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THE GRIMOIRE
OF THE GOLDEN TOAD



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THE GRIMOIRE OF THE GOLDEN TOAD

A Mystery-text serving to reveal the Arcana of

SABATRAXAS

being

An exposition of the Antient
Wicce-craft Initiation into the
Mysterics of Toadmanship,
known unto the Wise as

“The Waters of the Moon”



Here transcribed by A.:

For all who seek the Way of the Lonely Road



With Perfect Love to I.:.,
She who opened the Way into the
Field of Meimun,
This Grammarie is dedicated to all who
partake in its Mystery.



*Eat of the Forbidden Fruit
and ye shall be as Gods!
Eat and ye shall be Wise!*
Said the Serpent to the Maid...

Said the Maid to the Man,
Said the Man to His Son,
Said the Son to His Wife...

And so said They,
from generation to generation,
til all Their Kindred knew the Secret.

And so, Beloved, must I say unto you:
Eat and ye shall be Wise!

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INTRODUCTION

Concerning the Solitary Initiation into the Arte
of Wicce-craft through the Mystery called
'The Waters of the Moon'

I - The Method according to Lore and Custom

It is said in lore that there is an especial bone within a toad's flesh that may be used as a talisman of great magical power, a charm for the commanding of certain beasts, most especially to lure, lead and to jade the Horse: the Steed of Mankind. Furthermore it is said that this charm may serve as a key into all matters of the Cunning Arte.

According to custom there is a solitary ritual that must be performed in order to obtain the Bone-charm and to attain initiation into the Ways of the Toad-witch. This rite must be performed in the following manner:-

Firstly one must seek out the beast of the conjuration: the toad. This should ideally be of the rare breed called the 'Walking Toad' or Natterjack. If such cannot be obtained then let Old Providence lead you unto a toad or frog according to its own secret direction.

succeeds, then all is lost, but if the Devil's blood be upon your hands, and if the bone is retained though thick and though thin, then the Power of the Mystery is bestowed in completion, straight to the heart of the Seeker.

Thereafter the Bone-charm may be used to command Man, Beast and Spirit alike. If taken to a crossroads at midnight, the Charm may be used to call the Devil, who shall come as an Horse, black as crow's feathers, and who, by the Sign of the Charm, may be entreated to answer such questions as the Witch sees fit to ask. Who rides the Horse shall go hither and yon in the blink of an eye, over all the Face of the World!

Such is Way of the Toad-witch as custom and lore record.

When the toad has been found it should be killed by being impaled upon a spine of the Blackthorn tree. Yet beware, for one may only proceed in this Mystery if the way of sacrifice is revealed by signs, dreams and portents. If no omens are received then know that the way is barred and to proceed is to be cursed.

Once slain, the body should be taken to an ant-hill, an earthen mound of the faerie host a-raised by these, the most industrious of creatures. The toad-corpse is then to be interred within the mound so that the ants may eat of its flesh and blood, even as the body of Christ is given to feed and nourish the Companie of Man.

When time has passed by, sufficiently so for the ants to have stripped and bared the bones, then the skeletal remains must be drawn together once more and placed securely within a bag.

Upon the Night of the Full Moon the bones must be taken to a stream of clear flowing water. Where the Moon's face is reflected into the water, there the bones must be cast down to spin and whirl in the current. If the rite has been performed correctly and with strong intent, it is said that a single bone - the Talisman of the Toadman - will move upstream, screeching aloud as it moves against the current. This is the bone that must be seized and claimed as the Token of Entrance to the Mystery. But lo, as the

hand moves to take its prize, the world shall turn against you: the wind will howl and clamour, the trees bend low and whip the flesh, the night-birds will cleave the darkness and a Cry shall go up throughout the body of all Nature. This is the Sign of the Power approaching!

If so fated as to succeed and pass living through the Ordeal of the Full Moon Water, the Bone-charm shall be claimed with the Hand of Power.

The talisman¹ must now be carried in secret on one's person until the time is a-right for the next trial of the Mystery.

When the Moon is nigh waned into darkness, the bone must be taken to a graveyard (or stable) for three consecutive nights. The Apprenticed Charmer must hold the bone fast and make his prayers for the Power of Magic to be given.

On the Third Night in the Boneyard it is said that the 'Devil' will approach and by all his guile he shall seek to tempt the bone away from you. If stricken with wrath, then he shall endeavour to overpower you, and there will be battle between you and one must seek to draw blood from the other. If the Devil

¹ In regard to the talisman, it has been found that when a stream has been 'consecrated' by a practitioner (by one who has completed the ordained procedure of the Rite), stones may be taken there-from and be passed on to other companions of the Path. These stones may be utilised by Brethren in the manner of the Sabbatic Coin, in lieu of the customary toad-bone.

