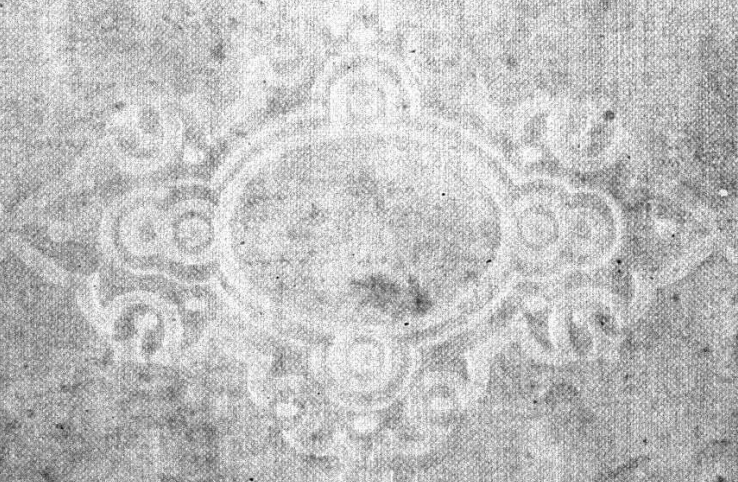


OS A4

OS A4

00394

¹
Mar. 10/22
to *Antara*
Mar. 23^{??}/22



¹
Mar. 10/22
to *Friday*
Mar. 23rd 22



at D⁴. A. 4.

A Mepical Diary in R hand of A. C.

like T₃BA vel NIKH. sub figura XXVII Part 2 & 3

10 March 1922 to 25 March 1922

at D~~4~~ A.4.

A Mepical Diary in R hand of A.C.

Like T₃BA vel NIKH. int figure xxvii parts 2 & 3

10 March 1922 to 25 March 1922

Lichen
X33
vel NIKH sub figura xx VIII
Part II

(Number 10 "22 c.v.")

die ♀ Slept shortly after 10 AM.
Till after noon: feel very well
rested. My last dose of Hensin
was taken about 3.30 PM. yesterday

1 1.20 P.M. Small

2 1.50 P.M. Med

3 2.20 P.M. Med. Curfew

Reveil on waking to-morrow.

die to 2.20 am.

A Med.

Lichen
X33
vel NIKH sub figuris xx vlll
Part II

(March 10 '22 C.V.)

die ♀ Slept shortly after 11:00 A.M.
Till after noon: feel very well
rested. My last dose of Hensin
was taken about 3:30 P.M. yesterday

1 1:20 P.M. Small

2 1:50 P.M. Med

3 2:20 P.M. Med. Curfew

Reveil on waking to-morrow.

die to 2:20 am.

A Med.

4. 25. 11
Aphorized spell of very violent breathing
- since midnight in the coldest. No
cough: I think the Lumenal has stopped
that. Some subjective cold: great
restlessness; entire recrudescence
of violent passions, such as sexual-
ity, vengeance etc.

2. 26. Still inquiet.

5 Wed.

I could have endured the dis-
comfort easily enough: my
yielding was largely influenced
by considerations of a critical
interview to-night, at which

ought to appear in my glory. The
luck of years may depend on half an
hour: such is the argument used by
the basin. Doubtless, if I were a
millionaire duke, it would find
some alternative arguments: how-
ever, I am breathing freely enough,
which is a physical fact, and even
a faked physical fact is a p.f.

2.34. Sent - to finish the job.

6 3.45 PM. Wed. I have been in a very
high state; the mind filled with
exciting (mostly critical) ideas, of a kind
quite unfamiliar and normally
unstable; there is a volatility to
set up, go out, and so various

abundant things, and as my good sense
tells me would prove boring, disappointing
and even worse. For some reason or other
I have a profound conviction that this
state is unconnected with any question
of drugs, but is rather a selective
schema of imagery relative to my
interview of E. right of record. I
am (as E. speaks) rehearsing possible
scenes: and the unconsciousness,
in order to do this, is preparing me
by forcing me to imagine various very
distracting arrangements - mostly quite
impracticable, by the way - in comparison
with which the actual proposal which
I am contemplating will not seem
so hideous. I shall therefore be

able to use it with apparent sincerity.

