

The Grady Project



issue #1

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Eleven Poems
by Hymenseus Alpha FFF

issued this October 18th, III^{xviii} (1987 a.v.)

O in $\approx$ Θ in My Die $\odot$

honoring his 68th Lesser Feast

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.

Sometime near Winter Solstice, 1985 e.v., I read Grady's poetry for the first time as a very young Minerval. (As I recall, it was part of his "Angel and the Abyss" cycle..) I asked where I could find more, and was told they were up in the Archives, if they were anywhere- having discovered a similarly interested Brother, we spent many hours up at Archives West (THANKS, BILL!) emerging with documents for transcription to a workable format...

This first publication is issued for the Gradymas Celebration, IIIXVII, held at Thelema Lodge; 11 Thelemites each read one of the poems herein, chosen by them shortly before the reading. We'll have the second issue out by Winter Solstice 1987 e.v. despite cries of "wierd necromancy and scary visions!" Thanks to Lodge, Mistress, and everybody who's helped and put up with us!

Love is the law, love under will.

Sr. Caitlin, II° ✧

Soror Caitlin, II°

Fr. LEONIRIDIS I° ♂

Frater Leoviridis, I°



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Pageant

Have you ever stood at sunset
Near the Portals of the Bay
While the fog-horns sound their evening
Memons to the closing day?

Have you ever seen the Pageant
That a battle fleet can show
Standing out into the ocean
With her signal flags ablow -

At each muscled floating fortress
Sliding thru the channeled strait
Rides beneath the scimitared guardian,
The Colossus of the Gate?

Amazons, in cold gray armor
Cavalcading to the West;
At their heels the swift destroyers
Plunge rollicking to the quest
Amazons, with colors streaming
From each latticed battle crest
While her catapulting falcons
Swirl above the roving nest;
Amazons, with cradeled lances
Held athwart each mighty chest;
Once again they are crusading
Keel on keel they pour cascading,
Down the sea lanes they're parading
Cavalcading to the West.

Grady L. McMurtry
(undated)

4

Bitterness

In Metz the German dead lie stacked
Beneath the quiet snow
Along the railroad tracks - a wracked
And grotesque iron row
Between the trees - and where the packed
Wire brambles twist and grow.

Their wooden cheeks are dark with stain
Hoarfrost has iced their hair
Their broken bodies, shrunk with pain
Claw upwards in despair -
The fortress City of Lorraine
Is guarded by their stair.

The ghouls have had their business way
Among these frozen dead
Some stripped of boots - some with their grey
Ring fingers clipped instead
And some have even been the play
Of dogs - who must be fed.

These are the vaunted "Waffen Korps"
The cold embalms so well ---
God - damn their souls forevermore
And may they rot in Hell!
We wanted Peace, they wanted War
So leave them where they fell.

1/10/45

Grady L. McMurtry

Notes On A City (damn near any city)

Along the street the eddy whirls
 With frowsy dames and sloppy girls
 And somber men and blazon boys
 Who stomp or trot; and it annoys (Period)

The crusty shops that cringe at sight
 And droop beside each other, quiet
 As tho their misery alone
 Would be too much; they would atone.

My reason tells me that it must
 Be true; the thoughtless crowds, the dust
 The grimy walks, the littered streets,
 The facades pass for scrawney teats.

And yet I know it can not be
 There is no grass, there is no tree
 But only sound that rolls and beats
 And sanctioned murder in the streets.

While in his nest each merchant waits
 As patiently his net he baits
 And views his neighbor with contempt
 Tho finding he is not exempt

From hatreds that swell from the needs
 Of human want, within the seeds
 Of laissez faire there are the germs
 That hold decay. and then the worms

Of avarice and greed and hate
 Sprout forth, they bore, they eat, they sate
 Their hunger on the scabs of men;
 I sit and watch. I sit and grin.

