

WITCH



SUMMER FAPA 1953

E D I T O R I A L

Lilith has fascinated me for a long, long time; and when I read C. L. Moore's FRUIT OF KNOWLEDGE (UNKNOWN, Oct. 1940) not too long ago, I decided to find out more about this mysterious and much maligned character. Immediately I ran into conflicting legends that all but bogged me down. So, unable to find any satisfactory facts I decided to add a few ideas of my own. In the first few chapters of Genesis I found two significant things -- in Genesis I:27 it reads that " God created man in His own image -- male and female created He them" which sounds as though man and woman (Lilith) were created at the same time, and equal.

Then in Genesis II: 18-23, ". . .I will make a helpmeet for him . . . and the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam . . . and He took one of his ribs . . .made He woman . . . Adam said . . . this is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh . . . called woman"

Those significant words, "help-meet" and "woman" designate inferiority. Apparently the second attempt was most successful.

In these next pages I, aided and abetted by honorable spouse and crony RHDrummond, give you Lilith, the Queen of Air and Darkness. If you get only a fraction of the enjoyment from reading this that I did in recreating her, I shall be delighted. Whatever your reactions, may you remember for a while that darksome spirit, Lilith.

Delcie Austin

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COLLOQUY ON A PURPLE COMET

Royal H. Drummond.

(The foreground is a flat, level space the size of a dining room floor. Outside this, the ground is a chaos of rocks thrust up in a mad tangle. A few yards off in every direction, the ground falls away to a sickening abyss of violet mist. The light comes from everywhere and nowhere, stealing a lavender hue from the diffusing mist.

Disposed about the clearing are three figures in varying attitudes of exhaustion and despondency. These are angels -- rather bedraggled at the moment, with tattered gowns and tarnished haloes that barely flicker. They are all absorbed in their own glum reflections. One, seated on a rock, examines a sore foot, another is watching him absently, and the third stands in the typical angelic pose, wings neatly folded, hands clasped before, a rapt gaze in his eyes. As the curtain reaches the top, he speaks.)

SEMANGELAF

See, bretheren, even our many-leagued travail nears its most welcome ending. Methinks the multitudinous glories of the star-sprinkled heavens are about to culminate in our many-splendored Home. Is it not good, my comrades?

SANVI (irritably)

Many, shmany! Time enough for that highflowngabble when we get back to the Throne. Why don't you just sit down and relax? (turns to the footsore one) I hope that doesn't infect. Can't tell what you'll pick up from that stinking little ball of muck. I told you to stay off the ground, I said you shouldn't go barefoot, but did you listen to me? Of all the dimwits . . .

SANSANVI

Gee, Sanvi, I couldn't very well be confidential with her while hovering. It would have given her a crick in the neck. And my wings got awful tired in that heavy air. Besides, I liked wiggling my toes in the fresh dewy grass. - - - It'll be all right, I'll put some nectar on it when we get Home. I only wish that was all I had to worry about.

SEMANGELAF

He can't do much, short of casting us out, but He won't do that. We're too short-

handed since the Prince and his followers left. No, the worst that can happen is for us to be set to restringing harps for a millenium or so. We can do that standing on our haloes.

SANVI

Maybe you're right. I don't know, though, seems to me the Old Man's losing His grip. Who would have thought, last millenium, that He would deliberately fashion a creature that could defy Him as that Lilith did? And then, instead of smashing her with a thunderbolt, and the whole planet with her, he sends us to argue with her! Believe you me, no good will come of all this. (to Sansanvi) You're not the only one whose wings got tired. You ought to be thankful I found this comet going our way, when you were so busy chasing that meteor. What got into you, anyway?

SANSANVI

Will you promise not to laugh at me? I thought I saw a butterfly on it, so pretty in the sunlight. But it was only a piece of mica.

SANVI

P-f-f-f-t. . . Uh, what were you going to do with it?

SANSANVI

Take it Home with me. It would have been so nice to play with. I could feed it on nectar, and it would sit on my shoulder, and I could keep it to remember her by. (defiantly) She was so b-beautiful.

SEMANGELAF

Here, let's have no more of that kind of talk. If we are not to be severely punished, we must never let Him know the real reason why Lilith disobeyed. Do you want to join the Prince, after what happened?

SANSANVI

I wouldn't care -- she'd be there. Even if she didn't have much time for me, I could at least see her once in a while.