The above explanation smells of
trichery; but there are numerous side
issues which confirm it. For instance,
some of the pictures presented are pleasant
alternatives - as if Hamlet, both to
kill the King, conceived the idea of
asking for some political mission
which would involve his absence
from Elsinore, yet - unknown to
his uncle - enable him to entertain
an intrigue like that of Malcolme
and Donalbain in England.
I have gone at some length into
this, because of its psychological
importance. It is easy for the

Brute with the Experience to say that
the sole test of the purity of any train
of thought even is the plain physical
fact of its issue in doing or not doing
the forbidden thing. It is also easy to
ignore what is not superficial in any
subject even. And at least I am
~~not~~ sufficiently subtle: I write, for one
thing, that the renewal of my record
of observation creates the record anew.
It is as if I wished to justify my whole
course of conduct by emphasizing the
value to mankind of the observations
evoked by this opportunity (My whole
life lives an intense conviction that
my most trivial thought ~~might~~ be

of tremendous intent) I might well
suggest that I have deliberately
put myself into the power of heroin
in order to experience the states
of mind thereby induced, that I vol-
untarily embrace insanity and death
- if it should come to that - because I feel
that my diaries of the last two years
have exhausted the possibilities of
normal consciousness. I laugh scorn-
fully at the thought that I am trying to
make myself out to be a master
in stating the above sentence; for I
am really interested in the universe, and
really beyond the illusion of self,
either for profit or loss. The personal

of the criminal trash of Charles
Baudouin, which has poisoned my
last 24 hours, is possibly an
influential factor in ^{determining} my present
occupation. He deliberately advocates
a biological regression, the resumption
of a feminine faculty which we
have outgrown, the cultivation of
intellectual idleness, the renunciation
of the Will, conscious and unconscious.
In brief, he has formulated the
Creed of the vilest Black Magic. (This
whole argument is based on the
fact that undeveloped people do not
understand the use of the Will.)
He has thus caused in me the

deepest resent ment. I feel like a
card-player who is urged to cheat
on the ground that by doing so one
wins more frequently. This reaction
~~comp~~ of indignation, intensified by
his prostitution of science, was at first
formless because I wrapped my self
in a mantle of contempt, but it
rankled, and a series of vague violent
impulses converged ultimately, so that
I became aware of the actual
abomination which nauseated my
nobility.

The result of realizing the nature
of my abhorrence has been to
arouse me to express it in the above

unconcealed terms; which being true,
I bind myself completely free from the
complex ideas which kept my mind
in motion, and an intense somnolence
overcomes me. The latter state is
as unequivocally overwhelming
as the former. All thoughts relative
to my actual preoccupation with
the "heroin-habit" have been
swept far out to sea: I feel no
doubt that the whole night has been
an episode of a strictly accidental
character, due ~~to~~ the mention of
Baudouin's book in Captain Town-
sland's letter on the one hand, and
on the other to the aspirations

display of a copy at the shop which
I visited with the intention of buying a
more detailed story to amuse me
during lunch two days ago.

6 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4.44 P.M. a small dose - to
show my indifference to these subtleties
more than anything - a brief pipe,
and a few moments of meditation
on the Word of the Psalm:

"Doubtless thou wilt dwell on the whole
of the Law."

6.27 I have signed a highly connected
/worded of Amiens my Holy Guardian
Angel; and I have been in some

ill-defined way assured of great
good fortune about to come to me,
that I may be empowered so to
pronounce His Will Orlyze & that
it may prevail in the World as
the Sea demands. Also, I am aware
of a singularly powerful current of
force in myself. For one thing, the
really infernal noises of all kinds
which make this "Lute a House of
Little Ease" seem to have no
effect in causing me annoyance,
as they usually do. How much of
this is due to Impiety, and how
much to Magick, I cannot calculate.

The fact is however undeniable that I
am neither tired nor sleepy.

7½ 1.30 P.M. However, I have trouble in
sleep. Med. (This is "in the way" of the
cure: which being very thin is so, I can
hardly walk and line clearly.)

8½ 2.55 P.M. Write long reply to Walter.
Med.

3.12 Write from A.S. putting me off
till Monday.

die 1.25 a.m. a ½ tablet of

Nov 12

Luminal put me in a very
embarrassing position. I became
(with a very small quantity of 60)
sleepy and drunk all but beyond

control. I just managed to get bed,
& slept till 12.30 a.s.o.

I had a nice idea for improving
"Our Betters": making the tal-
kist's husband and wife.

2.55 a.m. Dyspnoea etc: took
some Luminal and was very
sick at once.

9½ 3.55. Bronchial attack Med
Slept till nearly 1 P.M.

10½ 2.30 P.M. Med

11½ 4.40 Med.

die @ 2.5 P.M. Put to help sleep, &

12 / account of this evening's work.

I have had a long conference with
Young Brewster - Clibborn (sat 29-30)
When I say long, mean from 8.30 on
to past 1.30 a.m. and I think he
left chiefly because he knew of my
insomnia.