2/11/41

Grady L. McMurtry

Deus Ex Machina

So has it come to this
The Hour of Peril
When Armageddon roils the storm of war
And kilted Mars bestrides a crumbling world
Of armor plated dragons belching flame
Of slant winged harpies sharding through a haze
Of incandescent fury
And of monstrous eggs
Ovum of a world gone mad with fear
And rationed thought

Such is the fate of gadget minded man
Who placed his faith in mechanistic thought
And sought no higher good than pleasure-pain
That now he finds his logic's fatal flaw
In skew-wise reason

And his need for love
Is smothered in the coils of The Machine
Upon whose altar lies his lillied soul
Till Moloch's triggered fingers arc the arms
That feed the flames

3/11/52

Grady L. McMurtry

The Elfinwise

The daughters of Odin are Fey, my Lad,
The daughters of Odin are Fey,
The buxom daughters of Frey I've had
When the icy arctic moon was mad
And the snow was cold and deep, my Lad,
In a land beyond the day.

Aye, in a land beyond the day, my Lad,
In a land beyond the day.
Where the Valkyr eyes are grey and sad
As they pace the windy terrace, clad
In a lace of steel and gold, my Lad!
And they hunger for their prey.

Aye, and they hunger for their prey, my Lad,
And they hunger for their prey.
Valhalla's grim display has had
No Viking strong to feed the mad
Hyrrockin queen of Snow, my Lad,
For many a weary day.

5/7/42

Grady L. McMurtry

8

Of Emerald Earth

As space-borne fleets of Viking mariners
Swing round a world impregnable
To jettison each a cargo
Bomb shattering, irresistible

And space-marines with visored helms
Drop through the black
Of night, with strife that overwhelms
Upon the atom shattered wrack
Of worlds at war

So seetee sharded Adonis
Mills round an elder, wiser Sun
While astroids from her scattered hulk
Rust on the flame-scored plains of Mars

Now must we mark that cosmic war
When God-men stormed the Titan host
With atom fire----

Lest darkness fall
And Night engulf the Citadel
Of Emerald Earth

5/25/49
Grady L. McMurtry

I, Rebel

He - rebel - you
There in the darkness
What have you seen? What wierd
Infernal gorgon nyctolopic holds
Your trance-like gaze in awestruck wonder set?
What lich - or visions larvae lethal have you found
That snares your thoughts in mesh-like plexus bound?

Oh fool - thou
There upon the precipice you stand
Slobbering and gibbering at the moon - know this truth
There is a universe - and there is a not universe
A seen - and an unseen
A Thing - and a no Thing
A Being - and that which is beyond Being
A Chaos - and a Cosmos
A That-Which-Is - and a That-Which-Is-Not
You are
I am not.

9/7/43
Grady L. McMurtry

Changeling

It is cold within the nether skies;
Yet I flow thru the darkness streaming
Down to where, in stupor dreaming,
Lies a child-bed woman screaming
As her labor bursts her thighs.

There is blood and pain and---there it lies!
With a frightened passion churning
In my soulless body burning
Vortex of unholy yearning
Gaze I on the sightless eyes.

Then, just ere the infant's natal cries
Ring out into the still, black morning
With it's fright and lethal warning,
Time and space of matter scorning
Sheath I in this new disguise!

Thus it is that none of Fairey ever dies.
Tho the sacrament be spoken
With the eucharist for token
It is so they may be broken
By the art the elfin plies.

