MAGICA SEXUALIS

MYSTIC LOVE BOOKS

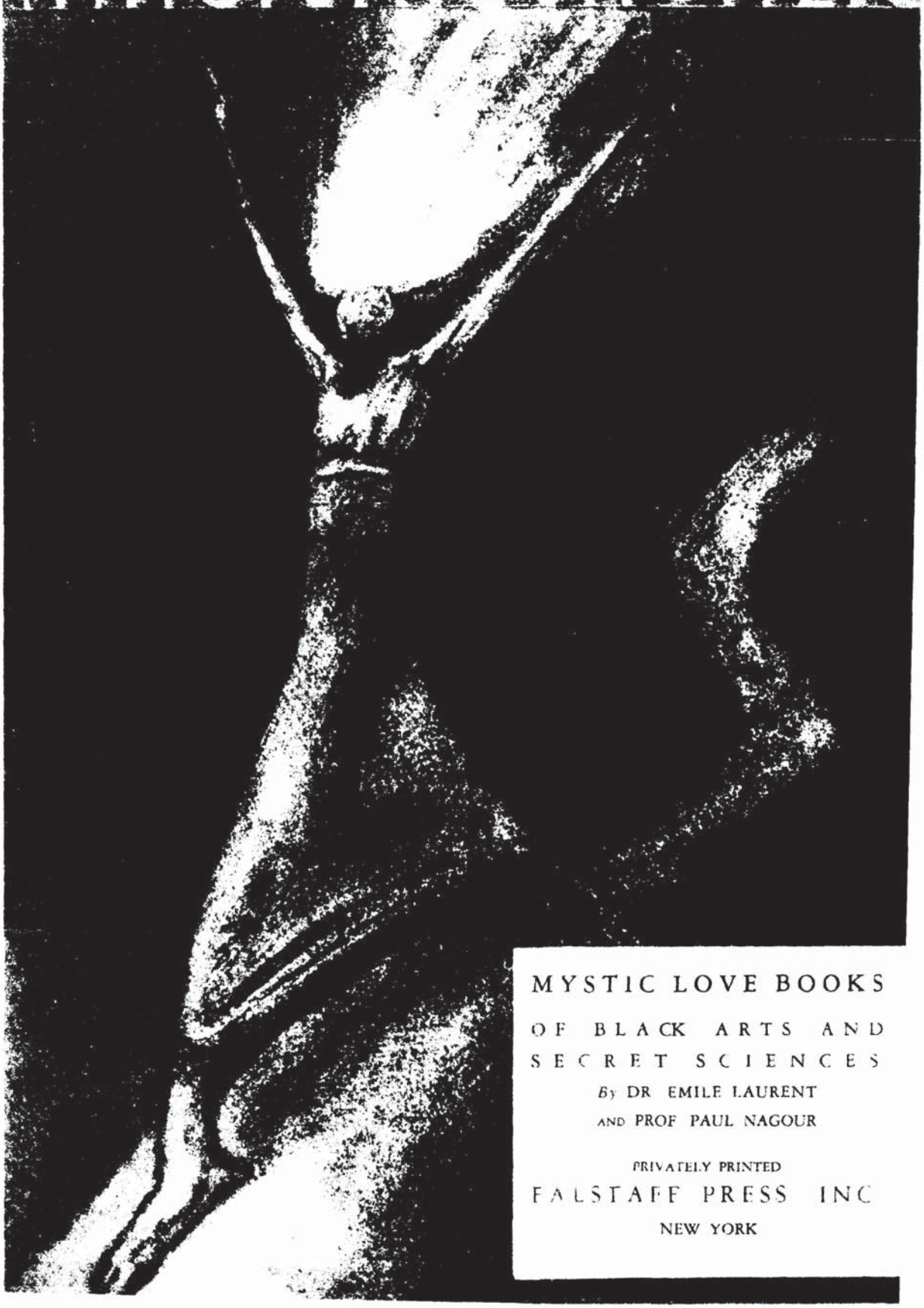
OF

BLACK MAGIC

AND

SECRET SCIENCES

MAGICK SEXUALIS



MYSTIC LOVE BOOKS

OF BLACK ARTS AND SECRET SCIENCES

By DR EMILE LAURENT

AND PROF PAUL NAGOUR

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INTRODUCTION

Universality and Eternity of Sexual Magic

MAGICA SEXUALIS! It predestinates man and his universe. It is a basic law in the mind of man and at the same time the weirdest of all the mysteries of the universe. In some form or other Black Magic and Erotic Occultism are to be found in all the fleeting pages of history. Let us here cast but a quick glance at three indigenous stages in the development of mankind.

First, among the ancient South American *Kali-kans.* Horrified cries break out among the aborigines as they chance to discover a black spot gradually growing in the sky and blotting out their life-giving sun. The tribal chief immediately hurls imprecations at the *devil.* Then, in turn, supplications. But his word-magic fails. Quickly the aborigines start beating their tom-toms. But their sun is already three-fourths demolished. Their music-magic has failed. They finally resort to the quick-sacrifice of a young virgin. The sun is completely ex-

tinguished as the crude stone-hammer of the chief mightily smashes out the brains of the innocent victim. This virginal sacrifice, the most potent art of magic, has finally appeased the malignant devil who releases the sun from his bondage and allows it to shine on a thoroughly chastened world.

