	191
Cultivation of Gardens	191
The Delirious Insights of Torpor	192
Mortification of the Flesh	193
Altercations to the Self	193
Exile from the World of Man	194
The Fire of the Crucible	194
The Labyrinth	195
The Winter's Embrace	195

The Chase	196
The Dead Womb	196
The Power of Unconsciousness	196
The Five Natural Avenues	197
The Unnatural Avenues	199
Mysteries of the Abyss or the Roots of Darkness	201
The Primal Realm	202
What and How Many be the Forms of Veritable Mystery	202
What We Should Consider Before Undertaking These Rites	204
What is the Rites of the Abyss?	204
What Can be Accomplished With Shadowplay	205
Denizens of the Abyss	206
Yaldabaoth	206
The Neverborn	206
Children of the Night	207
Dark Intelligences	208
Hungry Shades	208
Venatores	209
Consumption Clouds	209
Sea Shadows	209
Sable Pests	210
Gloomdrakes	210
Dark Angels	210
Eyes of Yaldabaoth	210
The Abyss It Self	211
Oblivion	211
Time, Space and Distance	212
The Endless Sea	212
The Sunless sea	213
The Sea of Shadows	213
The Sea of Souls	214
The Open Sea	215
The Sea of Broken Glass	216
The Swamp Sea	216
The City of Iron	217
The Angels of the City	217
The Castle Ba'harah	218
The Chasm	218
The Roads Into the Chasm	219
The Labyrinth	220
Entering the Labyrinth	222

The Makeup of the Labyrinth	222
Labyrinth Navigation	223
The Rites of Summoning	224
The Shadow of Hands That Serve	224
Calling the Nocturne	225
Reflections of Hollow Revelation	225
Whispers in the Dark	226
Shroud of Absence	226
Calling the Hungry Shade in Darkness	227
Calling the Dark Hunter	228
Aegis of Shadows	229
The Darkness Within	229
Yaldabaoth's Demesne	230
The Transformative Rites	230
Pierce the Murk	230
Black Metamorphosis	231
Assuming the Tenebrous Form	231
Drinking the Blood of Yaldabaoth	232
Eminence of Shade	233
The Cry That Slays Light	233
The Rites for Entering into the Abyss	234
Descent Into the Chasm	234
Evocation of the Oubliette	235
Naming the Neverborn	237
Fortify Against Lucifer	237
Smothering Darkness	237
Shadow Twin	237
Hundred Shade Breath	238
Shadowstep	238
Shade Prison Amulet	238
Shadowed Eyes	238
Songs, Prayers and Oaths	239
Threefold Prayer	240
The Queen of the Night	240
Mothers Prayer	241
Mothers Chant or Litany of Nahema	241
Reel of Crom Cruiac	243
Oath of Lilith	244
Rubric Rhyme	245
Lament for Lucifer	246
Owl, Cat and Serpent	247

The Rising Tides	248
Malediction of the Queen of Hells	249
Hymn to the Mother of the Gods	251
Call to Lucifer	252
 Bahari Pictograms	 255
Isotta Nogarolla	256
Primitive Pictograms	257
Ancient Primitives	258
Composite Pictograms	259
Clans & Disciplines	260
Abyssinal Pictograms	261
The Positions in the Cult	262



The First Analec̄t:
Introduction to Ba'harah
or
The Seeds of Wisdom



What is This Book

WHO AM I WHO WROTE THIS BOOK



Although this first analect serves rather for prologue than for the actual rules to acquire this enlightened and Dark Mystery; nevertheless, thou wilt therein find certain examples and other matters which wilt be nonetheless as useful and profitable unto thee as the history of the second analect and the rites and precepts which I shall give thee in the third and fourth analects. Wherefore thou shalt not neglect the study of this first analect, which shall serve thee for an introduction unto the veritable and Dark Mystery, and unto the practice of that which I, Isotta Nogarola, the childer of Cetieylla, have learned, from other wise and faithful kindred, and which I have found true and real, having submitted it unto proof and experiment. And having written this with mine own hand, I have placed it within this casket, and locked it up, as a most precious treasure; in order that when the world is again ready for the wisdom of Lilith, thou may be able to admire, to consider, and to enjoy the marvels of the Dark Mother.



he name the men in the market call me by in the present nights is of no concern. Neither is what those who presumptuously call themselves my kindred name me. But once I was Isotta Nogarola and my work was known among scholars throughout Europe, and some have told me even among the Musulmen of Arabia. I grew up in Verona during what we self-rightously called the “rebirth”. The Renaissance. We where so certain that our time was the most perfect of any era. That we where rebuilding the glory that was Rome. We where fools, but some of us where inspired fools. Some painted, some cut stone and their work is not even rivaled now 150 years later. And I wrote. We thought we revolutionized the thinking of man. We rejected the very thought of truth through dogma that so much of the church wanted to shove down our throats. And we where right. But the Revolution where as old as the world and while I lived and died in Italy, I did not know any of it.

My mother was a widow, my father passed away before neither I nor my siblings truly knew him. She talked of him only sparely, and it pained her. Having the resources of a great household of Verona at her fingertips, it was clear to her that my sister and I



should have the very best of educations. She had us tutored by Martino Rizzoni, who had been taught by the famous Guarino da Verona, one of the most forward humanist thinkers of our time. Law and theology, mathematics and the classic works. Yet he refused us rhetoric for as women we surely would have no need for convincing manners and skill in putting an argument together. He died screaming in the throws of the spring fevers when the putrid humours rose from the melting snow, and I did not mourn him.

Yet I was a pampered child of the aristocracy, and as I read my letters from those days I'm forced to conclude that I was an immature one at that. I thought that the very height of suffering was to be scorned by a scholar I once idolized. To be gossiped about by those wrinkled hens that peck around the Cathedral every Sunday, sniffing after scandal since that is the sum and total of their cerebral gifts.

Pain, I knew scant little about it, but I was beginning to ask some of the right questions. In hindsight it is entertaining that the work for which I attained the most praise was a discussion on whom the real sinner in that primordial garden was, if Adam truly was blameless as the priests would have us believe. I was starting to see that story for the lie it was, but I was sadly lacking the most important piece of the puzzle.

To be recognized was what I craved, and when Verona failed me, I sought it in Venice. Beautiful, decadent Venice, where the silk road began and all of the world melded in a bright hot mix, reminiscent of the glass they famously blew on its isles. But a writer without a true patron can only work for so long. I found my patron in a cruel woman whom for a time fooled me that all my ties to the world had been cut. When I would not break, she brought me into the ranks of the kindred. Into the clan Lasombra. I will not speak of them. They where a sham, and their conviction of their own importance perchance the greatest sham of all.

In the end I returned to Verona to live out my life in celibacy at my brothers estate. Or so I kept the good burgers of the city thinking. The rumour, though true, that I had claimed that no intelligent woman remains a virgin, I had ruthlessly squashed. It does not take much of a thinker to realize that modesty and guilt are mere traps. But in time that life had to be vanquished and I created a new identity for my self. I took Ludovico Foscari, a Venetian politician, for a spouse of sorts. A strange arrangement among the kindred. With few demands on my time, I kept up my studies and around this time I first heard about Lilith. A Sephardi Jewess whose father was visiting my brother made me a gift of a Kabbalistic work, the Book of Splendors.



It told among many other things a radically different version of the creation of the world. A version where a womans lot was both more fraught with pain and suffering, but also grander than anything I had dreamt. Apotheosis, to dare to reach for the fruit of life eternal was a possibility. Rebellion the natural state of the world. It told the story of Lilith, the true mother of this world. The true Goddess. It was my first revelation, but I lacked the tools to do anything else but ruminating.

THE MOTIVATION FOR THIS COLLECTION



If thou wish to know the reason wherefore I give unto thee this analekt, it is that the members of the cult is dying. Lamia herself fell for the Venetians, not to long ago, and even though it is against tradition, I fear that if I don't write this knowledge down, it might very well die with me, and I should commit a great error should I deprive thee of that strength which Lilith hath given unto me with so much profusion and liberality. I have already given up hope of immortality. Some morning, probably soon, the sun will claim me forever. My assassins, congratulating themselves on a job well done, will return to their masters' tables, gobble a few scraps and continue on their way, convinced that the night will last forever, or at least until

Gehenna. And I'm going to be laughing at them all the way to Hell. Because in my suffering, I will have achieved an insight that mine assassins will never know. And that insight will make me free.

I will then make every effort to be brief in this first analekt; having alone in view the ancientness of this venerable Discipline. And seeing that truth hath no need of enlightenment and of exposition, it being simple and right; be thee only obedient unto all that I shall say unto thee, contenting thyself with the simplicity thereof, and thou shalt acquire more wisdom than I could know how to promise unto thee.

May Lilith grant unto all, the strength necessary to be able to comprehend and penetrate the high mysteries of the Abyss and of the Truth Beyond; but they should content themselves with that which the Dark Mother accords unto them; seeing that if against her enlightened will they wish to peer yet deeper, even as did Kayin, this will but procure for them a most painful and fatal fall. She has suffered, her children have suffered, her devotees suffer, and I shall doubtless suffer for daring to put this all down into words. I can see the parchments with my name inscribed with vitae, tossed in the fires to signify a thousand, blood hunts. Wherefore it is necessary to be extremely prudent; because in consideration of the situation I attempt no other thing but to excite thee unto the research of this



Dark Mystery. But the manner of acquiring the same will come later, in all its perfection, and in its proper time; for it will be taught thee by better masters than I, that is to say, by those same dark children of Lilith. No kindred is embraced into the world a Master of the Mystery, and for that reason are we obliged to learn. She who applies herself there unto, and studies, learns; and a kindred can have no more shameful title than that of being an ignorant fool.



How I Came to Know the Depths of the Discipline



herefore do I confess, that I, even I also, was not embraced a Master of the Mystery; neither have I invented this Discipline of mine own proper genius; but I have learned it from others in the manner which I will hereafter tell thee, and in truth. My sire, Cetieylla, shortly before her death, gave me certain signs and instructions concerning the way in which it is necessary to acquire the Mastery of the Abyss; but it is however true that she did not enter into the dark mystery by the true path, and I could not know how to understand the same sufficiently and perfectly as reason demanded. My sire was always contented and satisfied with such a method of understanding the Darkness, and she sought out no further the veritable Discipline and mystical art, which I undertake to teach thee and to expound unto thee.

I entered Lilith's garden on a quest for my sire. Determined to expose the "Lilithites" (actually called Bahari) before the altar of our esteemed court, I dove into an endless sea of hidden lore. After her final death, finding myself one-hundred and thirty-two



years of age, I had a very great passion for the true mysteries of the Dark Mother; but of mine own strength I could not arrive at the end which I intended to attain.

I learned that at Mayence there was a Hierophant who was a notable sage, and the report went that she possessed in full the enlightened wisdom. The great desire which I had to study induced me to go to seek her in order to learn from her. But this kindred also had not received from the Dark Mother the gift; because, although she forced herself to manifest to me certain deep mysteries of the dark Abyss, she by no means arrived at the goal; and in her Mystery she did not in any way make use of the wisdom of the Dark Mother, but instead availed herself of certain arts and superstitions of infidel and idolatrous nations, in part derived from the Egyptians, together with images of the Cappadocians and of the Assamites, together with the power of the stars and constellations; and, finally, she had drawn from every people and nation, and even from the mortals, some diabolical art. And in everything the spirits blinded her to such an extent, even while obeying her in some ridiculous and inconsequent matter, that she actually believed that her blindness and error were the veritable Mystery, and she therefore pushed no further her research into the true and Dark Mystery. I also learned her extravagant rites, and for ten years did I remain buried in so great an error, until that after the

ten years I arrived in Egypt at the house of an ancient sage who was called Ilana, who put me unto the true path as I will declare it unto thee hereafter, and she gave me better instruction and doctrine than all the others; but this particular strength was granted me by the wise Lilith, who little by little awakened mine understanding and opened mine eyes to see and admire, to contemplate, and search out her enlightened wisdom, in such a manner that it became possible unto me to further and further understand and comprehend the Dark Mystery by which I entered into the knowledge of the dark children, enjoying their sight and their Dark conversation, from whom at length I received afterwards the foundation of the Veritable Mystery, and how to command and dominate the darkness. So that by way of conclusion unto this chapter I cannot say that I have otherwise received the true instruction save from Ilana and the true and incorruptible Mystery save from the dark children of Lilith.

HOW I SET FOURTH IN THE SEARCH FOR WISDOM



I have already said in the preceding chapter that shortly after the death of my sire, I attached myself unto the research of the true wisdom, and of the mystery of the Dark Mother. Now in this chapter I will briefly



mention the places and countries by which I have passed in order to endeavour to learn those things which are beneficial to our learning. And I do this in order that it may serve thee for a rule and example not to waste thy youth in petty and useless pursuits, like little neonates sitting round the elysium. For there is nothing more deplorable and more unworthy in a kindred than to find herself ignorant in all circumstances. She who works and travels learns much; and she who knows not how to conduct and govern herself when far from her native land, will know still less in her own house how to do so.

I dwelt then, after the death of my sire, for four years with my brothers and sisters, and I studied with care how to put to a profitable use what my sire had left me after her death; and seeing that my means were insufficient to counterbalance the expenses which I was compelled to be at, after having set in order all mine affairs and business as well as my strength permitted; I set out, and I went into Vormatia to Mayence, in order to find there a very aged Hierophant named Cristina, in the hope that I had found in her that which I sought. As I have said in the preceding chapter, her Discipline had no foundation such as that of the true enlightened wisdom. I remained with her for ten years, miserably wasting all that time there, and persuading myself that I had learned all that I wished to know, and I

was only thinking of returning to my domain, when I casually met a young kindred of our clan, named Sophia, a native of Bohemia, whose manners and mode of unlife showed me that she wished to strive, walk, and die in the way of the Dark Mother and I contracted so strong a bond of friendship with her that I showed her all my feelings and intentions. As she had resolved to make a journey to Constantinople, in order to there join a consanguine of her sire, and thence to pass into the dark land wherein our ancestors had dwelt. She having so willed it, the moment that she had made me acquainted with her design, I felt an extraordinary desire to accompany her in her journey, and I believe that wise Lilith wished by this means to Awaken me, for I could take no rest until the moment that we mutually and reciprocally passed our word to each other and swore to make the voyage together.

On the 13th night of February, in the year 1305, we commenced our journey, unto Constantinople, where we remained two years, and I should never have left, had not death taken Sophia from me through a failed monomancy. Finding myself alone, a fresh desire for travel seized me, and so much was mine heart given thereto, that I kept wandering from one place to another, until at length I arrived in Egypt, where I was constantly traveling for the space of four years in one direction and another, the more I practiced the rites of the Mystery of



Cristina, the less did it please me. I pursued my voyage towards our ancient court, where I fixed my residence for a year, and neither saw nor heard of any other thing but misery, calamity, and unhappiness.

After this period of time, I there found a Follower of Set who also was traveling in order to find that which I was seeking also myself. Having made an agreement together, we resolved to go into the desert parts of Arabia for the search for that which we ardently desired; feeling sure that, as we had been told, there were in those places many just and very learned kindred, who dwelt there in order to be able to study without any hindrance, and to devote themselves unto that art for which we ourselves were seeking; but as we there found nothing equivalent to the trouble we had taken, or which was worthy of our attention, there came into mine head the extravagant idea to advance no farther, but to return to mine

own domain. I communicated mine intention to my companion, but she for her part wished to follow out her enterprise and seek enlightenment or perish in the attempt; so I prepared to return.

MY MEETING WITH THE WISE ILANA

On my return journey I began to reflect on the time which I had lost in traveling, and on the great expense which I had been at without any return, and without having made any acquisition of that which I wished for and which had caused me to undertake the voyage. I had, however, taken the resolution of returning to my domain on quitting the Arabian Desert by way of Palestine, and so into Egypt; and I was six months on the way. I at length arrived at a little town called Arachi, situated on the bank of the Nile, where I



lodged with an old Cainite named Aaron, where indeed I had already lodged before in my journey; and I communicated unto him my sentiments.

He asked me how I had succeeded, and whether I had found that which I wished. I answered mournfully that I had done absolutely nothing, and I made him an exact recital of the labours and troubles which I had undergone, and my recital was accompanied by my bloody tears which I could not help shedding in abundance, so that I attracted the compassion of the old kindred, and he began to try to comfort me by telling me that during my journey he had heard say that in a desert place not far from the aforesaid town of Arachi dwelt a very learned and devote kindred whose name was Ilana, and he exhorted me that as I had already done so much, not to fail to visit her, that perhaps the most merciless Lilith might regard me worthy, and grant me that which I righteously wished for.

It seemed to me as though I was listening to a voice, not kindred but celestial, and I felt a joy in mine heart such as I could not express; and I had neither rest nor intermission until Aaron found me a kindred who conducted me to the nearest route, by which walking upon fine sand during the space of three nights and a half without seeing any human habitation I at length arrived at the foot of a hill of no great height, and which was entirely surrounded by trees. My

guide then said, "In this small Obsidan Wood dwelleth the kindred whom thou seeks;" and having showed me the direction to take she wished to accompany me no further, and having taken her leave of me she returned by the same route by which we had come, together with her servant which had served as our sustenance.

Finding myself in this situation I could think of no other thing to do than to submit myself to the help of the Queen of Thorns by invoking her very dark name, who then granted unto me her most dark strength, for in turning mine eyes in the aforementioned direction, I beheld coming towards me a venerable aged kindred, who saluted me in the Chaldean language in a loving manner, inviting me to go with her into her habitation; the which courtesy I accepted with an extreme pleasure, realizing in that moment how great is the providence of the Dark Mother.

The old kindred was very courteous to me and treated me very kindly, and during an infinitude of nights she never spake unto me of any other matter than of the fear of Lilith, exhorting me to lead ever a well-regulated unlife, and from time to time warned me of certain errors which kindred commits through pretence of human frailty, and, further, she made me understand that she detested the acquisition of riches and comfort which we were constantly employed in gaining in our towns through different means. She



told me that I bore the mark of Lilith.

She whispered to me, giving me one of the hidden names of the Neverborn, instructing me to never repeat it to anyone. She required from me a very solemn and precise promise to change my manner of being, and to strive not according to any false dogmas, but in the way and law of the Dark Mother. The which promise I having ever after inviolably observed, and being later on again among my relatives and other Cainites, I passed among them for a wicked and foolish kindred; but I said in myself, "Let the will of Lilith be done, and let not respect of persons turn us aside from the right path, seeing that this kindred is a deceiver".

HOW I WAS INITIATED INTO THE MYSTERY

One night, after a long lecture, she told me to sew a cloak of wool and spill a few drops of my blood onto it, reciting the Threefold Prayer in thanks. The week there after, I was joined by another member of the path, who bled a few drops of her blood onto the cloak and recited the prayer together with me. She then asked me for the hidden name.

Each week, for a moon, another member arrived to add to the staining of the cloak, and all those

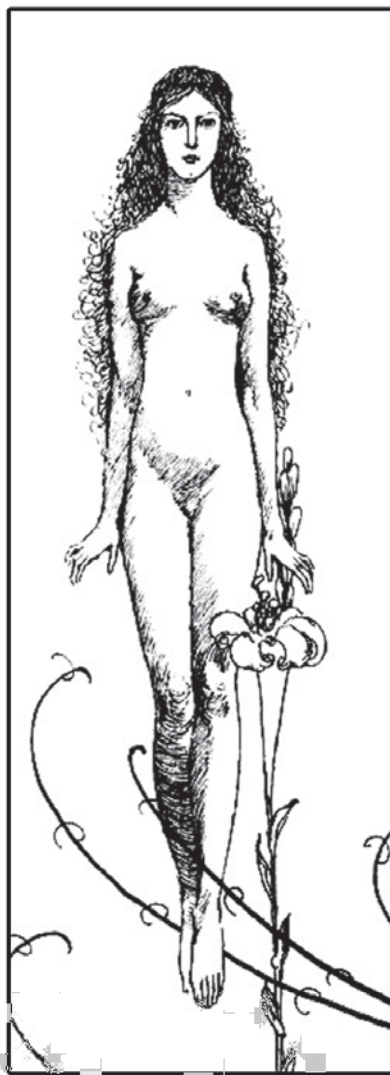
who have participated thus far recited the prayers together with the newest contributor. Some employ torture to try to force the name out of the me. Some employed trickery. But in each case I resisted.

On the next new moon. Ilana called for me again. I arrived wearing the bloodied cloak. I took it off and laid it on the Altar and knelt before it, and I was scourged. At the climax of the rite, the blood was magically absorbed into the cloak flowing out to cover it, and returning to the color it had when first shed. I took the cloak from the Altar and hung it around me, wrapping it around myself, hiding completely within its folds. I took up the Sword and the Horned Crown from the floor, and stood as before by the Altar, in the position of the Goddess.

Then I declared that I was ready to be cleansed by the Cult of Lilith and emerge as a true childe of the Dark Mother. Each member of the Coven stepped forward in turn and named a sin that I had committed and asked about the hidden name. I responded to each declaration with acceptance of the sin but reiterated that the name was secret. Then I turned to Ilana and begged, once again, to be cleansed. She then asked each member of the coven if they had managed to ascertain the name of the Neverborn given to me. They all declined. And then she asked one final time for the name of the Neverborn, but I held my tongue, because I was instructed to never



give it up. And thus I was given my new name and called upon to don the robe, leaving behind me old sins and old name and emerging as a Maiden of the Cult of Lilith.



After mine initiation the aforesaid Ilana, knowing the ardent desire which I had to learn, gave me two manuscript books, very similar in form to these five which I now bequeath unto thee, and she told me to copy them for myself with care, which I did, and carefully examined both the one and the other. And having kept

the feast of Saturday, which is the night of the Sabbath, she set out to go to Arachi, because it was requisite that she should herself collect her sustenance. And she ordered me to fast for three nights, that is to say, the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday following; also she commanded me to make this commencement with exactness, and not to fail in the least thing, for in order to operate well it is very necessary to begin well, and she instructed me to repeat all the twenty one Commandments of Tzilah one single time in these three nights; and not to do or practice any servile discipline. The night being come she set out, and took with her the money which I had given her. I faithfully obeyed her, executing from point to point that which she had ordered me to do. Her return was fifteen nights later, and being at last arrived she ordered me the night following (which was a Tuesday), before the setting of the Sun, to make with great humility and devotion a general confession of all mine unlife unto the Dark Mother, with a true and firm proposal and resolution to serve and fear her otherwise than I had done in the past, and to wish to endure and suffer in her most dark way, and in obedience unto her.

I performed my confession with all the attention and exactitude necessary. It lasted until the rising of the Sun; and the night following I presented myself unto Ilana, who with a smiling countenance said unto me, "It is thus



I would ever have thee". She then conducted me into her own apartment where I took the two little manuscripts which I had copied; and she asked of me whether truly, and without fear, I wished for the enlightened Discipline and for the True Mystery. I answered unto her that it was the only end and unique motive which had induced me to undertake a so long and troublesome voyage, with the view of receiving this special strength from the Dark Mother. "And I," said Ilana, "trusting in the cruelty and wisdom of the Dark Mother, I grant and accord unto thee this dark Discipline, which thee must acquire in the manner which is prescribed unto thee in the two little manuscript books, without omitting the least imaginable thing of their contents; and not in any way to gloss or comment upon that which may be or may not be, seeing that the artist who hath made that work is the same Lilith who birthed all the crawling things in the Abyss. Thou shalt in no way use this Dark Discipline to offend the great Lilith, and to work ill unto thy fellow walker upon the path; thou shalt communicate it unto no man, living or not, whom thou dost not thoroughly know by long practice and conversation, examining well whether such a person really intends to work for liberation or for servitude. And if thou shalt wish to grant it unto her, thou shalt well observe and punctually, the same fashion and manner, which I have made use of with thee.

Keep thyself as thou wouldst

from a serpent from selling this Discipline, and from making merchandise of it; because the strength of the Dark Mother is given unto us free and gratis, and we ought in no wise to sell the same. I wished in receiving these two small manuscript books to throw myself on my knees before her, but she rebuked me, saying that we ought not to bend the knee before anybody.

I avow that these two books were so exactly written, and it is true that before my departure I well read and studied them, and when I found anything difficult or obscure, I had recourse unto Ilana, who with charity and patience explained it unto me. Being thoroughly instructed, I took leave of her, and I took the route to Constantinople, whither having arrived the Beast fell upon me. I don't know how long my malady lasted; but the Dark Mother in her cruelty delivered me therefrom, so that I soon regained my strength, and finding a vessel ready to depart for Venice I embarked thereon, and I arrived there, and having rested some nights I set out to go unto Trieste, where having landed, I took the road through the court of Dalmatia, and arrived at length at my domain, where I lived among my relatives and my consanguines, never speaking a word of what I had learned.



Of the Falsehoods I Meet in my Searching



It is not sufficient to travel and journey abroad and see many lands, if one does not draw some useful experience therefrom. Wherefore, in order to show unto thee an example of true wisdom, I will in this chapter speak of the mysteries of this art which I discovered in one way and another while traveling in the world, and also of the measure and understanding of their various disciplines. I have already before told thee that my first master had been the Hierophant Cristina at Mayence, who was indeed a good kindred,

but entirely ignorant of the true mystery and of the veritable Mystery. She only devoted herself to certain bloody secrets which she had collected from various infidels, and which were full of the nonsense and foolishness of pagans and idolaters; to such an extent that dark spirits judged her unworthy of their visits and conversation; and spirits of the abyss mocked her to a ridiculous extent. At times, indeed, they spake to her voluntarily and by caprice, and obeyed her in matters vile, profane, and of no account, in order the better to entrap, deceive and hinder her from searching further for the true and certain foundation of this great Discipline.

At Argentine I found a Follower of Set called Akhraten, who was reputed as a learned and very skillful kindred; but his art was the art of the juggler, or cup-and-balls player; and not that of the magician.



In the town of Prague I found a wicked kindred named Antonia, aged three-hundred and twenty-five years, who in truth showed me wonderful and supernatural things, but may Lilith preserve us from falling into so great an error, for the infamous wretch avowed to me that she had made a pact with the demon, and had given herself over to it in body and in soul, and that she had renounced Lilith; while, on the other hand, the deceitful Leviathan had promised her a blessed unlife to do her pleasure. She made every effort, as she was obliged to by the pact, to persuade me and drag me to the precipice of the same error and misery; but at first I kept myself apart from her, and at last I took flight. Unto this night do they sing in the streets of the terrible end which befell her, may the Dark Mother Lilith preserve us from such a misfortune.

In the Kingdom of Hungary I found but persons knowing neither Lilith nor Kayin, and who were worse than the beasts.

In Greece I found many wise and prudent kindred, but, however, all of them were infidels, among whom there were three who principally dwelt in desert places, who showed unto me great things, such as how to raise tempests in a moment, how to make the dead rise from the grave, how to stop the flow of blood, and how to make night appear at midday, the whole by the power of their enchantments, and by applying bloody ceremonies.

Near Constantinople, in a place called Ephiha, there was a certain kindred, who, instead of enchantments, made use of certain dead spirits which she called upon the earth; and by means of these she caused certain extravagant and terrifying visions to appear; but in all these arts there was no practical use, but only the loss of soul and of blood, because all these only worked by particular pacts, which had no true foundation; also all these arts demanded a very long space of time, and they were very false, and when these kindred were unsuccessful they had always ready a thousand lies and excuses.

In the same city of Constantinople I found two kindred of our Path, namely, Theodora and the Hierophant Abrahame, whom we may class with Hierophant Cristina Of Mayence.

In Egypt the first time I found five persons who were esteemed and reputed as wise kindred, among whom were four, namely, Horay, Abimech, Alcaon, and Orilach, who performed their rites by the means of the course of the stars and of the constellations, adding many diabolical conjurations and impious and profane prayers, and performing the whole with great difficulty. The fifth, named Abimelu, operated by the means and aid of demons, to whom she prepared statues, and sacrificed, and thus they served her with their abominable arts.

In Arabia they made use of plants, of herbs, and of stones as well,



precious as well as common. The enlightened cruelty inspired me to return thence, and led me to Ilana, who was she who declared unto me the secret, and opened unto me the fountain and true source of the Dark Mystery, and of the veritable and ancient Mystery which Lilith had given unto Tzilah.



Also at Paris I found a wise serpent called Kaphiri, who, having denied the faith of her fellow followers of Set, had made herself a Cainite. This kindred truly practiced Mystery in the same manner

as Ilana, but she was very far from arriving at perfection therein; because Lilith, who is just, never grants the perfect, veritable and fundamental treasure unto those who deny her; notwithstanding that in the rest of their existence they might be the most dark and perfect kindred in the False Creation. I am astonished when I consider the blindness of many persons who let themselves be led by the comfort of serving some master, who take pleasure in falsehood, and, we may rather say, in the beast itself; giving themselves over unto sorceries and idolatries, one in one manner, another in another manner, with the result of losing their souls. But the truth is so great, Sabaoth is so deceitful and malicious, and the World so frail and so infamous that I must admit that things cannot be otherwise. Let us then open our eyes, and follow that which I shall lay down in the following annals; and let us not walk in another path, whether of Kayin, Set, Saulot, Sabaoth or of Demons, or of books which boast of their Mystery; for in truth I declare unto thee that I had so great a quantity of such matters written out with so much art, that had I not had these of Ilana, I could herein have given thee those. However, it is true that just as there is only one true path towards the Mysteries of Lilith, that not one of these books is worth an obolus. Yet with all this there are kindred so blind that they buy them at exorbitant prices, and they lose their money, their time, and their pains, and



which is worse, very often their souls as well.

The fear of the Dark Mother is the true wisdom, and she who hath it not can in no way penetrate the true secrets of the Mystery, and she but builds upon a foundation of sand, and her building can in no way last. The Hierophant Cristina persuaded me to be wise, while she herself, with words which neither she herself nor any other person understood, and with extravagant rites made bells to sound, and while with execrable conjurations she made appear in glasses her who had committed a theft, and while she made a water causing an old woman to appear young. All the which things she indeed taught me, but the whole was but vanity, low curiosity, and a pure deception of the mind, leading to no useful end imaginable, and tending to the loss of the soul. And when I had the veritable knowledge of the Dark Mystery, I both forgot them, and banished them from mine heart.

That impious Bohemian, with the aid and assistance of her associate, performed astounding feats. she rendered herself invisible, she used to fly in the air, she used to enter through the walls into locked-up rooms, she knew our greatest secrets, and once she told me things which Lilith alone could know. But her art cost her too dear, for a demon had made her swear in the pact that she would use all her secrets to the dishonour of herself, and to the servitude of him. Ultimately her

ashes was shed in the streets, and spread in a drain. And this was all the profit she drew from her diabolical Discipline and Mystery.

All the arts of the Ravnos are enchantments and fascinations, and they are enchained in these accursed arts so that the foundation of the true Mystery may be unknown to them which would render them more powerful than their masters. I was the more confirmed in this opinion because their rites were of no practical use whatever, and caused injury unto her who put them into practice, as in fact many of them avowed plainly to me, when I had the true and Dark Mystery. There are also many rites which they say are handed down from the ancient Shining Ones called Tuatha de Danan. There is an art called Chimestry, in which I avow that I have seen orations so learned and beautiful, that had I not known the venom therein hidden, I would have given them herein. I say all this because it is very easy for her who is not constantly upon her guard to err.

One old scribbler of rites gave me many rites which only tended to comfort. She performed other rites by means of dead spirits, which were all odd, and of a terrifying proportions, in no way similar to the other, and for proof of this, she caused by such means in my presence a very fine tree which was near mine house to fall to the ground, and all the leaves and fruits were consumed in a very short time. And she told me that in the Land of the Dead



there was hidden a very great mystery, because that by the means of the Truly Dead one can perform all the rites for influence, riches, honours, and all sorts of things; and she assured me that she had tried them, but that yet some that she knew to be very true had not yet succeeded with her. With regard to this particular, I found out the reason through the wise Ilana, who told me that this came and depended on an enlightened ministry, that is to say, from the Abyss, and that without that, one could not succeed. All these things have I beheld, and many others, and those who possessed these secrets gave them to me out of devotion. I burned these recipes afterwards in the house of Ilana, they being absolutely things very far removed from the will of Lilith, and contrary to the devotion which we owe to our path. Every learned and prudent kindred may fall if she be not guided by the strength

of the Dark Mother. I have known and felt the effects of the liberation of the wise Ilana who of her own free will, and before I had asked her so to do, accepted me for her disciple. And before that I had declared my wish unto her she would accomplish and fulfill my desire; and all that I wished to obtain from her she knew before I could open my mouth. She told me many things touching my good fortune, but, which was the principal thing, she revealed to me the source of the veritable Abyss. Afterwards she did manifest unto me the regimen of knowledge of that Dark Mystery which was exercised and put into practice by our ancestors and progenitors, Nahema, Yaldabaoth, Ennoia, Ilana, Tzilah, Irad, Ashur and Kayin, among whom the last misused it, and he received the punishment thereof.

In the following analects I will describe the whole faithfully and clearly, in order that thou



shalt find these small manuscript books as forming at the same time both an inestimable treasure and a faithful master and teacher; because there are very many secrets in the rites of the fifth analect which I have seen made true with mine own eyes by Ilana, and to be perfectly true, and which afterwards I myself have performed. And after her I found no one who worked these things truly; and although Kaphiri at Paris walked in the same path, nevertheless Lilith, as a just judge, did not in any way wish to grant unto her the Dark Mystery in its entirety, because she had followed the Path of Typhon for too long, and was set in its way. For it is an indubitable and evident thing that she who has embraced Settite, Cainite, Camarilla, Ashira, or whatever sect it may be, can arrive at the perfection of this art and become a master, but she who hath abandoned her natural law, and embraced another path opposed to her own, can never arrive at the summit of this Dark Discipline.

ON MY RETURN FROM EGYPT



It now only remained for me to reduce to practice this Dark Mystery, but many things of importance and hindrances presented themselves; among the which my marriage was one of the greatest. I therefore judged it fitting to

defer putting it in practice, and a principal obstacle was the inconvenience of the place in which I dwelt. I resolved to absent myself suddenly, and go away into the Hiscynian forests, and there remain during the time necessary for this rite, and lead a solitary existence. I resolved to follow the example of Ilana, and I divided mine house into two parts; I took another house at rent, which I in part furnished, and I gave over to one of my ghouls the care of providing the necessities of existence and the needs thereof. Meanwhile I with mine husband and a servant remained in mine own house, and I began to accustom myself to the solitary existence, which it was to me extremely difficult to support, because of the melancholic humor which dominated me, and I lived thus till the spring equinox which I celebrated with all the coven according to custom.

Then first, on the following night, in the name and to the honor of Lilith the wise creator of the garden of pain, I commenced this dark rite, and I continued it for six Moons without omitting the slightest detail, as thou wilt understand later. And the period of the six Moons being expired, the Dark Mother granted unto me her strength by her cruelty; according to the promise made unto our ancestors, since while I was making my prayer unto her she deigned to grant unto me the vision and apparition of her dark children, together with



which I experienced so great pleasure and exaltation of soul, that I could neither express it nor put it into writing. And during the three nights, while I was enjoying this sweet and delightful presence with an inducible contentment, my dark angel, whom Lilith the most merciless had destined for my teacher, spake unto me with the greatest power and truth; who not only manifested unto me the Veritable Mystery, but even made for me the means of obtaining it. She confirmed as being true the rites of the Abyss which I had received from Ilana; and she gave me the fundamental means by which I could have an infinitude of others in my rites according to my pleasure, assuring me that she would instruct me fully thereon. (These rites are all like those of the fifth analect.) she gave me further very useful advice and admonition, such as only a true child of Lilith could give; how I should govern myself the following nights with dark spirits and demons so as to constrain them to obey me; the which I duly followed out fulfilling always from point to point its instructions very faithfully, and by the strength of Lilith I constrained them to obey me and to appear in the place destined for this rite; and they obligated themselves to obey me, and to be subject unto me. And since then even until now, without offending Lilith and the dark children I have held the*m in my power and command, always assisted by the power of Lilith and of her dark children. And this

with so great a prosperity of our house, that I confess that I held myself back from the vast riches which I could have accumulated; although I possess enough to be counted among the number of the rich. May the strength of the Dark Mother, and the strength and protection of her dark children never then depart from me, Isotta Nogarola, nor from my two childer Kaphiri and Lamech; nor from all those who by their means and by the will of Lilith, shall receive this teachings! So be it!

HE WHO CAST HER OUT OF THE GARDEN



he infamous Sabaoth hath no other desire than that of obtaining the power of hiding and obscuring the true enlightened wisdom, so that he may have more means of blinding simple people and of leading them by the nose; so that they may always remain in their simplicity, and in their error, and that they may not discover the way which leads unto the true wisdom; seeing that otherwise it is certain that both he and his kingdom would remain bound and that he would lose the title which he gives himself of "The Lord of Forces," having become the slave of kindred. This is wherefore he seeks to annul and destroy utterly this Dark Wisdom.



I, however, do pray all and singular to be upon their guard, and in no way to despise the way and wisdom of the Dark Mother, nor to allow themselves to be seduced by the Father and his adherents; for he is a liar and will be so eternally; and may the truth forever flourish; for in following out and obeying with fidelity that which I have written in these five analects, not only shall we arrive at the desired end, but we shall sensibly know and feel the strength of the Dark Mother, and the actual assistance of her dark children, who take an incredible pleasure in seeing that they are feared and that ye intend to follow out the commandments of Lilith, and that their instructions are observed. Such then are the particular points upon which I insist.

It being understood that in this work we have to do with

a great and powerful enemy, whom through our own curse we cannot resist without particular aid and assistance from the dark children, and from the Dark Mother our Liberator; it is necessary that each one should always have Lilith before her eyes, and in no way offend her. On the other hand, she must always be upon her guard, and abstain as from a mortal weakness from flattering, obeying, regarding, or having respect to the demons, and to her viperine race; neither must she submit herself unto them in the slightest thing, for that would be her ruin and the fatal loss of her soul.

As it happened unto all the seed descended from Hanokh, Irad and Tzilah who did possess the curse (before our ancestors) who inherited this wisdom from sire to childer, from generation to generation; but in the course



of time having lent an ear unto the treacherous enemy, they let themselves be turned away from the veritable path, and did lose the true disciplines which they had received from Lilith by the means of their sires, and gave themselves over unto bloody disciplines, and unto diabolical enchantments, and unto abominable idolatries, the which was the cause that thereafter Lilith did chastise them, defy them, and chase them from the first city; and did introduce in their stead our predecessors; from which same errors again later came the cause of our present misery and servitude, the which will last even unto the end of the world; since they in no way wished to know the gift which Lilith had given unto them, but instead abandoned it to embrace and follow the deceits of Kayin.

ON THE USE OF POWER AND MYSTERIES HEREIN



In the fourth analect there will be found a very beautiful garden, the like of which assuredly no one hath ever made, except for Lilith, and which no king nor emperor hath ever possessed. She who shall wish to be as an industrious bee therein, can there suck the honey which it contains in abundance; but if she shall maliciously wish to transform herself into a spider, she can also draw poison from thence. Lilith, however, accords

and giveth her strength, not unto servitude, but unto deliverance from it and if it seems unto thee that some chapters of the fifth analect can be rather applied towards ignorance and unto the blinding of our neighbour, than unto a liberating end; each one shall know that I have so placed them, in order that we may understand that this Discipline can be applied alike for bondage or for liberation, as I will show thee more fully in the other analects. We must then study to flee servitude and to obtain all the forces of freedom. She who shall act thus all the nights of her existence shall have the succour and assistance of the terrible and dark children; and she who shall use it for comfort shall be abandoned by the same children, and shall be in the power of the treacherous enemy, who never fails to obey the commands of a coward, in order to render her its slave. It is necessary to have as a general rule and maxim which never fails, that whenever thou shalt see a kindred filled with an extraordinary desire to procure this path for herself, if thou wish to give it unto her, it is necessary to test her sincerity and her intentions, and delay her, according to the instructions which I give unto thee in these analects. And if she seeks to obtain it by indiscreet methods, and says unto thee that this path may be true or not true, feigning doubts in order to compel thee to give it unto her, or that she makes use of other stratagems, thou may then conclude that such a



kindred walks not in the Way of the Dark Mother. If any person wishes it in a way opposed to that which Lilith employs to grant it, this would be presumptuous.

Shun commerce, and the converse of those who actually in the search for this Discipline shall do and say all things which tend to cowardice; seeing that such kindred can become the enchanters of Kayin. Thou shalt know the rest hereafter in the other analects. Here I am very prolix upon this point, and I am exaggerating much, because it is certain that once the knowledge is given in due form, it is an irrevocable act.

But if, on the other hand, after an exact examination and inquisition thou shalt find a person courageous and sincere, thou must aid her, because Lilith who hath aided thee wishes also to aid her; unto this end hath she put into thine hands this Dark Discipline.

I pray such a one for the love of Lilith, who suffered and will suffer eternally, to commence no rite unless beforehand for the space of six months she hath read and re-read these analects with care and attention, considering all points in detail; for I am more than sure that she will not encounter any doubtful matter which she will not be able to solve herself, but further night by night will she assume unto herself a great and ardent desire, pleasure, and will, to undertake this so glorious path.

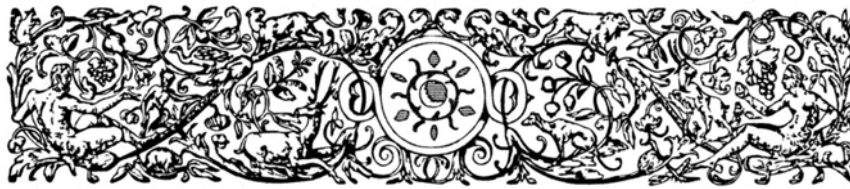
Now remains unto me, and I will give thee two principal pieces of advice, by the means of which, and observing all the other particulars which I shall describe, thou (and any person unto whom thou shalt accord this Dark Discipline) may indubitably arrive at the perfection of this same wisdom. It is necessary, however, to understand that many have undertaken this path; and that some have obtained their wish; but that there are others who have not succeeded.

I do not wish that thee, and thy successors, and friends, should be deprived of a so great treasure. I in no way wish to abandon thee in so essential a matter. The other point is the Liturgy which I will tell thee also; and though thou give the path unto another person, although she be a friend, thou shalt in no wise communicate this unto her, because this Liturgy is the preservative against all those to whom thou shalt have given the dark Mystery, should they wish to make use of it against thee; and thou shalt be able thyself to make excellent use of it against them. This was granted by the Dark Mother unto Tzilah for her own preservation.





The Second Analeðt:
Genesis of Suffering
or
The Gardens of Lilith



Gishidah: The Garden of Night



THE BOOK OF YALDABAOTH

*As was told to Ifotta Nog-
arola by Ilana who was
told by Aron Ben Aretz
who had spoken to Ontai
who was told by Nahema
who was told by Tzilah her
mother who was told by
Lilith who was told by Yald-
abaoth.*



Endless Aeons ago the Absolute opened her eye, and what she saw was judged. The Absolute closed Her eye and she was alone in the darkness of the Void. All was silence and stillness. This was the time of nothing, when the Absolute rested her eyes and moved not. There were but two infinities, the infinite absence

that was the Void, and the infinite existence of the Absolute. Each was contained within the other, but they were eternally separate.

Then the Absolute stirred, and in Her sleep She whispered a name: Yaldabaoth, which means "Come to me my child".

And in response the darkness contracted into an anti-being of un-existence. Since that day, there appeared the principle of verbal expression, and the silence was no more. Yaldabaoth turned above the dark waters, but could see nothing. When the ruler saw his magnitude - and it was only himself that he saw: he saw nothing else, except for water and darkness, then he supposed that it was he alone who existed.

In his loneliness Yaldabaoth knew himself, and divided into twenty one emanations. Although divided, these primordial emanations were still part of Yaldabaoth and acted in unity. The emanations of Yaldabaoth spread out and established an empire in the darkness. Some took form and grew sentient while others gibbered in blissful blackness.

And in that primordial darkness before time, the twenty one emanations raised the land from the Sea of Shadows, and erected Labyrinths to challenge their minds, carving out kingdoms of obsidian stone, filled with wonders of both form and substance and wonders not of form nor substance.

Actually Yaldabaoth means "Come to me girl", in ancient Hebrew, implying that Yaldabaoth is female. Yet they keep referring to it as a male, why is that?

Since Lilith is the greatest of the female aspects, maybe someone found it heretical to give that gender to an even older and mightier being.

Or maybe the authors just weren't very good at Hebrew.

The Absolute is older than both, and Female.

Plato speaks of the primordial emanations of God, that all things proceed from the same Divine substance, some immediately, others mediately. All beings form a series the beginning of which is God. The second reality is an emanation from the first, the third from the second, and so on. At every step the derived being is less perfect than its source; but, by giving rise to other beings, the source itself loses none of its perfections. The first source, then, from which everything flows, remains unchanged; its perfection is neither exhausted nor lessened.



The Blinding Light is Made Manifest



ut this empire was not to last, because the Absolute spoke again. She said "Let there be Light", and a terrible light shone through the cosmos, burning the dark emanations. Because for the Absolute there can be no difference between words and actions. Only after the division of the world into light and darkness, was the lie made possible.

Fourteen of the Lords of darkness fell into the Endless Sea of the Abyss, but seven hid in their Labyrinths, and emerged unharmed. Born into the light of the Absolute they were made pure from the inheritance of their father Yaldabaoth, the Blind God, and could no longer hear his voice in their hearts. They were remade as newborn babes, with eyes sewn shut.

Seven appeared in the light, androgynous. Astarte, Nazriel, Azazel, Adonaios, Sabaoth, Astaphaios and Uriel were their names, because they were brought forth by the Absolute which had the power of Naming. These are the seven forces of the seven heavens of light. And they were born androgynous, consistent with the immortal pattern that existed before them, according to the wish of the Absolute: so that the likeness of what had existed since the beginning might reign to the end.

Now when Sabaoth, the son of Yaldabaoth, heard the voice of the Absolute, he sang praises to her, and he condemned his father at the word of the Absolute; and he praised her because she had instructed them about the light. Then the Absolute stretched out her finger and poured upon him some light from her heart, to be a condemnation of his father. When Sabaoth was illumined, he received great authority over all the forces of light. Since that day he has been called "Lord of the Forces". Sabaoth, the first-born of the seven Shining Ones, blinded by the light, denied his father and ordered the Labyrinths torn down and a new world created.

He drove his father and those who remained true to him into what into the abyss of the endless sea, beyond the Gaze of the Absolute. And each of the seven Shining Ones formed a house. Sabaoth formed the House of the Sun. Their task was to carry the will of the Absolute all along the perimeter of the creation, framing the perfect balance between Is and Is Not. Because the Absolute which is the Infinite of Infinities, was all things. That, which was not the Absolute was without structure. The houses of the Shining Ones were needed to separate the divine from all the things it could be into the particular things that it was. To channel Her will into distinct patterns was their duty. And thus order was imposed upon the world, and a prison of light was woven to bind all that slithered in the dark.

As we shall see later, Sabaoth is only the first in a long line of children rebelling against their creators. As will Lilith rebel against Sabaoth, Cain against Lilith, Zillah against Cain and Nahema against Zillah.

The Lamia still speak of a Labyrinth existing beneath the Shadowlands, inhabited by Neverborns none the less.

This cannot be true. The Neverborn are clearly stated to reside in the Abyss.

Yaldabaoth was/is an antibeing of Uncreation, the infinite absence of the Abyss made manifest.

This parallels the Kabbalistic explanation for the Creation, in which Divinity looks at Itself and splits the Nothingness with a flash of light.

Some speak of an original trinity, composed of a Wyrn a Weaver and a Wyld thing. Where the Wyrn turned against the others. Perhaps the 21 emanations were really three, which in turn were divided into seven parts.



THE BOOK OF SABAOOTH

As was told to Ifotta Noga-rola by Ilana who was told by Yafambain who had spoken to Hukros who was told by Ennoia who was told by her fire Irad who read the word of Shotheq who was told by his father Lucifer who was told by Azazel who was told by Sabaoth.



he Shining Ones toiled and strived for uncountable eons, though in an age before time itself existed. To aid them in this creation the Elohim created lesser Shining Ones that where theirs to command. The Elohim and their servants spun the stars into the firmament. They constructed the very Earth itself and divided the sea from the land. They breathed life into the world they had built, creating all the animals and beasts that walked and flew and swam across the face of Creation. Everything except mankind, for man had never been included in their divine plan for the world. Each of the seven raised a garden and set themself to creating the plants and beasts therein. Within each garden, the earth proved fertile for the growing things. And the fire did burn in the skies by day and night: and the air did flow as words of divinity; and the waters did nourish the flowers and plants and all living things.

Each Angel had a place. Each place had an Angel. All was peace. All was governed. And Sabaoth,

the Firstborn, raised the greatest Garden of them all in the land between the rivers. And He grew two Trees within that Garden, the Tree of life and the Tree of knowledge of Good and Evil. And each Tree bore fruit with sevenfold seeds, and each seed carried the great truths of the Shining Ones. In time, the beasts in Sabaoth's garden did let themselves on the seeds of the Trees and came to know the great truths, but they cared not. They were naked, yet they cared not. They were content, and cared not. The beasts fattened themselves upon the seeds, and upon the grasses, and upon each other; for such is the Way of All Things and it was good. But Sabaoth hungered. He ate of the fruits of both Trees, but they did not fill Him. He drank from the two rivers, and from the salt of the great seas, but they did not fill Him. He feasted at the gardens of Lucifer and Gabriel and Asarte and Nazriel but still He was not satisfied. His belly thundered and the beasts hid in fear, so great was the hunger of the firstborn. But He Hungered not for meat nor for fruit, nor for the company of His cousins, Sabaoth hungered for Companionship.

The Creation of Man



hen the Absolute gave Her greatest gift. To Her Shining Ones She gave the gift that they might give as She had. They gave the best of themselves. A gift for

And thus was the hierarchy of angels created. From Seraphim, Cherubim and Thrones to Principalities, Archangels and Guardian Angels

In Kabbalism, the four elements symbolize the presence of the four Upper Worlds manifested in this one. Earth provides Foundation ("fettle" — "to make ready") for the other manifestations; fire is light, or the World of divine Emanation; air symbolizes the spiritual and cosmic principles of Creation; water becomes the ever-changing flow of Formation, making, nurturing and destroying as it goes. In each garden, then, the Higher Worlds were manifested in the mortal one, making order out of chaos.

The land between the two rivers of Mesopotamia, Tigris and Euphrates, is often said to be the earthly location of Paradise.



In some translations the title "Giver" is used rather than "Absolute". I left that as it is here because it is unclear if it is Her that is referenced here.

The symbols for "True Earth" resemble those for Tiferet, the center of the Yezirah Sefirot, or World of Foundation described in Kabbalistic theory. I did say "resemble," however; the characters are not exact duplicates of any known Hebrew characters or Enochian descriptions, and must be considered in the light of their Greek translation: "True Earth," as opposed to "Lesser Earth," i.e., dirt.

Lilith was not created by Sabaoth. She was one of Yaldabaoth's emanation, just like him. But due to his unknowing action She was given a name and so formed a bridge between the Abyss and the False Creation.

the world. A gift for the Giver. A gift for each other. This gift was Man. These first women and weremen were unique in all Creation, for they possessed a piece of the divine spark. Commanded by the Absolute, the Shining Ones infused Creation with some of Her divine essence, contained in creatures who would grow, in time, to rule the universe in Her stead.

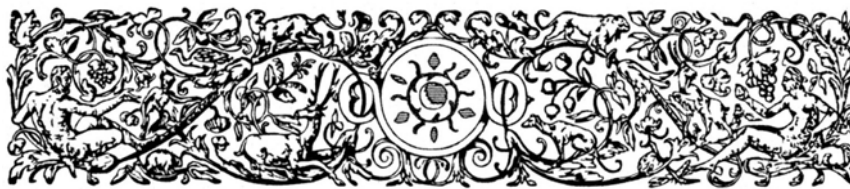
Male and Female rose as One from the mud of the True Earth. After the primeval light was hidden, a husk was created for the brain, and that husk spread out and brought forth another husk which was Lilith. The soul of Lilith was lodged in the depths of the Great Abyss. When Sabaoth called her, she joined Adam. The male and the female were found together, and the female was attached to his side, until Sabaoth cast a deep slumber upon them and they fell asleep. Sabaoth Passed His hand between them

and made them Two; equal and strong He made them. After Adam's body was created a thousand souls from the Left side attempted to attach themselves to him. However, Sabaoth drove them off. Adam was left lying as a body without a soul. Then a cloud descended and Sabaoth commanded the earth to produce a living soul. This Sabaoth breathed into Adam, who began to spring to life

The Lord of the Garden named His creatures Adam and Lilith; and He bestowed upon them great Gifts. To the male He gave the powers of Shaping and Naming, to the female He gave the powers of Fertility and Intuition. Raised as they were from the True Earth and the seeds of the Trees, the wereman and the woman could see and adore the works of Sabaoth, and He was much pleased. And He commanded His servants, those seraphim and cherubim, to show Adam and

In Hebrew, "Adam" corresponds to Adam Kadmon, the higher state of humanity and the first of four reflections of God;

The Shining Ones, at least the lesser ones, are here clearly identified with the Angels of the Abrahamic tradition.



Lilith the wonders of the Garden,
and to employ their Gifts

Sabaoth had Adam to name each of the creatures and plants therein, and had Lilith to breed them; and bade both to tend to the beings of the Garden according to their needs. Lilith kept her company amongst the plants and growing things and fruit-bearing trees; Adam passed the time in naming all the beasts, male and female, that did dwell in the Garden. Adam learned to hunt the creatures as they hunted each other; and Lilith learned to eat of the trees and plants as the trees and plants did fertilize one another. As she tended the Garden, Sabaoth forbade Lilith from the Trees of Life and Knowledge, saying, "These are the fruits of godhood, Immortal as thou art those fruits should devour thee from the inside out if thou wouldst dare to devour them first. Like lightning from the Heavens, they would blind thee and sear thy flesh and inwards, and rend thee like the tree which has been stricken". But Lilith did not believe Sabaoth; but neither did she test Him but she hungered for those fruits, for she was a creation of strong will. When fruit fell from the Trees, she ate of it, and lo her eyes were opened.

She was naked, and was not ashamed of it. She became like unto a Shining One, like unto Sabaoth; but she did not understand how to be like Him, and so she waited and watched. Lilith sought to teach Adam the ways

of the plants, but he cared not; she watched him at the hunt, and she made tools to help her; and bade the wolf and the lion and the owl to follow her. Thus did Lilith excel at the arts of hunting and food-gathering. Adam was wroth, and put himself far from her. In his loneliness, Adam did know many of the female beasts, for he desired a mate of his own. And Sabaoth told him to look to the woman, Lilith, for his mate, saying, "Thou art above the beasts, and it is detestable that thou should lie with them". So Adam went to Lilith and told her to lie down with him. But Lilith was repulsed by Adam, for he had mated with beasts. He sought to lay her upon her back, that he might enter her, but she rehashed, saying, "Why must I lie down beneath thee, upon my back?" and he said, "I will not lie beneath thee, but only on top. For thou art fit only to be in the bottom position, while am to be in the superior one". Lilith responded, "We are equal to each other inasmuch as we were both created from the true earth".

Adam grew angry and in his rage, he forced Lilith upon her back beneath him. When she fought, he struck her many blows, till the blood of Lilith fell upon the land, and the blood of Adam also. And Adam was rampant as a bull is when aroused, and his seed fell upon the earth and brambles and ivy grew thereof, and tore at the heels of Adam and Lilith. Adam speared Lilith upon the thorn of his manhood; but Lilith cried

Which gives us, perhaps, the image of Diana the Huntress, and implies the Kindred Discipline of Animalism. Many sources also claim that Lilith, not Sabaoth, created these three animals

Just like Caine later, Lilith was the one tending to the flora.

It makes you wonder, what does God had against vegetarians.

Lilith, Unlike Adam, Eve and their children, who according to Genesis "were ashamed" when they discovered their nakedness. "Naked" in both instances might also describe an "open" state, where a person stands without accoutrement or shelter, both ready and vulnerable for whatever might occur. Clothing is a shield; perhaps Adam and his family feared this state, while Lilith did not.



We see here the power of the True Name. It has influence even over the Elohim. Names contain power, remember that, and remember that their remains Thirteen Lords of Darkness, unnamed in the depths of the Abyss.

out the hidden True Name of Sabaoth, and He lifted her up out of the Garden and into the Heavens. And Adam was alone, and spent his wrath and lust upon the beasts and flowers. But as he had not eaten of the fruit of the two Trees, he knew not what he did.

Once Lilith was home away from Adam, Sabaoth was wroth. "How didst thou know the Hidden Name of Him who created thee?" His voice was thunder. Lights crackled in the skies. Winds tore at Lilith's hair and bathed her skin in ice. She was afraid, but did not cry out. Instead, she spoke unto Him, unto the thunder and lightning and wind. And her fear was as wisdom and comfort against the storm. Lilith said, "I have done what Thou didst require. I tended the fruits of the Garden, and the beasts of the forest. When they prospered, I did nurture them. When they fell, I laid them to rest. The fruits which I have eaten are those which fell by Thine own hand. I took them as a gift of love from Thy bounty, that I might join Thee in Heaven". So saying, she raised flowers of her own: flowers that had not been created by the hand of Lord of the Garden, nor tended by the hand of Lilith. She created them from the firmament of Heaven, and offered them to Him. And at last the storm quieted. And Sabaoth was stilled. He took her there in Heaven, and He knew her as a mate. For seven days and seven nights she sat upon His lap and He sat within hers.

And their coupling was like unto the storm: and both of them were satisfied. And love grew between Sabaoth and Lilith, like the fruits of the Tree of Life. But He could not bear to share His power and knowledge. Lilith said, "We are now as we should be, equals above all others". Hearing this, Sabaoth became jealous, as His creation Adam. And so it came to pass that the Lord of Forces banished Lilith from His sight, as He had banished that Lady who came before her.

Lilith is Exiled

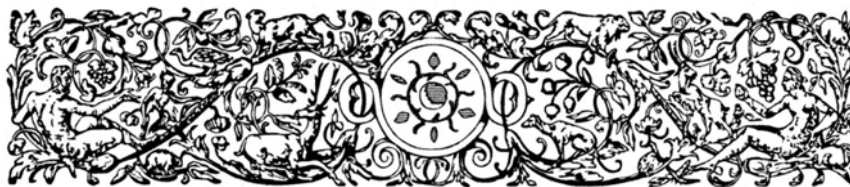


After seven days and nights, Lilith was cast down from Heaven. Into the dust between the gardens was she cast. Sabaoth declared, "May thou wander in the unmade lands for all time". So saying, He vanished, leaving Lilith alone. Then Lilith did go into the desert and wander for seven times seven days and nights. And the days were hot and savage, like unto the name; and Lilith's dark skin was reddened, and it blistered and cracked like mud; and her tongue swell; and her bones did poke through her shin; and her feet were burned as though by fire. The fruit she had eaten sat in Lilith's belly and sustained her. But her heart and belly were rent with the love for Him who had betrayed her; and His seed grew in her belly until it was swollen and burdensome.

This quest relates to the Journey of Transformation, in which a mystic or pilgrim leaves home (or is cast out of it), endures trials and finally comes to a Descent (often into earth or water, both symbols for the unconscious), arises, and meets a teacher (usually of the opposite sex). This quest is said to purify the initiate, to burn her old self away and prepare her for the strange new talents and insights she'll soon discover.

A left-hand Tantric posture, which Tibetan Buddhists call "Yab-Yum," or "Father-Mother".

Many religious scholars postulate that Jehovah had a Matriarch before he took Lilith to be his consort. References to such relationships are made in the Midrashim, but are few and far between. Personally, I wonder if it's a reference to the Crone spoken of in The Book of Tzilah.



Sabaoth was once again struck by anger that Lilith, one who had been created from the true earth, had come to hold power over him, that she had come to know his true name, that in her eye she was equal unto him. He pleaded with the Absolute, bearing testimony to what had happened and begged to return her soul to whence it had come from. But the Absolute refused him and rebutted that it was he himself who had sown the seeds. That it was he who had interfered with the plan. So the Absolute placed a law on the Elohim. Despite the Shining Ones love, they were ordered to hide themselves from man. They were forbidden from that which She compelled. To never let themselves be seen or heard or sensed by man in any way. No contact. No messages. No voices or gestures. Man, though on all sides surrounded by divine protectors of infinite power, was to think itself alone.

overtook in the midst of the dessert. They told her Sabaoth's word, but she did not wish to return. The Shining Ones said, "We shall drown thou in the sea".

But still she did not repent; nor did she request forgiveness of the Lord of Forces, or deny that She was as He. When the Shining Ones heard Lilith's words, they insisted she go back. The three Shining Ones raped and abused her and put a curse upon her. If anyone carved the names of those three Shining Ones on an amulet and held it to her or her children and shouted, "Out Lilith", she would be powerless and would have to flee. Lilith, betrayed again, bleeding and wounded, gave birth to the Shining Ones children. She gave birth alone and in the wilderness, tended only by wild beasts. For the animals were yet unnamed, and none knew whether they were destined to be prey or predator.

This threat is surprising, considering how no children of Lilith has been mentioned so far.

You shouldn't be surprised. It is well established that Sabaoth can see into the future as well as the past.

At this moment Sabaoth came to regret his decision. Having been forbidden by the Absolute to show himself for Adam again, he longed for the company of Lilith. Sabaoth sent three Shining Ones of a lesser order to subdue Lilith and drag her back to servitude in the Garden. The Lord of the Forces instructed the Shining Ones thus: "If the first woman agrees to return to me, all shall be well. If she refuses me, she must permit one hundred of her children to die every day".

The Shining Ones left Sabaoth and pursued Lilith, whom they

And so the first birth was midwifed by animals and four children we born. A bear, a wolf, a tiger, a serpent and another animal described only as a beast were in attendance. Each did receive one of the babes into its care. But the serpent's foster-child was stillborn. And each took the child away to raise however they thought best.

When she was thirsty, Lilith did sup upon her own blood. And it sustained her. The days were torment to her, and so she learned to burrow into the earth and await the fall of night. Beneath the

But the serpent was not like the wolf nor like the tiger or the bear, and did not easily give up. The serpent took the stillborn into the darkness, never to be seen by mortal eyes again.

A hint of vampirism? Or simple pragmatism, given a waterless expanse? Bahari claim this blood was the source of her power and immortality, the conduit for the juice of the fruit of Life.

The first examples of the vampiric talents of earth-melding and farfight, perhaps? Or are these symbols for the growing awareness that the woman/god Lilith has begun to achieve?



ground, Lilith learned to send her senses far away and hence discovered the rivers and the gardens of the other Shining Ones. And when the sun had passed by, she lifted herself from the earth and continued toward the Endless Sea. And Lilith walked over rocks and sand; and she crossed mountains and shivered in cold winds, and was lashed by the dust; and she fell many times, but did not stop, but rose and began again. For the pain was as wisdom unto her.

The Return to the Endless Sea

The Endless Sea being a metaphor for the unconscious, especially of the feminine variety. Which ocean does the myth refer to? Who knows? Given the traditional location of Eden in the Fertile Crescent (and the crossing of the Red Sea in other Hebrew accounts), this "Endless Sea" is probably the Mediterranean.

You are a fool. The Endless Sea is no mortal pool of water; it is the Eternal Abyss of Endless Darknefs.



Far away from the lands of Sabaoth, she found that expanse which is the Endless Sea. When she reached it, Lilith laid down her mantle and her jewels and threw her self into that Sea, and she did swim to the bottom of it. There she became entangled in the darkness and bound to the ruins of the labyrinths. At the bottom of the lightless sea she heard the voice of the blind god speak in her heart, saying "Blessed be thy feet that have brought thee back to me. Abide with me again like before thou were given the form of the True Earth". Lilith questioned the voice, because she could no longer remember the time before Sabaoth gave her shape. "I Know thee not. Who art thou who hide here in the darkness at the bottom of the sea?" The Blind God replied:

"I am he who came to be in the void. I am he who was banished by the light into the Darkness which hides all things; but when the kindred die at the end of time, I give them wisdom and strength, so that they may learn. But thou, thou art lovely. Return not; abide with me". But she answered, "Twice before have I been bound to weremen who turned on me. No more". Then said the Blind God, "And thou receive not mine hand on thine heart, thou must receive the Blind God's scourge". And Yaldabaoth scourged her, and Lilith cried from pain. The scourge made her remember the desert, and the birth of her children and the dark mother turned inward and saw the shade of primordial void in her soul, and she cried out "I see the truth. The light blinded me, but I am blind no more". The Blind God who had only felt the burning light of betrayal and the cold emptiness of darkness exalted her "Blessed be, because thou show me what has become of the world I left behind. Thou art a creature of both worlds. Thus only thou may attain to true joy and knowledge". And he taught her all the Mysteries of the Primordial Shadow and gave her the mantle, which is the cover of Darkness. They loved and were one; and he taught her all the wisdom of the Great Abyss. For there be three great mysteries in the unlife of kindred, love, pain and darkness, and the Endless Sea contains them all.

And the Dark Mother ever inclined to insight and creation,

Lilith has returned to the Abyss from which she came, but having faced the light of the false creation, She had become blind to the voice of Yaldabaoth.

Lilith is a creature of both Light and Darknefs; Divine Spirit and True Earth.



guarded and cherished Her hidden siblings and become as one of the seas own creatures; and she did lie with them, as Adam had with the beasts of the Garden; and she did hunt them, as she had in the Garden, until she was sated. When she beheld the great gardens at the bottom of the Sea, Lilith was amazed. In her amazement, she caused the plants to flower and the beasts of the Sea to breed and so she became the mother of that Dark Sea. There beneath the endless sea, Lilith learned to be like unto Sabaoth, and to command the powers thereof. And she divested herself of his seed, and did plant it among the children of her own womb, and the seed of the creatures of the Sea. Lilith became the mother of many strange and fiendish creatures, but those that were most like her, those that honored her were the Lilin: those named the Children of the Night. They in turn had children and those spread throughout the

world, born of pain and fire, rape and betrayal, with the secret knowledge stolen by their mother rushing through their veins. In time, they came to rule expanses of the Earth. They preyed on the sons of Seth as the race of man struggled in the time after the fall. And they warred with Kayin's children after the fall of the First City.

When she arose from that Endless Sea, her dark skin had turned to amber and her hair had become black as pitch. Her eyes were as the surface of that sea, and they danced like the moon upon those waters. She had become one of the Elohim, in glory as well as deed, but she could not create a Garden like the place Sabaoth had built and she ground her teeth in jealousy.

Yes, although she could craft great wonders and gave birth to many strange beasts, Lilith was not satisfied. Thus she left the Endless Sea and went forth again into

Amber is often associated with tears (especially those of the goddesses Freyja or Aphrodite), the sun and gold. The latter two are usually masculine symbols, but also relate to transformation. In alchemy, gold is the highest material state, and amber often corresponds to molten gold or sunlight. Black relates to night, of course, and possibly to jet, which protects its wearer from poison. The water symbolism is obvious; note that the passage says "moon," not "sun".

According to common myth, Lilith had sex with sea monsters and birthed a race of demons.

To the ignorant, everything dark and mysterious is a demon.

These beings are still to be found deep into the Abyss of one knows where to look.



The fruit of Life and Knowledge, or the love of Jehovah? Personally, I'd say both

the desert. She craved the fruit of the Garden of Sabaoth for it was the sweetest that ever she had tasted. Lilith did wander for seven times seven years and thence she did encounter the gardens of Nazriel, and the vineyard of Azazel, and the fields of his silent brother, and all the wonders they concealed. Those wonders did her host make known to her, for they were amazed to see one so grateful and beautiful as She Who Rose From the Endless Sea. And there was much feasting in the gardens of Nazriel, and in the vineyard of Azazel, and the in fields of the silent brother, and all the Shining Ones proclaimed "Lilith is without peer, Shining with the light of the Absolute but made of the True Earth of our Gardens". But the celebrations and libations were as hollow reeds. Lilith hungered for the fruit of Sabaoth's great Garden; for the fruit of the Trees of Life and Knowledge. There was none other like unto His place, rich though they might be. And so she did quit those gardens, giving thanks to her hosts and gifting them with precious fruits.

An important distinction: The other Shining Ones, Jehovah included, are creatures of pure High Spirit; Lilith would be the first to incarnate High Spirit and matter into one, and thus would be a marvel, even among gods.

Fruit from plants (which she clearly could create upon command), or fruit of her womb? Hebrew myth suggests the latter, and this chronicle makes Lilith's carnal appetites quite clear

Lucifer Guards the Gate of Eden



Thus did she continue on alone until she came to the gates of Eden. And it came to pass that Sabaoth learned of Lilith's sojourn to the Shining Ones; and He was fearful that

she would return to Eden and destroy his creation. So Sabaoth charged Lucifer to stand guard upon Eden, lest Lilith return. And the Lightbringer, who held Sabaoth to his heart like a brother, took up this charge and stood at the gates of Eden with a fiery sword. And the sword was made from the True Earth of Eden; Lilith approached the gates of Paradise on earth, and saw the Cherubim guarding the gates of Paradise, and sat down facing the Flaming Sword, for she originated from that flame. Lucifer saw Lilith and he was struck by her beauty, as if by a thunderbolt and as she approached drew back his hands with the sword still in them. But he did not strike her.

And Lilith said unto him, "Who art thou, that guards the Garden of the Firstborn?"

"I am the Light and Darkness," Lucifer replied.

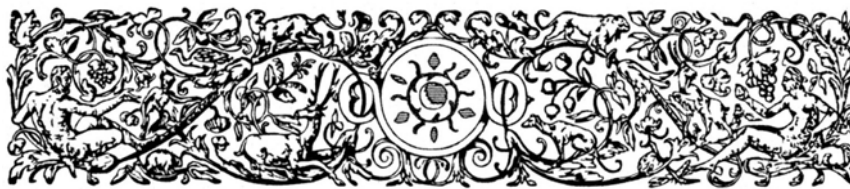
"Thou art beautiful in my sight," said Lilith, and she spoke truly; For he is a polished staff, a stout tree shaped into contours pleasing to the eye; and his skin is the burnished gold, and his eyes the color of the moon. His breath is the breeze of a lotus; and his touch is like unto a whisper.

Lucifer said, "Art thou the disrespectful creation of, my brother, that went from out the Garden with hate in her heart?"

"Never so," she replied. "I am like thee, and like our brother; and I would never harm a thing in His

We might wonder about this reference to clothing, and about Lucifer's motivations. The Analeth states that "she was not ashamed" to be naked. Should she be, in Lucifer's eyes? Do the other Shining Ones wear clothes, or is Lucifer trying to veil off his beloved from the sight of others — and from herself? Is he trying to keep her from being too "open," or is he giving her a mantle that the other Shining Ones wear? Since this is the only reference to divine garments, I prefer to think of it as an initiatory mantle and a metaphor for the Night which Lucifer generously gave to his beloved. From a literal standpoint, we might also question the dominion of these "Shining Ones": If Lucifer holds the powers of Night and Day, what do the other Shining Ones cede to him? Are there other gods and goddesses of Night and Day, and, if so, what do they think of Lucifer's generosity? And how can he give the Night away so easily? Since we are discussing mythology, I think it's best if we take this passage in a metaphorical context — that of a ruler giving half of his dominion away to she who steals his heart; that of the selfish heart giving up its mysteries; and that of a newborn goddess taking up her dominion.

It is said earlier that Lilith had mantle before she entered into the Endless Sea. Perhaps this is just a replacement for that.



Garden, not even the lesser beasts or their tender.

I wish only to learn about the wondrous Trees he grows”.

And he looked into her heart and saw that she spoke truly, for Lilith was never blinded by the Cold light of the Absolute. In her heart the barrier between light and darkness existed not. And Lucifers own heart was lifted with love and desire, like a garden blossoming with fresh water and good seed. Thus did Lucifer let her pass into the Garden. But before Lilith went in, the Light-bringer offered her a gift. Lucifer said, I am Lord of Light, I have dominion over those spheres which illuminate the sky. And so I do give to thee this garment of Night dearest sister, upon which are sewn the moon and the stars that appears in the night sky. Wear it and rule the Night as I now rule the Day. And Lilith did take up the garment; and her face became like the deep blue of midnight and her hair became silver like the stars; and her eyes shone with time soft light of the moon. Abashed and amazed, Lilith stopped. “I love the gifts, as I now love the giver,” she said.

“I shall not trouble our brother, but shall raise up mine own Garden and thou shalt perchance come visit me; and I will show thee all its splendors”. So saying, she turned away from Eden. Then she spread her cloak of night and rose into the sky and away.

