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A.C. Littens

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~~1910-28~~

1922-5

Binder 5.

1922-5.

I. 5 1-2.

1. A. C. to Norman Mudd 1922-3 missing 56  
2. do do and Mers 1923-5 H 117  
3. To Dorothy Olsen Nov 1925 2

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2 (a) 19 30 Aug 23 - 30 Nov 23. H 25-7, 29-30, 31-4.  
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Symonds read them when writing The Great East-  
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1925

Copies of draft letters in back of a notebook headed Visions, ADO  
and dated April 1925. Original in possession of G.J.Yorke.

(In A.C.'s hand.)

Dear Sir

I have now thought out carefully the questions so hastily raised by you on Friday. I request you to obtain a written report from Dr Jarvis advising the proper attitude to be observed towards me. I am willing to go to Norway on the following conditions

(i) that my present liabilities in Paris are discharged forthwith to the extent of 15000 francs

(ii) that I visit my friends in Germany as already I have promised to do on my way to Norway.

(The remainder is scratched out. T) I further agree to break off my present relations with Sir A.C. on these conditions

(i) that I am fully informed of the source of the information supplied to my family

(ii) that legal proof is furnished of the commission of a single dishonourable action by him. In case of dispute the judges to be two French gentlemen of unquestioned good faith, one to be selected by each party.

Thank you for your intervention. I am very ill with anaemia etc. Also I have had to have an operation last week and may have to have another far more serious at any moment. Dr Jarvis says that I must be relieved from all mental worry before he can hope to treat me successfully for the physical side of my ill health. *Thos. D. Olsen*

(In the hand of Dorothy Olsen)

It was very kind of you to instruct M to inquire into my situation, but of course he did not get anything like the whole facts as he was very busy. I had an operation wed before last, the result is still uncertain and I may have to have another much more serious at any moment.

I am suffering very badly from anaemia and a nervous breakdown, besides this. Dr Jarvis says that as long as I am so severely ill with financial worry that the physical side of my ill health is masked and that this must be removed before he can hope to treat me successfully. I am hoping to be married very shortly and I look naturally to my future husband for assistance. Unfortunately he can do nothing until he has succeeded in putting over certain important business deals, and we are very sorely hampered in this matter for lack of ready money, we need 1000 dollars to carry us over, and if you would lend us this sum you would be doing us a great favour, we could certainly repay you by the end of the summer. I understand that he wrote to a friend of yours asking him to come over in the hope of interesting him. There are 2 main projects which I personally assure you are sound and straightforward.

I have known this gentleman intimately for over 9 months - and I can assure you that you are making the greatest possible mistake in treating him with distrust and suspicion.

I had a letter to-day from a friend which makes it clear that certain people whom I know to be unscrupulous have been poisoning the minds of my friends in New York against both him and me. You have known of me for quite a no of years and you ought to know that I have always behaved with

absolute decency and generosity and that I would not mix myself up with any thing doubtful.

The distress we are now in is absolutely not our fault, it is due precisely to this scandal mongering. I have been a very good friend to friends of yours and hope you will think this the right moment to show yourself a good friend to friends of mine.

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(In A.C.'s hand)

I expect to be married shortly. My f(riend) h(ere) cannot help me adequately till he has put through certain business. We need 1000 dollars urgently. Will you lend this amount? We can repay you within 3 months. I have always acted straightforw arldly; please realize that I shall never consent to any base action. Your attitude of suspicion is most unjust. Certain unscrupulous people have must have poisoned the minds of my friends in N(ew) Y(ork). I hope you will do all in your power to relieve my present distress; the cause is just that evil-speaking!

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(Draft of a letter to Aumont.)  
June 16.

Can't you see that we are ~~starving~~ stewing and starving to no purpose. ~~Can't you~~ The thing to do is to sell the translations (by Aumont into French of works by A.C. T) as they are and get an advance to have leisure to make the final revisions. We can apparently get you a job-an easy one where you would be speaking Eng(lish) all the time at 1000 f(rance p(er) mo(nth). We can probably supplement this from our own funds if things go as they should. But when we said 2000 f(rancs) every one jumped. To Parisien ears the amount seemed enormous. I strongly advise you to take this which is offered. By the autumn at latest you ought to have found something better and in your own line. You had better telegraph me if you are willing to accept

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Frank Bennet to A.C. (Probably 1925) 9  
Frank Bennet. Viceroy of Baphomet in Australia.  
Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.  
Grand Master Baphomet.

Your letters to hand in which I note your remarks re the four persons whose names I sent as members of the A..A.. These persons are intending and have promised to become members, as soon as proper authority and papers are sent. They were anxious to begin, so I lent them my books until we get others from England. There are many others waiting to join, but I would not take them until I got the papers.

I hold a meeting every Sunday night and there is now a growing interest...

We are getting more people every Sunday, and it will soon be a big thing. I expect now to get candidates as fast as we can initiate them. I intend to take two (man and wife) through the first degrees on April the eighth. I will write every month, now that I know you get my letters.

Love is the law love under will

Yours radiantly

Frank Bennett e

A.C. to Karl Germer. 55 Avenue de Suffren Paris.  
23 Nov 28 - ? 25?  
Care Frater Saturnus

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

A note on salesmanship. You should try to sell this novel (Moonchild. T) to a publisher as being a realistic account by me, and not by any other person, of the intimate details of the magic of the secret orders. It will strike anyone to whom you show it that the manuscript is highly libellous, but you can explain that this is an asset and not a liability; that the people chiefly libelled are dead, and that in view of all the facts within my knowledge it is a thousand to one against any of the survivors coming into court to wash their dirty linen in public. If they did so, at the worst they can only collect nominal damages and in the meanwhile the book will have received a huge advertisement. The book should be offered preferably to a firm which would like scandal.

Love is the law love under will

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Extract from a letter or letters by A.C. of the subject of the Theosophical Society. Dated probably 1925.

I am making enquiries as to whether Leadbeater is in London, but it does not matter, he is not seeing anybody. He had to be dragged off a platform some little while ago in Australia because he started raving, and I think it is only a matter of a few weeks before he is entirely out of it. They are at least obliged to tell everybody that he has become much too holy to communicate with any one except the great ones beyond the range, and we all know what that means.

We have already seen how the thinking sensible and thinking members of the Theosophical Society are beginning to feel discontented at the unproved assertions of Mrs Besant and refuse to swallow all the jargon she has been preaching about the cult of Alcyone and the coming Christ without adducing a scrap of evidence but only on the strength of her spiritual



insight which she has been so vaingloriously claiming to possess.

F T Brooks has gone (over) to (the) Aryasamaj.

Wilton Mack of Australia has been warning all Theosophists there against the esoteric teachings of Mrs Besant, thus incurring her displeasure, which was displayed by her stopping the supply of 'Theosophist' which had for many years been supplied to him gratis.

Babu Bhagavand as the general secretary of the Indian section has written a vigorous protest against Mrs Besant's teaching of the Alcyonic cult, and has refused to take the Esoteric Section pledge.

Mr Graham Pole, one of the staunchest Scotch Theosophists, and the general secretary of the Scotch section, has also refused to take the pledge in which the Esoteric Section members were asked to "Believe without cavil or delay all Mrs Besant's statements in their relationship with the Theosophical movement and the Coming of the Christ" and will probably secede from the Society.

Many Parsi Theosophists have also given up their connection with it. It is only in Southern India, in the benighted Presidency, that some influential judges have been lending their weight of their name and position, one of them at least knowing fully all the events which led to the precipitated flight of Leadbeater to Italy, with no immediate prospect of his return to India.

Now comes other news.... Dr Weller Van Hook has given up the general secretaryship of the American section. The importance of this announcement can only be known to those who knew the part played by Dr Van Hook in the re-admission of Leadbeater to the Theosophical Society. In short he was the sturdy champion of Mr Leadbeater's grossly improper teachings and practices, and one who gave out that a 'Master' had appeared to him and bade him justify these filthy teachings.

True to his perversion Bishop Leadbeater fell deeply 'in love' with Master van Hook, and somehow managed to get him along with his mother to Adyar. Mr Leadbeater professed to read the past lives of this boy, and gave out that he was a great personality (Orion) and predicted a great future for him. He soon became the pet of Dr Annie Besant and used to be seated by her during the Esoteric Section meetings, and much fulsome homage was paid him by the members, until Bishop Leadbeater met X (Krishnamurti).

The more docile and obedient Brahmin lad completely superceded the American youth and the Bishop, for obvious reasons, transferred all his 'love' to the Brahmin lad and neglected young van Hook altogether, much to the chagrin of his mother who, however, soon reconciled herself (money speaks all languages) to the change over, and on the advice of Dr Besant, acknowledged that Alcyone (Krishnamurti) was far greater than her son (Orion).

Dr Annie Besant, Bishop Leadbeater, and many others have within the space of a generation made the Theosophical Society the object of supreme loathing and contempt.

I was once at a gathering of a theosophical character when the speaker, an unsexed freak of a woman, launched a trenchant attack against smoking. When an individual who looked like a man somewhat timidly pointed out the Madame Blavatsky was an inveterate smoker, and that many of the 'Masters' indulged in the weed, she tossed her cropped head and said: "I don't care; personally if I were to see the Lord smoking, I would tell Him about it."



A.C. to Tom Driberg. Dec 1926

Dear Brother

Ghastly your tragedy indeed; with the comic relief of your calling yourself a communist. Normally, one slides imperceptibly into the slime of bourgeois ideas. But, in your case, your being chosen for the Work, and you having signed the pledge form, there will be a swift and devastating punishment which, "if it were graven with a needle upon the eye-corners, would be a warning to such as would be warned."

I foresaw this booby-trap over six months ago and put you on your guard. As to your adviser, why should you respect the opinion of this anonymous person who urges you to play the coward and break your word? Also to listen to anybody is a mug's game; you should always see for yourself. I warned you about this too. Well, you have broken every magical law, and you must take what's coming to you, I suppose; but I wished you had come to me otherwise than as damaged goods. d

P.S. Lest you should be in any doubt as to the issue, I invite you to inquire into the career of V(ictor) N(euberg) who left the Work for one Jeanne H'. Examine his poetry by periods, (1) before he met me; (2) while he worked with me; (3) from the time he met J.H. till she killed herself...and he wrote satires over her dead body; (4) after his partial and reluctant return to the Work; (5) after fading out altogether. This is but one of a dozen cases.

P.P.S. The people who have attacked me are to be found in three places; prisons, lunatic asylums, and cemeteries. If there are one or two still going about it is because I myself broke the Magical Law and forgave them. I am sorry I cannot reassure you in the ordinary sense of the term. All I can do is to assure you that again that once any person has been chosen to take a prominent part in the Work he is kept on the straight path by just such severities as are necessary to enlighten him and to bring him back to his appointed course, if he persists in kicking against the pricks. If he continues to turn away deliberately after being warned, he can at last get himself given up as hopeless, - in which case he is spiritually destroyed. The powers which he has failed to develop are taken away from him. See the case of Glindon in Lytton's 'Zanoni', and any number of examples in the last twenty years which I can tell you about when I see you

A.C.

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A.C. to Tom Driberg. From Paris 18 Jan 1927.

Care Frater

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

Thanks for your letter of January 14th. I should have thought that you would have already observed something of the nature of the punishments incurred by breaking Magical laws. I wouldn't mind betting a bob that something special has already happened since the receipt of my letter.

You say you cannot see how you have broken the Magical Law, and it is difficult to explain to you why the laws are what they are, because you will persistently refuse to give me a chance to explain. But if you look through my letters from the beginning, you will notice that there are several things that I have persistently advised you to avoid. But you have done those things. And the present situation - which incidentally hurts me as much as it



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it does you-may be attributed entirely to your neglect of this advice.  
In particular it is absolutely forbidden to the aspirant to have  
anything to do with women until he has  
(here a page is missing)

forgotten the whole business. The only exception to this is for the  
purpose of taking advantage of your act of 'atonement'-if you must make  
jokes! You should communicate by telegram with Mrs M Curtis Webb, 87  
Victoria Street, immediately on receipt of this. Arrange to go and see her  
if you are able to get away for a day; and if not, ask her to fix a day to  
come to Oxford to see you. She will put the whole situation before you,  
and consult with you as to the possibilities of something being done to  
assist the work.

With regard to the pamphlet! The 'Method of Thelema' is nearly what  
is wanted, but I am now at work on a nother which is better. But it is very  
difficult for me to get any work done ~~ne-under~~ at all in my present  
circumstances. Anyhow you can arrange all that with Mrs Webb. And the friend  
who want to meet me will do ~~better~~ much better to meet her, at least in the  
first place. I am not going to see anybody except you, until they have been  
passed by her as eligible.

I am afraid all these injunctions may seem very arbitrary and unrea-  
sonable, but when you come to understand the conditions of the Work, and have  
some experiences, you will not be surprised that one has to act in a very  
unusual manner, on principles whose basis is quite beyond the comprehension  
of the uninitiate.

(Remainder of letter mis sing.)

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A.C. probably to Tom Driberg in 19 26 or 1927.

