

Original in the possession of f. j. gloe H. 4. 42a

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The Magical Record/of/To Mega Th̄erion(Grk)/666/ 9° = 2° A.'.A.'. /
LOGOS AIONOS THELEMA (Grk)/continued/at/ 50 rue Vavin Paris VI^o
France;from An XIX Sol in 0° Pisces Luna in 20° Leo die Mars (19 Feb
'24 e.v.) to An XIX Sol,in 11 Pisces Luna in 17 Capricornus at same
place - always in bed!

Oath

The Bond between us two/Maintains its virtue through/The twinkling
centuries/But is it in your eyes/Iron, a felon's chain,/Leathern, a
rider's rein,/or musical, the full/Faith of ant&trophe./No man may
go beyond/The letter of his bond/Its spirit he may mould/In measures
manifold/According to his skill/To know & do his will.

die Mercury. (20th) 7.0 P.M. Just back from the 2nd operation on my
nose.

die Jupiter. 21st. Adventures in the upper realms of Air. With the
aid of a Spirit Fox,whose "earth" consisted of immeasurable cav-
erns - some of fine ice,all vast beyond all imagination - I came
into the lowest spheres of Fire. Here are many small deceptions -
little wiggly smoky red flames. The main vision was that of the ~~Temple~~
Temple of Poesy. (copyist: a sketchy diagram not copied here,
follows, with following description). Dazzling cone of white light.
Deep sapphire tent-walls of pavilion:so transparent as to be some-
how "non-existence".White marble gardens & terraces at base. The
whole set in Pure Night. The height inscrutably sublime. A place
impossible to approach by the profane. The caverns, by the way, are
so vast because it is not intended that anything human should get
through. Later. Many adventures with the Spirit-Fox - recorded
in part by O.P.V.

Feb 22 die Venus. Slept late and woke early,rather exhausted:had to
use a small dose of aq. (The diarrhoea had been simply continuous
all night, for one thing.) During the day (it is 5.30 P.M.) I quite
suddenly got very much better. Wonder of wonders,too! The sacred
basket arrived from Tunis!!

anxiously (22)

23rd. die Saturn. Hail unto thee, who art Ra in thy Silence.
Khpehra t̄-he Beetle! Sleep! For the first time in n years, I
have s lept! A lump on my head a mile long a canal a mile deep, my
head having dropped (while cooking up a bouillon for which I had.
(word illeg.) called after waking from a short nap(?c.)
I'm "full of ~~mett~~" ~~(illeg.)~~ - but stop between each half line. I
could do deeds of dauntless daring - do all day to please Kate Sea-
brook - and there's that sword of ~~Path~~ between us in the bed! (In
the above is ah! so pure and deep a Sea of Truth - and all tails off
into that babbling brook!) ~~full of~~ ~~filth~~ of filth from the Village!)
(Strange! I'm full(myself) of the liveliest wit rolling over &
over itself - anarithmon gelasma!) Path
(copyist: on other side of page:- Path

My Kate

Kate of Kate-Hall my super ~~(illeg.)~~ Kate! I suppose you

daintly

00533

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My Kate

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23 Feb 24

Sea Captain

have always known it, since you divined my story of the Haunted
 ... (illeg.c.) Quote R.B. He pulled his ... (illeg.) gauntlet
 on &c. Using no sleight of fence ... Millenium - the Lion lies
 down with the Lamb! Why I could never fuck her or even try. /
 Now only fully awake to Truth. Converted to 'spiritual twin'
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the theory during my sleep to-night. 10.30 or
 11 to 12.44... (illeg.) Lea's resemblance to Kate her Key to
 my prick -(illeg.) *N.Y. Times* *bst*

Aiwass! can this be the Birth I've been waiting for? I've been trying (for one of very many things) for near an hour to put down the ~~first~~(?.c.) part of an hour.

The Volstead(?.c.) act. (illeg.) passed behind the back of the A.B.F. (P.S. ! I've been trying to write a joke made in sleep).

- So there were some people who were afraid of it! I must have slept like a stone - I'm not really awake yet. That, of course, is the Heroin (not the Salmon!) I am virgin to it, all night, praise be to the Gods!

Last night (well, from early afternoon) I came out of my 5 years ~~xx~~ sleep since I met Kate (the true climax of my Initiation as Magus) as follows. I had been strangely ~~and~~ acutely exhausted (about 10) & gone off, bang. I woke (11 circa) with an attack of A Solluna(sign of.c.) M A (Asthma - 73) impending. Tried the new way of taking aq. (heroin.c.) It worked the miracle - AND knocked me out, as I had not thought possible... (illeg.)

(Is a new star now visible in the West, these few last days? Something hints it might be, adding Spica or Vesta or ----? B? Lyrae or Virgo. or ---? Very low down(?) (Any how the message is to Kate, I think, from me) Diameter of Star (Star might be planet, comet, any old thing) This all came to me in my ~~xxxx~~ deep sleep which crushed (?c.) me as I was writing above. It's now 1.50 a.m. I slept nearly an hour - and now five minutes as I turn the page. Last night (Thurs.Fri) I took a lot of Gardenal (?c.) & then couldn't sleep - and got the idea of sleep coming down on me.. (most of this unreadable.c.)

(Pause - Cold Water on Head!)

24 Feb. 2.0, a.m. - "sleep coming down on my head like a wall" was ~~xxx~~ what I was trying to write. Now I'm refreshed, but with a slight tendency to nausea. I feel now that I have been born - as a full grown man. Being thus ~~xxxxxx~~ armed, He is similar to the Goddess! My troubles are over. If there's no money for a taxi, I shall walk to Dr. Bourjeois. No! I shan't catch cold and die. This is the most extraordinary (going to sleep again!) experience of my life in its way. I've felt the imminence & the importance throughout, & warned O.P.V. (sleep again - Shit! ~~#~~ again, then!) *H2O*

2.15 A.M. Five minutes or so under the tap!

I feel cured, too, of all SIN - restricted. All my fears, woes, worries, have simply been swept away with one whisk of the broom of Mother Sereda - our Lady of the Stars - our Lady of the Day of Hermes(?c.) - She bleaches - makes white. I understand Jurgen at last! (Read it first with Kate in Georgia). I loved Kate the moment I saw her, & hid the fact by going for Desda. I felt so unworthy of her that I couldn't seduce her, & shamed her in public by a filthy ~~xxx~~ piece of wit - see Oath on Gt S. (Illeg.c.) - & made her wait on Helen Hollis. I took no step to win her in 6 weeks at Decatur Ga(?c.)

? st James?

Kate, wife of W.B.
Seabrook 1/3

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- 2.31 Still fighting sleep in vain. Of course, I'm simply drugged with Heroin - for the first time in my life! In view of the warning in 418, I'll leave a note for O.P.V. not to bury me! Well, it's been a marvellous Birth all round! The Thelema Oracle is: VII. IV. between 33 & 34. Read the whole passage: I understand the chapter, after all these years!

vv 1-15 Discovery of THE MAIDEN. vv 16-24 The nuptial of the Maidiad (note Maiden = Maenad!) vv 25-30 Result of invoking Iacchus. vv 31-33 The White Cat. (Vision of Kate herself: cf my sonnet. Note Kate as the adulterous spouse, & as my sister (Relation I have always felt to her. Note W.B.S. as my brother whom I must slay: Cain-Abel, Set-Asar, Romulus-Remus legends.) (Note Bill as essentially false, cruel ~~2~~ & restricted as I am True, Kind & Free.)

v33. I have seen more of Thee in the white cat than I saw in the Vision of Aeons. v 34 In the boat of Ra did I travel, but I never found upon the visible Universe any being like unto Thee.

v 35 She looks like a white horse, mingled with cat, of course.

v.37 "flake of snow". Again her appearance. "pine-clad woods"-those of the Decatur farm. v 38 Loss of Kate in Bertie, Leah, Ninette, Sylvia &c. vv. 40 - end. The Oracle concerning our Love - "the Hierophantic task" &c (v. 58 the man of the West: cf the "rich man from the West") (v 59 . Thus do we "atone for the wrong of the Beginning" as we kiss.