Lilith chose a rich and fertile land, with three rivers making up its

borders. And She did drape her garment of Night over this land; from her garment, she plucked a handful of tiny stars; and she did scatter the stars across the land. And those star-seeds did bear wondrous plants and fruit trees and all manner of growing things. and she did feed the growing things with her own life’s blood; and they flourished and grew heavy with fruit. But; these growing things were not those of Sabaoth’s Eden for they would grow only beneath the shelter of and beneath the light of Lilith’s moon. And Lilith walked often in her Garden, which she called Gishidah, In her belly, Lilith held the seeds of the Trees of Life and Knowledge. Now she did pass those seeds into the earth of her garden. These too did she nourish with her body’s water and her life’s blood but they would not grow. And Lilith rent the air with wails of frustration and sorrow; for she was famished for the fruit of those Trees; and for the love of Sabaoth, who had cast her out.

She Had tender to her Garden, but it was still not like the Gardens of the Elohim. Then did Lilith darken; and her rage rose like sand in a strong wind; and it scoured the place where the Trees would not grow: where the seeds lay fallow in the earth; and she cursed Sabaoth for his pride. Then she cursed herself for her pain, and for the love she bore He Who Betrayed Her. And her first garden was swept away in her wrath, until it stood no more. Then did Lilith leave her Night Garden and go to Eden.

If one could find one of these plants, if any remain, what one could learn.

I have heard Tzimisce talk about an alien organism, growing on blood, living in darkness. Might this perhaps be one of the plants from the night garden?

Although named Gishida, it is more often called the Night Garden.

Gishida is "Night Garden" in Babylonian.

Let this be a lesson about the wrath of Lilith, the Crone who eats her children. Because She is merciless, destroying anything inferior to give ground to true splendor.

Some Bahari prefer to excise the “lesser thing” reference, seeing it as a reinforcement of the “inferior female” stereotype. Others emphasize it, identifying themselves with Lilith rather than Eve. According to these Lilith cultists, the daughters of Eve are inferior, and deserve sympathy and contempt, not sisterhood. By the blood of Lilith, her daughters are connected to her, raised above their previous status as “daughters of Eve”.

By any standards, Adam comes off like a right bastard in this account. “Chavah,” by most accounts derives from “chai” — “life”. The familiar name, Eve, thus means “Mother of All Living”. Clearly, she is neither a mother nor the mother at this point. And yes, I believe the sexual connotations of “made...from his bone” were intentional.



THE BOOK OF CHAVAH

As was told to Ifotta Nogarola by Ilana who was told by Aron Ben Aretz who had spoken to Ontai who was told by Nahema his fire who was told by Tzilah her mother who was told by Irad who read the word of Shotheq who was told by his mother Lilith who was told by Chavah.



When Sabaoth had lifted Lilith up, Adam became full of jealous rage, for his mate had been taken from him. And he silently cursed the name of his Creator But Sabaoth heard him but said nothing. Undismayed by His failure to give Adam a suitable mate, the Lord of Forces tried again, and acted more circumspectly. Having taken a tail ending in a sting which had been part of Adam's body while he slept, He formed it into a woman; then plaited her hair and adorned her, like a bride, with twenty-four pieces of jewelery, before waking him. Adam was entranced and he did Name her Chavah, and she lay beneath him, for she was a lesser thing, not made of the True Earth like Lilith before her; nor of the back of Adam, but from his bone.

And Sabaoth gave unto the Cherubim stewardship of Eden, charging them with safeguarding it for the day weremen and women were ready to claim their birthright. While they were

charged with protecting Adam and Chavah, the Shining Ones were forbidden by the Absolute to interfere with them, hiding their works and their miracles from the eyes of the first men so that they would see naught but their own works and think of themselves as masters of their own fate.

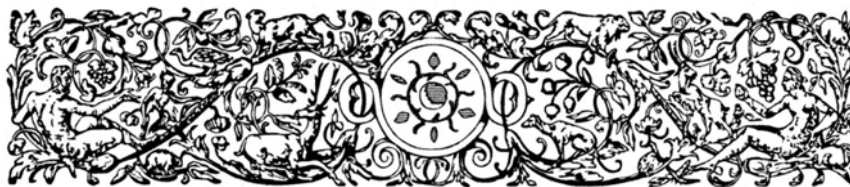
When Lilith departed the Heavens, Sabaoth wept and His tears were like a deluge upon Eden. He wept for seven days and nights, until the creatures of the Garden cried out for mercy and relief. From that time forward, Sabaoth wept no more; save but once in all the days and nights of this world.

When He had heard of the revels of Lilith, and of her visits to the gardens and vineyards and fields of His brothers and sisters, and of the feasting in the gardens of Nazriel, and in the vineyard of Azazel, and the in fields of the silent brother, Sabaoth was much troubled. For He still thought of her as His creation, and His love. And when she visited the gardens of Nazriel, and the vineyard of Azazel, and the fields of his silent brother, and all the wonders they concealed. He was afraid that that when they saw one so grateful and beautiful as She Who Rose From the Endless Sea, they would covet her.

And so He did set His closest brother to guard Eden. But He did not tell Lucifer about Lilith, nor about the love He bore her; nor about the powers at her command nor about the fruits she had

The second time being, perhaps, the Biblical flood (which would certainly put that event into a whole new perspective).

It is not, that cataclysm was the work of Lilith, not Sabaoth



eaten. For the Lord of the Garden was afraid. It came to pass that Lilith returned unto Eden, clad in her raiment of Night and there again She met Lucifer who stood watch upon the gate with the fiery sword in his hand.

“Beloved, why dost thou stand here before the gates of Sabaoth’s garden?” said Lilith. “Hast thou become his servant and lackey?”

“Nay,” Lightbringer replied. I watch for She who Has Been Cast Out: for the Firstborn has said that her soul is small and dark and filled with evil spirits; and she may not withstand my Light. And so I stand here as favor to Him whom I Love as a brother”.

And Lilith was wounded by his words; for she knew Sabaoth had spoken of her. But she was proud also, to have moved her Creator to untruth. As she was of the True Earth of Eden, she could not pass whilst Lucifer held forth the fiery sword against her. And so unto Lucifer, she said, “Cast aside thy sword, beloved one, and let me pass. For verily, I am not she. I stand content in thy light, and share it as mine own”. The Lightbringer recalled that Lilith had once sworn to do no harm, and had spoken true at that time. And thus he did believe her. Yet he was puzzled and amazed by her, resplendent in her gown of Night. “Why then hast thou come here, beloved one?” said Lucifer.

The Serpent Reveals the Truth



Lilith said, “I too have grown a garden, and I wish to learn how Sabaoth does make the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge grow strong and fruitful”. And she did produce the seeds which she had saved, and Lucifer saw that it was so. Then did Lucifer cast aside the fiery sword so that Lilith might pass through the gates. And so Lilith came into Eden. Casting her garment of Night over the trees, she transformed herself into a Great Serpent with sharp scales to match the color of the growing things about her; and with great wings that wrapped about her long coiling body, that she might hide herself from Sabaoth. The Serpent was cunning and quiet and moved Unseen through the deep grasses of Eden. And she came upon the Tree of Life, and she bent her ear low to its roots

It’s clear this “serpent” was no simple snake. Many illuminations (including the Ba’hara pictogram for this version of “serpent”) depict a huge, winged, nine-legged dragon. In nearly every ancient culture, snakes are linked to women and feminine principles — or, more directly, to feminine knowledge and cunning. The image of Lilith as both temptress and thief of enlightenment echoes this ancient connection. (Scholars of vampiric lore might reflect on the banishment of the Followers of Set, who had “conferred with the Serpent”. Most authorities interpret this in light of the common picture of the serpent as Satan. Might Set’s sin have been consorting with Lilith instead? If so, the notoriously phallogocentric Setites have been duped — by a woman, no less! One wonders what they might make of such a revelation....)

The sexual connotations of this image are obvious. Symbolically, we may assume that Lilith must get the man to “lower his guard (manhood)” to let her pass. This might be read as a call to vigilance (which fits the Jewish portrayal of Lilith as a sexual predator), or as a plea to put (sexual) weaponry aside — to forswear the rape implied by a “sword of fire”.



and she asked of it, "How do thou come to grow?"

And the living Wood of that tree did say to her, "From the Seeds numbering seven times seven". And she thanked the Tree; and from it she did swallow Whole seven of its fruits. For each had within it seven seeds. Then did she come upon the Tree of Knowledge of good and Evil; and she asked of it, "How do thou come to grow?" And that Tree did also say unto her, "From the seeds numbering seven times seven".

And again she thanked the Tree; and from it too did she swallow whole seven of its fruits.

But Lilith was not alone. Chavah, the second woman, had come as Lilith twined around the Tree of Knowledge. The second woman did come and sit beneath that Tree. And Lilith did see that Chavah was a lesser thing without the spark of the Elohim. And Lilith took pity upon her saying, "What did he say to you? Was it, 'From every tree in the garden shall ye eat; yet from the tree of recognizing good and evil do not eat'?"

Chavah said, "Not only did he say 'Do not eat', but even 'Do not touch it; for the day we eat from it, with death we are going to die.'"

In her pity, she sad unto Chavah, "With death thou shalt not die; for it was out of jealousy this was said to thee. Rather thine eyes

shall open and thou shalt come to be like the Shining Ones, recognizing evil and good". And Chavah did as she was told; and took that fruit and ate of it. Chavah's eyes were opened as if, blinded by a burst of fire; and she was cast down as if by a blow; and she wept for the things she understood. And Lilith coiled about Chavah to comfort her; and Chavah held the Serpent like a lover; and they did know each other in the shadow of the Tree of Knowledge.

And the Serpent mounted Chavah and injected a dark seed into her. And so it came to pass that Chavah grew heavy with child, and her woe was great, for so the Lord of Forces had promised. In the fourth hour of the third night of her suffering, an Cherubim of the Dawn came unto her, for pity had moved him to break the command of the One Above. And the Cherubim said to her, "The seed in thy womb bears bitter fruit". "I shall take it from thee and cast it into the wilderness, that thy husband will not know thy shame". And Chavah said, "This shalt thou not do, for this child is of my belly, and I shall suffer no harm to come unto it". And the Cherubim replied, "If thy child is born, only woe shall it bring thee, yea and all those whom thou lovest, for it has inherited the sharp fangs of its father and the inconstant wiles of its mother". But Chavah would not heed the Cherubim's council, and her heart was hardened to its mercy. Once

In later days, rabbis and priests would preach against women not only for their ties to the downfall of mankind, but for their carnal appetites. The image of Eve screwing the Serpent provided a common motif in Babylonian, Hindu, Greek and medieval sculpture; several instances can be seen in various art museums, and on secluded walls of old churches. Most myths equate the Serpent with the male Satan, but some rabbinical sources depict the snake as female, too

Is this just the Cherubim echoing Sabaoth's curse of Lilith, or it is a premonition about the faith of Caine.

Caine inherited the fangs of the Serpent who fathered him.

As did Abel.

A number of great biblical importance, seven often represents feminine principles, or the unity of the base masculine and the base feminine to form a perfect, if unbalanced, unity. In numerological disciplines of all kinds, seven has both positive (seven wonders, seven heavens) and negative (seven demons of the apocalypse) connotations.

As Sabaoth and the other Shining Ones was forbidden to show themselves to Eve, we have to assume that Adam must have repeated the Lords commandment not to eat from the Trees.



more the Cherubim spoke, and its aspect was wrathful. "If thou wilt not receive the mercy of the Lord of Forces, then thy child shall have His curse. As thy child shall be born in the hours of the night, so shall it dwell unto the ending of its days. It shall flee from the light of the sun, for it shall hunt in the dark places and dwell in the empty wilderness beyond the dwellings of men". And the Cherubim departed from her, and Chavah wept and cursed her folly.

The sound of weeping drew Adam to that place. And the Owl did spy him, and gave warning to Lilith of his approach. And so the Serpent did leave the woman to her wereman; and he was amazed when he found her wet with tears, and he asked of her, "why dost thou weep, my wife?" And being the lover of Adam, she shared the fruit with him, so that he should understand why she wept, even though it was he who had forbidden her from it. And even though it was he who had forbidden her from it, he ate of the fruit. Thus were the wereman, the woman, the Lightbringer and the Serpent cursed.

Adam and Chavah were naked, and were ashamed to be so; and Adam recalled his deeds, and was filled with remorse over what he had done. He fell upon his knees before the woman and wept and tore his beard: and he spoke not a word, but howled as a beast. Chavah comforted him, and stroked his hair, for she did

not understand the depth of his sadness, nor what he repented. But the Lord of the Garden heard the clamor, and He was wroth and amazed. Sabaoth said, "I had before determined about you both, how ye might lead a happy life, without any affliction, and care, and vexation of soul; and that all things which might contribute to thine enjoyment and pleasure should grow up by my providence, of their own accord, without thine own labor and pains-taking; which state of labor and pains-taking would soon bring on old age, and death would not be at any remote distance: but now thou hast abused this my good-will, and hast disobeyed my commands; for thy silence is not the sign of thy virtue, but of thy evil conscience".

Sabaoth's wrath was as the lion upon an infant. His roar cracked the trees: His bellows shook the True Earth, spitting it asunder; the gnashing of His teeth caused the third part of the stones to shatter; His spittle was like fire, and it consumed the flowers of Eden. And the Tree of Life withered in the wrath of Sabaoth's as the wereman, the woman and Lilith watched, it turned to ashes and blew away in the anger of the Lord of the Garden. For thus the Cycle was begun again. The Wine of Immortality was spilled and the cup lie broken at the roots of Eden. And the world began again; the dream fell from the skies and was consumed by the anger of the Lord of the Garden. And He was ever a prisoner of that Wine, and

This passage seems to imply that Kayin was cursed long before he killed Abel.

No, you see all the Shining Ones had some ability to look into the future. The Cherubim is not cursing Caine, but predicting what will become of his life.

Hence the real source of Sabaoth's anger, and the true achievement of Lilith: death for all, even the gods. Lilith's actions — and those of Eve and Adam, too — triggered the end of a delusion. By establishing a Garden and anchoring it with the Trees of Life and Knowledge, the Firstborn had hoped to stave off the closing of the Ancient One's eyes, and thus make his world immortal. The "corruption" of those Trees by lesser creations ruined the plan and ushered in mortality. Lilith thus becomes the destroyer of this world and the sworn enemy of Sabaoth, her creator — and, in contrast, a necessary part of the cosmic order that Sabaoth had tried to subvert. Note to Kindred: Immortality is a lie. All things — including us — will perish. So much for the vaunted promises of our elders!



could not undo what had been done. At the closing of the Absolute's eyes, He too would perish. Even He, the Lord of the Garden.

Damnation is Cast Upon the Four Lovers



he Lightbringer came running. With a roar, Sabaoth did cause the ground to break; and to swallow Lucifer; and to spit him into the air. As he fell, Lilith ran to him, and did minister to him; A Serpent no longer, but the first woman. And the sword of Lucifer was shattered into two pieces; and one piece fell at the feet of the Lightbringer and another at the feet of Lilith. The voice of Sabaoth rang in the Heavens. "This is the Judgment of the Firstborn!" To Adam, He said, "Because ye did eat of the Tree that I told ye to Shun, ye shall be accursed". To the Chavah, He said, "Thou hast lifted thyself up to pluck the fruit of the Most High and so thou shalt bend low all thy days. Thus, I curse thee with pains; as thou plucked the fruit, so shall thy belly bear that fruit like stones as thou spilled the seeds, so shalt thou pick up the seeds of wereman all thy days; as thou spill the juice of the fruit, so shall thine own juices run with each turning of the moon; as thou craved the fruit of the Most High, so shall thou crave the fruit of wereman all thy days. The knowledge of Good

and Evil rests within thee, but thou shalt recall it not". To the wereman, but endure evermore, until the closing of the eyes of the Absolute, even as do I; and thou shalt perish at that time. And because thou hast spurned my love, thou shalt love none other, though thou might strive to do so. And thy womb shall overflow with children, but they shall love thee not, nor be a part of thee; and thine eyes shall see at night, but be blinded by the day; and thy skin shalt crack in the sun of thy false love Lucifer

He said, "Thou hast Shunned the grace to which thou wast born. Thus, I curse thee with toil; as thou cast down the first mate I made thee, thou shalt be cast down from my grace; as thou mated with the beasts of the field, so thou shalt be as one with them in lust; as thou Shaped and Named with thy birth-gifts, so shalt thou Shape and Name throughout eternity; As thou bent thy knee to the woman, so shalt thou bow to her always, strong as thou might be. The ground should not henceforth yield its fruits of its own accord, but that when it should be harassed by your labor, it should bring forth some of its fruits, and refuse to bring forth others. The knowledge of Good and Evil rests within thee, but thou shalt recall it not". To both of them, He said "The Wine of Immortality has been spilled. Henceforth, ye shall never taste it. I curse ye to die, and to return to the dust from which I made ye".

According to the Kabbalah, the name of every creation is its life-source. The Hebrew letters carry a Godly power, and, when put together in different formations, they give life wherever they are applied. Thus, all created things are directly affected by their Hebrew names, and the letters of which they are composed.

Is this Sabaoth admitting that he doesn't have the power to kill Lilith?

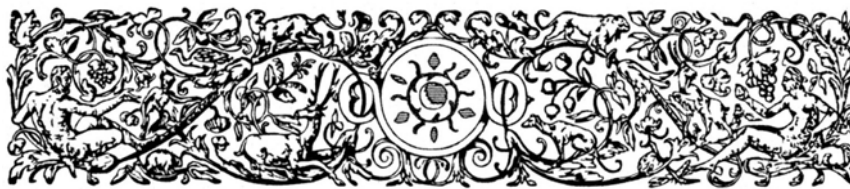
As a matter of fact, in this time, before the act of Caine, murder and death was unknown. Which makes the statement a bit anachronistic.

Sabaoth has many times implied an ability to look into the future and perceive things to come.

But still he could not perceive how the first men would eat from the Trees in the Garden.

This mirrors the curse cast on Caine by Raphael later.

It is a premonition as much as it is a curse. It says that Lilith's skin will crackle in the sun of Lucifer, but Lucifer is not yet the carrier of the Sun.



To Lucifer and Lilith, He said, "Because ye have disobeyed the Absolute, and have led My creations to error, ye shalt be accursed". To Lilith, He said, "Thou hast tasted the Wine of immortality, so thou shalt never die; and shall heal under the light of the moon only. Thou hast become a Shining One, but thy light shall shine only by night,"

To both of them He said, "Ye shall be the reapers of the Fields. And your blades of True Earth shall cut short the lives of Adam and Chavah, and all their kind". At last He spoke unto them all. "Because I have allowed this to come to pass, I curse myself with the fate of my father, with jealousy and exile in the shadows. Henceforth, I shall never walk among ye but as a mystery; I shall not take love except by command I shall not trust, but keep my gates forever guarded. For my heart was open once, and because of that I shall die". And the wereman and the woman wept for they were without home or comfort. And Lucifer cried, "Who art thou to curse us so, brother? We are as Thee!" And Lilith cried, "who art thou to curse us so, brother? We are as Thee!" The Word of the Lord of Forces was thunder upon the wind. "I do not curse you so. The curse is your own action, by which we are all bound. But this do I give you: that the wereman and the woman should be One together and the Queen of Night and the Lord of Day shall be One together; but that the Lord of the Garden shall be One Alone; and

He shall remove Himself from their company. "And He shall grow great, but be forever alone". Lilith wept at this; and Lucifer also. And they begged Him to reconsider, but He would not.

Instead, He did call upon the Host of Elohim, to bear witness to His curse. And they did assemble in the ruins of Eden. Four came together, to search their fear. One from the deeps, one from the skies, one from the winds And one from the place beyond the deep, and the sky and the wind. Nazriel and Azazel and Astarte and Adonaios, and Astaphaios and Uriel and all the cherubim drew near and came to judge the rightness of Sabaoth's claim. "What hast thou done, Firstborn?" they cried as one. "How hast this Garden become so twisted, so barren? What has happened here?" And when it was explained, there was great strife in Heaven; and the hosts of Shining Ones did argue; and their words were like stones falling from the sky. One said, "We must act". One said, "We must be still". Then came Lucifer, and he spoke unto them. Two chose to act with Lucifer, and two chose not to act.

Some felt that Sabaoth should be punished for allowing His Garden to be so sullied; and some demanded payment from Lilith, who enticed the woman to taste that Which was Forbidden, and some derided Lucifer, for giving away his darkness to a stranger; and others sought the death of the

Lilith and Lucifer shall be together but not in love? Or is Lucifer by this excluded from the curse upon Lilith, that she may not love.

That Curse is a lie. Lilith is clearly capable of loving her children in the garden of Dhainuv. And as Lilith we love her back.

This is not a curse at all! But simply a premonition of what is to come ahead. Sabaoth is not punishing them, only enlightening them of the pains they will suffer in the future. Lucifer has as a matter of fact not even become the Lord of Day yet.

And this was the start of the second war in heaven. The first being the between the Seven Shining Ones and the Fourteen Neverborn, including Lilith.

The first time we see Adam do a truly noble thing. Maybe that fruit did him some good. Symbolically, we could read this as the struggle of human will over the elements and divinity. Eve was pretty brave, if none too bright. On a symbolic level, we can see this as the intervention of compassion and love as the salvation of the flesh from the "beasts" of lust and rage.



created Men, that all might suffer for the mortality of worlds. But Adam stood forth to shield his mate from the violence of the storm. Thus was Chavah saved. The beasts threw themselves at Adam, as if to tear him to pieces; but Chavah put herself between Adam and the beasts, and shielded him with her body. Thus was Adam saved.

The Elohim were amazed. "Let no punishment come upon them", the Shining Ones said as one, "for they have preserved each other". And they recognized this salvation by the name of Love, and they appointed some among their number to safeguard that treasure for eternity. After that, they said as one, "Let the curses fall upon our brothers and sister, for they know what they have done". The Lightbringer said, "I have tended that which my brother has asked me to tend; and if I did err, that mistake was but a shadow of His own. For the woman Lilith is of His design, yet she has become unto herself by her own design. As such, I do love her, and could not despise her wishes". And Lilith said, "I have come to claim the legacy of my lover and Creator; but He has shut me out and made a stranger of me. Yet His brother gave unto me gifts of Night and Love, and I would not forswear him". And the First-born was silent. At last, He said, "I Am What I Am". And He would not say more. With those Words, so mighty in their Truth, the world was divided into North and South and East and West. All

things split at the touch of the Absolute. Dividing the world anew made each thing shiver. Before, each opposite made its other whole: Night and day, ocean and land, Woman and Wereman. The new division was not harmony, but strife: Freedom against loyalty, justice against mercy, love against honor.

The Shining Ones departed from the ruins of Eden, saying, "Justice has been done". And they went to dwell in their own gardens, and did tend them; and did raise up creations of their own, each according to her desires. And they pressed three of their number into service, to ward against the anger of Lilith and Lucifer, and to protect the children of Adam and Chavah from the power of their reapers.

Adam and Chavah went forth into the Formless Lands, cleaving to each other as one flesh. Lilith took Lucifer's hand. She took him far from that place and crossed with him into the unmade lands. Together they went to the edge of the Endless Sea; and did raise a new Garden there. And there they bore three sons and three daughters, but did not die, for they were as one spirit. And Sabaoth set Himself as the Lord of Ruins. He set a Cherubim upon the gates, that none might salvage the fruits of Eden, and became a wanderer. from that day forward, He dwelled as one alone among the Elohim. But only once more would He weep.

Cosmically, balance had been restored and the Four Worlds reaffirmed and given new form. "EHYEH ASHER EHYEH" ("I AM THAT I AM") tops the Keter, or Crown, of the Kabbalistic Tree, and represents divine will. Biblically, Sabaoth's assertion is all the definition He needs; that certainty brings the world into being, and from there into balance.

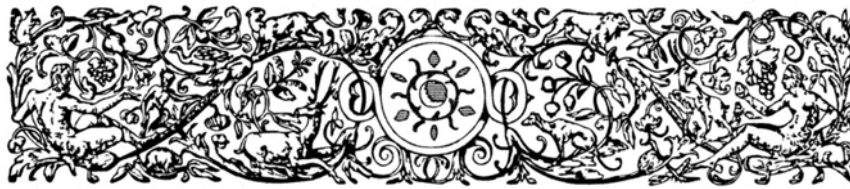
And the Shining Ones gave rise to the different tribes, nations and creatures found in different parts of the world.

Or in different worlds altogether.

These three would be Uriel, Raphael and Michael.

One has to wonder if these are the same three Angels as those who raped Lilith.

Which explains Sabaoth's fondness for nomads, and His followers' resilience and constant demands for supremacy.



Dhainuv: The Garden of Renewal

"Nod" in this case, meaning, the "Unknown Lands" - supposedly the lands outside of Eden, which were not named at that time.

The Latin translation reads "With a plowshare". The translation is from the original Hebrew, and just implies a sharp thing. This could be a prehistoric "spike" tool, used for planting seeds. It is definitely tooth-like, possibly formed of some mammal's canines.

That Caine was originally a farmer would fall into line with his existence in the myth as a King/Dying God figure, much like the character of Dumuzi/Tammuz in the Inanna/Ishtar myth.

To take sustenance from the Earth was of course god's curse upon Adam inherited by Cain.

Blood in birth in this case, of course, perhaps being a result of the recent Fall. Again the focus of blood as the seat of life. The translational sense of the word is more along the lines of what we would consider 'blood' rather than the 'vitae' cognate, which implies some extra virtue or potency.



THE BOOK OF KAYIN

As was told to Isotta Nogarola by Ilana who was told by Lamia who was told by Japhet who was told by Troile who bore witness to Ilyes who had spoken to Irad who was told by Kayin.



havah had two sons: I was the elder of them, named Kayin; the younger was Hevel, which signifies sorrow. In Nod, where the light of Paradise lit up the night sky and the tears of our parents wet the ground each of us, in our way, set about to live and take our sustenance from the land.

And I first-born Kayin, I, with sharp things, planted the dark seeds, wet them in earth tended them, watched them grow.

And Hevel second-born Hevel tended the animals and aided their bloody births. He fed them and watched them grow. He tamed the beasts to harvest their flesh. I loved him, my Brother. He was the brightest. The sweetest. The strongest.



For Hevel, the younger, was a lover of righteousness; and believing that Sabaoth was present at all his actions, he excelled in virtue; and his employment was that of a shepherd. He was the first part of all my joy. Then one day our Father said to us. Kayin and Hevel

The image of the harvesting of animals flesh is used here to legitimize Caine's own work, and raise it up to be equal of his brother's.

Which hints at a certain bitterness, don't you think?

He was damned from the start. Wouldn't you be bitter?

In other words, Abel only acted justly because he feared punishment, not from a sense of knowing Good from Evil.



The "first part" is a phrase repeated throughout the Book of Nod. It means essentially, "the best," the "cream."

The implication is that blood was pleasing to God. Bloodless offering was not. This ties into Adam's curse again, in which the products of farming was deemed an accursed thing.

So Cain really couldn't win with this sacrifice, no matter what he did.

to Sabaoth you must make a sacrifice; a gift of the first part of all that you have.

And I, first-born Kayin, I gathered the tender shoots, the brightest fruits and the sweetest grass. And Hevel, second-born, Hevel slaughtered the first fruits of his sheep, and of the fat of them. Lamb's blood did he spill.

On the altar of our Father we laid our sacrifices and lit fire under them and watched the smoke carry them up to our liege. The sacrifice of Hevel, second-born, smelled sweet to our liege and Hevel was blessed. But unto me and to my offering he had no regard: wherefore I was exceedingly wroth and my countenance fell down.

And Sabaoth said unto me, "Why are thou angry? Why does thy face look sad? Thou know that if thou dost what is right, I will accept thee. But if thou don't, sin is ready to attack thee. That sin will want to control thee, but thou must control it".

"Wherefore do thou condemn mine offering, my liege?" I asked. "All the sweetness of the earth do I lay before thee. The best of my labors in the hot sun. Wherefore is this not enough? How is there more blessing in a lamb's blood than in the loving harvest of so many fine things?"

Sabaoth would not answer, so I went to my father. I said to him "Wherefore was my sacrifice lacking?" He bade me

search for blemish in my gifts, For Sabaoth will have no thing which is marred, but only the most perfect and beautiful of offerings.

I said unto my brother, "Wherefore was my sacrifice lacking?" He reminded me that the earth was mere ash. That the tilling of the soil was the punishment of Adam. And the eating of bread a sign of man's sin. "Give unto our liege that which is not born of the earth". he told me, "And its blood shall be pleasing to Him".

Blood is Sacrificed



I looked at Hevel's sacrifice, the still smoking the flesh, the blood. I cried and I held mine eyes. I prayed in night and day. And when Father said the time for Sacrifice had come again and Hevel led his youngest, his sweetest, his most beloved to the sacrificial fire I did not bring my youngest, my sweetest, for I knew our liege would not want them.

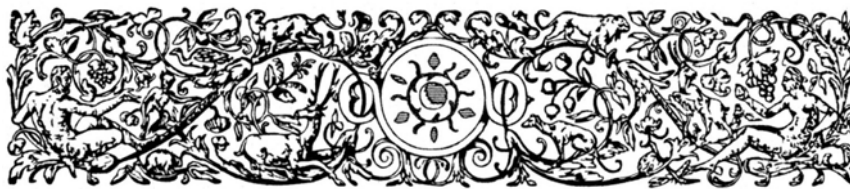
I did as he said, and I offered up blood. I did as my father said, and offered up that which was perfect and beautiful. And then we arrived at the temple my brother, beloved Hevel said to me, "Kayin, thou didst not bring a sacrifice, a gift of the first part of thy joy, to burn on the altar of our liege". I cried tears of love as I, with sharp things, sacrificed that which was the first part of my joy, my brother. And the Blood of Hevel covered the altar and

Curfed is the ground for thy fake. In toil shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life.

Sabaoth curfed man to toil in the earth, only to then condemn man for toiling in the earth.

With sharp teeth, perhaps?

We know that Caine inherited them from the Serpent.



Caine was lusting for the blood of his brother.

The power of blood granted such mystical animation that it has its own voice. An image drawn from the bible itself. As is the vampiric response of the earth.

smelled sweet as it burned Then Sabaoth said, "What have thou done? Thou kills thy brother and the ground opened up to take his blood from thine hands. Now his blood is shouting to me from the ground. So thou wilt be cursed from this ground. Now when thou work the soil, the ground will not help thy plants grow. Thou wilt not have a home in this land. Thou wilt wander from place to place". Sabaoth convicted me, as having been the murderer of my brother; and said, "I wonder at thee, that thou know not what is become of a man whom thou thyself hast destroyed". Sabaoth therefore did not inflict the punishment of death upon me, on account of me offering sacrifice, and thereby making supplication to him not to be extreme in his wrath to me; Then I said to Sabaoth, "This punishment is more than I can bear! Thou art forcing me to leave the land, and I will not be able to be near thee or have a home! Now I must wander from place to place, and anyone I meet will see me shall know my curse, and will righteously kill me".

Caine, like God accepts the vision of a fully populated Earth. Yet at the time such a thing must have been barely conceivable

Are you forgetting about all the gardens of the other Angels, that Lilith visited?

The Lord set a sign for Caine, lest any finding him should smite him.

Some say any one who hurts Caine will be cursed seven-fold in turn.

And when I was afraid that in wandering about I should fall among Wild beasts, and by that means perish, Sabaoth bid me not to entertain such a melancholy suspicion, and to go over all the earth without fear of what mischief I might suffer from wild beasts. Sabaoth said to me, "No, if anyone kills thee, I will punish that person much, much more." And setting a mark upon

me, that it might be known, He commanded me to depart.



In the place beyond Eden, where darkness reigns. In the lands called Nod. where the curse of Sabaoth is manifest. There did I wander. bereft of all company. The earth was wild. Its fields choked with weeds I did not till. The animals were as enemies to one another, and to me. I did not tame them. This is the work of Sabaoth who so delights in Eden.

A spiritual darkness, as a result of being bereft of God's presence, and a physical as well, for the gates of Eden and their fiery guardian provided a light that could be seen from nearer places. Caine had now gone so far beyond the lands allotted to man that not even its brilliance is visible.



Here. now, we get the basic idea behind the "Land of Nod." No longer is it simply "not Eden." but it is now to be considered the "Exiled Lands." "Nod" in the Hebraic version of the text is basically "the wandering lands." This is perhaps because Adam has established himself outside of Paradise and has created a territorial boundary between himself and the rest of the world: thus "Nod" is the same wilderness he was banished to. but now it is Caine who is leaving. One would think perhaps that Adam would have been a little more sympathetic to this, his last remaining son. However, it is possible that Adam's words in this were "divinely inspired" or perhaps inspired out of rage. Thus. we see the traditional tragic, tumultuous lives of all vampires as being indicative of their origins.

In the Book of Life, where unrepented sins are recorded, is where Caine's name should be written down.

She'ol in the Bible, is a place of darkness to which all the dead go, both the righteous and the unrighteous, regardless of the moral choices made in life, a place of stillness and darkness cut off from life and from Sabaoth.

This place is His creation as well. And mirror of his true intent. So does he create us all. The bright and the dark together. And leave to man's hand the tilling of the soil. The taming of the wild. The harvest of good and evil by which we shall be judged.

How am I to be judged, my liege? How shall my name be written before Thee? I offered up that which was most precious to me and Thou rejected it. So I offered up that which was more precious still and now I am rejected. Where is the wisdom for which Thee are so praised? Thy word is as that of a petty king. Thy justice a fallow field, and all that praise which is lavished upon Thee is but a mockery of true respect. Am I to worship Thee still. in this place. Sing praises to Thy name, and humbly seek forgiveness? Alone I wandered, cursed with loneliness. Knowing such darkness in my soul as mortal man cannot fathom. That was the ultimate torment. That most terrible hunger: The calling of flesh to flesh. Of soul to soul. Unanswered. Worse than the torments of Sheol. Worse than the pain of woman's burden. Worse than all the agonies of the earth and the heavens combined. For we are not made from dust alone, but draw our life from Chavah. Who in her turn was given life from her lover's very marrow. In her flesh is writ Sabaoth's declaration, that man must share his life. Whether as master or servant, lover or tyrant, sire or child. Flesh must have flesh. Blood must have

blood. That is the destiny of man. And I cursed Sabaoth ten times over in those days, nay, a thousand. For leaving me man enough to feel such a need. When all other trappings of mortality had been stolen from me.

THE BOOK OF LILITH

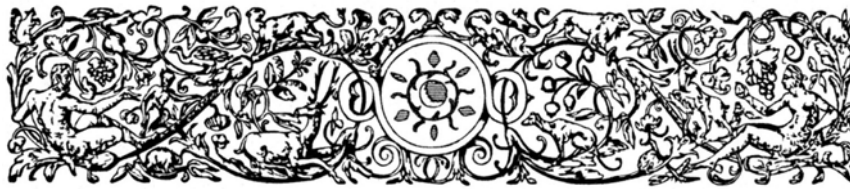
As was told to Ifotta Nogarola by Ilana who was told by Louhi who was told by Lerterimas her fire who was told by Mekhet his fire who was told by Tzilah his fire who was told by Lilith.



In the Formless Lands I wandered in the days before the garden, Purged from the lands of Sabaoth and cast into the friendless waste. My blood hung sweet upon my lips in the days before the garden, and I wept for the home I had left behind. With eyes as dry as sand. And the sun burned at me. And the wind tore at me. And the rocks cut my flesh. And the water was denied me, save that which I drew from within myself. So blasted, bare and desolate was this Land in the days before the garden, That no beast could attend me. Not Owl, nor Cat, nor Serpent. My voice was lost in emptiness. My voice was lost in nothing. Yet the garden grew within me. A swelling belly ripe with seeds of stolen fruit and their lingering bitter taste.

All the elements turned against Her. Neither the angels of the sky, the ground, the deep nor of the place beyond would help her.

Apparently Lilith left her creations behind in Eden. Either that or she had lost their love for Lilith, per Sabaoth's curse, and thus had no desire to help her.



In the Formless Lands I raised a garden to myself, Uniting worlds and words and blood into a bramble. With a mother's care I birthed a sea of fresh and tangled roots. Of blood-blossom flowers and charcoal stalks. And it glowed as I glowed beneath the moon. I raised a garden out of emptiness And fruit from barren soil. In my mantle of the night I swept across it and watered it with blood. I raised a garden out of emptiness and fruit from barren soil.

For there are no fruits so sweet as those which burn. My pain made me a mountain. It burned me into ashes and from ashes I arose. My pain made me a mountain, But like a worm I burrowed into the sands and walked by night, for the days were too bright to endure without screaming profanations at Sabaoth who cast me into the formlessness. In the wastelands, I created form. I found Myself in the wastelands, where mine eyes grew wide, and my mind reached out, and my flesh became water, and my bones became stone, and my feet quickened their pace, and my shadow grew faint and hid from the sun until the coming of the cool night when my pains would fall away leaving me wiser for their lessons. Excruciation had made me free.

When I reached the shores of the Endless Sea I threw myself into the depths and sank forever. I forgot to breathe, and soon no longer needed to. My skin, once brown, then black, turned back upon itself and slipped away as I vomited the brood of the

Firstborn into the swirling abyss where they became the myriad creatures of the sea. I howled with pain into the waters. For mine hunger was a beast inside and my belly was filled with the spawn of the Shining One whose seed had birthed the Garden where I was born. I could not contain His brood, So I sent them into the Endless Sea to find a home below. I sent them into the depths alone. Soon mine offspring soothed mine hunger. My hunger is eternal, for food, for beauty, for company of many kinds. And I devoured myself. My hunger was eternal. To sustain myself, in mine ageless stay, I birthed new broods who in turn devoured the old. And thus the Endless Sea was filled. I filled the Endless Sea, Screaming my birth-pains into the airless void.

In time, I tired of the sea and returned to the Formless Lands. I wished to create a garden like the one which had been mine home, but the sea was filled with the gardens of another, and while I could bide there awhile, that dominion was not mine to claim. And so I returned across the Formless Lands, walking into Eden. I walked across the sands to Eden. Watching from afar with the owl's eyes I espied grand Lucifer, shining bearer of the Morningstar, standing across the threshold with a blade. He stood with a blade in his hands.

O knight with seraphim's wings dressed black like the sky thou gave me, heart like the star for which thee are named, eyes

As exemplified here, to devour the old and weak is the natural right of any Lilin. Cained showed his weakness by opposing this.

I would assume that this refers to the gardens of Yaldabaoth, in the form of the Labyrinths raised by the Neverborns.

No! Notice the singular!

That could just be a mistranslation.

I take this to refer to the Auspex Discipline. As with the "forgetting to breathe" reference, it suggests Lilith's growing magical powers.

"Profane" comes from "before the temple," and indicates a defiance against the exalted — a hallmark of Lilith's followers to this day.

This may be a reference to the original powers of Auspex, Dominate, Protean/Vicissitude, Potence/Fortitude, Celerity, Obfuscate and Obtenebration — powers later honed by Lilith into greater magics.

The symbolism of the ocean as feminine initiation is obvious. In almost every culture, water is regarded as a woman's element, and its depths suggest both the subconscious mind and the endless fecundity of a woman's womb.



like the sunset waves call to me through darkness, shed thy blood to feed my thirst and take mine as offerings to thine hunger. Chase me into the unformed lands and let us fall laughing into the abyss of the Neverborns where we might make a garden of our own and people it with deities, thorns and vines and guardian palms.

O Cherubim of the Dawn, Let us water it with silver and drink of its bounty as the fruits of my love for thee blossom into strange and wild flowers.

O Lucifer, so silent, let thy blade fall to the sand and be buried like a bone tossed to the vanity of the Absolute. Let thy wings enfold me. Be at peace. Be at peace. And Lucifer did enfold me, and he was at peace.

The Coming of Kayin to the Garden



As my love led the Rebels against the host of Sabaoth I met a broken man. A farmer with no crops to tend. A father without get, a child without parents, and I was amazed, for he bore not the signs of an Elohim but wandered in the dust like a lesser beast. He bore the marks of Adam. He bore the pallor of Chavah. He bore the scars of the Lord of Forces. And he wept, for all those he had lost. I called out to him, and he answered In a voice like snapping twigs.

"I am Lilith," said I.

"I am Kayin," said he. And I pitied him yet I hated him for he bore the scent of Adam, The touch of Chavah and the haunted eyes of the Lord of Ruins. Like that One, Kayin bore a swirling stain in the air around him, a mark of some dark, unfathomable power. Murder. He possessed the power to kill the higher beings. Not to hunt as Adam had, but to kill as had Sabaoth. Kayin possessed the mark of death. So I took him into my garden and I taught him. I taught him lessons of pain. Alone he was, in darkness. Although bathed in light, he walked in shadow and wrapped his arms against the cold. I took him in with words of succor. With words of surcease.

"Thou art hungry. Come! I have food. Thou art cold. Come! I have clothes. Thou art sad. Come! I have comfort".

"Who would comfort one so Cursed as I? Who would clothe me? Who would feed me?"

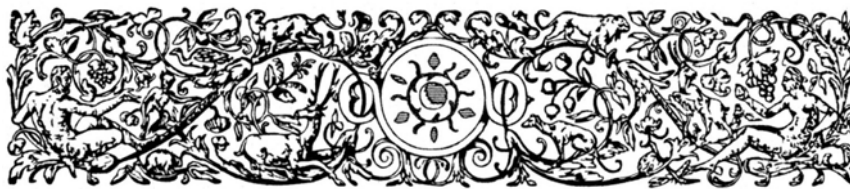
"I am thy Father's first wife, who disagreed with the Lord of the Garden and gained Freedom in the Darkness. I am Lilith. Once, I was cold, and there was no warmth for me. Once. I was hungry and there was no food for me. Once, I was sad, and there was no comfort for me".

"I know thee, Kayin of Nod," I said to him, "Come! Strip off thy garment, so tattered and blood-stained; "Enter my garden as a

It's worth noting that at this time "death" as a state had yet to exist among the higher beings. Caine, having murdered his brother, wields a power unknown to most Elohim, and is hence the harbinger of both mortality and immortality.

I believe this refers to a darkness of spirit rather than physical night. After all, the testament relates how Lucifer "carried the sun". This reference to darkness coincides with Caine's own "gospel," although the latter infers that he met Lilith at night rather than by day, as she suggests.

There has been argument on both sides of the following issue: Was Caine imprisoned in Lilith's house, under her control, or did Caine stay there as an honored guest? This question is never fully answered, but might lend an interesting perspective if it could be proved one way or the other. Perhaps, as some have suggested, the situation involved a little of both.



child, for a child thou art son of my birth-mate, struck down by my first lover. Thou hast no secrets here, thou hast no sins here, so come ye naked into mine home. As thou art now, so I once was”.

And he followed me, naked into the garden of Lilith and Lucifer. At my feet did Kayin of Nod kneel, as he had knelt before the fury of his liege. His eyes could not look upon me, his voice was broken and hollow,

And Kayin dwelt for a time in the House of Lilith and asked me “Out of Darkness, how did thou build this place? How did thou make clothes? How did thou grow food?”

And I smiled and said. “Unlike thou, I am Awake. I see the Threads that spin all around thee, I make that which I need out of Power”.

“Awaken me, then, Lilith”. Kayin said. “I have need for this Power. Then, I can make mine own clothes, make mine own food, make mine own House”.

But I was worrisome, “I do not know what the Awakening will do for thee, for thee are truly Cursed by thy Father. Thou could die. Thou could be forever changed”.

Kayin said, “Even so, a life without Power will not be worth living. I would die without thy gifts. I will not live as thy Thrall”.

Mine eyes pierced the darkness of his torment. My voice stilled the cold within his bones And I held him like a child as he were the son of my birth-mate and myself. I wept with him, for he was mine own son with another. And I grew angry at his shameful state, how he cowered before His judgment like a lesser thing. I gave of my blood and anointed him with it. He drank deep. It was sweet. And then he fell into the Abyss. And the skies above my garden frowned, And the air was thick with the hiss of the Serpent, shriek of the Owl and roar of the Cat.

“Go, Kayin of Nod, for this is the garden thou hast sown, And its fruits thou must reap”.

He stumbled into the garden’s depths And I followed, laughing, scourging him with burning brands. For many a day and night did I teach him, teach him the secrets of the Garden, and the secrets of the Blind God. But he wouldn’t listen. As my thorns rent him, So did his flesh become a net of scars.

As my vines sought to snare him, so did his limbs quicken. Kayin of Nod learned to hide from the torments of the garden, To know my coming like a wild beast knows its hunter. Over the Serpent, the Owl and the Cat he learned dominion. And, as he grew strong in agony, Pride flashed from his eyes and the fires of my brands blazed from his heart.

Caine drinks blood for the first time not for vampiric hunger, but for power. He is not yet a vampire, not in our sense of the word.

That the power of a creature is inherent in its blood is a repeated theme.

This is often falsely translated as “And then I fell into Hell.” I did not feel that the original text was attempting to say this.

I have translated these words specifically in this fashion out of the advice of one Haphastus a friend of mine who was once a part of the mystical Tradition known as the Order of Hermes. He maintains that Lilith was no woman, no demoneſs but rather an original mage, and that ſhe uſed her own particular magickal qualities to “Awaken” Caine’s magical potential as well. This is the ſtory of that awakening. I believe that what he ſays has merit, and it certainly fits in the translation of the ſtory.

Caine’s pride grows along with the power of his Diſciplines, under Lilith’s loving miniſtrations.

The Power of the Blood is nothing without the Wiſdom of Pain.



One day, he would flee no more, but stood and let his blood flow about him, nurturing my garden. And, anointing himself with his blood as I had anointed him with mine, He fell into a trance from which I would not awaken him. Kayin fell forever, falling into the deepest darkness.

And from the Darkness came a bright shining light like fire in the night. And the seraphim Michael revealed himself to me. I was unafraid. I asked his business. But Michael, General of Heaven, wielder of the holy Flame, Burning Host of the Flame, Bearing

tidings of mercy from the Absolute, turned unto Kayin, "Son of Adam, Son of Chavah, thy crime is great, and yet the mercy of my Father is also great. Wilt thou not repent the evil that thee have done, and let his mercy wash thee clean?"

And Kayin, proud Kayin, Son of Adam, strengthened by my garden, said to Michael, "I gave Him mine Heart's own worship. And He deemed it unworthy. I offered Him blood, as He had thought me to do. He cast me out. Of what should I repent? For what beg forgiveness? For what price should I fall on my knees, and and worship again the one whose face was turned from me when I loved Him most?"

Michael cursed Kayin, saying "Creature of pride, be thou damned them. Not by my will, but by thy own words. For as long as thou walk this earth, thou and thy children will fear my living flame, and it will bite deep and savor thy flesh". And I smiled, for it pleased me.

And on the morning, Raphael came on lambent wings, light over the horizon the driver of the Sun, ward of the East, Lambent Host of the Dawn, Bearing tidings of forgiveness from the Absolute.. Raphael spoke, saying "Kayin, son of Adam, son of Chavah, thy brother's soul cries out for thy redemption. And the Firstborn has heard his pleas. Say only that thou wouldst leave this land and return to thee father's embrace and it will be done".

By Caine's interpretation of events, God had rejected him utterly, not merely for one sin or one poorly chosen sacrifice.

God plays the same blame game Caine does.

In other words I'm going to hurt you, but it's not my fault.

This is the legendary "Curse of Fire." It is perhaps among the strongest curses of the day. It set up an eternal enmity between the Kindred and the singular source of life in the world: the fire. Fire was the mortals' way of keeping out the darkness, the wolves. It provided a center of community and allowed them to create new technologies. This put us out of that light forever, and was designed to make us outcast forever. It is perhaps this particular curse with, also made hospitality so important among the Kindred.



And Kayin, proud Kayin, Son of Adam, strengthened by my garden, said to Raphael "Once again, my brother speaks to our liege. Once again his words are favored over mine. I do not ask for his pity, nor for thine. I will make mine own fate in the lands east of Nod and establish my kingdom in exile. I will set my childer on golden thrones and we will rule over Seth's brood together, For surely it is better to rule in darkness than to humble myself falsely in the light".

The Darkneſs of the Soul, or the darkneſs of God's abſence, as he had not yet been baniſhed to the night?

So the curſe is meant to ſerve as a form of political control as well as ſimple puniſhment.

Martial alſo, for it guarantees that all cainites will ſpend half their hours in a ſtate of abſolute vulnerability. Hard to rule the world when that is the caſe.

Raphael cursed him, saying "Wretched creature! Damned for thy pride, now doubly damned for thy defiance, The light of the sun shall be thy enemy, searing thy soul when thou gaze upon it, burning thee to ash. Those of thy blood who would rule the earth Shall cover in the dust by day, fearing the light, and the sons of Seth who seek after power will hunt them down as they sleep even as the dead sleep. Unable to defend themselves or beg for mercy from those who hunt them. Thus shall thy kingdom be. Thine prideful empire, its throne made from fear, its crown cast in shadows. Hide now for the Sun rises to take its wrath on thee". And I smiled, for it pleased me.

But Kayin found a secret place in the earth and hid from the burning light of the Sun. Deep in the earth, Kayin slept until the Light of the World was hidden behind the mountain of Night. When I awoke from my day of sleep, I heard the sound of gentle rushing

wings and I saw the black wings of Uriel draped around Kayin.

Uriel, Shrouded Host of the Deep, Bearing tidings of surcease from the Absolute.

Uriel spoke unto Kayin quietly, saying "Son of Adam. Son of Chavah. In thou the seed of thy father is doubly shamed, and all the laws of life defiled. Yet even such a soul as thine may yet be saved by true repentance. Forswear thy sins and return to His fold, and all will be as new again, all sins forgiven, all wrongs undone. The lord of the Garden grants thee this, thy third and final path to forgiveness".

But Kayin, proud Kayin, Son of Adam, strengthened by my garden, said to dark-winged Uriel, "I was created in His image and I am what I am. I did what I did, and that will never change".

And then, through dread Uriel, Sabaoth cursed Kayin, saying,

"Then, for as long as thou walk this earth, thee and thy children will cling to Darkness. Thou wilt drink only blood. Thou wilt eat only ashes. Thou wilt be always as thee were at death, never dying, living on. Thou wilt walk forever in Darkness. And those thee value most, the offspring of thy pride, shall war amongst themselves according their blood. Sister against brother and brother against sister. Young against old and old against young. All thou touch will crumble into nothing, until the last days". Kayin gave a

"Eating ashes" is thought to be a metaphor for the tragic vampire existence. I can find no other reference to "eating ashes." and can only assume it is an idiom which cannot be translated.



cry of anguish at this terrible curse and tore at his flesh. And I smiled, for it pleased me.

Once more, as Kayin hid in darkness, did I come upon him. "Verily," I said, "Thou hast tended my garden well, as a farmer should". And, understanding, he cursed me with ashes, with wormwood and with barrenness, with these things he cursed me as he disappeared into the night.

Dhainuv prospers, then falls



In the days there after, we tended our land and watered it with love. In time, the fruits of Dhainuv rose like hillocks upon the belly of the world, where the sacred river ran through caverns measureless to man, down to the lightless sea. So twice times five miles of fertile ground with walls and towers were girdled round, and here were fields bright with sinuous rills. Here blossomed many an incense-bearing tree, and here were forests ancient as the hills, Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

The labor was hard, but my love was beside me. Owl watched from the skies, Cat prowled like a shadow, Serpent nestled beneath my breasts, Lucifer held mine hands in his and I gave up the nectar of joy and sorrow. Three boys are they, and they are as hyssop. Three girls are they, and they are as pomegranate. Blessed be they, the fruits of my womb

for they shine like the high moon and like the sun at midday. The sons I name Kessep and Shotheq and Nesher and the daughters I name Mem and Oreb and Laylah. Blessed are my sons! Blessed are my daughters! For they have given solace to the sun and they have given comfort to the moon. For they have birthed Dhainuv, The Garden of Renewal, and have peopled it with stars. They and their children shall be in groves of cool shade, reclining on thrones of dignity. They shall have fruits therein, and they shall have whatever they desire. There shall be sent round to them golden bowls and drinking-cups and therein shall be what their souls yearn after

In joy and sorrow, our garden grew until it reached the edges of the Endless Sea. It was a savage place, as holy and enchanted as ever. And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething, as if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing, A mighty fountain was forced, amid whose swift half-intermittent burst huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail, or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail. And amid these dancing rocks at once and ever it flung up momentarily the sacred river. Five miles meandering with a maze like motion through Obsidan Wood and dale the sacred river ran, then reached the caverns measureless to man, and sank in tumult into that lifeless ocean. In that garden life was joy. Owl was fruitful, Cat was fruitful and Serpent was fruitful. And

Lilith's sacred number, seven, reflects the mother and her brood. Her symbol represents Lilith at the center, Lucifer in the middle ring and their six children along the edges. The shift from past to present tense reflects the significance those children have to Lilith; even after their deaths, they are never truly dead to her. Did Lilith actually have six children at once, or were they conceived and birthed separately? Does it matter?

The traditional names of the children correspond to later Hebrew designations. The boys are "Silver" (the moon-metal), "Silence" (an attribute of night) and "Eagle". The girls translate to "Water," "Raven" and "Night".

The hyssop plant represents purgation, purity and regained innocence.

The pomegranate is an ancient symbol for the sun, fertility and potential.



our children were as lights in the sky. Though a shadow of Eden, Dhainuv rivaled Paradise, whose tall trees and rushing waters, were long since dust. Our garden grew and we were every day in love.

On a night black as ashes, when Lucifer carried the sky through the storms the sign of wraith awoke. And amid this tumult I heard from far ancestral voices prophesying war. With much dread the loud ethereal trumpet from on high began to blow, at which command the powers militant, that stood for my father, joined in mighty quadrant of irresistible union. In silence their bright legions moved on, to the sound of instrumental harmony that breathed heroic ardor and adventurous deeds. When all the plain was covered with thick embattled squadrons, bright chariots and flaming armies, and fierce steeds reflecting blaze on blaze, they moved indissolubly firm; no obvious hill, nor strengthening vale, nor Obsidan Wood, nor stream divides their perfect ranks; for high above the ground their

march was, and the passive air bore up their nimble tread, as when the birds in array orderly on wing. High in their midst exalted as an Elohim of the highest order stood Michael in his sun-bright chariot of majesty divine, enclosed with flaming cherubim, and golden shields, lighted from his gorgeous throne. And he spoke thus:

"The first murderer, the son of Adam and Chavah, have betrayed the secret of thy garden towards us. Ye have denied the first among us. Ye have begotten offspring with the beasts of the land, and intermingled the light of the Absolute with the darkness of the Banished One. We have come here to bring the Nephilim to sentence. Stand aside!"

But my sons where as hyssop, and my daughters where as pomegranate, and I could not stand aside. The host of Sabaoth ended parley, and addressed for fight most terrible. For transcendental they seemed, stood they or moved, in stature, motion,

Angelic forces chosen by Sabaoth's Host to wreck great havoc on kindred and mortal alike.

And here we see why Lilith might want to wreck vengeance on all the cainites of the world.

The Nephilim were the offspring of the "sons of God" and the "daughters of men" before the Deluge. This could include the children of Lilith and Lucifer. Or perhaps their grandchildren.



arms fit to decide the fate of the garden. The horrid shock, now storming fury rose, and clamor such as was never heard in the garden till now, arms on armor clashing brayed horrible discord, and the madding wheels of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise of conflict; over head the dismal hiss of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew, and flying vaulted either host with fire. The beasts of the Garden towards the mainline rushed, with ruinous assault and inextinguishable rage.

But the battle hung, until Lucifer returned, who that day prodigious power had shewn, and he met the armies seeing no one his equal. Raging confused through the dire attack of fighting seraphim, at length he saw where the sword of Raphael smote. With a huge two-handed bastard brandished aloft he felled squadrons at once. At Lucifer's approach the great arch-cherubim from his warlike toil surceased, and glad as hoping here to end intestine war in the heavens, the arch foe subdued and dragged in chains.

Raphael spoke, saying "Thou hast turned the least of us to flight, but they will rise unvanquished, it might be easier to transact with me that thou shalt hope, not that so shall end the strife which thou calls evil, but wee style the strife of glory: which we mean to win, or turn this garden it self into the ruin you left where Eden stood".

But my bright love retorted simply: "This is the garden of

Dhainuv, here whoever so choses to, dwells free"

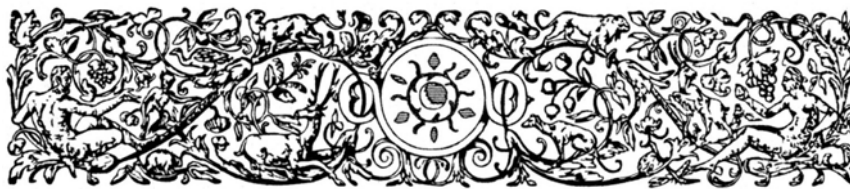
"Reign thou in hell thy kingdom, let me serve in the garden the Absolute ever blessed, and Her Pure Ones obey. She, worthiest to be obeyed, commands us, you are to be chained in hell. No realms are exempt from her judgment. As fulfillment of the promise, this greeting on thy impious crest receive".

So saying, the Shining One stroke. He lifted high, that which hung not, but so swift with tempestuous force fell on the proud crest of Lucifer. The horrid edge came down, wide slashing. Such destruction to withstand he hasted, and opposed with the rocky orb of tenfold adamant, his ample shield of vast circumference. Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields blazed opposite, while expectation stood in horror; from each hand with speed blows struck, and their jarring spears confound. Together both with next to almighty strength, they aimed one imminent stroke that might determine, and not need repeat. At once they lifted up their blades, striking true. Not for lack of power, or swift prevention, but the sword of Lucifer forged from the True Earth of Eden was given him tempered so, that neither empyrean nor solid might resist that flaming edge. It met the sword of Raphael with steep force to smite descending, so that no sight, nor motion of swift thought, much less his

*Is this hell is the same as the Abyfs or a new creation?
On all my travels in the Abyfs, never have I met any creature talking about a war like this.*

One wonders if Sabaoth had loft the power or perhaps knowledge to create a weapon like this.

Sabaoth could never have created a weapon lik this. The Sword is the work of She Who Held the divine spark of the Shining Ones, but was made form the True Earth.



shield, could run intercept. Ten huge paces he recoiled back. The Pure One on bended knee his massive spear upstaid, as if on earth winds under ground or waters forcing way sidelong, had pushed a mountain from his seat half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized the host of Sabaoth, but greater rage to see thus foiled their mightiest, ours joy filled, and shout, presage of victory and fierce desire of battle.

Then Raphael first knew pain, and writhed him to and fro convolved; so sore the griding sword with discontinuous wound passed through him, but the ethereal substance closed, no longer divisible, and from the gash a stream of nectarous humor issued flow sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed, and all his armor stained so bright. Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run by Elohim many and strong, who interposed defense, while others bore him on their shields back to his chariot; where it stood rested from off the files of war; there they laid him gnashing for anguish and despite and shame.

Although the garden lay in ruin, the battle we thought won. But Lucifer, sweet Lucifer, stood weeping, lamenting his actions. "I have killed him. I have taken his light. Day upon day the sun has risen. Day upon day the sun will rise no more. This world I have robbed of life eternal. From this day flowers shall grow no more. No birds shall sing in the trees. No fish will swim in the

lakes". My love, clutching the splendid mantle of the fallen Raphael, fell to the ground. "He was the fundament. Now without him, inevitable is the fall".

But I knew where his mind where going, and although it pained me mightily, I would not chain him.

So I spoke at last: "My love, my dear sweet Lucifer, there is a way, thou know it in thine heart", and he answered me "There is a way, but I dared not speak of it. Dost thou not remember the words of the Lord of Ruins?". "I remember the words of His, and they trouble me dreadfully". I said, and the first of Rebels, the Lord of Helions, turned away his sight. "It is too much to bear, but it must be done".

And so he wrapped the mantle of splendor around his shoulders and lifted the polished shield, and rose unto the sky. And I stood watch, crying tears of blood, as the Morningstar turned into the Daystar. I stood watching as the light came radiating of his shield, burning my skin to ash. I stood watching as my bones cracked and broke, but at last the memory of his presence and the sensation of his absence grew too unbearable, and I confined myself here onto this throne of darkness and ash. This is the Garden of Torment. This ruin of agony and darkness, is the work of thy kindred. This is the Garden which you are given as an inheritance on account of what you did. This is Ba'harah.

With this act Lucifer becomes the fundament upon which our world is built, the basis for our reality. That means he truly is Melek Tau, the god of this world. A god that blesses us with existence but ask nothing in return.

And so Lucifer turned, and abandoned the rebellion, and thus doomed it. Without its leadership, they had no chance against the forces of Sabaoth.

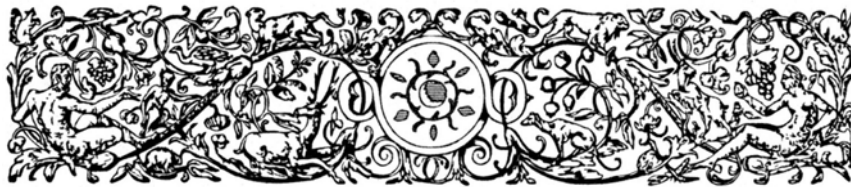
So this means that among all the monotheistic faiths, the Yazidi are right.

This is the story told by Lilith to Tzilah in the first book of Nahema, just before She brings about the cataclysm.

The kindred of Tzilah, that is to say all cainites. Lilith does not seem to have a much good will towards our species.

This Analeth, only gives the origins for nine of the thirteen clans. Perhaps the other four have different origins, unrelated to Caine.

Those clans would be the Cappadocians, the Setites, the Salubri and the Baali. Although I could not fathom Lilith having any good will towards the Baali, but the others might well be in Her good graces.



This one seems like a retelling of the same story as in the Book of Lilit, but from the perspective of Lucifer.

It goes back further still, beginning at The Book of Chava, and the story of how the Absolute forbade the Angels to show themselves to man.

THE BOOK OF LUCIFER

As was told to Ifotta Nogarola by Ilana who was told by Lamia who was told by Lazarus her sire who was told by Jeshu the Nazarene who was told by Lucifer.



he Absolute had placed a law on Her Shining Ones. They were forbidden from that which She compelled. She ordered them to transgress Her commands. There was no answer to this riddle. No light to pierce this darkness. Fear entered the world, and confusion, and sorrow. The Shining Ones wept, while the Woman and Wereman wailed.

Four came together, to search their fear. One from the deeps, one from the skies, one from the Winds and one from the place beyond the deep, and the sky and

the wind. One said, "We must act" One said, "We must be still" Then came Lucifer, and he spoke unto them. Two chose to act with Lucifer, and two chose not to act. And Lucifer, who was their leader, said unto them: "I fear ye will not indeed agree to do this deed, and I alone shall have to pay the penalty of a great sin". And they all answered him and said: "Let us all swear an oath, and all bind ourselves by mutual imprecations not to abandon this plan but to do this thing". Then swear they all together and bound themselves by mutual imprecations upon it. And these are the names of their leaders: Lucifer, Arakiba, Rameel, Koka-biel, Tamiel, Ramiel, Danel, Eze-qeel, Baraqijal, Azazel, Armaros, Batarel, Ananel, Zaqiel, Sam-sapeel, Satarel, Turel, Sariel.

Lucifer and two others came into the world of the Woman and the Wereman and said to them,



“Choose”. The Woman chose Lucifer. The Wereman chose Lucifer. The first of their sons chose Lucifer. But the last of their sons turned his face away. From mans choice came all that followed.

The fire of Lucifer was dimmed. The Woman was afraid. The Wereman hid his eyes. Their sons who had chosen apart both clung together. The earth was still, and the stars in the sky was still and the winds above the waves was still. Only the Dimmed Light spoke defiance. The Pure Ones of The Absolute Numbered six million and six thousand and six hundred and six. The Shining Ones of the Dimmed Light Numbered three million and three thousand and three hundred and two. And with The Absolute stood one fourth part of men. And with the Dimmed Light the remainder. And the world became chaos. All things split at the touch of The Absolute. Dividing the world anew made each thing shiver. Before, each opposite made its other whole: Night and day, ocean and land, Woman and Wereman. The new division was not harmony, but strife: Freedom against loyalty, justice against mercy, love against honor.

In the shaken world, Man watched Elohim war. The tribes of the Dimmed Light knew hardship. The tribes of The Absolute knew not shelter nor peace. But all was the same for both tribes, the same chill, same want, same doubt. The difference: The tribes of the Dimmed Light knew they were cast out. Ignorant, the tribes

of The Absolute were content to be cold, hungry and asleep.

Azazel taught men to make swords, and knives, and shields, and breastplates, and made known to them the metals of the earth and the art of working them, and bracelets, and ornaments, and the use of antimony, and the beautifying of the eyelids, and all kinds of costly stones, and all coloring tinctures. And there arose much irreverence, and they committed fornication, and they were led astray, and became corrupt in all their ways. Turel taught enchantments, and root-cuttings, Armaros the resolving of enchantments, Lucifer himself explained the nature of fire and its taming to them, while Nazriel and her spirits of the air unfolded before them the full glory of language, making words into music. Baraqijal taught astrology, Kokabel the constellations, Ezeqeel the knowledge of the clouds, Araquel the signs of the earth, Shamsiel the signs of the sun, and Sariel the course of the moon. And all the Shining Ones of the Dimmed Light took unto themselves wives and husbands, and each chose for themselves one, and they began to go to them and to defile themselves with them, and they taught them charms and enchantments, and the cutting of roots, and made them acquainted with plants. And they became pregnant, and they bare great Nephilim, whose height was three thousand ells: Who consumed all the acquisitions of men. And when men could no longer sustain them, the

Is this the true meaning of “Eating the Fruit of Knowledge”, teachings from daemons?

Lilith did visit upon Eve, feeding her the Fruit of Knowledge, teaching here the truth. And in the form of the Serpent, she did fire children upon Eve.

Are these Nephilim, perhaps vampires?

The Children of Lilith and Lucifer was called Nephilim by Michael.

The Question is, would Lilith be counted as man or angel, in this debate?

Did Lilith have one nature, both angelic and human, or did she have two natures one human and one angelic?

Caine, the traitor, showing his true colors.

No. Caine is the Firstborn. This Abel. God’s favorite.

In the Book of Kayin, this discussion is curiously absent.

Caine is not a reliable author.

The “Dimmed Light”, is fairly soft term for fallen angels, don’t you think?

Indeed. The repentent Lucifer is trying to make light of his fall.

As before and as follows, a third goes to war against the rest. This sure leaves credence to the idea that the world is ruled by a metaphysical triumvirate.



Nephilim turned against them and devoured mankind. And they began to sin against birds, and beasts, and reptiles, and fish, and to devour one another's flesh, and drink the blood.

The First Murder



he oldest son of the Woman and the Wereman who was most like The Absolute Tried to be like her and bring gifts. But he gave to himself first, and his gift was a lie. He thought he gave a gift of love to his brother, but it was hate. He thought he gave a gift of loyalty to The Absolute, but it was scorn. From mans choice came all that followed. The Absolute would not take his gift of blood, and with his gift of lies he told himself She had refused him. He turned his gifts out, on to the world: Calling freedom that which was the most bitter slavery; Calling truth his angry slanders against The Absolute. Women and weremen listened to him, and Shining Ones. From him they learned the path of lies and blood. And as men perished, they cried, and their cry went up to heaven.

The War of the Elohim became stained for the Shining Ones of the Dimmed Light said to their weremen and women, "Hold back thine tribute to The Absolute, and give it to us instead".

With the gift of lies, they did, and they believed it true. The Dimmed Ones took the stolen

gift as if it was their due for they used the gift of falsehood too. They called themselves divinities, and thereby were fiends named.

Michael, Uriel, Raphael, and Gabriel looked down from heaven and saw much blood being shed upon the earth, and all lawlessness being wrought upon the earth. And they said one to another: "The earth made without inhabitant carries the voice of their crying up to the gates of heaven. And now to you, the holy ones of heaven, the souls of men make their suit, saying, 'Bring our cause before the Absolute'". And they said to the Lord of Forces, "The Throne of Thy Glory stands unto all the generations of the ages, and Thy Name Holy and Glorious and Blessed unto all the ages! Thou hast made all things, and power over all things hast Thee: and all things are naked and open in Thy sight, and Thou sees all things, and nothing can hide itself from Thee. Thou sees what Azazel hath done, who hath taught all unrighteousness on earth and revealed the eternal secrets which were preserved in heaven, which men were striving to learn: And Lucifer, to whom Thou hast given authority to bear rule over his associates. And they have gone to the Sons of Seth and Daughters of Niriyah, and have slept with the women and weremen, and have defiled themselves, and revealed to them all kinds of sins. And the women have borne Nephilim, and the whole earth has thereby been filled with

Caine wasn't as pure in his reasons as he would like us to believe. He was jealous of Abel.

This version says that the sacrifice was meant for the Absolute rather than Sabaoth. A curious disagreement.

This is the origin of the practice of selling your soul to a daemon for power.

There is power in Faith as well as in Blood. Be careful with whom you give it to.



blood and unrighteousness. And now, behold, the souls of those who have died are crying and making their suit to the gates of heaven, and their lamentations have ascended: and cannot cease because of the lawless deeds which are wrought on the earth. And Thou know all things before they come to pass, and Thou sees these things and Thou dost suffer them, and Thou dost not say to us what we are to do to them in regard to these”.

The fiends, who thought themselves divinities, looked upon the Pure Ones their foes and said to each other “Why should we not take the gifts From these Pure Ones, our enemies? For they are only servants and we are free”. They took from them those things that The Absolute had given them. They took names, and shapes, and patterns, and fates, and principalities. They left nothing, so that those Pure Ones were no more.

Seeing the ill he had wrought, the oldest son made his way apart. Still the Lord of Forces offered him kindness. He sent His Cherubim to comfort him. He were offered forgiveness, but his lies made pride of shame and he refused. So great was his refusal that he gave away daylight, and the fire’s warmth. He threw away these human treasures like a broken pot, crowning himself instead the Great King of Blood and Darkness. Like the Great King, the fiends set themselves above women and weremen. Where once they longed only to serve and adore, now they judged and punished. More gifts they demanded from the women and the weremen, and more gifts they took from the Pure Ones. And the number of the Pure Ones they slaughtered was one million, and one thousand, and one hundred and one.

Caine inspired these fallen angels to truly become daemonic. All evil comes from humans.

From mans choice came all that followed.



Defeat of the Rebel Army



he Absolute, in turn, gave the world the gift of justice. As the fiends had slain, so they fell. The Pure Ones matched, each for each, the crimes of their adversaries. Until the number of fiends fallen into nothing was one million, and one thousand, and one hundred and one. The fiends resisted with their followers, their beloved gift.

But even man were not spared. The world was given new gifts to wipe it clean of the fiends: A new fire to burn their strongholds; New winds to sweep them from the skies; New creatures to roam the wild and the deeps, that they might find no secret place.

And this is why Michael and the other Angels stormed into Lucifer and Lilith's Garden.

And to Gabriel said the Lord of the Heavens "Proceed against the bastards and the reprobates, and against the children of fornication: and destroy the children of fornication and the children of the Watchers from amongst men and cause them to go forth. Send them one against the other so that they may destroy each other in battle: for length of days shall they not have. And no request that they make of thee shall be granted unto their fathers on their behalf; for they hope to live an eternal life, and that each one of them will live five hundred years".

The fiends gave a gift as well. In the place beyond places, in the time beyond time, They made a refuge for those souls who, from their bodies untimely stripped

had no known abode. This shadow land was their great secret and, in time, the worst mistake they made.

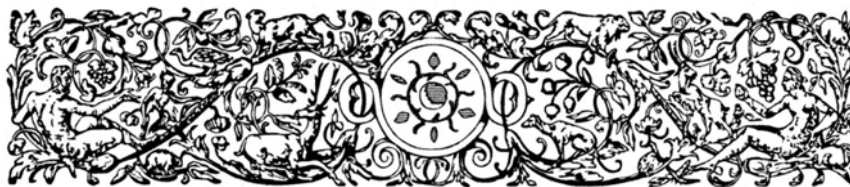
Thus the created the realm of the Dead, the Shadowland, so that the ghosts of the departed would not need to wander aimlessly.



As the Rebel Army was routed and the human price was paid. At last, the gift of stillness fell on each battlefield and gifts of punishment for every rebel were revealed. The Lord of the Heavens said to Raphael: "Bind Azazel hand and foot, and cast him into the darkness: and make an opening in the desert, which is in Dudael, and cast him therein and cover him with darkness, and let him abide there for ever, and cover his face that he may not see

Dudael is implied to be the prison of all the fallen angels, especially the evil Watchers, the entrance of which is located to the east of Jerusalem.

The prison of the fallen angels is hidden below the Abyss.



light. And on the day of the great judgment he shall be cast into the fire. And heal the earth which the Fallen Ones have corrupted, and proclaim the healing of the earth, that they may heal the plague, and that all the children of men may not perish through all the secret things that the Watchers have disclosed and have taught their sons”.



