

Hong Kong

S. Chinn

28.3.06

My dear Bax,

Your letter reached me here
on my arrival from Burma via
Yunnan-Foo with the wife and
child. We had a fine time -
about 4 months on the road -
that is why I have heard nothing
of anyone since you left
Bremen.

I certainly didn't expect to hear
from you so late as this: but
you have doubtless grasped the

great principle that "one should
work as if one had omnipotence
at one's command & eternity at
one's disposal"

So I've heaps of time to write
to you, & can do anything you wish.
It is very easy to get all the keys
(invisible & otherwise) into the
Kingdom; but the locks are
devilish stiff - some of them
battered.

I am myself just at the end
of a little excursion of nearly
7 years into Hell. The illusion
of reason, which I thought I had

stamped out in '98, was bossing
me. It has now got the boot.

But let this tell you that it
is one thing to devote your life
to Magic at 20 years old & another
to find at 30 that you are bound
to stay a Magus.

The first is the folly of a child;
the second the Gate of the Sanctuary.

It's no good, though, my writing
indefinitely like this - only as

a magical act can it be justified.
(i.e. the Masters may operate the coincidence that
By rights it should fit the case)
you should get Ordeals
and initiations and Prunys. a
really good student can make
it all up himself; and if

great principle that "one should
work as if one had omnipotence
at one's command & eternity at
one's disposal."

} So I've heaps of time to write
to you, & can do anything you wish.
It is very easy to get all the keys
(invisible & otherwise) into the
Kingdom; but the locks are
devilish stiff - some of them
battered.

I am myself just at the end
of a little excursion of nearly
7 years into Hell. The illusion
of reason, which I thought I had

stamped out in '98, was losing
me. It has now got the boot.
But let this tell you that it
is one thing to devote your life
to Magic at 20 years old & another
to find at 30 that you are bound
to stay a Magus.

The first is the folly of a child;
the second the Gate of the Sanctuary.
It's no good, though, my writing
indefinitely like this - only as
a magical act can it be justified.
(i.e. the Masters may operate the coincidence that
By rights it should fit the case?)
By rights you should get ordeals
and initiations and things. a
really good student can make
it all up himself; and if

he has really the wit to interpret
all aught he needs no teacher.

Solve et coagula said some
ass. This means.

Solve - Volatilize the fixed by
a firm resolve to interpret
everything in life as a
spiritual fact, a step on the
Path, a guide to the Light.

an old disciple of mine put
it, more clumsily, thus:

"Whatever ye do, whether
ye eat or drink, do all to the
glory of God"

I may add that in my own
experience this failure to
do this has given me a bad

time. Every time you interpret anything whatever materially you go auster, worse than a motor-car smash.

I am in good form for the moment; so I don't believe at all that Clifford Bax wrote me a letter, but that the Gods suggested to me that perhaps I was a little selfish about my poor little scrap of knowledge.

This is not a joke or an affectation, but a fact; and is the completion of half the Great Work.

6/ Coayula - ~~phase~~ The volatile -
means what you had better
find out for ~~my~~^{your} self. If you
do, write and tell me - I haven't
an idea.

So shall take some pretty
drastic steps to discover.

Why I dwell on this I
really don't know. If you
think my looks would be any
good to you, you are welcome.

Register magical letters, unless
your soul is worth less than
prosperity.

Yours fraternally

Perdinalis

7

To Mr Hugh Gillies
at Boleskine Hs.
in Foyers
Inverness N.B.

Please send to
Mr Clifford Bax

Collected Works Vol I

The Sword of Song. Gophers.

Goetia Gracles

They have been paid for. Boleskine

Fill in your address & send this
half-sheet. Give me a permanent
address. Write me
a crowley.
Boleskine
Foyers Inverness.

1849
Dear Kelly & Care Fra E.S.D.

I am rejoiced exceedingly at much news. Glad you're bucking up
- at last!

You said I could not write in Montezuma met a pama metre
Bliss! Vide enclosed

I also send you my "Tainhäuser"

Without your criticism & advice I am a thing of nothing
Therefore I charge you by all the most sacred everything
that you write me a full, withless, general & special essay
on the poem. Every bad line, every weak situation, or
strong one missed, you shall & must censure, that I may
reform it altho' ether. And let me have this as soon as
you can. Take a pride in smashing it up: if you're wrong I shall
scorn you for a scullionly knave: if your remarks are just
I shall take heed to my ways that with my tongue I offend not
Send me, moreover, the scenes of The King's Friend

1844
Dear Kelly & Care Fra E.S.D.

I am rejoiced exceedingly at much news. Glad you're bucking up
- at last!