II - The Rite as herein Envisioned

The Rite of Solitary Initiation is here-after set forth according to an understanding born of dreams and nocturnal wandering. It is thus transcribed anew, as a Mystery-text, a grimoire of the Magical Arte encrypting the ritual according to both custom and mine own insight.

The process of the ritual is the same as formerly described, save for additional formulae and the manner in which the apprentice spends the Three Nights of the Moon's Darkness. According to the method encrypted here-after, the First 'Age' or Night is spent in a graveyard; the Second in a Horse-meadow; and the Third in the depths of a wood. The 'Three Sojourns' must be undertaken and contemplated in the light of their ritual formulae in order for understanding to arise.

In addition to the customary procedure, there are a number of charms, verses and incantations included in 'The Mystery Proper' as a testament to mine own Envisioning of its Arcana. Furthermore, beyond the textual scope of 'The Mystery Proper' there is an extended body of magical text: 'The Arcana of SABATRAXAS'. This forms the second part of the Grimoire and is dedicated unto the Greater Mysteries and Transcendental Sorceries which arise from the "Waters of the Moon".

Let each interpret, employ, refine, and make addition unto this Work as they see fit so to do, ever according to the Design of the Warden Spirit whose Seal is set upon this Book.

Let the Sacrifice be fulfil'd, yet nothing but the Sacrificer be slain. Let the Bone be claim'd: the Token of a Thousand Forms. Let the Great Stone of Concealment be o'er-turned and the Spirit leap forth from its Tomb. In the Moment of the Skeleton's Dance, may all be revealed.

In the Name and Seal of SABATRAXAS,
So mote it be!

May the Blessing, the Cursing and the Cunning be!



BOOK THE FIRST

THE

MYSTERY

PROPER



Hekas Hekas Este Bebeloi

The Beginning

Black, Black, Black was the Sun
Upon the Time when I was born.
I dream'd the Dream: the Dream of ONE;
That Night was Day,
That Dusk was Dawn.

The Twelve Knells of Time

On the First Moment's Knell Magical
Power declared me; throughout all Aeons
its Knowing is my Self-Becoming.

On the Second Moment's Knell I went
into the Field, to wander as I will, to seek
for the Lead-black Toad beneath the Stone
of all Creation.

On the Third Moment's Knell I nailed
the Leaping. I fix't the Flesh upon the
Blackthorn Cross.

On the Fourth Moment's Knell I fed the
Corpse to the Earth. I laid the Stillness
within the Red Mound of Life.

On the Fifth Moment's Knell I open'd the
Tomb of Relics, to herd the Ochred Bones
once more to my Hand.

On the Sixth Moment's Knell I bore the
Fleshless, alone into Bright Darkness: a
Pilgrim of Nocturnian Light.

On the Seventh Moment's Knell I cast
down the Bones - a dancing skeleton on
the Stream of the Full Moon Water.

With the Cry of Eternity's Mid-Time, the
Charming Bone was seen: the Sign
apostate to Nature!

On the Eighth Moment's Knell I followed
the Bone-Charms' course, up-stream against
all Tides; up-stream to the Heart of the
Hallow'd Field.

On the Ninth Moment's Knell I took the
Life-blest Bone and sojourn'd in the
Garden of Tombs; through an Age I
learn't from the lips of the Dead.

On the Tenth Moment's Knell I took the
Death-accurs't Bone and dwelt in the
Meadow where the Sky-Horse runs.
Through an Age I journey'd, unmoving
from its back through the Concourse of
Light.

On the Eleventh Moment's Knell I carried
the Star-bright Bone deep into the midst
of the Greenwood. Through an Age I
wrought Enchantment in a Ring round
the root of the Great Golden Tree.

On the Twelfth Moment's Knell came the
Lord amid the Glories of the World,
saying:- *"Kneel before me and all that you
see shall be yours!"*

Thus I heard and thus I saw. Meeting His
gaze I knelt... For the Devil's Master am
I, am I; the Devil's Master am I!

The Fire of Heaven swept down, through
Head, through Heart, to Heel. Thus came
the Power of the Witch at the Thirteenth
Knell of Time.

With a Droplet of Rose-blood it is sealed,
it is sealed; With a Droplet of Rose-blood
it is sealed!

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The Riddle of the Toad-bone

O' Keeper of the Talisman,
Bone-herd of Time's Twolven Knell,
know ye that the Bone has all Magic within it...
to hurt or to heal, to blight or to bless.

But what is the Beast
that the Bone may command?

Who is the Horse
that the Toad-witch may charm?

The Answer

So spake I to my heart of hearts:

*"O' Who is the Horse
that I come to tame?"*

And my heart spoke back
to its Self of Selves, saying:

"The Name of the Horse is 'Man'."

