

LON MILO DUQUETTE & JAMES M. BRATKOWSKY



ALEISTER CROWLEY

REVOLT OF THE MAGICIANS



A NOVEL

ALEISTER CROWLEY

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Aleister Crowley
Revolt of the Magicians

by

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and
James M. Bratkowsky

OROBAS
PRESS

AUTHORS' DISCLAIMER

The authors wish to make it perfectly clear that this is a work of fiction – a fantasy in fact. We wrote it to be interesting and thought provoking; but first and foremost we wrote it to be entertaining and fun. Many of the main characters of our story (including our protagonist, Aleister Crowley, our antagonists, MacGregor and Moina Mathers, and supporting characters, W.B. Yeats, Maude Gonne, Annie Horniman, George C. Jones, Allan Bennett, Florence Farr, Bram Stoker, and Wynn Westcott) are indeed historical characters of note who lived and breathed and populated the generic milieu in which our story takes place. Some of them, at times, may have actually interacted with each other in situations perhaps not too dissimilar to how we have presented in a few scenes of our story. That, however, is where all similarity to objective reality and empirical history concerning these individuals ends.

In the hundred years since the scenes in which most of our story unfolds these individuals and their names have become (to the small but enthusiastic subculture of the western magical tradition) legends – magical archetypes – fairytale caricatures bearing little or no true resemblance to the flesh-and-blood individuals. The authors are confident that the reader, having been thusly forewarned, will be able to glean truth from fantasy and enjoy this fairytale and its characters unencumbered by doubts about its historic veracity.

Lon Milo DuQuette & James M. Bratkowsky
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CHAPTER ONE

FUNERALS AND FAIRYTALES

The funeral had been the strangest any of us had ever attended. The tiny cemetery chapel was let for only an hour and stood almost empty. I counted only fifteen mourners. We were joined by three members of the press, eager to squeeze one last drop of scandalous blood from the turnip of England's most notorious black magician. Unlike the life of our departed guest of honour, the brief ceremony was quiet and respectful. Louis Wilkerson read "Hymn to Pan," my favourite of the old man's poems; three others said a few words, and then that was that. Predictably, the next day's newspaper headlines couldn't have been more inaccurate or lurid:

ALEISTER CROWLEY, WORST MAN IN THE WORLD,
DIES.

CREMATING "GREAT BEAST" DESECRATED BY BLACK
MASS.

It seemed hardly a fitting goodbye to a genuine holy man, the *Logos of the Aeon, Prophet of a New Age*. But then, perhaps it was perfect.

I returned to London by train with Lady Harris, who invited me to stay at her home in the city for the few days that remained before I sailed back to New York. I eagerly accepted. It is not every day a Hollywood hack is invited to unpack his toothbrush at the home of the artist-wife of an influential Member of Parliament. I was especially keen to attend the lavish “Curry Wake” that Lady Harris was to host the next evening in honour of our departed Master. He did so love his curry—the hotter the better. However, it was the guest list of this most esoteric of soirees that made my mouth water—one guest in particular. It would be perhaps my one and only chance to meet and interview the legendary film director, Sir Francis Bendick.

Bendick was one of only a handful of British film makers to resist the lure of Hollywood throughout his long and distinguished career. He was a bona fide genius who helped give birth to the industry at the turn of the century. He would go on to elevate the silent medium from inane shorts and melodramas to serious literary theatre. He wrote, directed, edited, and occasionally appeared in the films that continually reinvented the state of the art. Most remarkably, he worked his magick throughout the bloody madness called the Great War. His propaganda efforts for King and Country were irresistible—powerful, poignant, and breathtakingly honest. For this he was knighted by George V during the exuberance of the Roaring

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Twenties—a time when *sound* was giving a voice to Bendick's genius of touching souls in a darkened theatre.

Only a handful of extraordinarily discrete individuals knew that Bendick was also a secret disciple of Aleister Crowley, and had been since 1907. He knew more about Crowley and his work than any other living human being. That he could keep such devotion a secret from his studio, his colleagues, and three wives for over forty years was a testament to godlike magical prowess. Ill health and the need for secrecy had kept him from the funeral, but nothing short of death would keep him from Lady Harris's "Crowley's Curry Wake."

Bendick and I had two things in common. We were both ceremonial magicians; and we were both in the movie business—he at the end of his glorious and historic career, and I at the beginning of mine. Meeting him and having the chance to pick his brain was the reason I asked the studio for a month off for "research." He was the reason I travelled at my own expense to dreary old England in the damp December of 1947; he and my own ambition to produce a proper movie about Aleister Crowley, the man I considered the most important, the most colourful, and the most misunderstood holy man of the twentieth century. If all went well, Sir Francis Bendick would help me write it.

The Harris town home was located at Number Three Devonshire Terrace Marylebone High Street and was a testament in stone to the eccentric nature of its owner's marriage. Its

exterior was modest and understated, a fitting façade for a Labour Party MP. The interior was altogether different. The rooms were large and curiously warm; furnished (as if by order of the MGM prop department) with antique cliché perfection. The walls, however, were bereft of the oversized and stodgy portraits of ancient ancestors and horses one might expect in such homes. Instead, they were festooned with Lady Harris's abstract paintings of mystical and Masonic themes, a few of which, I confess, I found to be nothing short of disturbing.

I was billeted in a guest room large enough to swallow my entire bungalow back in Hollywood. I found the ancient canopied bed too soft to sleep in, so I spent a chilly and restless night stretched out on two chairs that I pushed near the fire. (Yes. The bedrooms each had a coal-burning fireplace.) The next morning I was called downstairs to breakfast only to discover that I was conspicuously underdressed. I self-consciously scooped a pile of scrambled eggs upon my plate and hoped no one would mention the fact that I was not wearing a tie. I completely panicked when Lady Harris announced, "We'll be dressing for tonight's dinner." By that I understood "evening wear," and if I wasn't properly attired for a buffet breakfast then I certainly wasn't likely to have the white-tie and tails in my Gladstone weekend bag. Over my grilled tomatoes and beans I confessed my lack of wardrobe and threw myself upon the mercy of Lady Harris. She was not particularly amused or upset.

“You’re about Percy’s size. I’m sure we can find you something,” was her only comment. After breakfast she put me in the care of a gentleman I can only assume was Lord Harris’s valet. I spent the remainder of the daylight hours trying on an endless array of His Lordship’s trousers, shirts, ties, stockings, braces, and shoes. What didn’t fit was duly and truly altered. By the time I had secured an entire ensemble I barely had time to bathe before the other guests (and Sir Francis) arrived.

It was 5:00 p.m. and the Harris house smelled like an Indian restaurant. I was famished. I’d had nothing to eat since breakfast (I was still being fitted for my trousers when lunch was served). Frieda (now that I was dressed properly I felt comfortable calling her “Frieda”) introduced me to the guests as they arrived, and obligingly rattled off a breathless summary of each one’s life and their connection with Crowley:

“This is Captain ... excuse me ... *Major General* Fuller. You and ‘old Crow’ had a bit of a falling out before the wars, didn’t you dear? Doesn’t matter now. We all did sooner or later. General Fuller edited and contributed to Aleister’s magazine, *The Equinox*, for time. He also wrote that glowing paean, “The Star in the West”... oh, yes ... and that marvellous “Treasure House of Images.” Quite a military mind too, aren’t you Charles? Invented that dreadful concept the Nasties would end up calling Blitzkrieg, and your ponderous tank warfare books, and all that unpleasantness. Hitler just loved you before

the war, didn't he darling? Only Englishman he ever praised in public. Invited you to his birthday party as I recall ... thank God you didn't go, old chum. You are so sweet to come tonight.

Aleister did love you. I know he did."

She went on like that about everyone she introduced. She had a photographic memory and a biting wit. She told the guests remarkably little about me, however—that is, until Sir Francis arrived. After greeting the old man with a kiss she grabbed my arm like a proud mother and introduced *me* to *him*:

"Francis, I would like you to meet Mr. Milo Harland who travelled all the way from Hollywood, California. He's a Ninth Degree member of our Lodge, in Pasadena and is in the movie business. He attended the Master's funeral yesterday and he's staying with us for a few days more. He's ..."

"Your wife sir! Is she well? When is she due?" The old man blurted the words out without shaking my hand. It was obvious he was hard of hearing. He shouted as if everyone else in the room was deaf also.

His question surprised me. How on earth did he know Jean was pregnant? We hadn't even told our families and friends yet.

"Yes sir, very well indeed. The baby is due in July." I didn't know why but I took curious pleasure in sharing this information with him.

“Do you know shorthand?” was his next question. At first I didn’t quite know what he meant by the word “shorthand.” After all, in this crowd, “shorthand” might be an esoteric code for some exotic act of sexual magick.

“Shorthand?” I awkwardly responded.

“Yes, boy! Shorthand. Do you know shorthand? Are you fast?” he bellowed.

I then realized that he actually was talking about shorthand dictation, a skill which I mastered years ago when I worked for Hal Roach.

“Why, yes sir—as fast as you can talk.”

“Good! You’ll need to be fast!” was his response. “Frieda! Where can this young man and I be alone for a day or so?”

I couldn’t believe what was happening. It was if he was reading my mind. I had barely spoken two words to the man. I hadn’t even asked him for an interview, and now he was arranging it all. It was a dream come true.

“You can use the library, Francis.” Lady Harris seemed as surprised as I at the old man’s request. “It’s quite warm and comfortable. We’ll settle you two in right after dinner.”

Dinner, I thought. *Thank the gods!* I was nearly fainting from hunger.

“No time for dinner, old dear!” he shouted. “I plan on dying on Friday. The boy and I can’t wait.”

Now there’s an announcement you don’t hear every day. I, of course, thought he was joking; and even had I taken his words seriously, the gravity of the statement was completely buried by my hunger. I panicked at the thought that I might actually miss the spicy dinner I smelled cooking all day. The other guests took the announcement of his prophesied death with a stunned silence.

Lady Harris started to speak, but the old man shut her up with a slight elevation of his left eyebrow. A moment later we were alone in the library—Sir Francis Bendick and my empty stomach.

He pulled his chair directly opposite mine and studied me for what seemed an eternity. I tried to study him right back. He didn’t look well. In fact, it appeared that the stiff texture of his formal attire was a suit of armour, an elegant black-and-white exoskeleton protecting a brilliant yet frail life form inside. Oddly enough, at the same time I’d never been in the presence of anyone who seemed more alive and vibrant. The room around him seemed softly illuminated by warm, indirect lighting that radiated from every pore of his exposed skin. I forgot my hunger. I felt satisfied and nourished by this man’s presence—fed on his light. This was magick, I thought. Real magick. Magick is not something you do; it is something you *are*.

He ignored my thought and began to speak.

“You think you want to produce a movie about Aleister Crowley, don’t you?”

I started to answer but he already knew the answer, and so continued.

“I believe you’re sincere. I believe you’re talented. I believe you can do it. I know for a fact, however, if you try to produce the film you *think* you want to make your project will fail miserably ... *you* will fail miserably. The world is not ready for this story, and it certainly cannot be told the way you *think* you want to tell it.

“Listen to me. I will be dead within the week. The handful of disciples in that dining room out there will grow old and die. Before the cock crows thrice most of them will deny the Master and try to get on with their lives. Aleister Crowley and his work will be nearly forgotten for the next twenty years or so. There’s nothing you or I can do about it.”

I was stunned—angry. These were the words of a depressed and bitter old man. I wasn’t going to let this old magician with no future tell me about mine ... I wasn’t going to tell him so, but that’s what I was thinking. He paused a moment and sat back in his chair. I squirmed a little when I realized he’d heard my thoughts.

“I know how the future will unfold. Crowley and I discussed it at great length ... discussed *you* at great length ... a

fortnight ago. Hear me Milo Harland. You *will* write a screenplay, a marvellous work. And I will help you write it. Tonight, and tomorrow, and tomorrow night, I will help you. It *will* be made into a feature film. It will be a modest financial success for nearly everyone involved in the project. But more importantly, it will endure; it will succeed in introducing the world to Aleister Crowley and the Master he became; succeed in capturing the spiritual imagination of those in every generation to follow ... those who are ready to hear it. It will become the wonder-story of a new era of human consciousness.

He sat back in his chair and smiled most warmly.

“However, neither you nor I will see the film made ... at least not in our present incarnations.”

That did it. I didn't care if this old fart *could* read my mind. I didn't care if he glowed like a roman candle. He's barking mad! I now only hoped I could at least scrape together a usable interview out of the old fool before he dropped dead. I cleared my throat and tried to sound like a movie producer.

“Yes. Well, be that as it may Sir Francis, I need to ask you a few questions about Crowley's life to help me get some facts straight. I want my work to be as historically accurate as possible.”

“You haven't heard a word I said, *Brother* Harland.”

This was the first time he addressed me as “Brother.” As we both were initiates of the Sovereign Sanctuary of Crowley's magical

fraternal order I was now obliged (by solemn oaths too terrible to repeat) to respect his entreaty and at least hear him out.

“This story is bigger than the life of just one man—even a man as big and as great as Aleister Crowley. This story can’t be told as a history because truth cannot be revealed in history. Objective reality is a very small reality. This story spans multiple lives, and dimensions, and centuries. It has to be told as a fairytale ... a myth ... because fairytales and myths are truer than history ... truer than objective reality! They endure. They outlive history.

He leaned forward and placed his hand on my knee and gently patted it.

“Please, Brother Harland. Fetch your pad and pencil and allow me to tell you a fairytale.

CHAPTER TWO

MOUNTAIN AND DESERT

I went upstairs and retrieved my briefcase. In it I had packed a dozen stenographer's pads, a box of No. 2 graphite pencils, and a pocket pencil sharpener. I returned to the library to find the chairs had been moved near the large wood-burning fireplace. The loveliest silver tea service I'd ever seen rested cheerfully on a nearby table.

Sir Francis was stooped near the fire tapping his pipe against end irons. I took off my dinner jacket (or I should say, Lord Harris's dinner jacket) and plopped down in the chair that afforded me the best light. I was looking for an ashtray for my pencil shavings when Sir Francis muttered, "The screen is black."

"Excuse me?" I asked.

"SILENCE!" he shouted. "THE SCREEN IS BLACK—SILENCE."

I felt like an idiot. I hadn't realized the dictation had already begun. I hurriedly scribbled down his words. In a moment they would come to life on the screen of my mind ... like magick. He continued as if he was merely describing what he saw.

[Screen caption fades in.]

In the Name of Initiation—Amen.

[Caption fades out. The screen is again black.]

Suddenly we are shocked by the deafening howl of a mighty wind. The blackness dissolves into the blinding whiteness of a blizzard. The camera pans the formless white to reveal a snow-covered mountain peak and other glacial features. We're in an exterior day shot of the Himalayas, K2, and the Baltoro Glacier.

[New words appear on the screen.]

Chogori (K2) Baltoro Glacier.

China India Border -1897

[Over the howling wind a narrator speaks in voice-over.]

.....

Voice-over? I hate voice-overs! I had to interrupt.

“Sir Francis, must we use voice-overs? They're so corny and old fashioned. None of my films have ever used—”

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“I hear you Brother Harland. I dislike them also. But I’ve my reasons. Please. I promise. We’ll use the narrator very sparingly and only in these opening scenes. Trust me. They will help the film endure. Where was I? Oh yes...”

[Over the howling wind a narrator speaks in voice-over.]

“In the beginning was Initiation.”

[Camera now focuses on a narrow and fragile-looking bridge of ice that spans a nightmarishly deep crevice. Again the voice-over.]

“In every age and culture is to be found a system of ordeals and training whereby one is raised from mortality to immortality.

“Each of us must overcome our own obstacles, expose our own illusions.

“Yet others may assist us to do both.

“They can ensure that we are duly tried and tested.

“But beware brave pilgrim, there are many who think themselves to be masters who are not.”

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Coming out of the roar of the wind we hear a man shouting.

“Are you alright? Come on! Hurry! One at a time!”

[Close up of the face of ALEISTER CROWLEY.]

His thick beard and moustache are covered with frost and ice. The skin of his face is sunburned. His lips are blistered. He squints his eyes against the wind. His head is covered by a thick parka hood lined with ice-caked fur.

“Come on! It held me!”

He is standing on one side of the ice bridge. Two native porters are on the other. The porters are afraid. They cling to each other to keep from being blown over. One of them cautiously starts to cross. He reaches about a quarter of the way.

[Camera’s point of view is now from above. We are thrilled with a vertigo-inducing shot of the bottomless chasm beneath him.]

A deafening gust of wind nearly blows the porter off the bridge. He teeters off balance. His companion moves to save him from falling. Crowley shouts:

“No! No! One at a time you bloody idiots! Get back! Get back!”

The bridge starts to collapse. First a large chunk of snow from the middle crumbles and falls. The companion scrambles to return to the far side. He jumps and manages to clutch the edge with his arms. He dangles for an instant, clinging to the crumbling ice. He screams pitifully ... then falls. The man on the bridge attempts to leap over the breach towards Crowley's side of the chasm. Crowley reaches for him, holding out his pick axe. The porter grasps the head of Crowley's axe. Then, the ice collapses under his feet. Crowley doesn't let go. He is pulled off his feet by the man's weight.

Crowley is now on his stomach, his head and arms dangling over the edge. The porter is still desperately holding on to the axe head. For a moment it appears that Crowley will be able to pull the man to safety, but the man is flailing his legs so wildly that Crowley cannot secure himself.

"Don't struggle. I've got you!" Crowley desperately digs the toes of his boots into the snow, but is pulled toward the edge by the man's weight. Neither man will let go. Crowley tries to dig his boots in again but it is no use. He is dragged over the edge and both men fall.

Crowley has kicked up so much snow that we cannot see the details of their fall. We hear only the sound of the porter's fading screams, then the heavy slam of a body against ice ... it is Crowley's. He has landed upon a narrow ledge jutting out about

ten feet down the side chasm wall. His head has slammed hard against the ice.

He has been knocked almost unconscious. We see his face in close up. Blood trickles from his mouth and nose. His eyes are partially open and he hallucinates that the swirling snow and ice flakes have become a swirling cloud of dust and sand. The cloud turns into a miniature tornado ... a small desert “dust devil.” He furrows his eyebrows in confusion as he hears the soft, rhythmic tinkling of tiny bells such as are worn by camels. He closes his eyes.

[Fade out to black.]

[Fade in to a wide panoramic shot of an endless sea of massive sand dunes. It is sunset, and the sky is a brilliant orange-red.]

[Screen caption fades in.]

Egyptian Sahara – 1505

Crowley has assumed the character of ABRAHAM THE JEW, a young German mystic. He is dressed as a native, and rides his camel towards an enormous sand dune. The sun has just set behind the dune and the sky is aflame. The hypnotic rhythm of the camel’s gate has nearly put Abraham to sleep. He is startled awake when the beast suddenly stops.

In the fading light, four figures materialize at the top of the dune. Even in silhouette they are bizarre and frightful. Their heads and limbs appear to be those of beasts and insects. One of the figures radiates heat-waves as if it were on fire. They are demons.

He quickly dismounts the camel and from a long leather quiver pulls out what appears to be a walking stick. He thrusts the rod into the smooth sand. He looks up at the approaching monsters and shouts at the top of his lungs:

“Ol sonf vors g, goho Iad balt!”

He drags the buried wand to his left and continues around until he has surrounded himself in a large circle. While he is creating this circle he continues shout magick words:

“Sobra zol ror ita mazpsad, graa ta malprg!”

The demons now surround him. He positions himself in the centre of the circle, lifts his wand above his head and shouts,

“Ah-tay!”

With the wand he touches his feet.

“Malkuth!”

A brilliant blue beam of light descends from the sky directly above Abraham and penetrates him from head to foot. He touches his right shoulder with the tip of his wand and speaks very clearly,

“Ve-gay-boo-rah!”

He touches his left shoulder with the tip of his wand, and says,

“Ve-gay-doo-lah!”

A brilliant blue beam of light flashes horizontally from his right side and pierces completely through his upper body. He is now completely enveloped in a cross of blue light. He clasps both hands around the wand and holds it to his breast and says in most reverent tones,

“Lay-oh-lam. Amen.”

He points his wand at the demon standing directly in front of him and draws a large Pentagram star of flaming blue light which remains suspended in the air between him and the demon. He thrusts his wand into centre of the star and shouts,

“Ah-mah-sha-oh!”

The demon shrieks and freezes in mid-motion.

Abraham turns to his right and points his wand at the second demon. He draws another star of light which also remains suspended in the air. He shouts,

“Ah-doe-nah-eee!”

This demon laughs and ignores the magick of the Pentagram. The demon opens its jaws to reveal a tongue of fire which flashes from its mouth and momentarily sets the tip of Abraham’s wand on fire. Keeping his now-flaming wand at eye level, Abraham quickly turns to the third demon and draws another star. This time he shouts,

“Ah-eh-yah!”

The third demon giggles obscenely. It has webbed hands, and uses them to deflect Abraham’s magick.

Abraham now turns to the fourth and most hideous spirit. Its head is that of a prehistoric bull but it has the eyes and mandibles of an enormous insect. Abraham struggles to draw a Pentagram in its face.

Abraham’s voice cracks as he shouts,

“Ahg- la!”

The demon makes no sound, but stomps its deformed hoof upon the sand, causing a violent earthquake that sends Abraham to his knees.

A whirlwind descends upon Abraham with an ear-piercing whistle and obliterates the circle of sand. The blazing Pentagram stars, like leaves in a wind, are whirled up and completely disappear into the vortex. Then, as fast as it appeared, the funnel cloud vanishes, leaving a terrified Abraham on his knees in the sand shielding his eyes with his hands. He gets to his feet and turns completely around several times.

In wonder he watches the demons transform into human forms—images of four elegantly-clad warriors of breathtaking beauty. In perfect order they approach Abraham and flank him as a ceremonial guard. They escort him over the top of the dune and down the other side.

[The camera rises over the backs of Abraham and the warrior spirits.]

What we see now is the model of paradise—ancient, towering date palm trees outlining a large, irregularly shaped pool of rippling water. It reflects the blood-red rays of the fading sunset. To the right of the pool, sheltered by palm and rose trees, stands a small but richly appointed tent illuminated from within.

An old man stands at the door of the tent, flanked by what at first appears to be two children.

Abraham and his demon escort stop a few yards from the pool. He gazes for a moment at the scene, then proceeds to brush off the dust of his travel and ordeals. When he again looks up he discovers his escort has disappeared. He catches a glimpse of four large insects scurrying into the grass near the pool.

We now get a closer look at the old man. He is rather short. His light robe is belted with a living serpent. His long gray beard is immaculately braided in seven braids. The two servants at his side are not children, but miniature adults, with fine features and warm pink complexions.

Abraham approaches the tent, and then stands directly in front of the old man. He bows and makes the customary gestures expected from a guest. The servants offer him the customary bread and salt. After Abraham eats, the old man parts the veil of the tent door and gestures for Abraham to enter.

[Fade out to black. Then fade in to the interior of the tent.]

The interior walls of the tent are decorated to give the illusion of a starry night in the desert. Abraham and the old man are seated upon a beautiful carpet which magically hovers several feet off the floor. They each hold a cup of wine. Their conversation takes place at first in Ancient Egyptian, with subtitles. The old man begins:

“You call yourself Abraham ben Simion, from Worms, a city in Germania.”

“That is correct, sir. How did—”

“Words are spirits, Abraham of Worms. Chose them wisely. They can serve you or eat your soul.”

Abraham respectfully tries to come to the point of his visit.

“I have travelled for three years in order to ...”

The old man raises his hand to hush Abraham. “No, boy! You have travelled farther than that.”

“I am sure you are mistaken, sir. I left Germania in the spring of fourteen hundred and two as the Christians reckon. It is now—”

“It is *always* NOW! You’ve travelled three years from the past and four hundred years from the future.”

“Forgive me sir, I ...”

“You seek ABRAMELIN the MAGICIAN. Well ... you have found me.”

Abraham is visibly relieved. “I want to learn the Sacred Magick.”

Abramelin lifts his cup and takes a healthy swallow of wine. “That I cannot teach you. Someone else must do that.”

“Someone else? Who?”

“Someone you’ve not yet met. You.”

“I don’t understand.” Abraham squirms a bit, causing a wave that disturbs the serenity of the floating carpet.

“Nor will you ever understand!” Abramelin says coldly.

“Then, Master, what must I do?”

The old man stops the undulations of the carpet with a wave of his hand.

“Ask not what you must *do*, boy ... but *who* you must *become*.”

Young Abraham is visibly frustrated and confused.

“Master, I am most sincere. I would use the Magick only for good.”

At these words Abramelin laughs so loud that the serpent that serves as his belt is disturbed and momentarily releases its tail from its mouth and circles the old man’s waist before once again reattaching itself.

“Good? You would use the Magick only for *good* would you?” He leans over and raps his knuckles on Abraham’s

forehead as if knocking on a door. “My young friend, you are not yet awake enough to know when you are doing *good* and when you are doing *evil*.”

Abramelin sits back and chuckles as he drains his cup. Abraham silently empties his. He looks confused and dejected. He stares into his empty cup. Taking pity on the young man, Abramelin reaches his hand over and flicks the cup lightly with his fingernail. The cup miraculously fills with wine.

[The camera is looking now from young Abraham’s point of view, and Abramelin is looking directly at us as we slowly move in toward the old man’s eyes.]

Abramelin’s voice becomes soft and hypnotic ...

“Milo. Milo? Are you still taking this down? Milo!”