I put the Law before him; he
recognized it as a Little-ey; he
feels it in him to be a leader of
men; I think we understood each
other thoroughly (within limits.)
I got this Thelemic message for
him: Cc + x. ~~II~~. 49. I must
therefore let him out.

He has the blood, the tradition, the
practical sense; Leah can name
him our C-i-C in the field.

He is in financial straits because
of his pride - his! the poor
parasite of the terrene crust
who could be God's Archangel if
he would only do his Will. He
is groping to express himself by
writing, which is only one way of
Acting; and he falls over his own
feet by trying to lift himself by
them. If he were self-slain
and born to himself, how he

could speak and write - lightning
and thunders of the old General
without his bonds of hell and
death. He has vision, too.

In practice, he must write
his mother for ample cash
to start on - pledging himself
to pay it back, not from fear,
but ~~of~~ because money should
not be allowed to count -
say ^{£9300} £41800.00. He should
then go to the hospital at once,
and say: I am the babe in

the egg: in you is all power given; The
Beast has sent me to take
command of the active promulgation
of the Law; and I am the First
of those who work under the
new Regimen. (i.e. that in which
The Beast is active) He should
then take his own independent
measures and proceed on his
own absolutely responsibility,
merely referring to the egg as
to the symbol of the egg from
which he came, his nourishment
and ~~inspiration~~ inspiration.

Memorandum. To learn the gentleman's
given name (which must, I think,
be galatostically reversed) and
Examine it thoroughly.

(Preliminary remarks Booth
= 2955 ~ 2155 ~ 2055
is. 492 ~ 408 or 81 ~ 17 ? ? ?
Clibborn = Warfield
73273 ? 352 ?

Something wrong: but Thacker suggests
some special word, for which I need
Libra D.)

die ☺ 1.11 P.M. Med.

13.

14

4.4 Med, Simply because I
feel rotten; and the reason
is that I have had nothing
to eat but a bit milk and
two croutets, because I
got up too late. I must
have a revisit at 71
come what may

Paris! I chabod with
the ascent on the 1ke.

The Coalition Government —
a stuffed manna: with

12 a particularly heavy hail
die ♂. 12.15 a.m. Took some Cocaine
to-night to be brilliant at A.G.'s.
I was: but the "London partickler" is
rough on the Sun!

15 Med to steady things.

Before dinner I wrote several letters
in the New Spirit to V.O.V. and some
others; also, I seized Hook-Chilton
and Anna Wickham, mauling them
severely. I think, despite the New Spirit,
(for which they are responsible!) they
are in the usual state of mixed
fascination and fear. I felt the
remains of my old timidity, too; I
can't get the trick of issuing

sharp orders: I consult people's convenience,
try not to hurt their feelings, and so
on. I must myself begin with the
conviction that nothing matters but the
Work, that my sang-froid and gravity
(of which I am so proud) are as
out of place as if I were leading
a cavalry charge, and that their
lack of blind enthusiasm is the
measure of my own. I think I have
killed myself pretty thoroughly all
over at last; it is rare that
a severed antenna twitches;
but I am still aware of the
"proper proportions" of things. That

means: I am tolerant of inertia. I am
still a gentleman, frigidly aloof from
the fanatic. I invoke Airway to break
down my resistance, to whirl me
away in the Wind of His Word, so
that I rage ruthlessly through the
world like a Dust-Devil in the
Desert. I invoke Him to destroy my
consciousness of every thing but
His current; if that is the equivalent
of insanity, very good: sanity has
not so many channels that I should
cling to the old coarse creature
when the adulterous arms of
my hot harlot are open, and
her wet red mouth the pants

with passionate, and her eyes glitter
with evil glamour, and her belly
fitches with savage spasms, while
she hails me hoarsely with
a voice, vividly vicious, ~~what~~ ^{screaming its}
horror ~~and~~ around the blazing
domes of hell.

Yes, verily, and Amen! I invoke
Thee, Trinity, Three most Holy
Guardian Angel, Three Satan
my saviour, that Thou spend
all Thy seed throughout my
Soul, that in Thy sperm my
self be creched and churned,

dissolved in Thine own essence!
Let me be joyed in Thy fierce
Gnaw, a white - but thunderbolt
shaped as a Lin-Serpent,
hurled from Thy heaven-hell
by Thine arm, O thou that hast
a single arm, almighty angel
of the Aeon, that I may unite
upon the necks of the ungodly,
that I may stamp Thy seal
Thelema within the brains
and hearts of every man
and woman of Earth!

I thank Thee for the intemperate
woman whose words first stirred
me from my sleep, for the uncertain
man whose speech aroused me to this
patch of passion; ^{by these} weapons of no
weight nor worth are in Thine
hands invincible. Achilles is
a field! Beware, old Priam!