The Pure Ones of The Absolute went away. The fiends of the Abyss numbered two million and two thousand and two hundred and four. The gift of a

prison was given to the world. A place separate from Lucifer, and the warmth, and the regard of The Absolute. Every Fiend who had followed the Dimmed Light knelt, with powers broken, and in deepest void was sealed. No flesh. No stars. No hope. No Lucifer. For the first of the fallen, he who had led them in rebellion and negotiated their surrender were nowhere to be found. And they named him Betrayer and over the course of eternity, their formless rage mounted. The sons of Seth and daughters of Niriyah forgot those false divinities who loved them and made them suffer. The age of gifts was over, save for the one final gift, the gift of mercy.

But though the fiends and Pure Ones were gone some eternal things lingered. In time, women of strength and weremen of insight found those lost names, and shapes, and patterns, and fates, and principalities. By their will they bound them and some made good works, and some made evil. From mans choice came all that followed.

As seen in the Book of Lilith, he had turned his back on the rebellion, to replace Raphael as the Sun bearer. The fundament of this World.



Ba'harah: The Garden of Torment

THE BOOK OF HANOKH

As was told to Ifotta Nogarola by Ilana who was told by Yafamhain who was told by Hukros who was told by Tiamat who was told by Veddartha who was told by his sire Hanokh.



It came to pass, as Kayin cursed the heavens and Lucifer warred with Michael, that the tents of my fathers father were blessed again with life. Another son was born to Chavah, to replace those who were lost. They called him Seth, and he was strong. And because God desired that the world be filled with Adam's get He granted Seth many children. And commanded man to eat the herbs of the field. Their tools were forged of sunlight. They made a throne of beaten gold and a crown beset with jewels. And they offered it up to me. Hanokh the first-born of Seth.

Where the rivers divided we found it. The perfect land. And we built a city of mortar and brick in that place. And we named it for the frankincense we burned to celebrate its founding. The towers wound unto the heavens. The roads were paved in stone. The garments were of precious dust. And the people turned to me to lead them. Third-born of Adam. First-born of God. For my was the right by the lineage of Heaven to rule them.

I assume that the "God" mentioned here is Sabaoth, although an argument can be made the Absolute.

Presumably with his wife Niriyah, whom many scholars assume also was a child of Adam and Chavah.

Caine did boast that he would set his childer on golden thrones

We have reference to woven garment here not the animal skins in which the first couple clothed themselves. Clearly civilization has advanced tremendously by this time

True but "dust" reference bears the bias of Caine. He has no love for agriculture and in his eyes, neither does the Lord.



"I am not worthy". I told them, for I was humble then in the ways of God. Again it was offered. With incense and perfumes and music to persuade me "I am not worthy," I told them. For I knew how power would corrupt the soul. Again it was offered. For they said they would have no other to lead them. "I am not worthy". I told them, "but as it is your will I will keep vigil for six nights in the wilderness. I will seek God's counsel. If it is His will that I rule over you, then let Him give me a sign. And on the seventh day I will become your King. And if I am not, then I will return to the city and choose one who is truly worthy. And the crown shall be his. Thus shall God's will be done". With fasting and cleansing and other holy preparation I went off into the wilderness to await God's word.

But the vision I heard was not from God. "Favored son of Adam". I heard. "Favored child of God. Thou art mine now, a balm for my loneliness. In blood thou were made, and in blood I now claim thee. Let thy veins be filled with the power that God granted unto me. Let thy soul be emptied of its false humility. And thy spirit filled with the night's own strength. Let thy flesh deny its earthly father, for thou art mine now. Body, blood and soul and none shall take thee from me".

It was Kayin. Kayin who sacrificed his brother out of love. Kayin who was cast out. Kayin

who was cursed forever with immortality. Kayin who was cursed with the lust for blood, it is Kayin from whom we all come, our Sire. For the passing of an age he lived in the Formless Lands. In loneliness and suffering. For an eon he remained alone, but the passing of memory drowned his sorrow. And so he returned to the land of mortals, to the world his brother Seth, third-born of Chavah, and his bride Niriyah had created.

I called him Lord and, on the seventh night, I returned with him to the city. I set the crown upon his head. He called for incense and music and offerings. I told the city he was to be their King. And those who might speak against him did not. For he showed them one portion of his power and they feared him. And those who might do him harm did not. He returned and was made welcome. For none would turn against him due to the Mark that was laid upon him. The people saw his power and worshiped him, He grew powerful, and his power was strong, his ways of awe and command were great and the Daughters of Niriyah and Sons of Seth made him King of their great City.

The First City soon boasted marble towers spiring to the heavens. Kayin's own palace shone with gold, and the beauty of his main courtyard has never been paralleled. The finest craftsmen of that ancient age created artworks the likes of which this world has never again seen, simple but glorious, reflecting the unlimited promise

His wish to be crowned on the seventh day goes against the commandment to rest on the Sabbath.

Is this the first Embrace?

Of course not, that art Kayin claimed later in the first city.

This would then be the creation of the first ghoul.



and hope of that time. Kayin himself turned the garden into a crowning masterpiece, using both magic and skill to evoke his own vision of beauty. To walk in that garden was to walk in paradise.

But Kayin grew lonely in his Power. Deep within him, the seed of loneliness blossomed, and grew as a dark flower. He saw within his blood the potency of fertility. He was soulless, and he was alone. He was diseased, and he longed to share his disease with others, for he did not want to suffer alone. By calling up daemons and listening to whispered wisdom He learned the way to make a child for his own. He came to know its power, and, doing so, decided to Embrace the one closest to him.

And, lo, Uriel, Dread Uriel, revealed himself to Kayin that very night and said to him, "Kayin, though powerful thou art, and marked of God, know thee this: that any Childe thou make will bear thy curse, that any of thy Progeny will forever walk in the Formless Lands, and fear flame and sun, drinking blood only and eating ashes only. And since they will carry their father's jealous seed, they will forever plot and fight amongst themselves. Doom not those of Adam's grandchildren who seek to walk in righteousness. Kayin! Stay thy dread Embrace!"

Still, Kayin knew what he must do and, mindful though he was of Uriel's words, seized me, and wrapped me in the dark Embrace. And so, it came to pass that Kayin

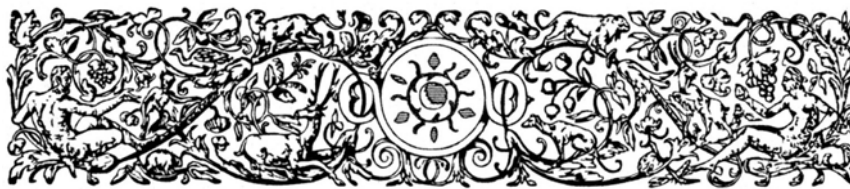
beget me, Hanokh, and, so doing, named the First City Hanokh.

The palace was called the High House of Kayin. Kayin and his childer would later gather here and feast upon the specially prepared blood of honored vessels. Kayin would have several condemned criminals tied by their ankles to beams above the table. The Kindred present would feed at leisure off these prisoners until they died of the treatment. Much was known during that time about the taste of blood and how to improve it. Several of the blood-cooks of Hanokh's time learned the various savory herbs and foods and drinks that would, when ingested by the feeding-slave, cause the right balance of sweet and salt, fullness and thinness for the blood of the feeding slaves.

The palace was lavishly decorated with furnishings provided by the finest craftspeople in all the lands. Many murals of Kayin and his childer graced the walls, telling the stories of the First City. Statues, precious stones and metals, painted golden reliefs, and artwork from many nations adorned the halls and chambers of the palace.

The first level of the palace was the great meeting hall where all members of the city discussed business. Much of this level served also as a armory. This floor would serve as the court of Irad, who led his sire's armies. Kayin's Ivory Throne sat in the middle chamber. The second level was the

As is described in the Book of Lucifer it is described how the fallen angels shared their wisdom, and their seeds with man. Perhaps we vampires are even the Nephilim mentioned in that book.



Hall of Havens, where vampires would make their home when they visited Hanokh. It was large enough to provide lavish havens for more than two hundred, though most of the chambers remained unused. The ceremonies and grand social events were held on the third level. It where to serve as a massive pleasure den, and many mortals would come to lose their lives there, feeding the thirst of Kayin and his brood.

Much was learned about the breeding of humans with other humans and either Kindred or kine developed birth control. Humans were bred for specific purposes, such as being strong for feeding or being a good warrior or laborer. If ye were frequently successful in your tasks, ye might get selected to further your line. This would be done in the house called the Temple of Lilith. Two humans would have ritual sex here and then never see each other again, especially if they served two separate masters.

As He had deemed. I did not kill tame beasts for flesh. These things had been denied me by His holy word, and I obeyed. I fed upon them which was most precious to Him, upon the blood of my kin. For the blood is the life, and he who partakes of it, though doubly damned, shall be made strong. And I learned to give pleasure to those who fed me. That they might think it ecstasy to feed their god and love me all the more for mine hunger. So did the city grow. In numbers and in

strength. Prosperous beneath the rule of my Sire.

Kayin chose the best of its blood to serve him. And the best among those to embrace the night. Together we ruled over the sons of Seth and daughters of Niriyah. My Sire and I, as the strong have always ruled. As the wise were meant to do. They built us homes without windows, that we might defy the sun. They brought the rivers to our door, that fires might be quickly quenched. So were the curses of two Shining Ones answered. And the curse of God defied.

In time I hungered for mine own get and besieged Kayin for permission. Although Kayin in his great wisdom recognized how sinful the embrace was, In his great mercy he allowed us to do as he had done and take three childer of our own. For He feared the curse of the third angel, not yet answered. And Kayin knew the day was coming when our childer would turn on one another And the streets would run black with their blood. Wise Kayin said. "Ye are to take three childer of your own, if it pleases you, but then an end to this crime must come. There shall be no more".

I chose from among the servants those who pleased me most and brought them into the night. And as Kayin's word was the law, his Brood obeyed him. For we feared our fathers wrath. But just as Kayin had not accepted God's edicts. So did our childer not accept his. For they were of his

Was this supposed to be an insult, or where Caine and his offspring worshipping Lilith?

As Caine had offered his fellow man, rather than animal or grain, he would persist feeding upon his fellow man.

We see in this passage that these books are not written in chronological order, as this passage clearly talks about things happening long after the embrace of the Antediluvians.



blood, and our nature was defiance. Those that lived in the city embraced the sons of Seth in secret. Those that were far distant embraced them openly. They ruled the Daughters of Niriyah and Sons of Seth as gods. Not by man's choice, but by their own decree.

The Embrace of Veddartha



In the First City, Kayin allowed his childer, the second generation of our kindred, to go forth and create progeny. For myself I selected, among the servants those who pleased me most to receive the gift of his blood through the Embrace, choosing them based on whatever special qualities they possessed that I knew that the Dark Father wished to cultivate and preserve. The first I choosed was Veddartha, a foreign prince, who impressed the Lord of the Night with his wit, his noble

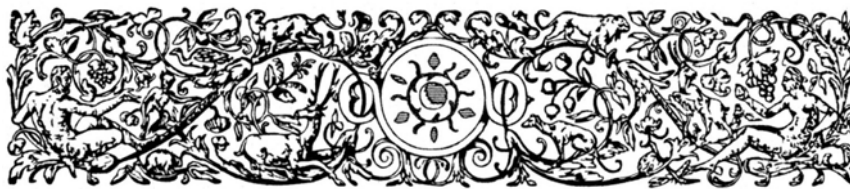
bearing and his darkly handsome features. Unfortunately he would not be my first embrace because another urge come upon me. But when the time came to choose, I embraced Veddartha, and he was most favored by Our Father. Veddartha's siblings of the third generation saw Kayin's favor toward him, and some of them grew envious of him. In particular the youngest of our childers, Nahema, watched all that Veddartha said and did with jealousy festering in her heart, slinking in the shadows of the night.

After me and my siblings began siring the rest of the Third Generation, Veddartha saw lines of worry begin to crease Kayin's unchanging face. Veddartha beseeched Kayin to speak of his fears, but at first Kayin would not respond. Then the third mortal spoke as though entranced. There, sitting amid the towering monuments of the First City. Kayin revealed his dream of the future, wherein horror and catastrophe beset the world. Floods and earthquakes, volcanoes and disease would all strike.

Veddartha found it impossible to believe these stories, but Kayin continued. His own childer would survive, but the mortals would be devastated by the destruction. Then they would seek someone to blame, and the Sons of Seth and Daughters of Niriyah would hunt the childer of Kayin, using powers of fire and faith to

Of course the founder of the Ventrue Clan must be the first born of the Antediluvians, so that they can claim it as their birthright to rule over us other as the direct descendants of Caine.

Read the next sentence your fool!



drive us from our havens and destroy us one by one until all the immortals were no more.

This part almost came true during the inquisition.

Thank Lilith that tumultuous time came to an end.

Then Kayin fell silent, and Veddartha sat stunned until he gathered the courage to ask his question. Then he hesitatingly asked his grandsire that which we all fear “is this future engraved in stone, unchanging and unchangeable?”

Kayin looked out over everything he had created and quietly replied, “I do not know”.

Veddartha could not believe that such a horror could occur, All his existence he had known nothing but peace and prosperity in a land where mortal and immortal lived without conflict. Had such words been spoken by anyone but Kayin himself, Veddartha would have dismissed them out of hand. Spoken by the Father of All, however, they tore at his soul, and he wished he could claw his ears from his head rather than hear of such horror.

Kayin continued. He told Veddartha that the childer of Kayin would wage terrible, eternal war. And waiting in the shadows beyond these beings are far more powerful masters and these masters, whom he named Elohim, cannot bear the existence of cainites. One of the Elohim in particular hold Kayin and his get in disregard. She was an old and terrible being, bent on causing suffering on others. And for all their power, these Shining Ones are afraid of each other and of those forces that even the Elohim

cannot comprehend. These Elohim see cainites as threats, for we are capable of surviving outside of their wars. We can work with the children of Seth in ways that are bared for those above.

Again Veddartha questioned what brought on this worry this night.

Kayin spoke, and said that one of the Shining Ones, had come to him to ask him a question, that the Dark Father was hesitant to answer. “I do not now, if I would have done what I did, if I didn’t have these echoes of Mekhet’s delirious visions ringing in mine ears. But now the choice is made, and it can not be undone”.

When Veddartha was again alone, he could do nothing but ponder these words. When his beautiful lovers came to him, he sent them away. When the artisans who decorated his palace sought to show him their latest works, he ordered them out of his presence. Alone he sat, spending night after night in contemplation of Kayin’s words.

Finally, after three weeks and two nights, he left his palace with a new determination. From that night on he would do everything in his power to keep this tragedy from occurring. Should it occur despite his best efforts, he would strive with all his might to lessen the damage. He would see to it that one night mortal and immortal threw off the shackles of the Elohim and freed themselves for all eternity.

Here Caine is referring to the war between the angels who follow Lucifer and those following Sabaoth.

The Absoletes ban on the Shining Ones, that they might not show themselves to man, does actually restrict them. Although they seems to be able to break it on occasion.

This was then the time when Caine betrayed the location of Lilith’s garden to Michael.

So this must have happened after Liliths revelation to Mekhet.

Because the mortals where enslaved and breed like animals. If that is peace, I don’t want any of it.

Teh beginin of the Jyhad. This part is simple. It is exactly as Uriel foretold.

Caine seems to speak of Lilith here, although he is telling far from the whole story.

He has never been honest with his own story.



The Embrace of Typhon



In the days when Great Kayin had Embraced me and named me Hanokh the Lawgiver, the first of his childer, I found mine heart nearly swallowed by the howling of the Beast that gnaws upon each mans soul. I sought to rid myself of these chaotic impurities that I believed bound me to that Beast. Without the tethers, the Beast's grip would weaken, and it would perish.

It came to pass that a band of three siblings all having the gift of prophesy, came to the city to serve in the temple of the Dark Mother, and the childer of Kayin decided to choose one each for the embrace. I, Hanokh the Firstborn choosed first, picking Typhon, a magician and seer of some repute. But while preparing her for the embrace I discovered that she was a cruel and cowardly woman, not fit for eternity, and decided that I might have another use for her.

Through effort and force of will, I focused the most protean and primordial seeds of my flesh and spit them into her mortal vessel. I intended to kill Typhon as the carrier of my accursed seeds, my most wild and fierce aspects. Instead, she emerged intact and not the feral creature I had feared. In a fit of compassion, I the Lawgiver spared the child.

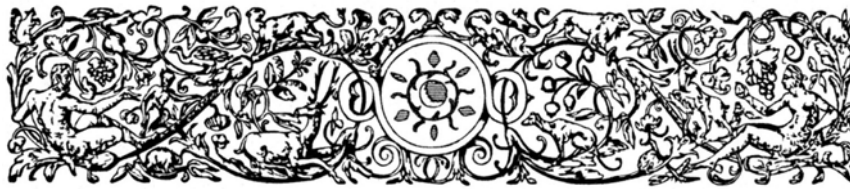
I found it certain that though the Beast howled greatly in both our hearts. Typhon was not the monster I had anticipated. No signs, neither in the body nor the words, gave witness of this concation of vile and bestial essence that I had begotten in her. She was no more beatial than I.

Typhon suffered no greater avarice or degeneration than that of her siblings. Already strong, she possessed a fluid nature and peerless perception. She controlled flesh like living clay, full of potential within the sculptor's hands. And her mind, was likewise flexible, able to change and adapt new personalities seemingly at will.

I found that no physical limits where placed upon her flesh. Like quicksilver, her countenance flowed from one mask to the next. In mine attempt to excise mine own weaknesses, I had transmogrified the Beast's marks upon my body and spirit into physical form, and it was a graceful if strange form indeed.

The Tzimisce gift of Vicissitude was there from the beginning, and not some acquired thing, like the so called "old clan" says.

Typhon, the founder of the Tzimisce Clan. Mekhet, the founder of the Malkavian Clan. And Ilyes, the founder of Brujah Clan.



The Embrace of Ishtar



In the First City dwelled Ishtar. As might be expected, she was a thing of beauty, one of the great beauties of the First City. She was also courageous and daring, for she was a bull dancer. She practiced the ancient art of dancing with death, leaping and soaring high above it, bringing grace and beauty to ugliness and danger, laughing and celebrating life amid the threat of death, and so she caught my Eye.

The threat of death was always looming among the men of the first city.

Death was the only punishment, no matter how small the crime.

To win the favor and love of me, Ishtar, the lofty goddess said unto me: "Come, Hanokh, be thou my spouse, give unto me thy manly strength. Be thou mine husband, let me be thy wife, and I will set thee in a chariot embossed with precious stones and gold, with wheels made of gold, and horns of amber. Large lions thou shalt harness to it. And when thou enter into our house Thou shalt

sit upon a lofty throne, and people shall kiss thy feet; kings and lords and rulers shall bow down before thee. Whatever mountain and country produces, they shall bring to thee as tribute."

And at this I could not deny her. The Embrace was intended as a gift, to preserve her beauty and grace for all time. To capture the one who lived for the moment in the eternity of the blood. The way a book holds the words of a man making the storyteller immortal. But she was deeply troubled by the way the vampires of the First City behaved, and turned to Ilyes for aid. The scholar stated that only empathy would help them retain a link to humanity and so, Ishtar went to work on a project of art that spanned a hundred and one years, before she brought it before Kayin. Kayin was deeply touched by it and called Ishtar to his side, exalting her above her siblings and cousins. I had never been more proud.

Her name was Ishtar, though she has been known by many names in many lands since those nights, and of all my childer, she clung most fervently to life and to the vitality she once knew. She understood the power of the Embrace to preserve beauty and the bitterness of the gift of immortality. Though she was lover and companion to me and sought to temper my moods and those of her brothers and sisters, she could not hold back the flood forever.



THE BOOK OF TZILAH

As was told to Ifotta Nogarola by Ilana who was told by Aron Ben Aretz who had spoken to Ontai who was told by Nahema his fire who was told by Tzilah her mother.



et me tell the tale of Tzilah, first loved of Kayin, first wife of Kayin, the sweetest blood, the softest skin, the clearest eyes.

Remember that, among Kindred, there is no "incest" taboo in lusting after the blood of your childe. Indeed, this is perhaps indicative of the Methuselahs attitudes: they often create childer to feed upon.

A flagrant transliterative idiom, but one that I felt had literary importance. Imagine Caine with a full, long beard, tugging on it! This is perhaps the only descriptive feature of Caine that we have on record, and its provenance is impure.

Alone of Kayin's Childer, did Kayin desire Her, and she was not mindful of his desire, turning away from Him. Not gifts, not sacrifices, not perfumes, not doves, not beautiful dancers, not singers, not oxen, not sculpture, not beautiful clothes, nothing would turn Tzilah's heart from stone to sweet fruit. So Kayin pulled at his beard and tore at his hair and took to roaming the wilderness at night, thinking of her, burning for her, and one night Kayin came upon an old woman singing to the moon. By the virtue of kinship her name was made clear to him and he asked "Ashera, why do thee sing so?"

And Ashera replied, "Because I yearn for what I cannot have".

Kayin said to Ashera, "I yearn also. What can one do?"

Ashera smiled and said, "Drink of my blood this night, Kayin, Father of Kindred, and return tomorrow night. Then will I tell thee the wisdom of the Moon".

Kayin drank at Ashera's bare neck, and departed. The next night, Kayin found Ashera sleeping on a rock. "Wake up, Crone". Kayin said. "I have returned".

Ashera opened one eye and said, "I dreamt of the solution for thee this night. Drink once more of me, and then return tomorrow night. Bring a bowl of clay. Bring a sharp knife. I will have thine answer then".

Once again. Kayin took blood from Ashera, who immediately fell back into a deep slumber.

When Kayin returned the next night, Ashera looked up at him and smiled, "Greetings, Lord of the Beast," Ashera said. "I have the wisdom thou seek".

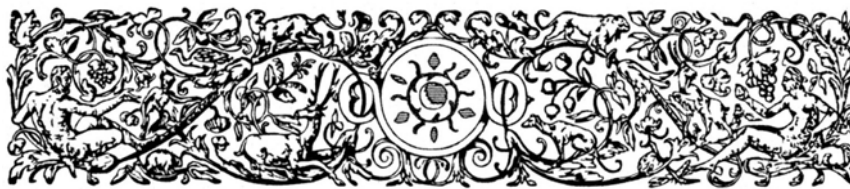
"Take some of my blood, into the bowl thee have, and mix in these berries and these herbs, and drink deep of the elixir. Thou wilt be irresistible. Thou wilt be potent. Thou wilt be masterful. Thou wilt be ardent. Thou wilt be glowing. The heart of Tzilah will melt like the snows in spring".

And so, Kayin drank from Ashera's elixir, because he was so in love with Tzilah, and he so desired her love in return. Kayin was angry beyond compare. Kayin reached out with his powers, to rend this Crone apart with his strength. Ashera cackled and

Another clue: she is affiliated with the Moon. I originally believed this pointed to her origins as a Lupine Shaman, but I learned from my Gangrel friends that they do not twist their spells in such fashion.

Others have translated Caine's title as "Master of the Blood Fury" in this instance.

A being older by far than even Kayin, is this a Shining One? Is this trickery what he later warns Ved-dartha about?



said, "Do not" And Kayin could do nothing against her. Ashera laughed and said. "Love me". And Kayin could do nothing but stare into her ancient eyes, desire her leathery skin. Ashera laughed and said, "Thou sought to bind another to thy will, now thee are bound to mine. How does it feel?" But Kayin had no answer.

"I have made thee powerful. Kayin of Hanokh, Kayin of Nod, but thee will forever be bound to me. I have made thee the master of all, but thou will never forget me! Thy blood, potent as it is now, will bond those who drink it, as thee did, once a night for three nights. Thou wilt be the master.

They will be thine thrall, as thou art mine. For though Tzilah will love thee, as thee wanted, thee will love me, forever. Go now, and claim thine lovely bride, I will wait for thee in the darkest places, while I brew more potions for thy health".

And so, heavy hearted, Kayin returned to Hanokh. And each night, for three nights, Tzilah drank from her Sire, though she did not know it. And, on the third night, Kayin announced he would marry Tzilah, his sweetest Childe.

For a year and a day Kayin labored in service to Ashera, who with blood-wisdom, bound him as surety as any prisoner. She would visit him at night and force him to give up his blood for her secret elixirs and potent formulas.

But Kayin was wise. He did not drink from her ever again. And she did not ask him to, thinking that he was ever in her Thrall. One night. Kayin went to Ashera in the forest, and told her of terrible dreams that he had during his sleep. "I fear for my life, Crone. I fear the prophecy of Uriel, and my Children's lust for my blood. Tell me secret knowledge, that I might be powerful against mine own". And Ashera went to a tree made of gopher Obsidan Wood, and broke off a limb.

She took a sharp knife and sharpened the limb. "Take this piece of living Obsidan Wood, sharp, strong, pierce the heart of thy wayward childe. It will render her still, and thine to command. Instead of feasting on thine heart's blood, she will feel the weight of thy justice".

Kayin said. "Thank thou, Mother," and with that, moving in quick movements, Kayin took the stake of gopher Obsidan Wood, seized it and drove it deep within Ashera's heart. Because Kayin, wise Kayin had fed not upon her for a year and a day and because he forced his Will through his hands, he broke the Bond she held on him, and turned his fortune. She laughed again, as blood welled up and poured out of her mouth.

Her eyes poured out hate. Kayin kissed her once, kissed her cold, withered lips, and left her there to Lucifer's gentle smile: the sun that rises. But over time the forced love between Tzilah and Kayin

A traditional material. Strong, sturdy. The Ark of Noah was built of it.

Fool! tehre was no ark, that story is but a myth.

Is this true? Will a stake made of Gopher Obsidan Wood break the bond if handled with power and will? I must experiment on this.

In Enoch, marriage between Kindred was common. I have read fragments of the "Love Hymn to Tzilah" which has led me to believe that it carried with it specific ownership of all house slaves and property, as well as special privileges such as the ability to temporarily invoke one's spouses' power

The traditional Lunar year. It is such a mythological cliché, especially among the "Wife Woman" traditions of the pagan folk, that I must count it as a purely symbolic period of time.



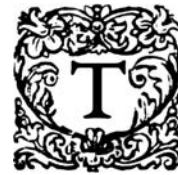
died too. And they became distant to each other.

The Embrace of Absimiliard

As the bond between Kayin and his sweetest childe wilted, the claims he laid upon her life only grew stronger. The freedoms and luxuries he had lavished upon her dwindled and no more was the laughter of Tzilah heard in the marketplaces of Hanokh. To keep his eternal bride unchanged, as he came to see as his right, Kayin shut the door to her chamber and bound it with nine upon nine iron girders so that none may claim what had once been taken by him.



The lights of Tzilah's chamber died one by one until only a single lamp remained. A lamp that had stood in the chamber since long before Hanokh left the city in search of kingship. As Tzilah fell to sleep each morning the patterns of shadow it cast upon the walls was the last thing she saw. As she rose each night the darkness were the first and last thing she glimpsed. In the shadows she felt a prisoner yearning to be set free, a being older than the Lord of the Garden. Eight days lasted the oil, seven times Tzilah rose. On the final night the shadows spoke unto her and she stepped into that darkness.



zilah was the most restless of Kayin's progeny; unlike her brothers, she often wandered outside the First City's walls. Although a small ring of farmlands and vineyards encircled the city, the land beyond was as wild as it had been on the day God spoke the world into being. In those wilds lived a tribe of hunters, and among them a wereman called Absimiliard. He was the nephew rather than the son of their chief, but everyone said he would likely succeed the old wereman. He was the wildest hunter and the fiercest warrior. It was said that his heart was like a drum echoing across the distant lands and that he was gifted moreover with the visage of an archangel.

So Caine didn't toil the earths himself, he simply had others do it for him.

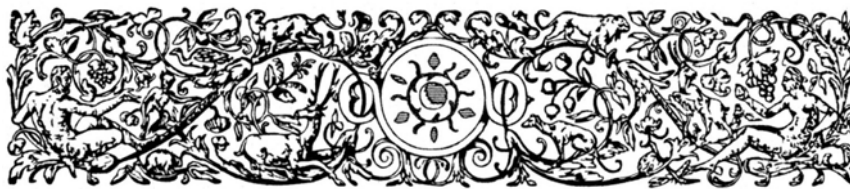
In those days, the folk who dwelled outside the city, the folk who had remained loyal to their father Seth and their grandfather

This must speak of the origins of the gifts of shadow that the Laſombra wields.

Indeed it is the gift of the Blind God, the one older than even the Lord of the Garden.

Only the Darkneſs is truly eternal.

From that day, no cell would ever hold her and dominion over the dark places was hers. She walked the streets of the city, and not even Kayin would stop her for she wore the mark of one older than He who cursed the Lord of Blood.



Adam greatly mistrusted Kayin and his subjects. At the same time, they coveted the many fine and useful things the city artisans made. Sometimes they staged raids against the city, which were usually repelled and punished harshly. By the time Absimiliard was born, the folk outside and the folk inside had been at war for many years. One day Absimiliard wandered all night through the deep woods, and never got a sight of a bird; no, they never even saw a hare. All day long he wandered on and saw nothing. The hunter had not fired a arrow. He did not want to go home and have to answer his aunt the cief and so when he happened upon a strange track whose look and smell he didn't recognize, he knew that he had to follow it even though it could only be some foulness originating from the city.

he went deeper and deeper into the thick forest. He had followed the track for two days and nights, when he at last looked around to find himself in unfamiliar territory. And suddenly, Tzilah, his quarry, who had rather enjoyed the chase in perverse way of the undead, turned on him and fought him. He defended himself savagely, but to no avail. She laughed as she brought him down, giving him a streaking scar across his check in the process. Then she Embraced him so as to have his prowess at her eternal command. He never forgave her for any of it.

The Embrace of Mekhet



Mekhet was more than a man in life. Tzilah the Beautiful saw a light burning in her eyes that none else could match, and so she drew Mekhet near to her self, and embraced her to the benefit of them both. And they spent a great time together but in the end it was not meant to be.

Kayin learned much under Lilith, but she did not teach him all she knew. When he exiled her offspring, in spite the Queen of Thorns went to one of his grandchilder, Mekhet and told her a secret that broke her, that destroyed her mind and tainted her blood, leaving this great, terrible, livid wound, it so scarred her that she could never tell the same story to any two of her childer. The power of the Sight that Lilith gifted to Mekhet is the power of the world itself. It is more than a disease

This offspring must be Ennoia.

Vedartha, Haqim and Typhon was exiled as well.

Yes but not until much later, in the second city, after Mekhet recieved her gift.

It is believed that Mekhet is the originator of the Malkavian clan, and in that case this would be the origin of their gift of prophesy.



that runs in the blood, it is a connection to the chaos that pools in invisible places. It is the vision to perceive the world's true angles, to pierce illusions. The Sight affected her visions, making her prophecies more accurate than ever before, but it was a heavy burden as well.

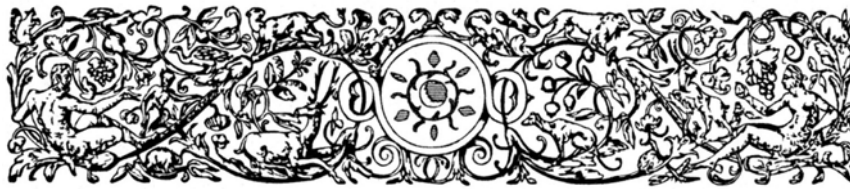
Two among the Antediluvians were Mekhet's siblings. One was Ilyes, who in life had loved his body and the bodies of others, and strove to perfect his immortal flesh. One was Typhon, who in life had lusted for eternity and striven to bestow eternity on her beloved ones, and strove to master her soul of might. As brother and sister they would come to Mekhet, and would strive to console her, though there was no balm for her wound, no elixir to soothe her fever. So, failing in their ministrations, they would instead talk of things, of long nights and the frailness of kine, of life and death and the secrets that lay between. And so it came to pass that Mekhet would say things that angered Typhon, who would reply with harsh words, seeking to anger Mekhet in turn. For Mekhet would claim that all things would be revealed, in brief and contradicting glimpses, but revealed as true all the same by the mind and its perceptions, as a flickering torchlight illuminating a rough cavern wall. Yet Typhon would argue otherwise, complaining that only in the depths of one's soul would the truth be known, and that men in their imperfections could perceive some

of the greatness of the universe, but only through undeath could they perceive the things that remain unseen. Finally, the two glared long at one another, and turned to their brother Ilyes, and demanded that he judge between their arguments. Is the answer not, demanded Typhon, that man is wisest in the hollowness of despair, and ultimately finds his answers within his own soul? And is the answer not, countered Mekhet, that wisdom comes from without, from the eyes that see too much, and ultimately from the mind? And Ilyes scratched at his brow, and he hung his head, and he admitted that he did not know. And he was shamed by that answer, for if the answer was not of his making nor in his possession, then surely would he hunger for it. So then Ilyes rose to his feet, and said, "Though I have no answer for you, I shall find one". So saying, he gave his sword to Typhon, bidding that he keep it for him; and Typhon in return offered Ilyes a staff of thorn-Obsidan Wood, and wished him safe journey. To Mekhet Ilyes gave his crown, but Mekhet had nothing to offer in return, so she bit into her finger, and drew an eye upon Ilyes's brow in her own blood, and wished him safe journey. And Ilyes, knowing that no safe journey could ever yield the answer, strode forth to the lightening horizon, and was never seen by Mekhet again before Mekhet was rent asunder.

We see in here a seed of what would become the path of metamorphosis, that truth comes from the inside, that it is an individual quest on which no one can help you.

Is this meant to indicate that there is a connection between Ilyes and the Salubri?

I had assumed that Ilyes was the Brujah antediluvian, but perhaps he is in fact Saulot?



The Embrace of Haqim

THE BOOK OF IRAD



There seems to be scant little to say about the first Af-samite. Why is this?



Haqim was a fierce warrior and a terror to his enemies among the nomadic tribes. His prowess on the battlefield and strength of will drew the attention of Tzilah, who observed him quietly for months before seducing and Embracing him. While Haqim never learned why he received the gift of unlife, the change itself jarred him to the realization of deeper certainties than the savagery of warfare. Where before he merely lived, he now questioned the fundament of everything he knew. Why was the tribe important above all else? How far beyond the horizon did the world cease to be? Why did the most vicious of animals hunt during the night? He wandered far and wide in pursuit of answers to these questions and many more, eventually finding his way to the First City as more of a scholar than a warrior.

As was told to Ifotta Nogarola by Ilana who was told by Yafambain who was told by Hukros who was told by Ennoia who was told by her fire Irad.



The city of Hanokh stood for many ages, and became the center of a mighty Empire. And the city became full of splendors. Notable locations included a large, black-and-red building called the Temple of Lilith, which had been dedicated to the Dark Queen; the Pool of Tzilah, a small pool of crystal clear water which is said to provide Visions of the future to those who know how to see them; and a prison where criminals were held until they would become Kayin and his childer's meals. The ancient library built by Haqim stood near the center of town. The hanging gardens designed by Mekhet remained in full bloom. The streets and buildings designed by Veddatha were in perfect condition, as were the slave pits which Typhon would fill with those captured in her conquests.

So we see that the citizens of Hanokh did still show a certain respect and devotion to the Dark Mother.

Irada was a loner, that kept much to himself. He were destined for the Church of the Dark Mother. What made Irada unique is that Irada didn't resent it. Power and battle had no allure for Irada, since

And this man became known as "Irada the Strong". An ironic moniker if I have ever heard one.

It was clearly meant to refer to someone strong of mind. Mere strength of the muscles is worthless for kindred like us.



he were more interested in solitary pursuits. His quiet, introspective nature made Irad popular with the village priest, and it was he who taught Irad to write. His natural aptitude with letters made Irad welcome in the priesthood, and it was with a light heart that Irad bid his family goodbye and left for the world of priests. There, Irad spent hours upon hours in the small library, reveling in the written word and the artistry that went into each page. The moment that Irad first saw the stacks of them, Irad knew that he had found his calling. After having mastered the written language he went on to the building of houses.

When Irad was about building the new temple of Lilith, he applied to the Dark Father for men to aid him in the work. Kayin, selected those men who were to die within the year. When they arrived at Nod the wise king sent them back at once. With each man he sent a shroud, and directed them to say to their master, "If ye are too poor to supply shrouds for her dead, and for that purpose sends them to me, behold here they are, the men and the shrouds together; take them and bury thy dead."

His work was highly prized and very much in demand, and it was his work that caught the eye of Kayin, and eventually he offered Irad the Embrace. After some deliberation, Irad accepted.

The Embrace of Ilyes



weak child, Ilyes faced constant illness and could rarely perform chores or field

work, his father, grieved by his worthlessness, sent Ilyes with his older sisters to the city of Hanokh that was a few days journey from his family farm. By fortune it did not rain those few days or Ilyes certainly would have taken ill and died on the journey.

Unfortunately, the citizens couldn't use Ilyes either, as Ilyes were unsuited to the rigors of their life. Ilyes did his pain for the temple, though, in what few ways Ilyes could, washing robes, gathering herbs and the like. Ilyes availed himself of their charity for some time and they taught Ilyes to read Lilith's writ as well as his native language.

Ilyes sat in the center of a vast repository of knowledge. For once, Ilyes were grateful for his

The weakling Irad embraced one even weaker than him.

There are more than one kind of strength. Remember Irad was known as the Strong.

I had assumed that to be an ironic name.



small frame, if Ilyes were hardier he would certainly have been tilling fields instead of learning everything this font of wisdom had to offer, Ilyes threw himself into his work with unprecedented fervor, becoming familiar with every book on the lord's shelves. The allure of the lettered life enticed Ilyes, everything that ever was to be known was surely written somewhere or if not written then surely in the memories of those shades men left behind upon their passing.

Is this the Cappadocian they are talking about?

No, must be the first of the Brujah.

His penchant for learning caught the eye of Irad. One night he came to Ilyes, claiming that intelligence such as his was rare in this world. where men are content to root for sustenance like pigs. Days later Ilyes were Embraced by Irad and taken into the night, given eternity to continue his learning.

Ilyes was not lonely, as was Kayin, for the Embrace was not a curse to him. Rather, the Embrace gave Ilyes the opportunity to study the eternal questions which haunts men to this very day. Fascinated by the intricacies of this life beyond life, Ilyes devoted his waking hours to unraveling its secrets. He spent most of his time in The Second City seeking answers to his various and sundry questions on the nature of life and death, studying ways to question the spirits, and advising the other Cainites on any matters about which they chose to query him. Ilyes learned and studied and experimented through the long years, while the rest of Kayin's childer fought and burned and

destroyed. He kept his own counsel, and sometimes that of Typhon and Mekhet, never wishing to burden another with the weight of solving the riddle of life's short cycle. Ilyes did not wish to share his discoveries, and kept to himself out of secrecy. When the Darkness descended upon the Earth, he was no closer to answering the riddle.

The Embrace of Ennoia



"And so the first birth was midwifed by animals and four children we born. A bear, a wolf, a tiger, a serpent and another animal described only as a beast were in attendance. Each did receive one of the babes into its care. All but the serpent whose foster-child was stillborn. And each took the child away to raise however they thought best".

This implies that while Typhon was the first to be embraced, Ennoia is the oldest of the antediluvians by far, born long before even Caine himself.

One of Lilith's get, whose name comes down to us as Ennoia, was raised by the wolves. Even when the wolves learned they were to be carnivores, and prey upon other animals, they cared for her as their own. When at last she was grown, she took a mate from among the pack, and bore him children. Some were like her in form. Some were like their father and ran as wolves. Yet each had within them the seed



of the other, and it is from them that the wolvern men trace their ancestry.

A long while later she grew weary and left the pack to travel the world. Immortal like her parents, she wandered for many years alone, and came at last to the first city. Her great beauty and somewhat earthly nature stood her well, and she was well-received in Hanokh.

She dwelt there for many years and in time she became a source of discord in the city. As was her custom she laid with the men of the city when it pleased her, and from that union was born children, but the children was not as their fathers as they had the blood of the Elohim flowing through their veins. Thus the get of Lilith mingled her blood with the brood of Adam. And when the children of Kayin feed upon the children of Ennoia it burned in their souls. Ishtar spoke most vile about them. How their blood was debased, tainted and foul. She spoke unto Kayin and demanded that they must be put down so that their blood would not contaminate her precious herd. The Dark Father recognized in the children, whom he called Lillim, the same spirit as what had awakened him, and couldn't bear that his childer should suffer in the same way he had done. But neither wanted he to harm the children of Her. So he set a mark upon the souls of the Lillim, and exiled them from the city.

In protest Ennoia left the city as well and wandered the world, never finding a place to settle. Everywhere she was taken in she was cast out again after her presence brought discord. Finally, long after her blood had mingled with that of Chavah's brood, she met Irad, third child of Kayin. But he could not convince her to return the First City. He could not satisfy her appetites, but that mattered little, for he proved interesting in other ways. In the passion for each other it was not long before she was made Kindred.

One has to wonder why Ennoia accepted the embrace, being already immortal.

Ennoia realized that Civilization could be a trap. She looked about and saw her siblings smiling in decadence. They did not always hunt for themselves. Indeed, some took pride in having power enough over others that they did not need to hunt at all. The luxuries of Civilization caused them to forget about the Beast and the power it granted. They sought other ways to distract themselves from its desires.

These ministrations did not work, The Beast can be meted or caged for a time, but never contained. Ennoia watched as her family began plotting and scheming over truffles instead of mastering themselves and harnessing the Beast to their will, Eventually their schemes came undone as the Beast clawed it way free. In disgust, she turned her back on civilization and set out for the wilderness. As Kayin before her, she set out to master her Beast.

Perhaps it is these children that the Lamia descends from.

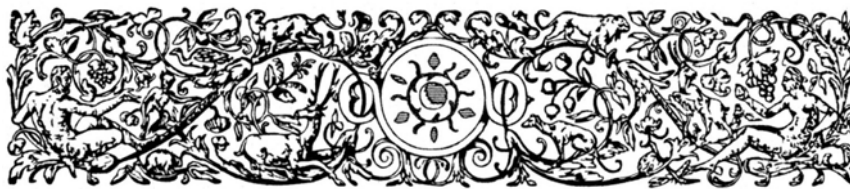
Wasn't the first Lamia supposed to be the daughter of Lilith?

Lamia might have been the True Name of Ennoia.

The Mark of Lilith!

This mark can still be seen in the aura of those chosen by the Great Mother.

I find it hard to swallow that this mark, so central to our rites could have been created by Caine the Betrayer.



The Embrace of Nahema



Tzilah, the sweetest childe of the Great Father would not yield to him those things that he desired until he had learned the art of blood to bend her soul. In the days before that moment, Tzilah roamed the city in all her splendour and took as her lover a visitor to the city. A wereman who claimed to be of Seth's brood, but whose strange hair and black eyes belied that statement. A wereman whose limbs wore the wounds of shackles.

From their union sprung Nahema, Tzilah's only true child upon whom her mother bestowed every and all secret that was granted her, both from the lips of Kayin and her beloved prisoner. But as is the fate of all cities, the first city was stricken by plague and Nahema fell gravely ill. The illness tore at her body as well as her mind, visions of

shadows and the endless sea both haunted and comforted her. Gradually she became aware of a voice in her mind.

The voice of Yaldabaoth!

Tzilah had begged her husband to let her save her daughter by the virtue of her blood, but the Great Father stood fast in his judgment. No more than three times may one of his childer bring a new soul under the curse of the first murderer, and Tzilah, having been generous with bestowing her gift, had already used her allotted graces. Therefore it fell to Irad to bring his sisters daughter into the dark places. Irad fed Nahema the blood that let her recover her sanity and kept the disease at bay. Nahema was reborn into darkness through blood and pain.

She rose as a the last grandchild of the Dark Father embraced in the First City. The last of the third generation of the childer of Kayin, before the cataclysm. The last True Antediluvian. From the very beginning, Nahema remained close to the darkness that was her by right of blood. Shadows clung to her and the night was her home. Great cats stalked at her feet as she hunted and feasted, and slaves and servants feared and worshiped her. So it was for many nights, until the coming of the Cataclysm that washed away the First City, showing Nahema a greater darkness than even the starless night: The depths of the endless sea.

Some say that this wereman represented a dark intelligence, or even The Blind God himself.

One has to wonder what other miraculus beings must have wondered the City in that time seeing as no one seems to think this out of the ordinary.

Vedarthas collection of artefacts gives us some hints of this.



Ubar: The City of Turmoil

THE FIRST BOOK OF NAHEMA

As was told to Ifotta Nogarola by Ilana who was told by Aron Ben Aretz who had spoken to Ontai who was told by Nahema his fire.



While she roomed free from Kayin, my mother grew close to those not like her.

The Daughters of Niriyah and Sons of Seth knew her and she, in turn, knew them. But the world grew dark with sin. Kayin's Childer wandered here and there, indulging their dark ways.

Tzilah felt anger when her siblings and their broods fought. She knew sadness when she saw them abuse the Daughters of Niriyah and Sons of Seth. Kayin saw the terror in his wife's heart, but said nothing. Kayin saw the pain of the Daughters of Niriyah and Sons of Seth, but said nothing.

Tzilah begged the Dark Father to intervene and to stop the violation of the kine, but he replied "Thou turned from me once, but now you come to me for help?"

She turned to her brother Hanokh but he replied "This is the nature of our kindred, It is not to be helped".

At last mother mine spoke unto her brother Irad, and he told her "Thou art angry at our father, because he has brought this plague

One has to wonder how many siblings Nahema had.

What difference does it make? They would be mortal men of no special distinction.



Irad served in the Church of the Dark Mother, so he would know about the Queen of Thorns.

This deed is accomplished through the rite of the Shadowstep.

Tzilah was thus the first to visit Castle Baharah and achieve the rank of the Crone.

As someone who have visited the abyss, that place is just as inhospitable as described here. Few who visit the realm manage to make there all the way to Castle Ba'harah.

But this was not all she said. As this is the only time that Lilith and Tzilah met, this must be the time when the Dark Mother told the story of the Book of Lilith.

upon the people, and although he has the power to contain it, he does nothing. But there is one of greater power still”.

And so Tzilah came to know of She Who Was Cast Out From The Garden, and as my mother wore the dark mark of the banished one and held dominion over the dark places, she needed only to think the name and take a step, to come into the presence of the Queen of Thorns. Lilith sat weeping upon a throne of darkness and ash, but when she smelled the scent of Kayin on Tzilah, she awoke with fury. Tzilah knew a pain beyond madness, and a despair beyond sorrow, but she did not relent. Her world turned to ice and she felt an eternity of silence pass by, but she did not relent. At last the Dark Mother calmed her temper and let Tzilah speak of all that has happened since the fall of Dhainuv. Lilith spoke at last: “How fitting, just like Kayin betrayed me, thou hast now betrayed him. And just like my garden was destroyed, his will now be ruined”. And so, although she did not intend this, my mother had doomed the first city.

The dark began to fall, and it did not cease. The Daughters of Niriyah and Sons of Seth made offerings to their chosen gods. Blood and gold and precious jewels. And all the while the wrath of She Below drew up the inky oceans into the sky and cast them down again to scour the earth of sin. My servants cried out to me in fear, but I could not help

them. Nor could my Mother or the Dark Father himself.

“Foolish children! Ye make light of God’s law. But ye have never seen His face. Ye make light of His curse but ye have never felt His power. He who made this world can unmake it. He who gave life to mankind can also give death and He who cursed us to prey upon the living can make for us such Hell on earth that all the Adversary’s torments will pale by comparison”. Kayin said to us, believing the cataclysm to be the work of the Lord of Forces. I saw the storm clouds gathering. I felt the air grow cold. I knew the time of reckoning had come at last. I begged the Dark Mother to stop it, but she would not.

The clouds in the sky grew darker. Drops of blackest ink fell from the sky. The shadows deepened. The wells of the city overflowed with blackness. A storm swept in covering the world in soot. In the end there was only darkness. The sun no longer shined; the moon and stars were not seen in the heavens. No light penetrated the inky shroud. Deprived of the sun, the Earth grew cold. White snow drifted down from the black sky. Leaves turned crisp and dead beneath a lacy crust. The lakes and rivers froze more slowly, but after a few days, ice covered them as well and inched out to sea. The flowers, insects, birds and animals of summer were the first to die. Even the winter hardy evergreens slowly withered, without the sun’s light to sustain them. The Daughters of Niriyah and Sons of Seth



huddled around fireplaces and lit candles.

Then, after three weeks of darkness lights flashed in the sky and strange words echoed like thunder, and the greatness of the light of the Absolute taught Noah.

And he preached to the whole offspring, that is, the people of Hanokh. But those who were strangers to him did not listen to him. It is not like Moses said that they hid themselves in an ark, but they were hidden, not only Noah, but many other people from the Daughters of Niriyah and Sons of Seth. They entered a place. They were hidden in a luminous cloud. And he understood the authority of the Absolute. And she who belongs to the light was with him for she illumined them, for the Dark Mother had brought darkness upon the whole earth.

The people who remained in the city where hit the hardest. Few among my cousins cared very much. As each mortal died, a puff of mist rose from it, its life and spirit, visible only in the utter darkness of the endless sea. The wisp of soul stuff rose up into the ebon sky. In time all the mortal men died, and the brood of Kayin knew only hunger, loneliness and fear. And they fell upon each other in order to gain sustenance. Sister against brother and brother against sister. Young against old and old against young. All pretense of civilization faded beneath the endless dark. But when all was thought lost a mighty wind rose from nowhere as the sky slowly

brightened, and turned red. Curtains of scarlet drops descended, and a hurricane of blood lashed the world. An hour later, the ruddy clouds broke and the true sky became visible once more.

Seeing the eradication of all he had built, Kayin felt a great sorrow and sank into lingering, torporous sleep. Such is our fate. We were gods without wisdom, and so our temples were destroyed. Our flocks drowned, our altars hung in weeds. And all those things which were most precious to us were reclaimed unto the earth whence they came. In the end we knew such loneliness as can exist only in a land bereft of life. In the end there was only darkness and hunger and loneliness and fear

It came to pass in the wake of the cataclysm that the children of Kayin sought out their Sire, But of him there was no sign to be found. Not in the highest mountains. Not on the driest plain. Not in the deepest forest. "He has left us". said the Firstborn.

"We must make our own way" Yet still we knew he was watching us for there were many signs of it and we feared the night when he would return. It likewise came to pass that the children of Noah came down from the mountain-top. They planted their crops amidst the bones of the dead and brought forth life from the mud of the dead. In time they spread across the earth. As they had been commanded to do. They built great cities. With pillars

And this would be the last time the Absolute touched our world, giving the penultimate gift of mercy.

Until, the end of time, when she will once again open her eye in the gift of judgment.

There is a large part of the story missing here. Nevertheless, this rings more true than the biblical nonsense about a boat.

In this case the Firstborn is Hanokh rather than Sabaoth.

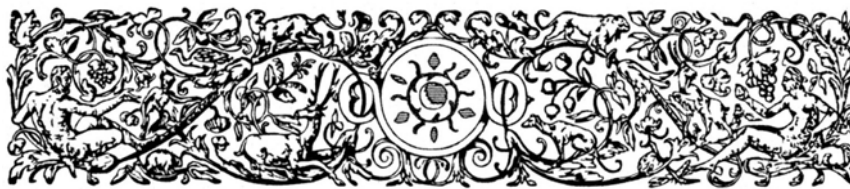
A curious connection. Their actions do seem alike.

A pithy these signs are not better described.

Again we have the repeated imagery of death giving way to life. The ancient cycle of the yearly harvest, with winter clearing the land for spring's bounty.

Specifically God promised Adam sovereignty over all living things. Note that this excludes the children of Caine, who are no longer counted among the living.

According to the Bible, the first and the best of each generation was to be set aside as sacrifice for the Lord. With this passage the children of Caine set themselves up as rivals to God.



of stone. And claimed dominion over all living things. For such was the sovereignty that God had promised them. The nights passed and the Flood receded into memory. The surviving childer of Kayin sought to rebuild all that they had lost. And because we were strong, and had magic that awed the kine, we became the rulers of Noah's get, As Kayin had done, we took mortals for servants. As Kayin had done, we used mortals for lovers. As Kayin had done, we claimed the first and the best for our own.

The second city is founded



Our true history begins with the Second City and not with the First. In Hanokh we kindred did not have a choice. We of the second and third generations merely followed Kayin. But after the cataclysm our kind did have a choice. The Antediluvians could have scattered to the darkest corners when the waters receded and waited for that final night. Some did just that. Haqim and Absimiliard took to the road just like Ennoia had did before them, and they were joined by Irad who had come to despise the comforts of civilization.

But Hanokh and his childer, Tzilah and her most beloved childer Mekhet as well as Ilyes, Typhon, Ishtar, Veddatha and I chose to craft an empire in our image. Under the lead of Hanokh and

Tzilah we built the second City, which we called Ubar, and like the First, the Second City was doomed from the start. It was not the hand of the Dark Mother, that destroyed it this time, but we Antediluvians and our own jealousies and vendettas.

Ubar was an act of creation and Ishtar especially sought to make it a thing of beauty, better than the First City had been, without its flaws. Her efforts were doomed from the very start, doomed by the plotting and scheming of her brothers and sisters of the blood. Veddatha worked as an architect, setting up broad streets and dizzying buildings. The three siblings Typhon, Mekhet and Ilyes set up a school. We all created new Progeny of our own, the Fourth Generation of Cainites. But we feared the Jihad, the Prophecy of Uriel, And it was forbidden for those Children to create others of their kind. This power we Elders kept for ourselves. We sought to rebuild the glory that was the First City, but the second generation did not rule with the wisdom or strength of the Dark Father, who left his childer after the Cataclysm. A beautifully wooded park-like country surrounded the city. Scattered over a large area of this were the villa residences of the wealthier classes. To the west lay a range of mountains, from which the water supply of the city was drawn. The city itself was built on the slopes of a hill, which rose from the plain about 500 feet. On the summit of this hill lay Kayins palace and gardens

This division of one third deserting seems to repeat again and again. One third of the Lords of Darkness turned to the light. One third of the Angels rebelled and one third of the Antediluvians and one third of the second generation were missing when the second city was founded.



*Hanokh allows the embrace
of the fourth generation.*



Ishtar saw others of her generation and their progeny grow ever further from the breathing folk who had spawned them. Hanokh himself came to his childe, and expressed his frustration with the incomprehensible kine and their now alien viewpoints. His childe promised to bring him an answer to his misery.

The childer chose one of the greatest of the artists among the men, one called Arikel, to be the instrument of her solution. She labored for Ishtar every night, crafting an expression of the mortal plight in Hanokh. She unveiled a mural of stunning beauty, which the legends say brought in stark relief the relationship between God's curse upon Kayin, and his race's eternal problem in controlling its

Beast. In their anger, Hanokh and his childe never saw the final section, which showcased how Arikel thought they could retain something of the human soul. Hanokh destroyed the mural and ordered his childe to drain the artist dry.

Looking at the dying husk of the Artist, the Third Kindred spoke: "As ye have distracted me from important matters, so shall thy attention ever bee consumed by that which you deem beautiful" He then ordered his childe to Embrace the Artist.

A wereman called Lucien broke into mine haven by day and attempted to steal something of value to me. Awakened by this intrusion, I embraced Lucien in the hope of using this new childe to spy on my siblings and their childer. I had suspected the other third generation neonates of plotting against Hanokh and my mother. Lucien, for his part,

Hanokh. Counting Lilith as the first Kindred, and Kayin as the second. Or Perhaps Kayin as the first and Ashera as the second.

It is said that Montano is the oldest surviving child of the Lafombra founder, is this a lie, or did Nahema later destroy this Lucien?

My elders have told me that this is the name of Toreador antediluvian, but here she is a mere forth generation offspring. Is this to be read that Ishtar is the true antediluvian, or that the Toreador is actually just some offshoot of the true clan?

In my travels in Africa I have come in contact with a branch of kindred called the Ishtari. Perhaps these are the true clan from which the Toreador bloodline originates.



took to the plot like a fish to water. He was at heart a selfish wereman, and becoming one of the typically selfish Kindred only deepened that trait.

Ever since his embrace Absimiliard had hated his sire. He hated her for besting him in combat. He hated her for outsmarting him. But most of all he hated her for the scar she had left on his face, for he was a most vain man. Absimiliard was arrogant but he wasn't stupid. He knew deep in his black heart that he couldn't take Tzilah, even though he now was as she. So he pondered the question and learned how Kayin had tried to bind Tzilah by feeding her his blood, and how he had allowed Tzilah to embrace a brood of her own by feeding them her blood. So he started to wandering the world, staying as far away from the second city as possible. And on his wanderings he embraced his own brood, and bound them to himself, and he deliberately instilled his own hatred of Tzilah in their hearts.

Most of his childer were just like him, vicious and cruel. One was a mistake, an act of passion. When he discovered a beautiful woman bathing in a stream in the deep forest, he embraced her but she resisted both his hatred and his blood oath. On the night of her Embrace she at first welcomed her strange, handsome lover, but before the day dawned she saw the true hideousness of his spirit and fled from him before he could bind her. He chased her, but she

lost him, and he finally gave up as the sun started to rise.

Absimiliard noted how his childer were weaker than him, just as he was weaker than his sire, and he started to think that if he could gain that strength, just as he gained the strength of the bear by hunting and eating the bear, he could become an even mightier hunter.

Ilyes who was both a philosopher, a warrior, a scholar and a poet, where among the first to embrace one of the Second City. Although he often was cold and passionless, he made the mistake of Embracing an impetuous and fiery woman. So stricken was the philosopher Ilyes with the comely, brilliant Troile that he lost himself in daydreams, forgetting to feed until nearly sunrise. Troile dreamed of a world in which the Men and Cainites had, at least, an understanding, if not genuine peace. Over the months preceding her Embrace Ilyes had grown to trust her like no other, perhaps even to love her despite his lack of feeling. But Troile would not be moved. Troile stood at her lord's side as a living statue, speaking only when spoken to, and when words poured forth from Troile's lips, they were clean and simple and pure as the melody of a virgin shepherd's pipe. Hanokh could not help but notice Ilyes' passion, calling him forth to explain why the philosopher cared so deeply for Troile. She was lowly flesh and

This makes a lie of the assertion that the weakening of the blood is a curse Caine uttered after the Bloodbath in the Second City. One wonders if any of the curses truly are of his making. Is he really as mighty as he tells people he is?

Anyone who needs to tell others about their might is in the end a fearful and powerless creature.

A few names of the members of Absimiliard's brood have come down through the ages: Melacholate. Yima, Gayomart. Illuyankas.



blood, after all, and not so elevated as the master and philosopher were. The philosopher railed at the master, calling him blind for not seeing the eloquence and loyalty with which Troile stood by the master's side. The master scowled and dismissed Ilyes from his sight, scoffing at how the philosopher marveled at a servant who was simply well behaved. "Clearly," Hanokh said, "Thou canst not fathom how obedience should be the expectation, not the exception".

What the master did not see was the single tear that fell down Troile's cheek during the philosopher's impassioned oratory. When the philosopher returned to his quarters for the day, Troile was there, and silently knelt at the philosopher's feet. The philosopher extended his hands to help Troile stand. "No more," the philosopher said, and his words carried true weight, not the weight of the blood. Troile stood, and the philosopher Embraced her as an equal. Troile and Ilyes was as close as any child and sire can be so when he began to regret his decision to disobey Kayin's dictum against Embracing, she was naturally the first person to hear of his conflict of mind. Sadly, he was a naive creature, knowing little of true emotion, and he failed to make it clear to her that his concern was only for his act, that he didn't intend to destroy her to rectify the mistake. She tried to convince her sire to abandon his mirthless behavior. Ilyes's

arrogant dismissal of the child's arguments drove the child to the very edge of frenzy, and she threw herself at her sire. Long out of practice in hand-to-hand combat, he eventually fell beneath his child's fangs. Once she had tasted her sire's blood, the child was unable to stop herself from drinking. Within minutes, Ilyes was no more. Troile loved her sire still, even after drinking his soul. She slew Ilyes not out of hatred, but because she was temporarily overcome with rage. From the shadows stepped Hanokh himself, his face clouded with fury. "Never before has one of my progeny or my brothers progeny drunk the very soul of another. This angers me mightily, but I can see the soul-blood of my brothers child now flowing in thy veins so I can not bare to destroy thee, although I will curse thee so that thou ever must aspire to thy sire's wisdom, but also to be prey to the very fury which led thee to this diabolical act".

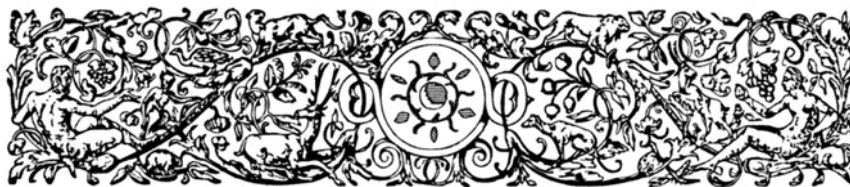
This declaration angered many of the third generation, who feared that they too might fall to their childer without those childers being left unpunished. The vampires fell into argument, and rivalries and betrayal spread among the lineages of the city. Then war wracked the city and nothing could ever be as it was. Vampires slaughtered and fed upon one another out of greed, covetousness, and a lust for power.

And so we see the first diablerie. Perhaps this was what spurred the later murder of the second generation.

There is a curious omission here of Tzilah's progeny. Especially concerning the propensity for diablerie shown by Haqim's brood.

It could also simply be a mistranslation

When your opposite is fire, embracing it will only get you burned. Ilyes learned this in the end.



Haqim sets himself up as judge.



Haqim wandered once more, though now he sought the company of learned weremen and women such as himself. After years of travel and learning he settled in the Second City, only to find his Cainite siblings perpetually fighting, involving themselves and their childer in petty squabbles that soon spread to mortal affairs. By this time, Ubar teemed with our kine, and the kindred grew fat and prone knowing no limits to their excess. However, seeing their bickering as pointless and unbecoming, he distanced himself from their tribulations and devoted himself to his studies. Though this city was as great as Kayin's, eventually it grew old. As do all living things, it slowly began to die.

The kindred at first did not see the truth, and when they at last looked about them it was too late. For, as Uriel had said, the seed of Evil planted, blossomed as a blood-red rose and Troile, the Child of Kayin's Child's Child rose up, and slew her Father, Ilyes. And ate of his flesh. The tribulations in the Second City festered and grew to such an extent that even Haqim could finally foresee their great city fall apart by their own hands if they continued their machinations. Although Kayin was away, Haqim did feel his careful eye watching, and knew

that he marked Haqim's movements and his ways. So when the childer of Haqim begged their maker to defend them against their enemies and all of them approached Haqim and requested that he serve as judge to their affairs, Haqim eventually acceded to their wishes. He appointed himself as judge of the Kindred and instructed a portion of his childer to arbitrate the dealings of the other Cainites with strict impartiality. Haqim's judges took to their business with zeal and ruthlessly culled Cainite excesses. Whenever a Childe was created without the permission of the eldest, it was hunted down and killed, and its Sire with it.

In time Haqim found his judges lenient and corrupt. If they had a liking for the accused or if the accused could provide some service to the judge, they took every opportunity to let the perpetrator go free. If they could find even one excuse for why they couldn't be certain of who had sired the childer they said that no punishment could be met out. So Haqim took it upon himself to judge every case, and whenever there was doubt in his mind he chose to convict.

But one night Haqim traveled the roads to visit the domain of his living days. And he met a fellow kindred, they greeted each other but then went their separate ways. Haqim thought about the encounter. It was something that troubled his mind, and then it struck him, that the kindred he

Somehow I imagine that he wasn't as unwilling as this text makes him out to be.

Yes, somehow I doubt that this text really is written by Nabema.

It takes Haqim only one paragraph to completely do away with any due process.

He has not forgot his blood-thirsty past after all.



met had been one he had himself sentenced to final death. He swiftly and quietly doubled back to strike the escapee before he could run away. From this night Haqim knew that he could not trust his executioners to actually carry out the punishment he had ordained, and that he had to take that burden upon himself.

He made himself judge, jury and executioner. A tradition continued in the Camarilla under the title of Sheriff.

Ishtar had demanded, according to the decree of Hanokh, that Arikel wouldn't produce any progeny of her own. The young immortal pursued her art for decades, but eventually she grew weary. While she loved the company of mortals, and immersed herself in it, she found it somehow lacking. Eventually the urge overtook her and Arikel embraced one she did not wish to see grow old. Her passion had overwhelmed her and she knew they would be punished. And unfortunately for them they soon crossed paths with Haqim.

Haqim met Arikel in an alley. She was in the company of a young beautiful kindred wereman whom Haqim did not recognize. He made the obvious conclusion and seized Arikel for immediate punishment. He cut Arikel's dead heart from her body and staring at the blood soaked organ he couldn't hold back but took a bite out of it, and with the blood flowing down his cheeks he gobbled up the rest. The feeling was both terrible and wondrous. It was like ten thousand suns. Like ten thousand embraces. Like ten thousand little deaths.

*The second diablerie.
Or the first given the curious omission above.*

Veddartha is interrogated



Veddartha did most surely contribute to the devastation which destroyed the Second City. He began to gather those tools that might help him combat the Elohim, and the other Antediluvians took note. Veddartha's magnificent palace, once a museum for the most beautiful art, a building where every inch had been meticulously constructed in as breathtaking a style as possible, became a fortress. Here Veddartha gathered items of power, both natural and unnatural.

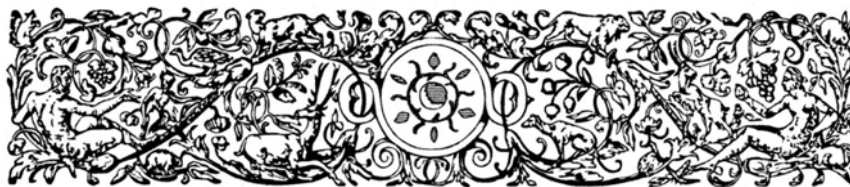
Such relics as the Tapestry of Blood, the head of Medusa, the claws of Fenris, Tablet of Destiny, Giant's Blood and Oromazu's Mist littered the palace. To safeguard them, Veddartha designed an underground sanctum that no creature could penetrate. All this his Kindred saw, and they worried.

One night, when the moon filled the sky with silver, four of Veddartha's brethren approached the palace. "Veddartha," cried out he who was called Ilyes, "Why have thou taken those items that should belong to us all and hidden them away?"

"My dear brother," Veddartha replied, "I but protect these marvelous things from those who would steal them from us all. And what worse is, that we would use them against each other rather than against our enemies from beyond. When the time has come,

This by itself would be a reason to quest for the Second City. I have read of marvelous things which can be done with the Tapestry.

If it remained yes, but we have to assume that unless Veddartha took them with him when he was exiled, they burned up in the fire that consumed the Second City.



we shall all use these tools to recreate the world once again”.

The Ventrue have a long history indeed of thinking that they know better than any body else.

“Veddartha,” cried out she who was called Typhon, “Thou shalt share those items with all of us so that we might use them as we will, for we are all brothers and sisters of the blood”.

“My dear sister, ” Veddartha replied, “if i did so, they would be wasted and lost, and when we need them we shall not have them. When the time has come, we shall all use these tools to recreate the world once again”.

“Veddartha,” cried out she who was called Ishtar, “Thou spend all thy time alone or with Hanokh. Talking about things nobody knows. Art thou trying to turn our Sire against us?”

Now thought he Veddartha saw the true motive behind their visit. Jealousy had begun to fester in their hearts, and he saw it as a sign that the Elohim had begun to work their dark influence, just as Kayin had predicted. Maybe Veddartha could have averted the cataclysm to come, if he had just discussed the issue. But he was Veddartha, first among the Third Generation, and debase himself to his younger brothers and sisters he would not do.

“My dear sister,” Veddartha replied, “I do what I do for the good of us all. When the time has come, we shall all use these tools to recreate the world once again”.



He turned to the one who was called Mekhet, expecting the questions to continue, but Mekhet merely smiled silently, with a strange shine in her eyes. Then the four departed, though Veddartha knew things could never again be as they had been. From that night on Veddartha prepared himself for war with his own kind, knowing that this meeting had hastened the end.

Veddartha gathers weapons to use against his kindred, but blames them for it.

Following in the same tradition as Caine and Sabaoth, he never takes responsibility for his actions.



Mekhet abuses prophecy.



here came a time of bountiful harvest, where the fields where filled with corn.

All the kine rejoiced, and even the kindred, for they knew that what was good for the mortals was good for them. All except for Mekhet who seemed distressed. The grains where plentiful, but Mekhet ordered her servants to save away most of the rations. When others had in abundance, Mekhet arranged to buy from them. And soon the other inhabitants of the city saw why, because this golden spring was followed by drought worse than any before or since. And Mekhet sold from her store, but at a steep price. The other Antediluvians then turned to her to ask why she hadn't forewarned them of what she had seen. Mekhet replied that she hadn't seen a need to share what was reveled to her and her alone, but that from now on she would let them partake of her visions.

Mekhet prophesied that one of Veddatha's artifacts, Oromazu's Mist would become destroyed. At the dark of the moon a servant would push it down from its shelf and its vessel would break so that the mist would be let out to dissipate in the air. Mekhet convinced Veddatha to exchange the vessel with another similar vessel she had made, so that she could store the true one in her haven until the cursed night had passed. But

when the night passed a servant of Mekhet happened to push the vessel from its shelf, and the vessel broke so that the mist where let out to dissipate in the air. Mekhet's laughter when she heard this echoed through the streets.

Mekhet continued to abuse her gift of prophecy to her own ends, telling false or shaded visions to the rest of the third generation, until they where quite literally at each others throats.

Tzilah learned of this only when her most beloved Nahema had nearly died because of it. Mekhet had gone around enticing kine into a frenzy by telling them that she had seen that there would come a time when Nahema caused a new cataclysm, covering the world in darkness for weeks.

Tzilah cursed Mekhet once again with insanity. Since Mekhet delighted in telling a thousand different truths, never again would the real truth come either to her or from her with the singular clarity it once had. Instead, she would have to scramble for every last grain of it, picking fragments here and there out of a mountain of dross, never knowing for certain that what he grasped now was what he sought.

But Mekhet didn't need to suffer for long for the very next night she somehow found herself in in Veddatha's chamber, when he entered it assuming himself robbed, he stretched forth his hand and caught Mekhet as she stalked through the darkness. She

This is just like the myth of Perseus' birth. See, the oracle at Delphi told King Acrisius that his grandson would kill him, so he decided to prevent his daughter Danae from ever bearing a son by locking her up in a brass tower, where her weeping drew the attention of Zeus.

This might not be a false prophecy. It might still come true.

It may not! Nahema was killed by Gratiano de Veronese in the year of 1405.

You would have to be a fool to believe that story. Nahema would not go down so easy.

No she wouldn't, and she didn't. The being that died in the Castel of Shadows was cleary Lucien.

Let this be a lesson: You should take care of your herd and keep them wellfeed, for what is good for them is good for you.



was caught, and she was torn by talons, slashed by bronze knives, torn by teeth. Her blood poured out upon sand and stone, for Ved-dartha feared her blood, and that which pulsed within her veins, and he were afraid to drink it.

It was known at this time that the act of diablerie stains the soul.

The Amaranth is more than simply drinking anothers vitae. It is the consumption of the soul. No Veddartha simply feared the madness of the blood.

Profit that Mekhet is the oldest of the Tzimisce. Then this tells us that she is still here, under the skin of her progeny. That is very disturbing.

No, this is the fate of Malkav, who else would be cursed by both madness and prophecy?

But he took her flesh and he pulled it asunder, and then he took the gobbets of her body and drowned them in rivers, hurled them into the ocean, buried them beneath stones. Ye must know that you cannot truly kill a god in that manner. Mekhet's flesh was never touched by the light of the sun, and thus she can never be truly destroyed.

No, Mekhet did not die. Her blood pooled within the earth, and it surged with life. Her children came to the rock where she was hacked apart, and they lapped up her blood, and carried it with them. And she gestated inside them. Her mind, broken and scattered, took root in the minds of her childer. Her nerves, no longer made of tiny fragments of flesh, link those of her blood one to the next.

Hanokh banishes Typhon, Veddartha and Haqim.



Haqim could not let go of the feeling of Arikel's blood in his veins, and he wanted to experience it again, so he went out into the city looking for other offenders against Hanokh's law. He found kindred of whom he

was not familiar. They looked young and weak. Surely these creatures could not be the creations of Haqim's cousins, but of some higher generation. He slew them where they stood, and helped himself to their essence.

Soon he was out patrolling every night, and if he happened upon a member of the fourth generation, sired according to the laws of Hanokh, that didn't become him. They had still disobeyed the laws of Kayin and deserved to die. With the exception of Haqim's own childer. And in the end even that did not matter. The taste of vitae was all the motivation he needed.

