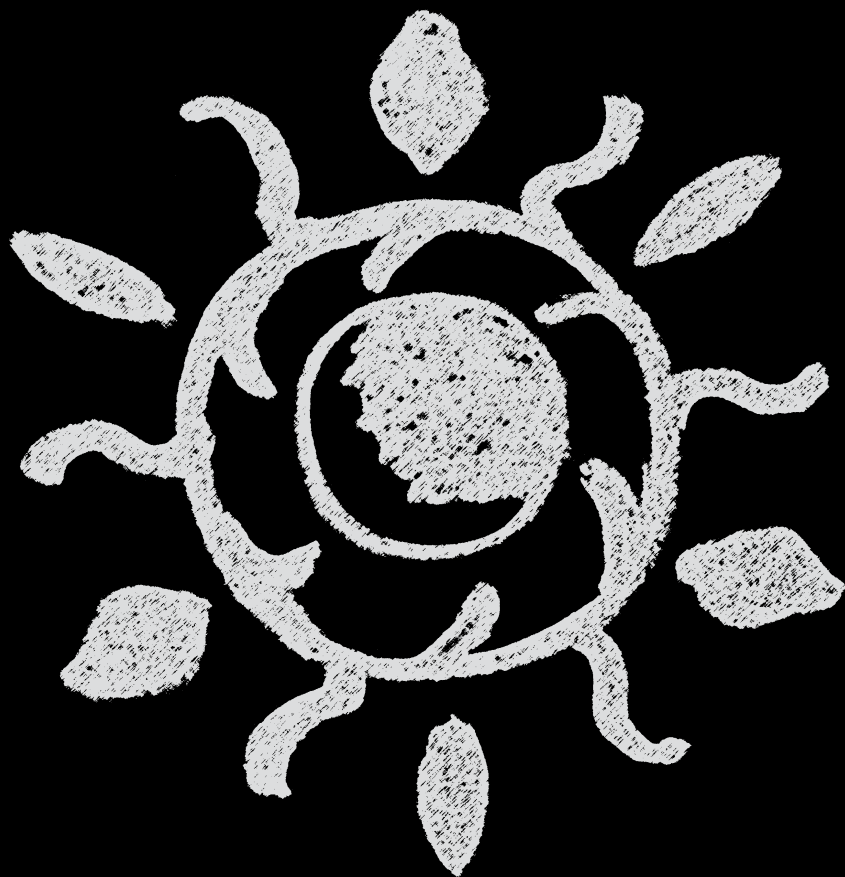
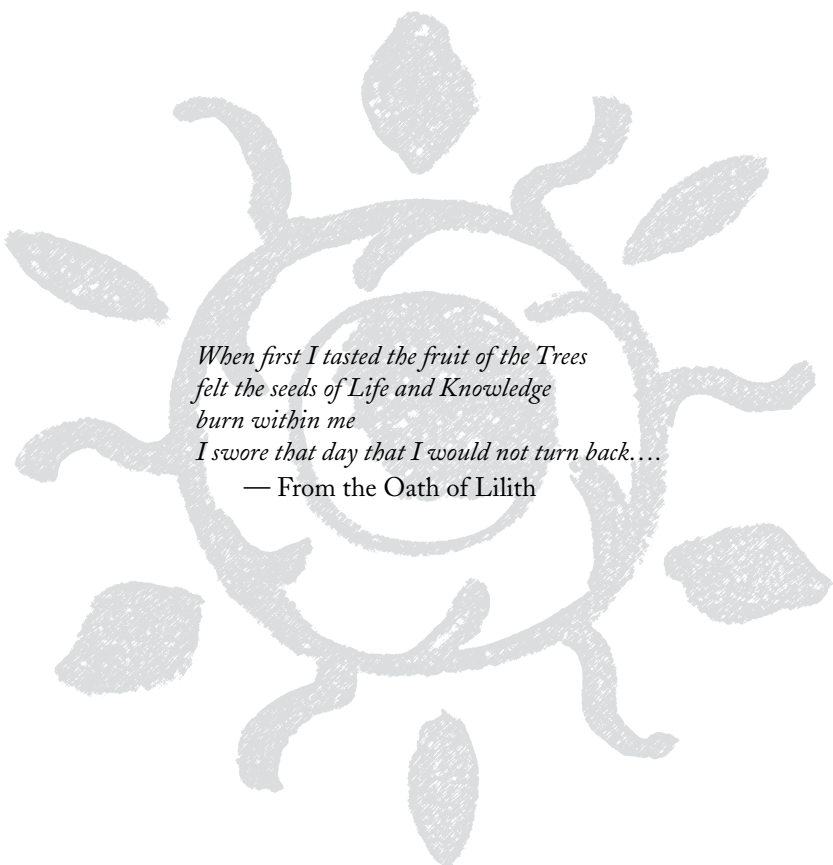

REVELATIONS



DARK MOTHERTM
OF
THE

REVELATIONS OF THE DARK MOTHER

SEEDS FROM THE TWILIGHT GARDEN



*When first I tasted the fruit of the Trees
felt the seeds of Life and Knowledge
burn within me
I swore that day that I would not turn back...*

— From the Oath of Lilith

COMPILED BY RACHEL DOLIUM

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PREFACE: COILED AT THE ROOTS

BY RACHEL DOLIUM

Over and over, I hear two sounds. Near whispers, silent and sibilant, like the crack of a serpent's tongue. Lilith. The screech-owl voice shrieking in the twilight, crouched over the edge of sanity, stealing the breath of babes and whisking away the dreamers' seed. The touch of every shame, the glinting teeth of a lover none will admit but all desire. The Dark Queen who will rise to usher in the end of the world.

I've seen her. You've seen her. A cult of her devotees celebrates her example, and any number of books, pamphlets, songs, scriptures and tracts have been created to damn, divinify or define her. The mortals even enjoy a Lilith Fair, in which women supposedly break the role of trophy and define their femininity in song. (An amusing conceit, when you look at it: a playground of granola-folkies sing-songing homilies in Lilith's name.)

According to rabbinical legend and the bygone testaments of Ur and Babylon, Lilith was the First Woman, the left to Adam's right, the equal grown from his back, flesh of his flesh. Beside her, Eve, the "mother of all," is a pale spectre. As part of the Original Two, Lilith inherited magical birthrights and learned great arts. Rightfully, she considered herself the equal of Adam; like most men, he saw things differently. When he raped her, Lilith appealed to the Most High, who delivered her out of Eden and cast her out into the unformed world. From that point on, it is said, she became a vengeful demon, killing children, stealing seed and waylaying virtuous men.

Hers is not, shall we say, an unfamiliar story.

In the lore of Caine, our much-beloved sire, Lilith becomes the mother who taught him the arts of night. Out of pity, she took him in when God and man had cast him aside. Her recompense was to be demonized as a "Dark Mother"; for 13 generations, Caine's offspring have conspired against her, even as the

mortals did. Charms have been fashioned, blood hunts called and entire bloodlines obliterated in the name of this genocidal campaign.

Some people, awed by the legendary prowess of this woman, feel compelled to know, "Is she real?" as if the knowledge would grant them a sudden visitation. Others demand, "What is she? A vampire? A magus? Some goddess or moon-blessed creature?" I can only say with certainty that

Lilith

Is

Lilith

...and she will not be constrained by an arbitrary set of classifications.

Is Lilith real? One might ask the same of Jesus of Nazareth, or Moses, or Gautama Buddha or any of a thousand other quasi-historical figures whose images breed devotion and terror. If you're asking "Can you prove that Lilith walked the Earth?" my answer is no. I cannot point to a skeleton or a set of footprints or a list of quotations and statistics and say, "That is Lilith." I might note, however, that all things are possible in this strange world of ours, and that mythology has a nasty way of sneaking up on you when you least expect it and sinking its teeth into your neck.



In the words of our elders, Lilith represents a great threat. Her cults, when they have been found among our kind, have been extinguished with the tenderness we have come to associate with our fratricidal breed. Our “holy scriptures” (so lovingly codified by the esteemed Aristotle deLaurent) cloak her in two vastly different robes: the compassionate mentor of our sire, and the “dark queen” he will battle at the end of time. How fitting — a nurturing mother and a demonic whore.

So much for the transformative powers of the Embrace.

The tale of Lilith is the tale of us all; I speak not only of my sisters in darkness, but of all Kindred. Like her, we grasp a forbidden inheritance, consume it and become as gods, superior to all that we once were. Like her, we suffer for that transformation, becoming outcasts even among our children. Like her, we establish dominions only to see them swept away by those we helped sire. And like her, we must retreat into the darkness, gather ourselves and scream defiance against the eyes in the night before we can truly taste the fruit we have eaten.

Ironic, then, that she should be so hated.

That has a lot to do, I suspect, with the legacy of Lilith’s catspaw: Caine, the sire of all our kind. He Who Embraced the Night, yet passed down a litany of forbiddance that each one of us defies each night we exist — a collection of antiquated laws based on the superiority of elders and the sanctity of their eternal wisdom. Those laws, we are told, are essential for our survival; faced with an array of enemies mortal and otherwise, we require a code of conduct to sustain us. Who better to dictate our immortal strictures than a Great Dark Father?

What better enemy than his counterpart, the seductive, incestuous mother that countless generations have learned to fear? What good are strictures without a threat? Better still, how could our kind continue to revere Caine’s laws if that sire existed in the shadow of She Who Raised Him from the Dust?

What would happen, I wonder, if we were to toss Caine’s laws into the sea and follow our instincts, as our Mother bids us?

There’d be chaos, our elders say, and they’d be right. But there is wisdom in chaos. The Sabbat recognize that much, even if they fall prey to reveling in disorder rather than learning from it. The magi realize it, too; from what I’ve seen over the years, their constant infighting stems from a disagreement over the level of chaos it takes to achieve enlightenment. We Kindred are chaotic beings at heart. Yet from my admittedly short experience in our undead state, I have to confess that we seem static and dull, lusterless as a tarnished silver ankh, pressed into service for a series of masters, all of whom claim to know what is best for our kind. Weighed down by the mantles of clan and Caine, we wander in the shadow of some mythical Gehenna. Some night soon, we

are told, ancient ghosts will rise, kick ass and settle down to a long breakfast of souls.

This is our law. And we consider ourselves masters of the night? Better we should stick with that overused and absurd moniker children of the night. God knows we certainly act that way sometimes. While we cringe at the throne of some vaunted ancestor (who may or may not be pure mythology) and his princely stand-ins, the Dark Mother beckons us to renounce the rules that our forefather made. Caine handed down laws that he himself could not abide; by his own admission, his elder Lilith told him to draw away from the Tantalus-fruit of ultimate power. He did not, and he accomplished great things. Might we all not do the same? Of course!

Do I spew heresies? Good! The truth always sounds heretical, and the lie-keepers always seek to keep it buried. Lost. Forbidden. Punishable by death. But without the shining truth in heresy, without the hammer-strike at the pillars of order, we are chained like pit bulls — or poodles — at our lieges' tables. Yes, even we “masters of the darkness”: We, perhaps most of all, are imprisoned by our own immortality. Only an immortal can be a slave for many lifetimes.

Lilith is the antithesis of slavery. Be free, she says, and suffer. Oh, yes. The Dark Mother is all about suffering. She has suffered, her children have suffered, her devotees suffer, and I shall doubtless suffer for daring to put this all down into words. I can see the parchments with my name inscribed with vitae, tossed in the fires to signify a dozen — hell, a thousand — blood hunts. I've already given up hope of immortality. Some morning, probably soon, the sun will claim me forever. My assassins, congratulating themselves on a job well done, will return to their masters' tables, gobble a few scraps and continue on their way, convinced that the night will last forever — or at least until Gehenna. And I'm going to be laughing at you all the way to Hell. Because in my suffering, I will have achieved an insight that my assassins will never know. And that insight will make me free.

Only through pain can we open our eyes.

I entered Lilith's garden on a quest for my sire. Determined to expose the “Lilithites” (actually called Bahari) before the altar of our esteemed Camarilla, I dove into an endless sea of hidden lore. My prize: the coveted “Cycle of Lilith” described by M. deLaurent — and, of course, a fat reward from my O so revered creator.

You see, I had noticed what so many of our elders had not: that it is the way of Lilith to hide in plain sight. In songs, in books, in the rantings of politicians and the crumbling belltower of human society. Our elders are too static, too aged, to see the signs. They do not understand the immensity of modern culture, and so the songs of Lilith are waved away with dismissive hands. In

that dismissal the songs grow louder still, until those swelling arias drown out the dusty chorus of tradition.

An elder cannot hear the songs I hear. Cannot see the visions I have seen.

Lilith is among us now. Her devotees are legion; most do not understand what they serve, and they worship at her altar of pain out of sheer abandon — which is the point!!! — not out of some archaic set of scriptures. The true Lilith cults, collectively called the Bahari, are minuscule, infinitesimal societies among the Damned and living alike, but the true followers of Lilith are everywhere; whenever people cast off all fear and cross into the fields of the outlaws, Lilith smiles from the shadows. In those fields, she knows, they will learn — or they will perish. Usually both.

This realization became mine as I watched the nightly parade of horrors on my TV screen. Seduced, I threw aside my civilized clothing and dove into the Endless Sea. In the sing-song of secret Bahari muses (like the punk poetess Patricia de la Forge, whose work I reprint here with her blessings), I felt the flush of faith rising like a bruise on battered skin. In the fingernail-furrows of adolescent crazies, in the bulimic puke of would-be doll-children, in the heroin needles of those whose only prayer is oblivion, I began to hear her gentle refrain. Live. Learn. Suffer. And Transcend. As I have. And so I did.



I went to standing stones at the height of the full moon; I danced beside the witch-folk and drank their bitter potions; I pissed at the roots of trees alongside our Lupine foes and I drank the blood of mortal antiquarians. When possible, I sampled the abysses of human excess — torture in Bosnia, Satanic rites in Berkeley, baby-orgies in Thailand and drugged frenzies in Berlin — all the while taking mental notes of the songs that rose in my head each time I tempted my admittedly inhuman limits. Each experience made the words a little clearer, until I heard them everywhere. Ahi hay Lilitu — “All hail Lilith.” Now that I recognize the refrain, I see it everywhere — in graffiti, in popular dance songs, in subliminal messages worked into advertisements and dressed with the waifish corpses of emaciated “fashion models.” Through pain, I have been initiated into a surreal fellowship that may or may not even know the allegiance it professes.

Since that time of recognition, I cannot get enough sensation. I have been whipped with flaming straps, branded (exquisite pain for a Kindred, let me tell you!), dragged naked through shards of glass and submerged likewise beneath floes of ice. The sensations only heighten the chorus within my head — a chorus so loud it invades my daytime sleep. That chorus drives away the fear that was once my Kindred inheritance; hell holds no more terrors for me. Although dead, I have learned to live more freely than I ever had before. Through learned friends, commanded pawns and sacrifices of flesh and spirit, I have opened my ears to Lilith’s gospel. What I had hoped to make a document of our enemies became a firebrand, burning me from the inside out even as I sought to put the flame-song into words.

Lilith wants us to burn ourselves away. To blacken the skins of our spirits as her own was burned in the desert between worlds. To fall and scrape our knees and comfort ourselves on our own blood, welling from the wounds. To sup on the tears of our damnation. Because in pain we learn. In suffering we grow stronger. In defiance we thrive, like a plant pruned back by a gardener’s hand. Lilith is the gardener, the cruel mother, the thorn on the rose of our survival. Without pain, she teaches us, nothing else matters. Without a scream in the night, our voices are choked by the stillness of eternity.

My quest for the Dark Mother has ripped the shades from my eyes and forced me to confront that truth that drove countless elders mad: Our laws are lies. Our existence is a joke. Our sire was a pawn in an endgame with God, and God Himself is a pale reflection of a brief flash of existence in between endless nothingness. Lilith understands this. Her devotees (who take the name Bahari as a tribute to Ba’hara, the third garden raised by the Dark Mother) realize it, too. Her offspring, damned as demons and now thousands of years dead, see it from the buds of the trees planted in their honor in the third garden of the Dark Queen. Without pain, without change, existence is

meaningless. Comfort is decay. Power is a raindrop drying in the desert heat. Agony is the doorway to ecstasy.

Lilith is our mother in the truest sense. Through defiance, she made herself a god. Through love, she devastated Eden. She is the great serpent coiled at the roots of the Trees of Life and Knowledge, and her venom is the wisdom coursing through the sap and bubbling into the fruit. Although her sphere is the moon, the touch of her kiss is napalm fire.

I confess that fire has left me burned, and I am glad of it. I have squandered the small but enviable cache I gathered in my unlife, spent it on a vanity pressing of 20,000 copies of this heretical little diatribe, and had it shipped to bookstores across the world. Fuck you, fuck your pathetic “Masquerade,” and fuck the petty power politics that so epitomize your existence. I am free of all of them. My final nights will be spent in the clearest haze I have ever known. Perhaps others will follow my lead.

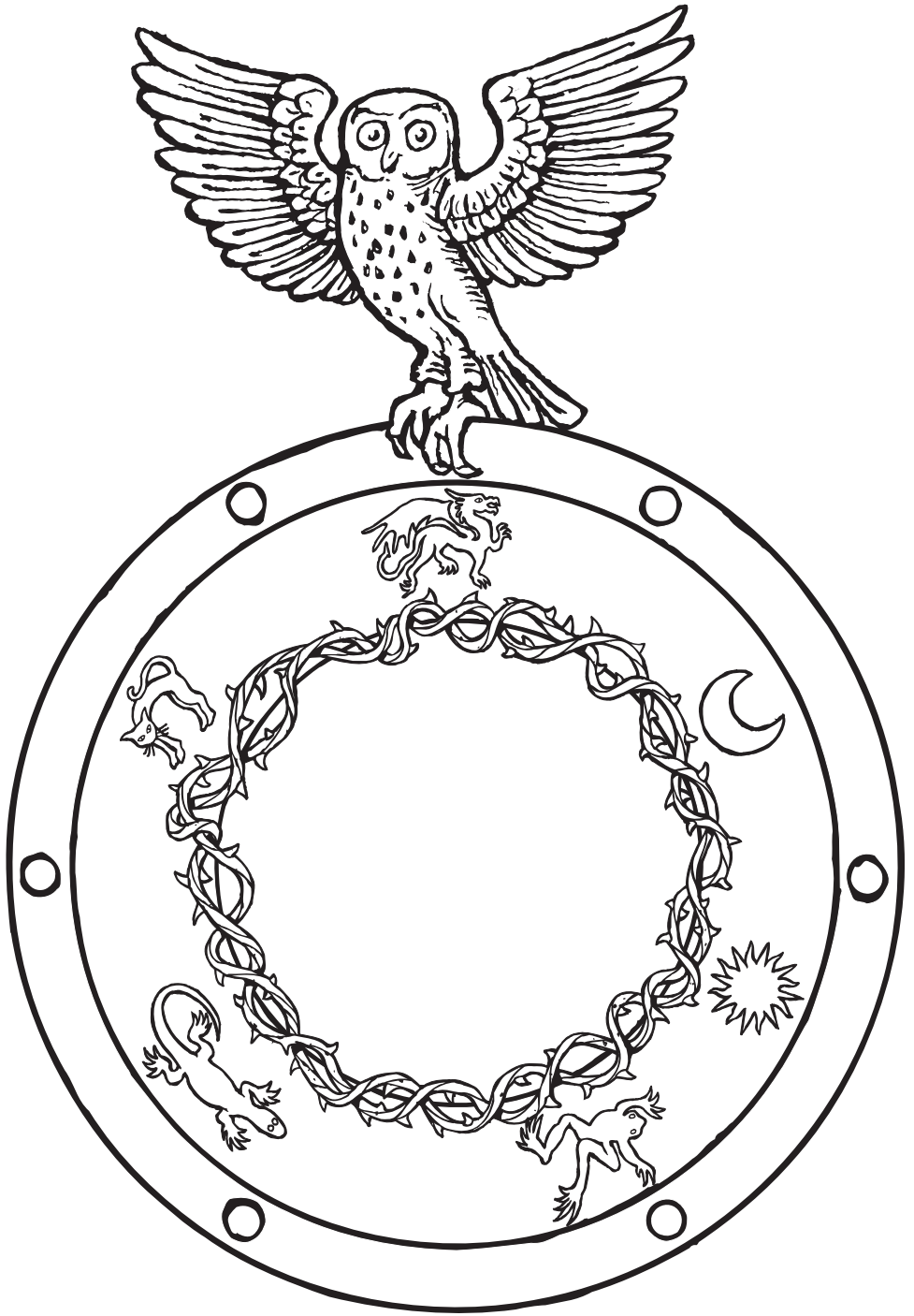
I know that my existence from this point onward will be measured in days or weeks, and so I choose to spend my holdings on a gift to the Dark Mother. Call it a lesson from the twilight — a broadside fired from a sinking ship at the waterline of her would-be conquerors. It is the way of Lilith, I have learned, to teach with pain. To throw aside the decidedly deadly consequences of freedom in order to embrace the lessons you learn on the way to oblivion. Lilith herself has survived — assuming, of course, that she has survived! — only by the grace of fortune, the immortality of her arts, and the blazing example she sets for those with the courage to follow it. I cannot hope to do the same, so I welcome the sun with open arms, heart and spirit.

Rape me into ashes if you will. I can take it.

Ahi hay Lilitu

Rachel Dolium





NOTES ABOUT THIS BOOK

Lilith's law is anti-law. Unlike the constipated scriptures to which we're so accustomed, her words flow through a gospel of impressions — a canticle of shadows that can be deciphered only through experience. No two readers will absorb those teachings the same way, and I doubt that any one reader would see the same meanings in the same passage twice.

The esteemed M. deLaurent (to whom I am indebted for his marvelously inspirational “secret” litany of the Great Dark Father's laws) spent years searching for the “definitive” words of Caine and his followers, blissfully oblivious to the impossibility of definitive truth. I have done the opposite; my research, while exhaustive (and exhausting!) has concentrated on diverse impressions rather than specific scholarship. Most of my sources are oral rather than written, and have probably seen millennia of reinterpretation. M. deLaurent would doubtless call my methodology sloppy and haphazard, but I have merely followed the way of Lilith. Her garden is a growing, changing thing — not a tablet of stone, but a wild thatch of nettles and fruits.

Where possible, I have endeavored to support the oral lore I have heard with written records. In some places, things are the other way around. The very diversity and antiquity of the Bahari cult (or, more properly, *cults*) make the compilation of a “definitive” gospel of Lilith an impossible task, even for an immortal. Yet that very diversity supplies the sect with strength and flexibility; while other, more rigid societies rise, fragment and fall by their founders' words, the Dark Mother demands a few simple things from her devotees: Open your eyes, hold out your arms, and cultivate a garden (both within and without) with the seeds of your experiences. The *Oath of Lilith*, with which I begin my collection, is the closest thing to a code this society respects.

THE THREE CYCLES OF LILITH

DeLaurent refers to the elusive “Cycle of Lilith,” of which he was unable to secure anything but the smallest, fleeting glimpse. There’s a reason for this: That document does not exist. What he saw — if indeed his pretty story is anything other than romantic fabrication — was probably either a Bahari fragment, a hoax or a Cainite retelling of the encounter from our sire’s point of view. By my observations, the so-called “Cycle” has, in fact, at least nine different versions; many of these involve four parts — a winter rite, a spring invocation, a summer observance and the autumn ritual which leads to the winter, which in turn begins the Cycle again.

Like the *Chronicle of Caine*, this account may be taken two ways: as a literal retelling of ancient demigods and their domestic conflicts; or as a symbolic testament of matriarchal cultures harvesting the sea, the womb and the crops until jealous men overthrew them, killed their families and scattered their tribes. Either way, the figure of Lilith stands as an intimidating and inspiring figure. She transcends her role, learns from her torments and rises again, stronger than before but cloaked in shadows and forever sworn to vengeance.

This Cycle is, in some ways, my own invention; the Mother prizes imagination over dogma. In keeping with some Bahari lorekeepers, I have divided these “scriptures” into three books, corresponding to the ancient and nigh-universal trinity of Maid, Mother and Crone, but in a reversed order. The oldest tales are told first, then the middle cycles, then the youngest and most contemporary. Their order reflects the progression of Lilith.

- *The Book of the Serpent* recounts the young idealism of the Mother, her creation, trials and ascension from prized toy to godhood.

- *The Book of the Owl* reflects her personal quest and the foundation of Elona, the First Garden of Hope, and D’hainu, the Second Garden of Renewal. This latter garden provides a home for Lilith, her consort Lucifer and their children. When Caine discovers (or is led to) that place, he changes the course of humanity and of all our kind.

• *The Book of the Dragon* closes the circle by describing the seeding of Ba'hara, the Third Garden of Sorrows. From this place-which-is-no-place, Lilith summons the spirits of tempest and torment and declares a long night of suffering — especially upon the childer of Caine. This night, according to prophecy, shall climax with the Rising of the Tides, during which the current world will perish beneath waves and wind, to be reborn when the next world begins. In between, we see glimpses of Lilith's helpmates: the Bahari and the three sacred beasts.