I guess I must have looked like I had fallen asleep with my eyes open. I was totally absorbed in the story.

“Yes. Yes. Forgive me Sir Francis. I was drifting a bit. Perhaps I need a swallow of tea. I believe I’ve got it all ... ‘... soft and hypnotic.’ But when will we get back to Crowley?”

“I’ll pretend I didn’t hear that. Look sharp, boy! This is an important scene. Where are we? Right! Abraham the Jew and Abramelin the Magician are sitting on a floating carpet and

drinking wine in Abramelin's tent. Abraham wants the old man to teach him the Sacred Magick and Abramelin is being very vague and inscrutable. Ah yes ... Abramelin's big speech. Alright ... his voice is soft and hypnotic ..."

.....

"Hear me, Abraham of Worms. Half your soul is asleep and dreams it is a man. The other half is awake and dreams it is a God. Awake, boy! Unite your soul. Only then will you be a magician—and when you are a magician everything you do is magick."

Abraham looks deep into his wine cup and seems hypnotized by the reflection of his own eyes. Without looking up he asks,

"And what do you call this 'real me' who is awake?"

Abramelin whispers his answer. "It will tell you its name."

[A more perfect and radiant image of Abraham's face is now reflected in the wine cup, giving us the impression of an angelic, glorious, and perfected Abraham trying to meld with the dull, mortal Abraham.]

The old man adds, "Until then, think of it as your Holy Guardian Angel—for that is indeed who it is."

Abraham looks up from the vision in his cup and gazes into the wise and radiant face of Abramelin the Magician.

“Master, if you will not teach me the Sacred Magick, then I pray you ... teach me to awaken.”

As Abraham speaks, the entire set, the tent, trees, the oasis spring, everything, dissolves into thin air. The two men are alone under the star-filled desert sky. Nothing remains but the carpet they are sitting on, which is now hovering about three feet above the sand. Abramelin smiles and says matter-of-factly,

“Right! Then, let us begin.”

Suddenly the carpet disappears. Abramelin remains seated, suspended in the air. Abraham falls painfully to the ground, creating a small cloud of dust that transforms into swirling snow and ice flakes shot against the backdrop of the black abyss of the crevice of ice.

We are back on the Baltoro Glacier with Crowley lying semiconscious on the ice ledge. He hallucinates that he hears the voice of Abramelin. It simply says,

“AWAKE, BOY!”

Crowley opens his eyes wide. Forgetful of his situation he rolls onto his side, only to find that he is inches from a bottomless chasm. He remembers where he is.

[Fade out to white.]

CHAPTER THREE

MOUNTAIN GOD

When we fade back in we find ourselves at the Base Camp of the K2 climbing party. The camp is simply a tattered, nondescript expedition flag surrounded by half a dozen tiny tents partially sheltered by an overhanging rock. It is snowing lightly and there is little wind.

CLIVE HARPER (27), a British member of the party, is arguing with the leader of the native porters. They are shouting, and some of the porters are waving their pick axes. They suddenly fall silent and turn their attention to something happening behind Harper. Harper turns to see Crowley trudging toward them. He runs to greet Crowley and talk to him while they are still out of earshot of the natives.

Crowley stares silently at the porters as Harper speaks.

“Crowley! Thank God you’re back man. Look, things have gotten a bit sticky here. The porters say they are not going on. The tall fellow is demanding we pay them now and return. He said something about a mountain god eating us all. Look old man, I overheard two of them boasting how they mutinied and killed the Gunter party two springs ago. I swear old boy ... I had no idea I was hiring murderers ...”

Harper looks behind Crowley, and for the first time is aware that the two porters have not accompanied Crowley back to base camp. Nonchalantly he asks,

“Where are your boys? Maybe they can calm these buggers down.”

Crowley continues to stare intently at the assembled porters.

“The Mountain God ate them.”

Harper is visibly terrified. “Dear God. They’ll kill us for sure.”

Crowley pushes past Harper and goes to his tent, unloads his pack, and retrieves something from inside. He then marches straight to the ringleader (a huge Asian with face wrinkles as deep as glacier crevices. His nose is black from repeated frost-bites. He is missing most of his front teeth). Crowley stands nose to (black) nose with the giant. He speaks loudly in Burushaski (with subtitles).

“Eat and rest. We stay here tonight. Tomorrow we climb.”

The head porter is not intimidated. He looks beyond Crowley. “Where Anil and Shamar are?”

With lightning speed Crowley pulls the revolver from his coat and jams the barrel in the porter’s left ear. The man freezes. The others gasp and begin to advance. But Crowley

laughs and flashes a mad and hideously grotesque smile at them. They fall back. Crowley laughs insanely.

“I ... am the Mountain God!”

One porter gasps at this blasphemy. The others remain silent.

“I was hungry!”

With his thumb, he draws back the hammer of the revolver. He sticks his tongue out like an Asian demon. He laughs shrilly, almost like a madwoman, then leans in and licks the face of the petrified porter. He rolls his tongue in his mouth like he enjoys the taste. “Ummmmmm!”

He makes eye contact with each of the terrified natives.

“Who would deny the Mountain God his supper?”

The head porter shakes uncontrollably. Piss runs out his pant-leg over his boots and onto the snow. The others stand still as statues.

Harper mutters under his breath.

“Oh dear God! Oh dear God! Oh dear, dear!”

Crowley laughs again and shouts, “I ate Anil and Shamar!”

There is complete silence in the camp. We hear only the sound of the expedition flag flapping in the wind.

“And now I am satisfied!” He uncocks his revolver and pulls it from the porter’s ear.

“Now *you* eat. Tomorrow we climb!”

“Alright, Milo. We’ll fade to white against the snowy features of the base camp here. Let’s take a short break and make a brief appearance at Frieda’s party. Some of the guests will be leaving soon, and this will be the last chance for them to see me alive.”

“I wish you wouldn’t talk like that Sir Francis. I’ll wager you have many good years left in you,” I said politely as I put my dinner jacket back on. I didn’t wait for a response. I was out the library door and on a desperate quest for lamb vindaloo. I succeeded in my quest. I also succeeded in dropping a particularly large dollop of chutney on the front of Lord Harris’s lovely white shirt. I was attempting to dilute the stain with cold water when Sir Francis dragged me back into the library. I would not get another break until well after daybreak. But I have to admit: the story was worth losing sleep over.

CHAPTER FOUR
THE BOOK OF THE SACRED MAGICK

[Exterior night shot of the Bibliotheque de l'Arsenal.]

[New words appear on the screen.]

Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal
Paris –1887

[Interior night shot of the library's front desk area.]

A man and a woman approach the desk to speak to the librarian. They are:

MACGREGOR MATHERS (37). He is clean-shaven except for a thick moustache. He's tall, angular, and extremely pale; and his wife, MOINA MATHERS (32). She is dark, shapely, and coldly beautiful.

The pair approach arm-in-arm the immense and lavishly carved front desk of the library. Mathers is dressed in a conservative black suit that is almost too small for him. He carries a leather portfolio. Moina is also dressed in black, her blouse buttoned to the neck, her skirt belted and cinched neatly at her corset-pinched waist.

Moina hands the library clerk a card. The conversation at first takes place in French with subtitles. Moina speaks first.

“I am Moina Mathers; this is my husband, MacGregor Mathers, curator of the Horniman Museum in London. We have arranged with Monsieur Babar to translate one of your books.”

The clerk does not look up from his paperwork. “And what book would that be Madame?”

“Number 1717, folio 93, manuscript 418. *The Book of the Sacred Magick of Abramelin the Mage.*”

The clerk stops his paperwork and looks up. “Excuse me Madame. What book did you say?”

MacGregor impatiently pushes his wife aside, and says in English, “See here young man, we have an appointment with Monsieur Babar, and I don’t see—”

“Thank you, Claude. You may go.”

Mathers is interrupted by MAURICE BABAR (55), who if not for his somewhat ruffled appearance would look disturbingly like Agatha Christie’s Hercule Poirot. He has a white napkin still tucked under his collar as if his supper has been interrupted. Dabbing his lips with his napkin, he dismisses the clerk. He continues the conversation in English.

“Monsieur, you are late. You were to see me directly.” His words are firm but pleasant. He eyes Moina and smiles most French-ly. “I do not believe I’ve had the pleasure.”

Mathers doesn't hide his impatience or his irritation. "Monsieur Babar, allow me to introduce my wife, Madame Moina Mathers. She is intimately familiar with this project."

"A singular pleasure, Madame." Babar pulls Moina's outstretched hand to his lips.

There is something subtly repulsive about Moina's hand. Babar's face reacts with revulsion. He allows her hand to slip from his grasp.

"You will show us to the book now, Monsieur Babar?" Moina's tone is cold and businesslike.

Babar drops all pretence of charm. "You will follow me. Please remain silent."

Babar leads the two quietly down a nearby staircase. As they descend several floors their visible breath tells us it is becoming unnaturally cold. Eventually they descend to a chamber that appears to be dedicated to one extraordinary piece of furniture.

It is a large wooden cabinet, about eight feet tall and eight feet wide. Its double doors are trimmed with magical hieroglyphs. It is crowned by a large wooden carving of a double-headed eagle. Its wings are spread to encompass the entire width of the cabinet.

Babar reaches into the watch pocket of his vest and removes a plain silver chain, which he dangles in front of his

body as he approaches the cabinet. As the chain swings he whispers,

“At the ending of the light—At the limits of the night—
We stand before the unborn ones of time.”

As Babar recites the words a key materializes at the end of the chain. It is wondrously reflective, as if it were made of quicksilver. He inserts the key and solemnly opens the doors revealing two mirrors that completely cover the inside surface of the doors. The doors lock into place so that the mirrors face each other perfectly.

He stands aside to let Mathers and Moina see the contents of the cabinet. At first there is nothing but darkness. Then four tiny flames appear and grow from what appear to be four candles inside the cabinet. The open doors transform the cabinet into a shrine. The four candles flank what appears to be the *Book of the Sacred Magick of Abramelin the Mage*. It is closed and lies flat on its back. It is a large brown leather-and-wood tome not unlike a thousand others of its provenance.

On closer inspection this scene is an illusion created by a mirror at the back of the cabinet. There are really only *two* candles and their reflections. Also, we are only seeing the *lower half* of the actual book (its reflection gives us the appearance of an entire book). If there is an upper half to the book it exists on the *other side* of the mirror.

Babar stands back and gazes upon the book with reverence, then finishes his chant.

“For between the darkness and the light it rests.”

He then turns to Mathers and tells him, “Remove the book... if you can.”

Mathers approaches the cabinet and cautiously reaches his hands forward toward the book.

A side-angle camera shot of the two mirrors facing each other will give us the “barber shop infinity effect” of hundreds of pairs of hands reaching toward the book.

Mather’s hands hover above the book, but he hesitates to touch it.

A close-up of the book with the mirror in back of it gives the illusion of four hands reaching for the one book.

Moina is impatient. She stamps her foot. “Damn it MacGregor! Pick it up!”

Mathers is frozen in place. Moina pushes him aside and seizes the book herself. The book slips through the mirror to her side, leaving no trace of an opening in the mirror. She looks at the book for a moment. It appears she is about to open it. Instead, she reluctantly hands it to her husband. There is a moment of complete silence.

Mathers nervously clears his throat and mutters, “Right! To work now.”

Book in hand, he turns to Moina and smiles. He starts to move toward an empty work table, but Babar stops him.

“Wait! Before you start your translation, there is something you must know.” He takes the book back from Mathers who is visibly reluctant to let go of it. Moina is incensed and sinks her fingernails into Babar’s wrists.

“Give it ...” she hisses through gritted teeth.

Babar freezes in shock, but then, despite the obvious pain in his wrists, glowers at Moina. She releases her grip. He looks reproaching at Mathers who begins to apologize.

“You will please excuse my wife’s enthusiasm. We are very anxious to begin the translation.”

“Precisely why you must hear what I have to say.”

Babar places the book on the work table and lights a lamp and moves it close. He opens the book.

“This is perhaps the most dangerous book ever written. The first section is holy. It instructs the magician how to become pure enough to wed the Angel.”

He flips large sections of pages until he reaches midway through the book. We see images of magical squares of various sizes filled with Hebrew letters.

“The second section is evil, and filled with magick squares and directions for using them to do anything you want. Anything!”

The seriousness of Babar's attitude makes Mathers uncomfortable. Moina is unmoved.

"No one must use the squares until they've wed the Angel. I fear it may be unsafe for you to even copy them."

"Don't be absurd!" Moina dismissively waves her hand.

Babar rises nose to nose with Moina. "Until you and the Angel are one, you won't know what is or is not in your best interests! You won't know good from evil!"

Moina reaches past Babar and slams the book shut.

"This is nonsense, Monsieur. You cannot possibly know the level of our initiation."

"Indeed?" Babar seems almost amused.

Mathers steps between the two. "If you have such dire misgivings, Monsieur, why are you allowing us access to the text?"

Babar pauses, stand erect, and tugs the bottom hem of his vest. "The decision was not mine alone. You hold great promise, Monsieur. How I know this I cannot say."

Moina breaks the silence that followed Babar's curious words. "Very well, as you have already agreed, we ... I mean ... my husband has ten days to complete the translation."

Babar looks each of them square in the eye then withdraws to the stairs.

"Then begin. The book must not leave this room. My staff is at your service. But remember my words. The book has

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been in my care since the death of my predecessor ... and his family.”

[Scene closes with a close-up of Mather’s face before we fade to black.]

CHAPTER FIVE
GODS OF CENTRAL LONDON

[Exterior night shot of the British Museum.]

[New words appear on the screen.]

British Museum
London—Six months later.

[Interior shot of the museum in the Egyptian Hall.]

It is very late. The museum is closed. Mathers and Moina are together. They are surrounded by colossal statues of the Egyptian gods. Mathers is seated on the floor in front of an exhibit of funeral stones, copying hieroglyphics into his notebook. Moina stands in front of an easel. She is painting a portrait of the goddess Isis. Something is troubling her. She throws her brush in her paint rag.

“Use it!” she says.

Mathers looks up from his work. “No. Not yet.”

“Do you want to be an assistant curator the rest of your life?”

“I haven’t finished the first part of the operation. The Angel ...”

Moina picks up her rag and wipes her hand. “That’s nonsense. Use it. Use it tonight.” She removes a vellum-bound book from her painting things and throws it at Mathers’s feet.

“You translated it. Now use it. Use it or I’m leaving you. Mathers throws his pencil down. “What do you want?”

Moina gestures to the statues that surround them. “I want us to live as gods.”

Mathers picks up the book and slowly opens it to the back pages. He looks up at Moina, who has now put on her most sweetly appealing face.

“You always said I was your angel.”

Mathers carefully tears a magick square from the book. He folds it and puts it in his shirt pocket. Immediately we are startled by the thundering sound of the huge museum doors slamming shut, followed by the echoing of approaching footsteps.

Shortly we hear a voice echoing in the cavernous hall, “Mathers! Mathers! Might I have a word with you?”

They turn to see DR. WYNN WESTCOTT (58), impeccably dressed in a black suit and bow tie. His thick silver hair gives him an air of distinction. He clutches a portfolio of papers.

Mathers is completely surprised but appears pleased.

“Dr. Westcott. Of course. Good evening.”

“I hope I’m not disturbing your work.” Westcott knows very well that he is.

“Not at all, Doctor. Allow me to introduce Mrs. Mathers. Moina, I have the honour of introducing you to Dr. Wynn Westcott, the—”

“Greatest occult mind in England,” Moina finishes. “An honour, Dr. Westcott.”

“I believe, Mrs. Mathers, your husband may deserve that title more than I. That’s why I’m here. Mathers, I’d like you to look at something.” Westcott pulls one sheet from the portfolio and hands it to Mathers. He holds it near the lamp. Moina leans in to look.

Mathers seems genuinely interested. “Where did this come from?”

“Reverend Woodford found it in the library of a late Brother.” Westcott turns to Moina and smiles paternally. “We Freemasons often have the most interesting libraries.”

Mathers identifies the script as “a polygraphic cipher” and begins to speculate out loud, but Moina slips the paper from her husband’s hand.

“Dr. Westcott, could you please leave the entire manuscript with us for a few days?”

Westcott pauses thoughtfully, and then seems happy to part with the papers. He hands over the entire portfolio.

“Certainly. Of course. Have a good look then. Tell us what you think. Right then. I’ll let you two get on with your work. I should get to bed. I’ve got three autopsies in the morning. Not that my patients would mind if I were late. Good night.”

Mathers and Moina silently watch Westcott exit. When he is out of earshot, Mathers confronts Moina.

“Why on earth—”

“It’s the magick! Don’t you see? All you had to do was tear out the square and the greatest occultist in England—in the world perhaps—just strolls in and hands you ...”

“Hands me what? It’s probably just scraps of a ritual from one of a hundred German magical fraternities.”

“It’s a sign, darling ... a sign from the gods!” She picks up the portfolio and carries it to the larger-than-life black basalt statue of the hawk-headed god Horus. She lays it open at its feet. She walks back to Mathers, tracing her steps on the polished marble floor like the ceremonial stride of an ancient priestess. She kisses her husband.

“You once told me I was the other half of your soul.” She lifts the folded magick square from his shirt pocket. “Let the gods decide our worthiness to join them.”

She hands Mathers the square. He unfolds it and stares at it for a moment. He then approaches the statue of Horus and stuffs the square into the outstretched hand of the god.

Suddenly the hall fills with a bright warm light. The statue transforms from black stone into natural living colours. As the camera spins around Mathers and the now-living statue, we see that all the statues of the Egyptian gods have also come to life.

“You see! You see?” Moina is ecstatic.

Mathers is not so enthusiastic. He stutters in the face of the god, “I ... I want to be worthy.”

The god slowly turns its hawk head to acknowledge the presence of all the other gods in the room. He then violently jams his hand into Mathers's chest. Mathers screams in pain and horror yet somehow remains standing as the god rips his heart from his body.

The living stature of the ibis-headed god Thoth approaches, carrying a set of balances. Horus places Mathers's still-beating heart on one of the scale pans. Thoth places an ostrich feather on the other. The scales balance perfectly. The room fills with a blinding light.

Silhouetted against the light we see, in profile, an Egyptian god seated on a throne. A goddess approaches from behind with the Crown of Osiris in her hands. She places it on the head of the seated god.

[Close-up of the face of the goddess reveals it is Moina.]

[Close-up of the face of the god reveals it is Mathers.]

[Off screen we hear the sounds of a chisel being pounded against metal.]

The image of the face of the god-Mathers slowly morphs into the face of a sculpted stone angel.

CHAPTER SIX
WE'RE ALL IN THE GUTTER ...
BUT SOME OF US ARE LOOKING AT THE STARS

[Exterior night shot of the Pere-Lachaise Cemetery.]

[New words appear on the screen.]

Pere-Lachaise Cemetery

Paris

Twelve years later.

[Close-up of a brass plaque. Nothing is written on it.]

A brass plaque has been attached to conceal the genitals of the statue of the sculpted angel that adorns the tomb of Oscar Wilde. A labourer, with hammer and chisel, is in the process of removing it. A clean-shaven Aleister Crowley (wearing a cape) stands behind the labourer. It is late at night and they are alone in the cemetery.

[The camera pans down to the words engraved upon the monument.]

And alien tears will fill for him,

Pity's long broken urn,
For his mourners will be outcast men,
And outcasts always mourn.

Crowley is talking to the hired labourer, but it is obvious the man does not understand a word of English.

“Here lies Oscar Wilde, *mon amie*. Until I was born, he was the world's greatest wit.”

The labourer looks back for a moment at Crowley and grunts. He returns to his work. As the *chink-chink* of the chisel continues, Crowley begins to talk to the tomb.

“The toast of the literary world; crushed to death for loving the love that dare not speak its name.”

As Crowley continues we see a close-up of the plaque as it is about to come off, revealing the angel's penis and testes.

“Even the good people of Paris think they can cover the shame of the world.”

With the last few *chink-chinks* the plaque falls off, exposing the stone genitals. The labourer hands the plaque to Crowley. Crowley gives him a few coins. The man runs away into the night. Crowley looks at the plaque, and then looks up at the face of the stone angel.

“Yes, Oscar. We are all in the gutter ... but some of us *are* looking at the stars.”

He flips the plaque over in his hands and smiles. "I know just the person to present this to."

The brass plaque morphs into the large brass plaque displaying the words CAFÉ ROYAL. It is mounted on a brick façade of a fashionable building in London.

[Exterior night shot of Café Royal.]

The café is brightly lit. People in evening dress (gentlemen in top hats, white gloves, canes, etc.) are strolling in front of the café. Carriages pick up and drop off their fares ... clip-clop and all that.

[Interior night shot of Café Royal.]

At a conspicuous table sits JACOB EPSTEIN (55) and a male dining companion. Both are dressed in evening attire and seem to be enjoying an after-dinner cognac and conversation. Epstein's companion seems a bit upset.

"My God, Jacob! They can't do that to you. It is an insult. You are one of the most celebrated sculptors in the world."

"They didn't do it to me," Epstein laughs. "They did it to my angel on Oscar Wilde's tomb. A committee of some sort deemed it too indecent. What can I do? I've already been paid."

There is the sound of commotion near the door of the cafe. Nearly every head turns to see Aleister Crowley sweep into the room. He is wrapped in a hooded cape of deep purple. It flows dramatically behind him. Crowley approaches Epstein's table and stops directly in front of him. Crowley's eyes are frighteningly mad with excitement.

“Mr. Epstein?”

The dining room falls silent as all eyes turn to Crowley. He loves it.

“Mr. Epstein, I have just returned from Paris with a gift for you.”

Crowley parts his cape.

[Viewed from the back we see nothing but the open cape. From Epstein's point of view, we see that Crowley is completely nude except for shoes, stockings (with suspenders) and the brass plaque from Oscar Wilde's tomb tied round his waist and dangling strategically over his genitals exactly as it once did on Epstein's sculpture.]

Epstein is at first mortified, but when he stops to read the plaque he breaks into a broad smile. Joining in the fun, he pulls the bow of the ribbon, releases the plaque and catches it.

[Shot from the back we assume Crowley is now completely uncovered.]

He keeps his cape open for what seems an uncomfortably long time. Epstein stands and offers a slight but elegant nod of appreciation.

“Why ... thank you very much. Thank you very much indeed.” He glances for a moment at Crowley’s nakedness, then smiles warmly. “You’ll forgive me if I don’t offer you my hand.”

Crowley dramatically closes his cape, whirls around, and then exits towards the back of the cafe—his cape flowing flamboyantly behind him. Everyone in the room begins to talk at once.

Epstein sits back down and is immediately accosted by his dinner companion.

“My God, Jacob! Who the devil ...?”

“Who the devil ... indeed. That’s my friend Aleister Crowley. He’s quite a good poet and an excellent mountaineer.”

Epstein looks at the plaque and smiles.

“He also fancies himself something of a black magician. I believe he thought he was being invisible again.”

CHAPTER SEVEN
I'M DOING NOTHING.
IT'S DIFFICULT.

[Exterior night shot of a side alley next to Café Royal.]

Crowley emerges from the alley with his cape still wrapped around himself. He turns to his left and strides confidently down the sidewalk. A horse-drawn cab pulls up a few yards ahead of him. The driver dismounts, opens the door, and takes off his hat, indicating to Crowley that he is opening the door for him. Crowley pauses for just a moment, then with a smile approaches the entrance to the cab.

Inside is MRS. HORATIO (33), a stunningly beautiful woman in her mid-thirties. She is impeccably dressed; her thick dark hair is up and tucked fashionably under an extravagantly saucy hat. She holds a book of poetry in her gloved hands.

“Sir Francis, it’s past midnight. I really need to use the loo. Can we break and get a little snack and some coffee perhaps?” I had been scribbling like a madman for hours—straight through the evening since my all-too-brief rendezvous with the lamb vindaloo.

Sir Francis reluctantly agreed to a break, and I shot out the door and up the stairs to the toilet. After doing the necessary, I washed my hands and face and took a good look in the mirror at my bloodshot eyes. I'll never look at mirrors quite the same again. I wonder if that really happened or if it was just part of the "fairytale."

I returned to the library to find Sir Francis pouring two cups of coffee and directing me with his chin to a plate of cold meats, bread, and cheese on another table. I threw together a chilled beef and cheddar sandwich and wolfed it down while warming the backs of my legs next to the fireplace.

Bendick was anxious to return to dictation, but I was curious about a couple of things in this Crowley fairytale of his. I was aware of Crowley's mountain climbing adventures, and the importance of the *Book of the Sacred Magick of Abramelin the Mage*; I even knew the story of him nicking the plaque from Oscar Wilde's tombstone angel. But who was this Mrs. Horatio? I'd never heard her name before. I had to ask ... so I did.

His answer didn't make any sense to me at all. He simply said, "Oh, Mrs. H. wears many hats."

"Thanks a lot," I mumbled under my breath as I sharpened my pencil and settled back in my chair.

"Ready when you are, Sir Francis."

Mrs. H. taps the cover of the book of poetry in her hand and says,

“I’ve just been reading your newest book of verses. Very ... *stimulating*. I must complement the poet. You’ve yet to disappoint me Mr. Crowley.”

“My dear Mrs. Horatio. Good evening. As always, you are abundantly charitable. And to what do I owe the pleasure?”

“*Owe* the pleasure? Or “*Oh! the pleasure!*” I do enjoy how you play with words, my poet. You know ... I’ve been following you.”

