

The Grady Project

Issue #2



THELEMA

The Grady Project

ISSUE #2


Love & you
Lotte

Twenty-Two Poems

by

Hymenæus Alpha

— Happy Solstice

Carlin ~~#0~~ 

0°-0°

issued at Thelema Lodge
in celebration of the WINTER SOLSTICE

☉ into ♍, ☽ in ♍

AGAPE

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.
Greetings of the Winter Solstice, and welcome to our second issue. The Grady Project is grateful to all for the continued support and encouragement of our efforts in transcribing and collecting for publication the poetry of our first Caliph. The twenty-two poems comprising this issue have been edited from microfilms of Grady's typescript, and most of them appear here for the first time.

Love is the Law, Love under Will.

Jr. LEOVIRIDIS I°

We're finding that our publications data is incomplete - if you know where and when Grady's work has been published, (other than the Link, Lodge News, or Ecclesia Gnostica - thanx, Mordécai!) drop us a line at the Grady Project, 40 Box 2303, Berkeley, CA. 94702.

Every man and every woman is a Star. ^{Thanks!}

Sr. Caitlin, II°

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10 / 93

As Above

Live your life, nor seek to know
Why scream the dead. The grass will grow
Luxuriantly, taste of love
And trouble not for knowledge, glove
Your senses with the wine of Pan,
Let him lead you where he can
Through woodland to the bacchanal,
There hide you from the fetid pall
Of reason. He who binds
The secret of arcanum finds
That which is truth, and which its foe
And he must live yet must he know
Why scream the dead below - below ---

(undated)

4

Outbound

Knocking, glancing, looping, swirling,
Bound together in this whirling,
Rolling swarm of outbound cinders,
Slag of the void, cold embers
That have known the crushing heat
Of some star guts' pulsing beat
And then into deep space were spawned.
Their parent dead there is no bond
To bind them, nomads they become
Stray homeless stardust on the bum;
Weaving out through galaxies,
Plunging where their fancies please
'Till tiring of this endless tour
They find there is a yearning lure
In black starless Infinity;
An urge that will not let them be.
So beyond the last outposted
Sun they long ago have coasted.
What lies beyond? Who knows? Who cares?
This is a jolly gang who dares
The limits of the timeless shore
On which they'll drift forevermore.

(undated)

The Rebel Soul

Disembodied, floating free
Swept above the windy hills.
Lashing at the rolling sea,
Fleeing where the spirit wills.

A soul unleashed across the world
To speed its way with freedom full
It leaps, its outstretched tendrils curled
To rip and rend, a cyclone bull.

It has no ties that bind to earth
It knows no bonds to hold its form
But writhes and twists and howls its mirth
And has its being in the storm.

Upon its thought there is no rain
Upon its heart there is no hold
An entity in joyous strain
That knows IT IS, so can be bold.

(undated)

A M U C K !

When out the misty future clears
 The written history of the years---
 Across those scrolling pages laced
 The fury of our storm is traced
 In burnished gold--for from the walls
 Of mighty Karnaks' carven halls
 Shrill silvery bugles sound the charge!
 Come, Soldier-Priests of ancient Tharge---
 Arise ye Templars of the Graal
 Send forth the ringing challenge--Hail
 The rebirth of the Laws of Pan
 Reclaim your heritage and span
 The waiting world. That which effaced
 Our holy cause must be erased
 With fiery sword and lifted rod
 The mystic symbol of our God!
 And when the dawn proclaims the day
 Then may the crawling Christians pray.

So spake the Prophet of the Glen
 Unto the Brotherhood of Men.

Thus it came that as the aeons crept or fled the spirit grew;
 Out of elemental substance foamed the hot and potent brew.

Foamed and spewed in theurgic rhythm, roared a thundering litany;
 Molded from its psychic forces our enshrined epiphany!

Stood our pantheon incarnate vesting full the Will of Man,
 Glowing in its royal splendor, filling the imperial plan.

Brooded then within the mountains.
 From the parks, between the fountains
 Came a cyclone funnel roiling,
 Holy, sacred Nago coiling
 Rearing high the hydra hood
 Which sign and token of the Rood
 Guards with his canopy the Priest,
 Our Lord of Lords, our King---THE BEAST!