The Kingdom of the Body

Gold, Gold, Gold is the Path
That leads All-Wise to the Temple.
Of Rainbow'd Gems are its
Twelve Palace Gates;
Of Perfect Light, its Heaven-high Walls.
"Man" is the Name of its Maker;
"Mage", the Name of its King!

The Salute of the Mystery

Here's to the Horse
with the Four White Feet,
With the Chesnut Tail and Mane;
A Star on his Brow
and a Spot on his Breast,
And his Master's Name is "Cain".

The Ending

Black, Black, Black was the Moon,
Upon the Time where I was born.
I dream'd the Dream: the Dream of ONE;
That Midnight leads to Eden's Dawn.

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The Bind-Word

What is the Word, the Word of the Bone?
The Word of the Bone, the Word is "ONE".

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H E R E

E N D E T H

T H E M Y S T E R Y

P R O P E R

BOOK THE SECOND

THE ARCANA
OF SABATRAXAS



I - The Conjuration

II - The Danse of the Bones

III - The Three Sojourns

IV - The Charm of Harnessing the Toad
to the Seven Stars of the Plough

V - The Charm for the Rosarie of Qayin Azhaka

I
The Conjunction
Of the Devil
SABATRAXAS

The following incantation is firstly to be used prior to the Casting of the Bones upon the Water, and thereafter on each night of the Three Sojourns.

If the operation of the Mystery is successful the incantation may thereafter be used whensoever the witch desires to summon the Patron Daemon of the Lonely Road.

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Sa Ba Tra Xas!
Thirteen times I speak Thy Name:
One beyond the Silent Word.

Sa Ba Tra Xas!
Thirteen knells I sound for Thee:
One beyond the Midnight.

Sa Ba Tra Xas!
Thirteen footsteps I take alone:
One beyond the Shadow.

Sa Ba Tra Xas!
Thirteen furrows I cross the Field:
One beyond its centre.

Sa Ba Tra Xas!
Thirteen leaves I cast in the Cup:
One beyond the Living Elixir.

Sa Ba Tra Xas!
Thirteen sips I drink for Thee:
One beyond the Gate of Dreams.

Sa Ba Tra Xas!
Thirteen feathers I bear aloft:
One beyond the Wild Host's Flight.

Sa Ba Tra Xas!
Thirteen stars, they light the Way:
One beyond the Year's Full Circle.

Sa Ba Tra Xas!
Thirteen signs I make and offer:
One beyond the Head and Heels.

Sa Ba Tra Xas!
Thirteen charms pass on my Word:
One beyond their Speaking.

Sa Ba Tra Xas!
Thirteen bones I cast on the Water:
One beyond the Moon's reflection.

Sa Ba Tra Xas!
Thirteen waves I cross upstream:
One beyond all Time and Tide.

Sa Ba Tra Xas!
Thirteen times the Toad-witch beckons:
One beyond All –
Be Thou Come!



II The Danse of the Bones

*"I threw down the bones: a dancing skeleton
on the Full Moon Water.
All amidst the whirl and the Moon's reflection
the Charmer's Bone spun against the flow,
screeching and a-howling with the Cry of
Nature's Wrath.*

*All of a trice, in the moment betwixt
the out-reach and the clasp of Hand and Charm,
the Sun turn'd black and the Eye was lash'd
with a bolt of fire.
Vision upon vision came to my Sight,
Dream upon dream upon dream...*

And this I knew was the Danse of the Bones."

• •

*The Stream is a Mirror to tell
the Bone-charmer's Tale*

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The Sceptre

On a time now passed by, I received a gift from the hand of a stranger, from a wanderer between the worlds of the Living and the Dead. His gift was a bone, the fleshless thigh-bone of an ancient man - a sign of return from the Oldest of the Dead.

This Token of Death I took and held aloft, and in my heart I claim'd it as a Sceptre, a veritable Wand of Power. With such skill as is mine I cleaned and painted it, adorning its surface with signs fitting to Rites of Conjunction.

Through a time times seven I adjured the Djinn of the Earth, calling to my side every manner of Sprite and Faery of the Wilderness... 'til all the World's Djinn had told me of their Ways. Their Telling is all that I shall tell, such is the Tale of the Sceptre.

The Ghost-trumpet

Time passed by and I dreamed the Dream of the Serpent sloughing, and thus I knew the Spirits' Bidding to transform the Sceptre - to shape it anew for a task that lay ahead. And so, I cut it and carv'd it, opening its ends to breathe the Aire, so that it might serve as a trumpet for the calling of Souls and Ancestral Shades. Its mouth-piece I adorned with flames, and its wide open'd lips - from whence came forth its ululation - I painted with the likeness of a Great Serpent's head. Thus the Sceptre became the Ghost-trumpet, and there-with I called forth to the Dead 'til all the World's Graves - save One - had vomited forth their bellies and the Shades of Mankind, high and low, had come to my side and told me of their lives long lost to memory.