Crowley is enjoying the conversation. “Indeed?”

Mrs. H. slides over a bit in her seat. “May I offer you a ride?”

“Delighted, as always.” He smiles and gets into the cab.

The driver closes the door and quickly retakes his seat. The carriage moves on.

[Interior night shot inside the carriage.]

Without a word, Mrs. H. grabs Crowley’s head and kisses him passionately. Afterwards, she reluctantly releases her grip.

Crowley gently wipes a bit of saliva from her lower lip with his fingertips.

“And how is Colonel Horatio this evening?”

“Rather ask me *where* is Colonel Horatio. Back to India, the poor dear.”

“How patriotic.” Crowley sounds as if he half means it.

He then opens half his cape to show Mrs. H. his lack of attire. She looks lasciviously delighted.

“Hail Britannia!” he sings as he throws the purple cape around Mrs. H. and himself.

[Fade out to purple.]

[Fade in to an interior night shot of the bedroom of Mrs. Horatio.]

Crowley’s cape is wrapped loosely around Mrs. H. as she sits up in her bed. It is obvious from the condition of the bed that Crowley and Mrs. H. have recently had a wild romp. She is sitting up in bed wrapped in Crowley’s purple cape trying to light an opium pipe. Crowley is seated on the floor in a full lotus yoga posture. His eyes are closed. He would look every inch a proper Buddha except he is wearing Mrs. H.’s feather-trimmed dressing gown, her saucy hat and a string of her pearls. She puts a long match to her pipe and coughs a thick cloud of smoke.

“What on earth do you think you are doing?”

Crowley opens one eye, then closes it.

“I’m doing nothing. It’s very difficult.”

She puts another match to the pipe. “I can’t imagine.”

This time Crowley opens both eyes.

“My dear, that’s the problem with the world. Nobody can imagine.”

Mrs. H. pouts a bit. “Now you’re mocking me. What *are* you doing? Black Magick?”

“Yes. Black Magick *Yoga*. If you must know, I’m practicing Pranayama, the Hindu science of breath control.”

“So am I.” Mrs. H. coughs out the words in another cloud of opium smoke. “What does your Pranayama do for you?”

“It helps me replenish my reservoir of creative energy ... energy that I just now so unselfishly sacrificed on the altar of milady’s ennui.”

“My ennui?” she giggle-coughs.

She puts down her pipe, gets up from the bed. She walks slowly over to where Crowley is seated. She opens the cape wide and straddles his lap, facing him. They create a comic version of the classic Hindu erotic statues of Shiva and Shakti making love in the seated posture. She playfully sings an old music-hall ditty: “Where did you get that hat? Where did you get that ‘at?”

Crowley says nothing. She kisses his forehead and looks curiously into his closed eyes.

“You are a strange one, Mr. Crowley. Why can’t you be satisfied with your fortune and your talent ... and me?”

Crowley opens his eyes, then violently throws his body forward until he is lying on top of Mrs. H., pinning her to the cape-strewn floor with his body. She is a little frightened.

“Because fortunes evaporate! Talent decays, and you and I will be dust lost in dust in a few ticks of the clock.”

He kisses her.

[Close-up of the kiss.]

As Crowley lifts his head we see that he has her lower lip in his teeth. He slowly pulls at it until she makes a frightened (but coy) little whimper. He releases her lip. Her chest heaves and she looks longingly up at his face. He gently slips his hand under her head and cradles her skull.

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Mrs. Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy ... and I intend to discover *everything*.”

He closes his eyes and winces slightly as if in pain. Mrs. H. is concerned.

“What’s the matter?”

He opens his eyes and smiles down on her. “Why, I do believe I’ve replenished my reservoir of creative energy.”

She laughs most appealingly.

[Fade to black.]

CHAPTER EIGHT
REDWAY'S BOOKSHOP

[Fade in to an exterior day shot of London.]

[Close-up of Crowley's face pressed against the glass of a shop window.]

[Interior day shot of Redway's Bookshop.]

Crowley, dressed in a half-cloak and a deerstalker hat (very Sherlock Holmesish), pulls his face from the front window of the shop, then whips around through the door. He boldly approaches the proprietor, MR. REDWAY (60-ish), who stands behind a dark wood bar counter making entries in his ledger. Redway is a small man with stooped shoulders, balding head. His thick eyeglasses give him the appearance of an anaemic gnome.

Crowley addresses Redway with an overly cheerful
"Good day!"

"Good day, sir. May I help you?"

"I wish to speak with Mr. Redway, the proprietor."

"I am he, sir. How may I be of assistance?"

"My name is Crowley. Aleister Crowley." He pauses, expecting Redway to recognize this name. "The poet? Perhaps you've heard ..."

Redway's face brightens. "Crowley! Yes. Of course, sir. You honour my shop. I carry your *Tale of Archais* ... see? There?" He gestures to a table near the back of the store. "I have two on the remainder table. Remarkable work, sir. Provocative. I enjoyed it very much. A pity that—"

"Only two left?" Crowley interrupts. "Excellent! How many have you sold?"

"Ah ... well, sir ... I'm afraid ... none. Those two are my entire inventory of the title. They haven't moved in three fortnights. You see, my clientele are interested primarily in rarities and volumes treating on mysticism and the occult."

"Right then." Crowley snaps. There's nothing rarer or more mystical than the verses of Aleister Crowley!"

Redway is visibly uncomfortable with Crowley's exuberance.

"No sir. Indeed."

Crowley pulls a fountain pen from his coat, unscrews the top and scribbles his autograph on the title pages.

"I'm sure they'll sell more briskly when your customers discover the books bear the talismanic signature of the poet himself."

"Ye—Yes sir. Most kind of you, sir."

Crowley takes one of the little books and strides over to the display window. He snatches a book that is already on display and replaces it with his own.

“No use hiding our radiance under a bushel, eh Redway?”

“No. No indeed, sir.”

Crowley looks at the cover of the book he has just removed. *The Sacred Magick of Abramelin the Mage* – TRANSLATED BY S.L. MACGREGOR MATHERS. For a moment Crowley stands paralyzed. Then he swings violently around and demands of Redway,

“When did this arrive?”

“Ah, yes! That’s a used copy, but in mint condition, don’t you agree? Its owner met with a most unfortunate ... well, it is from the estate of a wealthy collector of such things. It was a most anticipated translation. I know that Mathers chap personally.”

Crowley seems like he will burst. “Mathers!” he shouts. “I must meet this Mathers!”

“I’m afraid that will be difficult sir. He lives in Paris now, but for years worked at the British Museum ... was *curator* of the Horniman Museum for a time. Kind of a strange bird, that one. But the others hold him in the highest regard. A great magical adept they say.”

“Others? What others?” Crowley’s intensity is making Redway very uncomfortable.

“I ... I ... really can’t say, sir.”

“Who man? WHO?”

“A kind of a club, sir. A club of magicians ... full of Freemasons and writers and poets and politicians ... very powerful people some of them. To hear *some* talk, they secretly rule the world with magick. Ladies too, sir. Yes indeed, lady magicians, actresses and heiresses ...”

Crowley charges the desk holding the Book of the Sacred Magick in front of himself like a sword.

“Are you a member? Tell me!”

“I ... I ... I really can't say, sir ...”

“You must introduce me to a member of this Order. Please!”

“I'm afraid that ... that ...”

“Please!”

Crowley's voice betrays an upwelling of tears. He then slams the book on the counter. Redway jumps. From behind Crowley's back we hear a voice. It is that of GEORGE CECIL JONES (29). His voice is calm but firm.

“Members of that particular organization are sworn never to reveal the names of other members.”

Crowley spins around to see a thin young man who looks exactly like Jesus Christ wearing a black suit and tie. Crowley instantly drops his violent and arrogant demeanour. He reverently takes his cap off as if in the presence of a holy man. Jones continues.

DUQUETTE ~ BRATKOWSKY

“And I assure you, sir, threatening an elderly bookseller does little to recommend you.”

Crowley is paralyzed for a moment, and then turns to Redway.

“Mr. Redway, please, *please* forgive me.”

He turns back to Jones. He wrings his hat nervously in both hands.

“Dear sir. By whatever forces, divine or satanic, my feet were guided this day to this place ...”

[Let’s put our camera behind and above Crowley placing Crowley and Jones respectively in the same position as Abraham and Abramelin in our earlier scene.]

“... are you he who is sent to be my Master?”

Crowley grabs a nearby wooden chair and noisily drags it to rest between himself and Jones. He drops to his knees and uses a seat of the chair as a prayer altar.

“Can you see into my soul? If so, you surely see my longing ... my lust for initiation.”

[Reaction shots of Redway and Jones.]

Redway backs far behind his counter. Jones looks around nervously hoping no one else is seeing Crowley's behaviour.

"I confess to you now. There is no one on the face of the earth less worthy than I to take upon me the mantle of ... to rend the veil of the mysteries."

Jones is embarrassed. "See here old man, this is hardly the place—"

Crowley continues. "But I swear by Jinn and by Shin and by the space between that I will die before I abandon my quest. I will not rise from my knees until the door is opened unto me ..."

The door of the shop opens and two ladies enter, but when they see Crowley on his knees they immediately turn to go. Jones uses the distraction to put a stop to this display.

"Get up, man! You're scaring away Redway's customers. I'm not *anyone's* master."

Confused and embarrassed he gets up. Jones picks up the book Crowley had been holding and sees what it is. He pauses a moment, then hands it back to Crowley.

"Look. Be a good chap and pay Redway for this book you've been mistreating, and then join me. I'm on my way to the museum. We'll talk more about your ... quest."

Jones turns and walks out the door. Crowley hurriedly takes out his wallet and without looking at it removes all the bills

DUQUETTE ~ BRATKOWSKY

(a good thick stack) and lays them on Redway's counter. He grabs the book and runs after Jones. Redway smiles as he starts counting what is obviously a huge overpayment.

CHAPTER NINE
MR. CROWLEY'S APPLICATION

[Interior night shot of the "temple" room of Crowley's London flat. The camera wanders the room.]

[Screen caption appears.]

Six weeks later.

The tiny temple is windowless; the walls, floor and ceiling are painted black. The only objects in the room are an altar framed by two black pillars, a full human skeleton, and a Persian rug. Atop the pillars sit two bowls of flaming oil which are the room's only source of light.

The altar is a whimsical table characterized by its stand—a statue of a Nubian acrobat wearing a colourful turban. He is standing on his hands. His upturned feet support a massive slab of ebony which serves as the table top. Upon the altar is a scourge, a dagger, and a chain arranged to form a triangle. In the centre of the triangle sits a dome-shaped bottle of oil.

A few feet behind the altar, the skeleton is hung from the ceiling by invisible wires. Its hands are attached artfully to the tabletop giving the appearance of a skeleton priest officiating at

Mass. The rug is placed on the floor a few feet in front of the altar.

Crowley enters the room, turns, and locks the door behind him. He is dressed only in oriental pantaloons and Persian slippers such as a character in an Arabian Nights story might wear. He walks behind the altar and gently strokes the skull of the skeleton as one would caress the hair of a child.

He takes the dagger from the altar and makes a small cut in his thumb. He opens the skeleton's jaw and sticks his bleeding thumb inside its mouth.

"A sacrifice of thanksgiving, my friend. Tonight I will be judged."

He withdraws his thumb. A small trickle of blood runs down the teeth and lower jaw of the skeleton. He sticks his bleeding thumb in his own mouth and delicately sucks it. He moves to the front of the altar and faces the skeleton.

"An angel came to me, my fleshless friend. He even looks like *Jesus Christ*."

He picks up the vial of holy oil and dabs his thumb (which has begun to bleed again) with oil. He anoints the top of his head and his forehead.

"I must make myself worthy."

He sets down the vial and picks up the chain. It is made of sharp triangular silver links. He wraps it around his head at a level just above the eyes.

ALEISTER CROWLEY ~ REVOLT OF THE MAGICIANS

“A thousand times I’ve lived and died ... but always asleep, dreaming I was a creature of the dust!”

He holds the chain in place with one hand at the back of his head. He picks up the wand and slips it through two overlapping links to create a tourniquet. He rotates the wand a half turn, tightening the chain around his head.

“ ... my mind enchained, my soul imprisoned.”

He rotates the wand another half turn.

“Bound to the dust by body and mind ... by time and space!”

He tightens the chain again. The pain is too great. He screams at the top of his lungs.

[Fade out to black.]

[Fade in to exterior night shot of Mark Mason’s Hall, London.]

[Close-up of a bronze plaque displaying the Masonic “Keystone” symbol and the words:]

MARK MASON’S HALL 1844

[Interior night shot of a lodge room of Mark Mason’s Hall.]

The lodge room is arranged for a business meeting. The room is abuzz with conversations. As the camera roams the objects and people, we see seated in the east presiding officer

ANNIE HORNIMAN (38), petite, her light brown hair parted in the middle and pulled tight to frame her plain, almost boyish face. She bangs her gavel.

“The Brothers and Sisters will come to order!”

There are about fifty men and women in the hall. The men are dressed in business attire, and the women in gowns. Both men and women are adorned with simple red sashes that run from the left shoulder diagonally across the front.

All stand to order and face east. In perfect unison they give the Sign of the Enterer (hands and arms thrust forward), followed by the Sign of Silence (left forefinger pressed to lips). Together they recite:

“Holy art thou Lord of the Universe,

“Holy art thou whom nature has not formed.

“Holy art thou vast and mighty one.

“Lord of the light, and of the darkness.”

Horniman bangs the gavel. All are seated and immediately begin talking again. She gavels them silent.

“In just a moment I have a very serious and important matter to discuss with you. But let us first quickly dispense with routine business. Madame Secretary?”

The secretary is MAUDE GONNE (33), dark and excruciatingly beautiful. Her deep brown eyes are hypnotic, and

her dark brown hair so thick it strains at all attempts to be properly put up. She stands up behind her desk in the southeast and addresses Horniman.

“Greatly honoured, we have an application from one Edward Alexander Crowley. He lives at 67 and 69 Chancery Lane, London. He states in his application he is a gentleman, a mountaineer, and a poet.”

There is quiet laughter from the general membership. Horniman gavels them quiet.

“Greatly Honoured!” WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (33) rises to his feet from his chair in the south, the throne of the third highest officer of the group. He is tall, extremely thin, with sandy hair, parted in the middle. The mop seems to forget its place and often flops down almost over his round spectacles.

“The chair recognizes our Honoured Brother William Butler Yeats.”

Yeats brushes back the hair from his forehead and announces lightheartedly, “I, for one, say that trouble has never entered these doors in the likeness of an Irish Poet.”

Hearty laughter from all present. Yeats sits down looking very pleased with his contribution. Smiling pleasantly, Horniman again gavels the room silent. Secretary Gonne continues.

“He comes recommend by Brothers Baker and Jones. His fees for the Outer Order degree initiations are attached.”

Hearing this, Horniman is obliged to confirm the sponsorship. “The Chair calls on Brother Jones to please defend his sponsorship.”

Jones rises and addresses the group. “With pleasure, Greatly Honoured. I met Mr. Crowley quite by accident at the shop of a local bookseller. He accompanied me to the British Museum where we talked at length about his life and aspirations.”

[Cut to a close-up of a lodge member sitting on the sideline. It is ALLAN BENNETT (37). He is extremely thin and slightly stoop-shouldered.]

As Jones continues to talk we see that Bennett’s piercing eyes are locked on something on the other side of the lodge room. It is a handsome brown cat, curled comfortably upon the back of chair in the rear row of seats. Bennett smiles as the cat yawns and stretches. Jones continues.

“On the twelfth of this month Brother Baker and I visited Mr. Crowley at his spacious double flat on Chancery Lane. We discovered he comes from a good family... his father, now deceased, was the brewer of Crowley Ales.

[Close-up of another member sitting on the sideline. It is BRAM STOKER (40), solidly built, his dark hair combed straight back,

his dark full beard meticulously trimmed. He is obviously angry at what he is hearing from Jones.]

“Mr. Crowley was privately educated—attended Trinity College, Cambridge...

[Close-up of FLORENCE FARR (38), light-haired beauty of the English theatre. Her angelic face cannot conceal her strong will or depth of character. She sits in the west as second highest officer of the group. She is very intent on Jones’s words as he continues.]

“Having inherited a small fortune, Mr. Crowley is now free to pursue many interests. Besides being a published poet of some reputation ...”

Yeats obvious is pleased with these words. He smiles and whispers to a nearby member.

“ ... he holds several world mountain-climbing records and is a certified Chess Master. Brethren, in a word, Mr. Crowley is a genius.”

[Close-up of CONSTANCE WILDE (31) sitting on the sideline. She’s very petite and attractive; the tiny features of her face could have come from a porcelain doll. She is the most aristocratic-looking woman in the room.]

“Most importantly, in my opinion, Mr. Crowley is the most sincere and passionate seeker of occult wisdom I have ever met.”

Horniman is anxious to get on with business.

“Thank you, Brother Jones. Is there any further discussion concerning the application of Mr. Edward Alexander Crowley before I call for a motion to accept his application?”

She is answered by Bram Stoker, who rises from his seat and is recognized by the Chair.

“We recognize our illustrious Brother Bram Stoker.”

Stoker clears his throat and adjusts his sash. “Greatly Honoured, it is my understanding this Crowley person, he calls himself Aleister I believe, has somewhat a *tawdry* reputation. His poetry, while having received some critical praise, I find to be offensive and inappropriate. Furthermore, I’ve learned that recently in Paris Mr. Crowley *vandalized* the tomb of Oscar Wilde, the deceased husband of our dear Sister Mrs. Constance Mary Wilde ...”

[Another quick shot of Constance Wilde sitting opposite of Stoker.]

“... then returned to London to commit an indecent act of *lewd exhibitionism* at Café Royal.”

The members react with gasps and grumbles. Stoker continues.

“Brethren, this is hardly the behaviour of someone seriously interested in the High Art of Magick.”

[Cut back to interior night shot of the “temple” room of Crowley’s London flat.]

Crowley twists the chain around his forehead tighter. “Bound by pleasure. Bound by pain! Bound to a dream! Dream no more. No more!”

The links of the chain have cut his scalp. Blood and sweat run down his face and neck. Dropping his hands he bows and violently bangs his forehead upon the altar top. “Wake up! Wake up!”

The chain falls upon the altar, then slides noisily to the floor. He reels for a moment then snatches the scourge and leans across the altar to face the skull of the skeleton square in the eye. Nose to (missing) nose, Crowley’s fierce snarl bares almost as many teeth as the skull. Both have blood upon their teeth.

“So did the neophyte that would gaze into death’s awful eyes clutch the initiates place and prize.”

He staggers back onto the carpet and sits (almost falls) down. He repeatedly thrashes his own bare back with the

scourge while madly shouting, “By his stripes ye shall know him! By his stripes ye shall know him!”

Then, with a poignant scream, he flings the instrument against the wall. He pants and weeps in pain and ecstasy. He collapses, his bleeding face pressed to the floor.

[Cut back to interior night shot of the Lodge Room of Mark Mason’s Hall.]

Constance Wilde stands and asks to be recognized.

“Greatly Honoured, if I may?”

“The Chair recognizes Sister Constance Mary Wilde.”

Wilde gestures toward Stoker with both hands. “I’m afraid Brother Stoker is *gravely* mistaken.”

The room nearly explodes in laughter over Wilde’s play on words. Stoker sits.

“It was a committee of hateful Parisian bigots who *vandalized* my dear Oscar’s tomb by forcing the authorities to attach a grotesque plaque to cover the genitals of the beautiful sculpted angel that adorns his tomb. Mr. Crowley, at his own expense and with no small danger to himself, personally removed the offensive plaque and presented it to Mr. Epstein, the sculptor, as a souvenir. I for one think it was brave act, and very sweet ... truly magical. I for one would be honoured to call this man ‘Brother.’ Thank you, Greatly Honoured.” She sits.

ALEISTER CROWLEY ~ REVOLT OF THE MAGICIANS

Horniman scans the room to see if there are others who wish to speak. There being none, she proceeds.

“Right then. Do I hear a motion on this matter?”

Several members prepare to stand, but Constance Wilde is the first to her feet.

“Greatly Honoured, I move that we accept the application of Mr. Edward Alexander Crowley.”

Yeats immediately stands. “I second the motion. Sounds like an interesting fellow.”

[Cut back to interior night shot of the “temple” room of Crowley’s London flat.]

[Close-up on Crowley’s face pressed to the floor.]

“Lord of all Magick. Let me not go down again to the dust. I will earn my share of the Rite. I swear. This time ... *I will endure to the end.*” He drifts into unconsciousness.

[Cut back to interior night shot of the lodge room of Mark Mason’s Hall.]

Annie Horniman grabs her gavel and announces, “It has been regularly moved and seconded that we accept the application of Mr. Edward Alexander Crowley. All in favour say ‘aye.’”

DUQUETTE ~ BRATKOWSKY

Most of the membership responds with an unenthusiastic
“Aye.”

“All opposed?”

Several members including Bram Stoker shout, “Nay!”
Horniman, looking mildly irritated, announces, “The
‘ayes’ have it. Madame Secretary, it is so ordered.”

She bangs her gavel once.

[Cut back to Crowley on the floor of his temple.]

At the sound of the gavel, Crowley’s unconscious body
jerks violently. The flaming bowls go out, plunging the tiny
temple in darkness.

CHAPTER TEN

REVOLT OF THE MAGICIANS

[Interior night shot of the lodge room of Mark Mason's Hall.]

First order of business out of the way, the members begin chatting. They are silenced when Horniman slams her gavel. The sound wakes up the cat. It sits up and licks its paw and washes its face. Allan Bennett takes particular interest in the cat's behaviour as Horniman begins to address the members.

"I realize there has lately been great unrest. As we know, for almost four years our Supreme Adept, Samuel MacGregor Mathers, and his wife, Moina, have lived in Paris ..."

Stoker stands up and shouts, "You mean they've hidden out in Paris! We've had no higher initiations ... not even a scrap of new instruction in five years!"

The room erupts with a combination of booing and applause. Horniman repeatedly gavels. She almost has to shout to be heard.

"He *claims* it is there he has made contact with the invisible Masters who are the source of all our rituals, and teachings, and dispensation ..."

An unnamed fellow stands up and shouts, "Stop paying his rent in Paris, Annie! Let's sack him!"

She slams her gavel and continues her statement.

“... and that *he* and *he alone* is presently capable of sustaining this inner-plane link with the invisible Masters.”

Allan Bennett stands. The others notice and the room falls silent. He addresses the Chair.

“Greatly Honoured, if I may?”

“The Chair recognizes our Most Honoured Senior Adept, Mr. Allan Bennett.”

It is obvious the members are in awe of Bennett.

“Perhaps we should allow our Supreme Adept to address these issues in person. If I’m not mistaken, he’s been here with us all evening.”

He points his walking stick at the cat on the other side of the room. It jumps down from the chair and prances to the centre of the lodge room floor, then straight up the steps of the dais to Horniman. In front of the whole assembly the cat transforms into Mathers wearing a brown wool suit. The members gasp. Several even applaud. Horniman is speechless and steps aside. Mathers takes a moment and looks each member in the eyes.

“So you think I’m hiding out in Paris?”

Silence.

“Is there anyone here who doubts my authority?”

Bram Stoker swallows hard.

“Is there anyone here who believes I am lying when I say the Secret Masters have chosen me to lead this Order?”

Fearlessly, Horniman ignores the question. “With all due respect, MacGregor, we don’t want tricks. Most all of us can transform into a *cat*. We need advanced initiations and instruction in High Magick ...”

Mathers turns and stares Horniman in the eye. She tries to speak but is stuck dumb.

“*Cat* got your tongue, Annie?”

Mathers turns and addresses the terrified members.

“For the moment you are initiates of the greatest magical society the world has ever known. If you doubt my leadership, get out now.”

No one moves. Mathers grabs the gavel from Horniman’s paralyzed hand.

“Very well. Meeting adjourned.”

He slams the gavel on the podium and dissolves into thin air.

[Fade to black.]

[Screen caption fades in.]

Two weeks later.

[Caption fades. The screen is again black.]

[Fade in to interior night shot of the Candidate’s Preparation Room—Mark Mason’s Hall.]

The preparation room is a small, windowless chamber with one plain wooden chair and a small wooden table upon which burns a single taper and a human skull with a green leaf between its teeth.

The door opens and Crowley walks slowly inside. Too slow, he is pushed by a robed officer and the door is pulled shut behind him with a thud. Crowley wears a plain white robe. He sits down and closes his eyes. He is so nervous his hands shake.

The door opens. We see Florence Farr. Tonight she is the Hegemon, the officer who prepares and guides the candidate through his initiation. She wears a white robe with a Red Cross sewn over the left breast. Her head-dress is an Egyptian Nemys with broad black-and-white stripes. In her right hand she holds a mitre-headed sceptre; in her left she holds a black-hooded blindfold and a coiled length of rope.

She speaks clearly and deliberately. “Child of Earth, rise and enter the Path of Darkness.”

Crowley gets up. Farr sets to work blindfolding him and wrapping the rope three times around his waist. From under his blindfold he asks in trembling seriousness,

“Do many candidates die at their initiations?”

Farr smiles. Crowley cannot see.

[Fade to black.]

.....

“Fade to black? Sir Francis, surely we’re not going to skip over the Golden Dawn Neophyte initiation ceremony are we? It’s the most colourful and dramatic part of the whole story so far. Please! You know perhaps better than anyone alive today the details of the ritual.”