You said I could not write in Montezuma met a parametre
Bliar! Vide enclosed

I also send you my "Tainhänsel"

Without your criticism & advice I am a thing of nothing.
Therefore I charge you by all the most sacred every thing
that you write me a full, withless, general & special essay
on the poem. Every bad line, every weak situation, or
strong one missed, you shall & must curse; that I may
reform it altho' ether. And let me have this as soon as
you can. Take a pride in smashing it up: if you're wrong I shall
scorn you for a scullionly knave: if your remarks are just
I shall take heed to my ways that with my tongue I offend not
and me, moreover, the scenes of The King's Friend

(2)

I have the plot (typewritten copy) but my scenes & tried
some details, I can't remember which.

Just off to hills. What are you doing?

My very kindest regards to Mr Kelly & Eleanor.

Beyond my work.

Tentatively yours

J

1899?

Messenger.

My liege, I pithee, best ye of your grace

Sir Colling wallows in his grievous gore

Pierced by the envious dagger of a knave

King. Adjusted ill to just with a just knight.

How now, forsooth? Ods bodikins & bubs

I wot the sandy malapert gat scathe

How wast 'twas trusted, wastrel? Tossed he not

The stumpt-cycle on his bloody spear?

Mess.

Gods rogues, my liege, thou sayest sooth. He took

His amorous troth back from its skiving sheath

And spouted him with such a creamy spout-

(For God, I thought the king were come to milk!)

Fell in the mangy belly of the cur

And blew him to green bugs

King

What ho! my queen!

[Enter queen with a canot up her arse]

Queen. Lies, a lord, dear partner of my royal bed

I must pull out my little-toner then!

King.

Exit Mess. with the delicacy & refinement of his noble nature, & those immortal lines
Q come with you, my lord.

1899?

Messenger.

My liege, I pithee, best ye of your grace

Sir Colling wallows in his grievous gore

Pierced by the envious dagger of a knave

King. Adjusted ill to just with a just knight.

How now, forsooth? O's bodikins & bubs

Wot the saucy malapert gat scathe

How wast 'twas trusted, wastrel? Tossed he not

The strumpet-cycle on his bloody spear?

Men.

God's guts, my liege, thou sayest sooth. He took

His amorous toothpick from its skiving sheath

And's poked him with such a creamy spurt-

(Fore God, I thought the kine were come to milk!)

Fell in the mangy belly of the cur

And blew him to green bugs

King

What ho! my queen!

[Enter queen with a canot up her arse]

Queen. Lies a lord, dear partner of my royal bed

King. I must pull out my little-tones then!

Exit Men. with the delicacy & refinement of his noble nature, & those immortal lines
Q come in & out there

1899?

Messenger.

My liege, I pithee, lest ye of your grace

Sir Colling wallows in his grievous gore

Pierced by the envious dagger of a knave

King Adjusted ill to just with a just knight.

How now, forsooth? O's bodikins & bubs

Wot the saucy malapert gat scathe.

How wast 'twas trusted, wastrel? Tossed he not
The strumpet-cycle on his bloody spear?

Men.

God's guts for my liege, thou sayest sooth. He took

His amorous toothpick from its skiving sheath

And s'pouted him with such a creamy spout-

(Fore God, I thought the king were come to milk!)

Fell in the mangy belly of the cur

And belch him to green bags

King

What ho! my queen!

[Enter queen with a canot up her arse]

Queen. Lies a lord, dear partner of my royal bed

King. I must pull out my little-toner then!

Exit Men. with the delicacy & refinement of his noble nature, & those immortal lines
Q come in here then

1894?

Morning

My liege, | pithee, but ye of your grace

Sir Colling wellars in his generous grace

Reced by the envious dagger of a knave

King Adjusted ill to just with a just knight,

How now, forsooth? O do look down & buds

Just the saucy muckelst got scathe

How wast' frowns frowted, washed? Tossed not

The stumped-cycle on his bloody spear?

Men.

Spreading for my liege, | thou sayest sooth. He took

His arrows to the back from its shining sheath

And's parted him with such a screaming spurt-

(For God, | though the pain were come to mickle.)

Tell in the meany belly of the ear

King

What ho! my green!

[Enter green with a sword up her ear]

Green. Liege lord, seen partaker of my royal bed

I must pull out my pithe-tonee then!

King

Exit Men. with the delicacy & refinement of his noble nature, & those immortal tunes
Q come, we'll buy

The King's Friend

or The Necessary Grand Archdeacon - Teaser of Mugwumpshitsstein.

