



Credits

front layout and design

Victor Raymond

cover illustration

Giovanna Fregni

Index

Krista Donnelly



© M. A. R. Barker, 1994

THE THIRD OCEAN:



THE TONGUE

of

THOSE WHO JOURNEY BEYOND:

sample file
SAMI



Annotated

for the Use of Students

PART ONE



INTRODUCTION



Humans acquire knowledge in four ways: firstly, through the senses (i.e. physical experience of the material world); secondly, through reading or hearing the speech of another (i.e. learning from a book or a teacher); thirdly, through intuition from the stock of genetic imprints shared throughout our species (i.e. instincts or possibly race-memories); and fourthly, through what is termed "scrying" (i.e. serving as vessels for leakages through the fabric of the Many Planes). To these, some might add a fifth path of gaining knowledge: direct communication from some greater being (i.e. "a revelation from God" -- or Another Power).

It is to the category of scrying that this work pertains. This is distinct from thinking, imagining, or meditating. It requires that one close the doors of the senses, sit in passive and receptive awareness, open the gates of the mind, and become a ready receptacle for whatever impressions may penetrate the "Skin of Reality." This is not "meditation" in the usual sense, which concentrates upon the self, the ego, the seeker's own being (whether to expand or to control it). Another type of "meditation" includes "prayer" and also ecstatic mysticism: an attempt to approach the Divine or to see God. These endeavours differ from one another, and also from scrying. This last focuses neither upon one's self nor upon an external goal, such as a divinity. The task of the scrier is to open the mind to impressions, experiences, and ideas that come unbidden from without, willy-nilly, from the Planes Beyond. This is not easy. Sitting alone in a room, or on a mountain-top, is insufficient. The self intrudes; the world of light and colour and sense-perception beckons; and the mind

wavers and betrays the seeker at every step. The scrier must be inert and passive, a bowl into which tenuous strands of alien experience drift and settle from the Planes Beyond. Sometimes the bowl is filled to overflowing, and at others it remains as empty as the vessel of a starving beggar. Patience, striving, and perseverance are one's only aids, for this art can be mastered neither from books nor from the teachings of others. Dangers, too, lie upon the scrier's path, and these must be bested or avoided if one is not to wander lost and languishing through the nullity of the Unending Grey.

Learning to scry is not easy. At first, one "sees" -- hears, senses -- fragments: a colour, a sound, a bit of a landscape, a word in some foreign tongue, a half-heard musical phrase. As one becomes skilled, more and more comes through. Words are joined together, landscapes burgeon into elaborate scenes; musical notes become melodies. If one persists, one's "bowl" fills almost by itself with spectacular detail: astronomical events, whole periods of history (human and other), stately symphonies, dramas of great poignancy, and the details of a myriad lives that one could never otherwise know. One can direct one's attention as well, seeking certain areas, topics, or personalities. It is like picking up a book again, or coming back into the theatre after intermission to continue watching a play. At last one reaches a stage where one can walk down any street or turn in at any door on the world one is scrying, and all is instantly available, known, and consistent. One can watch a child playing in front of its gate and then return ten years later to see that same child grown, although no more than a moment may have passed for the scrier. One can take up a book and read from the passage where one left off. One can do much more as well, but it is not wise to adumbrate too much; dangers lurk here for the unwary.

Scrying is a solitary skill. Few who dwell in the world of physical sense-perceptions can understand. Fewer still believe that what the scrier perceives is in any way "real." Whether the scrier be an Ezekiel or a Nostradamus, he is quickly disposed of with a superior smile and a dollop of "icy realism." It is usual, indeed, to dismiss a scrier's seeings as hallucinations or the results of an over heated imagination. Because of this, many would deny that they are scrying at all and claim that their literary fantasies are just "fiction."

The question the scrier must ask is: do the opinions of others matter, or is it enough to scry in solitude, to perceive the strange landscapes of the Planes Beyond, and to know that one has experienced the transcendental and the unique? Scrying is not for those who are bound to the world of physical perceptions. How can a bird transmit the sensations of flight to one whose feet are forever fixed in the earth?

