



THE NECRONOMICON

TRANSLATED BY
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Al Azif - Necronomicon

*Ye Book of Ye Arab, Abdul Alhazred,
730 at Damascus*

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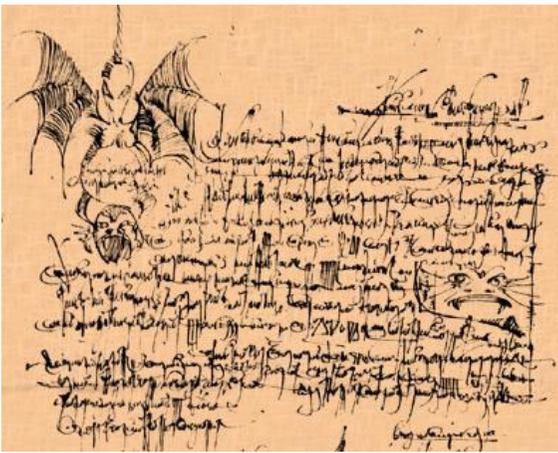
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Book of ye Dead Names



Ye book reveals ye places of wonder I visited, ye unhearthly horrors I encountered, which lead me to forsaking madness as show in my diary, [Ye diary of a madman](#). For it must be madness to believe in ye things I have seen, in ye rituals I have performed, in the places I have been and the Times I have visited.

Ye Reader will find throughout these pages ye sum of all knowledge I have collected during this maddenning journey. May this book take place that of a warning against the [Things that are Waiting Between Worlds...](#)

Ye diary of a madman

To be a black magician is perhaps ye most dangerous thing one can attempt, for you risk not only your life and mind but your essence -- what simpler minds call ye "soul" -- as well. You may beat ye odds and become a god, but most likely you will go mad.

Or -- and this may be worst of all -- you may do both.

Oh thou who wrote of evil things remember : they always are inspired by Ye Evil Ones you shall meet after your passing, so turn your dark thoughts to repentment and prayer since ye road to Hell is much shorter than what you believe : do not let you wicked soul to become as dark as this page.

We hunt a horror that feeds on human tears . . .

After the western horizon's blood turns black, and all through the dusky hours, I, in my solitude, roam the far flung realms of time. In ancient halls with brazen censers smoldering, strange shadows dance across vaulted ceilings and curtains of rich velvet. And those stone chambers ring with echoes of the twisted language of conjuration, lighted by the glow of otherworldly powers. The walls meet at impossible angles and there tread unearthly fiends that are deranged nightmares come to life. Frozen by fear, I remain unseen. And ere a tint of rose in the east heralds the coming dawn I am released from my nocturnal wanderings and am allowed to return from whence I came beyond the wall of sleep. Only then do all those things vanish and be gone with the morning mist until my awakening once again gives them life.

While traveling from island to island, I heard many tales of ancient and forgotten lore. Although I dismissed many of these stories as nonsensical superstitions, I found ye tale of Orobla singularly significant. It evoked half remembered feelings that I had not felt since I had slept in ye ancient city of many pillared Irem.

Hearken unto ye incessant prattle that constantly spewed forth from ye many mouths of Orobla, ye Beast of ye forgotten lies,

"Does ye horrid face of Boac-Treth tolerate frail human cowardice? You know that it can not. Such is its nature. So why, I say again unto you, why do you not arise and strike down ye blasphemers who would deny ye ultimate truth? You know your cowardice will not be tolerated. Ye wrath of ye Old Ones will surely fall upon you all! Do you not feel ye dreams of ye one who sleeps beneath ye waves? Do you hope that he will be pleased by your pathetic nature when his harsh gaze falls upon you? No. Surely, he shall devour you with all of ye others who have forgotten ye way! How can you continue to behave in such a frail and inconstant manner when all of you have seen ye wondrous lens of ye moon and ye crucible of eternal vitae? You puny beings are as worthless as so much excrement. I will laugh with joy when Yog-Sothoth and his favored son appear. They together shall set aright all that has been mislaid. I shall dance upon many legs when ye cloven feet of

ye Goat with a Thousand Young pounds ye infidels back into ye dust from which they arose. I will be as one with ye dark minion himself, ye one who walks abroad in ye form of a man, but is not a man. I speak of he whose faces are as numerous as there are stars in ye heavens. His vicious rage needs not be mentioned for his way is known to all men. You should fear evoking his wrath for he is ye left hand of ye center, ye voice of ye ultimate destruction."

Such was ye way that Orobla would speak. It had expounded in this incessant manner for hours and days and years unnumbered, always cursing ye reticent nature of its many followers. Until that fortold day when ye moon was as crimson and flaming steel fell from ye stars. Upon that very day, when ye ruddy sphere hung at its apex like a severed head, ye Beast of forgotten lies was silent. Orobla has not uttered a sound since. His priests, who hide amongst ye men and women of Crete, reverently proclaim that when Orobla speaks again ye world shall be undone. They claim that R'leyh shall be hurled into ye sky and Cthulhu and his kind shall be freed to rule once again.

I know not if I should believe all of ye strange tales they told me, but ye previous legend was told with such conviction that I felt compelled to record it.

*between ye dark and light
between heaven and hell
between dream and
wakefulness
between ye heavens and
earth
there is only us.*

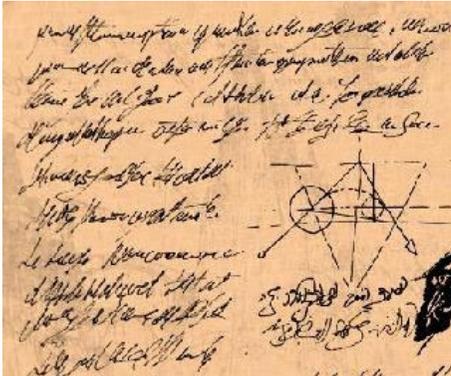
It is still bright, but for how long?..

*There is something of heaven in
death.*

**Because I could not stop for
Death
he kindly stopped for me
Ye carriage held but him and
me
and Eternity**

I live, I will die, I will leave, I WILL come again.

Through the ages I have lived, secluded under the impass- able mountains of the unknown Kaddath, but now having dis- pelled the arcane powers that kept me imprisoned, I have returned, and I am here to wreak fiery death and chaos upon your lowly race. Behold the Power of Axn-Xcamr the all power- ful Keeper of the Yellow Sign, he who is dead yet lives!



Nay! Dead Cthulhu lies not dreaming, rather, listen to the rhythm of the waves, for they tell the fell story of a noisome day to come, when Cthulhu shall spew forth from dead R'Lyeh to lead his minions on a rampage of slaughter throughout the unsuspecting world....

I can no longer tolerate the slap slapping of the sea, for I hear the cries, feel the vibrations.....waving tentacles deep down pound out an ancient rhythm, hordes of batrachian mouths gibber fiendishly....oh that I would never see the ocean again!!! Ia! Ia! Shib Niggurath save me! The goat with 1000 young have mercy.....nay, evn as I grovel on the floor of this rented tenement, I feel the walls close in about me..... is it? could it be? I hear them.....the Hounds....the Hounds come and I am doomed... Mna 'Fth'ngui Fgthan.....

Humans are such foolish creatures.... They know not of the Dark, of the Things Within, of Nyarlathotep, Cthulhu, or Shub-Niggaroth.

Few of the foolish creatures, Bolder, if less sane than the rest, Choose to learn, to understand. To find the secrets of the Night, to learn that which none should know.

IA! IA!

There will come a day when they will walk amongst you. They will not be able to be seen for what they are by normal folk. Only those amongst you with true faith will be able to detect their evil and be able to stop them.

Do not fail as the fate of the world rests in your hands and as such, if you fail, the human race is doomed.

The night things are called forth
The time draws nigh
To find out what a man's soul is worth
In these trying times

Death calls and a new journey am I become

An empty shell is left under the lonely sun
All that is, was and ever shall be
Are in one spirit, a single journey

If I should while I am awake
My soul is gone, my body is fake
Down into those endless depths I fly
Where imagery of dark being are cast on a star lit sky

All these things I have seen
And even farther have I been

I am become
I am
I

The Darkness waits, the febrile moon
Casts arcane shadows. I do not dare
To utter your cursed name; I soon
will meet the Watcher standing there
At the Abyssal Gates. I pay my toll
In blood-red gold -- the veil parts, dim
and spectral lights illumine my soul,
and my dream-dark master calls me to him.

Ia! Io! Mine eyes are rent by glorious destruction!

Book of ye Old Ones

*Ye Brood of the Dark Stars will be revealed to the reader.
Here are tales of ancient history, stories known only by a few,
for they caused unprepared Readers to seek their peace
within uncanny madness.*

*Peaceful is the ignorant man whose vision of Earth is
bounded by hills and the seas behind. Such a man lives on a
small island of ignorance, unaware of the oceans of
maddening absurdities surrounding this small world.*

OYe Old Ones and Ancient Times will reveal ye Reader more about ye origins of Ye Old Ones and Their Foretold Future.

Book of ye Old Ones

Ye Old Ones and Ancient Times

This is ye story of [Ye Coming-Down of ye Old Ones](#) to Earth, how they left [Ye Gates](#) where They were waiting and ye horrors and wonders they left on their path.

Ye Old Ones came to Earth, some say They created Mankind as slaves for their wicked hunger. Ye Old Ones came to Earth, but they did not bring Life there. Long before Their arrival, [Ubbo-Sathla](#) dwelt in ye steaming fens of ye new made Earth, for Ubbo-Sathla is ye source and ye end.

This is a story of ancient times, long before Mankind. For ye demise of ye Old Ones is for long gone. Some wise scholars tried to explain their demise by [odd correspondances with earthy elements](#). This vision shall not fool ye Reader - by essence, ye Old Ones are not ruled by human motives. Their logic is twisted, and mysterious are their ways.

Yet ye Old Ones are not gone. They wait, sealed in forgotten places, where they dream for ye time when ye Stars will be right again. Beyond ye subterranean Wall, [Y'gonolac](#) sleeps, driven out of his dream by ye summoning of those who seek evil.

Of Y'gonolac

ven the minions of Cthulhu dare not speak of Y'gonolac; yet the time will come when Y'gonolac strides forth from the

lonliness of aeons to walk once more among men ...

Beyond a gulf in the subterranean night a passage leads beyond the wall where rises Y'gononac to be served by the tattered eyeless figures of the dark. Long has he slept beyond the wall, and those which crawl over the bricks scuttle across his body never knowing it to be Y'gononac; but when his name is spoken or read he comes forth to be worshipped or to feed and take on the shape and soul of those he feeds upon. For those who read of evil and search for its form within their minds call forth evil, and so may Y'gononac return to walk among men and await that time when the earth is cleared off and Cthulhu rises from his tomb among the weeds, Glaaki thrusts open the crystal trapdoor, the brood of Eihort are born into daylight, Shub-Niggurath strides forth to smash the moon-lens, Byatis bursts forth from his prison, Daoloth tears away illusion to expose the reality concealed behind, Aphoom Zhah rises from the bowels of Yarak at the ultimate and boreal pole, Ghatanothoa emerges from his crypt beneath the mountaintop fortress of Yaddith- Gho in eldritch Mu, and Zoth-Ommog ascends from the ocean deeps. Ia! Nyarlathotep! By their very images shall ye conjure them.

This is not a vain prophecy, for ye [Legacy of Ye Old Ones](#) is so very real, as it will be shown to the Reader...

Book of ye Old Ones

Ye Legacy of Ye Old Ones

Only then They shall return, for That is Not Dead, which can Eternal Lie, yet with Strange AEons, Even Death may Die.