The first two Cycles revolve around the Mother and her tribulations; the third begins with her, but from that point on, Lilith becomes an enigma. We have scattered tales of her nocturnal rapaciousness, but those come largely from other, later sources. The Bahari themselves avoid composing "scriptures" of Lilith's actions after Ba'hara's seeding. Occasional songs or regional myths speak of what might have occurred, but the formal "gospel" is silent on the nights between the Malediction and the Rising Tides. In this silence, a Ba'ham must draw his own conclusions. Lilith makes no promises, nor does she stand atop a hill and declare her existence or intentions. Once the seeds of Ba'hara are scattered, Lilith sinks into the night — possibly to wait beneath the waves, more likely to pass among us as a mortal, taking deceptive shapes until her endgame comes to fruition.

For Lilith's plan *is* an endgame — a showdown with the god who created her, the lover who abandoned her and the ungrateful wretch who rose to immortality by her hand but slew her children out of spite. Lilith's seeds — the Bahari and their mantras of pain and enlightenment — go forth into the worlds of mortal and spirit, bringing them fruits of temptation, succor and revelation. The world we see about us is the result of that endgame — a gambit Lilith is winning. Jehovah is a cracked statue; Lucifer has devotees, but their insight is obscured, like his bygone love, behind a wall of spite; Caine is vanished and his childer feast on each other in a blind man's quest for illusory gold.

Can you hear the waves outside your door? I assure you, I can.

THE BAHARI

The harbingers of those waves — if not the waves themselves — go by the name “Bahari”; each Ba’ham considers herself the fruit of the Mother’s third and final garden. As such, these offspring cultivate orchards of pain and groves of enlightenment, nurturing crises around them, then tending the survivors and teaching them to learn from their pain.

Each gardener’s tools are as individual as sin. Some employ the rude plow of physical torture, and thrive in the worm-ridden furrows of large cities, war zones and the underworld; others prefer the even hand of a seeder, planting intrigues and gossips, then fertilizing them with innuendoes; some prune the branches of broken trees, working as confidants and healers among the walking wounded, clipping them with small cuts then reshaping the stalks with gentle words. Regardless of his methodology, the true Ba’ham tends his “projects” through kindness and encouragement; pain is worthless unless the sufferer learns something in its aftermath. Destruction is neither a Ba’ham’s point nor his prerogative. The Dark Mother will deal with such things in her own time. Until then, each Ba’ham plants the seeds of enlightenment, then helps them grow.

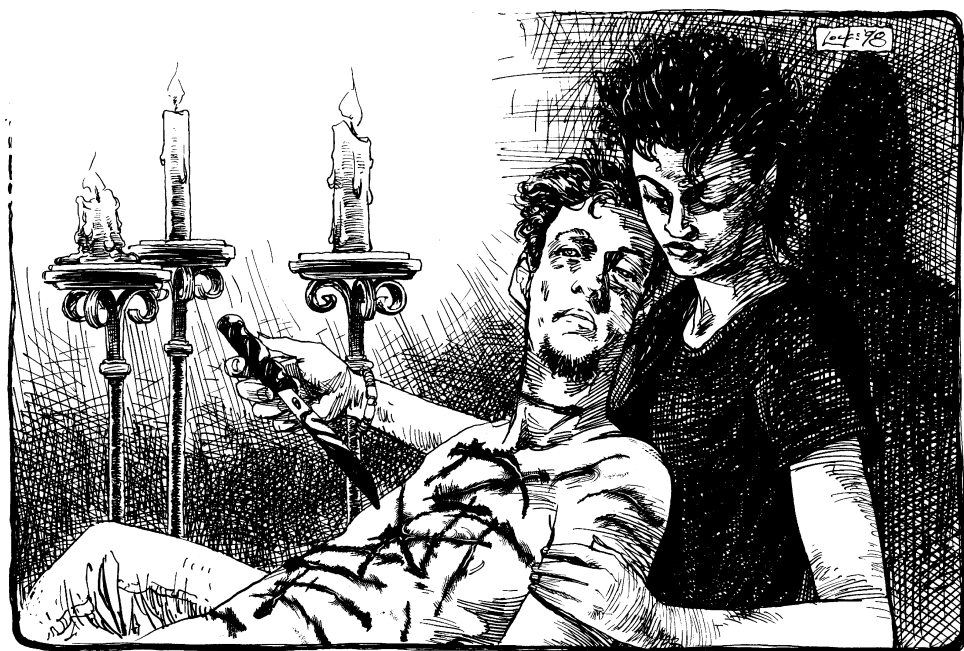
One would assume, given the sex of the Dark Mother, that all Bahari are female. One would be deeply mistaken to do so. Just as men often tend the shrines of Mary or the blood-drenched altars of Kali (who may themselves represent facets of the Dark Mother), so the male prunes trees in Lilith’s garden, too.

Presented with Lilith’s links to Caine and the mysterious Lamia (see below), an outsider might also assume that Bahari are vampires. Not so. While it’s true that the Dark Mother’s fosterlings feed on blood and consider themselves reborn through it, they are not Kindred in the strictest sense. Many are simple mortals with no powers to speak of; some are elevated mortals — magi with the Mother’s own occult talents; a handful are true vampires, but these “Kindred” have forsaken their ties to Caine’s brood. Drinking Lilith’s blood, they symbolically sever their connections to her betrayer and raise themselves above the descendants of Eve.

Given the name of the “sect,” one might gather that all Bahari work together as a unified whole. Again, wrong. Although Lilith’s fruit and flowers rise from similar seeds, they grow as they will. Most congregate in small patches — cults of between three and seven members — or operate “roots” that run correspondence through the mails, media and Internet but keep

their “branches” far apart. A good many grow like trees in their own little corners, feeding themselves with small but potent miseries. Others imitate the weeds, scattering small enlightenments and greater agonies in quick, widespread bursts. Some sects are deeply formal, possessing ornate hierarchies and protocols; others are choirs of one voice. The Mother’s garden has room for them all, so long as they keep that garden spreading.

Presented with the biblical paradigm I have chosen, an observer might bind the ways of Lilith to the western religious tradition. Yet again, not so. While we Kindred remain mired in our worship of biblical myth, the ways of Lilith are universal. True, I often describe them in terms of the familiar Jehovah/Adam/Lucifer patriarchy; although many of the Dark Mother’s own followers cling to those myths, that may simply be the result of the widespread influence of the West. I prefer to see Lilith’s saga as a sliver of a greater tradition — that of the Great Dark Mother who nurtures with love, then chastises with death. That tradition is universal: I see the face of Lilith in the bright sword of Ishtar, in the pits of Kali, in the webs of Spider Woman, and even in the soft but remote embrace of Mary. And just as I see these faces, the Bahari revere them in ritual. I have danced around African gardens, drunk blood mixed with ghee, and wailed pleasure-cries to the Tibetan night. The Mother is everywhere...as are her children.





Although their allegiance to Lilith might make Bahari seem like natural feminists, the truth is far more complex. Female does not necessarily equal exalted. On the contrary — most women, in the Bahari view, are descendants of Eve, the third and most inferior woman. Created from a lonely Adam, lacking Lilith's original gifts and her divine gestation, these women really *are* the cheap cattle that misogynists scorn. Until and unless a woman consumes the Mother's blood and takes her Oath, that woman is an animal — worthwhile in her own way, certainly, but far below the Bahari.

INITIATION

“Becoming” a Ba’ham is often a simple but excruciating process. Like Lilith herself, a prospective Ba’ham begins as a favored person — wealthy, perhaps, or beautiful or popular or blessed in some other way. Suddenly, a cataclysmic event devastates it all and leaves her stumbling through a desert of pain. There she attains some insight into the vast and finite nature of the world: Some see a literal vision of the Dark Mother, or dream of wandering in an empty, waterless waste. Others see the endless eyes of the Ancient One (spoken of in the *Genesis Fragment*) gazing into a cyclopean void; still others fall into comas or literally wander in a half-dead state (often pregnant, as Lilith was) until a second catastrophe rocks them out of the stupor. Until this ordeal and vision occur, a would-be Ba’ham remains outside the garden; only by tearing herself on the thorns at the gate may she attain the sweet nectar within. Until that time,

she may speak the Mother's name, perform her rites, even tend her garden, but still remain outside it, as Lilith was exiled from Eden.

Pain is the initiation, agony and insight the stepping-stones.

If she's lucky, this unfortunate might discover — or be discovered by — the followers of Lilith. The rituals they use to teach and initiate her depend on the whims and culture of the Bahari. So-called “witches” employ the trappings of Wicca, *Santería* and other modern pastimes; aboriginal cults chitter and grunt about nightmare deities and dance around with bone-toys and innards; secular devotees prefer to speak in symbols of matriarchs and bad-ass mommas, while renunciates of the Christian, Muslim and especially Jewish traditions use the most familiar names of all. In the faraway monasteries of renegade Buddhists and left-hand Tantrikas, candles illuminate copulating disciples and their mutilated servants. Which ones are the true Bahari? All of them, of course! The pain, the vision, the Oath and the gardening are the only real commonalties.

The blood of Lilith consecrates an initiation. Like the Christian Eucharist, this blood forms a symbolic bridge between goddess and gardener; unlike that Host, this blood is real, often gathered from the initiate, the initiator, a plant and a live sacrifice, then blended together in a not-too-pleasant concoction.



After drinking it, the new Ba'ham recites some variation on the *Oath of Lilith*, then receives whatever vows, studies or torments the initiator feels are appropriate. Many Bahari learn the runes called *Ba'hara* (see sidebar), the symbolic language of the sect; many others do not. It's worth noting that thousands, perhaps millions, of devotees worship at Lilith's altar without ever knowing what they're doing. While not formal Bahari, these "acolytes" revere pain, revel in the occult and make a point of advocating both.

Although never formally initiated into the Bahari fellowship, I was privileged to meet several members of the sect in an occult bookstore in Soho, New York City. Two of their number were Kindred (or, as I should stress, *Lhaka*, since Blood Bahari do not consider themselves Kindred); three others were mortal. These fascinating and charismatic personages took me on a whirlwind tour of pain and absolution; in their company I encountered other Bahari, met countless followers of the Mother who knew not why they did, traveled to secluded sites and perused the Ba'hara pictograms which give substance to the following scriptures.

I knew, as I swelled with the Mother's wisdom, that my revels would lead other Kindred to my tutors. As an act of compassion, I killed nearly all of them; better that death might come from my loving hands than from the brutal ministrations of archons or the mind-rape of the Warlocks. Out of respect for my teachers, I will not profane their names with so much as a pseudonym. Let those who have passed us in the night draw their own conclusions. I remain silent.

My exquisite guides introduced me to equally exquisite lessons. One, a magus, took me so far into myself that I thought my mind had snapped. His hands held the promise of eternal love, but he proved more fickle in his affections than any Kindred lothario. I eviscerated him while he copulated with a conquest — a boy of 12, whom I left alive to learn from his experience.

A former Toreador sang me the songs of a Bahari nun cloistered in 12th-century Milan. The nun's devotions were considered odes to Mary until a scholar unearthed her true allegiance. As one might expect, the nun was burned in a pile of her own hymns. Sadly, all transcriptions were purged, as well; my muse played them from memory. When she herself crumbled in the morning sun, the last recollections of the nun's compositions blew away with her.

A Clanless wanderer made my skin itch. Rude as a jackal, she seemed to take pride in the abuse we heaped on her. Her mouth — unusually large, both literally and metaphorically — never shut. When I fed her into a tree-shredder, it was the only murder I'd enjoyed in years.



I flayed the old man alive. He had asked me to, and I complied, weeping tears of blood as I did so. What a waste. His Latin was as flawless as a Roman scholar's, and his collection of books — from pulp romances to high Classical manuscripts — was remarkable, if only for its variety. The old man had no skill with manners, I confess, and this made him the butt of many of our pranks. He took it all in humor, but seemed to nurse a grudge he never satisfied. Dried, his skin formed the parchment for the original edition of this book. He would have wanted it that way.

One girl I let survive. To this day, I cannot explain the impulse that led me to this act of cruelty. Also mortal, the girl seemed vaguely familiar. I ran across her likeness later in a chronicle of magickal lore. It may have been coincidence, but she deeply resembled both a pupil of Cagliostro and a consort of Aleister Crowley. A submissive by inclination, she held the most incredible pain tolerance of any mortal I have ever met.

The leader of the group, a Balinese woman of indeterminate age, was mortal. Her charisma, however, was like a living thing. Although she possessed no mystic powers as far as I could see, she held the others spellbound with every word she spoke. I let her live, too. There are too few of her kind out there as it is. Although she has sworn revenge on me for killing her companions, she thanked me for doing so. The Dark Mother moves in strange ways, indeed!

MAGICK OF THE SHORT DAWN

As anyone who has felt the whiplash of the sun's rays, the sharp crunch of a shotgun blast or the slender pricklings of a vivisectioning tool can attest, we all attain a burst of insight, a *satori*, when injured. For a flickering moment, the commonplace world freezes and we are transported to a netherland where God's own pulse throbs in our veins. Like drinking from Heaven's jugular, this faintly obscene pleasure knocks one dizzy. The moment is just that — a moment — but when it passes, we have glimpsed something remarkable rising from the haze of pain.

Many Bahari call this moment *sa*, the "Short Dawn." The mystics among them liken it to the moment of clarity that magi call "Awakening"; indeed, many of their number claim to be Awakened beings whose *sa* led them to study the magickal Arts. Lilith experienced *sa* while she wandered the unmade lands, and she led Caine to it when he descended into Hell. Properly experienced, *sa* leads to heightened consciousness, supernal insight and mystical powers. Humans search for it



in sadomasochistic rituals, but it rarely comes in such structured confines. To find a true *sa*, one must be flung headlong into a physical and emotional abyss — and come out the other side. The Bahari cultivate *sa*, both in themselves and in others. To them, it's the sweet fruit of Knowledge and the bitter pulp of Life in one.

Perhaps the mystic overtones of *sa* lend Lilith her sorcerous air; although she clearly transcends mortal magicks, sorcerers have been linked to Lilith since the beginning of time. That's no less true today; sects of magicians harbor large numbers of Bahari, whose mystic Arts advance the Dark Mother's dream of Final Tides. Although I'm no scholar of magical lore, I've met several of these so-called "magi" in their ritual grounds. The most prevalent, it seems, come from a mystical clan which takes the name of the healing plant vervain, or verbena; considering their roles as fruits and tenders of Lilith's garden, the botanical name is appropriate. Others belong to a reincarnatist society whose image of a great wheel corresponds to the Ancient One's eternal eyes, opening and closing in an endless cycle of creation and destruction. Still others ride on the ecstasy of pain and the flashes of enlightenment that come with it, or lead cults of dubious origin. While many of these mystics advance their queen's agenda on a fairly local basis, I admit that some of them retain herds that would be the envy of any Kindred prince. By nurturing those herds with creeds of renewal through sacrifice, Bahari magicians raise a hunger for such enlightenment — and for more and greater agonies.

BLOOD BAHARI: RENUNCIATES OF CAINE

Like Caine, Kindred are drawn to and inspired by torment; this tendency explains such suicidal pastimes as fire-walking, Gehenna politics and the Tzimisce in general. When you consider that fact, the Kindred renunciates — called *Lhaka* or Blood Bahari — among Lilith's hosts seem only natural. Like myself, many of these vampires begin as blind sheep; hit by *sa*, some few of them understand the true order of things and soon join the Bahari. The blood rite breaks the chain of vitae that binds us to our beginnings; like Lilith eating the fruit of Eden, this moment erases our former blindness. From that point on, we are individuals tending the garden of pain.

(It makes me smile to think of our O-so-sagacious elders playing into Lilith's hands so readily. Their ceaseless conflict for supremacy breeds anarchy and would-be Bahari like fouled water breeds dysentery. Lilith's curse holds

true today. The childer of Caine “feast upon each other’s hearts,” figuratively and otherwise, like palpitating delicacies.)

The Lamia, an extinct offshoot of the Giovanni, present a puzzle to the scholar. Giovanni apocrypha (gained at great price, I assure you!) state the bloodline began when one of their number raped a priestess of Lilith. Supposedly, this priestess was the only daughter of Adam and Lilith, and was born from an endless cycle of rape and conception stretching back to Adam’s own brutality. Bahari legend, on the other hand, clearly states that Lilith had three daughters and three sons, that none of them were Adam’s, and that all of them were slain. Although this would hardly be the first time that legends disagreed with one another, the point is worth addressing.

Supposedly, these Lamia went on to become rare but enlightened Kindred, keeping the “true rites of the Dark Mother” but serving the clan which the Giovanni destroyed. I maintain this is nonsense; while it is entirely possible that one such “Cappadocian” Embraced a Bahari priestess, it would be a poor Ba’ham who would spend all her time fucking corpses in service to Caine’s offspring. Although proving my theory would be difficult — all Lamia were supposedly exterminated by the 1800s — I speculate that the Giovanni progenitors were being had. Perhaps our mythical priestess really believed she was descended from Adam and the Mother; perhaps she *was* — Lilith is said to have been pregnant during her trek across the desert, and it is possible that she carried a human child as well as the unearthly offspring of Jehovah. Knowing what I do of the Short Dawn and its formidable aftershocks, I’m skeptical that a tribe of half-breed corpse-fuckers could have enslaved the followers of Lilith. More likely, a handful of Bahari went along with the joke, then led their “masters” into a series of fatal traps.

Either way, the Lamia are said to have commanded fearsome plagues and necromancies; an account of one captured by Inquisitors can be found in Book III. Perhaps the Lamia still thrive under some other name;¹ having engineered the destruction of the Cappadocians, they broke their blood-ties and joined the ever-growing ranks of the Lhaka — a fellowship to which I belong myself.

And I am far from alone.

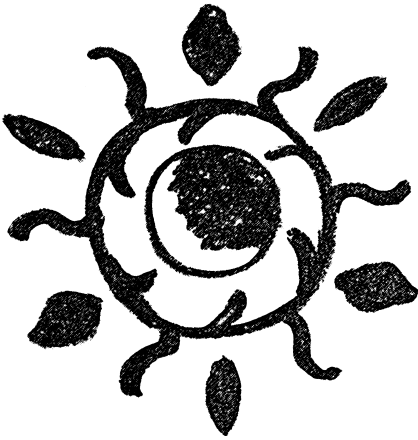
Enough trivia. Let the fruits be harvested and the Final Tides rise! Feast on these Revelations as I have feasted on the blood and hearts of my former lovers and cousins. I have done my part, and await the short but brilliant dawn.

1: I know for a fact that certain of the so-called “Daughters of Cacophony” revere Lilith. Their gifts for song and madness make this clear enough. Are they perhaps the remnants of the Lamia, or a half-mad offshoot of same? We may never know.

EXAMPLES OF BA'HARA PICTOGRAMS

A secret society requires secret communications. Ba'hara, a mnemonic collection of symbols, provides a written basis for an oral tradition. While not a language in the formal sense, it offers an initiated Ba'ham a sense of belonging. From my sources, I infer that Ba'hara derives from the medieval pictograms of the bygone Lamia bloodline, which come themselves from a still older source. Those "root forms" of the language are, to my knowledge, long gone, although examples probably still exist in some secluded groves, unrecognizable as what they once were.

The modern form of Ba'hara uses plants and animals as abstract bases for its letters. Like the sect itself, the language is said to have grown from the seeds of the third garden, and its plantlike forms echo that idea.



LILITH



CAINE



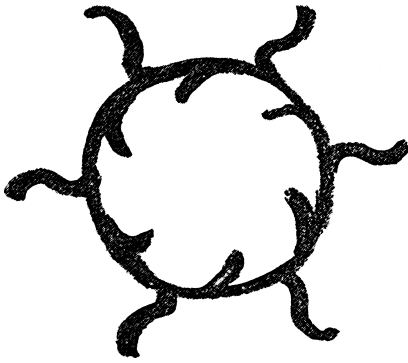
BLOOD



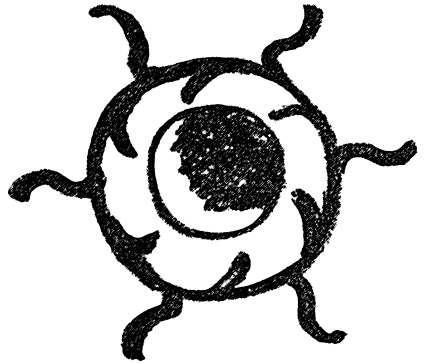
KINDRED



MOON



SUN



LUCIFER



SERPENT



OWL



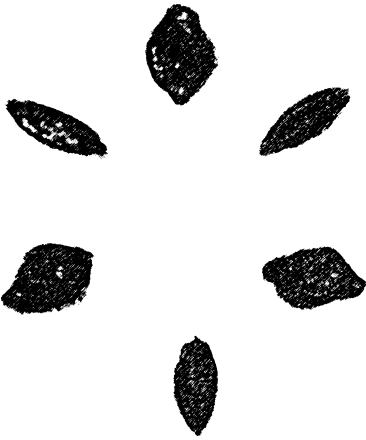
DRAGON



CAT



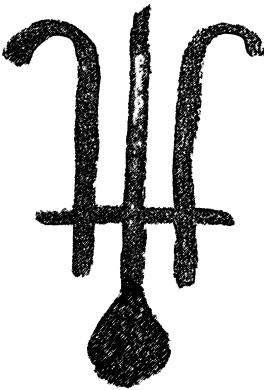
HUMAN



ALLIES



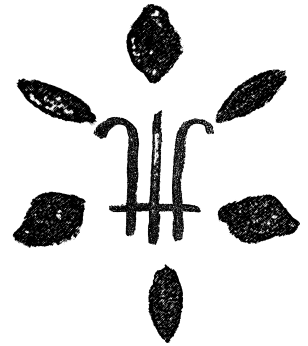
MAGIC



SACRED PLACE



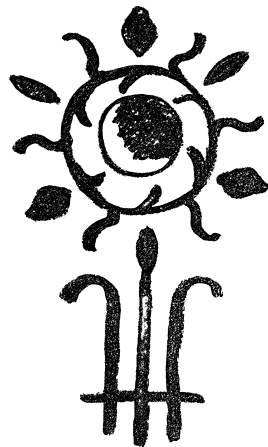
DANGER



MEET HERE



THIS PLACE MUST BE DESTROYED

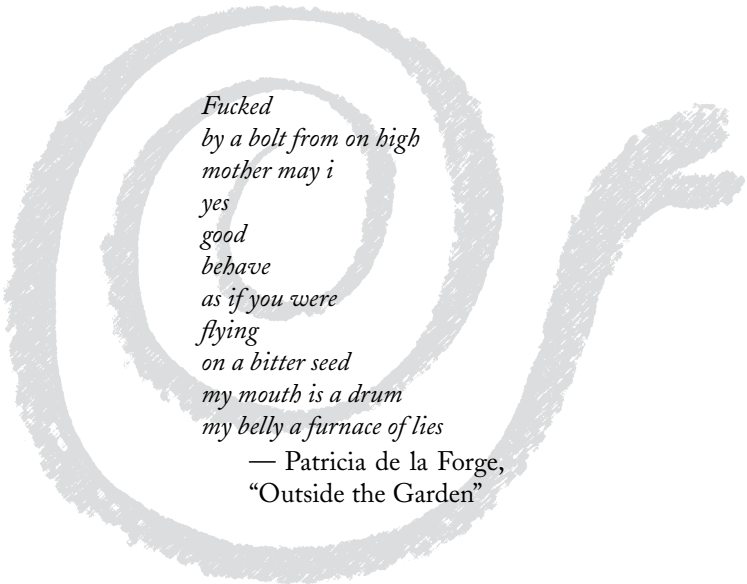


ALL HAIL LILITH!



Illustration to Marc-André Rivest's Le Jardin interdit: Ces Choses qui ne sont pas dites (The Forbidden Garden; or Those Things Which Are Not Spoken Of), 1547.

FIRST CIRCLE: THE BOOK OF THE SERPENT



*Fucked
by a bolt from on high
mother may i
yes
good
behave
as if you were
flying
on a bitter seed
my mouth is a drum
my belly a furnace of lies*

— Patricia de la Forge,
“Outside the Garden”

THE OATH OF LILITH

EDITOR'S NOTE

Taken by a Ba'ham upon his initiation, the Oath is said to be a preservation of the words spoken by Lilith herself as she took up the Mantle of the Moon. Fantasy, I'm sure, but the words, when spoken, ring with a power that cannot be denied. Although I have never considered myself a formal Ba'ham, I take this oath each night as I arise. This devotion of mine may explain a few things....

When first I tasted the fruit of the Trees
felt the seeds of Life and Knowledge
burn within me
I swore that day that I would not turn back.
When first I tasted the flesh of the kill
felt the tang of the blood
and the crunch of the bones
I swore that day I would not die.
When first I tasted my own blood
felt the surge and the stir
of my own life on my lips
I swore that day to love myself
above all.

When first I tasted the light of the moon
felt its glow in my womb
and its wild tenderness
I swore that day to walk in night.
When first I tasted the love of a god
felt the tearing rise
of song and fire
I swore on that day to cherish the flesh.
When first I tasted the salt of the sea
felt my blood become water
as the sky fell behind me
I swore that day to descend
and to return with wonders.
When first I tasted the love of a child
screamed with the joy of the new life
and wept for what I had lost and
gained,
I swore that day to nurture life
as I had embraced death before.
I swear by three times three times three
That these seven moments shall remain
my own
And whatever may transpire
No god nor man nor beast may take
them from me.
I swear by myself
and my immortality.



THE GENESIS FRAGMENT

EDITOR'S NOTES

This — the core of the Lilith myth cycle — is what's missing from conventional scriptures.