(First two pages of letter ~~miss~~ missing)

You say that it is a little hard to be warned of a certain fact, and  
in the next sentence you talk of threats. Is it really necessary for me to  
point out the difference between a threat and a warning? I only ask  
because almost everybody screams with terror and rage about this matter. If  
I say to you, if you drink tincture of iodine in large quantities, it is  
likely to disagree with you, you go a little far in assuming that I am the  
secret agent of a ring intent on lowering the price of iodine.

I mention this because, in order to establish proper relations  
between us, it is only necessary th at we should meet face to face. The  
first time you got jaundice or something, and then thought it not worth  
while coming down to Tunis for only a few days. The second time you  
were stopped from coming altogether by events more serious than jaundice.  
The third time your will to meet me has been so weakened that you put me  
off with an obviously shallow excuse. But I want you to notice that the  
difficulty in our meeting increases with every failure to grasp opportu-  
nity. Your spiritual nature has been sapped by insidious methods until now,  
instead of a mere question of convenience, it has become a terrible ordeal  
for you to meet me.

In the beginning a trivial effort would have been sufficient to over-  
come the obstacles. At present you can find, no doubt, a thousand cogent  
reasons for postponing the interview. At this point I refer you to the Book  
of the Law: "Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!"

In the beginning I was sinderely anxious that you should find do  
nothing whatever to compromise you or agree. In all probability this was  
one more of my Magical mistakes. It is a relic of my Osirian upbringing that  
I should bother about my own career, or any one else's. Now at the

present moment, no doubt, you have to make a very serious effort to overcome heavy chains in order to come over and see me.

Let this be a lesson to you. If you neglect doing the right thing at the first moment, it becomes progressively harder to do it. But what I want to say is, "The only really important thing is for me to hear what this man has to say, and to hell with everything else!" I remember a case of a similar, though not so important a character, where the man wanted to see me (Note. Probably Frank Bennett. T) and had lived in Australia, and all I could say to him was, "If there is any difficulty about your passage, swim!" He said he would, and immediately the steamer took him, and he got in three weeks (Stay at Cefalu. T) what he had been looking for for 17 years.

I notice that you are of an extremely sensitive type, and sensitiveness is the passive half of genius. I want to develop in you the positive aspects of your character, for otherwise you will remain a prey to the prey of every casual impression, and fail to impose your personality on the world..

I should be glad if you would write to me by return of post, acknowledging receipt of this letter, and signify your acquiescence. After that, it will be as well to make your plans for joining me through Mrs Webb.

I had better mention that my plan is to go to Egypt to complete the work begun in Cairo in 1904 e.v., and that the ideal arrangement would be for you to go with me. When does Term end?

Love is the law, love under will

Yours fraternally r

Dorothy Olsen,

A.C. to Dorothy Olsen, Paris 13 Feb 1929

Dear Mab.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law  
Will you please tell Helen Maidsley that because she is a low bitch, it does not follow that other people like her. I do not allow people to write of me in the terms she employs. If I had time to go after her, I would put her where she belongs, in clink.

Love is the law love under will

A.C.



*New rituals written O.T.O. 1918-19*

Drafts of miscellaneous letters by A.C. in the same note book.

A.C. to Murray (Undated but Dec 1924. Draft in hand of Dorothy Olsen.)

I have yours of Dec 17, please first note that M Aumont has not yet received the books I sent for. If you have mislaid the list, please send a set of the Equinox, the rest can wait.

O.T.O. Entirely new rituals were prepared by me in 1918-19. There should be copies of these among the Cephalu papers. Frater Achad has copies.

I don't think it is any use making appointments which might turn out to be unsuitable. Consider yourself Acting Deputy Grand Master General. Do everything on your own authority and report to me at intervals for confirmation. It is never possible in starting things to keep the strict rules. Your general idea of procedure is good.

Hammond has the VII degree. He was a great fool to lose his shirt. For had he gone on to the IX degree he might have cleansed his skin (Note. He suffered from a skin disease. T)

The real point is that you O.P.V. (Norman Mudd. T) and Estai (Jane Wolf. T) having come under Cefalu rule already possess a fair idea of the IX degree. That confers a kind of unofficial authority. We can regularize all these matters later. You are of course the ideal man to prepare drafts for me to revise and sign. Note that the Golden Book was never returned (by ?

Cowie) (I really think serious steps should be taken about Watt Williams. on). You might ask Farron to visit me at Tunis on his way back from India.

Collins. Leave alone at present the question of the Hag simply demanding compensation for the sabotage of the Drug Fiend. Shakespeare and Co in Paris ordered copies and were put off with excuses, they only got them by insisting. You should get definite proof of this, it would make things very unpleasant for Collins.

Jones. Wake up Lamb.

Reports. Yes keep going. I am now in a little Arab House near Tunis and have plenty of time to attend to business.

Ephemeris. Received with thanks.

Horoscope. Received with thanks.

O.P.V. letter. I concur generally but think I should add some remarks and suggestions. The main idea in my mind is this, I am elaborating and revising the MSS (of the Hag. T) very thoroughly. The best plan and one which would quite overcome Collins objection is get Noble Hall to prepare from the first draft an edition not exceeding 250000 words prepared with an eye to (a) vindication. (b) appetizing the public. This could be issued by Collins or another publisher. You might try Grant Richards in the ordinary way. A cleverly written (sic. T) as Hall could do it, it ought to save the whole situation.

One of my chief ideas in printing the prospectuses I did, was to induce a private capitalist to pay for the printing. For this I had to show a large possible profit. If we could get the money it would be much best to go ahead on the original lines. Frank Harris did this with his Life and Loves and people paid the price alright, simply on the scandal. Revising Raymond Radclyffe's figures, 250000 words, two volumes, 3 to 5 hundred sets, subscription price 4 guineas, forty per cent discount to the trade. I do not at all agree with O.P.V.'s estimate of expence. Prospectuses and advertising too low, retyping much too high (what are Jane and Leah

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for) printing etc much too low again.

I quite agree that we should not trouble about the possible profit on this small edition. If Noble Hall will undertake this work, it ought to be easy to sell American rights at once. They can further be tempted by offering them additional material from the first draft. Various spicy passages so that they really have a different book. I think it absolutely essential to get Noble Hall to do this. Thank God I can write a book of the ad captandum order. Montgomery Evans has given me another address. I enclose his letter, you would better deal with him. I don't know quite what he is Agent, maybe anything.

93 93 Yours fraternally.

P.S. There is a temporary shortage of supply in these parts. I authorize you to sell up to 50 per cent of the stock en bloc in the Charing Cross Road. Its only ground bait. The distribution should arouse public interest and we can re-coup on the remaining 50 per cent. Should you wire me £50 at any time or even £100, it will not spoil my digestion. Lose no time.

Dec 14 1924 11.15 AM 19 Sept

A.C. to Lea Hirsig. (Undated draft in Dorothy Olsen's hand.  
Dear Alostrael 93.

Yours of Dec 16 might have depressed me had we not just got into a little Arab house at Sidi You Said with no conveniences and nothing to eat and no hope of getting it.

I am not so stupid as you think. I had hoped to touch your sense of humour. We are supposed to be here for four months, but they will probably break in and find our skeletons in one (sic. T) You have to deal with the crime the kidnapping of Hansi by Leah's sister T in the country where it was committed, hence extradition instructions. I will write to Bill (Seabrook ? T) and Mrs Clark.

You don't read my letters carefully. I never said the Hag is not integral. It is integral. You should marry Aumont, he does that all the time. Murray is doing admirably. I can't see why you should be jealous, which is what it sounds like. O.P.V. seems very much better. I think I wrote that line 5 of Hexagram XLV had come off. I think the Hexagram is exhausted as line 6 followed it within 2 days. I shall take a new one this Solstice. Exhausted.

Your idea of going through the grades is a good one. Please send seal. Send a copy of the Butts-Maitland group to O.P.V. with a copy of my suggested letter press. Perhaps Noble H(all) can improve the letter. I find it difficult to believe in your diary. Anyhow if you do it publish Ninette's with it. Your internal troubles remind me of Mudd's. You want steady common sense with indifference to your condition. No Beaudelaire enclosed as stated. Aumont received XX CCXX and S(imon) I(ff). Yours of Dec 14. All very good.

Yours ever.

Draft in Dorothy Olsen's hand about the Hag (or Confessions).

The enclosed prospectus is a general prospectus. The idea is to issue separate prospectuses for each volume as it goes to press giving a précis of the contents of that volume. The book already exists in MS



and contains over 600000 words, the author is revising this draft. It appears that many people who would normally subscribe to such a work are afraid to do so because of a number of recent flascos. ~~I~~ want to capitalize the production in ~~substantially~~ such a way as to guarantee subscribers against possible loss. This can be done in several ways. (1) ~~I~~ induce a capitalist to undertake the whole production. (2) ~~Get~~ sufficient subscriptions to enable us to have the production guaranteed by a bank. (3) Secure the ~~capital~~ ~~capital~~ required by the sale of either the American book rights or several rights or both. For this last purpose the proposition is to sell the M.S. as it stands- the editor or publisher to choose the material he requires (10,000 or 200,000 words) according to his needs.

to his needs.

With regard to the sale of the big work, we rely on (1) the reputation of the author (2) the fact of the book being "privately printed" in Paris (great care will however be taken not to raise trouble

with the Customs) (3) various stunts to be brought off by the author during the period of publication.

The above plan is part of a larger scheme. We possess

- The above plan is part of a larger scheme for the sale of the following:
- (a) stock of printed books to value of some £40,000
  - (b) the copyrights of the above
  - (c) unpublished M.S.S. representing the work of the past ten years
  - (d) Plays, scenarios etc
  - (e) the good will of the whole business.
- The author was producing between £2000 and £3000 per year.

The activity of the author was producing between £2000 and £3000 a year at the outbreak of the war, which caused complete temporary suspension of the business. We were not able to reconstitute it for lack of working capital. It slowly recovered from 1919 to 1922 and then scored a striking success in the publication of the Diary of a Drug Fiend, but this was immediately spoilt by the attacks of the gutter press. This can however be turned into an asset given adequate capital and proper business management.

Nothing is required to realize enormously on all of these assets but the partnership of a business man with some knowledge and understanding of the publishing business prepared to give his time to its development and to invest in it a sum of money which has been calculated by experts at from £1500 to £4000.

A.C. to ~~Mudd~~ Murray. 3 Jan 25 . Draft in hand of Dorothy Olsen.

C.F. 93

C.F. 93  
Yours to hand. I decline to answer it. That is just what they told me, that you would waste time on questions of formality when the house was on fire. You get something done and I'll back you up and any one who questions your legal status rights will get what the camel got where the camel got it. Fail, and no amount of sheepskin will save your sheep's brain.  
Yours fraternally.

P.S. Don't you see that all these titles and rules are intended only to throw dust in the eyes of fools. They are its bonds for the slaves who

and contains over 600000 words, the author is revising this draft. It appears that many people who would normally subscribe to such a work are afraid to do so because of a number of recent flascos. We want to capitalize the production in ~~substantially~~ such a way as to guarantee subscribers against possible loss. This can be done in several ways. (1) Induce a capitalist to undertake the whole production. (2) Get sufficient subscriptions to enable us to have the production guaranteed by a bank. (3) Secure the ~~capital~~ required by the sale of either the American book rights or several rights or both. For this last purpose the proposition is to sell the M.S. as it stands- the editor or publisher to choose the material he requires (10,000 or 200,000 words) according to his needs.

With regard to the sale of the big work, we rely on (1) the reputation of the author (2) the fact of the book being "privately printed" in Paris (great care will however be taken not to raise trouble

↑                      ↑                      ↑

with the Customs) (3) various stunts to be brought off by the author during the period of publication.

The above plan is part of a larger scheme. We possess

- (a) stock of printed books to value of some £40,000
- (b) the copyrights of the above
- (c) unpublished M.S.S. representing the work of the past ten years
- (d) Plays, scenarios etc
- (e) the good will of the whole business.

The activity of the author was producing between £2000 and £3000 a year at the outbreak of the war, which caused complete temporary suspension of the business. We were not able to reconstitute it for lack of working capital. It slowly recovered from 1919 to 1922 and then scored a striking success in the publication of the Diary of a Drug Fiend, but this was immediately spoilt by the attack of the gutter press. This can however be turned into an asset given adequate capital and proper business management.

Nothing is required to realize enormously on all of these assets but the partnership of a business man with some knowledge and understanding of the publishing business prepared to give his time to its development and to invest in it a sum of money which has been calculated by experts at from £1500 to £4000.

A.C. to Mudd or Murray. 3 Jan 25. Draft in hand of Dorothy Olsen.

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P.S. Don't you see that all these titles and rules are intended only to throw dust in the eyes of fools. They are its bonds for the slaves who



serve. What I want is answers to my questions, reports on what is being done.

You must realize something on part of that stock, and cable me at least £20 within 48 hours of receiving this. I think it is simply disgraceful that I have not yet received the Hag type script for which I cabled you 1000 francs six or seven weeks ago. You wrote you were sending an instalment before Xmas. Where are those scenarios? Where are the books to be sent to me and those to be sent to Aumont and you write me letters about the extent of your jurisdiction

-----  
A.C. to Marion (? who) Feb II/25. Draft in hand of "lostrael."  
Dear Marion. 93.

