

**H.P. LOVECRAFT'S**  
**THE HOLLYWOOD HORROR**  
**The True Lie Behind The Dunwich Horror**

*As ordained and directed by the ageless Dugpa **H.H. Laughing Buddha** —  
and revised, edited, and rewritten by **Rev. T. Christopher Kurth**  
(with help from his Chela **David M. Kurth**) —  
representing the Ancient & Accepted Dugpa Order. (Last Edit 11/23/23)*

*Original **screenplay** and manuscript — including **documentary** material regarding **Crowley** and **Parsons** (as well as copyright information and legal representation) — available upon request by contacting T. Christopher Kurth (at [professorkuth@gmail.com](mailto:professorkuth@gmail.com)).*

*“**Weird LA Travel**” information, via documentary footnotes, is also available upon request — including **guided tours** of the city — see above for contact info.*

*“**Dark Arts Tarot**” design by Chela **David M. Kurth**: Assistant Dark Arts Defense Instructor.*

# MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY

## PUBLICATIONS OFFICE

Welcome to Miskatonic University—the school where higher education truly begins. Miskatonic University—and the M.U. network of affiliated campuses—is the nation’s foremost school dedicated to the study and investigation of Mentalism as a philosophic and cognitive science. In addition to this primary discipline, we are also known for our intrepid and cutting-edge research into all things preternatural. In fact, Miskatonic also happens to be one of the few universities to offer advanced degrees in subjects deemed too theoretical (or just too “weird”) by other prominent institutions.

Due to the unique nature of our elite institution, Miskatonic University also works closely with the U.S. government in order to help keep our nation—and indeed the world—safe from hyper-dimensional and/or “dark entity” incursions. However, despite the deadly seriousness of these operations, we make the edification of—and defense against—these potentially dark forces both fun and entertaining. And as always, we provide these unique educational services with a smile on our face and a stoical stiff upper lip (that is, so as not to someday be driven insane).

Our lifelong-learning community welcomes both inexperienced freshmen and veteran alumni, alike. Take a look at our on-going and dynamic catalog of course offerings: You won’t be disappointed (However, you just might be scared out of your wits). Please pay special attention to our Departments of Philosophy, Medieval Magick, and our Department of Eastern Studies. These schools are leading bodies in their respective fields and are filled with some of the finest minds in the world. (*Disclaimer: Note, this is still true despite the fact that several of our Emeritus Professors currently reside in Arkham’s sanitarium for the criminally insane.*)

M.U.’s Department of Eastern Studies also happens to be one of the most elite schools of its kind in the world. Indeed, no other American university can boast of a staff of Tibetan sorcerers complementing their faculty. In fact, this extraordinary fraternity (known as the Dugpas) is made up of some of the most accomplished exorcists on the planet—including a few Dreamland guardians currently residing off-world, as well (especially, on the dreaded Plateau of Leng).

Hoping to demonstrate the importance of their arcane Magickal skills and often dangerous psychical work—as well as hoping to draw in some new recruits (for “fresh meat”)—M.U.’s Department of Medieval Magick has decided to reveal one of their most important field cases—explicitly, to a select (and perhaps dangerously naïve) public. The tale that our faculty of heroic Wizards has chosen to reveal has been dubbed “***The Hollywood Horror***” by both yellow journalists and the serious press. But despite this rather catchy and slightly provocative name, it truly describes one of the most harrowing episodes that humanity has ever faced.

However, because the attention span of many readers is so woefully inadequate—due to possible dark entity incursion—they decided to recast this true-life horror story as a useful travel guide to everything weird about Los Angeles. So, in addition to learning all about the abominable Wizard **Aleister Crowley**—and his brilliant “sorcerer’s apprentice,” Jack Whiteside **Parsons**—readers can also simultaneously feast on a bizarre banquet of strange facts and locations related to Southern California. Indeed, LA is one of the weirdest and most magickal cities in the world.

So, read on—but only if you dare! (*Disclaimer: Note, Miskatonic University and associated faculty cannot be held accountable for any resulting psychosis—or slanderous paranoid episodes—that may subsequently ensue. Please consult a physician or psychiatrist if you are either weak of heart or just mentally fragile.*) And, good luck in all your academic pursuits (...you’re going to need it)!

[1] **THE DUNWICH HORROR**: True Origins in Los Angeles, California.

“When a fellow traveler<sup>1</sup> in north central Los Angeles<sup>2</sup> takes a wrong fork... he comes upon a lonely and curious country”: These exact words are the modified opening to our *inspired* revision of H.P. Lovecraft’s<sup>3</sup> **The Dunwich Horror**<sup>4</sup>—which, we hope, will someday be safeguarded at an undisclosed location (near the Ray Bradbury<sup>5</sup> mausoleum) within the hallowed confines of the Hollywood Science Fiction Museum.<sup>6</sup>

Now, you may rightly ask why we have moved the scene of this weird science fiction story, not only 24 years into the future (from 1928 to 1952); but also, from Lovecraft’s ghostly New England village of Dunwich to sunny Southern California? Well, the answer—despite the alleged decadence of both locales—will probably surprise you. However, the most direct and concise response is that THIS IS, IN FACT, WHERE—AND WHEN—THE STORY ACTUALLY HAPPENED! Of course, we have left quite a few fictional elements intact—so that we don’t get sued for slander—but at least now the *real* story of **The Hollywood Horror**<sup>7</sup> can finally be told.

Again, at the risk of repeating ourselves, you will still have to read between the lines of this deceptively fictitious yarn; but now, the broad outlines of a much more bizarre *true-life* tale can finally be illuminated. Believe it or not, **The Dunwich Horror** was really an ingeniously disguised account of a profound *revelation* that overcame Master Lovecraft during an extraordinary *dream trance*. Purportedly, these dreamlike “visions” revealed the future machinations of two notorious Wizards whose lives would come to radically influence modern history, as we know it today! This is undoubtedly why Lovecraft dreamt—and furtively wrote, as lucidly as he could—about these two treacherous individuals in the first place. In fact, these dark sorcerers were none other than the infamous Englishman **Aleister Crowley**<sup>8</sup> and his terrifyingly brilliant American disciple, **Jack Parsons**.<sup>9</sup>

In the story that follows, the encrypted “key code”<sup>10</sup>—outlined below—will help you understand just how Master Lovecraft—using the theory of ‘oppositional correspondences’<sup>11</sup>—both concealed and ultimately revealed the true origins, locations, and people behind the so-called **The Dunwich Horror**:

*Massachusetts* = Southern **California**—the **Los Angeles** Metro Area (to be precise).

*Miskatonic Valley* = The Los Angeles Central Valley.

*Aylesbury* = Downtown LA.

*Dunwich* = **Hollywood** (but also sometimes, *Pasadena*—where Jack once lived and worked).

*The Round Mountains* = The **Santa Monica Mountains**.<sup>12</sup>

*Sentinel Hill* = The famous **Hollywood Hill** (with the ‘big letters’)—namely, Mount Lee.

*The Devil’s Hop Yard* = The ceremonial area around **Mount Lee’s** hillside **Summit**.

*Whateley Farm* = Hollywood’s **Magic Castle** (actually the ‘*Parsonage*,’ in Pasadena).

*Old Wizard Whateley* = Aleister **Crowley** (‘*The Sorcerer*,’ who oversaw these events, from afar).

*Wilbur Whateley* = Jack Whiteside **Parsons** (‘*The Sorcerer’s Apprentice*,’ residing in LA).

‘*The Witch*’ *Lavina Whateley* = Marjorie **Cameron** (actually, his *Wiccan* wife—not his mother).

*Miskatonic University* = The **Philosophical Research Library** (on Los Feliz Blvd) and **UCLA**. And finally...

*Dr. Armitage* = Professor **Manly P. Hall**—the *hero* of our story and universally esteemed Doctor.

(Who—given his esoteric predilections—*may* truly have had an intimate connection with these events.

Indeed, Crowley “*cultists*” may have even been involved in his later murder—namely, while attempting to locate and steal that wretched and fateful tome, the *Necronomicon*).

Thus, in at least its general outlines, this account—once you add 24 years to the dates in the original story—is both factually *true* and *profoundly* disturbing. Yes indeed, Crowley and Parsons not only succeeded in literally ripping a daemoniac hole in space-time, but they also very *nearly* brought about the complete destruction of our civilization. This is the tale of their unforeseen successes and, mercifully, of their ultimate failure. Do not read any further, unless you can truly face the *reality* hidden behind this horrendously *true lie*!

*“Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimaeras—dire stories of Celaeno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes [that] are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that which we know—in a waking sense—to be false, come to affect us at all? Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury? O, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or without the body, they would have been the same.... That the kind of fear here treated is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless on earth, that it predominates in the period of our sinless infancy—are difficulties the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadowland of pre-existence.”*

—Charles Lamb: *Witches and Other Night-Fears*

[2] **LOS ANGELES AS 'LOVECRAFTIAN' FILM NOIR:** Where LA INTELLECTUALS Meet the Low-Life.

As the famous LA author<sup>1</sup> and *noir* screen writer<sup>2</sup> Raymond Chandler<sup>3</sup> might say, when a fellow traveler<sup>4</sup> in north central Los Angeles takes a 'wrong fork'<sup>5</sup> at the junction of the 405 Freeway—just beyond Sunset Boulevard<sup>6</sup>—he comes upon a lonely<sup>7</sup> and curious<sup>8</sup> country.<sup>9</sup>

[3A] **LA'S BEVERLY HILLS—THE RICH, THE BEAUTIFUL, AND THE HIP:** LA's EMOTIONAL High-Life.

Within Beverly Hills<sup>1</sup>—as that famous Castilian Hotel comes into view—the ground gets higher,<sup>2</sup> the tastes get richer,<sup>3</sup> and the real estate becomes more expensive—especially, as one approaches Rodeo Drive.<sup>4</sup> Climbing up the mountain, the ivy-bordered stone walls press closer and closer against lanes of curving scenic roads, like Mulholland Drive.<sup>5</sup> Strangely, the trees of the frequent forest belts of Bel Air<sup>6</sup> seem too large; and the cultivated palms, bushes, and grasses attain a luxuriance not often found in settled regions. At the same time, the extravagantly planted estates of Holmby Hills<sup>7</sup> appear singularly few and morally barren. While the sparsely scattered mansions<sup>8</sup> wear a surprisingly uniform aspect of age, charm, and decadence. Without knowing why, one hesitates to ask directions from the beautiful<sup>9</sup> and elegant jazz hipsters<sup>10</sup> spied now and then on gated doorsteps or on the sloping, rock-strewn twin peaks. Those figures are so silent and furtive that one feels, somehow, confronted by forbidden things—like in a David Lynch film<sup>11</sup>—with which, it would be better to have nothing to do.

[3B] **LA GUIDE TO SUNSET STRIPPING & HOLLYWOOD STAR SEARCHING.**

When a rise in the Sunset Strip<sup>1</sup> brings the mountainous skyscrapers of Downtown LA<sup>2</sup> into view—just above the omnipresent smog<sup>3</sup>—a feeling of strange uneasiness, amidst lingering dead 'Hollywood Stars,'<sup>4</sup> is inexplicably increased. The summits of the Hollywood Hills<sup>5</sup> are too rounded. The 'Hollywood Letters'<sup>6</sup> are too flamboyant. And, the hillside houses<sup>7</sup> are too precariously balanced to avoid LA's dangerous mud slides. Indeed, all this somehow gives a sense of physical and psychical discomfort or unnaturalness.<sup>8</sup>

And sometimes, the sky silhouettes—with especial clearness—the now disguised, odd circles of tall stone pillars, with which Mount Lee was once crowned.<sup>9</sup> Griffith Park gorges and ravines<sup>10</sup>—and even caves<sup>11</sup> of problematical depth—repeatedly intersect the way. And, crude stone bridges—surrounding both sides of that neo-pagan shrine known as the Hollywood Bowl<sup>12</sup>—always seem of dubious safety to intoxicated drivers, trying to find their way down the mountain after some *devilishly* inspired concert.



[4] **PASADENA'S 'SCI-FI' TECH—DEVIL'S GATE AND THE JPL 'SORCERERS':** *Where LA Changes the WORLD.*

When the road dips again, towards the Arroyo Seco Reservoir<sup>1</sup>, there are stretches of marshland that one instinctively avoids; and indeed almost fears at evening.<sup>2</sup> Upon nightfall, unseen whippoorwills chatter and fireflies come out in abnormal profusion to dance to the raucous, creepily insistent rhythms of stridently piping bull-frogs.

The thin, shining line of the Arroyo Seco River<sup>3</sup> has an oddly serpent-like suggestion,<sup>4</sup> as it winds close to the feet of the San Gabriel Mountains,<sup>5</sup> among which it rises. But as the hills draw nearer, one heeds their wooded sides more than their stone-crowned tops. And the sides loom up so darkly and precipitously along the Angeles Crest Highway<sup>6</sup> that one wishes they would keep their distance, but there is no other road by which to escape them.

Across high bridges—looming above the Arroyo Seco river—one sees a small village huddled between the Arroyo Seco streambed<sup>7</sup> and the vertical slopes of the San Gabriel Mountains. And one tends to wonder at the cluster of modern buildings, signifying a much later architectural period than that of neighboring Pasadena.<sup>8</sup> It is not reassuring to see, upon closer examination, that most of the structures are inaccessible and heavily guarded; and that the high-steeped church that once protected those sacred grounds, now harbors a hamlet of scientific '**sorcerers**' that secretly still claim that '*Jack Parsons Lives*'—even though this JPL co-founder supposedly died from a mysterious explosion way back in 1952.<sup>9</sup>

One dreads to trust the tenebrous tunnel of the Devil's Gate Dam,<sup>10</sup> yet there is no way to avoid it. Once across, it is hard to prevent the impression of a faint, malign odor hanging about the Devil's Gate marsh,<sup>11</sup> as of a mass of mold and the decay of centuries. It is always a relief to get clear of the place—following the narrow Oak Grove Drive around the base of the Foothills Freeway—and finally across the level country beyond, till it rejoins Interstate 210. Afterwards, one sometimes learns that one has stumbled upon that famous NASA<sup>12</sup> research community known casually as the JPL—but officially, named the Jet Propulsion Laboratory.<sup>13</sup>

Outsiders who know better, visit **Devil's Gate** area as seldom as possible. And since a certain season of horror, most of the sign boards<sup>14</sup> towards it have been taken down. The scenery—judged by any ordinary aesthetic—is more than commonly beautiful; yet there is no influx of artists or summer tourists.<sup>15</sup> Over half a century ago—when talk of the *witch-blood* of *Babylon*,<sup>16</sup> *satanic worship*,<sup>17</sup> and strange '*forest presences*'<sup>18</sup> was NOT laughed at—it was the custom to give reasons for avoiding this locality.





In our sensible age—especially since “*The Hollywood Horror*”<sup>1</sup> (well over half a century ago) was hushed up by **Philosophers**,<sup>2</sup> **Freemasons**<sup>3</sup> (and secretive **Rosicrucians**<sup>4</sup>) who had the town’s (and even the world’s) welfare at heart—people of more conventional values have tended to *shun* Los Angeles, without knowing exactly why.<sup>5</sup> Perhaps one reason—though it cannot apply to uninformed strangers—is that the natives are sometimes repellently decadent,<sup>6</sup> having gone far along the path of irrational retrogression so common in many Californian intellectual communities<sup>7</sup> (not to mention the more obvious surfer backwaters<sup>8</sup>). And at least ever since the Beatniks<sup>9</sup> of the 1950’s, they have come to form a unique counter-cultural movement,<sup>10</sup> as if a race unto themselves.<sup>11</sup> Namely, with all the well-defined mental and physical stigmata of cultural degeneracy (and even inbreeding) of the many 60’s and 70’s Hippie communes and religious cults.<sup>12</sup> With the exception of the marketing genius of men such as L. Ron Hubbard,<sup>13</sup> the average intelligence of these California cultists is woefully low.<sup>14</sup> Whilst sometimes their infamous activities—like for instance, those of the Christian Nazi cult leader William Dudley Pelley<sup>15</sup> and Charles Manson—reek of overt viciousness and of half-hidden murders, incest, and deeds of almost unnamable violence and perversity.

The old ‘**Freemasonic gentry**’<sup>16</sup>—representing those aristocratic families<sup>17</sup> which came from the east coast, over the last century—have kept somewhat above the general level of decay;<sup>18</sup> though many branches are sunk into the sordid populace so deeply that only their names<sup>19</sup>—like that of Patty Hearst<sup>20</sup>—remain as a key to the origins they disgrace. Some of the Mulhollands and Dohenys<sup>21</sup> still send their children to Harvard and other eastern ivy league schools,<sup>22</sup> though these sons and daughters—unless they attended the more prestigious California schools, like UCLA<sup>23</sup> or Stanford—seldom return to the smog obscured roofs under which their fathers were born.

Indeed, no one—even those who have the FACTS concerning the infamous “*Hollywood Horror*”<sup>24</sup>—can say just what is the matter with Los Angeles; or worse, what actually happened in those secreted Hollywood Hills (or within that ominous Devil’s Gate Reservoir)—to let loose the chaotic flood of cultural change that is, now, pejoratively called “*LA LA Land!*”<sup>25</sup>



[6] **LA RELIGION & MYTHOLOGY:** *Los Angeles—Where “Weirdness” is DIVINE.*

Old legends<sup>1</sup> speak of unhallowed rites and conclaves of Indians,<sup>2</sup> amongst which they apparently called forth forbidden shapes of *shadow* out of the great rounded hills—especially around their **sacred sites** of Mount Lee, the Hollywood Bowl, and Devil’s Gate. Those same ancient peoples made wild orgiastic *invocations*<sup>3</sup> that were allegedly answered by loud cracklings and rumblings from beneath the ground—particularly, below that place known as the La Brea Tar Pits.<sup>4</sup> Incredulous as it sounds, persistent rumors (over many decades) suggest that these strange rites still survive within various dive bars and other such questionable establishments—such as at the Tiki Ti, Damon’s, and that Pacific islander hideout known as the Society for the Preservation of Oceanic Arts.<sup>5</sup>

In 1847, the Reverend Abijah Hoadley—newly come to the Congregational Church located on the cliffs overlooking Pasadena’s Arroyo Seco—preached a memorable *Sermon* on the close presence of *Satan*<sup>6</sup> and his *imps*;<sup>7</sup> in which he said:

*“It must be allowed that the blasphemies of this infernal train of Daemons<sup>8</sup> are matters of too common Knowledge to be denied; the voices of Azazel and Buzrael, of Beelzebub and Belial, being heard now, from underground, by more than a score of credible witnesses now living. I myself, not more than a fortnight ago, did catch a very plain discourse of evil powers in the hill behind my house; wherein there was a rattling and rolling, groaning and screeching, and vile hissing such as no things of this earth<sup>9</sup> could raise up—and which must have come from those caves<sup>10</sup> that only Black Magick<sup>11</sup> can discover—and only the Devil<sup>12</sup> unlock.”*

Rev. Hoadley disappeared soon after delivering his fiery sermon; but part of the text, reprinted for the Pasadena Catholic Parish,<sup>13</sup> is still extant. Indeed, concerned Christian clergy (of every denomination) fervently sought help from a nearby Jewish congregation<sup>14</sup>—possibly, with hopes of finding an actual practicing Kabbalist<sup>15</sup> (who might better understand these dark powers and, most importantly, how to permanently banish them).

Noises and *reptilian* sightings<sup>16</sup> in the hills near the Vasquez Rocks Natural Park<sup>17</sup> continue to be reported from year to year, and still form a puzzle to geologists and geophysicists—and especially to any visiting Trekkers. Other traditions tell of foul *odors* near the top of Hollywood’s **Mount Lee**—where the, now disguised, presence of hill-crowning circles of stone pillars once stood. And also, of rushing airy *presences* heard faintly—at certain hours and from various stated points—at the bottom of these great ravines. While still others try to explain the so-called **Devil’s Hop Yard**<sup>18</sup>—that bleak *blasted hilltop* of Mount Lee<sup>19</sup> where no tree, shrub, or blade of grass will grow very well. Not to mention, the swampish *aura* of nightmare surrounding the **Devil’s Gate** area—lying just north of Pasadena, along the base of the San Gabriel Mountains. There too, Los Angeles natives sometimes grow mortally afraid of the numerous *whippoorwills* which grow extremely vocal on warm summer nights. Interestingly, it is vowed that these birds are actually psychopomps lying in wait for the souls of the dying—and that they time their eerie cries in unison with the sufferer’s struggling breath. If they can catch the fleeing soul, when it leaves the body—legend says—they instantly flutter away chittering in *daemoniac* laughter; but if they fail, they subside gradually into a disappointed silence.