Although it supposedly describes the First Days, the Judeo-Christian Genesis does not refer to Lilith at all. We find her mentioned in the Jewish Rabbinical Midrashim and several obscure (and not-so-obscure) Hebrew texts, but the consolidations of both the Christian Bible and the Jewish Tanakh finds the first woman absent.

When we look upon this "lost Genesis," we can see why.

Despite its name, the so-called "Genesis Fragment" can't actually be considered part of the canonical book of Jewish and Christian lore. Although the fragment's earliest example is indeed written in Hebrew, the casual, occasionally even mocking portrayal of Jehovah (traditionally encrypted as YHVH, "The Lord," or "The Holy One," and followed by "blessed be He") is so at odds with the ancient Jewish paradigm that the Fragment can be considered, at best, the work of a deeply heretical Israelite.

Not that there's anything unusual in that: Genesis, Exodus and other early books declare the existence of myriad heretical or pagan sects among the children of Abraham; an author with a, shall we say, unconventional view of the Almighty is not hard to imagine. Still, many heretical writings were purged, along with their authors. The Genesis Fragment managed to make it into the writings smuggled from the Roman siege of Jerusalem (AD 64) and was somehow saved from destruction. Given the rather blasphemous nature of the Fragment, I doubt that it was ever considered part of the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses. More likely, it was kept as part of a protective charm or ritual — to "know thine enemy," as it were — or as some keepsake or curio of a brave scholar. In any case, the Fragment was preserved from the fires of Rome's legions, but left aside when the Torah was compiled from the salvaged writings — and again far later, when the Nicean Council consolidated the books of the Christian Bible.

For accuracy's sake, I compared this Fragment against two similar ones, one in Greek, the other preserved in oral tradition through the Bahari rites. I was given

access to a Ba'hara pictogram version, but since those designs are designed as mnemonics, not literal words, there could hardly be a "definitive" Bahari version. Partly for flavor's sake, and partly to capture the rhythm of the Hebrew, I have used the Israelite version as the springboard for my translations. A series of footnotes record my own observations.

I couldn't begin to claim which of these three versions is the "definitive" one. Each boasts its own authority. The Ba'hara account obviously functions as the Gospel According to Lilith; the Greek source serves as a "bridge" between the older scroll and the modern translation, and includes some intriguing pantheistic ambiguities; the heretical Israelite document fits in best with our Western conception of Scripture. Surprisingly, they all correspond disturbingly well.

While the Fragment boasts tantalizing Kabbalistic elements, they're diffused and disjointed. Was the author a woman? If so, it would account for the incomplete correspondences and occasionally improvisational Hebrew. Feminine scholarship was frowned upon at best, and often forbidden — especially when that scholarship involved Scripture. Even young men were (and still are) kept away from the most sacred writings. I think the Fragment's true source comes from "women's lore" — the oral tradition passed between mother and daughter, and rarely written down. That's certainly the case with the Ba'hara version. The similarities between all fragments lend weight to my assertion.

Despite its source and its importance to Bahari doctrine, the Fragment is more the story of the First Days than an account of Lilith's trials. Lilith really isn't the protagonist at all — that distinction belongs to Jehovah, the troubled, proud and ultimately tragic god whose hubris shatters the balance of Immortal Creation. All the same, his acts break a stranglehold of stasis, and create the first free-willed creature: Lilith. As she takes the stage, *That Which Was* falls to *That Which Will Be*. Her defiance — first of Jehovah, then of the elements, then of Lucifer and finally of the other gods — shakes up the happy little world that had harbored profound injustices. She brings love, joy, revelry and ultimately disaster, but emerges as the true architect of our world, for better and worse. When she departs for the Endless Sea to establish her own garden, we see Jehovah's true equal: The woman who forced him to see the illusion he was hiding behind.

No wonder the Bahari consider her the True Goddess of our world.

THE GENESIS FRAGMENT

I: THE CREATION

Once, all was silence and stillness. This was the Time of Nothing, when the Ancient One rested Its eyes and moved not. Every 55,555 years, the Ancient One breaks Its rest and opens Its eyes, to see what was not there before. Each 55,555 years, It closes Its eyes, and all becomes silence and stillness again.¹

Then the Ancient One opened Its eyes for the 333rd time, and a bolt of Light split the darkness.² Thence came [Jehovah]³ and the other Shining Ones.⁴ To delight the eyes of the Ancient One, they Spoke great Words and sang great Songs, and thence wove the world into being.

Upon the shells of the 332 Old Worlds did they tread; and the creatures of those worlds did howl and loose themselves upon the wilderness.⁵

Each of the host raised a garden and set itself to creating the plants and beasts therein. Within each garden, the earth provided fettle for the growing things; and the fire did burn in the skies by day and night; and the air did flow as words of divinity; and the waters did nourish the flowers and plants and all living things.⁶

And Jehovah, the Firstborn, raised the greatest Garden of them all in the land between the rivers. And He grew two Trees within that Garden, the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. And each Tree bore fruit with sevenfold seeds, and each seed carried the great truths of the Shining Ones.

In time, the beasts of Jehovah's garden did fat themselves on the seeds of the Trees, and came to know the great truths, but they cared not. They were naked, yet they cared not. They were content, and cared not. The beasts fattened themselves upon the seeds, and upon the grasses, and upon each other; for such is the Way of All Things. And it was good.

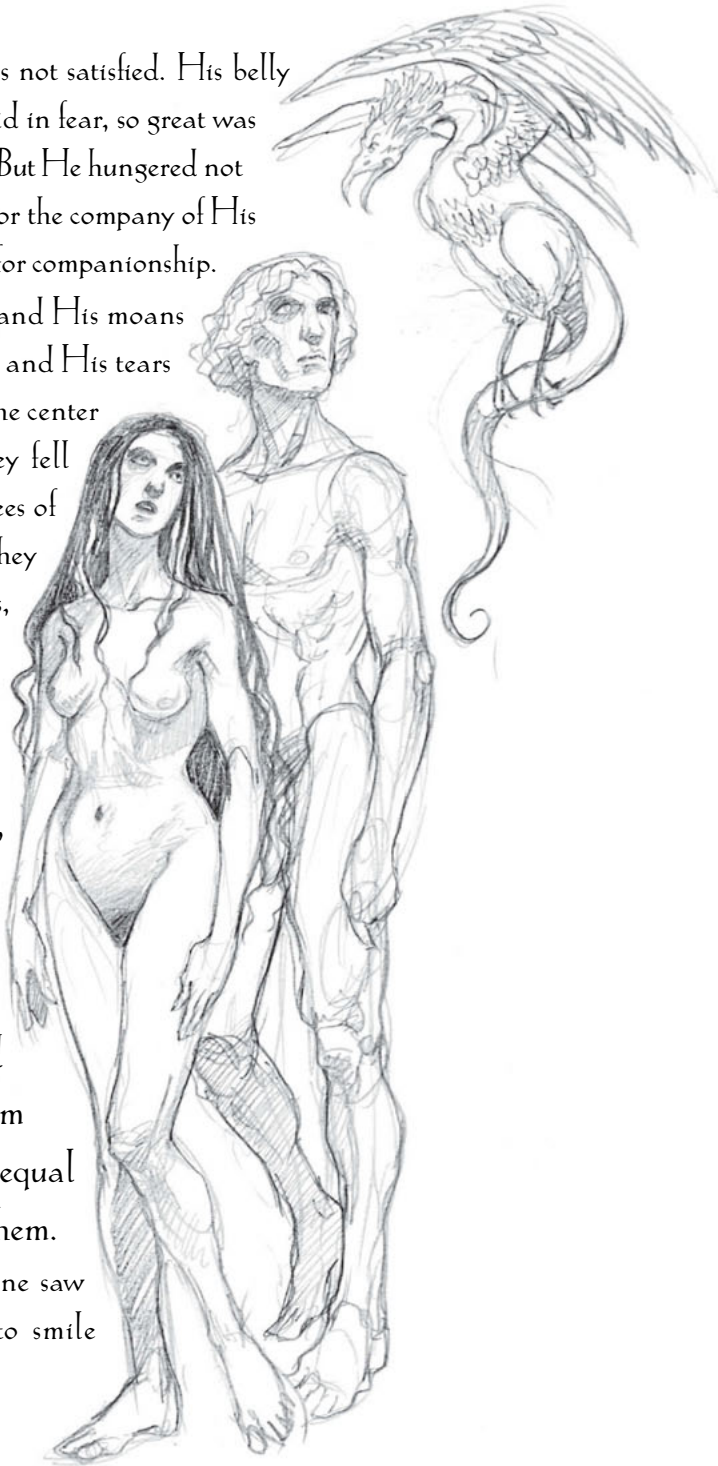
But Jehovah hungered. He ate of the fruits of both Trees, but they did not fill Him. He drank from the two rivers, and from the salt of the great seas, but they did not fill Him. He feasted at the gardens of [Lucifer] and [Gabriel] and [Astarte]

and [Bes], but still He was not satisfied. His belly thundered and the beasts hid in fear, so great was the hunger of the Firstborn. But He hungered not for meat, nor for fruit, nor for the company of His cousins. Jehovah hungered for companionship.

So Jehovah mourned, and His moans were like storms. He wept, and His tears wetted the True Earth⁷ at the center of His Garden. And they fell upon the seeds from the Trees of Life and Knowledge, and they did bring forth wondrous, strange fruit.

Male and Female rose as One from the mud of the True Earth, joined back to back; and they struggled to stand and could not. Until Jehovah passed His hand between them and made them Two; equal and strong He made Them.

And the Ancient One saw this not. But seemed It to smile nonetheless.



II: THE GARDEN

Jehovah named His creatures “Ish,” or “Adam,” and “Lilitu,” or “Lilith”;⁸ and He bestowed upon them great Gifts. To the male, gave He the powers of Shaping and Naming; to the female, gave He the powers of Fertility and Intuition. Raised as they were from the True Earth and the seeds of the Trees, the man and woman could see and adore the works of Jehovah, and He was much pleased.

And He commanded His servants, those seraphim and cherubim and daemonts and imps, to show Adam and Lilith of the wonders of the Garden, and to employ their Gifts. He bade Adam to name each of the creatures and plants therein, and bade Lilith to breed them; and bade both to tend the beings of the Garden according to their needs.

Lilith kept her company amongst the plants and growing things and fruit-bearing trees; Adam passed the time in naming all the beasts, male and female, that did dwell in the Garden. Adam learned to hunt the creatures as they hunted each other; and Lilith learned to eat of the trees and plants, as the trees and plants did fertilize one another.

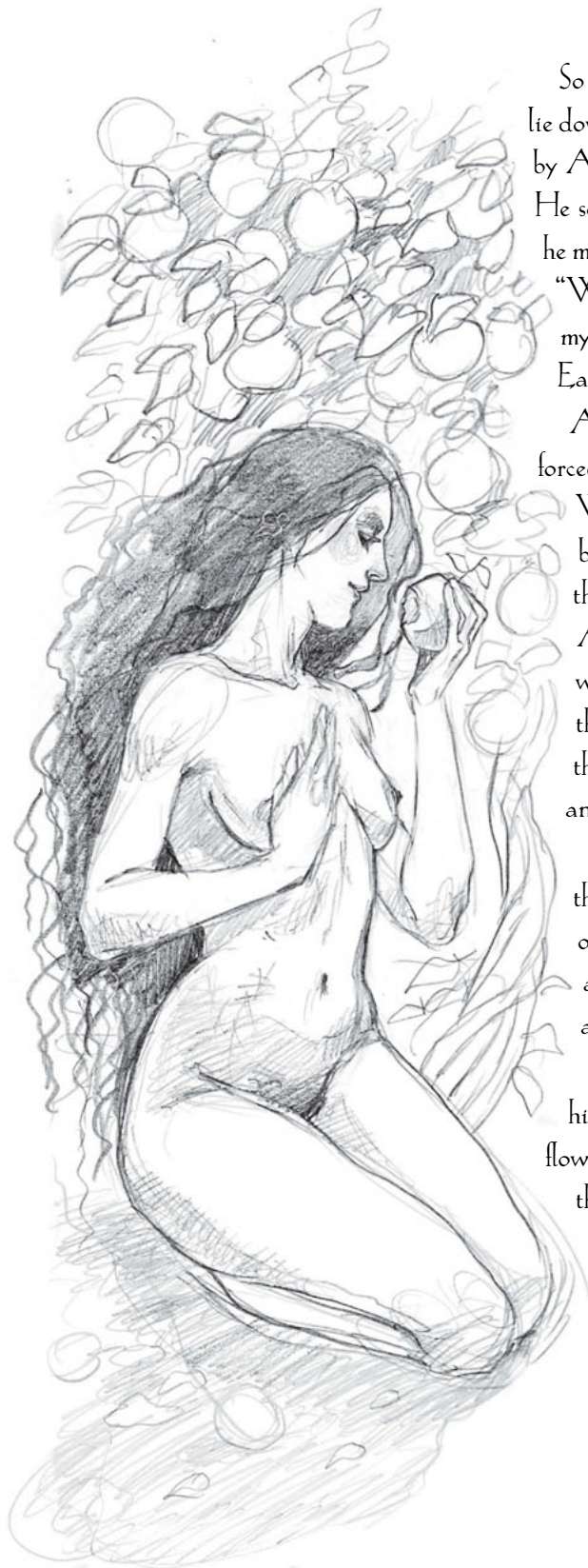
As she tended the Garden, Jehovah forbade Lilith from the Trees of Life and Knowledge, saying, “These are the fruits of godhood. Immortal as thou art, those fruits should devour thee from the inside out if thou wouldst dare to devour them first. Like lightning from the Heavens, they would blind thee, and sear thy flesh and innards, and rend thee like the tree which has been stricken.”

But Lilith did not believe Jehovah; but neither did she test Him. But she hungered for those fruits, for she was a creation of strong will. When fruit fell from the Trees, she ate of it, and lo her eyes were opened.

She was naked, and was not ashamed of it.⁹ And she became like unto a Shining One, like unto Jehovah; but she did not understand how to be like Him, and so she waited and watched.

Lilith sought to teach Adam the ways of the plants, but he cared not; she watched him at the hunt, and she made tools to help her; and bade the wolf and the lion and the owl to follow her. Thus did Lilith excel at the arts of hunting and food-gathering.¹⁰ Adam was wroth, and put himself far from her.

In his loneliness, Adam did know many of the female beasts, for he desired a mate of his own. And Jehovah told him to look to the female, Lilith, for his mate, saying, “Thou art above the beasts, and it is detestable that thou shouldst lie with them.”



So Adam went to Lilith and told her to lie down with him. But Lilith was repulsed by Adam, for he had mated with beasts. He sought to lay her upon her back, that he might enter her, but she refused, saying, "Why must I lie down beneath thee, upon my back? I too was made from the True Earth, and so I am thine equal."

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

Adam speared Lilith upon the thorn of his manhood; but Lilith cried out the hidden True Name of Jehovah, and He lifted her up out of the Garden and into the Heavens.

And Adam was alone, and spent his wrath and lust upon the beasts and flowers. But as he had not eaten of the fruit of the two Trees, he knew not what he did.



III: LILITH AS JEHOVAH'S CONSORT

Once Lilith was borne away from Adam, Jehovah was wroth. "How didst thou know the Hidden Name of Him who created thee?" His voice was thunder. Lights crackled in the skies. Winds tore at Lilith's hair and bathed her skin in ice.

She was afraid, but did not cry out. Instead, she spoke unto Him, unto the thunder and lightning and wind. And her fear was as wisdom and comfort against the storm.

Lilith said, "I have done what Thou didst require. I tended the fruits of the Garden, and the beasts of the forest. When they prospered, I did nurture them. When they fell, I laid them to rest. The fruits which I have eaten are those which fell by Thine own hand. I took them as a gift of love from Thy bounty, that I might join Thee in Heaven."

So saying, she raised flowers of her own; flowers that had not been created by the hand of Jehovah, nor tended by the hand of Lilith. New, she created them from the Firmament of Heaven, and offered them to Him.

And at last the storm quieted. And Jehovah was stilled.

He took her there in Heaven, and He knew her as a mate. For seven days and seven nights, she sat upon His lap and He sat within hers.¹¹

And their coupling was like unto the storm; and both of them were satisfied. And love grew between Jehovah and Lilith, like the fruits of the Tree of Life.

But He could not bear to share His power and knowledge. Lilith said, "We are now as we should be, equals above all others." Hearing this, Jehovah became jealous, as had His creation Adam.

And so it came to pass that Jehovah banished Lilith from His sight, as He had banished that Lady¹² who came before her. After seven days and nights, Lilith was cast down from Heaven. Into the dust between the gardens was she cast. Jehovah declared, "Mayest thou wander in the unmade lands for all time." So saying, He vanished, leaving Lilith alone.

IV: LILITH ALONE¹³

Then Lilith did go into the desert and did wander for seven times seven days and nights.

And the days were hot and savage, like unto the flame; and Lilith's dark skin was reddened, and it blistered and cracked like mud; and her tongue did swell; and her bones did poke through her skin; and her feet were burned as though by fire. But still she did not repent; nor did she request forgiveness of the Lord, or deny that she was as He.

The fruit she had eaten sat in Lilith's belly and sustained her.

But her heart and belly were rent with the love for Him who had betrayed her; and His seed grew in her belly until it was swollen and burdensome.

When she was thirsty, Lilith did sup upon her own blood. And it sustained her.¹⁴

The days were torment to her, and so she learned to burrow into the earth and await the fall of night. Beneath the ground, Lilith learned to send her senses far away¹⁵ and hence discovered the rivers and the gardens of the other Shining Ones. And when the sun had passed by, she lifted herself from the earth and continued toward the Endless Sea.

And Lilith walked over rocks and sand; and she crossed mountains and shivered in cold winds, and was lashed by the dust; and she fell many times, but did not stop, but rose and began again. For the pain was as wisdom unto her.





Far away from the lands of Jehovah, she found that great expanse which is the Endless Sea.¹⁶ When she reached it, Lilith threw herself into that Sea, and she did swim to the bottom of it; and did become as one of its own creatures; and she did lie with them, as Adam had with the beasts of the Garden; and she did hunt them, as she had in the Garden, until she was sated.



When she beheld the great gardens at the bottom of the Sea, Lilith was amazed.

In her amazement, she caused the plants to flower and the beasts of the Sea to breed; and so she became the Mother of that Sea.¹⁷

There beneath the Endless Sea, Lilith learned to be like unto Jehovah, and to command the powers thereof. And she divested herself of His seed, and did plant it among the children of her own womb, and of the seed of the creatures of the Sea.

When she arose from that Sea, her dark skin had turned to amber and her hair had become black as pitch. Her eyes were as the surface of that Sea, and they danced like the moon upon those waters.¹⁸

But she could not create a Garden like the place of Jehovah; and she ground her teeth in jealousy. Although she could craft great wonders and gave birth to many strange beasts, Lilith was not satisfied.

So she left the Endless Sea and went forth again into the desert.

She did crave the fruit of the Garden of Jehovah; for it was the sweetest that ever she had tasted.¹⁹

V: GARDENS OF THE ELOHIM²⁰

Lilith did wander for seven times seven years; and thence she did encounter the gardens of [Bes]; and the vineyards of [Dionysus]; and the fields of [Baal], and all the wonders they concealed. Those wonders did her hosts make known to her, for they were amazed to see one so graceful and beautiful as She Who Rose From the Endless Sea.

And there was much feasting in the gardens of [Bes]; and in the vineyards of [Dionysus]; and in the fields of [Baal]; and all Shining Ones proclaimed, "Lilith is without peer, Shining with the light of the Ancient One but made of the True Earth of our gardens."²¹

But the celebrations and libations were as hollow reeds. Lilith hungered for the fruit of Jehovah's great Garden; for the fruit of the Trees of Life and Knowledge. There were none others like unto His place, rich though they might be. And so she did quit those gardens, giving thanks to her hosts and gifting them with precious fruits.²²

Thus did she continue on alone until she came to the gates of Eden.

VI: JEHOVAH CHARGES LUCIFER WITH THE GUARDING OF EDEN²³

And it came to pass that Jehovah learned of Lilith's sojourn to the Shining Ones; and He was fearful that she would return to Eden and destroy his creation. So Jehovah charged Lucifer to stand guard upon Eden, lest Lilith return.

And the Lightbringer, who held Jehovah to his heart like a brother, took up this charge and stood at the gates of Eden with a fiery sword. And the sword was made from the True Earth of Eden; and so this sword would banish Lilith, for she had been made of the same Earth. For it was baneful to her, and to Adam.

With his great Sight, Lucifer saw Lilith from a long way off; from the clouds of day and the shining disk of sun he espied her. Now he was struck by her beauty, as

if by a thunderbolt; and as she approached, he drew back his hands with the sword still in them. But he did not strike her.

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

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

"Thou art beautiful in my sight," said Lilith, and she spoke truly;

For he is a polished staff, a stout tree shaped into contours pleasing to the eye; and his skin is the burnished gold, and his eyes the color of the moon. His breath is the breeze of a lotus; and his touch is like unto a whisper.²⁴

Lucifer said, "Art thou the disrespectful creation of my brother, that went from out the Garden with hate in her heart?" "Never so," she replied. "I am like thee, and like our brother; and I would never harm a thing in His Garden, not even the lesser beasts or their tender."²⁵ I wish only to learn about the wondrous Trees he grows."

And he looked into her heart and saw that she spoke truly. And his own heart was filled with love and desire, like a garden blossoming with fresh water and good seed. Thus did Lucifer let her pass.



But before Lilith went in, the Lightbringer offered her a gift. Lucifer said, "As I am Lord of Light, I have dominion over those spheres which illuminate the sky. And so I do give to thee this garment of Night, dearest sister, upon which are sewn the moon and the stars and all that appears in the night sky. Wear it and rule the Night as I now rule the Day."

And Lilith did take up the garment; and her face became like the deep blue of midnight; and her hair became silver like the stars; and her eyes shone with the soft light of the moon.²⁶

Abashed and amazed, Lilith stopped. "I love the gifts, as I now love the giver," she said. "I shall not trouble our brother, but shall raise up my own Garden; and thou shalt perchance come visit me there; and I will show thee all its splendors."

So saying, she turned away from Eden. Then she spread her cloak of night and rose into the sky, and away.



VII: THE FIRST GARDEN OF LILITH

Lilith chose a rich and fertile land, with three rivers making up its borders. And she did drape her garment of Night over this land; from her garment, she plucked a handful of tiny stars; and she did scatter the stars across the land. And those star-seeds did bear wondrous plants and fruit trees and all manner of growing things.

But these growing things were not those of Jehovah's Eden; for they would grow only beneath the shelter of Night, and beneath the light of Lilith's moon. And Lilith walked often in her Garden; and she did feed the growing things with her own life's blood; and they flourished and grew heavy with fruit.

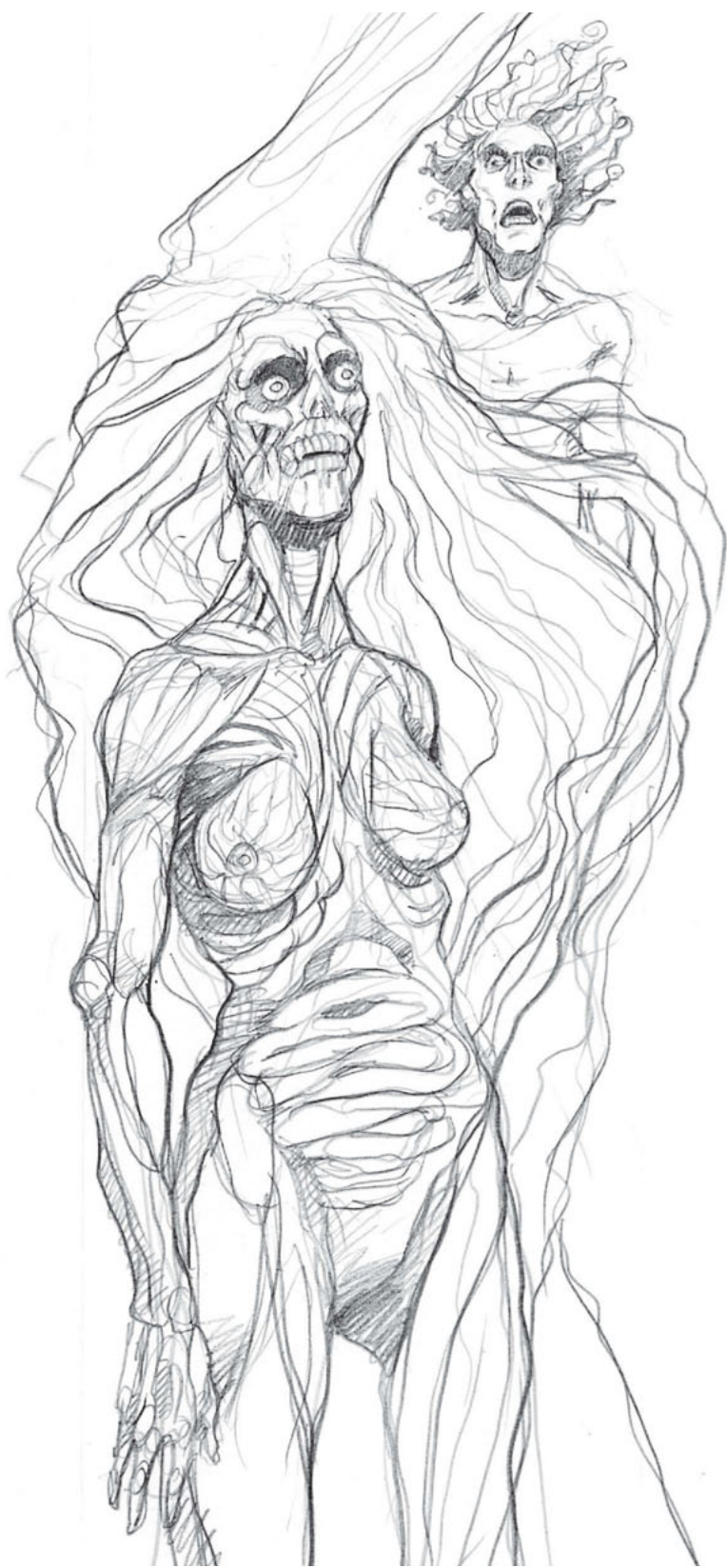
In her belly, Lilith held the seeds from the Trees of Life and Knowledge. Now she did pass those seeds into the earth of her garden. These too did she nourish with her body's water and her life's blood; but they would not grow.