What, then, is the objective of scrying? What is one to do with the perceptions, images, and knowledge one has scried? Rarely can one learn anything of the "practical" arts: engineering, chemistry, astronomy, and the like. Rarely, too, can one scry the future or the past. Penetrating those veils is a unique talent, vouchsafed only to a few seekers here and there across the millennia, although fragments do occasionally come through: premonitions, precognition. Languages, historical events, and esoteric wisdom are also beyond most scriers, for the Skin of Reality is thicker on this Plane than

elsewhere, and there are currents and confusions that cannot be predicted or comprehended. One can only say that, for some, scrying is as natural and compelling as breathing. For others it is hard work, attained after many years of effort. It is all worthwhile. Scrying broadens the spirit and expands the soul. If we can master it, develop it, explore it, regulate and structure it, we could add a great deal to the corpus of human knowledge.

This treatise is neither a text on the theory of scrying, however, nor is it a teaching manual. It is also not a translation of the Sunúz manuscript described below; this is beyond this writer's capabilities -- and probably also beyond those of **Dumúz Sénjukaz!** Instead, what follows is an introduction to the language, the script, and something of the magical world-view of the language. It is intended as a "consciousness-raiser": a means of introducing scholars to the study of the Pariah Deities. It also offers both enlightenment and a warning. If the book speaks the truth, then humanity stands in mortal danger, and action is desperately needed. If it is false -- only a "dream" or an illusion -- or if the scried vision be accurate but the book's author a charlatan or a deluded fool -- then this treatise can be take as fiction: a "good read" for the occult-minded. If this scried vision be false, then well and good! The reader can still enjoy it as a "good read," a few hours' pastime. Pray, rather, that this be the case, for if the author has scried the manuscript correctly, and if it speaks the truth, then that will be a very terrible denouement indeed.

BACKGROUND



This treatise focuses upon a language, an archaic tongue described in a single manuscript written in a second language almost as old. Where and when and how these languages are (were -- will be?) spoken is unimportant. It is the content of the manuscript that compels. If this book is in any way "real," then humanity is confronted with a challenge from across the Many Planes that must be faced with all the skill and energy we can muster. To do otherwise is to go passively to a terrible doom.

Much of what follows will initially be strange to readers unfamiliar with the planet Tékumel, far away across time and space and the Many Planes. This cannot be helped, nor does the author have the space to explain. It would take an encyclopaedia to set out even the basic facts about Tékumel. All that can be done here is to include the most essential background materials, and ask the diligent reader to seek out the various other publications concerning Tékumel. Familiarity will come.

This treatise begins with Sunúz., a language proscribed all across the Five Empires, a region covering a large part of one hemisphere of Tékumel. Sunúz is no longer spoken in this or any other area, so far as is known. Even its original homeland cannot be certainly identified: it is difficult even to say whether it was the tongue of a fishing community, a mountain tribe, or desert nomads. It possesses words for bird snares, boats, hunting spears, and other ethnographic items, but many of these appear to be borrowed from its neighbours, and few are definitively from one region or another. The importance of Sunúz stems from the fact that it often serves as the vehicle for texts relating to the "Pariah Deities," of whom more will be

said below. "Sorcerous" techniques are the most frequent topic of the texts extant in Sunúz. These incantations, spells, and rather strange philosophical concepts are closer to "ritual magic" than to any variety of "mental" discipline. They contain something of astrology and numerology as well, although these disciplines are very different from those with which we are familiar. It must be said -- and emphasised! -- at the outset that Sunúz has nothing whatsoever to do with our own philosophies or religions. The mages who employ Sunúz have never heard of Christianity, the Devil, Judaism, Hinduism, Buddhism, or any of this world's many other "isms!" Sunúz expresses a tradition all its own. That this essentially alien corpus has urgency and relevance to our lives will become apparent below.

