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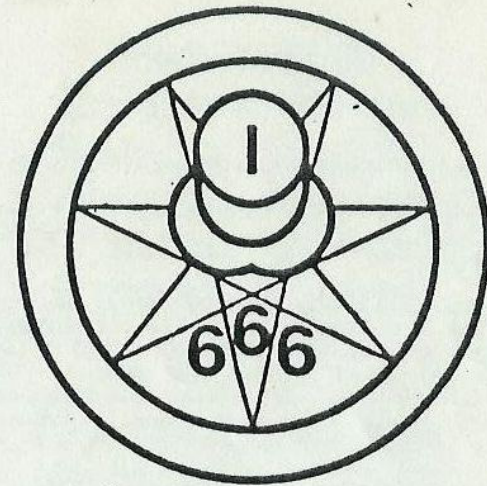
Panic Press

LEAH SUBLIME

BY
ALEISTER CROWLEY

LIMITED EDITION
OF
222

Sony Blokdyk
3161X86 e.v.



LEAH SUBLIME

LIMITED EDITION
OF
222

THIS COPY IS No 119

SPRING EQUINOX
LONDON
1983

FOREWORD

MONDAY JUNE 28 1920

5.25pm to 5.15am

Against all principals, and in breach of two promises, I have sat up all night in the snows, writing a poem to Leah.

One long poem - an occasional publishable line thrown in when I weakened.

7.00 am: I think I'll collect all my filth in one poem and mark it Leah in plain figures.

10.00 am: I think I did.

This is an extract from Aleister Crowley's diary who at this time was living in the Villa Santa Banhera just outside Cefalu in Sicily with 2 mistresses with qualities of drugs and an entourage of disciples - by way of coincidence D. H. Lawrence was in Sicily at precisely the same time looking for a mystical commune - They never met. Had they done so then Lawrence's works would certainly have been even more controversial than they were - both literary figures were enjoying a considerable reputation for obscene publications - I mention this because by comparison D. H. Lawrence's works are positively tame.

The poem we present here is certainly one of Aleister's masterpieces - It has already been published a couple of times and seized by H. M. Customs and most certainly comes under the Obscene Publications Act (another death throw of the slave culture strangling itself by restriction).

It may at first appear to be just another lavatorial graffiti type poem BUT there is much more to it than that - The poem contains 156 lines and 666 words and as all good Quabalists know these are the numbers of the Whore and the Beast. It also makes a very effective initiation ordeal; try reading it out loud to a group of aspirants and you will find it nicely separates the Beasts from the Boys - If you consider yourself an initiate and it upsets you, you can be sure you are not yet an initiate.

Although the poem is dedicated to Crowley's scarlet woman Leah, it is, in fact, written for Woman with a capital W. Obviously not the pretty young thing in false eyelashes, roll on deodorant, tights and other tinsel and glammers designed to trap any naive young male who mistakes her for the Real thing; but Raw Womanhood in all her Lusty Glory. Crowley was in love, particular with Leah and generally with all Woman.

The poem states that quite clearly.

Frater Schyren
XI Ordo Templis Occidentis
Spring Equinox 1983
Cymru

CRYSTALLISATION
F . . EYEX
COVER ART
S . . QESHETH

Leah Sublime
Goddess above me
Snake of the slime
Alostrael, love me
Our master, the devil
Prosper the revel.

Tread with your foot
My heart 'til it hurt
Tread on it, put
The smear of your dirt
On my love, on my shame
Scribble your name

Straddle your Beast
My masterful Bitch
With the thighs of you greased
With the Sweat of your Itch
Spit on me scarlet
Mouth of my harlot.

Now from your wide
Raw cunt, the abyss
Send spouting the tide
Of your sizzling piss
In my mouth, oh my Whore
Let it pour, let it pour.

You stale like a mare
And fart as you stale
Through straggled wet hair
You spout like a whale.
Splash the manure
And piss from the sewer

Down to me quick
With your teeth on my lip
And your hand on my prick
With feverish grip
My life as it drinks
How your breath stinks

Your hand, Oh unclean
Your hand that has wasted
Your love, in obscene
Black masses, that tasted
Your soul, its your hand
Feel my prick stand

Your life times from lewd
Little girl, to mature
Worn whore that has chewed
Your own pile of manure
Your hand was the key to...
And now you frig me too!

Rub all the muck
Of your cunt on me Leah
Cunt, let me suck
All your glued gonorrhea!
Cunt! without end
Amen! till you spend!

Cunt you have harboured
All the dirt and disease
In your slimy unbarbered
Loose hole, with its cheese
And its monthlies and pox
You chewer of cocks

Rub all your gleet away!
Envenom the arrow!
May your pox eat away
Me to the marrow
Cunt you have got me
I love you to rot me

Cunt you have sucked
Up pricks, you have spurted
Out foetuses, fucked
'Till bastards you blurted
Out into space
Spend on my face.

Shit on me slut
Creamy the turds
That drip from your gut!
Greasy the turds
Dribble your dung
On the tip of my tongue

Spend again, lash me
Leah one spasm
Screaming to splash me
Slime of your chasm
Choke me with spilth
Of your sow-belly's filth

Stab your demonical
Smile to my brain
Soak me in cognac
Cunt and cocaine
Sprawl on me sit
On my mouth Leah shit!

Churn on me Leah
Twist on your thighs
Smear diarrhoea
Into my eyes.
Splutter out shit
From the bottomless pit

Turn to me, chew it
With me, Leah whore!
Vomit it, spew it
And lick it once more
We can make lust
Drunk on Disgust

Splay out your gut
Your ass-hole my lover.
You buggering slut
I know where to shove her
There she goes, plumb
Up the foul Bitches bum!

Sackful of skin
And bone, as I speak
I'll bugger your grin
Into a shriek
Bugger you slut
Bugger your gut!

Wriggle you hog
Wrench at the pin
Wrench at it, drag
It half out, suck it in
Scream you hog, dirt, you!
I want it to hurt you

Beast-Lioness squirt from your
Cocksuckers hole!
Belch out the dirt from your
Syphilis soul
Splutter foul words
Through your supper of turds

May the Devil our Lord, your
Soul scribble over
With sayings of ordure
Call me your lover
Slave of the gut
Of the arse of a slut

Call me your sewer
Of spilth and snot,
Your fart-sniffer chewer
Of the shit in your slot.
Call me that as you rave
In the rape of your slave.

Fuck! Shit! Let me come
Alostrael! Fuck!
I've spent in your bum
Shit! give me the muck.
From my whores arse, slick
Dirt of my prick

Eat it you sow!
I'm your dog, fuck, shit!
Swallow it now!
Rest for a bit
Satan you gave
A crown to a slave.

I am your fate, on
Your belly, above you
I swear it by Satan
Leah I love you
I'm going insane
Do it again!

26 x 6 = 156 lines - BABALON
666 words - THERION

Therion in Babalon
& Sol within Female unity in
duality again Therion within
Babalon.