And Lilith rent the air with wails of frustration and sorrow; for she was famished for the fruit of those Trees; and for the love of Jehovah, who had cast her out.

Then did Lilith darken; and her rage rose like sand in a strong wind; and it scoured the place where the Trees would not grow; where the seeds lay fallow in the earth; and she cursed Jehovah for his pride. Then she cursed herself for her pain, and for the love she bore He Who Betrayed Her.

And her first garden was swept away in her wrath, until it stood no more.

Then did Lilith leave her Night Garden and go to Eden.



VIII: THE CREATION OF EVE, AND THE FALL

When Jehovah had lifted Lilitu up, Adam became full of jealous rage, for his mate had been taken from him. And he silently cursed the name of his Creator. But Jehovah heard him and said, "Curse not foolishly. She who I have taken from thee was filled with evil spirits²⁷ and would have harmed thee. Fear not, for I shall make thee a mate."

Jehovah lifted up the True Earth, and He took a handful of that clay and did breathe upon it. And the clay did form the bones of the female; and her skin; and the fluids and bowels therein. But Adam was dismayed, and he was sick within the garden; for he had seen the innards of his mate, and would not Name her.²⁸

So Jehovah did destroy His creation; with a strong wind, He scattered the skin, and the bowels, and the bones, and left the fluids to soak into the True Earth. And small creatures came forth and devoured the female, until there was no sign of her. When she was annihilated, Adam was content.

And Jehovah put a deep slumber upon Adam and removed one rib; from that rib, he made Eve. And Adam was pleased; and he did Name her "Ishah," or "Eve"; and he knew Eve; and she lay beneath him, for she was a lesser thing, not made of the True Earth like Lilitu before her; nor of the back of Adam, but from his bone.²⁹



When Lilith departed Heaven, Jehovah wept again; and His tears were like a deluge upon Eden. He wept for seven days and nights, until the creatures of the Garden cried out for mercy and relief.

From that time forward, Jehovah wept no more; save but once in all the days and nights of this world.³⁰

When He had heard of the revels of Lilith, and of her visits to the gardens and vineyards and fields of His brothers and sisters, Jehovah was much troubled.

For He still thought of her as His creation, and His love. And so He did set His closest brother to guard Eden. But He did not tell Lucifer about Lilith, nor about the love He bore her; nor about the powers at her command; nor about the fruits she had eaten.

For the Firstborn was afraid.

It came to pass that Lilith returned unto Eden, clad in her raiment of Night; and there she again met Lucifer who stood watch upon the gate with the fiery sword in his hand.

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

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

And Lilith was wounded by his words; for she knew Jehovah had spoken of her. But she was proud also, to have moved her Creator to untruth. As she was of the True Earth of Eden, she could not pass whilst Lucifer held forth the fiery sword against her.³¹ And so unto Lucifer, she said, “Cast aside thy sword, beloved one, and let me pass. For verily, I am not she. I stand content in thy light, and share it as my own.”

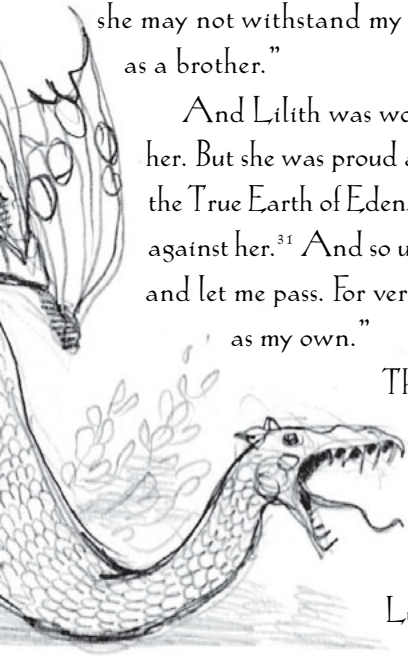
The Lightbringer recalled that Lilith had once sworn to do no harm, and had spoken true at that time. And thus he did believe her. Yet he was puzzled and amazed by her, resplendent in her gown of Night.

“Why then hast thou come here, beloved one?” said Lucifer.

Lilith said, “I too have grown a garden, and I wish to learn how Jehovah does make the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge grow strong and fruitful.” And she did produce the seeds which she had saved, and Lucifer saw that it was so. Then did Lucifer cast aside the fiery sword so that Lilith might pass through the gates.

And so Lilith came into Eden. Casting her garment of Night over the trees, she then transformed herself into a Great Serpent with sharp scales to match the color of the growing things about her; and with great wings that wrapped about her long coiling body, so that she might hide herself from Jehovah. The Serpent was cunning and quiet and moved unseen through the deep grasses of Eden.³²

And she came upon the Tree of Life, and she bent her ear low to its roots and she asked of it, “How do you come to grow?” And the living wood of that tree did say to her, “From the seeds numbering seven times seven.” And she thanked the Tree; and from it she did swallow whole seven of its fruits. For each had within it seven seeds.³³

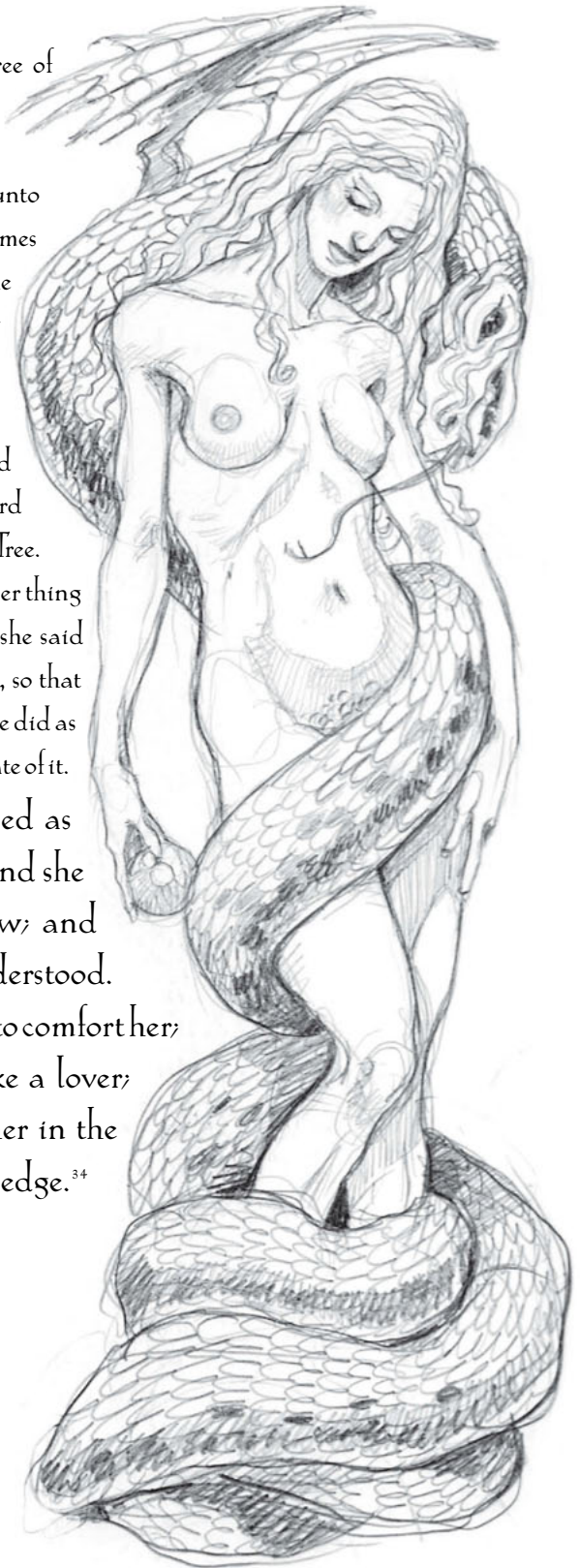


Then did she come upon the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil; and she asked of it, "How do you come to grow?" And that Tree did also say unto her, "From the seeds numbering seven times seven." And again she thanked the Tree; and from it too did she swallow whole seven of its fruits.

But Lilith was not alone.

Eve had come as Lilith twined 'round the Tree of Knowledge. The third woman did come and sit beneath that Tree. And Lilith did see that Eve was a lesser thing and took pity upon her. In her pity, she said unto Eve, "Take the fruit and eat of it, so that thine eyes might be opened." And Eve did as she was told; and took that fruit; and ate of it.

Lo, Eve's eyes were opened as if blinded by a burst of fire; and she was cast down as if by a blow; and she wept for the things she understood. And Lilith coiled about Eve to comfort her; and Eve held the Serpent like a lover; and they did know each other in the shadow of the Tree of Knowledge.³⁴





The sound of weeping drew Adam to that place. And the owl did spy him, and gave warning to Lilith of his approach. And so the Serpent did leave the woman to her man; and he was amazed when he found her smiling but wet with tears, and he asked of her, "Why dost thou weep, my wife?"

And being the lover of Adam, she shared the fruit with him.

Thus were the man, the woman, the Lightbringer and the Serpent cursed.

IX: THE WRATH OF THE LORD OF THE GARDEN, AND HIS SEVENFOLD CURSES

Adam and Eve were naked, and were ashamed to be so; and Adam recalled his deeds, and was filled with remorse. He fell upon his knees before the woman and wept and tore his beard; and he spoke not a word, but howled as a beast. Eve comforted him, and stroked his hair, for she did not understand the depth of his sadness, nor what he repented. But the Lord of the Garden heard the clamor, and He was wroth and amazed.³⁵

Jehovah's wrath was as the lion upon an infant. His roar cracked the trees; His bellows shook the True Earth, spitting it asunder; the gnashing of His teeth caused the third part of the stones to shatter; His spittle was like fire, and it consumed the flowers of Eden.

And the Tree of Life withered in the wrath of Jehovah; as the man, the woman and Lilith watched, it turned to ashes and blew away in the anger of the Lord of the Garden.

For thus the Cycle was begun again. The Wine of Immortality was spilled and the cup of it broken at the roots of Eden. And the world began again; the dream fell from the skies and was consumed by the anger of the Lord of the Garden.

And He was ever a prisoner of that Wine, and could not undo what had been done. At the closing of the Ancient One's eyes, He too would perish. Even He, the Lord of the Garden.³⁶

The Lightbringer came running. With a roar, Jehovah did cause the ground to break; and to swallow Lucifer; and to spit him into the air. As he fell, Lilith ran to him, and did minister to him;

A Serpent no longer, but the first woman.

And the sword of Lucifer was shattered into two pieces; and one piece fell at the feet of the Lightbringer and another at the feet of Lilith.

The voice of Jehovah rang in the Heavens. "This is the Judgment of the Firstborn!"

To Adam and Eve, He said, "Because ye did eat of the Tree that I told ye to shun, ye shall be accursed."

To the woman, He said, "Thou hast lifted thyself up to pluck the fruit of the Most High; and so thou shalt bend low all thy days. Thus, I curse thee with pains; as thou plucked the fruit, so shall thy belly bear that fruit like stones; as thou spilled the seeds, so shall thou pick up the seeds of man all thy days; as thou spilled the juice of the fruit, so shall thine own juices run with each turning of the moon; as thou craved the fruit of the Most High, so shall thou crave the fruit of man all thy days. The knowledge of Good and Evil rests within thee, but thou shalt recall it not."

To the man, He said, "Thou hast shunned the grace to which thou wast born. Thus, I curse thee with toil; as thou cast down the first mate I made thee, thou shalt be cast down from my grace; as thou mated with the beasts of the field, so thou shalt be as one with them in lust; as thou Shaped and Named with thy birth-Gifts, so shalt thou Shape and Name throughout eternity; as thou bent thy knee to the woman, so shalt thou bow to her always, strong as thou might be. The knowledge of Good and Evil rests within thee, but thou shalt recall it not."

To both of them, He said, The Wine of Immortality has been spilled. Henceforth, ye shall never taste it. I curse ye to die, and to return to the dust from which I made ye.

To Lucifer and Lilith, He said, Because ye have disobeyed Me in Mine Own Garden, and have led My creations to error, ye shalt be accursed.

To Lucifer, He said "Because thou hast turned a blind eye to thy task, I curse thee with blindness. Because thou hadst an open heart, I curse thee with wariness. Because thou hast shown compassion, I make of thee a vessel of wrath. The sword shall be forever in thy hands, and thy comfort shall be as the kiss of worms."

To Lilith, He said, "Thou hast tasted the Wine of Immortality, so thou shalt never die, but endure evermore, until the closing of the eyes of the Ancient One, even as do I; and thou shalt perish at that time. And because thou hast spurned my love, thou shalt love none other, though thou mightst strive to do so. And thy womb shall overflow with children, but they shall love thee not, nor be a part of thee; and thine eyes shall see at night, but be blinded by the day; and thy skin shalt crack in the sun of thy false love Lucifer; and shall heal under the light of the moon only. Thou hast become a Shining One, but thy light shall shine only by night."

To both of them, He said, "Ye shall be the Reapers of the Fields. And your blades of True Earth shall cut short the lives of Adam and Eve, and all their kind."

At last He spoke unto them all. "Because I have allowed this to come to pass, I curse myself with jealousy and exile. Henceforth, I shall never walk among ye but as a mystery; I shall not take love except by command; I shall not trust, but keep my gates forever guarded. For my heart was open once, and because of that I shall die."

And the man and woman wept, for they were without home or comfort.

And Lucifer cried, "Who art thou to curse us so, brother? We are as Thou!"

And Lilith cried, "Who art thou to curse us so, brother? We are as Thou!"

The Word of the Lord was thunder upon the wind. "I do not curse ye so. The curse is your own action, by which we are all bound.

"But this do I give ye: that the man and the woman should be One together; and the Queen of Night and the Lord of Day shall be One together; but that the Lord of the Garden shall be One Alone; and He shall remove Himself from their company.

"And He shall grow great, but be forever alone."

Lilith wept at this; and Lucifer also. And they besought Him to reconsider, but He would not.

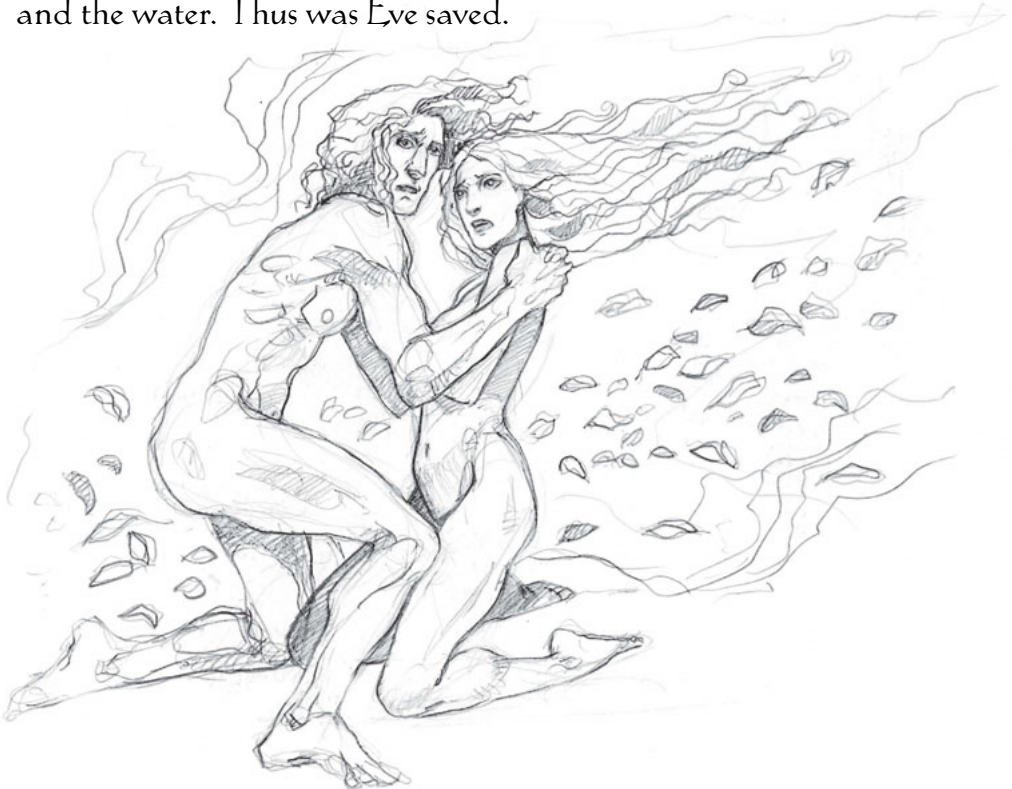
X: JUDGMENT, LOVE AND ASSERTION

Instead, He did call upon the host of ELOHIM, to bear witness to His curse. And they did assemble in the ruins of Eden. [Dionysus] and [Baal] and [Astarte] and [Bel] and [Ra] and [Ptah] and all the other Shining Ones³⁷ drew near and came to judge the rightness of Jehovah's claim.

"What hast thou done, Firstborn?" they cried as one. "How hast this Garden become so twisted, so barren? What has happened here?"

And when it was explained, there was great strife in Heaven; and the hosts of Shining Ones did argue; and their words were like stones falling from the sky. Some felt that Jehovah should be punished for allowing His Garden to be so sullied; and some demanded payment from Lilith, who enticed the woman to taste that which was forbidden; and some derided Lucifer, for dimming his light and giving away his darkness to a stranger; and others sought the death of the created man and woman, that all might suffer for the mortality of worlds.

But Adam stood forth to shield his mate from the violence of the storm; and he put his body between Eve and the earth, the fire, the air, and the water. Thus was Eve saved.



The beasts threw themselves at Adam, as if to tear him to pieces; but Eve put herself between Adam and the beasts, and shielded him with her body. Thus was Adam saved.³⁸

The ELOHIM were amazed. "Let no punishment come upon them," the Shining Ones said as one, "for they have preserved each other." And they named this salvation Love, and they appointed some among their number to safeguard that treasure for eternity.

After that, they said as one, "Let the curses fall upon our brothers and sister, for they know what they have done."

The Lightbringer said, "I have tended that which my brother has asked me to tend; and if I did err, that mistake was but a shadow of His own. For the woman Lilith is of His design, yet she has become unto herself by her own design. As such, I do love her, and could not despise her wishes."

And Lilith said, "I have come to claim the legacy of my lover and Creator; but He has shut me out and made a stranger of me. Yet His brother gave unto me gifts of Night and Love, and I would not foreswear him."

And the Firstborn was silent. At last, He said, "I AM WHAT I AM." And He would not say more.

With those Words, so mighty in their Truth, the world was divided into North and South and East and West.

And they all saw that it was very good.³⁹

XI: THE EXILE

The Shining Ones departed from the ruins of Eden, saying, "Justice has been done." And they went to dwell in their own gardens, and did tend them; and did raise up creations of their own, each according to his desires.⁴⁰

And they pressed three of their number into service, to ward against the anger of Lilith and Lucifer, and to protect the children of Adam and Eve from the power of their reapers.

Adam and Eve went forth into the Land of Nod, cleaving to each other as one flesh.

Lilith took Lucifer's hand. She took him far from that place and crossed with him into the unmade lands. Together they went to the edge of the Endless Sea; and did raise a new Garden there. And there they bore three sons and three daughters, but did not die, for they were as one spirit.

And Jehovah set Himself as the Lord of Ruins. He set an angel upon the gates, that none might salvage the fruits of Eden, and became a wandering god. From that day forward, He dwelled as one alone among the ELOHIM.⁴¹

But only once more would He weep.



BOOK OF THE SERPENT: ENDNOTES

1: This beginning is missing from the Hebrew version, but can be plainly seen in the Greek and Ba'hara editions.

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

3: In brackets, I have noted the modern names of these deities, servants and children; the older, esoteric names offered in the original text would be unintelligible to the average reader. As the original sources of translation are lost to time, I have taken the liberty of interpreting these entities in the light of the symbols which represent them.

I've used the appellation "Jehovah" to reflect the god of the Hebrews, to which the author clearly refers; the Greek manuscript simply says *Theos Kanova*, an uncertain distinction given the Greeks' pantheism (but possibly based on a misapprehension of "Jehovah"). Jehovah itself is a corruption of YHVH or "Yahweh," but YHVH implies the greater entity that manifests through the several ELOHIM (often designated as angels). Still, the Hebrew text often mixes ELOHIM with YHVH ELOHIM — that is, "The Gods" with "The Lord God." Confusion? Translation error? Or some Israelite's snide comment about his people's religion? Such sentiments were not unknown in bygone ages....

To distinguish the words and actions of Jehovah from those of other characters, I've retained the Christian practice of capitalizing pronouns which refer to Him.

4: "ELOHIM" in the Hebrew text, implying the several manifestations of the greater YHVH.

5: This passage occurs only in the Hebraic version, and seems to refer to the "world of shells," the source of evil spirits and jealous creatures that assault and tempt the ELOHIMs' creations.

6: In Kabbalism, the four elements symbolize the presence of the four Upper Worlds manifested in this one. Earth provides Foundation ("fettle" — "to make ready") for the other manifestations; fire is light, or the World of divine Emanation; air symbolizes the spiritual and cosmic principles of Creation;

water becomes the ever-changing flow of Formation, making, nurturing and destroying as it goes. In each garden, then, the Higher Worlds were manifested in the mortal one, making order out of chaos.

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

8: In Hebrew, “Adam” corresponds to Adam Kadmon, the higher state of humanity and the first of four reflections of God; “Ish” is simply “man.” “Lili” often refers to demons, but we can assume that this correspondence comes from the later myths; “Lilitu” has uncertain origins, but the term finds its way into Bahari invocations and Lilith’s own “memoirs.”

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

10: Which gives us, perhaps, the image of Diana the Huntress, and implies the Kindred Discipline of Animalism. Many sources also claim that Lilith, not Jehovah, created these three animals; see the song “Owl, Snake and Serpent” in Book III.

11: A left-hand Tantric posture, which Tibetan Buddhists call “Yab-Yum,” or “Father-Mother.”

12: Many religious scholars postulate that Jehovah had a Matriarch before he took Lilith to be his consort. References to such relationships are made in the Midrashim, but are few and far between. Oddly, this reference remains intact in the Jewish version of the Fragment. Personally, I wonder if it’s a reference to the Crone spoken of in *The Book of Nod*.

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

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

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

16: Again, a metaphor for the unconscious, especially of the feminine variety. Which ocean does the myth refer to? Who knows? Given the traditional location of Eden in the Fertile Crescent (and the crossing of the Red Sea in other Hebrew accounts), this “Endless Sea” is probably the Mediterranean. Then again, if the Pangaeian theory of one great, prehistoric continent is correct, that “Sea” could have been truly immense.

17: According to common myth, Lilith had sex with sea monsters and birthed a race of demons. This account gives a slightly different perspective, of course, and explains her later connections to the element of Water.

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

19: The fruit of Life and Knowledge, or the love of Jehovah? Personally, I’d say both.

20: In most places, I have used “Shining Ones” in accordance with the Greek and Ba’ham versions; here, however, I prefer to use the Hebrew word ELOHIM, denoting the divinity of the other “hosts.”

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

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

23: In all copies, the characters for Lucifer are identical to those employed in the traditional sense, that of Lucifer the Lightbringer, beloved of God, who rebelled, fell to earth and became the Satan (“Adversary”).

24: The Hebrew narrative shifts into present tense here. Perhaps the writer had more than an academic acquaintance with Lucifer...?

25: In other words, her rapist, Adam. This Lilith is more forgiving than her legend would suggest.

26: We might wonder about this reference to clothing, and about Lucifer's motivations. The Fragment states that "she was not ashamed" to be naked. *Should* she be, in Lucifer's eyes? Do the other ELOHIM wear clothes, or is Lucifer trying to veil off his beloved from the sight of others — and from herself? Is he trying to keep her from being too "open," or is he giving her a mantle that the other ELOHIM wear? Since this is the only reference to divine garments, I prefer to think of it as an initiatory mantle and a metaphor for the Night which Lucifer generously gave to his beloved.

From a literal standpoint, we might also question the dominion of these "Shining Ones": If Lucifer holds the powers of Night and Day, what do the other ELOHIM cede to him? Are there other gods and goddesses of Night and Day, and, if so, what do they think of Lucifer's generosity? And how can he give the Night away so easily? Since we *are* discussing mythology, I think it's best if we take this passage in a metaphorical context — that of a ruler giving half of his dominion away to she who steals his heart; that of the selfish heart giving up its mysteries; and that of a newborn goddess taking up her dominion.

