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NS 4

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(a) A.C. to F.L. Gardner 1899 (b) <i>Vo H.S. S.A. Hunter 1900 p. 14.</i>	2/3
(b) Agreement re publication of Abramelin the Mage 1897	3-6.
(c) Letters to Gardner 1897-1920 (Originals in possession of G.J. Yorke) <i>in my possession</i>	
2. A.C. to Gerald Festus Kelly. 1899 - 1905. (Originals in the possession of Kelly? <i>Not in the same collection? p. 24</i>)	36
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(a) 1912 to 1914. (Originals in possession of Germer)	9
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Note. Cowie to A.C. perhaps letters placed amongst in 12 Binders of disciples letters to A.C.

4 A.C. =

Add Rodin's letter. to A.C. on no 2.

A.C.'s Letters. Binder I.

Letters

	No of Pages
1. The Sacred Book of Abramelin the Mage. <i>Golden Dawn</i>	1-2
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(b) Agreement re publication of Abramelin the Mage 1897	3-6.
(c) Letters to Gardner 1897-1920	
(Originals in possession of G.J. Yorke) <i>in my possession</i>	
2. A.C. to Gerald Festus Kelly. 1899 - 1905. (Originals in the possession of Kelly) <i>Not in the same collection? p. 29</i>	36
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(a) 1912 to 1914. (Originals in possession of Germer)	9
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I. The Sacred Book of Abramelin the Mage

I. I. I.

Early Golden Breeze Material
1899 - 1900

4 letters to

F. L. Gardner & Mr. E. A. Hinkley

I 1+2 1 1899

Copies of correspondence from A.C. and S.L. Macgregor Mathers about the publication of The Sacred Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-Melin the Mage, in possession of G&J. Yorke.

--- ②-2 3

A.C. to F.L.Garner. Boleskine, Foyers, Inverness. Friday ? Nov 1899
Dear Sir.

You are the despicable cad you are reported to be. I trust to have the honour of telling you so to your face, with the appropriate accompaniment, at no distant date.

Yours truly. Svareff.

--- ② - 2

A.C.- F.L.G. Boleskine Foyers Inverness. Tuesday. ? Nov 1899
Dear Sir Head of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn

Kindly return my authority from Mr Mathers to act for him. Your cowardly insult to Mr Mathers precludes all further necessity of treating you as a gentleman; your impertinence to me is of course beneath contempt. Let me, however warn you very seriously, as far as may be, to do nothing rashly. I am advised that you have no case whatever - that is nothing: but there are more serious considerations, of which your own memory will inform you. The long suffering of God is great, and I am still willing to come to London and try to arrange the matter peaceably. I have received your last letter to Mr Mathers from Paris, and am anxious to know what is meant by your threat "to publish certain other M.S.S." in your keeping. I am acting for Mr Mathers in this matter and all communications should be made to me.

I am sure you are acting under the belief that Mr Mathers has no money to contest your action. This is an error, as the bill is hardly likely to exceed £100,000. On receipt of a wire from you I will come South at once and discuss things. I am sure you do not wish to behave badly in the matter, and I have known the most ugly looking letters to explain themselves away under the influence of a good dinner (to which I shall be delighted to invite you) and a little quiet conversation. I say this only on behalf of a certain society in which I am interested (the G.D. T) which I fear might suffer by your proposed action, and not from any fear of the consequences.

Please be patient and wise: you have nothing to gain (Mathers is not worth sixpence from a damages point of view) and everything to lose.

Yours very faithfully. Svareff

--- ② 1

A.C. to F.L.G. Count Svareff c/o Aleister MacGregor, Boleskine, Foyers, Inverness-shire. Nov 17, 1899.
Re "Book of Sacred Magic"

Dear Sir

Mr MacGregor Mathers has conferred plenary powers upon me to examine the agreement etc in the matter of the "Book of S.M." and to act for him, to make any arrangements and to sign all receipts on a/c of money received. I enclose the authority for your perusal. I enclose a correct statement of the account, as far as it can be done from your statement. I have reduced the expenses by reducing the no of copies printed from 1000 to 300. I, as a member of the public, received your guarantee that only 300 would be done - vide an action in '94 v H.S. Nichols to this matter - and I warn you definitely that I shall instantly set the law in motion against

you in civil or criminal courts-accordingly as I am advised-if a single copy of the other 700 is sold. The criminal intention is abundantly proved by your letter of the 13th inst. I consequently demand that these 700 copies be destroyed in presence of a certificated accountant. The item for title-pages is correspondingly reduced. The 7 copies sold by you for £3-7-6 I have raised to 7-7-0. I do not quite understand the amounts paid by Watkins, as they seem irregular sums, not multiples of any one price. There is a discrepancy of £5.2.11 between two balances March 98 and July '98. I suppose on a/c of sales.

Mr Mathers considers that his copyright would diminish in value if the books were put up as a remnant. This course is therefore closed to you. You owe Mr Mathers 5 copies (of 6 private copies promised) and your honour as a gentleman is concerned in forwarding them to Paris by an early post. You speak of a sum of £55 lent by you to Mr Mathers for which you expect £75 in return. Allowing you a reasonable rate of interest say 6% the amount is repayable in 67 years and 8 months when I have little doubt that it will be forthcoming. In the meanwhile Mr Mathers owes you £6.6.0 as two years interest.

Therefore

Please send me the enclosed accounts duly signed; a certificate of the destruction of the copies illegally printed, with their title pages; a cheque for £8.7.0 (Should you be dissatisfied with my calculations on the £55 lent, please forward a cheque for £14.13.0 and we will discuss the other matter separately)

I think that I am justified in suggesting some expression of regret would be a graceful act, for having equilibrated an occult book with an occult balance sheet. I expect another account at Easter next

With the sincerest good wishes for continued sale of book

I remain Dear Sir

Yours very faithfully
Svareff.

A.C to Mrs E.A. Hunter. From Boleskine, Foyers, Inverness 1900

Care V H Soror

I am told that I must write to you for the M.S.S. of the Second Order of which I am now a member. *The MSS of the Golden Dawn*

I already possess B, C, D, E, F, G, H, 5 ~~6~~ Ritual, S, Z 1, Z 3. (F and G are not complete)
I have not got A, K, M, U and W, or Z 2 or any of the Flying Rolls.

Now even where I have the M.S.S. I should like to compare my copies with the official ones, I as Iehi ~~Aur~~ Aour [Allen Bennett], who gave me his M.S.S. by permission, is rather apt to condense.. So if you will be so good as to let me have all the M.S.S., in the usual order, I shall be more certain of having my knowledge quite right. If you can send more than one at a time, I should be very glad and it will save much trouble.

I ought to mention that my identity with one Aleister Crowley and one Count Svareff, are not generally known; and, in the work on which I am now engaged [presumably the Abramelin working] with the full approval of G.H. Fra D.D.C.F. [Mathers] it would be very dangerous for me if everybody (even in the order) knew this. So I will ask you not to mention the fact.

I give you and Fra. E.A. Hunter (I am ashamed to have forgotten his motto) the greetings of the Equinox.

With fraternal greetings

I am Perdurabo

(Aleister MacGregor)

From a photostat in my possession p. 74.
A complete set of the above G.H.D. MSS are in my possession (1979) and will be deposited at the Warburg Institute. 5.7.80 + 797 1979.

A.C to Mrs E.A. Hunter. From Boleskine, Foyers, Inverness 1900

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Mr Hunter

1900



Boleskine,
Foyers,
Inverness.

Dear Sir.

Care V. H. Soror.

I am told that I must write to you for
the M.S.S. of the Second Order of which
I am now a member.

I already possess B, C, D, E, F, G, H,
5=6 Ritual, I, 21, 22

(F & G are not complete)

I have not got A, K, M, N, & W. ^{or 22} any
of the Flying Rolls.

Now when I have the M.S.S. I should
like to compare my copies with the original.

Mr Hunter

1900



Boleskine,
Foyers,
Inverness.

Dear Q. is.

Dear V. H. Soror,

I am told that I must write to you for
the M.S.S. of the Second Order of which
I am now a member.

I already possess B, C, D, E, F^x, G^x, H,
5=6 Ritual, I, 21, 23

(F & G are not complete)

I have not got A, K, M, U, & W. ^{T. or 22} any
of the Flying Rolls.

Now even when I have the M.S.S. I should
like to compare my copies with the official

With all fraternal greetings

Samuel Peck

(Alas the MacGregor)

With all fraternal greetings

I am Perdurabo

(Alister MacGregor)

ones, as Jehi Aom, who gave me his M.S.S.
by permission, is rather apt to condense.

So if you will be so good as to let me
have ^{all} the M.S.S. in the usual order, I shall
be more certain of having my knowledge
quite right. If you can send more than one at a
time, I should be very glad, & it would save much trouble.

I ought to mention that my identity
with one Alister Crowley & one Conrad Svereff,
are not generally known; & in the work
on which I am now engaged (with the full
approval of F.H. Tra A.D.C.F.) it would be very
dangerous for me if everybody (even in the
order) knew this. So I will ask you not to
mention the fact.

I give you & Tra. E.A. Hunter (I am ashamed
to have forgotten his name) the greetings
of the Equinox.

ones, as Ichi Am, who gave me his M.S.S.
by permission, is rather apt to condescend.

So if you will be so good as to let me
have ^{all} the M.S.S. in the usual order, I shall
be more certain of having my knowledge
quite right. If you can send more than one at a
time, I should be very glad, it would save much trouble.

I ought to mention that my identity
with one Alister Crowley & one Conrad Swereff,
are not generally known; & in the work
in which I am now engaged (with the full
approval of F.H. & A.D.C.F.) it would be very
dangerous for me if everybody (even in the
order) knew this. So I will ask you not to
mention the fact.

I give you & Fr. E.A. Hunter (I am ashamed
to have forgotten his not to) the greetings
of the Equinox.

With all fraternal greetings

Alister Crowley

(Alister MacGregor)

I 1.2.

Letters etc from A.C. to Gerald Festus Kelly, his brother-in-law.

1899 - 1905

7 deposited the originals at the Warburg Institute.
Kelly gave them to me 974

55 letters,

Clavius Solomonis
K(eg) of Solomon

Undated. No address. To ?

n(amer) 24)

Care Frater

Levi also gives a sword in the "Magical Ritual". Westcott. Enchiridion
Leo III also. This is a poor form of the K of S one. Grimoire Verum a
plainer form still. Barrett (to face p 106) gives a guardless sword. Inscribed
4. n and Agla. I prefer K of S sword to all. But the picture does not
correspond to the written instructions. ~~at 4 n(amer) etc on~~

I think Elohim Gibor on reverse of blade and pentagram on same side
with hexagram (Solomon's seal. T) on 4n Adonai Eheieh Yeha side as you
suggest would do - of course two gold plates. I would do everything myself
where possible.

Circle. I prefer fig 2.

I'm damned busy - hope this will set your troubles for the time. I'd make
your damned disciples do some of the dirty work - I wish I had some. I'd hump
them along, if I worked their guts out. You then exhort them to fear - nothing
God I'm busy.

Yours fraternally P(erdurabo)

P.S. Read my letter to Northam, I return his. You may want it for measures. e

Undated. No address

Care Fra E.s.d.

2 Kelley's home

King's Friend

George Lewis Jones

I will call at the Vicarage about 11 o'clock Tuesday morning. I
shall bring M.S. of Act I of K.F.I. I shall go to Jones at Basingstoke the
same day. My further plans depend on "orders". It is of vital importance that
I should see you. I am very angry with you for not writing, or have you been
ill

(Kelley still an
undergraduate)

Yours Fly

P(erdurabo) 3

3

from Boleskine Foyers Inverness. No date

Care Fra

George Lewis Jones

Your letter to 67 just reached me by the roundabout way I have
arranged. This is grand here. I can work like anything. ~~What is~~
V.N.'s address (2 Volo Noscere. T) is Iron Works Basingstoke. M.M.H. is
Mark Mason's Hall Gt Queen Str. I wrote you from Edinburgh re various
people did I not? As to parental cursedness, there is your chance to be a
magician. Also this applies to anything you cannot do by ordinary means, i.e.
don't try and send an astral message to Heffer, giving compliments. you
can go round. But if you cannot do a thing by physical means you may try
others

Every night direct your whole will to (say) coming here. Imagine
strongly various scenes, your father yielding, your packing, your journey,
arrival, the scenery here, the pictures etc, meeting me and so on. Then con-
jure up the image of your father in your mind's eye, and when you have got him
standing before you almost as solid as if he were there, say "I will go to
~~the~~ A.C. at B.F.I." in the most determined voice. Go to sleep still willing
it. In the morning collect your thoughts directly you awake and repeat the
process. Let every incident of the day remind you of your will and devote any
spare moments to the imagination formula as well. A very few days of this,
interspersed with frequent letters home, stating your will, will certainly
have the desired effect. It had best be supplemented by faith in your own
success; e.g., in this case, look out your trains, get various things ready, write
telling friends you are going and so on.