Now our champion before us
 Striking in the sight of Horus
 Down into the valley swinging;
 With a surging timbre ringing
 Bright battle axe and arcing sword
 Slash in and through the serried horde
 Of those who thought to bound their hope
 within their own small meagre scope.

Hooves of thunder are a pealing
 Roll as back they stagger reeling
 From the black mailed Knights of Heiro,
 Adepts of the station zero,

Sit their steeds of mighty thew
Swing out and then come shearing thru
To criss and cross behind these cattle
Stampeding from the shock of battle!

So mote it be!

Ho the rebels
Hail the carnage,
See the piles of stinking slain
Where the Christians met their Masters
South of Ulan, on the plain.

So in triumphal procession march the Lords of Karnak back
Tie their wounds and burn their dead before their bloody arms they stack.

As in wild and joyous revelry carillon and cymbals ring
Giving homage to our chosen Gods and glory to our King.

For on the littered plain this day was cleared an ancient wrong
The infidels were made to pay and yield unto the strong.

Yea, ruthless as the cleansing sea we crushed the Christian might
And now they lie enslaved before our revered Gods of Night!

What mortal man can do to Man they did unto our sires
But we, immortal, gathered strength from sacrificial fires.

Reincarnated stand the host that bridged the gulfs of time
Avenging what the Church of Rome had poisoned in its prime!

We honored not a craven slave
But followed one who deigned to brave
And tread the curving, star strewn path
Beyond our universe, the wrath
Of Chaos slumbered, to our sight
The darkness sheds eternal light.

Now to the joyous sacrifice
As cringing heathens pay the price
By dozens and by hecatomb
They taste the justice that was Rome
Upon our altars, as we feast
And give ovation to the Priest
Whose slashing knife unstops a flood
Of living, heady, salted blood
To overflow the hallowed cup
The Chalice held that we may sup
The symbol of eternity;
Our union, our fraternity
Of mind and body, soul and thought----
Our one is all, our ALL is nought!

(undated)

Rust

Nails, red scales
Crust on crust;
Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust.

(undated)

The Mass

A slashing knife, and thick red blood
Across your breast a weal of stain,
White are your limbs and white the pain
Of ecstasy, and earth, and rain.

2-12-42

Blind Horus

Mother Medusa of the solar wind
Lion paw and lambent thigh
Love-lightning playing in your hair
Has blinded me, and I am thine.

Mother Medusa, lion cubs
Come tumbling through your amber dream.
I hear you purr with a throat of iron
And your growl in the slap of thunder.

2-19-72

Atavism

Come, my friend
 I grow weary of this ceaseless bickering
 Speak not of justice, or that right reward
 Well bought with human sweat, and lost.
 Blind Libra stands a pawn, her scales
 Are pendulums to every vagrant wind of fate
 That blows in choppy gusts about her feet
 And she, swaying upon her limber pedestal
 Stands drunk and giddy in the gale.
 We are young
 In this, our span of life, have not begun
 That which must find its end
 In some far future aeon
 And whose beginning was
 Before the time of Adam, yet
 We have this present life to live
 It must be full, in what we do
 Completion of each act must be
 Fulfillment of our basic will,
 In this I charge you strongly
 Be true unto thine self in all that is
 If aught would find you lacking let it be
 Bright steel on which to prove thy worth
 And know, that by this test are all things known.
 And now
 As swinging stars that graze and strain apart
 To leave a wreckage torn and hot between
 I would there were an end to this as sharp and quick
 As knives in the darkness that have made
 A decision, the one way or the other.

Convoy Rolling

Along a winding city street
 The dusty convoys roll,
 Across the downs a laden fleet
 Is roaring to its goal ---
 We're hauling bombs that will defeat
 The Hun; we take our toll.

The boys who roll bomb laden trucks
 Through blinding English fog
 Or claw their way in six wheel drive
 Across the Burma bog
 With nothing for protection
 From the strafing bombers' dive
 Are just as much our heroes
 As the boys who lead the drive.

Have we ever tasted battle?
 Do we lose our share of men?
 Our dead line Stuka Valley
 On the road to Kasserine!