9/13/41
Grady L. McMurtry

11

The Intruder

Come, Man, let us go
We have Intruded - You and I
Who were never meant to be
Upon this toil worn planet.
Alone we stand - and are alone
Though multitudes may mill about our feet
And know us not - what had you thought?
Thae they would welcome Us with open arms?
Be not the Fool
From that which is Outside we came to be
And this is our reward -
That we are shunned as is the mottled plague
We and our company.
For is it not as I did foretell?
These creatures are as scum upon the Urth
That live and breathe and populate and die -
And are as blind as kobolds in the Sun -
That transcendental light of ether born.
We speak - and are not heard
We paint - and no man sees
We sing - and find our song not known
We mold - and they know not the form
We are Outsiders
So let it be and grieve not at their loss
Come - for there is other life we need attend
Through galaxies remote the life tide roars
And worlds unknown have spawned their hellish broods
Who knows - perhaps on one of these we'll find
A sentient crystal - or some horn'd Thing
Or eyeless monster of the sub-terrane
Whose wierd and alien consciousness has found
Perception as a sense-----
There we may rest
And hold communion with the Silent Ones
To know again the Beauty that was Eld
Before the Cataclysm and the Cold
Had sharded Kolabon athwart the gulf
So let us go
And leave them in the fetor of their slime
Until eternal sameness rots their souls
And they have found the surcease of the dead -
Whenas they walk beyond the walls of sleep -
Is but a prelude of the greater storm
That crouches just beyond the barrier reef
Rumbling in its nimbostratic murk -
Come, Man, let us go - we have Intruded-----

9/17/43
Grady L. McMurtry

The Cynic

The passions of my youth have burned me dry
And unrequited dreams stand in my eyes
They were my hopes - and now they ill disguise
My futile gesturings. They pass me by.

I would admit no mystery so high
As to be sacred from my questing pries -
Nor would I seek defeat in compromise
But stood athwart the sky-winds - such was I.

The bright-eyed dreams of youth are dead and gone
My destiny is done, my die is cast.
Perhaps there will be surcease with the dawn

Perhaps - but I have thought that in the past.
The wheeling universe grinds on and on
Insensible - insatiate - and vast.

9/17/44
Grady L. McMurtry

Pangenetori

Ho! let there be rejoicing for I, Pan,
Am come to bid you welcome to my shrine.
Bid trumpets flourish. Let my joy be thine
For by the beard of Zeus and Neptune's trine
I've waited long enough. Let him who can

Gainsay me. Come! the festal table creaks
With slabs of slaughtered ox and tender lamb
While from my porcine herds we have sweet ham
To woo the taste of gluttony. And ram
Horn mugs awash with mead. Oho, who speaks?

Well, by my rough and hairy soul, of course!
For each fair maiden here's a dainty paste
And aged wine to suit the fickle taste.
Fall to! m'lads, or would you have me waste
This festive hour in talking? Here's the source

Of all good things of life - so take your fill.
I'll have no pampered darlings at my feast,
You'll drink your liquor like a man, at least,
And eat your share of roasted beef - that beast
Of succulent refreshment. Now my will

In playing host to such a famished lot
As you've turned out to be this russet day
Is work. Aye, work, m'lads, the work of play!
And such sweet work indeed I wot you'll say
When you have found my pleasure. Like as not

You'll scamper off like rabbits to the fields
When I have made my meaning to appear,
But first a word. Now gather 'round me near,
Move! the lads sit there, the fairest damsels here.
Oho! I jest. But Pan must joke - it shields

A tender heart. I love you all in sooth
For are you not my children? I would make
No difference between you for 'twould take
The joy of living from your eyes, and shake
Your faith in me, your parent. Now the truth

In this, my idle jesting, is that you
Have come to manhood - and must therefore know
What ordeals lie ahead. This being so
I've called you hither that I 'least might show
You guidance in this matter. Words are few

17
And ill express our subtle thoughts - so I
Must perforce speak to you as mind to mind.
Yet hold! I know your thought. I'm not as blind
As some would have you think me. Nor as kind
As others say. Why should I be? Why lie

About your attributions? Yet this thought
Of yours must have its answer. In the years
Gone by I've watched you grow, I've watched your fears,
Your little gods and devils - and your tears
Of childish hurt - yet slowly I have wrought

That which is best in you to finer gold.
Now heed. This mystery of mine is Truth!
No more. There is the serpent - and the tooth -
And though my shaggy thighs may seem uncouth
To those who know me not I have been told

They serve their purpose well - and, aye, they do!
But that is idle chatter. Now you ask,
"If this is Truth then why this idle mask?"
"If we have passed the ordeals, why the task?"
And I will give you answer. This is you.