The scene changes. Any continental country, including England and the Americas. The time: from the twelfth century through the Middle Ages, up to 1823 in England and to 1807 in the United States. We are in the midst of a typical inquisition. At the bench sit seven learned judges; before them stand an array of women, ranging from beautiful young virgins to withered hags and crones. The clerk intones the charges against them: "Janet Lee, you are accused of the heinous crime of copulating with the demon Satan . . . Mary Stanton, you are accused of riding off into the skies to the witches' sabbath and of there participating in such hideous practices as pressing your lips on the genital parts of the presiding devil, not forgetting the sacrilegious imprint of your lips on the foul creature's buttocks . . . Susan Graham, you are accused of participating in a Black Mass and of mixing human semen and excrements to the sacred Host. . . ." Thus the list goes on, heaping erotic mania on criminal profanations. But

the most amazing part is that the accused women confess to these sins and plead guilty to even stranger charges! Indeed, the accused women often gave detailed accounts of their copulations with the devil! Their stories, as well as the reasons underlying them, will be given in complete form in their proper place in the book.

The scene again changes. We are in Paris, some time before the World War. In a crooked street in a suburb of Paris a strange meeting is taking place in a deserted chapel. In front of the statues of the saints, against which barren women were wont to rub their pudenda in order to ensure offspring, a low mass is being celebrated by a priest who specialized in seducing the pretty girls who came to him for confessional. But this mass is of a peculiar nature. It is not consecrated to the Lord of Heaven but to the Prince of Darkness; not to God and all that is good, but to the Devil and all that is evil. A Black Mass is being performed, with all its obscene rites and ghastly ceremonies.

Magica Sexualis! It knows no time, no clime. It is as mysterious today as in unremembered Chaldea, and as cryptic as the Sphinx. Here you will find alchemic symbols, talismanic characters, bizarre pentacles, crosses

and stars, and a host of other enigmatic matters that will cause the reader to ponder over the actual length and breadth of sexual magic in everyday life. For sex is magic, and magic is sex. Star dust is composed of particles of sex and there is magic in the eroticism of men and women. One supposes and presupposes the other. As there can be no light if there are no eyes to see, so there can be no sex without magic in it. What draws man to woman? What pulls one planet to another? What turns and twirls this earth of ours and all the creatures on it?

DR. ÉMILE LAURENT
PROF. PAUL NAGOUR

MAGICA SEXUALIS

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CHAPTER ONE

SEX IN THE WORLD OF MAGIC

§ 1

White and Black Magic

Sexual Occultism

We intend to examine in this handbook of sexual magic the mystic phenomena of all that pertains to love and woman, with particular emphasis on black magic. Sexual occultism is a generic term, replete with abstruse ambiguities, and for our purpose therefore we employ the more satisfactory term, sexual magic.

The genuine esoteric meaning of magic is the knowledge of the principle and means by which the omniscience and omnipotence of the spirit, combined with power over matter, can be acquired from living individuals. In order to procure this omniscience and omnipotence, adepts of all times and places have studiously cultivated various branches of this mystic, secretive science. Let us present a brief summation of these various branches.

Theurgy, or white magic, is the science of procuring divine or supernatural intervention in human affairs, especially with beneficent results. This science was widely practiced by the Egyptian Neo-Platonists, particularly Plotinus, Porphyrius, Iamblichus, and Julian Apostata.

The theurgists believed only in white magic, and in the invocation of beneficent demons or angels in order to do good for mankind. Contrarily, goëty is the invocation of maleficent spirits for the purpose of working evil on humanity.

Theurgy concerns itself with the preparation of amulets, talismans and of all other wondrous panaceas that call forth the heavenly powers as aids. This branch of magic has been employed by the earliest heathens no less than by modern religions. Instead of the multitude of beneficent deities of the ancients, we now have the miracle-working angels, saints, spirits, fairies, etc. Their secret symbols are known and shown in their practical applications in the Cabala.

"The theurgists," says Bonnamy, "attributed divine power to their symbols and ceremonies, with which they believed themselves enclothed. Ancient heroes, like Jason, Castor, Pollux and Hercules had but to record the results of miracles for they were full-fledged initiates."

White magic commonly combines mind-reading, secret-writing, the symbolic meanings of flowers, metals, colors, etc., certain mathematical combinations, and many another esoteric mystery of the visible and invisible world. Incomplete as this handbook of sexual magic may be, it will nevertheless surprise many readers who previously have had no suspicion of their magical powers and who have unconsciously practiced white magic.

Theurgy consists almost solely of simple doctrines and symbolisms. The unitiated may watch the pretty young woman closely at the dinner table, but will be unaware that she has made a rendezvous with her lover for tomorrow afternoon, five o'clock, street number and apartment, if the significance of the bouquet of flowers carelessly left on the table has escaped their notice; even a certain arrangement of clothing, hair, gloves, hat, etc., may each have a definite significance.

Such initiates might read a long letter of four or five pages without receiving any impressions other than the general meaning of its contents; but the initiate will without any difficulty read between the lines and understand the hidden meaning. One needs but to read the Greek and Latin poets to be thoroughly convinced of how these magical stratagems have been enlisted in the field of sex, and to be astounded at their subtle efficacy.

Lovers ever and everywhere have instinctively turned to these esoteric methods to learn their fate, increase their power, carry out clandestine love affairs, and accomplish numerous other ends impossible otherwise.

Goëty, or black magic, is the science of procuring the intervention of the devil in human affairs for evil purposes. Marquardt in his *Roman Cults* describes its chief purposes: to inflict evil on the good; to harm persons by producing sickness, madness or death; to seduce men and women by magic potions; to prophesy the future by invocation of the dead and exorcism of evil

spirits; to make gold by adjuring the avenging spirits, etc.