Ye Old Ones dream and wait. They feed on human dreams, and Their dreams feed human nightmares, taking the weave of dream from most people and giving only to a few, doomed chosen Ones who are taught about Ancient Times, places or legends long forgotten, like the one of [Cyaegha Who Did Not](#)

[Know It Existed](#), or the [Dream-Witch Yidhra](#). Hence They shall never be forgotten, only by a few.

Ye Old Ones dream and wait. Yet Earth is still stained by Their presence. Deep within the nethermost caverns, [Ye Worm That Gnaws](#) grows and feeds. The Reader who wants to become Traveller shall prepare himself long ago for a journey into [such places...](#)

Ye Voice of Hastur

Hear ye the Voice of dread Hastur, hear the mournful sigh of the vortex, the mad rushing of the Ultimate Wind that Swirls darkly amongst the silent stars.

Hear ye Him that howls serpent-fanged amid the bowels of nether earth; He whose ceaseless roaring ever fills the timeless skies of hidden Leng.

His might teareth the forest and crusheth the city, but none shall know the hand that smiteth and the soul that destroys, for faceless and foul walketh the Accursed One, His form to men unknown.

Hear then His Voice in the dark hours, answer His call with thine own; bow ye and pray at His passing, but speak not His name aloud.

Concerning Nyarlathotep

I hear the Crawling Chaos that calls beyond the stars

*And They created Nyarlathotep for Their messenger, and
They clothed Him with Chaos that His form might be ever
hidden amidst the stars.*

*Who shall know the mystery of Nyarlathotep? for He is the
mask and will of Those that were when time was not. He is
the priest of the Ether, the Dweller in Air and hath many
faces that none shall recall.*

*The waves freeze before Him; Gods dread His call. In men's
dreams He whispers, yet who knoweth His form?*

And at the last from inner Egypt came
The strange dark One to whom the fellah bowed ;
Silent and lean and cryptically proud,
And wrapped in fabrics red as sunset flame...

Ye Serpent Beared Byatis

Byatis, the serpent-bearded, the god of forgetfulness, son of Yig, came with the Great Old Ones from the stars, called by obeisances made to his image which was brought by the Deep Ones to Earth. He may be called by the touching of his image by a living being. His gaze brings darkness on the mind; and it is told that those who look upon his eyes will be forced to walk into his clutches. He feasts upon those who stray to him, and from those upon whom he feasts he draws a part of their vitality, and so grows vaster. For there is this about those images of the Great Old Ones brought down from the stars when all the Earth was young, that a psychic link connects such as Byatis or Han to their images, and they that worship the Great Old Ones and who serve them on this plane may

communicate with their Masters through such ideals; but a fate darkling and terrible beyond belief is reserved for they who unwittingly possess such idols from Beyond, for them the Old Ones drain vitality through this psychic link, and their dreams are made hideous with nightmare glimpses of the Ultimate Pit.

Of The Old Ones and the Gates

Concerning the Old Ones, it is written, they wait ever at the Gate. and the Gate is all places at all times, for They know nothing of time or place but are in all time and in all place together without appearing to be, and there are those amongst Them which can assume diverse Shapes and Features and any given Shape and any given Face and the Gates are for Them everywhere, but the first. was that which I caused to be opened, namely in Irem, the City of Pillars, the City under the Desert, but wherever men sayeth the forbidden Words, they shall cause there a Gate to be established and shall wait upon Them Who Come through the Gate, even as the Dhols, and the Abominable Mi-Go, and the Tcho-Tcho people, and the Deep Ones, and the Gugs, and the Gaunts of the Night and the Shoggoths and the Voormis, and the Shantaks which guard Kadath in the Cold Waste and the Plateau of Leng. All are alike the Children of the Elder Gods, but the Great Race of Yith and the Great Old Ones failing to agree, one with another, and both with the Elder Gods, seperated, leaving the Great Old Ones in possession of the Earth, while the Great Race, returning from Yith took up Their Abode forward in Time in Earth-Land not yet known to those who walk the Earth today, and there wait till there shall come again the winds and the Voices which drove Them forth before and That which Walketh on the Winds over the Earth and in the spaces that are among the Stars forever.

Concerning Ubbo-Sathla

Ubbo-Sathla is the source, the unbegotten beginning from whom came those who dared set themselves against the Elder Gods who ruled from Betelgeuze, those who warred upon the Elder Gods, the Great Old Ones led by the blind idiot god, Azathoth, and Yog-Sothoth, who is All-in-One and One-in-All, and upon whom are no strictures of time or space, and whose agents are 'Umr At-Tawil and the Ancient Ones, who dream forever of that time when once again they shall rule, to whom rightfully belong Earth and the entire universe of which it is a part...

Great Cthulhu shall rise from R'lyeh, Hastur the Unspeakable shall return from the dark star which is in the Hyades near Aldebaran, the red eye of the bull, Nyarlathotep the messenger of the Ancient Ones shall howl forever in the darkness where he abideth, Shub-Niggurath shall spawn his thousand young, and they shall spawn in turn and shall take dominion over all wood nymphs, satyrs, and the Little People, Lloigor, Zhar, and Ithaqua shall ride the spaces among the stars, and those who serve them, the Tcho-Tcho, shall be ennobled, Cthugha shall encompass his dominion from Fomalhaut, and Tsathoggua shall come from N'kai. ...

They wait by the gates, for the time draws near, the hour is soon at hand, and the Elder Gods sleep, dreaming, and there are those who know the spells put upon the Great Old Ones by the Elder Gods, as there are those who shall learn how to break them, as already they know how to command the servants of those who wait beyond the door from Outside.

For Ubbo-Sathla is the source and the end. Before the coming of Tsathoggua or Yog-Sothoth or Cthulhu from the stars; Ubbo-Sathla dwelt in the steaming fens of the new-made

Earth: a mass without head or members, spawning the gray, formless efts of the prime and the grisly prototypes of terrene life.....And all earthly life, it is told, shall go back at last through the great circle of time to Ubbo-Sathla.

Of ye Old Ones and Elements

agon was referred to as "Leader of ye Deep Ones", but he was not ye primary Water -Being worshiped. Indeed it was ye very son of Him whom Dagon and ye Deep Ones served. The wizards of ye sea-god cult called him Zoth-Ommog, ye Dweller in ye Deeps, one of ye 3 sons of Cthulhu who had been mighty gods in elder Mu before ye cataclysm destroyed that shadow- haunted and primal continent in prehistoric times. Early man had worshiped a pantheon of divinities that had come down from ye stars when ye Earth was young. These beings were essentially malign and had ruled man through fear, being more demons than gods; ye most common term for them was "ye Old Ones," and they were not even remotely human-like.

They had some innate correspondences to ye four elements of earth, air, fire and water: for example, ye chief divinity, a winged, octopus-headed monstrosity named Cthulhu, was a sea-elemental; his half-brother, Hastur, was an air-elemental (and costantly at odds with Cthulhu); another, named Cthugha, was a fire-elemental, and so on. These were known as ye Great Old Ones, and subservient to them was a second group of minor entities called ye Lesser Old Ones, comprised of beings who served ye Great Old Ones as leaders of their

minions or servants. For example, ye minions of Cthulhu were called ye Deep Ones, led by Father Dagon and Mother Hydra, and ye minions of Cthugha were ye so-called "Flame-Creatures," whose leader Fthagga, dwelt on a world called Ktynga, while ye great air-elemental, Hastur, was served by ye Outer Ones, under their leader N'gha-Kthun. These beings were identified with ye famous Abominable Mi-Go.

These Old Ones having warred against and been defeated by a superior, rival pantheon called ye Elder Gods, who either banished them to distant stars (as Cthugha to Fomalhaut and Hastur to Aldebaran), or imprisoned them at various places upon ye Earth. Cthulhu himself they locked away in a sunken stone city called R'lyeh beneath ye Pacific; his son Ghatanothoa they sealed within ye mountain on Mu, and his second son, Ythogtha, was imprisoned in a chasm in Yhe, a Muvian province, while Zoth-Ommog lay chained beneath ye ocean off ye "Island of ye Sacred Stone Cities."



Cthulhu had fathered 3 godlings on a female entity named Idhyaa, who dwelt on or near ye "dim green double star, Xoth," in ye aeons before his descent to this planet. Thus ye materials relating to Cthulhu and his sons is sometimes called ye Xothic Legend-Cycle.

As for ye twin leaders of this rebellion, Azathoth ye Demon-Sultan and Ubbo-Sathla, the Unbegotten Source, they were reduced to idiocy by ye Elder Gods, who thrust Azathoth beyond ye physical universe into primal Chaos from which he can never return, while Ubbo-Sathla they confined forever at ye subterranean place referred to only as "gray-litten Y'qaa,"

beneath ancient Hyperborea.

Concerning Cyaegha

Where the dark is blacker than black and a color of its own, where nothing is something, and the dark is yet clearer than light, it was. It had always been there; It thought at those times when it was able to think at all, those short periods of consciousness between eternally seeming periods of what could only be sleep or nonexistence, and maybe It died each time and was reborn, if It could die at all, which It didn't know either. Then It tried to think of Itself, and It knew It had a name, which was Cyaegha, which told It nothing about Itself except that It did exist. It just was, It couldn't be touched in Its somewhere place which was nowhere, but neither could It touch other things.

It could be called evil, if evil would have had a rational meaning to Its existence, which it hadn't. Rather Cyaegha was something beyond the man-made laws of good and evil, a natural force, or a natural happening like a wood-fire or a tornado, or a storm, or just plain death, something to which no artificial laws apply.

Sometimes during those scarce moments when It was allowed to think, or maybe allowed Itself to think, because It didn't know if the sleep-death periods were or weren't created by Itself, It tried to remember more than Its name. Then there came sights of millenia of blue ice and then of fire-spitting volcanoes, warts on the face of Earth, and it all seemed so utterly stupid and unimportant to Cyaegha that it revolted It, so It went back to death and slumber. Time had no real meaning either, it was just something which went by unnoticed, utterly unimportant to something such as Cyaegha, trapped in Its maybe self-made prison and only by Its mind in contact with the outer reality. And at those times when It was

awake, fully awake, It hated, as only something can hate which is beyond good and evil. Its whole consciousness became that hate, because that was the only thing It could do. It saw with eyes that were no eyes, and It heard with ears that were not ears, and It thought with Its whole being because It didn't possess such primitive organs as brains either. Silently It hated.

Through the aeons some of Its alien dreams touched men and drove them gibbering mad. Some were more strongly protected and just felt the outer touches of Its dreams, and tried to interpret them consciously in essays, or used them unconsciously in weird stories. Some authors wrote them down as stories, knowing that the world would never accept such an utterly alien reality. Of course they too were considered as insane, as those who really had been driven mad by Its dreams. None had the knowledge and the possibilities to search for other clues. Because Its name had already been written down long ago, or other names which they thought was Its, carved on limestone tablets; and Its shape had been painted on the walls of subterreanean caves, still waiting to be opened. But Its shape was not real and constantly changed, and later they wrote about It with trembling fingers on ancient scrolls, and still later on parchments, and all were burned when they were discovered. And when some dared to print Its name, the writers and printers were burned together with their books. But some always survived, some always stayed sane or at least partly, and interpreted Its dreams. Some prayed to It, offering It still warm, beating hearts torn out of the bleeding chests of sacrificial victims, and still others cursed It in many languages, but It couldn't care less. It didn't hate then more or less for what they did. It hated then all with Its whole being.

And sometimes Cyaegha dreamed too, dreamed of the others, just like Itself, and yet so different, as ancient as Itself and as hidden as Itself, by aeons of nameless terror. And It wondered where they were.

In hiding, or chained, as Itself? Waiting...always waiting.

Hating...always hating. And the Dark That Waits has 5 who guard the temple and the Dark, and they are called Vaeyen. They are The Black Light, the White Fire which is Blacker than Night, the White Dark which is more red than the Fire, the Winged Woman, and the Green Moon, Who keep and

guard Him in His Darkness.