These tales<sup>20</sup> of course, are obsolete and ridiculous; because they obviously come down from olden times, and from even older superstitious folk. However, Downtown Los Angeles is indeed ridiculously old<sup>21</sup>—older by far than any of the communities within miles of it. Just south of Fifth & Main, one may still spy hidden cellar walls<sup>22</sup> which—allegedly—conceal access to vast tunnels and caverns<sup>23</sup> of an unbelievably ancient ‘lizard city’<sup>24</sup> (which was supposedly built before the deluge). Whilst the ruins of the newer tunnels were indisputably built around 5,000 years ago; and which, astonishingly, form the most modern pieces of architecture to be seen. Human industry definitely did not flourish here, and the nineteenth and early twentieth-century factory construction and earth movement proved that the Native Indian lore<sup>25</sup> regarding this strange region was absolutely true. Although this underground ‘lizard city’ supposedly hails from an unbelievably remote period of time, the oldest ruins that are actually known to the public are those great rings of rough-hewn stone columns resting upon the Hollywood hilltops—but these are more generally attributed to Indians, than to mythical ‘reptilian’ settlers.

Nevertheless, ancient deposits of nearly human and reptilian-looking skulls and bones<sup>26</sup> continue to be found within the various stone circles in (and around) Mount Lee’s dreaded **table rock**<sup>27</sup>—that alleged ‘sacrificial rock’ which ominously and surreptitiously surmounts the infamous **Hollywood Hill** (that notorious hill, remarkably emblazoned with those notably enormous letters). These findings undeniably raise many uncomfortable questions. Indeed, these seemingly ‘impossible’ findings sustain the popular myth that these strange sites were once the burial-places of prehistoric—or perhaps even ‘time-travelling’—Lizard People<sup>28</sup> (or ‘Serpent Men’);<sup>29</sup> even though most ethnologists—disregarding the absurd improbability of such a theory—persist in believing these remains to be that of Paleolithic Indians. Perhaps the funniest urban legend, surrounding these seemingly bizarre facts, is that the Gigantic Donuts<sup>30</sup> gracing the roof-tops of various LA breakfast establishments are really disguised stargates,<sup>31</sup> hidden in plain-site. However, since many a’ hole bound trespasser has climbed these roofs, and hasn’t disappeared, all these stories are highly improbable—right?

[7] **MENTALISM, MAGICK, & LA's MAGIC CASTLE:**

*LA's Secret Place for a Meeting of MIND & SPIRIT.*

***Hollywood's Magic Castle & Marvel 'Jack' Parsons:***

It was in the township of **Hollywood**, in a large and partially inhabited **castle-looking manor house**<sup>1</sup> set against a hillside about four miles from **Hollywood Boulevard** (and an acre and a half from any other dwelling) that **John Marvel Whiteside Parsons**—better known as “**Jack**” **Parsons**<sup>2</sup>—was born at 8:45 pm on Sunday, the Second of October, 1914. This date was recalled because it was near *Hallowmass*<sup>3</sup>, which some people in Hollywood curiously observe under another name<sup>4</sup>; and because the noises in the hills had sounded, and all the dogs of the hillside had barked persistently, throughout the night before.

***Jack Parsons' Los Angeles—R.U. Sirius:***

In fact, in the earlier half of the century, the wilder areas of the **Hollywood Hills** were seemingly overrun with packs of semi-feral, but typically friendly **dogs**. Everyone seemed to put up with these renegade canines, going so far as to feed and sometimes boarding them at night. These dogs were relatively tame, especially with young children; with the notable exception of young **Jack Parsons**—they seemed to actively fear and avoid him!

***Aleister Crowley—'The Wizard' ...& 'The Witch':***

Less well known was the mother, **Marjorie Cameron**<sup>5</sup>—one of those decadent Nuevo California types—that is, a somewhat warped, but stunningly attractive albino woman of about thirty-five—with rather striking red hair—who came to live (and probably sleep with) with an aged and half-insane Englishman<sup>6</sup> of near legendary ill repute. This infamous Englishman, about whom the most frightful “*tales of wizardry*”<sup>7</sup> had been whispered since his youth<sup>8</sup>, was none other than the feared, but well-known “**Wizard**”<sup>9</sup> universally known as **Aleister Crowley**.<sup>10</sup>

***Marjorie Cameron—'The Witch' & 'The Witch's House':***

**Marjorie Cameron Parsons**<sup>11</sup> had no lasting husband—but, according to the custom of the region—made no attempt to disavow the child. However, concerning the alleged working of **sex magick**<sup>12</sup>—and the other side of the child's ancestry<sup>13</sup>—the Hollywood folk might (and did) speculate, as widely as they chose. Though contrary to scandalous rumor, she seemed strangely proud of the dark, handsome, and (almost) goatish-looking infant—who formed such a contrast to her own sickly white-skinned quasi-albinism. She was even heard to mutter—during **drug** induced **rants**—many curious **prophecies**<sup>14</sup> about unusual powers and of Jack's tremendous future. Cameron was one who would be apt to mutter such things, for she was a lone creature given to **witchcraft**<sup>15</sup> and to detestable wanderings amidst violent thunderstorms in the parks and private estates of **Beverly Hills**—and of reading from the *great occult works*<sup>16</sup> which her father and friend **Gerald Gardner**<sup>17</sup> had inherited, through centuries of *prohibited practices*<sup>18</sup> (books which were now falling to pieces, with age and worm-eaten holes). She claimed that she had never been to school; still, Cameron was filled with a rich assortment of disjointed scraps of *ancient lore*<sup>19</sup> that both Crowley and the local Gardnerian **Wiccans**<sup>20</sup> had taught her. She, ultimately, procured her own lodgings, just a few miles west of her adopted mentor—and her son's hoary castle-like mansion. Afterwards, her small cottage came to be referred to as “**The Witch's House**”<sup>21</sup>, especially by condescending neighbors.

### ***Crowley's Black Magick & 'The Parsonage':***

Of course, the **Parsons' family** residence, known by kinfolk as the "*Parsonage*," had already been nicknamed "**The Magic Castle**"<sup>22</sup> by locals—as this remote hillside manor had always been feared because of **Crowley's** reputation for **black magic**<sup>23</sup>—and, due to the unexplained insanity (allegedly caused by ritual violence) of Mrs. **Rose Edith** Crowley<sup>24</sup>, when Cameron was much younger. These facts had not helped to make the place popular—at least in those early years, before it was completely restored to become one of LA's most famous *clandestine* attractions.

### ***Crowleyan Sex Magick:***

Isolated among strange influences, **Cameron** was fond of wild and grandiose day-dreams<sup>25</sup> and singular occupations—such as her passion for painting and the performing arts<sup>26</sup>—nor was her leisure much taken up by ordinary household cares—that is, in a home from which bourgeois standards of paternal order<sup>27</sup> and conformity to social norms<sup>28</sup> had long since disappeared. Further illustrating the point, there were often hideous screams and indications of abominable **sex rites**<sup>29</sup>, which echoed above even the hill noises and the dog's barking, on the night that **Jack Parsons** was born! However, no known doctor or midwife presided over his *blasphemous coming*.<sup>30</sup>

### ***Crowley's 'Hollywood Prophecy' at Musso & Frank's:***

Neighbors knew nothing of him until a week afterwards, when Old **Crowley** drove his Limousine down to the busy, sun drenched streets of **Hollywood Boulevard**; and thus, over a *martini*, heedlessly discoursed (rather incoherently) to the pub locals at **Musso & Frank's**.<sup>31</sup> There seemed to be a change in the old man—an added element of furtiveness in that disturbed brain which transformed him from an object to a subject of fear—though he was not one to be perturbed by any common event. Amidst it all, he showed some trace of pride—later noticed in his adopted daughter as well—and what he said of the child's paternity<sup>32</sup> was remembered by many of his hearers, years afterward. He boasted, "*I don't care what common people think—if Cameron's boy looked like his FATHER, he wouldn't look like anything you'd expect. You needn't think the only important persons are the people in these whereabouts. Cameron was well read and she has seen many things that most of you only talk about. I calculate that her man is as good a husband as you can find this side of the Atlantic; and if you knew as much about the Hills as I do, you couldn't ask for any better 'church' wedding for her and her extraordinary mate. Let me tell you something—someday, you LA folks will hear a child of Cameron's calling its Father's name on the top of those Hollywood Hills!*"<sup>33</sup>

### ***The Elders—Marvel Parsons, Walter Whiteside, & Carrie Whiteside:***

The only persons who saw young Jack Parsons during the first months of his life were **Marvel Parsons**<sup>34</sup>—of the undecayed Parsons—and old **Walter Whiteside's** wife, Mrs. **Carrie Whiteside**.<sup>35</sup> Mrs. Carrie's visit was frankly one of curiosity, and her subsequent tales<sup>36</sup> did justice to her observations. But, Marvel's visit was mostly for reasons of family and business.

### ***Crowley's 'Sacrificial' Cows & Controversial Urban Barn:***

Marvel, ironically—after first securing a rather difficult to obtain city permit to keep and breed large animals—came to lead a pair of Alderney **cows**, which Old Crowley had brought from his adopted son, away from Curtis's **Slaughter-House**<sup>37</sup>—that old factory which supplied **Dodger Stadium** with their popular “Dodger Dogs” (and allegedly sold beef to the oldest **McDonalds**<sup>38</sup> in the country). This large animal permit marked the beginning of a course of cattle-buying on the part of Jack's family—which only ended only in 1952, when the Hollywood horror came and went—yet, at no time did the extravagant Parsons estate seem overcrowded with livestock. Indeed, there came a time when people were curious enough to steal up and count the herd—which grazed precariously on the steep hillside, above the old mansion's main house—but they could never find more than ten or twelve anemic, bloodless-looking specimens. Evidently some blight or distemper—perhaps, sprung from the unwholesomely cramped pasturage, diseased fungi<sup>39</sup>, and moldy timbers of that makeshift **urban barn**—caused a heavy mortality amongst the Parsons' animals. And at least according to the owner of **Bischoff's Taxidermist**<sup>40</sup>, odd *wounds* or sores (having something of the aspect of incisions) seemed to inflict the visible cattle. And more inexplicable still, once or twice, during earlier months, certain callers fancied they had discerned similar “sores” about the *throats*<sup>41</sup> of the old man and his slatternly, red-haired albino disciple.

### ***Jack's Limitless I.Q. & Accelerated Mental Development:***

In the spring, after Jack's birth, Cameron resumed her customary rambles and visitations—especially within the green parks and hillsides of **Beverly Hills**. And during these odd rambles, held within her abnormally white arms, she would carry her swarthy child—like some bizarre offering to Hollywood's allegedly sacred sites. Public interest in the **Parsons** subsided only after a majority of the community had seen the baby; but no one bothered to comment on the swift mental **development**<sup>42</sup> which the youth seemed, every day, to exhibit. Indeed, Jack's cognitive growth was truly phenomenal—for within a few years of his birth, he had attained an **I.Q.** and mental power<sup>43</sup> well beyond children his own age. His interests, and even his vocal diction, showed a restraint and deliberateness highly peculiar in a preteen; and no one was really unprepared when he began to walk regularly and unassisted to the nearby **Library**—with faltering(s) in reading<sup>44</sup> another few years of repetition were sufficient to remove.

### ***Hollywood ‘Bonfire’ Celebrations & ‘Sky Clad’ Hallowmass Rites:***

It was somewhat after this time—on **Hallowe’en**—that a great **bonfire** blaze<sup>45</sup> was seen, around midnight, on top of **Mount Lee**, directly above the Hollywood letters—namely, where an old **table-stone** surreptitiously stands, hidden nowadays, under a large tower (and amidst a supposed tumulus archaeological find of ancient reptilian bones). Considerable talk was started when Marvel Parsons—of the undecayed Parsons—mentioned having seen **Jack** running sturdily up that hill, ahead of his **mother**, about an hour before the blaze was remarked. Marvel—after the city had called about complaints from various hillside neighbors—was rounding up a stray heifer, but nearly forgot his mission when he fleetingly spied the two figures in the dim light of his flashlight. They darted almost noiselessly through the underbrush. And, the astonished watcher seemed to think they were entirely **unclothed**.<sup>46</sup> Afterward, he could not be sure about Jack, who seemed to have been wearing some sort of a fringed belt and a pair of dark trunks or long trousers. Notably—despite his early tendency to appear bare chested in public—Jack was never subsequently seen alive again without complete (and tightly buttoned) attire—which the disarrangement (or threatened disarrangement) of always seemed to fill him with anger and alarm. Gossip tended toward speculation of possible **disfigurement** caused by excessive or perverse sexual practices<sup>47</sup>—or possibly, “scarification” and tattooing<sup>48</sup> (as is sometimes witnessed in archaic tribal rites)—but none of this idle chatter could be substantiated. Though, his contrast with the nakedness of his mother and adopted grandfather—in this respect—was thought very notable—until the horror of 1952 suggested the most valid reasons why!

### ***Jack’s Advanced Erudition & Scholarly Lectures’:***

The following January, gossips seemed mildly interested in the fact that Cameron’s “black-haired brat” had commenced giving a series of scholarly “**talks**” on **mentalism**<sup>49</sup>, ceremonial **magick**, speculative **philosophy**, applied **phenomenology**<sup>50</sup>, and various technical subjects related to **experimentation** and **scientific method**<sup>53</sup>. And surprisingly for the period, he even entertained such probing subjects as **space travel** and the current state of **rocket science**.<sup>51</sup> And amazingly, people later recalled that he did all this at still a rather young age, especially given the erudition afforded these difficult topics.

### ***Jack’s Strange Voice:***

His speech was somewhat remarkable both because of its difference from the ordinary accent and affectations of the region, and because it displayed a freedom from infantile thought—of which many people tend to regress, with regards to such fantastic and wide-ranging subjects. The young man was not predisposed to be overly talkative; yet, when he spoke, he seemed to reflect some elusive element wholly unpossessed by most Californians—and especially by its Hollywood denizens. The strangeness resided in both what he said, even in the simple idioms he used; but also, it seemed to be vaguely linked with his intonation and with how he produced spoken sounds and certain unknown dialects (of likely, long dead languages)? Either way, this tendency produced the effect of profound *scholarship*, and *visionary insight*, well beyond his years—but it also proved to be a bit unnerving.



### ***Jack's Strange Appearance:***

His facial aspect, too, was remarkable for its maturity; for though he shared his mother's chin, his firm precociously shaped nose—united with his expression of rather large, dark, almost Latin eyes—gave him a definite air of adulthood and well-nigh preternatural *charm* and *intelligence*. He was, without a doubt, exceedingly *handsome*, despite his strange and disheveled appearance—there being something almost impish or animalistic about his thick lips, large-pored, almost olive skin, coarse dark hair, devilish beard, and especially his odd slightly pointed ears.

### ***Jack's Religion, Philosophy, & Politics:***

Though apparently, it was Jack's **political views**<sup>52</sup> that went TOO FAR for most common folk—and he was soon disliked even more decidedly than his libertine mother and adopted grandsire and mentor. Besides, all conjectures about him were spiced with references to the bygone **magick** of Old **Crowley**<sup>53</sup>—and how the hills shook when he shrieked the name of “**Yog-SoThoth**”<sup>54</sup> amidst Hollywood's great **stone circles**—and his reading from that infamous occult book, the ***Necronomicon***, often held open in his arms before him. In fact, all these ridiculous and extravagant tales prompted much discussion of the need to debunk all such nonsense, in the tradition of **Harry Houdini**<sup>55</sup>—who was also once a proud native of Hollywood<sup>56</sup>—and now, ironically, the subject of modern **seances**<sup>57</sup> and spooky **ghost stories**.<sup>58</sup> Of more ominous portent, however, was the allegation that dogs simply abhorred Jack Parsons, and that he was now obliged to take various defensive measures against their barking and unchained aggression.

### ***The Magic Castle Hotel:***

Meanwhile, Old Crowley continued to buy cattle without measurably increasing the size of his herd. He also purchased timber and began to repair the unused parts of the main house—a spacious, peaked-roofed affair with its rear end buried entirely in the rocky hillside—whose three most spacious ground-floor rooms had always been sufficient for himself and his adopted daughter; as well as any accumulated assembly of disciples. There must have been prodigious reserves of *willpower* in that old man which enabled him to accomplish so much building and renovation. And though he still babbled dementedly at times, his architectural designs seemed to show the effects of sound *calculation*.<sup>59</sup> It had already begun as soon as Jack was born, when one of the many attached suites of the so-called **Magic Castle Hotel**<sup>60</sup>—located immediately behind the main house—had suddenly been renovated and put in attractive and useful order; and then incongruously fitted with a stout fresh lock.

### ***The Magic Castle 'Cult' & Clubhouse:***

Now, deepening the vast basement—which entailed burrowing still deeper into the hillside—and restoring the abandoned upper story of the house, he proved no less a *craftsman*. His mania showed itself only in the locks and tight bars of metal latticework placed behind all the stained-glass windows in these reclaimed sections—though many declared that it was a crazy thing to bother with this reclamation at all. Moreover, all this rather bizarre construction had the remarkable effect of making this already sizable mansion appear much larger on the inside than it looked on the outside. This *illusion* tended to give even further credence to the house's nickname—thus, becoming both a genuine architectural wonder and a true “**Magic Castle.**”

### ***The Magician's Library & 'Inner Sanctum':***

Less inexplicable was his fitting up of another downstairs room for his newly apprenticed grandson and apparent successor—a room which several callers saw briefly, though no one was ever admitted to that closely guarded upper story. To this **Magician's Library**<sup>61</sup> and **Initiation Chamber** he, predictably, lined its hidden walls with tall, firm shelving; along which he gradually arranged, in apparently predetermined order, all the rotting ancient and **secret books** (and parts of books) which—during his own day—had been heaped promiscuously in odd corners of various rooms. “*I made some use of them,*” he would say—as he tried to mend a torn black-and-red (probably blood-soaked) lettered page issuing from his most coveted text, ***The Book of the Law***<sup>62</sup>—“*but the boy's fit to make greater use of them. He had better have them as well sorted as he can, for they are going to constitute the complete curriculum of his Magickal learning.*”<sup>63</sup>

### ***Jack's Studies, Recreations, & Pilgrimages:***

Now, as **Jack** was nearly at the end of puberty, his increasing *intellectual maturity* and accomplishments seemed almost alarming—especially to anyone who had met him face-to-face. His *I.Q.* had grown astronomically—as he was already fluent in several languages and incredibly *intelligent* and *informed* whenever discussing mathematics and symbolic logic. Nevertheless, as teenagers are inclined to do, he also ran freely about the streets of Los Angeles and within his hometown neighborhood of Pasadena, nearby—just as he had, earlier, explored the parks and hills above old Hollywood. But like a truly dutiful son, he also accompanied his mother—almost religiously—during her strange hillside pilgrimages.

### ***An Ancient Magical Society & 'Secret' Apprenticeship:***

Conversely, while studying at home—within that star-crossed **Magic Castle**—he would diligently complete his shadowy **Apprenticeship**, pouring carefully over the queer pictures and charts in his adopted grandfather's esoteric books; while the old sorcerer **Crowley** would instruct and ceremonially **Catechize** him in the ‘old ways’—as spiritual **Mentor**<sup>64</sup> to **Disciple**—in all the secrets of that **Ancient Magical Society**<sup>65</sup>—through long, hushed afternoons, completely hidden from an unsuspecting public!