How's this for style & matter?

Write you soon

The King's Friend

or The Hereditary Grand Arsehole-Teaser of Mugwumpshitstein.

How's this for style & matter?

Write you soon

The King's Friend

or The Needlework Ground Antelope-Temper of Magnum Substitutum.

How's this for style & matter?

Write you soon



EVAN & SPOTTISWOODS, London.

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.

No. of Telegram.....

Office Stamp.

If the accuracy of an Inland Telegram be doubted, the telegram will be repeated on payment of half the amount originally paid for its transmission, any fraction of 1d. less than ½d. being reckoned as ½d.; and if it be found that there was any inaccuracy, the amount paid for repetition will be refunded. Special conditions are applicable to the repetition of Foreign Telegrams.

Charges }
to pay }

s s. d.



Handed
to at }

Basingstoke

at

6 30

Received
here at }

6 53

TO {

*Gerald Kelly
Vicarage Lamberrill*

*Bloaker
Poor*

*busted boxed Basingstoke sorry
Bernard soariff*

N.B.—This Form must accompany any inquiry made respecting this Telegram

soariff

STAFFORD HOTELS

HOTEL IMPERIAL
EUROPEAN PLAN
BROADWAY & 32ND STREET
NEW YORK

HOTEL WALTON
EUROPEAN PLAN
BROAD AND LOCUST STREETS
PHILADELPHIA

MANSION HOUSE
AMERICAN PLAN
BUFFALO, N. Y.



July 1899/00

Dear Kelly,

I am an unexpected chap, nichtwar?

Jones can give you my address. I want you to
hike right up & fix the G.D. straight. Under
V.N. you can do it & if your sister Eleanor
were initiated she would help a lot. It's perfect
not the whole thing going to pieces for lack of
good manners, when there are 9 gentlemen to be had
for the looking. [I do not mean what you mean]
I told Megan Paul to send proofs to you but I am
bound to see them myself; so will mind. I am writing
him. He will send you duplicates to keep.
I shall drop politics a bit - I didn't start out to be
Ovid though God knows our places of exile are far
enough apart & is to temperance! But the people

are equally barbarians! I held up the steamer at
solo wharf - the other passengers had to borrow
off me at New York to pay their cab fares!

It's too bloody hot here to do anything. I am setting
up in business in New York - night houses for
canal copulation with icebergs. Darned good thing -
pays better than the strong bull movement in Octobers.
When I return I expect you to have done something in
pictures better than anybody in the world. By the
way, it is always advisable to transcend the astral
plane first before working with it - especially for an
artistic purpose. Once or twice I have had a curious
experience - entering the astral from below, I found a
lot of grand stuff for poems. I wrote it up, & on
returning found my verse pure ~~devil~~ - I had been
made a complete fool!

Was the Crescent a success?

Best wishes to you & yours

Ever as ever

A. C.

1900 ?

487

Wastwater Hotel
Gosforth
Cumberland

Dear Kelly,

Let me know how Pelleas
is going & if I can help in
any way. Also re Agrippa
One thing & another has kept me
from getting Jones' opinion
What about my design? I have
seen a drawing of Althaea
Gyles which I shall use in some
way, unless it is explosive, &
you are ^{less} cantankerous than
usual.

Weather here bloody.
"My womb is pregnant with
mad moons & Suns"
Will you be in town still

about the 20th April? When
 I expect to be back
 How uniform is the universe
 O Lord!

I have introduced the

Epigram into this
 heightened valley with marked
 results. My definition of you
 is "a man of parts, every one
 of which is greater than the
 whole" What hole? said the
 unsuspecting prophet.
 I am Crilly, here of course
 "To the re-seeing I kiss
 your hands & your feet" (Pollitt)

Tata

Alister Crilly

Odie

1901

Dear Gerald

I've written 80 pp of Ophelia. All lyrics all

Nature: not a line of problem or mysticism
anywhere. Some is I know good. I have written

very fast: most-difficult metres - double rhymes

} 5 or five words rhyming & that sort of thing. I
never seem to hesitate. On Sunday I was a nervous
wreck. Comic Opera (some the mark!) cured me.

I have bought a most-marvellous wong Buddha
and sitting before it now with joss-sticks
burning. Do you remember that supreme faint
eternal eventide of gems at 74 Trinity St when I
wrote "The incense steams before the Christ" & you
worked on the Siegfriedly hemaphrodite?