Talking of things to get. Mrs Rosher Helva Road Wealdstone

Clavius Solomonis
K(eg) of Solomon

Undated. No address. To ?

n(amer 24)

Care Frater

Levi also gives a sword in the "Magical Ritual". Westcott. Enchiridion
Leo III also. This is a poor form of the K of S one. Grimoire Verum a
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Circle. I prefer fig 2.

I'm damned busy - hope this will set your troubles for the time. I'd make
your damned disciples do some of the dirty work - I wish I had some. I'd hump
them along, if I worked their guts out. You then exhort them to fear - nothing
God I'm busy.

Yours fraternally P(erdurabo)

P.S. Read my letter to Northam, I return his. You may want it for measures. e

Undated. No address

Care Fra E.s.d.

Kelly's home

Kimp's Friend

George Lewis Jones

I will call at the Vicarage about 11 o'clock Tuesday morning. I
shall bring M.S. of Act I of K.F.I. I shall go to Jones at Basingstoke the
same day. My further plans depend on "orders". It is of vital importance that
I should see you. I am very angry with you for not writing, or have you been
ill

(Kelly still in
undergraduates)

Yours

Fly

P(erdurabo) 3

3

George Lewis Jones

from Boleskine Foyers Inverness. No date

Care Fra

Your letter to 67 just reached me by the roundabout way I have
arranged. This is grand here. I can work like anything. ~~V.N.'s address~~
V.N.'s address (2 Volo Noscere. T) is Iron Works Basingstoke. M.M.H. is
Mark Mason's Hall Gt Queen Str. I wrote you from Edinburgh re various
people did I not? As to parental cursedness, there is your chance to be a
magician. Also this applies to anything you cannot do by ordinary means, i.e.
don't try and send an astral message to Heffer, giving compliments. you
can go round. But if you cannot do a thing by physical means you may try
others

Every night direct your whole will (to say) coming here. Imagine
strongly various scenes, your father yielding, your packing, your journey,
arrival, the scenery here, the pictures etc, meeting me and so on. Then con-
jure up the image of your father in your mind's eye, and when you have got him
standing before you almost as solid as if he were there, say "I will go to
~~the~~ A.C. at B.F.I." in the most determined voice. Go to sleep still willing
it. In the morning collect your thoughts directly you awake and repeat the
process. Let every incident of the day remind you of your will and devote any
spare moments to the imagination formula as well. A very few days of this,
interspersed with frequent letters home, stating your will, will certainly
have the desired effect. It had best be supplemented by faith in your own
success; e.g., in this case, look out your trains, get various things ready, write
telling friends you are going and so on.

Talking of things to get. Mrs Rosher Helva Road Wealdstone

will make you a robe and nemys like mine (about 15/- I think) Give her your tailor's address for the measurements. I should also get a sword. The Rose-Croix Masonic sword is what I use. Kenning Gt Queen St for sword. Ask M.W. Th (M.W. Blackden) for the "Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram" which will be of great use to you. Best way to do Qabalah is to work out things on paper. This is impossible, and therefore a sound and original course. But your failures will teach you. Also read fast two or three times till the wording is as familiar as Dolores: then study bit by bit. But when you are 3 = 8 you will have a most valuable and important key put into your hands. The introduction is simple, and you will do well to know the attributions by heart. E.g. set yourself a paper such as

"Give the Divine, Archangelic, angelic and spheres of planets attributed to Tiphereth in Hebrew, with the spelling correct, and the numbers to which each name adds up to. "And so on.

I should get the I/- Key to Astrology and learn enough of that absurd subject to perceive its imbecillity.

If you cannot come, but you will, I shall be South some time and shall invoke your hospitality if you are at T.H. (? Trinity Hall. T) Or we might trot over to Paris for a few days or weeks. I have to go there anyway, and we would like you to meet the Chief, the Gregarach, the Imperator of Isis-Urania and his wife whose painting makes you wild. Adieu! the Gods watch over you! Until we meet.

E (ritus) S (imilis) D (io) Yours fraternally. Mathers P (urdurabo)

Care Frater E.S.D.

Boleskine. Undated.

Do your exam for exam purposes. The meanings of the words are important. But if you know them and the numbers and can make shift to write the characters legibly - well. Your D (Hebrew Mem. T) was well made. Don't worry with Eastern Books.

There is one after you who has been preferred before you.

My coming to town vibrates between the likely and the certain. Your "power of concentration" is all wrong because you are o = o? This is the number of the Fool in the Tarot. Get clear without losing any more time and having your strength sapped by the void inane (Crowley).

I am just over 10 days C.B. with flu. written a few lyrics - only meditated K.F. The title is so good - that's three parts of the job. Only 5 acts to write - and I can't do one. Will try again now I'm better

Yours fraternally. Perdurabo.

A play that A.C. was writing

a Grobarnian

Boleskine. Undated Does not survive 5 if it was finished.

Care Frater

I have been writing like Hell lately. Several things better than any before. Also have meditated K.F. and enclose scheme for your approval which I think better than any so far. But the catastrophe is operated in a clumsy and unpleasant way. You are the dramatist of this expedition - stick a decent end and I start to write.

I have improved your Hugo in my Charles. A woman is the fons et origo as in nature and she must be such a mean beast as not to seduce me. Of our play is poked in this scheme I don't see how Man's Love or Poisoners or Sidonia is touched. Better start afresh.

I am waiting here for a certain letter which will not come. When it does I will try and have a few days at Cambridge.

Will you do me a great favour? Get Green Alps from Smithers if you possibly can - several copies. Say you have seen me and I shall not communicate with

only a fragment survives. It was destroyed by a fire at Smithers's warehouse, or office.

will make you a robe and nemys like mine (about 15/- I think) Give her your tailor's address for the measurements. I should also get a sword. The Rose-Croix Masonic sword is what I use. Kenning Gt Queen St for sword. Ask M.W. Th (M.W. Blackden) for the "Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram" which will be of great use to you. Best way to do Qabalah is to work out things on paper. This is impossible, and therefore a sound and original course. But your failures will teach you. Also read fast two or three times till the wording is as familiar as Dolores: then study bit by bit. But when you are 3 - 8 you will have a most valuable and important key put into your hands. The introduction is simple, and you will do well to know the attributions by heart. E.g set yourself a paper such as

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only a fragment survives. It was destroyed by a fire at Smithers's house
warehouses, or offices.

It was never published but a few pages survive and are
at the Warburg Institute 3

Smithers, till Green Alps is published. If you can get anythings you know I should like for me on credit, do so: perhaps this best done first. But I must increase my debts to Smithers at all costs. You should in any case buy most of my Jezebels in his possession and as many as you can of my Japanese "Book of Second 50 drawings" as you can for yourself: saying afterwards when bill comes that you have paid me. Also get a dozen of "Stains". ~~enter - Haller~~ ~~Does not survive~~

Elizabeth said. If you do this the Gods will reward you for I never will as Q. pie. By the way, was such a bloody fool of a prophet about this war? Be good and take your grade. I may observe that Gerald Kelly cannot take the grade I = IO. Erit's smiles Deo can. Read mark, learn and I. d.

Yours fraternally. P

P.S. Let me know your movements. I don't want to waste time finding you when I go south. My holiday will be very limited. I have done a sort of child R to the D.T. came: many sonnets etc: a gorgeous Hymn to Apollo: and an Euripides-Ibsen Drama, dealing frankly with incest. The real incest is with one's mother" Smithers. Heard of Pollitt?

From Boleskine. Undated. J. P. E. (A Greek R = phallos)
Care Fra 6 MacGregor Bennett

Magic (Napoli)

Agrappa is very useful. It is practically the source of Barrett and is much fuller in the same style. Abramelin is not reduced in price. Who is your person? 9 ft 1 circle in lesser key of Solomon. You follow "greater" if you are going to do "greater". I want to do some p.k. Incidentally I will. Good for Qabalah. Where do you begin? Allan MacG knew K of S v well and he said: Water, Fire, and Incense are the first 3 things. But you must make the tabulation I suggested if you want to get it all perfect.

You can only do any Magic of necessity, not "just to see". You can only curse a spirit because you have conjured him by the Great Names of God the Vast One, and he obeyeth Them not. You cannot use these names unless you yourself are in accordance with His Will. This leads me to your next point, as the solution of this Mystery. My First Magical Operation was devoted to the Invocation of That One whom Abramelin calls the Guardian Angel. As also it is written: So help me the Lord of the Universe and My Own Higher Soul! And without the aspiration to, and in a little measure the grasp of, this: no White Magic is possible.

"In myself I am nothing: in Thee I am All-Self".

Therefore you are not of position to act as Master: for you are not yet Master of yourself, nor even in communication consciously with That One who hath made of you His Habitation. Therefore it is necessary First to reach unto your own Kether: that the influence of the Most Holy Ancient One descend upon you: and then - "all things shall appear easy unto you"

But having invoked the highest to the utmost of which you are at present capable, you can then perform other magic to the same extent.

I have been thus far prolix - but what shall not parental affection do? As to Abramelin, he is quite a different bird. You devote 6 moons to the purification of your sphere or "aura". Then you can invoke the Angel with complete success. Then you can compel the Forces of the World - "The Visible Image of the Soul of Nature" to your service. This Operation is so awful that I cannot find any words to tell you of it. I may now say that I have devoted my life since our fortnight at Folkestone to the Beginning of it. And the opposition on every plane has been tremendous. Even now, the copying of the symbols is so terrible a task that I can barely finish

finish a dozen daily. After that my brain seems to reel, the characters dance round me, and it is useless to proceed. And this while avoiding putting any magical force into them in the making.

If you wish to do Abramelin, God forbid I should hinder you. But I warn you that for all its apparent simplicity and ease, it will be a bigger job than anything you ever tackled in your life. I have desired that someone should be with me in my working (to be with me and to save me some of the bothers-ordering servants about and such) now hearing the start (if the frost breaks up and allows certain building operations to go on) But it is obvious that such an one must give up father and mother and wife and houses and lands-yea and his life also!- and this kind of fool is not easy found.

You may put the points of Hebrew-I don't advise what is? clairvoyance. Osiris had dyspepsia. If this isn't advice what is?

P.89 Each companion has a sword, but one of them carries also the "S of Art for the Master, till he wants it. S(word)

P.87. The "Graver" = Burin of Art. Use ordinary graver, carve hilt of wood and soon.

P.87. I don't see the hitch. There are 3 disciples (or more)

P.90. Having constrained spirits to obedience. After appearing they may give trouble. Firmness but kindness are indicated.

I return your letter so that you may compare it point by point. The part about the angel and my intention of doing Abramelin is very secret-not from obligation standpoint, but from its extreme Sacred Character. To no other person inside or outside the Order, would I have spoken thus plainly. But (as I said above) what will not paternal affection do?

Yours fraternally. P

G(wild) K(celly)

A.C. intends to write soon to G.K. I know he is anxious that G.K. should not forget to give Lane 5/- on his behalf.

P.S. Your letter is that of a 1-10 but you do not say you have taken this exalted grade. Have you? (a neophyte)

From 'Svareff. Hotel Cecil Strand. Undated.
Care Frater

Can you put me up if I come to Cambridge for a few days next week. It is not certain if I can come, but want to know if all right on your side I don't want to stay with gnothi seauton (greek.T) unless you don't want me.

Fraternally. P W.E.H. Humphreys

From
From Cavendish Hotel Eastbourne. Undated.
Care Frater

I gather that your special is on to-day etc. I go back to Gt Central Hotel Wednesday for the Tannhauser. Our O=O is singing Venus. I hope to see you before I go North. I shall come to Cambridge for my motor and ride up. You must make an appointment either London or Camb. I don't know if you are coming down for good after Wednesday. Let me know without fail

Fraternally. P. 7402

Undated. From Hotel Great Central. London

You egg! Young fry of not writing! Communicate your movements where are you are to be found for the next seven days. Wire me this information (Macgregor Centellare London is name and address) or I'll ----- you- You
In fury and despair Yours affectionately.
Maud

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Fraternally. P. *7-14-02*

Undated. From Hotel Great Central. London

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2-14-02 Fraternally. P. *9*

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Maud

(1902 7thick)

5

10

(Elaine, son Fidelis) 3
became a Catholic.

Undated. Address. MacGregor of Boleskine. Hotel Great Central.
Care Frater. London.