Thank you for your friendly letter. Philo et lib are interesting but their study must be suspended on the presence of crime. In some states of the Union and those not the least worthy of respect, kidnapping is punishable with death. There is no capital punishment in Italy and Mrs B may consider it the most fortunate day of her life when she is safely in jail in that country. *Her sister who kidnapped her on Hann*

P.S. If you could see Leah as she is in consequence of Alma's felony you would understand that no punishment could be severe enough for so ignoble a crime. \* 322

(Note. Alma, one of Leah's sisters had removed Hansi, Leah's child, from Cefalu and taken him to America, as she said in his interests. T)

-----  
A.C. to Fanny (probably II Feb 25. Draft in Leah's hand.)  
Dear Fanny.

You seem to have been misinformed. On certain points with regard to myself, but be assured that I never let go. If I have the state of the case correctly, you are an accomplice after the facts in the kidnapping of Hansi H. I strongly recommend you to consult the nearest lawyer as to the implication of this and for your peculiar comfort let me tell you that I have the power to punish and that I mean to exercise it.

-----  
Feb 14 1925. Draft in hand of Leah.

There is no doubt about this proposition being a good one, for ordinary publishers would take it up at once if they were not afraid that it would hurt their other business. The existing business is quite big enough to form the nucleus of a new publishing company house, headquarters in Paris, principal business to issue very small well produced editions of rare old and curious works. We possess some thousands of MSS dating from 1400 to 1600 some of which would be very valuable publications. They have been the property of the oldest of the Secret Societies of Europe.

(Note. This refers to Tränker's library. As A.C. quarrelled with him a little later, he never was able to handle his books. T)



1925

A.C. to Mrs Clarke. No date. Draft in hand of <sup>B</sup> Barron. *reproached me*

I can't understand what has happened to you. You ~~approach~~ <sup>reproached me</sup> spontaneously, indulge in an extended correspondence and then drop everything in the middle. The last letter I had from you mentioned that you had an appointment to see ~~Otto Kahn~~ and that you were going to report the result by the next mail. Get down to business. Favourable developments of the greatest importance have recently taken place. I consider it vital that you should be in Europe in June to attend a conference of the Chiefs.

*Murray Murray*

A.C. to ~~Mudd~~. Draft in hand of <sup>B</sup> Barron.

Angry that the money for typewriting was spent otherwise; considering the necessity of the case your proper course was to wire me for more which I should have sent at once. I should have thought that a haddock had more sense. I have ~~got~~ to have a copy of the whole of the Hag somewhere safe and I can't feel that anything ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> safe under the existing circumstances. Leah has sent a list of the books at Paris. I do not find the two annotated copies of 777 in this list. I do not think she ever had 'em. Most of the MS was taken down by O.P.V. and Saayman and I never saw any copy after dictating it. Mudd must have it and you must dig it out of him if you have to use a gimlet. I want to go on with it. Aumont has not received any Equinoxes. I have written repeatedly since early October, not only are they not received but Mudd actually prevented Barron from bringing a set when he proposed to do so. Send insured a complete set of all unpublished magical diaries. Get the twelve cases now in the hands of the Customs sent out to ~~me~~ here. Mark of the Beast Ritual. Report daily, send this report weekly. ~~we are sending you money~~ <sup>But the Customs want some of the cases. 9-77</sup>

A.C. to Leah (?) Draft in hand of <sup>B</sup> Barron.

We are sending you money by cable so that you can come down by the ~~One~~ Grevy, leave Paris by an evening train on Tuesday. If the cash is not sufficient wire c/o PLM transfer agent Marseilles. Go direct to the Grevy to see if there is anything for you. I want all magical books and MSS, Wand and anything else you think I am likely to require. If you have the two annotated copies of 777 bring them.

Draft in the hand of Leah.

Among the public figures at the present time the most fascinating figure is that of A.C. Among the English speaking races few have not heard of him and his exploits in some form or another. Among the literary men of England and America and a select but few discriminating ~~people~~, he holds a certain and assured position as a poet and playwright. The sporting fraternity know of his success as a mountaineer, explorer, big game hunter, in addition to other minor achievements. As a player of serious chess he has only once been beaten by any amateur. His reputation throughout the world amongst students of the occult is that of the most powerful magician known and one who has ~~penetrated~~ <sup>penetrated</sup> more deeply than others into the Occult Secrets of Nature and the obscure by-paths of the Soul.

The newspapers both of England and America have thrown about this interesting personality a glamour which has made his name familiar to the mass who have never seen or perhaps even heard of his writings (except for the D(rug) F(riend), which have been privately published in very limited editions.

19 a

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The newspapers both of England and America have thrown about this interesting personality a glamour which has made his name familiar to the mass who have never seen or perhaps even heard of his writings (except for the D(rug) F(iend), which have been privately published in very limited editions.



Mr C(rowley) possesses the copyright of some--- unpublished books as well as some works existing in <sup>M</sup> ready for immediate publication. Among these are his Memoirs, some detective stories, a complete novel The Butterfly Net, countless essays, poems and writings of considerable Occult value. Publishing houses of England and America while recognizing the attractive ~~form~~ and even genius displayed in his works are not prepared to ~~risk~~ associate their names with his.

The reason for this is due to the attack made on Mr C by the S(unday) E(xpress) in connection with his institution at Cefalu. The result of this attack was to scare W. C(ollins) and Co publishers of the D(rug) F(riend) into throwing the remainder of the edition into the market at remnant prices. It also caused them to break their contracts of his Memoirs which run into a million words, as well as the S(imon) I(ff) stories. The fact that a conservative firm like Collins and Co realized the market value of Mr C and had it not been for the S.E. articles would have made these works one of the season's features is sufficient evidence of their value.

The D.F. has as a matter of fact been translated into French with every possibility of being published next year. German translations of Mr C's most important works are in contemplation. As a matter of fact one work is actually under translation. These facts are mentioned only in order to emphasize the commercial value of Mr C's works. In the second hand book market the ~~value~~ of his published works is rising. For instance it is impossible to get a copy of Book 777 originally issued at 7 shillings for less than 3 guineas. Second hand prices of many other works are in proportion. Mr C has a stock of works ready printed and housed in London valued at about £10,000 and at his depot in Chicago a nearly equivalent amount, besides the Rariora valued at 17000 dollars. He proposes a business arrangement in which the copyright of all published works and unpublished MSS and his stock of books shall be pooled in partnership with any one who will conduct the business side of a publishing house. The minimum capital necessary would be £5000 or 25000 dollars.

These works were well printed on good paper before the world war and would now cost very much more to issue in their existing form. It may be mentioned that Mr C is busy on a revised and enlarged edition of Book 777, which work is completely out of print and for which at least 500 subscribers could be obtained within a month of the issue of the prospectus. It is suggested that this statement should be verified by any, any prominent occultists in England and America, and attention is invited to original press notices in Occult magazines on the extreme value of this work.

-----  
Draft in Leah's hand.

A.C.

A baffling personality, has extreme simplicity and in many directions directions innocence, gives to an observer a totally erroneous impression. To many persons who glance at the life of A.C. and find him pre-eminent in many spheres from mountaineering to magick and chess playing to cycling he appears to be a poseur. His occult doctrine, free as it is from Christian ethics is at first sight extremely repulsive and causes one to picture a monster of iniquity. But when one meets the man it is bewildering to find him a Puritan at heart.

spheres  
ethics ethics

*? who was she.*  
A.C. to Asta Feb 26/25 Draft in hand of Leah.

Thank you so much for your letter. The affair of your priceless parures is disapserating (~~sic~~.T) It was the fault of the lunatic who sent them to France long after we had shaken the its concierges off our feet. Since then there has been a passionate correspondence with the B. T. which I cannot pretend to follow. We have paid several thousand dollars in duty and storage and nothing happens, but seriously it is no fault of D(orothy Olsen)'s, she has done everything possible. You say she took care of them for you in Paris, but that is not the case. She has never seen them and hopes humbly to be permitted to die in peace.

~~By the way she adds a letter to you on the subject of~~

By the way she addressed a letter to you on the subject to 87 instead of 81 by mistake. I was very sorry to hear that you were ill and decd (? deceased.T) Your subsequent marriage came as a shock. What you say about love makes my heart bleed for lucre. I entirely agree with you about sensitive beauty. I am rather of that nature myself.

I myself have no idea why you told me all that, but it is very charming of you and I hope you will tell me some more.

I think I ought to warn you that you have married a very dangerous man ~~and~~ who is at present living in the utmost misery in Madagascar. I am writing him by the same mail.

As you say the eclipse must have been glorious. My congrats to Paul for having worked it so effectively. Next time will he please have the shadow fall where I can get some of the fun. Here we had to make the best shift we could with an old umbrella.

A.C. to ? 26 Feb 25. Draft in hand of Leah.  
Care Frater 93.

*Golden Dawn*

I was very excited to receive your letter. It is certainly very strange the way things have come about. You seem to have arrived just at the time when we can usefully cooperate. I don't think I knew you as well as the old G.D. crowd but I hear that you have written some really ~~serious~~ quite serious books on the Tarot etc. I was in fact thinking of getting in touch with you when your letter arrived from a blue sky.

You do not say what grade you attained in the G.D. I should like to know if any serious teaching at all was ever issued in the Second Order. It is extremely important at this particular juncture that I should have all possible information of the history of the G.D. since 1900 for historical purposes. I do not mean merely academic sense but for very serious practical purposes which will be clear to you in due course. I can here say no more but that big events are in preparation, and I say this chiefly to prepare you for a letter relating to organisation of the work. You do not say whether you are in touch with Frater Achad.

I remember little of your nativity or talismans but have a very clear recollection of you as a man with a thoroughly sound point of view and one who meant to get somewhere. In a student of the Occult this is about as rare as an okapi on an iceberg. Sanders can only be treated with complete contempt. (The following para in these brackets is scratched out.T. "Do you know of one Frank McCourt? He has some good points and might be useful in a subordinate capacity. He has not the qualities



necessary to get over the threshold") D or F Sturgis I know fairly well. He is supposed to be doing some small work in conjunction with me, but all I get out of it is voluminous ravings. He knows a good deal but it is all undigested. He gets almost hysterical at the mere sound of some word that is a little wierd and he probably confuses Adam with Professor Adams. It was the latter that discovered Neptune, the Egyptians ~~and~~ didn't know about it. He The evocation of the Spirit of Neptune seems to have been remarkably successful, if only he had tried something a little more solid.

From your adoption of the Formulae of the Book of the Law, I gather that you are with us, and I hope that we may shortly arrange something a little more definite. You do not even tell me your motto. Was it "Sic itur ad Astra" or "Ad astra per Aspirin."

-----

29 Jan. 1924 !  
Jan 1924 Feb 1940

1924

Dear -

(I am in honest doubt, which is worth half the creeds, as to what noun to employ)

Mourning of Jan 31 reached me at a moment when I have another doubt, whether I am losing my mind, being initiated, or entering second childhood. The stimulus of your letter helped to synthesise the analysed thoughts in question.

I adore you for your mysteriousness. What is "the Bermondsey Book"? The Bridgewater Book in Browning is the nearest I can get to it and that is over 200 miles away. I am not an American professor to shoot a rocket at the moon. ~~miles~~ <sup>alternatively</sup>

I think you are a little unkind to Helen. It suggests that you cannot have fucked her enough, or ~~alternatively~~ that time has dealt with her more unkindly than any conceivable man.

About your coming to Paris. You don't tell me anything definite. "re you an okapi or an armadillo? Your address is a mere convict indication

I regret the moribund condition of the T(heosophical) S(ociety), my twin. Being a healthy animal, I can save her, if we can only undo the operation which divided us. Is someone would get up and show these brébis galeux without a shepherd that I have a crook and am not one, contrary to their previous experience, a really great movement might yet ~~ATIVE~~ thrive, I stand for H.P.B.'s original principles, p-a-t pat. My Irish blood is thrown free in free of ~~extra~~ extra expence; but at the same time give me liberty or give me death.

It required many aeons of thought to unveil the tremendous mystery concealed in your initials 'L.C.C.', which for me have always been associated with those sacred words which I indicate to you under the seal of the 777th degree and a separate fold.

I don't see so much sophism about it as sapphism. For the intercourse between Leadbeater and the dynasty of Jesus Christ's appears to me unworthy of the honourable name of Sodomy. [Krishnamurti?]

I congratulate C.W.L. on his latest Messiah, but personally - ah well, after all I am not quite sure whether these matters are altogether suited to your exalted grade. But please never forget that I am a magician, i.e. a man of science, and that Leadbeater's story of the post-mortem adventures of H.P.B. are just plain lies. I had better mention right now that ~~the~~ practically the whole secret about me is that I stand for the plain truth. Until reaching a quite unsuspectedly high trance quite recently I had really no idea at all of how a matter of that sort affects the remotest departments of human affairs. In one way or the other for instance the fact is ultimately responsible for the whole of the persecution misunderstanding etc about me. (Even if I had the memory or energy it would take me hours, nay days and weeks, merely to record the links of the chain which is perceived simultaneously in the trance of which I speak. Incidentally this experience is connected with my original research about my present doubt. My only hold on sanity is that the chain (so far) has not snapped though what holds the links together is beyond my imagination to conceive. One can only say "other links" which leads to mathematical theories about the continuum with which I will not inflict you. ~~links~~ <sup>sanity</sup>

You interest me much from your habit of mixing with queer fish but do not forget that evil communications corrupt good manners.