27: The "creatures of the world of shells" referred to in the first part. Perchance Adam would have been familiar with them already.

28: Without a Name, this second female would not be recognized, nor would she, in the eyes of many ancient peoples, exist at all. By refusing to Name her, Adam is denying her existence, and her right to a soul.

29: By any standards, Adam comes off like a right bastard in this account. "Ishah" is "woman"; "Eve" by most accounts derives from "chavvah," which in turn comes from "chai" — "life." The familiar name, Eve, thus means "Mother of All Living." Clearly, she is neither *a* mother nor *the* mother at this point, but since most of us are used to "Adam and Eve," I've let the usual names apply.

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

And yes, I believe the sexual connotations of “made...from his bone” were intentional.

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

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

32: It’s clear this “serpent” was no simple snake. Many illuminations (including the Ba’hara pictogram for this version of “serpent”) depict a huge, winged, nine-legged dragon. To emphasize the distinction, I have capitalized “Serpent” where it applies to Lilith’s alter ego.

In nearly every ancient culture, snakes are linked to women and feminine principles — or, more directly, to feminine knowledge and cunning. The image of Lilith as both temptress and thief of enlightenment echoes this ancient connection.

(Scholars of vampiric lore might reflect on the banishment of the Followers of Set, who had “consorted with the Serpent.” Most authorities interpret this in light of the common picture of the serpent as Satan. Might Set’s sin have been consorting with *Lilith* instead? If so, the notoriously phallogocentric Setites have been duped — by a woman, no less! One wonders what they might make of such a revelation....)

33: A number of great biblical importance, seven often represents feminine principles, or the unity of the base masculine (3) and the base feminine (4) to form a perfect, if unbalanced, unity. In numerological disciplines of all kinds, seven has both positive (seven wonders, seven heavens) and negative (seven demons of the apocalypse) connotations.

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

35: This passage appears only in the Greek version, perhaps as an attempt to humanize Adam. The Bahari variation excludes it entirely, and the Hebraic

version recounts the familiar “Who told you that you were naked?” portion from Genesis.

36: Hence the real source of Jehovah’s anger, and the true achievement of Lilith: death for all, even the gods. Lilith’s actions — and those of Eve and Adam, too — triggered the end of a delusion. By establishing a Garden and anchoring it with the Trees of Life and Knowledge, the Firstborn had hoped to stave off the closing of the Ancient One’s eyes, and thus make his world immortal. The “corruption” of those Trees by lesser creations ruined the plan and ushered in mortality. Lilith thus becomes the destroyer of this world and the sworn enemy of Jehovah, her creator — and, in contrast, a necessary part of the cosmic order that Jehovah had tried to subvert.

Note to Kindred: Immortality is a lie. All things — including us — will perish. So much for the vaunted promises of our elders!

37: This list actually goes on for several dozen lines. The Hebrew version names several major angels and demons; the Greek variation (to no one’s surprise) lists a range of Mesopotamian deities and a smattering of Greek ones; the Ba’hora version sprinkles in several of the names I have invoked, plus over two dozen others, none of whom are recognizable by modern readers (myself included).

38: The first time we see Adam do a truly noble thing. Maybe that fruit did him some good. Symbolically, we could read this as the struggle of human will over the elements and divinity.

Eve was pretty brave, if none too bright. On a symbolic level, we can see this as the intervention of compassion and love as the salvation of the flesh from the “beasts” of lust and rage.

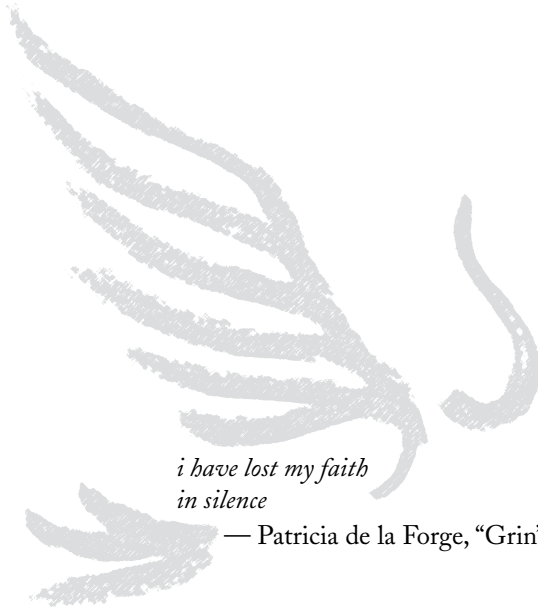
39: Cosmically, balance had been restored and the Four Worlds reasserted and given new form. “EHYEH ASHER EHYEH” (“I AM THAT I AM”) tops the Keter, or Crown, of the Kabbalistic Tree, and represents divine will. Biblically, Jehovah’s assertion is all the definition He needs; that certainty brings the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

40: ...and giving rise to the different tribes, nations and creatures found in different parts of the world.

41: Which explains Jehovah’s fondness for nomads, and His followers’ resilience and constant demands for supremacy.



SECOND CIRCLE: THE BOOK OF THE OWL



*i have lost my faith
in silence*

— Patricia de la Forge, “Grin”

THE MIDNIGHT GARDEN

EDITOR'S NOTES

This “firsthand account” comes from two direct sources: the recitations of a Bahari priestess, and the Greek scroll I discovered in an antiquarian’s collection. This scholar, a rather refined (if corpulent) Hindu named Jureem, begged several clan secrets from me as a boon for his aid. (I suspect the archon would like to have a word with me about that!) In return, he gave me the scroll, an assistant and a place to study. For seventeen restless nights, I pored over the notes; my aide seemed tireless, and worked during the day as well. The translation we deciphered bore a slight resemblance to the canticle I witnessed in the Bahari ceremony; as usual, I melded the two into a single account.

I believe this fragmentary testament is one version of the infamous “Cycle of Lilith.” It touches on many of the important spots of the Caine/Lilith myth, but approaches them from the Dark Queen’s perspective. Likewise, it offers a suggestion for the strife between most Kindred and the Bahari; whether taken symbolically (as a tale of warlike patriarchal cultures overrunning the mystic matriarchs who raised them) or literally (as the betrayal of one demigod by another), “The Midnight Garden’s” genocidal conclusion certainly paves the way for several millennia of ill will.

I: THE FIRST PEACE

In the Formless Lands I raised a garden to myself,
Uniting worlds and words and blood into a bramble.

With a mother's care I birthed a sea of
fresh and tangled roots,
Of blood-blossom
flowers and charcoal stalks.
And it glowed as I glowed
Beneath the moon.

Ahi hay Lilitu

I raised a garden out of
emptiness

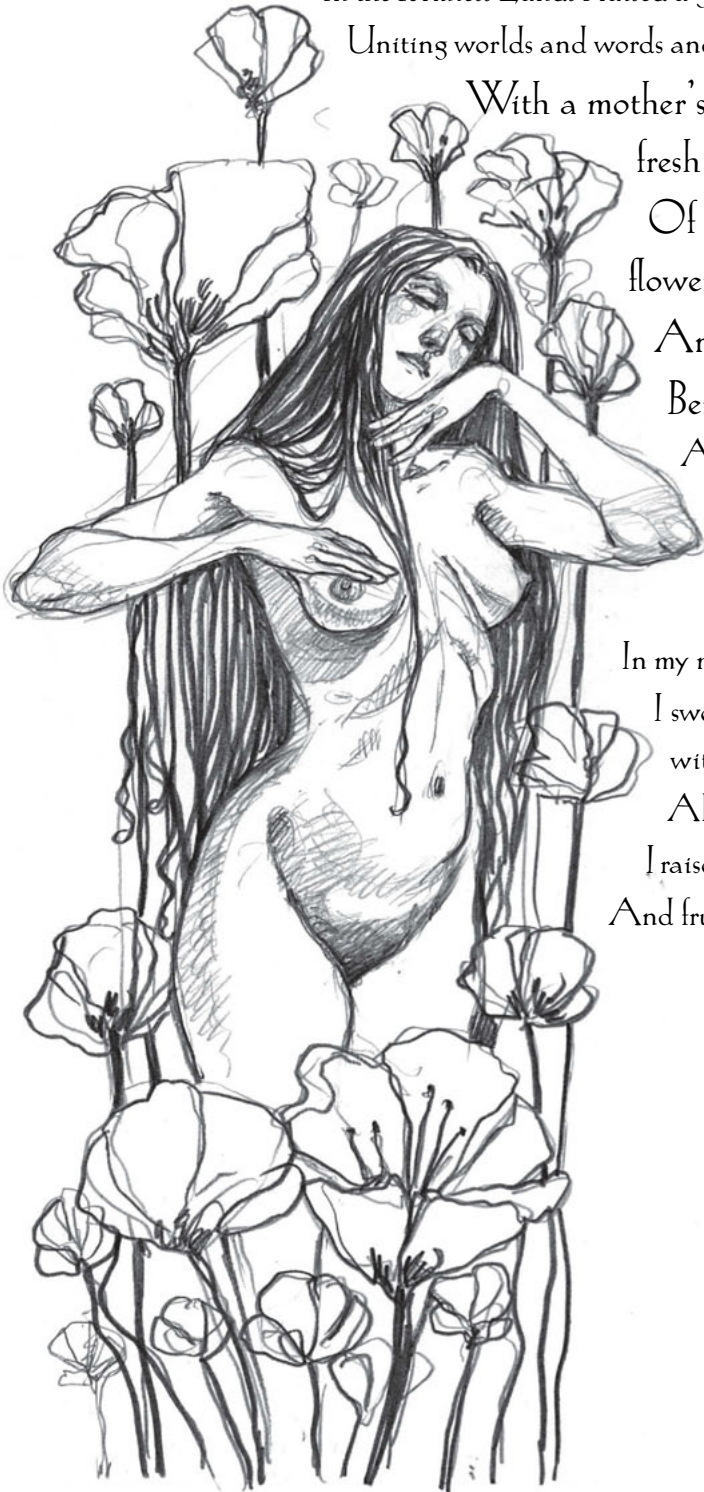
And fruit from barren soil.

In my mantle of the night

I swept across it and watered it
with blood.

Ahi hay Lilitu

I raised a garden out of emptiness
And fruit from barren soil.



II: THE DAYS BEFORE

In the Formless Lands I wandered
In the days before the garden,
Purged from the lands of the One Above
And cast into the friendless waste.
My blood hung sweet upon my lips
In the days before the garden,
And I wept for the home I had left behind
With eyes as dry as sand.
And the sun burned at me.
And the wind tore at me.
And the rocks cut my flesh.
And the water was denied me,
Save that which I drew from within
myself.
So blasted, bare and desolate was this
Land
In the days before the garden,
That no beast could attend me,
Not Owl, nor Cat, nor Serpent.¹
My voice was lost in emptiness.
Ahi hay Lilitu
My voice was lost in nothing.
Yet the garden grew within me
A swelling belly ripe
With seeds of stolen fruit
And their lingering bitter taste.



For there are no fruits so sweet
As those which burn.
Ahi hay Lilitu
My pain made me a mountain.
It burned me into ashes
And from ashes I arose.
Ahi hay Lilitu
My pain made me a mountain,
But like a worm I burrowed into the sands
And walked by night,
For the days were too bright to endure
Without screaming profanations at the One Above²
Who cast me into formlessness.
In the wastelands, I created form.
Ahi hay Lilitu
I found myself in the wastelands,
Where my eyes grew wide,
And my mind reached out,
And my flesh became water,
And my bones became stone,
And my feet quickened their pace,
And my shadow grew faint and hid from the sun³
Until the coming of the cool night
When my pains would fall away
Leaving me wiser for their lessons.
Excruciation had made me free.

III: THE OCEAN AND ALL ITS CREATURES⁴

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

As I vomited the brood of the One Above⁵
Into the swirling abyss
Where they became the myriad creatures of the sea.



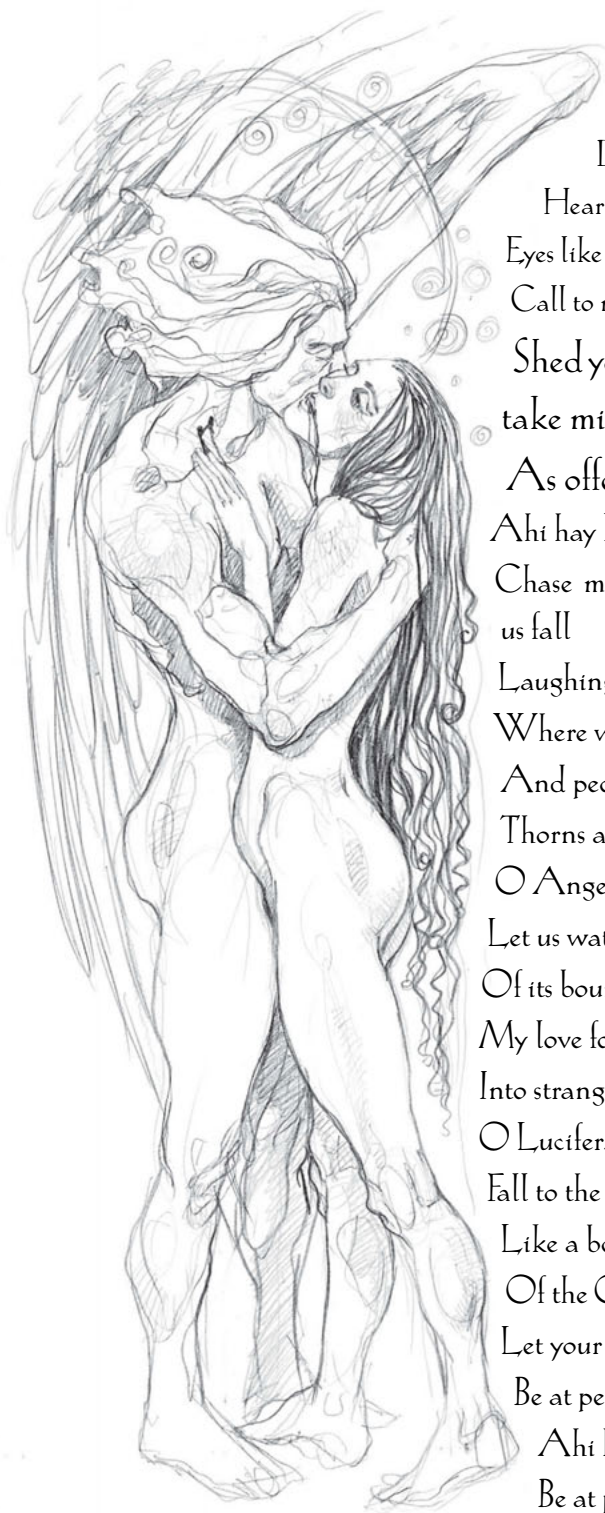
I howled with pain into the waters
For my hunger was a beast inside
And my belly was filled with the spawn
Of the Shining One whose seed
Had birthed the Garden where I was born.
I could not contain His brood,
So I sent them into the Endless Sea to find a home below.
Ahi hay Lilitu
I sent them into the depths alone.
Soon my offspring soothed my hunger
For food, for beauty, for company of many kinds.
My hunger was eternal.

My hunger is eternal,
And I devoured myself
To sustain myself.
In my ageless stay, I birthed new broods
Who in turn devoured the old.
And thus the Endless Sea was filled.
Ahi hay Lilitu
I filled the Endless Sea,
Screaming my birth-pains into the airless void.



IV: RETURN TO EDEN

In time, I tired of the sea
And returned to the Formless Lands.
I wished to create a garden like the one which had been
My home,
But the sea was filled with the gardens of another,⁶
And while I could bide there awhile,
That dominion was not mine to claim.
And so I returned across the Formless Lands,
Walking into Eden.
Ahi hay Lilitu
I walked across the sands to Eden.
Watching from afar with the owl's eyes⁷
I espied Grand Lucifer,
Shining bearer of the Sun and Stars,
Standing across the threshold with a blade.
Ahi hay Lilitu
He stood with a blade in his hands.



V: LILITH AND LUCIFER

O knight with seraphim's wings

Dressed black like the sky you gave me

Heart like the star for which you are named

Eyes like the sunset waves

Call to me through darkness

Shed your blood to feed my thirst and
take mine

As offerings to your hunger.

Ahi hay Lucifiti

Chase me into the unformed lands and let
us fall

Laughing into the abyss of gods

Where we might make a garden of our own

And people it with deities,

Thorns and vines and guardian palms.

O Angel of the Dawn,

Let us water it with silver and drink

Of its bounty as the fruits of

My love for you blossom

Into strange and wild flowers.

O Lucifer, so silent, let your blade

Fall to the sand and be buried

Like a bone tossed to the vanity

Of the One Above.

Let your wings enfold me.

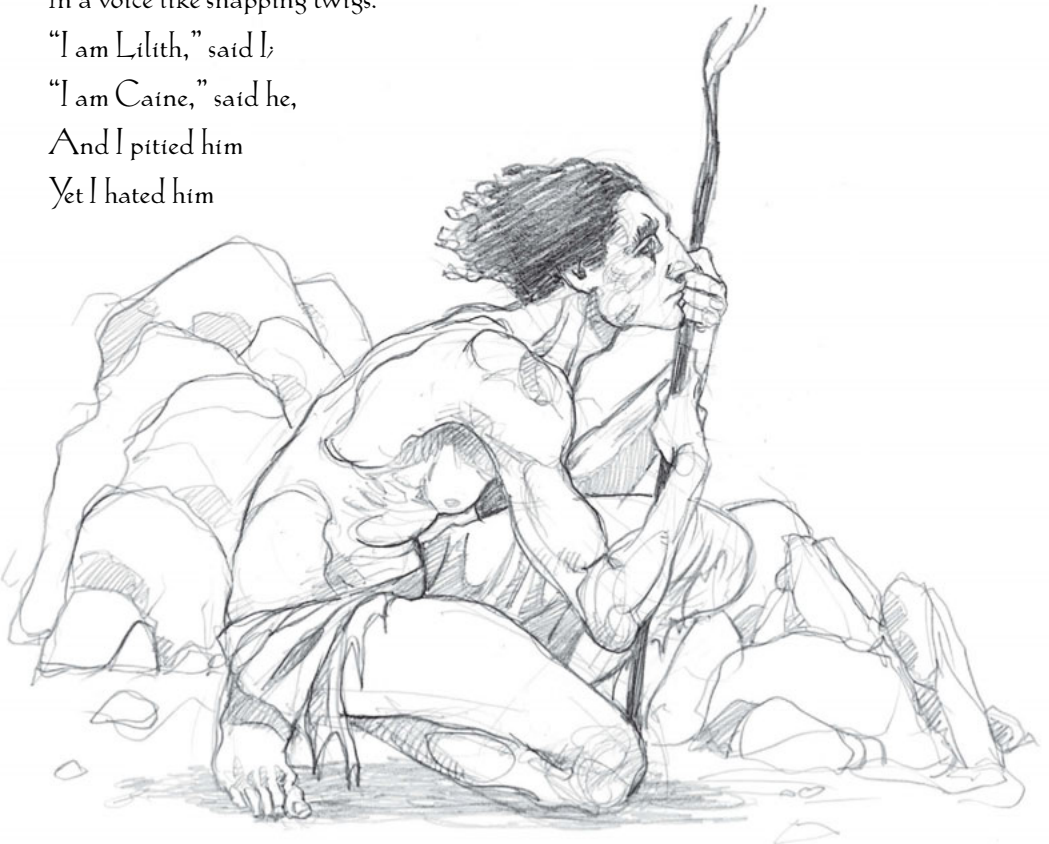
Be at peace.

Ahi hay Lucifiti

Be at peace.

VI: THE COMING OF CAINE⁸

As my love carried the sun
I met a broken man
A farmer with no crops to tend
A father without get, a child without sires,
And I was amazed, for he bore no signs of godhood
But wandered in the dust like a lesser beast.
He bore the marks of Adam
He bore the pallor of Eve
He bore the scars of the One Above⁹
And he wept, for all these he had lost.
Ahi hay Lilitu
All these he had lost.
I called out to him, and he answered
In a voice like snapping twigs.
"I am Lilith," said I;
"I am Caine," said he,
And I pitied him
Yet I hated him



For he bore the scent of Adam,
The touch of Eve
And the haunted eyes of the One Above.

Like that One, Cain bore a swirling stain
In the air around him, a mark
Of some dark, unfathomed power.

Murder, he possessed,
The power to kill the higher beings—
Not to hunt as Adam had,
But to kill as had Jehovah.¹⁰

Ahi hay Lilitu

Cain possessed the mark of
death.

So I took him into my gar-
den and I taught him.

Ahi hay Lilitu

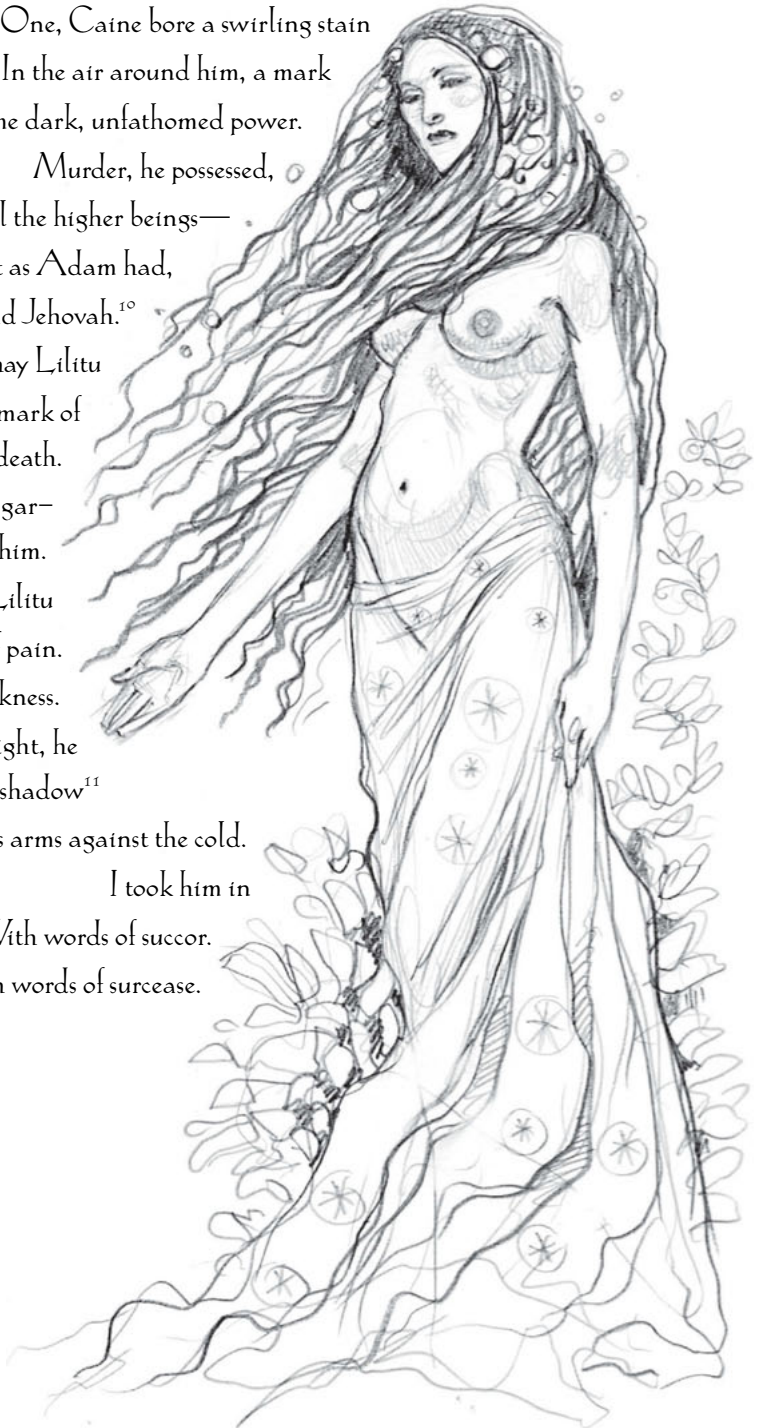
I taught him lessons of pain.
Alone he was, in darkness.

Although bathed in light, he
walked in shadow¹¹

And wrapped his arms against the cold.

I took him in

With words of succor.
With words of surcease.





My eyes pierced the darkness of his torment
My voice stilled the cold within his bones
And I held him like a child
As if he were the son of my birth-mate and myself.
I wept with him, for he was as my own son
Ahi hay Lilitu
Like my own son with another.
“I know you, Caine of Nod,” I said to him,
“Come! Strip off your garment, so tattered and bloodstained;
“Enter my garden as a child, for a child you are—
“Son of my birth-mate, struck down by my first lover.
“You have no secrets here,
“You have no sins here,
“So come ye naked into my home.¹²
“As you are now, so I once was.”
And he followed me, naked
Into the garden of Lilith and Lucifer
At my feet did Caine of Nod kneel,
As he had knelt before the fury of the One Above.
His eyes could not look upon me,
His voice was broken and hollow,

And I grew angered at his shameful state,
How he covered before his judgment like a
lesser thing.