There will be a meeting of G.D. one day next week to initiate Madame Lucille Hill (Exact date later). You will be required to act as an officer, as the number of members in Isis-Urania Temple No 3 has been reduced. In fact the whole crew of Hunters and Blackdens and Roashers and scabs and skunks and bitches etc has been swept into oblivion.

Jones and self are in fact the only ones left bar a Doctor and a Mrs Simpson and her charming daughter. With possibly one or two in the outer. But this will be a private meeting. Only officers will attend.

You will probably be Dadouchos: so make your own lamén. Figure of this badly drawn here (A swastika. T) There are 17 squares. Each arm has 4. Let it be drawn accurately on a circular lamén with a tag to hang. I have ordered the collar myself. The swastika is in white on a black ground. It is on both sides of your lamén alike.

I have very much to tell you of the last importance. I may run up for a day or two. Anyhow, let me have a line to say that you may be depended on to come - there will be a trouble to get 7 officers.

Ever fly P

P.S. Can you put me up a couple of nights if I come down? You have my King's Friend. A.C.

A.C. wrote by Hatters at the Hotel. W.B. York
led the numerous revolt.

Undated. Probably from Mexico

Dear Kelly and Frater 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 puma-metre. Bilar (sic) Vide enclosed. I also send you Tannhauser my "Tannhauser".

Without your criticism and advice I am a thing of nothing. Therefore I charge you by all the most sacred everything that you write me a full and ruthless general and special essay on the poem. Every bad line, every weak situation, or strong one missed, you shall and must curse; that I may reform it altogether. And let me have this as soon as you can. Take a pride in smashing it up: if you are wrong I shall scold you for a scullionly knave: if your remarks are just I will take heed to my ways that with my tongue I offend not. Send me moreover the scenes of the King's Friend. I have the plot (typewritten copy) but my scenes altered some details, I can't remember which.

Just off to the hills. What are you doing? My very kindest regards to Mrs Kelly and Eleanor.

Be good and y w r b

Fraternally yours. P

The ring and the book

by Algernon Robert Charles Brimburning.

O destiny baneful and villainous

I take up my horrible pen

To spin you the yarn of Pompilia's

Adventures with different men.

Observe I've a ring - it's a gold 'un -

My tale be eternal likewise.

A book - it's a yellow and old 'un

And devilish wise.

6

One Guido, a count, rather surly
A shade disappointed and old,
Put in for a sweet little girlie
Just ready and ripe to be sold.
One fact they omit in the voice
The lady that Guido adores
No child of Mamma with the thin voice
She was, but a -another lady's
Well Guido got hastily wedded
Pompilia scuttled around
Saw Someone-her eyes were imbedded
In shame on the floor, or the ground,
A courtly and beautiful Gamon,
What wrote 'canzonets' and such truck
Observed- "Dropped God e'er such a man on
Such oceans of luck?"

The husband they duly evaded
And then took a notion of flight
No good folk would e'er do as they did
Selecting the dead of the night.
One word left behind as they bolted:
"Dear Guido, you're simply a beast!
For me, I'm a daughter revolted
And he -is a priest!"

The Count he pursued 'em like Hades
And caught them asleep at an inn.
"I'll show that the fracture by ladies
O' the seventh commandment is sin!"
Impossible further to blind him blink him
She grabs his sword under his nose
And instantly starts in to plink him
Through all his fine clothes

They post off to Rome with the story
Each bolsters his separate claim
Each gets a centavo of glory
And a big double eagle of shame
'Tis hard for poor Guido-admit it!-
But worse when the woman gives birth
To a sweet little neat little tit-tit
The dearest on earth

The kettle boils over for Guido
He struts in his castle and cusses
Talks big of the blades of Toledo
Of poison and blundering busses,
Four youths for the service selecting
(A deed not unworthy of praise)
He tackles the job of correcting
His wife's little ways.

7

He bangs at the door of their villa:
Out burbles the Borgian beast
The mother-minute to kill her!
Hors d'oeuvres to a glorious feast
Out totters the father-they stab him!
The wife-and they slash her about.
Off clumps he (for fear they should nab him)
He'd rather be "out".

Alas! as he sleeps in a orchard
A Roman gets hold of the count
He's taken, imprisoned, and tortured
A perfectly awful amount
Condemned by the lawyer fraternity
He frankly appeals to the Pope
"While trusting of course to eternity,
In time I would hope!"

The Pope is apparently callous
And reads in the "Book of the Dead"
Then; like the bad monarch in "Alice",
Says "Off with that infamous head!"
Poor Guido admits he's a liar
And talks for a deuce of a time
Retires 'Yup the stage and Mammaia
Averages his crime.

I won't let this chance, though, deny me:
To show the deceit of the heart;
To beg that the public will buy me;
To say- what a wonder is Art!
Ars longa sed vita- to read me
Indeed, take a million lives
What matter? I have -do you heed me?
The finest of wives!

A.R.C.B.

April 26 1901

12 Palace Hotel San Francisco.

Dear Gerald.

I am Aleister Crowley, c/o Arnhold and Karberg
Hongkong China

I am going to write Orpheus and be all lyrics. You wait!
Bye-bye

A.C.

P.S. The Muse herself that Orpheus bore
The Muse herself for her enchanting son
Whom universal Nature did lament
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gaudy gory body down the stream was sent
Down the swift Hebus to the Lesbian shore

What a finale.

Chorus of Universal Nature 40pp

Soliloquy of Muse herself

Death song of Orpheus

Chorus of rout making hideous roar 350 pp

Dialogue of swift Hebus and Lesbian shore

Climax- mystical marriage of Orpheus to Sappho - "served hot with fresh sauce"
And what a Hell scene I can write. You wait. I'm mad with delight.

13

Gold G (olden) D (awn)

Undated from Hotel Imperial New York. (1901)

I am an unexpected chap, nightwar? Jones can give you my address. I want you to buck right up and fix the G.D. straight. Under V (olo) N (oscere) you can do it and if your sister Eleanor were initiated she would help a lot. It's perfect rot the whole thing going to pieces for lack of good manners when there are gentlemen to be had for the looking. (I do not mean what you mean)

I told Kegan Paul to send proofs to you but I am bound to see them myself; so never mind. I am writing ? (T) He will send you duplicates to keep

I shall drop politics a bit (~~I think the above refers to An Appeal to the American Republic, in which case this letter is dated 1898 or 99. T~~) I didn't start out to be Ovid though God knows our places of exile are far enough apart- as to temperature! But the people are equally barbarians. I held up the steamer at solo whist- 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 carnal copulation with ice-burys. Damned good thing pays better than the strong bull movement in Octoroons. 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 pomes (sic. T) . I wrote it up, and on returning found my verse pure drivel- I had been made a complete fool!

Was the Crescent a success.

Ever as ever. A.C.

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Ever as ever. A.C.

Undated. No address
Dear Gerald.

New York

14

9

I have written 80 pp of Orpheus. 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 and four or five words rhyming and that sort of thing. I never seem to hesitate. On Sunday I was a nervous wreck. Comic Opera (save the word mark!) cured me.

I have bought a most marvellous ivory Buddha am sitting before it now with joss sticks burning. Do you remember that supreme faint eventicle of gems at 14 Trinity Street when I wrote "The incense steams before the Christ" and you worked on the Siegfried hermaphrodite?

80 pp of Orpheus is about 3 quarters of Act I or rather scene I. There are some 20 pp of preliminary matter. Prologue of A.C. invoking Muse and dialogue Calliope giving her son his lyre. This latter in Strophe and anti-strophe with epode.

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 anyway 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! I'm in a frightful nervous state. Going to McGovern-Gardner fight to-night and sail for Sandwich Islands Friday. Christ I wish you were here. Write and tell me everything and above all send K.F. documents I won't have a lyric in me for years.
Kin & K (imp's) F (riend)

Wednesday. Lyric mine seems played out now Anyway today I am doing none.

Ever Aleister Crowley.

Yokohama. No date. (1901)

Dear Gerald.

15

10

You are a good boy and I am a good boy and I am right and you are right and everything is quite correct. Your's forwarded. Japan is a fraud of the basest sort.

You are surely joking about Shelley? I haven't got Tann. I guess its waiting for me at Hongkong. I have changed the label from Dramatic Poem to Comedy. But its really a history like the Soul of Osiris which indeed it sums up, though in a different manner. (hansur)

To change the key. This in strictest possible confidence. I have had the greatest love-affair of my long and 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 and womanly as I ever knew. Moreover, a lady to her finger tips. I call her Alice in the poems you will read about her, as she preferred that name. She was travelling for her health in Hawai where we met. We loved and loved chastely. (She has a hub. (sic. T) and kids-one boy with her) I made her come here with me. On the boat we fell to fucking, of course, but -here's the miracle!- we won through and fought our way back to chastity and far deeper truer love.

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

Alice An Adultery

Adultery

The affair was 50 days from start to finish. It is written in 50 sonnets; a ~~false introduction~~ fake introduction like W.S. but better and a fake criticism. Also lyrics interspersed between the days (some of these I enclosed with Book I of Orpheus) and one now. I know all the obvious things you'll 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 and come back. I am hurrying as far as Colombo. There I am not my own master for awhile. May be I shall come practically right through to London. Quien sabe? It depends on occult considerations, on climbing considerations, and on poetry considerations.

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

I am very calm and happy and fairly energetic at the same time. No more now. Ever as ever. A.C.

--- 16

Dear Gerald

Aug 2 1901

I near Colombo. From Hongkong I sent you Alice etc. 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 author = editor = critic. Perhaps the prose might be rewritten by another. we will see. I will write in a week or so and give you news of my ideas re coming home.

You say Jones told you "my news between Cambridge and 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 Orpheus

(i) wild despair-disbelief in her really being dead etc.

Lines I-500 (ii) more or less philosophical considerations of his grief.

(iii) wild outburst

(1/v) more (11) ending in desire to recall the happy days of his wooing.

11 500-764 O(rpheus) describes how he found Eurydice. She is too vague to court. I have made her a nymph in a rainbow above a waterfall at the East end of a sacred pool. He invokes Aphrodite to give her humanity. A replies "Sing of your heroic exploits"

11 764 - ? He invokes Jason Medea Aeetes Pelias Hercules etc thier shades and the Drama of the Argo is played before Euryd

She consents- love-duet

Zeus comes in and explains that he will go mad unless she becomes mortal.

More love-duet in nobler numbers as she consents

The Cosmic Fuck! (This is a new invention of mine which would take too long to explain)

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

Lament then continues and O decides to go to Hades.

Book III O in Hell. Journey thither-conquest of Cerberus-Minas and Co listen to O who sings them the DRAMA of Hercules and Theseus. etc etc. You can imagine all the rest which is undeveloped.

I have a suspicion that you think "The M herself for her enchanting son etc" is ME. '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 impropriety. K (v's) Finished

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

I am liverish and weary: no more now.

Ever. A.C.

Enclosed newspaper cuttings are good. The Silver Crescent should be interested in the "Golf Champion's downfall!"

Undated. Colombo Ceylon.

Dear G.

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

Act I of Argo is sublime and Act II my best humour. Aristophanes out-classed. I have made Argus the Son (or Mac) Phiscus a canny Scot (or rather his ghost!) All this inside a passionate lament!

Your letter here to hand. I do want something done. I want to see you and talk everything over. Allan McG (Allan Bennet. T) and I talked 5 days and nights without intermission. He is cured, clean shaven and very good looking but weak and weary. I am going to run him up to the hills. I am cleaning myself physically and morally at once by the simple but efficacious process of breathing upon nose and down the other 80 times every six hours. This is not funny.

Tell Kegan Paul to communicate with me here, and here only till further notice. I am thinking of publishing Tannhauser or something out here in strict secrecy for Cenci 1st edition reasons (or whims) Be good. You shall have Book II of Orpheus as soon as done. I have learnt to work steadily and regularly. A McG thinks my poetry has come on immensely.

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Shivohum. A.C.

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

Allen Bennett (Fmr. Ichi Awar) was tutor to the children of Sir B. Ramanathan, Solicitor General of Mysore, who on retiring became Sri Sarananda, a Shiva yogi guru. He taught Allen, A.C. their yoga. Bennett later became however turned Buddhist - became a monk in Burma called Aranda Mithaya. When A.C. stayed with him in Burma he taught A.C. Buddhist meditational techniques.

Marlborough Kandy Ceylon. Undated. 12
Dear Gerald.

You should be starving in the Quartier Latin not getting fat with what Allan would call a "Camel-kneed prayer-monger" in some unknown corner of France. A slut for your mistress, a gamine for your model: a procuress for your landlady and a whore for your spiritual guide. That is the only way to become a great artist.