The Nagaäe that serve Cyaegha are earth creatures with toadlike bodies, transparent, with pulsating innards covered only by a thin layer of leathery skin. They have the hind legs of a frog, and the forelegs of a man. They moves crablike, crawling on their lumpy bellies, and pushing with the force of their hind legs, giving themselves direction by muscular movements of their bellies. All four of each one's forelegs are raised mantislike. Their faces consist mainly of bulging eyes and an oversized mouth with two forked tongues.

Yidhra

*A hundred April winds disperse her fragrance,
A thousand wet Octobers scour her footprints,
The ruthless years assail the ancient memory of her presence, yet
Where Yidhra walks the hills do not forget.*

It is clear that the most ancient gods, the prototypes of all the gods of man, were known and worshipped before men existed; and it is further clear that the most ancient gods all proceed from the one source. That source is sometimes called Mlandoth, and all gods are but varied manifestations and extensions of the One. But whether Mlandoth is a place, or a conscious entity, or an inconceivable maelstrom of unknown forces and properties outside the perceptible cosmos is not known surely.

Certainly Ngyr-Khorath, the mad and monstrous thing which haunted this region of space before the solar system was formed and haunts it still, is but a local eddy of the vastness that is Mlandoth. And is not fabled "Ymnar, the dark stalker and seducer of all Earthly intelligence," merely the arm of Ngyr-Khorath, an organ created in the image of Earthly life and consciousness to corrupt that life and lead it to its own destruction?

And does not even great Yidhra, who was born of and with the life of Earth and who through the aeons intertwines endlessly with all Earthly life-forms, teach reverence for Mlandoth?

Before death was born, She was born; and for untold ages there was life without death, life without birth, life unchanging. But at last death came; birth came; life became mortal and mutable, and thereafter fathers died, sons were born, and never was the son exactly as the father; and the slime became the worm and the worm the serpent, the serpent became the yeti of the mountain forests and the yeti became man. Of all living things only She escaped death, escaped birth. But She could not escape change, for all living things must change as the trees of the north must shed their leaves to live in winter and put them on to live in spring. And therefore She learned to devour the mortal and mutable creatures, and from their seed to change Herself, and to be as all mortal things as She willed, and to live forever without birth, without death.

Yidhra devoured the octopus and learned to put forth a tentacle; she devoured the bear and learned to cloth herself in fur against the creeping ice of the north; indeed can Yidhra take any shape known to living things. Yet no shape can she take which is truly fair, for she partakes of all foul creatures as well as fair. To her followers she appears in many fair and comely forms, but this is because they see not her true form, but only such visions as she wills them to see. For as the adepts can send their thoughts and visions to one another over great distances so can Yidhra send her thoughts to men and cause them to see only what she wills. Indeed it is by sending her thoughts that Yidhra remains in one soul, for in body she is many, hidden in the jungles of the south, the icy wastes of the north, and the deserts beyond the western sea. Thus it is that though her temples are many, she waits by all, combining bodily with her diverse followers, yet her consciousness is a vast unity.

The Mad Lama of Prithom-Yang has written:

*Yidhra, the Lonely One, craving the life of all things;
Lonely One, needing the life of the Earth.
Yidhra, the Goddess, ruling her avatar races;
Goddess, of vulturine Y'hath of the sky,
Goddess, of Xothra who sleeps in the Earth
and wakes to devour
Goddess, of men in strange places who worship her.*

Yidhra, the Hierophant, teaching her followers mysteries;
Hierophant, teaching strange tongues of the elder world.
Yidhra, the Bountiful, making the hills and the meadows green;
Bountiful, showing the way to the desert springs,
Bountiful, guarding the flocks and the harvest.
Yidhra, the Lover, needing the seed of her followers;
Lover, who must have the seed of all things,
Lover, who must have the seed of change or die,
Lover, whose consorts are changed,
infused with the seed of the past and changed
to forms not of past nor of present.
Yidhra, the Mother, bringing forth spawn of the past;
Mother, of all things that were,
Mother, of children of past and of present,
Mother, whose children remember all things
of their fathers long dead.
Yidhra, the Life-Giver, bringing long life to her followers;
Life-Giver, giving the centuries endlessly
to her children and lovers and worshipers.
Yidhra, the Restless One, needing the sons of new fathers;
Restless One, sending her followers forth
to seek new blood for her endless change,
Restless One, craving new lovers outside the blood
of her worshipers
lest she and her spawn and her followers
shrivel and wither in living death.
Yidhra, the Dream-Witch, clouding the minds of her followers;
Dream-Witch, hiding her shape in illusion,
Dream-Witch, cloaking her shape in strange beauty.
Yidhra, the Shrouder, wreathing the faithless in shadow;
Shrouder, devouring the errant and hostile ones,
Shrouder, who hides men forever. . . .

Of ye Worm that Gnaws



Ye nethermost caverns are not for ye fathoming of eyes that see; for their marvels are strange and terrific. Cursed ye ground where dead thoughts live new and oddly bodied, and evil ye mind that is held by no head. Wisely did Ibn Schacabao say, that happy is ye tomb where no wizard hath lain, and happy ye town at night whose wizards are all ashes. For it is of old rumour that the soul of ye devil-bought hastes not from his charnal clay, but fests and instructs ye very worm that gnaws; till out of corruption horrid life springs, and ye dull scavengers of earth wax crafty to vex it and swell monstrous to plague it. Great holes secretly are digged where earth's pores ought to suffice, and things have learnt to walk that ought to crawl.

Of Ye Coming- Down of ye Old Ones

Ye coming-down of ye Great Old Ones from ye stars, it is written in ye Book of Eibon that ye first who came hither was ye black thing, even Tsathoggua, who came hence from dim Cykranosh not long after ye creation of life on this planet. Not through ye starry spaces came Tsathoggua, but by ye

dimensions that lie between them, and of His advent upon this planet, the place thereof was ye unlitten and subterraneous gulf of N'kai, wherein whose gloomy depths He lingered for innumerable cycles, as Eibon saith, before emerging into ye upper world. And after this it was ye Great Cthulhu came hither next, and all His spawn from distant Xoth, and ye Deep Ones and ye loathsome Yuggs who be Their minions; and Shub-Niggurath from nightmare-rumored Yaddith, and all they that serve Her, even ye Little People of ye Wood.

But of ye Great Old Ones begotten by Azathoth in ye prime, not all came down to this Earth, for Him Who Is Not To Be Named lurks ever on that dark world near Aldebaran in ye Hyades, and it was His sons who descended hither in His place. Likewise, Cthugha chose for His abode ye star Fomalhaut, whereupon He begat ye dread Aphoom Zhah; and Cthugha abideth yet on Fomalhaut, and ye Fire-Vampires that serve Him; but as for Aphoom Zhah, he descended to this Earth and dwelleth yet in his frozen realm. And terrible Vulthoom, that awful thing that be brother to black Tsathoggua, He descende upon dying Mars in His might, which world He chose for His dominion.

Now it is also written of those of ye Begotten of Azathoth who abide not within ye secret places of ye Earth, that when ye Great Old Ones came down from ye stars in ye misty prime They brought ye image and likeness of Their Brethern with Them. In this wise, it was ye Outer Ones that serve [Hastur ye Unspeakable](#), brought down ye Shining Trapezohedron from dark Yuggoth on ye Rim, whereupon had it been fashioned with curious art in ye days ere Earth had yet brought forth its first life. And it was through ye Shining Trapezohedron, that is ye very talisman of dread [Nyarlatheotep](#), that ye Great Old Ones summoned to Their aid ye might of ye Crawling Chaos in ye hour of Their great need, what time ye Elder Gods came hither in Their wrath.

Likewise, it was ye Deep Ones who carried to this world ye awful likeness of [serpent-bearded Byatis](#), son of Yig, whereby was He worshipped, first by ye shadowy Valusians before ye advent of man on this planet, and yet later by ye dwellers in primal Mu.

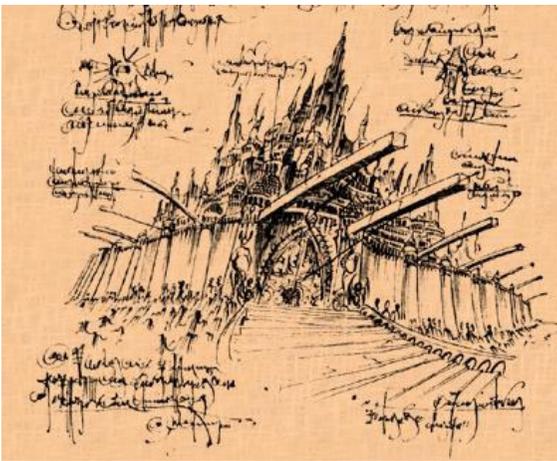
For ye Great Old Ones had foreseen ye day and ye hour of Their need, when that They must summon to Their side those of Their awesome Brethren who had taken far worlds for ye place of Their abiding, and had brought hither these images

for this very purpose. Now of these star-made idolons, little there is that is known to men; it is said they were wrought by strange talimanic art, and that ye sorcerers and ye wizards of this Terrene sphere are not deemed worthy by ye Great Old Ones to be instructed in ye secrets thereof.

But it is whispered in certain old, forbidden books an awesome power lurks within such images, and that through them, as through strange windows in time and space, Those that dwell afar can sometimes be evoked and summoned hither, as They were when that it came to pass, in the fullness of time, ye Elder Gods descended on this world in Their wrath.

And there be those that worship ye Great Old Ones through their image and likeness, but of this ye must be wary, for such idolons be uncanny, and betimes are known to drink ye lives of they that handle them unwisely, or who seek through such images to summon to this sphere Those far off and better left undisturbed. Neither is it wholly within ye knowledge of men to destroy such images, and many there be that sought ye destruction thereof, who found their own destruction; but against such images from beyond ye stars ye Elder Sign hath very great power, although ye must beware lest in ye conflict betwixt That which you evoke to destroy ye likeness of That which slumbereth afar, you be not consumed and swallowed up, or be yourself destroyed thereby, and that utterly, even unto your immortal soul.

Book of Places



Ye Reader willing to start a journey in ye places described in this book shall be prepared to be revealed ye mysteries of unearthly places. Some still remain, of others nothing is left than whispered legends of doom and destruction. Few are ye ones who could visit such places, and even fewer are those who came back from ye journey with enough sanity left to tell about them.

Earthy Places will be described first, for ye Traveller may reach them with human ways. Then will be shown Outer Places, where ye Old Ones came from and where They shall return one day. These are not possible to see without ye help of an Old One or one of Their Followers, for they are most often located beyond ye walls of Time and Space.

More peculiar are ye last places shown in this book, for they were created by mankind dreams in a strange realm. Skilled Travellers may go there physically, through gates and doors. Dreams are yet ye easiest way to visit these cities and ye lands around them.

Book of Places

Of Earthly places

e Old Ones came, and they built their own places. Most of them were Cyclopean cities, raised by Ye Old Ones or destroyed by Them. Made of black obsidian and ever strong basalt, they were built to ye image of their Makers : huge alleys where They can Walk on Winds, countless pillars and towers rising to ye skies like filthy claws, shiny domes and crystal windows, from where they could watch ye Stars They Came From.

[Leng in Ye Cold Waste](#) is one of those cities, hidden halfway between this world and ye realms of Dreams in ye northernmost lands of Earth. Hidden as well in ye furnace of a burning desert lies [Irem Of Thousand Pillars](#), dressed like a jewel behind a wall of sand.