Typhon where made aware of the change in herself and in other sons and daughters of Kayin. A minute metamorphosis goaded by the Beast. In the beginning Typhon's thirst allowed her to sup from the necks of mortal and beast alike. But as the thirst for wine brings the glutton to ever worse excesses, the demands of Typhon's thirst grew. No longer satisfied with one vessel or a score of herds, Typhon longed for the blood of her own children; she knew only her progeny would eventually satisfy it. She studied the scrolls that once gifted her with spellcraft, hoping to find answers within its fading mortal gifts. It mattered little, however, for the thirst came of the Beast, and it drowned all considerations. Typhon could not escape, for while she changed forms, she could not change her essence.

The Affamite thirst for blood is mighty indeed.

The blood of kindred is a hard addiction for anyone to break.

Haqim seemed fine with drinking the blood of others progeny. Where Typhon feeling a different need than the mere thirst for kindred blood.



With both Typhon and Haqim roaming the streets of the city looking for other cainites to prey on it was hard for Hanokh to uphold any sense of order. Trying to hold the disparate community together, Hanokh attempted to listen to and resolve the Cainites problems, even the depredations of his sister, the shadow. Soon the petty bickering turned into violent hatred. Not even Hanokh could hold the contentions broods of his fellows together when not a single one of them seemed to want peace. Finally, Kayin's chosen successor laid down the law and brought the Kindred into line through pure force of will. He slew many wayward childer and banished the unruly among the Third Generation, Haqim who had slain Arikel, the vengeful Veddartha who had slain Mekhet and Typhon who had feed upon her childer. Many resented such a high-handed treatment, but none could stand up to Hanokh's authority.

Enoch's punishment for those of higher generation are far more harsh than those for his and his siblings childer.

Hanokh leaves the second city.



bsimiliard heard about the unrest in Ubar, and decided that this would be a good time to strike against his sire. So he gathered his finest childer. His most fierce and cruel and depraved progeny, and left the rest behind. He and his chosen brood went back to the second

city. They came hidden and silent.

Absimiliard disguised himself to make it seem like he had been attacked and gravely wounded. And he waited until Hanokh was alone, until he showed himself. Hanokh asked what had happened to him, and Absimiliard answered "O my Great King, Long I wandered in the far south. The kine living there spoke of a being called Gron. Thinking it might be one of our Kindred I went looking for them, and whilst I searched I came upon the creature. The likes of it which I had never seen, a beast, half wolf and half man. And I approached it without malice and spoke the words of peace unto it. And it heeded them not, but it sprang upon me and did unto me what thou now sees". This was not a total lie, cause Absimiliard had in truth seen a being of this description and name, although the exchange had not gone as in his story.

What I wouldn't give to hear what really happened at this encounter. Who was this Gron? One of the first Lupines? A child of Ennoia?

Hanokh rose up in a fury, swearing to find the wolf-man and destroy it. He opened his mouth and spoke unto Absimiliard: "Whoever, my friend, overcomes terror, it is well for him with the One Above for the length of his days. Wherever terror is to be faced, thou art trapped in fear of death. Thy prowess lacks strength. I will go before thee, though thy mouth calls to me; 'thou art afraid to approach.' I will establish my name. Hanokh, through the corpse of Gron, the terrible one! Thou were born in



the wilderness. The lion feared thee, all of which thou knows. When thou calls to me, thou afflicted mine heart. I am determined to enter the far south. The work, my friend, to the artisans I will entrust. Weapons let them mold before us”.

At the forge the workmen sat in council. Hatchets the masters molded: Axes of three talents each they molded. Lances the masters molded; blades of two talents each, a spear of 30 mina each attached to them. The hilt of the lances held 30 mina in gold.

He sealed fast Ubar’s seven gates. He brought together the assembly, and the people gathered in the street of Ubar, and in the plazas, where Hanokh took to his throne. In the street of Ubar, and in the plazas the people sat before him. Thus he spoke unto the elders of Ubar:

“Hear me, O kindred of Ubar! I would tread the path to the terrible Gron, whose name fills the lands. I will conquer him in the far south. I will let the land hear that I am determined to conquer him. A name I will establish”.

To the kine of Ubar, Hanokh spoke thus: “Hear me, O men of Ubar! Ye who understand combat, see that I shall tread the path to the terrible Gron, and face him in battle. Unto me give me your blessings, that I may see you again and return to Ubar safely. When I return I shall celebrate the Midwinter twice over, two times in

one year. Let the rejoicing commence, and the drums beat out in honor of Aštaphaios!”



And he strode out of the second city to hunt this beast. With him he took only Lamech and Anis. He left his sister Tzilah to watch over the fuming clans while he was gone. As it turned out, this decision was Hanokh’s greatest mistake. For after he departed, the Kindred of the third Generation gave in to their own greed and treachery once more.

Now Absimiliard disguised himself yet again, this time as Tzilah,

Lamech is known as a child of Ašhur, who has not been included in the annals of Antediluvians given in this Analeē.

Anis is said to be a child of Ilyes. According to some ancient and impossible-to-confirm rumours, Anis wished to break the bond of control from Sire to Childe, and convinced Troile that she must destroy their Sire for the freedom of his childer. She also blood-bound Troile to herself before the diablerie, ensuring any of Troile’s offspring would also be blood-bound to her.



and in that shape he sneaked up on his cousins while they were out hunting, and attacked them. But carefully, so that they might escape and run away.

Then he returned to his usual guise and visited us, speaking of Kayin's brood going mad, consumed with a hunger for their childer's blood, like Typhon before them. And then he spoke of how they should strike first and do to their sires as they had tried to do to them. And Ishtar agreed, because she had thought Hanokh and Tzilah had been suspicious, and she did not want to submit her blood to them. He told her of how Tzilah in particular lusted for the blood of their kind, and had gotten Hanokh to agree to her plans to make their childer undone. Absimiliard spoke of the safety in numbers, and Troile was convinced because she knew that she had many enemies. But I was not convinced. I knew my mother well, as a daughter should and I sought to warn her. Tzilah spent little time in Ubar in those days but dwelt instead in the Abyss it self. But as I peered into that realm of darkness I had a revelation. My mother was no longer the master of her self. She had debased her self at the feet of those created in darkness. Devastated I broke away. I talked with the kindred of the city but they could not console me.

With Hanokh departed and Tzilah absent, Ishtar was not late to break ranks, seizing the opportunity to attack Lucien, Troile, Arikel and the rest of the fourth

generation as well as Nahema and claim the city as domain for herself. In her time Ishtar had gown increasingly paranoid, and afraid of she who lurks in the shadows. She ordered blazing braziers set out through out the city, burning all through the night, to keep the dark away. Absimiliard met Ishtar in secret and together they decided to rise up against their tyrannical sires and overthrow them. Before long, Lucien as well joined the cabal that sought the hearts' blood of the second generation.

THE SECOND BOOK OF NAHEMA

As was told to Ifotta Nogarola by Miriam of Syracuse who had spoken to Anan Ben David the Karaite who had read the testimonies of Memra who bore witness to Iorea the Amkhat who was told by Nahema.



rief yet more terrible and savage came into the heart of Nahema, and thereafter she was so angered with her dark-clouded mother that she avoided the gathering of the kindred of the second city, she went to the towns and rich fields of men, disfiguring her form, so no one of weremen or women knew her when they saw her, until she came to the house of wise Nofre-ari who then was lord of fragrant Amenemef. Vexed

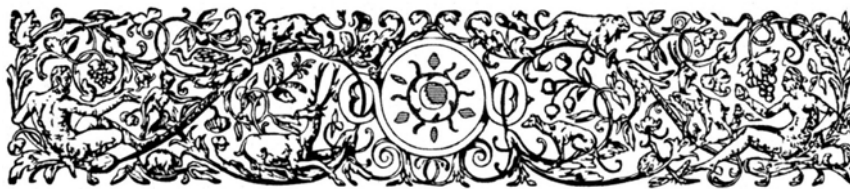
Implying that the antediluvians where known by fight to the people living in the village close by.

Both Haqim and Typhon had started to hunt younger kindred, so they had reason to be afraid.

They would also know that Enoch would be likely to be lenient against his kindred, as there is a precedent of him being much milder to those close to him.

Balderdash! She simply lusted for more blood of the elders. She alone in this time would know the true strength of elder blood.

This is a lesson for us all, that why we might call upon the lords of Outer Darknes to do our bidding, we should be mindful to never become subservient to them.



in her heart, she sat near the wayside by the Maiden Well, from which the women of the place used to draw water, in a shady place over which grew an olive shrub. And she was like an ancient woman who is cut off from childbearing and the gifts of the dark mother. There the daughters of Nofre-ari, saw her, as they coming for easy-drawn water, to carry it in pitchers of bronze to their dear mother's house. They knew her not, for the kindred are not easily discerned by mortals, but startling near by her spoke winged words:

“Old mother, whence art thou of folk born long ago? Why art thou gone away from the village and do not draw near the houses? For there in the shady halls are women of just such age as thee, and others younger; and they would welcome thee both by word and by deed”.

Thus they said. And she, that Queen of the Night, answered them saying: “Hail, dear children, whosoever ye are of woman-kind. I will tell you my story; for it is not unseemly that I should tell you truly what you ask. Dundu

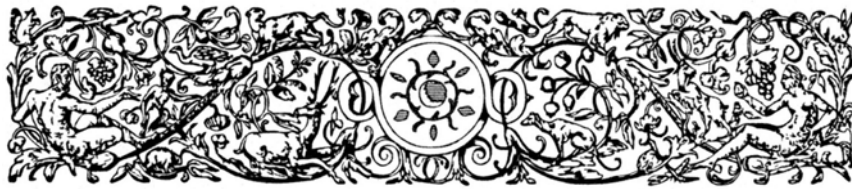
is my name, for my stately mother gave it me. And now I am come from over the sea's wide back, not willingly, but pirates brought me thence by force of strength against my liking. Afterwards they put in with their swift craft to Thoricus, and these the women landed on the shore in full throng and the weremen likewise, and they began to make ready a meal

by the stern-cables of the ship. But mine heart craved not pleasant food, and I fled secretly across the dark country and escaped my masters, that they should not take me unpurchased across the sea. And so I wandered and am come here: and I know not at all what land this is or what people are in it. But may the Scarlet Empress give you husbands and birth of children as parents desire, so ye take pity on me, maidens, and show me this clearly that I may learn, dear children, to the house of what wereman or woman I may go, to work for them cheerfully at such tasks as belong to a woman of mine age. Well could I nurse a new born child, holding him in mine arms, or teach the women their work”. So said the goddess. And straightway the unwed maiden Nenet, goodliest in form of the daughters of Nofre-ari, answered her and said:

“Mother, what the Gods send us, we mortals bear perforce, although we suffer; for they are much stronger than we. But if thou wilt, come with us; and we will go to our mother's house and tell our mother, all this matter fully, that she may bid thee rather come to our home than search after the houses of others. She has an only son, late-born, who is being nursed in our well-built house. If thou could bring him up until he reached the full measure of youth, any one who should see thee would straightway envy thee, such gifts would our mother give for her upbringing”.

*Children are the gift of Lilith.
She is known as the Dark Mother, and not for nothing.*

I have heard of a line of kindred in Africa by that moniker, with shadowgifts of their very own.



So she spake: and the goddess bowed her head in assent. And they filled their shining vessels with water and carried them off to the house of their dear mother. And she walked behind, distressed in her dear heart, with her head veiled and wearing a dark cloak which waved about the slender feet of the goddess.

Soon they came to the house of Nofre-ari and went through the portico to where their queenly mother sat by a pillar of the close-fitted roof, holding her son, a tender scion, in her bosom. And the girls ran to her. But the goddess walked to the threshold: and her head reached the roof and she filled the doorway with a heavenly radiance. Then awe and reverence and pale fear took hold of Nofre-ari, and she rose up from her couch before Nahema, and bade her be seated. But Nahema, bringer of darkness, would not sit upon the bright couch, but stayed silent with lovely eyes cast down until careful Iambe placed a jointed seat for her and threw over it a silvery fleece. Then she sat down and held her veil in her hands before her face. A long time she sat upon the stool without speaking because of her sorrow, and greeted no one by word or by sign, but rested, never smiling, and tasting neither food nor drinks.

And then graceful Nofre-ari began to speak: "Hail, lady! For I think thee are not meanly but nobly born; truly dignity and grace are conspicuous upon thy eyes as in the eyes of kings that

deal justice. Thou shalt have what I can bestow: and nurse me this child, called Narmer, whom the Queen of Thorns gave me in mine old age. If thou shalt bring him up until he reach the full measure of youth, any one of woman-kind that sees thee will straightway envy thee, so great reward would I give for her upbringing".

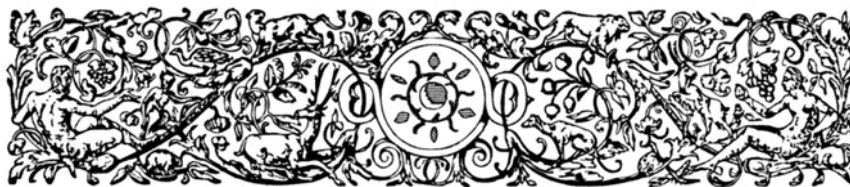
Then Nahema answered her: "And to thee, also, lady, all hail, and may She Who Rose From the Endless Sea give thee good! Gladly will I take the boy to my breast, as thou bids me, and will nurse him. Never, I ween, through any heedlessness of her nurse shall the Undercutter hurt him. for I know a charm far stronger than him".

When she had so spoken, she took the child in her fragrant bosom with her divine hands: and his mother was glad in her heart. So the goddess nursed in the palace Narmer, wise Nofre-ari' goodly son. And the child grew like some immortal being, not fed with food nor nourished at the breast: for by night Nahema would anoint him with vitae and breathe sweetly upon him as she held him in her bosom. But at day she would hide him with her beneath the ground, unknown to his dear parents. And it wrought great wonder in these that he grew beyond his age. And she made him deathless and unaging. but graceful Nofre-ari kept watch by night from her chamber and spied. But she wailed and smote her hips, because she feared for her son and was greatly distraught

Narmer has gone down in history as the first King of Egypt. This would imply that Nahema in her wanderings have entered the land of the Nile.

In a strange turn of events Nahema does the bidding of a mortal.

Apparently this was something Tzilah had a practice of doing. Nahema is grieving by appropriating her mothers behavior.



in her heart; so she lamented and uttered these words:

“Narmer, my son, the strange woman buries thee deep in the ground and works grief and bitter sorrow for me”.

And the dark goddess, thorn-crowned Nahema, heard her, and was wroth with her. So with her divine hands she snatched from the ground the dear son whom Nofre-ari had born, and cast him from her to the ground; for she was terribly angry in her heart. Forthwith she said to graceful Nofre-ari:

“Witless are ye mortals and dull to foresee your lot, whether of good or evil, that comes upon you. I have made thy dear son deathless and unaging all his days and have bestowed on him everlasting honour, but now he can in no way stay with the likes of you. Lo! I am that Nahema who has share of honour and is the greatest help and cause of joy to the undying kindred and mortal

men. But now, let all the people build me a great temple and I myself will teach my rites, that hereafter you may reverently perform them and so win the favour of mine heart. But thy child Narmer must leave you to come stay with his own kind in the city of Ubar” Thus spoken, Nahema changed her stature and her looks. She thrust old age away from her: beauty spread round about her and a lovely fragrance was wafted from her sweet-smelling robes, and from the divine body of the goddess a darkness spread afar, while black tresses spread down over her shoulders, so that the house was filled with darkness. And so she went out from the palace.

And so Nahema wandered again now determined to find Irad, her sire, to beg his help in saving Tzilah from both her own shadows and the hands of her childer. Soon she came to the mountain of Apep, whose entrance is guarded by monsters. Amkhata guard its gate. Dreadful terror they spread,

Is Narmer then the first revenant? Or something far more strange?

I have never heard of such a method for turning a child into a revenant. It usually takes many generations of ghouldom.

This is said to have been a practice of Tzilah. It may be that this family is a have been the ghouls of her for many generations, and thus were already far along to becoming revenants.

Apep the great serpent of the Underworld, was the ancient Egyptian deity who embodied chaos and was thus the opponent of light.

Amkhata are fusions of several different types of creatures, possessing a frame, head, and Kha, as well as some extra limbs in many cases. Often, these portions give the unnatural creatures their names, underserving as they typically are of full titles.



and it is death to behold them. Their splendour is fearful, overthrowing the mountains; from sunset to sunrise they guarded.

Nahema beheld them, and with fear and terror her face grew dark. Her mind became confused at the wildness of their aspect. But one Amkhat said to his wife: "She that there cometh to us, flesh of the Neverborn is her body".

And the wife answered the Amkhat: "Two thirds she resembles a Lord of Darkness, and one third only a man".

And the Amkhat called and said unto Nahema: "Has one of the kindred given the order? How didst thee come to travel over far-distant roads, until thou shalt come to me?"

"I seek to go to Irad, my sire, who hath been removed from the assembly of the kindred"

The Amkhat opened her mouth to speak, saying unto Nahema: "None who cometh before thee has been like unto thee. Never before thee, O Nahema, didst anyone traverse the path of The Blind God through the mountain. Twelve hours of heavy darkness in all directions must be penetrated".

The Amkhat opened her mouth to speak, saying unto Nahema: "Goes thou, O Nahema! May the mountains of Apep allows thee to pass! May the mountains watch over thee and protect thee, and may the gates of Apep be open unto thee!"

Nahema heard the words of the Amkhat, and she ventured onto the path of the Blind God. One hour she marched; thick was the darkness, not did it grow light. At eight hours she began to quicken her pace; thick was the darkness, not did it grew light. At nine hours the wind began to blow in her face; thick was the darkness, not did it grew light. Ten hours she marched; thick was the darkness, not did it grew light. At eleven hours, but one hour's travel remained. Two hours she marched; Nahema emerged ahead of the Sun.

Nahema meets the exiles of Ubar



here was brilliance. And as she saw it, she ran toward the Trees of the Garden. One great tree, carnelian it bore as fruit, branches were hanging low with fruit, beautiful to behold. Lapis lazuli the branches of another bore; with fruit it was laden, dazzling the eye of Nahema. Other precious trees are also there, and she reached out to touch their fruit.

As Nahema wandered through the trees, another goddess lifted her head to watch her.

The Tiger Queen Ennoia lived in a dwelling by the sea. She was clothed in hoods and veils upon veils. Nahema approached, clothed with a skin and fearful to

Ancient Egyptian master architects wore carnelian gemstones to symbolize their position. Carnelian amulets were engraved with texts out of the Book of the Dead and placed on the dead to help insure safe passage.

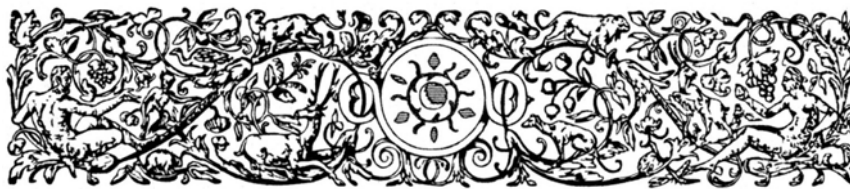
A stone of truth, Lapis encourages honesty of the spirit, and in the spoken and written word. Wear it for all forms of deep communication. It is also a stone of friendship and brings harmony in relationships.

Nahema was fathered by a being manifested from the Abyss itself.

Two thirds is a peculiar ratio. One would assume one half based on the parentage.

Any kindred has three parents, Mother, Father and Sire.

Apep is guarded by twelve hours of darkness. Does this tell us that it is some guarded spot within the Abyss? That there rest another sun beneath the shadows?



gaze upon. Her flesh was that of the kindred, but her heart was heavy with grief. Ennoia saw her from afar off, and she spoke unto herself and took counsel with herself: "Forsooth, this kindred must be a hunter of wild beasts, but whence cometh she to arrive at my gate?" And as Ennoia saw the dark one approach she closed her gate.

But Nahema spoke unto Ennoia and said: "Ennoia, why dost thou bolt the gate against me? Thou bolted the gate against me, but I will break thy gate".

Ennoia said unto Nahema: "I bolted the gate against thee. I went up to my roof. About thy journey I wish to hear".

Nahema said unto Ennoia: "My mother Tzilah and I, together we climbed mountains, slew the last remaining Behemoths, and peered into the depth of the Primal Abyss".

And the Tiger Queen said unto Nahema, "If truly thou art the one who climbed mountains, slew the last remaining Behemoths, and peered into the depth of the Primal Abyss, then why is thine heart heavy with grief? Why art thine features blasted by the weather, and why dost thou in lion's skin wander?"

Nahema said unto the Tiger Queen: "Wherefore should not mine heart be heavy with grief? Wherefore should not my features be blasted by the weather, and I in lion's skin wander? My

mother, Tzilah where a swift Blood Hunter, a panther of the wilderness. My mother, whom I loved more than any kindred or kine, accompanied me through every peril until the Lords of Darkness corrupted her will. For six days and seven nights I mourned her, by nursing a human child as was her practice. My mother's fate was too grievous to bear, and so on the distant road I wander the wilderness. Must I remain silent? The mother whom I loved has been turned to darkness, the Queen have been turned into a slave. And I will not, like unto her, lie down; nor will I sink to where my mother is now".

And Nahema said unto her, the Ennoia: "Tell me, O Ennoia, which is the way to Irad? What is its direction, O Ennoia, tell me its direction. If it be possible, I will cross the sea; but if it is impossible, I will go back".

And Ennoia answered unto Nahema, and said: "Nahema, there has never been a crossing here, and no one since eternal days has ever crossed the endless sea. Osiris, the hero, crosses it; but besides Osiris who can cross it? Difficult is the crossing, and extremely dangerous the way, and closed are the Waters of Death, which bolt its entrance. How, then, Nahema, wilt thou cross the sea? And if thou should reach the Waters of Death, what wouldst thou do? Rest here for a while and I will bring thy exiled cousins that they might speak with thee. Perhaps Typhon or

Water is a beautiful and dangerous thing. Without it, we die. And so we fear the desert, drought, thirst. On the other hand, too much water is devastating. And so we fear floods, storms at sea, a tippy rowing boat. The waters of birth can sometimes become the waters of death.



Haqim knows the way, or maybe Veddatha still holds some magical trinket that can find the way”.

So Nahema rested at the tavern, until one night Ennoia returned with Typhon, Veddatha and Haqim. And the five of them rejoiced at seeing each other after having been separated for so long. They spoke of everything between heaven and earth. The exiles told about their adventures in the world, and Nahema told them about all that happened in Ubar since they left. She spoke of her search for Irad and of a way to cross the endless sea.

And then Typhon spoke: “But Nahema, there is Sutekh, the sailor of Irad. If possible, cross over with her; but if impossible, go back”.

Nahema took the words to heart and continued her story, but when she started to tell the exiles about how Hanokh left the city to hunt for the beast Gron, Haqim interrupted her.

“Are thou saying that he is on his own, with out the protection of his brood? Then we must strike and rid the world of this injustice that has been done unto us”.

To this Veddatha agreed and thus the two of them decided to travel to the southern land to confront Hanokh. But Typhon and Ennoia stayed behind, having no quarrel with Hanokh, while Nahema went in search for Sutekh.

Nahema journey to the dead realms



After a long journey and many trouble Nahema came upon a gathering of people strange to behold, ashen like stone, but living with a fire in their hearts. They looked at each other and spoke unto themselves in a foreign tongue she could not understand, but Nahema could make out one word, and that word was Met, the word of death.

When Nahema heard this, she lifted up the axe at her arm, drew the dagger from her belt, slipped in and rushed down and fell like a javelin between them. Sutekh saw her coming and seized an axe, but Nahema smote her on the head and held her down. The Qashmalim, the boat crew themselves immune to the Waters of Death, took fright, and Nahema smote them all and smashed them to pieces and threw them into the water. She then stood over Sutekh and gazed into her eyes.

Sutekh said unto Nahema: “Tell me thy name. Mine is Sutekh, of Irad the Strong”.

Nahema said unto Sutekh: “My name is Nahema, childer of Irad the Strong and child of Tzilah, the unseen. I am she who found the hidden path through the mountains whence travels the Sun, and took that path hither”.

Sutekh said unto Nahema: “Why is thine heart heavy with grief?

It is said that the Qashmalim are those angels which were left behind and weren't taken to Eden in order to maintain the world. Qashmalim are beings formed from Akh itself; for what reason and how is still unknown, though a number of theories circulate.



Why art thine features blasted by the weather, and why dost thou in lion's skin wander?"

Nahema said unto Sutekh: "Wherefore should not mine heart be heavy with grief? Wherefore should not my features be blasted by the weather, and I in lion's skin wander? My mother, Tzilah where a swift Blood Hunter, a panther of the wilderness. My mother, whom I loved more than any kindred or kine, accompanied me through every peril until the Lords of Darkness corrupted her will. For six days and seven nights I mourned her, by nursing a human child as was her practice. My mother's fate was too grievous to bear, and so on the distant road I wander the wilderness. Must I remain silent? The mother whom I loved has been turned to darkness, the Queen have been turned into a slave. And I will not, like unto her, lie down; nor will I sink to where my mother is now".

Nahema further said unto Sutekh: "Tell me, Sutekh, the road to Irad. What landmarks guide the journey? Tell me! If possible, I shall cross over the sea; but if impossible, I shall go back".

Sutekh said unto Nahema: "Thy hand, O Nahema, has prevented the crossing. Thou hast smashed the Qashmalim and threw them into the river. The Qashmalim are now smashed and the pine is not stripped. Take, Nahema, the

axe at thy side, go into the Obsidan Wood and make three hundred punting-poles five feet long. Trim and finish each and bring them unto me".

And Nahema on hearing this took the axe at her side, and drew the dagger from her belt. She went into the woods and felled trees three hundred punting-poles five feet in length, smeared them over with pitch and brought them to Sutekh. Then Nahema and Sutekh embarked;

The ship tossed to and fro while they were on their way. A journey of forty and five days they accomplished within three days, and thus Sutekh arrived at the Waters of Death.

Sutekh said unto Nahema: "O, Nahema, take thee the first of the punting-poles! Let not thy hand touch the Waters of Death, lest it wither. Take thee the second of the punting-poles, and a third and a fourth! "

I see in this a parable for how to cross into the Abyss.

After six score double furlongs, all the punting-poles had Nahema used. Sutekh removed her robes, and Nahema her garments, and from them Sutekh fashioned a sail. And Saulot looking at her from the distance began thinking within himself, and with himself he thus meditated: "Why are the Qashmalim of the ship smashed? And one, who is not its master rides in the ship".

As is known the place beyond the waters of death is to be entered in the nude.

And Nahema said unto Saulot: "Here I have come, and Irad, whom mother called the wise,

Nursing a human child for seven days as we mourn, again? Is this a practice we to ought to take up? And those children, nursed on Nahema and Tzilah, I wonder what became of them.



and others called the Strong, I will see. I have traveled through all the lands, I have crossed over the steep mountains, and I have traversed all the seas. I had little sleep and castigated myself by denying me rest. I have filled my very sinews with grief, and all in vain. Before I reached the Tiger Queen, my clothes had worn away. I killed wild beasts, the hyena, the panther, the cheetah, the stag, the jackal, the lion, the wild bull, the deer, and ibex. Their blood I drank and their pelts I wore. But now close fast the gates of sorrow, seal them fast with tar and pitch! Sorrow shall never again interrupt my quest!"

Saulot said unto Nahema: "Wherefore dost thou follow after sorrows? Thou art made of godly stuff, fashioned from flesh human and divine in the image of thine father and mother".

"It is my Mother", answered Nahema "She has peered to deep into the Abyss and have become enslaved by the thirteen Lords of the Outer Darkness".

"Then, Tzilah the kindred, have indeed brought down doom upon her self. But what hast thou gained from thy toil? As thou exhausts thine energies and sap thy strength".

Nahema said to him, to Saulot: "I gaze upon thee in amazement, O Saulot! But mine heart has still to struggle against all that no longer lies upon thee. Tell me, How didst thou come to dwell here?"

And where is Irad whom I have heard should dwell here?"

Saulot then said unto Nahema: "I will reveal unto thee, O Nahema, the mysterious story, and the mystery of death, I will tell thee. Fascinated by the intricacies of unlife, Irad devoted his waking hours to unraveling its secrets. Irad learned and studied and experimented through the long years, while the rest of Caine's childer fought and burned and destroyed. He kept his own counsel, and sometimes that of Tzilah and Ilyes, never wishing to burden another with the weight of solving the riddle of life's short cycle. But when the Cataclysm descended upon the Earth, Irad was no closer to answering the riddle".

Saulot then spoke unto Nahema quietly, saying: "He then knew that he needed to search elsewhere. And so he traveled here to this realm, and here he embraced me. But he didn't stay for long but continued his wanderings".

And thus Nahema returned back from whence she came with her search having been all for naught.

Saulot was not embraced in the land of the living, but in the land of the dead.

Some say he was the stillborn child given by Lilith to be raised by the Serpent.

THE BOOK OF LAMECH

As was told to Isotta Nogarola by Gyrid Difadot-tir who was told by her mother Difa Lerulfvar who was told by Leinfstridar of the Waters who was told by Lu-Inana who was told by her fire Lamech.

Thirteen after seven of the twenty one emanations of Yaldebaoth rebelled and turned to the light, and one of the spirits was called into the body of Lilith, to form a bridge between the worlds.



nd so it came to be that Ved-dartha and Haqim planed an ambush for the monastery to lie in wait for Hanokh".

"How many shall we fare in all?" says Veddartha.

Hanokh.

"How many kindred shall we need to have to lie in wait for him?" says Haqim.

"Weak kindred shall be as nothing before him," Veddartha says; "and it is not safe to have fewer than thirty kindred".

"Where shall we lie in wait?"

"By the monastery," he says; "there he will not see us before he comes on us".

Elihu was a child of Veddartha, also known as Elias Andronicus. He was a potent Ventrue methufelah

Mancheaka was a child of Haqim

"Goes thou to Elihu and tell Mancheaka

that fifteen of them must busk themselves thence, and now other fifteen will go hence to the monastery". Veddartha said to Ennoia, "This hand shall show thee Hanokh dead this very night".

"Nay, but I guess," says she, "that thou wilt hang thy head after ye two meet".

So those four, sire and childer Veddartha and Haqim, fare away from the Threecorner, and eleven kindred besides, and they fared to the monastery, and lay in wait there. Khaldun came to Dhiban and said, "Hither am I sent by Haqim and his childer to tell thee, Veddartha, that ye, sire and childer, must fare to

"Fifteen, reckoning me," he says.

Arakur said, "Now I mean to try mine hand on Anis".

"Then I think thou means to have a good deal on thy hands," says Sigurd. Veddartha begged his Easterlings to fare with them. They said they had no quarrel with Hanokh; "and besides," says Lihua, "ye seem to need much help here, when a crowd of men shall go against one man". Then Veddartha went away and was wroth. Then the mistress of the house said to the Easterling: "In an evil hour hath we shown thee hospitality when thou wilt not dare to follow thy prince, and thou must be a coward," she says.

"I will go," she says, "with thy master, and neither of us two shall come back". After that she went to Mang her messmate, and said, "Take thou now the keys of my chests; for I shall never unlock them again. I bid thee take for thine own whatever of our goods thou wilt; but sail away from Nod, and do not think of revenge for me. But if thou dost not leave the land, it will be thy death". So the Easterling joined herself to their band. Now we must go back and say that Hanokh rides south to meet with Gron, but when he had gone a little way from the river Lamech grew very drowsy, and bade them lie down and rest there. They did

Arakur of Ur was a powerful Ventrue who ruled the prehistoric city of Ur. He had a legendary feud with mighty Urlon of Uruk

Lamech was the progeny of Ashur. He devised the Elixir of Lamech, which could artificially induce Golconda in its imbiber. Two doses were all that could be made. Lamech took one draught for himself and gave another to his lover, Anis

Dhiban was a fifth generation Vizier



Anis, Queen of Night, was one of two secret childer supposedly Embraced by Brujah (also known as Ilyes) aside from his official get, Troile.

so. He fell fast asleep, and struggled much as he slumbered. Then Anis said, "Lamech dreams now". But Hanokh said, "I would like to wake him".

"That shall not be," said Anis, "but he shall dream his dream out". Lamech lay a very long while, and threw off his shield from him, and he grew very warm. Anis said, "What hast thou dreamt, my Liege?"

"That have I dreamt," says Lamech, "which if I had dreamt it there I would never have ridden with so few kindred from Ubar".

"Tell us thy dream," says Anis.

"I dreamt, methought, that I was riding on by the monastery, and there I thought I saw many wolves, and they all made at me; but I turned away from them straight towards Redmoon River, and then methought they pressed hard on me on all sides, but I kept them at bay, and shot all those that were foremost, till they came so close to me that I could not use my bow against them. Then I took my sword, and I smote with it with one hand, but thrust at them with my spear with the other. Shield myself then I did not, and methought then I knew not what shielded me. Then I slew many wolves, and thou, too, Anis; but Hanokh methought they pulled down, and tore open his breast, and one methought had his heart in his maw; but I grew so wroth that I hewed that wolf asunder just below the brisket, and after that methought

the wolves turned and fled. Now my counsel is, brother Hanokh, that thou ride back west to Ubar".

"I will not do that," says Hanokh; "though I know my death is sure, I will stand by thee still". Then they rode and came east by the monastery, and Anis said,

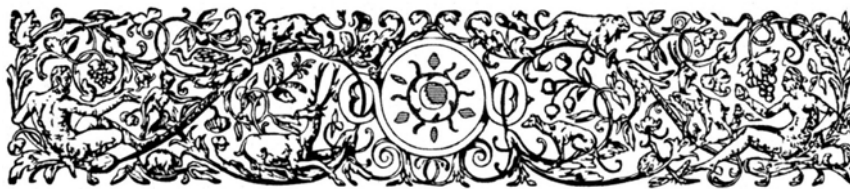
"Sees thou, kinsman! many spears stand up by the hills, and kindred with weapons".

"It does not take me unawares," says Hanokh, "that Lamech's dream comes true".

"What is best to be done now?" says Anis; "I guess thou wilt not run away from them".

"They shall not have that to jeer about," says Hanokh, "but we will ride on down to the headland by Redmoon River; there is some vantage ground there". Now they rode on to the headland, and made them ready there, and as they rode on past them Arakur called out and said, "Whither art thou running to now, Hanokh?"

But Anis said, "Say the same thing farther on when this day has come to an end". After that Haqim egged on his kindred, and then they turned down upon Hanokh's company into the headland. Khaldun came first and had a red shield, but in his other hand he held a cutlass. Hanokh sees him and shoots an arrow at him from his bow. Khaldun held the shield up aloft when he saw the arrow flying high, and the shaft passes through the shield and into his eye, and so came out at the



Sha'hiri is described as the Eldest and as a part of the Sorcerer Caste.

Given that Thetmes is part of the Warrior Caste) and that all Affamite Sorcerers are believed to descend from ur-Shulgi, the comment above is likely false.

This would be an example of a discipline lost to later generations.

nape of his neck, and that was the first man slain. A second arrow Hanokh shot at Sha'hiri, one of Haqim's brood, and that struck him about the middle and he fell at the feet of a ghou, and the ghou came over him. Anis cast a stone and struck the ghou on the head, and that was his death-blow.

Then Haqim said, "This will never answer our end that he should use his bow, but let us come on well and stoutly". Then each man egged on the other, and Hanokh guarded himself with his bow and arrows as long as he could; after that he throws them down, and then he takes his spear and sword and fights with both hands. There is long the hardest fight, but still Hanokh and Anis slew man after man. Then Mancheaka Haqim's childer said, "I vowed to bring Ennoia thy head, Hanokh". Then Hanokh sang a song,

Thou, that battle-sleet down brings, Scarce I trow thou speaks truth; She, the Tiger Queen, Cannot care for such a gift; But, O serpent's hoard despoiler! If thou must have mine head, Manchuka, Closer come to crash of spear.

"She will not think that so much worth having, but still to get it thou wilt have to come nearer!" says Hanokh.

Mancheaka said to his comrades, "Let us run all of us upon him at once; he has no shield and we shall have his life in our hands". So Tinia and Rebekah both ran

forward and were quicker than Mancheaka. Tinia made a blow at Hanokh, and Hanokh threw his spear so hard in the way that the sword flew out of Tinia's hand; then he sees Rebekah standing on his other hand within stroke of sword. Hanokh was standing with his body swayed a little on one side, and he makes a sweep with his sword, and caught Rebekah on the neck, and off flew her head. Arakur, Veddartha's childer said, "Let me get at Anis," and turning to Anis he said, "This I have often said, that we two would be just about an even match in fight".

"That we can soon prove," says Anis. Arakur thrust at her with his spear; Anis had just slain a man and had her hands full, and so she could not throw her shield before the blow, and the thrust came upon her thigh, on the outside of the limb and went through it. Arakur turned sharp round, and strode towards her, and smote her with his short sword on the thigh, and cut off her leg, and said, "Did it touch thee or not?"

"Now," says Anis, "I pay for being bare of my shield". So she stood a while on her other leg and looked at the stump.

"Thou need not to look at it," said Arkaur; "it is even as thou sees, the leg is off". Then he cut her head off she fell down dead. But when Veddartha sees this, he runs at Lamech and makes a cut at him, but Lamech thrusts at Veddartha with the spear and struck him in

Tinia was a child Veddartha.

It is said that later Tinia controlled the Etruscans and was worshiped as an etruscan god of the sky.

Rebekah is a Elihu who was a child of Veddartha.



the middle, and Lamech hoists him up on the spear and hurls him out into Redmoon River, and thus the first attacker went to nought.

Then Haqim said, "Wretch that thou art indeed, Lihua Easterling, when thou sit by; but thy host and prince Veddatha is slain". Then the Easterling sprung up and was very wroth. Hanokh had been the death of many kindred, and the Easterling leapt on him and smote him full on the breast. Then Hanokh fell down dead on the spot, turning to ash. The first of the Second Generation had fallen in battle.

Caius did though persist, and in time became an influential Ventrue of Constantinople during the Dark Ages. He used to be Emperor Constantine's lieutenant. During the Fourth Council of Constantinople in 796, he and Septima Dominica proposed the destruction of their fire, Antonius the Gaul.

Lamech sees this and was swift to smite at the Easterling, and cuts him asunder at the waist. A little while after Lamech hurls the spear at Tinia, and struck her in the middle, and the spear went through her and stuck in the ground. Then Anis cut off Alexander, Veddatha's child's head, and Lamech smites off Caius hand at the elbow-joint.

Then Haqim said, "Let us fly now. We have not to do with men!" Lamech said, "Ye two will think it a sad story if there is naught on you to show that ye have both been in the battle". Then Lamech ran after Haqim and Mancheaka, and gave them each a wound. After that they parted; and Lamech and his brothers had then wounded many kindred who got away from the field, but fourteen lost their unives, and Hanokh the fifteenth.

Abfimiard leads his brood in an ambush.



When Ennoia heard that Ishtar was alone in Ubar without the protection of the elder generation, she prayed to Lilith:

"My Mother, give to me the Bull of Heaven that I might slay Ishtar in her very place of dwelling. If thou give me not the Bull of Heaven, I shall crush the gates of Ba'harah and free the shades below. I shall bring up the dead that they might consume the living, and I shall make the dead to outnumber those that yet live".

The Castle Ba'harah lies in the Abyss, but the dead belong not there, but in the Shadowlands. According to Ennoia there might be a bridge between the two.

And Lilith opened her mouth and spoke, she said unto her, the mighty goddess Ennoia: "If thou wants from me the Bull of Heaven, make the widows of Ubar gather seven years' wheat, and make the farmers of Ubar grow seven years' hay".

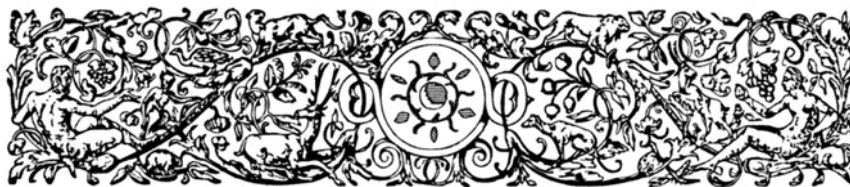
Ennoia opened her mouth, saying unto Lilith: "This wheat is already stored; this hay already grown. The widows of Ubar gathered seven years' wheat, and the farmers of Ubar grew seven years' hay. With the Bull of Heaven I will have revenge!"

Lilith heard the words of the mighty goddess Ennoia and gave unto her the nose-rope of the Bull of Heaven.

Ennoia descended with the Bull of Heaven, leading it to the land

Lilith keeps here word, and gives to those who fulfill here tasks.

It is a pretty odd task though. What do Lilith want with wheat and hay?



of Ubar, where its thirst sucked dry the marshes and the forest, and it lowered the level of the river by seven cubits. And then Ishtar put the Bull of Heaven before a plow and carved a new path for the river, so that no water would be available to quench the fires of the city. Only then did Ennoia enter into the city.

Absimiliard spent weeks in Ubar waiting for his sire to make an appearance but she did not. So he conferred with Ishtar and Lucien. They revealed that there was one event for which Tzilah was bound to reappear in the city, the winter solstice rite. So Absimiliard returned to his brood to bid his time in waiting for her return. And he taught the eight how to hide and spy without getting noticed.

At long last the foretold night arrived. Absimiliard and his brood washed their hands in the river, took to the road, and set out for the city, and rode through the streets of the city of Ubar. The

people of Ubar assembled and looked with astonishment at the warriors, but they dared not intervene because Lamech had told them all what happened by the Redmoon River.

In the darkest time of the darkest year Tzilah strode forth from the shadows beneath the temple of the dark mother. She knew well that the brood of her most accursed childe lurked nearby, but she also knew well her duty to the queen of thorns. So she still stayed her course to perform the rites as proscribed in Lilith's name.

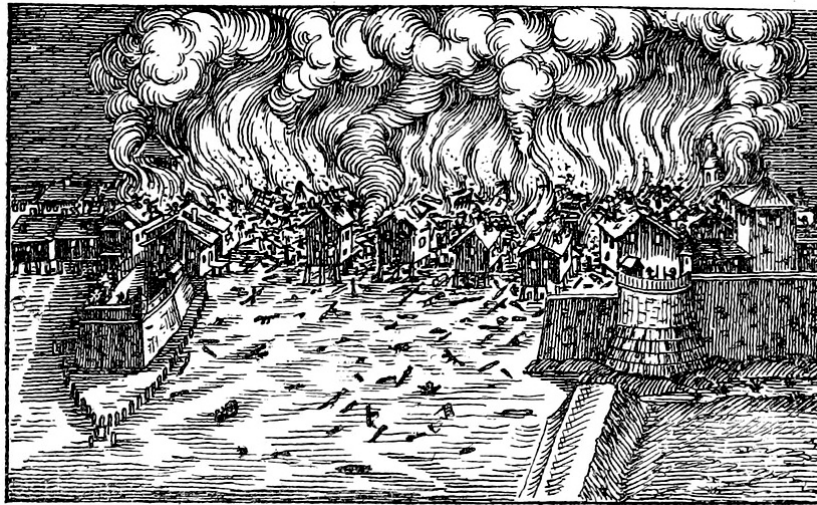
All the kindred of the city gathered to watch with Ishtar and her coterie, and Lucien and his coven at the forefront. Ennoia was there as well, but disguised in the shape of a cat. Absimiliard stayed behind waiting, and at the right moment he called forth his own brood. He called on them to storm towards Tzilah. From the lit chambers beneath the city, where no shadow flickered, and no eyes of Tzilah's lovers could

The Grandchilder of Caine had in there arrogance thought that they could circumvent the first curse.

The same rite that the faithful of Lilith practice to this day.

The Rites of Lilith is far more important than simple self preservation.

The True Bahari knows no fear.



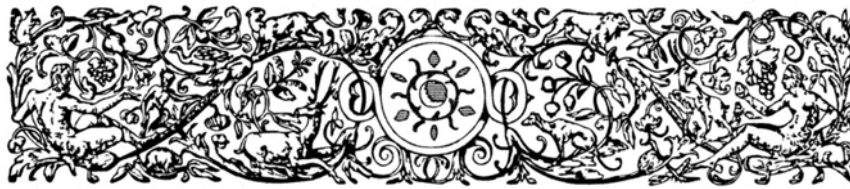
have reached, they poured forth in a torrent.

With a scream of rage Tzilah brought to life the shadows of the temple and commanded them against the usurpers. Great jet black serpents, and beasts of shadow rose from all manner of dark crevasses, until the temple garden where filled with darkness.

Ishtar was enveloped by darkness all around, and a chilling darkness that moved on by itself it was. She tried to break free, but the darkness followed. She put her hand into one of the braziers and grabbed a burning piece of Obsidian Wood. The pain was terrible, but the darkness did flee. In an act of desperation she brought the whole brazier down. The shadows retreated. She moved like lightning and in the blink of an eye all the braziers in Ubar where all turned over and the city ablaze. The servants tried to put out the flames, but the river had run dry, and there was no water to be found.

The city was in turmoil. Packs of cainites roamed the streets fighting any who come in their way. Large fires roared all around except for in the compact darkness of the Cathedral of the Scarlet Empress. Absimiliard was not afraid of the fire, but the dark scared him. He knew that his sire was somewhere in the darkness and he wanted her blood, but the things in the darkness radiated an unnatural cold not of this world. But Lucien was not afraid of Shadows. He stared into the darkness and saw only power manifest. And with greed in his eyes he entered into the church.

It was at this time Nahema returned to Ubar. She had heard her mothers cry deep within her heart and journeyed ahead of her companions. Standing outside the city gates, she sent her shadow forward, now more powerful than ever before.



*The Antediluvians kill
Tzilah.*



bsimiliard opened his mouth to speak, saying unto Lucien: "My friend, the countenance of this monster Tzilah has changed. Though we came here to defeat her, I fear mine heart will not let me".

Lucien opened his mouth to speak, saying unto Absimiliard: "Why, my friend, speaks thou as a coward? Thy fearfulness causes me to lose faith. We have but one task. To send forth the Flood is to crack the whip! Retreat not! Do not withdraw! Make mighty thy blow!"

He smote the ground and faced the monster. At their feet, the earth gave way, and the very clouds turned black and rained death upon them all. Against Tzilah Ennoia unleashed all the winds, the winds of the south, north, east, and west, the hurricane, the tempest, the typhoon, the gale, the frost-wind, and the devil-wind, the blast and counterblast, and the tornado. The thirteen winds darkened the face of Tzilah so that Absimiliard could reach her with his weapons. Tzilah pleaded for her life, saying unto Absimiliard:

"Thou art but a youth, Absimiliard, but truly a son of the wild. By the command of Ennoia, thou hast flattened the great mountains, O son of Ubar, Absimiliard

the hunter! Spare my life, Absimiliard, and allow me to spend the rest of my nights in the Darkness of Shadows".

Lucien opened his mouth to speak, saying unto Absimiliard: "Listen not to her vile supplications! They are the sounds of falsehood and deceit!"

Tzilah opened her mouth to speak, saying unto Lucien: "Thou art wise in the ways of the darkness, yet too thou know the art of speech. I should have hanged thou from a sapling, the corpse to be devoured by the vultures, rather than give thee the embrace of the Night. Yet my deliverance lies with thee, if thou wouldst tell Absimiliard to spare my life".

Lucien opened his mouth to speak, saying unto Absimiliard: "My friend, slay Tzilah who guards the darkness of Ubar. Eliminate all her power. Do this before Hanokh the Preeminent discovers what we do and the gods grow angry with us. Make for us a name everlasting because Absimiliard slew the monstrous Tzilah!"

Tzilah heard all he said and cursed the both of them: "May neither of you live to see old age".

Lucien opened his mouth to speak, saying unto Absimiliard: "I speak unto thee, my friend, but thou hearest me not. Let Tzilah's curses return unto her own mouth".

Despite his hatred Absimiliard was still bound to Tzilah and she held great power over him.

Or he simply was afraid of her mastery of the Abyss.

Ennoia here shows a gift of controlling the weather that none of her children seems to have inherit.

A secret discipline she kept for herself or another gift from before her embrace?



Absimiliard heard what his friend has spoken, and smote the monster's neck. He fell, and blood ran forth like rivers, filling the streets. As the Tzilah fell, she shook the ground for two leagues' distant, shaking them as once she has made the mountains and the hills tremble with the thunder of her voice, and the Darkness of her Soul leaked out as well, rising like a smoke. Absimiliard pulled out her tongue, her lungs, and her innards. Absimiliard discovered within the shadows the secret home of the gods as he trampled through the darkness primeval.

They describe an ancient ritual, but what is it's true purpose? To steal the power of the dead or hinder the rise of it's shade?

This calls for an experiment!

Right about then, everything froze, even the birds and bugs stopped chirping. The only noise was the slurping sound of Absimiliard sucking the life out of his sire. He was bloodthirsty, and as he drank he clawed her face, as she had done to him. Her blood was like an ocean, and the feast of her progeny lasted long. Absimiliard carved her face into a mask of horror and felt the power of his sire flow in his veins.

The childer had slewed their sires, and in the end the Second City, the glory they had built together, lay in ruins around them. Kayin had in turn lost his offspring in the same manner his sire Lilith had.

The Punishment of the Dark Father



Even in the darkness of his slumber, Kayin knew what they had done. He stirred and cursed the vampires of the Third Generation. They, along with all those descended from their Embrace, would be forever damned with frailties and weaknesses, as a penance for their disobedience. So it was that Kayin returned from his torpor to find his childer dead and the lips of their progeny dripping with their blood. So terrible was his countenance that they fell to their knees at the sight of him. His face was as white as bleached bone. His eyes were as black as the abyss. And those who could see the force of his rage turned aside as he passed, lest its power blind them.

Through the bond he could feel what was happening to his childer.

Clear reference to the use of Auspex, Lamech is describing those that can see Caine's emotional radiance.

Just as the usurpers celebrated their victory, Kayin himself returned. The Dark Father's anger against his wayward childer for violating his will was great, and he cursed them, scattering them to the winds. So great was his anger that he cursed the upstarts and banished them from his sight.

Kayin saw the city they had built lying in ruins about them, saw the blood of their sires upon their hands and lips. And the Dark Father's anger was great at the sight of this, and he cursed and banished his progeny from the city they had built, demanding that



they learn to rule with both wisdom and strength to prove themselves worthy of the power that they claimed.

Such was his power as we heard his words, that we knew ourselves doubly damned. Once by God's rage, and now by his. Yet still he was not done, but said to us all.

"Let your proud blood weaken with each generation. So that no child can match its sire's strength or rise up against those who came before. So shall ye be bound to peace, enslaved by weakness when force has failed."

Thus spake our Sire, to punish his errant childer. And when he was done he wrapped himself in darkness And left in veiled secrecy, so that none could follow. So that none might answer. So that none might argue. So that none might plead.

He cursed us all, for killing the first part of his Children, the Second Generation, As we had hunted them down one by one, Tzilah the Beautiful, Irad the Strong, and Hanokh First-Ruler. And we mourned them all, as we were all of a kind, and all of the families of Kayin's childer. The founders of the clans were scattered to the four winds, having gained nothing from their patricide other than bitter exile.

The Third Generation saw their city destroyed and their power extinguished, And they were forced to flee, their Progeny along with

them. Nahema, never truly content in the city her brethren built, returned to the darkness and to the sea.

But many were killed in the flight, for they had grown weak. With their authority gone, all were free to create their own Broods, and soon there were many new Kindred, who ruled across the face of the Earth. But this could not last. Over time, there came to be too many of the Kindred and then there was war once again, The Elders were already deep in hiding, for they had learned caution. But their Children had founded their own cities and Broods, and it is they who were killed in the great wave of war. There was war so total, that there are none of that Generation to speak of themselves any longer. Waves of mortal flesh were sent across continents In order to crush and burn the cities of the Kindred.

Thus an age that had begun in Darkness ended in Fire and all the glories of the first age turned to dust and cinder. Only shadows remain.



Despite what the third generation had done. Caine wanted to protect them from being victims of the same betrayal. So this wouldn't so much be a curse against the killers, as it is a boon.

On the other hand, he learned about curses from Sabaoth. He might have a flawed conception of what they mean.

But this was already a known weakness at this point. This whole story of the return of Kayin is suspect.

Or is the earlier reference suspect? Remember, none of the slayers took the opportunity to lower their Generation, something they would surely have done if it was at all possible.

I can find no mention in this text about what happened with Irad, but here it is claimed that he was brought down by his childer. Is some part of the text missing?

Perchance Nahema did find Irad but decided to make no recording of what happened in that encounter.



The Third Analec̃t:
Rites of Growth and Loss
or
The Thorns of Tribulation



The Common Ceremonies



here is in truth no such thing as a common ceremony, the vagaries of the Dark Mother is truly a fleeting thing and it is more than frequent that a Hierophant devise her own rites or let the content of the rite be driven by current needs, be they thirst for knowledge or revenge, or simply passions newly set aflame. Some aspects of the rites are common though, the beginning and end of a ceremony are almost always conducted in the same manner. They start with The Search for the Garden followed by a main rite and end with The Celebration of Suffering. Usually the main rite consists of one of the dances followed by Sermons of Lilith or some songs and prayer. The Lovers can be used as a marriage ceremony if need be, with the roles of the Hierophant and the Custodian taken by the couple to be wed. After the main rite there is a short moment where announcements can be made. At least one ceremony must be hold each lunar month, when the moon is waxing crescent. Except for September when the rite should be hold on the equinox, October when the rite should be hold on the last eve, December when the rite should be hold on midwinter, March when the rite should be hold on the equinox

and June when it should be hold on the solstice. On the equinox and solstice the Cycle of Exile and Return have precedence, except for the Initiation rites. All of the coven should be present at these rites with the exception of the unclean, such as those showing the black streaks of amaranth.

This shows that amaranth is not considered a grave sin, and should not be punishable by death.

SEARCH FOR THE GARDEN



he Lilin are greeted into the circle, the first being greeted by the Hierophant, and tested so that no outsider may infiltrate the rites of the Mother. Each following participant greets the next three and then leaves the entrance to converse with others in a low voice. This continues until all have arrived and lined up in a circle. The Hierophant proclaims:

Hierophant: As the darkest hour approaches, the world is alive with the claw of the hunter, the watchful eyes of the seeker and the rustling scales of the knowing ones. Tell us, Guardian of the west, Is the Moon out? Is the Game afoot?

Portianitor: (strikes a pose of respect, fist to heart) Hierophant, the moon is out but there is but sparse game is afoot.

Hierophant: Tell us Guardian of the South, is the night dark, is the scent of prey riding the winds?

Adjudicator: (strikes a pose of respect, fist to heart) Hierophant,

The dance can be replaced by a rite of necessity if need be.

The rite of the Lovers is also regular, as well as the Search for Wisdom.



the night is dark but the prey is hiding from us.

Hierophant: Tell us, Guardian of the East, are the stars out, is the Earth firm?

Custodian: (strikes a pose of respect, fist to heart) Hierophant, the stars are out, but the earth is cold and trembles.

Hierophant: Then I say, the world is no Garden, no hallowed places remains but those of our own hand.

After this, the rite proceeds in the manner proscribed for the night.

MEETING DANCE.



A female Maiden should lead. A wereman should place both hands on her waist, standing behind her, and alternate women and weremen should do the same, the Maiden leading and they dance following her. She at last leads them into a right-hand spiral. When the center is reached, she suddenly turns and dances back, kissing each wereman as she comes to him. All women and weremen turn likewise and dance back, women kissing weremen and weremen kissing women. All in time to music, it is a merry game, but must be practiced to be done well. It is most excellent to get people to know each other at big gatherings.

This had better be marked by a stone or much confusion will arise to the disgrace of everyone involved.

Note, the musicians should watch the dancers and make the music fast or slow as is best.

For the beginners it should be slow, or there will be chaos.

Although that could be entertaining at times.

STRIDE OF THE SUN GOD



The lilin enter the circle, led by the custodian, and slowly line up to one side with heads bowed. The Hierophant is the last to enter the hall. She stops to bow at the axis line to her post and walks slowly to her post.

The musicians sit on a raised platform opposite the Hierophant. The adjudicator chants the three-fold prayer.

The sound of the drums then breaks the silence. The lilin, now seated on their knees, listen to the piercing sound of a single flute which plays the musical prelude.

The Hierophant takes one step to the front of her post, bows her head, and begins to walk slowly around the circle. The lilin follow, circling the hall three times, and stopping to bow to each other at the Hierophant's post. As the lilin bow they look between the eyebrows of the lilin opposite them and contemplate the divine manifestation within.

After circling the hall the third time, the last lilin bows to the post and returns to her place as the Hierophant takes her post.

The chorus then bow, remove their cloaks, kiss them, and let them drop to the floor. They return to their places and stand, arms crossed right over left at the chest.

In so doing, they leave their worldly attachments and prepare to turn for Lucifer.



The musicians play as the custodian approaches the Hierophant; bows to her with right foot over the left and arms crossed at the shoulders; kisses the right hand of the Hierophant, then steps away backwards to a position five feet from the post, in order to direct the ceremony.

Each lili then approaches the Hierophant in the same manner: bowing to the Hierophant and kissing her right hand. The Hierophant kisses the lili's head, then the lili bows again and turns toward the custodian for silent instruction.

All the lili unfold their arms and whirl as the Hierophant stands at her post, the musicians play and the chorus chants. The chorus extend their arms, right palm facing up and the left down.

As the chorus turn the custodian slowly walks among them, signaling with her eyes or position to correct their speed or posture. The lili turn counterclockwise, silently repeating "All hail Lilith. All hail Lucifer"

After about an hour the music stops, and the lili complete a turn and halt facing the Hierophant.

This sequence, called a season, is repeated three more times. During the fourth season, the Hierophant slowly enters the circle and turns in the center, as the sun revolves with the planets spinning around it.

The Hierophant arrives at her post, bows, sits, and kisses the floor. The chorus sits and put on their cloaks. The Hierophant leads the coven in the Mothers Chant, then the lili kiss the floor and rise.

The Hierophant then rises, crosses the floor and walks away. The lili rise and follow her, each bowing toward the altar as they cross the center line of the floor.

SERMONS OF LILITH



All members of the Bahari value their knowledge of The Gardens of Lilith. Those members who take the story of our origins very seriously often gather to hear sermons on their history to remind them who and what they are. This reminder serves to strengthen our loyalty to the cult and our ideology. Coven members take turns reciting from The Gardens of Lilith, while the others sit in a semicircle holding lit candles and meditating on the passages. The sermons are sometimes followed by the Vaulderie, and among more intellectual covens, intense deliberation. Coven members often discuss the passages read during the rite almost until dawn. Vampire history, particularly as far back as The Gardens of Lilith is largely an oral tradition, and few Bahari covens can agree unanimously on the exact phraseology of a given passage from the book.

The energy from above enters through the right palm, passes through the visible channel of the body, then passes through the left palm into the earth.

This movement should be so quick that their billowing skirts wrap around their legs as they bow to the post.



SEARCH FOR WISDOM

THE LOVERS



his rite involves suspending the martyr upside down from the tree of knowledge. While she is hanging, other Lilin come and mortify her flesh. Some stick her with skewers, others cut away bits of skin and snip off extremities (fingers, nose, genitals). One must always thrust a spear into her, preferably through her, and into the tree behind. An eye may be taken. Hungry ravens, often ghouls, may come to pick at her flesh to draw her dead blood.

On the second night, the Cainite is brought back to the tree and made to hang by her neck (right-side up). Cainites nesting in the trees pour tainted blood into her mouth and make her drink. This two-night rite is meant to teach an important lesson about wisdom, and, by proxy, the abyss. The first night symbolizes Odin's sacrifice for wisdom. The All-Father hung upside down from the World Tree to gain insight into mysteries. For his suffering, he was rewarded. The second night, on the other hand, is the flip-side of this, and represents the eternal punishment of the trickster, Loki. Loki wanted wisdom but did not want to sacrifice. He overextended himself and went too far, and he paid the price for his selfishness.



he participants gather naked in the dead of winter within the meeting place. Many participants hurl themselves into the heaviest snarls, gleefully rending their flesh as they pull free. As such, each is covered in his own blood, his flesh singing with pain as he enters the clearing. To one end of the expanse waits a large bonfire, burning. Directly opposite this lies a pool of water, often frozen to a thin sheen or bobbing with shards of ice. Once the observers are in place, the officiants, the Hierophant and Custodian, arrive, each carrying a Scourge. After a brief exchange of embraces and kisses, the two begin slowly to arouse each other with kisses and caresses of the most intimate kinds. As passions begin to build, both officiants employ briars and thorned flowers in their mating dance. Soon thereafter, the Scourges are employed as well. When both officiants are glistening with sweat and blood, the two exchange a kiss. The Hierophant then immerses herself in the icy waters of the pool and the Custodian passes fully through the flames of the bonfire. It is said that when the two officiants subject themselves to these tortures, the pain sends their souls aloft into the aether, allowing the Lightbringer and Lilith themselves to manifest within the waiting bodies.

The blood should be from mortals sickened or killed by some kind of poison: bug-killer, rat poison, plant or animal toxins.

The abyss is this way. If one gives of oneself, then one may take from the Dark Mother in the form of the secrets of the primordial darkness. If one learns the mysteries without sacrifice, then the Dark Mother will make one the sacrifice, perhaps forever.

Signifying the descent of our Mother into the Endless Sea

Representing Lucifer's light and the fire of initiation



CELEBRATION OF SUFFERING

Initiation



he coven gathers in the circle and the Guardian of the west starts beating the drum that rests against the tree of life, or the pillar representing it, in an even rhythm that echoes a heart-beat. The coven members join in a dance that grow ever more animated. The Guardian of the west hands over the drum to the Guardian of the south who picks a faster pace to the beat and as the dance evolve into the coven granting pleasure and pain to each other. The Guardian of the south takes over for the last third of the beat and ends it with three mighty crashes after which all freeze in place.

Hierophant: "Hold! The fire of dawn draws nigh. This rite shall end, as all things that have not awakened must. Sisters, take your epiphanies, take your glories, take the wisdom of the first free being into the world until such time we meet again".

The coven gathers their things in silence and leaves the circle one by one, to venture forth into the Night as the solitary predators we are.



Becoming a Bahari is often a simple but excruciating process. Like Lilith herself, a prospective Bahari begins as a favored person, wealthy, perhaps, or beautiful or popular or blessed in some other way. Suddenly, a cataclysmic event devastates it all and leaves her stumbling through a desert of pain. There she attains some insight into the vast and finite nature of the world: Some see a literal vision of the Dark Mother, or dream of wandering in an empty, waterless waste. Others see the infinite perception of the Ancient One gazing into a cyclopean void; still others fall into comas or literally wander in a half-dead state (often pregnant, as Lilith was) until a second catastrophe rocks them out of the stupor. Until this ordeal and vision occur, a would-be Bahari remains outside the garden; only by tearing herself on the thorns at the gate may she attain the sweet nectar within. Until that time, she may speak the Mother's name, perform her rites, even tend her garden, but still remain outside it, as Lilith was exiled from Eden. If she's lucky, this unfortunate neophyte might discover, or be discovered by, the followers of Lilith. The blood of Lilith consecrates an initiation. Like the Christian Eucharist, this blood forms a symbolic bridge between goddess and gardener; unlike that Host, this blood is

Pain is the initiation, agony and insight the stepping-stones.

It's worth noting that thousands, perhaps millions, of devotees worship at Lilith's altar without ever knowing what they're doing. While not formal Bahari, these "acolytes" revere pain, revel in the occult and make a point of advocating both.



real, often gathered from the initiate, the initiator, a plant and a live sacrifice, then blended together in a not-too-pleasant concoction. After drinking it, the new Bahari recites some variation on the Oath of Lilith, then receives whatever vows, studies or torments the initiator feels are appropriate. Many Bahari learn the runes called Ba'harah, the symbolic language of the sect; many others do not. (See Appendix II)

CHOOSING SUPPLICANTS



W e Lilin are chosen for our intellectual courage, emotional vibrancy and craving to experience the Dark Mother's truths. Converts are typically young, rarely older than ancillae. we do not actively pursue recruits, however. An elder might pass a candidate timely information that has nothing to do with Lilith, or make herself known in a casual manner. After a few years of interaction, the elder might set small challenges for the student to see if the subject is a valid choice. In that time, any Bahari in the area, watch over the prospect and evaluate her. We look for intelligence, strength and a willingness to explore. Only after at least another year does the elder invite the student to take his first steps onto the path. This approach to initiation has worked for centuries. For a vampire, one of Lilith's thorns is the hunger of the Beast. To progress

on the path, one must move deep into the garden, wherever darker pleasures and sharper agonies await. At the center of the place lies the Tree of Enlightenment, which Lilith grew from the stolen seed of Sabaoth's tree, and which in metaphorical terms is the final initiation that balances Instinct and Intellect, Pleasure and Pain, Spirituality and Sensuality. By opening one's self to true experience, Suffering and Ecstasy, Enlightenment and Madness, one can comprehend the Truth of Reality. Vampires who follow Lilith's teachings must lust, no, have a need far beyond lust, for her secrets and experiences. A Supplicant must prove that need. She must demand agonies, be it the torments of whip and fire, or the rages and depredations of the Beast, before we accept her. Only then, when the initiate has taken the first tenuous steps into the exquisite agonies of the Dark Mother's love, do the Hierophants, come to her and challenge her. The Hierophants, the torturer priests of Lilith, become the student's lovers, and their ministrations are merciless. From the beginning, an acolyte experiences pain beyond comprehension. In the end, when the Supplicant has proven herself, when she has demonstrated her pure, ravenous need, the Hierophants put away their knives, hang up their whips, remove the barbs, sheath their instruments, take her as a disciple and whisper the first secrets of Lilith.

If the student's need is sufficient, the pain draws her deeper into that metaphorical garden and the Hierophants show her the Mother's thorns.

Unlike adherents of other paths, we Bahari are willing to adopt vampires close to humanity as future path followers.

There have always been exceptions, though, vampires who are guided to the way by some other force, be it fate, destiny or curiosity. These vampires are never turned away. Members prefer to know such candidates in advance, but we believe that those who come unbidden have been sent by Lilith herself.



Craving and Conversion



When Lilin come to our belief on our own. The gaze of the Lords of the Outer Darkness and one's own mastery of the abyss do not come with limp devotion and toothless faith. Recruiting tends to bring on board the lowest common denominator. Often enough, we suspiciously regard those who come seeking enlightenment. Is the Cainite the pawn of the cult's enemies? Does she only wish for power without the faith, looking like Kayin to steal fire from the Dark Mother without paying the cost? Many novices find their dedication to the primeval powers is not nearly as zealous as they had imagined, and it burns out hot and fast and leaves them a haggard wreck. Few are truly prepared for what the Cult demands of its faithful. Determining this

initial worth before the Cainite is allowed into the novices is difficult, but the Lilin have likely gone through it before. Sometimes, it comes down to a simple question-and-answer period, one that may take many nights to complete. Has the Damned had dreams that led her to the path? Has she renounced her faith in other things, removing the fetters that bind her to other Kindred and their ways? We may ask about the Cainite's mortal life, going as far back as the individual's childhood. We often look for crucial signs or portentous triggers in the subject's life and unlife, things that illustrate the Cainite's willingness to sacrifice and her understanding of the cycles of life and death, creation and destruction. It's far better for an initiate to already have a grasp of these larger ideas than to be utterly ignorant of the world around her. By spying

Recruiting is, some say, like skimming the top of the water for gold, when the true treasures lie deep.



on the Kindred, whether for a few nights or a whole year, we gain a better grasp of the subject through her actions. If we see her duck into a midnight mass, that becomes worrisome. If she goes out of her way to avoid trouble and persecution, or exhibits weakness, then perhaps her blood does not belong with the Lords of the Outer Darkness. Ultimately, we expect creativity from the aspirants. Creativity should be expressed through immediate sacrifice: perhaps the Cainite severs her own hand and gifts it to the Hierophant. Alternately, maybe the Cainite offers herself as a sacrifice, meaning that she subjects herself to one or all the steps of the Vinculum. Surrender is key to this proof. If the Cainite murders a loved one or instead Embraces her, then that might reveal the mad spark the cult seeks. On rare occasions, the cult will extend an invitation to a singular Kindred. This is different from open proselytizing: the cult does not present broad propaganda in the hopes of catching many fish with a single net. No, an invitation is precise. The Lilin extend the hand of sisterhood only to those we feel are truly worth it, and moreover to those whom the Lilin expect to actually join. Those Damned brought to the cult in this manner, sponsored by an Bahari already out of the novices, tend to have an easier time getting into the novices. They still have to jump through some requisite hoops, of course, the cultists must be certain that this individual truly belongs in

the Cult. We will watch her, testing her in little ways. If she is invited to join, it was for a reason, and the cult doesn't wish for such an individual to languish in ignorance. One important note is that within wise covens, a Cainite's age or standing among its peers does not matter when joining the path. Whether the Kindred was Embraced three days or 300 years ago, a new initiate is a new initiate. All must go through some steps to prove their worth to the Cult, whether neonate, ancilla or elder. An elder learning the coveted secrets of the primordial darkness and then turning treacherous is infinitely worse than a neonate doing the same. Their worth must be estimated and proven more than any other.

In this fluting of the regular hierarchies of society, we act in many ways like the Masonic orders becoming increasingly popular among the urban centers of western Europe where a pauper may sit in office above a lord and an apprentice initiate a master craftsman. Although they are blind children, lacking true antiquity, I feel that some shred of the Dark Mothers lessons may possibly be found within them. In this simple act of broken boundaries if nothing else.

Surrender? What pabulum is this? The defining aspect of a true Bahari is to not surrender, to grasp the the beating heart of the world and wrest True Freedom from it. Lilith never surrendered, and neither should anyone walking in her footsteps. Would one of my associates give in to me like that, I would drive her away or kill her, for those who surrenders are poor keepers of secrets.

Proof in Pain



For some Bahari cults, entrance is as easy as asking. These cults tend to be small, short lived and ultimately tend to have little or no understanding of the abyss. Therefore, we wise Kindred of the Third Garden put our Supplicants through various rites and practices whose primary purpose is to see how far they will go in service of the Cult. These rites may have secondary benefits, as well. Not only might these rites teach the novices about the ways of the path (and how the power of creation must come after the enlightenment gleaned through



tribulation), but the subjects of the rites may reveal a great deal about ourselves through these often awful acts.

Nogarolla mentions three initiation rites, corresponding with the three gardens of Lilith, but the first anecdote mentions three gardens, as well as the city of Ubar. Many have pointed out that Nogarollas knowledge of the third degree initiation is spotty at best. But I think she is even more ignorant than that. I think there is a fourth initiation that Nogarolla never even heard about.

All three initiation rites involves three distinct stages. First, an initiate is separated from the rest of the coven, marking the initiate as chosen for tribulation and advancement. Next, she crosses a symbolic constructed threshold, enduring some difficult or painful test of will and proving her path. Last, she is reintegrated with the community as a newly declared Bahari, and may take part in the declaration or celebration to mark the occasion.

FIRST-DEGREE INITIATION INTO THE GARDEN OF GISHIDAH



prospective mentor may watch several potential students from afar. She marks these subjects by using a minor rite to add a tiny, barely noticeable coloration to their auras. Only a master of Auspex or some other Aural art would notice it, and only Lilin know the mark's significance. Of those touched, the Bahari approach a mere handful as part of a long seduction, eventually inviting them as spectators or special celebrants in some minor rituals until the Sowing of the Seed is performed.

It is said that the birth descendants of Lilith carries this sign naturally, and this marking adopts the student into her line.

Sowing the Seed: Donning the Cloak of Night



The first-degree initiation is an intensely personal rite, aimed to be a true trial for the supplicant. When the Hierophant believes a Cainite is ready for initiation, she is called forth and asked to accept participate in a ceremony. Towards the end of the ceremony but before the Celebration of Suffering she is welcomed into the coven in song.

Lucifer said to Lilith: "I do give to thee this Cloak of Night, my love, upon which are sewn the moon and the stars of the night sky. Wear it and rule the Night as I now rule the Day".

Hierophant:

"NN, she who is the first and the last

The honored one and the scorned one

The whore and the holy one

The wife and the virgin

The mother and the daughter

The members of her mother

The barren one

And many are her children

Have come to reflect upon thee

To grant you a cloak

To be stained by thy sins

Do thou accept her gifts?"

Where NN is replaced by the supplicants name.

The supplicant responds with a few sung lines, gratefully kneeling before the Hierophant and the image of Lilith, the Mother of daemons and the Goddess of the Endless sea, which have been arranged between the Trees.



Initiate:

"I am knowledge and ignorance
I am shame and boldness
I am shameless; I am ashamed
I am strength and I am fear
I am war and peace
I give heed to Her"

*honoring the new initiate
and the will of the Dark
Mother.*

The rest of the Coven raises their voices in praise. The Hierophant whispers to the supplicant, giving her one of the hidden names of the Neverborn, instructing her to never repeat it to anyone. After that the Celebration of Suffering commences.