I probably shouldn’t have interrupted Sir Francis’s dictation, but since his fairytale had taken us as far as the threshold of the Golden Dawn’s magical initiation ceremony, I could see no reason why not to treat the audience to the full experience.

“Milo, dear boy, are you suggesting we write a twelve-hour movie? Of course it would be wonderful to shoot the entire series of Golden Dawn degree ceremonies, but exactly how, tell me, that would advance this story one iota—a story we must tell in one hundred eleven minutes! Get a grip, Brother Harland; let’s move forward.”

“Sorry, Sir Francis. You’re right, of course. My apologies.” I don’t know if I meant it or was just growing tired. I did want to see where he was going with this.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE ILLUSTRIOUS MEMBERS OF THE GOLDEN DAWN

[The screen remains black.]

[Sound of voices and casual laughter of people changing their clothes.]

[Interior night shot of the Golden Dawn Robe Room.]

The initiation over, Crowley, Jones and the other male members and officers are changing back into street clothes. Crowley is tying up his floppy bow tie and trying to hide his tears from the others. He moves close to Jones and quietly asks for a word with him.

“I am completely overwhelmed, George. For once in my life I’m speechless.”

Jones laughs softly, but says nothing. Crowley gestures to the other members in the dressing room.

“Look at them—casually pulling on their trousers, when just moments ago they embodied the powers of the Egyptian gods. How is it done?”

Jones smiles. “You’ll learn, old man. Now hurry up. The others are waiting to congratulate you.”

Jones ushers Crowley into the more spacious reception room.

The appearance of Jones and Crowley draws polite applause and most of the members move towards them to offer Crowley their congratulations. Annie Horniman and Florence Farr are arm-in-arm and are the first to reach Crowley. Farr holds out her hand.

“Brother Crowley, let me be the first to offer my congratulations. I am—”

Crowley doesn't let her finish.

“You hardly need an introduction, Madame.” He kisses her hand.

“All London—indeed, all the *world*—is in love with the incomparable Florence Farr. I fell in love with your Rebecca in Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*. I haunted the Avenue Theatre three nights' running.”

Farr seems mildly flattered. “So kind of you, Brother Crowley. May I introduce you to Miss Annie Horniman?”

Horniman offers her hand. Crowley, still reeling from the memory of Horniman as the breathtakingly radiant Hierophant in his initiation ceremony, takes her hand as if were the most fragile object in the universe. He properly near-kisses it.

“Honoured Miss Horniman. Your family is in tea, is it not?”

“Her family *is* tea, Brother Crowley ...” Farr interjects with delight. “... and there's no more dedicated and generous champion of magick to be found on earth.”

Bram Stoker walks by, not intending to stop to congratulate Crowley. Horniman, however, snags him and draws him face to face with Crowley and makes the introduction.

“Brother Bram Stoker, you must meet our newest member, Mr. Aleister Crowley.”

Stoker looks very uncomfortable. His detestation of Crowley is apparent. Crowley doesn’t notice. He has to search for Stoker’s hand to shake.

“Not *the* Bram Stoker who wrote *Dracula*?

“One and the same,” Horniman chimes in with pride.

Crowley pumps Stoker’s hand. “I enjoyed *Dracula* so very much. Most terrifying. I loved your use of multiple diaries.” Stoker is at a loss for words.

“Great fun ...” Crowley doesn’t seem to know when to stop. “Of course, real vampires are rather pathetic creatures ... and not at all afraid of the light. I’ve encountered several. I’d be happy to share my journals.” Crowley is truly not conscious his words are insulting Stoker who finally finds his voice.

“Mr. Crowley. I must speak frankly. I don’t believe you are the kind of ... ”

Stoker is interrupted by Yeats and Maude Gonne who appear from the left. He seizes the opportunity to withdraw himself from Crowley’s presence.

Maude Gonne offers her hand. “Welcome to the world of magick, Brother Crowley.”

Jones, who along with nearly every other man in the room is in love with Gonne, rushes to be part of the group. “Miss Maude Gonne, may I formally introduce you to my friend, and our newest Brother, Mr. Aleister Crowley.”

Gonne releases Crowley’s hand and squeezes Yeats’s arm affectionately. “We understand you are a poet, Brother Crowley. I’m sure you are familiar with the verses of our Brother William Butler Yeats?”

“Indeed I am Miss Gonne. An honour, sir.”

Gonne looks at Yeats and gushes, “We plan to free Ireland with his songs.”

“How very nice.” Crowley replies, “I’m afraid my poems are only an attempt to free *myself*.”

Curiously insulted, Yeats and Gonne remain smiling and politely start to take their leave. Yeats parts with a bit of advice.

“Study hard, Brother Crowley.”

“I shall, Brother Yeats.”

When the congratulations are over, Crowley pulls Jones aside and asks,

“How do they do it?”

“Do what, old man?”

“How can they veil their glory so completely when not in temple?”

[Shot of Allan Bennett staring at Crowley and Jones from the other side of the reception room.]

Bennett is leaning slightly on his walking stick. He coughs into a white handkerchief, but as he does so his eyes never leave Crowley and Jones. Crowley sees this and shudders.

“Now *there’s* someone who cannot veil his glory. I saw him for a moment in temple. He frightens me.” To Crowley’s horror, Bennett walks directly towards them. “Oh dear God! He’s coming.”

When he arrives, Jones attempts to make the introductions.

“Mr. Allan Bennett, may I introduce our newest Neophyte, Mr. Aleist—”

“Take off your coat!” Bennett demands.

“What?”

“Your coat! Your coat! Take it off.”

Confused, Crowley removes his jacket. Bennett places his hands on Crowley’s back and feels the scourge welts through his shirt.

“Little Brother, you’ve been dabbling in Black Magick!” Quickly putting his coat back on, Crowley protests.

“You’re mistaken, I’m sure ...”

“In that case little Brother—” Bennett slaps Crowley on the back, making him wince. “—Black Magick has been dabbling with you!”

Jones attempts to lighten the moment. “Aleister, I hope I won’t embarrass Allan when I tell you that he and Mathers are the greatest magicians of our time. Allan’s a true adept ... highest initiate we have, if you ask me; since Mathers moved to Paris, anyway. Why, I once saw Allan take that blasting rod of his and ...”

Bennett glowers at Jones. Jones shuts up, but then suddenly searches his coat pockets.

“Oh! I almost forgot.” Jones hands Crowley an envelope. Your magical homework.”

Crowley opens the envelope and sees the Hebrew alphabet and some planet and zodiac symbols. He looks confused and a little angry.

“What’s this? Are these the magick secrets I just swore a blood oath never to reveal?”

Bennett snatches the papers from Crowley.

“Magick is the science and art of causing change to occur in conformity with *Will*, little Brother.” He slaps the papers back into Crowley’s hand. “Will you be able to make magick with just your *Will* and the Hebrew alphabet?”

Others in the room notice the attention Bennett is giving Crowley. Several stop their conversations and stare. Bennett

becomes self-conscious and tempers his attitude. He puts his hand on Jones's shoulder.

“Brother Jones, why don't you and Crowley come 'round to my flat Wednesday morning at ten. We'll give our new Brother a magical orientation.”

There is an obvious, but silent, reaction among the others. Jones is struck with gratitude and stammers.

“Yes ... it'd be an honour. Thank you, Allan. Yes, of course. We'll be delighted.”

Bennett again slaps Crowley's back, then turns to exit. As he does he twirls his walking stick like a baton. Members nearest him scramble to avoid the stick being pointed at them. Others look on in disbelief and talk amongst themselves. Bram Stoker is especially incensed.

Crowley asks Jones, “What's going on?”

“I believe they're jealous, old man. Bennett's never invited anyone to his home ... no one but Mathers.”

As Bennett reaches the door he smartly tucks his stick under his arm. It appears to be pointing directly at Bram Stoker who is standing near a window holding a saucer and a cup of tea. The window shatters, sending Stoker and a handful of others scurrying like mice.

CHAPTER TWELVE
ALLAN BENNETT'S LECTURE

[Exterior day shot of the street in front of Allan Bennett's flat.]

Jones and Crowley get out of a carriage. Jones orders the driver to wait for them while Crowley looks up at the extremely run-down, four-story building.

“My God, Jones. What a dreadful neighbourhood. Are you sure this is the address?”

“Not everyone's inherited a fortune, old man.”

“If he's such a great magician, why can't he conjure up some money for a decent flat?”

“Magicians have strange personal priorities; some stranger than others.”

[Interior day shot. The hallway outside of Bennett's flat.]

Bennett opens the door before they knock. He wears a light gray robe, styled as the ochre robes worn by Buddhist monks.

“Good morning gentlemen. Please, take off your shoes and come in.”

Crowley and Jones are a bit confused by this request but they comply.

We see that Bennett's flat is a picture of Spartan elegance. It is one small room, immaculately clean. Two walls are covered floor-to-ceiling with bookshelves. Two freestanding bookcases serve to partition floor space for his bedroll, washing table, and a tiny coal stove. Several pieces of Asian and Hindu art adorn the bookshelves wherever space permits. There are no chairs or tables. A half dozen Turkish-style cushions ring a Persian rug. Three stacks of oversized books serve as lamp and tea tables. Resting against one of these book tables is Bennett's walking stick.

Bennett seems in a cheerful mood.

"Please. Make yourselves comfortable."

The three sit down on the cushions. There is a moment of uncomfortable silence which Jones awkwardly attempts to break.

"Allan, this is so very good of you."

Crowley plucks the top book from one of the stacks. It is *The Book of the Sacred Magick of Abramelin the Mage*.

"I just recently acquired a copy of this book. I've yet to finish—"

Bennett interrupts. "A most dangerous book. Mathers translated it a year or two before he established the Order."

"Why is it so dangerous?" Crowley asks.

Jones answers first. "It has the nasty habit of killing its owners ... or driving them mad."

Bennett smiles warmly. "George! Let's not unduly frighten Brother Crowley. Actually, the first part outlines a six-month procedure to make oneself *holy* enough to achieve an exalted level of consciousness the book calls *Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel*."

"And my Holy Guardian Angel is so dangerous it kills people?" Crowley chuckles.

Bennett pauses for a moment before answering. "No, but dangerous to yourself and others if you presume to play with the second section of the book without the guidance of your Angel. There you'll find the key to conjuring the Four Great Princes of Hell: Lucifer, Baelzubub, Satan, Belial and all their minions."

"Lucifer ... Satan? Why on earth would this Holy Angel want me to conjure these evil fellows?"

Bennett seemed absolutely anxious to answer Crowley's question.

"*Because evil spirits are only evil if they are not properly directed.* Like it or not, evil spirits do all the heavy lifting here on the material plane. You don't blow your nose without the help of *evil* spirits.

"A spirit labour guild," Jones injects, and laughs. No one joins him.

Bennett adds, “One can only safely order those boys around if one has the authority and guidance of one's Angel.”

Crowley reverently closes the book and puts it back on the stack of other books. He pats it respectfully and clears his throat.

“Right then. It seems this Holy Guardian Angel is a magician's first order of business.”

Bennett seems pleased. Crowley catches on fast.

“Precisely.”

Crowley now notices Bennett's walking stick resting on the floor. He reaches for it.

“Your walking stick ... I noticed the other night when you—”

“Please, don't touch that Brother Crowley!”

Bennett quickly grabs the stick and carefully places it on his other side.

Jones seems anxious for Crowley to see the stick in action. “Allan, won't you please demonstrate the rod?”

Bennett smiles, then has a short coughing episode.

“Very well, George. I did promise our little Brother a proper magical orientation.”

Bennett unscrews the bulbous handle of the stick and removes a long glass prism from the hollow shaft. He polishes it lovingly on his robe. He gets up, goes to the window and pulls down a blackened shade. The room is completely darkened

except for a thin ray of sunlight that penetrates the room from the edge of the shade. He sticks the tip of the prism in the ray of sunlight creating a magnificent rainbow effect throughout the room.

“Little Brother, in the so-called *real* world living things are living things. A man is a man ...”

He turns the prism slightly and the rainbow colours project the image of a man near the window.

“A lion is a lion ...”

He again turns the prism slightly and the image of a lion appears near the southern wall of the room.

“An eagle is an eagle ...”

He turns the prism once more and the image of an eagle appears on the top of the bookshelves in the west.

“And a bull is a bull.”

He again turns the prism and the image of a bull stands and snorts near the wall in the north. He pulls the prism out of the light. The images remain. They move as if they are actually alive.

Crowley and Jones stare in wonder as Bennett continues.

“On the magical plane it is just the opposite. Living things in a vision are *symbols*—and symbols are *living things*.”

Crowley can only nod his head in wonder. At the words *living things* Bennett thrusts the tip of the prism into the light. He catches a tiny piece of rainbow on the tip.

“The Pentagram is the symbol of man’s conquest of the four elements that these animals symbolize.”

With the rainbow light at the end of the prism tip he draws (with breathtaking speed) a flaming Pentagram star in the face of each of the four creatures. As he does so, each creature’s image recoils in horror then vanishes—the man in a burst of wind, the lion in flames, the eagle in a gush of water. The floor of the room seems to actually open up and swallow the bull. Jones and Crowley are stunned silent.

Bennett coughs. He opens the shade and sits down.

“Any questions?”

After a moment of stunned silence Crowley jumps to his feet, then immediately kneels as he once did to Jones at Redway’s Bookshop.

“Brother Allan, will you please, *please* accept me as your student. I’ll pay you anything you ask.” Bennett looks disgusted. “Oh dear God, man! Get up. You’ll pay me nothing! This knowledge is priceless.”

He starts to cough. We can see his breath in the cold air of his little room. He can’t stop coughing. He collapses to the floor in a violent fit of coughing. Crowley and Jones attend him the best they can.

They finally get him to sit up. Crowley takes his coat off and wraps it around Bennett’s shoulders. He rubs his back while Jones fetches a cup of tea.

Bennett can finally speak. “You must forgive me ...”

Crowley hushes him and pulls his coat more tightly around Bennett’s shoulders and hands him a steaming cup of tea.

“Brother Allan, hear me out. I have a large comfortable flat on Chancery Lane. Move in with me. Teach me magick. Please. I promise I will not pay you one penny.”

The steam from Bennett’s tea meets the steam of his breath in the cold air of the tiny flat.

Jones leans in. “Allan. Please. At least have a look.”

“Perhaps I *will* take a look.”

CHAPTER THIRTEEN
AT CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE

[Exterior day shot of the street in front of Allan Bennett's flat.]

Jones, Crowley and Bennett prepare to enter the cab. Crowley opens the door for the other two and tells the driver to return them to Chancery Lane.

Just before Bennett steps in, a large raven swoops down near the gutter and captures a scurrying mouse. It picks up the mouse's still-wriggling body, flies up and lands on the horse's back. Bennett sees it. The driver tries to scare it away but it just walks up and down the horse's back with the mouse in its beak.

Bennett tells the driver to stop trying to scare the bird. He then surprises Crowley and Jones by redirecting the driver.

"Driver, instead of Chancery Lane—follow to where that raven leads."

"What sir?"

"Follow that bird. My friends and I wish to go where it goes."

The raven takes flight. Bennett steps into the cab.

"A slight detour, gentlemen."

[Exterior day shot Victoria Embankment, London, near Cleopatra's Needle.]

With the cab following, the raven flies straight to one of the two large bronze sphinxes which flank the side of the great obelisk. The bird lands between to the two front paws of the sphinx. Bennett gets out and walks toward the monument. Jones and Crowley follow.

Bennett is obviously enjoying himself. "Lovely day for tourism!"

He approaches the raven, and speaks peculiar words in a very peculiar voice.

"Codelim! Cohabim!"

The raven flutters madly for a moment, then transforms into a beautiful woman. It is Moina Mathers. She smiles at Bennett.

"Allan dear. You are so talented."

Bennett smiles but says nothing. Crowley and Jones stand dumbfounded. Bennett turns full circle as if looking for something. A large white glob of bird droppings splatters on the shoulder of his black coat. Bennett looks up to see a large white crane hovering above the obelisk. It lands upon the point.

Bennett smiles broadly and, using his peculiar voice, says, "Natsa Adrois!"

DUQUETTE ~ BRATKOWSKY

The bird appears terrified and leaves its perch. Bennett shouts a little louder.

“Tolot Siura!”

The bird seems to lose its ability to fly but finally catches the air and glides with intense speed directly towards Bennett’s head.

“Astan!” he shouts.

The crane lands at Bennett’s feet and transforms into a man. It is MacGregor Mathers. The two magicians hug and laugh like school boys. Crowley is so stunned by what he’s seen he is unable to remain standing. He staggers backwards and plops onto a bench.

[Exterior day shot of the sidewalk of the Victoria Embankment.]

The five magicians stroll leisurely by the Thames. Mathers and Moina are dressed in short travel capes. They and Bennett walk in front of Crowley and Jones.

Bennett chides Mathers.

“I wish I’d known you were coming to London (cough).”

Moina answers, “We wanted our visit to be a surprise.”

She stops and turns to Jones and Crowley.

“Brother Jones we know. But who is this gentleman?”

Bennett jumps in to rescue Jones from the introductions.

“Forgive me. MacGregor and Moina Mathers, this is our newest initiate, Mr. Aleister—”

Mathers finishes. “Edward Alexander Crowley.”

He turns to Crowley, looks him square in the eye, and then rubs his hands up and down his back, feeling the scourge welts. Moina doesn’t understand her husband’s behaviour. She scowls at both of them.

Mathers continues walking and lectures the group.

“Gentlemen, the Order is on the brink of revolt. My authority is being challenged.”

Jones protests, “Certainly none of us here ...”

“We’re aware of that, George. We’re most gratified.”

Moina comes straight to the point. “It’s Annie Horniman who’s stirring up the others with her lies that MacGregor has lost contact with the Secret Masters. How could they possibly know—”

Bennett starts to cough, but gets out the words, “I wouldn’t be so hard on Annie. After all, she spends—”

“Oh yes,” Mathers cynically agrees. “She makes sure all the world knows that she pays our expenses in Paris. But that doesn’t give her the right to question my authority.

“Allan, I wanted you to be the first to know. I’m removing Horniman from leadership and demanding an Oath of Loyalty from her and all the officers and members.”

There is an awkward silence, and then Moina produces from her bag a folded document. She unfolds it with a snap.

“You gentlemen have the honour of being the first to sign the Oath. Allan, we know how much the others respect you.”

Bennett cautiously takes the paper from Moina.

“Of course. But really, do you think this is necessary? I’m afraid it’s only going to make matters worse.”

“Then let it,” Mathers snaps. “I don’t care if we lose them all. Good riddance. The people standing here will ensure the Order survives.”

Bennett and Jones are silent, but Crowley is obviously overcome by a wave of fervent loyalty for Mathers. He reaches into his coat pocket and removes a fountain pen.

“Please. Allow me to sign next.”

“Brother Crowley. The others hate you.”

Crowley is stunned at Mathers’s words. So are Jones and Bennett. Moina looks on in confusion and jealousy.

“Hate me? But why? I have nothing but the profoundest admiration ...”

“They envy your genius. They envy your talent; they envy your free spirit. But most of all, they hate you because you believe you can do anything. And they know a magician who doesn’t know the limits of his power ... *has* no limits to his power.”

Crowley and Mathers hold each other's gaze for a moment. Moina, barely concealing her jealousy, spoils the moment.

"If you gentlemen will please sign now, we need to be calling on Sister Horniman."

Bennett signs, then Crowley (still somewhat shaken), then Jones. Moina quickly snatches back the signed document and replaces it in her bag.

"Thank you, gentlemen. Now we really must fly!"

She turns dramatically, making her short cape spread out like wings. Everyone expects her to transform into a bird. Instead she whistles very unladylike and hails a cab.

Mathers joins her, and tells Bennett, "If you need us we'll be at the Tavistock until Friday."

Hearing this, Crowley pipes up. "The Tavistock? I'll not hear of it. You will stay as my guest at the Great Eastern."

He removes a card from his wallet and hands it to Mathers. "Give this to Dinky at the front desk."

Moina looks askance.

"Dinky?"

Crowley assures her. "Yes. Dinky. Good man, Dinky. He shares my passion for ... rock climbing."

"This is too generous of you, Brother Crowley. Thank you."

DUQUETTE ~ BRATKOWSKY

“It’s the least I can do. After all, once you sack Horniman she’s sure to cut off your stipend. You’ll be needing every farthing.” Crowley is completely unaware of how awkward his words are.

Moina is nearly ready to explode.

[Close-up of Crowley’s guileless, smiling face.]

[Fade to black.]

CHAPTER FOURTEEN
BENEFIT BALL AT THE SAVOY

[Interior night shot of Crowley's flat.]

Crowley sits at a writing table in the parlour. He is writing in his diary. We hear his voice in voiceover as he writes.

“What wonders I have seen this day. An initiate for less than a week and the Master has appeared like the dove of the Holy Spirit.”

He gets up and moves in front of a hanging mirror. He solemnly puts his hand on the reflection of his own heart. He closes his eyes and takes an oath.

“I shall drink only the wine of spirit, and be chaste as a monk until I behold the radiant face of mine own Holy Guardian Angel.”

He is interrupted by a knock at the door. He puts his pen down and answers the door.

[Close-up on the face of Mrs. Horatio. She has a large cigar protruding from the centre of her puckered lips.]

Mrs. H. is wearing yet another unforgettable hat, and dressed in a magnificent black-and-white ball gown, a fur stole,

and much jewellery. She holds two bottles of champagne. She has been drinking.

“Put on white-tie, darling.” She pushes the words around the cigar in her grinning mouth. “I’ve been invited to a ball.”

Crowley doesn’t invite her in. She enters just the same.

“What ball? Who invited you? Why must I come?”

She sets the bottles down on the desk (one of them upon Crowley’s diary). She takes the cigar out of her mouth and blows a huge plume of smoke.

“I’ve forgotten. It could be a half dozen of Mummy’s chums. I really must attend or who knows who I’ll be snubbing. The driver has the address. Be a dear.”

Crowley seems mildly amused. “Do you really think you’re in any shape for a ball?”

“Are you complaining about my shape?” She lifts her breasts to realign with her dress. She then goes to Crowley and presses her body against his and ruffles his hair with her hands.

“Please, my poet. I really can’t go unescorted, now can I? Be my gentleman. You wear such nice clothes ... when you’re not wearing mine.”

[The opening strains of Strauss’s “Artist’s Life” begin as the scene fades out. The scene is timed and choreographed to play over this piece of music.]

[Fade in to external night shot of the façade of the Savoy Hotel.]

[Internal night shot of the lobby of the hotel.]

[Slow zoom in on the events marquee and the words:]

ARTIST'S BALL

For the Benefit of

THE NATIONAL THEATRE OF IRELAND

Recitations by

Miss Florence Farr

Miss Maude Gonne

&

Mr. William Butler Yeats

[Interior night shot of the ballroom of the Savoy Hotel.]

The ballroom is full; gentlemen in white tie and tails and ladies in their finest ball gowns. A group of perhaps twenty admirers press around Florence Farr. She is in her element but obviously distracted. Between smiles and nods she looks nervously around the room. Eventually she spots Annie Horniman seated near the far wall. She is dressed most elegantly, but she is in tears. Maude Gonne sits beside her, holding her hand. Bram Stoker sits on her other side, looking flustered and holding the Oath of Loyalty paper. He looks as if he is about to explode. Farr makes excuses to her admirers.

“Gentlemen, you will please excuse me.”

DUQUETTE ~ BRATKOWSKY

The little crowd parts with polite mumbles, and Farr makes her way across the dance floor toward Horniman and the others. Halfway across the floor she is intercepted by Yeats.

“It’s absolutely outrageous!”

Farr hasn’t a clue what he’s talking about. “What’s outrageous? What’s going on?”

“Haven’t you heard? *You* are now the head of the London Temple.”

She can’t believe it. “What? What are you talking about?”

“Annie’s been sacked. Mathers came to London and personally dismissed her. You’re to take her place.”

“Has he gone mad? Annie is his only source of income!”

“That’s only the half of it. Annie and all of us are being ordered to sign a Loyalty Oath to Mathers or be expelled.”

[Cut back to Horniman, Stoker, and group.]

“I, for one, will not sign!” Stoker is livid. “This proves Mathers has fallen.”

Horniman is devastated but tries to calm Stoker. “No dear, the London Temple must survive. You must sign. We all must sign. In fact, I wanted mine to be the first signature ... but as you can see ...”

Stoker takes a close look at the signatures. “Bennett, Crowley, Jones ... CROWLEY!”

[Cut to interior of Mrs. Horatio’s carriage.]

The music continues as Crowley and Mrs. H. are driven to the ball. Crowley is in white-tie and they are both swilling champagne from the bottle. Crowley is now drunk also. He spots his friend, DINKY (29), walking down the sidewalk. Dinky (a pencil-thin dandy with rosy cheeks and many teeth—several of them straight) is also dressed in white-tie and wearing a top hat. Crowley signals the driver to stop, then pokes his head out the carriage window and shouts.

“Dinky!”

Dinky spots Crowley. He smiles with all his teeth and shouts back with an extremely effeminate voice.

“Alice! My Mountain God!”

Dinky trots over to the cab. Crowley opens the carriage door.

“Dinky old man. Did you check in a couple from Paris this afternoon as my guests?”

“I should say I did! I hope you know them.” Dinky shudders as if chilled. “That lady is a regular Wili!”

“Nothing but the best for them, Dinky. Treat them well. Where are you off to?”

DUQUETTE ~ BRATKOWSKY

Dinky pats the roof of his top hat. “Covent Garden. Wagner tonight.”