SANVI

That's all right with you, but what about us? You know the Old Man never makes distinctions; if you go, so do we, and I for one have no desire to leave Home. Nver to hear His voice again, never to see a cool cloud, no more nectar. . . (he shudders) Why, they say if I keep on improving I'll be singing solo in the choir in a hundred years or so. No, Sansanvi, you must keep silent for all our sakes.

SEMANGELAF

Yes, you must. After all, it's better for Him to believe that Lilith than that we, His trusted emissaries, betrayed Him. We cannot cause that additional pain. Isn't that so?

SANSANVI

You didn't betray Him. I'd tell Him so, too.

SANVI (soothingly)

We know you would, sansanvi, but he'd never believe we were in the dark about what was going on. We are angels, after all, and are supposed to keep up with the news even on a vacant, dingy world like that one.



SANSANVI

It's not dingy! I like it better than any place He ever made.

SEMANGELAF

Easy, little one. Perhaps "dingy" isn't the right word, but you must admit that colorful as it is, it's not the sort of place any being in his right mind would care for. All that riotous, undisciplined vegetation, those teeming animals, the heaving oceans. B-r-r-r-r. And that business of winter and summer! Why he didn't make a decent, regular planet instead of that tilted thing is beyond me. And I know what you liked about it -- the night. Of all the fantastic things! Seasons were bad enough, but making it dark half the time . . .

SANVI

Yes, I must say you certainly took to that. What were you doing that last night, when you sneaked off?

SANSANVI

Wel-l-l, I was with Lilith.

THE OTHER TWO

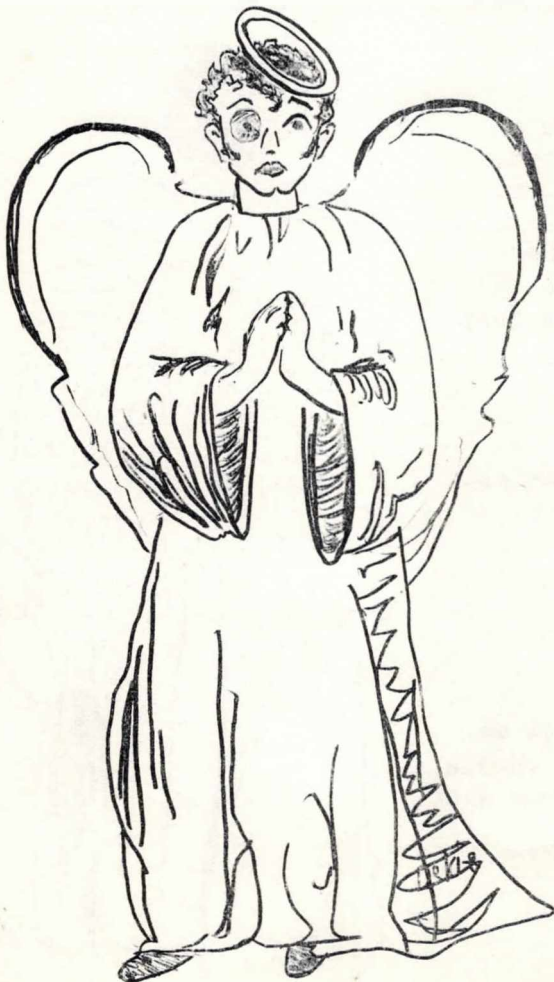
WHAT!!

SANSANVI

Yes I was. I spent the whole night with her, and I wouldn't ever have come back if I hadn't known you two would be sure to hunt me down. I was happier than I ever will be again. All these years and hundreds of years, and I didn't know. . .

SANVI

Didn't know what?



SANSANVI

Oh, never mind.

SEMANGELAF

Never mind! NEVER MIND! You can't just leave us dangling like that. Drop that other sandal. What happened?

SANSANVI

You won't tell anyone else?

SANVI

Of course not. Go on, go on.

SANSANVI

She talked to me the whole night long about Adam, and about herself. Did you know they don't love Him?

SEMANGELAF

No!

SANVI

How can anybody not love Him and live? Why, the very thought of His not being there to love makes me ill.

SANSANVI

They have something called free will, that lets them do it. They can do anything they want to do, or not do anything they don't want to do, except one, and they can even disobey Him. He made them that way because He was bored by the unreasoning love of us angels. Now, if He wants them to love Him He has to earn it by being good to them. It gives Him something to look forward to.

SEMANGELAF

How does she know all this?