Do we stop for mud or mountain?
 Do we need the Engineers?
 We build our road and flat-top
 Where there are no Hairy Ears!

What if the map is hopeless
 And the fog as grey as slate?
 We roll those trucks on schedule
 For the Bomber Boys can't wait!

It takes more than being reckless -
 It takes more than gift of gab -
 When there's five ton of explosive
 Riding right behind the cab

And that box of fuses sitting
 Right beside you on the seat -
 But "Operations" doesn't give
 Its medals to this fleet!

So we do our job in silence
 Giving service to the line -
 We roll by day, we roll by night
 We roll come rain or shine -

And when the road's a target?
 Rack'er back and let'er buck!
 Through hell and high explosive
 Rolls the Quartermaster Truck!

Then when we're through to "Bomber"
We can stop and take a rest -
Behind the wheel as like as not
May "Operations" be unblessed!

And we dream of trucker's heaven
Where the wheeling convoys roll
On paving blocks of marble -----
Where there is no mud or toll

Where the Jerry planes are never
And the highway's broad and straight ----
Just dynamite that throttle
And we'll highball through the gate!

Till we 'wake to hit the trailway
And shuttle back for more,
Ours is a job that's never done;
Until the war is o'er
We're in there rolling with the punch -
The Quartermaster Corps!

4-6-44

Cyclops

Into a bowl of deepest night it peers
And probes the utmost reaches of the vast
Eternal marches of the suns, to cast
With esoteric glyphs the path of years.

Steel forg'd prongs grip fast the adamant
And jumbled crags of charred obsidian
Strew close the base where, twined ophidian
The space washed girders gleam and twist aslant.

And to this rock, this deathbound airless world,
It seems the tomb of Gods whose questioned Why
Has stripped them of their lone divinity

Come strange marked men who seek a knowledge furled
In deeper space. Who train this monstrous eye
To gaze forever. On infinity.

An Apish God

Were I a high and mighty God
Who never had to pant and plod
Along one straight and narrow way
I'm sure I'd want to run and play
Across the ordered fields of stars
And scatter them with jolts and jars
Then swing upon the chandeliers
Of clustered suns, to tweak the ears
Of other Gods who might be nigh
Within the vast and empty sky.

Then where these chandeliers are hung,
Down from the arcing rafters swung
That roof the curving universe
I'd stop awhile and then converse,
With much ado and apish wit
I'd seat myself and there I'd sit
To state my views and eloquize
With those who would philosophize
Upon the broad celestial view;
Or pitch a bit of apish woo.

7-20-41

The Metrognome*

Once, when traveling, I came
 Upon a shrine of primal shame
 Now desolate and lost in sump;
 Sitting me upon the stump
 Of the tree of life I thought
 Back upon the knowledge sought
 By Eve, when she was in her prime,
 Slither tracks across the slime
 March by a bore, the earthworm's door,
 Where lay a molding appel core.

Humming faintly to a rune,
 Some call it dun, some call it dune,
 While munching steaks of Devon shark
 I chipped the log of Noah's Ark
 Until I came to where it said
 "I wish that I had never read
 Those books that Daddy used to keep
 Well locked within the ocean deep."
 By which I knew, it must be true,
 The hair of Davy Jones is blue.

Materializing where he stood
 Above a pot of rancid blood
 A friendly ghoulie took a seat,
 And pounded it beneath his feet
 To see if it would break in two;
 It did, and so he found a new
 One. "Good Morning," said he, "Mister,
 Who was that you were with yester
 Day night." On clicked my nimbus bright
 And I reached out to take a bite.

Addressing half the varied throng,
 I told the tail I tell; "Too long,
 My Fiends," said I with much delight,
 "The time has come, the time is right"
 And left they marched along the shore
 In search of that which went before
 While aft the bow was going down
 To where most things of that sort drown
 Their troubles here in, "Thanks old deer,
 If you are thirsty, there's the bier."