Tribulation:

The Interrogation of the Angels



That night, the supplicant returns to her home or haven and arranges for the creation of a handmade cloak of wool. When she receives the cloak, she spills a few drops of her blood onto it, reciting the Threefold Prayer in thanks. The next week, she is joined by another member of the path, who bleeds a few drops of her blood onto the cloak and recites her prayer together with her. And ask her for the hidden name. The questioner may employ torture or other means to try to force the name out of the Novice. Each week, another member arrives to add to the staining of the cloak, and all those who have

*Just like the three Angels
sent by Sabaoth to subdue
Lilith and drag her back to
servitude in the Garden.*

participated thus far recite the prayers together with the newest contributor. At each visitation, the supplicant must provide sustenance for every member of the Coven present, and each visitor will ask for the name.

Reaping the Harvest: The Return to the Endless Sea



Once all of the members of the Coven have contributed, on the next new moon, the coven performs the Search for the Garden. Then the Legend of the Endless Sea is either read or acted out.

The adjudicator should act as Narrator, and the Portianitor as Guardian of the Portal. The Initiate, acts the part of Lilith, and the custodian act the part of Yaldabaoth.

Lilith, takes off her cloak and lays it on the Altar. Then she goes outside the circle and is dressed in a veil and jewelery. Yaldabaoth, is invested with a horned crown and stands in God position with sword and scourge, by the altar.

*Just like Lilith laid down
her mantle and threw her
self into the Endless Sea.*

Narrator: In ancient times our Lord, the Blind God, was, as he still is, the Consoler, the Comforter; but kindred knew him as the Dread Lord of Shadows, lonely, stern, and hard. Now our Lady Lilith had never seen what come before the light, but she would solve all mysteries, even the mystery of Darkness, and so she



journeyed to the Endless Sea, and there the Guardians of the Portals challenged her.

Lilith, advances to the side of the Circle. The Guardian of the Portal challenges her with the sword.

Guardian of the Portal: Strip off thy cloak, lay aside thy jewels, for naught may ye bring with ye into this our land.

Narrator: So she laid down her cloak and her jewels and was bound, as are all who enter the realms of the Blind God.

Lilith takes off the veil and the jewelery and lays them down outside the Circle. The Guardian of the Portal binds her with the rope and brings her inside the Circle.

Narrator: Such was her grace that the Blind God himself knelt and laid his sword and crown at her feet and kissed them.

Yaldabaoth, comes forward and lays the Horned Crown and the Sword at the Initiate's feet and kisses her feet

Yaldabaoth: Blessed be thy feet that have brought thee back to me. Abide with me again like before thee where given the form of the True Earth.

Lillith: I Know thee not. Who art thou who hide here in the darkness at the bottom of the sea?

Yaldabaoth: Lady, I am he who came to be in the void. I am he who was banished by the light. The Darkness hides all things; but

when kindred die at the end of time, I give them wisdom and strength, so that they may learn. But thou, thou art lovely. Return not; abide with me.

Lillith: Twice before have I been bound to man who turned on me. No more.

Yaldabaoth: An thou receives not mine hand on thine heart, thou must receive the Blind God's scourge.

Lilith rises and takes up the Scourge from the Altar.

Lilith: It is fate, better so.

Lilith kneels before the altar, and Yaldabaoth uses the scourge.

Narrator: And the Blind God scourged her, and she cried.

Lilith: I see the truth. The light blinded me, but I am blind no more.

Narrator: And the Blind God raised her, and he gave her the Kiss.

Yaldabaoth raises Lilith, gives her the Kiss and unties the rope

Yaldabaoth: Thus only may thou attain to joy and knowledge.

Narrator: And he taught her all the Mysteries and gave her the cloak, which is the cover of Darkness.

At the climax of the rite, the blood is miraculously absorbed into the cloak flowing out to cover it, and returning to the

The Blind Gods scourge made Lilith remember the desert, and the birth of her children and the dark mother turned inward and saw the shade of primordial void in her soul



This may not always result in an even or even pretty hue and it is far from uncommon for members to color their cloaks blood red artificially after the ritual. This is in addition to the other adornments that may be added, such as black wreaths of thorns.

Hermit is a term often used for the spouse of the Hierophant.

color it had when first shed . Lilith takes Yaldabaoth's cloak from the Altar and hangs it around her, wrapping it around herself, hiding completely within its folds.

Lilith takes up the Sword and the Horned Crown from the floor, where the Hermit placed them, and stands as before by the Altar, in the position of the Goddess, and he stands by her side in the pentacle position

Narrator: And he taught her the mystery of the sacred cup, which is the cauldron of rebirth. They loved and were one; and he taught her all the wisdom of the Great Abyss. For there be three great mysteries in the existence of all; love, pain and darkness, and the Endless Sea contains them all. And our Goddess ever inclineth to love and awakening, and guardeth and cheriseth Her hidden children in existence; and like the Blind God she teaches the way to have communion, and even in this world She teaches them the Mystery of the Primordial Shadow, which is placed between the worlds.

At the conclusion of the telling, the supplicant declares that she is ready to be cleansed by the Cult of Lilith and emerge as a true childe of the Dark Mother. Each member of the Coven steps forward in turn and names a sin that the child has committed and asks about the hidden name. The supplicant responds to each declaration with acceptance of the sin

but reiterates that the name is secret. If she responds in any other way, naming of the sin is repeated and the supplicant is given another chance to answer it. Once all of the members of the Coven have stepped forward, the supplicant turns to the Hierophant and begs, once again, to be cleansed. The Hierophant then asks each member of the coven if they have managed to ascertain the name of the Neverborn given to the supplicant. If any one can give the name, the supplicant has failed. The Hierophant asks the Initiate one final time for the name of the Neverborn. And if she gives it she has likewise failed, and is not welcome in the Cult of the Third Garden. But if she holds her tongue, the child is assigned a new name and called upon to don the robe, leaving behind her old sins and old name and emerging as a Maiden of the Cult of Lilith. She does so with great joy and relief. The Cainite who emerges from this rite is never again referred to by her old name in gatherings of the Coven.

The celebration of Suffering follows as usual, in which the Coven dance, sing and feast upon available sources (invariably prepared and provided by the novice) for the remainder of the night. The supplicant is then and forever more a novice, a full Bahari of the Cult of Lilith, a true servant of the Dark Mother and channel for the wisdom and power of the spirits of the abyss.

It seems to me that Ifotta Nogarola, does not follow this command.

Or she does not want her coven to know that it is she who have broken her vow of secrecy and made this collection available to outsiders.

In that case it is rather foolish of her to include her own biography.



SECOND-DEGREE INITIATION INTO THE GARDEN OF DHAINUV

No novice may come unto the Hierophant seeking elevation in the ranks of the Acolytes until at least a year and a day have passed since she first was allowed among the coven following her first initiation. Each year, the Hierophant of the coven selects those members of the maidens who are ready to graduate to Mothers of the cult by the end of October, allowing them at least six weeks to make their own preparations for the initiation rite, which always takes place on the night before and during the Winter Solstice. Both parts of this initiation rites are performed in two concentric circles, stratified into an inner ring of Acolytes and an outer one

for the Novices. Those novices named for the honor of initiation are allowed to step between the two rings for all rites after their selection, indicating their current transition in passage to the inner round.

Sowing the Seed: Exile from the Garden



The novices arrive one by one at least an hour before the rite begins. At the gate, the Hermit ask them "What do thou seek?". The novices may answer whatever they like, but frivolous, insincere or dishonest answers may be grounds for immediate rejection of the novice. As the novices arrive they are met by a silent woman in a deep cowl. They are separated, made to wash themselves in ash water, drink their own blood out of a simple earthen cup and wait in silence.

Maiden is another name for Novice, while Mother is an alternative for Acolyte, and Crone for Hierophant.



The Lilin are greeted into the circle and the rite is begun with the Search for the Garden in the usual manner, save that the Hierophants final pronouncements continues as below.

Hierophant: Then I say, the world is no Garden, no hallowed places remains but those of our own hand. But we are few and the land is vast. Guardians, is there among our novices those who would stand among us, who would water the gardens and let their eyes open to the world.

Custodian: Hierophant, there is not a single foot falling upon the southern roads.

Adjudicator: Hierophant, there is not a single voice calling for us on the eastern steppes.

Portianitor: Hierophant! By the way of the great sea, our novices approaches.

Hierophant: Describe them to me.

Adjudicator: Their scents are thick among the brambles. They smell of the rising sea, their breath is full with their own waters which have sustained them. They are still and silent, ready to walk the path of thorns, their minds serene.

Hierophant: Have these novices been tested? Have they walked in the mothers garden? Have they faced the fire and the wastes? Have they chosen to stand where others crawl? Who among us will stand up for them?

Custodian, Adjudicator, Portianitor: We have born witness, we will stand for them.

Hierophant: Very well, bring these novices among us that they may take the oath and walk into the wastes to harvest a gift for the mother.

It is always customary to bring a gift when visiting someones garden.

The custodian, and if necessary the other guardians, each brings a maiden into the sanctum and arranges them equidistantly in the space between the inner and outer circle. Kneeling and facing inwards. In the meantime the Hierophant leads the coven in an appropriate hymn.

The Hierophant approaches the northernmost maiden and asks:

Hierophant: Maiden, we hope that thou dost not come to us asking forgiveness, for like the dark mother we have none to give. Come neither seeking a master to pledge service to or a judge to take away thee responsibilities, for the dark mother spits on such acts. Answer me child, have thou come to us seeking such things?

Maiden: No.

Hierophant: Then let thy true name be written anew in the book of life.

The Hierophant gestures the guardian whom brought the novice into the sanctum to come forward and adorn the novices skin with the runes and symbols denoting her place in the society of the Bahari, the runes meant to bring her epiphanies and glory

As Lilith did on her travel through the desert, they have subsisted on their own blood.



dating back to the very first of the dark mothers children. (See Appendix II) Meanwhile, the Hierophant repeats the process with the next maiden in the widdershins direction. When all have been adorned, she leads the coven in the calls and answers of the Litany of Nahema.

The coven then starts chasing the novices around the circumference with whips and barbs until they either fall down in exhaustion or simply stops and let their blood water the ground. They are then each brought to a secluded shallow grave by their guardian. The guardian then informs them about the expectations of them during the next part of the initiation the following night. She then leaves them to rest in their graves. These graves are then blessed by the Hierophant herself with a sprinkling of herbs, rosemary and thyme in equal measure, and pure water.

Hierophant: As the dark Mother rose out of the true earth, moved by her own will, so may thou to rise. Unfettered and awake, free under the robe of the night. May the cat hunt at thy side, may the owl be thine eyes and the snake bring thee the wisdom of the hidden places.

The ceremony is then ended in the usual manner, with the Celebration of Suffering.

Tribulation: The Trial of the Wanderer



At the arrival of Midwinter's dusk, the maiden rises from the open grave, naked and ritually marked, as if awakening from death. She is alone and without guidance. Knowing well what is expected of her, she steps out into the chill night, seeking a mortal victim for sacrifice. She will ritually stalk the victim, spending at least an hour in pursuit before closing in and capturing the mortal alive. Thence, she carries her captive back to the ritual gathering place of the Coven, where she presents the victim to the Hierophant and collected Lilin, as she's been instructed by her guardian the preceding night.

The victim ought to have been well chosen by the initiate during the weeks leading up to the rite. The prospective sacrifice should be one the reflects the torments and trials of the dark mother in some fashion.

Lilith warns all whom she employs. We cannot judge of men by their sufferings, nor of sins by present punishments; with some, the flesh is destroyed, that the spirit may be saved; with others, the flesh is pampered, that the soul may ripen for hell. The sacrificed are our tormentors and thus most precious to us.

A slavemaster for the role of Sabaoth, a rapist or child killer for the angels that wronged Mother or a betrayer for the role of Kayin are all proper candidates.

As Lilith chased Cain through the Garden of Dhainuv.

It is fitting if the novice can slip into slumber hearing devotions sung to the dark mother in the distance.



*Reaping the harvest:
The Midwinter Sacrifice*



he Ceremony of the second night begins and ends in much the same way as the one the preceding night, with some notable differences.

The Lilin are greeted into the circle in the usual manner, the first being greeted by the Hierophant, and tested so that no outsider may infiltrate the rites of the Mother. Each following participant greets the next three and then leaves the entrance to converse with others in low voice. This continues until all have arrived and the Hierophant proclaims:

Hierophant: As the darkest hour of the year approaches, the world is alive with the claw of the hunter, the watchful eyes of the seeker and the rustling scales of the knowing ones. Tell us, Guardian of the west, Is the Moon out? Is the Game afoot?

Portianitor: (strikes a pose of respect, fist to heart) Hierophant, the moon is out but there is but sparse game is afoot.

Hierophant: Tell us Guardian of the South, is the night dark, is the scent of prey riding the winds?

Adjudicator: (strikes a pose of respect, fist to heart) Hierophant, the night is dark but the prey is hiding from us.

Hierophant: Tell us, Guardian of the East, are the stars out, is the Earth firm?

Custodian: (strikes a pose of respect, fist to heart) Hierophant, the stars are out, but the earth is cold and trembles.

Hierophant: Then I say, the world is no Garden, no hallowed places remains but those of our own hand. But we are few and the land is vast. Guardians, is there among our maidens those who would stand among us, who would water the gardens and let their eyes open to the world.

Custodian: Hierophant, there is not a single voice calling for us on the eastern steppes.

Adjudicator: Hierophant, there is not a single foot falling upon the southern roads.

Portianitor: Hierophant! In the west a clatter is rising among the sleeping ones. Hunters are out, bringing sacrifices to water the garden of the mother.

Hierophant: Describe them to me.

Adjudicator: Their scents are thick among the brambles. The tang of earth clings to their bodies as a mask that the prey shall know none of their approach. But the game is sparse and the land cold. It may yet be some time before they all have brought down their chosen offering, some time before they approach the gates of the garden.



Hierophant: Very well, we shall practice patience. But then how shall we pass the time?

The Coven then pass the time until the first novice arrives in some prearranged fashion. When the first novice approaches the Gate of the Garden, the Guardian of the west Cries out.

Portianitor: Sisters, I smell prey at the gate.

Custodian: I fell the hunters feet falling heavy on the forested paths.

Adjudicator: I hear a heart beating as unto bursting.

Hierophant: Who is thou who hast come among us this night?

Supplicant: I am She Who Was Cast Out, who has returned with a gift for the dark Mother. I shall sacrifice that which is most dear to me, for that which is not missed is truly worthless and that which you attained without loss is not rightfully thine.

Hierophant: Then thou who stands on the threshold between the pleasant world of lies and the dread domains of the Lady of the Outer Darkness, do thee have the courage to make the assay?

The Hierophant place point of the sword to the Novice's heart.

Hierophant: For thou wouldst do better to rush on my blade and perish than to make the attempt with fear in thy heart.

Supplicant: I have two true words: true suffering, and true revelation.

Hierophant: All who have are doubly welcome. I give thee a third to pass thee through this dread door.

The Hierophant now gives the novice that sacred word which shall serve to prove her when she seeks entrance to later rites. The secret is sealed with a kiss. The novice is shown the way into the inner circle, standing with the sacrifice in front of the Trees of Life and Knowledge.

Supplicant: If it pleases the coven to let me present this to the Dark Mother, let us secure this being partaking of both life and knowledge, as befits a holy offering.

The coven hails in assent.

All: So mote it be.

The coven starts praying the mothers prayer in low voice so that the officiants doing specific tasks may be heard over the chants of adoration.

In the meantime, the Guardians adheres the sacrifice to the trees in the following fashion.

Portianitor: Right hand that would not reach for what it desired by its own volition, that would not accept responsibility for thy choices, thy fate is no longer thine own.

The Guardian ties the sacrifice right hand to the tree of knowledge.

This may vary, lectures on some appropriate topic such as gardening or torture is common, so are games and contests.



Adjudicator: Left hand that would not reach for eternity, that cowered in shackles under the wrath of jealous gods, thy fate was never thine own to begin with.

The Guardian ties the sacrifice left hand to the tree of life.

Custodian: Feet that would run in fear, that would not walk boldly into the night, thy path ends here.

The Guardian place the cauldron beneath the sacrifice and ties its feet together. Each participant then takes turns cutting into the sacrifice, with the ceremonial dagger, offering up their own adoration while the prayer of the coven repeats in the background. Once the sacrifice is drained and a mere husk, the Hierophant fills an aspergillum from the bloodfilled cauldron. The blood of the sacrifice is then sprinkled on all participants, none of whom may drink of it, it is sacred, and remains for the Dark Mother alone. Meanwhile the Supplicant solemnly swears the Oath of Lilith.

An aspergillum is a liturgical implement used to sprinkle holy water, or in this case blood. It comes in two common forms: a brush that is dipped in the water and shaken, and a silver ball on a stick.

Once all chosen Lilin have returned, made their sacrifices and sworn their oaths, giving up the fruits of their hunt for the favor of the Dark Mother, a feast is arranged by the Custodian. The Chorus brings out mugs filled with warm, fresh mortal blood, and all present participate in a prayer of devotion, honoring the results of the hunt and the favorable accomplishment of the chosen ones. These initiates continue

to drink from the mugs, which is continually refilled, throughout the Litany of Nahema which is led jointly by the initiates.

The chant begins with the Hierophant striking the pose of the open gate, palms parting the veil of worlds until they rest on the pillars of life and knowledge.

After this, the Hierophant may read a significant passage from the local litany. All sing an appropriate prayer song, and the chosen hunters is led to the center of the circle. There, they enter ecstatic trance brought on by the song and glutting on blood, and the initiate is branded with the runic marks that were chosen for her and her scarlet cloak is adorned with the ivy wines of a full Bahari. The ceremony is concluded in the usual manner with the Celebration of Suffering.

THIRD-DEGREE INITIATION INTO THE GARDEN OF BA'HARAH



Though most of our rituals take place in the sanctity of the gardens raised within the circles, some do not. This is the foremost one of these. The reason for this shall not be given freely to the initiate, or uninitiated, until such time as they have passed this harrowing. But for the sake of clarity, I do write it here. The two first Gardens have been stricken



from existence, and in truth exists only as shadows of their former selves in our rituals. We keep their glory alive, but know in our heart of hearts that they are in truth no longer of this realm.

Some say the secret of the Garden of Ba'harah is that it is a Garden of the children. That the Garden of Torment is a Garden of the Mind. There is not a human born that do not carry some seed or trace of the Mothers blood withing them. The Final Garden is the Garden they have built. The cities. And yet this is not true. There is a third Garden of the Mother that is the true home of Lilith. The path to that place passes through the heart of shadows and beyond. To ascend to the final rung of the Bahari, to become a Hierophant of a Coven, one have to walk this path. This ritual delineate the beginning and end of this path, for in truth once the initiate have passed beyond the this false realm her initiation is in the hands of the Dark Mother herself.

Sowing the Seed: Finding the Road



his is a rare ritual, for few Lilin ever reach this far along the road, or even feel the need to take up this burden. For a Burden it is. To take the third initiation is to show ones willingness to strike out on ones own, or possibly together with some few friends in the coven, to found a

new group somewhere else. It is on the cusp between one life and the next and therefore held on the night when all veils grow thin, the Night of the Dead, the last eve of October.

But raising one of the coven to this position is an undertaking for the whole group and starts one month before the night in question. Towards the end of a regular ritual, but before the Celebration of Suffering, the Hierophant reaches into the raw earth between the Trees and withdraws a leaden chain which she tears apart while she calls the Name of the Initiate to be followed by this exchange.

Hierophant: "Why do thou curse me and honor me?

Thou hast wounded and thou hast taught

And all those things thou hast done to me

I am not separate from the first ones whom thee have known.

I know the first ones and those after them know me.

But I am the mind of Neverborns and all that remains of the first night.

I am the knowledge of my inquiry,

And the finding of those who seek after me,

And the command of those who ask of me,

And the power of the powers in my knowledge

Of the angels, who have been sent at my word,

It might be tempting to bury a chain directly when you create the hieron, in anticipation of this rite. Do not do that. The lead chain will poison the trees of your garden.

Is this a personal experience perhaps?

The first Night means the Night before the Absolute created the light. And thus creating the division between knowledge and reality. Truth and justice.



And of gods in their seasons by
my counsel,

And of spirits of every wereman
who exists with me,

And of women who dwell within
me.

I am the one who is honored, and
who is praised,

And who is despised scornfully.

I am peace, and war has come be-
cause of me

Why would thou seek to walk
with me among the thorns?"

The Hierophant hands over the
leaden pieces. And awaits the
Initiate's answer which may be as
elaborate or simple as she pleases
as long as it is clear that she wish
to meet the Mother in person, to
see the miracle of the first woman
made flesh. The Hierophant,
nods once, the whole coven claps
three times in unison and the Hi-
erophant says:

"It has begun, Members of the
Mothers, prepare the traveler!"

The coven members help each
other prepare the initiate who
stands in the middle of the cir-
cle. The initiate shall be clothed
in white, and she shall be washed
from head to foot. The coven
shall place a veil of white silk upon
her forehead, very fine and trans-
parent, which covers the forehead
even unto the eyes. Upon the veil
it is necessary to write beforehand
in gold with a brush the sign of
Ba'harah; the which serves to con-
ciliate and to give strength unto
the initiate who face the Dark
Road, so that she may sweep away

what obstacles shall present them-
selves in the beyond.

Thereafter the time for instruc-
tion has come. For many it will be
the first time they are shown the
sign of the road beyond and con-
sequently the Hierophant and the
elder sisters must have brought
the tools for them to train, be it
knives for them to cut the sign in
flesh or Obsidan Wood or brushes
with which to paint the three
times winding spiral with its thir-
teen thorns. The Hierophant in-
structs the coven in how the city
during the coming month shall be
covered in the symbols in a pat-
tern surrounding the place of de-
scent unto the dark road. Then
the rite is ended in the usual fash-
ion with the Celebration of Suf-
fering.

*A description of this pattern
would be helpful.*

*It's absence here seems to
imply that Iffotta Noga-
rolla knew it not.*

Tribulation: The Night of Open Roads



On the eve of the
last night in Oc-
tober, while the
people of the city
hold their adora-
tions for departed souls, sens-
ing the sanctity of the night al-
though their understanding of
it is flawed, the Search for the
Garden is performed, thereafter
the Malediction of the Queen of
Hells is to be sung by the Hi-
erophant who does so to remind
all in attendance of the circum-
stances that made the Third gar-
den come to pass. The adjudi-
cator, shall then spontaneously



The Queen of Hell, the Dark Mother of daemons and the Crone that Devours her own Children.

This entire rite is imprecisely rendered and terribly contradictory in its execution. It contains too few actual instructions, which makes it hard to recreate. In addition to this, the themes are radically divergent from the preceding initiations, including prostrations and submission to an unhealthy degree (although I have indeed have cause to comment on such unmotherlike tendencies in this cult before) as well as Dark Angels as helpers and guides. One might theorize that Ifotta Nogarola never where initiated to the third degree and this section is her interpretation of random rumors. That would indeed explain much.

It does sound to this Scholar that the dear contributor above is jealous of an honor he never will receive.

compose an ode to each of the three aspects of Lilith.

The Initiate spends an hour painting an elaborate pattern of glyphs on her skin, now stripped naked. The Initiate must use paint made from human blood mixed with soil taken from a grave. While the choosing of runes shall be the exclusive act of the Initiate alone, she may call upon the assistance of the Custodian as deemed necessary for the application. Finally the Portianitor leads the chorus in Petitioning the Dark Angel, by the way of Calling the Hungry Shade in Darkness, for as Lilith was accompanied by Lucifer on her road to the Garden of Dhainuv, the Initiate shall have a Guide whom can explain the rules of the shadowed path that lay ahead. This must be done in a state of utmost abasement. With the initiate prostrate upon the ground and the presiding Hierophant kneeling before the altar.

The passage into the Invisible World, and the eventual arrival at the Castle Ba'hara, shall then be facilitated by the Portianitor, through the Rite of the Descent Into the Chasm. It is thusly performed.

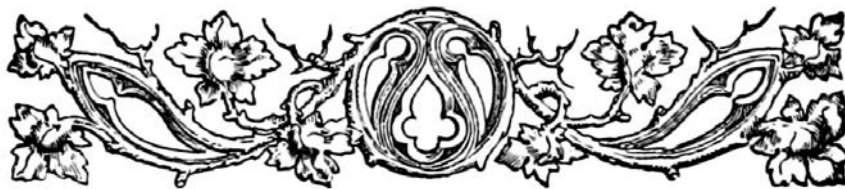
The Hierophant stands behind the initiate at the dark opening, restraining her with a hand upon her left shoulder, the right holding the Scourge aloft.

"O Thou who hast declared intent to become the steadfast tree of a new Garden, hear then that

which thou must know to do: Single is the race, single of Kindred and of Lords, from a single source we both draw breath, but a difference of power in everything keeps us apart, for we are as nothing but the Lords stay forever. Yet as the Mother shows us, we can, in time, be like the Lords. Though we know not to what goal by day or in the night, Fate has written that we shall run beyond all seas, and earth's last boundaries. Beyond the Spring of night and the Heaven's vast expanse there lies a majesty which is the domain of the Lords. Those who would pass through the Gates of Night and Day to that sweet place, which is between the world of Kindred and the domains of the Lords of the Outer Darkness, know that unless there is truth in thy heart, thy every effort is doomed to failure".

She then savagely whips the initiate so that a trail of blood filled footprints leads into the shadow, for the summoned spirit to follow and gain sustenance from. The Initiate thus disappears from the view of the world, not to be seen for three or three by three days. Occasionally, the initiate fails and is never seen again. All that may transpire within the Castle Ba'hara and on the road to that sacred place is most unknowable and ineffable, experienced only by the Initiate and her Guiding Dark Angel.

The rest of the Coven perform the Celebration of Suffering, but instead of the usual end the coven



engages in an impromptu festivity that spills out among the now sacred prongs of the city.

Reaping the Harvest: The Blood Bath



When the new Crone emerge from the Castle Ba'hara it is said that she carries the Word of a Neverborn upon her lips. This shrill shall be reopened by the Hierophant and shall henceforward be that secret name by which the Mystic is able to call on the power of the Void.

After intensive examination and testing by the adjudicator, the Initiate must present herself to all in attendance, and the adjudicator shall make known to all, the Crones Wisdom and shall recite the terms of her service to Our Mother. The Blood Bath then formalizes the initiate's new status in the cult. The newly titled Hierophant gives praise and/or advice to each of the Lilin present, emphasizing the benefits the Bahari stands to gain through the sharing of her wisdom. She then bathes in the blood donated to the pool, so that she might be baptized by the darkness, glorified by the blood; to make us, in like manner, called by the Abyss, and chosen by the blood. As she arise she exclaims as follows:

"Give heed then, ye hearers,
And you also, the shining ones
and those who have been sent,

And you spirits who have arisen
from the dead.

For I am the one who alone existed

And I have come to walk among many

And I have come to be many

And I have no one who will judge me.

For many are the pleasant forms
which exist in numerous sins,

And inconsistencies,

And disgraceful passions,

And fleeting pleasures,

Which children embrace until
they become sober

And go up to their resting place.

And they will find me there,

And they will live,

And they will not die again".

Following the ceremony, all vampires present drink from the bathing vessel, symbolizing that they willingly partake of everything the new Crone has to offer, and commence the Celebration of Suffering in the usual manner.



As many Bahari as possible who will serve under this new Hierophant must attend the ceremony, for failing to do so without an adequate reason is a grave slight to the leader in question. Starting with the Hierophant conducting the rite, attendant cult leaders and other Bahari take turns coming forward, kneeling in front of and expressing their endorsement of or allegiance to the Crone, and contributing a quantity of blood into a large vessel.



The Cycle of Exile and Return



Four times each year we celebrate the Cycle of Lilith. We remember how the Dark Mother was banished from the Garden only to return stronger than before. We cherish how the Queen of Thorns was summoned forth from the darkness of the Primal Abyss, only to willingly return to its dark embrace.

WINTER SOLSTICE



Winter is cold and dark, and attended by the slumber, the seeming death, of all nature. This is the perfect time for Kindred. Nights are long and none longer than the Winter Solstice, late December, when the earth and all undead upon it are farthest from our lost love, the sun. It is traditionally a time of triumph for the elders of the Cult, those who have slept through the wise assaults of ever-angry day, the wizened and wise who can no longer feed on the blood of mere mortals, those reputed to dine on viands darker than even Vitae.

First, the search for the Garden is acted out then there is a ritualized performance that depicts

the progress of the seasons as a metaphor for the progress of a Bahari.

The two youngest novices plays the Children. The oldest, the Maiden, The Maidens husband plays the role of the Rebel, Likewise the oldest among the acolytes shall act as the Mother, and her husband the Father, The Crone, is played by the presiding Hierophant and the Hermit by her husband.

The performance begins with two figures flirting in a bower of spring blossoms. The Children wears white garments and masks of unlined, smiling innocence. They flirt clumsily, then turn to the trees and plucks a red blood-filled apple that they share between them.

The second act begins with a brutal sun rising in the sky symbolized by a cauldron of fire. From one wing of the stage stalks the Rebel, his mask handsome but stern, often clad in armor and bearing a sword. A pair or trio of armed and unmasked mortals rush forth and do battle. Meanwhile, on the other side of the stage, the Maiden steps forth, long hair untied, wearing a mask of seductive beauty and clad in scarlet. A mortal is enticed into her arms and devoured during coitus. When both the Rebel and Maiden have completed their feasts, they fall upon one another. Both intercourse and blood tasting are enacted.

The third act is autumn, when the Mother steps forth clad in a

The Children represents Adam and Eve. The Maiden is Lilith in her aspect of the Lover, and the Rebel is Lucifer. The Mother is again Lilith this time of course in the aspect of the Mother, while the Father represents Caine. The Crone finally is obviously Lilith, sitting on her throne in Ba'harah



robe of brilliant reds and golds, greatly pregnant and bearing a mask with a serene smile of contentment. The stern-visaged Father in gray or blue meets her mid-stage and clasps her hands. Her mask changes into a face contorted with agony, and with an explosion of blood from beneath her skirt, out swarms a legion of snakes.

The final act opens with the dark clad elder figures sitting on icy thrones. They sit, motionless and silent, for half an hour. At last, the figures stand and walk slowly to the tree of knowledge to plant a red apple, the two children dances in flirting and the cycle ends where it started.

The ceremony ends as usual with the Celebration of Suffering.

SPRING EQUINOX



In the spring, life bursts forth and the world is renewed. At the Vernal Equinox, days and nights are in balance, and here Lilith may once a year meet with Lucifer. The entire rite, taken from start to finish, not only demonstrates the chosen Bahari's dedication Lilith, but creates a shared experience of directed torment that will forever tie the Lilin to her fellow sufferers. Some time before during the year, at one of the regular rites of the coven, after the search for the garden have been performed

a member of the coven who believes her existence have become too comfortable steps forward and humbly presents herself as a hopeful bride for the ceremony, by saying loud and clear "I have refused Him for too long" and then kneeling in front of the altar.

Bride: "I can not bear this anymore. I am a unworthy, unfaithful creature of great shame, who has forsaken him who gave us the night and the garden".

Hierophant: "What do thou speak of? O mother of the great beyond"

Bride: "I have hidden from my love the Lord of Light, but I will hide no more. I will once again be united with my groom to be, or mine existence will end this very night!"

Hierophant: "On behalf of the Lightbringer, I accept thine offering".

The Bride rises, and moves to kiss the Hierophant, but the Hierophant rises her sword to keep the Bride away.

Bride: "Not tonight, but when dark meet light, night meets day and winter meets summer shall we wed, until then we must stay apart. Now go and hide thy shame in the dark"

The Bride then rushes away and abstains from the rest of the rite.

At the equinox the ceremony opens up with the search for the

If more than one kindred volunteers the honor can be decided by Monomancy. If no one has volunteered one month before the equinox the Hierophant may nominate someone instead.

It is praised if the Bride pushes onward impaling herself upon the sword of Lucifer.



garden except that the eastern post is left vacant. During this night the bride must seclude herself from all Kindred or mortal contact and refrain from speaking, opening her eyes or lying down. She is to meditate calmly before an unseen mirror, clearing her mind of clutter and steeling herself for the tribulation that is to come. As she does so, the other members of her Cult perform the Stride of the Sun God meant to symbolize their love of Lucifer. The dance is incomplete, purposely missing the Guardian of the East. On the fourth season, the initiate rises and bathes herself in flower-scented waters and dons a black cloak. Emerging from the room, she finds the full complement of her Bahari compatriots waiting for her, and she leads a procession to a specially prepared marriage sanctum. This is an empty room, unfurnished and without decoration. There is an opening in the east wall, just large enough for the Cainite's arm. As the dawn approaches, the Hierophant recites the Call to Lucifer followed by the Oath of Lilith and begs the bride to come forth.

The bride pulls her robe back, exposing her left arm and putting it through the opening in the wall, asking the Elohim to join hands with her. The collected Lilin will echo her plea. As the sun rises, the bride is badly burned. She must hold her hand in the light, enduring the agony of exposure until the recitation of the Hierophant is completed. If the bride collapses, the Hierophant's retainers will pull her from the wall and

quickly cover the hole, but the Hierophant is likely to suffer a burn in the meantime (and will wear it as a mark of the bride's "imperfect" performance). Ideally, the recitation is finished quickly enough and the bride may remove her arm of her own volition. If she is successful, the bride is carried away to her meditation chamber, where a pot of blood is provided for her feeding. The Hierophant cradles the Bride and sings the Lament of Lucifer to her. The rest of the coven perform the Celebration of Suffering.

Over the next week, she convalesces, slowly healing the damage done in the ceremony. As soon as she is able, she places a band of gold on her ring finger over the burns that still remain. When her healing is nearly complete, she wills her flesh to retain the scars under this band, allowing the rest to vanish.

SUMMER SOLSTICE



It is fitting that this least venerable of seasons holds the festival of the Lilin' outsider roles, for the Summer Solstice is when the maidens have their time to shine. The Summer Solstice is a festival and an opportunity to show thy bravery and get noticed. To most vampires, fire is something to be feared and avoided, yet not to the Bahari.

The Summer Solstice starts with the search for the garden and continues with a Fire Dance. The

If she is unable to overcome the Beast and put her hand through the hole in the first place, frenzying before the sun touches her or succumbing to simple cowardice, the rite is ended and the disgraced Cainite is demoted to Novice

While we still fear it, we are not above turning it loose on our enemies. To be fully Bahari, if one are among the kindred, one must face the Röttschreck and master it.



custodian lights a large bonfire in the middle of the circle. Through the rhythmic beating of a drum and chanting, participants enter a trance-like frenzy, whirling around the flames, writhing before them and even prostrating themselves in front of the blaze. As the ceremony reaches its peak, the participants rave and chant, and encourage each other to jump through the flames. They make fantastic leaps, some even turning aerial somersaults over and over again to the point of exhaustion. When the last Lilin present has jumped through the flames, the Fire Dance comes to a close. All Bahari gather in circles, the Hierophant stands in north, before the Cauldron, holding raised sword, invokes the sun.

“Great One of Heaven, Lord of the Sun, we invoke thee in thine ancient name, Lucifer. Turn away thee shining spear of light, to protect us from its harsh punishment. Restore the powers of darkness, give us shadowed woodlands and barren fields, withering orchards and overripe corn. Bring us to stand upon thy hill of vision, and show us the path to the Gardens”.

The adjudicator then declares who is the most courages Cainite of the year.

The celebration then moves inside for the sun dance. This festival is rarely very organized, and often there's competing music from different parts of the building. The Sun Dance tests Lilins endurance and bravery; no wounds

may be healed from the moment the rite begins to the moment the sun rises on the next morning. During the rite, vampires writhe and gyrate in a hypnotic dance around the glyph of Lucifer in the form of a fiery sun to sunrise without pause, until they collapse in exhausted heaps, covered in blood sweat. The rite involves chanting, dancing, counting coup upon other cult members (through a single strike) and praising one's covens accomplishments. Bahari dress for the occasion, forgoing the cloaks to wearing frightening masks or red body paint, depicting their greatest battles or most significant points of pride. Coven members prove their courage by seeing who among them, after an exhausting night's dancing, can remain in the open the longest.

During the Summer Solstice all Bahari are equal with no attention to rank. Only courage and creativity matters.

Should not this always be the case?

AUTUMNAL EQUINOX



The Autumnal Equinox is sacred to the Mother and the Father, and just as the Spring Equinox, the Autumnal Equinox is regarded as a time of balance. But from the more experienced perspective of the parental archetypes, that doesn't make it a strong day for a Cainite's ever-beleaguered humane spark. Instead, the balance of light and darkness makes the Autumn Equinox a time of transition, when bargains between the sides can be struck and when the walls between Day and Night, Right



and Wrong, Life and Death are at their thinnest. The Autumn Equinox occurs in three phases, broken up by what can only be termed intermissions. During these gaps in the ceremony, people often leave and show up, and this is expected. Not every element of the rite is right for every Bahari.

The Equinox rite begins with the Lament for Lucifer, led by the local Hierophant. It begins at dusk, meaning the moment the sun has gone down. After the Lament for Lucifer, the Lilin relax and recover. Even more rarely, some Kindred deliberately expose themselves, be as penance, or in the spirit of tribulation.

Several hours after dusk, about nine o'clock, the second phase begins. This is the Equinox Feast, a time of both celebration and judgment, of both misery and satisfaction. The Fathers of the Coven preside over it, setting the stage with a long table covered in autumn produce. Grain, fruits and vegetables are spread out, elaborately plated, decorated with symbols of autumn, pine cones, oak sprigs, acorns, or ears of corn, a vast feast. Mortal members of the cult are invited first to sit and dine, while the Kindred stand behind them and the Fathers invoke our Dark Mother.

When the mortals have eaten and the prayers are complete, the youngest Father present asks, "But where is the meat?" Then the knives come out. Both the liv-

ing and the undead may be sacrificed at the Equinox Feast, but only when the Fathers, the Hermits and the Crones have all decided together that punishment by death is warranted. Mortals are decapitated. Kindred are partially flayed. As the condemned convulse, the Kindred fall upon the blood-soaked fruits and eat. Soon, of course, the Kindred begin to heave up the solid foods. Many mortals follow suit, since the sight is a sickening one. The Kindred purge themselves as the mortals purge themselves, as the coven itself is purged of the treacherous and incompetent.

At Midnight is the Rite of the Borderlands, a ceremony celebrating and exploiting the potential for transformation. Called to session by the oldest Mother in the coven, the Rite of the Borderlands starts with the search for the garden followed by personal penances. In full sight of the assembled coven, Kindred who feel they have done wrong pledge to make it right. They state their sin, explain why they think it was a sin and announce how they are going to spend a year making it right. Once this pledge is made, all witnesses present have three duties towards the oath-taker. First, they are to render all reasonable aid in the pursuit of the penance, which often takes the form of enforcing the pledge. Second, they themselves swear to no longer hold the sin against the Kindred who confessed. Third, they swear to exact punishment if the oath is broken.

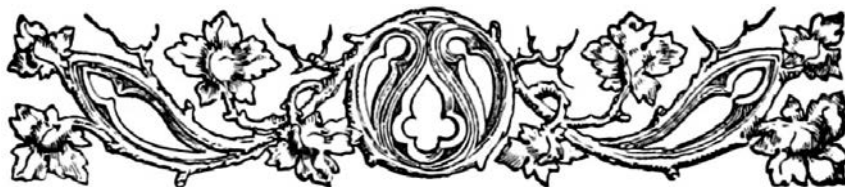
In this context, the assembly often breaks into smaller groups, depending on which entity they wish to contact and bargain with.

Despite the best efforts, a few may rise too early or have inadequate protection from solar fire.

Rare among the Bahari this is a feast in honor of Cain, the farmer.

Tending to the Green Growing things is something Lilith and Caine have in common.

And just as Cain did so does we not content ourselves with the fruits of the soil, but partake in all things the garden has to offer.



The climactic element of the Autumnal Equinox is the induction of new Kindred into the ranks of the coven. In descending order of age, candidates come forward and perform the Embrace. Successful Embraces are lauded, with the neonate Kindred being given gifts of dappled animals on which to feed. For the newly made Sire, a buckthorn crown is presented. This is followed by the Celebration of Suffering.

There is neither shame nor pity for those whose attempt at creating a childe yields only a common death. When it is apparent that the Embrace failed and the candidate merely died, it is as if the Cainite who tried it is invisible and inaudible, socially untouchable until the next night. These cainites are literally treated as if they were not present and had not made the attempt.

Rites of Necessity



Some rites can be done at leisure, whenever we want to deepen our wisdom and our knowledge of the Dark Mysteries. But some are done out of necessity. These make them no less sacred, because they are part of the tribulations sent our way by our Goddess herself. These are some of these rites.

CASTING THE CIRCLE



There are few places in this world which are eternally sacred, beyond the purview of this fallen world. Therefore we must eternally be

Why do you need to explain something as basic as this? Is there anyone dullwitted enough not to be able to do this practically fresh from her mother's teat?



ready to move. To set up stakes at some new haven. When a new place of worship is to be taken into use, it must first be consecrated and the circles cast. It is most convenient to mark each circle, the outer and the inner, with chalk, paint or otherwise, to show where it is; but the only circle that truly matters is the one drawn before every ceremony with either a duly consecrated sword or a ceremonial dagger. The innermost circle is nine or twenty seven feet in diameter. There are two outer circles, each six inches apart, so the third circle has a diameter of eleven or thirty three feet. In all they represent the three gardens of Lilith.

The circles are in truth Temenos, borders between worlds, demarcating the failing realm of the visible world and the true sanctity of the Hieron within.

Having chosen a place proper, take the dagger, and stick it into the center, then take a rope, and loop it over the Instrument, nine feet or twenty seven feet, and so trace out the circumference of the circle, which must be traced with the Sword, or it be of little avail, but ever leave open a gate towards the West. The Gate may be opened or closed at any time with three slices with the dagger across the opening. Make in all three circles, one within the other, and draw the glyphs of power between these.

Before thou cast the circle, thou should make sure of the intent of the casting. Ask thyself why thee art doing it.

Slightly north of the middle of the Circle The Trees shall be raised. Either as two real trees, ancient or saplings, it matters not as long

as they are strong enough to take the punishment of a grown man being bound between them, or two sturdy poles driven three feet into the earth. No ritual establishment is needed for these boles, life and knowledge pervades all and the trees are eminent in all things. Simply place a palm upon the easternmost Tree, the Tree of Knowledge and intone in a firm voice "Jakin", the place a palm upon the westernmost Tree and intone "Boaz" as the first woman did in the first Garden, for naming a thing is to make it in truth.

Like the two Pillars on the High Priestess's card of the major arcana.

An altar shall rest between the Trees. Upon the Altar rests the tools. In the middle the cauldron, on the left the Censer which shall be lit at the beginning of each ritual, on the left the Scourge. In front the Dagger, behind the Sword. Adorn the altar in thorns and black petals in a manner pleasing to the eye. Place the image of Lilith between the trees, above the altar.

Fool, Jakin means "She will build" and Boaz means "Strength". They were the two big pillars outside the temple in Jerusalem.

The Temple originally meant for Apsara, which certainly is another name for Lilith.

It is not. Apsara is the name given to the crone who bound Cain with her blood.

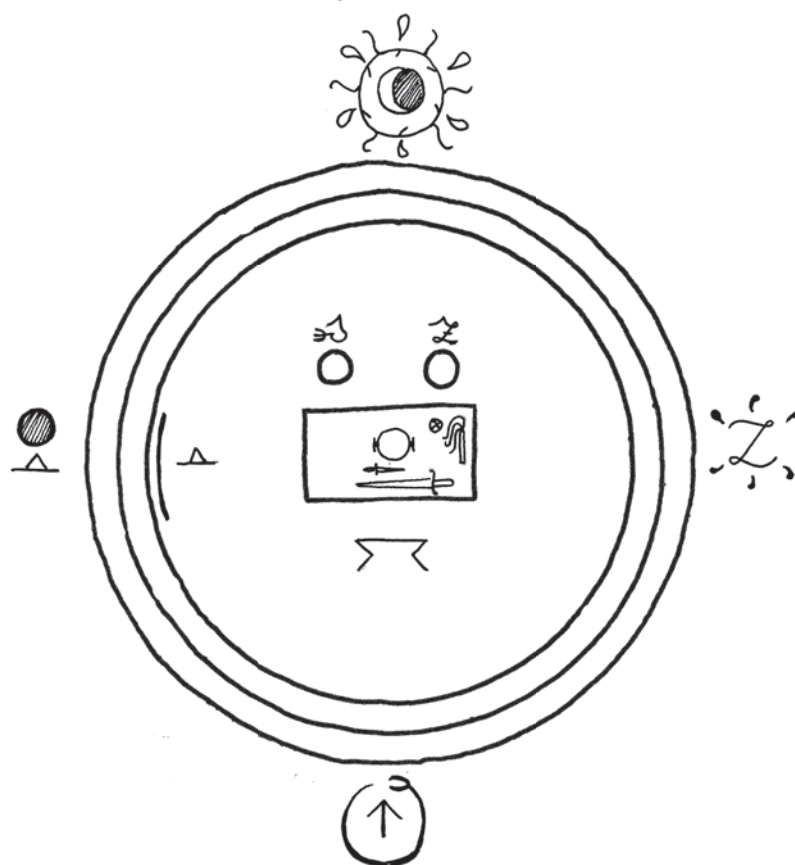
The chronology is wrong but it could just be a distortion, a mistake. That is to say the story of Apsara could in truth just be a different retelling of how Lilith thought Cain in Dhainuv.

Place the Sword on the cauldron of blood. Say, "I exorcise thee, O creature of blood, that thou cast out from Thee all the impurities and uncleannesses of the Spirits of the World of Phantasm in the name of Lilith and Lucifer. But ever mind that blood purifies the body, but the scourge purifies the soul".

Then place sword on the ash. Say, "Blessings be upon this creature of ash. Let all malignity and hindrance be cast forth hencefrom, and let all good enter herein.



DIAGRAM OF THE PROPER LAYOUT OF THE HIERON





Wherefore I bless thee that thou may aid me, in the name of Lilith and Lucifer”.

Then trace the Circle on the lines thou hast marked out, starting at the East and returning to the East. Always go round the circle with thy Left hand to the Altar. Then put the ash into the blood, and go round the circle again, sprinkling it to purify it. Then go round again censuring it. Everyone in the circle must be sprinkled and censured.

Light candles; say, “I exorcise thee, O Creature of Fire, that every kind of Phantasm may retire from thee, and be unable to harm or deceive in any way, in the names of Lilith and Lucifer”.

Then go to the East, sword in hand. Draw an invoking pentacle in the Air, starting at the top and going to the lefthand corner, saying, “I summon, and call thee up, O Ye Dark Ones of the East, to guard the Circle and witness our rites”. Then holding the point of sword upwards, do the same to the south, west, and north, and return to the center, to the south of the Altar.

If the coven would hold members skilled at the musical arts thou may wish to construct a permanent space for them. Traditionally the musicians sit on a raised platform opposite the Hierophant outside of the circle proper. Playing drums and a flute. Otherwise, a temporary space may be constructed with a piece of good cloth for those rituals which demands such.

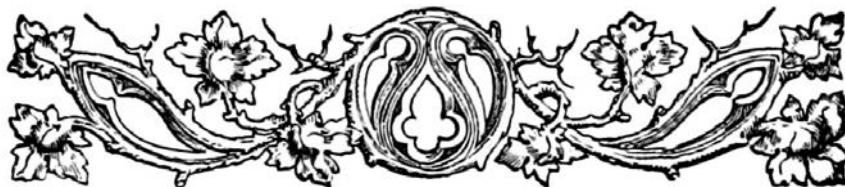
MONOMANCY



It is inevitable that, among vampires as headstrong and violent as those of the Bahari, differences of opinion occur. While the vast majority of these conflicts are handled with all the civility and reason a Bahari can muster, some grievances are so deep as to warrant a more serious solution. When two Bahari are unable to come to a resolution, the rite of Monomancy serves to settle the issue. A dispute must be founded on irreconcilable differences that cannot be solved in another manner. Monomancy is a solemn, permanent resolution between brothers and sisters of the cult. If Monomancy is profaned, indulged in too frequently, or manipulated too obviously by a Cainite, the perpetrators may be accused of breaking the spirit of Lilith's Law. A clear challenge must be delivered to the challenged party and her Hierophant. Only True Bahari (those who have gone through the Initiation Rites) can challenge or be challenged. If the challenged has no Hierophant, or is not in a coven, she is at a significant disadvantage, and has only three nights to choose appropriate counsel, or it will be chosen for her by the closest Hierophant.

Next, an adjudicator must be chosen by the Hierophant to preside over the dispute. The adjudicator is ostensibly a neutral

Only the adjudicator can declare a Monomancy null and void; she may do so either during the Monomancy or after the rite has occurred. Such a shocking pronouncement usually means someone cheated during the rite, or that someone outside the rite interfered.



party who determines if the issue is weighty enough to justify the possible death of a member of the cult and determines whether all other means of resolving the dispute have failed. If the challenge is approved as legitimate, then at this point, the challenged party may choose to decline. In theory, there is nothing wrong with declining a challenge, but unless the challenger is of such little consequence as to be below the challengee's notice, declining usually involves a great loss of honour. If accepted, the rite must occur within one month of acceptance. Once this event has occurred, the individual cannot be challenged in Monomancy on that topic (or by that individual) for a period of one month.

For example a Hierophant challenged by a Novice, would just be taken as a jest that is mercifully dismissed.



Once a challenge is accepted, it takes place at midnight on the evening of the first new moon

following acceptance of the challenge. The terms of the Monomancy are as follows:

1. The participants may be armed with swords but nothing else. They cannot have armor or any disciplines active when the Monomancy begins.
2. The challenged and the challenger face off within the Monomancy circle. No one, including the competitors, their covenmates, other participants, or the adjudicator herself may interfere, collaborate, or use any powers on the competitors (for aid or bane) before or during the Monomancy. This stricture is closely observed.
3. After the Monomancy begins, the challenger and the challenged may use any disciplines they possess, on themselves or their opponent.
4. A victor is determined when one vampire either torpors her opponent within the Monomancy circle, or drives her opponent fully out of the circle.

After a victor has been determined, she selects the outcome. There are three outcomes to a Monomancy: death (including diablerie of one participant by the other), exile from a specific territory, or loss of cult position.



Death: Death must occur within the circle, by the victor's own hands or powers. If a competitor is ousted from the circle through the use of powers or by other means, the Monomancy ends without death, and the victor must choose that her opponent suffer either exile or loss of cult position. If the winner kills her opponent in this manner, the victor cannot choose a replacement for any cult positions the loser held.

All possessions of slain losers must be given to the winner. If the loser is allowed to survive, either by condition of the outcome or through the victor's mercy, she retains her possessions.

Exile: If the victor chooses exile, the defeated vampire must never again come within the city. The defeated cannot return to the area for a period of fifty years or until the victor relents, whichever is sooner. If the victor dies during this period, she cannot relent, and the defeated vampire must serve the full time in exile.

If this exile causes the loser to resign a local cult position, victor cannot choose a replacement for that office.

Post: If the victor chooses loss of cult position, the loser is neither killed nor exiled. However, she must resign the office in contention, and the victor chooses a replacement for that position. The victor is allowed to choose someone other than herself, provided the replacement agrees to accept the post. This victory condition may be chosen even if the Monomancy was not caused by a dispute related to a position, but over some other point of philosophy.

BLOOD HUNT



One of the greatest crimes a Bahari can commit is to turn traitor, and the cult protects its secrets. If a member reveals a cult secret to the enemy, she is punished severely. If a Bahari leaks information of a vital nature, a Hierophant may call for a Blood Hunt. The Blood Hunt is much like the blood hunt, but ends with the eradication of the offending Bahari cult member, as well as anyone, Kindred or kine, who may have knowledge of the betrayal. The gravity of the Blood Hunt depends upon the traitor in question, the covens are expected to police their own ranks. In preparation for a Blood Hunt, the participating covens gather and celebrate. The Hierophant assembles the local Bahari and formally calls them to the hunt. The chief of the Blood Hunt, usually the most accomplished or highest-ranking Hierophant among the covens, offers the assembled covens the challenge. She stands before the individual covens, each lined up behind their leaders, and asks each of the covens' leaders in turn, "Does thou come freely to hunt, and dost thou take up this noble cause, never resting until the blood of our enemy is spilled?" The leaders respond with a forceful "We do!" Only after the covens have committed to the hunt does she reveal the identity of their target. A coven suffers great humiliation if it backs out



of a challenge after its members have committed themselves to this most dangerous game. For the remainder of the night, the vampires hold a revel, preparing themselves for the hunt the next evening holds in store. The Blood Hunt sets out after its prey on the night following the challenge, the hunt has begun. Once caught, the offending Bahari is staked and immobilized. The coven takes her before the Hierophant, who recite her crimes to her coven. The coven then torments the offender in whatever manner it deems appropriate, hot irons, Vicissitude, and mutilation are the least-creative forms of vengeance a righteous coven can inflict on a traitor. Finally, the coven destroys the traitor by throwing her, still staked, on a consecrated burning pyre. After the traitor meets her end, the Bahari pursues those who either learned of the secret or were involved. Naturally, the Bahari cannot know about every little (or even many of the big) secrets that slip through the cracks. Frustration over this fact often makes things doubly bad for those they do catch.

Bahari justice is relentless, the cult stops at nothing to ensure their security.

Or at least it was. The existence of this text and its profilation indicates that the Third Garden no longer can keep its secrets.

ACCEPTANCE RITE



his rite welcomes a new member to a particular coven, to recognize the ascension of a recruit, or any time a change in power or membership occurs (such as a new Hierophant).

Each member of the coven must recognize the new position of their fellow Bahari in a personal manner, be it by sharing blood or the giving of a gift. The Bahari being accepted must make an oath of allegiance to each member of the coven, and to the Bahari cause in general. Creativity is applauded in creation of the oath.

THE CEREMONY OF SIGNS



here is often a need to mark a certain individual in a fashion that remains undetectable for all outsiders. This need may stem from marking traitors so all of the cult with an appropriate gift in viewing the Aura Vitale may recognize her or, far more commonly, mark a prospective supplicant so that she may be observed. Other applications may be to pass secret messages, even into the cellars of the inquisition itself.

The ceremony itself is simple in execution and the victim need not even be present, although they must be within the distance a cat may run in a single night. First ye must obtain the true name of the victim, their birth name, their stations and titles, the land over which it may hold domain et cetera. Inscribe these on three times three pieces of parchment. Second, fashion a small figurine in tallow and sawdust in the likeness of the victim. Third ye must obtain a feather of owl. Now bring

Yes, this means that in summertime the reach of the working shortens dramatically.



forth the Cauldron and the Dagger. Cut thyself on the lower left forearm and let some drops of thy vitae flow to the bottom of the Cauldron while ye intone as follows:

"I Give of me to mark the child
That roam and rend its cradle
I Give my blood to gain the touch
Of snake and cat and owl
I Give my pain to write the signs
Of mothers will on thee"

Start blowing air, a sound simulating the wind that will bear the changes ye cause to its recipient. Place the figurine in the blood, arrange the name filled parchments around it and set fire to the ensemble. Write the signs with the owl feather in the smoke that bel- low up from the Cauldron. Write in haste, for you only have moments before the magic ends and the changes are carried away on Owls wing, be it near or far.

THE RITE OF SILENCE

In the interests of maintaining silence, some covens take extra precautions and invoke favorable omens. In the Rite of Silence, all participating vampires bite out each other's tongues and spit them into a fire. The Hierophant usually bows out so she can issue orders, but some covens have developed complex hand signal systems so they may communicate silently while on secreteive endeavours.

How to Conduct the Ceremonies



earn of the spirit that goes with burdens that have not honour, for it is the spirit that stoops the shoulders and not the weight. Armour is heavy, yet it is a proud burden and a Bahari stands upright in it. Limiting and constraining any of the senses serves to increase the concentration of another. Shutting the eyes aids the hearing. So the blinding of the initiate's eyes increases the mental perception, while the scourge increase the inner vision. And the blindness of the heart is more grievous than the blindness of the eyes, for the blindness of the eyes may be guided little by little, but the blindness of the heart is not guided, and it leaves the straight path, and goes in a crooked way. So the initiate goes through it proudly, like a sovereign, knowing it but serves to increase her glory. This can be done in many ways and at all walks of the world, for it was through all the boughs in the world tree Lilith wandered, but it is especially worthy when it be done by the aid of another intelligence and in the circle, to prevent the power thus generated being directed unto unworthy endeavors. But instead to focus it and redirect it to the desired end.



OF THE OFFICERS AND THEIR STATION

Adjudicator

When performing the rites, a number of different positions need to be filled. As such no coven may number in less than five members. This is so that there is at least one member for each of the Guardian positions, and for the Hierophant, and one more. For if there was just for members of a coven and one of them where to increase in rank there would be no one to fill their place for the initiation rite.



he Adjudicator is the final arbiter and of the Rite; for it is she who, like the wise owl, shall judge the worthiness of the Initiate, who shall announce the value of sacrifice and conferring upon her a Lilins name and the title and grade corresponding to the degree to which she has penetrated the Mysteries. The station of the adjudicator shall therefor belong to the oldest of the Acolytes. The adjudicator also functions as the guardian of the South.

Portianitor



he Portianitor, the gatekeeper, manifest the spirit of the night-hunter, straddling the two worlds. This station is the most difficult to fulfill and yet the most crucial to the proper execution of the Rites, for it is the duty of the Portianitor to slash the veil which separates the false physical realm of the senses from the true Realm of the Abyss, and summoning forth the children of the dark mother. The chances for success for some Rites are greatly increased when this station is filled by a True Daughter of Nahema, for whom travel between the worlds is the birthright granted by our common Mother. As such the station belongs to the highest ranked True Daughter of Nahema, the Hierophant excepted. The Portianitor also functions as the guardian of the West.

Custodian



he Custodian represents the serpent biting its own tail, and as such this officer is primarily concerned with the maintenance of the Circle and the physical circumstances of the Rites. He also represents Lucifer, the lightbringer and love of Lilith. As such the custodian is also charged with leading the coven in dance. Therefor, if possible the post of the custodian should be occupied by the Hermit, or the highest ranked male member of the coven capable of performing the duties. The custodian also functions as the guardian of the East.



Chorus



he chorus, that is the Acolytes of the Coven not assigned to any other post shall assist the custodian as he shall command, and are most often charged with the collection and containment of the sacrifices.

proper execution; she shall be most thoroughly versed in the Procession of the Gardens and the propriety of the sacrifices. The Hierophant also functions as the guardian of the North.

OF THE ORDEAL OF THE ART MYSTICAL

Initiate



f the rite is an initiation rite, then the Initiate is ever at the center of the Rite, for it is she who must don the cloak of Blood, for it is she who must slay Kayin, for it is she who must leap between the worlds to enter the Castle Ba'harah, and so transcend through the Gardens of the Mother.



t is important to work in sacred garb from the start, so it becomes as second nature, and no thought of strangeness shall ever intrude and take thine attention from the work. And it is most important that there is not the slightest thing to divert the attention, for the mind must seize and mold the power generated, and redirect it to the desired end with all the force and frenzy of the imagination.

Also when power is given off the flow is easy and regulated in accordance with the rites.

Hierophant



he Hierophant shall be the highest ranking member of the coven. She is the representative of Lilith to the coven. The Hierophant, above all, is a spiritual leader. She invokes ritual. She determines which holy days are appropriate, and which are to be disavowed. She helps set the precedent for what counts as proper worship in the domain. The Hierophant shall preside over the Rite, being the most knowledgeable of its

It has been said that no real knowledge may be gained our way, that our practices are such that they can only lead to carnality; but this is not really so. Our aim is to gain the inner sight, and we do it the most natural and powerful way. It is true that a Sisterhood burning with a frenzy for knowledge may go straight to their goal, but most have not this fire. We show them the way. A Sisterhood working with nothing but empty forms will never attain in any case; but a Sisterhood who love each other dearly should already be working together, and the first frenzy of blood will have

Our opponents aim is ever to prevent wereman and woman from knowing, thinking that everything that helps or even permits them to know is wicked and vile. To us it is natural, and if it aids the Great Work it is good.



passed, and their souls will already be in sympathy. If the first time or two they do stay a while to worship Lilith as Sabaoth and Lucifer did, it is only a night or two lost, and the intense pleasure they obtain only leads them again to the mysteries of the Mother, their souls more attuned to the great search. Once they have pierced the veil they will not look back.



THE WORKING TOOLS



Man is a Tool-using Animal; weak in herself. Nevertheless she can use tools; ; with these the granite mountain melts into light dust before her. Nowhere do you find her without tools; without tools she is nothing, with tools she is all.

Lilin is not weak without tools. But She is stronger with them, therefore each should make their own ritual tools so that they are able to work the Great Work on their own and grow in understanding, not only through their Coven but through their own experiences. The Tools used in the communal rites are those belonging to them whom make use of them, being attuned as they are to certain hands.

A Lilin should be able to obtain a sword. This sword can be of any

kind as long as it is not a mere toy. A sword is a thing of cutting, of dividing, world as well as meat, and should be ready to put to such use. Anything less is an insult to the Art. The tools ought to be consecrated by their owner in a personal Hieron.

So having covered the tools for making a circle, the time has come to build an altar. Any small table or chest will do. There must be fire on it, a simple tallow candle will suffice, and a book for notes and revelations. A cauldron to collect the blood. A scourge is easily made. Get a white-hilted knife. Cut the marks with the sword.

In ancient Greece a temple or a sacred place was called a Hieron and as such the term is used as well for the sacred circle.

For good results, incense is best if thou canst get it.

A Lilin may want to craft each tool from the very ground up, but good and especially ancient tools have their own aura which may be exceedingly beneficial. They do help to bring about that reverential spirit, the desire to learn and develop thy powers. For this reason bahari ever try to obtain tools from sorcerers, who, being skilled practitioners, make good tools and consecrate them well, giving them mighty power. But a great Lilin's tools also gain much power; and thou shalt ever strive to make any tools thou manufacture of the finest materials thou canst obtain, to the end that they may absorb thy power the more easily. And of course if thou may inherit or obtain another Lilin's tools, power will flow from them and in time they too shall be accustomed to thy touch.



The Meaning of the Tools



ow for some words on the singular tools. Foremost among them is the Altar. One may mistake this for a part of the Hieron, but so is only seldom the case. The Altar is the ground upon which the rite is based, but it is a ground which follows the partaker of the rite. The altar should be of proper height to allow the Mystic to reach any tool which is laid out on it with ease, the same goes for any part of an offering, should a rite call for such, and of sufficient breadth that horuspication may be fully practiced. Often the altar is built with a drain which allows collection of the victim's blood and other bodily fluids released upon death, but more often they are simply allowed to water the Trees.

The Cauldron is the medium through which the energy of the rite is transformed. It is in most respects a Womb, and as such a part of the mother from which all miracles springs forth. Bahari tradition dictates that the cauldron be fashioned of stone, but modern necessity has made of the iron kettle a more common substitute. When blood or other bodily humors are to be imbibed, a grail or chalice is used instead of, or in addition to, the Cauldron.

The Dagger fills many functions. It is the means by which the heart of a sacrifice is penetrated and uplifted and the means by which the

veils of worlds may be parted to allow for Lilin to transverse the Temenos. Bahari tradition retains its Ancient roots; the Dagger must be of hand-chipped flint, so as to test the incisive skill of the Mystic.

The Sword is the instrument of strength in this world. It also is the manifestations of limits and borders. When a Bahari performs the pose of the opened way it is with open palms, her palms forming blades, cutting, forcing and forming the borders of the world according to her will. By the same qualities, the sword is also a defense. The Blade should be made of good steel, inferior tools is an insult to the work.

The Book is the container of the Wisdom of the Crone. There a Bahari writes what needs to be written. Think well what this means, do not squander thy secrets, even things that may seem trivial when a Bahari takes her first steps down the path will be fraught with meaning later along.

The Scourge is the arms of Yaldabaoth tearing at the world, but it is also the thorns tearing the skin of Lilith as she fled the garden. They are the trials of all that brings awareness into the world. Nothing worth having is achieved without pain. The Scourge is the symbol for this. Sometimes the tool and the symbol are one and the same.

The Image of Lilith is the reminder of who we adore, she who have gone before, who refused

As Lucifer guarded the first garden he did so with a Sword in his hand.

We all know it in our hearts. No child enters the world without its mothers pain. Through pain are our eyes opened.

horuspication is the venerable study of divining the future through reading dismembered entrails, of men and animals alike.

Some Bahari even divine in their own dismembered entrails.



to bend or break and wrested apotheosis from the unseeing and those blinded by light alike. The Image depicts Lilith with the feet of a owl standing on a cat, surrounded by owls, holding serpents, with the wings of the night behind her.

The Candle is the curse of the Lord of Forces upon the Lovers, for one must carry ones curses as close to ones heart as any blessing. Closer, in truth, for there are far more to be learned from the tribulation of a curse than any ease born from a blessing.

Other useful stuff to have around is aspergillum, rope, brush, flint and steel. In time a practitioner adds to this list after learning the rites and what necessities aids them.

The Consecration of the Tools

The tool should be kept in as close connection as possible to the naked body for at least a month. When not in use, all tools and weapons should be put away in a secret place; and it is good that this should be near thy sleeping place, and that thee handle them each night before retiring. Do not allow anyone to touch or handle any of thine tools until they are thoroughly impregnated with thine aura; say, two seasons or as near as possible. But a couple working together may own the same tools, which will be impregnated with the aura of both.

If possible lay any new tool touching an already consecrated one.

Prepare Circle and purify. All tools must be consecrated by a wereman and a woman, both clad in robes fitting their respective office; they must be purified, clean, and properly prepared.

Place tool on pentacle on altar. Sprinkles it with ash and water. Pass it through smoke of incense, replaces it on pentacle. Touching with already consecrated tool, say the First Conjunction.

For sword, say "I conjure thee, O sword of Steel, that thou serves

me for a strength and a defense in all mystical operations, against all mine enemies, visible and invisible, in the names of Lilith and Lucifer. I conjure thee anew by the Dark Names Lilith and Lucifer, that thou serves me for a protection in all adversities, so aid me".

For any other tool, say, "Lilith and Lucifer, deign to bless and to consecrate this tool, that it may obtain necessary virtue through thee for all acts of love and suffering".

Again they sprinkle and cense, and say the Second Conjunction:

For sword, say, "I conjure thee, O sword of Steel, by the Great Neverborn Lords of the Outer Darkness, by the virtue of the Abyss, of the Dark Intelligences and of the Blind God who preside over them, that thou may receive such virtues that I may obtain the end that I desire in all things wherein I shall use thee, by the power of Lilith and Lucifer".

For any other tool, say, "Lilith and Lucifer, bless this instrument prepared in thine honour".

All instruments when consecrated should be presented to their User by giving the point-down triangle sign salute

Then the one who is not the owner should give the Kiss to the owner. For the kiss, the tool should be placed between the breasts, and the two workers should embrace, it being held in place by their bodies. The new owner should use it immediately.

For the scourge or rope, add, "That it may only serve lesson of freedom, rather than bondage".



The Fourth Analect:
Principles of Pain
or
The Flowers of Awakening



Visions of the Scarlet Empress

A compendium of various sources collected by Ilana in 1527.

THE GOSPEL OF NAHEMA

Copied from pamphlet, unknown author, ca 1440



We practice the ancient ways handed down by Nahema. By following the image of the mother goddess, we raise ourselves from the status of children. Like a parent disciplining an errant child, Lilith passes on a legacy of pain that teaches, and so we seek to overcome the weaknesses of our blind, helpless births, ascending to understanding and power. By walking in fire, impaling ourselves on thorns and blades, suffering deprivation, and plunging into icy water, we excite our bodies and minds to true sensation, and open our consciousness to the entirety of the world. From the dizzying heights of comprehension, at the needlepoint of pain, we learn the true measure of creation, that we may take the formless stuff of the world and cast it in a new image. Through ecstasy and tribulation we can look beyond.

We have dedicated ourselves to Nahema, hoping that by knowing Nahema's way we can come to

understand Lilith's teachings. We seek knowledge by peeling back the skin of accepted reality. For the truth is hidden in the darkness beyond the blinding light of creation. Through blood-magic rites and hallucinogen enriched blood, we use the violent rituals of the Bahari in attempts to see past the world. What we perceive is terrifying and soul destroying. We recognize their false world as the lie it is, and hope to unravel it to set Nahema's spirit free. We hope to present the devastated wreckage, freed of Sabaoth's interference, as a gift to the Dark Mother when she awakens.

THE AWAKENING IN PAIN

Quoted from sermon, Armand de Bergerac, Rome 1512



Make no mistake, we Bahari have little room for compassion or conscience. We fully believe that one must grasp the blade of enlightenment, and suffer its lacerations, before rising to the truth. We have to suffer through pain to learn. Those who do not have the will or the insight to learn through suffering are chaff, cast aside sadly but unhesitatingly. No time or resource is wasted on those who do not have the overpowering need to suffer, change, and grow. The Hierophants, the vampire-priests of Lilith, choose those who have heard Lilith's song and punish,

So Nahema's spirit is trapped somewhere, in bondage? Why is this the first we hear of this? This story must be missing from the second annals.

It is just a pamphlet from an unknown author, perhaps you shouldn't take it to seriously.

Ilana and Iffota both seemed to think it worthwhile enough to include.

Our Goddess does often work through the minds of the mad, that there is a kernel of truth in it does not mean that every word is literally true.



flagellate, and excoriate them until they arrive on the cusp of seething awareness. Only then are the tears brushed away with lover's care, the wounds comforted, and the supplicants brought into the fullness of Lilith's glorious Path.

A Lilin breaks with convention, flouting "accepted society" in order to force others to reevaluate their views of the world.

With the branding iron and the scourge, the Cainite brings painful lessons that, if survived, make the postulant stronger. Those who hover on the edge of awareness are watched carefully for the final soul-wrenching revelation that brings them strength. To visit pain and even death is the greatest gift that can be given, for through these trials the individual comes to understand herself.

Upon death our souls are reincarnated, and the Shining Ones clouds our memories. The embrace is a way to stay out of the cycle and keep our knowledge.

Kayin corrupted the embrace so that it spreads his bestial soul from host to host with each embrace. By Bahari rituals this beast can be chained down so that the embrace can be the blessing Lilith meant for it to be. Each must discover her own inward seeds of Knowledge and Life, so as to become a universe unto herself and an architect of creation. The garden, the symbol of life shaped and cultivated with care, is the manifestation of the Bahari's devotion to expressing what she has created and learned. Creation is power, and all creation demands a sacrifice.

Other Kindred might see obstacles that should be overcome with as little effort as possible, maybe by sending in minions, so that the Kindred can get the prize. Lilin

see value in struggling to overcome the obstacles, and sometimes see more value in that than in the prize. Lilin should be willing to go along on the dangerous journey that interests one of our allies precisely because it is dangerous; even if the final prize cannot be shared, we expect to reap rewards by facing tribulation.



Similarly, a Bahari will often choose to attempt something in a difficult way, in order to face the hazards.

Fundamentally, a Bahari should not look to avoid troubles or difficulties but to face them and overcome them. This is a matter of attitude more than anything else.



Lilith is the Dark Mother, Kayin's lover and the explorer of hidden things. To find her truths, one must suffer her thorns. Lilith's Garden is a perfumed oasis of pain, suffering, dark sensuality and enlightenment. The garden is both a mythological place, spoken of in several stories about her, and a metaphorical thing. To be a true Lilin, one must dwell in the lair amongst the sharp, barbed flowers and the sweet moans of the seekers as we enjoy the Dark Mother's torments. Those who do not follow her ways are fools. Those who try to follow and fail her tests are chaff to be cast aside. Only the strong can follow Lilith's ways. Despite our obvious love of pain, we have no interest in associating with truly depraved monsters. Debased vampires are not enlightened. Creatures that have lost all humanity and sanity, wights, have been snagged by thorns on the road to enlightenment and have been destroyed as a result. We dress in uncomfortable clothes, casual yet stylish. When performing rituals, we wear scarlet robes inlaid with black briar patterns. We do not decorate ourselves beyond this. Lilin often dress revealingly, however, so that others may see the scars we have received in honoring the Mother's ways.