The masters of the fantastic in literature and art find that their most horrifying works are but poor and naïve terrors compared to the formulas and doctrines found in books on black magic. From the very first pages the reader experiences a certain disquiet and nausea. The impression received is quite similar to that a sensitive person would feel if he had breakfast in a dissecting room. The horrible odors of an abattoir combine with the pungent stench of an unclean pharmacopœia and the smell of violated graces.

Black magic directs the magician in his criminal transactions; it directs the witches' sabbath; it presides in enchantments, in secret crimes. Its code is horrifying; its arsenal: poisonous flowers and plants, diseased animals, bones of the dead, adipocere, and the skin of executed persons. All its transactions take place in lurid darkness, at the witching hour of midnight, preferably in the very foulest weather when rain and wind are raging.

Its devotees delight in transacting their sinister business in grottoes, caves, churchyards, ruins, old castles; and such dismal places as the gallows-yard. At times they hide themselves in the shadows of the woods, and hold their assemblies on some crossroad that has attained local notoriety by some inexplicable assassination.

The associates of goëty are even more revolting. To

this group belong demons, spectres, nocturnal ghosts, vampires, necrophiliac beings, incubi and succubi, in short, all the nightmarish chimeræ of ghastly fears, rites and superstitions.

§ 2

The Cabala

The Cabala — the word literally signifies tradition — embraces the entirety of esoteric theories. It is, so to speak, the bible of secret sciences and sexual mysteries. Every word, every phrase, of this cryptic bible can be interpreted in no less than three ways: literal, figurative and esoteric.

It is obvious that not everyone is privileged to read the Cabala. Moreover, it is written in Hebraic, and only an expert Hebraist is able to read it. Accordingly, only a few adepts of the black arts and secret sciences are able to pierce the veil of the inscrutable centuries and master this traditional key to the ages.

According to the rabbis, the Cabala was transmitted hand to hand from Adam to Moses, and it was only by the aid of these formulas that the great thaumaturgist was able to achieve the miracles ascribed to him. In fact, in recapitulating the miracles of Moses, they will

be found very similar to those of Hindu fakirs and Brahmans: levitation of the body, materialization of the spirit, the immediate growth of certain flowers and plants, meteorological phenomena, etc.

The rabbis and the Indian occultists possess the key to the Cabala. Whereas the former merely possess the knowledge of the formulas, the latter understand its esoteric significance. In point of sagacity, certain of these formulas are, to say the least, most extraordinary:

Thus it contains the following mystic doctrines:

1. A combination of letters meaningless to the uninitiate
2. The restoration of an historic event in the form of a rebus
3. An alchemistic formula
4. A philosophic concept

De la Mauze explains that there are three-letter combinations in the Cabala. "The first," he says, "is the transposal of the letters of a word into another word consisting of the same letters, forming an anagram. The second consists in taking the letters of a word and forming many different words from the initial letters, thus making an acrostic. The third consists in exchanging the letters of a word for other letters in a logical and systematic fashion, a kind of secret writing."

Thus, according to Stanislaus de Guaita, the key that opened the grave of Hiram — symbol of the synthetic theory of the ancients—was found in the hieroglyphic

formula of the divine tetragram: *Iod-Heve=Jehova*, which correspond to the cabalistic letters, containing *iod*, *he*, *vau*, and *he*.

Iod is the masculine spirit, the active creative principle, *deus in se*, the good. It embraces the phallic symbol, the sceptre of Tarok and the columns of Iakin in the temple of Solomon. In alchemy it is represented by sulphur.

He is the passive substance, the feminine productive principle, the formative world spirit, the potency of evil, figuratively represented by Cteis, the libational vessel of Tarok and the columns of Boaz. In alchemy it is quicksilver.

Vau is the fructifying combination of both principles, the divine copulation, the eternal being, figuratively represented by the lingam, the winged staff and the sword of Tarok. In alchemy it is azoth, the mercury of the sages.

He is the fruitfulness of nature in the visible world, the last transformation of thought into visible forms, the shekel of Tarok.

The rhapsodist Orpheus, initiate of the divinities of Thebes and sacrificial priest to the great Zeus, was able, by means of the soulful songs from his seven-stringed lyre, to move stones. These he activated by the magnetism of his voice, which also brought the savage animals to tears, and made the ancient rugged oaks tremble with love.

Jesus of Nazareth, Apollonius of Tion were well

acquainted with the esoteric theosophy handed down from generation to generation since Moses and contained in the two books of the Cabala, in the Sepher-Jezirah and in the Zohar.

In a word, the operations of this science, as De la Mauze explains, essentially turn on a definite system and decided form of Hebraic letters, the distinction between straight or crooked, horizontal or vertical lines, down to the commas and periods of punctuation. "This form of the characters," he says, "rules the explanation of the names of God and the angels, the thirty-two ways of wisdom and the fifty gates of justice, which form the unchangeable basis of the Cabala."

"From the dogmatic standpoint," says Prost, "the Cabala contains a combination of badly digested theories, governed by the chief principle of emanation; masses of completely confusing concepts in relation to the spirit and its classification, the souls, geniuses, angels and demons; all this in the framework of a theosophy which has been perverted with oriental impregnation."