You set my mind intensely at ease, liking my new work as you do. I am going to quarrel with one thing: and I am not ashamed to do so: for every body knows that I live with R.B. (T. Robert Browning). I do not find a "pungent weight of thought in each sentence" of R.B.'s, not in his best lines, except perhaps the very best. You get this concentrated thought by dropping out articles, auxiliary verbs and such trifles "Why number they the ground?" e.g. "Aischulos bronze-throat eagle-beak at blood". This is very fine. But I find generally he is too diffuse as to his central meaning - too thin - "diluted presentation" a scientist would say: but too concentrated on his own parent theses. And above all you must read him again and again.

You know I cannot read Sordello: when I know him from a history book all his characters I shall become able to perhaps.. with "Fifine" also, the mental strain is too great: though each paragraph is superb, I cannot read straight through. When I have worked at Fifine in detail till each detail gets familiar, then only shall I ~~be~~ for the first time read that poem. Read with a big R.

You are merely insolent when you say that "of course you knew the correct nomenclature" of these metres". Beyond calling one dactylic another trochaic and so on I know nothing - I doubt if these have names. Surely you know that many of my latest metres are originals (Rather "rhyme-schemes" than "metres" - sometimes both however)

Tannhauser. I have sent this to press, correcting or rewriting a great deal, cancelling not a little. I trust you will be as kind as ever - you don't know how grateful I am! do you know anything of silver-and-ivory work? - and keep Kegan Paul on the move. Tannhauser is the culmination of that style of my work called introspective: it fittingly concludes the series

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"Songs of the Spirit" "Soul of Osiris" "Mother's Tragedy" -and "Orpheus" should be the beginning of a new series. (You say nothing of "Alice"-I have not got K.F.) *Things Frisled, a play* T(annhauser)

I think my Indian trip most appropriately divides my life. Allan MacG. has helped me much with T. We went through it together and discussed. He does not like it at all. *Tannhauser*

I am not doing much poetry: sticking to occultism and doing really rather well. I've got some sense at last. Your surroundings are hopeless: 'Od 'ild you!

"Argo" (The Argonauts. T) only needs Act V now. I think by cutting out Act IV altogether and general tinkering you might make this playable-i.e. by the A.D.C. instead of a Greek play. This sounds cheek-but it's not such a bad idea. Try what you can do-if I can finish it before India. You have influence I am sure the average undergrad would rather see a play he can understand. And I don't think drama on absolutely Greek lines has been done yet-at least in the semi-comedy way. And some of Argo is really farce. Dr Verrall, my old tutor, is the man to aid us. 'T would be the crown and crumpet and laurel of my life to be acted by the ADC

I should be back in civilisation with any luck by next September-its shell of a long time till then. I don't expect to be able to do any work in the six months or so I am in camp. Nous verrons.

Well: so long! Ever as Ever Aleister Crowley

P.S. By a proximate mail you shall have haemorrhoids of M.S.

13

No date. No address.

O Gerald of all Festuses!

I am the most miserable of mortals. Allan MacG doesn't like Tannhauser says it isn't as good as the Soul of Osiris-says its obscure in the beginning, too long, and 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 therefore my soul therefore every soul therefore no soul. He answers "Rats".

I have been doing Argo and am in a stery-ate of nervous prostitution. Allan says you ought to do Yoga, instead of exciting his favourite pupil to filthy and blasphemous language. For God's sake and that of my sanity (what remains of it) write and tell me either that T(annhauser) take him for all and all we shall not look upon him like again or else that I am to burn the whole damn thing. I have cut and condensed considerable. Allan says the character of T is despicable in every act especially the scebe after the singing when he drives 'em out.

I go to Himalayas with O(scar) E(ckenstein) no meeting for the two only human minds of the 20th century till next autumn. God help me! Unless you could come here before December. If you could I would put you up of course. Tell your people you're dying: suborn a doctor, & climate of Ceylon-only thing to save a young and 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 and Orpheus etc soon. Write and tell me exactly what you think of all you have got, and do for it all you did for poor T. Does my work advance? Do be good and tell me all about it.

Bye-bye. Ever. A.C.

Madras 6/12/01

14

My dear Gerald, little sheep.

I command thee by holy obedience that thou betray me not no astonishment neither quaking of limbs whereat of my somewhatness. The here-withness may indeed astound an unprepared one. What are you or I or anyone to say or think of "Ascension Day and Pentecost"?

As to Argo Act V I had meant to lift it gradually to a very high note of tragedy: but it wouldn't quite. The boiled king is too impossible, as I am (I901) sane enough to see. But Macheess is good, though I doubt whether you will like the still small voice bringing about the tragedy quietly subtly without a big Crowley of emotion and cursing. Perhaps you may be charmed - I never know when I please you. Do you know, I have really a serious wish to please you in poetry, that more than anything like fame or other rot? I look forward immensely to our next meeting next purple veil of nightfall, and a discussion on fourth-dimensional political economy at the Alsations!

I am off to C'cutta tomorrow: hope to find mail from you. Book II is finished off with an axe. (You may think) "Medea" I have not touched I can shovel her in somewhere. A necessary "Hercules and Theseus" for Bk III I definitely abandon. But what of Book III itself, that cataract of sextuplicity in rhyme, of spasm in rhythm ("spasm in rhythm" is a good line - and devil a rhyme to it) and Lord knows what in every other quality. The idea is to anatomize the rush and airiness of his flight. You know my idea that all poetry should suggest its subject by its sound, as music does. Perhaps Wagner's leit-motif is even more allowable in poetry. Rossetti utterly misunderstood the refrain and destroyed its use. See Browning "sucked along in the flying wake of the luminous water-snake" in Xmas Eve Pippa's appearances (the use of lyric rather) in that play: the word "Porphyria" in "P's Lover" thrice used. And look how Aeschylus will harp on megas, melas, telos, brontos, thanatos (greek. T) and such words using them in this very leit-motif way - that very repetition which the ordinary fool tells you to avoid. Many other examples will occur to you. The words sea, sun, wind, earth etc in "By the North Sea" - supreme! Swinburne, indeed, you may say, in Dolores, uses the same evil 'refrain'. But he writes each verse up to its climax as a climax. Our Lady of Pain never occurs till it is quite essential and no other words would fall so well. Another trick of this (one I have picked up - he only uses it once so far as I know) is in opening chorus of Atalanta rhyming cling-to-her, spring-to-her, wing-to-her, spring-wing-cling - and two different rhymes indifferent rhymes. See my "Light of the Sea" now in Argo IV for an extreme of this - almost touching the ballade complexity. Thus latter is nearly always bad (chant royal etc) Possibly one good natural song could be so made but not more. They certainly cannot be turned out: bar genius touching madness. "Rod-codfish-body-kisses".

I thought six months ago I should never be a reader any more: but now I find myself devouring with avidity (Qy from sanskrit Avidya, ignorance?) all sorts of good literature. What will you think of Amica Lunae and its congeners? You are quite right my art has been totally changed. I got a grand idea some time back to write up the lust of the nigger for the Texas girl and his subsequent lynching. But I perceive this is nearly or quite impossible. (I break off to pack)

Let me hear from you constantly: especially of your work, of which no word for months. I trust you are under proper conditions at last.

Note that A.D. and P requires much work. You can trace in the N.S. how much building up has been done already. I began as a deliberate riposte to Browning - and found new points of view obtruding every moment. I hope to get

Ascension Day and Pentecost

Ascension Day and Pentecost RGS

Madras 6/12/01

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Ascension Day and Pentecost

RCS

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I shall write no more now. I hope to have a letter to answer when I get to Calcutta.

Solong Ever yours ever Aleister Crowley

Calcutta 13/12/01

Dear Gerald.

Here's your letter from Rue Vaugirard. I think your message absurd: never mind: you will get to understand by and-by. There is a life beyond Cambridge: there is beauty in Bohemianism and "unpaid for w's c" (T. whore's cunt) Georges Sand and de M in preface to Gamiani (?T) say you must have for a change "un amour de catin" un amour not a vulgar 5 fr worth. That is the point few people see. Get behind the sordidness of your whore's life with other men and yourself. See what woman is behind. Read and analyse Fifi me - a woman doesn't open her soul for 5 fr as a rule - and these bitches have souls and are just as much God as you and I are. But as long as there is a business relation of any sort you don't see it. This is a quaint doctrine let us pass on.

On W(aikiki) Beach. Your raptures, justifiable perhaps, but absurd addressed to me! You are of course very very nice. Your raptures are rather contradictory - your letter and your notes to typed poem (sic) disagree. I return you latter with one or two alterations. But I must explain. W Beach was written on "The Third Day". "She was more graceful than the royal palm" etc. She the connection? (Alice) W(aikiki)

Stanza 2. Lion-shape. Lion-couchant perhaps better. Moves in bridal passions empty. Bad as you say. Lion A bull eagle man A wheel the Kerubim. The man is introduced watching what is only nature.

6 silver shape and span

Instantly the man is caught up from nature to the soul of nature. This marks the division of the poem - from observation to rapture - day to moonlight - matter to spirit, as shown clearly in the last line.

Stanza 4. Perceive period - pass like pale faces. The pendulum of life has ceased - the years pass: not vibrating - a single steady movement. The change from 2 to 1. So day and night and tides are not noted "no more, no more:"

Alice.

Tell Fust from me he absolutely must not. It's moral and intellectual ruin. "You pay in vain for Carrousel". You have cut the throat of my girl-princess. Thanks. I accept all your emendations. I want this introduction to be you and not me. There is already me in the bulk of the poem. The obvious difference of style will puzzle the critics, q.e.f.

The order of Alice is now

Introduction by editor. Brief criticism by ?. Introduction by author (heartless pathetic) What lay before includes White Poppy, Messaline, melusine, Margaret (?this. I might do elsewhere bar "In that fair fountain, this'." equals "They united the organs they previously kissed with.")

Days 1-4. Reincarnation. 5-12 Red Poppy. 13-16 Alice. 17 Love and Fear. 18-26 Under the Palms. 27-36 Lethe. 37 - end and "After".

What I want is you to take the whole responsibility of Intro. and

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Stanza 2. Lion-shape. Lion-couchant perhaps better. Moves in bridal passions empty. Bad as you say. Lion A bull eagle man A wheel the Kerubim. The man is introduced watching what is only nature.

6 silver shape and span

Instantly the man is caught up from nature to the soul of nature. This marks the division of the poem - from observation to rapture - day to moonlight - matter to spirit, as shown clearly in the last line.

Stanza 4. Perceive period - pass like pale faces. The pendulum of life has ceased - the years pass: not vibrating - a single steady movement. The change from 2 to 1. So day and night and tides are not noted "no more, no more: " Alice.

Tell Fust from me he absolutely must not. It's moral and intellectual ruin. "You pay in vain for Carrousel". You have cut the throat of my girl-princess. Thanks. I accept all your emendations. I want this introduction to be you and not me. There is already me in the bulk of the poem. The obvious difference of style will puzzle the critics, q.e.f.

The order of Alice is now

Introduction by editor. Brief criticism by ?. Introduction by author (heartless pathetic) What lay before includes White Poppy, Messaline, melusine, Margaret (?this. I might do elsewhere bar "In that fair fountain, this". equals "They united the organs they previously kissed with!")

Days 1-4. Reincarnation. 5-12 Red Poppy. 13-16 Alice. 17 Love and Fear. 18-26 Under the Palms. 27-36 Lethe. 37 - end and "After".

What I want is you to take the whole responsibility of Intro. and

and Criticism and to give me your detailed views on the text.

Tannhauser. Have you seen the dedication and preface and passed the latter? I think it will do.

Send me some of your studies and photos of your pictures (if you have the latter) I shall be art-sick in Kashmir.

Not a word more. I am overwhelmed with Tannhauser proofs: Orphy etc, I can't do with K.F. but it might be handy in Kashmir.

Seen G.D. in newspapers? You should call on Macgregor of Paris. Allen only cares for the "sublime hymn" I don't think I showed him On W.B.

Ever as ever Aleister Crowley.

The Picture Portrait. Of course. Cf On W Beach. You can not imitate Nature you must beat her. See Fra Lippo Lippi towards the end. Nature is nearly always marred (surely I know who have lived with her in so many aspects) by incongruities in the soul of her e.g. a windmill canal scene in sunset (Holland) - "Melancholy"? And there's a laughing girl in the foreground! But an artist must make everything subservient to his one idea.

Undated. No address.

O incomparable Gerald!

A thousand congratulations on your flight from Mecca. The cause and the effect are alike worthy of my illustrious boy! I hope you are now following the programme I laid out for you in the matter of the Q.L. and the various lady modifications of your mind. Herewith all of Bk I of O save the living creatures. I must get a Zoology before I can write that. Also I shall go and sit in a jungle and hear what they say.