SANSANVI

The Prince told her. And there's something else, too. Did you notice all those little animals that stayed right by the big ones without being bothered at all? The big ones made them, and they'll get bigger and pretty soon they'll be just like the big ones. Adam and Lilith could make little Adam's and Lilith's, too.

SANVI

But, -- but that's almost like Creation!

SANSANVI

Not quite -- there's something called "sex" that Lilith tried to explain, but wasn't quite clear to me. Anyway, it's quite different from His creating things. And along with that they have pride and envy and confidence, intelligence, jealousy, anger, hatred, and oh, all sorts of curious emotions.

SEMANGELAF

What do they need them for?

SANSANVI

Why, it's so He can take pride in earning their love. After all, it's not much fun being loved by just anybody that comes along. To be meaningful, love has to come from someone whom you can respect, and who has the option of not loving you if he so desires. You and I and the other angels love Him because that's the way we're made; if we didn't love Him there'd be something wrong with us. But Adam and Lilith will love Him only if He can make them want to do so. Lilith thinks it's probably a sort of game.

SEMANGELAF

That's the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard. Everybody knows He never wagers except on a certainty. To say that He would deliberately enter into a game that he might lose is sheer insanity. So far as my knowledge goes, He never gave a sucker an even break in His life.

SANSANVI

Lilith says that He has a way to get around that. You see, Lilith and Adam and their children -- that's what they call the little ones -- are all going to do what they call "die." Some morning they won't be there -- they won't be anywhere, they'll just stop. (No, I don't understand it either, but that's what she said.) And they're awfully frightened about it, sometimes they can't think about anything else. She and the Prince think He's counting on their fear of this "death" to make them say they love Him, in hope He will save them from it.

So I told her that if she could disobey Him, He obviously wanted her to do so, and actually she would be pleasing Him by disobedience. That's what she meant when she told you I gave her permission to leave Adam.

SANVI

I dunno -- it doesn't sound right to me. First He creates these creatures so that they don't have to love Him, then He builds in something so He can trick them into doing so. Seems an awfully awkward way of doing things. Why doesn't He just have

them love Him without all the bother?

SANSANVI

It's not necessary for us to understand, is it? so long as it is His plan? Our Lord moves in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform.

SEMANGELAF

Why, that's beautiful, Sansanvi. It's almost poetry, -I'll make a song of it. Did you think of it yourself?

SANSANVI

It just came to me.

SANVI

Hey, we're here. Semangelaf, brush off your robe; straighten your halo, Sansanvi. Let's make a good impression now, straighten up and fly right.

Come, Bretheren.

THE OTHER TWO (almost in unison)

Yes, Comrade, we're walking behind.

(They form in a vee with Sanvi in the point; their great wings move, first slowly but with ever-increasing strength, until they rise from the stage and plunge into the purple mist as

THE CURTAIN FALLS



LILITH: Traditionally, the first wife of Adam; the queen of the demons and sometimes wife of the Devil. Rabbinical tradition indicates that God made Adam and Lilith from the dust at the same time, some say as twins joined back to back. But Lilith would not acknowledge Adam, the man, as her superior in creation; she would not be his servant, for she was created at the same time. Therefore she left Adam and was turned out of Paradise. God then made Eve from Adam's rib.

. . . according to Moslem tradition Lilith cohabited with the Devil and gave birth to the jinn. Traditionally, God dispatched three angels to induce Lilith to return to Adam before he created Eve, but she refused and thus incurred the penalty of losing 100 of her offspring each day. However, once more, after the expulsion from Eden, Lilith slept with Adam, and from this union were born the Shedim, or evil spirits.

-- paraphrased from the Funk & Wagnalls STANDARD DICTIONARY OF FOLKLORE, MYTHOLOGY, AND LEGEND.