Your life, your love, your will, your fate, not mine.
Though you be part of me you are alone
And individual. Your flesh and bone
Are fashioned from the earth. These facts are known
So let it be. Curse not those gods of thine

Cast in your imagery, not veil the shrine
Of your incarnate bodies. They are pure.
Keep them so. Exercise is good. Endure
The discipline of hardship. Thus insure
Complete control of action. By this sign

You'll know you're fit for living - not before.
As for your birthdate. At the Equinox
Of Gods the word that mystically unlocks
My donjon keep is given. By the hooks
Of Chiron's horny hooves you will adore

Our Lady, Queen of Space, or you will fail
In this your chosen mission. This is so
Because the Aeon now at hand must show
The universe you live in. And the slow
Evolving of your concepts winds its tail

In ever upward spirals - so your soul,
Now clothed as you are - now in deep repose,
Has slowly come to understand the Rose,
The Cross, the Lux, the Tree that grows
Around the world. The task was hard. The toll

Was terrible, but just. For only thus
Could I be certain you were forged to last
Through toil and inquisitions' flaming mast.
The dark age of the Slain God has been passed-----
Aye, it has slowly passed. But now the puss

Of ulcers slow to heal, it lingers still.
Many's the night I've walked the Wilderness
With stars for company. And 'neath the press
Of the eternal trees have made address
Unto myself and questioned whether Will,

Or Love, or Hate, or blind and callous Fate
Could sanction your imprisonment. You found
No respite in revolting. You were ground
On racks blood stained by the sadist Hound
Of your created Hell - and found the gate

Of Heaven locked against you. Nor could Death
Relieve you from your sufferings for I,
Yea, even I, had so decreed. Your cry
Was mine own aching heart, yet the reply
Came ever back the same - they have the breath

Of Life - so they must die, and live and die
And live until they come to know their place.
These are not empty clouds they are a race
Ordained for destiny. Though I could trace
Intelligence in any form - yet I

Have found you best adapted to my plan.
'Tis true upon the Earth you're not unique
Yet also true that you must ever seek
The far beyond. And 'tis this perverse streak
Of yours that so intrigues Old Father Pan!

But now a pox on such philosophy.
My melancholia would go too deep
Should I recount your tales of woe, and keep
Us from our pleasant task. The dreadful sleep
Of that long night wherein iniquity

Against the self held reign has been replaced!
Arise my children and awake, nor fear,
The Aeon of the Crowned Child is here
"Do what thou wilt shall be the Law." How clear
Did Rabelais fore-see, but now make haste!

Too long I've kept you waiting with my talk
Of death and sacrifice, those words are ill,
You have no right to do aught but your Will!
Do that and nothing more and you will till
The fertile fields of ecstasy. I'll walk

A way along the brook with you, 'tis naught,
I'm stiff from sitting still so long is all
And at my age no wonder. Aye, 'tis Fall
Again. The leaves are touched with gold, the fall
Of snow filled clouds is yet to come, though fraught

With Winter's chill the bracing air is sharp.
But not too sharp - just right I always say -
The Summer's time for work, the Fall for play!
And with my vats near bursting with the spray
Of my beloved vine we'll take the harp

Of the Aeolian winds - I'll play the pipe
And you can dance! Now off with you. Begone!
Across the fields and greensward of the lawn
Before I should forget myself and yawn
When there is someone looking. Aye, the ripe

Fruit has been gathered in, the fields are brown,
The lovely grape is pressed - and I can scratch
Myself in comfort, now that they're gone. Catch
As catch can - down the hill - match and rematch
When they spill. Not a worry, care or frown

This pleasant day. Tomorrow? Who can tell?
Not I at least. Oh, I suppose I could
But not today - there's Wine to-hand! Aye, good
Red wholesome wine, I wot. Wine of the Wood.
Wine of the World! I'll help myself. And well

I may. 'Tis mine indeed. Ah, here's to health----
And may it bless them in their way.
And here's to life----and here's to love----and may
The light of liberty be theirs, I say.
And here's to Pan----for this, indeed, is wealth!

12-13-43

Grady L. McMurtry

a Thelema Lodge publication

Love is the law, love under will