Thus the Cabala has become a pot-pourri of a thousand and one creations of supernatural beings, and has borrowed the superstitious beliefs of all countries. In the middle ages it underwent a number of changes and divided itself into branches: the Christian Cabala, the magic Cabala, the theoretical Cabala (iyyunith), the practical Cabala (maasith), etc.

§ 3

Love of Angels for Women

Cabalists and other occultists believe that both beneficent and maleficent spirits find pleasure in mundane sexuality. Many mystics believe that the angels of God also have the human failing of finding pleasure in the fruits of woman.

According to the book of Henoch in the *Apocrypha*, the angels took on the form of human beings and had intercourse with the wives and daughters of man. This notion was so firmly believed in the first century of Christianity that St. Justinus, Athenagores, Lactantius, Tertullian, and others reported such acts as beyond doubt.

Bizouard very logically notes that "the copulation of angels with women was so generally recognized that the births of important persons of the Middle Ages were ascribed to them, and the more reasonable men of later centuries did not know what to make of the whole affair."

Even St. Augustine dared not speak out against these beliefs, and St. Thomas Aquinas recognized that "the angel is a spiritual being. Although it is incorporeal in relation to us, it is corporeal in relation to God. At

times angels assume a body in order to have intercourse with man. He represents to them neither a driving power nor a form in union; he is simply an emanation of the divine will. The angels walk and talk like living men although they are of a diviner nature."

§ 4

Angels as Divine Ambassadors of Love

Dusii — Evil Angels

The Cabala grants a significant rôle to the angels. It contains a list of seventy-two angels with whose help man can rise over the common world and work miracles. These angels have their definite authority and privileges and each of them stands in some special relation to one of the seven planets or one of the four quarters of heaven. They have their stars, their numbers, their days, and their special fragrances.

The angels of Venus, the divine ambassadors of love, are called Aniel and Anaël and reside in the Occident. The spirit of Venus, spirit of the heavenly being, is called Haegit and resides in the Orient. Friday is the day devoted to the Queen of Love according to tradition and hence the angels of this day naturally favor lovers. These are Rachiel and Sachiel, lieutenants of the already named Anaël. The "ruling angel of the air" is

King Sarabotes; king, since there are classes among the angels as there are among the demons. Servants of King Sarabotes are Amabiel, Aba, Abalidot and Flaef.

Next to the good angels in this world are the evil angels, who are nevertheless not counted as belonging to the demons. To this number belongs Isheth Zemunin, the angel of prostitution and wife of Samael, angel of poison and death.

The Cabala also admits four elementary spirits who correspond to the four elements: the sylphs for the air, the salamanders for fire, the undines for water, and the gnomes for the earth.

The Middle Ages also peopled the forests and plains with angels, sylphs, fairies, elves and the like. They are blessed, or cursed, with the same erotic inclinations by which the Greeks and Romans characterized their gods. Such were the *dusii* of the Gauls, a class of incubi who delighted in making cuckolds of virtuous husbands, and the field maidens of the twelfth century who, the legend goes, would appear to the dying peasants and would mock them with erotic temptations.

Paracelsus boldly writes: "Not only did people see nymphs, but they would even speak to them and would often have carnal connection with them."

The *Dictionnaire infernal* reports the adventure of a young Bavarian nobleman who was left inconsolable by the death of his young wife. A sylph assumed the form of the deceased and thus appeared to the young man, saying that God had received her in order to con-

sole him in his deep sorrow. They lived for many years together very happily, but upon an affront to her she suddenly disappeared forever.

St. Augustine is completely convinced of the existence of these creatures. "It is a well-known fact," he asserts, "and many have learnt it from persons whose honesty and faith cannot be questioned. The forest-gods, the satyrs and fawns, usually called incubi, often plague women and satisfy their passion upon them. Moreover, many noble persons have averred that there are demons called dusii by the Gauls, who practice such abominations on women every day in the year."

§ 5

The Devachan

State of Theosophic Love

Mystic theosophy also believes in a kind of pure and passionate love which holds in readiness for its epopts when they are desirous of obtaining the state of the *devachan.*

"The devachan," says Jules Lermina in his *Magie pratique,* "is a transitive stage, in some measure a state of quietude, out of which the individual withdraws after a long stay. It has absolute freedom to become a new man and to continue the work of its purification in order

the magicians have left the country because of the easy discovery of their undertakings.

Let us make a thorough examination of the Black Mass and see what it really is.

CHAPTER SIX

THE BLACK MASS AND ITS ORGIES

§ 1

The Cult of the Manicheans

Black Mass in the Middle Ages

One of the most ancient religions, Manicheism, probably the simplest religion of all, had its peculiar customs, closely resembling a "Black Mass." It held that there were two principles, one of Good and one of Evil, a god of light and a god of darkness who fight for the souls of man. Psellus reveals in his erudite work *De operatione dæmonum* the fact that they tasted of the two excrements, urine and feces, at the beginning of their ceremonials, and that they mixed semen with the host.

Later, in the Middle Ages, came the Black Mass. It was, according to Michelet, a kind of salvation of Eve, who had been damned by Christianity. On the sabbath, just as in the Black Mass, the woman did all the tasks. She was the priest, altar, host, whom all the people enjoyed during their communion. The priest stepped on woman; he disapproved of all pleasurable intercourse with her, he damned her to eternal tortures which her unappeased sexual organs caused her, and let pass no opportunity of threatening her every act with the eternal

guilt of Eve. Satan, on the other part, took the woman by the hand, picked her up from her degradation, glorified her, kissed her wounds, and they enjoyed together the blood of his eternal wounds, while he, for his part, trampled on the Christus created by the hated monks and priests.