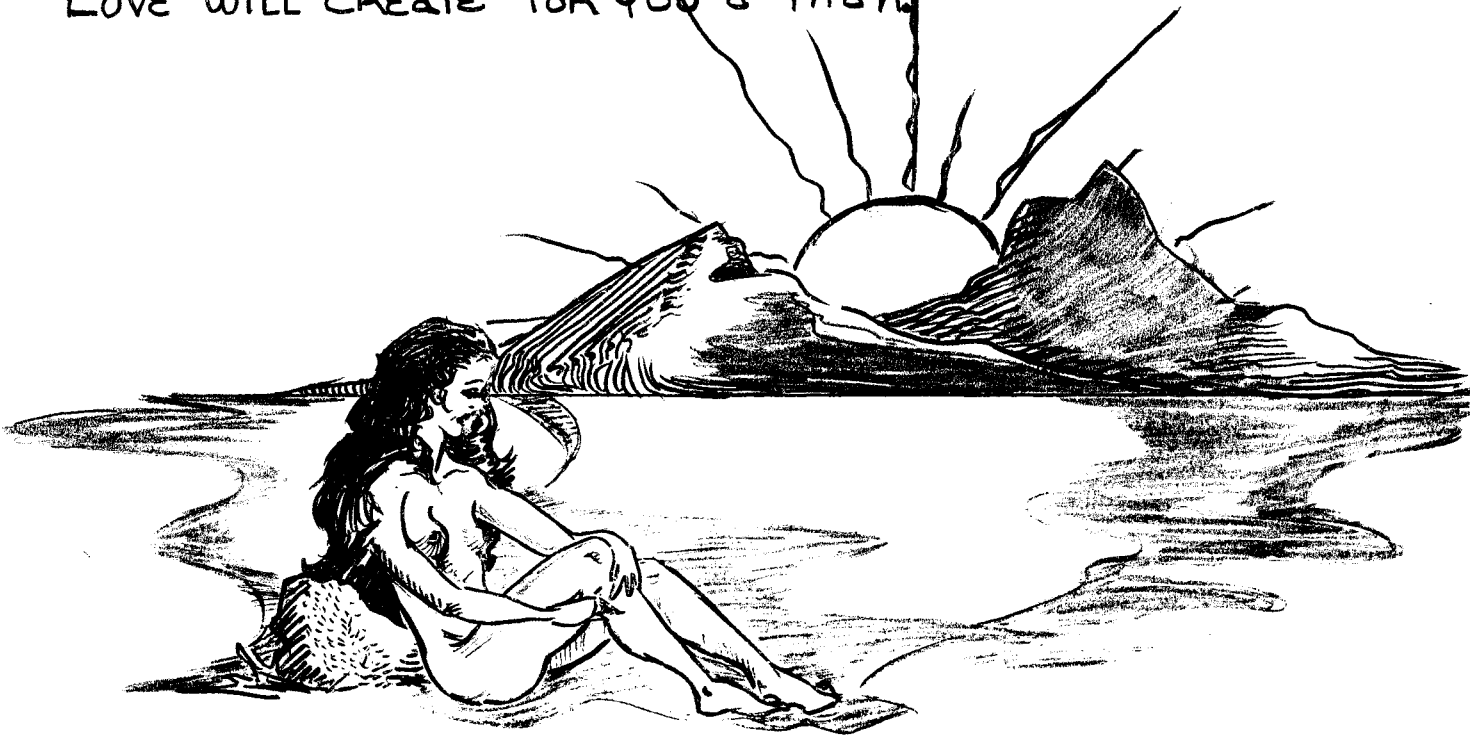
PART ONE

CONCERNING The CREATION and CERTAIN Things
which ARE WRITTEN HEREIN FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME.

CONCEIVED in darkness,
ALONE was she BORN
into a world chaotic and TORN
with its own REBIRTH.
(This was EARTH)

SLOWLY she wandered
OVER its CRUST
and UNDERFOOT her PEOPLE were dust.
WEARY with bare feet BLEEDING
she Lay HERSELF down in the MIRAGE of EDEN.

and as she slept
THERE APPEARED in a DREAM
a CREATURE LIKE HERSELF it SEEMED
who said, "from The dust and sand
LOVE WILL CREATE FOR YOU a man."



STARTLED, she woke
and Looking around
saw nothing but barren and dusty ground.
Then Lilith covered her eyes and wept
For the one who spoke to her as she slept.



Endlessy, barrenly,
The parched earth stretched before her -
above, The merciless canopy of hot blue sky.
and in her heart Love and Lonliness
for her mate, her alter ego, the one in the dream.
and Liliths Tears commingled with the dust,
bringing forth grass and flowers,
Trees and brooks.

before her eyes dust motes danced
Then softly clung together.

Adam emerged, drawn from the earth by love.
They embraced, these two, with
naive wonder.
stepped apart
Looking into

each others eyes -
Then smiled.



and love came to the new world.

...NO FURY...



N O F U R Y

Wm N. Austin

Far above clouds of steam and corrosive vapors, a huge space craft broke mooring with its companion and plunged into the inferno of a voracious and newly-born planet, to rise again, eventually, as a part of the clouds.

