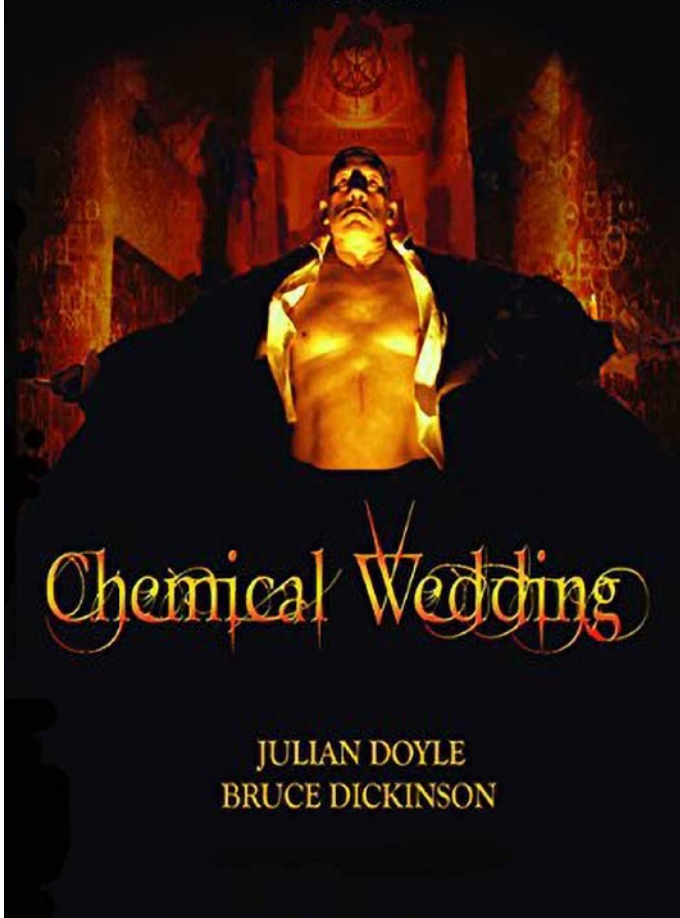


EVEN THE MOST SCIENTIFIC CONCEPT OF
THE UNIVERSE IS ULTIMATELY MYSTICAL

Aleister Crowley



Chemical Wedding

JULIAN DOYLE
BRUCE DICKINSON

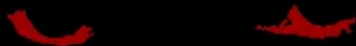
SAMPLE CHAPTER

www.juliandoyle.info

**'Everytime I hear of Shrodinger's Cat
I reach for a gun'**

Stephen Hawkins

THE CHEMICAL WEDDING



by

**BRUCE DICKINSON
JULIAN DOYLE**

**EVERY TIME I HEAR OF
SCHRODINGER'S CAT I REACH FOR A GUN**

Stephen Hawkins

THE CHEMICAL WEDDING



**THE FIRST SCIENCE
FACTION BOOK**

*JULIAN DOYLE
BRUCE DICKINSON*

MATADOR

A MATADOR book

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(i) PROLOGUE

KANCHEN JUNGA MOUNTAIN 1922

The jagged peaks of Nepal rise out of a sea of cloud. Swooping down through the clouds into the darkness a raging blizzard bellows. Miniscule ant-like figures stagger up the grey snowfield. Raw hands clutch the frozen lifeline linking them. The wind rips at their frostbitten faces, their primitive defence of balaclavas, dark linen jackets and high leather boots are scant protection. A Sherpa stumbles and collapses, his impossibly heavy burden falls in the snow. In front, the leader jerks on the rope in frustration. He pivots revealing his nametag 'CROWLEY'. Furious he cuts through the deep snow until he stands over the man.

"Up!" he demands with the authority of an English Public schoolboy. The other climbers pause for breath in astonishment.

"Get UP!"

Without warning Crowley raises his silver handed walking stick and savagely brings it down on the hapless Sherpa.

"Do what I say you feeble excuse..."

He raises the stick again. The rest suddenly stunned into action push Crowley off and huddle around the groaning Sherpa.

Mitchell shouts through the wind, "For God's sake...his leg's gone."

"If he doesn't walk on it then he'll die."

"We can carry him."