The Black Mass is thus nothing more than a rendezvous of lecherous beings, who are there enticed by hopes of an erotic spectacle and a massive concluding orgy. It is the protest of the subjected people, the symbol of the longed-for freedom, the communion of rebellion. The woman who served as an altar was no longer an ordinary nymphomaniac, drunk with unknown passion, but became a true prophetess who risked both death and torture to cast off her bonds of despair, to hope for better times, and to attain the Host of love. There gathered the lovers, forcibly separated by the baron of the manor, and the poverty stricken people to complain on the one hand of the lost virginity of the maiden by the arrogation of the "first night privileges" of the baron, and on the other hand, of the impoverishing tithes of the church.

This conception of the Black Mass deprives it neither of its originality nor of its reality. To be sure it later took on an entirely different character.

§ 2

Triumph of the Black Mass in the Century of Louis XIV.

Magical Aphrodisiac Pills

It was especially that resplendent century, the century of Louis XIV., which saw the triumph of the Black Mass. Dr. Légué in his work *Médecins et Empoisonneurs* presents a panorama of the ladies of the court of the great king passing in the little rue de Beauregard, that lonely street in one of the hidden, outlying quarters of Paris. They were going to Voisin, that famous female poisoner and magician. "All, yes all," he says, "wanted magic drinks to hasten the death of their hated husbands, or to enchant their lovers, to lengthen the vigor of a youth which debauchery had caused to dry up, to kill an unwanted embryo, fruit of a secret rendezvous, so that they might continue on the following day an excursion into the passionate field of sex.

"There were to be seen the most stout-hearted and dauntless women seized by an involuntary terror at the minute glow of a flickering lamp, while they read their fate in the coffee-grounds, in cards, in the damp entrails of freshly cut animals, in the magic mirror, and on the blackboard."

The author describes the arrival of Montespan in the

secret recess of Voisin's house. In one of the rooms there was erected a kind of altar, an anomalous altar, whose place was formed by a seat resting on a stand. The proud marquise did not shrink from completely undressing herself and placing her naked body upon the altar, so that on one side her legs hung free and on the other her head rested upon a pillow, supported by an inverted chair. The notorious Abbé Guibourg placed the cross between the breasts of the marquise, spread a napkin on her stomach, placed the communion cup there, and began the godless ceremony, in which Marguerite Voisin assumed the office of the priest. In the different phases of the mass, in which the celebrant must kiss the altar, the Abbé Guibourg kissed the genital parts of the Marquise de Montespan.

Why did the proud and haughty Atheneas, whom contemporary records describe as arrogant and aristocratic, stoop to such a horrible rôle and obediently allow herself to be the object of the slobbering kisses of the seventy-year old lascivious priest on her most private parts? Why did this so sensitive woman who would have shrunk at the slightest contact with the loathsome bourgeoisie, allow the murder of an innocent victim in the name of Satan? for this horrible priest cut the neck of a newly born child purchased from some poor and unfortunate woman, and let its blood run into the communion cup so that it could be mixed with the host and bring the favors of the damned to the participants! Why? The formula which the officiant spoke during

the completion of the infernal sacrifice, informs us:

"Je (here follow the name, surnames and titles of De Montespan) demande l'amité du Roy et de Monseigneur le Dauphin et qu'elle me soit continuée; que la Reine soit stérile, que le Roy quitte son lit et sa table pour moy et mes parents; que mes serviteurs et domestiques lui soient agréables, que cette amitié redoublant plus que par le passeé, le Roy quitte et ne regarde Fontanges et que la Reine étant repudiée, je puisse épouser le Roy."

The apparent success of the Marquise de Montespan gave, as can easily be imagined, immense fame to Voisin, for she was naturally very discreet only as to those details which would be injurious to her. The Abbé Guibourg made a specialty of these abominations. He celebrated many masses on the abdomens of famous women, including Mme. d'Argenson and Mme. de Saint-Pont. The ritual of these ceremonies became standardized. Generally a child was kidnapped and burnt in a furnace out in the country somewhere, the ashes were saved and mixed with the blood of another child whose throat had been cut, and of this mixture a paste was made resembling that of the Manicheans. Abbé Guibourg officiated, consecrated the host, cut it into little pieces and mixed it with this mixture of blood and ashes. That was the material of the sacrament.

The good abbé also varied the proceedings, which undoubtedly had become monotonous to him, with *la messe du sperme,* a spermatic mass.

Guibourg, wearing the alb, the stole, and the maniple,

celebrated this mass with the sole object of making pastes for conjuring. The archives of the Bastille inform us that he acted thus at the request of a lady named Des Oeillettes: "This woman who was indisposed gave some of her blood; the man who accompanied her stood patiently beside the bed where the scene took place, and Guibourg gathered up some of his semen into the chalice, then added powdered blood and some flour, and after some sacrilegious ceremonies the Des Oeillettes woman departed bearing the paste."

In the eighteenth century there were many abbés who defiled holy objects. One Canon Duer occupied himself specially with black magic and the evocation of the devil. He was finally executed as a sorcerer in 1718. There was another who believed in the incarnation of the Holy Ghost as the Paraclete, and who, in Lombardy, which he stirred up to a feverish pitch of excitement, ordained twelve apostles and twelve apostolines to preach his gospel. This man, Abbé Beccarelli, like all other priests of his ilk, abused both sexes, and he said mass without confessing himself of his lecheries. As his cult grew he began to celebrate travestied offices in which he distributed to his congregation aphrodisiac pills presenting this peculiarity; that after having swallowed them the men believed themselves changed into women and the women into men. The receipt for these hippomanes is unfortunately lost. Beccarelli met with a very miserable end. He was prosecuted for sacrilege and sentenced in 1708 to row in the galleys for seven years.