“Forget Wagner. You’re coming to a ball with us.”

Crowley opens the door wider to reveal Mrs. H. and the champagne. When Dinky sees how Mrs. H. is dressed he gushes.

“Oh! My dear! I *love* your hat!”

[The music continues as we cut to exterior night shot of the Great Eastern Hotel.]

[Interior night shot of Mathers’s suite in the Great Eastern Hotel.]

Mathers is dressed only in a night-shirt and cap. He sits at a writing desk upon which is a saucer containing five dried green peas. He dips his finger in a glass of water and one by one “baptizes” the peas.

“I baptize thee Annie Horniman. I baptize thee Florence Farr. I baptize thee Bram Stoker. I baptize thee Maude Gonne. I baptize thee William Butler Yeats.”

He then puts the peas in a tea cup and begins rolling them around as he repeats the words,

“Confusion and chaos. Confusion and chaos.”

[The music continues as we cut back to the interior of Mrs. H.’s carriage.]

The three are delightfully drunk. Dinky opens another bottle of champagne. The foam gushes out all over his trousers.

Mrs. H. giggles and orders him, “Get those trousers off!”

She leans over and pulls at Dinky’s trousers. Dinky knocks off his top hat and replaces it with Mrs. H.’s hat. As his pants come off Dinky shouts, “Now what am I going to wear?”

Mrs. H. puts Dinky’s top hat on her head as they all get sillier and drunker.

[Cut back to Mathers’s suite.]

“Confusion and chaos ...”

[Cut back to the ballroom.]

Yeats and Farr are still in the middle of the dance floor. Suddenly they stop talking and look at each other. He grabs her hand. She puts her other hand on his shoulder. They each let out a surprised giggle and begin to waltz.

[Cut back to Horniman, Stoker and group.]

Stoker stands up and throws the paper to the floor.

DUQUETTE ~ BRATKOWSKY

“I respect Bennett, but damned if I’ll be in league with that pervert Crowley!”

Maude Gonne moves toward Stoker as if to calm him. Instead Stoker grabs her arm and throws her spinning like a top onto the dance floor. Still spinning, she disappears in a sea of dancers. Stoker now grabs Annie (still in tears) and begins to violently waltz with her. She protests.

“Stop, Bram! Let me go!”

“Stop. Yes, let’s stop!” is all Stoker can say. But they still continue to dance.

[Cut back to Yeats and Farr on the dance floor.]

“Florence, forgive me. I don’t know what’s come over me. I’d like to ravage you here on the floor.”

Farr couldn’t be more confused. “Don’t be a fool, Bill. Let go of me!”

“I’m trying to. *You* let go.”

“I can’t! Oh Bill, what’s going on?”

[Cut back to Horniman and Stoker.]

Horniman is violently dizzy. “I think I’m going to be ill.”

[As the music swells, cut to exterior of the Savoy Hotel.]

Crowley, Mrs. H., and Dinky tumble out of the carriage and stagger into the lobby.

They each are dressed in an outrageous combination of each other's clothes. Crowley in Mrs. H.'s stole, earrings, and necklace; she is wearing Crowley's coat and Dinky's top hat and trousers. Dinky is wearing her skirt and hat. The doorman tries to prevent them from entering, but their drunken staggering eludes his efforts. They barge into the ballroom just as the music builds to a climax.

Maude Gonne is still spinning and crashing into couples right and left. Everyone is pointing and laughing. She finally spins solidly into Crowley and slides dizzily to the floor. As she does so she clutches the waistband of his trousers and pulls them down around his knees. As the music stops, Yeats and Farr, Stoker and Annie release each other.

Stoker sees Crowley and crew, and the scene becomes the perfect end to his nightmare.

“Crowley!”

All turn to see.

“My goodness!” is all that Annie Horniman can say.

Dinky clears his throat and observes, “How embarrassing.”

DUQUETTE ~ BRATKOWSKY

The music over, the ballroom is completely silent. Every eye is fixed upon Crowley, Horatio, and Dinky. After only a moment of this intense and awkward silence, Mrs. H. vomits violently into Dinky's top hat.

[Cut back to Mathers in his hotel room.]

He puts down the tea cup and pours himself a whiskey. We now see that Moina has been standing behind him all along. She puts her hands on his shoulders.

“I hope you damned them to hell.”

[Fade to black.]

CHAPTER FIFTEEN
BROTHERS AT THE BOOKSHOP

[Interior night shot, inside Mrs. H.'s carriage.]

Crowley and Mrs. H. (still drunk, but now very sombre) push Dinky out the door of the cab, which has stopped in front of his flat. All three are wearing more or less their own clothes. Dinky's hat is conspicuously absent.

The cab drives on until it stops at Mrs. H.'s flat. Crowley gets out, helping Mrs. H. down. He smashes her hat down on her head and helps her step up to the sidewalk.

“Goodnight ,Mrs. Horatio.”

“Aren't you coming up? I've raw eggs and bitters.”

“I'm afraid not my dear. I won't be seeing you again.

Not for a while, at least.”

Crowley's words startle her sober. “Don't be absurd!” She reaches to stroke his cheek.

“You just need to replenish your reservoir of creative energy.”

“That's precisely the point. I've decided to become celibate for a while. Call it a gesture.”

Mrs. H. laughs at this, but her queasiness stops her.

“A gesture for your Black Magick, I presume?”

“In a way, yes.”

“You’re drunk. Are you coming up or not?”

“Good night, Mrs. Horatio. Good bye.”

“Damn you, poet!”

She turns and mounts the steps to her flat. She accidentally slams half her huge hat in the door. Instead of opening the door to remove it, we see the hat being destroyed as she violently pulls it through the crack.

[Transition. Exterior day shot of the morning changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace.]

[Exterior day shot of the façade of the Great Eastern Hotel.]

Dinky is at work behind the desk. He’s impeccably dressed as the desk clerk, but we see he is nursing a painful hangover. He rests his face in his hands for a moment. Then he is shocked to attention by the excruciatingly loud ringing of the desk bell. He almost screams in pain but stifles his reaction when he sees that the person who rang the bell is none other than Moina Mathers. Her husband stands behind her, fiddling with the buttons of his overcoat. His hands shake, and he makes an effort to conceal that fact. Moina scrapes the heavy room key noisily across the marble desk top. Dinky stares at the key (and its noise) in horror.

“My husband and I are checking out. Please send a boy for our bags and arrange a cab to Victoria.”

“Of course, Madame. Right away.”

Dinky now realizes *he* must ring the bell of pain himself in order to summon a bellhop. He winces and attempts to ring it quietly, but then winds up having to pound out three or four very clumsy-sounding rings. After a moment of very awkward silence the bellboy appears. Dinky hands him the key.

“Room 333. Ask Peter to hail something covered for Victoria.”

The bellhop leaves with dutiful speed. Dinky forces a smile.

“I trust everything was to your satisfaction.”

Moina seems pleased at the opportunity to question Dinky. “So. You know Mr. Crowley, do you?”

Mathers doesn't like what she's doing. “That will be enough, my dear.”

Dinky is pleased to respond. “Why yes. Yes I do. Extraordinary chap.”

Mathers grabs his wife's arm. “Moina?”

Still ignoring her husband she continues to press Dinky.

“Indeed?” She eyes Dinky's rather frail and effeminate stature, and then asks, “You climb ... rocks together, do you?”

“Well, yes. Rock climbing. Crowley does most of the climbing of course. I mostly carry the picnic basket and ... urge him up.”

Dinky instantly realizes how bad that sounded, but can only silently blush.

[Close-up of Moina’s eyes, which morphs to close-up on Mr. Redway’s eyes.]

[Interior day shot in Redway’s Bookshop.]

Mr. Redway’s face is beaming as he greets two distinguished customers.

“Mr. Yeats, Mr. Stoker! How perfectly amazing. Together I mean. I am so honoured. I’m happy to report brisk sales of your books ... both of you ... indeed, yes. Brisk.”

Yeats is obviously pleased with Redway’s greeting. “Like to hear that, don’t we Abraham?”

Stoker, irritated at being called Abraham, mumbles something through his moustache, and then turns to browse the stock. It is clear he is in no mood to chat. Yeats however seems anxious to speak with Redway.

“Mr. Redway, I was wondering if the Picatrix I ordered has arrived yet?”

“Picatrix. Indeed, yes. Just in from Berlin. Hope your German’s good sir.”

The conversation is rudely interrupted by an outburst from Stoker.

“Oh! That perverted bastard. Look at this! Can’t we ever escape his filth?”

Stoker has found a book of Crowley’s poetry. He waves it about wildly as he goes into his tirade.

“Obscenities from the king of depravity! Ah! The thought of you and I ever having to be in the same room with that ... that ...”

Yeats moves to Stoker’s side. He lowers his own voice in an attempt to calm him down and make the conversation more private.

“Look. Allan Bennett still backs Mathers. This all might just be a magical test of some kind.”

“To hell with Bennett! Who knows; maybe he and Crowley are some kind of sodomites ...”

“See here old man! Stop it. You’re upset.”

“Yes. I’m upset!”

Stoker opens Crowley’s book and starts ripping the pages out and throwing them into the air. Then he grabs the other copy and starts shredding it also.

“I’m very, very upset!”

He does a mad little dance as if he were stark raving mad. Yeats and Redway look on in horror. The door of the shop opens and two ladies (the same two that tried to come into the

shop in the earlier scene) enter, but when they see Stoker's behaviour they immediately turn to go. The sound of the closing of the door seems to bring Stoker back to himself. Yeats puts his hand on his shoulder.

"Annie asked us to cooperate. Let's not get ourselves expelled until we know more."

Stoker looks at the remnants of the shredded book in his hands.

"Very well, Bill. But I swear I'll kill Crowley before I see him advanced in the Order. He'll not set a foot in our sacred vault."

"No, Bram. Without our votes he won't advance. He'll never be a magician."

Stoker looks around at the mess he's made. He slowly picks up the torn pages and takes them to the dustbin by Redway's desk.

"To the dustbin with him."

Stoker reaches for his billfold.

"Mr. Redway, forgive me. Very untidy of me. How much for ..."

"That will be one guinea each, sir."

"Yes. Of course. There you are."

He pays Redway, and then joins Yeats. Their exit is prevented when they run straight into Crowley, who is entering the shop. Everyone is startled.

Crowley addresses them sheepishly.

“Good morning, Brothers.”

“Don’t ‘Brother’ *me* sir!” Stoker spits the words out. “You’re *through* Crowley! You’ll never take another magical degree. Never! Get out of my way!”

Yeats doesn’t even acknowledge Crowley.

“Come along, Bram. Good day, Redway.”

Stoker and Yeats exit. Crowley is stunned. He watches as the door closes. In a daze he backs into Redway’s counter.

“Dear God. What have I done?”

He then turns to look at Redway as if the answer would come from him. Suddenly Redway breaks into a cheery smile.

“Good news, Mr. Crowley. I’ve sold *my entire inventory* of your books!”

I couldn’t help myself. I had to laugh. Sir Francis made it all sound so absurdly funny. I was really enjoying his story; and he told it so charmingly. But this was not the kind of Crowley film I envisioned. Many of the characters and circumstances were well known, but some, I dare say, were completely unfamiliar to me. Also, I resented that he was characterizing Crowley as a somewhat naïve buffoon. This was hardly the story of the greatest philosopher-sage western civilization had produced in four hundred years. And what about

these comic relief characters like Redway and Dinky, or farce situations like the ball at the Savoy Hotel?

I started to ask Bendick about these issues, but before I could open my mouth he answered me. “Milo, do you want this to be a movie? A movie that is distributed and viewed world wide? A movie people pay to see? A movie people enjoy and tell their friends about? A movie that is shown, year after year? A movie that spawns sequels and imitations? My god, Milo. You’re in the business. Even Shakespeare peppered his divine tales with clowns and farts and dirty jokes. It kept everyone awake and coming back to the theatre.

“Our story is at the moment taking place in 1900 Milo! Crowley was twenty-five. Back then he still *was* a naïve buffoon! Mathers *did* have a revolt on his hands! Bennett *was* the greatest magician of the Golden Dawn! Crowley *did* have lovers ... men and women! The Golden Dawn *was* split in their opinions and support of both Crowley and Mathers! And most importantly, young man ... it’s a story that has kept you *awake* all night.”

I looked out the window. He was right. It would be dawn soon. We’d written through the night. I suddenly realized I was very tired. I asked Sir Francis if we might break for three or four hours so I could sleep. He reluctantly agreed we could, adding he’d have Lady Harris’s man wake us at 11:00 a.m.

.....

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

IF I HAD MY WAY I'D BE A MONK IN CEYLON

[Exterior day shot of the British Museum.]

[Interior day shot of the Oriental Art Exhibition Area.]

Crowley and Bennett are seated together on a bench and appear to be contemplating a large statue of the Buddha. Bennett is leaning forward, supporting himself with his walking stick.

“Don’t worry, little Brother. Things have a way of working themselves out where magick is concerned.”

Crowley doesn’t respond. They both silently gaze at the statue of the Buddha.

Bennett breaks the silence. “He would have hated it, you know.”

Crowley finally speaks. “What’s that?”

“Them ... making a God of Him—making the biggest *something* in the universe out of He who renounced everything.”

Bennett coughs and reaches in his coat for a handkerchief.

“If I truly had my way, I’d live in Ceylon—become a Buddhist monk.”

He again coughs. “Might help this bloody asthma too—damned London coal-dust and smoke.”

“You’d give up magick?”

“Of course, little Brother. Giving up magick is the supreme magical act!”

They are interrupted by the voice of a woman hailing Bennett from down the corridor. It is LADY BATSCOMBER (45). She accompanies her husband LORD BATSCOMBER (63).

“Allan dear!”

Bennett smiles and waves. Under his breath, however, he tells Crowley, “Dear God! If it isn’t the biggest horse’s arse in the universe, and her clinging dingle berry.”

Crowley and Jones stand to greet Lady and Lord Batscomber. They are both conservatively dressed for a morning at the museum and carry brochures of an exhibit that is never discussed. Bennett makes the introductions.

“Lord Batscomber, Lady Batscomber, allow me to introduce my student and friend, Mr. Aleister Crowley. Crowley, Lady Batscomber is president of the Westminster chapter of the Theosophical Society. Lord Batscomber is the secretary and, if I’m not embarrassing him, a most generous patron of occult studies.”

Lady B. speaks with an arrogant edge to her words that make her instantly irritating to everyone ... including her husband. “Crowley? Are you the Crowley who climbs mountains?”

“I am indeed. I’m flattered that you—”

“My brother, Charles, is the president of the Alpine Club. Charles Dunn. You’ve heard of him, naturally?”

Crowley narrows his eyes to prepare for unpleasantness which he knows will follow.

“Naturally.”

“Tell me, Mr. Crowley. Is it true that you murdered and ate two of your native porters on the Baltoro Glacier?”

Lord B. clears his throat to interrupt. Crowley looks like he is about to protest, but then he smiles politely.

“One does get very hungry at those altitudes, milady.”

Lord B. is anxious to change the subject. “Allan, how long has it been? Four years? We certainly miss your participation. Don’t we dear?”

Bennett tries to remain pleasant. “Theosophy became a bit too theoretical for me. I need to put what I learn into practice. I prefer to use the wand rather than simply argue about it.”

Lord B. smiles admiringly, but Lady B. is offended.

“A proper Englishman does not behave like a medieval sorcerer. Only Pigmies and Zulus still *use* magick wands.”

Bennett does not lose his cheerful countenance. “I believe you misunderstand altogether.”

As he talks he unscrews the handle of his walking stick and removes the glass prism.

“The wand is only a symbol of the magician’s Will.”

Lord B. looks at the prism with real interest. "I say, Allan. What have you there?"

"This isn't a traditional wand, Your Lordship. It's simply a rod that I've constructed to collect and focus the electrical energies which course up and down my spinal column."

"Ah yes. The chakras." Lord B. is following the discourse.

Crowley is also enjoying the lecture. He tries to keep from laughing.

"Using the *true* magical wand of my *Will*, I can direct that stream of energy *from* my body *through* the precision ground tip of the rod."

Lord B. is delighted. "Fascinating! Allan, my boy, I believe if anyone in the world could—"

"He can do nothing of the kind. He's breathed too many fumes." Lady B. couldn't have been more rude or insulting. "Come along Roger. He's nothing but a wheezing little working-class failure of a chemist!"

Lord B. is stunned and embarrassed. Crowley moves threateningly toward Lady B. She stands her ground half behind her husband.

"I suppose Mr. Crowley will now murder and eat us as well!"

"Would His Lordship like to see a demonstration?"

“Of course, Allan. I’d love to see a demonstration.”

Without a moment's hesitation, Bennett points the rod directly at Lady B.'s heart. His eyes drift and his body contracts. He makes a sharp grunt as if he were having a painful bowel movement. The moment he grunts, Lady B. is blown backward several feet as if she had been shot point blank by both barrels of a shotgun. She drops on the floor full force on her rear-end and slides several feet more across the polished museum floor. She remains paralyzed, her mouth open, her legs spread most unladylike. Lord. B. can only stare. Bennett calmly reinserts the prism into his walking stick.

“Not to worry, My Lord. She’ll come ’round in about fourteen hours.”

Lord B. cracks a tiny smile. “Fascinating!”

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN
CONJURING A DEMON FOR A FRIEND

[Interior day shot of the living room of Crowley's flat.]

Jones and Crowley are having tea and quietly studying. Jones is at the desk turning the pages of a magical book. Crowley is in a comfy chair gazing into a small round black mirror that sits on a tea table directly in front of him. He mumbles a few words in the angelic language of Enochian. He's doing a poor job of it.

“Zoda—care, eca, od—zodameranu!”

He gives up and sits back in chair and lights his pipe.

“We really must do something to help Allan. If he doesn't get out of London he'll be dead in a year.”

Jones agrees. “He goes on about that monastery in Ceylon. The warm fresh air would do wonders. I've offered to pay his fare.”

“I too. He and his damned magical oaths!” Crowley takes a thoughtful puff on his pipe.

“George, any demons in that book who heal stubborn magicians?”

Jones gets up and brings the book over to Crowley and points near the bottom of the page.

“Look at this one. Buer. He appears as a centaur and does all kinds of handy things including ‘healing all kinds of distempers in man.’”

Crowley takes another puff. “I’ve never conjured a demon before. At least not on purpose.”

“Nor have I,” says Jones. “But I assisted Allan once. It really works. Scared me to death!”

Crowley takes a particularly long puff on his pipe.

[Interior night shot of Crowley’s home temple.]

[A quick overhead shot reveals the basic temple layout.]

The door of the little temple is in the east. Just west of the door is the Magick Triangle drawn upon the floor. A few feet west of the triangle is the Magick Circle. Crowley and Jones stand in the centre of the circle, Jones behind Crowley. Both wear white robes and medallions of the spirit around their necks. Crowley also wears a lion skin belt and a bright red skullcap. He holds a plain wooden wand about two-and-one-half feet long.

Inside the Triangle is a square piece of parchment with the spirit’s symbol drawn on it. It rests before a large chafing dish of burning charcoal upon which burn heaps of dittany. There is much smoke in the room.

Crowley aims his wand at the Triangle. At first he appears very confident. He eloquently and dramatically recites

the conjuration, giving us every expectation that he will succeed in conjuring the spirit. Crowley uses a strange voice, lower and stronger than his natural voice, but giving no hint of artificial affection. His words ride smoothly upon two or three notes.

Whenever the text runs into bizarre and intelligible names and words he links them smoothly into a sonorous string ... almost as if they were one long master-word of unspeakable power.

“I invoke and move thee, O thou, Spirit Buer—and being exalted above ye in the power of the Most High, I say unto thee, OBEY ...”

Crowley’s conjuration continues off screen as scenes shift.

[Aerial exterior night shot of Crowley’s building.]

[High aerial exterior night shot of the City of London—very Peter Panish.]

[Aerial exterior night shot of Mrs. Horatio’s building.]

[Interior night shot of Mrs. H.’s bedroom.]

Mrs. H. is asleep. It appears she is experiencing an amorous dream. She is lying on her back and grinds herself up against a dream lover while moaning most deliciously.

When Crowley’s off-screen conjuration reaches the word “Obey!” Mrs. H. wakes and sits up startled.

[Cut back to interior night shot of Crowley's temple room.]

Crowley commandingly points the wand at the empty Triangle.

“In the names Beralensis, Baldachiensis, Paumachia, and by the Chief Prince of the seat of Apologia in the Ninth Legion, I do invoke thee and, by invoking, conjure thee. I say unto thee, Obey!”

[Cut back to Mrs. H.'s bedroom.]

Crowley's voice continues off screen.

“OBEY! In the name of him who spake and it was! And in these names of God! Adonai, El, Elohim, Elohi, Ehyeh Asher Ehyeh, Zabaoth, Elion, Iah, Shaddai, Lord God Most High, I stir thee up; and in our strength I say Obey! O Spirit Buer.”

Mrs. H., in her nightgown, sits at her writing desk and hurriedly scribbles a note. She quickly folds the paper. In doing so she receives a paper cut. She gasps, and then sucks the blood away. She stuffs the folded note into an envelope, leaving traces of blood on the outside.

[Cut back to Crowley and Jones.]

[Close shot of the Magick Triangle.]

DUQUETTE ~ BRATKOWSKY

Nothing is happening. The only action is the smoke that continues to rise in thick clouds from the charcoal. Jones peeks at the Triangle from behind Crowley.

“Do you see anything?”

“No. Do you?”

“No. Repeat the conjuration.”

[Cut to exterior night shot of the streets of London.]

[Cut to interior night shot inside a carriage.]

It is late. The streets are nearly empty. Mrs. H. (now dressed somewhat sloppily) tucks her hair up beneath her (yet another) large hat. She holds the envelope in her teeth as she struggles with the hat pin. She accidentally pricks her finger. “Ouch!” It bleeds a little.

[Cut back to Crowley and Jones.]

Crowley is looking less confident.

“I don’t see a damned thing, George. Do you?”

“No, old man. Just smoke. Try the stronger conjuration.”

“I don’t *have* the stronger conjuration memorized!”

“Read it then! Here.”

ALEISTER CROWLEY ~ REVOLT OF THE MAGICIANS

Jones picks up a sheet of paper from among many on the floor and hands it to Crowley. Crowley looks at the paper and starts to read. His delivery is very shaky.

“Right! ... er ... I do conjure thee, O thou Spirit Buer by all the glorious names of the Lord God of Hosts, that thou comest quickly and without delay...”

[Cut back to the exterior of Mrs. H.’s carriage.]

The carriage is being drawn at a leisurely clip. The driver pulls a bottle of gin from his coat pocket and takes a long swallow. He puts it back in his pocket and smiles most contentedly.

[Shot from the driver’s point of view.]

The horse’s head transforms into the head, shoulders and arms of a bearded man. The driver sees that the carriage is being drawn by a CENTAUR. Terrified, he uses his whip on the animal in an attempt to make the vision vanish. He succeeds only in making the centaur gallop at full speed down the near empty street. Drunks and trollops scurry out of the way. Finally the carriage comes to a stop at the curb in front of Crowley’s flat.

[Crowley’s conjuration continues off screen.]

DUQUETTE ~ BRATKOWSKY

“Comest quickly and without delay! And heal our beloved Brother Allan Bennett of his infirmities and bodily afflictions. In the names of Beralensis, Baldachiensis, OBEY! In the names of Paumachia, and Apologiae Sedes. OBEY!”

[Cut back to Crowley and Jones.]

Crowley is tired and stops the conjuration. He whispers over his shoulder to Jones.

“See anything?”

Jones sees nothing. Crowley continues.

“I conjure and constrain thee, O thou Spirit Buer ...”

The smoke is now so thick Crowley starts to cough. Soon Jones is coughing also. Still, like a trooper, Crowley continues.

“(cough) ... constrain thee by all the names aforesaid, and in addition (cough) these names wherewith Solo ... (cough) ... Solomon bound thee in a (cough) Vessel of Brass—Ado ... (cough) Adonai, Anaphazeton, Inessenfatoal (cough) and Pathtumon. Appearest here before this circle and swear unto us thine obedience (cough).”

Jones has an idea.

“Threaten him with the bottomless pit.”

“How in bloody hell do I threaten him with the bottomless pit?”

Jones starts shuffling through more papers on the floor. “I’ve got the bottomless pit bits here somewhere.” He does not see what Crowley is about to see in the Triangle.

[Close-up of Crowley’s face as he looks into the Triangle.]

Crowley’s countenance changes from frustration to horror.

[Cut to exterior night view of the Crowley’s building.]

Mrs. H.’s carriage has come to a stop. Somewhat shaken from her wild ride, she gets out and carelessly steps in horse droppings. “Damn me to hell!”

She tells the driver to wait but he does not hear her. He stares blankly at the horse, which we see as a horse. (We’re not sure what he’s seeing.) She walks up the steps of Crowley’s building.

[Cut back to Jones and Crowley.]

Crowley begins to address the demon.

“Welcome, Spirit Buer.”

Jones looks up and gasps. All the smoke in the room has gathered in a thick cloud that hovers like a three-sided column

above the Triangle. The red glow from the charcoal illuminates the cloud from within, giving it the appearance of a red, throbbing heart.

“It’s manifesting! Crowley, you’ve done it! Show it the Pentacle. Say the words!”

Crowley reaches for the medallion around his neck and shows it to the cloud in the Triangle. He tries to sound calm.