Inside the remaining craft a woman, dark and ageless, and beautiful beyond compare, flicked a switch, and the sprayer stopped hissing layers of encasing plastine upon the slowly revolving body of a man in a horizontal spindle. Then the spindle stopped, and the body, with a clear two-inch thick coating, lifted and settled upon a nearby table. The man's eyelids flickered, remained closed.

Lilith slipped off her laboratory smock and leaned back at rest, the corners of her mouth tilting away the remaining vestiges of her former concentrated fury. Her fury of thoughts, fury of action.

"Awakening, Xanethes? Listen well, then, for soon you shall sleep again, to awaken as a stranger to yourself, your former knowledge all but totally forgotten. And you'll awaken below, in this bratling of a planet which eventually will be tolerably habitable. Remember, you said so yourself.

"What, horrified, Xanethes? Be not of frail heart, fair lover. Lover! Recall those long spacio-vis conversations? When both of us ached for the time when our explorations would some day cross, and our thoughts would fuse with our accumulated emotions into a mad fury of love?"

The man's eyes had opened at this, now closed painfully at the recollection. Lilith's flashed darkly momentarily as anger held sway and then subsided. She sprawled out, totally relaxed, upon a nearby settee, and sent anew her thoughts, softly modulated toward her prisoner.

"I have mused often at the cause of your aloofness, my friend. You know, it has never in my long life occurred before -- total rejection by a lover. Perhaps life and a long succession of lovers wearied you to the extent that only the quest for knowledge could hold you enthralled, seduce you to seeking still more information.

"When you finally arrived here, Xanethes, I was truly beside myself with titillating anticipation. And even after you had greeted me -- somewhat too formally, true -- and we made our preliminary explorations below in the auxilliary, your bubbling enthusiasm at our discoveries still seemed to betoken a sudden frenzy of reciprocated emotions sooner or later.

"But as the days wore into weeks, then months, I realized you accepted me as a scientist and a scientist only. Especially when des-

peration spurred me to unwomanly boldness, to be met in turn with sharp rebuff.

"Nay, 'tis best you remain here, my friend, and continue your studies with fresh approach. I will report you a victim of mishap, and the interest of your superiors will cease as mine has. Or will, soon.

"Think of it, Xanethes. Immortality! You shall live forever, for you shall have offspring of your likeness who shall carry still further your new-found perplexity, and their children shall bear your stigma through history. Puzzled, lover? Be not so, for I have created for you a mate -- that clod at your side. You see her not? Well, no matter. Your eyes will weary of her soon enough. Truly, I exceeded myself in her creation. But the very epitome of plainness! Dull, singleminded of purpose to the point of madness, unimaginative, but with an agile tongue that will speak words and destroy whatever fragment of serenity you manage to retain. Your mate, Xanethes. An android in your likeness, and female. Made with the assistance of one of your ribs, incidentally."

She paced before him now, arms crossed, a reflective smile accompanying the stream of thoughts focussed upon the lidded and frowning face below.

"Your mate an android, yes, but your children will be real enough. And strangely, they will be as you are now if all goes well. So that will not be too dismaying, will it? There is one small item worth mentioning, however, should my words be recalled to your thoughts. And that, my friend is simply that your wife will have one small allergy, which if ignored will cause her children to be stricken for all time as she is: stupid, boorish, and self-destroying. On the other hand, if she nurses it, your existence may be blessed with serenity.

"Specifically, I mean the fruit of a tree, one which will afterwards find the dignity and respect it deserves. Unfortunately, your wife will have a strong predilection for apples"

I hope most sincerely she refrains from partaking of this fruit, Xanethes, for you may well imagine a race ever grasping for knowledge but unable to correlate it; ever seeking love, never finding it; sometimes grasping fleeting glimmerings, to find they have slipped like wisps of smoke through their fingers. Verily, a huge responsibility, lover."

Now she leaned over him, smiling into his horror-stricken eyes. "An alternative you have. The odds are not good, true, and the stakes are large. Serenity or damnation -- what will it be? Hmmm? I'll bet on damnation! A damned man in a world damned to stupidity. A whole race of the damned. Not bad, that. So I christen theewith thy new name, fair departing friend: Adam. Short, and to the point.

"But your mate. She also must have a name. And since your day is closing and she is accompanying you, what would be more apt than 'Eve'?

"A kiss now, lover, before you depart into the fiery chaos below, to your sanctuary with your new lover."

She kissed the cool glassy surface above his lips, straightened, smiled, and stepped over to a nearby switch. An amber glow filtered over the man, and his eyes closed for a thousand millenia.

WORTH



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