[8] **LA SCIENCE & NATURAL DISASTERS:** *Where Los Angeles Meets PHYSICAL Reality.*

By this time, the restoration of the “**Magic Castle**” **Mansion** was finished, and those who watched it wondered why one of the upper windows had been made into a solid plank door. It was a window at the top of the rear northern gabled end, close against the Hollywood hillside; yet no one could imagine why a cleated wooden runway was built up to it, up from the ground. It invariably reminded people of those spooky ruined cages at the ‘Old’ **Los Angeles Zoo**<sup>1</sup>, now occupying a lost and lonely canyon within **Griffith Park**.<sup>2</sup>

About the period of this work’s completion, people also noticed that the adjacent apartments of the “**Magic Castle**” **Hotel**—tightly locked with the windows and doors barred ever since Jacks’ birth—had been abandoned, once again. The main door swung listlessly open, and when Walter Whiteside once stepped within—after a cattle-selling call on Old **Crowley**—he was quite discomposed by the singular odor he encountered. Such a stench, he claimed, as he had never smelt before—except near the Indian circles, upon the hilltops—and which could not come from anyone or *anything* sane (...or living on this earth). But then, the homes and sheds of **Hollywood** folk have always been remarkable for their olfactory “uniqueness,” undoubtedly due to the surreptitious cultivation of privately-owned hemp stashes.<sup>3</sup>

The following months were void of visible events, save that everyone swore to a slow but steady increase in the mysterious “*hill noises*” coming—especially—from **Griffith Observatory**<sup>4</sup> and nearby **Bronson Cave**. On May-Eve there were **tremors**<sup>4</sup> which ALL the people living in greater **Los Angeles** felt—and which apparently, caused the initial weakening of the foundations of the **Northridge** “Death Apartments.”<sup>5</sup> Whilst even more bizarre, the following Hallowe’en produced an underground rumbling queerly synchronized with bursts of flame.<sup>6</sup> People exclaimed—like they did of **Nikola Tesla**<sup>7</sup>, during an earlier period of weirdness—“*Those lightning discharges*<sup>8</sup> *are that Wizard Crowley’s doing*” as they flashed wildly from the **Hollywood Hill** summit of Mt. Lee seemingly towards the roof of that solitary astronomical observatory. So great were the radiate emissions of **arc-lightning** that people feared it might even ignite the **Hollywood Sign**, itself, if not the vulnerable grasses and woodlands of surrounding Griffith Park.

Meanwhile, **Jack Parsons** was growing up uncannily, so that now he looked more like a clever man-boy, as he entered his young adult years. He read **Science-Fiction**<sup>9</sup> avidly now—and not only by himself, but also surrounded by a bevy of soon to be famous **Sci-Fi writers**.<sup>10</sup> However, he talked much less than formerly. A settled taciturnity was absorbing him; and for the first time, people began to speak openly of the dawning look of evil shrouding his goatishly handsome face. Indeed, he would sometimes mutter strange and unfamiliar tongues<sup>11</sup> and **chant**<sup>12</sup> “*the Hymn of Pan*”<sup>13</sup> in bizarre rhythms, which chilled listeners with a sense of unspeakable horror. His coworkers would sometimes jest, only half-jokingly, that if “*he prayed to a ‘Goat-god’*,” then he might find more affordable residence within the **Los Angeles Zoo**.<sup>14</sup> Moreover, the aversion displayed toward him by dogs had also become a matter of wide remark, and he was obliged to carry a pistol in order to traverse city and countryside in safety. His occasional use of the weapon did not enhance his popularity amongst the owners of these canine guardians; and the **Los Angeles Police Department** more than once responded to reports of gunshots.

The few callers at the, now, notorious **Magic Castle** “*cult compound*” would often find **Cameron** sitting alone on the ground floor; while odd bestial cries<sup>15</sup> and footsteps<sup>16</sup> resounded overhead, in the boarded-up second story. Yet, she never revealed what Crowley and Jack were doing up there; though once she turned pale, displaying an abnormal degree of fear, when a jocosely friend and drug-peddler once tried the locked door leading to the stairway. This rather “talkative” meth-user later told **Tiki Ti** loungers, slumming on **Hollywood Boulevard**, that it sounded almost like a shark feeding at that **Long Beach Aquarium**.<sup>17</sup> And once, he thought he even heard a horse stomping<sup>18</sup> on the floor above, like the **horses** do when they get spooked by the thunderstorms that occasionally beset **Sunset Ranch**.<sup>19</sup>

The loungers reflected, thinking of the door, and runway, and of **Farmer John’s** Slaughterhouse<sup>20</sup> **cattle**—that so swiftly disappeared—then shuddered, as they recalled tales of Old Crowley’s youth and of the strange things that are called<sup>21</sup> out of the earth<sup>22</sup>—whenever a bullock is **sacrificed**<sup>23</sup> at the proper time, to certain “*heathen gods*.”<sup>24</sup> Indeed, even JEHOVAH—Himself—seemed ONLY appeased by the sacrificial offerings of a, now extinct, Red Heifer.<sup>25</sup> And still further adding to everyone’s suspicions, it had—for some time now—been noticed that dogs hated and feared that *entire* Crowley compound, as violently as they hated and feared Jack Parsons personally.

[9] **LA CULTURE, ARTS, & HUMANITIES**: *Where LA Seeks a HIGHER EMOTIONAL Expression.*

In the 1940s the Second World War came; and Squire Walter Whiteside, as chairman of the local draft board, had a hard time finding a quota of young Hollywood **Beatniks**<sup>1</sup> fit to be sent to a development camp. The government, alarmed at such signs of wholesale regional decadence—concomitant with the entire *Beat generation*<sup>2</sup>—sent several sociologists and civic officers, and even a few medical experts, to investigate. They conducted an extensive **cultural survey**<sup>3</sup> which Los Angeles newspaper readers may still recall. In addition to studying various **counter-culture**<sup>4</sup> phenomena, officials also examined the city's major **ethnic**<sup>5</sup> groups, **historical**<sup>6</sup> influences, and **artistic**<sup>7</sup> traditions found throughout the Greater **Los Angeles** metropolitan area—for example, the **Watts**<sup>8</sup> region; the areas known as **Little Tokyo**<sup>9</sup>, **Chinatown**<sup>10</sup>, and **Koreatown**<sup>11</sup>; and also **Little India**<sup>12</sup> (as well as any unique outlying regions and regional **Museums**<sup>13</sup> located throughout the wider valley).

Like a forgotten episode of *Kolchak: The Night Stalker*<sup>14</sup>, it was the publicity attending this in-depth **investigation** that initially set reporters on the track of the so-called Crowley “cultists”<sup>15</sup>, specifically. This caused the *Los Angeles Times*<sup>16</sup> and the *Examiner*<sup>17</sup> to print several flamboyant Sunday stories: about young Jack Parsons’ precociousness, Old Crowley’s black magic, that bizarre yellow-colored mansion, the shelves of strange books, the sealed second story, and the vague weirdness regarding the entire Hollywood region and its purported “hill noises.” Jack was fully grown then and indeed looked like a lad of precocious maturity. Lately, his lips and cheeks were fuzzy with a coarse dark beard—and his voice had begun to ominously deepen.

Walter Whiteside ventured out to Crowley’s notorious **Magic Castle** with both sets of reporters<sup>18</sup> and cameramen<sup>19</sup> and called their attention to the nauseating stench that seemed to trickle down from its sealed upper spaces. It was, he said, exactly like the smell he had found in the **Magic Castle**’s attached **Hotel** and apartments—abandoned when the main house was finally repaired. And, similar to faint odors which he sometimes thought he smelled near the stone circles, upon the nearby hillsides and mountain tops.

**Hollywood** folk read these stories whenever they appeared, and grinned over the obvious mistakes. And, an acting troupe humorously performed a comedy skit at **Ciro’s**<sup>20</sup>, based on the whole charade. They wondered, too, why the writers made so much of the fact that old Crowley always paid for his cattle in gold pieces—allegedly, of an extremely ancient date. This suspected “treasure trove” was even mocked during an evening performance at the **Pirate’s Dinner Adventure Playhouse**<sup>21</sup>—namely, that venue located next to the ever popular **Medieval Times**<sup>22</sup> restaurant, in **Buena Park**.

This, by now, blatantly sensationalized “cult” had received visitors with ill-concealed distaste, though they did not dare court further publicity by a violent resistance or refusal to talk. The fact that they endured so much ridicule, defamation, and even downright persecution was not lost on the **Museum of Tolerance**<sup>23</sup>; which eventually caused the **Simon Wiesenthal Center** to, unwisely, champion the Crowley cultists’ cause during the vicious media “feeding frenzy” that followed.

For almost a decade, the annals of Crowley's **O.T.O.**—formally, the *Ordo Templi Orientis*—cult<sup>24</sup> tended to sink indistinguishably into the general life of a moribund community.<sup>25</sup> A community accustomed, as they were, to their eccentric ways<sup>26</sup>; and hardened to their annual **May-Eve** and **All-Hallows** festivities—and presumed orgies.<sup>27</sup> Twice a year they would light bonfires<sup>28</sup> atop that sentinel-like **Hollywood Hill**<sup>29</sup>, otherwise known as Mount Lee. And, suspiciously—at these times—the mountain rumbling seemed to recur with greater and greater violence. While—at all seasons—there were numerous strange and portentous doings at that lonely **Magic Castle** mansion.

In the course of time, callers professed to hear horrific sounds in that sealed upper story—especially when all of the purported “family” of cultists were downstairs—and they wondered how swiftly, or how lingeringly, a cow or **bullock** was therein **sacrificed**. And, people also began to notice all the extra bones that piled up around that cult-owned *Necromance*<sup>30</sup> storefront, eventually to be sold for some nefarious black magic incantations. There was even talk of a complaint to the *Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*—but nothing ever came of it—since, Hollywood folk are never anxious to call the outside world's attention to their wild eccentricities and disreputable activities (surely, the Paparazzi are already good enough at that).

About the later-half of the decade—when Jack Parsons' mind, voice, stature, and bearded face all gave the impression of complete maturity—a second great siege of carpentry went on at the Magic Castle. However, it was all inside the sealed upper story. From the bits of discarded lumber, people concluded that Jack (and his grandfatherly mentor, Crowley) had knocked out all the partitions—and perhaps, even removed the attic floor—leaving one vast open void between the ground story and peaked roof. They had even torn down the great central chimney; and had fitted the rusty range with a flimsy tin stovepipe that the neighborhood locals tended to complain about. Really, it just looked too makeshift and shabby—and threatened to further bring down property values.

Rumors began to circulate that the Crowley cultists were embarking on a crazy construction scheme, similar to the infamous **Watts Towers**.<sup>31</sup> And, the community wondered at the architectural symbolism<sup>32</sup> and potential **occult** significance<sup>33</sup> behind both of these maniacal building projects. Artistic expression be damned—there was most likely some nefarious activity afoot!

[10] **LA MEDICINE & PSYCHIATRY: INNER PHYSICAL** life—and Death—in Los Angeles.

In the spring, after his unwanted notoriety, Old **Crowley** ominously noted the growing number of whippoorwills that came out of **Runyon Canyon**<sup>1</sup> to chirp below his window at night. He seemed to regard this circumstance as one of great significance and told fellow loungers at **Musso & Frank's** that he thought that his time had almost come. *"They whistle just in tune with my breathing, now"* he said, *"and I guess they're getting ready to catch my soul! They know it's going out and they don't calculate to miss it. You will know, Old Chaps, after I'm gone, whether they got me or not. If they did, then they'll keep on singing and laughing until the break of day. If they don't, then they'll kind of quiet down, like they failed. I expect that they—and the souls they hunt—have some pretty tough tussles, sometimes."* Crowley's strange comments, and related lore, inevitably found its way to the owners of the **Hollywood Museum of Death**<sup>2</sup>; where such stories are immortalized—and still a topic of wild speculation.

On Lammas Night of 1948—when power and phones went out on the hill—**Dr. Houghton Aylesbury**<sup>3</sup>, from the **UCLA Medical Center**<sup>4</sup>, was hastily summoned by **Jack Parsons**, who had driven his one remaining limousine through the darkness and telephoned from Musso & Frank's, on **Hollywood Boulevard**. He found Old Crowley in a very grave state, with cardiac action—and labored breathing—that told of an end, not far off. The shapely albino disciple, **Cameron**, and the handsome, oddly bearded Parsons stood over Crowley's beside<sup>5</sup>, whilst—from the vacant abyss overhead—there came the disquieting suggestion of a rhythmical surging or lapping, as of waves on some forgotten seashore.<sup>6</sup> The doctor, though, was chiefly disturbed by the chattering night birds outside—a seemingly limitless legion of whippoorwills that cried their endless message in repetitions timed, diabolically, to the wheezing gasps of the dying man.<sup>7</sup> It was uncanny and unnatural. Too much, thought Dr. Houghton, like the whole **Magic Castle** compound he had entered, so reluctantly, in response to Parson's urgent call.

Toward one o'clock, Old Crowley gained consciousness again. He briefly interrupted his wheezing to choke out a few words to his adopted grandson, Parsons. *"More space, Jack, more space, soon. You grow—and THAT grows faster! It'll be ready to starve you out, my boy. Open up the Gates<sup>8</sup> to **Yog-SoThoth**<sup>9</sup> with the long chant you'll find on page 751 of the Complete Edition; and then, put a match to the entire place! Fire from earth can't burn or hurt it, anyways."* Old Crowley was obviously quite mad<sup>10</sup>, despite what the so-called **Museum of Psychiatry: An Industry of Death**<sup>11</sup> might otherwise claim. After a pause—during which the flock of whippoorwills, stalking outside, adjusted their cries to the altered tempo (that is, concomitant with indications of strange hill noises from far off)—Crowley added another sentence or two. *"Feed it regular, Jack, and mind the quantity. But, don't let it grow too fast for the place; for if it bursts quarters—or gets out before you open **the Gate** to Yog-SoThoth—then it's all over and of no use! Only those from Beyond can make it multiply, and ultimately work.... Only those, the **Old Ones**, who want desperately ...to come back...."*

But, speech gave place to gasps, again; and Cameron screamed at the way the whippoorwills followed the change. It was the same, for more than an hour, when the final throaty rattle came. Dr. Houghton drew shrunken lids over Crowley's glazed eyes, as the tumult of birds faded imperceptibly to silence. Cameron sobbed, but Jack only chuckled—whist the hill noises seemed to rumble faintly. *"They didn't get him,"* he muttered, in his heavy bass voice.

Jack was, by this time, a scholar<sup>12</sup> of truly tremendous erudition—in his rather one-sided way—and was quietly known, by correspondence, to many universities and librarians in distant places—especially wherever rare and forbidden books were kept. He was, however, more and more hated and dreaded around **Hollywood**—and in nearby **Pasadena**—because of certain “youthful disappearances”<sup>13</sup>, which suspicion laid vaguely at the door of his mysterious and magickal “cult.” But Parsons was always able to silence such inquiry; mostly through fear or the use of that fund of old-time gold which still—as in Crowley’s time—went forth regularly, and increasingly, for cattle-buying and bribery.

He was now tremendously mature of aspect and fully grown, having reached the normal adult limit—and seemed inclined to wax beyond that figure. Then, in 1950, a well-known and scholarly **Psychiatrist** from UCLA, named **Louis Jolyon West**<sup>14</sup>, called upon him one day and departed pale and puzzled—the doctor acknowledged that he was inclined to admit that **Jack Parsons** was not only the most BRILLIANT men that he had EVER met, but that he was also PSYCHOTIC—likely suffering from some sort of rare “**split personality**” disorder.

Accordingly, through the years, Jack had gradually begun to treat his half-albino mother—and obviously incestuous lover<sup>15</sup>—with a growing contempt, finally forbidding her to go to the hills with him on May-Eve and Hallowmass. Later, the poor creature complained to Mrs. Carrie Whiteside of somehow being AFRAID of him. *“There’s more about him that I know... than I can ever tell you, Carrie”* she said, *“and nowadays there’s more than what I know myself. I vow before God, I don’t know what he wants—or what he’s trying to do?”*

That Hallowe’en the hill noises sounded louder than ever—and a bonfire burned on the **Hollywood Hill** (of Mount Lee) as usual—but people now paid more attention to the rhythmical screaming of vast flocks of unnaturally belated whippoorwills. This teaming legion of birds seemed to be assembled near Crowley’s, now unlighted, **Magic Castle** manor. After midnight, their shrill notes burst into a kind of PANDAEMONIAC cachinnation, that filled the entire Hollywood hillside—and not until dawn did they finally quiet down! Then they vanished, hurrying southward, where they were fully a month overdue. What this meant, no one could quite be certain—till later. None of the nearby Hollywood folk seemed to have died; but poor **Marjorie Cameron**—that twisted albino **Witch**—was never seen again.<sup>16</sup> Or at least, she was never seen again at that despised Magickal compound!

In the summer of 1951, Jack refurbished two rooms in the private **Hotel**, back behind the main **Magic Castle** mansion; and he then began moving his books and effects out to them. Soon afterwards, **Walter Whiteside** told his fellow **Freemasons**—during a secretive meeting held at **Tam O’Shanter Inn**<sup>17</sup>—that more carpentry was going on inside Old Crowley’s notorious hillside mansion. Jack was closing all the doors and windows on the ground floor and seemed, again, to be taking out all the partitions—as he and Old Crowley had done, upstairs, four years earlier. He was living in one of the adjacent hotel rooms, and Walter thought he seemed unusually worried and unstable. People generally suspected him of knowing something about his mother’s disappearance—but very few EVER approached the surrounding estate, nowadays.



Moreover, Jack's **I.Q.** had increased to MORE than three digits—by this point—and showed no signs of ceasing its nearly exponential development. However, his **psychosis** also showed no signs of abating; and there was talk of institutionalizing him at the notorious **Twin Towers Mental Hospital**.<sup>18</sup> But, no one could decide on just how to go about actually apprehending him. After all, it was common knowledge that he carried a revolver and that he could probably outsmart any Los Angeles Police—that is, if they EVER dared corner him. Besides, other than wild accusations and hearsay, what exact charges could possibly be leveled against him?



[11] **LA PHILOSOPHY & MANLY P. HALL'S PHILOSOPHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY:**

*Where Los Angeles Explores HIGHER INTELLECTUAL Dimensions.*

The following winter brought an event no less strange than **Jack Parson's** whirlwind trip outside the **Los Angeles** area. With correspondence and subsequent visits to the Widener Library at Harvard<sup>1</sup>, the Bibliotheque Nationale<sup>2</sup> in Paris, the British Museum<sup>3</sup>, the University of Buenos Aires<sup>4</sup>—and the **Labriola** Library<sup>5</sup> at Arizona State University—which had all unfortunately failed to get him the loan of a book he desperately wanted. So at length, he set out to consult a much more guarded copy at the privately-owned **Philosophical Research Society**<sup>6</sup>, which was actually nearest to him geographically—located merely four or five miles away, on 3910 **Los Feliz** Boulevard.

Almost succeeding in disguising his incredible brilliance, and carrying an expensive new valise purchased from a luxury store on **Rodeo Drive**, this dark and handsome gargoyle appeared one day at the **PRS**<sup>7</sup> facility in quest of a dreaded volume—kept under lock and key—at the **University of Philosophical Research Library**.<sup>8</sup> That is, none other than the hideous ***Necronomicon***<sup>9</sup> of the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred<sup>10</sup>—specifically, Olaus Wormius'<sup>11</sup> Latin version (as printed in Spain in the seventeenth century) and now worth an astronomical amount of money. Parsons had never actually seen the small, somewhat cloistered PRS campus<sup>12</sup> before, but had no thought save to find his way into those private grounds; where indeed he passed heedlessly by its great white-fanged watchdog—a watchdog that barked dutifully, with unnatural fury and enmity, and tugged frantically at its stout chain!

Jack had with him the priceless, but imperfect copy of Dr. Dee's<sup>13</sup> English version; which his grandfatherly mentor, **Aleister Crowley**, had bequeathed him. Upon finally receiving access to the Latin copy, he—at once—began to collate the two texts with the aim of discovering a certain vital passage, which would have come on the 751<sup>st</sup> page of his own defective volume. This much, he could not civilly refrain from telling the remarkable founder (and Head Librarian)—namely, that same erudite individual, **Manly P. Hall**<sup>14</sup> (M.A. Miskatonic, Ph.D. UCLA, Lit. D. Princeton) who had previously investigated his **Magic Castle** compound<sup>15</sup>, years earlier. And appropriately enough, it was Professor Hall who, now, politely plied him with awkward and confounding questions. He was looking, Jack had to admit, for a kind of formula or **Incantation**<sup>16</sup> containing the frightful name **Yog-SoThoth**<sup>17</sup>—and it puzzled him to find discrepancies, duplications, and ambiguities which made the matter of determination far from easy.