Odie

1901

Dear Gerald

I've written 80 pp of Ophelia. All lyrics all
Nature: not a line of problem or mysticism
anywhere. Some is I know good. I have written
very fast: most-difficult metres - double rhymes
of four or five words rhyming & that sort of thing. I
never seem to hesitate. On Sunday I was a nervous
wreck. Comic Opera (some the mark!) could be.
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and sitting before it now with joss-sticks
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eternal eventide of gems at 74 Trinity St when I
wrote "The incense steams before the Christ" & you
worked on the Siegfriedly hemaphrodite?

80pp of Orestes is about $\frac{3}{4}$ of act 1 or rather scene 1. There are some 20pp of preliminary matter: Prologue of At. invoking Muse & dialogue Calliope giving her son his lyre. This latter in Strophe & antistrophe with apode.

Do you know (if I can finish) this has never been done before at all? Prometheus is nearest but that has much blank verse - certainly you can't call it all lyrics. And I have 1200 lines already of sheer song. I don't think it will do. I doubt if I can keep it up any way or if I can whether it won't be mere fireworks. But the idea is tremendous. Don't you stagger? See what a woman I'm getting underlining words! This

in a frightful nervous state. Going to
McGovern - Gardner fight to night & sail
for Sandwich Islands Friday. Christ! I wish
you were here. Write & tell me everything
I have all said K.F. documents I won't have
a lyric in me for years.

Die & Lyric mine seems played out now
Anyway to-day I am doing none.

Write me

A. Crowley

c/o Anshold & Warberg

Hong Kong

China

Ever
Alister Crowley

O Gerd of all Festuses!

I am the most miserable of
mankind.

Allan M^cG. doesn't like Tannhäuser
says it isn't as good as the soul of
Orin - says it's obscure in the beginning,
too long, & lacks a motive
What in h-l does he mean by a
motive?

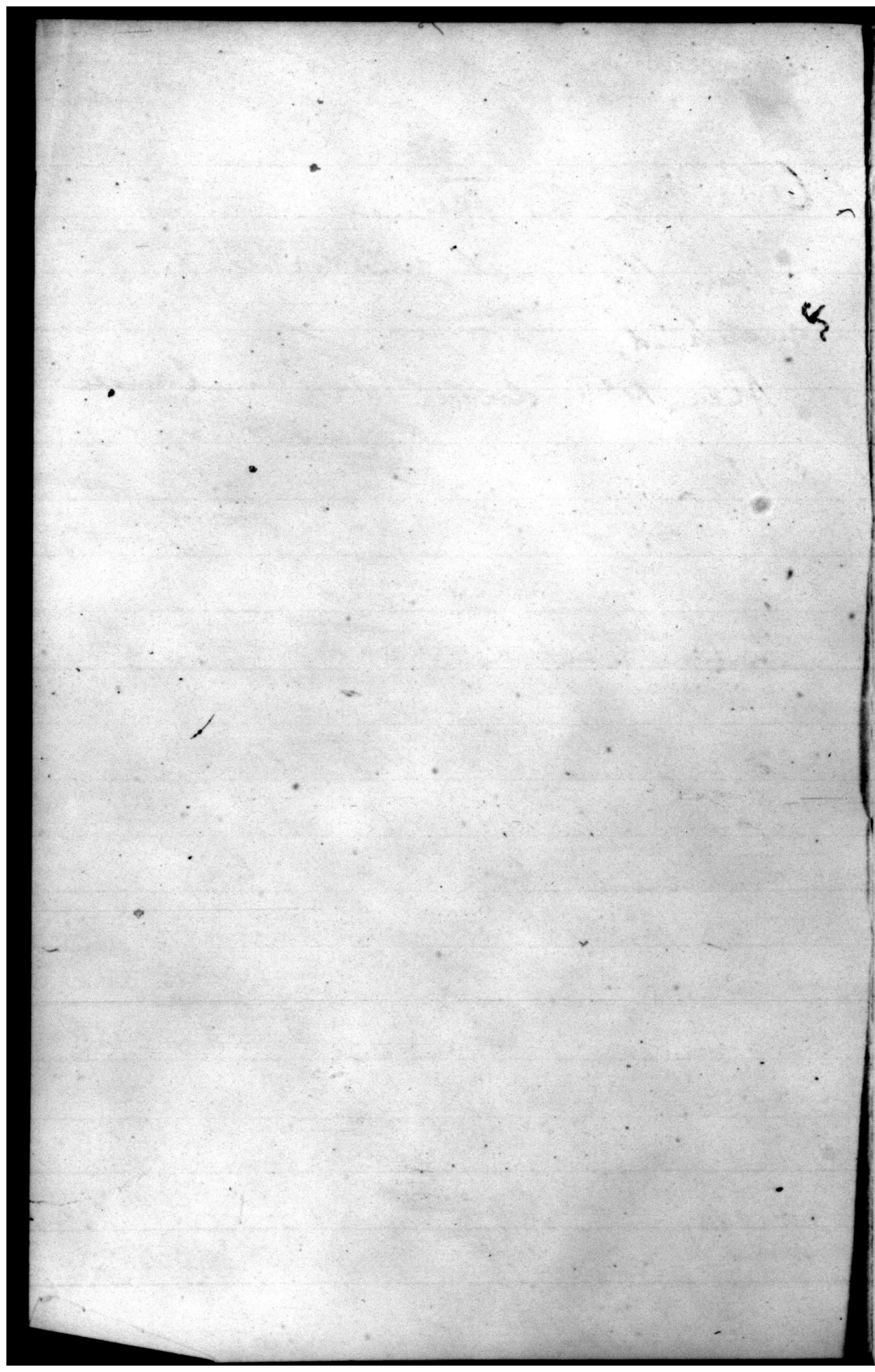
He explains it as "the literary
transmigration of a moral"