2.50 A.M. I have just the strength to write the warning for O.P.V. Yet I shall be awake in the morning, with further Initiation to record.

ahead

clear

2.55 a.m. I know surely that all our "troubles" have utterly vanished. All goes ... (word illeg.c.) clear and swift & (word illeg.c.) & sure from this. (I'll open Window - towards the West!!! !!!!!!!!) 4.18 or 4.19 a.m. awoke from a sleep - the Sleep of Siloam! - in which I was meditating the two sets of Magical ... (word illeg. c.) : "Know, Will, Dare, Keep Silence" and " -----" set now quite gone. But they overlap -- also there is some Arcanum about one of the sets intentionally avoiding the inclusion of some verb whose initial is K ? There is also an Instruction: Money arrives. I return to the Forest (Possibly at some friend's house) for a Retirement to rest from this spell of K. & C. of the H.G.A. My sojourn for Enlightenment in this Upper Room Furnishment (?c.) where I received the Holy Spirit (N.B. This last spell of sleep was full of Erection without Desire. Beware of the Fox! He whispers either "Do or Do not" (I am not sure which) "keep chaste for Kate" is to last 8 days (or 7). I prophesied recently "Of course I can't be born until I get out of this house".

I accepted AL as my Book with the Kiss 1-3-3-3-1 on awaking. I return.

4.44 A.M. I first baptize myself with Water in which ink had been dropped "by chance" (i.e. Water blessed by Mercury) Cross-in-Circle (sign for) on brpw, breast (Aiwas 418 star), & drinking of the wine & strange drugs whereby one worships Hadit, into the Order of ~~Thelema~~ Thelema. I who baptized was 666, but I gave the child no name.

6.35 A.M. circa. (The clock that struck the ~~3~~ told my watch that marked 58 min that she was a fast little bitch. I don't take the word of these priests on anything, but she certainly did get poxed by the brother of B.C. Hammond the leper of Soho (the

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"Highbury Horror" of the "Mysteries of Mega") and Frater O.P.V. shall take her to the best-reputed doctor in Paris on Monday, should I be indisposed to go abroad). (copyist: on opposite page appears: (Note change of meaning in phrase). Since Pepys.) 6.58 at 6.35 I woke very much awake & as I said completely out of all trance-states soever - I came from a very definite Dream something to do with a Prime Minister and an apothecary (It was Whinney's. There was some question of a prescription for some poison. (Did the P.M. want to commit ~~felde~~ se? Or to help... friend to do so?). The question concerned the ~~kind~~ (word illegible) of poison & I opined that the chemist could be trusted for a deadly but not for a psychotropic drug. I have, by the way, become vastly more sensitive to smell than ever in my life in the last few days. I recognize clearly that smell is Dukkham the grossest of the senses. (I'm dropping off to sleep again all the time, and back into mystic states pari passu).

Smell did warn us of corpse-contagion & feminine Beauty ("including" rather than "and") but little else. Eckenstein was right in 1898 (I loathed him for it) in maintaining that artificial scent was mere camouflage for filth. He instanced especially the case of woman's sweaty udders & piss-and-shit-stinking pubic hair - the inadequacy of synthetic heliotrope or the amyl-lutyl-propyl compounds intended to conceal their foulness.

(7.20 Nearly off again, in the very middle of a phrase). Note: my script becomes very minute when fatigue is extreme. Oh how the world hath Inflexible Intellectual Rulers! (Not quite sure what elicited that particular burst of sublime admiration for the Law of Inverse Squares or whatever it may be ---- (Sleep again: I brace up against it.) Something to do with ---- Sleep Again Hell

H₂O !!!

hostile

7.33 a sound cold douche again. Rang for brekker.. Something to do with the inexorability of Law, the impossibility of dodging it, & the infinite flexibility of its language, the interchange of symbols - as in the case of the fading flowers of my thought & the drooping ~~A. (word illegible)~~ of my pen. (God! what great English! I can suddenly write - and that as I never could before. It's all too good to be true: and no wonder that I keep on feeling that I am at the Gates of Death (Might take years, of course: but probably true in some sense or other.) My whole being is somehow freed from the Burden of Sin; I feel like Christian when his burden fell off his back (I learn - from Aiwass, for I never heard a word of such - that there is a lot of political allegory in Bunyan.) Now whoa mare! (at 5.55 circa. I recognized the girl that challenged me at the hedge in the first field. She leapt it, though the gate was held wide open by a boy. I sneer-snarled "are we hunting or fishing?" but something impelled me to follow her. So we found ourselves alone, though I some 30 yards to the right of her, in the next field, the hunt well away to the left & right of us. Now I did not know her. I then guessed that she knew me, & wanted me, & had taken this means of overcoming my timidity. But now (5.55 A.M. I recognize her definitely as Kate Seabrook. / (Sleep again! / Try a tonic & coffee: must get this entry done somehow!)

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The question then arises: is the whole of the very large & complex symbol represented by this antic entry - from 12.44 A.M. or even before that - an expression of the returning sexual life & vigour suppressed by the use of Heroin & worry(?) c.) ~~XXXX~~ &c since 1920? Is Kate Seabrook (e.g.) just my way of getting back at Bill for playing me false over the serial? Of course I'm getting Heroin: to-night's "stunt" has been worked by Heroin: but (See the awakening of Peter in my D-F: pretty bloody good psychology!) that is just the point: it is Heroin properly used on a corpus virginified - forgive the new word, but it's a new idea based on a new fact "Crowley's operation". 8.20 A.M. Have been 3 parts asleep ~~yet~~ again. Note that on one of my earlier wakings I was seized with coughing - this is different from the 'asthma' (Grk) entry - I took aq. (sign for aquarius.c.) fearlessly - on cotton wool. Sleeping Again! (after reading this all through to O.P.V. to show him programme. 1. Cash (Put Bourcier's letter in full final form) 2. 666 to Moret or chez Murat per Nina II (M - R - T !) 3. O.P.V. to London (where he won't shew - cf Hamlet) after Bertelli &c. 4. 31-666-31 to Paris ? 5 6 here to type Hag, so as to keep on room during my retirement. 5. 666 tackle Kate affair. 516 = Jane Wolfe

2.0 P.M. A very strange incident! Took Ethel to the Cinema. The film "Revenge" (This is, by the way, a real though minor passion: all its images are ghastly. When tinged by Beauty, the lights burn blue - & that's the best. I had a regular Rheinhardt decor all set up lovely! Banished it, & the old Italian nobleman went into a little log hut like a sentry box & took down big bunch of old rusty keys. He was hard of hearing; I had asked him for advice about how to 'do in' a gentleman named Seabrook - oh! you wouldn't know him, sir, a mere journalist - & he couldn't catch the name. But he understood Revenge, all right, & courteously went for the keys, as aforesaid. The film began. It was terribly film-like from the start: episodes hard to understand always coming up (these were wanderings of my thought. E.g. a girl's revenge, an anonymous letter which she licked & posted with a wicked smile - but very Lillian Gish-y!) Another point was a stadium. Something happened; of the many thousand youths (all in red & white) which crowded it most ran forward at once, others a little later, &c the incident serving to split them into very pretty groups. Some waited deliberately: among them, I. This shewed me one element of what is called 'courage': you get your chance of being brave in that sense by following that impulse of curiosity & running forward without thinking. Hence I knew that I was not that kind of hero! Another point - very obscure at first. A group of soldiers on a balcony. My old nobleman calls to one, who jumps up from among his comrades, rushes to balcony, pitches over, & is picked up dead. The old nobleman explained that this was one of his successes. He had poisoned the soldier, & called him to the balcony at the exact moment when he knew the sudden surprise & exertion would make him giddy & pitch over. Hence no suspicion. (copyist: on opposite page in O.P.V's hand: - The Italina proved to me that the man had been poisoned by showing me another picture - the man holding his bowels which were just beginning to gush out.) This sort of thing went on for a long time. But I got bored with the episodic excess & thought of walking out. This somehow turned into the whole question of drugs. "Do you mean to stay in the theatre or live in the fresh