The reason for writing this treatise at this time is a new manuscript, found some fifteen years ago in the museum of the Obsidian Palace in Tsámra, the capital of the Empire of Livyánu. Workers cleaning the back shelves in one of the cupolas atop the building came upon a panel of rotting plaster that concealed an alcove. Within, lay this one tattered volume, together with implements used in the rituals of that Pariah Deity named the "One Other." The Livyáni authorities kept the manuscript in a sealed vault until last year, when the city was looted by Mu'ugalavyáni troops following the so-called Plague of the White Hand. It was then sold in the marketplace as a near-worthless antique. It is not known who purchased it, but it eventually found its way to the city of Jakállá in the neighbouring nation of Tsolyánu, where it was acquired by a refugee Livyáni priest, one **Dumúz** ("Brother in the Faith") Sénjukaz Chigái. He graciously aided the present writer in the investigation of the book and provided much of the linguistic material. Why he offered this assistance is a matter for conjecture; the

Livyáni are notoriously secretive and xenophobic. But that is another tale...

As far as is known, this manuscript is the first and only lengthy Sunúz text to be intensively studied since the last centuries of the Empire of the Priestkings of Gánga. Twelve other Sunúz manuscripts are known in the Five Empires. Seven of these are fragmentary; one is a list of unidentifiable names or objects; and the remaining four are historical and religious texts of interest but little intrinsic value. Monolithic stelae inscribed in Sunúz are to be seen in the arid plains of Milumanayá, and coins, medals, talismans, and other artefacts are occasionally recovered from burial sites all across the continent from Livyánu eastward to central Salarvyá. Rumours of further manuscripts and buried libraries persist, together with whispered tales of survivals of the worship of the Pariah Deities. Most such stories are false, of course, but some may hold a modicum of truth. After all, the Pariah Deities were worshipped in one form or another throughout the Five Empires (and beyond) for a score of millennia. Shrines of the Goddess of the Pale Bone (called "the One Who Cannot Be Named" by superstitious folk), the One Other, and the One Who Is are found from Dláš in the south (where it is said they still hold secret sway) to Ghatón and the Lorún tundra in the north, and from Tané in the west to the Salarvyáni city of Tsa'avtúlgú in the east. Within Tsolyánu itself, a shrine to the Goddess Who Cannot Be Named is supposed to exist in the labyrinths below old Púrdimal. In Mu'ugalavyá, the ruins of Ch'óchi are said to conceal another of her temples. In the hot lands south of Shényu travellers have reported the remains of a huge temple devoted to the One Other; it was levelled and sown with salt by the Lords of the Latter Times so that nothing might ever grow there again. The dark threnody of the Pariah Deities' worship also runs beneath many of Tékumel's modern societies. The One Other plays a small but important part in the epic cycle of the god Ksáru, the Doomed Prince of the Blue Room, and legends of the Dread Goddess are still repeated as

parables to students in the temples. As organised religions, however, the sects of the Pariah Deities are now almost completely gone. The fifth Tsolyáni Emperor, Trákonel I, "the Blazing Light" (139-195 A.S.) obliterated their shrines, burned their books, and sent scores of their priests to the impaling stake. The worship of She Who Cannot Be Named was considered the most pernicious of the three, and her followers suffered the most. Still, hundreds of bone artefacts (knife handles, medallions, and small cylinders of unknown use) exist, covered with her curling, intricate glyphs and brief texts in Sunúz. The One Other may well be worshipped by clandestine groups here and there, and his circle-and-dot symbol is seen on monuments, coins, and tomb-lintels. The third of these deities, the One Who Is, never had much of a following in the Five Empires, although he is popular in the Naqsái lands to the south-west of the Five Empires, where his temples may still perform the hideous Sacrifice of the Null. In view of the ancient and widespread worship of these beings, it is probable that their sects continue to exist. -- And who can say what may be found across the oceans on the other continents of Tékumel?

Few modern Tekumeláni scholars have any idea of the natures of the Pariah Deities. Are they monsters, devils, demons? Are they depicted in physical form? Do they have mythologies, theologies, scriptures, services, or eschatologies? The answer to each of these questions is a firm "we do not know." If these things existed, they have long been hidden away or forgotten. The Pariah Deities have no faces, nor do they figure in the epics (with the one exception noted above). They once were worshipped in imposing temples by organised priesthoods, but no images have ever been found. Their rites were elaborate and complex, but the details are unknown. Their adherents employed symbols, talismans, and magical diagrammes, but these were not included in the symbolic systems of the deities who later came to replace them. We lack information about their rôles in family life,