Tremble, tall towers of Troy!
Behold Priam, thou shalt be
eaten raw. Jesus, thou
shaking Paris, thy coward's
stroke hath bruised my heel
long since, and by that scar,

Since sated by Styx, I swear to
set that heel upon thine head!
Apollo or Apollyon, I invoke Thee!
On mine head, mine, from thence
the anointing oil of prophet-madness!
I will to be the Great Wild Beast,
to devastate the world with
the devouring flame of my
breath - with Will, with
Love!

Now, having sworn, I may
sleep. And may mine Angel
speak to me in sleep; may

Divine fear each thread of thought,
tendency, temperament, to ~~winning~~ ^{winning},
or aught else, that hath till
now bound sleeping Samson.

Let me arise and slay the Philistines!

The secret of my strength is safe;
for in my Scarlet Woman ~~all~~
power is given; ~~and I know~~ we

Wrought the wonder-Word
that makes our Will world-mighty;
^{and} what it is nor she nor I
could utter if we would; not,
though we spoke it, would
any hear or understand.

Away! Intent to invoke Dee, I
withdraw to the Silence!

Be the morrow memorable
~~as~~ for the world; let Thy
Words whirl at last in the
Ears of the world!

Mar 16

1:21. A.M. I stop writing, & return to
my draft of the letter to Lord
Northcliffe, proposing a Fortnightly
Magazine to establish the Law.

3:45 A.M. Failing to sleep (after
reading till past 2) I took
a tablet of Noctyl, some

Evian, and a little drink. Got
a violent bronchial attack at
once; so I take a small
15 $\frac{1}{2}$ dose of Heroin at 4.2.

I found it, by the way, very
hard to concentrate on Heroin
at all (between 2 o'clock & 3.45)
though it wandered badly.

4.14. This was a quite genuine cough:
the minute dose of Heroin cured it at
once.

6.35 No sleep, sweating,
and another attack of
coughing.

16 Smel Too late: developed severe

vomiting.

06¹/₂

6.46 Sund. The time shows that the attack lasted 11 minutes; it is still far from subsiding.

I have been better concentrated during the last two hours; and I get a great deal of rest despite the lack of actual sleep. What really annoys me is that I have to change my plans for the following day.

E.g. I meant to sleep at 2-3, not at 11, lunch at the Pavane Royale, do various shopping, meet Anna at 5, Book-Cliff at 6, and wind up with the Grand Empress.

I must now stay awake till 8,
breakfast, go to the Hammam,
lunch, sleep, and meet new
Thelamites at 5 + 6 (as before)
Whatever happens, I am the
thing going on for this work,
no more.

But I want, too, to work a
complete cure and yet to keep
in touch with friends and the
new Thelamites, etc etc: it
seems as if incompatibles were
always appearing. Again, late
as it is, and weary as I am,
I may be overpowered by sleep
before 8, or even after breakfast.

The best of the business is
this: that I am dead set
against asking for human help.
I feel it is up to me to master
the situation like a man. This is
complicated, once more, by the
question of the 7X° and 81° which
would really cure me; and
which I seem to get no chance
of employing, though a single
determined act would put me
in the saddle - or under it,
according to the case.

I think the best plan is
to break away violently from

the existing conditions; stay awake
till 8, cîte vin cîte, reach the
Hammam on foot, do a real
meditation there, wait on -
Message, finish off the New
Thelemites by setting A.W. Giza
and B-C to go to Leach, and
take from now to Saturday in the
country, in a new place, preferably
with a 1x0 or x10 arrangement,
and return with my "New Men"
fixed up physically.

Yes; on another incident too,
that will I do. It is now
7.10 and 1 Tall. taken

17 Send dose of heroin to make
sleaze. I shall also get up,
and put on my walking clothes -
and try ^{to} ~~and~~ disguise myself
as a man.

I shall remove all restrictions for
the moment, and create a
change in the current.

7.25 Ask G.B. for a special message
about all this: "Then remind in
the stars: then direct the constellations
seven abreast through the circles
of Nothingness". Clear enough: it
means bring my *Thapras* into
order by starting a hell of
a new stunt.

7 $\frac{1}{2}$ Sub: to erect my initiation of the
New Current.

7.45. The whole of this night's record
means roughly that I have been
"striving to achieve". It has doubtless
been a factor that yesterday I
obtained the means of action: the
English for which is **MONEY**.
And I was told "Money fear not"
when I was worth at least
£15,000 in solid cash !!!

What an ass I am; and what
bravely and wisdom among
displays in every phase.