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air? (so to put it) I said: I want to live. Ergo, stop right now! So I corked Ethel & popped up. I had not been able to sit through the World-Famous Super Film "R R R R Revenge.....ge!" But now comes the "funny" bit. I looked for my lunch. The Aile de Pouarde was not where it should have been. I exclaimed "Jesus Christ" following it up with a mental objurgation against O.P.V. for mislaying it. But instantly my eyes fell on the missing bird(?c.) I cried, so rapidly after the first remark that it seemed all one sentence: "I forgive him". Instantly the connexion with my leaving the Superfilm flashed into my mind, & gave me one real lovely laugh. I also thought of Scott's "Fire King" poem: "Bonne grace, Notre Dame" as I might say to Babalon!) 'he unwittingly said' - 'Sore sighed the charmed sword' &c - I laughingly wondered whether I had not inadvertently "found Jesus" as a new-born babe (as I am). Well, let me feed & snooze.)

(copyist: following in O.P.V's hand:)

Sat. 7.25 p.m. (24 Feb.) I noted last night that this illustration was clearly the AVD for which I called in the Word of the Equinox. This AVD is the Pure Fire into whose sphere I have ascended (c. end of fragment in hand of O.P.V.)

9.21 P.M. I am reading "The Magic Glasses": & I am beginning to realize faintly of how many & gross deceits I have been cleansed in my ascent into the Sphere of Fire. In particular, the "invincible Love" which Frater O.P.V. discovered in me is now quite 'unassuaged of purpose' & 'delivered from the lust of result' flowing forth freely 'under will' as it should; now therefore on its waters there shall bloom deathless the Lotus of Purity whereupon Hoor-pa-kraat may sit and glow with Silence; & of its leaves and buds shall virgins twine their garlands of young Victory. Ay! now am I wholly entered within the Sphere of Fire, the Empyrean: & no other shall say nay. It has been a terrible ordeal; but -

I shoot up vertically like an arrow, and become that Above.

But it is death, and the flame of the pyre.

Ascend in the flame of the Pyre, O my soul! -----

I have 'come hither' - 'through grave paths' -----

But mine Holy Guardian Angel has burnt within me 'as a pure flame without oil'; & I am wholly pure before Him; I am His virgin unto eternity.

Frater O.P.V. has come in: I break off. Nor must I spend another night just now with the Spirit Fox: my brain is wholly washed out, with Nine Years Hard Labour.----

(copyist: the following is in hand of O.P.V.)

9.p.m. Substance of letter written to 31-666-31.

Nose done. Resulting relief. The vital exhaustion produced by stopping aq. (sign for aquarius.c.) Reborn during last few weeks. Illumination of last night. Programme for a rest cure at Cassis (or Fontainebleau or Passy possibly) with Alostrael, painting apparatus, and Belgass. London: Mrs. Clarke, O.P.V., Murray, Estai. In a month or two all should be prepared for Beast to take his Heliophantic throne. The Gods have compelled this programme which is therefore much better than anything we have devised.

rough & tumble in the more

(note: still in O.P.V.'s hand? c.)

25 Feb 24

Sol. 24th. 1.30 a.m. Imagined pipe had gone out & that I had gone through a complicated, bungled, attempt to relight it. Just going to drop asleep while reading, found myself inserting (?) phrases in the text of the book I was reading - momentary illusion of having read them. (All made quick!). These are two very similar symptoms of my cerebral anaemia. Again, earlier, was too weak to make the effort to bring conversation to a close i.e. round it off, or to decide to finish the chapter of book & go to sleep.

2.20 Something in the course of my meditation induced me to invoke Babalon. It was an indiscretion. It immediately started a would-be-interminable (?) series of the most blinding visions of colours & patterns mostly, folding and unfolding with extraordinary passion, changing yet ever the same. I saw almost at once that I had committed a rash act. My brain is dangerously over-excited. I cut short every~~t~~ thing by will. I compose myself to sleep after numerous other adventures. Babalon! If anything should come to me in sleep, I having the Book of the Law in my hands, the star 418 on my breast, & the Ring of Nuit on my finger, let it come! Apart from all that I have had yet again a very serious warning not to permit the excitement of my brain to go an inch further. Consider my engagement with Ethel permanently broken for the present. I use the English, or rather Irish, advisedly. I shall further invoke Babalon by her name of Nuit, Lady of Starlight, by the strange drug attributed to Aquarius, Atu XVII, with the particular intention of calming any undue strain in the heaven of stars, my brain, which may have arisen through incautious disuse of similar invocations at such short notice until further advice from the physician to be invoked expressly to that end within 12 hours from date.

During whole affair, many incidents, all ~~xxx~~ phenomena of waiting; worked up of course into pictures, much as in the case of the Super-film 'Revenge'. ~~disciplined (most also)~~

6.40 a.m. I should have noticed long since but have been too sick that Falstaff belongs to K. Henry IV not merely because of his relations to Prince Hal. We ~~one or two? words illeg.~~ consider that he belongs more closely to the time of the Canterbury Pilgrims. Note also that in Henry IV quite small people socially, like Falstaff, are great captains ~~(man)~~ over many men. The greater nobility behave much more like modern generals whereas in Henry VI they are all down together.... ~~(several words illeg.e.)~~ It is hardly ~~xxx~~ worth while to add the obvious observation that in the earlier days political and military parties are comparatively intelligible & well ~~... (2c.)~~ while in the latter days England has become ~~place~~ plain scrambles and shambles ~~(xxx)~~ It may however be worthwhile suggesting that one reason for the degeneration being so uniformly progressive is, as strikingly exemplified by Bolingbroke's own eschatology no less than by Mowbray's actual career, the tradition of the crusades was still vital. Chivalry with its formalities & hierarchical simplicity was yet not wholly corrupt. Even the treacherous & secret assassinations of the earlier period are less fetid than those of the later. It is no accident of his deformity that the climax of such abominations ~~xxx~~ come(?) with Rich. III, but a sign of the times.

It is however not obvious at first sight what influences are to be held responsible for the renaissance of comparative decency.

~~disciplined~~ rough and tumble in the mind

(note: still in O.P.V.'s hand? c.)

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Sol. 24th. 1.30 a.m. Imagined pipe had gone out & that I had gone through a complicated, bungled, attempt to relight it. Just going to drop asleep while reading, found myself inserting ~~(?c.)~~ phrases in the text of the book I was reading - momentary illusion of having read them. (All made quick!). These are two very similar symptoms of my cerebral anaemia. Again, earlier, was too weak to make the effort to bring conversation to a close i.e. round it off, or to decide to finish the chapter of book & go to sleep.

2.20 Something in the course of my meditation induced me to invoke Babalon. It was an indiscretion. It immediately started a would-be-~~interminable~~ ~~(?c.)~~ series of the most blinding visions of colours & patterns mostly, folding and unfolding with extraordinary passion, changing yet ever the same. I saw almost at once that I had committed a rash act. My brain is dangerously over-excited. I cut short everything by will. I compose myself to sleep after numerous other adventures. Babalon! If anything should come to me in sleep, I having the Book of the Law in my hands, the star 418 on my breast, & the Ring of Nuit on my finger, let it come! Apart from all that I have had yet again a very serious warning not to permit the excitement of my brain to go an inch further. Consider my engagement with Ethel permanently broken for the present. I use the English, or rather Irish, advisedly. I shall further invoke Babalon by her name of Nuit, Lady of Starlight, by the strange drug attributed to Aquarius, Atu XVII, with the particular intention of calming any undue strain in the heaven of stars, my brain, which may have arisen through inadvertent disuse of similar invocations at such short notice until further advice from the physician to be invoked expressly to that end within 12 hours from date.