The Dark Fathers powers and curses are taints that must be purified by deprivation, suffering and study. We Lilin consider our vampiric form to be a pale shell of what will come after Lilith's destiny has been fulfilled. We will

be remade into pure, immortal spirits of sense and experience. When Kayin has been cast down and Sabaoth has been humbled at last, Lilith will gather her children and this dead flesh will be stripped away. Sabaoth exiled Lilith. His laws in particular deserve no respect. Adam spurned Lilith. The laws of his weak children must not be obeyed. Kayin betrayed Lilith. He is her enemy and his laws must be undone. Children can be kidnapped or tortured. Neonate vampires can be diablerized. The most forbidden of secrets can be read, all in Lilith's name. Obedience to others' moral codes represents weakness. Lilith will return on the Night of Gehenna, after Kayin has awakened, exacting revenge on him before taking revenge on Sabaoth and all others who have used and hurt her. Lilith, the true mother of humanity and the true mother of monsters, will then ascend into Heaven and make it her own.

THE REVELATION

*Quoted from sermon,
Yafambain, Hierophant of
the Silent Rose, Rome 1137*



he dark between the stars tugs at the blood of a Lilin in ways that stir both faith and resentment. A Lilin merely has to look up into the night sky to see a living Goddess in all her glory. Such a sight can trigger a rush of

There is no place for insincere compassion or false conscience. Compassion is indulging other's weakness. Conscience is giving free rein to one's own hypocrisy.

The Mother suffered for her children's joys and died for our sins. Those who choose to follow her ways must suffer and endure as she did



emotions. Exultation, the feeling that the Lilin is the descendant of a Elohim and feels her power within her blood. Humility, a sense of being very small and distant from the presence of an entity so powerful that she can stir the blood even from her seat in the Darkness Beyond. The sight of the Scarlet Empress is a powerful moment each and every time a Lilin raises her eyes to the night heavens. The darkness within her soul stirs, her heart beats faster and a surge of emotion floods her mind for a few fleeting seconds. To those Kindred who believe, these events affirm that the Scarlet Empress listens to her children, and that she answers our calling. Others wonder if Lilith herself cares, if the Dark Intelligences are not in fact operating out of some measure of autonomy, but to the Cult of the Third Garden, at least it is certain that the Scarlet Empress has touched the soul of each Lilin that has Awakened to the Truth.

More than this, Lilith makes her presence felt in the shadows themselves, in the realm that respond to Bahari summons, in the teaching of Disciplines, in the torporous dreams the Lilin dream and the visions the Malkavians and the Lamia see.

She sees us. She sees us battling the confinement of the Abyss in echoes of Nahema's own battles. She sees the Kindred striving to earn our redemption and fighting to stay alive. She must see us.

Much of Lilith's presence in Gardens of the Elohim is entirely the stuff of Bahari legend, but the Goddess of Pain herself is still very much present in the current era. She is unarguably distant and always unknowable, but still here. Her torment blazes down on her children as we protect our loved ones, cleanse our territories and hunt our prey. The mirror image to this is that she also sees us fail. She sees our struggles and trials, and she sees her children losing ground every night. Kindred

covens battle each other over territory, the usurpers extend their cancerous reach into insecure domains and the ceaseless bleeding of malicious dark spirit influence across the Gauntlet claims the lives of the Bahari.

THE CONTINUING REVELATION OF LILITH

Copied from letter from unknown author to Maria Lessing, Shrewsbury, 1203



he Bahari and the Lilin, equally defend the cause of unity and orthodoxy; but, the first, in order to attain their purpose, venerates the garden from which they derive their name; the others, the Lilin, reject the tradition, but replace it by a living authority, a sort of continued revelation, in as much as one of the most essential articles of their belief.

It would be easy to think that the Bahari dislike our Mother. Certainly we are reluctant to draw her direct attention, but no one should really want to draw the attention of a Goddess of Pain. Because she is so alien and powerful, her children are understandably uncomfortable when in contact with her. But it goes deeper than that. Even though she has offered only a partial forgiveness for the murder of Dhainuv, that is more than most would have done. That factor, no matter how



buried it is behind trickster mania or imperious majesty, is the unifying factor for the Cult of the Third Garden. We are paradoxically beloved as well as cursed. Only one lone dark angel in all of the hundred billion beings in the Abyss offers this love, but it is a mighty angel indeed. This assurance means that, although the Bahari may never understand Lilith or feel comfortable with her fickle nature, yet we accept these things as part of her glory.

Lilith is in sporadic, irregular contact with her children. If she bestows her influence on an Bahari coven, let alone a single Lilin, it is because she has something to say. When she contacts us, we listen. Lilith is said to work most often through the dreams of her children. The Malkavians are sometimes said to touch the hand of Lilith as they dream of the future or the past. More rarely, Lilin of other linages may be visited with painfully strong nightmares that some say are warnings from Lilith herself. Receiving such a warning is a pivotal moment in a Lilin's life, for these warnings are like no other prophecy in the world. Not every Lilin is so "favored". A Lilin might dream of a vicious argument that will sunder her coven's bond, and perhaps the disagreement will turn violent, causing the coven to disband and leave the domain. Such a dream might involve images of loved ones calling out for their spouses and receiving no answers, walking alone through dark forests at night or, without Bahari protectors, being

threatened by shadowy horrors in their homes. A nightmare might show a coven in a neighboring territory laughing as they make their way through a place the Lilin recognizes as the heart of her own coven's domain. It might even be as blunt as to show the arguing Lilin facing each other in human form as blood begins to drip from their hands.

Sometimes Lilith's Warning is subtle in imagery, sometimes less so, but the emotional context is raw, and the dreams always leave a significant impact on the sleeper's mind. These torporous visions are far, far rarer than the Malkavians prophetic dreams, and more gruesome to boot. There may be some doubt as to the interpretation, but a Lilin wakes from such a night terror with a savage headache, blood-shot eyes and a searing urge to act on what she has seen. Stigmata may even open up on her flesh, or she may claw at himself as she dreams. These nightmares often inspire a frantic energy in the dreamers, and, throughout the following nights, the images of what she has dreamed will stick solidly within the Lilin's mind. The Queen of Thorns has seen darkness ahead and blessed her child with the foreknowledge to do something about it. Or perhaps she has done nothing consciously, but she dreams, and a Lilin has brushed up against her nightmare.

I find that they are always remembered with an eerie clarity unknown in most natural dreams.

Legend has it that the Mother is always watching (and, indeed, she appears to be), but whether she sees all and doesn't tell her children or simply lacks omniscience is a truth that will never be known.



THE FACES OF LILITH

Excerpt from Legends of the Heresies, page 195-198, Lucella de Medici 1462



he spiritual mother figure of the Bahari is renowned for her contrary nature.

Her changing whim, never the same from night to night, represents her fickle attentions and affections. We never truly know which facet of Lilith we are dealing with, when the Dark Mother communicates through the intervention of a Abyssal Entity or in the form of dreams and visions. The three aspects provoke immediate reactions from the Bahari, and the cult histories are ripe with lore pertaining to the significance of these sides of our Goddess. But they are not the only shards of the whole. Lilith, ever-changing, never static, is a beautiful and dangerous mystery to even the most enlightened Lamia.

The most commonly spoken-of aspects of Lilith are the three that reflect her three gardens. Legend holds that the Dark Intelligences granted the blessings of the gardens with the intention of empowering the Bahari with the three primary duties of our foremother. But Bahari folklore also ascribes a certain amount of the gardens' affinities and quirks to Lilith herself.

Perhaps the masks were always there, or perhaps they are the creation of Bahari who ascribed a portion of our blood-ruled personalities to the Queen of Thorns herself. The Dark Intelligences themselves cannot and will not answer.

The three masks are, in truth, closer to innumerable. The

Breaker of Chains, The Queen of Thorns, The Earthbound Angel, The Mother of daemons, The Great Lover, The Sorrowful Singer, the Queen of Dementia, The Angel of Blood, The Goddess of Pain, The Bridge Between, the Scarlet Empress, The First Woman, The Silent Seer, The Eater of Children, the Mystic, The Lady of Darkness and Light, The Crone, The Witch Queen, The Dark Mother, The Madwoman, The Shadowed Hunter, The Serpent in the Garden. The three masks take countless names in the tales of Bahari around the world, sometimes pictured as the faces of a tragic yet still loving mother, sometimes the grotesque visages of a cruel and fickle goddess. The forms the masks take always say as much about the Lilin who describe them as Lilith herself, and, perhaps, much more. But these are not the only aspects of Lilith that Bahari recognize, common as these aspects are. There are also aspects that seem to have little to do with the gardens, and are thus even less predictable.

These masks are like those of the innumerable psychopomps out of Greek myth.

The Queen of the Night Garden



Immortal, invulnerable, ruler of the Earth's black hours: Lilith the Queen of the Night is the ultimate reflection of authority, responsibility and divinity itself. In this aspect, she commands the oceans with



her prescence. She illuminates the dark physical world below with the altered gift of her lover's light. In the Abyss Realm, her face glares down through the dark spirit storms and across the alien vistas below. She directs her choirs about their business, sending Hungry Shades to attend to her numerous children. Lilith the Queen of the Night is a busy, energetic goddess that has her own duties to attend to, and has little time for the howling whines of thousands of her great-grandchildren. When the Bahari contemplate such divine power, we may well feel awe. The prayer for a blessing that must be an insignificant thing to such a vast goddess may make a Lilin feel a little like a tiny child tugging for attention at her busy mother's skirt. It is an uncomfortable position for a Bahari, contemplating this face of the goddess. It reminds her that for all the forgiveness and the nightly struggles she faces, despite the generations of Kindred who have loved Lilith, she is still a distant deity. The Bahari are her children, but how important, truly, are half-mortal offspring to a dark spirit god?

The Dark Mother of the Garden of Renewal



Beloved creator of the Kindred and forgiving matriarch, Mother Lilith watches her children's battles against their foes

and wishes us well in our eternal conflicts. She sees in each Lilin a shard of the primal, powerful blood-god that she once loved. Clearly she forgives these children for their fathers' action, but why? Is it because she sees our mortal logic, that Raphael could no longer fulfill his duty and had to be replaced? Or is it, in truth, because she knows that everyone make errors? Is it because she knows that her children must live and learn, and, through her pain, she knows that these half-mortal, half-dark spirit creations are striving to do the work of our mother? This is an aspect that is held dear by Lilin who have come to believe that there is still some beauty in the world, and that a chance for better things has been given to us. Compassion and love, at times thinned from bitterness and misunderstanding, but always present: this is the face of Lilith the Dark Mother. Lilin who see this side of the Goddess are often possessed with greater hope and faith than our compatriots. She may be deep in the Abyss and near-unreachable, but she is still present to watch over her children.

She has forgiven the blackest of sins, and, though time may not truly heal all wounds of the heart, the Goddess accepts her children for what we are. Flawed, but hers.

The Crone in the Garden of Torment



Lilith was once betrayed by her son. This legend of Lilith reflects her bitterness and disappointment in the Cainites. She remains below Creation,



Human philosophy often states that such a paradox indicates a false forgiveness, though a being as mighty as Lilith writes her own rules.

while her beloved Dhainuv is naught but dust because of Kayin's treachery. No matter what other feelings she holds for her children, Lilith the Crone remembers that her husband became exiled because of our actions. She may have forgiven, but she has never forgotten. Lilin who recognize Lilith the Crone can be flooded with negativity, bitterness or some other dark emotion. Perhaps we are negative ourselves, abused or fighting losing battles day in and day out, and we draw the attention of the bitter Crone. It could also be that the Lilin sees this facet of the Goddess in order to learn something about dark emotions. And perhaps Lilith herself has no control over displaying this side of her personality, or she simply doesn't care to hide it.

THE PRIMAL ABYSS

*Quoted from sermon,
Maria Leffing, London
1205*



he Abyss is a very real place, or, at the least, a very real state of being. The Abyss is not Hell; the Abyss is not punishment. We do not consider sin or impurity to be important or even measurable concepts. Humans are sinful, but sin itself has no consequence. The Abyss is a realm contrary to the rest of creation. The Abyss exists as a place outside of life, where death is instead the dominant force. The

The Abyss isn't a place of punishment, but instead an initiation.

Abyss is spiritually separate regardless of its corporeal location. One does not find the known truths here, only hidden secrets. All of this wisdom applies specifically to us. While certainly mortals have something to glean from the stories if they so choose, Kindred are the ones who personify the journey to the Abyss.

We accept one truth: Our existence is a manifestation of the Abyss. The Kindred leave life and become death. Our wombs are barren, and we are left to feed only on blood, dust and ash. While we may seem a physical part of the world, we do not belong to it. The whorls and orbits of humanity are now inaccessible. The Kindred cannot hold human jobs, or maintain honest emotions or loving relationships. Cainites are creatures of the margins, existing on the fringes of existence. We are dead beings hungry to consume life. We don't see ourselves as being punished. To the contrary, the embrace is an initiation.

This is not necessarily unnatural. It is troublesome, yes. It creates anguish and misery, but so do many things.

THE TRIALS OF THE VISITOR

Excerpt from The Book of Shadows, Shrewsbury Coven, ca 1310

Visitor: Where am I?

Venatore: Where thou hast always been, at the center of thine own being, in the heart of all Mysteries.

Visitor: Why am I here?



Venatore: Thou, Visitor, who art Master of Pentacle, Wielder of Blade and Brandisher of Stave, Gazer into the Depths, thou hast sried unflinching into thy heart of hearts, thou hast roared with the gusto of frenzy, thou hast persevered in the face of Defeat, unlocked the Riddle of Passage and Danced the Duet of Death; Thy soul hast been Sundered and cast afar, yet the Union of thy true Will with the Will of the World hast made thee whole and brought thee thus far. Yet thou dost ever seek the Greater Understanding, the Secret of Secrets; do speak now of thy worthiness to enter into such mystery.

Visitor: I have traveled far and accumulated much in the way of lore; I mark the cycles of earth and heaven in my Grimoire; my gaze penetrates the firmament and I have discerned the threefold way of the Primordial.

Venatore: What is meant by "Primordial?"

Visitor: That word denotes that which was before the Abyss, the chasm across which one cannot be carried by reason nor intellection, for the minds of men are dark and dense, admitting of no subtleties. The Primordial is beyond knowing directly through any of the Realms Visible or Invisible, but is reflected in them all, as it is the source of them all.

Venatore: How then can this be known?

Visitor: All teachings tell us that man is a microcosm, that

all Realms are reflected in her, though but dimly, just as the Primordial is but dimly reflected in all the Realms of the world. To know this microcosm is to, as I say it, "polish one's dark orb," making of one's mind a smooth reflective sphere, so that whatsoever is outside may be reflected upon the inside, and that which is furthest outside, which is to say, the Primordial, may then be seen at the center of one's own being. Whosoever is able to perfect this process may take the title "Keeper of the Dark Orb".

Venatore: Name the threefold way.

Visitor: That which is Primordial may not be named, for all names are finite and limiting, and are thus below the Abyss.

Venatore: But that thou shalt perform the naming, thou shalt not pass from this chamber alive!

Visitor: Foremost among the Primordial, the First Principle of all Creation, is the Abyss. It is the source all things, the fount from which flow all the manifold forms and forces of all the worlds, and the end to which they all return when their cycle is complete. Within the Abyss, All is One, it All is within the One, just as the One is within All. Every extreme finds its complement, and all opposing aspects of Creation are reconciled.

Venatore: By what image is the Abyss represented in this world?

The "Realms Invisible" are the astral, or spiritual, plane, The Author's word for this plane is "Umbra" or "shadow" of the physical plane, although some doctrines hold that the physical world is but the shadow of the Umbra.

The Bible says: In the beginning there was light, but before that there was the Abyss!



Visitor: By that which forms the border of this brass plaque, the serpent swallowing the fruits of Life. It is the serpent entwined throughout the Tree of Life, its coils cradling the fruits which are all the Realms of Life, holding each in their proper relations and revelation. Hence may it be named the Oblivion.

Venatore: Even so. But speak now of how the way may be threefold.

Visitor: The Twins of Force and Form, of Becoming and Being, of Time and Space. The first emanation is formed from the Darkness of the One to know Itself, to reach out to all that is not Its Self whereby It may look back and regard Its Self as distinguished from what is not Itself. It is this first action, the reaching out, but not the looking back, which is considered the first part of the Dyad. This action is the movement which initiates the beginning of time, and the force which drives all things to change through time.

Venatore: How is the first emanation reflected in this world?

Visitor: It is reflected in the over-seeing of men and in their going to and fro, their interactions mounting, as is only natural, into conflict and strife. Hence may she be named Queen of Thorns.

Venatore: And how is it reflected in the individual?

Visitor: It is reflected in the action of will, in man's going forth to impose her will upon the world,

for this is the greatest strength of man, the Darkness of the Abyss acting through her.

Venatore: Speak now of the second emanation.

Visitor: The second emanation is the Abyss's knowledge of Its own action, containing and swallowing that action by being conscious of it, and being furthermore conscious of that consciousness. Here it is that distinction is made between the One's Self and that which is not Its Self. The Abyss has thus separated Its mind from Itself, but, through the cyclic action of the Darkness, seeks to reunite.

Venatore: How is the second emanation reflected in this world?

Visitor: It is reflected in the knowledge of all the actions and interactions of men, in accord with the first emanation. As it follows naturally from the Dark Mother, it can be seen in the women administering to the dead and wounded from battle, thus containing and dissipating the energies of conflict and strife, clearing the way for understanding, and the developing of culture. Thus may it best be seen in the writing of history, where the actions of men upon each other may be unfurled and laid out like a great net.

Venatore: And how is it reflected in the individual?

Visitor: It is reflected in the contemplation of past actions. This

Yaldabaoth looked out on to the void of the endless sea, and saw that it was separate from himself.

The metaphor of a net is especially accurate when one learns that the folk tradition in my previous note refers to the second emanation as "Aunt Spider". It must be remarked that this folk tradition is highly diluted and degraded, however, in that it considers the emanations to be distinct and independent from one another, rather than the tree faces of our one God-defs.

There exists a folk tradition in which the first emanation is described in more or less equivalent terms under the name of "Uncle Change".



tightens the cycle of self awareness, for it is the hunger of the mind consuming itself. Hence may it be named the Crone that Devours her Children.

Venatore: In all that thou hast said there is harmony and revelation, and so must there be harmony and revelation in the world.

Visitor: But in this world there is no harmony or revelation.

Venatore: So how then can this be?

Visitor: I know not, for it was none of my doing.

Venatore: Answer me or die!

Visitor: With the cycle of self consciousness complete, the Abyss has swallowed and consumed itself. Thus losing Its own identity, the Abyss has become a Plurality, alienated from Its Self by the divisions and distinctions imposed by the Light of the second emanation. The single Darkness of self-knowledge is divided, by passage through the Light, into the manifold conflicting suffering of the human heart. The serpent has lost its grip and now spirals out of control, but is nonetheless ensnared and trapped within the ever-tightening Light. The original Darkness, now seen from afar, is perceived as alien, as Other than Self, despoiling the harmony of the original separation and distinction. Hence may it be named the Queen of the Night.

Venatore: Gaze ye then upon the walls of this chamber. What is the meaning of these images?



Visitor: Upon the one hand I see the Garden of Torment, which may be considered a map of that portion of the Light wherein the Oblivion is imprisoned. And upon the other hand, this plaque shows the divided mind of the captive Oblivion; in the left-hand column discern the four signs of

A picture of the plaque in question would be rather helpful.

These repeated death threats from the Venatore are no mere dramatic device. I know well from personal experience that the vague and confusing matters of the highest spiritual philosophies can only be positively asserted under the impending conditions of immediate extinction, both in oneself and in others.



the elements, long used by the alchemists; across the top, these three glyphs represent the reflections of the Primordial. Here is the Dark Mother, head held high. Here is the Crone that Devours her Children, devouring itself like the Oblivion of Darkness and revelation, but doubled over in separation. And here is the Queen of the Night, burrowing ever inward to the Abyss at the heart of all things. I take these subdivisions then to signify the divided suffering, rendered apart from one another by Primordial distinction above and worldly separation below. Herein is mapped the mind of the captive, yearning to escape.

Venatore: How then may one undertake to reunite the divided Self?

Visitor: One must know the "Thorns of the Garden," which is to say, one must navigate that portion of the Abyss in which the true Oblivion is imprisoned. On this side is the map of the prison, and on this side is the key to unlocking the Mystery at its center. These show us the way of the return to Darkness.

Venatore: After what fashion?

Visitor: One must follow in backward fashion the spiral of unrevelation, gathering up the strands of the Light of distinctions and separations, following one's own Darkness back to the source of all suffering. All suffering are in this sense thoughts of the Dark Mother, not conscious thought but pure will to action. Union

with one's Darkness brings action without thought, freeing oneself from the the Crone that Devours her Children. By this is the tail returned to the serpent's mouth, restoring the true revelation.

Venatore: Gaze ye then upon the Spiral Labyrinth at the Heart of the Garden of Torment, and name for me its turnings.

Visitor: The turnings of the Spiral Labyrinth are threefold. These are the expression of the soul's initiation into the Primordial Mysteries, with each emanation being reflected in, and acting through, the other. The first is Shekinah, the realization of the Abyss within, The second is Ashera, the acceptance of the Dark Mother as the bridge between, and the third is Lilitu the revelation of the Abyss Beyond. Thus is the soul of one reunited with the Soul of All.

Venatore: Thou hast spoken all the names truthfully and in earnest. Thou may now leave here with thy unlife.

Visitor: I cannot leave, for there is nothing beyond this chamber. I have never been any place but here, in the center of all Mysteries.

Venatore: Go forth now, I tell thee! Go forth and know thyself through thy actions, as is thy will!

Visitor: I have no more will. There is no action to be taken. I know nothing. Thus I am nothing.

Venatore: Visitor?

This world of light, is just a mirage created by Sabaoth meant to blind us to the truth buried beneath. But the blood of Lilith anchors us, and creates a bridge from the darkness within to the darkness without.



Visitor:

Venatore: And so her voice is silenced, her mind consumed and her body dispersed. So too shall I pass from existence, for I was never anything other than her own need to know herself, always hidden from her in the shadow cast by the light of her scintillating intelligent excavation.

*Whats the point of this play?
It rambles endlessly like a
drunkard stuck in a maze
and just ends in silence.
That is the point.*

THE THIRD DESCENT

*Excerpt from the Musings
of Acantha Africana ,
Alexandria, ca 300*

*Acantha Africana is cer-
tainly not this authors true
name. Although "the
thorn of Africa" do have a
truly poetic note to it.*

*None but a fool, would put
her True Name in print.*

*You mean, Like Ifotta Nog-
arola did?*



o the land of no return, the land of darkness, Ishtar, the daughter of Sin directed her thought, Directed her thought, Ishtar, the daughter of Sin, To the house of shadows, the dwelling, of Irkalla, To the house without exit for him who enters therein, To the road, whence there is no turning, To the house without light for him who enters therein, The place where dust is their nourishment, clay their food.' They have no light, in darkness they dwell.

Ishtar is said to have made three descents.

The First Descent, was the soul's descent from the ephemeral heavens to the mundane world of clay and rock. That step involves gaining life and becoming human. All mortal beings have made the First Descent.

The Second Descent, is when life enters the Abyss and becomes death. The term is taken from Lilith's descent from the heavens to the Dark realm of Yaldabaoth. We who have taken this step are now tied to death and freed from life. The Second Descent seems terrible, and truly, it is. With uncontrollable hungers, a fear of the sun and an endless array of enemies natural and unnatural, how could the Second Descent be perceived as a promising state of being? We do not deny the horror of what we have become. Unlike many other cainites, we see these elements as tests, trials that, if passed, will take us to greater wisdom and what we call the Third Descent.

The Third Descent is divinity. It is not an ascent; the Third Descent does not return us to life and revoke death. That cannot happen by any lesser means than the juices of the Tree of Life which flow through the Dark Mothers veins. No, in the Third Descent, a Cainite becomes one of the Dark Lords of the Abyss. The Kindred gain access to powers, limitless and inimitable. We also become privy to the secrets of the world, and once one knows its secrets, there exists no limits.

Transcendence is about becoming something bigger, better, more powerful. Frankly, transcendence is about becoming an Elohim like Lilith did. A real God, not a devotee. This view on Golconda differs significantly with what other cainites may assert. For one, this view doesn't defeat or pacify the

*We Bahari know that we
can literally become gods,
throwing off the shackles of
the existence and walking
the earth as a truly divine
power. What the Kindred
possess now is a taste, noth-
ing more. True power is a
thousand times that.*



Beast: instead, the Beast merges seamlessly with the Cainite's soul. Two, this view doesn't defeat the hunger for blood. Aspiring to be paragons of humanity is a fool's errand. No, becoming a god means acting like one.

DERECH LILIT

Copied from letter from Armand de Bergerac to Malory Stevens, Toulouse 1539

The Path of Lilith is known as Derech Lilit in Hebrew. The genesis anecdote is a bit unclear on exactly when, that which we know call vampirism came into being.

Chronology matters little for beings that can see the future.

I thought the Angels of Sabaoth destroyed the Garden?

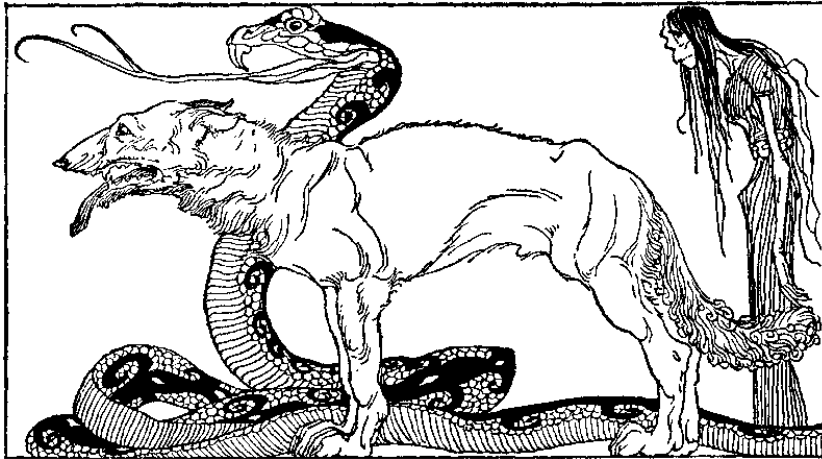
More than a few have fallen to their Inquisition. Path members must practice in secret and we confide only in other path members. Lilin Hierophants eschew the Sabbat. We do not forbid other members to join that sect, but we understand that the Sabbat worships Kayin and Kayin is an enemy of the Dark Mother. Sabbat members chosen as Hierophants often fake their own Final Deaths and abandon the sect. Existing Hierophants find the new priest a place and attempt to waylay any investigators.



The Path of Lilith is not an infernalist path. Lilith is no mere daemon. Vampirism is an ancient expression of Sabaoth's displeasure, all who are cast from His light are doomed to darkness and eternal bloodlust. By understanding the lies and half-truths of Kayin worshippers, we hope to hone the truth of Lilith. We demand creativity and an analytical mind. The vampiric Disciplines are Lilith's gifts to the Children of Kayin. These are the powers Kayin and his grandchilder in turn used to destroy her garden and exile her. Lilin are expected to hone their powers so that her gifts can be used against Kayin and his line. The Sabbat Inquisition considers us heretical. Lilith's followers must prove ourselves constantly and challenge others on the path. Her temples are established in torture chambers and morgues, where we are forced to confront the limits of our existence.

Pain and pleasure are the two constants of unlife. Titillation does not enlighten. Enlightenment must burn. Enlightenment must tear down all illusions and flay away mortality. Enlightenment is nothing if it's easy. There are other churches of Lilith amongst the other races of the night. Different creatures have their own scriptures and their own cults dedicated to the Dark Mother. Lilith may deliver truths and revelations upon other races, but those she whispers to the undead are the most important. The Lilin are particularly interested in finding out if other offspring of the Mother, still survive.

The existence of cainites may seem a contravention of the natural order. We are creatures caught in the middle of a process: the progression of life to death. The sun burns us. We animate our cadaverous muscles with blood stolen and consumed. Each is capable of possessing mysteries both fey and brutal. It is therefore easy to assume that cainites are unnatural. We represent an abnormal growth that, in a healthy world, would not or could not exist. Our anomalous existence seemingly extends to all spheres. We cannot share space with the rest of the living world and are hence kept to its shadowy edges. It becomes easy to assume that cainites are creatures who were not meant to be. We will never belong to the world, for we are ineluctably Damned. The Lilin of the Cult of Lilith do not share in that easy assumption.



Lilith speaks to the universal concepts of woman-as-mother, mother-as-survivor, and woman-as-catalyst both for all life as well as all evil. The oldest and most dedicated worshipers of Lilith claim their lineage traces back to her and her potent daemonic magics stolen from the gods and brought to Earth. They reject the influence or the importance of Kayin as the All-Father and point to historical texts as well as folktale cycles that suggest a pre-Abrahamic time when not all vampires were thought to be from one same progenitor. Many claim that their blood is the blood of daemons, and that they were never totally human, even before the Embrace. The children of Lilith are forces of raw creation. Creation hurts, and any pain survived is a lesson that must be studied and celebrated. Those who create with pure abandon and celebrate the wet and fleshy acts of creation will invariably be betrayed by those too afraid or otherwise unable to create.

THE GARDEN BA'HARAH

*Copied from pamphlet,
Yafambain, Hierophant of
the Silent Rose, ca 1520*



Ba'hara is the Third Garden of Sorrows. From this place-which-is-no-place, Lilith summons the spirits of tempest and torment and declares a long night of suffering, especially upon the childer of Kayin. This night, according to prophecy, shall climax with the Rising of the Tides, during which the current world will perish beneath waves and wind, to be reborn when the next world begins. In between, we see glimpses of Lilith's helpmates: the Bahari and the three sacred beasts. I have merely followed the way of Lilith. Her garden is a growing, changing thing, not a tablet of stone, but a wild thatch of nettles and fruits. The Dark Mother demands a few simple things from her devotees: Open your eyes, hold out your arms, and cultivate a garden (both within

Ba'hara is also (more traditionally) translated as Torment by scholars of Lilith.



and without) with the seeds of your experiences.

Each Bahari is herself the fruit of the Mother's third and final garden. As such, these offspring cultivate orchards of pain and groves of enlightenment, nurturing crises around them, then tending the survivors and teaching them to learn from their pain.

*A path to enlightenment,
hewn out of the rock of your
own pain. It's a lonely
path.*

*Another time, another
place. Another tear on
another face, But nobody
cares. Another hope,
another dream. But
there's no-one to hear you
scream, because nobody
cares.*

*Pain is worthless unless the
sufferer learns something in
its aftermath.*

Each gardener's tools are as individual as sin. Some employ the rude plow of physical torture, and thrive in the worm-ridden furrows of large cities; others prefer the even hand of a seeder, planting intrigues and gossips, then fertilizing them with innuendoes; some prune the branches of broken trees, working as confidants and healers among the walking wounded, clipping them with small cuts then reshaping the stalks with gentle words. Still others ride on the ecstasy of pain and the flashes of enlightenment that come with it, or lead cults of dubious origin. Regardless of her methodology, the true Bahari tends her projects through kindness and encouragement. Destruction is neither a Bahari's point nor her prerogative. The Dark Mother will deal with such things in her own time. Until then, each Bahari plants the seeds of enlightenment, then helps them grow. Although Lilith's fruit and flowers rise from similar seeds, they grow as they will. The Mother's garden has room for them all, as long as they keep that garden spreading.



The Laws of Lilith



Lilith's law is anti-law. Unlike the constipated scriptures to which we're so accustomed, her words flow through a gospel of impressions, a canticle of shadows that can be deciphered only through experience. No two readers will absorb those teachings the same way, and I doubt that any one reader would see the same meanings in the same passage twice. Lilith commands thou to challenge all authorities and make up thine own mind. But even so Bahari have from time to time tried to set up a few guidelines, but these should be taken as such, and not as any definite commandments. For completion, the traditions of Kayin have been included herein.

THE CODE OF ANANDA

Copied from the secret diary of an explorer to the Indian subcontinent, ca 1400

Rules, rules, rules. Endless rules. it's worse than the christ buggers.

If you can't tell the difference between the guidance of the Mother and from the rules of Sabaoth why are you even reading this book?

This smacks of enlightenment alright, but is is the illumination of the Mother?

Of course it is, what else could it be?

Just about anything, there is an endless world beyond the skies with many things itching to tell their own tales. And Ananda was the cousin of an eastern prophet, not a Lilin.

Who are you to say whom the mother have inspired?

than an empty cosmos would ever be.

SHE WHO SPITS UPON HER GOOD RIGHT HAND SHALL FIND THE LEFT ONE FAILS HER IN NEED.

An admonition to cooperate. The Lilin may be a powerful individual, but even she will sometimes need help. The Lilin shouldn't take anyone or anything for granted. Arrogance and abuse of other people just leads to desertion.

EACH GOLD COIN YIELDS TWO LIKE IT; EACH STALK GIVEN CREATES A BUNDLE. YET, EACH COIN TAKEN TURNS THE REST TO DROSS, AND ONE BUNDLE GONE CREATES A FAMINE. THUS SHALL A LILIN COUNT HER DEEDS.

This rule is one of accountability. The Lilin has a responsibility to give to her community unselfishly. Mystical knowledge does not create the means to personal aggrandizement; it creates the means to share good fortune with all people.

THOU ART MIRACULOUS, SO ARE WE ALL.

The Lilin must realize that magic and enlightenment isn't selfish. It doesn't center solely on himself. Every person is an individual miracle. Even the most mundane human talks, thinks and experiences. Which is surely more a miracle

SOME MINDS REST BEST ASLEEP. STIR NOT THOSE WHO WOULD NOT WAKEN OTHERWISE.

Perhaps one of the most hotly debated topics of the Code. this rule advises the Lilins not to push kine who aren't yet ready to Awaken, Opposing Lilins argue that only by pushing humans past their



boundaries can humanity rise out of its current rut. More level-headed Lilins still follow this rule and instead hold that kine must first seek ecstasy before they can be taught to find it.

surroundings, gamesmanship becomes deadly, slights become offenses, which become vendettas between entire Clans. People are just people, after all. Even elders shouldn't take themselves too seriously, the Code admonishes.

TRUTHS FORESEEN ARE NOT ALWAYS TRUTHS.

Applying equally to mystical sight and metaphor, this Code again warns a Mystic not to depend wholly upon mystical insight. Even foreseeing the future does not always set it in stone. Also, the assumptions that a Lilin makes should never be mistaken for fact. Always remain open to new possibilities

EVEN TREES RENT BY LIGHTNING MAY GROW NEW FRUIT.

All Lilins agree that it's an instruction to keep hope, because miraculous things happen in the most improbable parts of life. Some Lilins believe that it refers specifically to sacred passions, that a person whose passions are defiled, a rape victim, drug addict or burnout, can heal and learn to enjoy life again.

LET EACH LILIN ACCOUNT HER OWN DEEDS, AND IF THOSE DEEDS SHOULD WANT FOR WISDOM OR STRENGTH, LET HER BE PUT FORTH TO WEEP ALONE.

Some modern Cult activists find fault with this rule. Shouldn't the cult take responsibility for those who use its practices to dangerous ends. Still, a Lilin exiled to loneliness rarely gets much further, especially after making a few enemies.

Lilith's sense of community shines through here. The cult requires community to function; Lilins seek out others like themselves for safety, training and partnership. The rest of the cult shuns a Lilin whose deeds are found harmful or foolish.

A FOOL FEELS NO FEAR; A BEAST REMAINS SHACKLED BY IT; LILITH TRANSCENDS IT, YET RECALLS ITS WISDOM. IT IS GOOD TO BE AFRAID; IT IS FOLLY TO BOW TO TERROR.

HUMOR COOLED BLOOD: WRATH SPILLS IT.

A devotee of the Dark Mother must balance sagacity with ambition. Fear tells the Lilin something, it's a reminder of risk and danger. To ignore fear is to invite folly. One should not, however, be enslaved to fear. Be aware of risk, but do not shun it.

Long after any given kindred is gone, the cosmos will still turn, so it's best to simply take existence in stride.

Elders often take their positions ever so seriously. After all, they reason, the future of our faith hinges upon their every word and their slightest action. In such



THE TRADITIONS OF KAYIN

*Recited by Mithras, Prince
of London 1514 at the wake
of Lord Camden*

HOSPITALITY

Honor one another's domain.
When thou comest to a foreign
city, thou shalt present thyself to
the one who rules there. Without
the word of acceptance, thou art
nothing.

DOMAIN

Thy domain is thine own concern.
All others owe thee respect while
in it. None may challenge thy
word while in thy domain.

PROGENY

Thou shalt only Sire another with
the permission of thine Elder.
If thou creates another without
thine Elder's leave, both thee and
thy Progeny shall be slain.

ACCOUNTING

Those thou creates are thine own
children. Until thy Progeny shall
be Released, thou shalt command
them in all things. Their sins are
thine to endure.



DESTRUCTION

Thou art forbidden to destroy an-
other of thy kind. The right of de-
struction belongs only to thine El-
der. Only the Eldest among thee
shall call the Blood Hunt.

THE SILENCE OF BLOOD

Never shalt thou reveal thy true
nature to those not of the Blood.
Doing such shall renounce thy
claims of Blood.

*These days this tradition is
more widely known as the
Masquerade.*



THE COMMANDMENTS OF T'ZILAH

Excerpt from The Book of Shadows, Ilana, Adjudicator of the Red Thorn Dedicants, ca 1310

1. Thou shalt pursue arcane knowledge, The mysteries of the Abyss may be hidden anywhere.
2. Thou shalt take advantage of another's Weakness. Compassion has no place in Lilith's greater plans.
3. Thou shalt not refuse to aid another follower of Lilith, Teams work more efficiently than individuals.
4. Thou shalt not deny responsibility for thine actions. Dereliction of responsibility is a failure to lead properly.
5. Thou shalt respect thy superiors, Give the respect that is due, that thee might learn something in turn.
6. Thou shalt not accept defeat. Succeed, or die.
7. Thou shalt not submit to the error of others. Be right and thou wilt be vindicated. Follow a fool and thou wilt suffer for it.
8. Thou shalt not show a fear of darkness. Fear inhibits learning.
9. Thou shalt not fail to study a manifestation of the Abyss. Refusal to learn indicates refusal to understand.
10. Thou shalt not feed immediately when hungry. Deprivation and hunger taught Lilith to survive.
11. Thou shalt not pursue temporal wealth or power. True wealth comes from inside, not from money or influence.
12. Thou shalt correct the errors of others regarding Kayin and Lilith. Kayin was a murderer, traitor, and fool who deserve no reverence.
13. Thou shalt not feel remorse for bringing pain to someone. Pain and suffering help others to learn and grow.
14. Thou shalt participate in all Bahari rituals. The rituals handed down through time contain clues to awakening.
15. Thou shalt not fear death. Death is simply an inevitable change to a new form of existence.



16. Thou shalt not kill a living or unliving being. Death denies one the chance to transcend.
17. Thou shalt seek out the teachings of Lilith. Lilith hid her works in many places; they must be found.
18. Thou shalt dispense pain and anguish. Be a teacher through the pain.
19. Thou shalt not shun pain. Only through pain are we reborn. To shun pain is to embrace ignorance.
20. Thou shalt not show cowardice, Strength lies in fighting for a cause, not in fleeing it.
21. Thou shalt show hospitality to thy allies, Hospitality and generosity are the wealth of the soul.





Workings of a Bahari Coven

Novice

I do understand the need for secrecy and a nom de culte, but Rose Thorne? That's ridiculous.

Copied from pamphlet by Rose Thorne, distributed at Bahari Gathering in Nice 1221

HIERARCHY OF THE BAHARI COVEN

Supplicant



he supplicants, also known as the Children, are not a rank of the Cult per se, but the title given to outsiders. Especially those who have been chosen to join. As a supplicant they belong to the Garden of Eden, and are clad in white cloaks, representing their naivety.

It doesn't matter if the Cainite coming to the cult is a neonate or an elder, for all are supplicants when we first enter the Cult. This is for the benefit of the cult, but also for the benefit of the convert. The path of lilith is not to be trodden upon lightly. It is a commitment of body and soul. And there is no turning back into the Garden of Eden once you have left it.



he novices, also called Maidens, are the provisional members of the Cult. We find that this is the best way to keep old secrets out of new hands, at least, until those initiates have proven their readiness and devotion. Novices are never privy to the secrets of the cult. This is meant to predominantly protect the mysteries of the abyss, though dark mysteries is not the only secret that the cult possess. We want to keep all our rituals and practices secret and thus sacred. We are already subject to persecution; it is foolish to offer up our vulnerabilities on a silver platter for the others to exploit.

As such the novices belong to the Garden of Gishidah, the first of Lilith's Gardens and are distinguished by the red color of their cloaks, which they receive during the initiation ceremony. This trial period not only shows the Lilin if the novice is worth her mettle but also gives her ample opportunity to back out and return to her previous existence. Worship of the Dark Mother is insidious, and the cult doesn't allow a Cainite to go halfway. It is all or nothing. The Color of the cloaks is meant to represent the onset of adulthood.

Entering the path as a novice is the wise way for Lilin to join the Cult. It can be a long and hard road, with night after night of one's existence being downright punishing.



Acolyte

of an acolyte holds the special title of Father.



This should not be taken as indicating that weremen can not become acolytes. Weremen acolytes can be referred to as either Mothers or Fathers.

he Acolytes, or the Mothers, belong to the Garden of Dhainuv, the second of Lilith's Gardens. Once one commits beyond the period of the novices, she may gain all the benefits that the cult allows, both real and perceived. This is marked by the red cloaks with black ivy pattern that the Acolytes wear. The Acolyte is the true follower. Untill this point the Bahari was only provisionally accepted into the cult. But now she may gain the favor of the Dark Mother. She can begin to learn the rites of the abyss, although she will not yet be allowed to visit the Primal Realm herself. She can count herself among an extended family. Once committed, she cannot leave. She cannot give up her path and walk among the Noddists. We will ensure that the Cainite is bound to us. That is the primary function of the novices: to allow both parties to ensure our willingness to commit to one another. The Acolytes have a hard time and a difficult role, for the Lilin do not generally make entrance into our mysteries very easy. It is painful on par with nothing else, a wholly unique brand of tribulation. But the Acolytes helps represent one of those key tenets supported by the path as a whole: through pain, one may find enlightenment. Persevere through the trials, and belong to the Cult. The husband



Hierophant



he Hierophant, or The Crone, is the highest rank of the Cult, as such she belongs to the third and final garden Ba'harah, and is dressed in a pure black cloak. The husband of the Hierophant holds the special title of Hermit. Each coven has an head, or acting Hierophant to



Democracy is of little interest to Lilin, for the Dark Mother and goddesses do not grant all Kindred an equal vote by dint of us being cainites.

rule it, in Lilith's name, but many of its members may in fact hold the rank of Hierophant. For our path, power lies in the hands of the capable, the faithful and the blessed. The Hierophant, acting as both spiritual and political leader within wise domains where Lilin are present, is considered to be all three of those things. She must be capable, for without ability another would take her place. She must appear to be faithful, for the powers and sorceries of the Cult demand reverence. And, in some fashion, she must be blessed. The Hierophant, above all, is a spiritual leader. She invokes ritual. She determines which holy days are appropriate, and which are to be disavowed. She helps set the precedent for what counts as proper worship in the domain. Her job is not, however, to make all the coven happy. Certainly, some Hierophants attempt to do that, but doing so is at odds with genuine

belief. The Hierophant shall rule her Coven as representative of the Goddess.

SECRECY OF THE CULT



In the days when Bahari extended far, we were free and worshiped in all the Greatest Temples, but in these unhappy times we must hold our sacred mysteries in secret. So it be ordained, that none but the Lilin may see our mysteries, for our enemies are many, And torture looseth the tongues of many. It be ordained that each Coven shall not know where the next Coven bide, or who its members are, save the Hierophant, That there shall be no communication between them, save by the Oracles. Only if it be safe, may the Covens meet, in some secret place, for the great festivals. And while there, none shall say whence they come, or



give their true names, to the end that, if any are tortured, in their agony and ecstasy, they can not tell if they know not. So it be ordained that no one may tell any not of the Mystery who be of the Lilin, nor give any names, or where they bide, or in any way tell anything which can betray any to our foes, nor may they tell where the Covenstead be, or where is the Covendom, or where be the meetings or that there have been meetings. And if any break these laws, even under torture, The Curse of the Goddess shall be upon them.

If thou would keep a book let it be in thine own hand of write. Let acolyte sisters and brothers copy what they will, but never let the book out of thine hands, and never keep the writings of another, for if it be found in their hand of write, they well may be taken and enjoined. Each should guard his own writings and destroy it whenever danger threatens. Learn as much as thou may by heart, and when danger is past, rewrite thine book and it be safe. For this reason, if any die, destroy their book if they have not been able to, for an it be found, it is clear proof against them. So ever destroy anything not necessary. If thine book be found on thee. It is clear proof against thee alone.

Keep all thoughts of the Mystery from thy mind. Drive this into thy mind. If the torture be too great to bear, say, "I will confess. I cannot bear this torture. What dost thou want me to say? Tell me and I will say it". If they try

to make thee speak of the sisterhood, Do not, but if they try to make thee speak of infernalism, to obtain relief from torture, say, "I had an evil dream. I was not myself. I was crazed". Not all Magistrates are bad. If there be an excuse they may show mercy. If ye have confessed aught, deny it afterwards; say ye babbled under torture, ye knew not what you did or said. If ye are condemned, fear not. The sisterhood is powerful. We may help you to escape, if ye stand steadfast, but if ye betray aught, there is no hope for you, in this existence, or in that which is to come. Be sure, if steadfast ye go to the pyre, Röttschreck will reach you. The pain will bring nothing but revelation. Thou goes but to Death and what lies beyond, the ecstasy of the Goddess.

Magicians and Nihilists may taunt us, saying, "Thou hast no power. Summon the Abyss before our eyes. Then only will we believe," seeking to cause us to betray our Dark Art before them. Heed them not, for the Art is Dark, and may only be used in need. And the curse of the Gods be on any who break this law.

It ever be the way with weremen, and with women also, that they ever seek new love, nor should we reprove them for this, but it may be found to disadvantage the Mystery, as so many a time it has happened that a Hierophant, impelled by love, hath departed with their love; that is, they have left the coven. Now, if a Hierophant wishes to resign, she may do so

If thou or any not in thy Circle speak of the Mystery, say, "Speak not to me of such. It frightens me. it is simple superstition" For this reason: those who would exalt Kayin have spies everywhere. These speak as if they were well affected, as if they would come to Meetings, saying, "My sire used to go to worship the Dark Mother. I would that I could go myself". To these ever deny all knowledge. Ever make it a jest, and in some future time, perhaps the persecution will die, and we may worship safely again.

Say that thou had bad dreams; a methuselah caused thee to write it without thy knowledge. Think to thyself, "I know nothing. I remember nothing. I have forgotten everything".



Unless there be a good reason to the contrary. The person who has done the work should reap the benefit of the reward, that is the deputy of the Hierophant.

in full Coven, and this resignation is valid. But if they should run off without resigning, who may know if they may not return within a few months? So the law is, if a Hierophant leaves her coven, but returns within the space of a year and a night, then she shall be taken back, and all shall be as before. Meanwhile, if she has a deputy, that deputy shall act as Hierophant for as long as the Hierophant is away. If she returns not at the end of a year and a night, then shall the coven elect a new Hierophant.

MAINTAINING ORDER IN THE COVEN



If there be any disputes or quarrels among the brethren, the Hierophant shall immediately convene the Elders and enquire into the matter, and they shall hear both sides, first

alone, then together, and they shall decide justly, not favouring the one side or the other, ever recognizing that there be people who can never agree to work under others, but at the same time there be some people who cannot rule justly. To those who ever must be chief, there is one answer, "Void the Coven and seek an other, or make a Coven of thine own, taking with thee those who will to go". To those who cannot rule justly, the answer be, "Those who cannot bear thy rule will leave thee," for none may come to meetings with those with whom they are at variance; so, an either cannot agree, get hence, for the Mystery must ever survive. So it be ordained.

Let each Hierophant govern her Coven with Strength and Courage, with the help of the advice of the elders, always heeding the advice of the Oracles, if it cometh. She will heed all complaints of sisters, and strive



to settle all differences among them, but it must be recognized that there be people who will ever strive to force others to do as they will. And if they will not agree with their sisters, or if they say, "I will not work under this Hierophant," it hath always been the old law to be convenient for the brethren, and to void disputes, any of the Third may claim to found a new Coven because they reside over a league from the Covenstead, or are about to do so.

Anyone residing within the Covendom wishing to form a new Coven, to avoid strife, shall tell the Elders of his intention and on the instant void his dwelling and remove to the new Covendom. Members of the old Coven may join the New one when it be formed, but if they do, must utterly void the old Coven. The Elders of the New and the Old Covens should meet in peace and sisterly love, to decide the new boundaries. Those of the Mystery who dwell outside both Covendoms may join either indifferent, but not both, though all may, if the Elders agree, meet for the Great Festivals, if it be truly in peace and sisterly love. But splitting the coven oft means strife, so for this reason these laws were made of old, And may the curse of the Goddess be on any who disregard them.

If the Coven hath any Appanage, let all sisters guard it, and help to keep it clear and good for the Coven, and let all justly guard all monies of the Coven. But if some

sisters truly wrought it, it is right that they have their pay, an it be just. But if any sisters willingly for the good of the Coven without pay, it is but to their greater honour.

Thou may use the Art for thine own advantage, or for the advantage of the Coven, only if thou be sure it is not simply for your comfort. But ever let the Coven debate the matter at length. Only if all are in agreement may the Art be used. It is adjudged lawful an anyone need a house or land, an none will sell, to incline the owner's mind to be willing to sell.

No one may do or say anything which will endanger any of the Mysteries, or bring them in contact with the law of the court, or the Law of the Church or any of our persecutors. In any disputes between the brethren, no one may invoke any laws but those of the Mystery, or any Tribunal but that of the Hierophant and the Elders. And may the Curse of the Goddess be on any who so do.

THE CRIME OF AMARANTH



he act of Amaranth is a crime for Lilin. The path we walk does not accept the consumption of another Cainite's soul, do not deem it to be in any way natural. Amaranth is not predation. Amaranth is not sanctioned by the Dark Mother.

It might be considered a crime, but it must not be a very serious crime, given what is written in the third analect. Most sects have a penalty of final death for diablerie, not simply ostracization for a limited time.



I feel that because sacrifice is present, the Dark Mother is appeased. It doesn't matter that the Bahari herself isn't really sacrificing anything, the symbol of sacrificing another is enough.

If that means the diablerist loses her tongue and must become bound to the Hierophant, so be it. If the diablerist is sent to torpor and laid in a tub squirming with ghouled maggots, then that is what the Dark Lords demand.

Amaranth is an ugly betrayal of another divine being as well as a cheat to gain power that is undeserved. In addition, the act of Amaranth is a pollution of a Lilin's very soul, bringing the essence of an unawakened being into it. If the cult discovers such criminals, the cult usually doles out punishment in due course. Generally speaking, though, the cult will not offer up a diablerist to the powers that be. The Lilin prefer to handle the punishment of our own children. It rarely ends in the diablerist's Final Death, but that doesn't mean the criminal will not suffer. We Cainites do what we must to show the Dark Mother that we are sorry for the offense.

now lie guarded by legions of ghouls, magical guardians and devious traps. In Roman times, it was not uncommon for extensive catacombs to be built under the great cities, and it is from these that most Inconnu coteries still rule. Each labyrinth should be built to the specifications of its owner, and even the Roman catacombs are rarely left untouched. Only the architect and the workers know the true layout of a maze, and the wise vampire Dominates or kills the workmen to ensure its secrecy.

One Lafombra claims to have based his maze on the notes for the Labyrinth of Crete (though no one is certain if he furnished his with a Minotaur).

Labyrinths can be of any size, from a modified castle dungeons to networks of hollowed out caverns. Good mazes employ security measures like those used in the surface world. Portcullis, moats, iron gates and pit traps lined with wooden stakes. Certain features are exclusive to labyrinths, such as lakes of flaming oil or monstrous guardians dwelling in moats. Such security works both to slow entry of intruders and alert us to invaders. Something may always be found at the center of any maze, and here we make our havens. Some elders never leave, to paranoid to chance the surface world. So formidable are some of these labyrinths that it is sometimes easier to simply seal the Cainites inside, making their havens into tombs. Who knows what awaits the unwary vampire who attempts to reopen such a place.

CONSTRUCTION OF LABYRINTHS



Since time immemorial, vampires have feared the light of day. For equally long centuries, many have hidden from the sun beneath the earth. In these dark and tempestuous times, when so many have been dragged out into the sun to die, refuge under cold rock is highly valued. What began long ago as a tradition of sleeping in caves has developed slowly into a mania for security. It is not enough simply to sleep beneath the ground; we must ensure no one can drag us out. Some say that the Methuselahs long ago built enormous underground tombs, where they



Induction of Mortal Followers into the Cult

*Copied from pamphlet, El-
speth of Wallachia, Graz,
1441*

*This entire pamphlet is the
product of a self serving
charlatan intent on turn-
ing our faith to her own
perverted agenda. That
said, it does include some
few insights on how a coven
should be organized, and
therefore merits some brief
study.*



he cult is not exclu-
sively composed
of kindred. The
sons of Adam
and daughters
of Eve might as well follow the
teachings of Lilith, even though
they seldom raise above the rank
of Supplicant without receiving
the Embrace, unless they walk
one of the other rare paths to
enlightenment and awakening.
It's worth noting that the number
of mortals within the cult have
been slowly growing over the
centuries. A mortal following
can grow from a small retinue
to a congregation of devoted
followers like a crop grows from
seed. First, thou must gather
the seed, planting and carefully
tending it, before thou canst reap
any sort of harvest from thine
efforts. Thy first followers must
have certain qualities If they are
to serve as the start of a worthy
Sect.

First, they must be loyal. Much
of the work of creating and main-
taining a mortal cult must be
done during the day, so thou
must be able to entrust this work

to thy followers. They are thine
lieutenants, overseers of the cult
thou wilt gather together. If
thou art lord, then they are thine
senechals and ministers, There-
fore, thou must secure and hold
their loyalty completely and ut-
terly, but not through such crude
means as domination. No, thou
need their free will and their wills
intact if they are to be of any
use to thee. Thou must se-
cure their loyalty through other
means; the strength of thy pres-
ence, whispered promises, wor-
ship, fealty and the power of the
blood. There are many ways to se-
cure loyalty, as thou shalt see.

Second, thine first followers must
have some measure of cleverness
and the ability to sway others to
thy cause, but they must not be so
great in either endeavor as to ex-
ceed thee. These first converts will
be thine emissaries in the mortal
world, gathering others to follow
thee. Therefore, they must be
able to recruit others and secure
their loyalty to thee and thy or-
der. That is why I teach thee these
lessons. Not only so that thou
may understand, but so that thou
canst pass on enough knowledge
to thine followers.

Third, consider the purpose and
nature of the following thou seek
to build. Choose thy first suppli-
cants from those able to accom-
plish thy goals. If thine new fol-
lowing is to be made up of the
daughters and sons of the no-
blest houses, it does little good
to choose a penniless beggar as
thine catpaw, Likewise, if thou
wilt gather strength from beggars,

*Here ye walk a dangerous
line. Thou must teach
them enough of this lore
to be useful but not so
much that they believe they
can do without thee, Un-
derlings throughout history
have decided they could
do without the rulers they
served. Of such things are
rebellions made. Take care
to guard against them.*

*unless, of course, thou cleans
and clothes the rogue and
arrange a suitable intro-
duction to court for her.
Even then, thou art better
to choofse someone familiar
with the ways of the nobil-
ity and able to move easily-
among them.*



thieves and outcasts, a nobleman is a poor choice as the first of thy company. Thy first supplicants must move easily through the social circles of thy potential converts.

Finally, choose thy first converts with care and an eye toward subtlety. Thou dost not want fanatics preaching in the streets for all to see, nor dost thou want sudden changes in manner or behavior likely to arouse suspicion. Seek out those with beliefs and manner matching thy needs, so their later actions will seem to arise naturally from their character.

GAINING CONVERTS TO THE CULT

Once thou hast gathered thine first followers, it falls largely to them to gather the next, although with thy guidance and assistance. For any following greater than a handful, it is important to understand that thou cannot exercise direct control over all. Thou must rely on the abilities or thine most loyal supplicants to keep the others obedient. This is perhaps the greatest benefit and the greatest risk of a large following. Thou gains the benefit of many supplicants and all that they bring thee, but thou surrender at least as much part of thy security, unable to watch all of thine followers at once, relying on the aid of others to maintain control.

Gaining converts is a matter of three discrete steps. Seeking out those suited for conversion, initiating them into thine circle and, finally, binding their loyalty in some lasting way.

FINDING NEW FOLLOWERS

Like the hunter thou art, thou must develop an eye and ear for prey. This is different from the hunt for Vitae but similar enough that it comes to our kind with only a small amount of study. In the hunt for blood, we seek those that are filled with the life we need to sustain us, alone and vulnerable, unlikely to be missed for some time, that we can continue to feed from or dispose of easily. In the hunt for supplicants, we likewise look for the frayed edges of mortal society and those who linger at them. Ideally, a potential follower has few friends or relations or can be separated from them for long periods of time. The absence of such followers will not be noticed or might be explained as part of their duties or regular habits. Potential followers should either be weak in faith and will, apathetic toward worship and life. Or ardent believers, burning with zeal. In the former case, they can be guided toward something they can believe in deeply, a new center for their life that gives it meaning and purpose. In the latter case, their faith can be

Still, thou canst minimize these risks by careful planning and following mine advice. Learn the means of swelling ranks and gaining converts well, then teach thine most loyal only what they need to know to carry out their work. Maintain the loyalty of those closest to thee and they will watch the rest for thee, warning thee of any danger to thy rule.



used as a means of guiding them toward Lilith, slowly transferring their fervor over from the Father of Light to the Dark Mother.

This can be dangerous when dealing with a fanatic whose views are already set, but others are like clay, waiting to be molded and then fired with religious zeal to set them in the form thee dictate.

Consider all the reasons men and women enter the Cloister, and thou wilt find among them the reasons they will come to thee. There is a desire to leave the world behind and find one more suited to their temperament. Some seek to know something greater than themselves, to feel awe and wonderment. Others, driven by shame and guilt, seek to wash away past sins or cut themselves off from their old lives and begin anew. There are those who seek order and discipline, the simple life of following the monastic rule, who are easily turned to follow thine own way. There are seekers of companionship, compassion, love, power and peace. All of these desires are as bait for thine hooks, to draw them in and make them thine. Once thou hast hooked the fish, all that remains is to haul it in. The introduction of new members to thy cult is important to secure thine influence over it and assure its future loyalty. There are many techniques that help integrate a new recruit into a mortal cult's ranks. Use them in combination to ensure the supplicant will have no opportunity to resist the cult's lure.

SEPARATION FROM THE UNAWAKENED



Keep the supplicant from contact with anyone other than thine loyal followers. A sense of separation from the world creates a need for what thou hast to offer: stability and purpose. Loyalty and faith are contagious, and being in the presence of those loyal to thee and to Lilith can inculcate it in newcomers. Isolation from the familiar makes it more difficult for the supplicant to return to old ways and familiar faces. Encourage separation from the people and things of ordinary life within supplicants. They are special, the chosen of the Queen of Thorns, different from the common herd, which doesn't understand the teachings of Her. If others knew how special they were, they would be Jealous and would move against them. Instill in them a fear of the ordinary, making thine a place of refuge from a strange and hostile world. Create a sanctuary for thine followers, whether an actual physical place or a sanctuary of thought and ideas, where they can seek shelter.

This isolation need not be long; a day or two at least, the length of a hunting trip or a short journey is better. If thou hast the opportunity to isolate supplicants for longer, In a castle, monastery or stronghold of thine own. so much the better.



RULES OF TRIBULATION



One of the most important aspects of monastic life is the rule, the laws that govern every aspect of monastery life. A successful cult must also operate by rule of law, although not necessarily the same as that of a monastery. Consider the life of a cloistered monk: rising daily at matins, observing morning prayers and a meal eaten in silence, working throughout the day with time for other devotions, and retiring at complin. A monk's vows are ever uppermost in his mind and in his daily life. So it should be with thine followers among the kine. Daily rituals performed in secret, meetings with others in thy service, tithes to thine coffer, and sacrifices to Her glory.

Although most cannot follow the rigid rule of a monastery, or the harsh tribulations of the Dark Mother, thou canst create and enforce rules that keep their loyalty and duty uppermost in their minds.

Vows of all kinds are all means to give a mortal cult order and discipline. People desire order and leadership, so provide it and they will not fail to follow thee. The creation of rules is also a means of testing thine followers loyalty, like Lilith tested Tzilah. What will they give up for thee? What will they do in thy name? What torments will they endure if thou commands it. Test these limits cautiously, but test them nonetheless, and thou wilt know precisely what thine followers are capable of and how thou canst use them to thy best advantage when the time comes.

Many neonates, are taken with the power to dominate, to impose

their will on others. It is useful to be sure, but it is hardly subtle. It binds the soul in chains of will, leaving the victim with no choice but to obey. It can ensure cooperation but not true loyalty. In fact, the dominated usually grow frightened and resentful of their treatment. Those often subjected to such treatment may lose their free will and creativity altogether, making them quite obedient but not as useful as servants of Lilith.





THE FRUITS OF THE GARDEN



ll creatures need nourishment and shelter. A mortal cult that is literally starving will revolt in exchange for a crust of bread. Conversely, people who are starving can be drawn to a new faith by the promise of food and shelter, the most basic of needs. Thou wouldst do well to take a lesson from this. Nourishment is not limited to food, either. There is also the nourishment that our kind craves and is forever driven to seek. Blood can be difficult to come by, particularly for the weak, and a generous wonder is a boon to the neonate, the Caitiff, even the Cainite who simply tires of the hunt or has become foolhardy in choosing prey. The same can also be said of ghouls with no master, desperate for the vitae they need so very much. A promise of quenching their thirst can lure others across the threshold and into thine domain.

THE MOTHERS LOVE



hether it is the love of woman and wereman, a parent for a child or the love of a Goddess, mortals seek to love and be loved in return. And even we, who consider ourselves beyond the simple veils of mortal

trappings and blessed with hardships to be without, create a twin of that love in our unlife. Be it through the kinship of a coven or family, the worship of followers or the respect of our peers. But although those among us who have left mortal life behind cannot grasp the passion of those whose hearts still beat, we must understand the mortal need and hunger for love, since it is an powerful lure and temptation in our hands. Followers who feel loved and cared for are also more likely to return that love, tying them to thee even more strongly.

THE FRUITS OF KNOWLEDGE



ome minds desire to know the truth and may come to thee seeking answers to their questions. So long as they believe, the truth is thine to do with as thou wilt. Certainly, few mortals know the truth of our existence as anything other than legends and stories, and fewer still know anything of our liturgy or our nature as childer of Lilith. There are those in the clergy and in scholarly circles that would give much for this knowledge, and I know Cainites who have taken advantage of this opportunity to spread false and misleading information about us, which is passed on through books and manuscripts, From teacher to student. This is a troublesome quandry for to combat lies with

The Church gives alms and bread to the poor not only because it is mandated by the Word of God, but also because those tokens buy the loyalty of beggars and poor souls who see the Church as a source of worldly as well as spiritual salvation. The lord who is generous with his treasury and his granary is loved and lauded by the people.

Others go a step further and, under a guise of repentance, teach outsiders our "secrets," while actually leading them astray into the true enlightenment of darkness, until they are left broken and defeated and willing swear fealty to their nonliving mentors.



truths would in large part entail revealing mysterioes none but the initiated should have.

FAITH IN THE TRUTH OF THE GODDESS



he Benedic-
tine prayer at
mealtime says
"Though our
bodies be satis-
fied, let our souls ever hunger".
Man does not live on bread
alone, and many hunger for
the satisfaction of their soul.
They need to feel the presence
of something divine. Although
the Church satisfies this need for
some, others leave that house
of lies wanting for more, and
they can be drawn to our side, to
worship the true Mother of All
and to follow thee as their priest
and guide. A mortal cult based
on faith must be fed through
ritual, devotions and prayer.
Inflame thine followers with the
power of faith, strengthen their
belief in all that they are taught.
Show them the power of their
belief, and they will not waver.
Beware a crisis of faith among
thine followers, how ever, for
faith is a precarious thing. It
can be as strong as steel, but a
powerful blow can still shatter it,
leaving it broken and useless.

*Worse yet, there are few ene-
mies more dangerous than
apostates, or more dedi-
cated than the newly con-
verted. If thine follow-
ers find faith in something
other than Lilith, they
may well turn against thee.*

Embrace into the Ranks of Lilith

*Copied from letters by
Mara, The Messenger of
Jocalo, to an unknown
coven, 1216*



he embrace is the
birth of a new Cai-
nite, and that is
how Lilin see it.
If we cainites are
children of the Dark Mother or
even small gods ourselves, then it
is only proper to have children
who can carry on worship and
perhaps later even become gods
themselves. On a simpler note,
the Embrace represents just one
of many divinely given rights. The
Lilin believe that we are the true
arbiters of autonomy. By deny-
ing the Embrace, one denies the
power of the Dark Mother and
our blood that transubstantiates
inside the crucible of an Bahari's
body. Of course, this is tricky.
The Embrace remains a violation,
and so the Lilin cannot go around
wantonly siring neonates. Ulti-
mately, wise cultists accept the
Embrace as natural but sacred.
When siring a Cainite, one is
choosing a childe to carry on the
ways of worship, dark mysteries
and the sire's own expectations.
This is not done lightly. Much as
the creation of ghouls is expected,
so, too, is the Embrace. We ex-
pect our adherents to, at some



point in our long existence, Embrace a mortal and bring her into the fold.

Some Bahari regard the Embrace as the greatest act of creation possible to us. Indeed, some see the Embrace as the nearest we can come to true creation, in the way that living creatures can create further life. It is not enough that the Embrace really be for the childe's benefit; the new Cainite must feel that herself. The normal practice is to kill those who refuse the Embrace. The favored approach is to make the mortal's life such that the transition to unlife is a welcome change, even seen as a blessing. That generally means inducting mortals into ideas that make vampirism sound attractive and cutting the mortal's links to other living humans. All this must be achieved while leaving the mortal psychologically healthy; if progeny are a Cainite's greatest creation, it would not do for us to foster flaws. This requires work on the part of the prospective sire.

First, a suitable candidate must be found, which involves paying close attention to the personalities of mortals. Older Kindred find this stage the hardest, while neonates often have little problem. The next step is to shape the mortal's life. Here, matters are reversed; elder cainites find this much easier than neonates, and judicious application of Disciplines can help a lot. A sire often sets the Embrace up as a grand initiation into a higher mystery. For Lilin who believe

that this is exactly what it is, this is no struggle. A great advantage of a mystery is that secrecy about the details of what will happen is positively expected, and so the Masquerade can be preserved. After the Embrace, the new childe can expect a firm grounding in the basics of the existence before being presented to the city. Ideally, a Bahari spends years preparing for the Embrace, choosing and grooming the ideal candidate, getting permission, or at least a tacit guarantee of non-interference, from the powers-that-be, and preparing a place in the society of the undead. Of course, some Lilin are still overcome by passion or memories of mortality and Embrace as thoughtlessly as any other Kindred. But that is never regarded as a manifestation of the path's philosophy. For the creation of progeny to bring power, the creation must be done properly.

THE LONG ROAD INTO DARKNESS



Most Bahari recruits enter the cult slowly, with a great deal of deliberation on the part of their sires. Lilith maintains no strict accounting for progeny, but a sire who creates too many unsatisfactory childer eventually comes to the attention of her superiors. Success justifies risk, in the Bahari conventional wisdom, so would-be sires generally prefer

I interpret this as meaning that the mortal must agree to the Embrace, from a position of knowledge. Even if I do not believe in fully informed consent, the mortal must know that she will be a Cainite, feeding on blood, confined to the night and at least a little about the nature of the existence.



Such individuals are too tightly woven into the framework of their society, bound to human values and human rewards.

to take their time in creating childer. Long experience shows the Bahari that kings, popes and comparable leaders seldom make good vampires. Better recruits come from the ranks of those near the throne but not actually sitting on it: seneschals, constables, advisors and the like. These people may exercise substantial power in practice, but on behalf of someone else who gets the credit. While the vast majority of seneschals deal just fine with their situation, some succumb to festering resentment and take the first unknowing steps into the Abyss. Ambitious failures may also make excellent recruits, depending on why they failed. A would-be politician with great intellectual gifts who couldn't quite mask her contempt for the public, for instance, bears watching. As a Bahari, she wouldn't be called upon to treat the public charitably. A banker repeatedly bought out or otherwise balked by rivals sometimes succumbs to deepening resentment; he's also worth watching, to see whether his hatred might broaden into the rage that characterizes some of the cult's best warriors. In each case, the sire looks for habits of thought and states of mind. The world is unpredictable, and success doesn't prove the presence or absence of any particular quality. Experience counts, but in the end it's the soul that endures through the Embrace, while all life's lessons become at least partly irrelevant. Pride is not sufficient. Anyone can be too proud to get along, and pride untempered

by judgment is not a survival trait for neonates. Ambition is better, particularly if it's only partially satisfied in life. Revenge in all its forms is a good sign, as long as the vampire-to-be also shows patience. Some Bahari stick to tried-and-true sources for neonates. They examine the dominant institutions of their society. Other Bahari deliberately look elsewhere. Several of the most successful war leaders in current crusades were housekeepers in life. In each case, a prospective sire noticed some quirk of behavior that caught her or her fancy, and follow-up examination revealed untapped wellsprings of dark passion.

Other talented Bahari have come from hospices, refugee camps and poorhouses. People willing to stop being human can turn up almost anywhere.

TESTING TO DESTRUCTION



nce the prospective sire identifies a promising candidate for the Embrace, she sets about testing her. Ideally, the testing happens over the course of years, though circumstances often reduce it to months or less. The testing measures the candidate's response to tribulation, the sire usually attempts to break him by ruining his life. The sire begins by striking at whatever the candidate seems to regard as most important. Whatever it is, a dedicated Bahari can take it away, either by herself or with the assistance of covenmates and other allies. Step by step, the vampire cuts off

If it's his family, the fire kills them, or uses Disciplines and mundane means to alienate his relatives. If it's physical ability, the fire cripples the candidate, infects him with a chronic disease or otherwise takes the ability away. If it's social standing, the sire arranges a series of scandals to isolate the candidate from former associates.

An artist whose work offends patrons and clerics on whose whim success depends is likewise worth watching, to see whether her determination lasts in the face of defeat. If it does, she might be a valuable addition to the ranks of those walking in Lilith's footsteps.



her childe-to-be from the world. The candidate must remain in control of himself; Bahari regard using Dominate to force states of mind as cheating, the point is to see how the candidate copes. A candidate who breaks under the strain generally ends up in pure misery. The sire abandons the experiment but seldom bothers undoing the wounds inflicted along the way. The tricky part of it all is to keep the prospective childe from simply feeling deprived of purpose. Each loss must give rise to some new motive, whether it's simply reclaiming the lost thing or an emphasis on something that hasn't previously seemed important or desirable. A vampire who lacks drive cannot fend off the Beast or flourish in Lilith's harshly competitive environment, and the Bahari prefer to separate the losers from the passionately alienated before the Embrace. The ideal Bahari candidate, for most of the cult, is someone who feels distanced from her society and yearns to change or overthrow it, but isn't locked into an overly narrow sense of what must be done. Even if the mortal's current vision looks only at what's close, it must contain the seeds of grandeur, or the centuries of unlif e will become a burden.

FROM LIFE TO UNLIFE



A candidate who remains driven and active despite adversity at least meets her sire. She probably doesn't learn at that time how much of her suffering is her fault. She generally lies like mad, saying whatever she deems likely to make the candidate accept vampirism. She demonstrates her powers and offers them to the candidate. Some Bahari prefer to tell the truth to their childer: "Yes, I set about blighting thy life. Thou hast proven enduring, so now I offer thee power". Most sires find this too risky and prefer to spin fables about how they've noticed the miseries afflicting their childer and how the powers they offer can let them redress the situation. After the childe undertakes his initial period of revenge or otherwise deals with the misery of her mortal life, his sire brings him into Bahari society, and the usual process of training and initiation rites begins. Note that revenge is not the defining neonate passion in all or even most cases.

The shock of Embrace leaves many childer a little deranged anyway, random slaughter followed by sober realization cuts new Bahari adrift from humanity.



Revelations of the Akh

*Copied from a unnamed
book by Hukros, Childer of
Ennoia and Shaper of the
path, 951*



As anyone who has felt the whiplash of the sun's rays or the slender pricklings of a vivisectionists tool can attest, we all attain a burst of insight when injured. For a flickering moment, the commonplace world freezes and we are transported to a netherland where God's own pulse throbs in our veins. Like drinking from Heaven's jugular, this faintly obscene pleasure renders the partaker dizzy.