This means "As a moral is, to a fable,
so is a motive to a work of this sort"

I answer It is the history of a soul
∴ my soul ∴ every soul ∴ no soul

He answers "Rats"

I have been doing Argo & am in a
steep-ate of nervous prostration.
Allan says you ought to do Yoga, instead



put you up of course. Tell your
people you're dying: suborn
a doctor - dress up Waller e.g. -
climate of Ceylon - only thing
to save young & valuable life.

Address is

A.C.

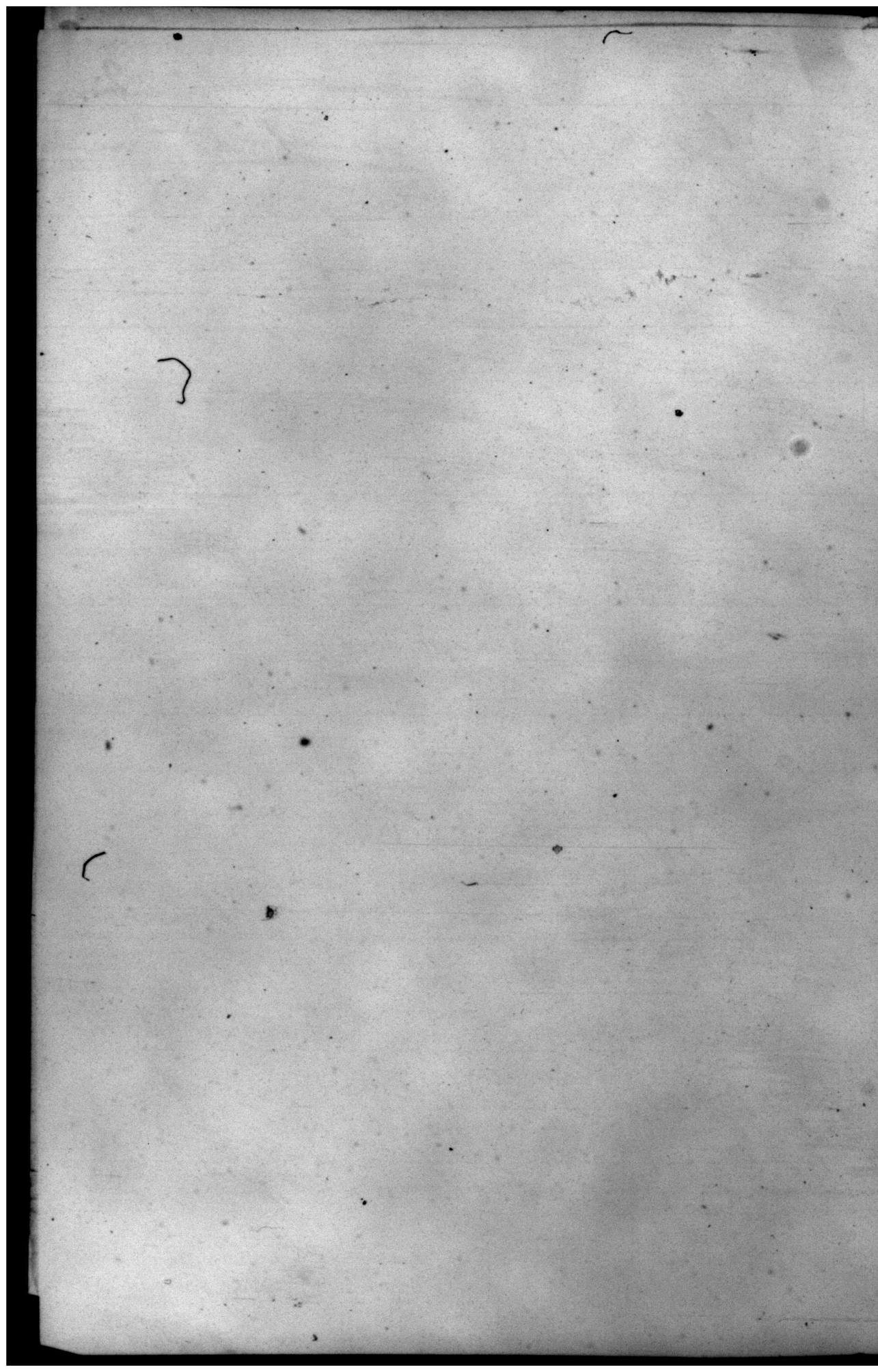
34 Victoria Drive

Kandy. Ceylon.

What a fool I was not to come
home instead of this maniac
jaunt.

"Excuse me, sir, I think I'm
going mad."

You shall have more Argo & Dupl &c
soon. Write & tell me exactly
what you think of all you have
got, & do for it all what you did
for poor T.

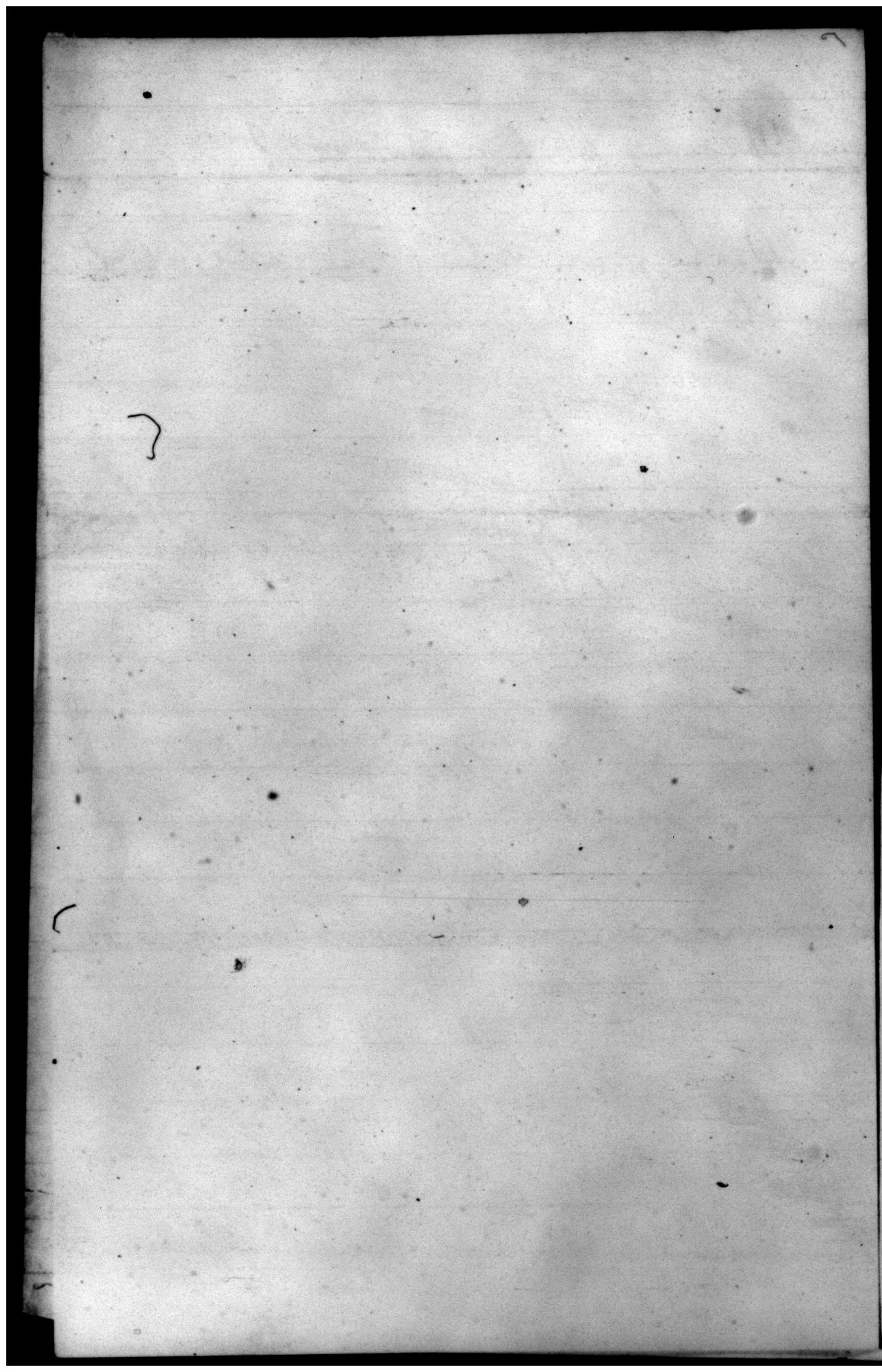


Does my work advance ?