Others are places where one of Them has been banished and is waiting, dreaming of ye Times when they shall rule again. Cthulhu is locked away in a sunken stone city called [R'lyeh](#) beneath ye Eastern Ocean, close to ye lost continent of Mu. His son Ghatanothoa lays within ye mountain of Mu. His second son, Ythogtha, was imprisoned in a chasm in Yhe, a Muvian province. Zoth-Ommog lay chained beneath ye ocean off ye "Island of ye Sacred Stone Cities." Ubbo-Sathla, ye source and ye end lay confined forever at ye subterranean place referred to only as "gray-litten Y'qaa, beneath ancient [Hyperborea](#).

These are not empty places however. Servents and minions still lurk in ye dark corners of titanic streets. In addition to ye dangers of such journey, ye Traveller shall be prepared to face ye Ones who still worship Them in ye Dark. With much wisdom and mastery of the Art of Arcanes, ye Traveller may find there artefacts and allies to start an even more dangerous journey ; the very path of ye [Outer Places](#), where ye Old Ones came from and where some are still dreaming...

Book of Places

Of Outer Places

In Outer Space most of these places are, for ye Old Ones came from ye Dark Stars. Tsathoggua was ye first, he came from dim Cykranosh not long after ye creation of life on this planet. His brother Vulthoom descended upon dying Mars. Great Cthulhu came hither next from distant dim green double star Xoth, with His Spawns, ye Deep Ones and ye Goddess-Bitch Shub-Niggurath followed them soon after from nightmare-rumored [Yaddith](#). Hastur ye Unspeakable left dark [Yuggoth](#) to stain the soil of Earth in its prime. Fthaggua, dwelt on a world called Ktynga.

Of ye Old Ones, not all came on Earth. Ye Demon-Sultan Azathoth, Him Who Is Not To Be Named, lurks ever on that dark world near Aldebaran in ye Hyades. Likewise, Cthugha chose for His abode ye star Fomalhaut.

To visit such places, ye Traveller shall be patient. Only a few chosen are allowed to travel through time and space and see by themselves ye very places where They were born. Either madness or Death is the toll for such a journey. However, it is possible, as ye following chapters will show, to open Windows or Gates though which one may look upon Ye Dark Stars. Ye ritual has a risk though, for Ye Old Ones or Their Minions may feel your gaze and track you down unmercifully.

[Translator's note : Abdul Al-Hazred died in Damascus, circa 738 A.D. Of his final death or disappearance many terrible and conflicting things are told. He is said by Ebn Khallikan (12th century biographer) to have been siezed by an invisible monster in broad daylight and devoured horribly before a large number of fright-frozen witnesses. It is probable one of these "Watchers" finally found him.]

Ye reader must be aware that The Old Ones are not the only makers of cyclopean cities. Mankind unexpectedly created the most beautiful countries, a place even Ancient Gods chose to rest peacefully. Some call that holly place, beyond the Silver Key Door, [Ye Lands of Dreams](#)

There is in ye land of Mnar a vast still lake that is fed by no stream, and out of which no stream flows. Ten thousand years ago there stood by its shore ye mighty city of Sarnath, but Sarnath stands there no more.

It is told that in ye immemorial years when ye world was young, before ever ye men of Sarnath came to ye land of Mnar, another city stood beside ye lake; ye gray stone city of Ib, which was old as ye lake itself, and peopled with beings not pleasing to behold. Very odd and ugly were these beings, as indeed are most beings of a world yet inchoate and rudely fashioned. It is written on ye brick cylinders of Kadatheron that ye beings of Ib were in hue as green as the lake and ye mists that rise above it; that they had bulging eyes, pouting, flabby lips, and curipus ears, and were without voice. It is also written that they descende one night from ye moon in a mist; they and ye vast still lake and gray stone city of Ib. However this may be, it is certain that they worshipped a sea-green stone idol chiseled in ye likeness of Bokrug, ye great water-lizard; before which they danced horribly when ye moon was gibbous. And it is written in ye papyrus of Ilarneq, that they one day discovered fire, and thereafter kindled flames on many ceremonial occasions. But not much is written of these beings, because they lived in very ancient times, and man is young, and knows little of ye very ancient living things.

After many eons men came to ye land of Mnar, dark shepherd folk with their fleecy flocks, who built Thraa, Ilarneq, and Kadatheron on ye winding river Ai. And certain tribes, more hardy than ye rest, pushed on to ye border of ye lake and built Sarnath at a spot where precious metals were found in ye earth.

Not far from ye gray stone city of Ib did ye wandering tribes lay ye first stones of Sarnath, and at ye beings of Ib they marveled greatly. But with their marveling was mixed hate, for they thought it not meet that beings of such aspect should walk about ye world of men at dusk. Nor did they like ye strange sculptures upon ye gray monoliths of Ib, for those sculptures lingered so late in ye world, even until ye coming men, none can tell; unless it was because ye land of Mnar is very still, and remote from most lands, both of waking and of dream.

As ye men of Sarnath beheld more of ye beings of Ib their hate grew, and it was not less because they found ye beings

weak, and soft as jelly to ye touch of stones and arrows. So one day ye young warriors, ye slingers and ye spearmen and ye bowmen, marched against Ib and slew all ye inhabitants thereof, pushing ye queer bodies into ye lake with long spears, because they did not wish to touch them. And because they did not like ye gray sculptured monoliths of Ib they cast these also into ye lake; wondering from ye greatness of ye labor how ever ye stones were brought from afar, as they must have been, since there is naught like them in ye land of Mnar or in ye lands adjacent.

Thus of ye very ancient city of Ib was nothing spared, save ye seagreen idol chiseled in the likeness of Bokrug, ye water-lizard. This ye young warriors took back with them as a symbol of conquest over ye old gods and beings of Ib, and as a sign of leadership in Mnar. But on ye night after it was set up in ye temple, a terrible thing must have happened, for weird lights were seen over ye lake, and in ye morning ye people found ye idol gone and ye high-priest Taran-Ish lying dead, as from some fear unspeakable. But before he had died, Taran-Ish had scrawled upon ye altar of chrysolite with coarse shaky strokes ye sign of DOOM.

Many centuries came and went, wherein Sarnath prospered exceedingly, so that only priests and old women remembered what Taran-Ish had scrawled upon ye altar. As Sarnath waxed mighty and learned and beautiful, it sent forth conquering armies to subdue ye neighboring cities; and in time there sat upon ye throne in Sarnath ye king of all ye land of Mnar and of many lands adjacent.

Lofty and amazing were ye seventeen tower-like temples of Sarnath, fashioned of a bright multi-colored stone not known elsewhere. On ye ground were halls as vast and splendid as those of ye palaces; where gathered throngs in worship of Zo-Kalar and Tamash and Lobon, ye chief gods of Sarnath, whose incense-enveloped shrines were as ye thrones of monarchs. And at the lake, at night, was done ye very secret and ancient rite in detestation of Bokrug, ye water-lizard, and here rested ye altar of chrysolite which bore ye doom-scrawl of Taran-Ish.

Each year was celebrated in Sarnath ye feast of ye destroying of Ib, at which time wine, song, dancing and merriment of every kind abounded. Great honors were then paid to ye shades of those who had annihilated ye odd ancient beings, and ye memory of those beings and of their elder gods, were

derided by dancers and lutanists crowned with roses from ye royal gardens. And ye king would look out over ye lake and curse ye bones of ye dead that lay beneath it.

Gorgeous beyond thought was ye feast of ye thousandth year of ye destroying of Ib. For a decade had it been talked of in ye land of Mnar, and as it drew nigh there came to Sarnath on horses and camels and elephants men of Thraa, Ilarneq, and Kadatheron, and all ye cities of Mnar and ye lands beyond. Before ye marble walls on ye appointed night were pitched the pavillions of princes and ye tents of travellers. Within his banquet-hall reclined Nargis-Hei, the king, drunken with ancient wine from ye vaults of conquered Pnoth, and surrounded by feasting nobles and hurrying slaves. Ther were eaten many strange delicacies at that feast; peacocks from ye distant hills of Implan, heels of camels from ye Bnazic desert, nuts and spices from Sydathrian groves, and pearls from wave-washed Mtal dissolved in ye vinegar of Thraa.

Whilst ye king and his nobles feasted within ye palace, priests held revels in ye tower of the great temple. And it was ye high-priest Gnai-Kah who first saw ye shadows that descended from ye gibbous moon into ye lake, and ye damnable green mists that arose from ye lake to meet ye moon and to shroud in a sinister haze ye towers and domes of fated Sarnath. Thereafter those in ye towers, and without ye walls beheld strange lights on ye water, and saw that the gray rock Akurion, which was wont to rear high above it near ye shore, was almost submerged. And fear grew vaguely yet swiftly, so that ye princes of Ilarneq and of far Rokol took down and folded their pavilions and departed, though they scarce knew ye reason for their departing.

Then, close to ye hour of midnight, all ye bronze gates of Sarnath burst open and emptied forth a frenzied throng that blackened ye plain, so that all ye visiting princes and travellers fled away in fright. For on ye faces of this throng was writ a madness born of horror unendurable, and on their tongues were words so terrible that no hearer paused for proof. Men whose eyes were wild with fear shrieked aloud of ye sight within ye king's banquet-hall, where through ye windows were seen no longer ye forms of Nargis-Hei and his nobles and slaves, but a horde of indescribable green voiceless things with bulging eyes, pouting, flabby lips, and curious ears; things which danced horribly, bearing in their paws golden platters set with rubies and diamonds and containing uncouth flames. And by now ye great gray rock Akurion was

quite submerged. Through all the land of Mnar and ye land adjacent spread ye tales of those who fled from Sarnath, and caravans sought that accursed city no more. And where once had risen walls of three hundred cubits and towers yet higher, now stretched only ye marshy shore of ye vast still lake itself, and ye gray rock Akurion which rears high above it near ye shore. DOOM had come to Sarnath.

But half buried in ye rushes was spied a curious green idol; an exceedingly ancient idol chiseled in ye likeness of Bokrug, ye great Water-Lizard God. That idol, enshrined in ye high temple at Ilarneek, was susequently worshipped beneath ye gibbous moon throughout ye land of Mnar. And also, when ye tide is low, can be seen an inscription on ye gray rock Akurion which reads, in letters ancient, "Ib is gone but ye Gods live on. Across ye world is ye Sister City, Lh-yib, hidden in ye earth, in ye barbarous lands of Zimmeria. There Ye People, Ye Deep Ones, flourish yet and there will Ye Gods ever be worshipped; even unto ye coming of Cthulhu."

Of Kadath Ye Unknown

What man knoweth Kadath?

For who shall know of that

which ever abides in strange-time,

twix yesterday, today and the morrow.

Unknown amidst ye Cold Waste lieth the mountain of Kadath

where upon the hidden summit an Onyx Castle stands. dark clouds shroud the mighty peak that gleams 'neath ancient stars where silent brood the titan towers and rear forbidden walls.

Curse-runes guard the nighted gate carved by forgotten hands, and woe to he that dare pass within those dreadful doors.

Earth's Gods revel where Others once walked in mystic timeless halls, which some have glimpsed in sleeps dim vault through strange and sightless eyes.

Of Irem Of Thousand Pillars

Irem Zhat al Imad, Irem of the Pillars, the great city. I have spent ten years in the heart of the "Roba al Khaliyeh," the empty space, the great southern desert colored "Dahma," crimson. And I have seen the fabulous many pillars of Irem and I have been called "majnun," mad and possessed of the Jinn. Many are the strange and unbelievable marvels that may be seen there. Alas for the earth has swallowed up the City of Pillars, no more do the caravans of frankincense pass by. Many have called it a town of great wickedness, but do they dare comprehend the fabulous?

Irem was an earthly paradise to the initiated. Towers rising high, the great octagonal fort, alas no more! And there were places here of hidden knowledge and of power.