During whole affair, many incidents, all ~~xxx~~ phenomena of waiting; worked up of course into pictures, much as in the case of the Super-film 'Revenge'. ~~disciplined~~ ~~unrest~~ ~~also~~

6.40 a.m. I should have noticed long since but have been too sick that Falstaff belongs to K. Henry IV not merely because of his relations to Prince Hal. We ~~... (one or two? words illegible)~~ consider that he belongs more closely to the time of the Canterbury Pilgrims. Note also that in Henry IV quite small people socially, like Falstaff are great captains ~~(?c.)~~ over many men. The greater nobility behave much more like modern generals whereas in Henry VI they are all down together ~~... (several words illegible)~~. It is hardly worth while to add the obvious observation that in the earlier days political and military parties are comparatively intelligible & well ~~... (?c.)~~ while in the latter days England has become ~~place~~ plain scrambles and shambles ~~(?c.)~~. It may however be worthwhile suggesting that one reason for the degeneration being so uniformly progressive is, as strikingly exemplified by Bolingbroke's own eschatology no less than by Mowbray's actual career, the tradition of the crusades was still vital. Chivalry with its formalities & hierarchical simplicity was yet not wholly corrupt. Even the treacherous & secret assassinations of the earlier period are less fetid than those of the later. It is no accident of his deformity that the climax of such abominations ~~xxx~~ come (?) with Rich. III, but a sign of the times.

It is however not obvious at first sight what influences are to be held responsible for the renaissance of comparative decency.

~~disciplined~~

~~rough and tumble in the mind~~

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Shaks., perhaps craftily, leaves a gap between Bosworth ~~fix~~ field & the field of the cloth of gold. The latter as obviously an artificial pageant as the play itself. And ever since Jan. 1919 rain or shine, ill or well, drunk or sober, that is the sort of thing that Leah had to do, God bless her!
(c. end of extract in Mudd's hand.)

11.30 a.m. Sun. Three days ago, when our finances seemed more desperate than ever, I stated prophetically that Money had been found for us. Saturday a.m. 500 fr came from J.H. Doughty. This A.M. one J.C. Crawford (check orthography) offers to join - if I understand his letter: & so (if I understand hers!) does Marian K. Clark. Also, Nina II may bring help this P.M. There will be no difficulty in carrying out the programme.

(c. in Mudd's hand: Message for J.C. Crawford 64th Hexagram Sol/Luna Apply the Solar energy to the Lunar menstruum.)

(c. on opposite page, & continuing over appears the following in A.C's hand:-

I insert notes below, not to butt in to O.P.V's job, but to formulate roughly for magical purposes - for the information of the Gods - what is required in detail.

Urgent needs.

Alostrael A.1. 31-666-31 here to nurse me. Bring A.C. bronzes - incl new "God" for (?c.) Chinrangi(?c.) all painting materials, all obviously valuable books (crated & sent from Palermo) O.P.V's box, pictures from Naples. A.2. Cash to pay rent & debts at Cefalu.

A.3. Clothes to wear in Paris.

James Wolfe

Beast B.1. Bourcier's bill. B.2. Doctor, surgeon, tailor, Charvet, Foniet(?c. W.H. Smith: bills also £100 on a/c to Cutler & Rooke to redeem fur coat. B.3. Rent(3 months) of new G.H.Q. in Passy. Cash for upkeep for that period. B.4. Belgacem from Nefta. Clothes for him. B.5. 516 from England as secretary. B.6. New Typewriter for 516. B.7. Annuities for self, Alostrael, Ninette & children.

Fra O.P.V. C.1. Cash to go to London & live there 3 months. C.2. Outfit of clothes. C.3. Temporary secretarial help. C.4. Cash to recover (a) Stock stolen by Warner. (B.) Box ditto by Sheila Bickers (c) Cash &c ditto by Cowie (d) do do ditto by Williamson. (e) Boleskine Library etc. C.5. Cash to pay Betty Bickers (£20 & interest) C.6. do to redeem crucifix (£30) C.8. Note. Includes renting office, hiring solicitor (Steadman, van Praagh, & Gaylor) publishing pamphlets, advertising, &c. C.10. Cash to take steps to enforce fulfilment of contracts or to get free. C.11. Cash to engage salesman (or woman) for MSS, scenarios, plays &c. C.12 Cash to reproduce AL by contact prints. C.13 Grand publication fund. C.7. Cash to clear 516 in all ways: clothes if needed. (She to bring pictures to Paris. ~~word illegible~~ golf clubs). C.8. Cash to open Vindication Campaign C.9. do to repay Bailey (£50?)

Fra A.I. D.1. Cash to carry on till April. D.2. do reserve to buy necessary books for 666 & O.P.V.

Fra V.L. E.1. Cash to carry on Abbey for 3 months. E.2. Clothes for Ninette and children. E.3. Rent of annexe - purchase of villa - or what may be possible and useful.

Fra Achad. F.1. Cash to pay storage on stock, have it inventoried, pay broker to arrange for sale. F.2. Cash to buy English Grammar

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& Dictionary (imported) F.3. Cash to buy sedatives, treatment for swellito - occipitismus, & correspondence course in the American Qabalah.

Mrs Clark Cash for Universal Pogrom
Fra. S.P. Blunderbuss for wife.

(c. following in Mudd's hand: Sunday 4.30 An uncompleted sentence. Leah could not understand ----- (sentence uncompleted) The word 'Adelphi' comes in. Then I remebered that I had only been in Adelphi once in my life to see the Taming of the Shrew.)
(Kate). (c.end of Mudd script.'Kate' in margin to left)

die Lunae 25th. Am now very sensitive to aq. For the past day or so a quite small dose has dropped me like a pistol-shot. This evening (with a little of my strength coming back for it to work on) it keeps me awake all night. During day - After many adventures with a Tower - I identified it with the Eiffel Tower. Promptly I went up & pronounced the Law on 11 wave-lengths! Many other matters of deep import. I feel, for one thing, that the tide has turned for the present as it is written: "Let me go back into the world: yea, let me go back into the world!.. In P.M. poor "hopeless" Dr Robinson called. He needs three years off doctoring to learn about men - & a course of Christian Science - & another to teach him to think without squealing - and another to face facts.

"Arrant" e.g. an arrant beggar = thorough - paka. Prob. fr. Errant Knight errant = the most serious thorough-going kind of knight.

die Mars. 26th. 7.30 a.m. Hail unto Ra! Couldn't sleep. Mental excitement of divers types, but all grosser than the fine flame I have been in. Note: still undue secretion (very thick) in nose and ~~thr~~ throat. Gave up, wrote this, & rang for brekker. Will now note any doses aq. I take. Can't measure exactly, unless I use dropper, wh. is a nuisance. Content to say large or small acc. size of cotton wool. 1. 7.18 1 large.

7.45 a.m. Have been thinking out my Will, now it has been purified by Fire. Assume that I obtain at once the required Energy to effect my projects. I am to eschew the least tendency to action, especially the violent & vigorous action natural to my Leonine character. I am to construct patiently a model of society. The scale must be larger than Cefalu. I am to refuse no material soever. Nor may I reject any after trial, save in the most dire extremity: for that action would imply that such types must be exterminated from the earth.