Your information is very useful to me, and might be much more so.

links



Part of my sincerity and unpracticability is that I ~~am~~ can not callously put you to good use in such ways. I have to say to you like everybody else- 'get rid of all this muck; get back to first principles of common sense and science, and attend to business. There is too much at stake'. You don't tell me your age, but you can't be very old and messing around with these assorted nuts may find you a very dry and dusty raisin at 50. Come to me that I may trample you under foot and press out wine for the Lord Dionysus.

Notice that you "have your moments of faith in numbers" i.e. you know nothing about them. There is a science of numbers, but it is a science of necessity. If you take it lightly and see coincidences in trivial attributions you will simply dull your sense of the true virtue of numbers and power of numbers and end with the regular symptom of the early stages of some kinds of lunacy.

Yes; when I wrote you to answer me by return of mail I knew what I was doing. I am a Magician. I know, though Crowley does not, until I tell him, what is the matter with you. I am glad you know yourself well enough to realize that if you had thought out a reply it would never have got posted. Similarly you judge rightly that you need to be beaten with rods; and, speaking as a world-famous Sadist, I am the boy you require. I am hesitating as to whether you ought not to break absolutely with your past on all planes and join me once and for all. At least I offer you the option of doing so. That would mean walk out of room 1515 on receipt of this letter and make a bee-line for Paris without consideration of any other sublunary matter soever. To go home to pack a grip would probably lead to your eternal eternal damnation.

It would take me a long time while to explain a summons so outrageously unreasonable. I shall not attempt to do so. "Enough of Be Because! Be he damned for a dog".

That wistfulness is part of it. It is no good your doctor recommending you a sea voyage. You have to be shanghaied. Consider this letter as the knock-out drops. If they work, the situation will become clear to you from the effect of the drug.

Observe that my own hesitation above is merely a symptom of my own weakness. I have no real doubt as to your proper course. I trust in fact that this incident may show me what rotten bad magick it is to treat the candidate gently. If he is good stuff he'll stand anything, and the more he has to stand the better for him. If not, all the palliatives in the world is simply so much waste of time. Get a glimpse of yourself as you are. The words will leap to your lips "Better dead!" Slay yourself therefore with a steady hand and no deliberation. That is the one way of life.

P.S. Cable when you expect to arrive.

A.C. to William Seabrooke (draft in pencil in A.C.'s hand)  
Dear Bill

Lots of talk about you here. Question is - have you played a straight hand? You must have made a very great deal of money on the serial (T. about A.C.) and you must pay me 50 per cent. You wired

Part of my sincerity and unpracticability is that I ~~am~~ can not callously put you to good use in such ways. I have to say to you like everybody else- 'get rid of all this muck; get back to first principles of common sense and science, and attend to business. There is too much at stake'. You don't tell me your age, but you can't be very old and messing around with these assorted nuts may find you a very dry and dusty raisin at 50. Come to me that I may trample you under foot and press out wine for the Lord Dionysus.

I notice that you "have your moments of faith in numbers" i.e. you know nothing about them. There is a science of numbers, but it is a science of necessity. If you take it lightly and see coincidences in trivial attributions you will simply dull your sense of the true virtue of numbers and power of numbers and end with the regular symptom of the early stages of some kinds of lunacy.

Yes; when I wrote you to answer me by return of mail I knew what I was doing. I am a Magician. I know, though Crowley does not, until I tell him, what is the matter with you. I am glad you know yourself well enough to realize that if you had thought out a reply it would never have got posted. Similarly you judge rightly that you need to be beaten with rods; and, speaking as a world-famous Sadist, I am the boy you require. I am hesitating as to whether you ought not to break absolutely with your past on all planes and join me once and for all. At least I offer you the option of doing so. That would mean walk out of room 1515 on receipt of this letter and make a bee-line for Paris without consideration of any other sublunary matter soever. To go home to pack a grip would probably lead to your eternal damnation.

It would take me a long time while to explain a summons so outrageously unreasonable. I shall not attempt to do so. "Enough of Be Because! Be he damned for a dog".

That wistfulness is part of it. It is no good your doctor recommending you a sea voyage. You have to be shanghaied. Consider this letter as the knock-out drops. If they work, the situation will become clear to you from the effect of the drug.

Observe that my own hesitation above is merely a symptom of my own weakness. I have no real doubt as to your proper course. I trust in fact that this incident may show me what rotten bad magic it is to treat the candidate gently. If he is good stuff he'll stand anything, and the more he has to stand the better for him. If not, all the palliatives in the ~~entire~~ treatment in the world is simply so much waste of time. Get a glimpse of yourself as you are. The words will leap to your lips "Better dead!" Slay yourself therefore with a steady hand and no deliberation. That is the one way of life.

P.S. Cable when you expect to arrive.

----

A.C. to William Seabrooke (draft in pencil in A.C.'s hand)

Dear Bill

Lots of talk about you here. Question is - have you played a straight hand? You must have made a very great deal of money on the serial (T. about A.C.) and you must pay me 50 per cent. You wired



"Trust me", and I trusted you. I haven't had a cent from you bar the 50 dollars necessary to collect and mail you the material. (You have not returned it either; do so at once). Now I'm a pretty slack man about cash; but I've been driven to desperation, and its time you realized that I'm not entirely an Easy Mark, and also that my artillery has been renewed and enlarged with some remarkably heavy metal. In point of fact I have come here under an oath to put all other work aside ~~and~~ until I have got square all round.

Now ~~then~~ that means this. You will cable me within 24 hours of the receipt of this letter that you agree to the following terms, with the sum of 500 dollars on account. Within 96 hours you will mail me

- a) the photographs loaned to you
- b) a certified statement of the sums received by you for the serial
- c) ~~a~~ a certified cheque for 50 per cent of that amount less the 550 dollars previously sent.

----  
A.C - ? (From draft in OPV's hand)  
Mon cher Maitre

*possibly*  
*possibly* to Frank Harris

I have just had a little operation and spend most of my time in bed; but if you are still in Paris, I should like very much to see you Monday Tuesday or Wednesday next week. On Wednesday afternoon I have another little operation.

I want to thank you very much for your essay on Wilde. I then think it of the greatest value as a document, representing as it does the only view not Anglo-Saxon of the man. I am contemplating a short essay myself as soon as my health permits. serious work and I hope you will allow me to quote some of your obiter dicta. The English writers on Wilde have all been obsessed by the need to defend either him or themselves, thus naturally rendering their observations almost worthless.

*obsessed*  
I had hoped that you would have written me about my own attempts at prose. Is there any chance of introducing them to the French public? I have not yet received my translations from Mousieur Aumont, but am writing him by this mail asking him when I may expect to receive the first drafts.

----  
A.C - ? (From a draft in OPV's writing, many words abbreviated, and I may not reconstruct them all properly. T.)

Yes you are a genius; you found the right words for my letter. It was indeed a moan. I have really hardly been able to sit up and dictate for a week nay even to eat my food. I cough and fall into a doze and wake to cough again. But I am suddenly better to-day and hope to be up and out tomorrow. I will see that the Rusky (T? Ruskin) gets to somebody at once; I am glad you mentioned the price.

I have 2 main lines of attack about the Teleg (T?) but here is a third which you can work better than I can, so I just remind you of certain facts. The "Quotidien" is the only readable French daily. All sorts of dirty tricks have been tried to interfere with the distribution, but I think they are pulling through and before long they will come to power. (I am beginning to understand French politics a little and Chauvinism will die just as soon as the clear French mind grasps the desperate hidden fact that there is no money in it).

Behind the question looms ~~the~~ dimly the sinister figure of J.C. and you being an old and close friend of his ~~had~~ better write him direct. Nothing could suit his book better than to have a paper printed in English in support of common sense politics. Austin Harrison and I proposed to sell him the English Review 18 months ago, but either he never got the letter which is very likely, or ~~ignored it~~ it, either because he didn't know my name or because the phraseology was too guarded. I should have gone and seen him personally but had no money and Austin... would not put up the £20 or so required for the excursion.

It is hard to get apartments unfurnished in Paris. Some asinine law has made it pay people to throw into them a few ruined chairs and let them at an extravagant price. The situation is absolutely characteristic of the absurdly complicated mischief caused by meddling ~~with~~ in economic laws by well intentioned idiots, though of course the root of the evil is the insane craze of the population to live in cities at no matter what cost of inconvenience and misery; but I have heard of a studio apartment at La Muette for 5000 or so a year. It is a delightful corner of Paris right on the Bois.

I never advocate delay but on the other hand I rarely take notice of letters... but who was to suppose that a house agent could tell the truth. On the other hand I can't see why a man who can get 400000 by the fifth of March couldn't get an advance of 30 per cent on that ~~a week~~ ahead. It's really a very annoying vicious circle. Once

I am out of bed... I should be able to do all sorts of useful things.

But here I am too poor to telegraph or ~~round~~ around Paris freely. Poverty is certainly as you say a dreadful disease and the worst of it is that it is also irrational and ridiculous.

I'll do what I can ~~for~~ about C. In the meantime I really think that the Cailloux suggestion may prove the key to the settlement Fund. Our strong point is the fall of the franc each day must see the number of ~~people well fixed~~ who see their savings merely evaporate automatically ~~to~~ through ~~bigoted~~ resistance to a policy which even is judged on sentimental grounds is knocking the guts out of France in the very teeth of her major economic recovery. A vigorous campaign to drive home the common sense of the situation ought to save the country and allow us to feel that we were repaying her hospitality and kindness.

I wish you would give another thought to that Evening Paper that I told you of the very first time I got here. I have just heard from a good independent source that it is ~~not~~ paying at present ~~not~~ actually paying 120,000 francs a year. That they are offering my friend such extremely good terms shows therefore their absolute confidence in his ability to multiply their profits by ten in a couple of years.

All that is wanted is 150,000 before end of month, when my friend's offer expires. As ill-luck would have it he has been promised ~~and~~ he needs for a few days later, but if he has to ask the paper for delay they will stiffen the price. (T. The friend was Frank Harris)

I wish to goodness you could take this up or put me in touch with likely people. If ~~F~~ (T. I think ~~think~~ this means Frank Harris) buys it I shall be his right hand man and there will be my home (T?) in Paris and everything settled without further trouble just like in a fairy story and its up to you....



Frank Harris and <sup>13</sup> A.C. trying to buy the Paris Evening Telegraph

It is just possible that 100000 would suffice for first payment. My friend offers 50000 repaid within three months for the use of the money. The security, I imagine would be his interest in the paper itself, at any rate you could hardly lose. It is a quite genuine proposition and you could insist on adequate guarantees. If there is any possibility of it coming off you had better wire him to come to Paris and talk it over. Harris, Mexco Nice is sufficient telegraphic address.

Frank Harris to A.C. 29 Jan 24

My dear Crowley

I had a short note today from your M. Mudd saying that you were still awaiting a reply from your German friend and asking me for information as to the Paris Evening Telegram. I am keeping things simmering as I told you, and have the money promised me from one source or another on or before the first of March. Get what you can on your side and we'll all stand in together. If you can get say 300,000 francs and I get the similar sum we'll make the Capital of the paper a couple of million francs, and then see how much we shall want to carry on year by year. In fine we ought to be able to double the money we put in, within the year. I'm sending you the Saturday Review with an article of mine explaining what the franc falls in value. Wilson Young did right to suppress my name; it would have done me harm in Paris and I want to stand well there <sup>why</sup>

Ever yours affectionately.

Frank Harris

P.S. I haven't a Saturday Review by me; it appeared in the issue of the 19th January. [Neither of them could raise any money]

Belgacem to A.C. Nefta 18 Jan 1924

Monsieur.

J'ai l'honneur de vous accuser réception de votre charmante lettre. Je vous bien remerci cher ami. pour ma santé je suis très bien j'espère bien que le votre soit également de même. Je vous prie de me faire connaître si mademoiselle votre fille est toujours avec vous je vous faire connaître que j'etia allé à Tunis vous chercher. Je vous ai pas trouvé cher ami je vous prie cher ami de me m'écrire le plutôt possible pour venir chez vous. Je suis toujours à votre disposition. Bien à vous bien le toujours à mademoiselle votre fille

toujours votre ami

Belgacem ben Amor ? (T an illegible word) Nefta

Adresse Belgacem ben ahmed El Kabeih Nefta.

A.C to Belgacem (T from draft in hand of OPV) He was <sup>an Arab boy</sup> ~~already~~  
50 Rue Vavin Paris 17 Feb they engaged in Nefta

Cher petit amour

Fais ce que veux!

vraiment Je t'aime de tout mon coeur; voila pourquoi je t'écris cette lettre, <sup>un</sup> ~~un~~ peu trop romantique.