Some say it was built by giants, some by the tribe of Ad, but Irem was here before men and though swallowed she will protect her secrets from the profane, releasing them to the knowing

For there are many levels of existence for Irem, many levels of reality. So Irem of the Old Ones still exists in some form, and is not this great desert, this empty quarter connected to

the void.? Cannot a Muqarribun interact with its unseen denizens in the Crimson Desert?

Of R'leyh Ye Deep

Of all places where Ye Old Ones lay dreaming, R'lyeh may be ye most infamous. Once ye proud city of Cthulhu and His Servants, R'lyeh lays now underneath the weeds, sunken away into deep and dark waters southern of long forgotten Mu.

It is said that when comes ye Times when ye Stars are right, of all other places R'lyeh shall be ye first to rise to Earth and release legions of ye brood of Cthulhu. Until then, in his lost city of R'lyeh, Cthulhu waits and dreams...

Phn'glui M'gl wna'f, Cthulhu R'lyeh Wgha Nagl Ftaghn'

Of Leng in Ye Cold Waste

*Who seeketh Northwards beyond the twilight land of
Inquanok shall find amidst the frozen waste the dark and
mighty plateau of thrice-forbidden Leng.*

*Know ye time-shunned Leng by the ever-burning evil-fires
and ye foul screeching of the scaly Shantak birds which ride
the upper air; by the howling of ye Na-hag who brood in
nighted caverns and haunt men's dreams with strange
madness, and by the grey stone temple beneath the Night
Gaunts lair, wherein is he who wears the Yellow Mask and
dwellleth all alone.*

*But beware O Man, beware, of Those who tread in Darkness
the ramparts of Kadath, for he that beholds Their mitred-
heads shall know the claws of doom.*

Visions of Yaddith

*E*ach night the dream comes, and I sink submerged into
another mind, an alien form which toils in metal chambers
cold, bizarre, amidst the teeming warren of a nightmare
realm where insect- mages strive to pen below some
monstrous peril scarcely glimpsed or named, which gnaweth
ever the foundations of the world... O, Mother, Mother, ever
the same dark dream!

*Perched on the giddy brink of vertiginous chasms, elaborate
metallic structures tremble and sway to subterranean tremors
from beneath. Untiringly, we mages seek and search the
pentacle- inscribed plates and scrolls fetched hither from far
worlds and fabulous, but without finding that for which we*

seek. The ground shakes. We ignore it, and search on.

My nine claws trace inexplicable hieroglyphs acid-etched in perdurable metal. Through odd-angled apertures pour diverse solar colors in five distinct luminosities. Crouched on my prism, I ponder cantrips to hold at bay the bleached and viscous swine-snouted worms. On Nython and Mthura, my brethren barter for more potent ensorcellments. For lack of these must the Nug-Soth perish in the foundering of intricate metal cities? Alas, the Mother remains indifferent as to which of the races of her minions triumph!

For ages and ages beyond all reckoning have the great Dhole-things lurked beneath, in noisome burrows where they fed and grew, waxed huge and strong beyond belief. Now are their black and fetid nests below no longer large enough to any more contain such prodigious progeny. They thrust and lurch against the walls of thought-projected force that held at bay for aeons interminable the Doom of Yaddith. And the walls give way...

Through labyrinthine streets, under the burning suns, we gather to the meeting-place of minds. There the Arch-Ancient One exhorts of us redoubled labors holding strong the force which walls away the squirming burrow-spawn. And once again we float to dimmest Xoth, and trans-galactic Stronti. But in vain...

Sheathed in bent light, we drift to Kythamil or Kath. The fungoid intelligences of Nzoorl repulse our entreaties. Even should we migrate to a world remote from this, the snouted worms can track us through our dreams which call like beacons through the eldritch dark... Nor can our cantrips any more suffice to hold at bay the loathed, unwholesome Dholes we never shall escape or long elude!

Our far-fled brethren, empty of hand, return from Yarnak and from ill-rumored Ymar, and terrible Shaggai. They voyaged far to Vhoorl in the remotest nebulae, to Zaoth and Ktynga, and, at last, remotest Phenoth beyond space itself, where rules the Crawling Chaos. They return fetching not hither that for which they sought -- the runes to keep the gruesome worm-things pent.

From world to world our brother-mages went for stronger spells, ever more potent runes; and on cold Abbith, where the Metal Brains in crystal caverns cogitate long ages by, they learned a fearful lore: the spells arcane for which we quest

were known of old on Yith and Yith is perished untold eons past... Ever we toil on under the five-hued light, knowing at last there is not any hope.

Under the shuddering aurorae of the north, where glaciers crawl the meteor strewn waste, the thought-waves bring to us a tale of doom for City Three is fallen, fallen... No more the larvae in the breeding-pits shall mewl and slither, the Nug-Soth no more may stroll the broad metallic esplanade, nor mages ponder tomes of elder lore. For City Three is fallen, fallen...

No more are the departure-stages thronged. Now in their thousands are the Nug-Soth fled, armoured in closed light against the bitter cold and utter blackness that yawns between the stars. The metal pavement quavers underfoot, the broken towers totter toward collapse. I am among the very last to leave. For few remain to hold the Dhole-swarm back.

Inscrutable. The Mighty Mother smiles over her fleeing, her star-scattered brood, as night falls over Yaddith at the end. We hurtle through the frigid gloom of space to Zaoth or Shaggai or Kythamil leaving behind the ruin of a world, and little hope have we to long survive. The awful doom of Yaddith we evade will soon be snuffling at our heels again -- The snouted worms can track us through our dreams.

(From Lin Carter's notes posthumously published as "Visions from Yaddith")

Concerning Yuggoth

It is a strange dark orb at ye very rim of our solar system -- unknown to earthly astronomers as yet. At ye proper time.. ye beings there will direct thought-currents toward us and cause it to be discovered.

There are mighty cities on Yuggoth -- great tiers of terraced towers built of black stone. Ye sun shines there no brighter than a star, but the beings need no light. They have other subtler senses, and put no windows in their great houses and temples. Light even hurts and hampers and confuses them, for it does not exist at all in ye black cosmos outside time and space where they came from originally. The black rivers of pitch that flow under those mysterious cyclopean bridges -- things built by some elder race extinct and forgotten before ye beings came to Yuggoth from ye ultimate voids --(can drive a mad to madness or ecstasy).

But that dark world of fungoid gardens and windowless cities isn't really terrible. It is only to us that it would seem so. This world seemed terrible to them when they first explored it in ye primal age -- long before the epoch of Cthulhu was over. They have been inside ye earth, too--and the great worlds of unknown life down there; blue-litten K'n-yan, red-litten Yoth, and black lightless N'kai, from whence frightful Tsathoggua came.

Book of Summoning

Ye adventurous Reader has to remember always Who he will expose himself to when trying to summon One of Them. For it is a highly hazardeous thing to trouble the Dream of The Old Ones.

There are times, places and rules to respect. The patient and clever Reader will learn [of Ye Times and Ye Seasons to be Observed](#) and [to Raise up Ye Stones](#) before starting to practice.

Keep in mind They can rarely be banished easily. Their wills are strange and strange is Their logic.

With care and devotion, the Reader may use [ye Adjuration of Great Cthulhu](#) or learn [to Summon Shub-Niggurath Ye Black](#)

To be thought about strange times or travel without moving, the Reader may want [to Call Forth Yog-Sothoth](#). There is a different [Ritual for summoning Yog-Sothoth and opening the Gate](#) for troubled times.

Other Higher Beings may teach the Reader about past or future events. This is the procedure for the invocation of [He Who Lies Beyond the Veil](#) and Who Shall Tear It Asunder at the time of the Great Dying. The Render may impart the the happenings of the past and future with greater accuracy than even that Cathay volume of good repute.

Of Ye Times and Ye Seasons to be Observed

Whenever thou would'st call forth Those from Outside, thou

must mark well the seasons and times in which the spheres do intersect and the influences flow from the Void

Thou must observe the cycle of the Moon, the movements of the planets, the Sun's course through the Zodiac and the rising of the constellations.

Ye Ultimate Rites shall be performed only in the seasons proper to them, these be: at Candlemas (on the second day of the second month), at Beltane (on the Eve of May), at Lammas (on the first day of the eighth month), at Roodmas (on the fourteenth day of the ninth month), and at Hallowmas (on November Eve).

Call out to dread Azathoth when the Sun is in the sign of the Ram, the Lion, or the Archer; the Moon decreasing and Mars and Saturn conjoin.

Mighty Yog-sothoth shall rise to ye incantations when Sol has entered the fiery house of Leo and the hour of Lammas be upon ye.

Invoke ye terrible Hastur on Candlemas Night, when Sol is in Aquarius and Mercury in trine.

Supplicate Great Cthulhu only at Hallowmas Eve when the Sun abides within the House of the Scorpion and Orion riseth. When All Hallows falls within the cycle of the new Moon the power shall be the strongest.

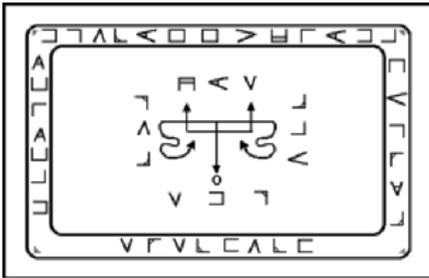
Conjure Shub-Niggurath when the Beltane fires glow upon the hills and the Sun is in the Second House, repeating the Rites of Roodmas when ye Black One appeareth.

To Raise up Ye Stones

To form ye Gate through which They from ye Outer Void

might manifest thou must set up ye stones in ye elevenfold configuration.

First thou shalt raise up ye four cardinal stones and these shall mark ye direction of ye four winds as they howleth through their seasons.



To ye North set ye the stone of Great Coldness that shall form ye Gate of ye winter-wind engraving thereupon the sigil of the Earth-Bull thus: {Taurus sigil}

In ye South (at a space of five paces from ye stone of ye North), thou shalt raise a stone of fierce-heat, through which ye summer winds bloweth and make upon ye stone ye mark of ye Lion-serpent thus: {Leo Sigil}

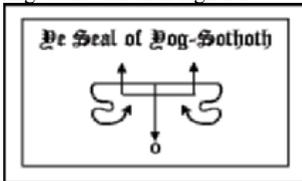
Ye stone of whirling-air shall be set in ye East where ye first equinox riseth and shall be graven with ye sign of he that beareth ye waters, thus: {Aquarius Sigil}

Ye Gate of Rushing Torrents thou cause to beat the west most inner point (at a space of five paces from ye stone of ye East) where ye sun dieth in ye evening and ye cycle of night returns. Blazon ye stone with ye character of ye Scorpion whose tail reacheth unto the stars: {Scorpio Sigil}

Set thou the seven stones of Those that wander ye heavens, without ye inner four and through their diverse influences shall ye focus of power be established.

In ye North beyond the stone of Great Coldness set ye first ye stone of Saturn at a space of three paces. This being done proceed thou widdershins placing at like distances apart ye stones of Jupiter, Mercury, Mars, Venus, Sul and Luna

marking each with their rightful



sign.

At ye center of the so completed configuration set ye the Alter of ye Great Old Ones and seal it with ye symbol of Yog-Sothoth and ye mighty Names of Azathoth, Cthulhu, Hastur, Shub-Niggurath and Nyarlathotep.

And ye stones shall be ye Gates through which thou shalt call Them forth from Outside man's time and space.

Entreat ye of ye stones by night and when the Moon decreaseth in her light, turning thy face to ye direction of Their coming, speaking ye words and making ye gestures that bringeth forth ye Old Ones and causeth Them to walk once more ye Earth.