As he copied the formula, and finally chose the most pertinent revelation, Professor Hall looked involuntarily over his shoulder at the open pages—specifically, the left-hand column—of which, in the Latin version, seemed to contain such monstrous threats to the peace and sanity of our world.<sup>18</sup> *“Nor is it to be thought”* ran the text, as Professor Hall mentally translated it, *“that man is either the oldest or the last of earth's MASTERS—or that the common bulk of life and substance walks alone. The **Old Ones** were, the Old Ones are, the Old Ones shall be.<sup>19</sup> Not in the spaces we know—but BETWEEN them—THEY walk serene and primal, un-dimensioned and—to us—unseen!”*

*“Yog-SoThoth<sup>20</sup> knows the Gate.<sup>21</sup> Yog-SoThoth is **the Gate!** Yog-SoThoth is the Key and Guardian of the Gate. Past, present, future—all—are IN Yog-SoThoth.<sup>22</sup> He knows where the Old Ones broke through of old—and where THEY shall break through again. He knows where THEY have trod earth’s fields—and where THEY still tread them—and why no one can behold THEM as THEY tread. By smell alone man sometimes knows THEM to be near—but of THEIR semblance can no man know, SAVE ONLY IN THE FEATURES OF THOSE THEY HAVE BEGOTTEN ON MANKIND. And of those, there are many sorts—differing in likeness from man’s truest eidolon—to that shape, without sight or substance, which is THEM! THEY walk unseen and foul in lonely places, where the Sacred Words<sup>23</sup> have been spoken—and the Rites<sup>24</sup> howled through at their Seasons. The wind<sup>25</sup> gibbers with THEIR voices—and the earth mutters with THEIR consciousness.<sup>26</sup> THEY bend the forest and crush the city—yet ye may not, in forest nor city, behold the hand that smites! Kadath<sup>27</sup>, in the cold waste, hath known THEM—and what man knows Kadath? The Southernmost icy mountains—and the sunken isles of the deepest Ocean—holds stones whereon THEIR seal is engraved—but who hath seen that deep-frozen city or that sealed tower, long garlanded with seaweed and barnacles? Great **Cthulhu**<sup>28</sup> is THEIR cousin, yet he can spy THEM only dimly. IA!<sup>29</sup> **Shub-Niggurah!**<sup>30</sup> As a foulness shall ye know THEM. Their hand is at your throats, yet ye see THEM not; and THEIR habitation is ever one with your guarded threshold.<sup>31</sup> Yog-SoThoth is the Key to the Gate, whereby the spheres meet.<sup>32</sup> Man rules now, where THEY ruled once—THEY shall soon rule, where man rules now. After summer is winter, and after winter is summer. THEY wait patiently and potently—for here shall THEY inevitably reign, again.”<sup>33</sup>*

Professor Hall, associated what he was reading with what he already knew about the **Magic Castle** cult and **Hollywood**’s brooding presences—and of **Jack Parsons** and his brilliant, but hideous aura (...a determination that stretched from a dubious birth... to probable matriarchal incest... and onwards, towards inevitable psychic dysfunction). He felt a wave of fright as tangible as the deathly draft of the tomb’s cold clamminess. The bent, goatishly bearded—but darkly attractive—intellectual giant now standing before him—seemed like spawn of another planet or dimension; like something only partly mankind, linked to black gulfs of essence and entity that stretch like titan phantasms beyond all spheres of force and matter—and of space and time. Indeed, if there was such an entity as the “*anti-Christ*,” then this is what Hall might actually imagine him to be.<sup>34</sup>

Presently, Jack raised his head and began speaking in that strange, resonant fashion which hinted at sound-producing organs unlike the run of mankind’s. “*Professor Hall*,” he said, “*I calculate that I’ve got to take that book home. There are things in it that I’ve got to try, under certain conditions, that I just can’t get here; and it would be a mortal sin to let red-tape and rules hold me up. Let me take it along, Sir, and I’ll swear that there won’t be anybody who will know the difference. I don’t need to tell you that I’ll take good care of it—I wasn’t the one who put this Dee copy in the disheveled shape it is....*” He stopped, as he saw firm denial on the Librarian’s face; and his own handsome, goatishly bearded features suddenly grew crafty. Hall, half-ready to tell him he might make a copy of the parts he needed, thought suddenly of the possible consequences and checked himself. There was too much responsibility in giving such a being the potential key to such blasphemous outer spheres. Parsons saw how things stood and tried to answer lightly. “*Well, all right, if you feel that way about it. Maybe Harvard won’t be as fussy, as you seem ...to be.*” And without saying more, he rose and strode out of the Library, stopping briefly at each doorway. Of course, he had already tried Harvard once, already; but despite his brilliance, he had no way of knowing that Professor Hall already knew that small detail.

Professor Hall heard the savage yelping of their great watchdog, and studied Parson's strange lope, as he crossed the bit of campus visible from an adjacent window. He thought of the wild tales he had heard and recalled the old Sunday stories in the *Examiner*; of these things, and also of lore he had picked up from **Hollywood** locals—as well as **Pasadena** residents—during his visits there. Unseen things, not of this earth—or at least not of tri-dimensional earth—things which rushed fetid and horrible throughout the Los Angeles **Valley**, and seemed to brood obscenely atop these Hollywood **Hills**. Of this he felt certain.<sup>35</sup> Now, he seemed to sense the close presence of some terrible part of that intruding horror—and to glimpse a hellish advance in the black dominion of such an ancient, and once passive nightmare. The quasi-masonic **PRS** Institute—like the cryptic **Hollywood Horror Museum**<sup>36</sup>—had surreptitiously collected more than enough strange artifacts and lurid tales to substantiate such a preternatural conclusion.<sup>37</sup> But now, its benevolent purpose and unique historical mission was about to be tested—more than anyone could ever imagine. Again, of this **Manly P. Hall** felt certain!<sup>38</sup>

He locked away the *Necronomicon* with a shudder of disgust; but the room still reeked with its unholy and unidentifiable stench. *“As a foulness shall ye know THEM,”* he quoted. Yes—the odor was the same as that which had once sickened him at **Crowley's** mansion, less than three years before. Professor Hall thought of **Jack Parsons**—goatishly bearded and of ominously anti-Christian intent—and again, he laughed mockingly at the Hollywood rumors of Jack's alleged parentage. *“Incest?”* Professor Hall muttered aloud, to himself. *“Great God, what simpletons! Show them Arthur Machen's<sup>39</sup> The Great God Pan<sup>40</sup> and they'll think it a common Hollywood scandal! But what THING—what cursed shapeless influence on, or off, this three-dimensional earth—was Jack Parson's real Father? Born a Moonchild, near Halloween (on October 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1914, just over nine months after his New Year's Eve conception) with attendant predictions of greatness; when talk of strange earth noises had even reached **Downtown** Los Angeles—WHAT had walked on those Santa Monica Mountains that New Year's Night? What Halloween gothic horror<sup>41</sup> fastened itself upon the world, in half-human flesh and blood?”*

During the ensuing weeks—like **Jim Butcher's**<sup>42</sup> magically empowered private detective, **Harry Dresden**<sup>43</sup>—Professor Hall set about to collect ALL possible data on John “**Jack**” Marvel Whiteside **Parsons**, and those formless presences shadowing both where he lived and worked. And once again, the Professor sought out Hollywood's infamous **Magic Castle** mansion—where he had once dwelt with that evil **Wizard Crowley** and his **Witch** Queen, Cameron. He likewise traveled to **JPL**-Pasadena's ominously named **Devil's Gate** reservoir—where Jack had often tested rocket engines; and apparently where he had also blatantly performed several magical Workings in front of his unsuspecting co-workers.

Professor Hall additionally sought communication with Dr. Houghton of UCLA—who had attended Old Crowley in his final illness—and found much to ponder over regarding that grand Wizard's last words, quoted verbatim by the physician. He was, indeed, perplexed! His visits to the Magic Castle cult compound and Pasadena's Devil's Gate had failed to bring out much that was new; however, a close survey of the *Necronomicon*—especially in those parts which Parsons had sought so avidly—seemed to supply new and terrible clues to the nature, methods, and desires of that inexplicable evil so vaguely threatening our planet.

Talks with several professors about archaic—but now evidently TRUE—“*Indian lore*” at ASU’s **Labriola Archive**<sup>44</sup> (a.k.a., the Native American Indian Data Center)—and letters to many others, elsewhere—gave Hall a growing amazement, that passed slowly through varied degrees of alarm, to a state of rather acute spiritual fear. As the summer drew on, he felt dimly that something ought to be done about the lurking terrors now converging in Hollywood—and indeed, upon the entire world—and about that monstrous being known as Jack Parsons! Unwittingly—and much to their chagrin—his co-workers naïvely joked that *JPL* actually meant “*Jack Parsons Lives.*” How ominous, and yet portentous, this would—later—prove to be.

*The Hollywood Horror*: Updated Copyright © 2017 by T. Christopher Kurth

[12] **LA DETECTION—DETECTIVE FICTION & TRUE CRIME:**

*Where the Los Angeles INTELLECT Solves Perplexing Mysteries.*

Like a page out of an **occult detective fiction**<sup>1</sup> story starring the imaginary “Wizard” **Harry Dresden**, *The Hollywood Horror*<sup>2</sup>—itself—came between Lammas and the Equinox of 1952. Moreover, Professor **Manly P. Hall**<sup>3</sup> was among those real-life “wizards” who actually witnessed its monstrous prologue. Meanwhile, Hall already had heard of **Jack Parsons**<sup>4</sup> desperate trip to **Cambridge**<sup>5</sup> and his frantic efforts to borrow a copy of the ***Necronomicon***<sup>6</sup> at the Widener Library.<sup>7</sup> Those efforts had been in vain, since Professor Hall had issued warnings—of the keenest intensity—to all the librarians having charge over that dreaded volume. Jack had been shockingly nervous at Cambridge; anxious for the book, yet almost equally anxious to get home—as if he feared the results of being away too long.

As the famous crime writer **Michael Connelly**<sup>8</sup> might preface one of his own **detective Bosch**<sup>9</sup> stories<sup>10</sup>, early in August the HALF-EXPECTED outcome developed. Thus, in the small hours of the morning, **Professor Hall** was awakened suddenly by the wild, fierce cries of their savage watchdog from within the small private campus of the **University of Philosophical Research**—a.k.a., the PRS (or Philosophical Research Society).<sup>11</sup> Deep and terrible, the snarling, half-mad growls and barks continued; always in mounting volume, but with hideously significant pauses. Then, there rang out a scream from a wholly different throat<sup>12</sup>—such a scream as roused half the sleepers on Los Feliz Boulevard and haunted their dreams ever afterwards—such a scream as could come from NO being born of earth or wholly of earth!

Professor **Hall**, hastening into some clothing and rushing across the street towards the school, saw that others were ahead of him; and heard the echoes of a burglar-alarm still shrilling from within the PRS **Library**. Indeed, an open window showed black and gaping in the moonlight.<sup>13</sup> What had come, had already completed its entrance; for the barking and the screaming, now fast fading into a mixed low growling and moaning, proceeded unmistakably from within. Some instinct warned Professor Hall that what was taking place was NOT a thing for unfortified eyes to witness,<sup>14</sup> so he brushed back the crowd with authority, as he unlocked the vestibule door. Among others, he saw Professor **Warren Rice**<sup>15</sup> and **Dr. Francis Morgan**<sup>16</sup>—men to whom he had told some of his conjectures and misgivings—and, these two, he motioned to accompany him inside.

The inward sounds, except for a watchful, droning whine from the dog, had—by this time—quite subsided. But, Professor Hall now perceived—with a sudden start—that a loud chorus of whippoorwills, amidst the adjoining shrubbery, had commenced a damnably rhythmical piping—as if in unison with the last breaths of a dying man.<sup>17</sup> The Library building was full of a frightful stench; which Professor Hall knew—all too well—from both his own private detections and from his considerable **occult studies**.<sup>18</sup> Their lives were about to enter a **chess game**<sup>20</sup> of cosmic significance<sup>19</sup>; as the three men rushed across the hall, and into the enclosed chess nook and reading-room—and thus, into the place from whence the low whining apparently emanated. As if parodying a **Dinner Detective Theater** show<sup>21</sup>—for a second—nobody dared turn on the lights; then—true to his name—Manly Hall summoned up his courage and finally snapped the switch. In a scene straight out of “*The X-Files*” series<sup>22</sup>, one of the three—it is not certain which—shrieked aloud at WHAT SPRAWLED BEFORE THEM—that is, from among the various disordered tables and overturned chairs. Professor Rice declares that he wholly lost consciousness—for an instant—though, he did not stumble or fall.

**THE THING**<sup>23</sup> lying half-bent on its side—in a fetid pool of greenish-yellow ichor and tarry stickiness—was almost unbearable to look at; as the dog had torn off all the clothing and some of the It's skin. Like a grotesque, animated prop from the **Dapper Cadaver**<sup>24</sup> Halloween store, it was NOT QUITE DEAD<sup>25</sup>; but rather, twitched silently and spasmodically, while its chest heaved in monstrous unison with the mad piping of the expectant whippoorwills, outside. Bits of shoe-leather and fragments of apparel were scattered about the room; and just inside the window, an empty canvas sack lay where it had evidently been thrown. Near the central desk a revolver had fallen—with a dented, but undischarged, cartridge—explaining why it had NOT fired.

**THE THING**—Itself<sup>26</sup>—crowded out all other images, at the time. It would be trite, and not wholly accurate, to say that no human pen could describe it. But, one may properly say that it could not be vividly visualized by ANYONE—including even the professional Curator from the prestigious **Natural History Museum**<sup>27</sup>—whose rational ideas of aspect and contour are too closely bound up with the common lifeforms of this planet—and perhaps, also to our three known dimensions. It was partly human, beyond a doubt, with very man-like hands and a human head—but, more shocking still and almost unbelievable, its goatishly bearded face had the infamous stamp of JACK PARSONS upon it! However, the torso and lower parts of his body were teratologically fabulous, so that only generous clothing could ever have enabled IT to walk on earth unchallenged or uneradicated. Above the waist, it was semi-anthropomorphic; though its chest—where the dog's rending paws still rested—had a leathery, reticulated hide similar to that of an alligator. The back was piebald, with yellow and black, which dimly suggested the squamous covering of certain snakes.

Below the waist, though, it was even worse; for here, all human resemblance left off—and sheer fantasy began. The skin was thickly covered with something resembling coarse black fur; and from the abdomen downwards, it looked almost like an exotic specimen acquired from some saltwater aquarium—such as found within that massive **Aquarium of the Pacific**<sup>28</sup> in Long Beach. Implausibly, it looked like a score of long greenish-grey tentacles, with some alien **THING** resembling red sucking mouths—which now protruded limply. Their arrangement was odd and seemed to follow symmetries of some cosmic geometry unknown to earth—or at least, to our own particular corner of space and time. On each of the hips, deep set—in a kind of pinkish, ciliated orbit—was what seemed to be a rudimentary eye (but probably wasn't); whilst in lieu of a tail, there descended a kind of trunk or feeler, with purple annular markings. And, with some evidence of (probably) being an undeveloped mouth or throat—or, perhaps, something wholly different than we can even conceive. The limbs, save for their black fur-like coarseness, roughly resembled the hind legs of prehistoric earth's semi-aquatic saurians<sup>29</sup>; and they terminated in ridged-veined pads that were neither hooves, nor claws. When **THE THING** breathed, its tail and tentacles rhythmically changed color—like squid or octopi do—as if from some circulatory cause normal only to the non-human side of its ancestry.

And, with a kind of detail only observable up close—like in the Sea Life Touch Pool found, nearby, at the **Cabrillo Marine Aquarium**<sup>30</sup>—within the **THING**'s bizarre semi-translucent tentacles, a seemingly rhythmic undulation was observable (particularly, as a sort of deepening of its greenish tinge). Whist within its tail, this manifested as more yellowish in appearance—which alternated with a sickly greyish-white in the spaces between its purple rings. Of genuine blood there was none; only a fetid greenish-yellow ichor, which trickled along the painted floor—beyond the radius of the stickiness—and which left a curious discoloration behind it.



The presence of the three men seemed to rouse the dying THING, and IT began to mumble without turning or raising its head. Professor Hall made no written record of its mouthing(s), but he asserted—confidently—that nothing in English was uttered. At first, the syllables defied all correlation with any speech on earth; but towards the end, there came some disjointed fragments evidently taken from the dreaded *Necronomicon*—that monstrous blasphemy, in quest of which the thing had perished!

These fragments, as Hall<sup>31</sup> recalls them, ran something like: “N’GAI, N’GHA’GHAA, BUGG-SHOOGOG, Y’HAH; YOG-SOTHOTH, YOG-SO THOTH....” It was as if THE THING was calling out to that ancient Egyptian god **Thoth** to somehow be its **psychopomp** (and defender) during its underworld journey to the dreaded **Land of the Dead**—or perhaps, he (or IT) was actually calling on some UNKNOWN god-THING, much OLDER than Egypt.<sup>32</sup> His words trailed off into nothingness—as the adjacent whippoorwills shrieked<sup>33</sup> in rhythmic crescendos of unholy anticipation. Then, came a halt in the gasping; and the dog—as if imitating the Jackal god **Anubis**—raised its head in a long, lugubrious howl.<sup>34</sup>

A change came over the now yellow, goatishly bearded face of the prostrate THING—that was, once, JACK WHITESIDE PARSONS—and then, his great black eyes fell in, appallingly. HE WAS FINALLY DEAD or, at least, the human half of him had perished.... Outside the window, the shrilling of the whippoorwills had suddenly ceased; and, above the murmurs of the gathering crowd, there came the sound of a panic-struck whirring and fluttering—as if reenacting a scene straight out of Alfred **Hitchcock’s**, “*The Birds*.”<sup>35</sup> Against the moon, vast clouds of these feathery watchers rose and raced from sight, frantic after that which they had sought for prey.

All at once, the dog stood up abruptly and gave a frightened bark—and then, leaped nervously out of the window by which it had entered. A cry rose from the crowd, and Professor Hall shouted to the men outside that no one should be admitted till the Los Angeles Police or Medical Examiner had arrived. He was thankful that the windows were a bit too high to permit peering in, as he drew dark curtains carefully down over each one. He felt, from what he knew about human nature, that the vast majority of the American public was simply not ready to face such a mind-numbing blasphemy.<sup>36</sup>

By this time, two **LA Policemen**<sup>37</sup> had arrived; and Dr. Morgan, meeting them in the vestibule, was urging them—for their own sake—to postpone entrance to the stench-filled reading-room until the **Coroner-Medical Examiner**<sup>38</sup> had entered—and this prostrate THING could finally be covered up. Indeed, most likely, this entire affair would have to remain wholly secret—a **Skeleton in the Closet**<sup>39</sup>, as they sometimes allude. Meanwhile, FRIGHTFUL CHANGES were taking place on the floor. One need not describe the KIND and RATE of shrinkage and disintegration that occurred before the eyes of Professor Hall and Professor Rice; but it is permissible to say that, aside from the external appearance of face and hands, the really human element in Jack Parsons, at least towards the end, must have been insignificant. When the Medical Examiner finally arrived, there was ONLY A STICKY WHITISH MASS on the painted floorboards and the monstrous odor had nearly all but disappeared. Apparently, JACK PARSONS had no real skull or bony skeleton, to speak of; at least in any true or stable sense. He had—as if prestaging the *Hellboy* comics and the popular **Guillermo del Toro** movie<sup>40</sup>—unknowingly, but apparently—somehow—taken after his nameless FATHER!<sup>41</sup>



[13] **DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES**: Where LA's SOCIAL and EMOTIONAL Power-Politics Come Together.

Yet, Parson's death was only the prologue to the actual *Hollywood Horror*<sup>1</sup> of 1952. Though, once this horrific event became public, the story naturally shifted to **Downtown**<sup>2</sup> LA—that is, to the city's historical center<sup>3</sup> and current place of governance.<sup>4</sup> Formalities were gone through by several bewildered officials, now residing within **City Hall**<sup>5</sup>; and for obvious reasons, the monstrous details were duly kept from both press<sup>6</sup> and public.<sup>7</sup> According to legal precedence, government men were sent to **Hollywood** and **Pasadena** to look up and inspect any legal properties and private holdings—and to subsequently notify anyone who might possibly be an heir to the now (recently) deceased **Jack Parsons**.<sup>8</sup>

Upon arrival, they found **Hollywood**, and the immediate area surrounding those notorious Hollywood **Hills**<sup>9</sup>, in great agitation; both, because of the growing rumblings beneath its domed hills and because of a rather unusual stench now permeating its slopes. Not to mention, the continual surging and lapping sounds that came—increasingly—from that great empty shell formed by **Crowley's** now boarded up **Magic Castle**<sup>10</sup> manor. Walter Whiteside, who sometimes tended the house and typically tended its small allowance of cattle—especially during Jack's absence—had nowadays, developed a woefully acute case of nerves. City officials likewise devised various excuses not to enter that noisome boarded place and were glad to confine their survey of the deceased's nearby living quarters—the recently mended Magic Castle **Hotel**<sup>11</sup>—to a single visit.