Do be good & tell me all about
it.

Bye-bye

Ever
AC



of creating his favorite pupil
to filthy & blasphemous language
For God's sake & that of my
sanity (what remains of it) write
& tell me either that T. take
him for all in all we shall not
look upon his like again or else
that I am to burn the whole
damning thing. I have cut & condensed
considerable.

Allan says the character of T. is
despicable in every act especially
the scene after the singing when he
denies 'em out.

I go to Hinchley as with O.E.
no meeting for the two only
minds of the 20th century
till next autumn
God help me!

Unless you could come here before
December. If you could I would

Yokohama

10/01
1901

My dear Gerald

You are a good boy & I am a good boy
& I am right & you are right & every thing
is quite correct.

Yours forwarded. Japan is a brand of the
basest sort.

You are surely joking about Shelley.
I haven't got Tams. I guess its waiting for me
at Hong Kong.

I have changed the 'label' from Dram. Po. to
Comedy. But its really a history like the S. of Osiris
which indeed it sums up, though in a different
manner

To change the key. This is strictest of all possible confidence.

I have had the greatest love-affair of my long
& arduous career (arduous is good)

Her name was Mary Beaton Think of it!

Absolutely the most beautiful woman I have seen,
of the imperial type, yet as sweet & womanly as
I ever knew. Moreover, a lady to her finger-tips

Well I call her Alice in the poems you will read about
her, as she preferred that name. She was travelling
for her health in Hawaii where we met. We loved
& loved chaste (She has a hub. & kids - one
boy with her) I made her come here with me, but the
boat we fell to fucking, of course, but - here's the
miracle! - we won through & long lit our way back
to chastity & far deeper truer love

Now she's gone & forgotten but her sweet & pure
 influence has saved my soul (Hel. Nephesh)
 (Just no more - What, never? Well - hardly ever!
 What do I care? for his bloody whores? does
 G.F.W. ask? Listen, my buck.

The affair was 50 days from start to finish.
 It is written in 50 sonnets; a fake introduction
 like W.S. but better & a fake criticism.

Also lyrics interspersed between the days (some of
 these I enclosed with Book I of *Ophelia*) and one now.
 I know all the obvious things you will say. But
 the tout ensemble is going to be great.

I can't explain at length. I will send you a copy
 when typed.

You say hurry up & come back. I am hurrying

as far as Colombo. There I am not my own master
for a while. Maybe I shall come practically right
through to London. Queen sabe? It depends
on occult considerations, on chinking considerations,
& on poetry considerations.

I wish you'd buck up with occultism so that I
didn't have to falk with all this damned reticence
- I have done none myself lately - there's been love
& poetry going. Also my ideas are changing &
fermenting. You will not recog. most my mind
when I get back.

I am very calm & happy & fairly energetic at
the same time.

No more now

If you write, do so by return: to
c/o P. & O. S. S. Co

Colombo

Ever as ever

A. C.

Ceylon

15 the best chance

P.S.

Your landscapes are of course futile - all
landscapes are. But the practice will do you
good & good & good.

PALACE HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO CAL

April 26 1901

Dear Gerald,

I am

Alister Crowley

c/o Arnhold & Karberg
Hong Kong

China.

I am going to write O'sphens

& be all lyrics.

You wait!

Bye-bye

A.C.

P.S. The Muse herself that O'sphens love
The M. herself for her enchanting son
Whom universal Nature did lament
When by the wit that made the hidden was

PALACE HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO CAL

April 26 1901

Dear Gerald,

I am

Alister Crowley

} of Anshold & Karberg
Hong Kong

China.

I am going to write Orpheus
& be all lyrics.

You wait!

(Bye-bye

A.C.

P.S. The Muse herself that Orpheus loved
The M. herself for her enchanting son
Whom universal Nature did lament
When by the root that made the hidden
was

His gory body down the stream was sent
Down the swift Helms to the Lesbian shore

What a finale!