Quel dommage que tu ne m'as trouvé à Tunis; mais Allah l'avait écrit parce qu'il voulut te faire subir une plus grande épreuve de ton amour, de ton courage et de ta loyauté. Aussi quelque peu de ton intelligence. Car à ce moment je n'ai pas le moyen actuel de payer ton voyage à Paris- ou à Cefalu, selon tes idées. Mais tu as ma

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Ci-joint quelque renseignements sur les routes etc .  
Tout à toi

--- A.C.'s - mountain climbing

J.H. Doughty to A.C.

For A Crowley Esq.

*(Mudd)* Many thanks for the notes on Wastdale Climbing. Unfortunately Norman sent them too late for use in the Guide. Your account of a climb up the West Face of Low Main was particularly interesting as there seem to have been one or two similar attempts. I had not heard before of yours or the alledged one of Jones, but Mallory (of Everest fame) made one some years ago. Unfortunately all the descriptions of past climbs on this face are very vague. My friend Mr H.M. Kelly, who was preparing the Guide to Pillar, was quite unable to trace Mallory's climb from the description. He himself has in recent years made 3 routes up to Low Main between the Old West and the North West - all harder than the North climb

The Abraham's still pursue their wicked ways. Your prediction about the famous boothold on the Meedle top-block is unfulfilled. Many others have made it from time to time, but threatened holds live long. If you would care for it, I will send you a copy of the Guide when it appears

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E.G. Eckenstien, provided he could get 3 fingers on something that could be described as a ledge by a man far advanced in hashish would be smoking his pipe on the aforesaid ledge a few seconds later and none of us could tell how he had done it; whereas I, totally incapable of the mildest gymnastic feats, used to be able to get up all sorts of places that Eckenstien could not attempt. Now I have never seen Mallory but I would bet quite a little that he resembles me physically quite a lot very much more than he does Eckenstien. This



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a mountain nymph

A.C. on his climb

75

deliberate

sort of deduction (as opposed to the particular incident which may be totally wrong of course) should be extremely valuable in elucidating obscure historical points. The fact is that my theory about the Oread is not wholly a joke. There does ~~seem~~ to be an essential mystery about mountains. The most obvious laws about psychology cease to apply. I could give you dozens of glaring cases. The most notorious concerns the radical upset of most people's minds not only when they are on mountains but merely in their neighbourhood. Again and again I have ~~had to argue~~ listened to arguments between Eckenstein, an advanced mathematician and a man of science, in which his opponent proved quite incapable of appreciating the simplest syllogisms. When the fact was pointed out he would become bewildered and baffled, and as often as not develop an hysterical anger. You must of course have seen quite a number of similar facts, and I should like to know if you have any theories about it. Pathological lying or accusations of it occur in the most irrational way. There are altogether too many examples of perfectly competent men describing in great detail a climb on A without the slightest suspicion that they were on B all the time. I don't believe for a moment that deliberate dishonesty has anything to do with it in a great many cases. Let me give you one literally staggering incident. The Rock of Cefalu is visible both from the Abbey and from the town, ~~passing~~ from one to the other one sees the crags in great detail. There is no possibility in ordinary sense of an hallucination or mistake. Yet I with all my experience after ~~pacing~~ that road almost daily for years, wandering among the crags (I? crops photographing them, sketching them, taking observations with field glasses and so on, did not discover till the beginning of last year that a certain pinnacle visible from the ~~Abbey~~ <sup>alt. view</sup>, and conspicuous as such was not identical with one of its neighbours. I was merely aware of an annoying puzzle somewhere in these rocks. "Why was point A visible from point B?" as it should have been. It was not until I set out definitely to make investigations ad hoc on the spot that the truth appeared. Yet that truth once seen is so plain that I should certainly have thrown my youngest and most favourite disciple from the crags if he failed to remark it at once.

Forgive me for bleating at this length. But I have a real hope that these remarks of mine may be of use to you in your particular investigation. Obviously the Cefalu case is an extreme one, all possible conditions being in my favour. What chance then for error in the description of a comparatively untrained man almost a stranger to the spot in misty weather and so on.

"Threatened holds live long", I didn't expect the hold to go, but merely to be smoothed beyond boot heels. Will you swear that nobody has helped it out from time to time with an axe. Incidentally permit me to recommend your leaving your ? (I possibly alpenstock) behind at home in case you want to repeat or improve upon my climbs on Beachy Head.

Please remember that I am now ~~old~~ <sup>nails will</sup> into my second childhood and that few richer pleasures remain to me than that of receiving notes about those angel-faces which I have loved so long since and lost awhile - such as those with which you have not favoured me



mountain my

A.C on his climbing

75

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A.C. on his climbing

75

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Forgive me for bleating at this length. But I have a real hope that these remarks of mine may be of use to you in your particular investigation. Obviously the Cefalu case is an extreme one, all possible conditions being in my favour. What chance then for error in the description of a comparatively untrained man almost a stranger to the spot in misty weather and so on.

"Threatened holds live long", I didn't expect the hold to go, but merely to be smoothed beyond bootfalls. Will you swear that nobody has helped it out from time to time with an axe. Incidentally permit me to recommend your leaving your <sup>nails</sup> ~~?~~, [I possibly 'alpenstock'] behind at home in case you want to repeat or improve upon my climbs on Beachy Head.

Please remember that I am now ~~well~~ <sup>well</sup> into my second childhood and that few richer pleasures remain to me than that of receiving notes about those angel-faces which I have loved so long since and lost awhile - such as those with which you have not favoured me



Jan 1924

M Martin Holman (of Parker Garret and Co Solicitors  
 M M Holman Hunt (of Parker Garret and Co Solicitors) to A.C)  
 7 Jan 24

Dear Sir.

I was somewhat surprised to receive your letter of the 5th instant. At the time when the Articles dealing with your career appeared in the Sunday Express I had some communication with Mr Hammond and I then told him that as you did not think it necessary to meet the allegations against you I was in some doubt whether my firm would be prepared to act for you any further and I also told him definitely that I should do no more work for you until our outstanding bill of costs amounting to £28.14.0 was paid; that account still remains unsettled. I then heard, I am doubtful now through what channel that your establishment at Cefalu had been broken up by the Authorities and that you had been forced to leave Sicily, and, if this be the case, I certainly would not consider representing you any further over here until I am satisfied that your departure from Sicily had been caused by no fault of your own.

(The following in A.C's hand on the back of above letter)  
 Yours of the 7th.

What you told Mr Hammond is, I fear, like that the soldier said - not evidence. You did not tell it to me. The fact that your alleged account - which I do not remember to have seen however - is outstanding should be reason enough for my declining to fight a corporation with millions at its back. The Sunday Express made sure that I was penniless before printing its lies. I did all I could: and now a man I knew but slightly, a professor - Norman Mudd of Trinity - of mathematics has given up his chair in order to be free to make the truth appear.

My establishment at Cefalu<sup>(3)</sup> is flourishing as usual - thanks for kind enquiries. No accusation has been made against me by any authority in Italy, or reason alleged for Mussolini's action. It could not have been the use of the word Tyrol (as I have done in my Memoirs) for that is a crime punishable with a long term of imprisonment.

Excuse me if I suggest that you may be acting short-sightedly. Our mother-wit should have assumed you in the first week of knowing me that I am a man of honour - the strictest - and extremely sensitive and grateful. The persecution of innocence cannot go on for ever; and when I come out on top you will have reason - moral and material - to be glad that you did your best to help me to win through, as I hope you will; but if not, I hope you are yet man enough to feel ashamed that you did not do your utmost for a man of your own college, a great poet - and a brother Mason - in most undeserved distress.

A.C to Ninette Shumway (T from draft in OPV's hand)

My dearest Ninette

21 Feb

Your letter reached me before my second operation, which went off admirably except that I swallowed the bulk of the inside of my head ... Your letter was a model of composite wisdom and of course the eternal nobility of heart. The last two years have fled by ... I can therefore say at last with a clear conscience that I feel I have kept my word to you. There is really no place in the world to-day which you are not fundamentally fitted to hold; and you are still a very

young woman

...Stick to reading first rate stuff no matter how hard it seems. You should now be near the time when it comes natural to you to find delight in the wisdom of the great men of the world and to be disgusted .. by the balderdash of the ephemeral. Let me repeat: do not worry yourself as to the question "Do I or do I not understand what this man means?" All you have to do is to go on reading and let it sink in. There is an interior apparatus which enables you in the end to make that wonder an essential part of your own spirit. Let me tell you for comfort that I began reading Shakespeare in my teens and have gone on from time to time quite unsystematically almost without purpose, but somehow or other getting back to him now and again; when I went to Neft he was my only companion outside my technical studies and I read him constantly, since then I have been doing the same thing. Now this is what I want to tell you, that in the last week or two any number of passages which I had read again and again with apparent intelligence had always been dead to me, and now they have quite suddenly taken life. Now I want you to trust me that this is a natural process. It is little use beating your head against walls of your own stupidity or giving up your author in despair. If you simply press on making him part of your life the time arises when he comes to light.

~~Now you are after all more a child (?) of the big 4 than any of the others and what they had to do you have to do is simply to get them~~

Now you after all are more in charge of the big 4 (T, the children at Cefalu) than any of the others and what you have to do is simply to get them into the habit of hobnobbing with the masters. Bring them up in short in the best society and don't let evil communications corrupt their good manners. Don't give them bad stuff to read apparently because they understand it and don't understand the first rate... As they grow they will bring forth fruit according to the seeds nature of the seeds which are planted... (illegible). (According)

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A.C - Frank Harris (from very rough draft in OPV's hand)

On Wednesday I got over my operation but was very exhausted and semi-delirious. Have suddenly picked up to-day but am dreadfully sleepy- just able to dictate this note and no more. But I have to say how sorry I am that Nelly has the grippe... At the very same moment I hear that my own pal to whom I ~~put~~ had just written a really hopeful appeal about buying the paper has been ordered to bed, same old story. So God knows when I'll get an answer. But I'll be up and about by Monday at latest unless things take a sudden turn and then I'll be able to run around a bit and make a final effort to push something through.

The luck does seem to be bloody rotten for both of us... but one never knows when it is going to turn without warning.

Please pay adoration (T?) and sympathy to the fair sufferer, which I believe is the correct term and that she may be herself again, nay, that she has already thrown it off.

P.S Great news from London. Wicherly's comely wife unexpectedly put on by the Phoenix. All London and his wife there in full force roaring with laughter any time anyone says cunt and once outside looking shocked when they overhear a whisper sounding anything like F Harris. I am getting tolerant in my old age. I can stand Puritans and I can stand roysterers; but I fear I'll have to live a few years before I cease



[His article on Ruskin]

to vomit at English hyperboly.

P.P.S. Planted Ruskin on James of N.Y.T. The omniscient (T?) ones describe him as a hoggish outlandish barbarian with the face and gestures of a kangaroo and as much idea of literature as George Moore has of Jesus. But he seemed to see the idea and promised to cable New York so I should have news for you by Monday at latest with any luck.

A.C - OPV [In A.C's hand]

50 Rue Vavin 18 March 24

Down trouble

It's hard to say what's happening. I somehow forced myself to get up, get shaved, lunch etc (3 hours altogether) and now 3.30 p.m. after 1½ hours in bed I feel rather better than worse, though utterly exhausted and short of breath and inclined to nausea on reaching bedroom.

The ultimate truth is evidently that my real sickness is moral rather than physical. All my life I have been incapable of taking care of my health in small ways, when it is a question of "good habits" I simply cannot "go out for a walk" on general principles.

I am in fact a very sluggish machine of great power and great inertia. Feed me with an idea, and I get going, and it's hard to stop me. I need above all just now to be convinced practically that I am of some use to the world. This is why a "voluntary contribution" would be of such value: I should feel myself an object of public utility (like Gauguin in Tahiti: "Ah" said the native, seeing him paint "vous etes un homme utile" and P.G. nearly died o'laughing).

However, all this is beside the mark in a way - unless it is to make you more cheerful, while it helps which always helps. There is no change in the prescription therefore my conditions must be radically changed, or I shall constantly relapse. I don't think it would hurt me at all to take on a regular job - say as a publisher's reader, critic to a paper, translator of French books, editor of old texts etc etc. No! on the contrary, almost any such job would be a most valuable method of cure. I need to be taken out of myself above all. I've run the introspection far too hard of late. (Shirley or Collins might conceivably help here.)

Hope to give you good news to-morrow of my proposed "Tribune" deal. About ~~the~~ (T. heroin) I have given you so many of my passing impressions (my foolish habit is to ~~append~~ peak my mood of the moment) that it is no wonder at all if I have misled you. I have thought the matter over very thoroughly in the last few weeks, and can give you (at last) a considered judgement.

1. I have never maintained that any man could stop at any time under any conditions.

2. Favourable conditions are that a man should a) will to stop b) know his True Will c) be able to take steps to carry it out d) be free from physically depressing ~~or~~ stress.

3. I'm all right for a and b. For c I should be all right if I were all right as to d.

4. Given, therefore, that I am safely entrenched at Harelott or some such place, I think there should be little or no trouble in stopping either suddenly or gradually, as may seem desirable. The only caveat is this; I cannot say yet whether the operations have really cured my tendency to dyspnoea: i.e. whether my ~~symp~~ system really needs ~~it~~ (T. heroin), as Jehi Aour's (T. Allan Bennet) did. Time alone can show this.