M. Butts. The extreme of selfish vanity & idleness.

C. Maitland ----- unmanliness

H. Fraux ----- old-maidish malice.

C. Russell ----- jejune obstinacy.

were ejected from Cefalu. This was ~~in~~ no doubt in part a defect of my administration. (I am the limit of self-accusation these days, by the way; it comes out at every turn) One "excuse" is the disparate straits in which we were: but the Thelemic system should be strong enough to tackle all situations soever. Another is that owing to our small numbers, the ~~percentage~~ percentage of poison was to large to be turned into food: so we had to vomit it. Note, however, that the U.S. Navy couldn't stomach Russell! Mary Butts wouldn't be

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tolerated, apart from her income, anywhere on Earth outside a brothel; while Maitland was actually thrown out of everywhere till she rescued him, & even then he tried to give humanity a dose of mustard and water! As for Helen Fraux, the type is all too common; & it is the curse of evry family where it exists. It survives (altho' sterile, it is always being formed by failure) for its use in drudgery; for no one feels bad at being unkind to it.
 10.40 a.m. On brink of going to sleep, sudden attack of coughing, with hard breathing, flushing, & peculiar mental perturbation of the kind that ~~heroin~~ sends one flying for refuge. $1\frac{1}{2}$ Sml.aq.)

27th - Mercury. Asleep till 5.0. $(2\frac{1}{2})$ 6.0. I laze - principally so as not to have to take anything later - that & to prevent ~~residual~~
~~word illeg. looks like innocent~~ nervousness.

(3) 7.30 "Small dose" = 4 or 5 drops. (4) 9.21 Great discomfort nervously. 1.a.m. Nightmare in doze decided me to start early. Can't sleep so far (1.40) so take Gardenal. This ought to correct sleeplessness & calm agitation; in short, pull me through nicely. At least, I'll try it a day or two. It certainly worked before. As to aq. I remember last year's Febr. record as 14 & 16 per diem; these numbers refer to small doses of powder.

6.55 P.M. $(1\frac{1}{2})$ at 5.40 circa on having a "Fantasia of Skating" which indicated mental irritability: I thought Gardenal at such a time of day might upset my sleep at night - which I am trying to restore.

$(2\frac{1}{2})$ at 6.30 circa. Reason - really original this time! The factors are these: A. I have aq. by the balls. B.1. I have no news from Jarvis. B.2. O.P.V's plans for getting me away are not ripe. Argal: I must (may as well) deliberately postpone my convalescence. If I get too gay, there'll be no holding me. I should be "all dressed up & nowhere to go".

(c. following continued in Mudd's hand)
 The plain facts of the case are that if I had someone to look after me and adequate funds so that I could be transported pref. by automobile to a city of refuge such as Fontainebleau I could get over the heroin in 48 hours at the outside & pick up my health gradually in the course of three weeks. The only hitch in such a programme ~~was~~ would be this. It might be necessary for me to go south, say Beau-lieu, to put up, on this ground, that, in a cold climate I ~~might~~ might be driven back to the use of heroin by asthma. I have no fear for the future with regard to that. I have now learnt so much about heroin that I have no doubt about being able to use it in future with due discretion. It is evident that my getting caught by it is due to two main factors.

1. The obstruction in my nose, of which I was ignorant made my attacks of dyspnoea unduly frequent. I was thus induced to cut these out ~~completely~~ by the use of heroin, & naturally, was obliged to increase the dose constantly. 2. The reason given above for taking the dose at 6.30 applied in a general sense. I had nothing useful that I could do in the external world on account of my extreme poverty. Being unwilling to waste time I would therefore take heroin in order to be able to concentrate my mood on creative work which otherwise would have been interfered with by thoughts of external matters.

It follows from the above that perfect cure depends on arranging for me to exercise my faculties normally. (I notice constantly during the past year or more that the slightest ... ~~word illeg.~~ c) *stimulus*

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It follows from the above that perfect cure depends on arranging for me to exercise my faculties normally. (I notice constantly during the past year or more that the slightest ~~word illegible~~ stimulus

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(the word is stimulus etc.) such as the receipt of a letter which I could answer with some prospect of advantage to the G.W. immediately relieved the strain on me.) It is therefore absolutely vital to ~~arrange~~ arrange for me to have work to do of the kind for which I am fitted. It is not exactly impatience that upsets me but the acute realisation of the entire hopelessness of my life. In the past I have felt that I was debarred from any work at all except that of sowing Truth and Beauty which might come to harvest centuries ahead, & I felt it therefore my supreme duty to give myself to such work without consideration of the danger to health & reason which I knew perf. well to be involved in so doing.

This theory is implied in that very superficial & sketchy book "The D. of a D.F.". The trouble with Peter and Loo was their idleness and their lack of vision of and faith in their G.W's. No sooner do they stop the heroin than they have a laboratory to work in & something they want to work at. Had they been without that the strain of having nothing to do would have driven them back to the use of the drug or some similar dangerous(~~etc.~~) futility(~~etc.~~) These remarks apply to anyone who has anything ... (words illeg.) at all, and the more spiritual energy a person has, the more urgent is his necessity. These considerations explain in greater detail than has hitherto been done the mechanism of the psychology responsible for the fact that so many great men have resorted to drugs or debauchery of some kind, with the alternative of suicide if it doesn't work. I have now worked all this out & I understand perfectly what my work is. The whole problem therefore to supply me with the material to work on.

(c. end of fragment in Mudd's hand.)

8.0. Another reason for the dullness of a platitude. The instinct assents, but cannot penetrate to the facts - each one luminous and lovely, the orgasm of an act of love under will - of which it is the generalization. It is as when a very sick man recognizes an old friend, but is unable to recall any of the delightful incidents which made up that friendship. One remark, by the way, I am now, thanks to this last initiation, able to deal with the subtlest details in a problem. But, should I be consulted by a stranger, he has no data for perceiving the Rightness of my reply. Hence he will have to rely on my reputation. Of course, as I get stronger and put my armour on, my replies will be mere swordstrokes. I myself may be unable to see - bay tedious analysis - that they are skilful surgery. My consultant must consequently accept the cold steel and say Thank You, confident in the Virtue of my Knighthood, and in that of mine Oath to help mankind.

(c. Mudd's hand resumes.)

9.17 p.m. I have been thinking of the recent period with a view to revising the technique of initiation. It would obviously be a tedious process to fill oneself up with a drug & then starve oneself. Fortunately we have an analogy in the matter of food. I begin to see that the fasting which I have always rightly enough depreciated as a morbid practice might be made useful if administered with initiated skill. One could get the requisite light headedness in

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comparatively few days. I have noticed in my own rare fasts that in 24 hours there is already a sort of faint(?) clear headedness which is evidently an early stage of the condition one wants. We might . . . use fasts provided that they were overseen by some very skilled & experienced person who would know how to teach the candidate during the process itself how to apply his ~~word illeg. & need~~ mind. The objection to the whole business is that my own ~~experience~~ tells me that it is not sufficient to get the man into the right physical state with no matter what guidance. There must be a course of training extending over years to enable the man to get into the right spheres of intelligence. I mean that if one took a greenhorn one would have to content oneself with breaking up his gross elements. In other words he would be in the sphere of earth ~~now~~ or at the very utmost at the lower strata of water. The question then is 'Would not one arrange a series of fasts for the purpose of bringing(?) into consciousness the results of the training of the intermediate periods? --- such training being of course carefully adjusted to each case. The final idea is then to fix up a process (very elastic of course) whereby a man might be worked up to the higher spheres in the course of say of one year's intensive training.

9.30 P.M. I have been bothering myself about the turning pt. of my present initiation. Did ~~as~~ I get as high into the Sphere of Fire as I should have done? Now this corresponds very closely with what I have observed on practically all previous occasions when I have done magical retirements. One reached a point which one knows to be not the ultimate, but yet as far as one can get on that occasion. There is an instant that tells one that it would be useless to try to push further at that time. These facts suggest some very profound reflections about initiation in general and the supervision of it by praeterhuman intelligences. It is quite beyond me in my present state ever to try to concentrate my mind on such a question. I cannot even appreciate clearly what it means.