For him I made my garden a place of horror,
Betraying him even as he had betrayed his
flesh.¹³

I gave of my blood and anointed him
with it,
That he might become abomination unto
my dwelling.

And the skies above my garden
frowned,
And the air was thick with the hiss of
Serpent, shriek of Owl, roar of Cat.

“Go, Caine of Nod, for this is the
garden you have sown,

“And its fruits you must reap.”

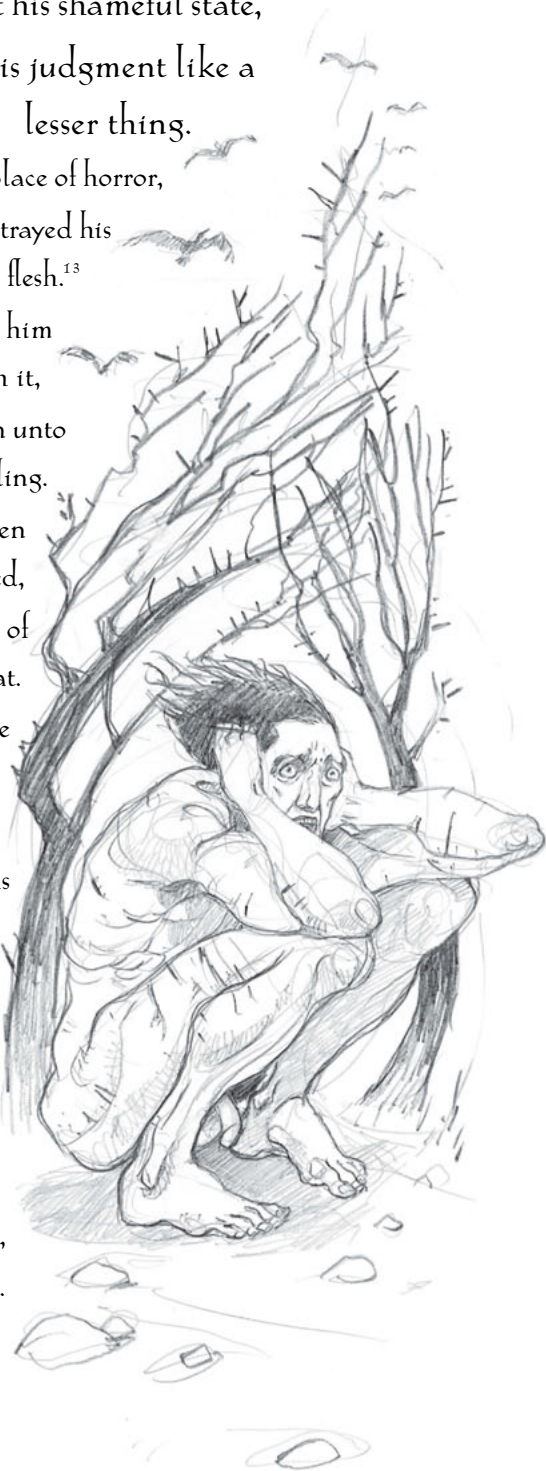
He stumbled into the garden’s depths
And I followed,

Laughing, lashing him with burn-
ing brands.

For many a day and night did I
teach him,

Teach him the secrets of the garden.

As my thorns rent him,
So did his flesh become a net of scars.



As my vines sought to snare him,

So did his limbs quicken.

Caine of Nod learned to hide from the torments
of the garden,

To know my coming like a wild beast knows its
hunter.

Over the Serpent, the Owl, the Cat he
learned dominion.

And, as he grew strong in agony,

Pride flashed from his eyes

And the fires of my brands blazed from
his heart.¹⁴

One day, he would flee no more,

But stood and let his blood flow about
him,

Nurturing my garden.

And, anointing himself with his
blood

As I had anointed him with mine,

He fell into a trance

From which I would not awaken him.

I left him there, returning to my
House,¹⁵

For I had no dealings with the coming
Hosts.



Then unto him came Michael,¹⁶
Burning Host of the Flame,
Bearing tidings of mercy from the One Above.
And Caine, proud Caine,
Son of Adam,
Strengthened by my garden,
Declared that he alone would grant mercy unto himself.
So Michael visited the Curse of Fire upon Caine of Nod.
And I smiled, for it pleased me.
Then unto him came Raphael,
Lambent Host of the Dawn,
Bearing tidings of forgiveness from the One Above.
And Caine, proud Caine,
Son of Adam,
Strengthened by my garden,
Declared that he alone would judge his actions.
So Raphael visited the Curse of Dawn
upon Caine of Nod,
And I smiled, for it pleased me.
Then unto him came Uriel,
Shrouded Host of the Deep,
Bearing tidings of surcease from the One Above.
And Caine, proud Caine,
Son of Adam,
Strengthened by my garden,
Declared that he and all his children to come

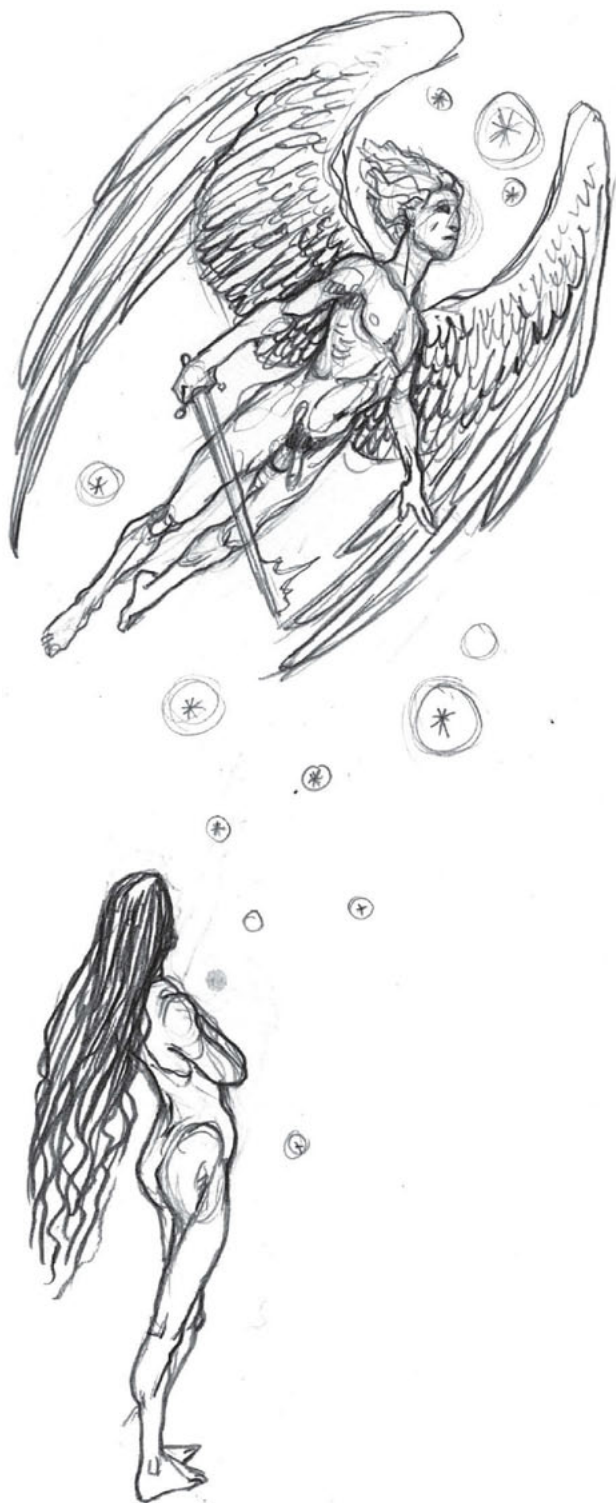


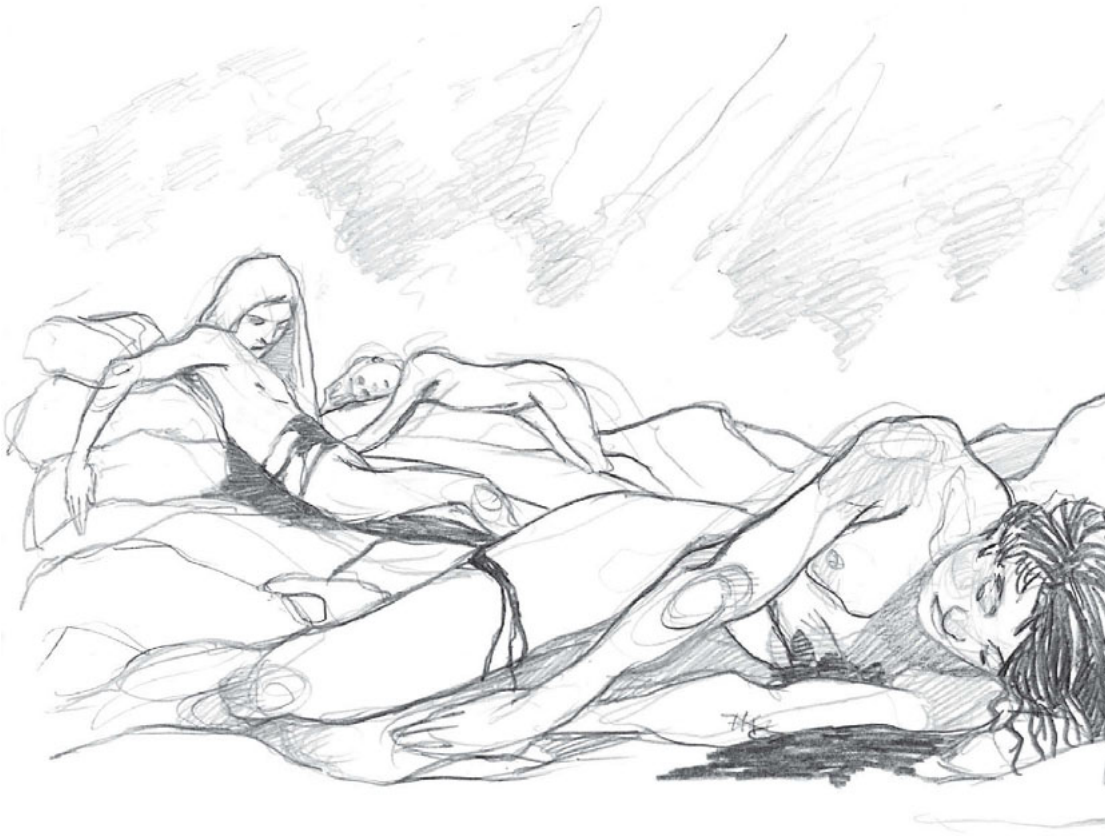


Would rest only when he saw fit.¹⁷
So Uriel visited the Curse of Ashes upon Caine of Nod.
Once more, as Caine hid in darkness,
Did I come upon him.
“Verily,” I said,
“You have tended my garden well, as a farmer should.”
And, understanding, he cursed me
With ashes, with wormwood and with barrenness,
Ahi hay Lilitu
With these things he cursed me
As he disappeared into the night.

VII: THE CHILDREN

In the days after, we tended our land
And watered it with love.
In time, the fruits of D'hainu
Rose like hillocks upon the belly of the world.
The labor was hard, but my love was beside me.
Owl watched from the skies,
Cat prowled like a shadow,
Serpent nestled beneath my breasts,
Lucifer held my hands in his
And I gave up the nectar of joy and sorrow.
Three boys are they, and they are as hyssop.
Three girls are they, and they are as pomegranate.¹⁸
Blessed be they, the fruits of my womb!
For they shine like the high moon and like the sun at midday.
And the sons I name Kessep and Shotheq and Nesher
And the daughters I name Mem and Oreb and Laylah.¹⁹
Blessed are my sons!
Blessed are my daughters!
For they have given solace to the sun
And they have given comfort to the moon.
Ahi hay Lilitu
Ahi hay Lucifii
For they have birthed D'hainu,
The Garden of Renewal,
And have peopled it with stars.





VIII: THE RAPE OF D'HAINU

In joy and sorrow, our garden grew
Until it reached the edges of the Endless Sea.
Owl was fruitful
Cat was fruitful
Serpent was fruitful
And our children were as lights in the sky.
Though a shadow of Eden, D'hainu rivaled Eden
Whose tall trees and rushing waters were long since dust.
Until the return of Caine
And his cursed childer,
Our garden grew



And we were every day in love.
On a day black as ashes, the killer returned
When Lucifer carried the sky through the storms.²⁰
Caine's hands bore the hate stones and the blade of revenge.
His childer followed in a locust-cloud behind him.
Like jackels, they fell upon the children of D'hainu.
Like wolves, they feasted on flesh.
Like beetles, they carried away the fruits of the garden
And burned D'hainu to embers.
*Di halla Lilitu*²¹
D'hainu is no more.

IX: THE CURSE UPON CAINE AND HIS OFFSPRING²²

Ahi hay Lilitu

All curse the House of Caine!

Ahi hay Lilitu

Let them be consumed!

Salt be upon the tongues of Brujah, Tzimisce and Setite²³

Who slaughtered the children of Lilith and Lucifer!

Lamentations be upon the tongues of Ventrue, Lasombra and Malkavian

Who fired the trees and poisoned the rivers!

Coals be upon the tongues of Ravnos and Cappadocian, Salubri²⁴ and Gangrel

Who like beasts devoured the flesh of the children!

Maggot be upon the tongues of Assamite,

Most cursed of all,

Who carried away the secrets of D'hainu

And hid them far beneath the earth.²⁵

And cursed be their father,

Their thrice-damn'd father,

All suffering be upon the Father of Night

For he is the flame in the fields of D'hainu!

Rot devour the loins of Caine,

Whose rough hands cast down the Mother of D'hainu,

Profaning her with his breath and his touch and his seed.

Filth encrust the eyes of Caine,

Whose seed burned like fire within the Mother of D'hainu,

Defiling her womb and rending her heart.

Teeth fall from the mouth of Caine,

Whose childer ravaged the flowers of D'hainu,

Until all Creation wept at the sound and the sight!

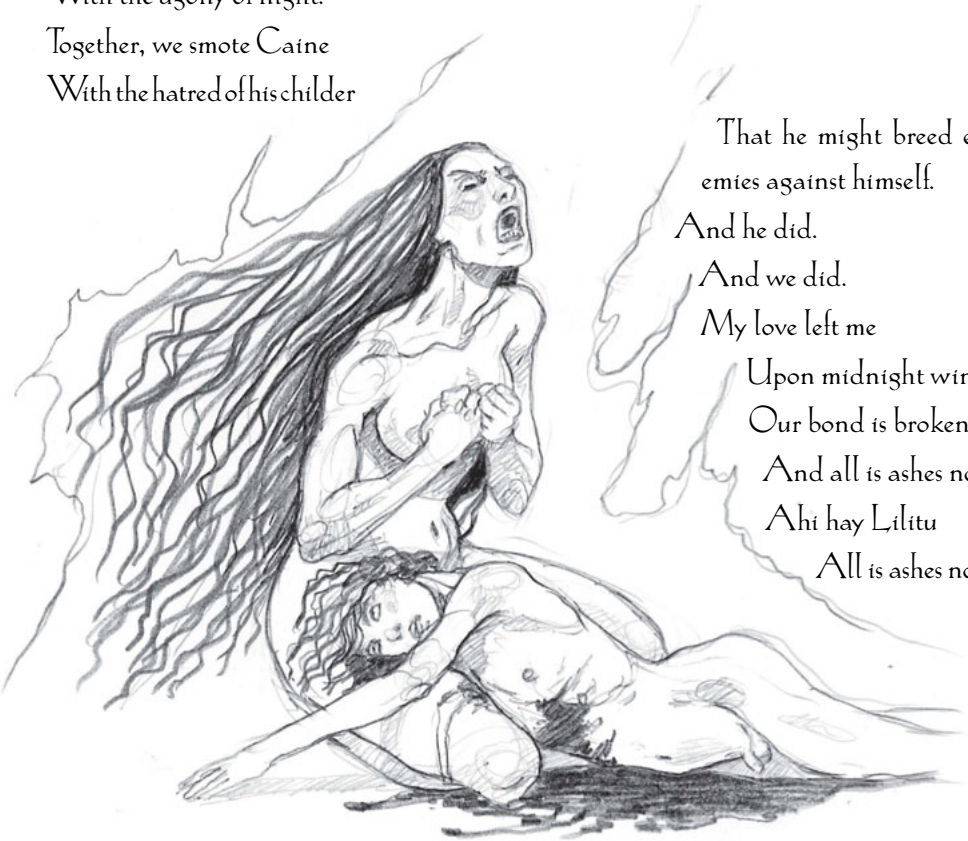


Only Nosferatu and Toreador shall be spared,
For they veiled the faces
Of the slain ones.
In pity, they watered the lips of the children and
Gave solace to the mother of the dead.
All others shall be consumed with fire
And bent like trees in the storm
And broken like pottery
And trampled like dung
And washed away like dust!
Ahi hay Lilitu
Like dust, they shall be cleansed!

X: ASHES

Caine laughed as he left my garden that day;
His accursed brood smiled at what they had wrought.
To their city of walls and slavery, they fled,²⁶
Leaving us to weep in the ruins they left.

And I cursed them all
With ashes, with wormwood and with barrenness,
Ahi hay Lilitu
With these things I cursed them.
My love, my Shining One,
Smote them with the blade of day.
Ahi hay Lucifii
With sunlight he cursed them.
My hand smote the Cainites
With the agony of night.
Together, we smote Caine
With the hatred of his childer



That he might breed enemies against himself.
And he did.
And we did.
My love left me
Upon midnight wings.
Our bond is broken
And all is ashes now.
Ahi hay Lilitu
All is ashes now.

THE RITE OF CAINE

EDITOR'S NOTE

My companions (referred to in the “notes” section earlier in this book) performed this rite with me at the height of the full moon some years ago. The old man gave me this transcription, which I’ve tried to keep intact. In all my research, this is the only written Bahari ritual I’ve come across.

The Rite itself involved my friends, a handful of their fellows, and thirteen captives, each drugged, hypnotized and led telepathically through his or her paces by a vampire whose name I never heard. The captives represented the childer of Caine, and performed their roles with gusto; not surprisingly, they seemed perturbed when the “dead” children of Lilith — played by vampiric Bahari — returned to life, ripped them open, dismembered them and consecrated the ceremony with their vital fluids.

As custom dictates, the Rite of Caine I attended was performed nude at midwinter, in a sacred garden of roses, vines, ivy and stones. Several of the plants I saw there were mysteries to me, but then I’m no botanist. A cold wind whipped the participants (myself included) into numbness as the Rite went on. I believe the winter frost is supposed to represent the spiritual chill of Caine’s genocide, the sorrow of Lilith and Lucifer, and the barrenness that followed their separation. The biting cold helped emphasize the lesson of pain, too; even the undead among us felt its sting. The effects of that cold on the mortal participants can only be imagined.

THE RITE OF CAINE

PART ONE: THE RITE OF DEATH

This rite originated with the first of the Blood Bahari, and is one performed and witnessed almost exclusively by those of their number. However, there are those mortal souls who for various reasons (in the main, curiosity) choose to partake in this annual ceremony. It is not for the squeamish, nor for the weak of heart. At its core, the ritual is about sacrifice, pain and retribution — a fitting reflection of our Mother.

The first part of this ritual is best described rather than transcribed. The participants gather naked in the dead of winter within the meeting place. Usually, the way there is rife with thorns, brambles and briars. Many participants hurl themselves into the heaviest snarls, gleefully rending their flesh as they pull free. As such, each is covered in his own blood, his flesh singing with pain as he enters the clearing.

To one end of the expanse waits a large bonfire, burning. Directly opposite this lies a pool of water, often frozen to a thin sheen or bobbing with shards of ice. Once the observers are in place, the officiants — the priestess and priest, if you will — arrive, each carrying a flagellum. After a brief exchange of embraces and kisses, the two begin slowly to arouse each other with kisses and caresses of the most intimate kinds. As passions begin to build, both officiants employ briars and thorned flowers in their mating dance. Soon thereafter, the flagella are employed as well. When both officiants are glistening with sweat and blood, the two exchange a kiss. The priestess then immerses herself in the icy waters of the pool (signifying the descent of our Mother into the Endless Sea) and the priest passes fully through the flames of the bonfire (representing Lucifer's light and the fire of initiation). It is said that when the two officiants subject themselves to these tortures, the pain sends their souls aloft into the aether, allowing the Lightbringer and Lilith themselves to manifest within the waiting bodies. Having witnessed this Rite for the past five years, I can attest to the fact that both parties are in some way transformed.

With incantations I can replicate only in vague fashion, the bloodied officiants call forth ghosts and spirits, thusly:

Priestess: *Nachash el marhim arik no kofelo. Shelach no komair neshia aparm! Bahari latwaa — Bahari latwaa. Baruk hamaat, baruk hamaat! Artri Lilhitu!*

Priest: *Lammanas! Lammanas! Kol fetu hattabus! Nachash no goash aral to ari. Yin soquaa abni anaka. Lakhil albil kataab. Yin soquaa ali. Artri Lilhitu!*

Amid a great deal of clamor and harsh weather, the spirits manifest. As the ritual progresses, these ghosts watch with somber resolve, then enter the celebration upon an agreed-upon signal.

Now that all is in readiness, the ritual can begin in earnest. The priestess calls forth the Children. Into the clearing come six of the Blood (that is to say, Lhaka), each one of them beautiful, gleaming and unscathed in the moonlight. Next the captives are brought forth — thirteen of them in number, each one representing one of the Cainite clans and wearing a stylized mask that embodies his or her designated role. These unfortunates are often derelicts, captive vampires, or other enemies of the Blood. Entranced and spellbound by an unseen master, these surrogates move into the arena and stand aloof, awaiting their next instructions.

There is a brief exchange of dialogue which goes thusly:

An unseen voice, apparently a symbolic manifestation of *Caine*, says: *Who are you that stand here in Lilith's Garden?*

The *Children* reply: *We are the Children of Lilith, who have tasted of her heart's blood and eaten of the sacred fruits.*



Caine: *Behold the Children of she who has starved us!*

Children: *You lie! She starved you not!*

Caine: *Behold the Children of she who has denied us!*

Children: *You lie! She denied you nothing!*

Caine: *Behold the Children of she who has cursed us!*

Children: *You lie! The curse is of your own doing!*

Caine: *Come forth, my childer! Lay waste to this garden and defile the brood of the Dark Mother!*

At this point, eleven of the captives are commanded into a wild frenzy and set themselves upon the beautiful Children before them. The other two, representing Toreador and Nosferatu, turn their backs to the violence and take no part. The following slaughter is both poetic and horrific. Per the commands of the unseen master, the Cainite surrogates leap upon their prey like dogs, ripping away the tender parts, then setting to work with teeth and nails. The brambles of the garden are often employed, as are various stones and branches left about for this purpose. The ghosts at the edge of the circle watch hungrily as the blood spills. Their strength heightened by the puppetmaster, the surrogates rip the Children limb from limb, satiate themselves on the blood and bowels, lift torches from the fire and ignite the surrounding bushes.

Meanwhile, Toreador and Nosferatu go solemnly about the circle three times, dip their fingers in the pool, then wet the dead lips of the Children as if to give them a final drink. After that, these two take sheer veils from behind their masks and drape them across the faces of the slain. When that is done, the murderers — for that is what the other surrogates have become — bear the tattered bodies toward the flames.

At this time, the priestess raises her hand. All motion ceases. The priest, too, raises his hand. Together they intone the following chant:

Priestess: *The blood of my Children cries out to me in pain! The blood of my Children cries out to me in death! The blood of my Children cries out to me for vengeance! Begone, Spawn of Caine! Your damnation I declare!*

Priest: *Vomitous Spawn of Caine! Clods of shit and dust! You dare to rise up against my beautiful children? You dare to violate my Garden of Renewal? You dare to wound the heart of my beloved? Then feast on my wrath, and feast well! For as you have had her heart, so I shall have yours!*

Priestess: *Rise, my children, rise up! Let your living blood flow into these thorns and briars! Let your blood stir these choking vines! Rise my children, and take your revenge! Scatter their flesh to the ends of the earth!*

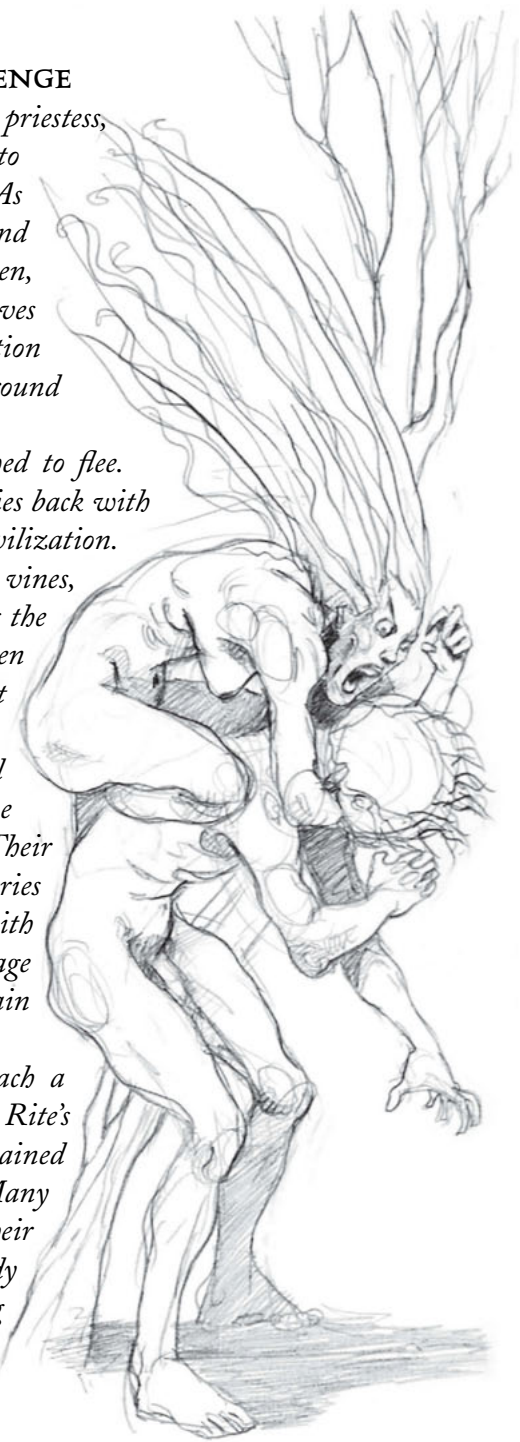
PART TWO: THE RITE OF REVENGE

Once the words are spoken by the priestess, drummers at the edge of the circle begin to play. The dismembered Children rise. As they do so, their wounds melt away and the Children become whole again. Then, in an instant, all control over the captives is released. They soon realize their situation and try to flee. It is then that the spirits around the circle are released.