Their Telling is all that I shall tell, such is the Tale of the Ghost-trumpet.

The Trickster's Flute

Time passed by, over and upon itself, and dreams of the stranger came unto me: tides of spiritous power crashing onto the shore of my heart. And the stranger assumed forms unguess'd and unforeseen; as the Image of the Initiator he came unto me, and in my ear he whisper'd. Thus I knew and thus I carv'd the bone anew, til a flute it had become: a pipe for the musick of the Gods. And there-upon I play'd in

the forests of the World, in the High Places of the Mountains and in the Lowly Places of the Valleys, in the fierce heat of the Deserts and in the Cold Wastes of the Ice-lock't Kingdoms... so play'd I 'til all the Angels had ceas'd their toil and turn'd their gaze upon me...'til all the Angels had told me of their lore. For an Angel's heart is so inclined to beauty, that of all things fair, there is none so fair as the Song of the Flute. And so I drew the Hosts of Heaven to Earth!

Their Telling is all that I shall tell, such is the Tale of the Trickster's Flute.

The Bone-garland

And Time pass'd by, through and within its own path of counting: a secret course I cannot tell. Dreams waxed greatly and all the Wisdom of Others which I had heard I stored up in Vast Books and Grammars of the Sacred Arte. Yet the weight of bearing such a burden was too great for any man and though I bore it well through many a journey, in time I grew weary and sought out a place of rest. And knowing full-well that I must seek out the True Secret of Magic alone, without the burden of any other's wisdom, I went into a Place of Burial. Thus I went into the Field, the Place reach'd solely by the route of One against All.

Finding myself in a far-flung corner set far aside from all others, I beheld a grave marked out by a raven's feather and this I knew to be the mark of the First-slain Man - the Oldest of the Dead.

Upon this grave I heap'd up all the Books, the manuscripts and fragments of Antient Lore. Then standing at the graveside I took up the Flute. With a single breath I drew down the Flame of Heaven and cast it out through the mouth of the Flute: lightning to tinder, the offering was made! Fire leapt up at my summons and the Treasury of the Wise was opened to the Stars.

As the flames licked brightly through the body of the night, I played and I played for all my worth, 'til the grave before me was rent asunder. A Shade rushed forth there-from, a Wraith of Antient Crime, and I knew that it sought for the wandering stranger. I set down the Flute and prayed for peace between them, for I knew them to be Brothers.

Time passed and the fire turned to cinders. In the Book of Ashes the Whole Mystery spread out before me and a New Book - the Grimoire of mine Arte - I held within me, secret and yet told across the weave of Time upon Time. All the World lay before me, silent, expectant.

Married to the Sky in the Union of All and None, a Jester's cape, a motley shroud I threw about my

naked flesh: the ashes of the Dead I lay upon skin, a garment fit for Kings!

Once more the stranger dream'd the Dream of my Self and told me to set forth anew as a Pilgrim, to seek out the Mysteries that shine through the Stars.

And so at his counsel I carv'd the Bone anew... into a rosary, a garland of one-hundred and ninety-six amuletic disks, where-upon to remember the Way and seek out the Arcanum of One.

And so I bore forth the Bone-wreath and by its power I knew the stranger's name: the Murderer of the First-dead, the Whisperer in the Field.

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*Of the Stranger whose Face I had not seen,
I carved a mask, an amulet
to serve as a touchstone
betwixt his heart and mine.
On the Hour of His Birth's Remembrance
I hung it on the Thread of all Prayer.
Amen.*

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III

The Three Sojourns

The Bedesman's Telling In the Rosarium of Midnight

On the Twilight I heard a voice, a-whispering at the Field's edge: "*Tonight you must meet with my Mother and my Father.... tonight, tonight... in the Garden of Midnight*".

And so it was that I set forth into the reaches of dusk, the Bone-charm'd Rosary in my hand as I cross'd the threshold of the dark. Journeying far I return'd with each step, once more I went into the Field of the Dead.

She came to me on the breath of night: Liliya on the mist of a viper's tongue. Out of the night, out of the night She came, walking straight upon the narrow path that cut the labyrinth of our tryst. Thus, in the Rosarium of Time we met.

Of Her appearance, what folly may I stutter to dare appraise the Infigurable? Imagine if you will a cloud of crimson rose-petals, all a-fire and thrown upon the wind - and then caught, arrayed in a form as though laid on the skin of an unseen ghost...a wraith

of e'er-shifting womanhood. Such was her apparel: a damozel of forbidden purities, wreath'd all about in rare beauty.