Dmag F:nd

J.C.Crawford. The D.F. has awakened him to the fact that he is dissatisfied with his life, & he has been seduced by the picture of Telepylus which he imagines as an ideal place in which to end his days. On the pther hand he has been a practical man & is one. His unconsciousness whispers that the picture may lack accuracy & he therefore expresses himself as prepared to do what is in his power to make his dream come true.
(c. end of Mudd handwriting.)

die Jupiter 28th. 1.40 a.m. Very unexpectedly - after over 40 minutes quiet & $1\frac{1}{2}$ Gardenal ~~five~~ ~~word illeg.c.~~ insomnia complete. Reluctantly I take $\frac{1}{2}$ aq. If it doesn't work, that will be evidence that the hypnotic action is really an invention of the fool doctors. 6.50 a.m. Woke about 6.30 with my mind all on edge. Impossible to think straight. $1\frac{1}{2}$ to clear this up.

10 A.M. Absurd bill in Commons: "Offences against person" The slum's idea of morality. For me, I would restore the death penalty for all crimes of violence - which become commoner every year. As society grows soft, the brutality of the criminal . . . (word illeg.c.) it. We must reply: all right, if you can use violence, so can we.

dint's?

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So we do, in prison, one may argue. Argue away: prison does not deter: the old lag is very common: the gallows does. Again, why other hand, "offences" which do no harm to any one (Save through the veil of sex-suppression i.e. sex-perversion) are not matters for justice at all.

11/23 My lungs are bothering me. It is not spasmodic asthma, but a steady strain. I think O.P.V. is right; I have had 4 years or more constant over-strain: & I had better call this a Weir-Mitchell. (2.) 8.10 P.M. (5) Over-excited by a long visit from T. Earp & Ninette II. Counteracted same as above - probably the wisest course. But I must beware of such reasoning. I have noted a continuous progression of weakness of will in this matter dating from the first $\frac{1}{2}$ at 1.40 a.m. (I am even doubtful whether it should be (5) or (6).) My original argument was that Gardenal would be unlikely to work, & anyhow should not be pushed too far. Also that I was entitled to $\frac{1}{2}$ & would make up for it later in the day, -- whereas I have done the contrary. This apparently trifling weakness has led me not only into exceeding my allowance - on constantly more daringly specious arguments, but into complications as to my relations with Dr J. I am really astounded to find what absolute soundness underlies the principles of ~~if~~ the Puritans - and H.P. Blavatsky! (of all people!) Yes, the Yogis are right. If you are to do a thing, you must do it at all hazards. No argument is to be trusted. One must stick to the letter not the spirit of one's oath. I have said all this myself officially before now - & that often enough. And my experience with aq. on many occasions has amply illustrated the details of the process of drifting. Now I do believe that it is a matter of life and ~~with~~ death for me - magically and physically - to master the drug (unaided by external compulsion as far as the magical side of it goes.) The question is: do I honestly believe (as I claimed at 6.40 a.m.) that I run the risk of pneumonia by throwing the strain of complete abstinence on my lung-tissue at this particular juncture - nervous exhaustion, weather, weakness from long staying in bed &c &c? I do not want to take a positive oath, and find myself up against all sorts of unknown contingencies; & I don't want, per contra, to drift into a happy-go-lucky way of taking it when my ingenuity assists to that pitch! I think the solution is probably in these lines. It is part of my character to stick to a plan, despite all sorts of alarms & excursions which deceive people into thinking I have forgotten about it (Leah has been repeatedly amazed to find that I haven't shifted my ground one hair's breadth when she thought I was somewhere else altogether!) Look at the facts in large periods. During all 1923 I was averaging some 3 grains a day. Jan '24 I was mostly starved (replacing by Morphine hardly mattered: & I absorbed little of what I took, through nasal obstruction) This continued throughout most of Feb. with the general result that I got rid of most of the accumulated poison. Now that I measure more closely I find from Thursday 21st that I have used (9.15 (6) to try out the sleeplessness act. to avoid taking any later)

1 grm: 15 grs in 8 days. Less than 2 gr per diem. Here again we

forst crips mali

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must note that the first two days, having no means of judging the doses I used much too much: in 5 days therefore I used about $7\frac{1}{2}$ gr. i.e. $1\frac{1}{2}$ gr per diem at the most. I feel sure that the last two days the amount was very much less than this. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ drops = 52 drops. If I can keep below (4) till Saturday & (2) next week I should be able to go to Zero the week after. Again, if funds should be found for me to go away to recuperate it would be simple enough to stop at once. The real drawback is the eternal financial worry..... (3 words illegible) which operates in countless indirect ways to prevent me stopping. (E.g. I should have denied myself to T.E. or cut the interview short or dealt with easy-sliding topics, had it not been for the dire need of getting him to help us out. And that interview "cost" me (3)!!!)

(copyist: the following is on back of previous page:
 Lo! thus as prostate in the dust I write:/ Still nothing doing up to ten to-night! This afternoon I strove to dig a chirp/ From the reluctant beak of Thomas Earp, / A wealthy youth from Nottingham - were wiser/ If curbed his tendency to be a miser/ He merely liked the plan - would buy shares later/ The band-wagon for his! the selling-plater! / As for poor me, I'm still confined to bed/ And like to be for some long time ahead/ I hope to God you've had some luck, and Paris/ Hear once again the holloa of Frank Harris!// (marginal notes.c.): P.S. The fall of Themus is much underestimated - even by the Quotidien! But the franc will gauge its importance. It is the beginning of the end. Henderson's gaffe, too, has given the merciless Macdonald (Worthy to be a rebel for to that The multiplying villainies of nature Do swarm upon him) away pretty badly! A cabinet crash in England, perhaps when the miner's strike comes off, & the French elections, will probably put the lid on.)

10.50 Advertisements. How define what classes are honest? Some deliberately deceive the public (Beecham's Pills &c) Some are cut-throat (Competing soaps &c - all honest - assume! - all necessary - but the game of each to prevent its rival selling). Some create false appetites (Persuade the public their goods are necessary to health, social distinction, &c These ruin the community outright by inducing extravagance).

Honest finds (~~finds~~ a) Plain announcements of fact. e.g. date & place of a concert. ----- of a "Winter Sale". existence of a little-known thing of real value. (But this is near the line. Patience! The good thing should spread by good report of consumers) Private needs (petites annonces' generally). Too tired to go on.

11.6 Nearly asleep. With Leah at dawn in the desert taking the Sun in my l.h. & Moon in my r. and putting the one into my heart & the other into my Yesod. all very calm: no agitation or quivering

die Venus 29 Feb. 2.0 a.m. Hail unto Khephra (c. the H of Hail in form of astrological sign for Herschel.) Since 12 I have quite vainly tried to sleep, though unable to keep my eyes open before that. Was in a very curious state, on the brink of sleep all the time yet gradually working up from passive to active trains of thought, ultimately taking shape as considerations of my essay "The Soliloquy of Henry VI". I must have been asleep, too, in some sense of the word; for the penultimate part of the time I was composing a sort of poem to work backwards from a picture of the Civil Wars