I shall try to see Bougeois on Thursday or Friday.

5. Failing the establishment of good conditions, I seriously dread the failure of supply. (I think that Winnery, whose address you can get from Lowe and Co. Strafford Street Bond Street, would help us, on being told the actual facts) Complete nervous exhaustion, light-headedness bordering on insanity, total upsetting of digestion and sleep, with every probability of collapse dangerous to life are to be expected in case of withdrawal in bad conditions. Good moral conditions are above all essential. Good food, air and exercise, with an important daily task which must be done and will surely be of use, are imperative. Also reasonable amusement, and someone I love, to talk with etc. That I think sums the case fairly well. Now please remember that this is not merely a question of my personal welfare. It is a test case, the climax of a long series of experiments. It is absolutely vital to the vindication of my theories that I should prove myself master of the matter, unaided by medical specialist "cures". I don't want to have a failure to explain away.

666

P.S. Please send me a copy of a few lines (I) of my best nature poem (2) of my best love poem written a) about 1915 b) last year (4) quotations in all. I a) The City of God or the Fun of the Fair - Damn you for taking The Giant's Thumb or The Golden Rose - preferably a passage describing a sunset. (2) By love I mean sexual passion at its wildest (Quotation must be printable) b) Nefta poem preferred - if none really suitable a Cefalu one. Please find complete passages, but not more than 10 lines apiece at the most. Don't give yourself too much trouble, but I want the quotations p.d.q.

Your letter-card just in. I quite agree. Realize fully that you

I am acting on your advice entirely. You have a free hand, and "Success is your proof".

Friday 8.30 Wednesday 8.30 a.m. I am better again this A.M. after a good night's rest. The moment of waking was very distressful: but a dose of Jarvis potion and a little solid heroin (the first in that form for 2 months - immediate violent activity) have made me better than my normal good form. I have certainly recovered my drug-virginity; which is clear proof that I can stop at will, the moment physical conditions permit of my throwing a little temporary strain on my constitution.

I will write no important letters save via you; and you may use your discretion as to delivering them. Glad you see the jealousy point about A.I. and B.C. Jealousy is the great fault in love: its the false will of the false ego intruding. Hence AL I 41-44.

This A.M. for the first time in my life I feel myself of force to write the true Comment. So cheer up!

w

666

am writing an essay "Prospero, Ariel, Caliban": for this I need the quotations I have written of above. 666

A.C -OPV (T undated in A.C's hand)

Very tired and depressed all day and to-night. Why? Have been out for a few minutes 4 times in last 6 days. Not sufficient energy to appeal to Frank Harris. Monotony of diet upsetting my digestion badly. Chicago Tribune man called yesterday: they seem to want the Hag badly.



Shall I refer him to you to settle business details if I can get a definite "want to buy" out of him?

I need cheering letters and visitors very badly, I don't exactly count the days, but I'm having a pretty poor time, one way and another, and wonder how long I can stick it out-before something cracks so to speak. It's morbid psychology I know: but what do you expect? It is as if the strain of the last few years were suddenly intensified-just as I broke down under it! However, I wrote The Soliloquy of King Henry VI this afternoon. 40 pp in diary. Will try to sell it to Tribune. I hope this letter will not depress you. But you have asked me to refrain from putting the best face on things too much; and you can at least be sure that I'm not painting things needlessly black.

It's 9 p.m. now. I'll keep this open till A.M. in case of a letter from you, and to report latest news.

666

P.S. Tuesday A.M. Feel slightly better, but am not. My conditions must be changed radically before any improvement is to be expected.

P.P.S Bailey's letter, both parcels arrived. Smoking jacket retained- other parcel, not opened, returned to 37 A (T. to Bailey). [T. typist.]

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A.C. to OPV (T. in A.C.'s hand)

Remember Cambridge

March 22 '24 e.v.

Your ghoulisn mystery letter to hand. I shall return it unopened. There can be no question which can shake my whole moral being. You seem to suggest that I may be asked to do something dishonourable. I won't consider the matter for a moment. We agreed on my "masterly inactivity" and your total responsibility. Get through the two over three ordeal and you'll find it all right.

I'm not fit physically in any case to deal with any thing critical. You did me great harm by worrying me about the Abbey. Also, I have paid with a shocking relapse of asthma-catarrh etc for my soliloquy of Henry VI and The Word of the Equinox. I must go on as best I can, doing such work as I can without risking utter collapse. You also must stick to your guns, and carry out the appointed task. Your first job is to get a job yourself (Don't forget billiard table and Boleskine library. Burrows and Watts should help you to dispose of table: they sold it to me for £90 (I think or £'0 in 1899)

It can do no good to throw me off my base. If I can do anything to help, all right: let me know. But don't suggest my doing anything unworthy of my work. And make your demand simply, without giving reasons (and I can see no other reason meaning in your ghoulisn letter mystery. Cut out that ghoulisnness, by the way; that is the Hog-like abortion" complex.

The Beast 666

P.S. Act as if the Gods had everything firmly in hand- They have. Don't get rattled yourself and don't try to rattle me.

I have long since assumed "Tout est perdu - hors l'honneur". I must concentrate on saving that, without distraction of having actual details of disasters to worry over.

----

A.C. to OPV. (T. in A.C.'s hand)

50 rue Vavin. 25/3/24

I am keeping your bombshell unopened for the present (T. it contains, actually it contained a little cash) in case of certain possibilities

Your 'warning' letter caused a rather serious collapse. I must admit to being the prey of anxiety; all round, and especially as to the threatened shortage of ~~heroin~~ (T. heroin), which might lead to a worse physical collapse than you saw while you were here. It seems that feeding up on it gives strength, but it starts asthma, bronchitis and Co until I have accumulated a surplus sufficient to calm the condition from above, just as physical prostration kills it from below. The above may be taken as definite; and I doubt whether at present and in these actual conditions, I have enough reserves of strength to pull through the crisis of complete abstinence as I could do without noticing it if I were properly tended in a decent country place.

This also is important. Your 'ghoulish' letter affected me so seriously that I almost decided to ask you to communicate only through Estal (T. Jane Wolfe), relying on her judgement to write nothing that would knock me down again. But I think it may be settled this way - provided that you understand how critically ill I am, as regards resistance to bad news or gloomy foreboding. I have had real doubts as to how far my reason is to be trusted to stand such trials.

And this is the formula. Let me know nothing at all about the past. Treat me as the new-born babe I am - to be nourished and prepared to be the crowned and Conquering Child. Write therefore nothing at all except plans and hopes for the future. I understand my ordeals to this point, that my rebirth must be complete, with no taint of inherited syphilis from A.C!

I hope strongly that you will be able to arrange for my leaving here before next Monday. The monotony, solitude, absence of nursing etc are working steady and deadly mischief. My spirit is infinitely purer and stronger than it has ever been in my life; but my flesh is shockingly weak. E.g I am trying to sell the serial rights of the Hag to the Chicago Tribune. Their man saw me yesterday for some two hours, and I gave him a synopsis '75 - '04 (Cairo Working) Fine, but it prostrated me: I have had to stay in bed all day. I am far too weak to help myself, save in such ways as above, and writing at odd times. (Am preparing another essay, Personal (T. Personae), on Shakespeare's ideas about disguise. Have collected material, but have not yet enough strength to write it out) It is therefore utterly useless to load my mind with care about others. This is not heartless: the best way I can help is to give me the chance to pull my health up; and the absolutely essential conditions are ~~the~~ as above (I) No thoughts of the past, or personal affairs at all: only constructive work for the future.

Later. After long preaching of the Law to an old friend, one Hope Johnstone, very advanced and nearly ready to receive the Light: two letters have come on from you; but I must not open them. It would be stupid to risk being knocked out for no purpose - for there is nothing I can do. Let me first receive a p.c. saying that you will adhere to the principles of this letter. Or, better still, nothing until you can send a personal representative with news of rescue, and the means of immediate release from this "mattress-grave". (Should you wish to send cash, do so via Bernard Harrison. If ~~you~~ (T. heroin) let Jane make packets, and mark the letter outside ~~W~~ <sup>Wolfe</sup>)

It is imperative to treat me as a quite helpless infant, who must be fed and tended, and on no account frightened or hurt. I am sorry to have to take so abject a view of the phrase "masterly inactivity"; but



mm to the mm in the symbol of water & Aquarius used by A.C. as meaning harvest

your ghoul letter really caused so serious a relapse that I see no alternative at present.

666

Eager love to yourself and all men and women---! And my Blessing

666

-----

A.C. OPV (T in A.C.'s hand)

Your 'ghoulsh' letter was certainly a masterpiece of misleading. A bomb-shell burst under me this morning from another quarter this morning: so I said: well, I can't get more blown up, so I'll open the fatal letter. Nothing in it but the greatest encouragement! I wired, after due consideration. Opened letters: apologize: agree: will leave for London directly Alostrael arrives: send any available cash journey and help Bour Bourcier.

Incidentally, it is most urgent to avoid a stupid possible snag - that I leave not later than Sunday next.

Bernard H (arrison) called: I think Austin will help seriously now that I am ready to "stand up to" the "Sunday Express" as he phrase it. B.H. (?T) has wired and I have written direct, asking him for help as to a) a solicitor b) comfort to prepare attack c) medical assistance. You may be able to help him to understand what I mean.

Sorry about A R S - especially after that proud bugle-blast that he was coming to set the sick man free. However, all we need do is to replace the dropped E.

You can prepare a plan of campaign on the lines you lay down. I quite admit your criticism of my strategy to date. There are one or two points however, to which you must see. E.G. Bill (Seabrook T) You begin by accusing him of the blackest treachery. I defend him. You manage at last to work me round to your point of view - and the next thing is that you justify him in all points! Typical of the self-contradictory nature of the Ruach.

I want to find a couple of rooms in some quiet but airy street or square. The first floor front at 31 Wellington Square would do and it is good to be with people that know me. One does not want trouble with landladies, as Jane had. It might be possible to find a studio to let furnished. In any case, I shall have to be looked after pretty carefully there, too, the question of ~~me~~ (T Heroin-) arises. Withdrawal means starting asthma until one is too weak to cough; but I can doubtless pull through that - there being no moral craying - if I have absolute quiet and ~~real~~ good nursing. But that is incompatible with fighting; so one must either procure a supply, or find a doctor with brains and pluck enough to keep me going till after the victory.

I see quite clearly now that worldly wisdom is often a disguise for cowardice; also that false pride does the same kind of office, and leads moreover to far more humiliating calamities than any amount of 'touching pitch'.

I have been very excited all day, of course, and must not write any more. There should be ample time after Sunday; so please concentrate on a) getting me across the Channel b) preparing a place for me. (I shall probably arrive in the last stage of exhaustion, and need to go to bed at once in a place not a hotel).

Frank Harris - A.C. (T in hand of F.H.)

Nice 25 March 24

My dear Crowley, a thousand thanks for your letter of the 22nd; but I've come to grief. Partly because of Cohn's lies, partly owing to definite promises of monies not being realised I had to come away and leave the "Paris Evening Telegram" as a derelict. I've seen Cohn twice here, or rather in Cannes and he says he'll ruin me and cash the promissary note of a friend which I too backed for 100,000 francs and gave him; he, Cohn, said there were no debts but I find found there was 30,000 francs as an overdraft and Hatchett's bill for 20,000 more and - I chucked it and came down here and unless Cohn plays fairly I'll bring an action against him for fraud and so hope recover my friend's bill and the few thousands of loose francs I lost senselessly. Naturally I'd have given you work at once, if I had been going on; but as it is I don't know how I'm placed.

One thing's clear Cohn doesn't know that he's up against: in all our negotiations I had Hunt with me as an important witness and so he may lose tho' he thinks he can't.

The other day I heard from Harrison-Austin of that ilk; he wrote very kindly about you which pleased me intimately.

Now I must write to Hunt at all costs and ask him to begin an action for obtaining money under false pretences against Cohn; that'll hold up the civil action for at least a year, meanwhile everything I may hear about you increases my admiration for you - except your illness - please get well at once.

Ever Yours Affectionately

Frank Harris

-->>>--

A.C. to O.P.V (on back of above letter.T)

Observe! My one line of retreat cut off) had I been looking for one, which I wasn't. So I have taken this to mean that F.H. is to advance with us. And I direct you to write him (with my letter herewith) a compelling thesis. If possible, lay down a skeleton plan of action for him. (Don't get his goat, a tactless one!) Perhaps he should sell everything he has to raise a little capital and come to London to conduct the battle from his point of vantage. (a mere suggestion - perhaps likely to be ill received) The real point is to convince him of my mission - show that it cuts deeper than my poetry even. Also, his idea of my character is wrong, like your's and everyone's. I behave mostly so as to please or impress.

666

A.C. to O.P.V (T. in A.C.'s hand)

50 Rue Vavin

27 /3/24

somehow Noword of Lea yet! It is urgent for me to get out of Paris by Sunday at latest. At least, I suspect a nasty trap for me if

I don't. So manage if possible to get at least a fiver across by Saturday.