Bearing in Her hands, O' youthful and fair, She possess'd my rosary, though I swear it had not left my clasp. Though a gulf, an abyss of the immeasurable, yawn'd between us, all of a trice - in a parting of lips to sigh and gasp, face to face we stood. She lean't forth, an arc of grace that kissed these lips of clay and crack'd their mask forever.

Into my hand She pressed the rosary, saying: "*This... is Midnight!*".

And there, upon the bone-garland, She had placed two images: each a bead, hand-carved in the shape of a skull; one for the Lady and one for the Lord. To reveal the Arcana of these Signs She spoke once more, yet all seemed but an echo of Her First Three Words; an echo thrice reboant upon the air of night: "*Here lie the skulls of all mortal gods and goddesses. These serve the Faithful as masks for the Sabbat - for the timely processions of faith upon faith*".

At that She laugh'd... turned about and ran, barefoot'd back into the night... back amid the roses.

And so, like a figure in mirror, I likewise turn'd ... and as I did I saw that all about me stretch'd the paths of the labyrinthine garden, a web of threading tracks amid a mosaic of perfumed flowers; a myriad

paths reaching out from beneath the crossroads of my step.

From the way before me there appeared the figure of a hooded man and I knew Him to be the Lord Mahazhuah, the Consort of Liliya. Though all about Him swirled the grey smoke as of a thousand guttering pyres, there was youth in his gait; a royal humility in each step of his naked feet. As He approach'd it seemed that candle-flames were lit upon the earth; a host of flickering lights - each a prayer drawing down signs of promise, calling to the moths to cast down life. The mist billow'd, veiling then revealing the Lord's approach, carrying the scent of wood-smoke... and the memories of ancient rites.

In His hands He bore my rosary, though once again I swear it had not left my clasp. A time passed by... a waiting like that before the final moment of a Beloved's death, the merest instant, yet carrying the trove of countless recollections. And then... all the World stood still as eye met eye.

He pressed the bone-garland into my hands, and spoke: "*The bone-disks are the spheres in the Body of Knowledge: the Signs of the Infinite Orbs of Existence. The skulls...*". He gestured to the flowerings roses. "*...they are the seeds for my Wilderness of Beauty. They are but the Suns in Heaven.... but fruit upon the boughs of the Sky-spanning Tree. They are, my Child, the Signs of the*

*Hidden Stars, the Lights which illumine the
Fourteen Worlds where-in the Great Lore of the
Dragon is realised!*

He did not turn away by step, but wholly by spirit...
a ghost amid the roses of midnight, fading like
smoke blown on the wind; like vaporous sea-mist
thinning away on the shoreline of the Vision... 'til
all was nothing but the clear air of the Night, the
Night most beautiful and deep!

I laid down upon the dew-threaded grass and - as
men of old used to say - I told my beads. And
looking skyward, I too turn'd away and went into the
Night... for now the beads 'told' me.

The First Sojourn: The Dream of the Horn-Child

Journeying far I return'd with each step, once more I
went into the Field of the Dead. There, stood upon a
Great Round Stone beneath the boughs of a spreading
Yew, was a golden-haired boy - the Infant Christ, no
more than seven summers in age. The skin of a lamb
he wore around his midst, a meagre garment
betokening innocence and adorning his radiance with
a sign of humility and sacrifice.

The bone-garland I held close to my heart, and in
my dreaming I knew it to be the Charm borne swift
on the Waters of the Moon.

Clutching the rosary in prayerful hands I walked forth and kneeled before the Stone, casting my sight far into the depths of the Child's azure gaze. He wept blood-jewels of light, golden corn-grains falling to the furrow of life after life after life, clear droplets of a sorrow exceeding the content of any man's heart.

All of an instant, by a wish unvoiced in thought or word, the prayer-garland once more became a flute: a pipe of musick to call the Spirits!

I offered the flute to the Child, though he gave no sign to me of want or desire. And upon that instrument he piped a melody, and it seemed that all the world did dance, a-swirling in the gyre of birthing and dying, a-turning in the Pool of Dream upon Dream.

And alone, unmoving on the Great Round Stone amid all Chaos, I beheld the Child - two golden horns a-shining from his brow. As eye met eye, so the dream turned back upon itself. Flute became rosary became charm...a thousand shards of unity... and in the Bind-Word all became One.

As the Eye of Waking opened, it seem'd the Golden Light of the Horn-Child lingered on a while, merging with the Dawn. And the musick.... ah, yes, the musick...

Still the Bone-charm lay in my hand.