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and end by quoting the soliloquy! Hardly a waking idea! Took another $\frac{1}{2}$ Gefdenal. (Annoyed, by the way, at having no definite word from Jarvis all this time as to whether I should or should not definitely quit aq. add this to 8.10 P.M. last night) Note that this particular irritation is a strong stimulus to take it: I should be very greatly helped indeed by a message of encouragement, giving me confidence in my power to pull through, warning me of likely snags, & telling me how to meet them. One really begins to wonder whether doctors are not in a conspiracy to drive men into insanatoria. (Is the 'hopeless' Robinson a type after all? Is it not the first duty of any doctor to try to understand a case? Is it not plain malpraxis to dismiss a case off-hand without examination as "obviously" of a certain character, especially when the patient displays notable expert knowledge, & insists first of all that his condition is in many respects abnormal?). They seem to know about as much psychology as hard-boiled wasp! But compare the Alpine Club - good passage for the Hag, by the way!) (The doctor must if necessary be made to understand that, just as I won the bulk of the world's records for mountaineering in the teeth of the universal opinion that it was beyond human power to go safely guideless (& a fortiori alone) on mountains, so I deliberately set myself to learn to take any drug I chose & stop at will. With aq., realizing that - from my idiosyncrasy or what not - it was specially hard, I tackled it several times over. I have quite 4 times - this is the 5th - not beginning again till I was sure I was free. I will win out this time, if it kills me - for the honour of Man, & by virtue of my Number 666! - and I hate even to have to ask for a tip about unexpected details of trouble; & that despite the very exceptionally unfavourable circumstances of this moment - climate, cash, absence of Leah, general overstrain culminated &c. But I see no reason why I should go under: I don't want to spoil my demonstration of what Will and Wit can do by ... (?.awaking.?.c.): & I ask myself again as I did long ago about climbing "What has become of the traditional British sympathy with pioneer pluck?" Of course, by victory I mean that I go about with aq. in my pocket & am never tempted to take it.)

2.40 Wider awake than ever. another $\frac{1}{2}$ G. 3.21. No: it is utter folly to persist. I must have a friendly tip. (1). Despite Bourgeois too, there comes the need to breathe most forcibly if the mouth is to keep shut. 4.15 P.M. Have written some rather drastic notes about the aq. business. The upshot is that I'm over 40, & not named A.E.Waite. It's weak of me to want advice or help in any detail

soever: & it's up to me to set my teeth and die in my tracks if the Gods will have it so. But They ~~xxxxxx~~ dare not. I stand for the Free Will of Man. If I was beaten on Chogo Ri and Kangchenjunga, it was not the fault of Nature, but of the abject asses that were with me. Apart from that I am The Beast "whose deadly wound was healed" & as I conquered Sex, so will I conquer the last of the drugs.

9.0. (2) Slept like alog from shortly after this. 10.15 Strange! I feel perfectly fresh and fit. Not sleepy to speak of: yet I woke vigorously determined to sleep at once after brekker. The condition is very curious and puzzling: that (I suppose) is why I hanker for advice. Anyhow, the one wise plan is clearly to possess my sore impatience.

7.0. Slept till 3.30 awakened by Earp calling. He stayed till after 6.0. I preached the Law & diagnozed him thoroughly - astrologically too! Guessed my 26(?c.) (the actual day by a bit of luck) from his datum 6.15 P.M. He is distinctly impressed and admits quite freely and I think honestly that his objection to throw in his lot with me is that I shall dig him up from the Cross-roads and pull the stake out of his heart, so that it bleed again! (Read him LXV L 12-17 It knocked him over nicely. He got a momentary glimpse of the fact that he is not as safe as he has fooled himself into supposing.) I solemnly ask the Yi for a message about him.

Luna/P. Hsu. V. Waiting. The main idea is to wait for his calamity to come upon him; he should then come to me spontaneously. Incidentally, people with Aquarius are naturally vowed to help Mankind. Use this argument. (5) on account of his visit. I must clearly not abandon my work for the fear of spoiling the record.

9.55 P.M. I am running short of tobacco and feel the need very strongly indeed. It is in fact the sedative I require as alternative to aq. Must I be starved of everything, so as to try me out fully as against all mental excitement. It is really as if I could not judge properly of any such matters at the moment. I am furthermore conscious of developing a very definite feeling of irritability about it all. (I.e. that I am not being given a fair chance. By this I mean a chance to demonstrate my thesis that all drugs can be used masterfully.) This is obviously unworthy : (6) but it is there. ? Connected with impatience.

die Saturn. 12.15 a.m. Hail unto Kheph Ra (H as H for Herschel.c.) I have a dull pain in the chest, and a distinct wish for (1) This is closely connected with the irritability. The pain suggests pneumonia or something absurd from overstrain; & once again I say, Don't overdo the quitting ~~untill~~ you get word from Dr. Jarvis. I take 1 Gardenal - not to sleep, but to see if it will quiet the general fuss.

12.35 Discomfort depression irritation &c increase. Will take O.P. V's advice (on the whole) i.e. jog along as comfortably as possible and not worry about any records or any other blooming thing. (1) 1.24 A.M. See opposite page. (c. here copied) (I write this more to ease my own mind than anything else: but also from a quite wrong & stupid feeling that I ought not to let O.P.V. do all the worrying. It is 1.20 a.m. & my mind is very confused in judgment.

Dear Earp/ You said my Rodin books were an 'asset'. It is really - I believe - a matter of life and death (bar accidents) for me to raise £100 instantly. If you could spare that sum, I would let you have 25 sets (publd at 105/- & 16/- & 16/- & 16/- = £7.13) A possibly good investment, at the worst! Or I would arrange things in some other way. But I am (presumably - Professor Mudd tells me nothing of business unless obliged) threatened by small creditors on all hands. My credit is quite exhausted, even with the kind people at this hotel: & there is less than 200 francs in hand. And unless I can get Leah up to nurse me in the country & Mudd to London I see no hope save in the Gods. To whom therefore I call.) It is not even a good letter. I feel that the Gods are making it impossible for me to use my mind at all except in Their own special business. I wrote the letter deliberately as a sample of the

presume!

wanted

this

Laura

presume!

roasted

this

Laura

Mar 24

burning-up of the last sticks of rubbish in this Pure Fire that is so thoroughly purging me, & consuming the last of that "little pile of dust" to the White Ash for The Urn. Hail! Hermes the Invisible. (c.H or Hermes as Herschel H.), sent forth by the All-pure Wisdom may not suffer to link the tiniest germ of aught that is below the Abyss. Ay! once more there rings in mine ears Thy voice which is Mine/ ERMHC EIMI (Grk)/ whose value is Four Hundred and Eighteen wheréin is the Great Work complete and perfect - without lust of result, for is not True Wisdom to accomplish Naught? 1.40 Note on Qabalah. 8 = infinity (c.sign for.i.e.8 on its side) 8 = Mercury (sign for.c.) 8 = 23 Chokmah interpreted in Form by Binah. Infinity(sign for.c.) = All = A L L (Hebr.) the Balance of Aleph itself balanced. A L L(Hebr) = 61 = A I N(Hebr) = A N I Add Ayin(Hebr) = XV Set or Had 61 plus 70 $\frac{1}{2}$ 131 = P A N (Grk) 618 See Word of XIX Sol in Libra. *delirious*

Shit! I seem to have forgotten the one important discovery which made me start this note! 2.0 a.m. Pain in chest (not in the least like a pneumonia pain!) quite gone. 4.20 Must have slept, for I woke coughing very violently & semi... (*illegible*) I was I think mostly accusing O.P.V. of folly or some similar type of bad behaviour for not having had me ambulanced to the American Hospital long since!!! Something too about telephoning & broadcasting. (2 $\frac{1}{2}$)