Soon afterwards, they filed a ponderous report<sup>12</sup> at the LA County **Courthouse**<sup>13</sup> and litigations concerning heirship were said to be too difficult to trace amongst the innumerable Crowley **cultists**—decayed and undecayed—currently residing within the greater Los Angeles **Valley**.<sup>14</sup>

Additionally, an almost interminable **manuscript** (written in exceedingly odd characters) was, initially, taken to specialists residing in the **Bradbury** building.<sup>15</sup> This strange document was found written and bound in a huge ledger and, thus, adjudged a sort of diary (because of its spacing and variations in ink and penmanship). This alleged “diary” presented a baffling puzzle to those who found it inside Parson's massive bureau—which likely served as his primary desk. After a week of debate, it was then sent to UCLA<sup>16</sup>—together with the deceased's collection of strange **books**<sup>17</sup>—for study and possible translation; but even their best **linguists**<sup>18</sup> soon saw that this mystery was not likely to be unriddled with ease.

Unfortunately, no trace of that ancient **gold**<sup>19</sup>—with which both Jack and Old Crowley typically payed their debts—was ever discovered. Although several **archeologists**<sup>20</sup> did notice a connection between the **symbols** in Parson's old books—and in his “secret” manuscript—with engravings found on those bizarre gold **coins** said to have originated from that lonesome mansion. The great antiquity of these antique coins, coupled with the arcane and unidentifiable marks stamped upon them, only added to the air of fantastic mystery surrounding the entire affair. However, despite all the strange events surrounding this “Magickal” place—and almost every person associated with it—little did anyone realize that this Hollywood horror was about to go from merely unbelievable... to utterly unfathomable!



[14] **LA NATURE—PEAKS, PONDS, & PARKS:**

*Exploration, Outdoor Activities, PHYSICAL Recreation—Daily LIFE, and death, within Los Angeles.*

It was in the dark of September 9<sup>th</sup> that “the horror” finally broke loose.<sup>1</sup> The **Hollywood Hill** noises had been very pronounced during the evening, and dogs barked frantically all night. Early risers, on the 10<sup>th</sup>, noticed a peculiar stench in the air. About seven o’clock, Luther Brown, the local Park Ranger—who makes his daily rounds between **Hollywood Boulevard**<sup>2</sup>, **Runyon Canyon**<sup>3</sup>, **Hollywood Reservoir**<sup>4</sup>, **Lake Hollywood Park**<sup>5</sup>, and **Griffith Park**<sup>6</sup>—rushed frenziedly back from his morning trip to **Sunset Ranch**<sup>7</sup> with a complement of tour horses in tow.<sup>8</sup> He was nearly convulsed with fright as he stumbled into Corey’s kitchen<sup>9</sup>, at the old Ranger Post; and in the yard outside, the no less frightened herd of horses were pawing and lowing pitifully, having followed the Park Ranger back in the panic they shared with him. Between gasps, Luther tried to stammer out his tale to Mrs. Corey.

“Well, up there in the road beyond, which leads into **Griffith Park**<sup>6</sup>, Miss Corey—there’s something there! It smells like thunder and all the bushes and little trees are pushed back from the road, like there’d been something—as wide as a house—that had been pushed or moved along it. And, that isn’t the worst either. There are PRINTS on the road, Miss Corey—great round prints, almost as big as the barrel-like redwood trees found in **Clifton’s Cafeteria**.<sup>10</sup> And, all of the tracks are sunk deep down, like an elephant had been trudging along, ONLY THERE’S A SIGHT MORE TRACKS THAN FOUR FEET COULD HAVE POSSIBLY MADE! ...more like a whole herd of elephants. I looked only briefly before I ran; but I saw that every one of them was covered with lines spreading out from a center point, like big *palm-leaf fans*—but three times as big as any that actually exist. And worse, they seemed to have been forcefully pounded down into the road. And the smell was awful, like around **Wizard Crowley’s** old mansion....” Here, he faltered—and seemed to shiver afresh, with the kind of fright that had sent him fleeing.

Mrs. Corey, unable to extract more information, began telephoning neighbors; thus starting on its round, the overture of panic that heralded the ensuing terrors to come. When she finally got Sally Sawyer, the housekeeper at Seth Bishop’s—the place nearest to Crowley’s—it became her turn to listen, instead of transmitting. Sally’s boy Chauncey, who slept rather poorly, had been up early on the hill—near Crowley’s so-called **Magic Castle**<sup>11</sup>—and had dashed back in terror after one look at the place—especially at that small pasturage where Crowley’s “urban” cows<sup>12</sup> had been left out overnight. “Yes, Miss Corey,” came Sally’s tremulous voice, over the antique party wire, “Chauncey, well, he had just come back from posting and he could hardly talk ...from being so scared! He says that Crowley’s old mansion is all BLOWN UP—with timbers scattered around, like it’s been DYNAMITED from inside. Only the ground floor isn’t destroyed, rather it is all covered with a kind of tar-like stuff, that smells awful, and drips down off the edges and onto the ground, near where the side timbers had been completely blown away. And, that there are awful marks in the yard too—GREAT ROUND MARKS—bigger round than any barrel, and all sticky with black stuff like on the blown-up house. Chauncey says that most of the tracks trail off into the park, where a great swath—wider than a house—is matted down and all the stone walls lining the roads are tumbled over—in every which way—wherever those tracks seem to lead.”

“And he says, Miss Corey, how he sought to look for Crowley’s cows—frightened yet curious as he was. And, he followed their obvious tracks all the way to the other side of the 101—up near the **Hollywood Letters**<sup>12</sup>, just under the **Devil’s Hop Yard**.<sup>13</sup> He found that the cows were in awful shape—as if they’d been stampeded or had been purposely driven up there. Half on them were clean gone, and one lay DEAD on the side of the highway, next to several SMASHED-up cars. And, nearly half of the remaining cows were sucked mostly dry of blood, with SORES all over them—like those that have always been found on Old Crowley’s cattle—or at least, ever since Cameron’s black-haired brat was born. Seth says that he’s gone out to look after them. Though, I’ll vow he won’t care to drive them all the way back to that old Wizard’s place! Chauncey didn’t stay long enough to see exactly where the matted down swath led after it left that mountainous pasturage, but he thinks it pointed towards the **Griffith Park Road**—specifically, the one leading down to **Bronson Cave**.<sup>14</sup>

“I tell you, Miss Corey, there’s something nearby—something that shouldn’t be out there—moving around freely. I, for one, suspect that the infamous Wizard, **Jack Parsons**, has finally come to the bad end he deserved—and that he is behind the breeding of whatever the hell that THING is! He wasn’t all human, himself, and all of us will say this—as a matter of fact—to anybody who will listen. And, I think Jack and Old Crowley must have raised something in that weird nailed-up manor house that isn’t even as human as he was. No doubt, there’s been at least one instance where all of us have all seen THINGS around these hills—living things—that simply aren’t human and aren’t even good for sane humans to even think about! However, due of our apprehension, we tend not to speak about these ungodly things—for fear that people will think that we’re as mad as those damnable Crowley **cultists**.

“The ground was talking again last night; and towards morning, Chauncey, well, he heard the whippoorwills so loud in Runyon Canyon—and even in far off Griffith Park—that he couldn’t sleep at all. Then, he thought he heard another faint sound over near Old Wizard **Crowley’s mansion**—a kind of RIPPING or TEARING of wood, like some big box or crate was being torn opened, but from far off. What, with this and that, he didn’t get any sleep—at all—until sunup. And, no sooner was he up, this morning, that he felt he had to go over to Crowley’s place and see what was the matter. He has seen enough, I tell you, Miss Corey! This doesn’t mean anything good, and I think that all the men ought to get up a **search and Rescue** party and do something about it. I suspect something awful is loose and I feel that my time is near—though, only God knows just what it is!

Did Ranger Luther take account of what those big tracks actually lead too? No? Well, Miss Corey, if they’re on the roads coming out of **Griffith Park**<sup>6</sup>—on this side, near the canyon—and haven’t gotten to your house yet; then I calculate that they must go directly into **Runyon Canyon Park**<sup>3</sup> itself. They would do that. All of us say that Runyon Canyon is not a healthy nor a decent place. The whippoorwills and fireflies there never did act like they were creatures of God. And, everyone says that you can hear strange THINGS rushing around—and even strange sounds or voices in the air up there—especially, if you stand in the right place, between **Rock Falls Trail** and the so-called Dog’s Den.”

By that noon, fully three-quarters of the men and boys within the entire Hollywood Hill district were **trooping** around over the roads and meadows surrounding the newly-made **Magic Castle** ruins—specifically, near Runyon Canyon and onwards towards Griffith Park. They examined, in horror, the vast MONSTROUS PRINTS, the MAIMED and DEAD cattle, the strange sounds, and noisome WRECKAGE of the house—as well as the bruised and matted vegetation amidst the fields, lawns, and roads. Hell, even the highway looked worse for wear—with several cars smashed flat and just sitting there on the side of the road. Whatever had burst loose upon the world had assuredly gone up, over, and then down into those great sinister ravines of Griffith Park; for all the trees on the banks were bent and broken, and a great avenue had been gouged in the precipice-hanging underbrush. It was as though a house had been launched by an avalanche and then had slid down through the tangled growths of the nearly vertical slope. From below, no sound came—only a distant, undefinable feter. And, it is not to be wondered at that the men preferred to stay on the edge and argue, rather than descend and beard the unknown cyclopean HORROR seemingly residing in its **Bronson Cave**<sup>14</sup> lair. Three dogs travelling with the party had barked furiously, at first, but seemed cowed and reluctant when now approaching the cave. Several people telephoned the news to the *Los Angeles Times*; but the editor, accustomed to wild tales from Hollywood, did no more than concoct a humorous paragraph about it; an item, soon afterward, reproduced by the Associated Press.

That night, everyone went home. Yet, every house was barricaded as stoutly as possible. Needless to say, no family dogs were allowed to remain in the open—unfortunately, the wild dogs within the canyons and parks would have to fend for themselves. Then, at about two in the morning, a frightful stench—combined with the SAVAGE BARKING of dogs—awakened the household of Edward Frye's, located on the eastern edge of Runyon Canyon. All agreed that they could hear a sort of muffled SWISHING or lapping sound from somewhere outside. Mrs. Frye proposed telephoning the neighbors and Elmer was about to agree, when the noise of splintering wood burst in upon their deliberations. It came, apparently, from the dog pen and covered shed adjacent to the main house; and was quickly followed by a hideous SCREAMING and barking amongst the family's larger dogs. The smaller inside dogs slavered and crouched close to the feet of their fear-numbed family. Frye turned on a large flashlight, through force of habit, but he knew it would be death to go out into that backyard with the bigger dogs. The children and women whimpered—but kept from screaming by some obscure vestigial instinct of defense, which told them their lives depended on silence. At last, the noise of the screaming dogs finally subsided to that of a pitiful MOANING; as a great snapping, crashing, and crackling ensued. The Fryes, huddled together in the sitting-room, did not dare to move until the last echoes died away, far up the hill and on into the canyon. Then, amidst the dismal moans from the dog pen and the daemoniac piping of the whippoorwills in the canyon, Selina Frye tottered to the telephone and spread what news she could of the second phase of the horror.

The next day, all the Hollywood hillside was in a panic; and cowed, uncommunicative groups came and went to examine where the fiendish thing had occurred. Two titan swaths of destruction stretched from the canyon towards the Frye household and yard. Truly MONSTROUS PRINTS covered the bare patches of ground where the large dog pen had once stood. And, one whole side of that old red house had been completely caved in. Of the larger dogs, only a quarter could be found and identified. Some of these were in curious fragments, and all that survived had to be shot. Walter Whiteside suggested that help be asked from **Downtown**—or nearby **UCLA**—but others maintained it would be of no use.

Old Zebulon Whiteside—of a related family-line that hovered about half way between soundness and decadence—made dark, wild suggestions about **ancient Rites** that were traditionally practiced on the hilltops. He came from a family where these traditions ran strong; and his memories of chanting within the great **Stone Circles** was not altogether connected with either Crowley or Parsons—whose cultish influence, instead, surfaced several decades later.

Darkness fell upon a stricken countryside too passive to organize for real defense. In a few cases, closely related families would band together—and watch in the gloom, under one roof—but in general, there was only a repetition of the barricading of the night before. And, the futile and ineffective gesture of loading rifles and setting various handguns out handily about. Nothing, however, occurred except some more hill noises. And when the day came, there were many who hoped that the new horror had gone as swiftly as it had come. There were even bold souls who proposed an offensive **expedition**—sweeping all the way from Runyon Canyon and into Griffith Park—though, they did not venture to set an actual example to the still reluctant majority. When night came again, the barricading was repeated, though there was less huddling together of families.

In the morning, both the Frye and the Seth Bishop households reported excitement among the dogs and vague sounds and stench from afar. While, early **explorers** noted—with horror—a fresh set of those monstrous tracks in the road skirting the sentinel-like **stones**<sup>15,13</sup> atop **Hollywood Hill**<sup>16, 12</sup>—specifically, within that area known to locals as **Mount Lee**.<sup>17</sup> As before, the sides of the road showed a bruising indicative of that blasphemously stupendous bulk of the horror; whilst the conformation of the tracks seemed to argue a passage in two directions—as if a moving mountain had come from **Griffith Park** and then returned to it, along the same path. At the base of the hill, a thirty-foot swatch of crushed shrubbery and saplings led steeply upward and the **SEEKERS** gasped when they saw that even the most perpendicular places did not deflect its inexorable trail. Whatever the horror was, it could scale a sheer stony cliff of almost complete verticality. And, as the **investigators** climbed around to the hill's summit by safer routes<sup>18</sup>, they saw that the trail ended—or rather reversed—precisely at the predicted point. Indeed, it was here—on this exact “ceremonial spot”—that the Crowley **cultists** would erect hellish **bonfires** and chant their hellish rituals, next to a formidable **Table Stone**<sup>19</sup>—especially, during their infamous May-Eve and Hallowmass revelries. Now, this very stone formed the center of a vast space thrashed around by that mountainous horror; whilst upon its slightly concave surface was a thick fetid deposit of the same **TARRY STICKINESS** observed on the floor of the ruined **Crowley Mansion**—namely, where that horror had evidently escaped.



Men looked at one another and muttered. Then, they looked down the hill. Apparently, the horror had descended by a route much the same as that of its ascent. To speculate was futile—reason, logic, and normal ideas of motivation stood confounded. Only old Zebulon, who was not with the group, could have done justice to the situation or suggested a plausible explanation.

Thursday night began much like the others, but it ended less happily. The whippoorwills in the mountainous parks had screamed with such unusual persistence that many could not sleep—and around 3 a.m., all the party-line telephones rang tremulously. Those who answered their phones heard a fright-mad voice shriek out, “HELP—OH, MY GOD! ...” and some thought a crashing sound followed the breaking off of this exclamation. There was nothing more. No one dared do anything. And no one knew—till morning—from whence the calls originated. Then—those who had heard it—called everyone on the Hill, and found that only the Fryes did not reply. The truth appeared an hour later, when a hastily assembled group of **armed men** trudged out to the Frye place, at the head of the canyon. It was HORRIBLE yet hardly a surprise. There were more swaths and monstrous prints—but there was no longer any house. It had been a beautiful house—like the **Snow White Cottage**<sup>20</sup> near Griffith Park—but it had been completely CAVED IN, like an egg-shell. And amongst the RUINS, nothing living or dead could be discovered. Only a stench and a tarry stickiness. The Edward Frye estate had been totally erased from its Hollywood hillside abode!



[15] **UCLA — UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES & THE PHILOSOPHER'S CLUB:**

Expert INTELLECTUAL Analysis and Advanced Linguistic Translation.

Meanwhile, a quieter yet spiritually poignant phase of *THE HOLLYWOOD HORROR*<sup>1</sup> had been blackly unwinding behind closed doors—specifically, within the shelf-lined rooms of the **UCLA** campus.<sup>2</sup> The curious **manuscript**, diary, or record<sup>3</sup> of **JACK WHITESIDE PARSONS**<sup>4</sup>—delivered to the University of California Los Angeles for analysis and translation—had caused much worry and bafflement among its learned **philosophers**<sup>5</sup> and **linguists**<sup>6</sup>—ancient and modern—since even the manuscript's alphabet (notwithstanding a slight resemblance to the proto-Arabic used in ancient Mesopotamia) appeared to be absolutely unknown!

The final conclusion of their combined **analysis**<sup>7</sup> was that the text represented a sort of artificial language and clandestine alphabet<sup>8</sup>—giving the effect of a cipher<sup>9</sup>; though, none of the usual methods of cryptographic<sup>10</sup> solution seemed to furnish any clues, even when applied on the basis of every tongue the writer might have conceivably used. The **antique books**<sup>11</sup> appropriated from Jack Parsons' private quarters proved absorbingly interesting—and in several cases, promised to open up new and terrible lines of research<sup>12</sup> among philosophers<sup>13</sup> and men of science<sup>14</sup>—but unfortunately, they were of no assistance whatsoever in this matter. One of them, in fact—a heavy tome, with an intricate iron clasp, was written in a completely unknown language<sup>15</sup>—one of an extremely different phonetic cast, perhaps resembling proto-Sanskrit more than anything else. However, even this interesting find was of no real help.

Parson's puzzling **manuscript** was, ultimately, given wholly into the charge of Professor **MANLY P. HALL**<sup>16</sup>—and his loyal **PRS** (Philosophical Research Society)<sup>17</sup> staff—both, because of his intimate knowledge regarding the "**Crowley affair**" and his peculiar interest in the matter of **Jack Parsons**, himself. And, also because of Professor Hall's wide linguistic learning and skill in the so-called mystical formulae<sup>18</sup> of Antiquity and of the late Middle Ages. Moreover, Professor Hall had a novel, but controversial, idea that its esoteric alphabet was something clandestinely used by certain **forbidden cults**<sup>19</sup>, which have come down from very ancient times—and which may have inherited many its forms and traditions from the Wizards<sup>20</sup> of the Saracenic world.<sup>21</sup> That question, however, he did not really deem vital; since it would be unnecessary to know the origin of the symbols<sup>22</sup> if—as he suspected—they were used merely as a cipher of an already existing, modern language. It was his belief that, considering the great amount of text involved, the writer would scarcely have wished the trouble of using another speech, other than his own—save perhaps, in certain special formulae<sup>23</sup> and older incantations.<sup>24</sup> Accordingly, he attacked the manuscript with the preliminary assumption that the bulk of it was actually transcribed from English.

Professor Hall knew, from the repeated failures of his colleagues at UCLA, that the riddle was a deep and complex one; and that no simple mode of solution could merit even a trial. All through late August, he fortified himself with a massed lore of **cryptography**<sup>25</sup>; drawing upon the fullest resources of his own PRS **Library**, and wading—night after night—amidst the Arcana of Trithemius' *Poliagraphia*, Giambattista Porta's *De Furtivis Literarum Notis*, De Vigenere's *Traite des Chiffres*, Falconer's *Cryptomenysis Patefacta*, Davys' and Thicknesses's eighteenth-century treatises, as well as such fairly modern authorities as Blair, Von Marten, and Kluber's essential *Kryptographik*. He interspersed his study of these ponderous tomes with attacks on the manuscript itself; and in time, became convinced that he was dealing with one of the subtlest and most ingenious of cryptograms<sup>26</sup>—in which many separate lists of corresponding letters are arranged like a multiplication table—and the message built up with arbitrary key-words<sup>27</sup> known only to “the Initiate.” The older authorities seemed rather more helpful than the newer ones, and Professor Hall concluded that the **secret code**<sup>28</sup> used in the manuscript was indeed one of great antiquity—no doubt, handed down through a long line of mystical experimenters. Several times he seemed near daylight, only to be set back by some unforeseen obstacle. Then, as September approached, the complexities began to clear. Certain letters, as used in certain parts of the manuscript, emerged definitely and unmistakably; and it became obvious that the text was in fact written primarily in English.