“By the Pentacle of Solomon have I called thee! Obey me and heal our Brother Allan Bennett.”

The smoke swirls violently within the column as if it were confined in a triangular glass container and desperately trying to get out.

Crowley panics. “I can’t talk to a damned cloud. Spirit Buer, I command you to appear in human form and answer me! Or ... or ...”

He whispers frantically over his shoulder to Jones.

“Or what? I need the bottomless pit bits.”

Jones is paralyzed staring at the Triangle. On the floor of the Triangle an armoured foot has materialized. Above it floats, in eerie slow motion, a bright red tunic; above the tunic shines a bright bronze helmet such as those that may have been worn by Bronze Age soldiers.

[Cut to Mrs. H. in the stairwell of Crowley’s building.]

Mrs. H. (holding the envelope) ascends the stairs.

[Cut back to Jones and Crowley.]

Crowley asks Jones what Buer is supposed to look like.

“A centaur, I think.”

“Does that look like a centaur to you?”

“I guess I’ve never seen a real centaur.”

The column of smoke begins to behave more violently.

What once were the glass-smooth sides of the three-sided column are now swelling as if they were ready to burst and allow the demonic contents to escape.

In the hallway outside of the door to Crowley’s flat, Mrs. H. bends to slide the note under the door, but she hesitates. She looks at the letter then nervously fans her face with it. She smiles mischievously and tries the door knob. The door is unlocked and she quietly enters.

The room is dark except for a small fire burning in the fireplace. It lights the scene. Mrs. H. looks around and sees no one. She hears voices from behind the door of the adjacent temple room. She moves close and puts her ear to the door. She hears Crowley reciting the conjuration. She kneels and peers through the keyhole. Through the thick smoke she sees Crowley and Jones standing in their robes. As they are both looking in her

direction, she quickly moves her head away from the keyhole. She smiles to herself.

“Those boys and their Black Magick.”

Back in the temple, Crowley points his wand directly at the Triangle and begins to nervously speak. The words pour out of his mouth so fast we can barely understand them.

“O thou Spirit Buer, because thou hast diligently answered unto my demands, I do hereby license thee to *depart* unto thy proper place... Depart, depart, depart ...”

The triangle column seems about to explode; a terrible low-frequency hum almost drowns Crowley’s words. He has to yell very loudly to be heard.

“... without causing harm or danger unto man or beast. Depart, then, I say...”

Outside the temple door Mrs. H. hears the shouting (which is unintelligible to her). She bends over and prepares to slide the letter under the door and make a quick exit.

Crowley is now losing his voice.

“... I charge thee to withdraw peaceably and quietly, and the peace of God ... be ever continued between thee and me. AMEN!”

Nothing changes. The noise continues. The column of smoke remains. Crowley throws his wand to the floor.

“We’ve failed, George.”

At the word “failed” we see the envelope slide under the door and scoot across the floor. As it passes through the Triangle, the noise and the smoky column instantly vanish. The envelope slides to rest inside the circle under the wand at Crowley’s feet. He picks it up and opens it. Jones looks over Crowley’s shoulder and tries to see.

“What is it, old man?”

“It’s from a friend who misses me.”

[Fade out to black.]

[Fade in to interior day shot of Mrs. H.’s parlour.]

[Close-up of Crowley’s face.]

“Give me a hundred pounds!”

Someone, we don’t yet see who, slaps Crowley’s face.

“Please darling, hear me out. This is your chance to do an absolutely unfettered act.”

His face is slapped again.

Mrs. H. is irresistibly beautiful in her French morning robe which conceals (yet at the same time accents) her every physical charm. Her hair is up most Edwardianly. She moves to the window—her back turned to Crowley—her hands clinched into tight fists. She chews her thumbnail in frustration and anger.

“I promise you. It’s not for me. It will do more good than you can possibly imagine. I have very good reasons for not using my own money.”

She doesn’t answer. She marches into her bedroom and slams the door. Crowley, resigned to failure, gets up and moves toward the coat rack near the front door. He turns when he hears the door of Mrs. H.’s bedroom open. She stands in the doorway with an envelope in her hand. Crowley goes to her and reverently takes the envelope.

“And now Mr. Aleister Crowley, as I have received word that a *one-legged* Colonel Horatio is returning from India on Thursday, *you* now have a chance to perform an unfettered act for me ... call it a magical *gesture*.”

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN
SUMMONED BY THE GODS

[Interior day shot of the parlour of Crowley's flat.]

[Close shot of the tea-table top.]

The envelope of money drops heavily on the table.

[Pull back to see Bennett seated at the table. He looks up to see Crowley and Jones.]

“What's this?”

Crowley can't wait to answer. “Your Nirvana, old man! You're moving to Ceylon.”

Bennett is speechless. Before he finds his voice, Crowley assures him.

“Don't ask. Let's just say it's a miracle, and not a penny of it magically tainted with charity.”

“Went to hell to get it.” Jones adds with a goofy grin.

Bennett looks at the cash, then rises and hugs Crowley and Jones.

“I don't know what to say, lads.”

“How about 'good bye,'” Crowley and Jones say in unison.

Bennett pauses to cough into a handkerchief, and then excitedly gestures that he needs to say something.

“This must be the day for news, lads. A letter from Paris came in the post. For you, little Brother. I think it’s from Mathers.”

Crowley rushes to the mantle and finds the letter. He reads out loud; first very slowly.

“Dear Brother Crowley, I have learned that you have passed your examinations to be admitted to the Second Order but the London lodge has refused your advancement.”

Crowley looks to Jones and Bennett. “Is this true?”

Jones sadly confirms. “Afraid so, old man.”

Crowley continues to read.

“This is to inform you that I no longer recognize the authority of the London Temple to make such refusals to duly qualified candidates and I will be happy to personally initiate you here in Paris at the earliest date of our mutual convenience. Brothers Jones and Bennett may accompany you and serve as officers in the ceremony; indeed it is my hope that they will. Congratulations, and I look forward to your response.

“Yours in the Bonds of the Order. Samuel L. MacGregor Mathers.”

Crowley looks up from the letter. Bennett and Jones both offer their congratulations.

“I told you it would work out, little Brother.”

[An angelic arpeggio of a harp bursts over the happy scene. It is very atonal and impressionistic—Debussy, perhaps.]

[Exterior night shot of the Theatre Bondinier, Paris.]

[Screen caption fades in.]

Theatre Bondinier—Paris

[Interior night shot of the theatre stage.]

The stage is backed with a flat representing the banks of the Nile. A profusion of palms, lilies of the Nile and papyrus adorn the stage. A replica of an Egyptian barge upon which rests an ornate coffin is being rowed across the stage.

Moina, portraying the Egyptian High Priestess Anari, stands at the prow of the boat. She is breathtakingly beautiful. She is dressed as the Goddess Isis Herself—in transparent silks that accent her firm tummy and breasts.

Mathers stands centre stage and silently worships her. She recites over the harp music.

“Isis am I, and from my life are fed
All showers and suns, all moons that wax and wane;
All stars and streams, the living and the dead,
The mystery of pleasure and of pain.”

Mathers portrays the Egyptian High Priest of Isis; he is dressed in an authentic white linen robe covered from one shoulder by a leopard skin. He is crowned with a golden band with the spreading head of cobra over his forehead. He holds a lotus-tipped staff. Now he recites:

“Crown Her, O crown Her with stars as with flowers for a virginal gaud!”

[Quick cut to Crowley, Jones, and Bennett in the audience.]

“Crown Her, O crown Her with Light and the flame of the down-rushing Sword!”

[Quick cut to Monsieur Babar seated a few rows behind Crowley, Jones, and Bennett.]

“Crown Her, O crown Her with Love for maiden and mother and wife! Hail unto Isis, Hail! For She is the Lady of Life!”

The Goddess responds to her devotee:

“I am the mother! I, the speaking sea!
I am the earth and its fertility!
Life, death, love, hatred, light, darkness, return to me –
To me!”

The curtain closes to thunderous applause. Crowley is in tears. He sighs under his breath.

“Summoned by the gods themselves.”

Bennett and Jones gather themselves to exit. Crowley remains seated, talking to himself. “I feel I’m in the very presence of the Secret Masters.”

He is startled by a hand on his shoulder. He turns to discover Monsieur Babar seated directly behind him.

“Monsieur Crowley. I must speak with you alone.”

“I beg your pardon. You have the advantage on me. You seem to know my name, but I ...”

Babar produces a card. “I am Maurice Jean-Baptist Plantard Babar. I am Directeur Prinipal of the Bibliothèque de l’Arsenal.”

Bennett overhears and becomes very interested. He stops to hear the conversation.

Crowley is coldly polite. “How do you do, Monsieur Babar. May I ask how you know my name?”

“That is unimportant. I must speak to you alone. Perhaps we could meet ...”

DUQUETTE ~ BRATKOWSKY

Mathers, still in costume, calls from the wings.

“Brother Crowley! Gentlemen!”

Crowley stands to acknowledge the summons. Jones and Bennett wave awkwardly. Crowley turns back to Babar.

“I’m sorry Monsieur Babar ...” but Babar has disappeared. Crowley looks at the card, and then puts it in his pocket.

[Fade out.]

CHAPTER NINETEEN
IN THE VAULT OF THE ADEPTI

[Fade in to interior night shot of the empty theatre.]

The curtain is closed and the spacious stage of the empty theatre will become the rectangular temple for Crowley's initiation. Objects in the room are softly lit and the darkened walls and floor give the effect of infinite space.

[Shot from above.]

Upstage, filling nearly the entire east end of the temple is a large seven-sided structure, a room known as "The Vault." On each side of the vault are two ornate obelisks (one black, one white) that flank the far west wall of the structure. Against the west wall of the temple stands a large red cross. It is big enough to crucify someone.

At the beginning of the scene there are three officers visible. Each wears a different colour robe and Egyptian head piece. Each holds different ceremonial objects. Moina is the Chief Officer. She holds a rod capped with a winged globe. Next to her is a small table with a chalice of wine, a dagger, and the ornamental rose cross. She stands between the pillars, facing the

cross. Bennett is the Second Officer. He holds a rod known as the Phoenix Wand. He stands to the right of the cross facing east. Jones is the Third Officer. He holds a rod known as the Lotus Wand. He stands to the left of the cross, facing east.

At first there is complete silence; then Mathers begins to speak from off stage.

“Ol sonuf va-orsagi, goho Iad Balata!”

These are the only words we hear during the initiation scene. Mystical and hauntingly beautiful music now accompanies the action.

Crowley, dressed in a black robe with a white sash, enters from the northeast corner. Jones and Bennett go to him and conduct him to Moina who holds her wand over Crowley’s head and speaks words we do not hear. Crowley responds with words we cannot hear.

Jones and Bennett conduct Crowley to the cross. They back him into it and slip his hands through loops of rope near the end of each arm of the cross. They next bind his waist and his feet to the cross.

Once Crowley is securely bound to the cross, Moina picks up the ornamental rose-cross, the symbol of the Order, and holds it in front of his face. She yells something at him. Crowley struggles against the ropes that bind his hands to the cross. Moina yells again, and again Crowley strains, pulling his arms against the ropes. Then Bennett and Jones move to the back of

the cross and loosen the rope loops, allowing Crowley's hands to reach with painful slowness towards the rose-cross in Moina's hands. Finally his hands grasp the sacred object and he pulls it towards his lips. He weeps in ecstasy.

Jones and Bennett now pull the ropes tight again. Moina moves as close as she can to Crowley and speaks a few words. Through his tears Crowley appears to repeat her words. It is the Oath. This exchange is repeated until the Oath is completed.

[Fade out to black.]

As we fade back in we see Jones pick up the chalice and dagger. He hands the dagger to Bennett and holds the chalice as Bennett dips the dagger blade in the wine. Bennett takes the dagger and makes crosses of wine on Crowley's forehead, feet, right hand, left hand, and heart. As he does so he speaks words we cannot hear.

[Fade to black.]

As we fade back we are now inside the seven-sided vault. There is an ornate Egyptian coffin resting on a bier in the middle of the room. Crowley stands at the foot of the coffin. Moina stands to his right and behind him.

Jones and Bennett remove the coffin lid, revealing the “body” of Mathers dressed in the rich ceremonial robes of a Pharaoh. His arms are crossed on his breast and he holds the Pharaoh’s crux and scourge. Bennett says something to Crowley and hands him the rose-cross. Crowley moves towards the coffin and touches Mathers on the heart with the rose cross. Mathers does not open his eyes but starts to talk. Then he slowly levitates out of the coffin. When he is about five feet in the air his body moves forward until he is standing upright in front of Crowley.

[Fade to black. Music ends.]

[Exterior day shot of the public gardens of Paris.]

In a scene of idyllic tranquility, Mathers and Moina stroll with Crowley, Bennett, and Jones near the lake. Moina is shaded by a black parasol; Crowley and Jones are smoking cigars. Mathers and Moina walk in front of the others. They face straight ahead and let the others talk to their backs. Mathers is chatting with Bennett.

“Allan. Off to Ceylon are you?”

“In the morning. Don’t know if I’ll ever be back. Monks don’t receive travel allowances I understand.”

Moina smiles as pleasant as she can. “You are a saint, Allan dear.”

Mathers pretends he didn't hear that. "I envy you Allan. We of course wish you the very best."

"That's very kind of you. I'll never forget you ... either of you."

Raising his voice so that he can be heard by the cigar-smoking adepts that trail behind, Mathers asks, "Jones! Have you mastered your astral projection yet?"

"I confess sir I have not. Oh, I pop out now and then in my sleep. Quite by accident though. Usually after too much broccoli quiche."

Jones laughs. No one joins him. Mathers stops and turns to Crowley.

"You're very quiet Brother Crowley. Did your initiation meet your expectations?"

"I am, in a word, sir, transfigured."

"Good. That's the point. Crowley, there is a great service you can perform for me when you get back to London.

[Fade to black.]

CHAPTER TWENTY
THE BATTLE OF BLYTHE ROAD

[Exterior day shot of the Golden Dawn London Temple building on Blythe Road.]

[Interior day shot of the initiation chamber.]

Florence Farr, Maude Gonne, Yeats, and Stoker are rehearsing the same initiation ritual that Crowley has just been through in Paris. In the cold light of day the London temple's cross and vault look small, cheap, and dirty compared to those Mathers employed in Paris.

Stoker, standing in and playing the part of the candidate, is hanging on the cross, while the others, scripts in hand, rehearse their lines and blocking. All are in street clothes. Farr, Yeats and Gonne are wearing their ceremonial Egyptian head-dresses. Yeats and Gonne are casually sharing a cigarette.

Stoker is understandably anxious to get on with the rehearsal. He shouts from the cross.

“Why am I always the damned candidate at these rehearsals?”

Yeats tries to calm Stoker. “Because you're not going to be an officer in the section of the ceremony ... and because you're *here!*”

Taking playful advantage of Stoker's position, Gonne slowly runs her finger across Stoker's chest. She then disappears behind the cross. As she talks, she pulls tight the rope loops that hold his wrists to the cross beam.

"Besides darling, we just love to see you so deliciously helpless."

Farr and Yeats carry on with the rehearsal. She hands him the chalice of wine and dagger. Farr tries to get everyone working together.

"That will be quite enough, children. Let's take our positions. Bill, I believe it is your line."

Yeats takes a puff on his cigarette then hands it off to Gonne. He takes the chalice and dagger from Farr. He dips the dagger blade into the cup and approaches the crucified Stoker. He carelessly exhales cigarette smoke in Stoker's face.

"I'll be careful Abraham; I wouldn't want to actually cut you. Dracula may be lurking near enough to smell your blood."

Stoker is not amused. "Well Dracula's bloody well made more money than any of your Celtic fairy verses. You know, Bill, it's damned hard to actually fill your belly with the written word. You might have to actually try it someday!"

Farr throws up her hands. "Dear God people! Can't we have two Irishmen in the same room?"

Maude Gonne still wants to tease the crucified Stoker. "Oh look. Bramsy's angry."

She approaches Stoker seductively. Cigarette in one hand, she licks her palm of the other and slicks Stoker's hair down over his eyebrows, making him look ridiculous. She then playfully nips his ear with her teeth, then sticks the smouldering cigarette between his lips.

“Bramsy's never more alluring than when he strains against ropes.” She turns to Yeats and coldly orders him, “Insult Bramsy again, darling.”

Farr stamps her foot. “People! That *will* be quite enough. I have a dress rehearsal for a *real* play in two hours and I won't be late.”

[Close-up of Stoker's face.]

Through the cigarette smoke Stoker sees something beyond and behind the others. His eyes widen and his mouth opens as he tries in vain to speak. He is so flustered that he doesn't even notice the smouldering cigarette has dropped from his lips and fallen inside his vest.

When he finds his voice all he can say is, “What the bloody hell?”

[We hear a discordant blast of a bagpipe.]

[The camera pans up from foot to head. We see a figure dressed in full Scottish Highland regalia: black buckled shoes; Argyle

knee socks with a dagger tucked neatly in one sock; skirt of the MacGregor tartan; sporran dangling in front with a topaz stag design; thick black leather belt holding a heavy Highland dirk the size of a small sword, and a black jacket over a white shirt with a stiff Eton collar. Finally, the camera rises to the level of the head to reveal a huge, black leather head-mask of the Egyptian Jackal God, Anubis.]

Farr, Gonne, and Yeats turn in amazed disbelief.

From behind the Anubis mask roars the voice of Aleister Crowley.

“*Royal is my Race* is the motto of the lawful owner of this Sacred Vault!”

Stoker struggles on the cross to free himself of the ropes. “Crowley! You bastard!”

Farr is the calmest of any other them. “Brother Crowley, you can’t be here. You can’t see this room.”

Crowley draws his dirk. “I have every right, and *you* have none. The Master himself has ushered me through the portal which you so shamefully thought you could bar to me.”

With his free hand he takes an envelope from under his belt and throws it to the floor.

“And as his envoy I am sent to deliver your letters of expulsion and seize the vault for the Master.”

“Mathers sent you?” Yeats asks.

Gonne turns to Stoker on the cross. “Dear God Bramsy, you’re right. Mathers has lost his mind completely.”

Stoker now notices his shirt is smouldering. “Whhaaaa! Please! Get me down ... someone ... YOU BASTARD CROWLEY! ... someone, help me! I’ll kill you Crowley. I’ll KILL you!”

Farr ignores Crowley. She turns her back on him and addresses the others.

“I for one shall not be expelled by a madman and his lunatic messenger. We have a quorum. I move we expel MacGregor Mathers and Mr. Aleister Crowley effective immediately.

Gonne seconds the motion, and Farr continues.

“It’s been regularly moved and seconded that Mathers and Crowley be expelled. All in favour raise your right hand.”

Farr sets the example and raises her hand. Instantly Gonne and Yeats do the same. Stoker, still crucified, cannot raise his hand. He’s on fire and blabbers incoherently. “Oh I vote Aye! For Christ’s sake!”

Farr turns to Crowley. “There you go, *Mister* Crowley. Now get out before I send for a constable.”

Crowley raises his dirk and with his other hand points to the envelope on the floor.

“You were expelled first. Your votes don’t count.”

“They do too!” Farr insists nonchalantly. “We didn’t open the envelope!”

Stoker punctuates the absurdity of the moment. “Someone get me down from this god-damned cross. I’m on fire!”

Crowley, whirling the dirk above his head, lunges toward Gonne and Yeats. Farr steps to the side and in the action that follows and escapes unnoticed out the door. Crowley chases Gonne and Yeats around the cross and the outside of the vault, all the while shouting,

“Off! Off the sacred mounts of Heredom and Abiegunus! Flee now in shame from the tomb of our Father Christian Rosencruz!”

Crowley finally herds Gonne and Yeats out the door. He then slowly turns and faces Stoker on the cross, whose shirt is now smoking away nicely. Crowley reaches down to his sock and removes the dagger. He holds it by the blade as if ready to throw it.

Stoker is terrified. “You’re more insane than Mathers! What ... what are you going to do? You wouldn’t dare ...”

Crowley takes off the Anubis mask and indignantly orders Stoker to, “Get off my cross!”

He then expertly hurls the dagger, which plunges into the wood just inches above Stoker’s head. Stoker faints dead away. Crowley puts the Anubis mask back on. He picks up the

goblet of wine and pours the wine down Stoker's shirt, extinguishing the fire. Crowley then proceeds to chop Stoker's ropes with his dirk. Stoker falls off the cross onto the floor and begins to come around.

[Off screen we hear the sound of a man clearing his throat very loudly as if to attract attention.]

A constable stands in the doorway along with Farr, Gonne, and Yeats cringing behind him. They are still wearing their Egyptian headpieces (very crookedly). The bobby surveys the scene; Crowley in his Highland outfit and Jackal god mask; Stoker on the floor drenched in wine; the cross, the vault, the cup, the dagger ... and calmly asks,

“What's all this then?”

[Exterior day shot of the Golden Dawn Temple building.]

A small crowd has gathered in front of the building. Out of the door comes wine-drenched Stoker pawing his vest and shirt for burn holes; Gonne and Yeats cling to each other with their Egyptian head-dresses still dangling to their heads; then comes Crowley with his kilt and Anubis mask, then the constable with Florence Farr talking so fast she can't be understood.

“Menaced us with his dirk. This is our temple! Our cross! Our vault!”

The crowd gawks in amused wonder at the bizarre spectacle. The constable closes and locks the door and tells them, “Move along now. Nothing to see here.”

[Cut to exterior day shot of Mathers’s apartment building in Paris.]

[Cut to interior day shot of Mathers’s apartment.]

Moina in full magical regalia takes off her magician’s cap and removes a bloodied magical square from atop her head. She opens the door and steps into the parlour. Mathers is seated at the writing desk making an entry in his diary. Moina throws the bloody talisman on his notes.

“Your buffoon Crowley has botched his assignment. It seems you’re the one who has been expelled.”

[Close-up of Mathers’s face.]

[Fade to black.]

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE
BAELZUBUB—LORD OF THE FLIES

[Interior day shot of Mathers's home temple.]

Working like a man possessed, Mathers arranges his home temple for a special ceremony. He puts oil in the lamp that hangs over the square altar in the centre of the room. He fills the censer with charcoal and frankincense. Finally, he opens the French doors to the balcony, and lugs out a fifty-pound bag of fine sand. He pours the sand into a shallow box just outside the doors. He gets down on his hands and knees and smoothes the sand to a perfect surface.

[Over the faint sound of buzzing flies the scene fades to black.]

[Exterior day shot of the façade of the Horniman Museum.]

[Close-up of the sign in front of building.]

HORNIMAN MUSEUM
OF NATURAL HISTORY and GARDENS

Open December 15

[Interior day shot of the main gallery of the Horniman Museum.]

ALEISTER CROWLEY ~ REVOLT OF THE MAGICIANS

Having come straight from the constabulary, Farr, Stoker, Yeats, and Gonne come to pay a visit to Annie Horniman at her (as yet unfinished) Horniman Museum. They meet in the huge main gallery. Farr acts as spokesperson.

“Annie, we want you to lead us again.”

Stoker can't contain himself. “Mathers is barking mad and dispatched his fairy henchman Crowley to expel us and seize the Temple.”

Horniman cannot believe what she's hearing. “What? Seized the Temple?”

Yeats assures her. “We've taken care of that. We've just left the constabulary.”

Gonne adds, “We've expelled Mathers ... and Crowley too!”

“Oh dear, people. I don't know. We've not made contact with the Secret Masters. None of us have ... have we?” There is no answer to Horniman's question.

“Very well. We'll meet tomorrow evening at the Temple. We'll open by Watchtower and I'll formally petition for inner plane contact. I'll not lead the group without at least going through the motions.”

[Exterior evening shot of a London Constabulary.]

DUQUETTE ~ BRATKOWSKY

Crowley exits in his Highland attire (minus his dirk and dagger). His Anubis mask in hand; his head bowed in disappointment. He pauses, looks at the grey sky, turns and walks away.

[Exterior evening shot of a London street near Charing Cross Road.]

Crowley continues to aimlessly walk. He ignores the stares of other people, his eyes dejectedly focused on the sidewalk in front of him. It starts to rain. At first he doesn't care, but then he starts to look for shelter. Redway's Bookshop is ahead about half a block. He runs for the door.

[Interior evening shot of Redway's Bookshop.]

Crowley opens the door and we hear the familiar bell. He stands for a moment in the doorway and tries to brush the rain off his coat and skirt. He sneezes. Redway appears from the back room.

“Mr. Crowley. Look at you. Come in. Please come in.”

“Please forgive me Mr. Redway. It seems the rain has caught me ...”

Redway pulls a chair to a table near the stove. “Come, sit down. You can use some tea, my friend?”

“Please don’t trouble yourself, Redway.”

Redway disappears behind the counter. “Nonsense, Mr. Crowley. The kettle’s on. Been to a Scottish affair, have we?”

Crowley looks down at himself.

“In a way, yes. It wasn’t as festive as I expected, I’m sad to say.”

Redway reappears with a tea tray. He has a towel over his arm. He sits down and hands Crowley the towel.

“Tomorrow’s another day, I always say. Sugar?”

“None, thank you.”

“Milk or lemon?”

“Lemon, please.”

Redway hands Crowley his cup of tea, then sits down.

“Mr. Crowley, may I ask you a question?”

Crowley is caught in mid-sip. He stares down at his cup as if he has just savoured an unexpectedly delicious taste of tea.

“Of course.”

“I believe you are striving to attain union with your Holy Guardian Angel, are you not?”