Did you see the Daily News and the others? I am on ten pinnacles of fame all at once. And K(egan) P(aul) go out of their way to tell me that Tann (I have the proofs here now) is miles ahead of any of my other work. And we know Orphy will be better still!

Hooray! Now for the drama! Why don't you come out with us to the nameless goal as artist to the expedition? Bardleyesque sketches of natives and Hortonesque landscapes! You ask Eckenstein. He thinks you a decent artist - and the trip would make you twenty six times the man you are. You mustn't let him think that I urge you to admit you - I have no voice whatever in such a matter as per agreement we have made. But if you think more of this, ask Eckenstein straight out and do it quickly. Your people wouldn't mind a couple of hundred to keep you out of the way in good hands and out of temptations for a year!

Later. Well as to Art. Your worthy letters tell me little or nothing of your own work - I hope it is rather from superabundance of material and not knowing where to begin. But I doubt it somehow. Now your devotion to Literature and to Me is beyond praise were you anyone else: but being a genius, it's in some ways a mistake - should be anyhow - kept in most rigid subordination to the main thing. You're really lazier than I am in some ways, I believe, belief-baffling as such a statement may seem. I've been down with malaria - expect a return to-night - and don't feel like writing letters. I shall bank down my fires.

Yours ever. A.C.

To climb K2 in the Himalaya

Skardu. Baltistan. 16/5/02.

Dear Gerald

17

Here I am at the limits of the G D O (?) I have heard nothing from you for years. In about 3 months I shall be back. Remember our compact to be in Rome or Paris for next winter? Book III of Orphy is finished! No time here for anything - hardly to sleep. Be sure and let me know exactly where in Europe to find you. I shall come to you pretty straight, without you I can do nothing more to anything.

You rs in haste. A.C.

5/6/02.

Dear Gerald.

18

Three months and I sit still and hold in two cold palms your latest letter. I feel neglected in the cold And I regard you as a ---
A.C.

Cairo Egypt. 12/10/02

19

Dear Gerald.

I have just sent off a vast package of A.S.S. Book IV and last of Orpheus is giving me terrors. How very much your writing is improved, much more manly (loathsome word though) which is just what I wanted to see. I thought perhaps a little adversity --

I come via Marseilles to Paris. Can't say when as I am waiting for even and to see Pyramus etc, while I am here dictating the story of my journey to a stenographer. Result accept as literature. I will wire from Marseilles.

I have business also with the chiefs of the order of which I have recently heard so much and seen so little. But I do not wish my presence in Paris known till the hour of Triumph, or some how like that: so I will accept your kindness in the strict same spirit in which I have always received your insults and drive straight off to Montparnasse. I know the Boulevard M.P., not your street though. I am not likely to go to England until certain arrangements are made - tell you what later. As you say, there is lots to do. Set and cram up Michelet "Histoire des Templiers".

Ever Aleister Crowley

20

Shepherd's Hotel. Cairo. 25/10/02.

Dear Gerald.

I hope you have my earlier works with you in Paris. I need especially Green Alps, as I am now half-writing half-compiling, a book called (?) "The Lover's Alphabet" all lyrics of rural love. e.g. I include "The rose of the world are sad" but exclude "As model" and Messaline". I have yet about 14 poems to write, unless I can pick some from early work. I must probably leave Port Said November 3 to Paris via Marseilles. I expect to see any amount of good work of yours when I arrive. You must fulfil your ancient promise to paint me. I fancy you will find me a good deal changed, even in looks, and I expect ditto of you.

We must have a great dinner to celebrate my return. I shall perhaps invite S.R.M.D (Mathers. T) and Vestigia (Mrs Mathers. T). I suppose you see them occasionally.

Are you still en famille with a sister? Or has the need of solitude

Skardu. Baltistan. 16/5/02.

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Are you still en famille with a sister? Or has the need of solitude

got you? Or are you bold and bad? How I look forward to civilization! The Opera! The Louvre! The everlasting monachal charm of the Boulevards! Art! and the subtlety of my testal Festus! Here everyone says 'cunt' right out loud, and calls a spade a bloody shovel. How I hate it! Cairo is a filthy low place with no beauty at all, unless you go to the Nile. Mais on dine. And that's something when you think that three months back I overate myself badly because the taste of coarse badly-cooked mountain sheep was so delicious!

Fly-loathed days, until I get to you
Yours ever Aleister Crowley.

Hotel Imperial Nice. No date. --- 21
Dear G.

Nothing, in this leprous hole, so amusing as to write to you. I enjoyed the masked ball: since then I bask and sleep all day and night. Hope to go to Monte tomorrow. I shall break the bank-my bank. O its deadly dull. With Humphrey's for me's only acquaintance-figure to yourself! Yes Humphreys. He has forgiven our little 'our little French milliner. I would even rise to a great anticlimax but all the tales (sic) are of the sort so masterly described in Alice Introduction. You pay your money-and you does not take your choice. So knowing these for bear. Luckily last night a w(et) d(ream) came to my relief. But I am gorgeously dull to-day. Sun makes up for a lot though (T. w.d. might stand for whore's delight). You may expect me back confidently before long, I think. My laziness alone prevents my coming this week. Hope you're working well. How's the Great Illusion? My own is pretty sick-it could never be. How sad and mad and bad it was. But then how it was sweet. But I see nothing in the world of Gods nor of Demons nor of men nor of material things nor of immaterial things which abide not, impermanence. Anicca, Dukkha, Annatta! Aum! So long. I feel well, as a hog is well.

Yours ever as ever. A.C.

No date, no address. In pencil ? ~~Monte Carlo~~ Nice
Dear G. 22

Having deposited that which had so long etc etc I w my d. p. and (in spite of the ~~drastic~~ collapse) feel better. You are treading the dramatic s and t road while I stick (for the present) to the p.p. of d. and reck not my own rede.

We have a little salon of our own down here. Beresford is not exhibiting: if he were, his pictures would, for their relative excellence, stand out like lighthouses on a dark night. I have just been looking at the pics. (they are not yet hung) and I have come upstairs to be sick. As for Monte, I hope to go to-morrow: but Humphrey's has promised to motor me there in a day or two so I may wait. Needless to say, I do not play a system: in vain you reproach me with "It is the Pyrrhonism of a pilate". I shall lump the lump I mean to lump and then loop the loop I mean to loop. But I have a system which cannot lose. I play a Louis-anywhere-if I win, I win: if I lose, I Léonce de Miranda for that time-expecting no miracle, as I do not accept McGregor's idea of a female Holy Ghost. That is all my system, and it never fails. If the genito-urinary system fails, that is not my fault and there is always Dr Patterson and the Injection Payrat.

Later. I am beginning to doubt whether Nice is dull after all. To-

To-day I began very badly: playing billiards in despair, I cut the cloth first time in my life! I sneaked away unperceived, luckily, went to the reading-room, and tore a newspaper. In disgust, I went out, met a charming girl and had a real good old-fashioned face fuck in the grounds. I returned to tea; fearful of the fatal third tearing, I ripped up the table-cloth with my penknife, and made a successful evening of it by preaching the Good Law to Humphries, winning 5 fr at the little Horses, meeting the girl I'd been hunting ever since the Masked Ball; meeting a third girl and getting another v.g. o-f.f.f. And that's what I call a middlingish marnings work!

Away with this new-fangled Melisande Friggery! (and you can tell E (and S) I said so) I resume Saturday

I resume Saturday, after the best girl game. By an artifice, I shall have secured another v.g. o-f.f.f. with the accent on each word seperately accentuated. But, fine as the weather is, a place may be too hot for one - and the moral of that is I am off to Monte to win or lose (die is absurd) and then p.d.q back to Paris where obscurity may help me and blot the hole where I squat. Of course if I won very largely, I might liquidate the hotel and hold high my head amongst honest men again

Hotel Regina, Paris 18 Oct 23
Dear Gerald

Sandow Home Exerciser- exercises (e.g. patience) Hence any woman. Telephone transmits messages faithfully. Hence inapplicable to women. Silurian a geologic period of early date. Hence its paper is 'atavistic'. Chesterton is still dumb. Has Stalaws gone to America? I believe I have found a use for American men. This is admittedly criptic; I will explain it ere Monday. I hope this letter will allay the exagerbation caused by my last. Why should for all my brave words, follow after feminine trouble? I have had my lesson. God do so to me and more also if---

Yrs ever. A.C. Haver?

P.S. Why the devil shouldn't I go to the 'low Latin quarter' I met Howard last Sunday; he seems a good man. I went to Autumn Salon. Hameis (?T) represented by the most awful daubs I have ever seen. Patterson by a unique Duke of York's entry into Melbourne, which, may God forgive me him for I never will' and a firework '14 Juillet' not quite so bad and a very muddled 'impression' of a cafe bar.

Lavery had a nice 'Mary in Green' and the most appalling full-length of a German officer that imagination could picture. Well-painted they say; but never you fire off your subject-matter cant on me again! I shall reply 'Lavery' or 'Count Schmitzel von Schleichhund' or whoever he may be and you will squash like a moon man in Wells. Honestly there is hardly a decent picture in the show, bar Toulouse-Lautrec who fascinates and Rodin the draughtsman who has some dozen drawings, new in method and more purposeful... Yrs. A.C.

Jan 1903. 24
Dear G.

On (your concierge) dit that you are ill. Let there be a writing to Crowley by your hand or another saying how things are. Simpson went (as d'Artagan) into the S.P.P. and has not been seen since. We now know why Miller wears a white hat. They are both N.B.U. and L.B.O. 'Alice' is in press: A.D and P practically ready: "Science and Buddhism" nearly complete. Lovers Alphabet

↳ As (in) on pay and outmost to cost (P.C.S)

20
equals 44 poems, including all the new ones - another dozen will see me through. Orphy still hanging fire. All well, but I suffering petty worries, and needing time.

Ever .A.C.

25

Gerald Kelly's father had died?

8 Bis Rue Campagne Iere. Montparnasse Jan 14/03

My dear Gerald

I was very sorry to hear last night from Simpson ^(m) your bad news, though how bad is not very clear. I should like you to remember at such times that sorrow is not less so because unapparent and in my intense happiness of last night (while you were going an unpleasant journey on a bitter errand) - for E. was with me - there was sorrow implicit therein. I don't know if this sort of thing seems cold comfort: it is all I have to give and is sufficient for myself at all times. And if my comfort is poor my sympathy is large and warm not only for you, for whom I shall always cherish the deepest admiration and affection, but for the others of your family, less fortified mentally (for Christina's consolation is a poor thing, as far as I have observed its operation) than yourself to oppose a fortress to the battalions of calamity, and to build an island in the seas of sorrow.

Ever yours ever. Aleister Crowley.

26

Undated. From 8 Bis Rue Campagne Premiere. Paris

My dear Gerald. *(Mrs Simpson, Elaine's mother)*

I am not in a state to write. The crimson paper is being put up to-day. V.H. Soror Perseverantia 5 & 6 is coming at 2, Sybil at 5, E at 8. And many other fearful destinies are on me.

I wrote to your poor mother a letter purely to take her mind off away from the operation, as you used the word "disturb". It would have been worse than useless to have written a letter of condolence. I asked E and she approved of what I did write. 'Twas a difficult task you set me, and I hope didn't strike as being callous. All the Quarter, like the good quarter it is, is frightfully concerned. Anyone would give their best painting to the flames if thereby they could secure a successful result for Saturday. Thanks for writing about poetry: I can do no better than reply in same strain. I enclose your lists with X against required ones on white sheet, but I want all on the blue. Something may be worth saving. I want (Just looked up Tarot: the symbols are very favourable indeed) you to bring over here all the special (vellum of India) copies of my Works. I wrote for them and K(egan) P(aul) would not. There was also a Zaehnsdorf binding for S. of O and M.T. Can you find and get this vol? Enclosed is authorization.

Will you show them A.D. and P and find if they decline to publish on grounds of blasphemy: if so, the name of a good but "notoriously infidel" publisher.

(Soul of Osiris and Mother's Treasures) IRCS [Arcturian Day + Perseus]
I will fulfil all your commissions. The Havers (?T) letter is characteristic!

Yours very disturbedly - the best of wishes and luck to all

Rodin

Aleister Crowley.

27

No date. 8 bis Rue Campagne Premiere Montparnasse.

Dear G.