On the evening of September 2<sup>nd</sup>, the last major barrier gave way, and Professor Hall read—for the first time—a continuous passage of **Jack Parsons'** forbidden chronicle. It was in truth a diary<sup>29</sup>, as all had thought; and it was couched in a style clearly showing the great occult erudition<sup>30</sup> and general scientific literacy<sup>31</sup> of that “*Strange Angel*”<sup>32</sup> who wrote it. Almost from the first, the long passage that Hall deciphered—an entry dated November 26, 1940—had proved truly startling and highly disquieting. It was written, then—as he recalled—by a rather young boy who acted, instead, like a lad of twenty or even thirty years of age. And even when translated, it still had an aspect of “intentionally coded” secrecy that ran throughout all of the carefully recorded passages. For example, “*Today, learned the Aklo for the Sabaath,*” it ran, “*which I [Jack Parsons] did not like—it being answerable only from ‘the hill’ and not from ‘the air.’ That ‘upstairs’ is further ahead of me than I had thought it would be, and it’s not likely to have much of an earthly brain. I shot Ellis Hutchins’ collie, Jake, when he went to bite me, and Ellis says he should kill me for my evil deed—though, I suspect he won’t. My Grandfatherly mentor [Aleister Crowley] kept me chanting the Dho formula last night—and I think, I saw ‘the inner city’ at the magnetic poles. I shall go to those poles when the earth is cleared off—especially, if I can’t break through with the Dho-Hna formula, when I commit it from the top of Sentinel Hill. However, ‘Those’ from the Air told me, at Sabbat, that it will be years before I can completely clear off the earth—and I guess our cherished Grandfather and spiritual mentor will be dead, by then. So, I shall have to learn all the angles of the planes and all the formulas—between the Yr and the Nhhngr. They, from the ‘outside’, will help; but they cannot take physical form without human blood [or perhaps DNA?].<sup>33</sup> ‘That’ upstairs looks like it will have the right cast, though. I can see it, a little, when I make the Voorish Sign<sup>34</sup> or blow the Powder of Ibn Ghazi<sup>35</sup> at it. It’s nearly like ‘Those,’ at May-Eve, on the Great Hill. Of course, the other ‘face’ may wear off some. I wonder how I shall look, when the earth is finally cleared—when there are no more earth beings upon it! ‘He’ that came with the Aklo Sabaath said I shall be totally transfigured<sup>36</sup>—there being much more from the ‘outside’ to work with!”*

Morning found Professor **Hall** in a cold sweat of TERROR and a frenzy of wakeful concentration. He had not left the manuscript all night; rather, he sat at his table under the electric light, turning page after page with shaking hands as fast as he could **decipher** the horrendous text. He had nervously telephoned his wife that he would not be home. And when she brought him breakfast, from his house, he could scarcely dispose of a mouthful. All that day he read on; and now and then, he halted maddeningly as a reapplication of its complex key became necessary. Lunch and dinner were brought to him, but he ate only the smallest fraction of either. Toward the middle of the next night he dozed off in his chair, but soon woke from of a tangle of nightmares, almost as hideous as the vertiginous truths and menaces to man's existence that he had now—unfortunately or fortuitously—uncovered.

On the morning of September 4<sup>th</sup>, **Professor Rice** and **Dr. Morgan** insisted on seeing him, at least for a while, and departed trembling and ashen-grey. That evening, he went to bed, but slept only fitfully. Wednesday—the next day—he was back at the manuscript and began to take copious notes, both from the current sections and from those he had already deciphered. Into the small hours of that night, he slept a little in an easy-chair, within his office, but was at the manuscript—again—before dawn. Sometime before noon, his physician, a Dr. Hartwell, called to see him and insisted that he cease working. Hall refused; intimating that it was of the most VITAL IMPORTANCE, for everyone, to complete the reading of this diary—and he promised a full explanation in due course.

That evening, just as twilight fell, he finished his terrible perusal and sank back exhausted. His wife, bringing his dinner, found him in a half-comatose state<sup>37</sup>; but he was conscious enough to warn her off with a sharp cry—that is, when he saw her eyes wander toward the notes he had taken. Feebly raising, he gathered up the scribbled papers and sealed them in a large envelope, which he immediately placed inside his coat pocket. He had sufficient strength to get home, but he was so clearly in need of medical aid that Dr. Hartwell was summoned at once. As the doctor put him to bed, he could only mutter over and over again, “BUT WHAT, IN GOD’S NAME, CAN WE DO?” Professor Hall slept soundly enough, but he was partly delirious the next day. He made no explanations to Hartwell, but—in his calmer moments—spoke of the imperative need for a prolonged conference with both Rice and Morgan.

His wilder ramblings were very startling indeed, including frantic appeals that something in a boarded-up manor house or “magic mansion” be destroyed. And he also made a fantastic reference to some PLAN for the extirpation of the entire human race—including all animal and vegetable life—from the earth. Specifically, by some terrible **Elder Race** of beings—allegedly from another dimension.<sup>38</sup> He even shouted out that THE ENTIRE WORLD WAS IN DANGER, since these Elder **THINGS**<sup>39</sup> wished to strip the earth completely and drag it away from the solar system (and even the cosmos of matter)—and into some other plane or phase of entity, from which it had allegedly fallen billions of ages ago. At other times, he would call for the dreaded ***Necronomicon***<sup>40</sup> (and the *Daemonolatrea of Remigius*), in which he seemed hopeful of finding some formula to check the peril that Crowley and Parsons had conjured up. “STOP THEM!” he would shout. “That damnable **Crowley Cult** meant to let them in—and the worst Thing of all is left here still, free to wander the hills! Tell Rice and Morgan that we must do something—it’s a blind business, but I know how to make the Powder.... It hasn’t been fed since August ...when Jack Parsons came here, to his death ...and at that rate....”

But **Manly P. Hall** still had a sound physique, despite the psychic toll of his untold years of profound moral obligation and societal duties—he was truly the good **Doctor**; but rather, a doctor of lost Souls. So, he slept off his disorder that night, without developing any real or lasting fever. He woke late Friday clear of head, though sober with a gnawing fear and tremendous sense of responsibility. Saturday afternoon, he finally felt able to go over to the PRS Library once again, and summon Rice and Morgan for their long overdue conference. Throughout the rest of that day and evening, the three men tortured their brains with the wildest speculation and the most desperate debate. Strange and terrible books were drawn voluminously from the stack shelves and from other more secure places of storage. Various diagrams and formulae were copied, with feverish haste and in bewildering abundance. Of skepticism there was none. All three men had seen the ABOMINABLE body of **Jack Parsons**—as it lay sprawling dead on the floor within this very building—and after that, not one of them could feel even slightly inclined to treat Parsons’ diary as that of a raving madman. Opinions were divided, though, as to notifying the **Los Angeles Police** Department and the negative finally won. There were things involved which simply could not be believed by those who had not seen a sample—as indeed, was made clear during certain subsequent investigations. Late at night, the conference disbanded without having developed a definite plan; thus all-day Sunday, **The Professor** was busy comparing formulae and mixing chemicals obtained from the school’s nearby laboratory. As if imitating the exceedingly surreal life of that popular comic book hero **Doctor Strange**<sup>41</sup>, the more he reflected on Parson’s hellish diary, the more he was inclined to doubt the efficacy of any material agent in stamping out the ENTITY which **Crowley** and **Parsons** had left behind. **The Entity**<sup>42</sup> which—unknown to him—was about to burst forth, in a few hours, and become that infamous earth-threatening **HOLLYWOOD HORROR** of 1952. Monday was a repetition of Sunday, with additional help from Professor Hall’s staff—for the task at hand required an infinity of research and experimentation. Further consultations of that monstrous diary brought about various changes of plan; and he knew that—in the end—a large amount of uncertainty must remain. By Tuesday, Professor Hall had a definite line of action mapped out and believed that he would attempt a trip to the Cult’s so-called **Magic Castle** compound<sup>43</sup> within the week.

Then on Tuesday, the great shock came. Tucked obscurely away in a corner of the **Los Angeles Times** was a facetious little item from the Associated Press, telling of a record-breaking “MONSTER” that the abundant whiskey and drugs of Hollywood had apparently raised up. Professor Hall, half stunned, could only telephone for Rice and Morgan. Far into the night they discussed—and the next day proved to be a whirlwind of preparation on the part of them all. Manly Hall—indeed like the real-life **Doctor Strange**—now knew that he would be meddling with terrible powers! Yet, he saw that there was no other way to annul that deeper and more malign meddling which others had done before him.

[16] **HOLLYWOOD LAND—LA's MOVIE STUDIOS & DREAM WORKS**: *Los Angeles's Collective PSYCHE*.

Late Friday morning, Professors **Manly Hall**, Warren **Rice**, & Dr. Francis **Morgan** set out by motorcar for old **Hollywood**<sup>1</sup>, arriving at that famous **Boulevard** namesake<sup>2</sup> around one in the afternoon. Despite the seriousness of their mission, they couldn't help but notice its venerable **Chinese Theater** with its famous **bronze Stars** surmounting the pavement, bearing the names of Hollywood celebrities for nearly a century now.<sup>3</sup> The day was sunny and pleasant<sup>4</sup> and it reminded them why so many **movie stars** choose to live and play in **Southern California**.<sup>5</sup> But even in the brightest sunlight, a kind of quiet dread and portent seemed to hover above the strange, doomed hills and the deep, shadowy ravines of this troubled region. This was an almost undefinable emotion, like the strange feeling that forces us **Out of Our Heads**<sup>6</sup>—and into our hearts—whenever handling some beloved object that once belonged to someone else. Especially, a cherished item from someone who had just recently died—or worse, someone who was about to die.

Now and then, along the rounded ridges of these famous **Hollywood Hills**<sup>7</sup>—known to locals as the **Three Sisters**<sup>8</sup>—strange **circles** of standing **stones**<sup>9</sup> could be glimpsed against the now slowly darkening skyline. From the air of hushed fright at **Musso & Frank's**<sup>10</sup>, they knew something hideous must have just happened. The three visitors downed a quick martini to soothe their nerves and to try to fit in better with the crowd. While casually questioning some locals at the long bar, they soon learned of the annihilation of the Edward Frye house and the death of his entire family. Having pinpointed the exact epicenter of danger, throughout the remaining afternoon they drove around the now horrified hillsides—experiencing the oddness of old **Hollywood Land**<sup>11</sup>, directly. They questioned the natives concerning all that had occurred; and they saw for themselves, with rising pangs of horror, the dreary ruins of the **Frye estate**<sup>12</sup>—with its lingering traces of TARRY STICKINESS, blasphemous TRACKS within the Frye yard, the remaining dead and wounded **Crowley cattle** (that nobody dared touch), and the enormous swaths of disturbed vegetation, with its largely flattened spaces. The TRAIL up and down that sentinel-like hill of **Mount Lee**<sup>13</sup>—the so-called **Hollywood Hill**<sup>14</sup> (with some of its giant **Letters**<sup>15</sup> now knocked down and in muddled disarray)—seemed to Professor Hall of almost cataclysmic significance, and he looked long and hard at that sinister **stone altar**<sup>16</sup> placed atop its hallowed **Summit**.<sup>17</sup>

At length, the three visitors, being apprised of a party of **Los Angeles Police**<sup>18</sup>, presently set out to look for the obviously bewildered beat cops and detectives<sup>19</sup>, which had supposedly arrived from **Downtown** earlier that morning, in response to the first telephoned reports of the Frye tragedy. They decided to seek out the officers and compare notes, as far as possible. This, however, they found more easily planned than performed; since no sign of the party could be found, in any direction. There had been five of them packed in their black and white police car; but now, the lonely squad car stood empty next to the *ruins* of that cursed Frye estate. The locals, all of whom had talked with the policemen, seemed—at first—as perplexed as Professor Hall and his two companions. Then, old Sam Hutchins thought of something and turned pale, nudging Fred Farr, and pointing to the shaded, deep hollow that yawned close by. “*God,*” he gasped, “*I told them NOT to go up into that CANYON; and I never thought that they would, with all those TRACKS and that terrible SMELL, and the whippoorwills screeching in the dark overhanging clefts even at noonday....*” A cold shudder ran through both natives and visitors alike, and every ear seemed strained in a kind of instinctual, unconscious listening.

**Professor Hall**—now that he had actually come upon THE HORROR and its monstrous work—trembled under the enormous responsibility that he felt to be his alone. Night would soon fall, and it was then that the mountainous blasphemy would lumber about its eldritch course. “*Negotium Perambulans Intenebris...*,” the old librarian dutifully rehearsed the **Magickal formulae** he had memorized—and clutched a paper containing an alternative one, which he had not fully committed to memory, yet. He anxiously made sure that his electric flashlight was in working order, as he instinctively patted his jacket for his so-called “sonic screwdriver.” Rice, standing beside him, took from his valise a metal sprayer which he had recently purchased from **Norton Sales Inc.**<sup>20</sup> (of the sort mainly used for combating insects). Whilst Morgan uncased the big-game rifle on which he stubbornly relied—despite his colleague’s warnings that no material weapon would be of much help.

**Professor Hall**, having read Parsons’ hideous *Diary*, knew painfully well what kind of a “*manifestation*” to expect; but he did not add to the fright of the Hollywood residents by giving them any hints or clues. He hoped that “IT” might somehow be conquered—without revelation to the world of the monstrous THING they had barely escaped.<sup>21</sup> As the shadows gathered, the locals commenced to disperse homeward, anxious to bar themselves indoors—despite the present evidence that all such fragile locks and bolts were useless against a force that could bend trees and crush houses whenever it chose. They shook their heads at the visitor’s plan to stand guard at the **Frye ruins**, near **Runyon Canyon**<sup>22</sup>—and as they left, they had little expectancy of ever seeing these watchers<sup>23</sup> again. There were rumblings in the hills, during the night; and as usual, the whippoorwills piped threateningly. Once in a while, a wind sweeping out of **Griffith Park**<sup>24</sup>, would bring a touch of ineffable fetor to the heavy night air—such a fetor as all three of the watchers had undeniably smelled once before—that is, when they stood above the dying THING that had passed for the man known formerly as John Marvel Whiteside (Jack) **Parsons**.<sup>25</sup> But, the looked-for TERROR did not appear. Whatever was over in the park was biding its time, and **Professor Hall** told his colleagues—as if he were addressing a team of commandos—that it would be suicidal to try to attack it in the dark... or even to attempt a visit to the **Magic Castle**<sup>26</sup> compound, before he had gathered more “intelligence” regarding the immediate environment, any situational elements and concomitant dangers.

Morning came wanly, and the night-sounds finally ceased. It was an especially grey, bleak day for Southern California, with—now and then—a drizzle of rain. Moreover, heavier and heavier storm clouds seemed to be piling themselves up beyond the **Santa Monica Mountains**<sup>27</sup>, towards the north and west. The three men were rather undecided as what to do next. Seeking shelter from the gradually increasing rainfall—beneath one of the few undestroyed Frye outbuildings—they debated the wisdom of waiting or of taking the more aggressive action of *actually* going up into the canyon in quest of their nameless and monstrous quarry. The downpour waxed in heaviness, and distant peals of thunder sounded from the far horizon. Sheet lightning shimmered, and then a forked bolt flashed nearby, as if descending deeply into the accursed ravines of Griffith Park<sup>24</sup> itself! The sky grew very dark, and the watchers hoped that the storm would prove a short, sharp one followed by clear weather.



It was still gruesomely dark when, not much over an hour later, a confused babel of voices sounded down the road. Another moment brought to view a frightened **group** of more than a dozen men, running, shouting, and even whimpering, hysterically. Someone in the lead began sobbing out words, and the three men started violently when those words developed a coherent form. “Oh my God, my God,” the voice choked out. *“It’s moving around again; and THIS TIME, BY DAY! It’s out—it’s out and moving this very minute, and only the Lord knows when it’ll be upon us all!”* The speaker now panted into silence, but another took up his message.

“Approximately an hour ago, Zeb Whiteside here heard the phone ringing, and it was Miss Corey, George’s Wife, who lives up at the **Ranger Station**. She says that the local **Park Ranger**, Luther—just after having checked the **horses** at **Sunset Ranch**<sup>28</sup>—was out driving in old Crowley’s **urban cows** from the approaching storm; but then—after a big lightning bolt—he saw trees suddenly bending near the mouth of **Griffith Park**—and smelled that same AWFUL smell, like when he found those enormous **TRACKS**, last Monday morning. And she says that HE SAID that there was a swishing or lapping sound—more than what those bending trees and bushes could possibly make—and all of a sudden, the trees along the road began to get pushed over to one side—and simultaneously, there was an awful **STOMPING** and splashing in the mud. But to his utter amazement, Luther didn’t **SEE** anything—at all—only just the bending trees and underbrush!”

“Then, far ahead—near where the **Los Angeles River**<sup>29</sup> goes under **Los Feliz Boulevard**<sup>30</sup>—he heard an awful crashing and straining on the bridge, and he said he could tell by the sound that the iron was starting to bend and that the stones were starting to collapse and fall into the streambed. And again—all the while—he **NEVER SAW** a thing, only those trees and bushes bending over violently. And when the swishing sound finally seemed far enough away—it seemed to have travelled down the road, towards **Wizard Crowley**’s place, and then up towards that sentinel spot atop the **Hollywood Hill**—Luther said that he finally had the guts to advance to where he’d first heard it and inspect the ground. It was all mud and water, and the sky was dark, and the rain was wiping out all the tracks about as fast as could be; but, beginning at the park’s mouth, where the trees had first moved, there were still some of those AWFUL **PRINTS**—prints as big as the barrel legs found on the **Cabazon Dinosaurs**<sup>31</sup>—just like he saw earlier, on Monday.”

At this point, the initial speaker excitedly interrupted. “But **THAT** isn’t the trouble now—that was only the start. Zeb here was calling people up—and everybody was listening in—when a call from Seth Bishop’s cut in. It was as if we had **ALL** entered into a **Hollywood Movie Set**<sup>32</sup>—like at **Universal Studios**<sup>33</sup>, during a **Backlot Tour**<sup>34</sup>, with its monstrous ‘made-up’ **CARNAGE**—only this time, it was **REAL**! His housekeeper, Sally, was carrying on a fit—she had just seen the trees bending beside the road; and she said that there was a kind of mushy sound, like an elephant puffing and treading, heading directly for their house. Then, Sally spoke suddenly of a fearful **SMELL**—and her boy Chauncey was screaming that it was like what he had smelled earlier up at the **Crowley ruins** Monday morning. Of course, the neighborhood dogs were all barking and whining fearfully. And then, she let out a **TERRIBLE YELL** and said that the garage shed, down the road, had just **CAVED** in—like the storm had blown it over—only the wind wasn’t strong enough to do that! And, it even looked as though the cars inside had been completely and effortlessly **FLATTENED**. Everybody was listening, and we could hear lots of folks eavesdropping on the call suddenly gasping.”

“Then all at once, Sally YELLED again, and said that the front yard picket fence had just crumbled up—though there wasn’t any sign of whatever did it! Then everybody on the line could hear Chauncey and old Seth Bishop suddenly yelling too. And Sally was shrieking that SOMETHING heavy had STRUCK THE HOUSE—not lighting nor anything like that, but something really heavy had SMASHED against the front porch. And it kept launching itself, again and again—though, you just couldn’t SEE anything at all out the shattered front windows. And, then.... And then...” Outlines of fright deepened on every face; and Professor Hall, shaken as he was, had barely enough poise to prompt the speaker. “And then... Sally, she yelled out, ‘O HELP, THE HOUSE IS CAVING IN... And on the phone, we could all hear a terrible crashing and a whole lot of SCREAMING—just like when Elmer Frye’s place was taken down—only it was...” The man paused, and another of the crowd finally spoke. “That’s all—not a sound nor squeak over the phone after that. It was just still-like, as if everybody had been suddenly SILENCED AT ONCE!”