I've considered your letter about 'comradship', 'baseness' etc. All wrong, below the surface. My trouble has been that I have weakened under constant abuse of my generosity and friendship. So now when a man comes along with a smooth tale of being my best friend, and doing me a good turn etc and then makes a lot of money out of doing me dirt, I can



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only say with <sup>B</sup>browning

"What a thing ~~is~~ friendship is, world with out end!"  
Utterly gagged: must quit. Though lots more to point out!

Blessings 666

N.B. I must be out of here by the night of Sunday Match 30: Bourcier will simply hoof me out. Also there might be more serious trouble still with Pilzer, if I were here. If away, I can explain about my illness, and the need for my presence in England, quite truthfully. I regard this as a device of the Gods to make it fatal for me to hesitate about putting the New Plan into immediate ~~effect~~ execution. "Oh to be in England Now that April's there!"

666

P.S. 6.40 P.M. Sudden tendency to collapse in last hour. Fatigue, mental excitement, shortage of ~~the~~ (T. heroin). Sort of light-headed, again equals state between sleep and waking with hallucinations and causeless alarms. Have appealed to Chaussegros (T a doctor) urgently! Suppose the Gods will support me if They want me any more! 666

---

A.C to OPV. (T undated in A.C's hand)

My sickness has assumed a strange and terrible form. It began with a fit of restlessness, turned to a positively savage attack of hunger, and finally forced me to get up and shave. Specialists hastily summoned from Prague, Moscow, Berlin, Rome and London declare that I have been suffering from acute Symunditis. Now the cause is removed, they agree, it will take a lot to stop me from getting well p.d.q. The shave etc did not tire me yesterday; and, though I slept very badly, mere odd snatches, I woke finally at 7.30 with a really desperate "urge" (ugh.) to get up and out. I held myself tight till about 11 and then gave way, made an elaborate toilet, and after lunch staggered into the sunlight for some 20 minutes. I went straight to bed (1.30 P.M.) and hope to be all the better for the daring feat! But of course this raises the serious problem of eating; it costs much more ~~for~~ I'm out. And I confess to getting tired of the alternative between eggs and cold stuff, however fascinating.

I wish Austin (T. Harrison) were over here. I think we could do very well on a monthly to combine the qualities of the old English Review, the ~~Yellow~~ Book Yellow Book, and something more spiritual than either. A.H. has all the qualities of the man of the world editor, and I have all the ~~qualities~~ enthusiasm and vision that he lacks. Incidentally we get on very well together when in personal touch. (I think you missed seeing that he and I are really very fond of each other in some mysterious way: our quarrels are so bitter because they are lover's quarrels)

I am convinced that an enterprise of this sort would mean immediate success. The outcry against me would be stilled at once, as soon as I appeared in the arena again. It always was so. And of course I have learnt much wisdom of late years, and should not give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme as I have done on the past. At least my enemies would be more serious people, and not fight so foully.

Excuse my prattling: it's the good sunlight! But I'm suddenly very tired

Yours ever 666

P.S. Enclosed S M F 6-9. Thank you, dearest grandchild, for your careful instruction in how to suck eggs. Also I have cared less than nothing for



for "fame" for a very long while. Baudelaire has a prose poem to this effect- quite enough for the most infirm of noble minds.

I remember nothing of James Thomson. I should like a copy to revise for alleged impurity.

I'm quite all right I think spiritually. Have ceased to worry, in a way. But want to have no more knock-down blows till I'm stronger. Parts of your letter did depress me, though the general tone was so cheering. I am physically fit to leave any day that the arrangements can be made.

666

P.S A question has arisen: was the whole of my trouble really due to withdrawal of ~~W~~ and my rapid recovery to cautious restocking. (Thanks to idiocy of Drs J and Co, one can't measure). If such were the case, it might (or might not) be necessary to arrange for a further supply in say 4 - 6 weeks time. I'm really annoyed about the matter: if I could calculate it, it could be all right. But there are too many factors: so I have decided simply not to worry about it till conditions are better.

666

A.C to L Engers (From original in A.C's hand returned as incorrectly addressed. This letter belongs to Dec 1923 and should have been included before)

50 Rue Vavin Sol in Capricorn An XIX

C.F.

First-how grateful I am for your sympathy and help! Next-I am having pictures and drawings sent up to me at once from Cefalu. But you know how long that often takes. Third- The Paris "Telgram" (only evening paper in English here) is for sale 800,000 fr.

Frank Harris (oldest and cleverest journalist alive) wants it. Cohen, the owner, promised to let him take it over and pay off in instalments. But before this could be put through, people got at Cohen and put him against F.H. as a pro-German: Cohen then demanded 100,000 fr down: and the rest as before.

The paper (they say) just manages to pay at present. Harris swears that, with propaganda funds and so on, he can make a fortune out of it in a year. He can be trusted here: he is broke, aged 68, and naturally wants to feather his nest well etc quickly so as to spend his last years in peace and ~~easy~~ ease. He says he thinks Cohen would compromise on about £1200 cash down; and wants £800 more to get it going.

This looks to me like the very thing for your b-i-l (sic): it should suit him down to the ground to control an organ in English in Paris, with an old hand like F.H. (with his sympathetic views ~~too~~ too) in charge.

I should want to come in as Asst Editor, Literary and Dramatic Critic etc, with a column to express my special point-of-view. (Last night I T.S.F'd (T. spoke on the radio) in French and English to several thousand people, proclaiming the Law of Thelema!)

A thousand curses on this financial cramp. I should like to rush to Holland and put the job through. F.H. would come to Paris on a reasonable prospect of success. Address him c/o Amexco Nice.

I really believe this scheme would appeal to your Bank: you need nothing so badly as an English voice here. F.H. and I could frighten the life out of the opposition which is sure to be very bitter.

Now then get a move on Sir Lionel!

Ever yours 666

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A.C - OPV (in hand of "lostrael.T.)

50 Rue Vavin April 20/24

Thanks for report. That is exactly the sort of thing I need. Letter to Otto Kahn- Avoid carefully asking for money. The idea is to get him interested in the social reform possibilities of Thelema. (See P.S. about avoiding smash)

Your report of the gossiping old cats in London is more amusing than alarming. Of course they take advantage of the Big Lion being sick; and of course when he is not sick, but on the prowl, they never breathe a word of the kind.

You express yourself very badly when you say they regard me as "wholly untruthful, dishonest, unscrupulous". They don't think at all. Once I get into a position to be written up by the Press as the persecuted martyr living a Christ-life on a perpetual Calvary etc etc they will all go about town like peacocks announcing that they are my oldest friends who always believed in me and stuck to me in my worst adversity. That is the moment when they will have a real opportunity of regarding me as ungrateful, for I shall continue my career of telling the truth about everything. You can always pinch these bubbles by challenging them to point to one single false statement of mine.

My Hierophantic Task. You instinctively feel, as he does, that contact with J.H.D. (Douglas) me would smash J.H.D. (Douglas) to bits. He would fall from the Great Napes Needle of his self-conceit because he would disobey my orders at the critical moment thinking he knew more than the Master (Cf Kangchen Janga 1905, Trifhorn 1898 etc) True, dear lad. Your friendship for J.H.D. induced you to refrain from performing the Hierophantic Task. You have merely shifted the responsibility on to your own shoulders. It is now your business to "drag his soul to awful torment".

For years I have said vaguely that I could not hope to begin to do anything with a man until he had become an Atheist. (I don't mean a born Atheist, I mean one who has won to that Eminence through frightful struggles) Expand this slightly. You can't expect to get Thelemites (unless born since 1904) without disintegrating the corpse of The Dying God by T.N.T. I charge you therefore to do this to D. When he has lost his placidity and his job and been through a period of such spiritual and physical misery as you have yourself known, I can hope to build you him up. Get busy!

(Incidentally that will destroy your complex of preserving the corpse D against the Ghoul Crowley. Let the dead bury their dead but come thou and follow me.)

Re OPV. I think I have smashed you pretty thoroughly- mostly unconsciously of course. I have sympathized deeply all the time. A.C. is doing his utmost to neutralize 666's work. You are not quite ready for me to begin to build you up, because of your "deepest instincts of honour and truth" which are really fetishes of your Victorian respectability. It would be amazing that you can be so blind if I were not equally blind myself most of the time.

Your notes on the Jews are interesting as evidence of your bitter need to escape from concentration on the task I have set you. My Blav(atsky) letter solves the problem. 666 is to train the Anti-Christ. Never mind the mangled muddle of mellifluous monotones! I completely fail to understand your allusion to letters

written by me "to or for G.C. Jones---" "butting in behind all our backs". I wrote to Jones on your bombshell about Cefalu; but since then have written neither to or for him. I have not addressed D Lamb on any subject since 1921 or 1922. I think these people, except Lamb, whom I believe to be honest and friendly, are plain liars. The only suggestion I can make is that some question arose during the conference of some letter I had written long ago.

I want to tell you one other important thing. I regard all these people, all England with rare individual exceptions, as moral cowards with all that that implies. Sir Richard Burton had an experience precisely similar to mine. So had Christopher Columbus. So had Darwin. Their instinctive dread is of a man who dares the unknown. Omne Ignotum pro terribili and such a man may bring it into their door at any moment. The whole history of science illustrates this. Science is now tolerated because Science has been at pains to prove that (on the balance) it has benefited mankind. I, bringing as I do, new knowledge of the unknown, and obviously the mark for fear, horror and persecution. In proportion to men's fright, expect that fright's revenge, with politic old Machiavelli. <sup>Murray</sup> A.I.'s treachery and suicide (T.I. think by marriage) is your <sup>trick</sup> business, he being your twin. You were wrong about his theses. The most blundering bungled nonsense would have served his turn provided that he got the one thing over: that he had grasped, and was trying to express, a new theory of number. He should have stuck to that, "though naked and dying in the streets of Oxford". As it is, he has dished himself completely. He has deserted us in the face of the enemy; he ought to be shot: and will be. He cannot expect us to take any interest in him when he has deliberately turned his face away from us to go "whoring after strange women". His one hope is that Leah may love him sufficiently to resolve <sup>his</sup> to leave him (leaving Oxford of course) until he has kept his pledged word. There is a chance of happiness for both of them together on this basis - the only chance. She can do one thing only beyond this, that is, pledge herself to cooperate wholeheartedly in his work with us - vindication etc. Of course, looking forth upon new men and telling them this glad word thelema. <sup>[A.I. may well be Eddie Sacyman, an Oxford man - not the Australian Murray]</sup>

About your own spiritual state. You will not stick to the opinion of AL about me but use your own judgement of my actions. Your abusive letters are extremely funny especially when they are true, for then they are supremely false. You should go into partnership with Austin H. as the next most brainless biped. Your ideas of my psychology are supremely absurd. Nothing about me can be true which contradicts AL.

Let me give you one instance. I tell you that it is desirable for me to leave Paris before a certain date on account of Pilzer. You think that "subject". It is nothing of the sort. It is necessary <sup>(the)</sup> warning of the Intelligence Dept that a certain unit may be threatened at a certain time in a certain way; and should therefore, if possible, be removed. That does not imply that the unit itself is composed of a set of cowards.

Think the above out thoroughly. Apply the general principle involved to other incidents; and you see a great light. Mountain climbing and other dangerous sports offer a thousand analogies. It is because you have never done anything dangerous in your life the way I have done all my life that you miss my attitude. Leah amused me enormously the other day by mocking me for my extreme caution in rock climbing. Don't you see this? While I have performed innumerable impossibly dangerous feats, I have



87

He was in the G.I.D. with A.C. & was one of the  
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I became a co-trustee with him until A.C.  
died. 4.7.4.

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never come to grief, exactly because I have provided against each danger knowing it well, with extreme caution. The opposite extreme is to be reckless and cowardly. You and other subordinates have frequently precipitated disasters just ~~because~~ through missing the point of my instructions,

As soon as you learn to believe in me yourself, you will compel others. You say Lamb etc consider me untruthful. Challenge them to quote one single untruth. They will collapse. It is because I am truthful that I, Truth being terrible, their fear compels them to pretend that I am otherwise. Jones lost his libel case through not calling me as a witness. I should have blurted out ~~that~~ Fenton's attempt to blackmail me; and he would have got his damages.

I want you therefore to carry out without too great delay and with great precision, the instructions about the S(unday) E(xpress) Insist on seeing Fielding, who is accustomed to scarecrows, and be bold.

I don't know if the above has helped your moral integrity. Personally I can't see the difficulty-except as above analysed, also below

*Sunday Express*  
But you pledged yourself publicly to obtain the retraction of obvious lies. Nothing else is necessary to start a violent reaction in my favour.

I think your moral resistance is largely this. Although you know that the S&E story is all lies, you also think you know points in my character which you disapprove. This is a mixture of ignorance and presumption. Who set thee to be a judge over us? Wilt thou kill me as thou killedst the Egyptian yesterday? The root of your scheme of the Law Suit was an attempt to shift the responsibility of the vindication back to me. I have just read a word in season. Even Oscar Wilde became ~~kingly~~ after he had been dethroned. "L'action ignominieuse, impardonnable et à jamais méprisable de ma vie, fut de condescendre à faire appel à la société pour en obtenir aide et protection".