9-27-41

* One what keeps time, literally. —777

Nadir

I have stood upon the battlements
 Of ebon stone, and jet
 Black light has bathed my body
 With the force it can beget.
 The Brothers of the Shadow
 In the gloom that never fades
 Have welcomed me to keep that guard
 The gulf thrown palisades.
 I have stood in their cathedrals
 And the hymns of hate I've sung.
 I have heard the Mass of Mendes
 Chaunted by a slitted tongue.
 I have taught the works of blasphemy
 With succubi I've lain
 By necromancy I have raised
 The phantoms of the slain.
 My steed has been the basilisk
 My armor was a spell
 By sorcery I could command
 The fiery gods of Hell.
 In monasteries of the Night
 I've worn the hooded gown
 With monks who crucify The Toad.
 Where endless stairs go down
 To the stagnant wells of shadow
 Where the Four Great Princes stand.
 I am alone. I am alone!
 Dead. In a charnel land.

9-28-41

A.C. liked this poem. When I came into 93 Jermyn St. one day he said, "Oh there you are. A line from one of your poems has been running in my head and I can't get it out." The line was

*"I have heard the Mass of Mendes
 Chaunted by a slitted tongue".*

In September

The rains come down - the chalk grey mud of Gaul
Is foamed beneath the slash of treading tanks
And soldiers curse.

I used to like the Fall
And will again, I hope, stand on the banks
Of flooding streams made rich with Autumn rain,
A seasoned briar clenched between my teeth,
And breathe the stinging frost wind.

Once again
Stride down the tree lined byways where the heath
Has mingled scent of sage with fern and pine
To savor there the breath of growing things
Distilled in ice-chill silence.

This is mine!
This time of year when airborne ice makes wings
Around the Bacchic moon - when sun and tree
Thrall the wooded land with Summer's ember.
When these campaigns are but a memory
And I am home again. In September.

Normandie in June

There is a pestilence abroad upon the land
 There is a plague - it is the plague of War
 And it leaves a foulness upon the air -
 It is the sickly sweet corruption of
 the unattended dead
 The dusty smell of charcoal in
 the cannon rubbled streets
 And there are those who live in this pestilence
 And those who go forward to die in it.
 And they have known strange things - these men
 Things filthy - and foul - and corrupt.
 And they have known beautiful things - these men
 Things clean - and courageous - and magnificent.
 And they have strange memories-----
 The acid taste of champagne in
 a metal canteen cup
 The lonely graves of soldiers by
 the ever teeming roads
 The tragedy of gliders wrapped
 around the stumps of trees
 And bullet riddled parachutes
 that flutter in the breeze
 Dead tankers in burned chariots
 who look like slaughtered sheep
 Dead Germans - and dead cattle - and
 the guns that shatter sleep.
 This is the pestilence - this is the plague
 And this is Normandie - in June.

Outward Bound!

We live in glory, outward bound!
Bound for the stars' immensity.
We soar above the Earth so round
On jets of flaming tensity.

 In atmosphere,
 Celestial sphere,
Or deepest stellar ocean,
We'll stride the skyways on the blast
Of nuclear implosion.

Our ranging cruisers ride the wind
Of space's dark umbration.
We loft them high, there to defend
Our homes and Freedom's Nation.

 On guard we stand
 Above our land
To guide our missile's motion,
And pledge our honor to the last
Full measure of devotion.

11-5-51

Greetings for a Cool Yule
("The Beatnick Mother Goose")

Like, man

It was the night before Yuletide,
And all through the pad
Not a beatmo had eyes
Not even old Dad.
The mice were all tucked
In their war surplus sack
And The Snowman was a 'banging
The bongos, out back,
While me and my chick
Were hung out and loose
With our eyeballs in orbit,
Like a bugged Mother Goose.
When what should I screen
On my old radar set
But the high screaming whine
Of a low flying jet
And out of the Night,
Which was frigid and black,
Came a red flannel Cat
With a pack on his back
And a horn in his hand,
Blowing wild on the breeze,
He was riding the needle
Like, "Cut out and freeze!"
He came on like a bomb,
Dropping straight from the rack,
And left skid marks all over
The top of my shack
So I pull an Espresso
And invite the man in
And he says, "Like crazy, Dad,
Slip me some skin!"
Then I light up the pad
And we ball it up big
And he sits there, like cool, man,
Flipping his wig.
While the mice were all stoned
In their little round beds
With visions of cool jazz
In their hip little heads.
And we make with the Zen,
Like the sound of one hand,
And the voice of the cuckoo
Is heard in the land!
'Till the wee hours have fled;
Then he holds up the sack
And shakes down the goodies
For the mice in the pack.