A priest, Benedictus, cohabited with the she-devil, Armellina, and consecrated the hosts holding them upside down. Some priests even went so far as to celebrate the mass with great hosts which they cut through the middle and afterwards glued to a parchment, similarly cloven and used abominably to satisfy their passions. In other words, they practiced a most queer kind of sodomy, a Sacred Sodomy!

§ 3

Modern Societies for the Celebration of Satanism

Re-Theurgistes Optimates

As we have already mentioned, the ceremonies of the Black Mass are even performed in modern times.

The revue, *La Voix de la Septaine,* dated 1843, informs us that for twenty-five years, at Agen, a Satanic association regularly celebrated black masses, and committed murders, and polluted three thousand, three hundred and twenty hosts! In 1885 there existed at Paris and association composed of women, for the most part. These women took communion several times a day and retained the sacred wafer in their mouths to be spat out later and trodden underfoot or soiled by disgusting contacts. Even in the twelfth century there are numerous mentions of similar attempts at black masses in the daily journals.

Late in the nineteenth century the case of Cantianille turned not only the city of Auxerre, but the whole diocese of Sens, upside down. This Cantianille, placed in a convent of Mont-Saint-Sulpice, was violated when she was rarely fifteen years old, by a priest who dedicated her to the devil. This priest had himself been corrupted in early childhood by an ecclesiastic belonging to a sect of possessed which was created the very day Louis XVI. was guillotined. What happened in this convent, where many nuns, evidently mad with hysteria, were associated in erotic devilry and sacrilegious rages with Cantianille, reads for all the world like the procedure in the trials of wizards of long ago.

We have on the authority of a French savant that there are numerous societies throughout the world that celebrate Satanism and which are highly organized. "It is highly centralized and very capably administered. There are committees, a sort of curia, which rules America and Europe like the curia of a pope.

"The biggest of these societies founded as long ago as 1855 is the society of the Re-Theurgistes Optimates. Beneath an apparent unity it is divided into two camps, one aspiring to destroy the universe and reign over the ruins, the other thinking simply of imposing upon the world a demoniac cult of which it shall be high priest.

"This society has its seat in America. It was formerly directed by one Longfellow, an adventurer born in Scotland, who entitled himself "grand priest" of the New

Evocative Magism. For a long time it has had branches in France, Italy, Germany, Russia, Austria and even Turkey.

"It is at the present moment moribund, or perhaps quite dead, but another has just been created. The object of this one is to elect an anti-pope who will be the exterminating Anti-Christ. And those are only two of them. How many others are there, more or less important numerically, more or less secret, which, by common accord, at ten o'clock on the morning of the Feast of the Holy Sacrament, celebrate black masses at Paris, Rome, Bruges, Constantinople, Nantes, Lyons, and in Scotland, where sorcerers swarm!

§ 4

The Best and Most Striking Account of A Black Mass

The Shuddering Rituals

The best and most striking account of a Black Mass was given by Joris Karl Huysmans who presented it in the form of fiction, fearing that he would be laughed at if he told it as the gospel truth, although not only he, but many other prominent Parisians had actually been present during the ceremony We give the account in full as it contains all the customs and abuses of a typical Black Mass:

"'This is the place'," said Mme. Chantelouve. She

rang. The grating opened. She raised her veil. A shaft of light struck her full in the face, the door opened noiselessly, and they penetrated into a garden.

"'Good evening, Marie. In the chapel?'"

"'Yes. Does madame wish me to guide her?'"

"'No, thanks'."

"The woman with the lantern scrutinized Durtal. He perceived, beneath a hood, wisps of grey hair falling in disorder over a wrinkled old face, but she did not give him time to examine her and returned to a tent beside the wall serving her as a lodge.

"He followed Hyacinthe, who traversed the dark lanes, between rows of palms, to the entrance of a building. She opened the doors as if she were quite at home, and her heels clicked resolutely on the flagstones.

"'Be careful'," she said, going through a vestibule. "'There are three steps'."

"They came out into a court and stopped before an old house. She rang. A little man advanced hiding his features, and greeted her in an affected sing-song voice. She passed, saluting him, and Durtal brushed a fly-blown face, the eyes liquid, gummy, the cheeks plastered with cosmetics, the lips painted.

"'I have stumbled into a lair of sodomites. You didn't tell me that I was to be thrown into such company'," he said to Hyacinthe, overtaking her at the turning of a corridor lighted by a lamp.

"'Did you expect to meet saints here?'"

"She shrugged her shoulders and opened a door. They

were in a chapel with a low ceiling crossed by beams gaudily painted with coal-tar pigment. The windows were hidden by great curtains. The walls were cracked and dingy. Durtal recoiled after a few steps. Gusts of humid, mouldy air and of that indescribable new-stove acridity mingled with an irritating odor of alkali, resin and burnt herbs. He was choking, his temples throbbing.