Rodin cannot definitely say "Tweed is competent" since Tweed is a young man. R. considers, as far as I can judge, that he is the man, but should be given time. And for Tweed's sake he will not risk Tweed's reputation by becoming Sponsor. The whole affair is rather Greek to me. Probably the

21

Bishop and Dean and Chapter have put their heads together by now, and the statue will not be equestrian. Even Dean Milner (after Palm Sunday) cannot object to anyone riding on an ass.

Having spewed forth my venom, I will now turn to the fact that you are still away and that everything is going to hell without you. I am looking after your property as best I can: am even keeping it in my rooms more than work dictates: but it is getting worn out for all that. Come and water it with your tears and wipe it with the hairs of your head. Gavine is at St George's Hospital. She is quite well and in good spirits, having preached a sermon to her people on the text "And he arose and smote him". But this is all very sad: the salon must have a Kelly in it: Must. Commission and cash and therefore independence hang thereon: and I have the selfish reason that I am personally very keen on your future. So come quickly. The Spirit and the Bride say: Come! And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. Even "so" !!! Come. Lord Jesus. I am "the same" yesterday to-day and for ever. "Exactly!" That is why Bombinella S.P. Fed. He took his trousers off and played Blind Man's Buff for Buggers: so he had to do it on the staircase. We wrote to White Hat (not White Head) explaining - he, being a very cautious man, must be pleased that he gave it away to us so completely in a few hours.

Yours ever Aleister Crowley

I have given it up, and got a secretary to do my hard work. Sounds like biz, eh? A.C.

28

Postmark July 1903. Boleskine.

Dear G.

Please bring my pictures, which I had not time to fetch. Also any MSS. e.g. my sketch of Act I for King's F(riend). I think I returned you the MSS you brought me over to Paris: if so, please pick out the humorous ones (intentionally so) as I am trying to issue a vol of 'em. What has happened to Bach? Kite would be miserable here. A best cauda utterly! I have my own periods of depression. If you can avoid fate Bo-peep's sheep. A MacG

The rondel "Ah! an' mae" is with Back, I believe. Can you bring a copy?

Boleskine Aug 12 1903.

29

My dear G.

hope you may yet know me better. If I must weary you, let it be my excuse that I cannot let pass your statement that Miss Gray was my mistress. She was never at anytime anything of the sort, nor within a million miles of it. I never wished it nor she.

Likewise you are utterly unjust to me in the motive you ascribe to my action of yesterday and to-day. It is grotesquely untrue. I may have been a pig-fancier in my youth; but for that very reason I should not attempt to make a sow's ear out of a silk scarf-purse. It is the ignorant that make such mistakes. I have been trying since I joined the B.G.D. in 98 steadily and well to repress my nature in all ways. I have suffered much, but I have won, and you know it. Coffin-worms and their like are as much chips (as opposed to coins) to me as to you. I wanted to seal my victory with a very mighty blow. If I failed, it is of over-generosity, over-trust in your real friendship for me, which you have after all. There is such a place as Inverness, and an early train thither: don't think me Guido passportless and for you, don't let pleurisy get a rat

and for you, don't let pleurisy get start of Providence.

Let me say one thing; even in so good a cause as yours there are limits to the liberties one should take with another's property. You are fond of appealing to Back: in this? Did your sister want to hear the true history of my past life, she should have it in detail; not from prejudiced persons, but the cold drawn stuff of lawyers. And English does not always fail me. *Reminiscences*

Reminiscences If your worst wish came true, and we never met again, my remembrance of you, with or without a word would, as you say, be good enough to go on. But I am ambitious (like the ornithoryncus of Mrs Malaprop) I hope one day to convince you that I am not only a clever (the 4 ?(T) have 'mentally deformed') man but a decent one and a good one. Why must nine tenths of my life i.e. the march to Buddhism, go for nothing; the atrophied one hundred thousandth always spring up and choke me, and that in the house of my friends? For my method I ought to apologise; I had my reasons; but I told you precisely, and you might have seen the Ring, even if you distrusted the Book.

All luck, and the greatest place in the new generation of artists be yours,

So sayeth Aleister Crowley, always your friend, whatever he may do or say. Vale! till you Ave!

(T.A.C had eloped with and married Kelly's sister Rose.)

--- 25 ---

No date. On note paper of Langham Hotel Paris

My dear G

Thanks for your amusing note and enclosure. I felt at the time you were only bitter because you felt yourself wrong. May not the "red herring" consist only in one's own inability to see the actual import of the discussion? I am the only living man who can equal you in argument and I give you my word of honour that I am always serious, sincere and as lucid as I can be. But since you describe Back as a cynical shop-walker for which I think you ought to beg his pardon - I can hardly complain if I am a mental cardsharp in your eyes. It was a bad hunch (?lunch. T) I admit it.

[He was christened Edward Alexander]

Letters intended for me find me more easily if addressed

Lord Boleskine

without further circumlocution or ambiguity. I am entitled to this address and I intend to assert it. "Aleister Crowley" is of course a "nom-de-plume" now, and a name for literary use only. Is not courtesy "old-fashioned"?

You write charmingly even when you think you want to quarrel: but all that is no odds, you can only make me angry by attacking my wife - and that I hope you will not be too much of a gentleman to do, in the future. Also it only annoys her if you try and influence my conduct through her. Don't write hurried letters: sit and smoke.

Yours ever as ever Aleister

P.S. This letter is to be read with a pipe in good order. If an agreeable response is not forthcoming, try a grain of calomel and read it again

--- 26 ---

Boleskine. Aug 27 1903. (in hand of Rose, A.C.'s wife. T)

Copy of a letter written by Aleister to his mother this day.

My dearest Mother.

Aunt Jonathan sent me on your delightful letter of the 19th to her with the copy of mine. I suppose you are enlightened by now. My wife wrote you almost daughterly letter some days ago. Why don't you answer it?

and for you, don't let pleurisy get start of Providence.

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Letters intended for me find me more easily if addressed
Lord Boleskine

without further circumlocution or ambiguity. I am entitled to this address and I intend to assert it. "Aleister Crowley" is of course a "nom-de-plume" now, and a name for literary use only. Is not courtesy "old-fashioned"?

You write charmingly even when you think you want to quarrel: but all that is no odds, you can only make me angry by attacking my wife-and that I hope you will not be too much of a gentleman to do, in the future. Also it only annoys her if you try and influence my conduct through her. Don't write hurried letters: sit and smoke.

Yours ever as ever Aleister

P.S. This letter is to be read with a pipe in good order. If an agreeable response is not forthcoming, try a grain of calomel and read it again

Boleskine. Aug 27 1903. (in hand of Rose, A.C's wife.T)

Copy of a letter written by Aleister to his mother this day.

My dearest Mother.

Aunt Jonathan sent me on your delightful letter of the 19th to her with the copy of mine. I suppose you are enlightened by now. My wife wrote you almost daughterly letter some days ago. Why don't you answer it?

23

I was sorry you would not come to the wedding-it was a very grand affair-plumed hearse and all, and the mutes recalled the delicious mutes of thirty years ago. The Rev F.F. Kelly the brides father preached such a beautiful sermon over the open grave. His text was from the 44th verse of the 44th chapter of Isaiah- "And the Lord said unto Moses, and he arose and smote him"- 36 pipers played 'the voice that breathed o'er Eden'-some reference to 'whistler whom her brother so much admires-I suppose- and as the earth was shovelled reverently by 12 stalwart professors of Esperanto, taxidermists, and assorted Mormon missionaries (with the such dear destroying angels) over the last mortal remains, a heartfelt sob of relief burst from the assembled multitudes, and tears of bitter joy streamed down-such profusion as to enable us to carry out our nearly abandoned project of beginning the honeymoon in a canoe. This we did and shot Barnes Bridge in the astonishing time of 24 h 43 m 21 1/2 s. Thence to seas of molten glory in the glowing west where we still are
c/o God

Heaven

will always find us.

No date. No address. 1. Boleskine 27

Dear G.

Your p.c. explains. But do you mean 'specific trouble' as doctors mean? If so, was it S---let us pass on. You said no word of hoping to be up in London: only that you would winet winter i'th' warm. I said Pthisis, for a million! argued thence (a) He's probably neglecting it and I might persuade him to give up Paris for the Sahara, or other health resort, if I went over. (b) He's hiding it from Camberwell-so it must be serious. Well you're to be spared to us! I would I had a week or two with you somewhere. Preferably here not here for a) I want a change b) my nerves are dull with overwork, and I really could not alter the colour of my hair, or the shape of my shape of my prick to suit your idea. Don't be angry with me, but think of me as a man of like passions as you are (In James curious grammar) Why not Strathpeffer and some golf, and a few odd days here? I want your sketches for the Lover's A. Write and commune. Yours ever as ever

B(oleskine)

No date. No address. --- 28

Dear Gerald.

We are alarmed. Unless most reassuring details are wired, I shall follow this letter. 'Bilby and impertinent' because not str; the news not the kid. Your sketch for blood-lotus I have taken and reproduced for my Rosa Mundi. Orphy finished: I feel like a free man. Good, bad, or indifferent to the press it shall go. *Anna Ahalhor Nicata Sappho Jizabel Lilith Crowley*

Thanks for all your kind worry re sword (of Song. T) R(ose) and N.M.A.H.S.I.L.C. (their daughter. T) are well, thank you. Her address is not difficult: Lady Boleskine Foyers N.B. finds her without fail. Why not be content with 'dear Immanuel Kant', and admit that he does what, if every one did it, would benefit humanity? Even on the lowest ground, that there is no ground, which I can disprove, and have done, we may yet say that if every one had a title, we should have more subscriptions to the Daily Mail.

B(oleskine)

My compliments to Penrhyn Stanlaws; and when may I have my girls heads please? Also yours you slackers.

B(oleskine)

24
Boleskine. No date

29
My Dear G.

(Excuse the gold stamp, only ordered for credit tradesmen, who who feel encouraged when they see it)

I have taken your criticism of me (in truth) a criticism of you yourself, since you are an artist. Indeed Back saith sooth who saith that to preach and sing is as right as it is wrong to preach and paint. I would add that to paint sing and criticize is equally fatal. Luckily, our criticism is worthless, as I think I said before. In returning the R(osa) M(undi) again, I feel that we are agreed well enough on all points of detail save possibly two-the praise on p 10, and one or two obscurities, which we might lump as one.

But I feel that below all that, is a deep aversion to the whole thing which I want to understand.

Just a note re the title. we needn't quarrel. A.C. is my nom de plume; but (intra nos) R(ose) is keen on it; and so must I seem, if I am to go back to the East. 'Lord' is not an English title, but a courtesy title which e.g. Scotch judges take. My bitter enemies in Inverness opposed me for a week and gave in at once when I explained. I did not know Camberwell was so severe. B.K. addresses her daughter as Lady Boleskine. Enough: I am not annoyed, especially when you overwhelm me with the masterpiece 'I naturally shall do as they do'. - 'Strewth I break down again every time I think of it.

Now be good and do the sketch for Rosa Mundi. Have you a copy? O dear I wish I could see you. I am perhaps coming to Paris in October, solus. If so much will become clear to you.

Yours ever as ever. A.C.

P.S. Thoughts on Karma

If I gave way to the Camberwell theory (T. that of his in laws) of life, how would my wife look in Inverness? I care little for people-you know- but I don't want her the laughing-stock of the county, now just beginning to be nice.

B

Boleskine. No date.

My dear Gerald.

30
I hope you will allow me to congratulate you on having so far advanced in painting that even the jury shit can see something new (and therefore to be suppressed) in your work. You are better than I thought you were: I have been loathing you of late for your puerile delight in the measure of toleration contemptuously awarded accorded you by the hoi polloi (greek. T) You may now sit in the same box as I-it is the best for a true view of the stage.

For the rest, I hope you will not as reported make Cyprus your furthest point. It is too much like St Paul's 3rd journey. What you want is open sea or open sand-no damned objects to catch your eye. And 8 weeks is pure folly: 8 months is more to the point. I have been doing silence here-you have no idea till you do it how perfect a recreation it is to feel alone in the dark with not a thought astir.

I can already think-I shall be able to write soon work soon. For you, go wherever you can sleep in the open air for weeks together, without even a tent. That is another great secret of moral-mental-physical health. There is always a great struggle to get such conditions-so I find but - "once in How the delighted Spirit pants for joy!"

Your ever, more than ever, A.C.

Boleskine. Aug 15
Dear Gerald.