The Second Sojourn: The Stars beneath the Earth

Without a step I journey'd far, once more into the Field... to the Meadow where the Sky-horse runs wild and tameless! For once again the stranger took my hand and led me in dreaming, far from the Waking, far from the Boneyard, yet ever toward the heart of the World-field. And there, in the very midst of the plain, where long meadow-grass swayed in the moonlight, He and I stood - face unto face, eye of man unto his shadow-gaze a-glinting. Cloudless the sky arched above, star upon star in the midnight expanse.

Hand in hand in the Clasp of the Lion we stepped forward and many wonders didst He show unto me.

Growing in the Field's midst were strange plants like unto the figures of spirits a-reaching 'twixt Heaven and Hell. These Worts He called 'True Mandragora' and of their leaves and the dew upon them we partook... as of a Eucharist.

By some miracle of Vision it seem'd that He showed unto mine Eye the down-turning roots of the Herb beneath the Earth, and these it appear'd were like unto Stars that illumined the World of the Dead. And taking a root He showed unto me the Arte of Carving and Shaping its form so that it could be filled with animate life and take on diverse powers of

magic. By such skill He didst cut and carve the chosen root into the figure of a mannikin and this figure He placed back into the earth and spoke aloud over it:

*"Into the Field of Night we go as One,
By harrow and furrow, rein and wreath.
One Root, you are all Herbs, seventy-two in secrets.
One Leaf, you are All-Wise in the
Winding Way of Green.*

*Khozhan calls you: He names you 'Chlimia'.
For you are the Woman who flowers in Bright Darkness.
O' Sing to the Grave,
Call to the Dead with Thy Promise of Love;
Dance and beguile,
and bring back the Prize of Wisdom to me!"*

All of a trice my Sight leap't forth once more, and gazed deep under the earth, and yet upward - as though toward the underside of the vast up-turn'd Field of the World. And throughout the Field I saw the roots of the wondrous herb, each having the likeness of a spirit's face, a-shining like a star in the constellating web of time upon time. And I knew that each face was a reflection of a mortal man or woman - of one who had partaken of the herb as a sacrament of power; for each root shone forth - a star of wisdom in the very mind of its Communicant.

Thus I beheld the Way of the Wortcunning Man
and didst learn the Secrets of the Seventy-two Great
Herbs and the manner in which their Spirits
commune with the Pilgrims who wander in the
Field. Thus I came to the Knowing of each Healer,
Sooth-sayer and Bane-charmer of the World, and
mine eye was in their eye, seeing clearly amid the
Dead... even throughout all the Wisdom of the
Forgotten and Dreaming Gods.

Then I was standing, once more hand in hand, once
more in the Field where the meadow-grass swayed.
Earth over Earth, Heaven over Hell, Night over Day
all turn'd over, in and upon itself in the Dance of its
Making. And all the while in my stillness I heard
the hoof-falls, the neigh and the whinny and the
champing of teeth. All the World beneath us and
the Sky-horse wild above... straight-wise unto Waking
He led me, clear and straight with a single step.

And all the while the Bone-charm lay... its hand in
my hand, unmoving, all-moving... in the Field where
the Sky-horse runs.

The Third Sojourn:
The Tree of Inversion

I rose up in dreaming and set forth awake, each step a thousand steps on the Road with no Beginning. Before me the winding track and the shadow that slipped away underfoot; behind me the stranger - a voice that guided and told of the signs and the waymarks of the road.

After following the course of the night's long straying it seemed that I came unto the edge of day-break. And lo, set in the dewy grass at the wayside I beheld the skull of a seven-tined stag and below it the sign of crossed bones. The stranger spoke, saying unto me:

"This is the Sign of Most Ancient Lineage!"

At these words a war broke out in my heart. I let loose my hair, the serpent-strands of long and matted elf-locks, and there-with I struck the dust of the earth and didst beat the World-skin in wrath. In my bloodied rage a speech broke forth from my lips:

"I am a Wayfarer without a Path, an Ancient without Lineage!"

I am the Tree of all Inversion - whose roots reach the sky.

I tether the stars unto my power; I bind the Earth round with my Dance.

I come to turn all things upside-down!"

When the swirling air brought the dust to rest and the thunder of my words died away to silence, I saw that all about me was a plain of red earth - an illimitable expanse of blood-dust dried from the harvest of wars beyond count.

For a single moment I bowed my head in a solemn prayer of soliloquy. I raised my brow to the Gods, levelled my gaze with destiny's laughter... and walked on with a heart full-wise in the knowledge that the World had come to this fate at mine own doing. And in this solitude was a secret joy, for I was the last grain of the Old and the first grain for the New; a World Unbegotten lay promised in the dust of a myriad deaths. I had become the pillar between the soul-laden scales of balance - the Axis of Will at the cusp of an Aeon's birth!

Wordless I walked on... through a time times seven I wandered, neither day or night passed by, for all was still and I was the moving: each step an orbit of a million unseen worlds, hid' deep within each mote and speck.