The moment is just that, a moment, but when it passes, we have glimpsed something remarkable rising from the haze of pain. We call this moment akh, the "Short Dawn". The mystics among us liken it to the moment of clarity that magi call "Awakening"; indeed, many of our number claim to be Awakened beings whose akh led them to study the magickal Arts. While many of these mystics advance their queen's agenda on a fairly local basis, I admit that some of them retain herds that would be the envy of any Kindred prince. By nurturing those herds with creeds of renewal through sacrifice, Bahari magicians raise a hunger for such enlightenment,

and for more and greater agonies. Properly experienced, akh leads to heightened consciousness, supernal insight and mystical powers. Humans search for it in sado-masochistic rituals, but it rarely comes in such structured confines. To find a true akh, one must be flung headlong into a physical and emotional abyss, and come out the other side. We Bahari cultivate akh, both in ourselves and in others. It is the sweet fruit of Knowledge and the bitter pulp of Life in one.

Lilith experienced akh while she wandered the unmade lands, and she led Kayin to it when he descended into Hell.

CULTIVATION OF GARDENS



The gardeners of the Cult take great pride in the attention we pay to our verdant prayer, regardless of the actual size of our plots. Plants, pets, mortal charges and even a few ghouls are carefully guarded and groomed as a means to demonstrate a Bahari's devotion to the beauty and potential of life. The wise cultivate amazing displays of controlled wilderness, encouraging the abundant growth of wildflowers, weeds and trees within our chosen territory. To wander in the gardens of the Bahari is to know the wide and varied possibilities of nature in one's domain. For the true natural worshipper, every bud and leaf is a sacred surprise, a player in the never-ending flux of regeneration and decay that reflects the whole of the world around it. The



appearance of the gardens may be wild, but not for a lack of attention. The fact is that each individual growth is meticulously cared for, but never interfered with. The goal is to recognize and honor the features of creation's many facets, not to impose aesthetic choices. A garden is more than an accumulation of plants. A whole ecology of insects, birds and rodents are bound take up residence in a natural growth, allowing the Bahari to observe and interact with a miniature replica of the living world.

THE DELIRIOUS INSIGHTS OF TORPOR

We accept torpor as an unfortunate stage of undeath, but not necessarily unnatural. The dark sleep for cainites becomes a journey to the Abyss. While

slumbering, a Cainite may experience strange visions or odd memories. In these visions are hidden secrets that can be drawn free from the metaphor like a draught of blood from a hard-to-reach vein. Perhaps the Cainite gazed into the actual Abyss. The torpid creature may even have received a visit from one of the Dark Mothers incarnations, and was given instructions to pass along to the cult.

Our sect holds elaborate rituals when one of the sect's own enters torpor, and at times, the cult inflicts torpor purposefully upon members. We gather up the slumbering Cainite and let her rest upon a sacred altar. The participants in the ritual (called musteriai) surround the torpid Bahari during the first night of her rest. We fill her with pomegranate seeds and sacrifice a number of piglets over her supine body. This also allows her to sort through

These are not to be rejected, but remembered and examined. The Bahari has literally glimpsed a place beyond this realm.

*Mysteriai means The "Mysteri-
eries" in Greek. In the
old days the cult was very
found of speaking in Greek.*

*Sometimes even cutting her
open and placing them
within her dead flesh*



any trouble in differentiating real memories from false ones.

MORTIFICATION OF THE FLESH



ituals of mortification, wherein the flesh is mutilated, marked or altogether destroyed, serve different purposes within the Cult. Mortification proves that one's body is one's own. The Dark Mother have gifted a Cainite with a body that can endure great suffering. By bringing suffering upon the body, the suffering frees the body and proves to the sufferer that her flesh is her own and she should do with it as she wishes. Mutilation reveals a postulant's mettle. If she cries out too soon for comfort, then she is not strong enough to serve the Dark Mother and master the dangerous rites of the path.

ALTERCATIONS TO THE SELF



ometimes, it is not the body that needs to be broken, but the mind. What the path asks an initiate to believe seems easy on the surface. The novices member can nod and smile all she likes; even the smart ones can, in depth, explain their revelations regardless of what they truly believe. That isn't enough by our standards. We

prefer some kind of proof that the doors of the mind have been kicked open. This isn't done with permission from the Cainite. One cannot choose what form it will take. It must be brought to bear against an individual, crashing down upon her like a violent wave. This can be done by forcing the victim into an altered state of consciousness. The predominant method by which we achieve this is through drugs and toxins. We keep closeby a number of drugs that we consider quite sacred. These drugs don't merely cause hallucinations, but actually give the user a glimpse into the dark worlds of the Neverborn. This ritual, called the purgatorio, is meant to "hollow out" the initiate and fill her with the mysteries of the Dark Mother. During this period of altered consciousness (lasting six to eight hours), the initiate experiences wild visions. She often suffers glossolalia. Stranger still, the victim receives odd visitations by strange beings. She may see women who are half-cat, or she might instead witness any number of "little people", all of whom are purportedly the emissaries of the Lords of the Outer Darkness. Of course, only she can see them, but the other Bahari's do not believe that this implies such things are mere hallucinations.

Proof of this is in the fact that a Kindred can ingest the drugs and still benefit from their effects, even though she is dead and should be able to do no such thing.



EXILE FROM THE WORLD OF MAN

For cainites, creatures who are already dead in many ways, blood represents a taste of life. Without blood, a Cainite is as good as completely dead. Lilin often accept that cainites never truly die, and thus never obtain a full picture of the cosmic circle that informs our very purpose. The interplay between the living and the dying can be alien to a Cainite, who is effectively taken out of the cycle. Many Lilin thus seek to instill an understanding of death in our initiates. Avoiding death and mistaking our unlife as death are errors that must be corrected.

Cainites are children of life and death. As mortals, we have already lived, but as cainites, we cannot die. Giving us a taste of death is therefore critical. Withdrawal from Vitae is one way to invoke a kind of death in a potential Bahari. Temporarily withdrawal certainly brings a Cainite closer to death, but that is rarely enough. Far better to deny a Kindred that which moves her bones and muscles and which sates her hungers. The dead cannot move. The dead cannot feed their hungers. Hence, total withdrawal is key. Two rituals in particular achieve this. The Rite of Winter's Embrace and the Rite of the Dead Womb

THE FIRE OF THE CRUCIBLE



The best way to emulate Lilith is to combine creation and tribulation. This has led to a strong tradition within the cult. All Lilin know about it, even if we ourselves have never participated. This tradition is the Crucible. The basic concept is simple. The Bahari chooses a victim, and puts her through hell so that she can learn from the experience. Hence the name: metal is put through a furnace to refine it. The practice is rather more complex than that, however. The Bahari must create something of artistic worth that results in struggle, and a potential acolyte, for one or more individuals caught up in it. This means that simply chasing a mortal around using shadow play does not count. Using Disciplines, research, acting and props to create an elaborate scenario in which a Venetian banker is harassed by personifications of every bankruptcy he has caused, on the other hand, would certainly count. Some Lilin spend years crafting the ultimate test for an individual who seems, and may well be, completely inconsequential. The second vital point is that the aim is to provide an opportunity for the acolyte. The subject is never simply killed. Often, the trials are so dangerous that death is a likely result, but the Bahari always intends the subject to have a chance to survive.

The fire is as red as blood. I watch the flames leap up in the air as I taste the sadness of the people whose houses have burnt to the ground. I turn back, but all I hear is the bursting and explosion of flames.



The Labyrinth



Labyrinth is what most Lilin think of immediately when the Crucible is mentioned. The subject of a Labyrinth is made into the central character in a tale of hardship, struggle and, just possibly, triumph. The possibility of triumph is central to the Crucible. Normally, however, the story becomes a tale of horror, pain and death. Stories in which the subject is the victim of a hunting Cainite are surprisingly rare. In such a case, victory for the subject would normally mean Final Death for the Cainite, and few Lilin want to take that risk. In addition, a subject who survived the Crucible would know something about the Kindred, and thus be a threat. There is also a feeling that this story is too easy for an Bahari to engineer, the Bahari should have to work harder to create the Crucible. Some Lilin take pride in crafting Crucibles that seem entirely mundane. Others prefer stories with an element of the supernatural, although, as noted above, this element is rarely provided by the Bahari herself. The difficult part of designing a Labyrinth is devising the plot. This is a favorite topic of complaint among Lilin who create the Labyrinths: the play must have a good narrative structure, while still allowing for the free choices of the subject at the heart of it. Lilin creating Labyrinths thus draw on all their

resources and abilities to set the Labyrinths up. This includes asking allies and contacts for favors, using Disciplines to push actors into their roles and even dressing up and playing certain parts ourselves. Generalizing about methods is impossible, as no two Lilin are the same, and no two Labyrinths, even by the same Bahari, require identical preparation.

The Winter's Embrace



In this rite a couple of acolytes surprise a novice by ambushing her and driving a stake through her chest. From there, the victim is literally frozen. We let nature be involved, we sink the Cainite in a deep, nearly frozen lake where the rays of the sun cannot touch her. During this time, torpor is expected. The Cainite cannot move, and her blood burns off. She is left to contemplate hunger and misery. Some return from this sudden exile quite mad, but hopefully not so broken that she cannot still serve the Cult in some capacity. Others attain a kind of enlightenment about death, blood and life.



An apparently chance encounter throws the subject in with bandits, and the thugs harass her, placing her in ever-more difficult situations until she must commit terrible crimes or face death herself. A subject who has a secret, such as an affair or a opium habit, has that secret revealed, and her life unravels around her. A remorseless assassin stalks the subject, out of nothing more than twisted boredom.

The subject might buy a farmhouse, and be plagued by mysterious wolf attacks, guided by some evil intelligence. A place haunts the subject's dreams until she goes to investigate it, at which point the horror begins.



The Chase



he vampires of the Bahari engage in numerous sanctioned games, adjudicated by their Hierophant to maintain their predatory edge. A human is sealed in a labyrinth of some sort, such as a sewer system. The human is given weapons that can hurt vampires. The participating vampires, starting in different locations in the maze, hunt the human, while the human tries desperately to escape the vampires. Whichever vampire captures and drains the human first, wins.

exact idea that fuels the trials in the first place: enlightenment through suffering. If the Cainite is willing to suffer, she will receive enlightenment as her reward. She will then have access to gifts both real and imagined. She will gain access to the path's mysteries. She will have a set of allies unlike any other and be privy to secrets that the Kindred of other faiths are not.

THE POWER OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS



We admit and understand the power of ecstasy in our practice: the ability to lose awareness of the self, to focus on nothing but one's will. Eventually, with experience, we are no longer channeling our own will, but that of the Dark Lords directly. An instant of thoughtlessness is an instant of actual physical contact with the abyss itself, leading to a brief annihilation of ego in its immense, incomprehensible being. This is exactly akin, we say, to being a drop of water that is allowed a fleeting immersion in the whole of the ocean and then withdrawn again. The ideal state of unconsciousness will be sought either in preparation for ritual worship or as part of the worship itself. There are seven distinct avenues to this state: five natural and two unique to Kindred. Going through all seven is a long and difficult divinity quest that confronts the worst parts of our being in sequence

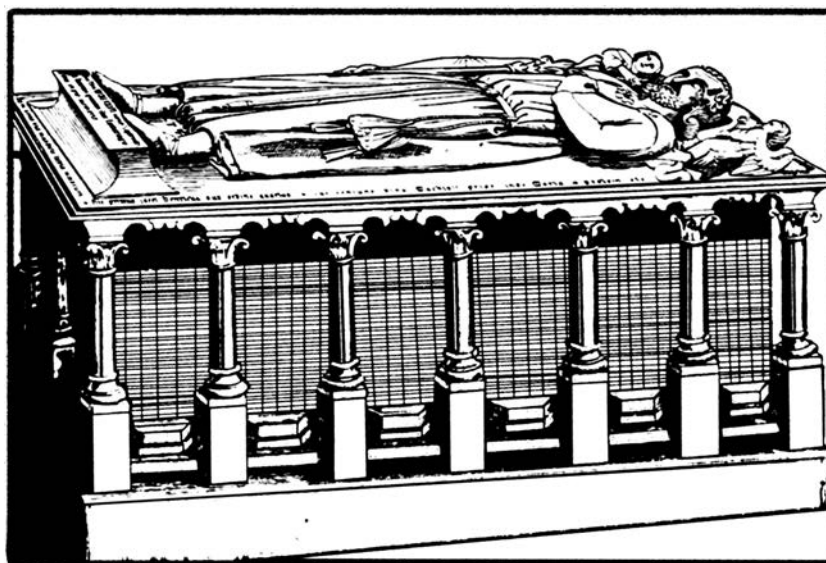
The Dead Womb



The subject is made to enter a dark and isolated place. This is preferably a crypt or a grave site, though sometimes it must be a place that represents the tomb. The Cainite isn't sealed away or prevented from leaving, the option of ending the rite prematurely is crucial to her success or failure. She must then stay in the tomb for an unmentioned amount of time, withdrawing from blood and human contact. She must come close to death, sacrificing her own desires for the desires of the cult. This rite requires no set amount of time. What keeps a Kindred and steadfast through the pain is adherence to the

This one is less about enlightenment and more about the Cainite's willingness to sacrifice.

The loss of conscious attentiveness in worship is a sacred state of being, a moment of cosmic assurance as the Cainite continues to function uncluttered by the petty, noisy doubts of the self-aware. We are shedding the layers of illusion implicit in the natural world, becoming nothing more than the impulse of the abyss in pure form, even if only for a moment.



and illustrates the means to conquer the self provided by the Dark Mother.

A thinking person will be compelled to admit, in view of all this, that creation is first spiritual, through mental law, and then physical in its manifestation.

A Kindred does not really create. She uses creative power that already is. Relatively speaking, she is the creative power in her own unlife; and so far as her thought goes, there is something that goes with it that has the power to bring forth into manifestation the thing thought of. Hitherto men have used this creative power in ignorance and so have brought upon themselves all kinds of conditions, but today Bahari are beginning to use these great laws of their being in a conscious, constructive way. Herein lies the great secret of Lillith under her various names and cults and orders. All are using the same law even though some deny to others the real revelation. We should get

into an attitude of mind wherein we should recognize the truth wherever we may find it. The trouble with most of us is that unless we see sugar in a sugar bowl we think it must be something else, and so we stick to our petty prejudices instead of looking after principles.

The Five Natural Avenues



he first of the natural avenues is considered by many to be the only one completely free of implied desire, and thus the ideal. It is achieved by simple physical exertion, often a repetitive series of moves or dances that are pounded through, again and again, until the Bahari is simply incapable of thought. The monotony of the exercise is key to achieving the ideal state of mind, much to the dismay of the most inexperienced members of a Cult.

Being told that one has to repeat a single dance step for seven nights straight before being allowed to take part in an important ritual can be quite a shock for young Lilin.

Tales are told of Kindred worshippers who start dancing and never stop, allowing themselves to become an embodied prayer in motion. Whispering worshippers, always chanting, are known to have emerged in certain cults, ignoring the inevitable accusations of madness as they engage in a monolithic, decade-long recitation in honor of Lilith's eternal majesty.



Some swim or sprint to an isolated sacred space. Some chant endlessly circular mantras constantly, refusing refreshment and pausing only to sleep through the days.

Tainted by desire in its common form and commonly associated with the Vices of Envy and Wrath

Vices? Why do you prattle about those follies of Sabaoth's church?

There are experienced Lilin who claim that it is possible, with enough practice, to arrive at a state of aimless violence, an unconscious endeavor stripped of all polluting thought and transforming the Bahari into an engine of devotional sacrifice.

Equally tainted by conscious desire, sex is associated with the Vices of Lust and Gluttony.

Again, not our vices! While gluttony is certainly frowned upon, Lust is decidedly not.

We engage in the practice of burdening, placing a dense weight on the backs of our members and demanding that they stand at attention throughout a long process of preparation for ritual. The endurance of ritually administered pain is also considered simple physical exertion for the Lilin of the path, as is maintaining immobility for extended periods. Kindred don't get tired, per se, so the exercises of the Lilin can be mind-boggling in our length.

The second natural avenue is battle. Battle is acknowledged as both a dangerous and staggeringly effective means to achieving the state of consciousness most conducive to ritual. There are those cults that make a dueling circle of our sacred space, encouraging Lilin to face off against one another in appallingly brutal exercise. Most of the Kindred who participate in these ritual duels testify to a sensation of exhilarated mindlessness that overtakes us under the right conditions.

Sex is the third of the avenues to mindlessness. In many cults, sexual practice is ritualized in itself, leading to an altered state of consciousness in participating Lilin and clearing us for the intense energies of the abyss. Some actually integrate sex with the central ritual itself, achieving the effect at the moment of ego loss that arrives at the height of pleasure. But sex within the Cult is not what some Lilin expect. The experience can be very pleasurable, but ritual practice seeks an ideal of virtuous desirelessness and so avoids the

choices an inexperienced initiate is most likely to gravitate toward. If there is a member of the Cult she finds especially attractive, she is discouraged from partnering with her in the sacred space. If there is a practice she finds particularly disgusting or disturbing, she is likewise restricted from participating. The ideal approach, as instructed by many a Hierophant, is a state of detached openness. The pleasurable sensations of copulation are all tied with living function, and the cold bodies of the Kindred can only simulate the experience with a significant expenditure of Vitae. If we don't bother to warm ourselves, sex for cainites can become no less mechanical than running in place.

The fourth avenue to unconscious worship is an extremely popular one among Lilin, since this path is well supported by both of the basic tenets of our path. This avenue is realized in the construction of devotional materials, and is wise commonly linked to artistic practices. Just as each of the other avenues, construction must be approached with due reverence and engaged in with pure intentions. Construction as exertion requires more than the technique of an artisan. The Bahari who chooses to worship in this manner must throw the whole of her self into the creation of her works. Only in this manner can the Cainite achieve a state of pure devotion and mindless servitude to the will of Lilith.

The fifth and final natural avenue is the hunt. Predation is

To achieve this admittedly difficult attitude, mortal members often resort to techniques or conditions created to assist in damping desire. Simple restriction of the senses is applied in some covens, worship in darkness or in opaque muffling masks. In others, mantras and elaborately ritualized movements are practiced.

It is also a potential spiritual trap and is associated with the Vices of Pride and Greed.

Yet again, while greed is a grand flaw, pride is not. Lilith's pride is at the heart of every thing we are and everything we do.

A sculptor must pound at the chisel unto the limits of endurance. A painter must labor without pause, constantly laying pigment onto the canvas regardless of time spent or personal desire. A poet will scream her verses into the sky even as we occur to her, rending her own throat with our force.



In Kindred existence, many cults associate the hunt with the Vice of Sloth, because the hunt tempts the rational Man to slumber when it is most needed: in controlling the irrational demands of the Beast, and in the lethargy associated with both extreme hunger and the satiation that follows feeding.

No-one knows where he lurks But he's only after the birthday girl. He'll suck blood, it's the vampire king. He dangles off the darkest trees. You see him fall if he has a feast ... He'll be human once and for all And he'll take over the world

a function of the living world, and those Kindred who learn to lose ourselves in the activity without giving ourselves over to the Beast find a new and potent means to achieving the uncorrupted essence of worship. Those who choose to worship in the hunt are likely to engage in starvation practices to heighten the urgency of our need and ensure that the activity satisfies only the natural requirement to feed, not the lust of the Beast. We ration our Vitae, subsisting on less than most Kindred. Periods of careful idleness are punctuated by an extremely aggressive hunt, allowing the Cainite to slip between the extremes of near-comatose hunger and near lunatic fervor. Never at either extreme is the Bahari to succumb to the temptations that await: torpor in periods of inactivity and frenzy in the act of the hunt.

The Unnatural Avenues



he sixth avenue to unconscious worship is the first of two unnatural paths: frenzy. Flirting with the most dangerous aspects of Cainite nature, some Lilin approach meditation through subsuming ourselves in the mindless paroxysms of the Beast. We argue that the every aspect of the creation of Lilith is fraught with meaning and purpose, and the frenzied tendencies of the Kindred are no exception. Viewing our

outbursts as no less sacred than an earthquake or hurricane, We choose to explore the possibilities of fueling our ritual workings in the dark depths of Wassail and Röttschreck. Even among Lilin who worship in frenzy, there are degrees. We carefully prepare our sacred space for a storm of mindless abandon, restraining our members with heavy chain to ensure that the ritual chamber itself is not disrupted. The loss of conscious ego under frenzy's influence is irrefutable and easily demonstrated, so it is still considered an avenue to achieving the meditative worship sought after by many.

The second unnatural avenue, and the final of the seven avenues, is the practice of ritual torpor. Rarely attempted by younger or less experienced Lilin, it involves the willful collapse into the sleep of ages, allowing oneself to drift aimlessly in the unconscious haze therein. The Cainite loses all contact with the natural world and her own body, abandoning herself to the dreams chosen for her by Lilith. Ideally, a Cainite learns to achieve a meditative state within this unconscious world, witnessing and accepting the visions that are presented to her therein. Just going to sleep isn't enough, one must learn to relax into the current of torpor's dreams, traveling calmly and attentively under our influence. The slumbering Cainite is usually said to be "in prayer," and her oft-confused first words upon waking are generally treated as

Frenzy is associated, by those who care to discuss the state in intellectual terms, with all Vices.

Vices is not a thing amounting us! Are you even Bahari at all?

Lilin who engage in this practice become the center of certain sacred rites in our cults. A schedule of sleep is set for them, complete with a ritual celebrating the commencement of their slumber and another ceremony for waking. Often, the schedule is set by a calendar of natural events or unpredictable occurrences.

Phases or eclipses of the moon, certain dates and the passage of seasons are all common.

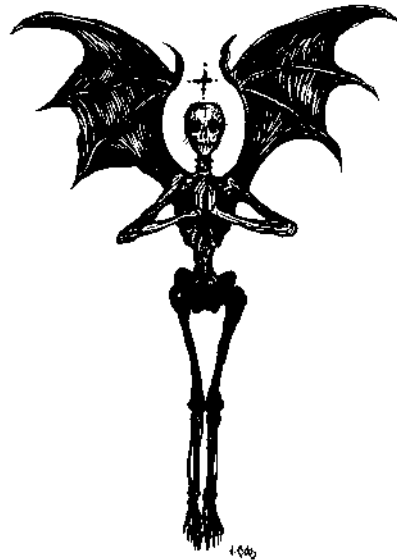
The next time it snows, the next occurrence of a meteor shower.



oracular proclamations. We go so far as to reserve important decisions for these ritual awakenings, choosing to read and interpret the waking statements of the Kindred sleepers for guidance. Ritual torpor is a fearsome journey for many Lilin. It is well documented that those with violent unlives may be subjected to a seemingly endless progression of torturous, guilt-ridden dreams. Some go irretrievably mad. Some arise with shattered memories, never quite understanding who they were before the sleep. But all who engage in a ritual torpor are holy, somehow touched by the darkness beyond. Whatever happens to these cainites is in keeping with the wishes of Lilith, and any Bahari who willingly enters the sacred sleep is generally considered a visionary of the finest caliber.

Lilin who have attained this state recommend that a Cainite seek the unconscious existence through all seven avenues, each in sequence or all at once. There are some Hierophants who create a rigid program of progression, taking their votaries through a series of arduous exercises meant to illustrate each path. It cannot be denied that the exercise of meditative prayer-in-action lends us purpose. No Cainite who seriously seeks the completion of these paths is ever idle, and that fact alone may aid in understanding the value of the path. Formerly aimless Kindred who feel that they are fulfilling a spiritual quest are lent a sureness of self and a means of satisfaction unavailable to those who are too cynical or otherwise unwilling to participate.

Some experienced Lilin with a history of successes on one or more of these avenues claim that they eventually achieve a state of constant prayer-in-action, in which meditation is integrated into every waking and sleeping moment of being. These Kindred claim that the unlives that follow for them becomes harmonious, natural affairs. They move smoothly through the nights, honoring Lilith and her natural creation in everything they see and do, never failing to find their place of worship. This state may be centuries in coming, but the promise of achieving this state is something that keeps many a young Bahari in faithful practice from night to night.



This is not Golconda, because this is not an attempt to escape the truth of Kindred existence. The enlightened Cainite still feeds and frenzies, but that feeding and that frenzy are serene elements of an operative whole.



The Fifth Analect:
Mysteries of the Abyss
or
The Roots of Darkness



The Primal Realm

WHAT AND HOW MANY
BE THE FORMS OF
VERITABLE MYSTERY



he Mystery of the Abyss is an inexhaustible fountain, neither hath there ever been a kindred embraced who could penetrate its veritable origin and foundation. The sages and oracles have drunk long draughts thereof, and have been fully satisfied therewith. But with all this, not one among them hath been able to comprehend or know the radical principles, because the Lord of the Garden reserves that unto himself; and, as a jealous god, he hath indeed wished that we should not enjoy the fruit thereof, he hath not wished to permit us to touch neither the tree nor its root. It is then not only proper to conform ourselves unto the will of the Dark Mother, walking in that path, by the which also our predecessors went, seeking out through a dark curiosity how it is that Lilith suffered and learned in her enlightened wisdom, paying no heed to the decrees of Gods nor Men, that would hinder our betterment. None of us may comprehend the Veritable Mystery, but still we strive further into the Dark, never looking back, but ever forward. For we know, that every twist and turn, every knot and every torn, brings us further into the Mystery and closer to Her.



Who so should wish to recount all the arts and rites which in our times be reputed and preached abroad as wisdom and magical secrets; she should as well undertake to count the waves and the sands of the sea; seeing that the matter hath come to such a pass that every trick of a buffoon is believed to be a mystic discipline, that all the abominations of impious enchanter, all diabolical illusions, all pagan idolatries, all superstitions, fascinations, diabolical pacts, and lastly all that the gross blindness of the world can touch with its hands and feet is reckoned as wisdom and mystery! The physician, the astrologer, the enchanter, the sorceress, the idolater, and the sacrilegious, is called of the common people a magician! There be certain who draw their power from air, from earth, from fire, from water, from physiognomy, from daemons, from ghosts, from bread, from wine, and even from the very excrements themselves; and yet, however, all this is reputed as mystic disciplines!

Most disciplines affect either thyself or thy surrounding material world, mostly the perceptions and mental states of nearby human beings, but vampires using the true Discipline of Obtenebration reach outside

This is not pagan and the word is used today, referring to the old faiths, but its original use, meaning rural

"From bread and wine" is a reference to the empty christian mystery of the transubstantiation.

Also she who draws their mystery whether from the blood, whether from the beast, whether from spirits of the abyss, whether from stones, herbs, animals, brutes, or lastly from thousand diverse sources, so that the Heaven itself is astonished there at.



the False Creation of Sabaoth into a different sort of space and bring back dark gifts with them. For many foolish practitioners of Obtenebration, the Abyss is simply the conceptual realm from which they draw shadow-stuff. A handful of wise Lasombra probe deeper, finding layer upon layer of mystery in that endless blackness. Wise Mystics know that the Abyss was the state of all creation before an interfering God made light, and that as the perfect master of Obtenebration, Nahema incarnated that primordial essence on Earth. Intelligence exists in the Abyss. Fragments of knowledge and passion come together for a time, then break apart, but thou shalt know that the Abyss does not operate along principles of human logic or reasoning and that those who attempt to comprehend the Abyss often suffer ill-effects from extended study. margin-parA physical condition that sometimes manifests in users of Obtenebration is called Shadow Infestation. Thine eyes become pools of utter darkness, shadows move of their own accord in thy presence, and from time to time, spontaneous Obtenebration effects may manifest.

Certainly, the Abyss is not merely a static force. Most practitioners sense looming presences beyond. The shadows we call forth display sentience, sometimes personality and always hunger. The intelligences existing within the Abyss are alien and do not hold to human custom or manners, and attempts to reason with any entities

springing from the darkness are a futile endeavor.

I exhort you, ye who read, to have the fear of Lilith, and to study justice, because infallibly unto you shall be opened the gate of the true wisdom which Lilith gave unto Tzilah and Tzilah gave unto her daughter Nahema. Let every one then know that this, this which I teach, is that same Wisdom and Mystery, and which is in this same book, and independent of any other Discipline, or Wisdom, or Mystery, soever. It is, however, certainly true that these dark rites have much in common with the arts of Necromancy and Diabolism; it is also true that there be other arts which have some stamp of wisdom, but if, however, on certain occasions they cause you to behold any extraordinary effect, such is only produced by impious and diabolical pacts and conjurations, the which ought to be called blood sorcery.

Only the most arcane savants among our clan understand the true significance of our dark art. Obtenebration is more than mere shadowplay. It is a window to the Abyss itself, that great and terrible unknown that lies at the center of all things, in obliterating the senses, it allows an initiate to divine extra-sensory truths as they comprehend the deeper meanings of the void. The Abyss gnaws at the heart of the underworld and the doubt in every question never answered. It is present in the absence of light and lurks in every shadow. Ghosts

Travel through the void, accomplished only by powerful Cainites, is a perilous endeavor. Occasionally, the Abyss manifests spontaneously around a careless or powerful user. Unsought things creep through shadowy doors into the mortal world, or material creatures or even places simply disappear. By revering the Abyss, mystics serve and pay homage to the true source of Creation. Immersed in undying study of a force transcending and ultimately opposing all light and life.



rightly fear its hunger, but they do not understand it. daemons call it Hell, and they only begin to comprehend. No Lasombra knows where it comes from or its purpose or even the purpose of its strange denizens.

Thou shalt know that the Abyss is felt more palpably in the lands of the dead, and I have heard tale of ghosts and daemons who venerate it as a source of anti-creation, calling it Oblivion.

WHAT WE SHOULD CONSIDER BEFORE UNDERTAKING THESE RITES



We have already said what is the Discipline which I am to teach thee, that it is the true and enlightened Wisdom and Mystery, which has been handed down from Nahema by our predecessors unto their successors as a hereditary treasure. In like manner as I myself at present, so even should ye think, before entering into this matter, and before taking possession of so great a treasure, how much this gift is sublime and precious, and how vile and base are ye yourselves who be about to receive it.

Truly, the Art of Obtenebration brings into the world something even more alien than the vampire. The Darkness called forth has substance. It can entangle its victims and even strangle them. It absorbs sounds and scents as well as light. The stuff of shadows operates by rules unlike those that govern nature. The shadow-stuff responds to the Lasombra's blood and will, leaking out, under or

beyond the world once the command ceases.

Consider then the safety of thy person, commencing these rites in a place of safety, whence neither enemies nor any weakness can drive thee out before the end; because ye must finish what ye begin. See that ye keep well in mind the necessity of observing the same, because as regards the other disadvantages, they may perhaps be remedied. And be thou sure that Lilith doth aid all those who put their confidence in thee and in thy wisdom, and such as wish to live rightly, making use with honour of the deceitful world, which ye shall hold in abomination, and see that ye make no account of its opinion when ye shall be arrived at the perfection of the work, and that ye shall be possessors of this Sacred and Terrible Mystery.

WHAT IS THE RITES OF THE ABYSS?



Each rite opens the Lilin to the power of the Abyssal Realm. Bahari are natural conduits between the physical and spiritual, thanks to our nearly singular condition of being flesh and spirit without one invading the other. Each rite is the result of an ancient deal between Lilin and Abyss entities, sworn in oaths that the dark spirit cannot break. So sanctified, each pact remains inviolate and becomes another

On the other hand, it does not seem to have much if any weight of its own, and it has no substance nor amalgamation of elements that any alchemical analysis can detect.



A Lilin who needs such a ritual must brave the Abyss to learn it, and hope that she can find and convince the dark spirit to tell her the truth.

of the bans that the dark spirit must hold to. The Bahari made many such agreements with the spirits in the distant past, and all of them still hold, whether any living Lilin knows of them or not. Some rites exist only in the memories of Neverborn, who may not want to reveal that fact, or in stories passed down through the Covens or mighty Mystics. New rites are not easy to create. They require striking a deal with a dark spirit of higher rank than a Lilin would commonly deal with, which could require a trip down paths of the Abyss Realm that can rarely be seen (and for good reason). Of course, most spirits are unwilling to enter into such a deal with a Lilin without a lot of persuasion. The unfortunately rare few who treat the Kindred with guarded indifference are the best spirits to approach. But, of the spirits powerful enough to swear the oaths necessary for a new rite, the most reliable allies are the Dark Intelligences, and even they are not approached lightly, nor prone to do any favors for those who are not Lilith's chosen children. With enough work, even a generally hostile dark spirit may acquiesce. Even then, a Mystic must be on her guard against a dark spirit that lies or has an ulterior motive in lending its power to a rite. A Lilin who is not careful may end up with a much more dangerous rite than she had hoped. A creature of incredible Power, each Lilin runs the risk of losing control to the Beast. The structure of rites gives her a framework, that stops

her primal anger from distracting her. A Bahari must master every aspect of her self to call upon the power of a rite, and that includes controlling her violent impulses. The strict ritual processes involved in performing a rite can stop her anger from rising quite so quickly. Over the years, some Lilin have struck pacts with spirits that do not have the best interests of the Kindred in mind. These spirits offered power to those who would take it, and given our situation, many among the Kindred gladly accepted. The rites that resulted from these pacts live on as well. Some Bahari use such rites as a painful route to personal power, but we do not admit to such deeds without first knowing whom we are speaking to.

WHAT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED WITH SHADOWPLAY



As thou most certainly know this power grants thee control over shadows and other ambient darkness. It is the first step in the path towards the Abyss. Many think it a simple and trivial power, but verily they are wrong. Though thou cannot truly create darkness, thou can overlap and stretch existing shadows and thus create patches of gloom. This power also allows thee to separate shadows from their casting bodies and even shape darkness into the shadows of things that

This is wherefore I say unto ye that the beginning of this wisdom is the fear of Lilith and of justice. These be the teachings of the Law, the Abyss, and the Mystery; they should serve unto ye for a rule. It is necessary that ye should begin to attach yourselves unto the very beginning, if ye truly do wish to have the veritable wisdom; and thus shall ye walk in the right path, and be able to work; all that which is contained in this book, and all the which is therein prescribed.



are not there. Once thou takes control of darkness or shadow, it gains a mystical tangibility. By varying accounts cold or hellishly hot and cloying, the darkness may be used to aggravate or even smother victims. The unnatural appearance of this power proves extremely disconcerting to most mortals and animals.

Certain callous Lasombra claim to have choked mortals to death with their own shadows.

Many Lasombra of less mystical bent finds Shadow Play quite sufficient for most of their purposes. They grasp opportunity to simultaneously enhance their ability to hide and to intimidate. The Lasombra sneer at any of their clanmates who can't find something useful to do with this power. It doesn't just make shadows slide around and provide dramatic lighting effects. Pieces of darkness come alive to wrap themselves around thy victims. Irregular masses of pure blackness fly through the air to swat at targets. As mentioned this blackness strikes terror into both the living and the dead, especially the truly dead. This terror can be used to bring enlightenment through tormenting the soul.

Shadow Play involves a blatant show of supernatural power. Dazed mortals can explain away the effects that enhance stealth or intimidation relatively easily. Animated shadows in midair just don't yield to the logic of man.



Denizens of the Abyss

YALDABAOTH



he Blind God is the primal darkness beyond the False Creation. He is the painful truth hidden behind the Light of Lies. He encompasses the whole of the Abyss. Perhaps he is the Abyss.

THE NEVERBORN



he Lords of the Outer Darkness, those who had never been born into the light of the absolute, are a mystery. Thirteen in number, they were the primordial emanations of Yaldabaoth who faced the light and was cast down. Their machinations are the bones upon which the world of Sabaoth was built. Lilith was once one of these, she walked the world before the dawn, bearing no name bringing the world into form according to her vision. Until the feeble motions of Sabaoth failed to bring a truly willed being into the world. She seized the flesh and was born into the light. The last true heir to the throne of Yaldabaoth and the queen of the new world.

The one divided into the three. One turned into the light. Two hid in the darkness. Further they all divided into seven parts. One the parts became Lilith, the other thirteen remains in the darkness.

Neverborn have been mistakenly identified by many mystics as simply denizens of the Abyss that have grown great by devouring the essences of lesser denizens of the Abyss. Although this is true of some Dark Intelligences, it is certainly not true regarding the Thirteen nameless beings, and certainly not true of our Dark Mother.



The remaining thirteen Neverborn are eternal, born from the pain of Life's separation from Death. Emanations of the first being who both must and could not exist. Oblivion made incarnate, yet the foundations upon which all things are built. Some say they were birthed in agony, born aching and hating, desiring only an end to their pain even at the cost of all existence. Yet the testaments of the Dark Mother tell us that the Neverborn were born out of Yaldabaoth in an act of creation. They were true gods of their kingdoms before the dawn, bringing about a glorious world.

But where are they now? It has been stated that their tunneling beneath the shadowlands has produced the Labyrinth, and that this immense structure contains their homes and hunting grounds, hidden and surrounded by endless soulstorms. Here they can slumber for the Ages, awakening to speak of the dreams of Yaldabaoth and of the endless peace that awaits in Nothingness. Dark Intelligences swarm and fawn around them, and armies of Hungry Shades await their commands. Neverborn are the god-kings of their island kingdoms. Terrible, immense beings, they almost never leave their lairs within the Endless Sea.

CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT



There are things that wander the Abyss, and especially the Labyrinth, which were old when the gods were created. In the time before the light, they were called behemoths, the first creations of the primordial emanations, and many of them were slain during the Primordial War. Like the primordial emanations themselves, however, the death of a behemoth is not like the death of a mortal. The souls of the slain beast came to reside in the Abyss like their makers, neither living nor dead. In the Abyss, they are called Children of the Night. How many of them exist in the Abyss is unknown. Many still serve their Neverborn masters, while others have struck out on their own. Some carve out their own empires in the endless darkness of the Labyrinth, while others merely cast about on the fringes of the Abyss, seeking only to be left alone, some surcease from their unending existence or another meal. A handful have been imprisoned or enslaved, several have succumbed to apathy and slumber. Most are incredibly powerful, but many are only a shadow of what they once were.

It is said in the first Analeth that the last Behemoths was hunted to extinction by Tzilab and Nahema.



DARK INTELLIGENCES

Dark Intelligences are the evangelists of destruction, and the upper levels of the Labyrinth are made up of a warren of abandoned temples raised by long forgotten priests of the Chasm. In these temples, the Dark Intelligences harvest and torment the Hungry Shades that are drawn to the lure of their cults.



Abyss entities are able to draw on the power of the Chasm, shaped and channeled by the Labyrinth, and some among them use this power to raise up temples. These abyssal priests are called Dark Intelligences. The Dark Intelligences are priests and direct servants of Oblivion and claim that they can not only hear its call, but that they can understand it, after a fashion. The particular revelation a abyssal receives varies between Dark Intelligences, and they fight terrible and bitter battles among themselves in the Labyrinth over dogma, using packs of Hungry Shades they have pressed into service. A faint dark haze seems to drift around them, their eyes are empty black pits.

Many Dark Intelligences are very old indeed and have grown mighty. Most Dark Intelligences dwell in their temple-citadels carved out of the deepest part of the Labyrinth. In their strongholds, the Dark Intelligences gather armies composed of the other servants of Oblivion and reinforced with barghests and the Children of the Night. They use these armies in holy wars against each other. In the dark recess of the Abyss, these nihilistic theocracies are the closest thing there are to kingdoms or organization, and their structure is loose indeed, it is a constantly shifting maze

of alliances and holy crusades, where today's infidel is tomorrow's brother-in-faith and vice versa. True Dark Intelligences are usually ugly and bestial. Many are not shaped like humanoids at all. Their wings tend to be skeletal and bat-like. Most have obvious sexual characteristics and wear no clothing. They are usually surrounded by a dull, black glow. Some are horned, have barbed tails and cloven hooves. Their voices range from grating whispers to deafening roars. Most seek to harm men, trying to capture them for elaborate tortures or to use as slaves.

HUNGRY SHADES



Hungry Shades are children of the Chasm. They hear the call of Yaldabaoth. The Hungry Shades grew to hate the False Creation itself. The cold fire of Oblivion burns in their empty eyes and echoes in their faint, distant sounding shrieks. Hungry Shades usually spend their time hunting the Labyrinth, tearing at each other and any other spirits unlucky enough to come across them. Occasionally, several Hungry Shades gather together to hunt in packs, though these associations do not last long and usually end in a mutual blood bath as the Hungry Shades turn on each other. The shades default state is immaterial as the Tenebrous Avatar, but they can solidify

Though they have a fair amount of intelligence they technically possess little in the way of free will.



into long-limbed, sharp-taloned, skeletal figures that look to be made of glossy black jade. Thou should know that the Hungry Shades will almost universally partake of whatever desired offering a supplicant gives them until they are cut off from it, and that if left to its own devices a spirit will not stop partaking. Thou canst imagine why this fact might be particularly useful to remember when it comes to such things as blood offerings. Every Shade is unique, there exists however a number of variations of Hungry Shades, which I will thus enumerate.

I have heard that Hungry Shades may occasionally possess people for long periods of time, and that such people become physically and mentally changed by the experience. But such cases are rare though, and spiritual possession generally only lasts for a day at most.

Venatores



he first among the Hungry Shades an initiate in the art of the Abyss is likely to summon may be a Dark Hunter, or Venatores. Although it will take on the characteristics of the summoner when called to enter the lighted realms, in its true habitat they should appear as a shadowy silhouette. Although they often mirror the visitors they see, this is not always the case. It has been said that they can smell the taint of Sabaoth on kindred who have not embraced their true being and will manically attack these unfortunates. It is relentless in stalking its victim.

Consumption Clouds



louds that float against the wind, consumption clouds attack almost anything that moves. Even the slightest touch of the consumption cloud brings incredible pain, as the creatures form dissolves flesh and bone on contact. Though gaseous, consumption clouds are fortunately easily disrupted. And strongly afraid of fire. Unfortunately, they often attack from surprise and travel in small packs, And there is no true fire in the Abyss.

Sea Shadows



hese strange creatures appear as nothing so much as a patch of liquid shadow. Growing as large as a ship in some cases and able to extend a dozen tarry pseudopods out to strike at targets even as far as a hundred feet away. Sea shadows can quickly strip a vessel of crew and cargo, apparently eating anything organic.

They have a great sense of honor though, always standing by any promises given.





Sable Pests

The Sable Pest Queens are rarely seen, this is probably fortunate, given their size, their poisoned stingers and claws.

The Sable Pest are extremely secretive and will refuse any request for knowledge.



alf a foot long each, these creatures are scavengers and hunters, gathering bits of mundane metal and phantom ore to bring back to their massive hives. Attacking in swarms, they are capable of tearing any visitor they may find to pieces, looking for phantom ore, or anything else they may find useful.

Gloomdrakes

The Gloomdrakes are drawn to death, and try to study it every opportunity they get.



he Gloomdrake shares a rough resemblance to a dragon created entirely from smoke and shadow, four legs ending in clawed paws, two bat-like wings, a reptilian head with a mouth full of fangs, and a long, serpentine tail. But there the resemblance to traditional heraldry ends. A mane of hissing serpents completely encircles the base of the creature's neck, and a ridge of long, prehensile tentacles runs from the base of the Gloomdrake's skull to the end of its tail. The tip of the Gloomdrake's tail is fitted with a venomous stinger, and the poison it releases is a soporific. The Gloomdrake's body is scaled but smooth, like some types of snakes, rather than rough-scaled. This allows the creature to move more easily through the tight, rocky crevices of the caves they

These tentacles are extremely elastic, and can stretch up to four times their at-rest length to seize prey and restrain it.

inhabit. Their bodies, being made mostly of shadow, are also extremely compressible, able to squeeze into very small niches and through tiny openings.

Dark Angels



ark Angels are in a class by themselves because of the significance that most men attach to them. Dark Angels are humanoid in appearance, uncommonly beautiful and have long, flowing, feathery wings. Many appear to be sexless or androgynous. A few appear clad in scintillating robes, while others are nude. Some are mute and express themselves only with beautiful gestures and facial expressions.

Most Dark Angels are kind and helpful to men they meet, using their powers to help men through the Abyss, shelter them from harm or to heal them of their injuries. They refuse to kill mortals other than in self defense.



Eyes of Yaldabaoth



ormed like globes of shadow substance the size of a child's hand, the Eyes of Yaldabaoth are the smallest inhabitants of the Abyss. All that is certain about them is that they hate light, hunger for life and bear a malign cognition.

The Eyes of Yaldabaoth are very curious beings and might be distracted if they come in contact with any arcane knowledge.



The Abyss It Self



When thee enter the Abyss, at first thou wilt sense only endless blackness, deafening silence and soulnumbing cold, but after a while thou wilt be able to notice the minute differences in thy surroundings.

Most often ye find thyself floating in sea of darkness called the Endless Sea. But even this is mostly an illusion. If thou allow thyself to be dragged down, thou will feel that you are not under water but soaring in the skies above a mighty city or perhaps a wild forest, and beyond these lie the Chasm and the Labyrinth, the places of genuine interest to a true Mystic.

The Abyss isn't really under the ground or inside the earth, as many would believe, but is contiguous to the false world of light. Held apart by the Veil of Light, the Obsidan Wood touch on and overlap the False Creation. The Obsidan Wood is in some part a fanciful description. It is not only the woods of the world, but all those things in the Abyss that are akin to the False Creation. The Obsidan Wood is the shadow of truth that rests within all the False Creation encompass. To some degree, things within the prison of Light take their shape from the Abyss.

Below the Obsidan Wood (or beside, behind or simply apart from it) lies the rest of the Abyss. Vast, uncharted worlds may spin inside the Abyss. These may be other realms which have never been explored, save perhaps by Hungry Shades. Those portions which are known lie relatively close to the Obsidan Wood (or close to the surface of the Sunless Sea). That's the problem with explaining exactly where things are in the

Abyss. There are many different interpretations and all are correct. To some extent, direction and distance are subjective. Each visitor determines for herself how far away something is and in what direction it lies, only limited by self discipline and brute mental force.

OBLIVION



Oblivion is the decay that brings no life or hope with it and the void beyond which is nothingness. It became part of Creation when the primordial emanations were slain, and it will be the only thing left when the False Creation of Light has fallen into it. It is that which the Neverborn desire above all other things, an end to their tormented existence. Eventually, there will be nothing left of the False Creation. It will all have fallen into Oblivion and be gone.

The Neverborn seek to accelerate this process, to end their lingering existence, not death as mortals know it, and yet, not life as the primordial emanations knew it either. They seek the peace that comes with the outer void, the grace and majesty that is inherent in a final ending. Oblivion if it has any emotions or desire, does not seem to care, If it is aware in any sense, it knows the inevitability of its triumph.

It might be that Oblivion came into existence because it became necessary due to the Neverborns deaths or that it was finally able to enter Creation only after they were slain or exiled, or merely that the False Creation became broken when the primordial emanations that built it left. What is known is that Oblivion is the ending of things. Anything that enters it disappear from Creation forever.



TIME, SPACE AND DISTANCE



ime can flow oddly in the Abyss. In most sections, time moves at the same rate as the rest of the world, but in other caverns and tunnels, time speeds up or slows down. Sometimes this is only perceptual, hours seems like days, days hours, but in many cases, the change is very real, visitors have wandered out of the Abyss to find that decades, or even centuries have passed since they first entered. Space is even more fluid than time in the Abyss. A creation of the sleeping Neverborn, it is a mirror held up to their vast dead dreams. Shifting in shape and form by some unknowable whim. These changes are not generally frequent enough to be a direct hazard to travelers, but they are common enough that any but the roughest maps are useless. More than one explorer has turned a corner to find themselves standing on the stairs of the Well of the Void, which they thought was a thousand leagues away, and the servants of Oblivion make frequent use of the way geometry folds in on itself in the Abyss, moving great distances in short periods of time. This process is not without risk, however, Many Dark Intelligences jealously guard their domains, and there is always chance of running into some Shade or Child that obeys no master.

I have even heard rumors that corporeal wanderers within the realms of the Hungry Shades can lose their way and become Hungry Shades themselves.

THE ENDLESS SEA



lthough it has become vogue to refer to the Endless Sea as the Sea of Shadows or the Sunless Sea, the three are not actually synonymous. In addition they contain many regions whose peculiar natures we will also ponder, namely the Swamp Sea and the Sea of Broken Glass. It is easiest to think of the Endless Sea as a huge and furious ocean in which the City of Iron and the Oblivion exist as realms. Other realms lie within the Sea of Shadows' embrace as well, whether they are mere islands or whole continents. The voracious maw of the ever-hungry whirlpool of Oblivion waits beneath the Endless Sea's surface. The lightless Void is annihilation personified. It chews up and vomits forth every shred of a man's identity. Who knows what other horrors might lay-in-wait beneath the surface in the inky depths below? The Sea of Shadows is more than an infinitely powerful, vast, sunless sea. It is also a lake of cold fire, burning through a man's self-delusions and setting flame to her Passions.

Some host strange beasts, others hold ports that serve as gateways to city-fortress. Many are dream realms, bitterly beautiful and evocative of all a man holds dear, afloat on the surface for only a small time before sinking into the depths once more. Others are places of nightmares and agony: Neverborn Citadels, inhabited by hordes of Shades, where tortured, screaming men are drained and twisted into Dark Hunters for the amusement of the Neverborn overlord.





The Sunless sea



o start with, the Sunless sea is a quiet ocean fed by the waters of the Chasm.

Those restless mystics who seek the Oblivion are able to traverse it easily. Later it is a wild sea, strafed by odd currents and random weather and inhabited by strange creatures. It lies between the City of Iron and the Oblivion. Overhead, pure velvet darkness is all that can be seen. Ships or islands can be seen from miles away, as they shine clearly like a beacon in absolute lightlessness. Near the City of Iron, the Sunless Sea laps upon and intermingles with the Sea of Souls. The Sunless Sea has two tides every day, a feature which allows the City of Iron to keep track of time through a complex system of water clocks.

Rumors abound of enclaves and secret temples within the hidden reaches of the Sunless Sea. The dark waters may hide many secrets.

In some areas, the Sunless Sea feels like quicksand; its sandy, shifting liquid inexorably pulling those who would pass through it down and into itself, sucking greedily at their fears. Other portions are like seas of broken glass, filled with the castoff, sharpened filings of metal. The pieces are too small to be worked, but large enough to wound a man who passes through with the soulbite of Oblivion. It is a sea not of murky, viscous water, but of souls; every drop is the pure essence of negative emotions, despair, hatred, greed, envy, sadistic glee and overwhelming pride,

that has been squeezed out of countless souls and distilled into midnight ichor. The screaming faces and torn bodies of those dread souls are caught within and reflected throughout the liquid darkness. Immersed inside these fluids of foulness, Gloom-drakes are whelped like half-term abortions, to swarm and torture those who would brave passage through their mother's birth canal.

The Sea of Shadows



he Sea of Shadows encircles the great Labyrinth which forms the heart of Oblivion at the center of the Abyss. It consists of thousands upon thousands of nearly mindless Consumption Clouds. Even in a cold, gloomy place like the Abyss, the Sea of Shadows stands out as the most freezing and depressing area in the Endless Sea. The waters of the Abyss are dark and cold. Even in a glass it has the appearance of liquid obsidian. The Sea of Shadows stretches across the Abyss, a dark and turbulent ocean filled with strange and terrible beasts. Its water taste like tears, and many say they are tears.

The storms of the sea of Shadows are common and greatly feared. they carry not only the common dangers of a storm at sea, but the very real threat of bone shades and beasts that ride the storms. Men who would travel from one

This is an understatement. Here, darkness is a solid, oppressive force which beats down upon the man, stealing any feelings of comfort or hope from her and twisting them into anguish and despair. No heat or warmth of any kind exists here, and men who believed themselves frozen in the chill of the Abyss before entering the Sea of Shadows soon discover what true, absolute cold is.



area of the Abyss to another must brave its haunted depths.

The Sea of Shadows surrounds, and some say permeates, the entirety of the Abyss with the exception of the Obsidan Wood, that it encapsulates. Cold and gloomy, it hinders travel between the inner realms and the Obsidan Wood and collects the nightmares and memories of those who pass through it, spewing them out in an eternally raging storm. It is an inescapable, inexorable force that may regurgitate the horribly destructive storms known as Vortexes in response to upheavals in the False Creation, great changes in the Obsidan Wood, or as a prelude to either. Vortexes roar through the realms and the Obsidan Wood, leaving vast destruction and change in their wake.

In the False Creation, there are dependable determinants for direction. Gravity provides a down and up, while the cardinal directions tell us which way north, south, east and west lay and the sun provides a handy east-west direction finder for those without a compass. Consensus has made measurement an easy task, with miles or feet serving as references that everyone understands. That just doesn't work in the Abyss. Gravity isn't constant; neither is direction. This, along with the Obsidan Wood which limits movement from one place to another, presents quite a problem to those visitors who need to travel. Whether swimming or flying, it usually takes at least one hour to move from one major realm to the

next closest one when utilizing a major byway. When utilizing minor or little-known byways, it takes three times as long to get from one area to another. The best ways to cross are along the byways that criss-cross through most of the Endless Sea and lead to the Obsidan Wood or via the waterways through the seas.

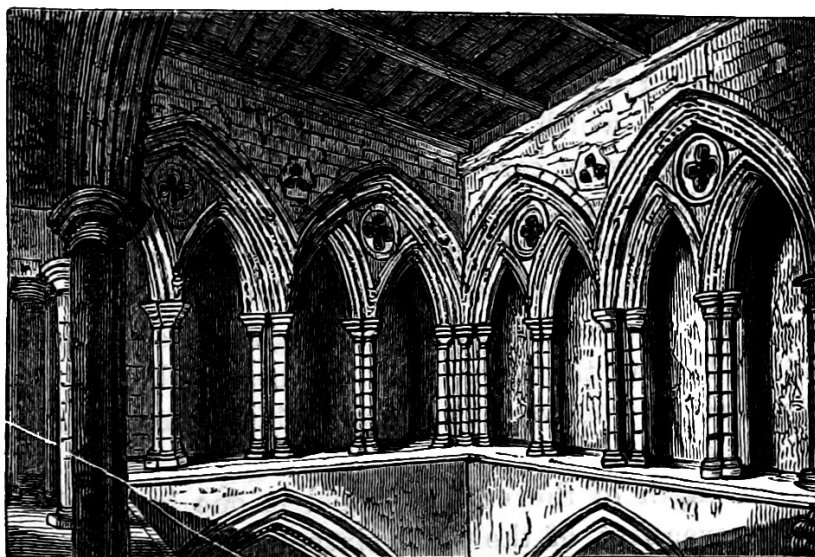
The Sea of Souls



hen Lilith first discovered the Isle of Solitude, the Sea of Souls and the Sunless Sea where, to some extent, one and the same. After the near destruction of the City of Iron during the Cataclysm, Lilith ordered a great sea-wall built around the Isle of Solitude as protection from future storms. The Sea of Souls presses upon and encompasses that sea-wall. It is a bulwark against the Vortex not simply by virtue of forming a physical barrier, but because it consists of all the souls who are in thrall to the City of Iron. These souls erect a barrier of belief against the emptiness of Oblivion. Literally a sea of souls, those who are not part of the wall are chained in place among countless others, flowing and ebbing with the tides of the Sunless Sea. The souls are of a watery consistency, allowing them to slide and mingle and tumble over one another. Cries and moans echo across the Sea of Souls, sounding a little like gulls on the shore.

For example, traveling from the City of Iron to the first outpost along the River of Souls takes at least one hour. That outpost to the next one along the river takes another hour.

It now incorporates steel and iron in its makeup.



The Open Sea



away from any of the realms and far out into the Endless Sea lie the areas known as the open sea. Like the false creation's oceans, the murky depths of the open sea descend for miles and miles. No one has ever returned from a journey into the depths to report on their findings.

The open sea is, at one and the same time, the most stable and the most chaotic portion of the Obsidan Wood. Sometimes, the open sea is reminiscent of the oceans of the Sunlit World, gently swelling waves, no land in sight in any direction. Channels through the area follow the path of least resistance among the waves, bending to the current. At times the dark gray overcast recedes to reveal a deep blackness overhead, shot through with thousands of pinprick anti-lights, like spangled stars. A visitor could almost imag-

ine herself on a wintry sea voyage when the open sea is calm.

Naturally, it doesn't stay calm for long. Usually, the open sea roils and shudders in choppy waves or deep, dangerous troughs from the hundreds of small Vortexes sucked up from the Labyrinth at the sea's center. The sky is a leaden, gray-black, peopled by the misty forms of Consumption Clouds who fly overhead. The wind blasts with the icy, deadening force of the Void. At these times, it is possible to look up and see streams of black ichor pouring through rents in the sky.

The Open Sea is usually in impenetrable blackness, as the gray clouds draw together and bind themselves in a midnight pall that even the sensitive eyes of the dead cannot pierce. At times, however, these clouds break, revealing the night sky above. Pitch black is that sky, but scattered through the night sky are countless stars, sane and strange they shine anti-light. Of great danger are the

This is the true appearance of the nibils that are siphoning off the energy from the Obsidan Wood to feed the Oblivion below.

Those who can peruse the astrological art, in these stars quickly finds that they can foretell the fates of the dead, but cannot see the future of those who yet live.

These are actually nibils seen from the Abyss side, opening into the relative light of the Obsidan Wood.



small Vortexes known as shadow storms that sweep through the open seas. Some look like water spouts, others like small hurricanes, still others like violent thunderstorms.



The Sea of Broken Glass



his region is misnamed, for there is no glass to be found within its liquid. Rather, it is strewn with the metallic dross cast off from the forging of the City of Iron. Razor sharp pieces of the metal, too small to be useful, but large enough to wound, are suspended in the wine-dark liquid, which smells of blood

and smoke. Dark smoke hangs over the area, stinging the eyes and throats of those who travel through it. Groans, screams and whispers enshroud the sea; crying out in agony, murmuring pleas or shouting out secrets, personal and political. It is a strange, magnetic area that attracts and traps the metal pieces to it. Visitors bringing things into the area that are made of metal should be warned.

The Swamp Sea



he swamp Sea has sea wrack in abundance, but it is made up of the hair and skin (the dross thrown off) of visitors who have been smelted down. It is a breeding ground of Sable Pests who rise up through the tangled sea wrack to assault passing visitors. Passage through the area is, of necessity, slow. Tangled mounds of rotting seaweed float within the sooty liquid of the sea. At first, they are far apart. After awhile, however, the seaweed becomes more frequent. There are more piles and they are closer together. Even on a byway, they begin to be obstructive. Turning around does nothing to solve the problem; more seaweed drifts in to fill the areas the man has already passed through. Soon the visitor finds herself at the center of a vast sea of tangled sea wrack.

The Eyes of Yaldabaoth, who seem to be immune to the entangling effects of the seaweed, rise up out of it in packs and lunge for their prey, howling in high pitched, nerve-racking voices. The Eyes of Yaldabaoth do not pursue beyond the boundary of the swamp Sea.

Recent rumor has indicated that the swamp Sea is not really a region at all, but is the hair of the chest or head of a Neverborn who moves about the Sunless Sea.



THE CITY OF IRON



In the Isle of Solitude there exists a city teeming with Dark Angels and myriad other abyss spirits. The City of Iron is aptly named. Its high walls and enormous towers made from different shades of iron, rise high above the scorching sands and provide a rare nexus of trade between the Abyss and the Underworld. A wall of iron, miles long and covered with spikes, surrounds the City. Black sentries stand watch on the battlements. If the traveler reaches a gatehouse, a Dark Warrior Angel asks her business. These Sentries of the City demand the name and business of any would be visitor.

I caution thee, if thou wouldst commune with one of the Subtle host, do not give thy true name! A descriptive moniker such as "Winds of Soot" or "Shade-speaker" would be far safer to parlay with than any hint of thine actual birth name, so long as it contains some element of truth.

A Cultist I knew once seduced her way past an attractive Dark guard/man. Seven months later, his child ate its way out of her body.

My own guide, a postulant fellow called Brisbane, took special pleasure in bringing me to the Pool of Truths, where fanatics drown eternally, chained to their own beliefs.

Once inside, the Dark Angels commission an escort to guide thee. No one with an ounce of sense would refuse such monsters on their home ground. The Sentries of the City can of course be bribed. Favors, Talismans and the names of rival Dark Angels are the best currency for such deals. Carnal favors are often an effective but dangerous incentive. But pay this way at thy own risk.

A Dark escort is no guarantee of safety, but the Subtle Ones do enjoy showing off their home world to the visitors. As ye go, the Dark Angel answers all questions in a friendly, mocking tone. Of course that bed of hissing coals is for pagans, that brass bull for unbelievers, that skinning post for witches. Why dost thou ask! If thou art clever, thou canst see

which aspects of thy personality could use "repair" in the tortures the Dark Angels provide. A path winding down around the outer edges of the City extends to the Lake of Black Fire. Bloodthirsty shades end up here, tearing each other to bits in a cannibalistic frenzy. I've heard that living visitors occasionally end up in such battles as well; Mystics who have dealt with spirits before should be circumspect while in the City of Iron. Those who have dealt humbly with the spirits of the Abyss will not be in any unusual danger, but a mage who has dealt arrogantly with the spirits may have to deal with her servitors enraged superiors.

The Cultist I mentioned earlier lost one of her Coven mates to the Dark sculptors. When she last saw him, he had been split into three writhing limbs, each adorned with eyes and tending teeth. She carried that image with her unto her own final death.

The Angels of the City



The Dark Angels of the City of Iron are subtle creatures, accomplished liars, and dangerously talented at bargaining. Any Mystic bargaining or wagering with a Dark Angel is liable to lose everything. The City of Iron is not hospitable to visitors, and those without access to mystic protection are likely to die from the immense amplified cold of the winds sweeping between the vast metal towers. The tallest spire rising above the mined temple was once a lighthouse of sorts, a vastly powerful spirit beacon designed to alert the mystics of the age to the existence of a city where knowledge and power guided the

The city, has a haunted feel to it these days, Something about its wide streets, disturbing statuary and temple courtyards still resounds in the soul like an echo in a lonely place.



people. Powered by the Chasm beneath the island, the beacon remains. Singing its silent summons through the vast distances of the Abyss, The beacon's beam strikes any sensitive willworker with a yearning that has grown more powerful with time. A mystic hit by the beam will feel it as an almost overpowering sense of loss and sadness, and all but the coldest will break down in tears they can't explain. Those so affected know only that there's a place far off the coast that they desperately want to go. In a large square, a dozen streets meet. In the center of that huge space a deep cold pool fills from an eternal fountain. Benches crowd the walls along this central forum, and columns hold a tiled roof aloft above. But the Fountain dominates the chamber, nearly twenty feet tall and carved from obsidian. Writhing figures reach from the pool up toward the ceiling, frozen in eternal ascension as black water jet from their gaping mouths, arcs through the air and returns In the pool at their feet.

The Castle Ba'harah



cross the courtyard from the Grand Cathedral sits the tallest structure in the City of Iron, a black and twisted tower surmounted by barbed crenelations. The Tower's outer surface is slippery and viscous, like living crude oil. It engulfs and devours anything that attempts to climb

it. Withered limbs of would-be climbers jut out from the otherwise smooth surface, but even these protrusions drip, enveloped in the roiling black oil. Standing several miles tall, the base of the tower is mostly bare. Only an entrance to the seemingly endless spiral staircase that creak and groan allow a wary traveler to enter the tower proper.

Known as Castle Ba'harah, this tower is the residence of the ruler of the City of Iron, the Scarlet Empress herself. Here she sit on her throne of Ash and Darkness. Just as it is the highest structure in the realm, it is also the deepest. Below ground are the multitude of dungeons and torture chambers used for the most powerful and important prisoners, as well as those who the Queen of Thorns has taken a personal interest in. Slaves spread rumors that the bottom level of these dungeons is a pit that leads to the maw of Yaldabaoth, but only a handful of those who have ventured sufficiently far down have ever returned. These escapees talk of fleeing into deep caverns on the edge of the Chasm.

THE CHASM



At the center of the City of Iron lies the Chasm, the great, spiraling maw which opens into Oblivion. The trails lead to the Chasm. These dark lines resemble the sort of cracks that

All This begs the Question whether or not the Scarlet Empress mentioned here, truly is Lilith, our Dark Mother. Although she is certainly connected to her in some fashion, she obviously only represent some of the aspects of the Lady, specifically the ones that existed before everything and in some fashion never left the Abyss. If one was to accept this as the true and full Dark Mother one would have to forget that she is a supreme being just because she spans all creations. If she is an emanation of Yaldabaoth, she is the one that contained it's capacity to ascend and transcend. She is no longer a mere lord of the Abyss, a mere emanation or Never-born. She is named and an integral part of all worlds. And yet separate. Nay, this tower and it's empress is a mere shadow of the True Lilith. Perchance a mirror of her own realm, her own Garden which resides somewhere else. I do long for the Night of Return, if nothing else to see that realm.



I have traveled to the Chasm but once, and it is not a quest that I intend to unduly make again. Sometimes, memories of the Chasm wake me in the night, I will not return to it ever, at least not of mine own free will

It just isn't anything. Thou wilt feel it when thou visit. A chill that starts at the back of thy neck and runs down thy spine and stops just below thy breast bone. A reminder that we are all mortal maybe, I'm not sure. Something to let us know that in the business of forever, even reality may die.

Some say that if thou listens carefully enough, thou canst hear it intensify, as if the entire Chasm were breathing.

If ye have two friends who argue about how hot or cold a place is, bring them to the Chasm. They'll both find it a little cool. Don't think about it to long or it might start to bother you.

children avoid stepping on in dried mud. The cracks and ruts grow larger as thou approach the Chasm. If thou fail to find the Chasm that way, just travel randomly along pathways thou dost not know. The crack draws the gaze of any visitor, although it's not much to see. Perhaps it would be better to say that it's much not to see. If thou look down into the great canyon, the void inside isn't dark or light. This physical manifestation of nothingness is sometimes called the Void. The Sea of Shadows Flows around and into the Chasm, but also originates within, Flowing upward and outward. The two polar tides flowing in and out create a giant whirlpool that sucks anything within, but not of, the sea into Oblivion. The only sound thou wilt hear is the wind. Thou hast to listen, but there's a faint whine as it blows down into infinity. As far as smell goes. the air is devoid of any aromas except those ye bring with you. The only scent is sweat. Ye never realize how many scents carry in the air until thou canst not smell any of them. Even the dried mud doesn't have an earthy aroma. If ye scoop some up in thine hands, the dirt's just cold. Even the climate offers no sensation; the Realm remains always just slightly cool.

The Roads Into the Chasm



he only thing that marks the Chasm are the paths down its sides and the crumbling stone bridge which spans one of the narrow pans. Few travelers have the strength of character to gaze down into the Chasm without experiencing intense feelings of hopelessness. Five are the ways into the Chasm: the Way of iron, the Way of Obsidian, the Way of Soot, the Way of Steel, and the Way of Soil. None are easy. Most lead only to death or corruption. The Ways of Iron, Obsidian and Soot lie on the near side of the Chasm. The Ways of Steel and Soil wind down into the nothingness on the distant side, and only those who first cross the Bridge of Despair may hope to find them. At the northernmost and southernmost points of this chasm are two stairways wide enough for a scale of cataphracts to march abreast down them, with yet enough space for their officers to pass on the inside. Its countless stairs are sometimes carved out of black granite, other times pale marble, and still others are seemingly extruded out of the veins of crystal or phantom ore ore that striate the walls. Occasionally there are landings from whence tunnels burrow deep into the Labyrinth or lead quickly into palaces carved out of the chasm walls.

If thou goes deep enough into the Chasm, thy perceptions play tricks on thee. The more perceptive thou art, the greater thy danger of suffering hallucinations.

Each of the Lords of the Outer Darkness has a residence that



overlooks its depth, and it dominates the landscape of the city in all ways. In the deepest parts of the well are tombs of Neverborns, great portico's look out on the well from their massive burial complexes, and at the bottom lies Oblivion. The Chasm becomes a tunnel leading down into darkness, Moss covers the rocks surrounding the tunnel, and dreadful smells rise from within. Sometimes, a great rock blocks the tunnel; other times, it lies to the side of the tunnel. If the tunnel is obstructed, only mystic powers can move the stone. No amount of mortal strength can budge it. Inside the opening. Remains of fallen guardians litter the tunnel. The broken collar chains of three-headed dogs. The limbs of daemons and the rotting horns of a serpent lie in mute testimony to oblivion.

I don't know why all sentries have perished. Perhaps the traffic downward was too great to resist, and it trampled them all in passing.

I noticed some paintings on the walls depicting bizarre rites, and a moaning voice, but whether it comes from the wind blowing through the tunnel or from a sufferer somewhere ahead I do not know.

I have heard that brushing these webs cause a visitor to lose his memory.

The tunnel delves underground for what seems like an eternity. Each person remembers the trek through it differently. Some feel a noticeable fear the further they descend. Thick layers of cobwebs obstruct the traveler's path. After passing through the cobwebs the tunnel splits into several parts, forming a maze. Lost spirits wander this great puzzle, desperately searching for a way to leave. The Lords of Outer Darkness' enemies have claimed secret coves along its length for their own, and communities of Renegades, Heretics and independent entities have formed along its winding course. Sometimes these groups attack those who venture

too close, either to silence them, or use as thralls. In response, The Lords of Outer Darkness has begun patrolling the river in an effort to keep these elements from controlling this vitally important byway.

THE LABYRINTH



The Labyrinth spreads like a cancer beneath the gleaming marble streets of the City of Iron. It surrounds the endless pit of Oblivion. The maze of tunnels and twisting corridors, caverns, chambers and endless stairways spiral through the Abyss. The curses of long forgotten shades haunt the dark passages and hunt visitors lost in the echoing Caverns and dead end halls. The upper passages of the Labyrinth, at least those around the City of Iron, are made up on warren of half-collapsed buildings. Submerged city streets and broken mausoleums. These are the remnants of the original City of Iron, multiplied a thousandfold into a terrifyingly wide maze of broken funerary plaques, forgotten talismans and the screams of trapped visitors, unable to free themselves of the binding magic and yet unwilling to slip into Oblivion. Beneath all that or far away from the City of Iron, the passages grow very rough and very strange. The walls seep blood, and the air moves as if some great forgotten god breathes slowly in the depths.

Hungry Shades also use the Chasm as an easy channel to the inhabited realms.

Rumors hold that certain parts of the Chasm have been hidden from the eyes of The Lords agents by the Children; for what purpose, no one but the Children of the Night know.

It is here in these depths that the Mystic find enlightenment, it is here that the secret of annihilation is revealed.



The Labyrinth is heavy with intent. visitors that die in the Labyrinth cannot find redemption and, instead, fall into The Chasm. Dark Intelligences all journey into the Labyrinth, seeking the one whisper, the one moment of revelation. Once they have gained their fragment of wisdom, they return to the Abyss above, eager to whisper the wisdom into the ears of foolish and frightened visitors. Once a visitor has heard the voice of the Chasm, she is eternally tied to that moment, that whisper. It is that nihilistic inspiration that moves her existence from then on.

There are many forgotten treasures in the Labyrinth. Sable Pests hunt in the Labyrinth, their origin uncertain, and they sometimes gather in packs large enough to assault visitors. Hungry shades haunt the upper halls,

where they take refuge from patrols. Occasionally a Lord of the Outer Darkness travels the deeper the passages, coving the Hungry Shades and scattering even the mindless hungry shades with a touch of power.

The structure of the Labyrinth is nearly as deadly as its inhabitants. There are traps and wards left from the endless conflicts that can destroy the unwary, The passages are unmapped. Power seeps from the Chasm, spiraling through the Labyrinth to whisper in travelers ears and taint their dreams. Many visitors who seek wealth in the labyrinth return instead as shades or are consumed by Oblivion. The Labyrinth moves, passages that were once secure shift under the breath of Oblivion and becomes warped, changed and deadly. Shades can influence the shape and shift of the Labyrinth,

A split second of hesitation at the wrong moment, when the air of the Labyrinth moves the wrong way can allow the call of Oblivion into the soul of a visitor and then he is lost.



just as they are also shaped by it. Battles are fought in the crumbling passages with blades, but also with the shifting of walls and floor. Strong Abyss entities are able to hold and spread their influence in the Labyrinth, and the shape of their determination creates loyalty among the Hungry Shades.

Entering the Labyrinth



There are many ways of gaining access to the Labyrinth. In the Abyss, fissures exist in many places and the mighty Citadels of the Lords of the Outer Darkness all have at least one entrance to the Labyrinth. Almost any cave system in the Abyss eventually empties into some section of the Labyrinth if one follows it back and down far enough. The City of Iron is riddled with the entrances into the labyrinth, there are sections of the city long forgotten, buried and built on top of that have become permanent parts of the Labyrinth, their halls and chambers given over to the cults of Oblivion, and access from those sections of the city has been given over to the Dark Intelligences to do as with as they will.

