

NECRONOMICON, being the Booke of the Arab, Al Hazred.

until my tardily earned wisdom is accepted by my brethren as true fact, in confronting that which has always been and always will be, a master of magick can know only self reproach and despair if he mistaketh a temporary victory for one that he can never hope permanently to win. Nor is it to be thought that man is either the eldest or the last of the masters of Earth or that the common bulk of life and substance walks alone. The Olde Ones were, the Olde Ones are, and the Olde Ones shall be. Not in the spaces to us known, but *between* them They walk serene and primal, undimentioned and to us unseen. *Yog Sotot ostium sciat. Yog Sotot ostium est. Yog Sotot clarvis est, et custos ostij.* Past, present, future, all are one in Yog Sotot.



He knoweth where the Olde Ones broke through of olde, and where They shall break through again. He knoweth where They have trod Earth her fields and where They still tread them, and why no one can behold Them as They tread. By Their smell can men sometimes know Them near, but of Their semblance can no man know, saving only in the figures of those They have begotten on mankind and of those are there many sorts, differing in likeness from man his truest idolon to that shape without sight or substance which is *Them*. They walk unseen and foul in lonely places where the Words have been spoken and the Rites howled through at Their seasons. The wind gibbers with Their voices and the Earth mutters with Their consciousness. They bend the forest and crush

the city yet may not forest nor city behold the hand that smiteth. Kadath in the Cold Waste hath known Them, and which man wot Kadath? The ice desert of the south and the sunken isles of Ocean hold stones whereon Their seal is engraven but who hath seen the deep frozen city or the sealed tower long garlanded with seaweed and barnacle? Great Cthulhu is Their cousin yet he can spy Them only dimly. *Ia! Shub Niggurath!* As a foulness shall ye know Them. Their hand is at your throats, yet you see Them not; and Their habitation is even one with thy guarded threshold. Yog Sotot is the key to the Gate, whereby the spheres meet. *Man rules now where They ruled once; They shall soon rule where man rules now. After summer is winter, and after winter summer. They abide patient and potent, for there shall They reign again.*



△ Of the Forgotten Ones being not of this world.

Now as I have said unto thee, the Olde Ones bestow great and potent powers upon those of men which please Them; and these dread and awful abominations be neither gods nor devils, but are beyond all limitations of good or evil even as of time or space. They are immortal and eternal and undying, and They abide from everlasting to everlasting, for They are not composed of matter as it we know, and neither are They in their origins true inhabitants of this world at all, but in the beginning were native to another. They gave us and all around us to the Earth, and They shall take us and all around us back again. They have shewn me the way of all things except