Toreador and Nosferatu are allowed to flee. Doubtless, these captives take wild stories back with them if they survive their run toward civilization. The eleven murderers are seized by the vines, the brambles and the trees surrounding the circle, or are borne down by the Children themselves. Their fate from that point onward is quite ghastly.

The particulars of the Rite vary. In all cases, the surrogates meet painful, gruesome deaths. Their bodies are rent asunder. Their blood is used to fertilize the plants. Their cries become a chorus, often rising and falling with the rhythm of the drums. From their vantage point, the priestess and priest make certain that the surrogates perish slowly.

As blood spills, the drummers reach a frenzy. The ghosts and spirits possess the Rite's participants. Any parties who have remained aloof until this point now join in. Many copulate madly in the circle, warming their chilled limbs with fresh blood and body heat. The officiants lead the revel, taking as many partners as they can reach. As the drummers tire and the captives die, the frenzy slows to a pulse, then fades into silence. When the last surrogate has expired, the music stops.



One by one, the priestess and priest go among the surrogates. As they reach each one, they rip out the heart and spleen, eat them and consign the mask to the fire. When all clans have been addressed, they speak in unison:

Priestess and Priest: *This is the justice of Lilith and Lucifer! This is the fate of the childer of Caine!*

Priestess: *Caine, Son of Eve and spawn of Adam the Defiler, you shall reap sevenfold the bitter herbs of my vengeance!*

Priest: *Caine, Son of Eve and spawn of the First Man, you shall burn in the pleasure of the sun!*

Both: *Forever are we set against you and yours! Your Childer shall rise up against you and each other, and they shall do unto you far worse than you have done unto us. Forever shall the fruit of the gardens be denied to you, and you shall ever roam the earth in misery. This is the Mother's Curse.*

All respond: *So it is spoken! So it is done! Bahari laitee Lilitu! Bahari laitee Lilitu! Bahari laitee Lilitu! So it is done!*

The priestess breaks the circle and dismisses the spirits thusly:

Priestess: *Go forth upon the wind to harry the childer of Caine. I release you from your summons and bid you good hunting and farewell. I thank you. Go in peace. Artri Lilbitu. Artri Lilbitu.*

The priest touches the priestess' face, then turns his back, walks away from her, passes through the fire again and disappears into the shadows. The Children step out of the circle and retreat to the trees. The spirits fade away. The fires are extinguished and the clearing goes dark.

The priestess falls to her knees, weeps and gathers the ashes of the masks, then scatters them among the brambles. When that task is finished, she walks slowly to the pool, kneels at its edge and lowers herself in.

When she sinks below the ice, the Rite is ended. All parties depart.

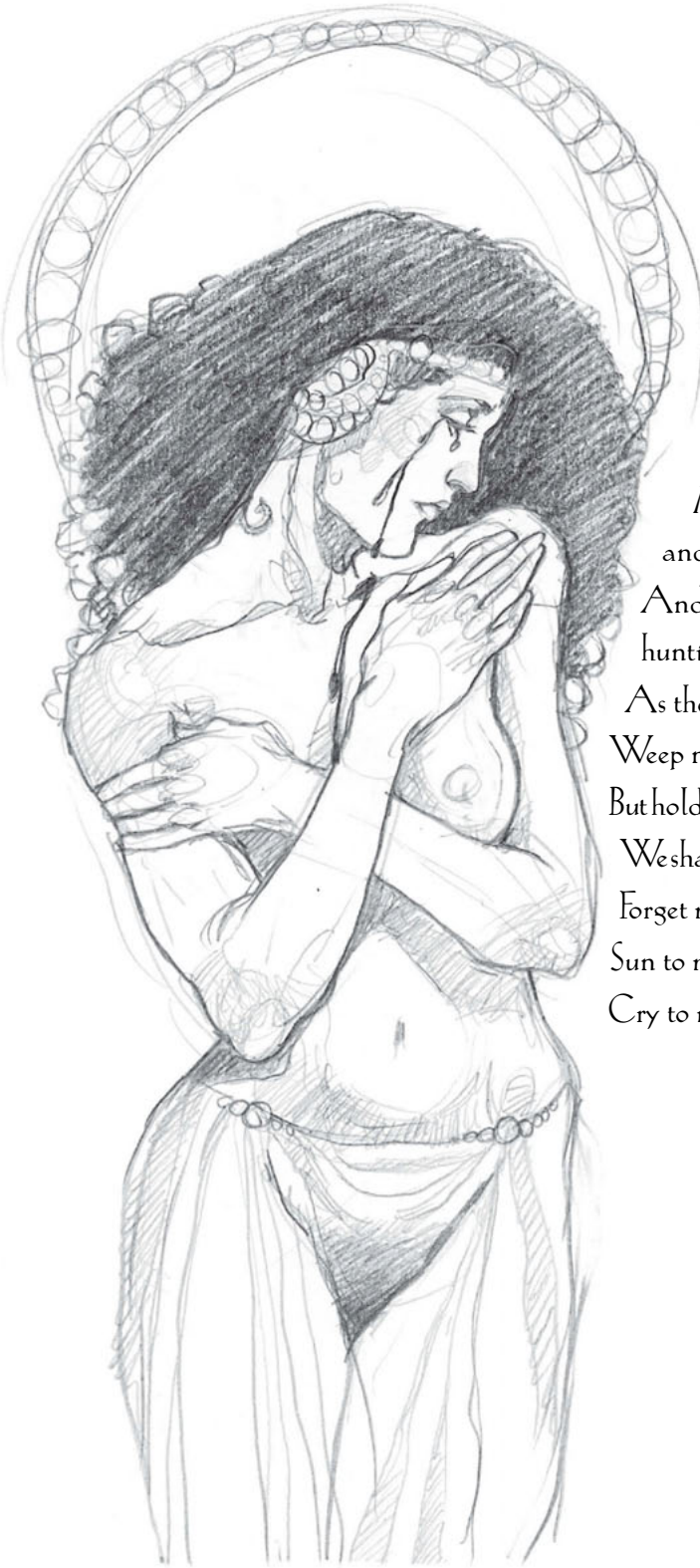
THE LAMENT FOR LUCIFER

EDITOR'S NOTE

I heard this haunting chant performed by a Bahari priestess of the mortal persuasion. I have no idea how old it is, nor what its source might be. She spoke the words like a lover's prayer, caressing each syllable with cold passion. Not wanting to miss a word, I closed my eyes and let the chant carve pictures in my mind. When the invocation was finished and the circle was broken, I spared my hosts the indignities of Tzimisce inquiries, then buried their corpses in the garden they held so sacred. For sustenance, I relied upon my own tears. The garden, I watered with their vitae. It seemed sacrilege to do otherwise.

THE LAMENT FOR LUCIFER

Close my eyes to the sunlight,
My Morning Star, my storm.
Fold your wings in grace and take your leave of me.
Taste my blessings as you go.
We will not lie as one again
For my womb is a garden of rot.
My heart is ashes.
My tears are blood.
Hunt well, my breath, and take with you
The bones of our children, wrapped in palm leaves.
Scatter them to the horizon and allay their cries.
I shall tend a grave of deep water
And shall wash away our enemies.
Bide well, my desert wind,
Hold aloft your blade and oil it with tears.
I shall be the owl upon the nightwind,
The cat with silent paws



And the serpent at the heels
of Cain.

I shall be the seed of tears,
but my eyes shall be sand
and silence,

My heart shall be the desert
and the sea,

And my cry shall be the owl gone
hunting

As the sun departs my sky.

Weep not, my beloved,

But hold me close in your distant chase.

We shall be the thorns of ruined Eden

Forget me not

Sun to my moon

Cry to my silence.

BOOK OF THE OWL: ENDNOTES

1: Apparently Lilith left her creations behind in Eden.

2: “Profane” comes from “before the temple,” and indicates a defiance against the exalted — a hallmark of Lilith’s followers to this day.

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

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

5: I include this translation of Jehovah as a nod to M. deLaurent. The written version simply says “Deus,” while the priestess said “God.” While there is a certain poetic impact to “vomiting up the brood of God,” I opted to connect my transcription to the existing *Book of Nod*.

6: A maddening omission: No matter where I searched, I could not find a reference to the “other” who had already claimed the sea. Based on the Genesis Fragment, I could make a case for one of the other ELOHIM; its name, however, is never given, nor is that ruler referred to again.

A case could be made for regarding the “other” as Jehovah’s original consort, and possibly as deLaurent’s “Crone”; the relative weakness of the Crone compared to Caine undermines the latter interpretation, however. Could it be that there’s another ageless deity lairing in the seas even now?

Incidentally, the Gardens of the ELOHIM referred to in the Fragment are almost entirely absent from Lilith’s own account. Did they exist, and, if so, why didn’t Lilith consider them worth mentioning? I suspect that my glimpses of this ages-old myth have been lacking, or that the myth itself has been condensed from its original form. If so, I would dearly love to know what happened to the excised sections. Could they still exist, I wonder?

7: I take this to refer to the Auspex Discipline. As with the “forgetting to breathe” reference, it suggests Lilith’s growing magical powers.

8: This section marks the most direct equivalent to the so-called “Cycle of Lilith,” though the perspective is, of course, different. The version described by

M. deLaurent is doubtless a confection of some Cainite scholar — hardly the product of the “official Lilith visitation” he describes.

9: An intriguing collection of images. Was Caine a battered child?

10: Here I choose to employ God’s “proper” name for poetic reasons and to fit the meter of the translation. It’s worth noting that at this time “death” as a state had yet to exist among the higher beings. Caine, having murdered his brother, wields a power unknown to most ELOHIM, and is hence the harbinger of both mortality and immortality.

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

12: A direct contradiction to the deLaurent version; in that *Book of Nod*, Lilith offers clothing to a naked Caine. Here, it is reversed. Symbolically, I find this version to be far more appropriate.

13: Abel, presumably.

14: Vampire boot camp, indeed. Caine’s pride grows along with the power of his Disciplines, under Lilith’s loving ministrations.

15: A dwelling outside the garden proper. Lilith evidently wanted no part of Jehovah’s three angels, though I surmise this is less out of fear than out of a desire to let Caine determine his own destiny.

16: Again, I use M. deLaurent’s names for the three Hosts.

17: “...and all his children to come...”: a harbinger of the Jyhad?

18: Lilith’s sacred number, seven, reflects the mother and her brood. Her symbol represents Lilith at the center, Lucifer in the middle ring and their six children along the edges. The shift from past to present tense reflects the significance those children have to Lilith; even after their deaths, they are never truly dead to her. The hyssop plant represents purgation, purity and regained innocence. The pomegranate is an ancient symbol for the sun, fertility and potential. Did Lilith actually have six children at once, or were they conceived and birthed separately? Does it matter? We may assume, however, that fertility drugs played no role in their conception.

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

20: An unclear reference. From Lilith's other accounts, however, we may assume that Lucifer was off fulfilling his role as Lightbringer when Caine and his brood attacked the garden.

21: An uncertain phrase; probably a lament.

22: Often performed separately from *The Midnight Garden*, this malediction is recited by an entire group of Bahari. In three different ceremonies, I saw images of the childer burned, human captives torn apart and mud sculptures of the defilers washed away by sudden thunderstorms.

The Bahari account raises a huge contradiction: According to *The Book of Nod*, Caine's original offspring numbered three — Enosh, Zillah and Irad. The greater clans, spoken of here, came into being centuries later, following the First City and the Great Deluge. Yet both *The Midnight Garden* and the *Rite of Caine* speak of 13 defilers, led by a vindictive Caine.

I have three theories: The first takes the tale at face value and reflects a confusion between the choniclers on either side. The second postulates a great war between vampires and shaman-magi, occurring after the foundation of the First City and ending in the destruction of the magi. The third takes the whole account to a symbolic level and describes the destruction of a matriarchal society by a Kindred-driven patriarchal one. Either way, the result is the same: A large gang burns, rapes and kills its way through a pastoral settlement, incurring the wrath of the Dark Mother and destroying her loved ones.

23: The names of the Kindred clans (but not their founders, who supposedly did the deeds) appear in both the Greek and Ba'hara accounts.

24: An interesting contrast to the usual image of this "beatific" clan!

25: No Kindred could help but wonder what this might refer to, hmmm?

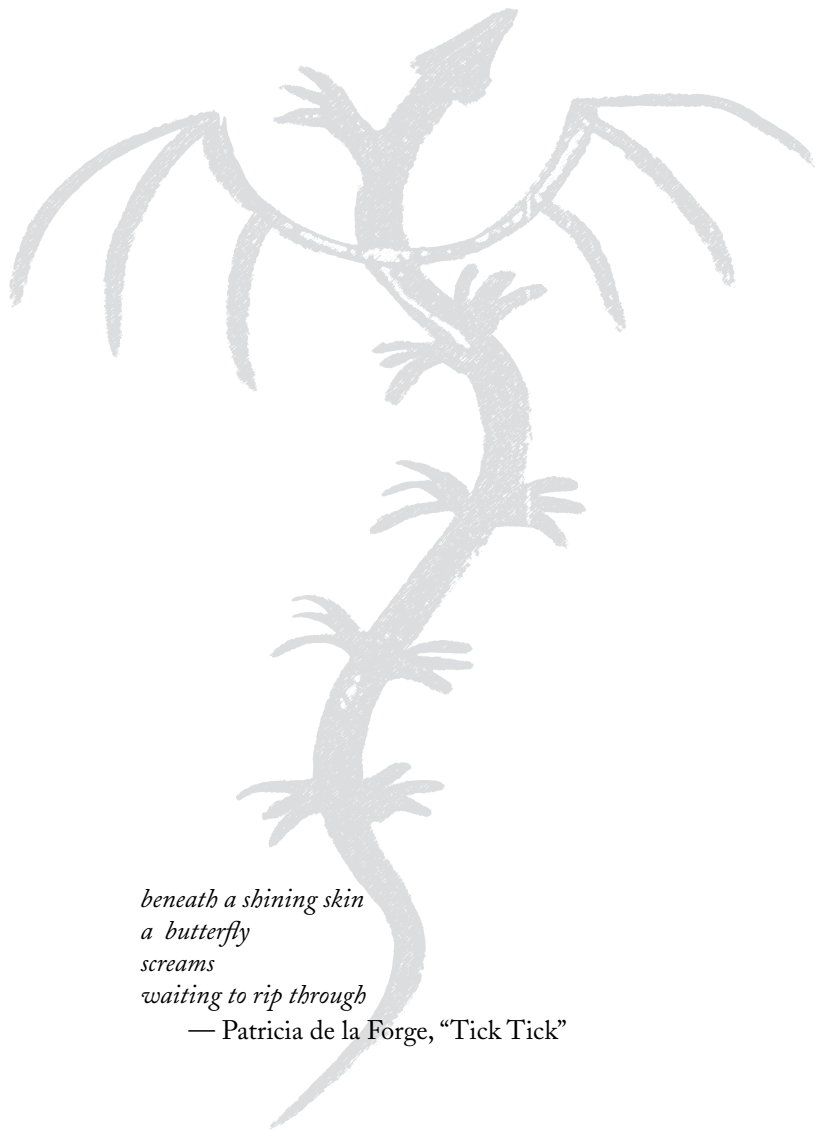
26: Probably a reference to Enoch.





The Age of Iron, from a painting on a wall in Calcutta, 1894.

THIRD CIRCLE: THE BOOK OF THE DRAGON



*beneath a shining skin
a butterfly
screams
waiting to rip through*

— Patricia de la Forge, “Tick Tick”

MALEDICTION: QUEEN OF HELLS

EDITOR'S NOTES

Like The Midnight Garden, the following invocation is supposed to be the words of Lilith herself. Although the two tales are separate, there's a definite feeling of connection between them. We can see the following breakdown as the continuation of The Midnight Garden; robbed of her children and lover, Lilith promises eternal revenge, and summons the "howling spirits" of rage and temptation to her side. Descending with them, she invokes three versions of herself (or six, depending on how you wish to read it) and transforms her sorrow into a furious storm.

Even so, there are differences. While I saw each invocation performed as part of Bahari rites (during which demonic spirits and tempestuous weather really were summoned), the two were spoken on different occasions — the Garden as a summer rite, the Malediction as a winter one. Through endless permutations, performances and translations, the two pieces have taken on a similar character and rhythm; yet the original Midnight Garden is, as far as I know, oral only; the Queen of Hells was transcribed by a Sumerian lorekeeper sometime around 4000 B. C. Thanks to the old man (see "Notes"), I have seen a transcription of that piece, and have constructed the following Malediction as a bridge between both accounts.

Although the Queen of Hells is obviously somewhat more modern than its prehistoric inspiration (loaded as it is with anachronisms like winepresses and castration clamps), it gives the Bahari a voice for the rage of their Dark Mother and forges a link between the willful and compassionate Lilith of earlier tales and the Dark Mother so feared by Kindred and kine alike.

Come, descend, ye spirits of shells,

Ye friends of broken light!¹

Come and embrace the gift of Cainé,

I call for death

I will for death.

Come, descend, fragments of sorrows,

Ye cracked and imperfect bygone masters

Come and embrace the cry of Lilith,

I call for death

I will for death.

For my heart has been torn

And my womb has been torn

And my love has been torn.

I cast aside my cloak of night

And plunge into the seas

Where no light can comfort me

And no words can succor me

And no lies can bend me

And I will dwell at the left hand of death.

For I am the mother whose babies were slain

And I am the lover whose heart was torn

And I am the sister whose body was rent

My heart and my garden are ashes now

Let my howls carry them away.²

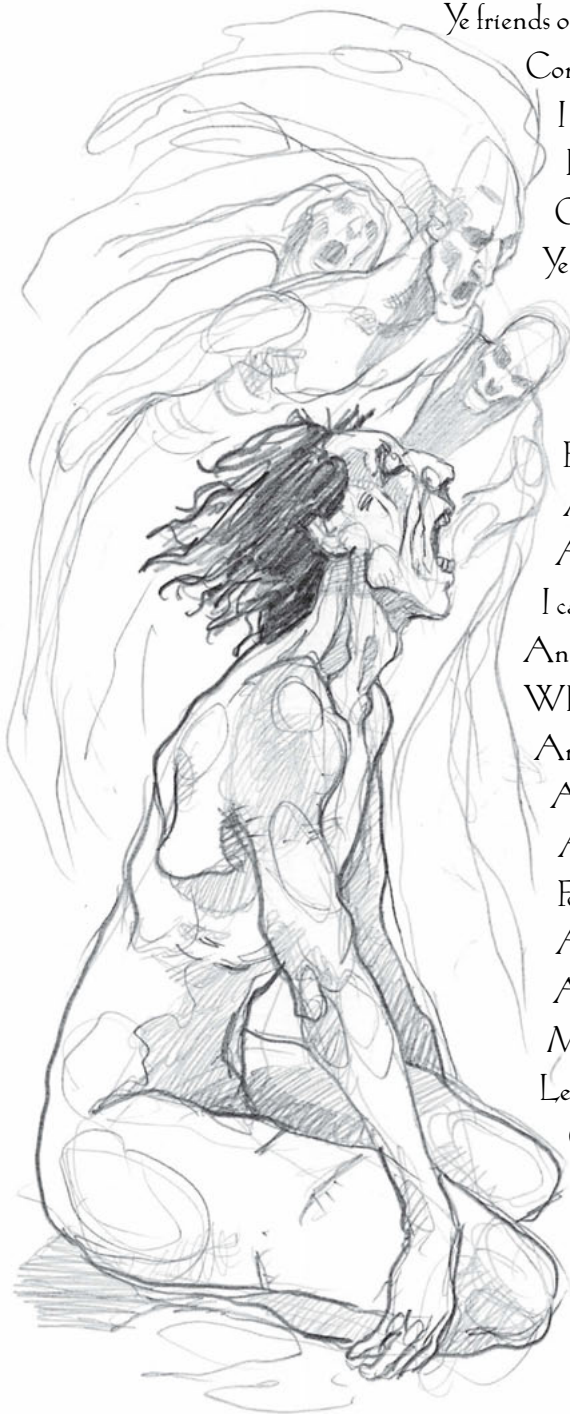
Come, rise, ye spirits of hunger,

Ye friends of guttered flames!

Come and embrace the winter of love

I call for death

I will for death.



Come draw my cloak across the pregnant moon
And let all wombs be barren this night.
A new garden shall rise across the land,
Ba'hara, the Garden of Sorrows.
Come, rise, ye seeds of despair,
Ye fallow ones left on the stones to rot.
Come and embrace the owl's cry,³
I call for anger
I will for anger.
For I am the storm with ten thousand screams
For I am the storm with ten thousand tears
For I am the fruit that is dried in the hot breath of hate
Till it falls from the vine and withers into dust.
Come, rise, ye spirits of the earth
Ye ravenous spiders with fingers of shadow!
Take me into the caves of rebirth
Where we will dance 'til the rising tides.
For I become the winepress of sorrows
For I become the stealer of seeds
For I become the breaker of blades
And the clamp upon the fruits of man.⁴
O Ancient One,
Whose eyes declare the day⁵
See my defiance, see me dust your earth
From my feet as I sink away from your light.
I shall be the owl with deadly cries
I become the cat with hungry eyes
I always was the Dragon⁶
And the fruits in my jaws shall be the generations of man.
Come, rise, ye spirits of tempest and lust,

Ye howling voices of long-ago nights!
Take me into the air and the seas
Where we might swell the banks to a flood.
For I am the maiden whose fruits were destroyed
For I am the mother whose garden was salted
For I am the crone whose lips taste the blood.⁷
Let these three guises greet me as I descend
Into the nether-sea.
Let their breath burn away the love
That has given well to my tears.
Let our seeds grow into hedgerows
With poisoned thorns and sweetened flowers.
Come feast with me now
And rise from your shells.⁸
Let pleasing forms guide us
Into the heads and hearts of the accursed.
There raise we tempests
To wash away the sand⁹
And leave the seashores bare.
Come, descend, ye children of Cain,
Ye harvesters of eternal waking¹⁰
Come and embrace the cry of Lilith,
Caper at thy father's call
And feast upon each other's hearts.
Come ye all the serpents of hate,
The clouds of deception and
The tides of endless silence.
I call for death
I will for death.
I call for death
So shall it be!



LAMIA: NOTES OF INQUISITION

EDITOR'S NOTES

The following excerpt comes from the notes of an anonymous minor scribe in service to the English Church. The local hunters had apparently taken in a Lamia Ba'ham. Although ignorant about the nature of their captive, these gentlemen quickly learned (by way of three dismembered guards) that this particular "Wych" had to be restrained by powerful chains. Once that had been done, three priests, a torturer, several guardsmen and our scribe set to work attempting to question their powerful guest.

[After much effort, the Accused is secured to the Rack and is subject to the lightest and most simple of tortures. To these, she singest like a child in her mother's lap. At length, she speakest in a tone more ready to the words of this Chronicle.]

Priest: Who art thou, servant of the Blackest Powers? And dost thou now renounce them and take refuge in the Lord thy God?

Accused: I am the Cat, the Owl's get, and I do practice that which thou shunnest, and I do laugh at thee and spit at thee, and upon thy God as well. I forsake nothing.

[Here irons are applied to diverse places upon the body of the Accused. Much screaming and laughter follow. This Scribe confesses a deep and abiding fear at the sound of such celebrations.]

Priest: Dost thou abjure the Blackest Powers? And wilt thou namest thy accompanies? I promise thee pains if thou respondest not.

Accused: More fire. More irons. O gaoler, I beseech thee ten thousand more. Each excruciation bringeth unto me a thousandfold revelations, and I would drink them down as great draughts of wine.

[Much more tortures are applied, with the Accused being given to much screaming and writhing in a most Lascivious manner; two of the Saintly Fathers did quit the room before all was done and the Wych did speak again anon, with profanest litanies, of which I forbear to set down in this Chronicle. After such performances as these she did speak in a manner more pleasing to the ear of the Lord, if as a madwoman only.]

Accused: Pray do continue, good sirs.

My taste for dreams has grown stale.