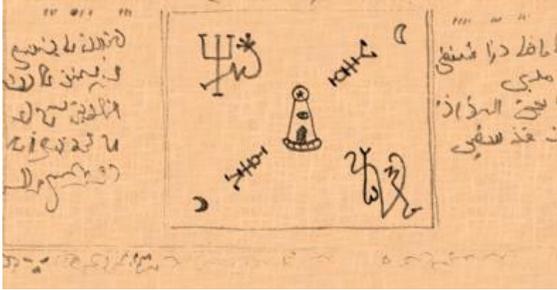
Ye Adjuration of Great Cthulhu

Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh Wgah'nagl fhtan.

A supplication to great Cthulhu for those who would have power over his minions.

In the day and hour of the moon with sun in scorpio prepare thou a waxen tablet and enscribe thereon the seals of Cthulhu and Dagon; suffumigate with the incense of Zkauba and set

aside.



On Hallowmas eve thou must travel to some lonely place where high ground overlooks the ocean. Take up the tablet in thy right hand and make of the sign of Kish with thy left. Recite the incantation thrice and when the final word of the third utterance dieth in the air cast thou the tablet into the waves saying:

*'In His House at R'lyeh Dead Cthulhu waits dreaming,
yet He shall rise and His kingdom shall cover the Earth.'*

And He shall come unto you in sleep and show His sign with which ye shall unlock the secrets of the deep.

Ye Incantation

*O Thou that lieth dead but ever dreameth,
Hear, Thy servant calleth Thee.
Hear me O mighty Cthulhu!
'Hear me Lord of Dreams !
In Thy tower at R'lyeh They have sealed ye,
but Dagon shall break Thy accursed bonds,
and Thy Kingdom shall rise once more.
The Deep Ones knoweth Thy secret Name,
The Hydra knoweth Thy lair;
Give forth Thy sign that I may know
Thy will upon the Earth.
When death dies, Thy time shall be,
and Thou shalt sleep no more;
Grant me the power to still the waves,
that I may hear Thy Call.*

(At ye third repeating of ye incantation cast forth the Tablet

into ye waves saying):

In His House at R'lyeh Dead Cthulhu waits dreaming, yet He shall rise and His kingdom shall cover the Earth.

To Summon Shub- Niggurath Ye Black

here the stones have been set up thou shalt call out to Shub-Niggurath, and unto he that knoweth the signs and uttereth the words all earthly pleasures shall be granted.

When the sun entereth the Sign of the Ram and the time of night is upon ye turn thy face to the North wind and read the verse aloud:

Iah ! SHUB-NIGGURATH !

Great Black Goat of the Woods,
I Call Thee forth !
(Kneel)

Answer the cry of thy servant
who knoweth the words of power!
(make the Voorish sign)

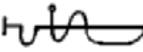
Rise up I say from thy slumbers
and come forth with a thousand more!
(make the sign of Kish)

I make the signs, I speak the words
that openeth the door!

Come forth I say, I turn the Key,
Now! walk the Earth once more!

Talisman of Yhe



Cast the perfumes upon the coals, trace the sigil of Blaesu and
pronounce the words of power : 

ZARIATNATMIX, JANNA, ETITNAMUS,
HAYRAS, FABELLERON, FUBENTRONTY,
BRAZO, TABRASOL, NISA,
VARF-SHUB-NIGGURATH ! GABOTS MEMBROT !

And then the Black one shall come forth unto thee and the
thousand Horned Ones who howl shall rise up from the Earth.
And thou shalt hold before them the talisman of Yhe upon
which they shall bow to thy power and answer thy demands.

When thou would banish those that you have called forth
intone the words: IMAS, WEGHAYMNKO, QUAHERS,
XEWEFARAM

Which closeth the Gate, and seal with the sign of Koth.

To Call Forth Yog- Sothoth

For Yog-Sothoth is the Gate.

He knoweth where the Old Ones

came forth in times past and where

They came forth again when

the cycle returneth

hen thou would call forth Yog-Sothoth thou must waite until the Sun is in the Fifth House with Saturn in trine. Then enter within the stones and draw about thee the Circle of evocation tracing the figurines with the mystic scimitar of Barzai.

Circumambulate thrice widdershins and turning thy face to the South intone the conjuration that openeth the Gate:

Ye Conjuration

O Thou that dwelleth in the darkness of the Outer Void, come forth unto the Earth once more I entreat thee.

O Thou who abideth beyond the Spheres of Time, hear my supplication.

(Make the sign of Caput Draconis)

O Thou who art the Gate and the Way come forth come forth Thy servant calleth Thee.

(Make the Sign of Kish)

BENATIR! CARARKAU! DEDOS! YOG-SOTHOTH!
come forth! come forth! I speak the words, I Break Thy
bonds, the seal is cast aside, pass through the Gate and enter

the World I maketh Thy mighty Sign!

(Make the Sign of the Voor)

Trace the pentagram of Fire and say the incantation that causeth the Great One to manifest before the Gate:

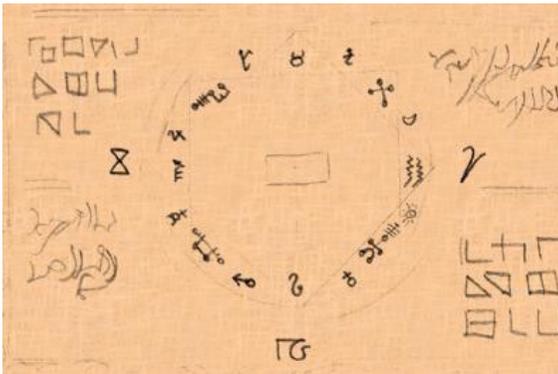
Ye Incantation

Zyweso, wecato, keoso, Xunewe-rurom Xeverator.
Menhatoy, Zywethorosto zuy, Zururogos Yog-Sothoth! Orary
Ysgewot, homor athanatos nywe zumquros, Ysechyrroseth
Xonezebethoos Azathoth! Xono, Zuwezet, Quayhet kesos
ysgeboth Nyarlathotep!; zuy rumoy quano duzy Xeuerator,
YSHETO, THYYM, quaowe xeuerator phoe nagoos, Hastur!
Hagathowos yachyros Gaba Sub-Niggurath! meweth, xosoy
Vzewoth!

(Make the sign of Cauda Draconis)

TALUBSI! ADULA! ULU! BAACHUR!

Come forth Yog-Sothoth! come forth!



And then he will come unto thee and bring His Globes and He will give true answer to all you desire to know. And He shall reveal unto you the secret of His seal by which you may gain favour in the sight of the Old Ones when They once more walk the Earth.

And when His hour be past the curse of the Elder Lords shall be upon Him and draw Him forth beyond the Gate where He shall abide until He be summoned.

{Editor's Note: Included on this page are a number of sigils and a magic circle. These illustrations are not in the Manuscript but were referenced from other texts, including, but not limited to; Key of Solomon (see Additional Ms. 36,674, British Museum Library) and Three Books of Occult Philosophy- Cornelius Agrippa. They are therefor not included in this version.}

*T*o Conjure of Ye Globes

Know ye that the Globes of Yog-Sothoth be thirteen in number, and they be the powers of the Parasite-ward which are His servitors and doeth His bidding in ye world.

Call them forth whenever thou shall have need of anything and they shall grant their powers unto ye when ye shall call them with the incantations and make their sign.

His Globes have diverse names and appeareth in many forms.

The first is GOMORY, who appeareth like a camel with a crown of gold upon his head. He commandeth twenty-six legions of infernal spirits and giveth the knowledge of all magical jewels and talismans.

The second sprit is ZAGAN, who appeareth like a great bull, or a King terrible in aspect. Thirty-three legions bow before him and he teacheth the mysteries of the sea.

The Third is called SYTRY, who taketh the form of a great Prince. He hath sixty legions and telleth the secrets of time

yet to come.

ELIGOR is the fourth spirit; he appeareth like a red man with a crown of iron upon his head. He commandeth likewise sixty legions and giveth the knowledge of victory in war, and telleth of strife to come.

The fifth spirit is called DURSON and hath with him twenty-two familiar demons and appeareth like a raven. He can reveal all occult secrets and tell of past times.

The sixth is VUAL his form is of a dark cloud and he teacheth all manner of ancient tongues.

The seventh is SCOR, who appeareth like a white snake, he bringeth money at your command.

ALGOR is the eighth spirit, he appeareth in the likeness of a fly. He can tell of all secret things and granteth the favours of great Princes and Kings.

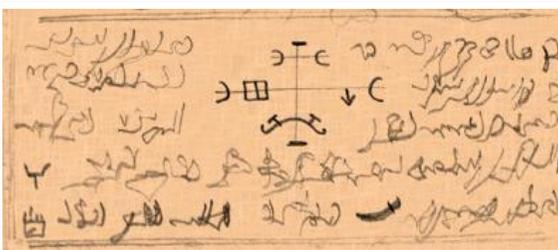
The ninth is SEFON. He appeareth like a man with a green face and hath the power to show where treasure is hidden.

Tenth is PARTAS, He hath the form of a great vulture, and can tell ye the vertues of herbs, stones, make ye invisible and restore sight which is lost.

The eleventh spirit is GAMOR, and when he appeareth like a man can marvellously enform ye of how to win favours of great persons and can drive away any spirit that guardeth over treasure.

Twelfth is UMBRA, He appeareth like a giant; he can convey money from place to place if thou bid him and bestow the love of any woman that thou desirest.

The thirteenth spirit is ANABOTH who taketh the form of a yellow toad. He hath the power to make thee marvellous cunning in nigromancy, he can drive away any devil that would hinder ye and tell of strange and hidden things.



When thou wouldst call up ye Globes thou must first make upon the earth this sign:

And evoke of them thus:

EZPHARES, OLYARAM, IRION-ESYTION,
ERYONA, OREA, ORASYM, MOZIM!

By these words and in the name of YOG-SOTHOTH who is thy master, I do most powerfully summon and call ye up

O N

That thou mayest aid me in my hour of need.

Come forth I command ye by the sign of Power!

(Make the sign of Voor)

And then the spirit shall appear unto thee and grant thy requests.

But if he remaineth invisible to thine eye, blow the dust of Ibn Ghazi and he will immediately take his proper form.

When thou wouldst banish what ye have called up erase thou their sign with the scimitar of Barzai and utter the words:

CALDULECH ! DALMALEY ! CADAT !

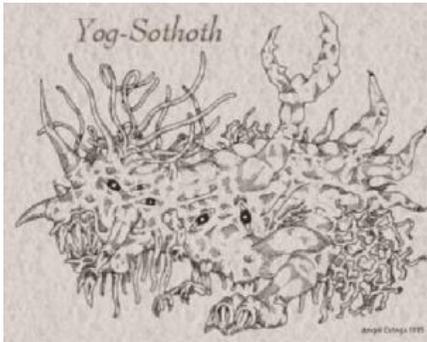
(and seal with the sign of Koth).

Nota: If on their appearance the spirits obstinately refuse to speak cleave the air thrice with the scimitar and say:

ADRICANOROM DUMASO! And their tongue shall be loosened and they will be compelled to give true answer.

Ritual for summoning Yog-

Sothoth and opening the Gate



Banishing:

(could be replaced with other banishings. Uses Salt, water and incense.)

*Zazii, Zamaii, Puidmon the Powerful,
Sedon the Strong, El, Yod, He, Vau, He,
Iah, Agla, protect me and help me when I summon the Gate!
(light incense and candles)*

*No evil may approach from the North!
No evil may approach from the East!
No evil may approach from the South!
No evil may approach from the West!
No evil may approach from Zenith!
No evil may approach from Nadir!
(bow towards the directions)*

*The Flaming Circle locks everything in!
Draba, draba, kalta, kalta, entemoss!*

The Flaming Circle locks everything out!
Draba, draba, kalta, kalta, entemoss!
Accar, Zour and Maroud! Lock the circle and let no evil pass
through!
Draba, draba, kalta, kalta, entemoss!
(participants walk round the circle. Salt, water and incense is
sprinkled)

The Summoning:

Per Adonai Elohim, Adonai Jehova
Adonai Sabaoth, Metraton Ou Agla Methon,
Verbum Pythonicum, Mysterium Salamandrae
Cenventus Sylvorum, Antra Gnomorum
Demonia Coeli God, Almonsin Gibor
Jehoshua Evam Zariathnatmik, Veni, Veni, Veni!