“Why, yes. How ...”

“Am I also correct in observing that because you’ve never actually *met* your Angel that your life has been a litany of highly dramatic triumphs and disasters?”

Crowley laughs, and takes another sip of Redway's remarkable brew. "Redway, you seem to know a great deal about ..."

"What do you think is the nature of this Angel, Mr. Crowley? Does it have feathers?"

"I don't ..."

"Does it play the harp, and live on a far away cloud? Or is it close ... right under your nose, perhaps?"

Crowley looks into the teacup under his nose and briefly sees his own reflection. He looks up somewhat confused and irritated.

Redway doesn't wait for an answer. "Are you trying to find it books? In that magical club you belong to? In great teachers? In Secret Masters, perhaps?"

"Mr. Redway, please, I've had a terrible day. These are things I've vowed not to discuss."

Redway sets his cup down and refills it.

"Of course they are. Please forgive me, Mr. Crowley. I ask only because ... if I may speak frankly ... I've observed something very special about you."

Redway smiles with such a curious twinkle in his eye that Crowley becomes uncomfortable with the conversation. He puts his cup down, folds the towel and begins to get up.

"Mr. Redway, thank you for the tea and the warmth of your shop, but I really must be going."

Redway rises with him.

“Of course. Please take one of my umbrellas with you.

Sub Umbra Alarum as we say ... ‘under the shadow of the wings.’”

Crowley looks at Redway very curiously. He goes to the door, opens it and sticks the umbrella just outside before opening it.

“Good day to you, Mr. Redway” he says, and oddly means it.

“Mr. Crowley, one more thing. When you were on the Baltoro Glacier, *who* gave you the idea to tell your porters you were the Mountain God?”

“What? How ... ? Why no one gave me the idea. It just came to me. I lied to save our lives. Redway... why are you asking me these things?”

[Close-up of Redway’s face.]

As he speaks, Redway’s face subtly glows with a warm radiance. His skin seems to soften as his features become stronger and bolder. Then as he furrows his brow we see the very faintest suggestion of a third eye in the centre of his forehead.

“Because, my friend, I believe your life is again in danger ... and perhaps ... perhaps you really *are* the Mountain God.”

[Close-up of Crowley’s face.]

“Good evening, Mr. Redway.”

Redway watches Crowley leave. “Good luck, Mr. Crowley.”

[Fade to black.]

[Fade in to interior night shot of Mathers’s home temple.]

Mathers, in full magical regalia, enters the room. He holds a black wooden wand about four feet long in one hand, and his translation of the *Book of the Sacred Magick of Abramelin the Mage* in the other. He sets the book and wand down on the altar and lights the lamp, then kindles the incense. He kneels before the altar and mumbles a prayer that is at first inaudible, then rises to a crescendo at the end.

“Hear me, and make all spirits subject unto me; so that every spirit of the Firmament and of the Ether; upon the Earth and under the Earth, on dry Land and in the Water; of Whirling Air, and of rushing Fire, and every Spell and Scourge of God may be obedient unto me!”

He gets up, opens the book, and tears out a magick square. He then steps forward through the double doors to the sand box on the balcony. He kneels near the box and carefully places the magick square in the middle of the sand.

“In the name of the True and Living God Most High, who created the world and all things in heaven and hell, do I now summon from the pit the great Prince Baelzubub.

At the word “Baelzubub” he draws a dagger from his robe and slashes the palm of his left hand. He holds the bleeding hand over the sand box and allows the dripping blood to completely soak the magick square. The temple room and balcony shake violently.

The sand box stops shaking, but we see movement under the sand. Now swelling from the centre, a cone rises like a volcano. We hear the sound of a million buzzing flies. Mathers gets up and backs up several feet into the temple room.

A huge black fly now breaks the surface of the sand. It grows to the size of a full grown hog and stares threateningly at Mathers with its huge segmented eyes. The buzzing noise is deafening. Mathers screams at the creature.

“Come not in that form! I command you! Put on human visage! Or else back to the pit! Human form!”

Instantly Baelzubub transforms into the unthreatening image of an elderly vicar of the Anglican Church. Mathers tries

to speak, but nothing is coming out. The Vicar Baelzubub, however, seems anxious to talk. It speaks in a calm, sweet voice.

“You look surprised to see me.”

“You came so quickly. I thought a Supreme Prince would be more reluctant.”

“Not at all. The greater the devil, the more pleased to be invited.”

Mathers, remembering his proper role in this ceremony, barks roughly.

“I am a great and terrible magician!”

“You *are* a great and terrible magician.”

“I am armed with the authority of the Most High God, and mine Holy Guardian Angel.”

“You *are* armed with the authority of the Most High God, and ...”

Baelzubub looks to the left and to the right. Seeing he is alone in the room with Mathers he smiles most pleasantly.

“Your Holy Guardian Angel?”

Mathers extends his wand out through the open windows.

“I am your master, and in token of your loyalty you will lay your hands upon my rod and swear obedience unto me.”

Baelzubub strokes his chin thoughtfully like a good vicar.

“Where does it say I must do that?”

“In the Book of the Sacred Magick!”

Baelzubub smiles and respectfully reaches both his hands to touch the rod as ordered.

“I see.”

Baelzubub pauses for a moment, and then violently grabs the wand with both hands. He jerks Mathers within inches of the sand box. We again hear the sound of buzzing flies. Baelzubub’s head reverts to that of a fly and he sticks his hideous face in Mathers’s face and gives it one huge lick with a protruding tongue. Then, in a very loud and cynical voice:

“You mean in your *translation* of the book!”

Mathers is terrified. The thought had never occurred to him that something very important might have been lost in the translation. Baelzubub releases the wand and returns to human form. Mathers falls back, wiping the stinking fly juice from his face. He can barely compose himself.

“I have a job for you.”

“Speak!”

“I have enemies ...”

[Close-up of Moina’s eye as she peers into the temple through a spy-hole in the parlour.]

[Fade to black.]

[Fade in to exterior day shot of a London street.]

Farr, Yeats and Gonne are sharing a ride in an open carriage. Farr tells the group she is starving to death.

“I don’t know how I’ll make it through the first Act.

“We’ll break our fast after tonight’s ceremony.” Maude Gonne tries to sound encouraging. “Poor Annie’s spending the afternoon banishing the temple by herself and preparing.”

“What we won’t do for magick,” Farr observes.

“We’ll collect you immediately after your performance,” Yeats tells Farr.

“You’re not attending, Bill? I’ve sunk my fortune into this. The Prince of Wales will be there.”

“He’ll just have to meet us another time, Florence.

The conversation is interrupted by the sound of alarm bells of a fire company going to a fire. The carriage pulls to the curb. Yeats strains to see what is happening. He calls up to the driver.

“What is it?”

“The Avenue Theatre Sir. Looks like she’s burning to the ground.”

Farr stands up and looks beyond the driver.

“Oh dear God! I’m ruined!”

She slaps her neck as if bitten by an insect. She looks down at her hand.

[Exterior day shot of Hyde Park.]

Bram Stoker is walking his Irish wolfhound, Lucy. He allows her to run free while he sits on a bench near the Serpentine Lake. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and begins to meditate. He is disturbed when he hears Lucy's frantic barking. She is out of sight. He gets up and follows the sound. She appears to have chased a hare under some wooden boards that cover the ground near some drainage and irrigation equipment.

"Lucy! Come!" The dog ignores him.

"Lucy! Come, girl!" Still she ignores him and continues to bark.

"You silly bitch!"

He moves towards the dog. He steps on one of the boards. It breaks under his feet, and he plunges into an abandoned drainage ditch filled with sludge. It is completely dark except for the dusty light streaming in from the broken board above. At first he is not too alarmed because he landed on his feet and stands knee-deep in sludge. But then he continues to sink rapidly. Lucy barks noisily from above.

"Hello! I say! Can anyone hear me?"

From the surface we see Lucy barking down a hole. She is making so much noise we cannot hear Stoker's cries for help.

Stoker sinks deeper in the sludge. He is now up to his chest. He struggles, which makes him sink even faster. He

screams at the top of his lungs. “HELP ME! PLEASE! SOMEONE!”

He claws at the dirt wall nearest him. He is up to his chin. He cocks his head back to keep his mouth and nose from going under.

Two workmen, attracted by Lucy’s barking, arrive and look down into the pit. All that is left above the surface of the sludge is Stoker’s right arm waving madly. One workman holds the other’s legs while he reaches in and grabs Stoker’s hand. He pulls him up so that his head is above the sludge.

Stoker is whimpering in terror. A large black fly lands on his filth-covered face. He is too hysterical to notice.

[Cut to exterior day shot of Westminster Bridge.]

Having dropped Farr off at what remains of the Theatre, Yeats and Gonne are being driven back to Gonne’s flat.

“Maudie, I believe we’re being magically attacked. It’s Crowley and Mathers.”

“Oh Bill, theatres burn down all the time. We of all people should know that after what happened in Dublin.”

“I hope you’re right.”

“We’ll get to my flat, perform a nice banishing ritual, and prepare ourselves for tonight’s ceremony. Then we’ll all go out for a nice dinner.”

[Close shot of the horse's head and ears.]

A large fly is tormenting the horse's ear. The driver sees it and tries to flick it with the tip of his whip. Instead he hits the horse's ear. The horse rears up on its hind legs then bolts violently toward the wrong side of the road. The driver is thrown completely off the rig. The carriage careens madly from side to side behind the terrified horse. Two wheels jump the curb and scrape the low railing of the bridge, then splinter into pieces, violently hurling Yeats and Gonne over the side and into the Thames. Yeats can't swim. Gonne manages to grab him as he sinks. A constable on the bridge blows his whistle. Yeats in tow, Gonne slowly makes toward the Westminster side.

[Exterior night shot of the Golden Dawn Temple building.]

[Interior night shot of a room just outside the temple room proper.]

Annie Horniman, wearing a simple white robe and Egyptian head-dress, paces the floor and looks nervously at the wall clock. It is 11:45. She takes a deep breath, opens the temple door, and enters.

The room is set up as if for the Neophyte initiation ceremony. She turns and locks the door. The temple is lit by

three gas lamps mounted to the eastern wall, one very large gas lamp over the Hierophant's throne, and two smaller lamps centred on the north and south walls.

She approaches the east and lowers the gas lights to near extinction, plunging the room into a soft and mystical ambiance. We hear for just an instant the faint buzzing of a fly. She returns to the west of the altar that is positioned between the black and white pillars in the centre of the room. She kneels and places her hands upon the cross and triangle that rest upon the altar top.

“Oh you Masters who direct the evolution of our race; guiding hands of our sacred Order; appear as you once did to our brother who has fallen.”

She lays her head upon her hands and weeps. The lights fade to near darkness, then a soft, wondrous light fills the room. She then hears a voice.

“It's good to be serious about these things, Annie. But really dear ... the idea is not to make magick your life, but to make your life magick.”

She looks up to see Mr. Redway sitting on the Hierophant's throne in the east. She is first startled, and then she becomes livid.

“Mr. Redway! What on earth are you ...”

“Not entirely on earth, Annie. You called and I have come.”

“Redway, if you do not leave immediately I shall send for the authorities.”

“You did send for the authorities Annie ... and here I am. Secret Masters are seldom what you imagine.”

Redway rises from the throne and walks over to the gas lights behind him. He peers for a moment at the lamps.

“Oh dear. I’ll need to make this fast, Annie. I’m afraid you’ve lowered the lamps a bit too low.”

“Redway! You are interrupting a very important ...”

Redway turns to face Annie. A third eye in his forehead is now visible and his conservative clothes glow with a divine light.

“Listen to me carefully, Annie. This room is completely dark, and it is rapidly filling with gas.”

She is frozen in place. Redway talks as he glides slowly toward her.

“The magical Order you wish to lead is not painted wood and a group of people in silly hats. It is a spirit, Annie; a god, if you will. It’s a force that periodically knocks the world off balance just long enough to force reluctant humanity to take the next great step in consciousness.

“Yes, Mathers made contact with us ... but he never truly allowed himself to believe that he had. *He* created the rituals. *He* created the teachings. It was *his* genius that made the

magick—but he lost it the moment he believed in the magick more than he believed in himself. It’s as simple as that, Annie.”

Horniman begins to swoon.

“Redway, I don’t understand.”

“No my dear, you don’t understand.”

She falls unconscious in Redway’s arms. The room plunges suddenly into darkness.

“Annie? Annie!” It is the voice of Yeats.

“I smell gas!” shouts Stoker.

“She’s locked herself in the temple!” cries Gonne.

The three are attempting to break the door down.

“Luck girl,” Redway whispers in the darkness. “I do believe your friends are here to save your life.”

Light floods the temple as the door crashes open.

Redway is gone. Farr, Stoker, Yeats and Gonne cough violently and shout, “Annie!” Yeats picks her up off the floor and carries her out of the room. Stoker (his right arm in a sling) takes a chair and smashes a window. Gonne rushes to check all the gas lights then joins the others in the adjacent room.

Horniman starts to come around. Looking very confused, she glares at each of their faces.

“Where have you been?” I’ve ... I’ve made contact ...”

“Hush, Annie.” Yeats gives her a quick kiss on the forehead. “It seems we’ve all had a terrible day ... each one of us. We’re all lucky to be alive.”

Horniman insists, "I've made contact with the Secret Masters!"

The four others look to each other in sad disbelief.

Farr tries to humour her. "Oh Annie! That's wonderful. Don't try to talk. Let's get some air in you."

"No! Everyone. It's true! Maudie, listen ...you don't believe me. You think I'm mad."

"Of course we don't, dear. You just need a moment to gather your wits. It's as though we've all been cursed."

"Not really. People, listen to me: it's Mr. Redway, the bookseller. Mr. Redway's a Secret Master ... a god! He can materialize out of thin air. He glows in the dark. He reads all our minds. Redway."

Farr cradles Horniman's head and rocks her gently. "Of course, dear. Of course."

Stoker slams the floor with his good hand. "We've all gone barking mad. I *quit* this bloody freak show!"

He stands up and limps rapidly to the business office. Yeats follows him and discovers Stoker rifling through the file cabinet. Stoker has found his membership files. He roughly pulls them out with his one good hand. Other files fall to the floor.

"I'll not let history link Bram Stoker to this madness. You'd be wise to do the same Bill. Salvage what reputation you can. Run from this magick stuff and never look back!"

Stoker limps toward the door with a stack of papers and folders pressed against by his arm in the sling.

“And never try to contact me again!”

He slams the door so hard it shatters the stained-glass window on the adjacent wall. It is the ornate image of the Rose-Cross, symbol of the Order. Large pieces of glass fall crashing to the floor.

.....

Sir Francis stopped his dictation and got up to refill his pipe. We had been working since just before noon. It was now half-past six. The day outside had been dismal and wet; Lady Harris’s library was a comfortable and cosy contrast.

“We’ll break for dinner, Brother Harland. I’m feeling a bit done in.”

I had to hand it to the old man. His vision and feel for the period was impressive. The story was engaging enough, but I was still distracted by the caricature nature of his cast of characters, most of whom I knew full well were not being accurately presented, at least not historically.

“We’re not writing history, Brother Harland.” He sang his words like a mother lightly scolding a child. I shouldn’t have been thinking so loud.

“... and we’re all caricatures. Movies, even great movies, are corny, shallow, and inaccurate caricatures of life.

The audience breathes truth into a movie. We'll be lucky if your movie just succeeds in staying out of the way of that truth!"

We picked back up at 8:15. Bendick seemed particularly anxious and introspective.

"These final parts will be a bit tricky, Milo. There will be quite a lot of cutting back and forth between scenes and locations. I'm even going to require us to use very special film effects that might be difficult for you to notate using your shorthand. Do the best you can. It's likely to be quite a ride for you."

.....

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO
THE CABINET OF LAMECH BEN ABRAHAM

[Interior day shot of Crowley's flat.]

Crowley sits at a writing table in the parlour. Jones looms over him with a newspaper. He reads the headlines out loud.

“TEA HEIRESS ESCAPES DEATH BY GAS.”

“POET AND PLAYWRIGHT PLUNGE INTO THAMES.”

“DRACULA'S CREATOR BURIED ALIVE.”

Jones throws the newspaper on the table.

“Crowley, you're a pretty damned dangerous person to be around.”

“George, you can't believe I'd actually try to hurt these people ... magically or otherwise?”

“I don't know what I believe. I'm going to visit my sister in Hastings. I'm giving magick a rest for while.”

He grabs his coat and hat and goes to the door. "I advise you do the same."

He exits and slams the door. Crowley picks up the paper and reads. We hear the buzzing of a fly. Crowley sees it land on the desk. He folds the newspaper and nonchalantly swats the fly, smashing it to death.

He then gets up and moves in front of the wall mirror as he did in an earlier scene. He lightly puts his hand on the reflection of his own heart, then quickly pulls it away. There is a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" he shouts through the door.

"Secret Masters." A muffled voice replies.

"Very funny."

He opens the door. It is Mrs. Horatio and Dinky.

"Oh dear God! You two have linked up!"

Dinky is the first to bust through the door uninvited.

"We knew you were feeling down, Alice."

"A touch of ennui perhaps?" Mrs. H. adds as she enters.

Crowley is genuinely surprised. "And how could you possibly know that?"

The two push themselves deeper into the parlour.

"Because you're not with *us* darling." Mrs. H. touches Crowley's cheek.

"Yes, and that's how I think it should stay! Where's your one-legged Colonel?"

“Shivering his timber in the military hospital, the dear. He also lost his *mind* in India.”

Dinky ignores this unpleasantness. “We’re going to a costume ball tonight, and you’re coming with us, Alice.”

“You *must* be joking. The last time we ...”

“See? We’ve made you feel better already.” Mrs. H. puckers out the words like she’s talking to a poodle.

“I’ll feel better when you two leave.”

Dinky picks up the folded newspaper and discovers the smashed fly. He twists his face in disgust, and flicks it off.

“Don’t turn away friends, my Mountain God. Let two old chums be your magick for awhile.”

Crowley sits back down at his writing table and nervously picks up his pen.

“Look, I appreciate what you’re trying to do but ... I’m *really* not up to a costume ball. Go away. It seems I’m dangerous to be around.”

Mrs. H. moves in back of Crowley and starts to rub his neck and shoulders.

“Alright then, my poet. But at least allow us to take you out of this gloomy room for a little while. Come help us pick our costumes. You love dress-up.”

Crowley looks at his friends for a moment and then puts down his pen. Dinky breaks into a very toothy grin.

[Exterior day shot of the Bibliotheque de l' Arsenal.]

[Interior day shot of the Bibliotheque de l' Arsenal.]

Mathers and Monsieur Babar face each other across the library's front desk. Mathers's left hand is bandaged.

"It has been a long time, Monsieur Mathers. I have been following your career with interest. You live in Paris now, yes?" Babar eyes Mathers's bandaged hand.

"Monsieur Babar, I would like to look at the book once again."

"But why? I have read your translation. It is excellent. Very complete. I do not see the need ..."

"I was hoping to find perhaps ... I just need to look at it, only for an hour or so. Please."

[Interior night shot of the basement of the Bibliotheque de l' Arsenal.]

Babar opens the cabinet door. When the flames rise on the interior candles we see the book is resting as we first saw it, half on the front side of the mirror, half on the back side. Babar stands aside and allows Mathers to approach. Mathers reaches out his hands and tries to seize the book. He cannot make it budge. Babar moves nearer. He speaks to Mathers in a calm and compassionate voice.

“We had great hopes for you, Monsieur. Your little Order has changed the world in ways you cannot possibly imagine.”

“We?” Mathers asks.

“It is *we* who called you to the book. *We* who called you to the work. But I am afraid, Monsieur ... you no longer stand between the darkness and the light.”

“But I’m not evil. I’m good!” Mathers chokes the words out.

“But Monsieur you *are* evil. We are all—each one of us—evil *and* good. It is what makes us human. It is what makes us *divine*.

“You have foolishly used up all your strength clinging to what you think is the light. The darkness had only to wait for you to grow weary.”

Babar moves Mathers away from the cabinet and leads him to a chair.

“A lesson in *balance*, Monsieur. To save yourself from evil you must also save yourself from good.”

[Close-up of Babar’s face.]

Babar’s face subtly becomes more radiant and beautiful. A third eye then forms on the centre of his forehead. It opens and captures Mathers in its gaze.

“Someone else must now shoulder the burden of knocking the world off balance.”

“Bonjour, Monsieur Babar.” The voice is that of Moina Mathers.

Babar smiles, but he does not turn around to face her. His face returns to normal.

“Bonjour, Madame. I’ve been expecting you.”

[Exterior day shot of a London street near Charing Cross Road.]

Crowley, Dinky, and Mrs. H. are enjoying their stroll past the shops on their way to the costume shop. Dinky announces their destination.

“Cumming’s Costumes—just a few shops down from that bookshop that sells your poetry.”

As they pass Redway’s Bookshop, Mr. Redway steps out onto the sidewalk.

“Oh Mr. Crowley?”

The three stop and turn. Redway smiles politely at Dinky and Mrs. H., then turns to Crowley.

“Excuse me sir, but might I have a word with you? It’s rather important. I’m sure your friends won’t mind if I borrow you for a moment.”

Mrs. H. smiles and gives Crowley permission to chat with Redway. “It’s almost next door, darling. Go on. After all, he’s kind enough to peddle your books.”

Dinky and Mrs. H. continue on to Cumming’s Costumes.

“Mr. Redway, you told me my life was in danger. Just what ...”

“Mr. Crowley, there is a *book* I would like to show you.”

[Interior day shot of Redway’s Bookshop.]

Redway leads Crowley behind the counter to the storage room of the shop.

[Interior day shot of the back room of Redway’s Bookshop.]

The storage room is large and almost perfectly square. Boxes are stacked against the left wall and book binding equipment clutters the centre. The right wall is clear and is covered by a large Indian tapestry depicting Shiva and Shakti in the seated love-making position.

Redway directs Crowley’s steps. “Over here.”

Redway gently pulls at the right edge of the tapestry. It swings forward and we realize it is hung artfully from the ceiling. What it reveals makes Crowley gasp in wonder. It is the

exact duplicate of the magick cabinet in the basement of the Bibliotheque de l'Arsenal in Paris. The doors are closed.

Redway smiles proudly. “Beautiful isn’t it?”

“Magnificent. But you said you wanted to show me a book.”

“What you’re looking at, Mr. Crowley, *is* a book. *The Book of the Sacred Magick of Abramelin the Mage.*”

“Redway, you’re going to have to be—”

Redway doesn’t allow Crowley to finish.

“In 1403 ...”

[Redway’s words come alive and are dramatized in a sepia-toned flashback.]

“... in Egypt, Abraham the Jew was taught the Sacred Magick by Abra-Melin, the greatest magician on earth. Abraham went on to master the art so perfectly that he transcended even the powers of his teacher.

“Knowing that only a few magicians in the future would ever be strong enough—courageous enough—WISE enough to use the magick he devised a wondrous plan ...”

[Flashback is interrupted by an abrupt cut back to Mathers, Moina, and Babar.]

Babar, his countenance returned to normal, faces Moina.

“You are here to find something in the book, Madame?
Something that perhaps your husband might have overlooked?”

He notices that her left hand is also bandaged. “Madame has injured herself. Allow me to get you a fresh bandage.”

“That will not be necessary. You are correct, Babar. I have come to look at the book.”

Mathers looks ill. “Moina, don’t! Let’s just—”

“Shut up or get out! I’m sick of your whining!”

Mathers sits down and looks at his bandaged hand.

Babar calmly waves his hand toward the cabinet.

“Madame is welcome to remove the book. The doors are open.”

She looks contemptuously down her nose at Babar.

“Why must you keep it in that grotesque box? Really Babar, the *dramatics do* become boring after awhile.”

[Abrupt cut back to the sepia-toned flashback vision of Abraham the Jew.]

Redway continues in voice-over.

“Abraham the Jew wrote the secrets of the Sacred Magick in a book ...”

Crowley interrupts in voice-over. “And I’ve read the translation, and I assure you I could read it in the original Hebrew, German and French. I don’t see what—”

“I said the cabinet *is* the book, Mr. Crowley. At least the most *vital part* of the book.”

[Cut back to Mathers, Moina, and Babar.]

Moina approaches the cabinet. Mathers warns her away.

[Abrupt cut back to the sepia-toned flashback vision of Abraham the Jew.]

Redway continues in voiceover. “The original book contained instructions for building this cabinet. On his death Abraham bequeathed the book to his son, Lemech, a master cabinet maker who constructed the cabinet and then removed and destroyed the plans and instructions for its use.”

[Flashback ends.]

[Interior day shot of the back room of Redway’s Bookshop.]

Crowley is impatient with Redway.

“All very interesting Redway, but to tell you the truth, I’m getting damned sick of magick.”

“Are you really, sir?”

Redway approaches the cabinet. As he does so he reaches into the watch pocket of his vest and removes a small silver chain exactly like the one Babar had.

Redway begins to chant. “At the ending of the light—At the limits of the night—We stand before the unborn ones of time.”

As Redway recites the words, a key exactly like Babar’s materializes at the end of the chain. He inserts the key and solemnly opens the doors. We see the mirrors, candles, and book just as we saw in Paris. He moves to one side to allow Crowley to see the entire spectacle.

“Then perhaps you would like to leave my shop now and rejoin your friends.”

Crowley approaches the cabinet. He stands for a moment and looks at his reflections. Then he looks down at the book.

“I’ve seen this book.”