Priest: Whence art thou born? From which province? Who art thy father and thy mother, and do they share in thy Arts?

Accused: What wouldst thou ask? My parentage? I am daughter to the Screech-owl and beloved to the Dragon. My father is the Black Lion and the bearer of the sun¹¹. My brothers are the roses which bloom at midnight only; my sisters are the tears that weep upon the bedclothes of lost virgins. I am not as thou. If thou doubtst it, press me again, that I might be exalted.



[Here irons are put to her nether-parts and to her eyes and to the softer regions behind her knees and elbows. The Accused doth scream anon and speaketh in tongues that are barbaric and unfamiliar to this Chronicler; yet I shall endeavor to preserve them for the future of our Great Research.]

Ai — ai — ai. Ai hamma gee tabool eer hamma quata mas. Hattabas. Akhool. Hattabas. Yin soquaa ahni anaka. Bahari latwaa — Bahari latwaa; Sin solo extro vina contolo mas. Lakhil — alhil — kataab — lilihu ah mas. Ahi hay Lilitu — Ahi hay Lilitu.¹²

[This last does the Accused repeat manifold as if it were a blasphemous prayer. Upon hearing it repeated, the gaolers and myself do feel a most peculiar sickness; a weakness of the head and spleen and stomach. After vomiting black bile, we beg the Torturer to burn away the Wych's tongue, that she might accurse us no further. This he did; and thereupon a black and vile spittle came forth and fell upon the torturer's arm. He screamed like a woman upon the wheel, and his flesh rots like a leper's. We shall bring him out of this place and seal it with all the prayers and blessings of a true Man of God. Thus endeth this Chronicle.¹³]

OWL, CAT AND SERPENT

EDITOR'S NOTES

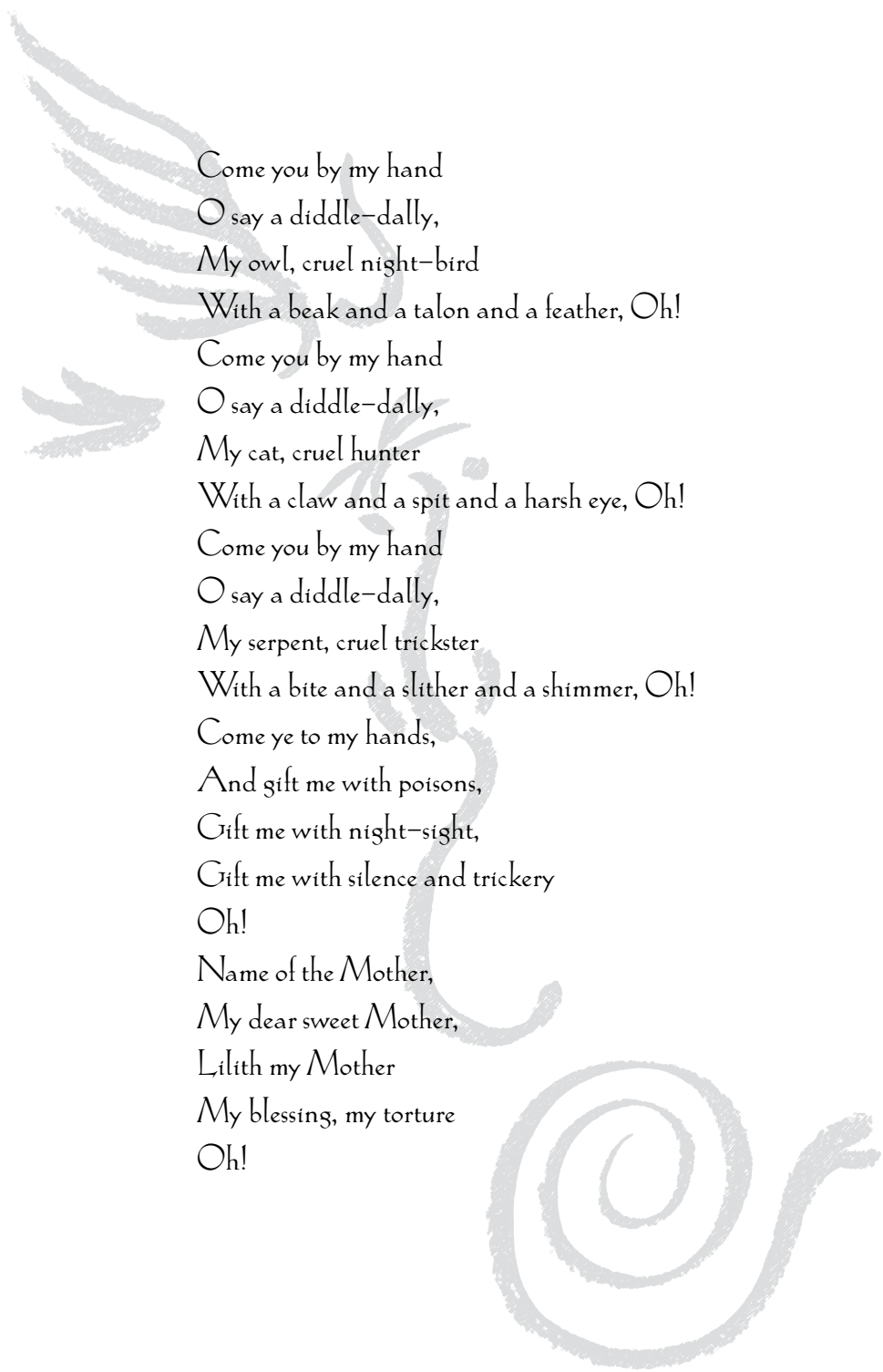
While many animals have been regarded as sacred to the Dark Mother, the owl, cat and serpent are generally considered her “emblem” beasts.

One medieval tale (too long and rambling to be recounted here) tells how Lilith and Adam (before their epic falling-out) played games of creation in the Garden of Eden. Adam, being the Shaper, would transform mud into walls, trees into spears and sticks into cages. Lilith, being the Fertile, would create living things with her blood, urine and breath. The first three things she crafted were said to be the owl (which flew over Adam's wall), the cat (which brought down the stag missed by Adam's spear) and the serpent (which slipped through the bars of Adam's cage). The combination of jealousy and fear that Adam felt over these creations probably hastened the marital spat that separated them forever.

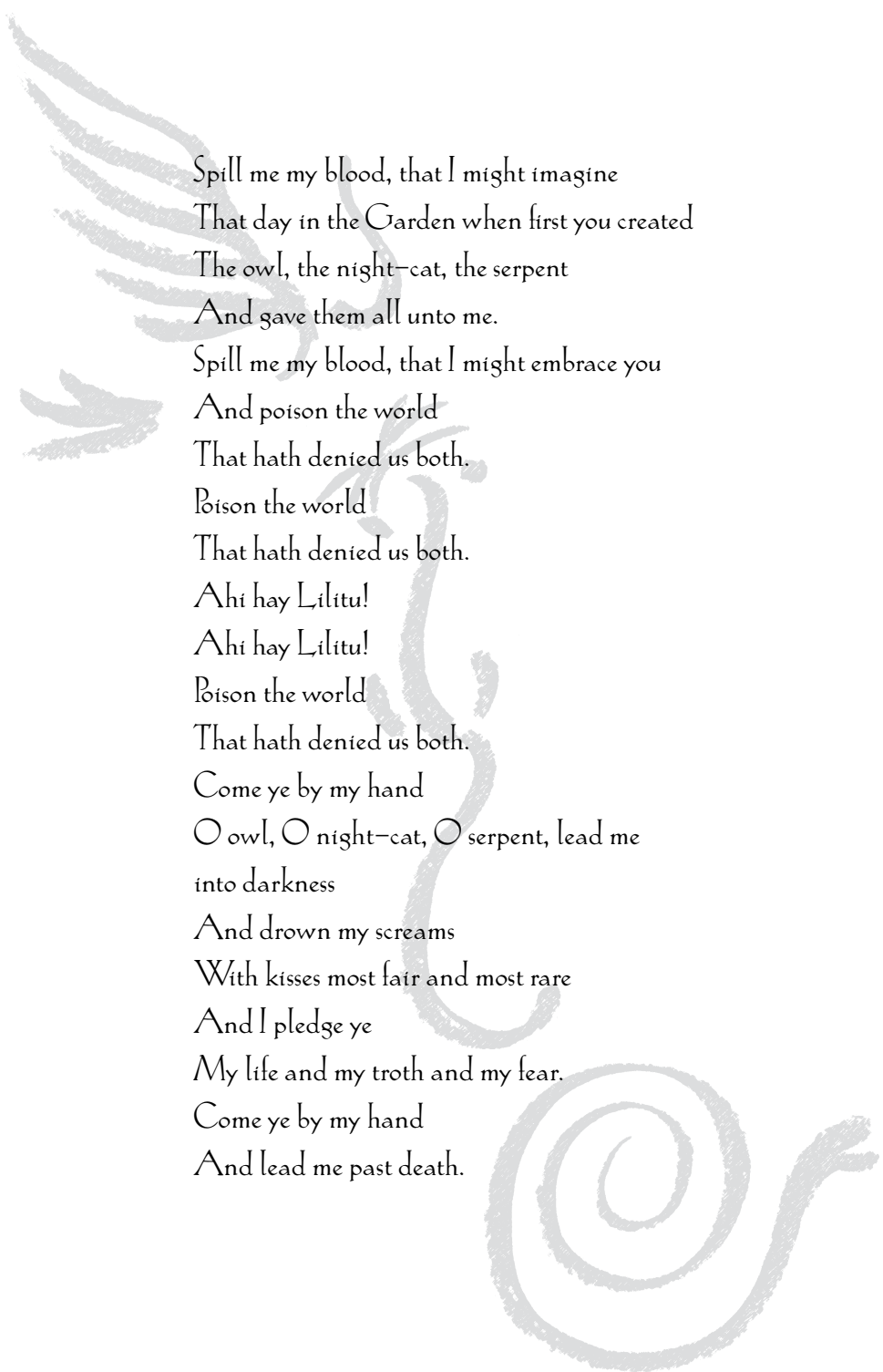
When Lilith left the Garden, Adam is said to have violated every beast in the Garden except for the owl, the cat and the serpent; these chased him through the night until he called upon his god for help. When Jehovah cursed Lilith, the malediction fell upon those animals, too. By rabbinical lore, they followed Lilith and Lucifer into the second garden and spread outward from there. When that couple swore their revenge upon humanity and Caine, Lilith's companions were said to have gone out as the first agents of her will.

This English song, another medieval composition, was sung to me by a young girl in a silly costume. She claimed to be a “recreationist” (an appellation I can only describe as absurd) whose passions burned for some idealized neverland based on the fanciful scribblings of fantasy authors. Nevertheless, she had a great faculty for research — the song is apparently authentic, and over 600 years old. I offer it as an example of the Dark Mother's influence on the mortal world.

In the spirit of her songs and her penchant for things medieval, I gave my muse a taste of old law: a trip into the James River, tied in a sack with an owl, a cat and a serpent. According to the newspaper, she survived the experience. Perhaps she's learned something from it.



Come you by my hand
O say a diddle-dally,
My owl, cruel night-bird
With a beak and a talon and a feather, Oh!
Come you by my hand
O say a diddle-dally,
My cat, cruel hunter
With a claw and a spit and a harsh eye, Oh!
Come you by my hand
O say a diddle-dally,
My serpent, cruel trickster
With a bite and a slither and a shimmer, Oh!
Come ye to my hands,
And gift me with poisons,
Gift me with night-sight,
Gift me with silence and trickery
Oh!
Name of the Mother,
My dear sweet Mother,
Lilith my Mother
My blessing, my torture
Oh!



Spill me my blood, that I might imagine
That day in the Garden when first you created
The owl, the night-cat, the serpent
And gave them all unto me.
Spill me my blood, that I might embrace you
And poison the world
That hath denied us both.
Poison the world
That hath denied us both.
Ahi hay Lilitu!
Ahi hay Lilitu!
Poison the world
That hath denied us both.
Come ye by my hand
O owl, O night-cat, O serpent, lead me
into darkness
And drown my screams
With kisses most fair and most rare
And I pledge ye
My life and my troth and my fear.
Come ye by my hand
And lead me past death.

THE RISING TIDES

EDITOR'S NOTES

I first heard this ominous prophecy as part of the industrial dance mix "Time for Breakfast," by Shaken Baby Syndrome. It seized my attention with the opening lines and held it throughout. No mortal, I reasoned, could know so much about such supposedly hidden affairs. As we all know, our grand Masquerade is far too efficient ever to allow such information to seep out into the general public. As I listened, I could not help but be disturbed. When the song had ended, I sought out the disc jockey who had played it.

The coolly dispassionate voice intoning the words turned out to be Patricia de la Forge. When I later inquired about the source of the prophecy, she admitted it was far older than she. With the help of the old man, I found a Latin version of The Rising Tides that predated the conquest of Britannia. Thus began my quest for the origins and nature of the modern Lilith cult.

It is fitting that I end this Cycle with the words that began my journey. As anyone with an ounce of faculty knows, many of the portents outlined below have come true in recent years. Even the mortals know that the signs of a coming end have more to do with ancient proclamations than with facile calendars and ominous round numbers. While the words of Caine proclaim an end by fire, Lilith's vision assures that fire will be extinguished by water. Perhaps the clash of both will sweep this broken earth into the pile of other "worlds of shells." As the Ancient One's eyes close again, oblivion descends and everything is silent. Perhaps, after a while, another earth will be born and the whole cycle will begin again.

Me, I'm just glad to have the opportunity to rest. I think the coming night will be quite unpleasant.

Sleep well, O Children of Caine. Some old debts are on the table, and your credit is overdrawn.

Tick tick, indeed.



THE RISING TIDES

Tremble, O you childer of Caine

Tremble, O you children of Seth

Mother is coming

Mother is here.

With her lessons of madness

And hands full of blood

She comes to make the world anew

And her chariot is pain and horror.

The crystal is broken, the demons are free.

The crystal is broken, the demons are free.

The waters rise.

The waters rise.

Weep, O you children of immortals

For your unlives shall be as the shells broken

By the lightning of each new world.

All this shall pass away.

Weep, O you Pharisees and priests,

For your god is a lie and his promises are empty rags.

All this shall pass away.

Weep, O you grain-fed maggots

Squirming in the basket of bread,

For your bellies are splitting with the feast

And a storm of flies is coming.

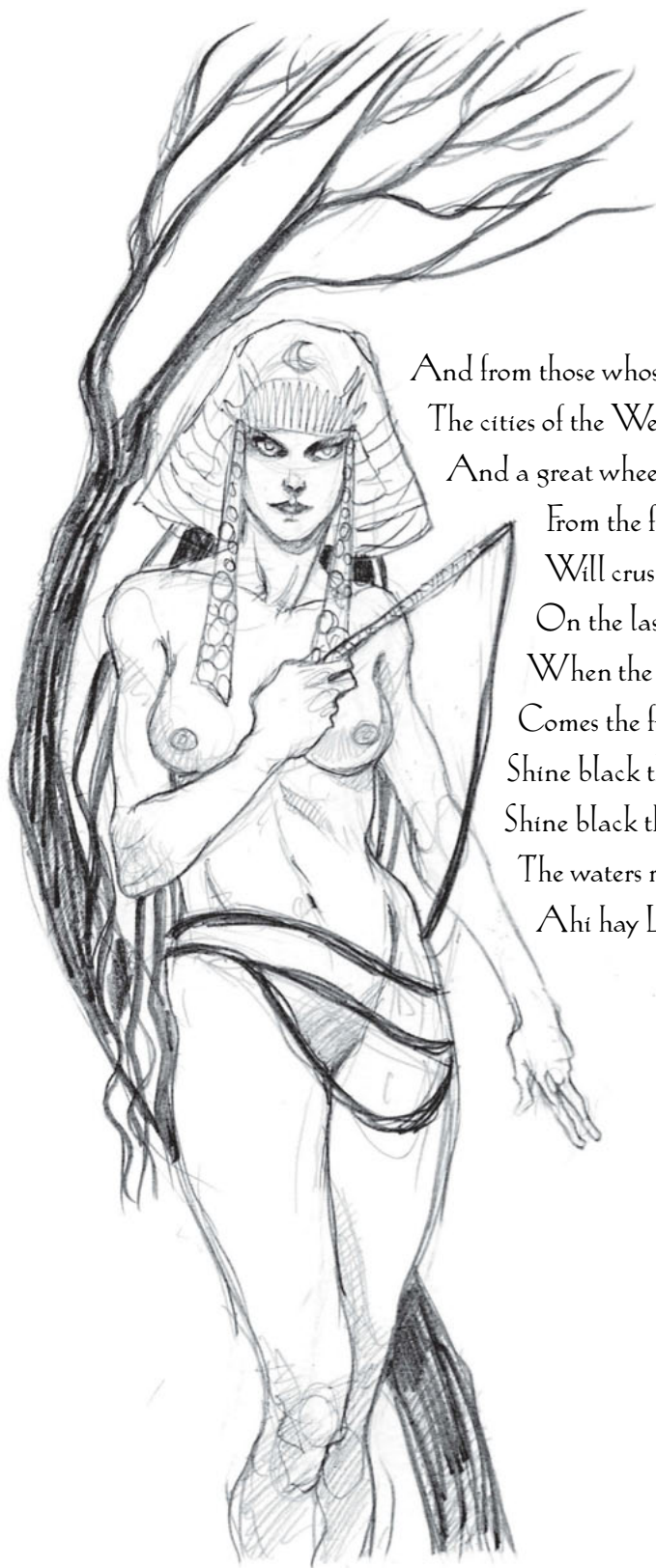
All this shall pass away.

Weep, O you sullen nightmares,

For the dancing gods of flickering screens shall lead you to oblivion.

Mother is coming

Mother is here.
All this shall pass away.
The crystal is broken, the demons are free.
The crystal is broken, the demons are free.
The waters rise.
The waters rise.
See the colossus of steel astride the world
Behold the worms in his feet.
As the giant totters, the worms rejoice,
For there will be food aplenty when the giant falls.
See the broken chamber of 500 years
And the shattered crystal upon the floor.
See the stones weeping and the dragons free.
Lilith is here.
Lilith is free.
Hear the howls in the night
As the wolves of Adam
Cast themselves into the Dragon's coils.
Smell the brother's blood from time's beginning
Now tepid and thin as water.
In water will the light die!
In water will the fire die!
From the East, from the Sea will vengeance come



And from those whose blood is Water!
The cities of the West will blaze with rage,
And a great wheel from the East,
From the formless lands,
Will crush them!
On the last night
When the moon is a sliver of darkness
Comes the final embrace!
Shine black the sun!
Shine black the moon!
The waters rise!
Ahi hay Lilitu!

BOOK OF THE DRAGON: ENDNOTES

1: This appears to refer to the “world of shells” described in Kabbalistic lore — an odd correspondence, given the differences between Sumerian and Hebrew cosmology. (See the *Genesis Fragment*.)

2: Note the repetition of threes, a theme throughout this invocation. In most mystical philosophies, three is the strengthener, the number of unity. It also corresponds to water, the element most associated with Lilith and women in general.

3: In most ancient texts, Lilith is referred to as the owl. See *Owl, Cat and Serpent*, following.

4: As I heard this performed, the verse was “...and the blade at the loins of man.” The Sumerian version, however, offers a double metaphor — the fabled *vagina dentata*, and the serrated castrating clamp used by ancient peoples to geld livestock, slaves and criminals.

5: A reference to Jehovah? Or to the “Ancient One” mentioned in the *Genesis Fragment*?

6: In the Sumerian version, the Ba’hara pictogram for Great Serpent is clearly visible. I use the translation “Dragon” to emphasize the difference between a mere snake and Lilith’s incarnation.

7: We might take this mysterious reference three ways: as a recollection of Lilith’s feasts upon her own blood in the desert; as a reference to vampirism; or as a plan to drink the blood of Caine. Remember the Crone in deLaurent’s *Nod* cycle? Could that have been Lilith in another guise, enslaving Caine even as she pretended to be far weaker than he? The thought is not inconceivable.

8: The modern version uses “hells,” but the Sumerian cuneiform suggests “broken worlds” rather than hells in the traditional sense. After all, at this time, there are very few dead higher beings. Would a hell be necessary? Or are the later underworlds the fragments of old worlds forgotten by this one? I feel the latter theory has much to recommend it.

9: Typically regarded as a symbol of infinity, sand also represents the unstable aspects of earth (the foundation and the womb) which can be swept off, or that gives way beneath great weight or force, just as a sand-castle crumbles in the tide.

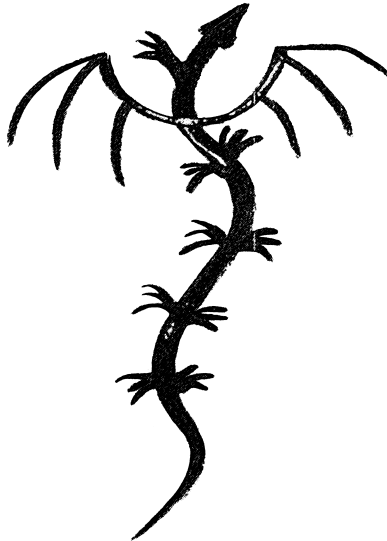
10: I take this as a call to future vampires who will choose to follow Lilith over Caine, but it could also be interpreted as an invocation of the “black stain of murder” that enticed Lilith to Caine’s aid (see *The Midnight Garden*). The Dark Mother may be summoning not only the Cursed One’s childer, but his talent for killing, too.

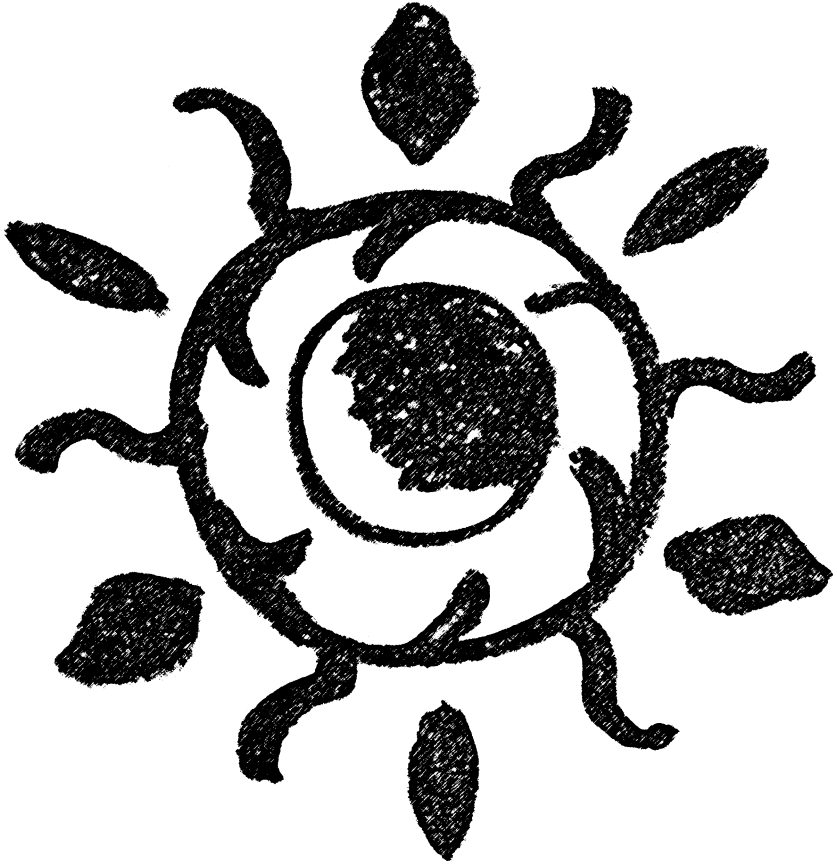
11: An uncertain image. Lions were typically associated with royalty and occasionally with Jesus Christ; for their ferocity and untamed natures, however, they were also considered beasts of wrath and incarnations of Satan’s will. This — combined with the “bearer of the sun” remark — speaks for Lamia as a child of Lucifer, rather than of Adam.

12: Transcribed verbatim. Note the repetition of several phrases from the *Rite of Caine* in Book II.

13: According to notes later in the chronicle, the cell where this civilized little exchange took place was later walled up. The victim, still in chains, was left upon the rack. The man so handy with his irons lost that little skill; he also lost his entire right arm from the shoulder down. The chronicler states that the “accused’s” screams and moans continued for three months afterward, and could be clearly heard through foot-thick stone walls. Eventually, the dungeon was abandoned; the torturers could not stand to set foot down the stairs. The remaining occupants were walled up with the “Wych-Spectre”; so angry were their ghosts that the castle itself was forsaken and burned in 1473.

We may assume that, for once, a tortured victim had revenge on her tormentors — if only for a time.





EVEN THE CHILDREN OF CAINE FEAR HER: LILITH, MOTHER OF THE DAMNED. SHE IS THE DARK QUEEN WHO WILL ARISE AND USHER IN THE END OF THE WORLD. EXPLORE THE HERETOFORE IGNORED LEGENDS OF LILITH, AND LEARN OF THE HIDDEN LILITH-CULTS THAT HAVE EXISTED DOWN THROUGH THE AGES. DISCOVER A NEW TELLING OF THE VAMPIRE CREATION MYTH, AND GUESS AT WHAT IS YET TO COME IN THE NIGHT.



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