(Blood) Lotus [a poem in white stains] was a poem in white stains. 2) I think this refers to a design for Rose
rhundi 1879342 Lotus in White 25
[for G.K.'s work for it]

Your last received with mingled pain and pleasure. I disagree about the B. Lotus: I think it very fine; and your name is not compromised. But the vignette is I imagine not yet printed; I am writing to Renouard to hold it back, and to wait. I send you a size to draw a better design to, since you are so good, and it is to your sister that the book is. *(L'œuvre)*

I long ago accepted Stanlaws' price for the heads (or drawings). Please tell him what I want is illustrations for the L's A.B.C. I rely on you for 12. Rodin 9 or 10 Stanlaws 6 Maurice Grieffenhagen some. 12 and 10 and 6 and 6 equal 34. 52 wanted (I think 26 to begin - Vol I as it were) Is the "God-Eater out", Do you live in a ditch d.d. of l, a, p, or in b with a b? It was out last October. Prices have gone up since Argonauts came out. In 'Collected' there is much careful revision - a fair amount cut out. I gave Back a free hand with the blue pencil. The fact is neither you nor I can tell which is the indifferent work. They may know in A.D. 2904

But I am moral. For the Nameless Novel (a bloody good title) Book of the Rules (7/6 net) *Book of Stanlaws in a Curate's garden*

1) Let no sentence stand without reference by name to something usually nameless.

2) Never use the same name twice

3) Never be voluptuous

4) Indicate personal friends (Amot (?T), Havers (?T) and such like) with close accuracy

5) Never mind anything else.

Bach will give you an idea of the present scope of the contents - D.J.F.'s disjunctae literae - if you have it not. It is on the cards that I may have to run south in a week or so. I hope not, for literally I grow to Boleskine. We shall see.

Give me your I of W address. I suppose you'll fix yourselves somewhere. What may you do to amuse yourself? If you may read I could lend you a Tale of Archais.

Yours ever Boleskine.

Boleskine. No date.

32

Dear G

Herewith God-Eater M.S.

Serious domestic quarrel has arisen. R(ose) declines to let me post enclosed to M.P. Have beaten her with stick not exceeding two inches in diameter but in vain. Have agreed to your arbitration: post if you think desirable.

Yrs A.C.

Boleskine. No date.

33

Dear Gerald

You have presumably heard the news - silly and impertinent - from elsewhere. Enough of this - something too much, indeed!

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I would a word winged from your civilized place to my savage lair. I have not written a line for months, but have corrected much etc. Yet O is near its dismal end. It should make 200-250 pp Jephthah format. I

x sword of Somp

(Orpheus)?

of (good) d'ol'os [~~La name in white stains~~] was a poem in
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Mundi. 82734 d'ol'os in white stains 25
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[for G's w31 for it]*

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The Kid and the small thing are well, unexpectedly well. But let me hear of Art. Have you a new studio? There is talk of my hurtling quarters across the sun-kissed abyss of the Channel about October days. They live on old brandy, caviar, and truffles in Hell.

'Nuff said; Write yrs ever B

(The following letter is out of place and should come earlier. T)

Boleskine 29/9/03.

34

My dear G.

Your letter is the most cryptic I have ever had even from you. It is kind to say that I am clever (I take your whole letter as kindness albeit I understand it ill) but on my word, to this hour I see no jab in the juxtaposition. I have plied in vain an imagination whetted by persistent and successful efforts to discover indecent illusions in the Binomial Theorem: I have turned and twisted the names about: all is in vain. If you will devote a week of your valuable time to explaining verbally when we get to Paris, I shall discover a new point of Coptic and of R(ose) and I get as far as Cairo this winter, my name will go down with Bruce and Harris. For I will be avenged upon you by not putting you in the Papyrus. Herewith the end o' th' Sword- Benedictus etc. I cannot even find from your letter whether you have written to your mother to smooth things over or no. "The allusion to the Rev F.F. Kelly is beneath contempt and meaningless"-I felt inclined to echo your Hmmm! (sic) till I saw it was merely a classical example of the transferred epithet. I have not twisted or doubled to anybody. I maintain, as always that no insult was offered to B.K. in my consciousness or R's, and therefore no apology was possible. I am very sorry but I did no wrong. You are mistaken. At present the new method of conducting the controversy is exclusively employed: that hurts R and B.K. but neither you nor me, save mediately. I have had great benefits of you and you of me: we are artists and should quarrel with buttons on-Touch me, and I'll call the guard!- arga, let us calm the indignant ones. Your letters will (I suppose) be received at the vicarage: I suggest you write. We come South on the 8th till 23rd about: do not let R leave England, perhaps for months without seeing her mother.) I am dead busy so write no more; just paint hard; send news of the Quarter and believe me "God's poet" A.C.

B.K.: Rose & Gerald's mother

(T. The above refers to A.C.'s elopment and marriage to Rose Kelly

)))---

The Imperial Hotel Bournemouth. No date, in pencil

Dear Gerald.

35

Please take this as very serious. Tell nurse Rose has gone to town with me and wants her medicine. If guile is no good use force. Call in police if necessary. Nurse is (says R) administering a noxious drug within the meaning of the Act. When the medicine is in your hands-be sure it is the right one or else all of them-keep it. Get nurse to confess; if she does, dismiss her simply, if not send medicines to analyst. I am sure you will agree

Aleister

--- 36

Rose Kelly to G Kelley Boleskine. Postmark 5 Aug 1904.

...All goes well here-the Kid "Nuit Ma Ahathoor Hecate Sappho Jexebel

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Lilith"-to be called by the last name-flourishes-She's a good little maid tho' she does squark occasionally which drives A out rabbit shooting, we've such a stack to consume in the house!...A is very busy life jogs on peacefully very peacefully-the last fortnight has of course been an upset, but we shall soon settle down again. The place is quite lovely now garden mass of flowers. I shall be up at the end of the week thanks to the Gods. Enclosed photo of Lilith age 3 days. "Sword" goes out this week.

ab Song

Yrs ever R(ose).

--- 37 36

Hotel D'Iena Paris. Post mark Oct 1904

Dear Gerald.

R like an ass forgot to give you my long explanatory letter. The point is not R's 'entreaties' (no doubt true) e.g. if X, in pain asks Ivor for morphia, no blame attaches to X (a mere fool) but to Ivor who knows in case of harm coming. The details are utterly immaterial. Everyone is lying, anyway; probably even the chemist is pestling a poisonous poisoned potion behind his crimson lights $\frac{112}{A.T} = 4-2$

Rose's mother

But G Chesterton- a dumb fellow so far.

Thanks for your trouble, which I am sorry to have caused. But Ivor will have told you that the danger was serious. (This may refer to the pencilled note from the hotel in Bournemouth, T) Rose

I had to go to Paris. All went well. I am not wroth with you for telling Ivor and the Guv, they having balls. It's cunts I'm skeery of.

Trot out your Brit. P. and I will find the loggerheads! As to the cash it's cunts again making trouble. R is wrong not to pay B.K. (her mother. T) but on the other hand B.K. promised to pay R's expences for the trip. If this happened between men they would strike a balance. R owes £10 about, B.K. about £20 or £30. So it is absurd to fuss. I (I personally myself Ego Aleister Crowley) shall refuse to be made a cat's paw any longer for these feminine frays. It's only a try-on to get a ballster to take an interest in them. They're like spoilt pet dogs- all of them. So let us keep aloof- I don't think we should have quarrelled before, save for false representations on the part of womb-artists. Ann lied, you remember, but I don't believe she knew it. Their idea is to arouse sympathy; they suppress or subtly alter to suit; they rarely fabricate- "more rarely" because they lack the imagination in common with other high mental faculties; being fools, they usually fail even to attract the sympathy. R has written me any number of exquisite letters to stir me up against F.F.K, B.K. and yourself. This time I had the wit to see through it. I know they bully her- and so do you, don't deny it!- but that is no reason for embroiling an already strained situation. I propose that A shall Vaagirard me for a bit here and return with but a cursory call or none at the Vicarage. Here is no doubt that your charming family are much nicer to outsiders; you do bicker dreadfully between yourselves; and I think the painter G.K. like the poet A.C. had best follow Christ's advice about leaving father mother --etc- all the prohibited degrees in fact- and follow Art.

The above is really my doctrine of Non-Interference- call it the Primrose doctrine, as you will. But I'm sure you will subscribe to it.

Yours more than ever. Aleister Crowley

P.S. A.C. as soon as I can settle in a flat.

St Moritz Postmark 9/II/04 Postcard to Kelly.

Both of whom or what have passed into S.P.P.? Of course there is nothing to pass-Anatta- but I should like further details. I suppose on the wall-rus. You will now have got my beetle-crushing retort etc. Do write and tell me things-my chameleon is overeating himself.

A.C. Kulm Hotel St Moritz.

--- 38

Pages 4 and 5 only of along letter in A.C's hand

I have thought too of turning to serious writing again, the Jephthah-Waikiki Beach style. But I am 30 and a proud papa. Shelley and Keats never touched 30. That day is over for me. I think some small bits of my work are classable with theirs; I must perforce leave it at that. But I may yet do good on more solid lines-perhaps the tragic. Anyway, I hope I shan't simply go bad like A.C.S (winburne). At least I am certain to avoid the blunder of making a good thing and copying it for ever. Hence I am Shelley reincarnate; for he alone has avoided this. Versatility is the mediocrity's curse, the artist's salvation. Cf Kelly on (? or, T) Velasquez, the brilliant brilliant experimenter in all sorts. And go thou and do likewise. Unless you have gone back, you are technically good enough to paint anything you see. If so, you should be dashing off masterpieces. I have always been afraid of your doing the Patterson trick-perfecting touch and paying for it with sight. R. says you destroyed the "Portrait of Lord B" An error; 'twas the best thing you ever did-thanks to W.S. Maughan's idiotic chatter that P.M. Proof; the verdict of the Salon judges. They are very like the public; which will pass any amount of 'good painting' and 'bad painting'; but are alarmed and angry at 'new painting'. 'Lycidas' vilas it was was yet rejected for its one excellence-its originality. I admit I couldn't see even that; but the suspicious bourgeoisie of an R.A. detected it, or made him think he did.

I rather thirst for news of you all: I hear vague rumours of interesting things, and want more. I hear Havers has returned to the vile dust from (remainder missing. T)

Undated. On Savoy Hotel paper.

Dear Kelly

38 39

Benholdy

There's a bloody row. I'm in town with the Luna for some time. Make an appointment and keep it you bugger!

Am v drunk Yrs truly Chateau Yquem.

No date. No address

Dear Gerald.

39 40

Chesterton is dumb. Will you be kind enough to do what you suggested as to finding out what is the cause thereof. If it is mere dumbness I shall compare myself to a fishing boat from Hull fired at by Admiral Chestertenskyovitch, who retires when he finds there is a Channel Fleet ready to biff him in the Channel of the Daily News or anywhere else. But bid me smite the fellow or abstain. I will take your word for it. But Haste! The only question is whether I shall add a short Postscript to my reply twitting him with his pusillanimity.

Yrs (care Bowley 25 rue des Longchamps) or at Hotel St James

Aleister

Undated. On paper of Hotel Cecil.

Dear Kelly

--- 40 41

Proofs as promised. I have ordered you a vellum Archais. Too late

for "Songs". God 'ild you! I begin to be awary of the sun. Vile cold.
Dunno where ye e' are. Damn everything. Can hardly hold a pen.
Yrs. Aleister Crowley.

No date On Hotel Cecil paper. 42

Dear G.

Have arranged with Eckenstein (after all) to go to Wales.
Return May 4 -10 for Nibelungen Ring at C(ovent) G(arden) and then
Paris. Explain my delay to the Cosmos.

Ever A.C.

They write to me as "Cher Maître" Good-bye to you little students down
there! See you when you come up. (English papers are dumb re Rev F.F.
and Femme au Cou Blanc by G.K. What do all say?)

No date. From Westwater Hotel, Gosforth, Cumberland. 43

Dear Kelly

Let me know how Pelleas is going and if I can help in any way. Also
re Agrippa. One thing and another has kept me from getting Jones' opinion
What about my design? I have seen a drawing of Althea Gyles which I
shall use in some way, unless it is expensive, and you are less cantanker-

than usual. Weather here bloody 44

"My womb is pregnant with mad moons and suns"

Will you be in town still about the 20th April? When I expect to be
back. How veriform is the Universe, O Lord. I have introduced the Epigram
Epigram into this benighted valley with marked results. My definition of
you is a "man of parts, everyone of which is greater than the whole".
What hole? saith unsuspecting prophet. I am Crowley here of course. "To
the re-seeing I kiss your hands and your feet" (Pollitt)

Tuta

Aleister Crowley. 45

No date. From Hotel D'Iena, Paris. [1904.]