In the very midst of the blood-dusted Field I stopped my journey; for there, growing gold from the barren tilth, stood seven sheaves of corn... a Sign of a Secret Harvest betwixt the Elder Gods and Man.

In the midst of the seven sheaves I beheld a nest, a wreath of briars and flowers all 'twined in a circler

upon the ground; and there, lying within this hollow form, lay seven eggs - white as moon-beams, bright as sun-seed! And upon the seven eggs there writhed a mighty Crimson Serpent, its coils incubating the seven treasures of a Faith as yet Untold. On the Serpent's back there rode an Hare, a silvern leaper that spoke to me, saying:

"This is Midnight: the Gateway to Eden's Dawn!"

And again I heard the Horn-child's flute, once more the clamour as of a thousand trees lashing, once more the rushing wind of Nature's wrath....once more the still, small voice of Eternity's mid-time. Amidst the whirl and the World's reflection I saw the Bone-charm of a thousand forms, and in my clasp I held it true.

The Ending

From the Whirling Pool of the Skeleton's dance,
from the spinning gyre of the Full Moon's Water I
beheld the Vision's End.

I saw the Great Shadow of the First-dead looming
close like a Thief of Souls in the Long Night of
Initiation, and within its darkness I glimpsed vision
upon vision: vast altars strewn with sacrificed flesh,
the first-fruits of a thousand generations, the sheaves
of countless harvests... all laid out as for the Feast at
the End of All Days.

A spark leapt forth from the stranger's gaze and it
seemed to spin and dart into the Shadow's heart,
setting afire to the image of all sacrifice.

All things stood still for a time, save for a strange
beast that crept in the dark. I saw it as a black dog,
as large as a horse, going down into the earth, down
into the empty grave of the First-dead. And though
the earth sealed tight to hold it therein, I knew that
its ghost would come forth whene'er the veils grew
thin between the worlds, where'er its Master's
blackthorn rod should strike thrice on the earth and
speak its name. I heard its bark, deep and fearful
under the earth, and I foresaw the days of its
haunting - when its feet shall pad upon the quiet
tracks and lonely by-ways, sometimes loyal to the
heel of the Wandering Master.

All of gold became the Shade, yet empty of all offerings. I saw it strike forth like an angry snake, yet touching the place of the stranger's heart it was gone, vanished in a trice. And the stranger, no more a shrouded countenance, no more a hooded man, revealed his face and was a stranger to me no more.

The pilgrim looked on and he smiled the smile of Sages: the cunning grin that keeps all secret!

For One is One and All Alone, and evermore shall be so!

IV
The Charm of
Harnessing the Toad
To the Seven Stars of the Plough

*Upon the Good Earth I pour forth libation -
Nine Waters of the Moon:
Mare's Milk, Honey and Poison.
Upon the Howling Wind
I offer Elphame's prayer:
on smoke and moth-wing, bat-wing and owl-song.
Into the Fire, the Forge-fire Within,
I offer the Body of Abel -
by Bread and by Wine
and by the Old Serpent's Apple,
I offer a Feast for the Dark Angel's Midnight!*

*The Bones of Seven Toads
I lay out before Thee,
With Red Thread
I harness them to the Stars of the Plough.*

*Al Benetnasch, Al Merak, Al Phecda,
Al Magrez, Alioth, Al Mizar, Al Dubhe.
Seven times seven, rise up, rise up!
Seven times seven, rise up!*

*Take up the reins and steer their course,
bone upon bone,
earth over earth,
lay thou the furrow for the Dead to arise!*

*O' Leaping Devil! Hear me!
For the Lord of Horsemen calls Thee!*

*O' Come Thou forth from the Night's bright abyss.
On the Octriga of Man and Beast
ride swift to this Crossroads.
By the Backwards Prayers of all Believing,
Be Thou here before me!*

*Thus I command Thee!
By One beyond Thirteen!
Sabatraxas!*

V
The Charm for the Rosarie
of Qayin Azhaka

*From the Womb a thread I followed,
hand over hand the blood-skein led.
Bone upon bone there I strung,
Seven men and seven women;
Seven times over for the Moon's full count.
Tied and knotted, bound with hagstone -
With the One Great Stone from Heaven's high crown.
Then with cunning from horn I carved them:
Skull-faced the Idols for Corpse-King and Queen.
Sharp-eyed with Wisdom, the Tall Child I imaged:
Power upon power, thrice sap-stained with poison.
All in a ring on the Garland of Prayer,
All for True Magistrie the Secrets I tied.
Alone in the Thicket of Earth-thorn and Star-beam,
To me I gather'd the Songs of the Night:
All the Wisdom of the Sky-tearing Hag.*

All this I seal'd with the One Mage's Eye!