As the story quickly circulated, the people who heard it assembled as many trucks and station-wagons as they could find—and likewise, rounded up as many able-bodied men as they could get. That is, for an emergency meeting at the old **Ranger Station**—a place located strategically between both **parks**. And, it was clear they had come up to the **Headquarters** to see what the authorities thought they should do next. It was here that they also finally gave voice to their growing fears and unthinking superstition... *“I’m not the only one to think it’s the Lord’s judgment for our iniquities, and that no mortal sin is ever set aside.”* Given the growing atmosphere of religious fatalism that gradually seemed to be overtaking the crowd, **Professor Hall** saw that the time for positive action had come, and he spoke decisively to the faltering group of frightened residents. *“We must follow it, boys.” He made his voice as reassuring as possible. “I believe there’s a chance of putting it out of business! You men know that those Crowley cultists were Wizards—well, this THING is a thing of wizardry, and MUST BE PUT DOWN by the same means.”* Professor Hall, now self-consciously realized that he was sounding a bit like an overly dramatic **movie hero**—and ironically—the more he spoke, the more he sounded like that pop comic book ‘exorcist’ named **Constantine**.<sup>35</sup>

Hall stubbornly continued, *“I’ve seen **Crowley’s Book of the Law**<sup>36</sup> and **Parsons’ Diary**<sup>37</sup>—I’ve even read some of those **forbidden books**<sup>38</sup> that they used to read—and I think I know the right kind of **Magick Spell** to make that THING fade away, for good. Of course, one can’t be sure, but we’ll just have to take the chance. It’s INVISIBLE—I knew it would be—but there’s a powder in this long-distance sprayer that might just make it show up, at least for a second. Later on, we’ll try it. It’s a frightful thing to have alive, but it isn’t as bad as what Parsons WOULD have let in—if he’d lived longer. You’ll never know what the world has escaped! Now, we only have this one thing to fight—and thankfully, it can’t multiply. It can, though, do a lot of harm; so, we mustn’t hesitate to rid the world of it. WE MUST FOLLOW IT—and the way to begin is to go to that very place which has recently been wrecked. So, let somebody lead the way—I don’t know these roads very well, but I’ve an idea there might be a shortcut across these lots. How about it?”*

The men shuffled about for a moment, and then Earl Sawyer spoke softly pointing with a shaking finger through the now steadily lessening rain. *“I guess you can get to Seth Bishop’s quickest by cutting across **Lake Hollywood Park**<sup>39</sup> here, wading the **Hollywood Reservoir**<sup>40</sup> at the low place, and then climbing through the **Hollywood Bowl**<sup>41</sup>, beyond. That comes out on the upper road mighty close to Seth’s—a little on the other side.”* **Professor Hall**, with **Rice** and **Morgan**, started to walk in the direction indicated; and most of the natives started to follow them, slowly. The sky was growing lighter, and there were signs that the storm had worn itself away. When Hall inadvertently took a wrong direction, Joe Osborn warned him and walked ahead to show the right one. Courage and confidence were mounting; though the shadowy, nearly perpendicular woods, hills, and ancient **trails** of **Runyon Park** (which lay toward the end of their short cut)—put these qualities to a severe test.<sup>42</sup>

At length, they emerged upon a high, muddy road to find the sun finally peeking out. They were a little beyond the Seth Bishop place, but the bent trees and hideously unmistakable tracks showed what had once passed by. Only a few moments were consumed surveying the **ruins**, just around the bend. It was the Frye incident all over again, and nothing dead nor living was found in either of those collapsed shells—ruins which had once been the lovely Bishop house and garage! No one cared to remain there amidst the stench and tarry stickiness; and all turned instinctively to the line of horrible prints leading south and east, towards the wrecked **Crowley Mansion**. These prints eventually heading off again, across the highway and back up towards the nearly destroyed **Hollywood Hill Letters** and the altar-crowned slopes of **Mount Lee**’s sentinel-like stone peak. As the men passed the notorious **Cult site** around that ruined **Parsons** and **Crowley** compound, they shuddered visibly and seemed again to mix hesitancy with zeal. It was no joke tracking down something as big as a house—that one could not see—but, that had all the vicious malevolence of a **Demon**. Opposite the base of that famous Hollywood Hill, the tracks left the road—and there was a fresh bending and matting of grass and shrubbery visible along its broad swath—marking the **monster**’s former route to and from the summit.

Hall produced a pocket telescope of considerable power and scanned the steep sides of the hill. Then, he handed the instrument to Morgan, whose sight was keener. After a moment of gazing, Morgan cried out sharply, passing the glass to Walter Whiteside and indicated a certain spot on the slope with his finger. Walter, as clumsy as most nonusers of optical devices are, fumbled a while; but eventually, he focused the lenses with Professor Hall’s help. When he did so, his cry was less restrained than Morgan’s had been. *“God almighty, the grass and bushes are moving! It’s going up—slowly—creeping up to the top this very minute. Heaven only knows what for?”* Then a germ of panic seemed to spread amongst the ragtag group “monster hunters.” It was one thing to chase a NAMELESS ENTITY, but quite another to find it! Mysterious *Spells* might actually be what’s needed—but suppose they weren’t? Voices began questioning Professor Hall about what he knew of the THING, and no reply seemed to quite satisfy this nervous crowd. Everyone seemed to feel himself in close proximity to phases of Nature and of Being utterly forbidden—and indeed, wholly outside the sane experience of mankind.

In the end, the three “wise men”—harkening from that exclusive UCLA<sup>43</sup> fraternity and the so-called *PRS Philosopher’s Club*<sup>44</sup>; namely, white-bearded **Professor Hall**, iron-grey **Professor Rice**, and the lean, youngish **Dr. Morgan**—finally decided to ascend the mountain, alone. After patient instruction regarding its focusing and use, they left the telescope with the frightened group who remained along the road; and as they climbed, they were watched closely by those among whom the glass was passed around. It was hard going, and Professor Hall had to be helped more than once. High above the toiling group, the great swath trembled as its hellish maker repassed with snail-like deliberateness. Then, it became obvious that the pursuers were finally gaining. **Curtis Whiteside**—of the un-decayed branch—was holding the telescope when the academic party detoured radically from the swath. He told the crowd that the men were, evidently, trying to get to a subordinate peak which overlooked the swath, at a point considerably ahead of where the shrubbery was now bending. This indeed, proved to be true; and the party was now seen to gain the minor elevation, only a short time after the invisible blasphemy had passed.

Then Wesley Corey, who had just taken the glass, cried out that **Professor Hall** was adjusting the sprayer which Rice held—and that he was also helping Rice into the **Global Effects** space suit<sup>45</sup> (meant to protect him from the sprayer’s discharge)—and he exclaimed that something important must be about to happen. The crowd stirred uneasily, recalling that this sprayer was expected to give that unseen HORROR a moment of visibility. Two or three men shut their eyes, but Curtis Whiteside snatched back the telescope and strained his vision to the utmost. He saw that Rice, from the party’s vantage point, was above and behind the entity—and had an excellent chance of spreading that potent powder with marvelous effect.

Those without the telescope saw only an instant flash and greyish cloud—a cloud about the size of a moderately large building—which had encompassed the uppermost part of the mountain. Curtis, who had held the instrument, dropped it with a piercing shriek into the ankle-deep mud of the road. He reeled, and would have crumpled to the ground, had not two of three others seized and steadied him. All he could do was moan half-inaudibly, “*Oh, oh, great God...THAT...THAT...*” There was a pandemonium of questioning and only Henry Wheeler thought to rescue the fallen telescope and wipe it clean of mud. Curtis was past all coherence, and even isolated replies were almost too much for him. “*Bigger than a large house ...all made of squirming rope-like tentacles ...the whole thing sort of egg-shaped, bigger than anything living, with dozens of legs like huge barrels that open and shut when they step ...nothing solid about it —it’s all like jelly, and made of separate wriggling rope-like appendages, pushed close together ...great bulging eyes all over it ...ten or twenty mouths, or trunks, sticking out all along the sides, big as sewer-pipes, and all tossing about and opening and shutting ...it’s all grey, with kind of blue and purple rings ...and GOD IN HEAVEN—THAT HALF-FORMED FACE ON TOP!...*”

This final memory, whatever it was, proved too much for poor Curtis; and he suddenly grew waxen in coloration and complexion—and then, collapsed completely before he could say anything more. Eerily, his face reminded the men of those believable, but lifeless mannequins found throughout the ever-popular **Hollywood Wax Museum**.<sup>46</sup> Fred Farr and Will Hutchins carried him, almost deferentially, to the edge of the road and laid him down carefully on the damp grass—as if they were about to bury a beloved celebrity in that famous **Hollywood Memorial Park Cemetery**.<sup>47</sup>

Henry Wheeler, although trembling, turned the rescued telescope towards the mountain to see what he might. Through the newly cleaned lenses were discernable three tiny figures running toward the summit, as fast the steep incline would allow. Only these three brave men—nothing more! Then, everyone noticed a strangely unseasonable NOISE in the deep valleys of Griffith Park, behind them—and then, throughout the florid underbrush spanning entire Hollywood Hill itself. It was the piping of unnumbered whippoorwills. And in their deafening chorus, there seemed to lurk a note of tense and evil expectancy. Walter Whiteside now grabbed the telescope and reported that the three figures were currently standing on the topmost ridge, virtually level with the **Altar-stone**—but at considerable distance from it. One figure, he said, seemed to be *raising* his *hands* above his head at *rhythmic intervals*. And as Walter mentioned the circumstance, the crowd seemed to hear a faint, *half-musical sound* off in the distance—as if a loud *chant* were accompanying their awesome *gestures*. The weird silhouette surrounding this great peak must have been a spectacle of infinite grotesqueness and impressiveness, but no observer was in a mood for aesthetic appreciation. One of Hall's PRS helpers commented that the whole frightening spectacle reminded him of ***The Exorcist***.<sup>48</sup> "*I guess he's saying the Exorcism Spell,*" whispered Wheeler, as he snatched back the telescope. The whippoorwills were piping wildly now; and in a singularly curious irregular rhythm, quite unlike that of the visible *Ritual*.

Suddenly, the sunshine seemed to lessen—without the intervention of any discernible cloud. It was a very peculiar phenomenon, and it was plainly witnessed by all. A RUMBLING sound seemed brewing beneath the Hills, mixed strangely with a concordant rumbling which clearly came from the Sky above. LIGHTNING FLASHED—suddenly—and the wondering crowd looked in vain for portents of a Storm. The *chanting* of Manly P. Hall—and those 'Masonic' Wizards of UCLA—had now become unmistakable. And Wheeler saw through the glass that they were *all* simultaneously raising their arms, in rhythmic *Incantation*—with the grave intention of *Exorcism*. Then, from some hillside house—far away—there came the frantic barking of dogs.

The change in the quality of the daylight increased, and the crowd gazed at the horizon in wonder. A purplish DARKNESS, born of nothing more than a spectral deepening of the sky's blue, pressed down upon those RUMBLING hills. Then LIGHTNING FLASHED, AGAIN—somewhat brighter than before—and the crowd fancied that it had revealed a certain MISTINESS around the Altar-stone of that distant peak. No one, however, had been using the telescope at that exact moment. The whippoorwills continued their irregular pulsation, and the brave denizens of Hollywood braced themselves—tensely—against some imponderable menace with which the atmosphere seemed surcharged.

Without warning, came a series deep, cracking, and raucous VOCAL SOUNDS which shall never leave the memory of that stricken group who heard them. Not from any human throat were they ostensibly born—for the organs of man can yield no such acoustic perversions. Rather, one could have said they came from the Pit itself—had not THEIR SOURCE, so unmistakably, emanated from the Altar-stone of that blasphemous Peak! It was almost error to call them ‘Sounds’ at all, since so much of their ghastly infra-bass timbre spoke of dim seats of consciousness—and of a terror far subtler than the ear—yet one must do so, since their form was indisputably—though vaguely—that of half-articulate WORDS. They were loud—loud as the multitudinous rumblings and thunder, above which they horrifically echoed. Yet, these ‘Words’ came from no visible being! And because imagination might suggest a conjectural source in the world of non-visible beings, the huddled crowd at the mountain’s base huddled still closer together. And then, they suddenly winced—as if in expectation of a dreadful blow.

“YGNAIH...YGNAIITH...THFLTHKH’NGHA ...**YOG-SO THOTH...**” rang the hideous croaking out from inner space. “Y’BTHNK...H’EHYE —N’GRKDL’LH...” The speaking impulse seemed to falter here, as if some frightful PSYCHIC STRUGGLE was unfolding. Henry Wheeler strained his eyes with the help of the telescope, but he saw only three grotesquely silhouetted human figures on the summit, all *moving* their *arms* furiously in their *strange gestures*—as their *Incantations* drew near to its *Dissolution*. From what black wells of primordial fear and feeling, from what unplumbed gulfs of extra-cosmic consciousness or obscure, long-latent heredity, were those half-articulate thunder-croakings drawn? Presently, they began to gather renewed force and coherence as these sounds grew in stark, utter, ultimate frenzy. “EH-YA-YA-YA-YAHAAH—E’YAYAYAYAAAA...NGH’AAAAA...NGH’AAAA...H’YUH...H’YUH...HELP! **HELP!** ...FF—FF—FF—**FATHER!** FATHER! YOG-SO THOTH! ...” But, that was all! The pallid group on the road, still reeling from this INDISPUTABLY ENGLISH—from transcendent syllables that had poured thickly and thunderously down from that frantic vacancy beside the now broken Altar-stone—were never to hear such syllables again!

Instead, they jumped violently at the terrific EXPLOSION which seemed to rend open the Hills themselves. A deafening, CATAclysmic peal whose source—be it inner earth or sky—no hearer was ever able to place. A single LIGHTNING BOLT shot from that purple zenith shattering the Altar-stone, below—coupled with a great tidal WAVE of viewless force—as an indescribable stench swept down the mountain, encompassing the entire Hollywood hillside and even some of the valley floor beyond. Trees, grass, and underbrush were suddenly whipped into a vortex fury. Similarly, the frightened crowd at the mountain’s base—weakened by the lethal fetor that almost asphyxiated them—were nearly hurled off their feet. Dogs howled in the distance—as the grasses and foliage wilted to a curious, sickly yellow-grey. And, all over the hillside—particularly within the verdant fields and forests of Griffith Park—were scattered the bodies of an endless multitude of DEAD whippoorwills. The stench left quickly enough, but the vegetation on Mount Lee’s summit never did grow right again. And to this day, there is something abnormal and unholy about the growth on and around that fearsome hill. And it remained this way for many years, afterwards. That is, until city officials finally decided to do something about it—thus, ultimately hiding all the remaining bits of evidence denoted by those horrible hilltop ruins.

Curtis Whiteside was only just regaining consciousness when the three—now accomplished—Wizards finally descended, triumphantly, from their mountainous heights. They shone brightly, amidst beams of golden sunlight, once more brilliant and untainted. Though, they remained grave and quiet—seemingly shaken by such memories and reflections, all the more terrible than those which had reduced that group of Hollywood natives to a state of cowed quivering. In reply to a jumble of questions, they simply shook their heads and reaffirmed one vital fact. “THE THING has gone forever,” Professor Hall said. “It has been split up into whatever it was originally made—AND, CAN NEVER EXIST AGAIN! It was an impossibility in our normal world. Only the least fraction was really matter, in any sense we know.”

“IT was like its FATHER—and most of it has gone back to HIM—that is, returning to some vague realm, dimensionally outside our material universe.<sup>49</sup> These monstrous entities exist in some **Abyss**<sup>50</sup> out of which only the most ‘**Accursed Rites**’<sup>51</sup> of human blasphemy<sup>52</sup>—like Crowley’s ‘**Chronozon Evocation**’<sup>53</sup> or Parsons’ ‘**Babylon Working**’<sup>54</sup>—could ever have *Called*<sup>55</sup> THEM, for even a moment, onto this celebrated Hollywood Hilltop. Fortunately, most people will never learn what truly happened here—and how close we actually came to oblivion! And, I hope to keep it that way. Maybe someday, they’ll try to make a ‘fictional’ **movie** about it? Just so long as people don’t ever, really, BELIEVE it. Or, more to the point, ever TRY these *Workings* again! This kind of **Black Magick**<sup>56</sup>—and this sort of blasphemous sexual or preternatural ‘genetic working’<sup>57</sup>—must remain forever hidden. If so, then I suspect that everything will all be Okay.”

There was a brief silence, and in that pause the scattered senses of poor Curtis Whiteside began to knit back into a sort of continuity; so that he put his hands to his head with a pitiful moan. Memory seemed to pick itself up where it had left off, and the horror of the freakish sight that had prostrated him burst in upon him, again. “OH, MY GOD, **THAT FACE—THAT HALF-HUMAN FACE ...ON TOP OF IT ...THAT FACE WITH THE RED EYES AND CRINKLY BLACK HAIR, AND BEARDED CHIN ...LIKE JACK PARSONS ...IT WAS AN OCTOPUS, CENTIPEDE, AND SPIDER-LIKE KIND OF THING, BUT THERE WAS A HALF-SHAPED MAN’S FACE ON TOP OF IT—AND IT LOOKED LIKE IT WAS THE SAME FACE AS THAT NOTORIOUS WIZARD, JACK PARSON’S—ONLY IT WAS YARDS AND YARDS ACROSS!**” He paused exhausted, as the group of Hollywood natives stood dazed and confused—like they had just witnessed a **Venice Beach Freak Show**<sup>57</sup>—starring with an utter bewilderment, which had not quite crystallized into fresh terror. Only Old Zebulon Whiteside—who often reminisced about the old days—and who had been silent heretofore, finally spoke aloud. “*Ironically, over twenty years ago,*” he rambled, “*I heard Old Crowley say how, someday, we’d hear a child of Cameron’s calling its FATHER’S Name on the top of that ancient Hollywood Hill...*”

But now, Joe Osborn fearfully interrupted, and rather insistently cross-examined the three Wizards, anew. “WHAT WAS IT ANYHOW?”, Joe blurted... “And HOW THE HELL DID JACK PARSONS CALL IT OUT OF THE AIR... OR, WHEREVER IT CAME FROM?” **Manly P. Hall** tried to think of an appropriate answer and find some useful analogy—as the crowd suddenly turned, looking piercingly at Joe. “Well—IT was mostly a kind of FORCE that doesn’t belong in our part of space, or anywhere close to earth; a kind of force that acts and grows and shapes itself by other Laws than those of our Nature.<sup>58</sup> Maybe, I can explain it better with an example. I don’t know if any of you have ever read **Michael Crichton’s**<sup>59</sup> novel, ***The Sphere***<sup>60</sup>; but IT was a lot like that uncontrollable mental force which was described so well in that intriguing story.” Then, Hall—suddenly realizing his rather blatant ‘time slip’—immediately changed the subject.

“Well, either way, it is simply TOO MUCH POWER for the human race to handle, right now.<sup>61</sup> Maybe, perhaps after several millennia—when we finally learn to behave humanely, and in a disciplined and ethical way towards each other—then maybe we can make some experiments in that direction—but NOT until then... Or, maybe, NEVER! We simply have no business calling in such THINGS from the Outside, and only very wicked people—like **Aleister Crowley**<sup>61</sup>—and very wicked cults<sup>62</sup>—like those **Thelemic**<sup>63</sup> **Cultists** (or that *Ordo Templi Orientis*<sup>64</sup> group)—ever try to. There was some of it in that self-styled ***Lord of Illusions***<sup>65</sup>—**Jack Parsons**<sup>66</sup>—enough in fact to make a Devil and a precocious MONSTER of him. And, to make his passing a pretty terrible sight.”<sup>67</sup> I’m going to burn his accursed *Diary*. And if you men are wise, you’ll remove what remains of that **Altar**—and likewise, pull down the rings of **Standing Stones** on all the other hills as well. Perhaps, I can persuade the government to build some sort of installation on top of this foreboding Hill<sup>68</sup>—or simply to fence off the entire unholy summit.<sup>69</sup>”

“Though, I promise you, I’ll flatly deny I ever told you this: Those unearthly hills, upon which these stone **temples** rest, undoubtedly represent the vestigial remains of a long-lost race of **Serpent Men**.<sup>70</sup> Believe it or not, these alleged **Reptillians**<sup>71</sup>—or the so-called ‘*Sleestak*’ of popular culture—actually had very little interaction with the **Native Indians** of California (or Arizona, for that matter). But they were known to these tribal peoples, through an ancient **lore** passed down since the very beginning of recorded human history. This is why libraries (like the **Labriola**<sup>72</sup>) are so vitally import—and once lost, these precious bits of primordial history will be gone forever. And always remember that these ‘stargates’—such as this here **stone portal**<sup>73</sup>—brought down the very BEINGS those damned Crowley fanatics were so fond of. And, that these ENTITIES were going wipe out the human race and drag the earth off to some nameless DOOM<sup>74</sup>—for some incomprehensible purpose.”



## **THE FINALE.**

“But as to this THING that we’ve just sent back—**Aleister Crowley** originally raised IT for a terrible part in the doings that were to come...<sup>75</sup> And with **Jack ‘Whiteside’ Parsons’** care and nurturing<sup>76</sup>, IT grew up fast—and also grew to be extremely large—specifically, for the same reasons that Jack Parsons grew up fast and developed such a tremendous I.Q.—especially towards the end!

Jack was a true **Star Child**<sup>77</sup>, but somehow IT had ‘infected’ him and—eventually—overtook him, for the worse. Perhaps, because it had a greater share of that ‘Outsideness’ in it.<sup>78</sup>

You needn’t ask *how* Jack ‘Called’ it OUT of the AIR. He didn’t Call it OUT of his surroundings. It was actually IN him. IT WAS HIM! It was HIS **DARK TWIN**. IT might more accurately be named **Jack ‘Darkside’ Parsons**—much like his ‘TWIN BROTHER’—but IT LOOKED MORE LIKE ITS ‘FATHER’ than JACK ever DID!”<sup>79</sup>

# THE END #

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From a ‘weird’ idea that originated in a 1983 Highschool English class (with Mrs. Mildred Mitchell)  
...to a draft rewritten sometime in the 90’s ...and reworked, with LA travel information, in the 2000s.

ALTERNATE ENDING ...FOR *THAT STRANGE DOCTOR*.

Then, just out of sight of the watchful crowd, his trusty blue TARDIS finally appeared next to him. *The Doctor*—taking full advantage Joe’s effectual distraction—suddenly slipped out of sight.