Chorus of Unweasal Nature 40 pp

Soliloquy of Muse herself

Reath. song of Orpheus

Chorus of wot making hideous roar 350 pp

Dialogue of swift Helms & Lesbian shore

Climax - mystical marriage of Orpheus

to Sappho - "served hot with such sauce" (!?)

And what a Hell scene I can write!

You wait. -

I'm mad with delight

Aug 2, 1901.

Dear Gerald,

I near Colombo. From Hong Kong I sent you "Alice" & you might think of Shakespeare purple passages to adorn or explain some of the sonnets I haven't headed.

I thought of doing 50 more sonnets to give Alice's idea of each day but this is too great for me. I fear my style will give me away as author = editor = critic. Perhaps the proses might be ~~revised~~ ^{revised} then by another: we will see.

I will write in a week or so & give you news of my ideas & coming home.

You say Jones told you "my news between Cambridge & Mexico". You don't say how fully. I was a fool to go; but glad I went.

Orphy is developing fast in idea execution hangs fire - travelling makes everything impossible.

(Book II The Lament of O.

- (i) wild despair - disbelief in his really being dead &c
- (ii) more or less philosophical considerations of his grief
- (iii) without trust
- (iv) more (ii) ending in desire to recall the happy days of his youth

ll. 1-500

ll 581-764 O describes how he found Eurydice.

She is too vague to count / have made her
a myrtle in a rainbow above a waterfall at
the end of a sacred pool. He wishes Aphrodite
to give her humanity. Arephios "Sing of your heroic exploit"

ll 764 - ? He evokes Jason Medea Aeetes Pelias

Heracles & their shades & the Drama of the
Argo is played before Eurydice.

She consents - love-diet

Zens comes in explains that he will go mad unless she becomes
mortal

More love diet in nobler numbers as she consents

The Cosmic Fuck! (this is a new invention of mine who would
like too long to explain)

The drama of MEDEA is played by request of Eurydice
as a warning to O. if he sneaks elsewhere.

Least then continues & O. decides to go to Hades

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to give her humanity. Arephios "Sing of your heroic exploits"

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She consents - love-death

Zens comes in explains that he will go mad unless she becomes
mortal

More love-death in nobler numbers as she consents

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like to lay to explain)

The drama of MEDEA is played by request of Eurydice
as a warning to O. if he sneaks elsewhere.

Lament then continues & O. decides to go to Hades

Book II O. in Hell. I amey rather - very rest of
 Carbons - Minus & to listen to O who say of them
 the DRAMA of Hercules & Theseus
 &c &c. You can imagine all the rest which
 is undeveloped.

I have a suspicion that you think "The M. herself
 for her enchanting son &c" is M.E. 'taint it's Milton
 though I confess I should not be ashamed if I had written it.

I can imagine your fury on reading this. The interpolation
 of two complete dramas into a passionate lament must
 seem to you the acme of dramatic inpropriety.

I have not got K.F. yet: nebbes it will be forwarded
 to me at Solonbo. More likely you haven't sent it yet.

I am lively & lively; no more news.

Wm. H.

Enclosed newspaper cuttings are good

The Silver Crescent should be interested in the "Toll Champions"
 bonnyfall!

G.O.P.O.S.S.N.Co

1901

Colombo

Ceylon.

Dear G.

All my plans are annihilated. I believe
I have at last got to the not symbolic Gateway
of Occult Science. Knock & ring.

Act I of Argo is sublime & Act II my best
humour. Anstophanes outclassed. I have
made Argus the Son of (or Mac) Phisicus a
Canny Scot (a rather highbust!)

All this inside a passionate lament!

Your letter here to hand.

I do want something done. I want to see you

+ talk every thing over,

Albion M.C. & I talked 5 days & nights without intermission. He is cured, cleanshaved & very good looking but weak & weary. I am going to run him up to the hills.

I am cleansing myself physically & morally at once by the simple but efficacious process of heating up one nose & down the other 80 times every six hours.

This is not funny.

Tell Megan Paul to communicate with me here, & here only till further notice.

I am thinking of publishing Trenchard ~~at home~~

or something ^{out here} _a in strict secrecy for Cenci / 1st edⁿ
 reasons (or whims)

Be good. You shall have Book II of Orph. as
 soon as done. I have learnt to work steadily &
 regularly. A. M. C. F. thinks my poetry has come
 on immensely.

Shivoham!

A. C.

Give a good boy to write often. Keep it up.
 My address is not a secret any more. I have
 clucked all nonsense, except a faint lingering
 illusion that anything exists. This (with my
 breathing practice) should go soon.