7.50. I am fighting against sleep
like a maniac; but I am going

to carry out my new programme;
and I shall make sure by taking
a good bit dose of cocaine.

8.56 "Money fear not": one of
the brightest incidents of last
night was a prolonged argument
at the table of a millionaire
in the presence of a guest as to
whether there was enough trined
asparagus to go round. The
meal consisted of a bad beefsteak,
rice, potatoes, the trined asparagus
aforesaid, apple sauce, mineral
water and wine of the two frames,
a little retail spice kind,
coffee, and cigarettes. There
might really have been a

box of thirty centime cigars
without the risk of any one
smoking me. and the hostess
had evidently no ~~small~~ shame
about serving this food - at which
a cat's meat man would have
raised hell - in a house full
of priceless Oriental treasures,
such as gold lacquer Buddha-
rupsas Twelve feet high, ~~there~~
The servants evidently cheat
her; they wouldn't eat a
dinner like that themselves.
How can I save this woman,
this splendid strong good-headed
woman, from the hell she is
headed for?

The G: says: Kof V "great" Lin^{xix}
attack, but with tact; urge her to
think and act on his principles.

5.55. Turken & short nap did
me much good.
18 19? at Turken
die at 8.50 am.

20. Med. to continue waking process. I
slept well from about 11 P.M. to 8.0
am. - no tablet of Noctyl. The
dreams were most idle and gayer;
royalty came into them, so that will
^{see} ~~know~~ the campaign set on foot.

B-C is not quite big enough to forget
himself entirely.

21. Med. To answer, and go to the Turken

The G: says: Kof V "great" Lin^{xix}
attack, but with tact; urge her to
think and act on his principles.

5.55. Turken & short nap did
me much good.
18 19? at Turken
die at 8.50 am.

20. Med. to continue waking process. I
slept well from about 11 P.M. to 8.0
am. - no tablet of Morphy. The
dreams were most idle and gayer;
royalty came into them, so that will
^{see} ~~know~~ the campaign set on foot.

B-C is not quite big enough to forget
himself entirely.

21. Med. To answer, and go to the Turken

I hope that will be enough for the day.
If so, the thing will average 3 doses
daily during the week. If my gen-
eral health improves, as it
should with the new treatment,
I should be able to reduce the
weekly amount by using the old
principles.

9.22 off to Tuben.

2.54 P.M. Went walking on the
Sunday lot instead.

22 12.45 Sunk } feeling rather tired, and
1.12 Sunk } no luminous band. Instead,
stronger would have been
the proper thing. Tried now.

(3.56 P.M.) and shall take some.

die 24 1.11 a.m. a wild wet evening looking
for a 14° partner. Jeanne Gros, a
Geneva Swiss to dinner: values her
cunt, so I don't.

Fernande Jeanne; committing us to
obtain energy necessary for full
prophetic possession. (Op VII)

Georgio, a gyrfalcon market girl
of 24, a magnificent animal,
shameless but stupid; however,
I think she will do. She is to dine
to-morrow at seven thirty. Op VIII^{es}
In order to prosecute these researches,
I released the beam: hence

24½ Bedu Med. - Soul

I have now taken a 10cg Luminal
tablet and shall doubtless sleep
the sleep of the Just.

Programme for the day: look-hinder (?)
hab-mucige (?) Tueber first-thing
Stewart at 5 a so Borth at 6 a so
Georges at 7.30. Wally about Forest.
Message about Aimée: "I found
argument". Cryer! That is enough."
I shall not send my letter about her
disgusting conduct. I shall hand it in (so
to speak) when I see her.

2.20 a.m. Sleepy: madly excited by
Léa's letter etc - esp. her minuscule
psychical grasp of poor D.D.S. who

Explains his facilities from 1899 to
date in one superb generalization.

So I take a second Liminal.

I must briefly record my
opinion that chemists are
stupid not to have found a
true antidote to drug-crazing,
something that will supply the need
of the cells precisely; the present
method of mere deadening their cries
till they recover is futile in its
crudity.

Yesterday's philosopher: my

tailor. "Si vous voulez dire une chose
qui sort de la routine, il faut
parler beaucoup."

My own: comme tout le monde se
ressemble, et comme il est laid!

Three Just Men unanimous as
to "Anna Wickham": Sloppy,
sweaty, dirty: like a piece of
meat ^{on Saturday night on a street stall} in Noisette beginning to go
bad. I might add that she has

the Hampstead aura. No wonder
her "poetry" sells well in America.
She has the Ella Wheeler
Wilcox vulva.

Her son James is the most

in beill boy of his age I have ever
seen.