However,  
regardless of Manly P. Hall’s timely intervention,  
humanity had definitely suffered a close call ...this TIME!

As he vanished from this 1952 Hollywood scene,  
he wondered how he was ever going to explain this to his poor wife—  
she simply had no idea about his endlessly strange exploits.

# THE ALTERNATE ENDING #

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From a ‘weird’ idea that originated in a 1983 Highschool English class (with Mrs. Mildred Mitchell)  
...to a draft rewritten sometime in the 90’s ...and reworked, with LA travel information, after 2000.

[0] APPENDIX: ***BUDDHIST DREAM YOGA & SHANGRI-LA:***

Buddhists as the Protectors of *LA's SOUL & COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS.*

***The Ancient & Accepted Dugpa Order — Guardians of Our 'Western Paradise':***

As the **keepers** of this **arcane history**<sup>1</sup>, we should probably clarify the goals and purposes of our Ancient & Accepted **Dugpa Order**.<sup>2</sup> We are a clandestine **brotherhood**<sup>3</sup> of militant<sup>4</sup> **Buddhist Monks**<sup>5</sup> who secretly seek out and eliminate evil, in all its untold manifestations. While initially this may sound a bit Machiavellian, hopefully we can better explain who we are and reasonably justify the good that we hope to achieve. Towards this end, we also need to clarify how and why a long dead writer of fringe sci-fi horror—who we now refer to as "*Master Lovecraft*"<sup>6</sup>—is so significant to the future survival of the human race. And finally, why "*LA LA Land*"<sup>7</sup>—and not New England—is so important within the context of worldwide magickal events.

***Buddhist Masters & His Holiness the Dugpa Grandmaster:***

To begin with, my name is **Rev. T. Christopher Kurth**<sup>8</sup>, and I am the humble, yet official spokesperson for the International Dugpa order. My teacher, and spiritual **Master**<sup>9</sup>, is **H.H. Laughing Buddha**<sup>10</sup>—a humble clergyman who also just happens to be the venerable **Grandmaster**<sup>11</sup> and **351<sup>st</sup> Karmapa**<sup>12</sup> of the Ancient and Accepted Dugpa lineage. Most significantly, however—especially, among the Brothers<sup>13</sup> of our sacred, but secretive fraternity—Master Laughing Buddha is considered to be a true **Bodhisattva**.<sup>14</sup> That is, a holy emanation of "Higher Mind"<sup>15</sup> and a living, breathing representative of the great spiritual principles<sup>16</sup> governing the natural world. Though to most Angelenos, he is simply known by the affable name of Fred—and he really prefers to keep it that way.

Nonetheless, it was essentially our Grandmaster's wish that we finally set the record straight—as best we *dare*—with regard to the events that culminated with the so-called "**Hollywood Horror**" of 1952. Fred, although he won't tell us his exact age, was approximately 192 years old at the time; but he still doesn't look a day over fifty, at least to his admirers. Unfortunately, due to the constant need for secrecy, our Dugpa Grandmaster normally keeps a low profile. Though, in a recent and unprecedented show of Buddhist solidarity, amidst celebrations for Chinese New Year, Master Laughing Buddha was officially canonized<sup>17</sup>—namely, by the Head Abbot of the auspicious **Hsi Lai Temple**<sup>18</sup>, in Hacienda Heights. Soon after these festivities, the **Wat Thai Temple**<sup>19</sup> of Los Angeles and Little Tokyo's **Zen-shu-ji Soto Mission**<sup>20</sup> also formally recognized our illustrious Grandmaster; showering him with ceremonial honors and the beloved title of "*Great Protector of LA's Western Paradise.*" This is high praise indeed, especially for a nondescript old man—who is simply known to most people in the community as Fred Mertz—that "Bodhisattva guy" from Brooklyn. Although, in a typical show of Buddhist humility, Fred has always maintained that it is really the popular Los Angeles philosopher, **Manly P. Hall**<sup>21</sup>, who should receive our utmost gratitude for his decisive intervention in that blasphemous equinox of 1952. Indeed, Professor Hall may have saved us all that year and was probably *murdered* for his selfless service to our misunderstood order.

Contrary to what some benighted **Theosophists**<sup>22</sup> and a few followers of Swami **Yogananda**<sup>23</sup> might otherwise claim, we **Dugpas**<sup>24</sup> unquestioningly serve the Hidden Chiefs<sup>25</sup> of the **Great White Brotherhood**.<sup>26</sup> But, as an order of Buddhist mendicants<sup>27</sup>—stretching back literally thousands of generations ...to the Red **Tantrikas**<sup>28</sup> hailing from the mountainous wastes of **Tibet**, the Black **Bon-pos**<sup>29</sup> of primeval **Mongolia**, and even the Yellow **Druk-pas**<sup>30</sup> from the forbidden plateau of **Leng**<sup>31</sup>—we have long had the dubious honor of protecting this world against **black**<sup>32</sup> **magick**<sup>33</sup> and evil sorcerers.<sup>34</sup> This is a notoriously difficult task—you might even say, ‘a necessary evil’—so, it comes as no surprise that we have been repeatedly criticized for dabbling in the **dark arts**, ourselves. This, while undeniably true, is not really fair; since—as the first line of *DEFENSE against* these dark arts (or evil of any kind, for that matter)—we have always needed to know something about the malevolent forces we battle. However, this occasional—but necessary—‘dabbling,’ ever so often leads one of our kind astray. Most of the time they just get a little twisted, although more than once it has turned out quite badly for everyone. This is, in fact, what happened to the wayward **sorcerer**<sup>35</sup> **Aleister Crowley**<sup>36</sup> and his brilliant apprentice<sup>37</sup> **Jack Parsons**.<sup>38</sup> And, this is—understandably—why these two Wizards are central to nearly everything *BAD* that has happened ‘magickally’ during the twentieth century—especially, the unprecedented chaos resulting from Crowley’s reckless “Chronozon evocation”<sup>39</sup> and Jack Parson’s exceedingly perilous “Babylon workings.”<sup>40</sup>

### ***The Real Magick of MindScience, Mentalism, & Neuro-mancy:***

Thanks in part to the three-hundred-year rise of **naturalist** and mathematical<sup>41</sup> **magick**<sup>42</sup>—that is, what we *now* refer to as modern **science**<sup>43</sup>—we, undeniably, live in a materialistic and skeptical age. Consequently, the fictionalized events described in Brother **Lovecraft**’s mostly true “biographical” **stories**<sup>44</sup> are, nowadays, simply dismissed as pure imaginary fabrications—by nearly everyone. Ironically though, this turn of events is not to be lamented, as the prevailing ambiguity and skepticism of our age was partly by design. In fact, believe it or not, it was actually Lovecraft’s life mission! Here’s why: We Dugpas—while on the one hand, trying to warn people about the potential **psychic** dangers<sup>45</sup> that may literally seize the unprepared mind<sup>46</sup> at any moment—have also seen what happens when *too many* people realize that **Mentalist Magick**<sup>47</sup> and drug induced **Neuro-mancy**<sup>48</sup> actually works!<sup>44</sup> Or, even more convincingly to the point, the central fact that **Consciousness**<sup>49</sup>—Itself—is unmistakably the MOST POWERFUL FORCE in nature; and likewise, **Mind**<sup>50</sup>—and *not* physical matter—is truly the *most* fundamental “element”<sup>51</sup> within this so-called “material” universe.<sup>52</sup> But, before I blather on about such secret things—such as “*the importance of controlling even the most inconsequential of our thoughts*”—let me, as the current mouthpiece of the Dugpas, explain just how H.P. Lovecraft became an “accidental” Master within our shadowy order.

Or, to elucidate Lovecraft’s rather improbable rise to Adeptness in a converse way: How and why does a fearful, reclusive, and rather eccentric writer of “weird fiction,” living nearly a century ago, possibly have *any* significance today—much less, potentially having such a profound relevance to the future survival and evolution of the human race? The answer may surprise you, and can be summed up in one rather innocuous word—**DREAMS**.<sup>53</sup>

### ***Dreaming & The Ancient Science of Dream Yoga:***

Everyone, of course, is familiar with dreams and the dreaming process, but hardly anyone realizes their ultimate *significance*<sup>54</sup> or how powerfully *amplified* they may become.<sup>55</sup> There are many furtive reasons<sup>56</sup> why famous **psychologists**<sup>57</sup> like Sigmund **Freud**<sup>58</sup> and **Carl Jung**<sup>59</sup> were so interested in our **unconscious**<sup>60</sup> **dreamlife**.<sup>61</sup> Well, these are the same “magickal” reasons why more than half of Lovecraft’s writings specifically concern his aptly named “**Dreamlands**.”<sup>62</sup> The penultimate answer to this conundrum is again quite simple, but also quite astonishing—unless you’ve given this seemingly abstract philosophical subject<sup>63</sup> some truly dedicated thought. Namely, the most straightforward conclusion is just that “dreams” are distinctly *real*!<sup>64</sup> And perhaps more astonishingly, these “Dreamlands” actually do *exist*<sup>65</sup>—indeed, they may even come to exist *objectively*<sup>66</sup>, like physical objects<sup>67</sup> within the natural world.<sup>68</sup> Primitive man knew this, instinctively. And, almost every tribal or shamanic society still believes this—to some degree.<sup>69</sup>

However, not everyone is equally adept<sup>70</sup> at controlling their **dreams**<sup>71</sup>, much less consciously<sup>72</sup> and *intentionally*<sup>73</sup> visiting<sup>74</sup> these actual “Dream Realms”<sup>75</sup>—especially, according to their own volitions!<sup>76</sup> Lovecraft—*unlike* nearly everyone else in our skeptical age—surprisingly, discovered these profound truths for himself. Doubtlessly, he accomplished this remarkable feat due to his many hours of attempting to master the Magickal Art of **Lucid Dreaming**.<sup>77</sup> He seemed to happen upon this ancient method of “**Dream Yoga**”<sup>78</sup> purely by accident; but probably also due, at least in part, to ever persistent nightmares that plagued his youth.<sup>79</sup>

Although we are hesitant to admit this so openly, “**Milam**”<sup>80</sup>—that is, the **Tibetan** discipline<sup>81</sup> of **Dream-control**<sup>82</sup> (especially when combined with **Dream-amplification**<sup>83</sup>)—is not only the *most important* (preliminary) **Magickal Arte**<sup>84</sup>, it is also *the primary Yogic*<sup>85</sup> and **Shamanic**<sup>86</sup> skill<sup>87</sup> that every *real Magickian*<sup>88</sup> and Tibetan **Yogi**<sup>89</sup> must ultimately master. And even more importantly, this ever present “**Dream Reality**”<sup>90</sup> (the so-called realm of *Shambogha-kaya*) is the one great “**True REALITY**”<sup>91</sup> (or profound *Dharma-kaya*) BEHIND—and the original SOURCE of—every religion known to man.<sup>92</sup> Thus, no matter how much of a skeptic, agnostic, or even atheist that people—even Lovecraft himself—may *claim* to be; the Dream Realms are, in fact, the vast dimensions of existence from whence we all came—namely, before we were physically born<sup>93</sup> And ironically, they are exactly the same realities that we will *all* return to when we ‘apparently’ die!<sup>94</sup>

In short, the incredulous Lovecraft, despite his cynical pretensions, actually “initiated” himself<sup>95</sup> into the magickal mysteries of Shamanic **TRANCE**.<sup>96</sup> Even more remarkably, he accomplished this important “shamanic work”<sup>97</sup> without any outside help, whatsoever. That is, before our elite circle of Dugpa **Guardians**<sup>98</sup> even recognized Lovecraft’s newly acquired skills, he was already battling horrendous nightmare **demons**<sup>99</sup>, and even a few psychic **vampires**<sup>100</sup>, with as much skill as our best **Exorcists**<sup>101</sup> and **Chod-pa**<sup>102</sup> Adepts.

### ***Defense Against the Dark Arts:***

So, to make a long story a bit shorter, Lovecraft was inevitably confronted by our membership—and thoroughly interviewed and debriefed. Then, after a rigorous **ethical** testing<sup>103</sup> and examination—which apparently caused his political views to shift quite radically (i.e., from a rather reactionary stance, towards a much more liberal and humane perspective)—he was finally awarded an honorary membership within the Ancient and Accepted Dugpa Order. Very soon afterwards, and to everyone’s surprise, he was then—like a true-life **Harry Potter**<sup>104</sup>—recruited into the advanced “inner circle” of Defense Against the Dark Arts instructors.<sup>105</sup>

### ***Dreamlands & the Western Realm of Shangri-LA —a.k.a., LA LA Land:***

Ultimately, after a somewhat hurried and condensed series of higher **initiations**<sup>106</sup>—as his physical health was unfortunately deteriorating—H.P. Lovecraft was finally granted the full title of “Master” within the august membership of our ancient and accepted fraternity. With this final honor and title—a position of respect that still eludes *this* narrator—Master Lovecraft was at last allowed to know the exact location of our **Headquarters Monastery**<sup>107</sup> in Southern **California**. This massive **LA Temple**<sup>108</sup>—existing *collectively* within humanity’s **Dreamlands**<sup>109</sup>, and only partially intersecting our physical dimension—is a gorgeous **Dream Palace**<sup>110</sup> already known to many souls as **Shangri-LA**.<sup>111</sup> This is indeed why Californians can truly claim that “*Hollywood is the place where dreams are made.*”<sup>112</sup> But, like the story—herein—sometimes these dreams are made at one hell of a cost to everyone! ...FOR EVEN DREAMS HAVE SOME **RULES ...AND OFTEN THE EDGES ...OR BOUNDARIES**—FOUND EVEN IN DREAM—CAN BE QUITE SHOCKING ...AND—SOMETIMES—RATHER PERILOUS!<sup>113</sup>

## H.P. Lovecraft: Eight Things About “*The Master*.”

Howard Phillips Lovecraft has often been referred to as the new American Poe. If you think of Lovecraft as a 20<sup>th</sup>-century update on the Gothic horror and mystery classics of Edgar Allen Poe, then you’ll truly understand what Lovecraftian terror is all about. However, H.P. Lovecraft also introduced Science Fiction—and even some genuine scientific knowledge—into the traditional horror and mystery genres. As the century progressed, this new style of writing came to be called Weird Fiction. While less respected by so-called serious writers, weird fiction is actually quite close to a more sophisticated literature known as Magical Realism—a genre that is quite popular, today.

Lovecraft, however—while avidly writing about the supernatural—always claimed to be an atheist. Though, he did admit that the apparent realities of religion were probably connected to an afterlife continuation of our dreams and dreaming life—that is, after our physical form had dissolved back into the natural elements. This is why nearly half of his corpus is concerned with his Dreamland mythos. Although not nearly as well-known as his Cthulhu mythos, these obscure Dream-based works are, in fact, very suggestive of eastern shamanism—particularly, the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*.

### About the Author—As Much as He Dare Reveal.

However, this is where H.P. Lovecraft’s story truly gets weird! A few people have actually learned the terrible truth behind Lovecraft’s strange vision of life, death, and the beyond. Apparently—as Lovecraft himself later admitted—there is much more TRUTH lying behind his strange tales than anyone ever realized.

More incredible still, Lovecraft was allegedly initiated into these mysteries by a suspicious occult organization; which allegedly revealed much of their secret history—and magickal workings—to this young, aspiring writer. Moreover, he was even encouraged to write about what he had learned—just so long as he claimed that everything they revealed to him was fiction. Evidently, this exceedingly ancient brotherhood—sometimes referred to as the *Dugpas* of Tibet—had decided that it was time for humanity to finally grow up and face the hard truths of existence—namely, that humanity was definitely not alone in the universe. And, that our universe—or multiverse—is actually far stranger than we ever imagined. However, in order to achieve this somewhat dubious enlightenment, humans had to first be exposed to these ideas gradually—so as not to cause widespread hysteria and panic. Then, once these ideas had been effectively introduced into our mass consciousness, men of science would eventually come to realize that much of what had been formerly thought of as mere Science Fiction was actually quite real and indisputably true—Yog-SoThoth’s existence, for example. Ironically, Lovecraft was THE MAN this clandestine Order chose for such a peculiar but extremely important mission. And of course, this is actually why this long dead writer of existential horror is so significant today!

But, don’t take my word for it. Just listen to how I learned the horrible truth behind Lovecraft’s tale, *The Dunwich Horror*. Spoiler alert: It’s completely true—only these dangers are not just found in New England. Los Angeles, California, is also one of these perilous places! But, I’m getting ahead of myself. First, let me make some introductions and explain to you how I uncovered that true lie behind *The Hollywood Horror*—and its massive 1952 cover-up.

# H.P. LOVECRAFT'S THE HOLLYWOOD HORROR

CONTENTS = 17 TOTAL 'CHAPTER BOOKS'

<<<LOVECRAFT'S LA *Sephirot*=Spheres of Life (& Knowledge)>>>

<<<*Keter*=Religion>>>

[6] LA RELIGION & MYTHOLOGY

<<<*Binah*=Education (& Understanding)>>>

[2] LA AS LOVECRAFTIAN FILM NOIR

[12] LA DETECTION: DETECTIVE FICTION & TRUE CRIME

[15] UCLA: UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

<<<*Chockmah*=Philosophy (& Wisdom)>>>

[11] LA PHILOSOPHY & MANLY P. HALL'S

PHILOSOPHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY

...& THE PHILOSOPHER'S CLUB

<<<*Da-at*=Mysticism-Phenomenology (& the Unconscious)>>>

[0] BUDDHIST DREAM YOGA

& SHANGRI-LA

<<<*Gevurah*=Politics (& Law)>>>

[13] DOWNTOWN LA

<<<*Chesed*=Arts (& Humanities)>>>

[3A] LA'S BEVERLY HILLS: THE RICH,  
THE BEAUTIFUL, & THE HIP

[3B] LA GUIDE TO SUNSET STRIPPING  
& HOLLYWOOD STAR SEARCHING

[9] LA CULTURE, ARTS, & HUMANITIES

<<<*Tiferet*=Psychology>>>

[1] THE DUNWICH HORROR: TRUE ORIGINS...

[7] MENTALISM, MAGICK,  
& LA'S MAGIC CASTLE

<<<*Hod*=Science (& Nature)>>>

[8] LA SCIENCE & NATURAL DISASTERS

[14] LA NATURE: PEAKS, PONDS, & PARKS

<<<*Netzach*=Medicine-Health (& Nature)>>>

[10] LA MEDICINE & PSYCHIATRY

<<<*Yesod*=History (& The Humanities)>>>

[5] LA FREEMASONRY &  
THE ROSICRUCIAN FRATERNITY  
...& LESS RESPECTABLE CULTS

[16] HOLLYWOOD LAND:  
LA'S MOVIE STUDIOS  
& DREAM WORKS

<<<*Malkhut*=Business (& Technology—Applied Arts & Sciences)>>>

[4] PASADENA'S SCI-TECH: DEVIL'S GATE & JPL SORCERORS



Dear Richard Stanley,

I heard that you are working on a modern adaptation of Lovecraft's *The Dunwich Horror*. If this is truly the case, may I be so bold as to say that I've already done this and would love to contribute to your new film project!

In fact, I've been working—and reworking—this story ever since the 1980s. Around 2010, I decided to rewrite this tale as a surreptitious guide to everything weird about Los Angeles. Afterwards, I hastily threw this version up on the internet, so as to ultimately get credit for this novel adaptation. Indeed, long before *Strange Angel*, I had already transformed “Wizard Whateley” into that Black Magician Aleister Crowley—and young “Wilber” into that strange genius Jack Parsons! In fact, after this ‘illuminating’ gestalt, the story really wrote itself.

Incidentally, I originally got the idea from reading Robert Anton Wilson (way back around 1983). However, from the tone of your writing, I suspect that you're already familiar with his work. Although I've misplaced my earlier screenplay—indeed, I own a massive library (that desperately needs to be culled)—this more recent adaptation can easily be remodified to fit your needs. Thus, so long as the price is fair, I would finally love to make some money from this lifelong ‘labor of love.’

Lastly, if you enjoy this radically ‘modernized’ story—which actually stays fairly true to H.P.’s original fiction—I have also updated several other Lovecraft tales, as well—notably, *The Shadow Over Innsmouth*, *The Music of Erich Zann*, *The Quest of Iranon*, *The Strange High House in the Mist*, and even *The Colour Out of Space*.

You can reach me—T. Christopher Kurth—at [professorkurth@gmail.com](mailto:professorkurth@gmail.com). My ‘executive secretary’—Julie Kurth—also serves as a reliable contact at Arizona State University (they are called the “Sun Devil’s,” after all ☺).

Sincerely,

T. Christopher Kurth