"He advanced groping, attempting to accustom his eyes to the half-darkness. The chapel was vaguely lighted by sanctuary lamps suspended from chandeliers of gilded bronze with pink glass pendants. Hyacinthe made him a sign to sit down, then she went over to a group of people sitting on divans in a dark corner. Rather vexed at being left here, away from the centre of activity, Durtal noticed that there were many women and few men present, but his efforts to discover their features were unavailing. As here and there a lamp swayed, he occasionally caught sight of a smooth-shaven, melancholy man. He observed that the women were not chattering to each other. Their conversation seemed awed and grave. Not a laugh, not a raised voice was heard, but an irresolute, furtive whispering, unaccompanied by gesture.

"'Hmm'," he said to himself. "'It doesn't look as if Satan made his faithful happy'."

"A choir boy clad in red, advanced to the end of the chapel and lighted a stand of candles. Then the altar became visible. It was an ordinary church altar; on a

tabernacle above stood an infamous, derisive Christ. The head had been raised and the neck lengthened, and wrinkles painted in the cheeks transformed the grieving face to a bestial one twisted into a mean laugh. He was naked, and where the loin cloth should have been, there was a verile member projecting from a bush of horsehair. In front of the tabernacle the chalice, covered with a pall, was placed. The choir boy folded the altar cloth, wiggled his haunches, stood tiptoe on one foot and flipped his arms as if to fly away like a cherub, on pretext of reaching up to light the black tapers whose odor of tar and pitch was now added to the pestilential smell of the stuffy room.

"Durtal recognized beneath the red robe the 'fairy' who had guarded the chapel entrance, and he understood the rôle reserved for this man, whose sacrilegious nastiness was substituted for the purity of childhood acceptable to the church.

"Then another choir boy, more hideous yet, exhibited himself. Hollow-chested, racked by coughs, withered, made up with grease paint and vivid carmine, he hobbled about humming. He approached the tripods flanking the altar, stirred the smouldering incense pots and threw in leaves and chunks of resin.

"Durtal was beginning to feel uncomfortable when Hyacinthe rejoined him. She excused herself for having left him by himself so long, invited him to change his place and conducted him to a seat far in the rear, behind all the rows of chairs.

"'This is a real chapel, isn't it?'" he asked.

"'Yes, this house, this church, the garden that we crossed are the remains of an old Ursuline convent. For a long time this chapel was used to store hay. The house belonged to a livery-stable keeper, who sold it to that woman,'" and she pointed out a stout brunette of whom Durtal before had caught a fleeting glimpse.

"'Is she married?'"

"'No. She is a former nun who was debauched long ago by Docre.'"

"'Ah. And those gentlemen who seem to be hiding in the darkest places?'"

"'They are Satanists. There is one of them who was a professor in the School of Medicine. In his home he has an oratorium where he prays to a statue of Venus Astarte mounted on an altar.'"

"'No!'"

"'I mean it. He is getting old, and his demoniac orisons increased tenfold his forces, which he is using up with creatures of this sort,'" and with a gesture she indicated the choir boys.

"'You will guarantee the truth of this story?'"

"'You will find it narrated at great length in a religious journal, *Les annales de la sainteté*. And though his identity was made pretty patent in the article, the man did not dare prosecute the editors. What's the matter with you?'" she asked, looking at him closely.

"'I'm strangling. The odor from those incense burners is unbearable.'"

"'You will get used to it in a few seconds.'"

"'But what do they burn that smells like that?'"

"'Asphalt from the street, leaves of henbane, datura, dried nightshade, and myrrh. These are perfumes delightful to Satan, our master.'" She spoke in that changed guttural voice which had been hers at times when in bed with him. He looked her squarely in the face. She was pale, her lips pressed tight, her eyelids blinking rapidly.

"'Here he comes!'" she murmured suddenly, while women in front of them scurried about or knelt in front of the chairs.

"Preceded by the two choir boys the canon entered, wearing a scarlet bonnet from which two buffalo horns of red cloth protruded. Durtal examined him as he marched toward the altar. He was tall, but not well-built, his bulging chest being out of proportion to the rest of his body. His peeled forehead made one continuous line with his straight nose. The lips and cheeks bristled with that kind of hard, clumpy beard which old priests have who always shaved themselves. The features were round and insinuating, the eyes like apple pips, close together, phosphorescent. As a whole, his face was evil and sly, but energetic, and the hard fixed eyes were not the furtive shifty orbs that Durtal had imagined.

"The canon solemnly knelt before the altar, then mounted the steps and began to say mass. Durtal saw that he had nothing on beneath his sacrificial habit.

His black socks and his flesh bulging over the garters, high on his legs were plainly visible. The chasuble had the shape of an ordinary chasuble but was of the dark red color of dried blood and in the middle, in a triangle around which was an embroidered border of colchicum, savin, sorrel, and spurge, was the figure of a black billy-goat presenting his horns.

"Docre made the genuflexions the full or half-length inclinations specified by the ritual. The kneeling choir boys sang the Latin responses in a crystalline voice which trilled on the ultimate syllables of the words.

"'But it's a simple low mass,'" said Durtal to Mme. Chantelouve.

"She shook her head. Indeed, at that moment the choir boys passed behind the altar and one of them brought back copper chafing-dishes and inhaled deeply, then, fainting, unlaced themselves, heaving raucous sighs.

"The sacrifice ceased. The priest descended the steps backward, knelt on the last one, and in a sharp, trepidant voice cried:

"'Master of Slanders, Dispenser of the benefits of crime, Administrator of sumptuous sins and great vices, Satan, thee we adore, reasonable God, just God!