But she is powerful both in
passion and intellect - she only
needs a centre for them to spring
from. How fine and clean
George is!

7.0 P.M.

25 $\frac{1}{2}$

Wed. 2.40

26

Sund 4.40

27.

Wed 7.0

27 $\frac{1}{2}$

die Q Sund after a delightful
night with Booth - children, who kindly
went to the Laveau in the rue
Géorgie de Trous and asked the
fat promoters for the Nègres, as I
had thoughtlessly done on the previous

right, to be angrily dismissed as a jester.
By the time a score of nice young men
have asked for the Negress, there will
be quite a psychological situation.

I begin to understand the "argue
not" "injunctives". Successful people
don't talk. To begin to argue is to
begin to apologise.

There was some philosophy to yesterday
or the day before about the 'Crab's de
Pamungé'. Once we start mankind,
they'll fall over each other.

1.0 a.m. Look here, young fellow! You are
making yourself very amusing and
entertaining to Booth-Chilborn. You are

fascinating him. This is no part of
your business as The Beast. You have
got to 'set him accepting The Law; that
is all. I shall write the Formula for him
to sign.

Wake at 8

2.15 M. W. H.

By 14.30 hrs

4.30 G. G. G.

Round up some Wickham.

5.30 B. C.

Mention Oscar Levy to B. C.

2.6 a.m. Can't sleep: a second Noct. H.

I am a good deal pleasantly excited
these days: Eng. have just written
amusing letters to Abbot and
W. H. Smith.

Yesterday's poems:

Americans are worse

than Jews up on the whole

But nothing in the Universe
Is lonelier than a Pole.

9.0 A.M. Heard from Rabbi Blum,
who much appreciates my letter.

28½ Wed. No writing: but I am drilling
myself to make up thoroughly in the
morning.

29½ 11.22 Wed. after writing a record to Blum.

30 5.0 Sund. Ready to dull the pain
of trying to read a story by
Book-Clifton.

11.47. Dined with B.C. & then
Pincus Montpierre - Read the
with fatigue - Took some
lemon to keep awake till supper
33. 4 and - night.

N. 30th of S-C & 4 Georges at 6
a.m.

MUST get Blue letter done:
with Northcliffe letter.

Hiway! I adore Thee and
in love Thee, with joy that
I am weary with loving Thee
and waiting for Thy Word.

N. 45

~~the~~ Must get behind-the-door stones,
and Raphael's Ephraim's.

(Dance Paris Book nottellers
I have had this on order over
three weeks - to say nothing
of asking Mary Butts, the
carrot-maggot, to send it -
Will write Lee. also for
Pythagoras.

Message about Geoges. XXXII P.O.!!!

4.0 Took this telegram messenger to Wally,
kind Tuler, who he too down. Am
sneak into Lia about her letter this
morning: the presence of Mary and Mit-
land (I think) is destroying her Obedience.

34

35.

The energy of Opus 7 & 8 has got me
going furiously, and I take Lenin
in a sort of triumphant capture, as
if I was not afraid of it at all.

36

9.0 P.M. and now I have taken two
more small doses, simply to keep
myself awake while I could eat!

The conditions are certainly all
wrong. I shall try and get to the
country on Tuesday; in any case I want

to rewrite "Sunstorm", expanding
it, fitting it for a single vol., as
advised by Booth-Chilborn.

Pegees did not turn up: I am not in
tears. In fact, I needed her. Any such
affair must come as the G. said it
would.

Dec 37 ^{Mar 22} 1.54 P.M. I slept before 1 am.
37½ indeed I had a nap between 11
and 12.30. I don't know why I
should be so fagged.

38.

38½ 3.55

39

40

} To sustain me in severe

dialogue 4 PM to 30 AM.

with Frank Stringis, Walter Parouty,
and Booth - Clibborn
die @ 1:45 a.m. 1st Liminal. Must
write S.W.

8:40 a.m. I am suffering from a severe
shock. After eating my breakfast this
morning I said to myself "a little
sleep and get a little shute, a little
folding of the hands to sleep": but though
I felt very lazy, I found it hard to close my
eyes; it hurt them when I did so, and
they fell open again naturally.

Then I remembered that I had
suggested to myself that I should
wake at 8 and get up at once in

just the "right line" (as one may
say, a which the whole stunt seems
to depend - That it should be
physically painful to close my eyes
(didn't sleep till after 3) is a serious
phenomenon.