“Indeed you have, Mr. Crowley. You *wrote* it.”

Crowley now fully realizes that half of the book exists on the other side of the mirror. He reaches both hands toward the book. As he does so we notice he wears a gold ring on his right hand ring finger. It displays the Masonic symbol of the square and compass.

[Cut back to Mathers, Moina, and Babar.]

Moina reaches her hands toward the book.

[Split screen shot. Both cameras shooting from above. From this point of view there is the illusion of only one cabinet. Both Moina's hands and Crowley's hands reach for the book simultaneously—a perfect reflection of each other's movements.]

Both Crowley and Moina grasp the book at the same instant. For a moment neither moves. Then, in perfect unison, they pull their ends of the book toward themselves. As they do so we see that Moina's bandaged *left* hand becomes her *right* hand; and that the ring on Crowley's *right* hand now appears on his *left* hand. There is a flash of white light.

There is the blasting howl of a mighty wind. The sound is deafening. It appears at first that this is going to be an exact repeat of the first scene of the film on the Baltoro Glacier. In the formless white we see glimpses of a snow-covered mountain peak and other glacial-type features. Coming out of the sound of the wind a voice is heard shouting,

“Are you alright? Come on! Hurry! One at a time!”

[Close-up of Crowley's face.]

His thick beard and moustache is covered with frost and ice. The skin of his face is sunburned. His lips are blistered. He squints his eyes against the wind. His head is covered by a thick parka hood lined with ice-caked fur.

“Come on! It held me!”

He is standing on one side of the ice bridge. Unlike in the first scene, however, there are no native porters. The only other figure is Crowley himself ... the Crowley who came through the mirror just a moment ago wearing street clothes. He is standing in the very centre of the ice bridge.

Crowley slowly and carefully turns to face his own image from the past. Suddenly a deafening gust of wind nearly blows him off. He teeters off balance. His movement causes the bridge to groan and crack slightly under his feet.

He regains his balance and cautiously takes a small step toward the *First Scene Crowley*. Further cracking and groaning of the ice bridge make him stop.

[Off screen we hear the voice of Moina Mathers.]

“I should be very angry with you, Brother Crowley.”

Crowley manages to turn his body enough to see the other side of the bridge. We see Moina Mathers dressed again as the Egyptian priestess Anari in the Rites of Isis. She is even more stunningly beautiful than before. Her eyes and hair are

perfectly made up in the Egyptian style. She is irresistibly attractive without hint of guile or evil. She speaks with the voice of an angel.

“It seems that because of your efforts to save my husband and the Order, you have succeeded in destroying them both. You *are* a naughty boy.”

“Yes,” Crowley answers. “My mother called me the Beast 666.”

“You are very special Brother Crowley. I see that now. MacGregor is bright, but he’s weak. Come along now and I shall now be the other half of *your* soul.”

“I’m not sure there’s room. Why me, Mrs. Mathers?”

[Off screen is heard the voice of Allan Bennett.]

“Because, little Brother, you are perfectly good and perfectly evil. It’s disgusting, really.”

Crowley pivots precariously to see the other side of the bridge. The *First Scene Crowley* is now gone. In his place sits Allan Bennett like a Buddha in the ochre robe of a Buddhist monk.

“Allan. Help me!”

“He cannot help you now.” Moina calmly announces. “He’s renounced magick. He’s renounced everything ... even his friends.”

Bennett remains serenely calm. He does not open his eyes.

“A magician who doesn’t know the limits of his power ... *has* no limits to his power.”

Crowley carefully turns back to face Moina. The bridge groans and cracks some more.

Moina beckons Crowley with a jewelled hand. “You need me, Aleister. Without me you will become dust lost in dust. Come.”

A gust of wind nearly blows Crowley off again. He regains his balance. The bridge is almost ready to collapse.

“Yes. I believe you’re right. But I think it’s you ... it’s *you* who should come to *me*.”

He thrusts both hands forward in the *Sign of the Enterer* and grasps the air in front of him as if it were a rope tied to Moina. He pulls his hands back toward his body and Moina is magically hurled through the air and into Crowley’s arms. The bridge groans terribly. Moina is startled but curiously thrilled. She looks almost adoringly into Crowley’s face.

“Mrs. Mathers. You’ve never looked lovelier.” He means it.

He kisses her firmly on the mouth. When it appears the kiss is ended she throws her arms around his neck and kisses him even more passionately. For a moment the sound of the wind dies down. When the kiss is ended there is complete silence.

ALEISTER CROWLEY ~ REVOLT OF THE MAGICIANS

Moina looks deep into Crowley's eyes. "I will make you a god."

"I'm afraid Mrs. Mathers ... it's too late for that."

Suddenly Crowley's face and body transform into the hideous likeness of a Tibetan mountain demon. Moina is still in his arms. The sound of the wind returns. The bridge groans and the ice begins to collapse. The monster's head is now so large that it could swallow Moina's head. It opens its mouth to do just that. Her screams are drowned as her head—then her whole body—disappears into the ever-growing mouth of the demon.

The bridge collapses completely and monster is hurled into an abyss of white swirling snow.

[Interior day shot of Cumming's Costume Shop.]

Crowley magically tumbles out of the dressing-room mirror. He lands on his rear end at the feet of Mrs. Horatio who is dressed as one of the Three Musketeers. (She is trying on a large feathered hat.) Dinky is standing nearby in lederhosen.

Mrs. H. is asking Dinky his opinion. "What do you think of this?"

She sees Crowley on the floor. "Oh dear. Dinky. He's fallen asleep ... right off his chair, poor darling. Are you alright Aleister?"

Crowley is dazed and not sure where he is. “I think so. How embarrassing.”

He gets up and adjusts his clothing. He looks at his reflection in the mirror, and then at his right hand. The ring has returned. He takes a deep breath and presses his hand against his stomach.

“It must have been something I ate.”

[Spilt screen shot of both Redway’s cabinet and Babar’s cabinet.]

In perfect unison, Babar and Redway close the doors of their respective cabinets.

[Fade to black.]

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE
MR. CROWLEY'S HONEYMOON

[Off screen is heard the peaceful singing of birds, then the voice of Allan Bennett.]

“My name is now Bhikku Ananda Metteya. It means ‘Bliss of Loving Kindness.’”

[Crowley's voice replies off screen.]

“Oh, Allan! Don't make me ill.”

[Exterior day shot of a tropical garden.]

[Screen caption appears.]

Kandy, Ceylon

Crowley and Allan Bennett are seated side by side in the Lotus posture; Bennett in an ochre robe, Crowley in white. They are in a small, sunny garden filled with exotic flowers. They talk without opening their eyes.

“I thought you'd say something like that, little Brother.”

There is a brief pause in the conversation while we hear the serene sounds of garden birds.

DUQUETTE ~ BRATKOWSKY

“The whole Mathers thing was really discouraging. I’m not sure it really happened.”

“Obviously it was something you needed to do. I suspected you were an old soul.”

“In any case, Mr. Bliss of Loving Kindness, I’m chucking the magick and getting a life.”

“Why don’t you stay here and ...”

“And what? Give up things all day? I’m afraid you’re too much a holy man for me, old chum. No. I’m going to Scotland and play some golf then maybe go hunting.”

“Be careful, little Brother, or you’ll end up married.”

“That my friend will never happen to Edward Alexander Crowley.”

[Extreme close-up of Crowley’s face.]

“I do!”

[Exterior day shot of a small chapel in Scotland.]

[Interior day shot of a small chapel in Scotland.]

The vicar is putting the finishing touches on a wedding ceremony.

“And do you, Rose Edith Kelly, take Edward Alexander Crowley to be your lawfully wedded husband?”

[Close-up of the face of ROSE KELLY-CROWLEY.]

“I do.”

[Exterior day shot of the front doors of the chapel.]

Crowley and his bride exit the chapel arm in arm.

Crowley looks at his watch.

“Your train to London doesn’t leave for six hours, my dear. Let’s have a drink before we never see each other again.”

[Interior day shot of the dining room of a small hotel.]

Crowley and Rose are both half drunk. Rose refills Crowley’s glass with wine, and then refills her own. She raises her glass to toast.

“To Mr. Edward Alexander Crowley. My knight in shining armour ... who rescued this damsel from an impending marriage forced upon her by her dreary father!”

They drink. Then it’s Crowley’s turn to toast.

“To Rose, the sister of my good friend Gerald ... who, now that she’s a properly married woman, can move to London and take as many lovers as her bed can hold ... (burp) ... unencumbered by her family *or* a jealous husband.”

They drink. Rose smiles sweetly across the table. “This *is* really very sweet of you. I don’t know any other man who would marry a near-stranger just to free her.”

“Call it a magical gesture.”

Crowley gazes back across the table and looks, as if for the first time, at Rose’s face.

“You’re a very lovely woman, Mrs. Crowley.

Their eyes lock. Rose takes a sip of wine.

“It would be a shame not to *reward* such a selfless gesture.”

[Fade to black.]

[Fade in to interior night shot of room in the hotel.]

Rose is lying spent on top of Crowley. Both are looking very satisfied.

“I believe you’ve missed your train, Mrs. Crowley.”

Rose kisses his chin. “I never want to go anywhere without you.”

Crowley confesses. “I can’t believe I’m saying this ... but I never want you to leave.”

He rolls over on top of her and kisses her. He bites her lip as he once did to Mrs. Horatio. Rose seems to appreciate it.

“Oh, what I’ll show you. We’ll honeymoon ’round the world. I’ll ravage you under every exotic moon on earth!” They kiss.

“My God, Rose! I think you could really make me appreciate women!”

[Fade to black.]

[We hear the sound of the Moslem Call to Prayer.]

[Fade in.]

[Exterior day shot of the crowded streets of Cairo.]

[Words of screen caption appear.]

Cairo,
March 1904

A huge, muscular black man pushes through the crowd, shouting.

“Make way! Make way!”

He wears a turban and is stripped to the waist. His muscles are oiled and glisten in the sun. He walks before an open carriage where Rose and Crowley sit.

“Make way for Prince Chaio Khan and the Princess Ourada.”

Rose is a little embarrassed. “Really, darling.”

Crowley assures her. “It’s always wise to maintain a low profile while travelling abroad.”

[Exterior night shots of the Giza Pyramid complex: the Sphinx with the Great Pyramid in the background; the Great Pyramid itself.]

Two Arab guides relax before the campfire near the Great Pyramid and chat in Arabic with subtitles. Two camels rest nearby. One camel shakes its head slightly and we hear the same tinkling bells we heard in the opening scene when Crowley was knocked unconscious on the glacier.

The Arabs laugh. They continue to speak in Arabic with subtitles. One says to the other, “He calls himself Prince Chaio Khan—the Great Beast, and the woman is his wife, Princess Ourada—the Rose.” They laugh again.

“Crazy English. He says they will spend the night inside.” He stretches out as if to try to sleep.

His partner adds, “They will come out any moment now.” They both laugh.

[Interior night shot of the King’s Chamber of the Great Pyramid.]

Rose, looking a little uneasy, paces the perimeter of the small chamber. She holds a small candle. Crowley is lying in the

sarcophagus. We do not see him at first. Rose speaks. The echo is distractingly loud. She quiets her voice a bit.

“Really darling, must we stay here all night? It’s not exactly romantic.”

Crowley’ voice rises from within the sarcophagus.

“What could possibly be more romantic? How many of the Kelly women can say they honeymooned in the King’s Chamber of the Great Pyramid? Come on. It’s only a few hours before dawn I want to *dream* here.”

“Can’t we simply go back to the hotel and dream there?”

Still unseen inside the sarcophagus, Crowley teases Rose. “Don’t tell me my sweet Rose is a hot-house flower. This is a very special place, you know. Magicians say this pyramid is the navel of the universe. Egyptian priests used to initiate candidates in this chamber. They sealed them for days in this very sarcophagus. When they finally raised the lid the poor bastard inside was either dead or mad as a hatter ... or ...”

“Or what?” Rose asks with a tinge of fear in her voice.

Crowley quickly sits up and finds himself face to face with Rose, who is now standing very near the sarcophagus. Crowley is wearing a loose and poorly wrapped turban.

“Or ... he emerged more than human.”

Rose is actually startled and jumps a bit, nearly dropping the candle. She bonks him on his forehead with the palm of her hand, loosening his turban even more.

“More than human? Don’t be absurd!”

“Not absurd at all.” He attempts to straighten his turban. “No one is truly human unless he’s striving to be more than human.”

Crowley bounds out of the sarcophagus. He takes the candle from Rose and places it on the edge of the sarcophagus. His turban completely unravels and falls down over his face and shoulders. He removes it and clumsily wraps it around her neck like a scarf. He then removes his jacket and tenderly puts it over her shoulders. They kiss. Rose turns around to allow her husband to embrace her from behind. She smiles a somewhat irritated smile but cuddles cosily in his arms.

She pouts. “You and your magick. You say you’re through with it, but it’s all you talk about. Why don’t you wave your wand and make time move faster so we can leave this dreadful place?”

Crowley smiles and grinds his body provocatively against her backside.

“I *am* waving my wand.” He kisses her neck. She closes her eyes with pleasure. He then bites her on the neck.

“Ouch! Damn you and your serpent kisses.”

Still enclosed in his arms, she turns around to face him.

“No. Really. If you’re a magician do something magical for me. Entertain your bride with magick. Show me those fairies you told me about. Show me those fairies that live in the air.”

“Sylphs. They’re called sylphs. They’re not fairies and they don’t *live* in the air. You and I live in the air. The sylphs are the spirits of the air itself. They’re elementals. Undines are water elementals, salamanders are ...”

She closes his mouth with a kiss. “You can’t, can you? Such things don’t exist at all.”

He becomes irritated. He releases her, turns, and steps toward the chamber entrance where his walking stick and two knapsacks can be seen.

“They are as real as the air we breathe.”

He picks up his walking stick and one of the knapsacks as if preparing to leave.

“I don’t believe in magick,” Rose tells him.

“I don’t *believe* in magick either.” Crowley says sadly.

“What do you believe in?”

He turns to face Rose, and glances for a moment at the tiny candle on the edge of the sarcophagus. He resolutely strikes the palm of his hand with the stick. He approaches Rose but stops about six feet away from her.

“Myself.”

He drops the knapsack.

“I’m a magician. *Everything* I do is magick.”

With his walking stick he knocks the candle into the sarcophagus, plunging the chamber into absolute darkness.

“Please ... darling ... I was only...”

“Don’t move.”

[In the dark stillness we hear the faint tinkling of camel bells.]

“I am ...” He almost shouts the words.

A dim blue light suddenly illuminates his forehead. We see that he is holding his walking stick vertically in his right hand. He is using it as his magick wand. The hand itself is pressed against his forehead. Keeping the wand vertical, he draws his hand down to his groin level. The light follows—dimly illuminating his body with a vertical line.

“The Kingdom ...”

Still keeping the wand erect, he touches his right shoulder. The light follows as before.

“And Power ...”

He touches his left shoulder. The light follows as before.

“And Mercy ...”

He now interlaces the fingers of both hands around the wand and presses it firmly against his breast. The light concentrates there, grows bright for a moment, and then slowly fades. The light does not go out completely, but turns blood red and undulates like a beating heart. For a moment all is silent. Crowley draws his breath in with a huge inhalation. Then he begins to speak, slowly at first, in a reverent whisper. His eyes are closed as if he was in prayer. As he proceeds, his words become louder and his delivery faster and more intense.

“Spirit of Life before whom the life of all beings is but a vapour which passes away ...”

He takes in another deep breath.

“Thou who mounts upon the clouds, and who walks upon the wings of the wind; Thou who breathes forth, and endless space is peopled. Thou who draws in Thy breath and all that comes from Thee returns unto Thee ... be Thou ... eternally ... blessed!”

After a moment of complete silence, he thrusts the wand forward and aims it above and to the side of Rose’s left shoulder. He then sweeps it violently to his right until the point of the wand is aimed just over her right shoulder. As he does so he creates a brilliant line of blue light that flames in space between him and Rose. He then continues moving the wand until he has created a huge Pentagram star that flames in suspension between them. Rose is stunned speechless.

He now draws both hands to the side of his head. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. He thrusts his hands, arms, wand, and body forward in the *Sign of the Enterer* and violently pushes the blazing star away. As he does so he bellows, “EXARP!”

The star blasts violently through Rose like a mighty wind. She is knocked down on her behind and blown back several feet in this most unladylike position. She remains seated.

The star now blazes in place upon the eastern wall of the chamber.

Without lowering the wand, Crowley quickly turns to his right and repeats the procedure to create three more stars in the south, west and north walls of the chamber. Only when he has returned the tip of the wand to the east where he started does he lower his arm.

The King's Chamber is now filled with flaming blue light from the four Pentagrams on the walls. Crowley stands in the centre of the room. Rose is still seated on the floor in front of him. He raises both arms to make the *Sign of the Egyptian God, Shu*, the God of the Air.

“O Shaddai El Chai! I praise Thee and I bless Thee in the changing empire of light, reflections, and images.”

As he speaks, the walls of the chamber become completely obscured by the flaming stars. Crowley and Rose seem to be the infinite centre of a brilliant sunlit blue sky.

“Raphael! Let the ray of Thine intelligence and love penetrate me; then the shadow shall be a body, the Spirit of Air shall be a soul ... AND DREAM SHALL BE A THOUGHT!”

The flaming stars now begin to generate white wisps of tiny comma-shaped clouds composed of the same white liquid light. The tiny clouds spin rapidly, their tails elongating and thrown out into all directions. Crowley is now shouting.

“Ariel! By the rushing power of Chassan! I hold the bridles of the winged steeds of dawn; I direct the course of the evening breeze. Paralda! Paralda! Paralda!”

As he repeats the word “Paralda,” the air fills with what at first appears to be swirling snow flakes formed from the wisps of comma clouds, but as he reaches the climax of the conjuration they become thousands of winged sylphs darting to and fro at incredible speed. Several hover like hummingbirds directly in front of Rose’s nose and we get a good look at one.

It is an androgynous, human-like creature of ethereal beauty. It is entirely transparent but every feature of its body and gossamer gown is outlined in brilliant white-blue lines that themselves radiate wisps of fine waving-hair clouds. Everything about the tiny creature is in motion. Its wings beat so fast that they are nearly invisible—its long hair flows wildly in streams of liquid air.

Rose opens her mouth and gasps in stunned wonder. As she does so she actually inhales one of the sylphs into her own mouth and lungs. She immediately lets out a pinched squeak of panic. The squeak expels the creature, who tumbles from her mouth in a swirl of air. It hovers for instant before darting away. Rose faints.

The room is a riot of sylphs who crowd every inch of space in the King’s Chamber. Behind and above Crowley we now get a brief glimpse of his Holy Guardian Angel who, for a

moment, looks rather like a gigantic sylph who spreads its wings protectively over Crowley's body. Crowley is oblivious to the fact that Rose has fainted. He is now screaming the conjuration ecstatically at the top of his lungs.

“Paralda! Paralda! O spirit of spirits, O eternal soul of souls, O breath of life, O mouth which breathes forth and withdraws the life of all beings!”

Like millions of fluttering bats of light, some of the sylphs start to escape through the main entrance of the chamber. Others crowd toward the two small air shaft openings on the north and south walls of the chamber.

[The camera rapidly follows one sylph as it speeds up the long narrow shaft that leads out of the pyramid and into the desert night.]

[Exterior night shot of the Great Pyramid of Giza.]

The two Arab guides are awakened by their camels who have risen in panic at the sight of an intense beam of light created by millions of escaping sylphs radiating into the pre-dawn sky. The light rays generate gusts of wind. The Arabs try to calm the camels as they too stare in awe.

[Off screen the voice of Mr. Redway is heard.]

“He *is* a bit of a loose cannon. But I think he’ll do fine.”

[Close-up of Mr. Redway. He is standing on a sand dune directly behind the Arabs. His face is radiant and his third eye is showing.]

“What do you think, Babar?”

[Close-up of Monsieur Babar standing next to Redway, looking every bit as radiant.]

“The world’s not ready for him. That makes him perfect. Don’t you agree, Dinky?”

[Close-up of Dinky standing next to Redway and Babar, flashing a toothy smile and a third eye.]

“Oh indeed, yes. I’ve urged him up for years. And what do you think, my dear?”

[Close-up of Mrs. H. She is securing a huge hat to her head. When we can see her face better, we see for the first time her very lovely third eye.]

“I think the twentieth century is in for quite a ride.”

[Full exterior shot of the Giza complex. Camera facing due east.]
Two diagonal rays of sylph light beam into the sky from near halfway up the north and south sides of the largest pyramid. A shooting star blazes across the sky.

The End

“There you have it, Brother Harland. I won’t ask you what you think of it because I already know. You hate it, and you think I’m a doddering old fool.”

“Not at all, Sir Francis. But honestly, it was nothing like I expected, or indeed, what I would have come up with. Frankly, it doesn’t begin to tell Crowley’s story.”

“Crowley’s real story must come later. This work must first just open the door. The story and the work you will do on it will handle that job admirably. That’s all either of us are required to do at this point. Crowley told me so, and I agree. You and I will pick up the project at a later date and see it through.”

“Then you aren’t planning on dying this Friday?”

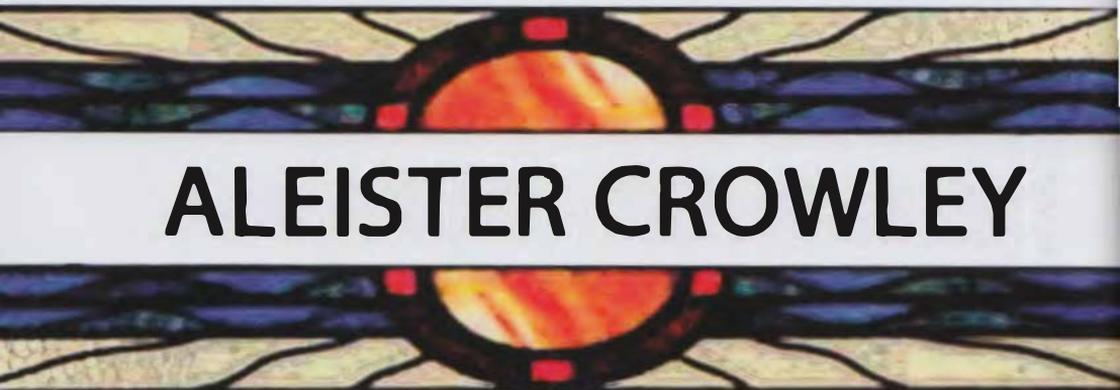
“I certainly am! Sir Francis Bendick will be dead as a doornail by this time Friday. And I was in deadly earnest when I told you that *you* would not live to see this film made ... well ... at least Milo Harland won’t.”

“I don’t understand, Sir Francis. You’re being as inscrutable as one of the Secret Masters in your fairytale.”

Bendick smiled with particular delight at my words.

“Thank you for your work and for your friendship, Brother Harland. I think I need to lay down now. I’ll see you and your good wife in July. Do try to be good parents, won’t you?”

BETWEEN THE DARKNESS AND THE LIGHT STANDS



ALEISTER CROWLEY

THE AUTHORS WANT TO MAKE IT PERFECTLY CLEAR THAT THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION — A FANTASY IN FACT. WE WROTE IT TO BE INTERESTING AND THOUGHT PROVOKING; BUT FIRST AND FOREMOST WE WROTE IT TO BE ENTERTAINING AND FUN. MANY OF THE MAIN CHARACTERS OF OUR STORY (INCLUDING OUR PROTAGONIST, ALEISTER CROWLEY, OUR ANTAGONISTS, MACGREGOR AND MOINA MATHERS, AND SUPPORTING CAST, W.B. YEATS, MAUDE GONNE, ANNIE HORNIMAN, GEORGE C. JONES, ALLAN BENNETT, FLORENCE FARR, BRAM STOKER, AND WYNN WESTCOTT) ARE INDEED HISTORICAL CHARACTERS OF NOTE WHO LIVED AND BREATHED AND POPULATED THE GENERIC MILIEU IN WHICH OUR STORY TAKES PLACE. SOME OF THEM, AT TIMES, MAY HAVE ACTUALLY INTERACTED WITH EACH OTHER IN SITUATIONS PERHAPS NOT TOO DISSIMILAR TO HOW WE HAVE PRESENTED IN A FEW SCENES OF OUR STORY. THAT, HOWEVER, IS WHERE ALL SIMILARITY TO OBJECTIVE REALITY AND EMPIRICAL HISTORY CONCERNING THESE INDIVIDUALS ENDS.

IN THE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE THE SCENES IN WHICH MOST OF OUR STORY UNFOLDS THESE INDIVIDUALS AND THEIR NAMES HAVE BECOME (TO THE SMALL BUT ENTHUSIASTIC SUBCULTURE OF THE WESTERN MAGICAL TRADITION) LEGENDS — MAGICAL ARCHETYPES — FAIRYTALE CARICATURES BEARING LITTLE OR NO TRUE RESEMBLANCE TO THE FLESH-AND-BLOOD INDIVIDUALS. THE AUTHORS ARE CONFIDENT THAT THE READER, HAVING BEEN THUSLY FOREWARNED, WILL BE ABLE TO GLEAN TRUTH FROM FANTASY AND ENJOY THIS FAIRYTALE AND ITS CHARACTERS UNENCUMBERED BY DOUBTS ABOUT ITS HISTORIC VERACITY.

LON MILO DUQUETTE & JAMES M. BRATKOWSKI

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