4.44 (Day?) dreaming - trying to describe Gerald Kelly's stupidity. "The sort of person who if you ~~were him~~ sent him out to buy gloves wouldn't (oh yes! asleep - dropped right off then ~~asleep~~) ask what size (all this in French) etc etc. In last drop-off I mix up ideas of helping Gerald Kelly mentally with a p. (*etc.*) alleged (by whom??) to be recommended (by whom, again??) to be useful with people who fail to understand the Tao Teh King (is it?) One shuts them into a barrel properly studded, within, with nails. This is then rolled down a hill-side, the rougher the better - for illumination, I ~~will~~ *will* and oh! I forget what follows but in waking I get that the barrel is finally ~~burned~~ - as it is - & served in the that state at banquets. I'm reminded somehow of a famous way of roasting a hedgehog, rolled in a paste of mud. I go on to semi-waking lecture a ~~the~~ group of medical men, demonstrating I wot not what on ~~a~~ corpse (*etc.*) Then a wave of mountains surges up - now ~~I~~ Grahame & Sodomy - I am mapping a curve of my life & have to bring this in. Then - why did she like it? (For she did - mere precaution not adequate explanation *forget*)

-----oh Lord! We (who?) are debating how to ~~word~~ (*illegible*) receipts for pension from somebody who has died. 5.6 a.m. I'm really wandering very far - Now I'm trying (still!) prescriptions for aq. I use the hotel paper for the stamped address - lest enquiry be made at the place where I am... *vigilant*Several scenes of violence cross my mind: yet I refer them to the "earlier part of my illness, when I was still strong enough" .. "And with all this goes a very strong ~~the~~ (*illegible*) sub-current of quite definite alarm: "Am I in danger of becoming delirious?" This wakes me to full wakening to take (3 $\frac{1}{2}$) saying : "I mustn't risk the slightest approach to an P.S. actual outbreak. He, homosexual, really thinks that implies inferiority. I am bug-gering the girl next door. The man who is (I surmise, wakening, on vague grounds) sleeping with her is not Jack Holmes; but the man

I talk to about it; he reproaches me with paedication - somehow (It has got vague as I wake). 5.20 I light a pipe, despite extreme irritability of throat &c and sleepiness such(?) that I can hardly write. Yet ~~....(word illeg.c.)~~ to watch myself (Something about hunting(?c.) for something to do with a clitoris of somebody - which "will explain everything"). Honest to God, kid, I do seem about as near plain dippy as makes not much more difference. (left out here "than whether you put salt or sodium chloride in ---- I wanted a less obvious simile & a good place to put the salt in: and so forgot the whole phrase clean.)

Speculation: WHY did the Gods devise the System of Sephiroth? This is mixed up with egg-eating by somebody and ..(word illeg.c.) (? ?) something about detectives - Chicago - their domestic life ----- I find myself saying "these may be the last sane words I shall ever write: I call on the Inhabitants of the 10000 Worlds to testify that I kept it up ~~xxx~~ till the last ~~words(?c.)~~ minute. (Some stranger in Dieppe or Boulogne or some such place has crossed (Channel or Atlantic) to see me: hasn't the price of his ticket from the coast, having blued it in cafes----- I writing! --- Is this a parable (I muse) of my own present condition? The man went back to England or U.S.A. & wired me excuses. I do not. I write:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law
The word of the Law is Thelema. / The Beast 666 9 = 2 A.'.A.'. 93 Logos Aionos (Grk).

(copyist note: the notebook here ends but there is a section in reverse which continues as follows:-)

Overflow meeting. 5.30 P.M. has just struck - watch says 5.55 I alter it - quit this record of ravings - return to 2835 Mayfair, and I bet I'll be dead to the wide-wide in 2 shakes of poor old Frank Richardson's whiskers.
5.37 I'm now talking to Achad. He has been rude. I say "You didn't mean it". He: "Oh, I made several remarks quite abruptly". We laugh together over the mischief made by the uninitiates who misinterpreted our love as a quarrel. I was quite solidly in my Scin Laeca in his little room in Chicago; he sitting at a round table with his legs crossed & upon another chair. Smoking a pipe I think (V. doubtful, this) "Rational" suggestion started from this - implore ~~....(word illeg.c.)~~ to rescue the stock in U.S.A. - the \$17000 parcel of MSS &c in particular. This arose as I flashed back to 50 rue Vavin & found the ~~....(word illeg.c.)~~ full of Earp (Also: to tell him the danger of delirium & that I seem abandoned by the very doctors - see below.) But what I wonder is: do all ~~the~~ these ravings signify danger of actual mental upset (I thought of softening of the brain, of course, at once: also of G.P.I. but decided I was probably past the age. (Also upstrokes ~~(up)~~ O.K.) Note very especially that this "wonder" is entirely untinctured

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by a single drop of anxiety. It is sheer impersonal curiosity, followed by the calm & very reasonable decision to hand the notes to O.P.V. & ask his opinion. The Visit to Achad, by the way. He had I think, just finished a meal. I calculate 5.50 A.M. here Midnight in Chi Yes: that suits well. R.S.J. in bed probably after not washing up. I get a very strong impression of a very unlikely object: a "table-cloth" of that old-fashioned shiny stuff like thin linoleum - or cloth waterproofed on one side with some dull pattern. 5.57 I am fairly well awake now. (Now - am I? Interruption of visions of electrocution. I am the victim. I object to die sitting & demand to stand. I manage to lift the chair - until I argue with myself that it is surely fastened to the floor -- &c ---- &c.) This interruption was to a note that I was coughing almost constantly. I take 1 aq. with a perfectly good conscience, like the last; as against the spasms & semi-delirium both. (sic.c) But I now again compose myself as best I can. 6.20 Another (day?) dream of a colloquy O.P.V. - Aimee downstairs in Hotel ante-chamber. As vivid as life, this one, but (bet? e.) I was ~~half~~ (illeg. c.) asleep.

- and another! Self explaining to "arp (I think) why I want to see Cecil Grey. All these dialogues so vivid as to be practically audible: and I am reminded of writing down AL. But at that time there were no circumstances soever at all likely to account for any hallucination. Save this! Rose and I had on our programme, high up, a visit to Frater I.A. in his Chong(?) at Rangoon (or Akyal. I had not seen him since he had formally joined the Sangha). Returned to Colombo from Hanbartota (?C.) Jan 1904: I got a lesion on my tongue - origin(?.c.) unknown - and a Vision of Lady Scott & Countess Russell at the Galle Face Hotel. ~~and illeg.e.~~ in time from the a.s. to "andy, a sort of memento LMR in order to get the full horror of Lady Scott down in W.J.W. It was the Genuine Ecstasy of Loathing of the Evil Mother - magically seen for the first time in my life, I being (I suppose) prepared by the Beauty of Rose & that of the Jungle plus the solitude. ~~why Jesus wept~~ (Another dream Gurdjeff ?.. (word illeg.c.) a dagger (my spear dhu(?.c.)) through the open hand of a fat woman disciple. Question concerned the acquisition of power of holy man to reduce fat of their disciples in large chunks ----- the rest gone, or so nearly so that effort to recall would snap thread of my main sentence.)

* driving
Jungle - then! My idea was (in writing this note) that the poison which had attacked my tongue also attacked (later) my sensorium, thus causing hallucinations, similar to those of to-night, in March-April '04. P.S. 7.30 of course.)

(c.side note:!) This does no more than suggest the mechanism of my hearing Aiwas. But then that point has always irked me, I being ~~so~~ so free naturally from anything! (Long controversy between ~~us~~ Copper & ~~illeg.e.~~ as to the markets!!) of the kind. 6.48. Note that I am forcing myself to sit up and write for no reason at all, entirely against my will. Sheer naughty boy complex. If motive at all, 'tis wish to have something to complain about to O.P.V., to pity or to scold myself about, later in the day.

* Conn Conn

Jan 24

Oh Shit n plu's 1 up to the bloody eyeballs! I quit this utter blasted grumfoozling tommy rot(~~1.00~~)! 7.30 Coughing spells constantly rack me. a little calmer. I ring for brekker & to call O.P.V.

7.35 O.P.V. arrives. Mistook him for Earp in re a foreseen dialogue with latter who mangles 93 93/93 not thinking it has any meaning.

Aum Ha!