40½

41

41½

42

4:44 P.M. I felt no crawling to-day,
but after my Turber I had so much
expectoration that I took 3 small doses
to induce cough, and one now "for fun"
I slept a little in the Turber, by the way,
given in the sudarium before massage. It seems
that my auto-suggestion of wakefulness took
itself very literally - I appreciate the comic quality
of the idea, but never mind! Its operation was
confined strictly to the moment covered by its
verbal (or mental) intention, which was to pre-
vent me from falling asleep immediately after
breakfast, and to enable me to get up and out
by 9 o'clock.

This phenomenon seems to me singularly

precise and indubitable. A similar
auto suggestion with regard to heroin confirms
the main theory, which (by the way) is also a
branch of my main theory about "drug-habits"
I have now used my Arabian ring to "change
my luck" in the matter of getting a girl.

It becomes important to investigate

- (a) the limits of the power
- (b) the question of the Magical Link
- (c) the connexion of auto suggestion with
the methodology which the Oryia
of the Gnosis herein affords.

It is true

- (a) that I have had surprising failures in
various petty Oryia
- (b) that I have had successes on an enormous
scale, beyond anything that I could have
imagined, or can explain by any
hypothesis other than the ordinary
Magical Physics
- (c) that auto suggestion, stretched to its
breaking-point, does not affect the
question of the Book of the Law

But it is obviously quite clear that one can use this method of autosuggestion to break off heroin and accomplish other minor Orgia of ~~the~~ types which ~~do~~ not depend upon the cooperation of alien consciousnesses. We can perhaps extend our Orgia to works affecting man or nature by suggesting further that the universe is part of our own consciousness. This opens the way to the error of "Christian Science" and similar follies, no doubt; but the safeguard of recording every experiment should be efficacious.

Note: my heroin record in this Part II amounts to 40 doses in 11 days; so that I have kept below the minimum daily dose of Part I (when there was some discomfort) without effort or disturbance. I propose to close Part II with the Equinox of Spring; and predict that I shall be able to bring

The average daily dose down to 2 doses
during the last week of Part III. Indeed, I
expect to do much better than that; for I
will buy myself a cut-glass bottle with
a chased gold or silver top, ^{1 - or one of Chinese love, such} to contain ^{as} morphine; and the morphine will be ^{as}
even more physiologically beneficial
than the heroin. It will give me intense
hien-âte, even in minute doses; it will
stop all unpleasant bronchial and similar
symptoms; it will confer a philosophical
calm of the most concentrated kind;
and it will help me to rewrite Snowstorm
so superbly that it will sell for a big sum,
(almost)

7.20 P.M. Cut by his tree and
by Nina Hammett !!! It is really the
sublimity of the comic to see two such
silly ladies giving themselves airs. as
if Doll Tearsheet tried to scrub
Dante. Such girls only exist by virtue
of the creative power of poets; they

are phantasms pictured by his
perversions. Even Dana Gibson invented
a "Gibson Girl"; without him the type
would have remained indistinguishable
from their sister sluts. When they pretend
to ^{be} artists of various sorts, that's merely
one of the qualities postulated by their
poet, no less than their Beardsley lips,
their Swinburne sadism, their Tenny-
son meek-modest gentility, or their
Burne-Jones ~~a~~ slenderness.

This is why men who are
deceived into believing that women
exist in reality are always damned.
~~For God~~ Thus: suppose a sentimental
grocer falls in love with a
Rossetti woman, and wins her,

the contact destroys the illusion; she becomes the mere Form of the Idea which is the grocer. He is amazed and disappointed; he has killed what he loved. Only poets can find Truth in Love, because their Idea is their God, and they impose their Form on any woman that comes along. Their troubles come from failure to express themselves perfectly, as happens when their technique is defective, their material stubborn, and their will unequal to their Work. I have failed many times. But I have made my Scarlet Woman, a perfect beyond all praise, from an dull ugly school-teacher, ignorant, tired,

old, and common. Only three years
and three months - behold a
peerless Proctophile, a Priestess
of Passion, prehensile to the Phallus
of Pan, an adept in all Arts, a
daughter of Dionysus by Riana, her
ardour, her faith, her courage, her
candour unmatched in the world.
She stands supreme, naked and
pure, a focus of force; she is
young, she is strong, she is eager.