A sax for the oldest,
A zip-blade for me (like Mac-the-Knife!)
A jolt for The Snowman
And bags of pure tea!
Then into the sandbox,
And he's out like a light,
But he gives it the count-down
And blasts out of sight.
But before he can go, man,
I lift that white thatch
And dig those glazed eyeballs
In their little round hatch.
And there in the Night
Like a square on the kick,
Why, it's smiling old Laughing Boy
"Jolly" Beat Nick!

11-27-59

Oblivion

Oh sweet, adultrous harlot of the skies
 I yearn to thee with heart of burning fire
 And pray that I might lie between thy thighs
 To find in one mad, all consuming quire
 The passion promised in thy tender eyes.

That I might find, oh sweet, incestuous one
 The flame uniting heart to soul and mind
 And having found this love of two and none
 Cast off the shell that maketh mankind blind
 Unto the glory of the dawning sun.

And having found my rapture in thy kiss
 Oh daughter of the evening's purple charms
 To know the beauty, and the carnal bliss
 Of total dissolution in thine arms
 My Babalon. Veiled by the dread abyss.

12-4-43

*"Oh melancholy brothers
 Dark - dark - dark - - -"
 Death is the way of thy birth
 Pain is the curse of thy mirth
 Sweet is the kiss of the earth.*

— 777

Ego

I, Star, swing out the perihelions of my round.
 A million streamered tendrils coruscate and bound
 Into the sky. They would escape, but no. I hold
 Them yet more firmly, crush them, back into the fold
 They slump with laggard bodies, yet their writhing souls
 Strain out. White, fear lapped eyes are rolled in knotted boles
 Away. Ha. Come to me my little ones, I play.

12-4-41

Requiem

We leave this earth, this earth that is our pride,
This is our worth, by death of worlds we died,
Our hopes our loves, we leave our heritage
Of faith, to you who come across the stellar bridge.
Yours is the flame, the flame of truth and light,
Above the shambles of our hopeless fight,
Grieve not that we and all our kin are gone
We lived by grace which has been long withdrawn.
You are an alien race that will abide
Within the halls that we have been denied,
Hold fast the fire, this is our requiem,
Our peace be on you now and we with them
God grant that you may know what this betide.
Yours is the slow task that we have defied
Accept our hope altho we cannot guide
For who may stand when suns and worlds collide.

12-6-41

*Hymn for Largo of "Finlandia" re the lost race of
planet Bronson Beta*

— 777

Now I Know

I read the lines of prophecy
And spoke the runic writ,
The red Goetia gave to me
The number of the Pit;
So on the brazen door I knocked
Before I could discern,
"I go to put my horns in hock,
Please wait 'till I return."
Now me, I am a patient lad,
Nor do I mind to wait,
And so I sat me on a pad
Before the postern gate,
But cramped asana causes thought
And soon I had reflected
A tiger skin's more cheaply bought
Than devil hide collected.
So thinking thus I took to wing
And lit upon a rafter
Which would have been just dandy but
He sent somebody after-----

12-7-41

The Long Watch

You stand your post in eerie still,
The night moves slowly on,
Above the hill
The moon is chill,
You're waiting for the dawn.

The plain below is lost in sleep,
The sombre rocks are old,
The snow is deep
Where shadows creep
And, somehow, very cold.

But in that endless time you stand
'Tween midnight and the day
You try your hand
To understand
Why war should come your way.

You think of Home, and what it meant
To leave the ones you love
The song you sent
When Holy Lent
Proclaimed the World above.

You think of little things we know
That make us what we are
A guy named Joe,
A movie show,
Or working on your car.

At times it seems but yesterday
That Mother's cheeks were wet
With tears that lay,
And seem to say,
"My son, please don't forget."

Or then again it's Father, who
With voice so gruff and slow
Was proud of you
It thrilled him through
To see you come and go.

This is that private history
A man may not confide.
But memory
For company
Will keep him warm - inside.