Dear Gerald. Yes! it is humiliating to think that after sneering for
years at the man who

Wound up the clock

With the head of his cock

And rogered his wife with the key

I should myself mistake a Shadow Home Exerciser for a telephone. I should
thank you for details of crime. The purport of my instructions was -you
guess, of course, to have a handle against Nurse if she turned to bay (like
the Old Guard of God) for 'wrongful dismissal' or something. B.K. is
evidently right about money. The proposal and acceptance of £3 aid to a
£30 job needs no witnesses - its idiocy is its guarantee. Vide enclosed.
'Silurian' paper seems atavistic to a fabulous extent.

Have in cortex a fine defence of the 'smart set' and a whack at
E.F. Benson.

? (sic. T)

Yrs ever. Aleister Crowley.

Undated. NO Address

My dear Gerald.

I cannot pass this opportunity of congratulating you on the great success, Bought by the Nationp Is that sad fingerpost to the sword:

"Attention drawn to Mrs Kelly's work. Alas! not here. Look in the Louvre, posterity!"

already halfway true.

when

Great! Remember I have always bid you go high, piped ~~when~~ you danced, but refused to weep when you mourned unto me.

My reward is your success.

Browning in some first edition ends a line "old nuns' twats". They told him and he said "twat" meant "coif" or "hood" but withdrew the edition.

RCS.

Can you place this? I am leaving hearing from New Zealand about it but that's a long time yet. *[Time?]* ~~Excluded Middle, II, 262~~

I have just done-yesterday-my great Dialogue between an Indian Mystic and a British Sceptic. A most wearisome job! i.e. to write. Nobody can ever read it. *[The Excluded Middle. Unpublished work, II, 262]*

You will like why Jesus wept. Plagiarists will follow with "When Ghosty Fucked ". "What happened to God". "The left Mr Right" (in Him i.e. Artich Anfilm (?T) all is right) and "The Galilee Buggery" with J-F as John the Beloved Disciple. If you are not yet a Mason it is worth your while to become one in a French Lodge. Ask Bowley, who likes ~~Tannhauser~~, or says he does, and all sorts of sweet things. You should all get hot and cold (?T) in a week.

Ever yours ever

A.C%

Undated. NO Address

My dear Gerald.

I cannot pass this opportunity of congratulating you on the great success, Bought by the Nation is that sad fingerpost to the sword:

"Attention drawn to Mr. Kelly's work. Alas! not here. Look in the Louvre, posterity!"

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Ever yours ever

A.C%

A.C. - Kelly. Foyers. No date.

I think you have underrated the enclosed fine example of the Master's early work. As a finished still life in the Louvre it would look ill by the Bmen (?T); but as a vignette to fill up letter press I think it good: very good like the 6 days of creation. But you are the master. Only I must have some vignette

Write and tell me your plans. Orpheus is gone to the press; we will conspire to suppress it later and have awful fun burning copies MSS etc. You can never guess how hard it is to fill up type in type. Ye shall have perproofs by mine haliday if but an ye will, syr knyghte

(Excuse nervous breakdown: cf cachetic cakewalk q.v.)

Speak! Speak!

Bloekine)

Rosa Mundi

A.C. - Kelly Foyers Aug 28

I am afraid you have been in much pain, and I am an unsympathetic aesthete (the polite word for Simpson). I send you a R.M. I don't think its any odds having a non-Rodin vignette- I wanted you to have a hand in a thing entirely your sister's. (T. R.M. is Rosa Mundi.) (What's called nice feeling this is) I agree to, but loftily ignore, your oil-and-water argument.

What is your left testicle doing-just oscluting or more? Tell me in simple language what you know about the juglins that broke up your liason with the charming Sally Muglins. Where do nerves come in. I thought bollocks varied inversely as brains-one down t'other come on. But I am a brute- it's ill jesting with a sore bollock- never give a bollock sulgur! if you do you'll repeat it. There's nought like pea-codding-you let the bollock alone and he'll let you alone- (You read the Londoners) .I'm really frightfully sorry and wish you would rest here instead of the I of W.

Yes: you, Bach (and I in less degree) should collaborate the introduction to the Bromo Book, to rag the one of whom Browning mellifluosly chanted.

Just for a rachet and surplice he left us
Just for a riband to stick on his coat

Undated. No address

Dear G.

Thanks for your two letters. There are one or two waiting you here-one from Kite- what shall I do with them?

12 pp Ahab have arrived. The ? ! - () are absurdly modern. Shall I get you to design and have outcast proper types, or shall I use full stops only (to the prejudice of the reader) and replace the dash and brackets by the hyphen mark double spaced. You might call at Took's Court and see the proofs I am sending back by this post. Thanks for your bibliographical note. I think you should bring back all M.S.S. of these with you- esp. Unto us a child is born.

Mater is breaking down my nerves. Cudell (?T) daved me Me!!! from a 'crise' last night: but to-day I am worn out and v ragged. Hamel's party was a-gt success. S arrived as Bombillelle and Pollitted C all night-un peu trop fort. Miss L was delicious- I know what you will say, but I would not that you said it.

I can of course do no work. Mater gets in about 8 hrs a day hysterics etc etc and I'm going on strike. Canière (?T) is better; so Mrs B and John.

I bid you a. f.

My love to all. I have nobody to love me and its rot doing it all in the Chitakasa. Isn't it?

A.C. very limp-half-calf.

-- 49

A telegram dated 22 April 04

Peas shooting affray in Rawgoon rumoured arrest of Gabriel victim lying in Langham hotel Paris tomorrow. Boleskine. (Text corrupt.T)

--- 50

Telegram 22 April 04

Fangouvv ~~out~~ outrage Archangel allèges alibi husband vvrings pigeon neck Sherlock Holmes suspects poet yom présence désirable arrest Gare de Lyon toninght ten forty.

--- 51

Telegram Oct 9 99

Bloater busted boxed Basingstoke sorry poor Bernard Svariff

Undated. No address.

My dear G.

When Saul gets among the prophets to the extent of a revered and noble lady writing: "Gerald is gone back to Paris. He was vaccinated as there was bad chicken-pox about where he lives-which might have been the other pox-who knows?" (I quote my ma-in-law verbatim) it is evident that the war in heaven should be over and that silence for more than half a year is not too much to listen to strains so ravishing.

En ef-fet, my dear boy- have I caught the divine effluvia? - especially as I have to thank you for the great and even intelligent care you have taken of my children (teste Cameron) - news of the (inglorious fourth from your pen) would be esteemed. As for your canvas, I hear great things, but from fools, so can't judge. But I am sure the astral mud must be gone by now; what you said about the mouth was so clear to the point that all must be well through the love of God our Saviour

All will be well
Free and changeless is his favour

All, all is well
Cheerful if in Christ abiding God confiding,
Peaceful if in Christ abiding
Holy through the Spirit's guiding
All must be well.

[Mother's Tragedy - KES]

But as for me, why, there's a hell of a lot doing. "Oracles" a hotch-potch of dejecta membra is uniform with the M's T (?Masters Tannhauser. T) It contains "The Balloon" "In the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh" "Anima Lunae" Hymn to Apollo" and other beastlinesses too foul to cumber up my M.S. case any more. "Why Jesus Wept" uniform with Sword. 'Tis good: Wouldst thou see proofs? There is another; but there grim silence reigns. There is also "the Bromo Book" - has O.E. sent you "Micturating Mary"? Oscar Wilde's

Bar an essay on "Time" a dialogue between a learned Indian and a British sceptic, this leaves clear the road for the accursed Orphy. We'll be a death-grips in a day or two; and this time someone shall succumb.

Do you still see gold tarnished and the Gray above Gavine? How, in short are the typhoid stools generally? And "Mrs Coles"? I suppose a subtle blind, for he runs at the nose too much for almost anyone. Or is a Norfolk Jacket the Parisian for the Bruxellois regulation tight trousers? Has anyone conceived any cynical ideas lately? Or is invention dead? But I want news; also guns for buffaloes guns, for buffaloes pall. The beasts don't charge and toss me; it's allie. Like concealed crevasses - just to make shikari's expensive.

Excuse my concealing or appearing to conceal my address. It is only that letters miscarry and that without £40 for the job. The moral of which is don't do it again! Excuse me still more if I wander; but I'm not a Jew & it, but - ah! I told you that I should tell you more than - (perhaps) I know myself for - is there an "I"? This is no doubt the central problem of all philosophy and how to attack it puzzles me. Yet I hope I suppose I may add that r(ose) sends anything there is handy. (there's little handy here but one's .44 and the canoe men - but Lord!, you're welcome to them!)

Need I say more? Yours ever as ever. Aleister Crowley
Did you see a letter about you in the N.Y. Herald in Jan or Feb? If Maughan asks you, go and swear re that bugger Bles and my contract. A.C.

Calcutta. 31/10/05

My dear Gerald.

You are certainly magnificent and have scored all round. At last (from what Rose tells me) you seem to have taken another step on the path which leads to glory and the grave. It is well that you should act in this Masterly fashion; what you have done I can't say I know, but it seems to have made people angry. For all that you are wrong in sticking to Paris: you ought to be spending your nervous energies on savagery, rather than on the purely false culture of the 'intellectual' prigs. What we have both failed to see hitherto is that we are prigs, worse—because more knowledgeable—than the crowd that bumsucked Schwob, and that still bumsucks Rodin.

You are I think worse than I, ostensibly at least; for I have pretended to despise my art, while you have always worshipped it. Though our speech has reversed these roles, this was the truth.

Now Shaw is quite right; people who have achieved a true style are people who have had something to say and were mad to say it. But then something has been assimilated and become instinctive therefore uninteresting or rejected, therefore absurd. Hence the style is the permanent truth, as you have (a page is missing. T)

I suppose you have heard nothing of my Kangcen (Junga) trip. It was good fun, made me fit, and I got through some hard reading. Tell Miss Bruce I am hard on her track—for I read Kant's Prolegomena recently and am about to start the Critique of Pure Reason.

My views are changing in many ways—it is in a very limited sense that I can call myself a Buddhist. (Note inserted later. T Rangoon Nov 6 Allan, however, had much widened his own views, so that if I am no Buddhist, he is none) If you have not read Burton's Kasidah, do—even if it costs you an effort. It seems to me pretty well the ultimate of human wisdom, as distinguished from my own advance upon the possible.

I wish Eckenstein would wire whether he is coming out or not. In the meanwhile, I hope to go to Burma and Persia: the former for Allan, the latter for the book of verses etc with Rose and Lilith to sing in the bloody wilderness.

I seem to myself much more settled and solid: the actual keeping up my end of the fight in the fight here has done me good in that way. But I have written damned little, bar a very fine poem (sic) on Kali (II 4 ll) Rangoon Nov 6. Too hot to worry to write more: so I send this.

Love and luck

Yrs A.C.

35 35
54
In pencil

The King's Friend
or The Hereditary Grand Arse-hole-Teazer of Mugwumpshitstein.

How's this for style and matter?

Messenger.

My liege, I prithee, list ye of your grace
Sir Codling wallows in his grievous gore
Pierced by the envious dagger of a haveknave
Adjusted ill to just with a just knight.

King.

How now, forsooth! Od's bodikins and bubs
I wot the saucy malapert got scathe
How wast 'twas twisted, wastrel? Tossed he not
The strumpet-cycle on his bloody spear?

Messenger

God's guts, my liege, thou sayest sooth. He took
His amorous toothpick from its skinny sheath
And spurted him with such a creamy spurt
(Fore God I thought the kine were come to milk!)
Full in the mangy belly of the cur
And blew him to green bugg-

King

What ho! my queen!

(enter queen with a carrot up her arse)

Queen

Liege lord, dear partner of my royal bed
I must -

King. Pull out my turtle-tones then!

Exit Messenger with the delicacy and refinement of his noble nature, and those
those immortal lines (? tunes. T.)

Q comes violently.

Copy of original prospectus for The Sword of Song cyclostyled in
A.C.'s hand

If you are of us write and say so

The Sword of Song

This Book has been boycotted by English publishers and printers! printers! am in arms against the- a world! But after some five years of folly and weakness, misvalled politeness, tact, discretion, care for the feeling of others, I am weary of it. Did Christ m'ince his words with the Pharisees? I say to-day: To Hell with Christianity, Rationalism, Buddhism, all the lumber of the Centuries. I bring you a positive and primeaeval fact, Magic by name; and with this I will build me a new Heaven and a new Earth. I want none of your faint approval or faint dispraise: I want blasphemy, murder, rape, revolution, anything, bad or good, but strong. I want men behind me, or before me, if they can surpass me; but men, men, not gentlemen. Bring me your personal vigour, all of it, not your spare vigour: ~~If I can get but seven such men the world is at my feet~~ bring me all the money you have or can force from others! If I can get but seven such men the world is at my feet: if ten, Heaven will fall at the sound of one trumpet To Arms!

--- 56

Prospectus for Why Jesus Wept, cyclostyled as above

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