With me she has passed through
the pylons, through all. No deed
but we dared it and did it!
No sorrow but we suffered it!
No filth ~~but~~ and no venom

but we made it our meat and
our drink! We have ^{turned} ~~made~~ every
possible plague into physic, ^{we have} ~~and~~
bugged every hate ~~fill~~ to our
hearts, crushed its curse into
blessing. We have curled our
lewd lips upon all that we
loathed, ~~and~~ tasted it slowly
with sensual shame as our tongues
licked its leprosy into our throats,
swallowed its slime with snake's
stealth, and breathed out its
bestial factor in each other's
faces, ferid and fierce, till
the stench ~~of~~ set our souls
ablaze with hell-fire, ^{made} ~~and~~
our minds mad ~~with~~ to know
themselves ministers of unuck,

drenched
and our bodies with dew of
desire to writhe in rejoicing
that abomination itself had
been become the accomplice of
lust. Drunk with the deadliest
drugs, smeared with the slimiest
spittle, clawing and spitting
~~worry~~ like cats, worrying and
wrenching like wolves, writhing and
wrestling like snakes, howling
and growling out words, the
vildest still hateful because they
were human, we wore down the
night and the day before
yielding to Nature, and summing
the our Sin in one spasmodic
supreme whose horror, huge

anguish, burst asunder the bonds
of the body, sent our souls to
the stars, struck us down
on the bed corpse-clauning,
inanimate idols of clay, our
sweat steaming up from our
skins, our tongues lolling out
like the tongues of spent hounds,
and the song of the Spirits of
Sin, the siren secrets of Satan
our father and lover, awakening
^{the} ~~our~~ ears of our inmost
intelligence!

I did not mean to write
this Paean to Babelon when
I began the entry. But it will

Serve as my Invocation, that I may
obtain the Word of the Equinox.

I will perform an Opus of the
Gnosis, alone or with a friend,
to complete the ceremony.

(The above, by the way, all
written after 3 a.m. on ♂)

9.30 P.M. With Annie - in spirit souls!

My message was "Conquer" and I did
die ♂ 12.30 a.m. nice.

Mar 24

Opus 1X Annie and I

Obj To remove impurities from her
body, take them into Annie, and
transmute them into nourishment.

I was very simple and masterful;
I made a better impression than I
have ever done yet.

I lunch there on 4 & get a chapter of
Memoirs.

(Snow since 8.0 P.M. & by the way.)

8.50 Sonnet to Leech.

I love your fingers, thick & unclean
Long thin crook'd fingers, ragged & deft
Yourself, to drag all love to your
cold vile

Vices; foul fingers, sinewy & lean,
^{Each} whose every gesture is outrageous

Whispers

and obscene,
& all wickedness, in every way vile,
Wood souls to Satan, complice
with your smile

- I love your fingers: and the
thing they mean.

I love your fingers; ~~why~~ then
Vain ~~for~~ yet their thrilling lips
Vain ~~and~~ ~~the~~ lust that lingers
alluring from your lips!
Vain, till they keep their
promise; they have dallied
~~Too long~~ With delicate debranch; ~~and~~
invoke they shall
~~yet~~. The jail to cumber the animal -
The purple ~~of~~ the promise of the pallid!

25
die Zii. Yesterday was a complete
moral débâcle; I simply staggered
through the day; and I am not much
better now. But as soon as I have
^{defined} ~~defined~~ the Word of the Equinox of
Spring - which I will do forthwith -
I will begin the régime set forth
above, and start on Part III.

5.16 P.M. The Word - flashed into
my mind by Anway on the instant
as involved - is

Hem - Ra - Ha.

The Menage is III. 7071. (Of
III 35, where he is called by two
names) This is the day of Speech
forth and Loquen!

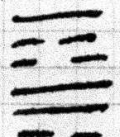
The fortune of the Abbey of
Thelema at Cepheledin is

Trine is this:

 K Fu XXIV Recovery.

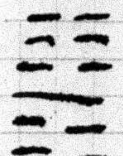
Its Work:  The Bird! Deal with details.

The Work of the ~~Trine~~: A:

 18 Troubles: really Service.
The clearing-up of the obstacles to progress.

The Personal Fortune of Babalon

Leah Plortzel

 15 Humility. Continuing in service, she becomes recognized as the Great Woman she is.

My own

 20 Manifestation: / come into my own.

Amiel Forward: personal fortune
of 4

Part III

AN XVIII @ in V

die & ii 10 P.M. I begin the
third - and presumably the last - section of
this record of my triumph over temporal
trials.

The plan is to go to Handelot - Playe
on Friday and spend 2 weeks with my
Babalon (and, I hope, Booth - (Cobbins & Suen-
dell & Oter) revising "Snowstorm" for the
stage; and if B-C comes, his "Alice
Zinnia!"

1022 P.M. My 'suggestions' came off very
wonderfully well about morphine
and so on: I did not believe about
two or three times though lack of faith
but I never denied that I was a

silly ass. I will now to bed, having
written various letters to prepare various
degrees of left-hic for various people.
Good work!

♀ 3.30 Leave Paris with B-C
the Anne Boulyne, arrested very elaborately
as being one G. L. Brown
to To Pré-Catolun.

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