Unum adversus Omnia

CONSUMMATION:

Concerning the Mystery As undertaken by the Scribe

Know ye that the Scribe, Alogos Dhu'l-qarnen Khidir, was formally initiated into the Nameless Faith of Witchblood on Samhain, 1991 e.v.. Upon that night the Power was passed unto Him and thus was He raised aloft to bear the Stang in all Truth, even to serve in the Noble Office of the Magister for the Kith and Kin of the Lineage.

In the Spring of the Year 1992 e.v. the Scribe set forth the divers and wondrous sorceries of his youth in a book, and these he didst expound according to the Teachings and Lore of the Elder Faith. Thus was made manifest the Grimoire *Azoetia: the Book of the Magical Quintessence*. Thus the Teachings of the Blood-acre were revealed.

In the Autumn of that self-same year, 1992 e.v., the Oracle of the Crooked Path was revealed unto the Scribe, and thus the Way of the Dragon-road

was begun: the Gate was opened for the Fourteenfold Teachings of the Double-ouroboros. Through Seven Seasons of Ka the Crooked Path uncoil'd, even to the fulfillment of the Fourteen Great Ordeals and the Completion of the Second Great Grimoire; yea, even unto the Time of Midwinter, 1998 e.v., when the Rite of ZHA was first performed and the Word of the Dragon-Book was spoken in perfection. Thus the Draconian Grimoire was made manifest. Thus the Teachings of the Two Circles were revealed.

And in that self-same Season of ZHA the
† Prophecy of the Third Circle was uttered. Thus, from the completion of the Two Grammars of Arte, the Way was opened for AURAEON: the Teaching of the Third Circle.

In the Summer of the Year 1999 e.v., having worked the Rites of the Crooked Path through Seven Years in both Covine and Hermitage, the Scribe didst undertake a magical retreat. Therein the Fourteen Ordeals and Initiations of the Dragon-Book were fulfill'd once more, yet within the duration of a single lunar month, even in the twenty-eight days from the 13th June to the 13th July - Dark Moon to Dark Moon. Thereafter, as a

Capstone to the Temple of this Work, the
Mysteria of the ZHA and the Draconian Oracle
were fulfill'd upon the Day of the Black
Sun, August 11th, 1999 e.v. - even in the Hours of
the Solar Eclipse was it done!

As a Binding Ensorcellement to these divers
labours of the Arte Magical and as a means of
preparation for the Great Work of AURAEON
the Mystery contain'd herein this small grammar
was revealed unto the Scribe. Its Rítual was begun
on the 3rd August, 1999 e.v, and was concluded on
the 15th September, 1999 e.v.. And thereafter its
Work ceaseth never!

Thus let it be known to the Wise and the
Knowing of the Nameless Faith that this Book -
The Grimoire of the Golden Toad - is a testimony
and record of the Solitary Ríte of Initiation as
undertaken by Alogos Dhu'l-qarnen Khidir - ooo -
in His Attainment to the Office of Arch-Magister
as encrypted in the Name and Cypher A:-444. .'.
Thus are His Steps recorded, marking well the
Path of His Formal Entrance to the Royal
Precinct of the Meryddin.

By the Accomplishment of this Ríte and the Full
Transcription of its Visions and Dreams may the

Path be realised in Truth, in all Service to the Faithful Gods and Brethren of the Antient Weican Cultus, and in all Humility of Heart and Mind before the Altar of the Elder Worship. May the Arcanum be forever realised in the Spirit of Perpetual Liberation. Thus is it revealed; so it is re-veiled! The Pilgrim's Step goeth forth and the Way is made secret, secret, secret.

On the First Day of His Thirty-third Year of Life, yea, with the Cutting of the Blackthorn Staff of Cain, this Work is sealed; this Work is begun.

Know ye that the Way of the Arch-magister is the Route of One against All

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ONE: The Grimoire of the Golden Toad

© By Andrew D. Chumbley, 2000 e.v.

This
book was
privately published
by XOANON under the
auspices of the Cultus Sabbati. Of
this edition, there are three talismanic
copies hand-bound in black calf-skin with inset
toad-skin panels; and seventy-two numbered copies bound
in black cloth, each with a talisman fashioned in toad-skin for
the evocation of Sabatraxas. Typeset in Goudy Hundred by
Daniel Alvin Schulke, printed on acid-free archival paper,
and bound by Trade Binders, San Francisco, CA. The
author would like to express his immeasurable
gratitude to Frs. H.:., A.:H.:., and A.:S.:
for their invaluable contributions
to the labour of bringing
this book to
birth.

Other works by the same author:

The Azoetia: A Grimoire of the Sabbatic Craft (1992)

Qutub: The Point (1995)

The Draconian Grimoire (in preparation)

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Chelmsford • San Francisco