"'Super-admirable legate of false trances, thou receivest our beseeching tears; thou savest the honor of families by aborting wombs impregnated in the forgetfulness of the good orgasm; thou dost suggest to the mother the hastening of untimely birth, and thine obstetrics spares

the still-born children the anguish of maturity, the contamination of original sin.

" 'Mainstay of the despairing poor, Cordial of the Vanquished, it is thou who endowest them with hypocrisy, ingratitude, and stiff-neckedness, that they may defend themselves against the children of God, the Rich.

" 'Suzerain of Resentment, Accountant of Humiliations, Treasurer of old Hatreds, thou alone dost fertilize the brain of man whom injustice has crushed; thou breathest into him the idea of meditated vengeance, sure misdeeds; thou incitest him to murder; thou givest him the abundant joy of accomplished reprisals and permittest him to taste the intoxicating draught of the tears of which he is the cause.

" 'Hope of Virility, Anguish of the Empty Womb, thou dost not demand the bootless offering of chaste loins, thou dost not sing the praises of Lenten follies; thou alone receivest the carnal supplications and petitions of poor and avaricious families. Thou determinest the mother to sell her daughter, to give her soul; thou aidest sterile and reprobate loves; Guardian of strident Neuroses, Leaden Tower of Hysteria, bloody Vase of Rape!

" 'Master, thy faithful servants, on their knees, implore thee and supplicate thee to satisfy them when they wish the torture of all those who love them and aid them; they supplicate thee to assure them the joy of delectable misdeeds unknown to justice, spells whose unknown origin baffles the reason of man; they ask, finally, glory,

riches, power of thee, King of the Disinherited, Son who art to overthrow the inexorable father!'"

"Then Docre rose, and erect, with arms outstretched, vociferated in a ringing voice of hate:

"'And thou, thou whom, in my quality of priest, I force, whether thou wilt or no, to descend into this host, to incarnate thyself in this bread, Jesus, Artisan of Hoaxes, Bandit of Homage, Robber of Affection, hear! Since the day when thou didst issue from the complaisant bowels of a Virgin, thou hast failed all thine engagements, belied all thy promises. Centuries have wept, awaiting thee, fugitive God, mute God! Thou wast to redeem man and thou hast not, thou wast to appear in thy glory, and thou sleepest. Go lie, say to the wretch who appeals to thee, "Hope, be patient, suffer; the hospital of souls will receive thee; the angels will assist thee; Heaven opens to thee." Impostor! thou knowest well that the angels disgusted at thine inertness, abandon thee! Thou wast to be the Interpreter of our plaints, the chamberlain of our tears; thou wast to convey them to the Father and thou hast not done so, for this intercession would disturb thine eternal sleep of happy satiety.

"'Thou hast forgotten the poverty thou didst preach, enamoured vassal of Banks! Thou hast seen the weak crushed beneath the press of profit; thou hast heard the death rattle of the timid, paralyzed by famine, of women disembowelled for a bit of bread, thou hast caused the Chancery of thy Simoniacs, thy commercial

representatives, thy popes, to answer by dilatory excuses and evasive promises, sacristy Shyster, huckster of God!

"'Master, whose inconceivable ferocity engenders life and inflicts it on the innocent whom thou darest damn—in the name of what original sin?—whom thou darest punish—by the virtue of what covenants?—we would have thee confess thine impudent cheats, thine inexpiable crimes! We would drive deeper the nails into thy hands, press down the crown of thorns upon thy brow, bring blood and water from the dry wounds of thy sides.

"'And that we can and will do by violating the quietude of thy body, Profaner of ample vices, Abstractor of stupid purities, cursed Nazarene, do-nothing King, coward God!

"'Amen,'" trilled the soprano voices of the choir boys.

"Durtal listened in amazement to this torrent of blasphemies and insults. The foulness of the priest stupefied him. A silence succeeded the litany. The chapel was foggy with the smoke of the censers. The women, hitherto taciturn, flustered now, as remounting the altar, the canon came toward them and blessed them with his left hand in a sweeping gesture. And suddenly the choir boys tinkled the prayer bells.

"It was a signal. The women fell to the carpet and writhed. One of them seemed to be worked by a spring. She threw herself prone and waved her legs in the air. Another, suddenly struck by a hideous strabism, clucked,

then became tongue-tied, stood with her mouth open, the tongue turned back, the tip cleaving to the palate. Another, inflated, livid, her pupils dilated, lolled her head back over her shoulders, then jerked it brusquely erect and belabored herself, tearing her breast with her nails. Another, sprawling on her back, undid her skirts, drew forth a rag, enormous, meteorized; then, her face twisted into a horrible grimace, and her tongue, which she could not control, stuck out, bitten at the edges, harrowed by red teeth from a bloody mouth.

"Suddenly Durtal rose, and now he heard and saw Docre distinctly.

"Docre contemplated the Christ surmounting the tabernacle, and with arms spread wide apart he spewed forth frightful insults, and at the end of his forces, muttered the billingsgate of a drunken cabman. One of the choir boys knelt before him with his back toward the altar. A shudder ran through the priest's spine. In a solemn but jerky voice he said, '*Hoc est enim corpus meum*,' then, instead of kneeling, after the consecration, before the precious Body, he faced the congregation, and appeared rigid, haggard, dripping with sweat. He staggered between the two choir boys, who, raising the chasuble, displayed his naked belly. Docre made a few passes and the host sailed, tainted and soiled, over the steps.

"Durtal felt himself shudder. A whirlwind of hysteria shook the room. While the choir boys sprinkled holy water on the pontiff's nakedness, women rushed