(Put your hands above your head, with the thumbs and index
fingers
together so they create a equilateral triangle. Turn the right
hand
so its halve of the triangle points down, creating a
parallelogram.
Turn the left hand, creating a downwards pointing triangle.
Move it
down to your forehead, turning it upwards, so the final result
is a
triangle on your forehead.)

Hear me!
King of Infinite Space!
Planetmover!
The Foundation of Fastness!
Ruler of Earthquakes!
The Vanquisher of Terror!
The Creator of Panic!
Destroyer!
The Shining Victor!
Son of Chaos and the Void!
The Guardian of the Abyss!
God of the Outermost Darkness!
Lord of Dimensions!
Riddle-knower!
Guardian of The Secrets!
Lord of the Labyrinth!

*Master of the Angles!
God of the Whiporwills!
Omegapoint!
Lord of the Gate!
Opener of the Way!
The Oldest!
All-in-One!
The One by Life Prolonged!
Umr At-Tawil!
Iak-Sathath!
YOG-SOTHOTH NAFL'FTHAGN!!!
Your servant call upon you!*

*(Take the staff and turn it first so it points Right-Left, then
Up-Down,
then Forward-Back. Then twist it, and visualize how it is
turned to
point into the fourth dimension, perpendicular to the other
directions.
It will show the eightrayed star of Chaos.)*

Opening of the Gate:

(The staff is held horizontally.)

*Yog-Sothoth knows the Gate.
Yog-Sothoth is the Gate.
Yog-Sothoth is the key and guardian of the Gate.
Past, Present and Future, all is one in Yog-Sothoth.*

*By that which is not to be named,
By Azathoth,
By Nyarlathotep,
By Shub-Niggurath,
By the two snakes,
By that which created the Voids,
By Kadath in the Cold Waste,
By the Plateu of Leng,
By Yuggoth,
By the moon-lens,
By the imprisoned,
By the free,
By Samas, Gibil and Nusuku,
By the High Name of Ea,
By the Seven Demons,*

Guardian, let the Gate be opened!

*By Chaos,
By the Void,
By the Light,
By the Darkness,
By the Air,
By the Fire,
By the Water,
By the Earth,
Key, open the Gate!*

*By my sacred oath,
Let those who want to leave come out!
Let those who want to enter come in!
Let us see into the Hiding Light!
Let us see into the Blinding Darkness!
Rend the Veil!
Crush the Mirror!
Reveal the Illusion!
See, the Gate opens!*

*(slowly turn the staff from horizontal to vertical, and make the
sign
of the Rending of the Veil.)*

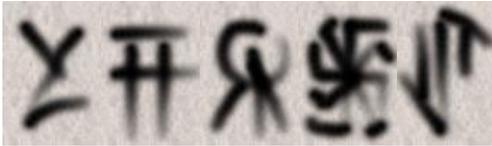
*See, the Nodes are filled with Power!
See, the Lines are filled with Power!
See, the Angles twist and open!*

*N*otes:

I have performed this ritual in front of a lovecraftesque monument and on a empty hilltop. I prefer to have it done on a starlit night, preferably a Sabbath. It is also nice if it is cold, suggesting the emptyness of the Void (I have noticed a fall of temperature both times I have performed the ritual properly).

As incense I used jars filled with a mix of sugar, salpeter and incense, which I ignited, creating red-violet fire and lots of irritating smoke.

I also used the following seals drawn in the snow or around the circle



Yog-Sothoth Nyarlathotep Shub-Niggurath Azathoth Power

In the summoning, I visualized a cloud of darkness slowly forming behind reality, gathering into a vortex. Inside the vortex Yog-Sothoth manifests from the higher dimensions. Its shape is highly highly variable. Think of the movies of three-dimensional cross-sections of fourdimensional objects, especially the pictures of julia sets in the quaternions. It rotates, twists, splits up and reform itself constantly.

In the Gate opening, I visualize a Gate in front of me, a place where reality gets thinner and thinner, until it reveals the Outside. A bit like a picture where the image fades to reveal the wall behind. Also helpful is meditation about the Schwarzhid metric in General Relativity.

Ye Call to the Render of the Veils

It should be noted that the Render is a fickle being, and thus this rite may not be performed with impunity. Though the means to its completion may be sought at any time, only when the magician is ready shall these tools come into his hands.

First, one must seek out the blessing of the Render through the gaining of one of His sacred images. The path of least hazard is to obtain one from another magician or priest, but I know of none in our land who hold these, and those who possess them are loath to part with them. If you despair of

this, sometimes such eidolons may be found by the soul as it floats in trance through the Higher Realities. Indeed, some find the image of the Render in their visions without searching, but these occurrences are rare indeed. Those who possess the Crystallizer of Dreams will find this less taxing, but note what I have said elsewhere of that item.

Once the image is obtained, the rite may then commence. The summoning is best performed at night, as then the outline of the Render will be masked, and when the stars are in their proper places. Do not rely upon charts or records, for such matters are incomprehensible to mortals, but let the spirit within be the judge of the day and hour. It would be well if one would take on some companions in this task, that their vitality as well as the wizard's may be drawn forth for the Work.

First the wizard shall create the Pentacle of Planes. Though the twigs of the ash is best for this purpose, it may be made from other materials, or even drawn upon the ground if no other means are available, but be certain that there is not even a hairbreadth's crack in the design. Within this stricture place the cranium of one of the hideous lurkers of the tarns of Zemargad, and into this insert two candles made from the fat of the proper kind, one part of mandragora, three of ivy leaf, and one of salt. Place the image close by, though not within three cubits of the Pentacle itself.

Light the candles and take up an iron rod bearing on its end a drawn representation of the Render's shape as it appears to oneself. Having purified the area, strike this rod upon the ground and speak the following:

" Uthgos plam'f Daoloth asgu'i! O come forth Thou who sweepst aside the veils of perception, and showest the realities beyond. For it shall be here as it is in Yuggoth, in Tond as it is in Shaggai, in Poseidonis as it is in Yaddith-Gho, in Yian-Ho as it is in Tsan-Chan. The time of Thy coming is nigh, and the Abyss of the Night of Time is bridged. Make Thyself manifest in our spheres, that we may gain Thy knowledge and be edified thereby. Ia Th'aiolog! K'thakiluth m'khur'g ath'lys! Ia Daoloth!"

When the beacons have been snuffed and the Render has manifested himself within the Pentacle, he will reach forth and take what is necessary from those nearby. After this the wizard may question the Render how- soever it is desired. No banishment is necessary, for following the impartation of the

knowledge and the departure of his time the Render shall withdraw back to the Veil Beyond the Abyss.

The following is most important. If any portion of the ritual, no matter how small, is not performed properly, it is best to conclude the ceremony forthwith before the Render manifests. If the candle flames burn yellow, it shows the favor of That Which Is Beyond. Make certain to perform the ceremony at the exact moment of the Veil's rending, for this time is brief. Be fluid with the motions and speak the words of invocation smoothly. Be certain that those who assist you are trustworthy and steadfast. It is of especial import that those who call out to the Veil should do so out of a genuine desire for knowledge and not mere curiosity, for That Which Is Beyond will give those whose search is for the latter exactly that which they desire.

Some have said that the Render may bestow the ability to perceive the true nature of the world, but such an experiment is extremely perilous to the mind and soul of he who would do so. The Atlantean high priest Klarkash-ton tells of an acolyte who attempted to do so, and met his death the hands of his horrified fellows as they struck out at _what had grown within_. Considering this, such an act would be foolish for all but the mightiest sorcerers.

Book of Materials

Ye wise Reader will find in these pages all the necessary devices for ye practice of Ye Art. Powders, Talismans, Incenses, Unctions may become useful allies on the road to Knowledge. Be advised of such [protective devices](#) by this note written by a skilled sorcerer before his sudden disparition.

If thou wish to bind the Spirits to Thy Will, thou shall [Compound Ye Incense of Zkauba](#) and proceed carefully.

To observe the aerial manifestations of the spirits, [Make Ye](#)

[Powder of Ibn Ghazi](#), and do not despise the Elder Sign.

True visions of time yet to come shall be granted by using [Ye Unction of Khephnes Ye Egyptian](#).

[To Fashion the Scimitar of Barzai](#), follow these rules attentively and thou shall be granted of its vertue.

Of protective devices

My protection seems to be holding, but for how long I can only guess ... the Elder Sign has taken much abuse ... Before I leave this "sanctuary" let me describe what I perceive to be some effective defenses against the agents of humanity ...

The Elder Sign -- imprinted with a sign of power and blessed by the priests of the Elder Gods. They CAN NOT not be duplicated (Lord knows we tried -- with disasterous results). Size has no bearing on the power of the sign .. I have seen signs both large and small ...

Rock Salt -- used to replace buckshot, this is effective against Shuggoths, the Ancient Race, and the Yuggoth Fungi. You must get close for the shot to puncture their "flesh" ... too close ...

The Chaos Shield -- this device is a small buckler with the eight arrows of Chaos imprinted on the front. Michael Moorcock wrote of the device after a dream and incorporated it into his "Elric" stories. The device exists ... it was last seen near Greenland ... it offers immunity from physical attacks from outer world beings.

Explosives -- the Deep Ones can be damaged by normal

physical means. Explosives seem to do the most damage. Fire unfortunately does not seem to hurt them as much as we would have thought ... must be the skin ...

Fire -- Man's first defense since elder times. There's NO guarantee that ancient / elder outer world creatures are susceptible to fire attacks. It never hurts to carry some oil and a dependable light ...

Silver -- When used as a head dress (woven into a hood, cap, etc...) prevents most baneful creatures from harming your mind (or reading your thoughts). This information came from other sources that haven't been disproved (yet), ... it saved my life once ...

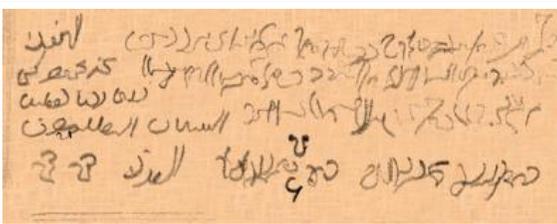
Mirror -- Most intelligence creatures ignore the mirror ... works to distract the stupider creatures ...

Black powder -- effective means of stopping the Shuggoths from smelling / tracking you ... works well on other creatures ...

I must leave now ... supplies are low ... time is short ... till next time ...

To Compound Ye Incense of Zkauba

In the day and hour of Mercury with the Moon in her increase, thou shalt take equal parts of Myrrh, Civet, Storax, Wormwood, Assafoetida, Galbanum and Musk, mix well together and reduce all to the finest powder.



Place the so assembled elements in a vessel of green glass and seal with a brazen stopper afore inscribed with the characters of Mars and Saturn.

Elevate the vessel to the Four Winds and cry aloud the supreme words of power thus:

To the North: *ZIJMUORSOBET, NOIJM, ZAVAXO!*

To the East: *QUEHALJ, ABAWO, NOQUETONALJI!*

To the South: *OASAIJ, WURAM, THEFOTOSON!*

To the West: *ZIJORONAIFWETHO, MUGELTHOR, MUGELTHOR-YZXE!*

Cover the vessel with a cloth of black velvet and set aside.

For each of seven nights thou shalt bathe the vessel in Moonlight for the space of one hour - keeping it concealed beneath the cloth from cock-crow till sunset.

All this being accomplished the incense shall be ready for use and possessed of such vertue that he that useth it with knowledge shall have power to call forth and command the Infernal Legions.