"No!" orders Crowley. "I am the leader of this expedition, if he doesn't get up we will leave him."

The decomposing group regards Crowley with obvious disgust.

"You are out of your mind, we will do no such thing."

Crowley looks down on them with loathing and announces with utter certainty, "Then you will all die."

He pulls out a knife and severs the frozen hemp rope from around his middle. The slack drops at Mitchell's feet like a lifeless serpent; when he looks back up he is stunned to see Crowley trudging off into the grey blizzard, above.

Slowly the determined figure disappears into the storm.

A raging night of tempestuous winds and whipping snow descends on the peaks. A tent, impossibly situated 20,000 feet high on a precipitous ledge, withstands the screaming torment's attempt to dislodge it. An oil lamp vainly glows through the canvas. Within the cramped confines, Aleister Crowley shivers and rasps in the grip of an asthma attack. Glimpses flash

through his tortured mind, ghosts of young Crowley's vicarious past.

Images of Hell - as portrayed by his Plymouth Brethren parents from the Darbyite creed, who believed literally in the truth of every word of the Holy Book and chosen by God himself as the only worthy community to inhabit Heaven.

Images of Death - the final convulsive throws of his eccentric father leaving the eleven year old in the grip of a bigoted mother.

"You beast! You Beast!" she screams at the evil child.

Her death elicits his poem:

In her hospital bed she lay
Rotting away!
Cursing by night and cursing by day,
Rotting away!
The lupus is over her face and head,
Filthy and foul and horrid and dead,
And her shrieks they would almost wake the dead;
Rotting away!
In her horrible grave she lay,
Rotting away!
Rotting by night, and rotting by day,
Rotting away!
In the place of her face is a gory hole,
And the worms are gnawing the tissues foul,
And the Devil is gloating over her soul,
Rotting away!

Images of sadism - thwack! The perverted headmaster of Malvern school viciously thrashes his naked bottom.

Images of lust – the creatures of the night, stripped and thrusting vampires who gave the youth the naked sores that erupted from his illicit pleasure.

Alone as the violent winds thrash the tent, in a mad frenzy the Apostate is locked in a perilous struggle with self. For three long hours God and Satan fight for Aleister Crowley's eternal soul. Then as the howling winds calm, God finally conquers. Now the only doubt left in Crowley's tortured mind is, which of the two is God.

The tormented night gives way to a bright, blinding day. The precarious tent flaps open and the *Chosen One*, Aleister Crowley, crawls bleary eyed into the snowy glare. He accepts the Lords have chosen him even from

birth as he bore on his body, the three most important distinguishing marks of the Buddha. He was tongue-tied and on the second day of his incarnation a surgeon cut the fraenum linguae. He also had phimosis, the membrane of his foreskin of the penis could not be fully retracted and necessitated an operation some three lusters later. Lastly, he had upon the centre of his heart four hairs curling from left to right in the exact form of a Swastika.

Leaving behind His belongings He trudges the last hundred feet towards the peak, oblivious that the thin air was tearing at His lungs. With each breathless step He pants rhythmically - couplets from Richard the Third.

“Go Gentlemen, every man to his charge.
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.
For conscience is a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe.
Let strong arms be our conscience sword our law.
March on join bravely let us to it pell-mell.
If not to heaven then hand in hand to HELL.”

At length He stands triumphantly high above the forgotten world. Exhilarated He tears off His goggles and gloves then strips to the waist, falling on His knees in the snow before the rising sun. The Son of the sun always knew the Universe was invented for Him to suck. Now He grows delirious as He contemplates the delicious horrors that are to unfold His life. Passionately His croaking voice calls out in ecstatic impudence.
“Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.”

In the stratospheric stillness, an echo returns across the astral plain.
“Love is the law, love under will.”

This glorious Son raises His arms and shouts back. “I am the beast – the beast incarnate! My laws alone will govern my life and all the lives before me. Stab your demoniac smile to my brain; Soak me in cognac, love and cocaine.”

Below, beneath the veil of storm clouds, obscene shapes of bodies are scattered in the agony of death. Mitchell, his mouth frozen open, the icy rope connecting the others, all frozen, all dead.

20,000 feet below them the inhabitants having just finished one world war mercilessly, murder each other a second time.