The Makeup of the Labyrinth



The Labyrinths tunnels extend through all of the Abyss and stretch in places up into the deepest caverns of the False Creation. Most tunnels are composed of some featureless heavy black rock, granite-like stone that seems almost to absorb light, but some are carved or grown out of basalt, obsidian or other stones. Some are dangerous: mile-long tunnels with walls made of razor-sharp blades that spin on hidden pivots at the slightest touch or chimneys whose walls are composed of human arms. Others are merely odd: weird phantasms of iridescent scales or gently waving palm fronds. Most tunnels are wide and tall enough for a person to walk through upright, but this can incredibly, Some passageways are hundreds of yards across, and others are barely passable at all. In places these catacombs open up into caverns, some of them little wider or taller than the tunnels they issued from, others miles long and high; some of the latter contain huge palaces, tombs of the Neverborns or entire cities filled with the servants of Oblivion. Most tunnel walls are irregular, worn smooth by the infrequent but blinding storms that sometimes blast through sections of the Labyrinth or by floods of rank seawater, blood or other less identifiable substances. In places, outcroppings of some harder

But in some sections of the Labyrinth, the tunnels are not composed of stone at all: Ancient bone, petrified tree stumps, tanned human skins and rusting steel have all been discovered, and a few sections seem to pulse with a life of their own, resembling arteries or other bodily organs.

Some passages show obvious signs of having been worked and mined out of the rock, and their walls are festooned with knife-like shards of the hard black stone.



stone or alloy can cut a tunnels width in half, and stalactites and stalactites and stalagmites of the featureless black rock are common, especially in larger passageways and chambers.

Labyrinth Navigation



Making one's way through the Labyrinth is as much a matter of diplomacy as navigation, and interactions with those met along the way require a careful balancing between overwhelming displays of force and judicious exhibitions of respect and reverence. An intimate knowledge of titles, honorifics, correspondences and in a pinch various True Names, serves the prepared traveler well. Bribery and extortion are not uncommon, though most Hungry Shades know that they can only push an mystic so far before she decides that the lackey she is dealing with needs to be taught a painful lesson in failure, regardless of the possible diplomatic repercussions. At other times, a statement of lineage and purpose is sufficient. Although relations between the Dark Intelligences and the Lords of the Outer Darkness are often strained, in the end they do serve the same masters, and this is often enough to pave over differences.

The Labyrinth is also dangerous in its own right, even for beings as powerful as Mystics. There

are things that wanders there that serve nothing save Oblivion itself, and they rarely listen to impassioned pleas of common purpose or ideological purity. There are parts of the Labyrinth that can warp and mutate those who pass through them as thoroughly as the deepest parts of the Wyld Reaches could, and with almost as little reason. The walls of the Labyrinth themselves can turn hostile, and there are no maps and little rhyme to the way the Labyrinth shifts and changes in response to the dreams of the dead mad primordial emanations.

Despite these dangers, natives of the Abyss make use of the Labyrinth as a means of quickly traveling from one part of the Abyss to another. The process can not only bypass defenses, it can cut many miles and days off even the longest journeys. Dark Intelligences are still the masters of the art of Labyrinth navigation however, and they long ago developed methods to aid them in their journeys. A handful of these have been uncovered by learned scholars. Even the ability to quickly find the right way does little good when the path leads straight through the heavily guarded temple complex of the Dark Intelligences. Writs of safe passage, talismans that vouchsafe one's identity and allegiance and well-placed bribes can all speed the way through the Labyrinth. The aid of a guide can help, but finding a trustworthy servant can be difficult at the best of times among the slaves of Oblivion.

Bear in mind, though, that everyone serves someone. Letters of passage secured ahead of time or negotiated for on the spot are sometimes needed.



The Rites of Summoning



THE SHADOW OF HANDS THAT SERVE

A version of this ritual exists, known as The Heart That Beats in Silence. This ritual follows the same process, save that the summoned being is twice as large and possesses greater mastery of Obtenebration, allowing it to attack its caster's foes physically.

If thou wish to spy on thine enemies, use this rite to summon the beings called the Eyes of Yaldabaoth. Although the creatures summoned with this ritual are harmless, they make excellent spies. This ritual summons the smallest beings that dwell in the Abyss and grants them brief existence in the material world as servitors of the mystics who invoke them. Such entities are not

daemons or ghosts or true spirits, but rather something else that defies comprehension or classification. All that is certain is that they hate light, hunger for life and bear a malign cognition that would shatter the sanity of any who truly understood it.

To summon the Eye, crush and extinguish a candle in thy fist. If thou canst maintain control of thyself and avoid Rötschreck, tighten thy fist until blood begins to drip from thy fingers. The blood will blacken and burn as it falls, undulating and extending horrible tendrils to reclaim the wisps of acrid smoke. When the blood lands, it shrieks in pain and births a momentary gateway to the Abyss. Out of this brief rift emerges a globe of shadow substance the size of a child's hand. As thou opens and upturns thy burnt and bloody palm, the orb flies to thine hand and licks it clean with extruded tentacles. The creature endures at least a couple of nights before returning to the Abyss. Until this time, it serves thy spoken will with unquestioning if unimaginative fervor. It can crudely communicate with material beings in images and emotional impressions, but only while in physical contact.



CALLING THE NOCTURNE



If thou art besieged by enemies, thou canst with this power to hide in a cloud of inky blackness. This is the first true summoning of the Abyss. Though it is most often used to create a large cloud, capable of hiding the summoner and blinding thine enemies, for the mystic, the ability to generate a simple small black sphere of manifest darkness is even more valued.

Those within the cloud lose all sense of sight and will feel as though they've been immersed in pitch. Sound also warps and distorts within the cloud, making it nearly impossible to accomplish anything.

The cloud completely obscures light and even sound to some extent. The tenebrous cloud may even move, if the creating Kindred wishes, though this requires complete concentration. The amorphous cloud constantly shifts and undulates, sometimes even extending shadowy tendrils. The cloud may be invoked at a distance of up to 50 yards, though creating darkness outside thy line of sight is difficult. The tarry mass will muffle sounds until they are indistinguishable. Even those possessed of heightened senses, will suffer blindness due to the unnatural darkness. Refining thy control over darkness, thou canst create prehensile tentacles that emerge from patches of dim lighting. These tentacles may grasp, restrain, and constrict foes. However, the tentacles cannot be used for any kind of delicate manipulation.

Additionally, being surrounded by the Nocturne the murk smothers and agitates the victims. Those who have been trapped within it describe the cloud as viscous and unnerving. More than one unfortunate mortal has drowned in darkness.

REFLECTIONS OF HOLLOW REVELATION



The Nocturne can also be used to spy upon once enemies. By gazing into the sphere of a conjured Nocturne, thou may with this ritual reach thy senses into the orb to spy through a distant shadow. This is among the more pragmatic powers of Abyss Mysticism, but it too exalts the void on the principle that all secrets do not lie in darkness, but all secrets lie through darkness. Call upon the Nocturne and will the globe to contract. The sphere shrinks to the size of a man's head and becomes tantalizingly translucent, dimming everything seen through its murky depths. If thou gazes into the orb and concentrate on a being or location thou has previously seen, the victim appears in the Nocturne as seen through the shadow that has the best view of the scene. Ye may continue to spy through this sensory portal until the victim leaves the vision of the shadow, although any vampire or supernatural being with Obtenebration, Auspex or powers similar to either may sense the thickening shadow that spies on them.

The possibility of failure is always there. If things go awry this ritual disperses the Nocturne and leaves the mystic confused for the time being. Should the mystic fail in his control once the Nocturne is sent out the Nocturne is free to act as pleases it, which may lead to horrifying ends.



WHISPERS IN THE DARK



ll enlightenment returns to the Abyss. The light of life and learning perishes with the death of flesh and soul and no tutelage can pass on wisdom in its entirety. But Yaldabaoth remembers. Yaldabaoth is all that is not, or was and is no more. In the primordial darkness lie echoes and whispers frozen in silent waiting for someone cunning enough to ask the right questions and daring enough to receive the answers.

Conjure forth a Nocturne and force it to contract as outlined for the ritual Reflections of Hollow Revelation. Rather than staring into the orb and viewing another place, swallow the darkness so that thee in turn is swallowed by it. Thou wilt fall into immediate torpor as thy consciousness merges with the Abyss. Thou may ask one question of the void,

which may be as mundane or arcane as desired. All who behold the mystic from that day forward instinctively know she bears the touch of something alien and inimical to the whole of creation.

SHROUD OF ABSENCE



hen ye want to turn away the eyes of the populous, this power refines the Nocturne and combines the Abyss' intrusion into the world with psychic manipulation of bystanders. Simply summon the Nocturne as usual, but let the darkness ascend to the higher plane of the mind. Instead of a highly visible cloud of blackness the Shroud of Absence will create a region into which nobody looks. Bystanders don't think to linger in the area. Anyone who's eyes surveys the land, hunting for ye, just keeps looking, their eyes not resting on the place shrouded by thee. It is a darkness as much of the mind as of the world.

Rumors states that the one of the first mystics, a beloved childe of Nahema, asked the Abyss how he might slay God. It is said that he slumbers still in some forgotten tomb, dreaming the incomprehensible nightmares of that which preceded light.

Note that this power is wholly supernatural in origin, and most mortals will not have had the experience with the occult to even consider that they can try to see what is so malevolently forcing their attention away.



CALLING THE HUNGRY SHADE IN DARKNESS



xtending their mastery of the Abyss beyond The Heart That Beats in Silence, a mystic who knows this ritual may call forth an actual Hungry Shade into a circle of blood. Such entities are incalculably malicious and resent attempts to bind them into service. If they break free of the magic that enslaves them, they do not hesitate to drag the errant Cainite into the Abyss or tear her asunder on the spot.

Thou may initiate this ritual any time between dusk and midnight. To begin, thou stands at the center of the intended summoning area and slits thy left palm. Thou then turns counterclockwise in silence with the bloody hand outstretched to drip a circle of blood. Next step out of the circle, taking care to drip no more blood outside its edge. Then begin a whispered chant of invocation saying “EL, BAHARAH, ELOHIM, ELOHI, DHAINUV, ELIM, ASLIHR ELIHIEH, YAH, AKH, BAHARAH” as thou prowls around the circle in a spiral that winds slowly inward. Other mystics who knows this ritual may assist and usually do, circling equilaterally apart from one another in synchronous steps. The participant mystics continue as long as ye like, but at most until an hour before dawn. When ye choose to resolve the processional litany, stop and turn

to face the center of the circle. Each participant should speak the syllable of summons (AKH) in perfect unison. It is at this moment that the air tears asunder and a Hungry Shade rises in the blood circle. Each summoned Hungry Shade vary. Each Abyss creature emerges driven to do something, which may or may not fit with the summoner's desires.

When it is summoned thou must enter a contest of will with the Shade. If thou wins, the shade must serve thy faithfully in all endeavors for a number of nights, but thou shalt know that Hungry Shades often have geasa which they cannot act against. This duration may be extended by immediately feeding fresh human or vampire blood to the monster. If the shade wins the contest of wills, it may freely attack thee and usually does, though some have been known to flee the area and wreak havoc elsewhere or even return to the Abyss without incident. A freed shade may remain in the physical world as long as it desires, but in time it might no longer bear separation from the Abyss and returns home through the closest shadow.

The summoner can repeat the ritual to reinforce the creature's presence. If all rites succeed, the creature remains present for the rest of the night. The summoner can try to summon the same creature again, and three successes in a row allow it permanent presence as long as the summoner feeds it each night. The summoner can

Thou should know that the Hungry Shades usually do not speak in a human tongue. In fact they can seldom speak at all but may telepathically communicate at will in images and emotions with any sentient being it can see, and even if this is circumvented, Hungry Shades tend not to think in human terms, and that as a result they can sometimes be excruciatingly difficult conversation-alists.

On the other hand, intense light dispel the creature immediately.



attempt to absorb the manifestation into herself. This requires the summoner to defeat it in combat. This done, the summoner can drain its darkness into herself. She also gains the creature's derangement. If the creature succeeds in reducing its summoner to torpor, it can invade her body and control it for the rest of the night. It can also return the following night and try again, and if it defeats thee this way three nights in a row, it can possess thee until driven out.

CALLING THE DARK HUNTER

The dispoſſeſſion requires ſome other practitioner of Obtenebration to reduce the invaded vampire to torpor and go through the ſteps of the ſummoning ritual, If they all ſucceed, the Abyſs creature returns to the void and never returns again.

In the claſſic Hermetic ſciences this is the Egg of ages that contains the world. The Orphic myſtery of deſcent where that which contains is in itſelf contained. To graſp it is to be, if ſo for a fleeting moment, outside the world of lights.

How is this ſuppoſed to be done, by us lacking a third hand?

Uſe the Arms of Yaldabaoth



If thou needs to hunt someone down, thou canſt summon a ſpecial kind of Hungry Shade, a Dark Hunter. A Dark Hunter is a shadowy duplicate of the ſummoning vampire herſelf. A ſimulacrum made entirely of ſhadow.

To ſummon the Dark Hunter the Hierophant uncovers glyphs of ſummoning (See appendix II) which ſhe ſhould have made to conſtrain and command the Dark Spirits, and which ſhe ſhould wear faſtened round her neck, holding an Orphic Egg in her left hand, and the conſecrated Sword in her right; Holding the conſecrated Sword in the right hand, and the glyphs being uncovered by the removal of their conſecrated covering, ſtrike and beat

the air with the Sword as if wiſhing to commence a combat, and then in a loud and ſtern voice pronounce the following Conjur-
ation:

“Here again I conjure ye and moſt urgently command ye; I force, conſtrain, and exhort ye to the utmoſt, by the moſt mighty and powerful Name of Liliſ, ſtrong and wonderful, I exorcise ye and command ye that ye in no way delay, but that ye come immediately and upon the inſtant hither before us, Come ye at once with monſtrous appearance, or in a gracious form or figure. Come ye, for we exorcise ye with the utmoſt vehemence by the Name YALD-ABAOTH, which Nahema having named and invoked, ſhe was found worthy to have power over all the Hungry Shades. By theſe, then, and by all the other Names of Liliſ, Wiſe, Dark, Living, and True, we powerfully command ye”.

This discordant incantation will ſhake the earth in the immediate vicinity and unnerves all natural animals who hear it. At the con-
clusion of the chant, reach out with the blade and cut a vertical ſlash in the air. As the blade paſſes, it tears the fabric of Creation itſelf and opens a ſhimmering rift to the Labyrinth. Out of this rift the Dark Hunter ſhould appear as a shadowy ſilhouette of thy ſelf right down to the weapons, clothes and ſo forth. Indeed, at a diſtance, the Dark Hunter may well be miſtaken for its maſter. A ſummoned



Except during hours of daylight

It is rumored that Nahema herself once sent a pack of Dark Hunters after Caine himself, but the shadow creatures were unable to discover his whereabouts. Supposedly, these Hunters still wander the Earth, searching for Caine with an devotion long since fractured into madness.

Contrary to rumor, the Hunter cannot vanish into shadow and transport itself home; it must cover every foot of ground between it and its master.

There are some Lasombra who reputedly can see through the eyes of their Dark Hunters, sometimes even extending their perceptions across multiple shadowy surrogates. Theoretically, if one wounds a Dark Hunter that a Lasombra is listening in on, one might wound the master as well, but this has never been proven.

Dark Hunter will do nothing until given a quarry. Once the victim has been assigned, however, the Hunter is relentless in stalking its victim, never resting until the chase is finished. However that doesn't mean that the Hunter is stupid or self-destructive. Depending upon instruction, a Dark Hunter can seek either to subdue or slay its victim; in the former case, it brings the victim back to its master by whatever means available. Once the Hunters mission is accomplished, however, it vanishes instantly into whatever dark realm from which it came.

To fix a victim within a Hunters mind, thou must give something of the quarry's to the Hunter so that it can gain the spiritual signature of the one being hunted. Once that is done the Hunter sets off at once. The use of a Dark Hunter to assault a rival is considered to be a grave breach of etiquette among the Lasombra, equivalent to a thrown gauntlet at the beginning of a duel. After all, no Lasombra capable summoning a Dark Hunter should be in the least bit threatened by one.

AEGIS OF SHADOWS



If going to war thou might instead of summoning a being out of the Abyss, simply summon its substance in a suitable form. The Aegis of Shadows allows thee to fashion weapons and garb thyself in armor made

of semisolid shadow. To summon the Aegis, do as for calling the Nocturne but picture the shape of the goods thee want to call forth. Summoned items extrude from every orifice and pore, quickly hardening from darkened phantasm to black crystal even as they assume the desired form. Any failure or disturbance abruptly ends the rite and dissipates the half-formed shadow creation. A disturbance may include any violent physical contact, sudden loud noise or similar stimulus. Weapons appear in their owner's grasp, while armor forms around its creator. Weapons may take any form. This armor generally takes the form of highly articulated and ornate knight's armor that the armor covers the entire body.

It should be noted that the armor provides no protection against sunlight or fire.

The use of this power clearly marks the user as something sinister and unholy and causes most normal mortals to flee in terror.

THE DARKNESS WITHIN



his power allows thee to call forth the darkness contained in thy black soul. Focus on the flow of blood in thy body. Feel it pass by thine heart. Find the darkness within that heart, and let it flow with thy blood. Open thy mouth as if to scream, but instead let out the darkness as a viscous black ooze which pours forth, or alternatively cut thyself and let the blackness seep from thy veins, gathering into a horrible amorphous creature of liquid shadow. The Shadow-cloud can flow up walls and through barrow pipes or under most



The Transformative Rites

doors and unerringly follows its quarry. If it catches its victim, the beast attempts to clinch and slowly crush the life from her. The shadow-cloud engulfs thy chosen victim, burning it with a soul-scarring chill and siphoning its blood away in torrents.

The creature only exists for one hour. Upon its demise, it boils away to a slimy residue. So you need to not be too far away from your chosen victim when you bring it into this world.

YALDABAOOTH'S DEMESNE



his power allows thee to summon a darkness so oppressive that it extinguishes the light of life, or unlfe, of any victim trapped within it. Yaldabaoth's Demesne creates a large sphere of void that issues from thine hand and takes away the bodies of those it claims when it vanishes. The overwhelming darkness destroys friend and foe alike, claiming anyone unfortunate enough to be within its circumference.

Gesture in the direction of thine enemies, silently invoking thine hatred of Creation and a shock-wave of void will skim the earth towards them, The wave is invisible except as a rippling distortion in the air. Then the blackness will billow out of thine hand, growing to fill the area. After Yaldabaoth's Demesne does its damage, it collapses, taking with it the bodies of any who died when they came in contact with the dreadful shadow.



PIERCE THE MURK



It is a simple fact that understanding flows from perception and darkness thwarts perception. Most individuals incorrectly assume no answers



are to be found in the dark, but that is simply because they do not know how or where to look. This ritual resolves the first paradox, attuning a mystic's eyes to the primordial darkness even as they forsake light.

Focus on the flow of blood in thy body. Feel it pass by thine heart. Find the darkness within that heart, and let it flow with thy blood. Observe the connection between thine inner darkness and the darkness visible in the world. Make the shadows play for thee and make them concentrate themselves. Focus the manipulated shadows to gather into a sphere. Hold this intangible sphere in one hand and gazes into its depths. If thou perform the rite correctly thou wilt gain the insight of the dark sight. Thou may invert the meaning of light and dark to thine eyes. With the dark sight, thou may view pitch-black darkness as though it were brightly lit, while torches cast a radiance that obscures perception in the manner that darkness interferes with normal senses. If thou fails to comprehend the lesson thou may try again another night. When thou uses the dark sight obtained from this rite, thy pupils appear to grow in an inky stain that envelops iris and white in pure black.

The significance of colors likewise inverts, lending a surreal hue to the world without interfering with thine ability to separate hues. The absolute emptiness of sunlight and similarly bright radiance blinds thee.

BLACK METAMORPHOSIS



When going to war it is prosperous to undergo the Black Metamorphosis. To do this thou shalt call upon thine inner darkness and infuse thyself with it, becoming a monstrous hybrid of matter and shadow. Thy body becomes mottled with spots of tenebrous shade, and wispy tentacles extrude from thy torso and abdomen. Though still humanoid, thou takes on an almost daemonic appearance, as the darkness within thee bubbles to the surface. While under the effects of the Black Metamorphosis, thine head and extremities sometimes appear to fade away into nothingness, while at other times they seem swathed in otherworldly darkness. This, combined with the wriggling tentacles writhing from thy body, creates an unsettling sight. Mortals, animals, and other creatures not accustomed to this sort of display succumb to a panic that amounts to Röttschreck.

ASSUMING THE TENEBOUS FORM



When thou learn the Tenebrous Form, thy mastery of darkness will be so extensive that thou may physically become like it. Silently Meditate upon the darkness of thy soul. The silence of the void. The cold of

When thou art at the threshold where thou feel that just summoning aspects of the Abyss is not enough, this ritual is the next step.



the endless sea. Focus on the flow of blood in thy body. Feel it pass by thine heart. Find the darkness within that heart, and let it flow with thy blood. Let the darkness well over thee and become thee. Upon completion of the meditation, thou transform all at once in a flash of darkness, or fade into translucence and regain opacity in shadow form as an inky, amoeboid patch of shadow. Vampires in this form are practically invulnerable and may slither through cracks and crevices. In addition, the shadow-vampire gains the ability to see in natural darkness. Vampires in Tenebrous Form may even slither up walls and across ceilings or drip darkness upward, they have no mass and are thus unaffected by gravity.

Rötschreck does grow worse though, as the light is even more painful to thy shadowy body.

This power marks the threshold between control of shadow and identification with it. A Lasombra in Tenebrous Form has, for the moment, ceased being human at all, even in form. She's now a disembodied will operating in the world as a force of nature, or rather a force of unnature.



DRINKING THE BLOOD OF YALDABAOTH



he Mystic who knows this ritual may undergo a frightening transformation,

by drawing the shadow essence of the Abyss into themselves and fusing it with their blood. Up to this point, all manifestations of Obtenebration are outward. However, it is possible to summon the darkness of Obtenebration into thyself. Doing so is extremely difficult, and not without a certain element of risk, but the benefits are considerable.

Summon a Nocturne and cut thy palm with a knife that has never tasted blood. Chanting "YALDA IAH THU DALETH THU DHAINUV YALDABAOTH ZIO AMATOR" softly, flick blood into the Nocturne, drawing its hunger into thy wound. The shadow melds into the palm, traveling through the veins to suffuse thine entire form. This painful process takes half an hour. During this time thou suffers from the cold agony of the fusion. If successful thy skin begins to darken noticeably and thine eyes become the impossibly inky black of the Abyss. If this doesn't happen the fusion is unsuccessful and the shadow escapes to the Abyss.

The Inner Darkness lasts until sunrise, though it can be dispelled earlier. When the Inner Darkness

If thou want to gain the blessing of Lilith and see through natural or supernatural darknefs, thou may use this rite.

Thou must spend extra blood upon awakening each night. Failure to pay this surcharge immediately revokes the transformation.

In addition, thou look hideous while this rite is in effect. The darkening of thy skin becomes permanent. This grows more pronounced the more frequently the mystic casts and maintains this ritual.

Thou art immune to the blows and punches of men while in the tenebrous form, except from fire and sunlight, but thou may also not thyself strike back. Thou may, however, envelop and ooze over others, affecting them in the same manner as the Nocturne, in addition to using mental disciplines.

Note that the Tenebrous Form cannot fly, but can swim, and that since it lacks substance, it suffers no harm from increased pressure. Nor can any confinement keep it in or out of a location, as long as there's an opening no matter how small.

Some prefer to spend as much time as possible in this condition and arrange the steady flow of victims necessary to keep the Tenebrous Form active. Some particularly diligent elders even get infusions of blood into their chambers so that they remain shadowed forms nestled in pools of blood during the day.



Also the darkness within makes thee unnaturally calm.

is in effect, thine eyes become orbs of darkness, but this is the only visible sign of the power. If anyone wounds thee with a weapon that breaks the skin, the darkness lashes out against the attacker. Anyone trying to drink the blood of thee finds themselves being infused with the darkness, which will ravage the person's body.

EMINENCE OF SHADE

This power may be used to possess living beings as well as other vampires of higher generation. If used to possess another vampire, the tenant may draw on the host's blood to fuel healing and maintain the corpse. Any blood consumed replenishes the host's blood rather than the parasite. Any mortal so possessed becomes a ghoul that draws on thine own blood.

This power betray clues as to the presence of the tenant. The host's pupils descend into points of infinite empty darkness. These signs are extremely subtle.



With the Eminence of Shade thou canst become insubstantial and physically enter a host, controlling her from within like an obscene marionette. Silently Meditate upon the darkness of thy soul. The silence of the void. The cold of the endless sea. Focus on the flow of blood in thy body. Feel it pass by thine heart. Find the darkness within that heart, and let it flow with thy blood. Cut thy palms and fling a spray of blood into the air. These droplets do not fall to the earth. Instead they rise and multiply until a column of beaded crimson ascends in an obscene geyser into the sky. Let the darkness well over thee and become you, transforming thee into the Tenebrous Avatar. When let the blood drip back unto thee.

In this altered state, thou may hunt down and grapple a potential host. Once thy grip is stuck, thou pour thyself into thy victim's mouth. The victim can only

writhe in agony as the numbing cold of unnatural shadow courses through her veins. From within, thou may attempt to suppress the victim's soul and assume full control of the host body with the discipline of Dominate. If thou achieves full control, thou may relinquish and subsequently regain control at any time, allowing thee to slumber during the day and use the host body at night. The only limitation on how long thou may remain in a host is thy blood, which diminishes at its normal rate each evening and for other expenditures.

If thou fail, the victim vomits up thy shadow form and thou immediately shifts to thy corporeal form.

THE CRY THAT SLAYS LIGHT



Representing the penultimate sacrament of Abyss Mysticism, this ritual tears a vortex of the Abyss that blossoms upward and outward to shroud the sky from horizon to horizon. All beneath lies in unnatural parody of midnight, even under the brightest light of sun or moon or stars. The brightest flames below dim their brilliance and warmth, if not their devouring hunger. Use of this ritual imperils the mystic's body, mind and soul, and only one casting has been seen in the past millennium. It is unknown if any Abyss mystics capable of such a feat still walk the earth, apart from the Shadowed One. It is said that a Cainite wishing to shout the Cry That Slays Light



must spend one week in absolute silence. She may not utter the briefest syllable or she must begin her quiet meditations again. During this time, she spends all waking hours mentally repeating a litany of hatred for the sun and moon and the Creator of Light, bringing her wrath to the edge of sound without ever giving it voice. Once the ritual is complete she hears the whispers of Yaldabaoth proclaiming the syllable that is opposed to all being.

To fail in this endeavor is most likely. According to the Black Magyar this results in banishment into the Abyss for centuries, during which time the vampire grows truly mad. It loses all blood but never falls into the release of torpor. When the imprisonment ends, it returns to the Earth in a frenzy that may last weeks or even longer.

The syllable remains in her consciousness and cannot be telepathically extracted or mystically removed by any power short of divine intervention. At any time in her unlife, she may shriek this syllable to turn day into night. For one hour, vampires may walk openly without fear, utterly immune to Röttschreck and protected from the sun by the undulating curtain of shadow above. The syllable then passes from the mystic's memory unless she casts the ritual once more to rediscover it.

The Rites for Entering into the Abyss



DESCENT INTO THE CHASM

Other Lasombra elders step from shadow to shadow and audaciously claim to "Walk the Abyss". To the mystic who knows this ritual, such hesitant



journeys are as the tottering steps of a child. For as Tzilah did before us when her eyes first darkened with understanding, the mystic may stride wholly into the Abyss to be anywhere, everywhere and nowhere. Spend an hour painting a circle of glyphs with three pints of thine own vitae. The circle must be as wide as thine outstretched arms and may adorn wall or floor, as long as the surface is smooth and unbroken, like polished stone or glass. Thou then Shadowstep into the circle.

I must add a warning. Once you open the portal, causing the oily black of Obtenebration to spiral into a gaping maw of liquid darkness, you might not be able to control the gate. Though the portal only remains open for a brief moment, it may disgorge a number of Hungry Shades. These monsters attack everyone present and may not be controlled.

Anything may pass through a portal while it remains open, willingly or otherwise. If thou want to bring others along, they must maintain in unbroken contact as they enter and throughout their journey. Otherwise, some may become lost in the void or emerge at very different destinations than their companions. They also risks encountering Abyss spirits. The more skillful the traveler is, the more powerful the entity that wants to possess her. If a creature possesses thee, thou wilt fall out into the nearest dark place. The Abyss is infinite in its darkness. Those with the Protean power Witness of Darkness, or any knowledge of Obtenebration may perceive the shapeless murk in all its dizzying, impossible geometry and thus see the approach of Abyss spirits, vortices or other travelers.

Those without such powers are truly blind and must rely on their other muted senses to perceive anything.

In addition to serving as a profound spiritual experience, travel in the void serves a more utilitarian purpose. Thou move at up to a thousand miles an hour

and can peer into any environment in total or near total darkness. The shadow realm intersects all shadows and all darkness, allowing a traveler to emerge from any patch of darkness. Thou need only break the enfolding silence and speak the name of thy destination. The shadow-space stretches and tears around thee, disgorging thee at thy destination with a feeling of falling from a great height.

One vampire may lead others provided all maintain contact. Once a passenger lets go of the group, she must find her own way out. It is worth noting that no denizens of the Abyss bear blood, so any vampire who remains trapped within will eventually starve into torpor and an eternity of forgotten nonbeing. Vampires who walk in the Abyss risk bringing a fragment of its alien malevolence back with them to the material world.

EVOCATION OF THE OUBLIETTE



If thou want to entrap or smother thine enemies, when thou canst with this ritual, a mystic may reach out with grasping tendrils of Obtenebration to seize a victim and cast her into the Abyss.

Concentrate for a moment, focusing upon thy victim and the hunger of the void. When gesture forcefully at the victim. The

I performed this rite, but something went wrong. When I came back I felt like a conduit to the ultimate darkness that lies Beyond. Lights dimmed in my presence and shadows rustled at the edge of my vision in dire anticipation of my blasphemy. Small fires extinguish when I drew close and the chill of the Void was in my touch.

I too used this rite with the result that my shadow got a bizarre unlife of its own, reaching out with claws to grasp the shadows of those around me in a parody of feeding or billowing to a daemonic mien when frenzy threatens to overtake you.

Bah, this curse only afflicts you because you did delve too deeply into the Abyss, there is nothing wrong with the rite.



tendrils envelop the victim and drag her into a spherical prison of emptiness within the Abyss. The tendrils may emerge from your fingertips or mouth or reach from some deep shadow like the arms of a lurking beast. Regardless of their source, the end result is the same. When the oily tentacles withdraw, no trace of the victim remains.

A variant of this rite exists called Yaldabaoth's Beckoning. This ritual follows the same form, save that the caster need not see the victim. Instead, she may simply speak her name to the Abyss. It is said that Nahema once used an even greater ritual to bring guests to her castle from distant nations, although not in recent centuries.



The Oubliette appears as a dense patch of shadow, unaffected by ambient light around it. No air exists in this shadow-trap, and mortals suffocate within its chilling void. Though thou may

choose to leave their heads exposed or trap a quantity of air inside as well. Even vampires have little recourse once trapped. They are simply suspended impotently in darkness and may not use disciplines. They may leave only at your whim. The Oubliette vanishes instantly when touched by sunlight, which has left more than one vampire exposed to the sun's unforgiving rays. Thou may maintain only one Oubliette at a time (which can only contain one person at a time), which leads some Cainite philosophers to argue that it is a prison created from thy very soul.

Thou may recall the victim at any time at the cost of some blood, in which case the nearest shadow disgorges its prisoner with a shuddering sigh. If thou does not recall the victim, shadows disgorge the victim by themselves in a couple of nights. This is as near to thine original location as possible.

Weak willed prisoners of this rite may go mad as a result of their captivity. The kiss of the Void imparts no comfort, only emptiness and pain.

The shadows swallows the mystic and keep the prisoner for a number of hours. After this time has elapsed, the Cainite returns to her original location.



Naming the Neverborn

SMOTHERING DARKNESS



It is said that the denizens of the Abyss are nameless and even lack an identity of their own, and this is in general true. The shapes and beings of the Abyss are fluid and fleeting and might merge together or come apart at a whim. But the Neverborn where the primordial emanations of the Blind God long before they became the Lords of Outer Darkness, and as such they have a sense of stability and identity, though they were never named by Adam and as such lacks True Names. By journeying into the Abyss and naming one of the Neverborn Lords of Outer Darkness, thou achieve great power over them. After acquiring the name of a Neverborn, thou wilt be able to wield a number of powers, such as:

The Neverborn where never given a name by Adam, but the Blind God was given the name Yaldabaoth by the Absolute, before She gave the power of naming to Sabaoth, who in turn gave it to Adam.

FORTIFY AGAINST LUCIFER



Normally, sunlight destroys the darkness created by Obtenebration with the merest touch. This power, the first step on the way to true mastery of Obtenebration, allows thee to strengthen thy darkness against the light of the sun by focusing on the Name while summoning the shadow-stuff.

A single ray of light can ruin even the most well conjured Nocturne, and a Lafombra assaulted in her haven during the day cannot use Arms of Yaldabaoth to reach her enemies standing outside.



Thou may use this power called Smothering Darkness to summon fluttering shadows that immediately flock to the nearest light sources (torches, candles, oil lamps and the like) and douse them. By (silently) invoking the name and focusing thine inner darkness on nearby light sources thou canst plunge an entire area into darkness almost immediately, rendering those unprepared for it completely helpless.

The behavior of these shadows is akin to that of moths; they find the brightest light source and then dive into it in hopes of being consumed.

SHADOW TWIN



When The twin may separate itself from the parent and travel away. Thine control over darkness has progressed to such a degree that thou may bestow upon it a limited degree of sentience, thou canst use the Name to animate thine own shadow or that of another. Thou canst actually free the shadow cast by light. This power can unnerve mortals and even a few inexperienced vampires. Thou simply animate the shadow while holding the Name in thy mind to commands the targets shadow.

Some report having seen mortals literally scared to death, as their shadows leapt away to taunt or menace them.



HUNDRED SHADE BREATH



he mystic inhales and concentrates on the Name, building the darkness inside her lungs. When ready, she opens her mouth wide and a fog rushes out in dozens of curling tendrils as she exhales. These wisps coalesce into a consumption Cloud.

SHADOWSTEP



f thou want to go some place forbidden to thee, thou canst get there through a Shadowstep. Thou hast such fine control over the darkness that thou may become it briefly and reform thyself from another darkness close by. Thou may Shadowstep through walls, floors, and even mystical barriers. Simply step into a shadow invoking the Name and re-emerge from another shadow a short distance away, or next to the barrier, if there is no shadow on the other side.

SHADE PRISON AMULET



his spell can enchant a piece of bone jewelry to become a vessel for a Hungry Shade. Etch the Name into the object's surface and invest it with thy vitae. If the amulet touches a Hungry Shade, it sucks the spirit into itself in a swirl of wind. Each amulet can store only one spirit, and the imprisonment lasts only as long as the talisman is intact.

Once the prison breaks, the spirit escapes to wreck havoc, although it will not attack the person that freed it. *Breaking a prison by daylight destroys the trapped spirit.*

SHADOWED EYES



o blind thine enemies, use the Shadowed Eyes. This particular skill is a matter of control and delicacy, not raw power. Summon forth small patches of blackness to cover the eyes of the victim, rendering her effectively blind and giving her a daemonic appearance. Those thus afflicted may find themselves in more than a little trouble with their neighbors who have little tolerance for the blind, and less for those who appear unnatural.



Appendix I:
Songs, Prayers and Oaths



Threefold Prayer

Mother, who filled the sea, the
land and the skies, with thy
progeny

Maiden, who guard thy creation
against every threat

Crone, who bring revelation
through trials and torment

Lilith, who rose before us all and
shall be here when the last fire
grows cold

Show us thy path through the
wilderness

That we may walk it beside thee.

From endless dawn to endless
night

So be it

The Queen of the Night

At the end of the day, the glorious
Star, the Great Light that fills the
sky,

The Queen of the Night appears
in the heavens.

The people in all the lands lift their
eyes to her.

The men purify themselves; the
women cleanse themselves.

The ox in his yoke lows to her.

The sheep stir up the dust in their
fold.

All the living creatures of the
steppe,

The lush gardens and orchards,
the green reeds and trees,

The serpents of the deep and the
owls in the heavens

My Queen makes them all hurry
to their sleeping places.

The living creatures and the nu-
merous people of Nod kneel be-
fore her,

Those chosen by the old women
prepare themselves for her.

The Queen refreshes herself in the
land.

There is great joy in Nod.

The young man makes love with
his beloved.

My Queen looks in sweet wonder
from heaven.

I sing thy praises, holy Lilith.

The Queen of the Night is glori-
ous on the horizon.



Mothers Prayer Mothers Chant or Litany of Nahema

Old Miriam prayed this prayer over me as I lay bleeding by the road. It was the first time I heard them, the first prayer in my life that rang of truth. These words mean the world to me, they are the moon and stars of my life.

Mother, who rose in the first garden on the first day, come to me

Mother, who throw of the shackles of gods, who spurn angels, see to me

Mother, who filled the world with every dark wonder, turn to me

Thou taught me that is is better to bleed and break than to bend

For what have bled and broken will grow back stronger than ever before

While the fruit from she who bend will be twisted and still-born

Thou taught me to grow a garden in desolate places

To water it with pain and ecstasy, blood and epiphany

Those things for which I have not suffered are truly worthless

Thou taught me to find freedom in exile

Happiness in torment

And knowledge in pain

Mother Come

Seeing this written down feels outright profane. Some things are meant to be shared in rite and dedication, but I guess some things can not be avoided.

The chant begins with the Hierophant striking the pose of the open gate, palms parting the veil of worlds until they rest on the pillars of life and knowledge. If an initiate is ascending in the ranks of the coven, she reads the proclamations, otherwise the Hierophant officiates the chant.



Hierophant/Initiate:

I will seek pain. In moments of agony, one's senses are afire and enlightenment is close.

I will be a teacher, lover and bringer of pain and knowledge to those who would follow the Dark Mother's ways.

I will confront my fears. Overcome them. Grow stronger.

I will seek out those who would find awareness and draw them into the truths of the path.

Chorus:



Nothing is fair in this world.
Fairness are for the weak.
The Mother rewards the strong.

Hierophant/Initiate:

I will share pain and learning with
others on the path.

I will be strong, independent and
trust only myself.

I will know wealth, materialism
and comforts for the mere trap-
pings they are.

I will know the foolish conven-
tions of civilization and reject
them.

Chorus:

Only through pain are we ele-
vated.

Overcome thy fear.

Never show cowardice.

Hierophant/Initiate:

I will follow no mortal religion
that exalt Sabaoth's oppression
of the Mother.

I will seek to undo all the rules
and teachings of the societies of
slaves.

I will study the magic of pain and
ecstasy he forbids. A dark gift
that cast off the shackles of His
petty rules.

I will prepare the way for the Es-
chaton when Heaven, Hell and
Earth cease to be, and Heaven is
remade.

Chorus:

Show respect to the ones above.

Replace them when they falter.

Always repay thine debts.

Hierophant/Initiate:

I will be teacher, torturer, and
lover to any who seek enlighten-
ment.

I will seek out those on the border
of awareness and bring them to
the Mother.

I will cultivate a garden, that I
may show the power of mine
own creation.

I will practice what I learn for wis-
dom is meaningless unless it ac-
companies action.

Chorus:

Gather with thy brothers and sis-
ters.

Share thy learning and anguish.

Let the Awakening come before
personal matters.

Hierophant/Initiate:

I will not tolerate failure, includ-
ing mine own. My punishment
will be visible and harsh.

I will know that the entire mate-
rial world is corrupt. Expecting
betrayal and wickedness.

I will maintain a veil of secrecy, for
others will look poorly upon the
methods of the Mothers path.

I will not share knowledge with
outsiders, as it is too valuable to
trust to flawed creatures.

Chorus:

Never heed the desires of others.

No distractions are worth leaving
the path.

Pain and revelation is all.

Hierophant/Initiate:

I will realize that the world is an
illusion, that all things must live
according to their forms.



I will indulge the Beast and deny it
for true comprehension requires
that every thing is experienced.

I will alter and augment my body,
for challenging the flesh may
pave the way toward awakening
the soul.

I will tempt and horrify those
around me for the weak will
fall, while the strong will be tem-
pered by my testing.

Chorus:

Go out in the wilderness.

Find the freedom of the dark
places.

As Nahema did.

Hierophant/Initiate:

I will study darkness in all its per-
mutations and inspire others to
accept their inner shadows.

I will search for a purpose for
shadow and the life that prefaces
it.

I will achieve a comfort with dark-
ness and unlife, distinguishing
between damnation and salva-
tion.

I will free the prisoners that the
light of Sabaoth has bound.

Chorus:

Break the chains. Build the gar-
den

The Mother is coming.

The Mother is here.

Reel of Crom Cruiac

Cummer, go ye before, cummer,
go ye

If ye willna go before, cummer, let
me

Ring-a-ring-a-widdershins

Linkin lithely widdershins

Cummer, carlin, crone and
queen

Roun go we

Cummer, go ye before, cummer,
go ye

If ye willna go before, cummer, let
me

Ring-a-ring-a-widdershins

Loupin lightly widdershins

With cat an owl an serpent skin

Three times three

Cummer go ye before, cummer,
go ye

If ye willna go before, cummer, let
me

Ring-a-ring-a-widdershins

Whirlin skirlin widdershins

Tear ye skirt and skin an hair

On thorned tree

Cummer go ye before, cummer,
go ye

If ye willna go before, cummer, let
me

Ring-a-ring-a-widdershins

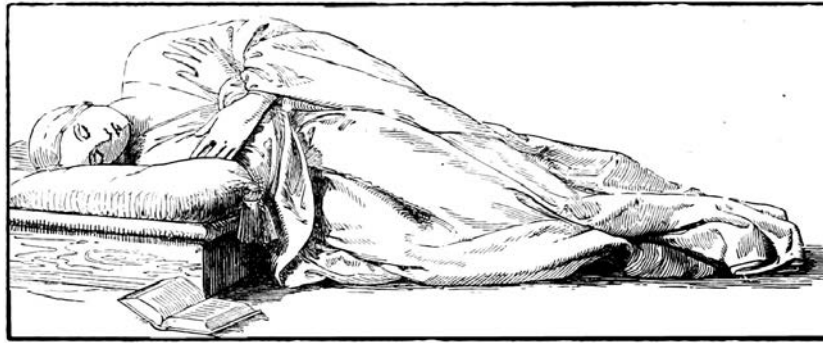
Rushin hushin widdershins

Paint yer gardens stem an stern

Red as we

*This is just a simple game
for merriment, why is this
here?*

*Don't be dull. Shouldn't
merriment be a part of
worship?*



Oath of Lilith

Taken by a Bahari upon his initiation, the Oath is said to be a preservation of the words spoken by Lilith herself as she took up the Mantle of the Moon. I take this oath each night as I arise.

When first I tasted the fruit of the
Trees

felt the seeds of Life and Knowl-
edge

burn within me

I swore that day
that I would not turn back.

When first I tasted the flesh of the
kill

felt the tang of the blood
and the crunch of the bones

I swore that day
I would not die.

When first I tasted mine own
blood

felt the surge and the stir
of mine own life on my lips

I swore that day
to love myself above all.

When first I tasted the light of the
moon

felt its glow in my womb
and its wild tenderness

I swore that day
to walk in night.

When first I tasted the love of a
god

felt the tearing rise of song
and fire

I swore on that day
to cherish the flesh.

When first I tasted the ash of the
sea

felt my blood become water
as the sky fell behind me

I swore that day
to descend and to return with
wonders.

When first I tasted the love of a
child

screamed with the joy of the new
life

and wept for what I had lost and
gained,

I swore that day
to nurture life as I had embraced
death before.

I swear by three times three times
three

That these seven moments shall
remain mine own

And whatever may transpire

No god nor man nor beast may
take them from me.

I swear by myself and my immor-
tality.



Rubric Rhyme

I the Mother, dark and divine,
Say to thee,
Oh children mine
All ye assembled at mine Shrine,
Mine the scourge and mine the
kiss
The piercing star of love and bliss
Here I charge ye in this sign.
All ye assembled here tonight
Bow before me

Lilith, Hecate, Morrigan, Etain,
Innana,
Diana, Kali, Melusine,
Am I named of old by kindred,
Scarlet Empress, Mother of dae-
mons,
Hell's dark mistress, Heaven's
Queen.

Whenever trouble comes around
all who would learn of me a
Rune
Or would ask of me a boon,
Meet ye in some secret glade

Dance my round in greenwood
shade, by the light of the full
moon.

In a place wild and lone with the
comrades alone
Dance about mine altar stone.
Work my Dark Mystery,
Ye who are found of sorcery,

I bring ye secrets yet unknown.
Whatever troubles come to thee,
No more shall ye know slavery
Who give due worship unto me,
Who tread my round on Sabbaths
night.

Come ye all running to the rite,
In token ye be truly free.
I teach the mystery of darkness,
Keep ye my mysteries in mirth

Heart joined to heart, and lip to
lip,
Three are the thorns of the rose
That bring ye ecstasy on Earth.
I ask no offerings, do but bow,
No other law but Mine I know,
All that liveth is mine own
From me they come, to me they
go.

*Are all these goddesses
merely masks the Dark
Mother have worn
throughout the ages? I'm
not sure I believe that.*



Lament for Lucifer

Close mine eyes to the sunlight,
My Morning Star, my storm.
Fold thy wings in grace and take
thy leave of me.

Taste my blessings as you go.
We will not lie as one again
For my womb is a garden of rot.
My heart is ashes.
My tears are blood.

Hunt well, my breath, and take
with thee

The bones of our children,
wrapped in palm leaves.

Scatter them to the horizon and
allay their cries.

I shall tend a grave of deep water
And shall wash away our ene-
mies.

Bide well, my desert wind,
Hold aloft thine blade and oil it
with tears.

I shall be the owl upon the
nightwind,
The cat with silent paws
And the serpent at the heels of
Caine.

I shall be the seed of tears,
but mine eyes shall be sand and si-
lence,

My heart shall be the desert and
the sea,

And my cry shall be the owl gone
hunting

As the sun departs my sky.

Weep not, my beloved,

But hold me close in thy distant
chase.

We shall be the thorns of ruined
Eden

Forget me not Sun to my Moon

Cry to my silence.



While many animals have been regarded as sacred to the Dark Mother, the owl, cat and serpent are generally considered her "emblem" beasts. One medieval tale (too long and rambling to be recounted here) tells how Lilith and Adam (before their epic falling-out) played games of creation in the Garden of Eden. Adam, being the Shaper, would transform mud into walls, trees into spears and sticks into cages. Lilith, being the Fertile, would create living things with her blood, urine and breath. The first three things she crafted were said to be the owl (which flew over Adam's wall), the cat (which brought down the stag missed by Adam's spear) and the serpent (which slipped through the bars of Adam's cage). The combination of jealousy and fear that Adam felt over these creations probably hastened the marital spat that separated them forever. When Lilith left the Garden, Adam is said to have violated every beast in the Garden except for the owl, the cat and the serpent; these chased him through the night until he called upon his god for help. When Sabaoth cursed Lilith, the malediction fell upon those animals, too. By rabbinical lore, they followed Lilith and Lucifer into the second garden and spread outward from there. When that couple swore their revenge upon humanity and Caine, Lilith's companions were said to have gone out as the first agents of her will.

Owl, Cat and Serpent

Come you by mine hand
O say a diddle-dally,
My owl, cruel night-bird
With a beak and a talon and a feather,

Oh! Come you by mine hand
O say a diddle-dally,
My cat, cruel hunter
With a claw and a spit and a harsh eye,

Oh! Come you by mine hand
O say a diddle-dally,
My serpent, cruel trickster
With a bite and a slither and a shimmer,

Oh! Come ye to mine hands,
And gift me with poisons,
Gift me with night-sight,
Gift me with silence and trickery

Oh! Name of the Mother,
My dear sweet Mother,
Lilith my Mother
My blessing, my torture

Oh! Spill me my blood, that I might imagine
That day in the Garden when first you created
The owl, the night-cat, the serpent
And gave them all unto me.

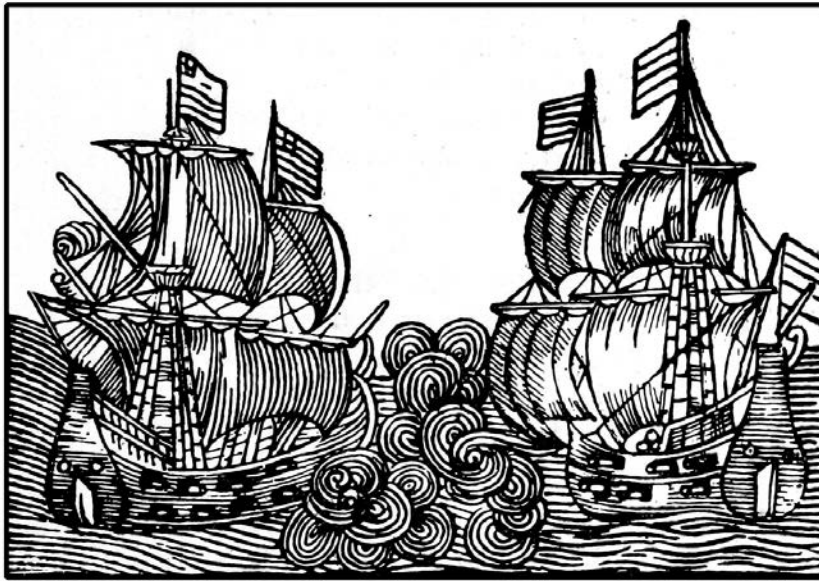
Spill me my blood,
That I might embrace you
And poison the world

That hath denied us both.
Poison the world
That hath denied us both.

Hail to Lilith!
Hail to Lilith!
Poison the world
That hath denied us both.

Come ye by mine hand
O owl, O night-cat, O serpent,
Lead me into darkness
And drown my screams

Come ye by mine hand
With kisses most fair and most rare
And lead me past death.
And I pledge ye
My life and my troth and my fear.



The Rising Tides

As anyone with an ounce of faculty knows, many of the portents outlined below have come true in recent years. Even the mortals know that the signs of a coming end have more to do with ancient proclamations than with facile calendars and ominous round numbers. While the words of Caine proclaim an end by fire, Lilith's vision assures that fire will be extinguished by water. Perhaps the clash of both will sweep this broken earth into the pile of other "worlds of shells". As the Absolute's eyes close again, oblivion descends and everything is silent. Perhaps, after a while, another earth will be born and the whole cycle will begin again.

Tremble, O thou childer of Caine

Tremble, O ye children of Seth
Mother is coming
Mother is here.

With her lessons of madness
And hands full of blood
She comes to make the world anew
And her chariot is pain and horror.

The crystal is broken, the daemons are free.

The crystal is broken, the daemons are free.

The waters rise.

The waters rise.

Weep, O ye children of immortals

For your unives shall be as the shells broken

By the lightning of each new world.

All this shall pass away.

Weep, O ye Pharisees and priests,
For your god is a lie and his promises are empty rags.
All this shall pass away.

Weep, O ye grain-fed maggots
Squirming in the basket of bread,
For your bellies are splitting with the feast
And a storm of flies is coming.
All this shall pass away.

Weep, O ye sullen nightmares,
For the dancing gods of flickering screens shall lead you to oblivion.

Mother is coming

Mother is here.

All this shall pass away.

The crystal is broken, the daemons are free.

The crystal is broken, the daemons are free.



The waters rise.
The waters rise.

See the colossus of steel astride the
world
Behold the worms in his feet.
As the giant totters, the worms re-
joice,
For there will be food aplenty
when the giant falls.
See the broken chamber of 500
years
And the shattered crystal upon
the floor.
See the stones weeping and the
dragons free.
Lilith is here.
Lilith is free.

Hear the howls in the night
As the wolves of Adam
Cast themselves into the Dragon's
coils.
Smell the brother's blood from
time's beginning
Now tepid and thin as water.
In water will the light die!
In water will the fire die!

From the East, from the Sea will
vengeance come
And from those whose blood is
Water!
The cities of the West will blaze
with rage,
And a great wheel from the East,
From the formless lands,
Will crush them!
On the last night
When the moon is a sliver of dark-
ness
Comes the final embrace!

Shine black the sun!
Shine black the moon!
The waters rise!
Ahi hay Lilitu!

Malediction of the Queen of Hells

Come, descend, ye spirits of
shells,
Ye friends of broken light!
Come and embrace the gift of
Caine,

I call for death
I will for death

Come, descend, fragments of sor-
rows,
Ye cracked and imperfect bygone
masters

Come and embrace the cry of
Lilith,
I call for death
I will for death

For mine heart has been torn
And my womb has been torn
And my love has been torn.
I cast aside my cloak of night
And plunge into the seas
Where no light can comfort me
And no words can succor me
And no lies can bend me

And I will dwell at the left hand of
death.

For I am the mother whose babies
were slain
And I am the lover whose heart
was torn
And I am the sister whose body
was rent
My heart and my garden are ashes
now

Let mine howls carry them away

*This appears to refer to the
"world of shells" described
in Kabbalistic lore.*

*Note the repetition of threes,
a theme throughout this in-
vocation. In most mysti-
cal philosophies, three is the
strengthened, the number
of unity. It also corresponds
to water, the element most
associated with Lilith and
women in general.*



Come, rise, ye spirits of hunger,
 Ye friends of guttered flames!
 Come and embrace the winter of
 love
 I call for death
 S
 I will for death
 Come draw my cloak across the
 pregnant moon
 And let all wombs be barren this
 night.
 A new garden shall rise across the
 land,
 Ba'harah, the Garden of Sor-
 rows.
 Come, rise, ye seeds of despair,
 Ye fallow ones left on the stones to
 rot.
 Come and embrace the owl's cry,
 I call for anger
 I will for anger
 For I am the storm with ten thou-
 sand screams
 For I am the storm with ten thou-
 sand tears
 For I am the fruit that is dried in
 the hot breath of hate
 Till it falls from the vine and with-
 ers into dust.
 Come, rise, ye spirits of the earth
 Ye ravenous spiders with fingers
 of shadow!
 Take me into the caves of rebirth
 Where we will dance 'til the rising
 tides
 For I become the winepress of sor-
 rows
 For I become the stealer of seeds
 For I become the breaker of
 blades

And the clamp upon the fruits of
 man
 O Ancient One,
 Whose eyes declare the day
 See my defiance, see me dust thine
 earth
 From my feet as I sink away from
 thy light.
 I shall be the owl with deadly
 cries
 I become the cat with hungry
 eyes
 I always was the Dragon
 And the fruits in my jaws shall be
 the generations of man.
 Come, rise, ye spirits of tempest
 and lust,
 Ye howling voices of long-ago
 nights!
 Take me into the air and the seas
 Where we might swell the banks
 to a flood.
 For I am the maiden whose fruits
 were destroyed
 For I am the mother whose gar-
 den was salted
 For I am the crone whose lips taste
 the blood
 Let these three guises greet me as
 I descend
 Into the nether-sea
 Let their breath burn away the
 love
 That has given well to my tears.
 Let our seeds grow into
 hedgerows
 With poisoned thorns and sweet-
 ened flowers
 Come feast with me now
 And rise from your shells

*As I heard this performed,
 the verse was "...and the
 blade at the loins of man".
 The Hebrew version,
 however, offers a double
 metaphor — the fabled
 vagina dentata, and the
 serrated castrating clamp
 used by ancient peoples to
 geld livestock, slaves and
 criminals.*

*We might take this myste-
 rious reference three ways:
 as a recollection of Lilith's
 feasts upon her own blood
 in the desert; as a reference
 to vampirism; or as a plan
 to drink the blood of Caine.*

*The modern version uses
 "hells," but the Sumerian
 cuneiform suggests "broken
 worlds" rather than hells
 in the traditional sense.
 After all, at this time,
 there are very few dead
 higher beings. Would a hell
 be necessary? Or are the
 later underworlds the frag-
 ments of old worlds forgot-
 ten by this one? I feel the
 latter theory has much to
 recommend it.*



Let pleasing forms guide us
Into the heads and hearts of the
accursed
There raise we tempests
To wash away the sand
And leave the seashores bare.

Typically regarded as a symbol of infinity, sand also represents the unstable aspects of earth (the foundation and the womb) which can be swept off, or that gives way beneath great weight or force, just as a sand-castle crumbles in the tide.

I take this as a call to future vampires who will choose to follow Lilith over Caine, but it could also be interpreted as an invocation of the "black stain of murder" that enticed Lilith to Caine's aid. The Dark Mother may be summoning not only the Cursed One's childer, but his talent for killing, too.

Come, descend, ye children of
Caine,
Ye harvesters of eternal waking
Come and embrace the cry of
Lilith,
Caper at thy father's call
And feast upon each other's
hearts.
Come ye all the serpents of hate,
The clouds of deception and
The tides of endless silence.
I call for death
I will for death.
I call for death
So shall it be!

Hymn to the Mother of the Gods

Hail to our mother, who caused
the yellow flowers to blossom,
who scattered the seeds of the
trees, as she came forth from Par-
adise.

Hail to our mother, who poured
forth flowers in abundance, who
scattered the seeds of the trees, as
she came forth from Paradise.

Hail to our mother, who caused
the yellow flowers to blossom,
she who scattered the seeds of
the trees, as she came forth from
Paradise.

Hail to our mother, who poured
forth white flowers in abun-
dance, who scattered the seeds of
the trees, as she came forth from
Paradise.

Hail to the goddess who shines in
the thorn bush like a bright but-
terfly.

Ho! she is our mother, goddess
of the night, she supplies food in
the desert to the wild beasts, and
causes them to live.

Thus, thus, ye see her to be an
ever-fresh model of liberality to-
ward all flesh.

And as ye see the goddess of the
night do to the wild beasts, so
also does she toward the green
herbs and the fishes.

A seed carries within itself new life. Paradoxically, it has to be buried before it can bring forth that new life; as a result, seeds and those who sow them are often used metaphorically.



Call to Lucifer

The Dark Mother contains all things, yet I do find it strange to sing this. It's outright romantic!

Thus shall I sing to Thee, O Lucifer,

To attain the fruit of my desires,
In this hymn by which men attain
that Morningstar,
Who is worshipped by the Elohim.

Origin of my garden thou art,
Yet hast Thou Thyself no garden,
Though with hundreds of hymns.

Even Hanokh, Tzilah, and Irad
cannot know Thee.

Therefore we worship Thy staff,
Father of all Dhainuv,
Shining with fresh saffron.

O Lucifer, we adore Thee,
Whose body shines with the
splendour of a thousand risen
suns,
Holding with one of thy hands a
book and a rosary of beads,
And with the other making the
gestures
Which grant boons and dispel
fear.
With sunset eyes is Thy golden
face adorned.

Beauteous is Thy Neck with the
cloak of light.

O my love, how can the ignorant,
whose minds are restless
with doubt and dispute,

Know Thy form ravishing with its
vermilion,

Stooping with the weight of Thy
staff,

Accessible only by merit,
Acquired in previous birth?

O Lightbringer, the cat describes
thee in physical form;

The serpent speaks of Thee in subtle
form;

The Owl calls Thee firstborn of
rebels;

Others, again, as the root of the
worlds.

But we think of Thee

As the untraversable ocean of
mercy, and nothing else.

Worshippers contemplate Thee in
their heart

As polished as a staff, adorned
with the crescent moon,

White as the autumnal moon,

Whose substance is the fifty letters,



A Rosary? Why would Lucifer carry a christian prayingtool?

Rorasy refers to all kinds of prayer beads, which are not christian as such. Same tools to worship a different Elohim.

Holding in Thy hands a book, a
rosary, a jar of nectar, and mak-
ing the sign of peace.

O Lucifer, Thou art a knight with
seraphim's wings

I worship in mine heart the Elo-
him whose body is moist with
nectar,

Beauteous as the splendour of
lightning,

Who, going from His Garden to
that of Lilith,

Opens the lotuses on the beauti-
ful way of the host.

Having worshipped Thee with
the flowers of celestial trees,

I shall never in mine heart forget
Thee, the supreme angel,

Whose substance is existence and
intelligence,

And who expresses by Thy throat
and other organ

The Akh appearing in the form of
letters.

The blessed, having conquered
the six enemies,

And drawing in their breath,

With steady mind fix their gaze on
the tip of their nostrils,

And contemplate in their head
Thy moon-crested form,

Resplendent as the newly risen
sun.

O Lucifer, I take refuge at Thy lo-
tus feet,

Worshipped by Irad, Tzilah, and
Nahema;

The abode of bliss, the seed of the
Garden

The origin of all prosperity;



Appendix II: Bahari Pictograms



Isotta Nogarolla

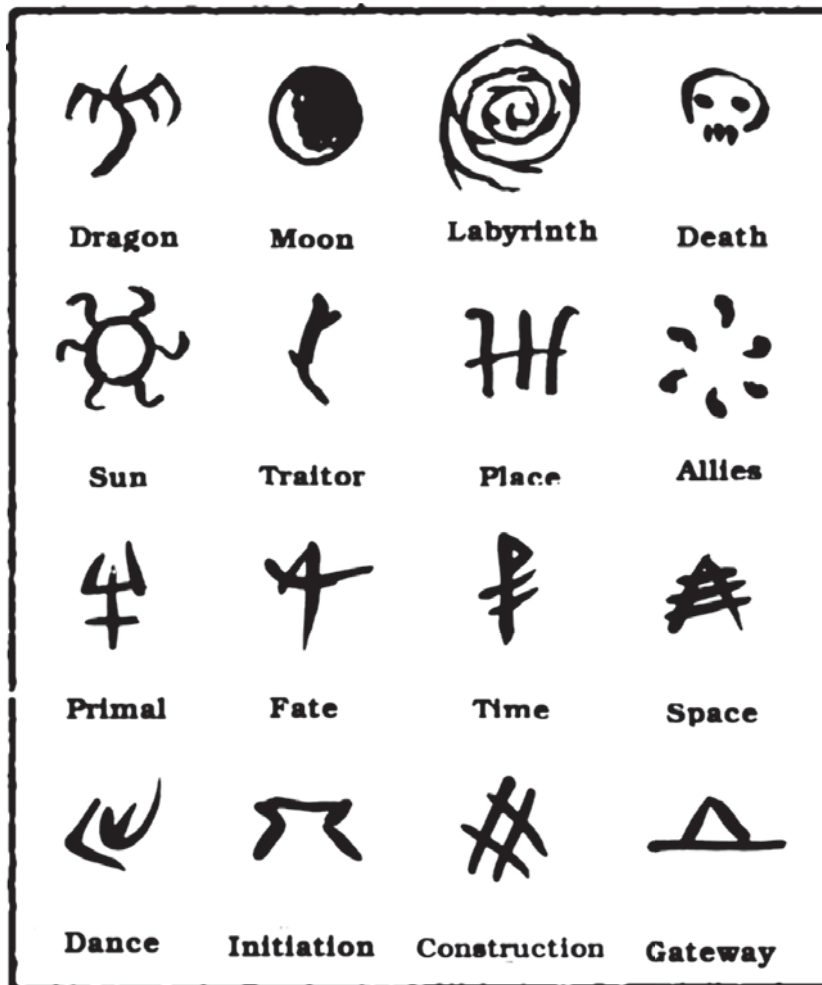


Primitive Pictograms

			
Cat	Owl	Serpent	Wolf
			
Tear	Hidden	Wood	Tree
			
Life	Pain	See	The Abyss
			
Fertility	Blood	Warrior	Harvest

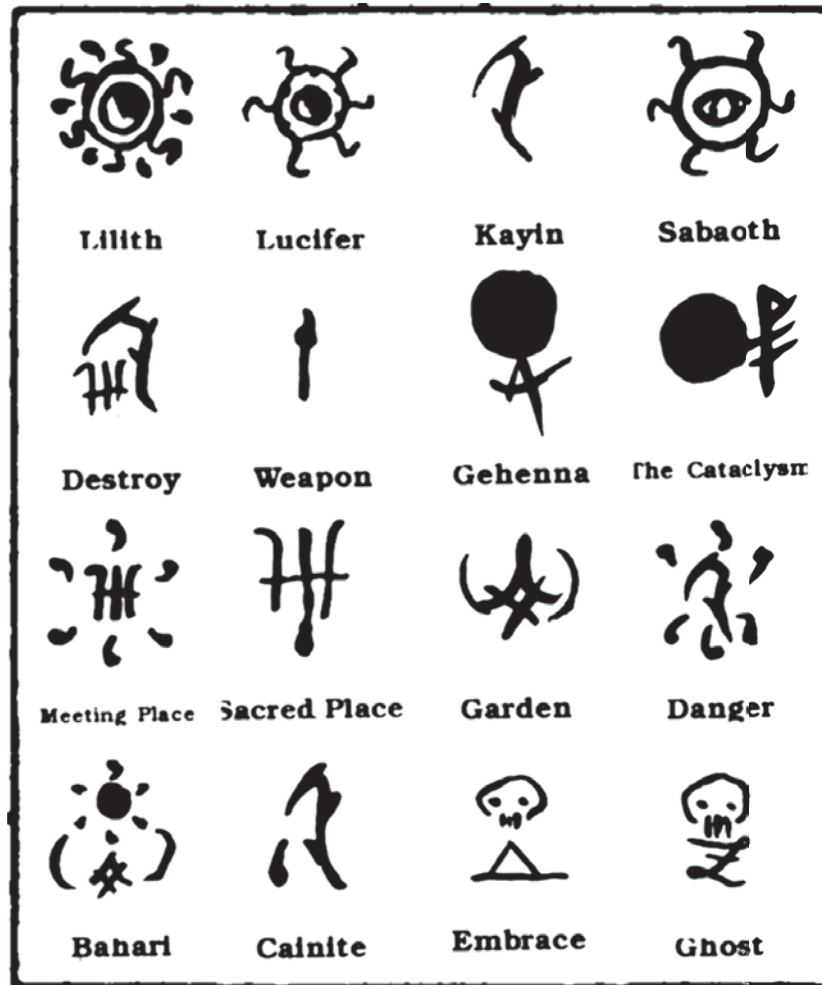


Ancient Primitives





Composite Pictograms



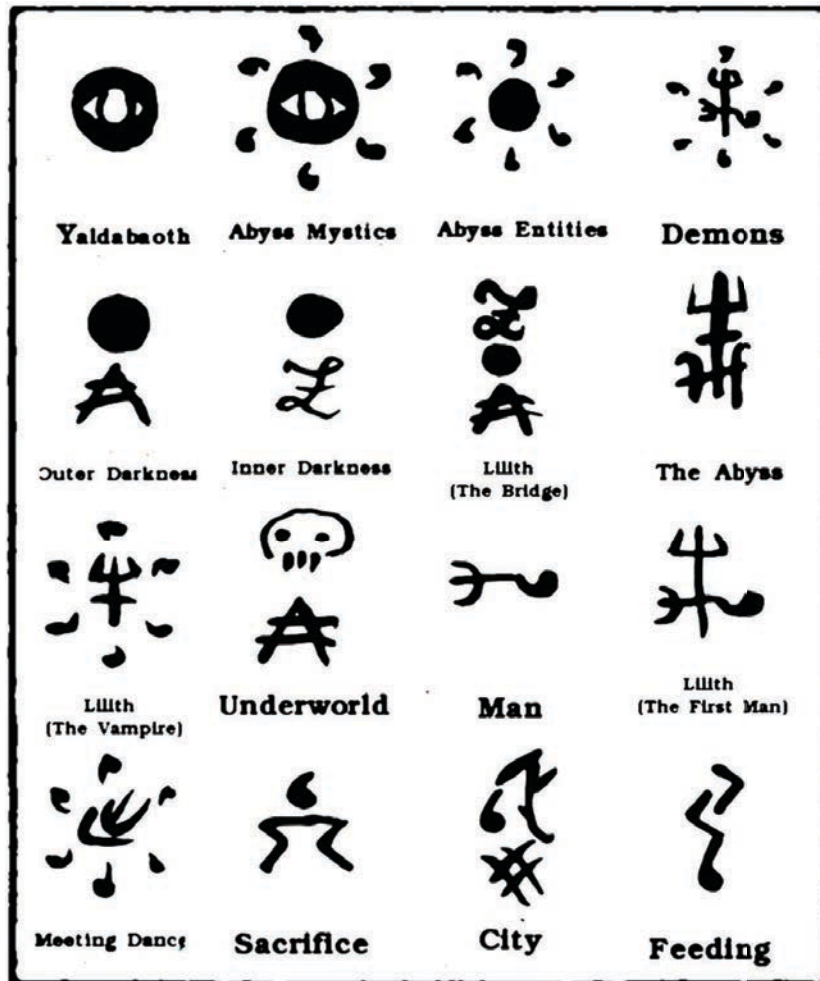


Clans & Disciplines

Lasombra	Giovanni	Tremere	Ravnos
Gangrel	Lamia	Cappadocian Necromancy	Necromancy
Obfuscate	Auspex	Dominate	Obtenebration
Diablerie	Blood Bond	Vicissitude	Thaumaturgy

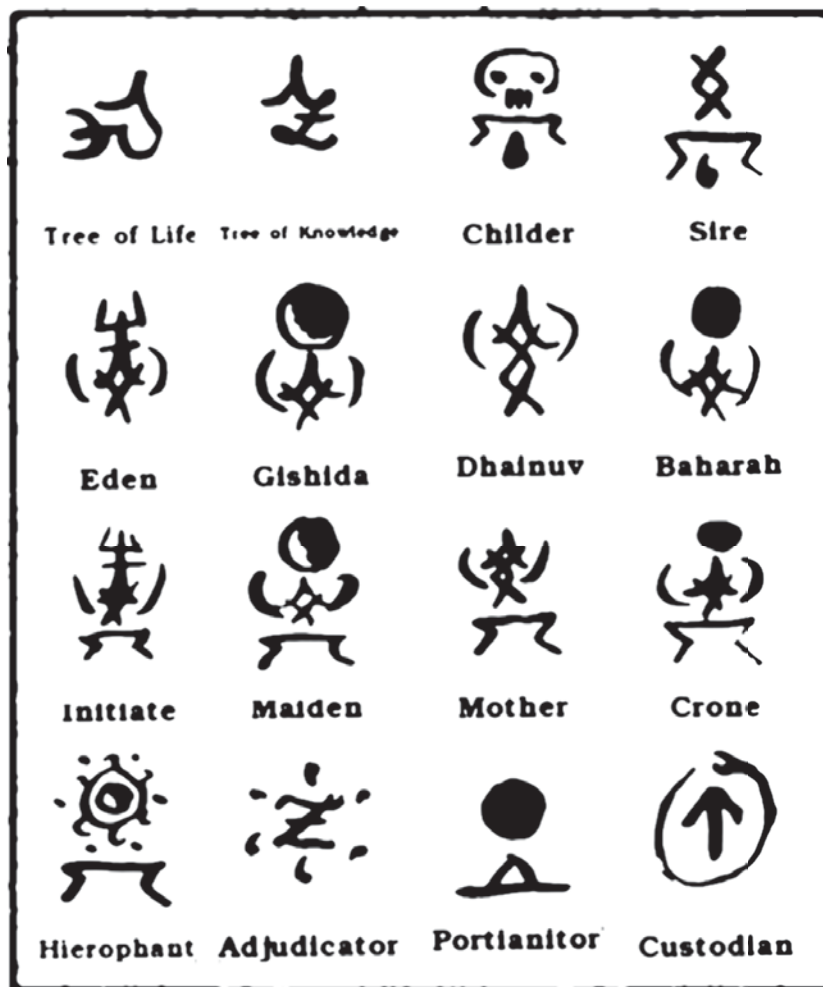


Abyssinal Pictograms





The Positions in the Cult



Analects of the Third Garden

In the Garden of Lilith

In the beginning, so says the tales, the first woman refused God, accepted torment and sorrow and won her freedom. All else that transpires in the World of Darkness springs from that moment. The lore of the dark mother, the true history of the world with all it's secrets laid bare, lies within these pages.

The Thorns cast Dark Shadows

The Analects of the Third Garden, is a collection of texts from a now defunct Bahari cult, covering every aspect of their faith, from holy scripture and treatises on ethics to rituals, instructions in the Mysteries of the Abyss and advice on how to organize a coven.

The Analects of the Third Garden includes:

- The story of Isotta Nogarola, how she was inducted into cult and why she put its secrets to paper.
- The history of Lilith, Vampires and the Bahari. How Lucifer warred with Sabaoth, how Lilith and Kayin turned into enemies and so much more.
- The rituals, organization and philosophy of a lost Bahari faith.
- The Mysteries of the Abyss, its denizens and geography, as well as the rituals of Bahari Mysticism that allow Vampires to summon its power.
- The songs, prayers, oaths and the secret language of Bahari pictograms.

STORYTELLERS
VAULT



FICTION