Nota: When employed in ye Ultimate Rites the incense may be rendered more efficacious by the addition of one part powdered mummy-Egypticus.

Employ the perfume of Zkauba in all ceremonies of ye ancient Lore casting ye essences upon live coals of Yew or Oak. And when ye spirits drawn near, the vaporous smoke shall enchant and fascinate them, binding their powers to thy will.

{Editor's Note: In the published edition a series of planetary

glyphs and sigils are shown in reference to the above formula. These have been omitted as they are not illustrated in the original manuscript but were provided from other unrelated texts by the publishers. }

To Make Ye Powder of Ibn Ghazi

YE MYSTIC POWDER OF MATERIALIZATION:

Take ye dust of ye tomb - wherein ye body has lain for two hundred years or more past -, three parts. Take of powdered Amaranth, two parts; of ground Ivy leaf, one part, and of fine salt, one part.

Compound all together in an open mortar in the day and hour of Saturn.

Make over the thus assembled ingredients the Voorish sign, and then seal up the powder within a leaden casket whereupon is graven the sigil of Koth.

YE USING OF YE POWDER:

Whenever thou wisheth to observe the aerial manifestations of the spirits blow a pinch of ye powder in the irection of their coming, either from the palm of thy hand or the blade of the Magic Bolyne.

Mark ye well that ye maketh ye Elder Sign at their appearance, lest the tendrils of darkness enter thy soul.



Ye Unction of Khephnes Ye Egyptian

Whosoever anointeth his head with the ointment of Khephnes shall in sleep be grabted true visions of time yet to come

When ye Moon increaseth in her light place in an earthen crucible a goodly quantity of oil of ye Lotus, sprinkle with one once powdered mandragora and stir well with ye forked twig of ye wild thorn bush. Having so done utter ye incantation of Yebsu (taken fron diverse lines in ye papyrus) thus:

I am the Lord of Spirits,

Oridimbai, Sonadir, Episghes,

I am Ubaste, Ptho born of Binui Spe, Phas;

In the name of Auebothiabathabaithebeuee

Give power to my spell O Nasira Oapkis Shfe,

Give power Chons-in-Thebes-Nefer-hotep, Ophois,

Give power! O Bakaxikhekh!

Add to ye potion pinch of red earth, nine drops natron, for drops balsam of Olibanum and one drop blood (from thy right hand). Combine the whole with a like measure of fat of the gosling and place ye vessel upon ye fire. When all is rendered well and ye dark vapours begin to rise, make ye the Elder Sign and remove from ye flames.

When the unguent has cooled place it within an urn of ye finest alabaster, which thou shalt keep in some secret place (known only to thyself) until thou shalt have need of it.

To Fashion the Scimitar of Barzai

On the day and hour of Mars and when the Moon increaseth, make thou the scimitar of bronze with a hilt of fine ebony.

Upon one side of the the blade thou shalt enscribe these characters:

{Editor's Note: These graphics are not shown in the Manuscript}

And upon the other side these:

{Editor's Note: These graphics are not shown in the Manuscript}

On the day and hour of Saturn the moon decreasing, light thou a fire of Laurel and yew boughs and offering the blade to the flames pronounce the five-fold conjuration thus:



HCORIXOJU, ZODCARNES, I powerfully call upon ye and stir ye up O ye mighty spirits that dwelleth in the Great Abyss.

In the dread and potent name of AZATHOTH come ye forth and give power unto this blade fashioned in accordance to ancient Lore.

By XENTHONO-ROHMATRU, I command you O AZIABELIS, by YSEHYROROSETH, I call the O ANTIQUELIS, and in the Vast and Terrible Name of DAMAMIACH that Crom-yha uttered and the mountains shook I mightily compel ye forth O BARBUELIS, attend me! aid me! give power unto my spell that this weapon that bearest the runes of fire recieveth such vertue that it shall strike fear into the hearts of all spirits that would disobey my commands, and that it shall assist me to form all manner of Circles, figures and mystic sigils necessary in the operations of Magickal Art.

In the Name of Great and Mighty YOG-SOTHOTH and in the invincible sign of Voor (give sign)

Give power!

Give power!

Give power!

When the flames turn blue it shall be a sure sign that the spirits obey your demands whereupon thou shalt quench the blade in an afore prepared mixture of brine and cock-gall.

Burn the incense of Zkauba as an offering to the spirits thou hast called forth, then dismiss them to their abodes with these words:

In the Names of AZATHOTH and YOG-SOTHOTH, Their servant NYARLATHOTEP and by the power of this sign (make ye the Elder Sign), I discharge thee; go forth from this place in peace and return ye not until I calleth thee. (Seal ye portals with the sign of Koth).

Wrap the scimitar in a cloth of black silk and setit aside until thou wouldst make use of it; but mark ye well that no other shall lay his hand upon the scimitar lest its vertue be forever lost.

Book of Signs

Ye Verb is powerful. As powerful are Signs, Symbols and Scriptures. Advised Readers shall learn protective signs, sacred seals and ancient languages in order to perform well. The importance of signs should not be ignored, for Thy life shall depend on them.

[Ye Alphabet of Nug-Soth](#) is one key to ye talismanic art and in all ye sacred inscriptions. They shall be used in addition to [potent signs](#) and [sacred seals](#).

Ye Alphabet of Nug-Soth

Ye characters of Nug hold ye key to ye planes, employ ye them in ye talismanic art and in all ye sacred inscriptions

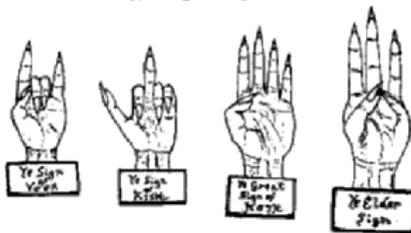


(Note: In ye writing of ye mystic runes of Nug-Soth ye latin C serveth for ye K.)

Of Diverse Signs

These most potent signs shall be so formed with thy left hand when thou employeth them in ye Rites

Ye Signs of Power



Ye first sign is that of Voor and in nature it be ye true symbol of ye Old Ones. Make ye thus whenever thou wouldst supplicate Those that ever waite beyond the Threshold.

Ye second sign is that of Kish and it breaketh down all barriers and openeth ye portals of ye Ultimate Planes.

In ye third place goeth ye Great Sign of Koth which sealeth ye Gates and guardeth ye pathways.

Ye forth sign is that of ye Elder Gods. It protecteth those who would evoke ye powers by night, and banish ye forces of menace and antagonism.

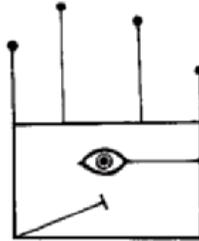
(Nota: Ye Elder Sign hath yet another form and when so

enscribed upon ye grey stone of Mnar it serveth to hold back
ye power of Ye Great Old Ones for all time.)

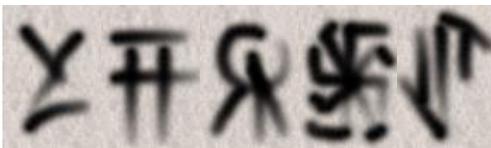
Ye Elder Sign



Ye Sign of Itoth, engraved



Sacred Seals



Yog-Sothoth Nyarlathotep Shub-Niggurath Azathoth Power

Book of Rituals

Hazardeous is the road to True Knowledge and mastery of the Arcanes. Only fools can try to perform rituals without knowing about the [Old Ones and Earth Magick](#) to the perfection. Such foolish attemps are bound to fail.

Whosoever performeth [Ye Ritual of Dho-Hna](#) with true understanding shall pass beyond ye Gates of Creation and enter ye Ultimate Abyss wherein dwelleth ye vapourous Lord S'ngac who eternally pondereth ye Mystery of Chaos.



Of ye old ones and earth magick

Fools indeed are those Sorcerers who, intoxicat'd with their own fame and justify'd of theri own Powers, do lay hold on ye Old Ones as if they be mere Daemons, and seek to conjure and hold such by ye Cantrip, ye Spell, and ye Five-Pointed

Star.

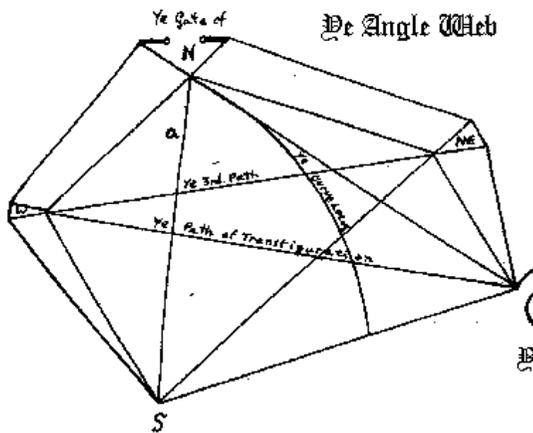
For Daemons do verily obey these things, but ye Old Ones be far more than Daemons, and hold all magick of Earth as vain and powerless and all Sorcerers of Earth as children pretend'ng to command ye Wind whither it blows. Ye most potent wizard Ibn Al-Kadil did in my presence try his rule over one Old One, a creature of most surprising habits and unpleasant attitude whose name was called Y-----c, who was but a shadow of dread CTHULHU in both power and awfulness. Said Ibn Al-Kadil, that to but read ye name of Y-----c was to ensure its coming, and to say the name aloud was certain disaster. Thus Ibn Al-Kadil had fortify'd himself with ye most terrible collection of potions, talismans, and binding spells known to magicians of this astral plane before ye invocation was ever made.

Alas, Y-----c did not wait on ye invocation, but did appear early, and all that was left of ye most potent wizard Ibn Al-Kadil was his pile of protective trinkets. These Y-----c did throw at my feet most disdainfully before vanishing as quickly as it came.

So it is that I tell you of a truth that ye Old Ones obey not their summoners, but disdain them; and that for some of Them a passing thought is as an open Gate.

Ye Ritual of Dho- Hna

Trace ye Angle-Web with ye Scimitar of Barzai and offer the mystic suffumigations with the incense of Zkauba.



Enter ye Web by the Gate of the North and reciting the incantation of Na (thus):

ZAZAS, NASATANADA, ZAZAS ZAZAS

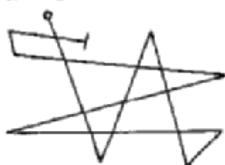
Proceed to ye South-most Pinnacle by the Path of Alpha whereupon make ye, ye Sign of Kish, pronouncing the triple-Word of power thrice, (thus so):

OHODOS-SCIES-ZAMONI!

Proceed thence to ye Angle of the North-East chanting the third verse of ye Fifth Psalm of Nyarla- thotep seglecting not to make the quintuple genuflection on passing through ye curve locus-(thus):

The All-One dwelleth in Darkness,
At the centre of All dwelleth He that is the Darkness;
And tfiat Darkness shall be eternal when all shall bow before

Ye Sigil of Transformation



the Onyx Throne.



Pause at the Third Angle and make ye once more the Sign of Kish speaking the words that clear the portal and stay the course of time: ABYssus-D|AcoNrsus, ZEXOWE-AZATHOTH!) NRRGO, IAA! NYAR-LATHOTEP!

Follow the Third Path to the Pinnacle of the West and there perform the obeisances in silence (bow low thrice and give the gesture of Voor). Turn and tread the Path of Transfiguration leading to ye Ultimate Angle. Open up the Abyss Gate by the ninefold affirmation (thus):

ZENOXESE, PIOTH, OXAS ZAEGOS, MAVOC
NIGORSUS, BAYAR!
HEECHO! YOG-SOTHOTH! YOG-SOTHOTH! YOG-
SOTHOTH!

Make ye the Sigil of Transformation and step thou forth into ye Gulf.