There is no objection to appealing to the S&E. to behave like gentlemen. After your effort, should it fail, it will be time to consider whether I should ask for the farting damages. *[T? barthine?]*

"Who art thou?" I will revise what I have written and forward all but last ~~cap.~~ of it seems satisfactory. It can't be typed- that can't be helped: but remember that Shirley (T? Editor of the Occult Review) has a trick of mislaying important MSS: so take precautions.

I have done no work for some days beyond a few letters. I was really very badly starved. The last few days of feeding up are doing wonders for me. For the last week I have hardly been able to concentrate my mind at all on anything like creative work. We both feel that somehow the Magical crisis has been passed. With every reason to be anxious, despite the momentary relief, we are not so in the least.

P.S. Don't forget the definition of Magick "to cause change in accordance with Will". The most important gap in your ~~mind~~ moral character is your acquiescence in revolting circumstances. Your difficulty in becoming indignant, your procrastination etc belong to this complex. The mathematician investigates nature and finds 2 plus 2 equals 4; the magician knows that and works to 2 plus 2 equal 5. This he does by creating the missing 1. Thinking over things won't help you at all. It will only add to your despairing acquiescence in 2 plus 2 equal 4. Black Magicians produce 2 plus 2 equal 5 by borrowing the 1. Gaining a temporary success, the creditor comes down on them at the most inconvenient moment and they

smash. We, on the contrary, just now are the creditors, having been black magicked out of our dues. When the moment comes, therefore, we shall not only come into our own but smash the opposition badly. Part of your moral trouble is that you do not allow for the stupendous asset of AL. Our debtors have half persuaded you that they are wronged people! Clear your mind about this. It is the source of all your woes. Being born before 1904, you have, unknown to yourself, a resistance against AL of similar type to mine. You have to be new born into the Aeon as I have been. Cap I III is becoming quite clear to me. However, leave AL alone at present. Let nothing interfere with your pledged and published word. That is your supreme test. You got it, I think, in order that you might pay off in a year or so of agony the debt of the Cambridge Betrayal.

PFS. Please send Raymond Radclyffe a copy of Tyrol and the other Mus-so-li-ni Pamphlet.

(T. remainder in hand of A.C.)

PPPS. Your incredible incompetence in Magick. The greatest Magus on the Planet gives you a Wand and a Ring. You attach no value to them at all you leave them about: you never try to use them. It was like giving the Rosse telescope to a Hottentot. You should have used them to create yourself magically first of all and then the interplay of the two would have worked miracles by the score. Wand Ring and Book (for which you had sense enough to pay a high price without haggling) are your 3 most valuable and only essential possessions. The first two also you 'bought without haggling' when you handed your savings to 93.

666

A.C. to OPV. (T in hand of Leah)

50 rue Vavin Apr 30/24

Your Good Friday letter is the most shameless plagiarism of Volume II of the Equinox! (T. This was a 'silent' volume and so not published) Remember that we are very anxious about you-as you. We are in particular eager to hear of your work with the European and General Storage People and of course with the Sunday Express. I put the fear of God into Mary Butts and Maitland two nights ago. Should a lawsuit be started and they want their witnesses, they will have to fetch them by force from Kalamazoo!

The really important thing is that people should begin to understand and that we mean to fight. Our greatest asset is that people are afraid of me. Consider their silence while I was in England in 1922; and remember McCourt's story of the Magical Society whom he was about to join, and who on his artless question, had they ever heard of me?, changed their name and place of meeting without warning him. Our mistake throughout has been fear-disguised as contemptuous patience or pity. It was your mistake in the Cambridge Betrayal; and it has hampered you ever since reaching London. From this moment we must alter our policy completely and go bald-headed for everyone, careless of consequence. What could happen worse to us than dying by inches of starvation, as we have been? The moment you stop to live up to the letter of your letter to the Isis they will wilt-forgetting the "Do what thou wilt".

Sheila Bickers is a first-rate place to begin, because there we have them caught definitely in actual crime.

Use your imagination. You are prosecuting on my behalf. Their



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(T. remainder in hand of A.C.)

PPPS. Your incredible incompetence in Magick. The greatest Magus on the Planet gives you a Wand and a Ring. You attach no value to them at all you leave them about: you never try to use them. It was like giving the Rosse telescope to a Hottentot. You should have used them to create yourself magically first of all and then the interplay of the two would have worked miracles by the score. Wand Ring and Book (for which you had sense enough to pay a high price without haggling) are your 3 most valuable and only essential possessions. The first two also you 'bought without haggling' when you handed your savings to 93.

666

---

A.C. to OPV. (T in hand of Leah)

50 rue Vavin Apr 30/24

Your Good Friday letter is the most shameless plagiarism of Volume II of the Equinox! (T. This was a 'silent' volume and so not published) Remember that we are very anxious about you-as you. We are in particular eager to hear of your work with the European and General Storage People and of course with the Sunday Express. I put the fear of God into Mary Butts and Maitland two nights ago. Should a lawsuit be started and they want their witnesses, they will have to fetch them by force from Kalamazoo!

The really important thing is that people should begin to understand and that we mean to fight. Our greatest asset is that people are afraid of me. Consider their silence while I was in England in 1922; and remember McCourt's story of the Magical Society whom he was about to join, and who on his artless question, had they ever heard of me?, changed their name and place of meeting without warning him. Our mistake throughout has been fear-disguised as contemptuous patience or pity. It was your mistake in the Cambridge Betrayal; and it has hampered you ever since reaching London. From this moment we must alter our policy completely and go bald-headed for everyone, careless of consequence. What could happen worse to us than dying by inches of starvation, as we have been? The moment you stop to live up to the letter of your letter to the Isis they will wilt-forgetting the "Do what thou wilt".

Sheila Bickers is a first-rate place to begin, because there we have the man caught definitely in actual crime.

Use your imagination. You are prosecuting on my behalf. Their



lawyer may be foolish enough to ask you "Why is not Mr Crowley here?" You reply that he has been sick and starving for months in consequence of the foul ~~lies~~ lies of the Sunday Express. Mention one or two details, i.e. the white slave story-prison in America. That will set all London talking; and when I get money and strength to come to London it will be a Number 1 political event.

Don't bother about my keeping silence about ~~my~~ <sup>my Sunday Express</sup> real plans. Plans depend on the circumstances of the moment. Call on the S. E. directly after the police court proceedings; and its all Lombard Street to a China orange that you will find them humbly penitent, eager to repair their error.

That is your proper policy. Don't waste any time in carrying it out. The whole of Al Cap 3 indicates this method. "Raise the spell of Ra-Hoor-Khuit"; and see verses 3, 11, 17, 18, 28, 38, 42, 46 and 72.

I have little doubt that the Gods have brought us to this extremity- "Man's extremity is God's opportunity" as my father used to say. He wrote a tract with that title- in order that we might demonstrate the virtue of the Law by defeating iniquity without any human resources whatever.

There's part of the Comment for you, since you seem so keen on my writing it!

"Do this quickly". The moment you start, the Gods will send me such strength and supplies as are necessary. You have been using human wisdom; and the whole point of the Law is to show that the old diplomacy and finance are finished. Abrahadabra!

A.C. + OPV. (T in A.C.'s hand) (This letter out of place, should be earlier.)  
Sol in 24 degrees Pisces An XIX 50 rue Vavin

Yesterday I sent you the Hammond papers. A touch of the whip perhaps: but this is needed. His actions certainly require explanation before I resume the old relations - if he desire to do so.

I think Hardelot is the place for the rest-cure; it is bracing, and I could even potter about the golf course (closed in the winter, so free) for exercise. And it is near England-just outside Boulogne-in case of need for me to come to London, or you or others to see me here. Later, I should like to come to some arrangement with Austin, I might take a small cottage near Sleaford, so that we could have frequent conferences. I enclose in this, or a near subsequent letter a detailed scheme which may serve to solve the main problem on sound economic lines. Harrison

A few suggestions (no more!) for immediate help.

(1) B.C.H. (Hammond) properly instructed might be fit to receive the enclosed letter. Use your own judgement. He has helped us in the past by loans (Technically of course he owes me a lot for fees etc of O.T.O. but that must pass, His attitude about it is most mysterious- ever since the police raided poor old Mrs Davies- a foolish war-hysteria blackguardism plus hospitality).

(2) Gwendolen Otter was a dear friend of mine of many years standing. I can't ever make out whether she turned suddenly against me (summer and autumn of '22) or not. But if you can see her; she might be useful in many ways. She fancies herself as a literary patroness- its really sexual misery. She is passionate and ugly: also (I guess shrewdly) congenitally wrong somehow.

Friday. Not so well to-day, but will get out for half an hour on

[a trustee of A.C.'s marriage settlement]

principle. My one idea from now on will be to help you all I can, with implicit trust. <sup>consent</sup>

Enclosed certainly supports your view of Harrison Austin. But it does not make him ineligible as a Trustee: the slave can serve. (Jones refused to resign, as my previous nominees were not people of 'adequate position' in his view). My idea of the policy is, to get Jones to write a cheque at once on grounds of urgency, and to convene a conference at which the whole business could be settled amicably once for all. I enclose however a general authorization as to appointing new trustees, on the chance that you might find it of use. (Wish I had word from you direct on the matter, though). I mean to be very patient and to drag myself slowly up the hill-while you construct the Funicular Ry!

666

I shall at present write no more important letters except through you  
A.A. is Murray. Estai Jane Wolfe

A.C. → OPV (T. in hand of Alostrael) May 7

Adviser here suggests issuing pamphlet - The Last Straw plus detailed denial of the charges. All should be edited and put cleverly together and some arrangement made for publication. This to force them to produce their non-existent evidence. All this in case the appeal to their decency fails. (You said you thought you could get backers for such a pamphlet). Should this second string break I can consider acquiring that farthing. I think it all depends on the ~~feanless whole-heartedness~~ of yourself A.I. and Estai. The three of you ought to be able to raise sufficient rumpus to let the light in.

The three of you might consider AL I to: drop proclaiming the Law until able to do so efficiently. I purposely leave this question open for your magical discretion. But if you do it it must definitely be a formula of activity, not a retreat. <sup>3.6</sup>

666

A.C. - OPV [T in hand of Alostrael]

Poste Restant Rue Littré Paris. May 9 /24 <sup>Netzach</sup>

My Beloved Son

A word on your Qabalistic position. Daath is wiped off through "he fall" so that Vau has the humiliation of appearing in Tiphereth: but only so can he become the Redeemer. You have Netzach in Estai and Hod in A.I. but your links with them are Scorpio and Capricornus respectively. To make the hexagram you have to create or acquire the descending triangle, a bestower, a bestower, a fighter and a founder. You get the first by your quality of Hermitism, intellectual power and purity etc; the second by your sense of justice, and the third by your aspiration, your power to pierce the clouds of illusion, and the proper use of the formula of the IX degree (Temperance Atu XIV)

<sup>formula</sup> This is your formula in your actual situation supplementary to the Big Tetragrammaton Formula, not superceding it. I don't quite see where Bayley comes in; but I think he is the original Tiphereth into whose house you have descended. He seems certainly royal enough for the job.

666 per 31-666-31



[a trustee of A.C.'s marriage settlement]

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666 per 31-666-31

Jones was a chemist. 92

[The income from the trust was payable to A.C. & his daughter. The capital could not be touched. When the daughter was unemployed she had to be considered as a receiver of some money. I was May 13. Delayed for lack of postage money. (even a trustee. 4-77)]  
Afterthoughts on Cefalu position.

Will you consider (not more than 15 minutes) the advisability of Cefalu or yourself or both insisting on Commissario's statement, being investigated by lawyer and Consuls. Also on Estal's demanding protection of her property which was left by her long before the existing debts were incurred. [T remainder of note is missing]

A.C. - OPV (T partly in Alostrael's and A.C.'s hands).

Paris May 14/24.

An important letter

My beloved son.

I refuse to feed your morbid imagination with accounts of your past crimes to brood over. Your whole letter shows a great advance but there is a bigger step to take. You must cross the Abyss on one plane at least. You have got to kill out thoroughly all interest in yourself by an act of Pure Will. You must live wholly in the objective world. Any thought which is not devoted entirely to the Great Work (Vindication-etc) is a "break" in Concentration.

My plan was to give, first Estal, then A.I, then you, the chance of winning golden spurs by "saving the Master". You have been letting your chance slip. You have little time left. We have had no food for four and twenty hours and see no chance of any relief. See p.p.p.s

Jones sent £80 to pay Bourcier, arranging carefully that I should not have one penny of it, though supplied with 2 doctors certificates that I was ill, unable to work, and in urgent need of rest in the country; also a wire from the Consul that my situation was desperate. (Jones' own representative here sees clearly that his action is dictated by deliberate malice) If you can't make Jones' name stink through London on that (Jones was made Trustee as one of my two oldest and dearest friends) there's nothing in chemistry! If the stink starts this end through our being taken to asylums or what not, the shame of it will be on you three. I have "played fair" in this, neither hurrying nor delaying and leaving no stone unturned to get things going. (See the Shaving of Shagpat 'No delaying in Ahlis' and 'No hurrying in Ahlis'. [Jones was an excellent man. 4-77])

I hope you will observe from what a perfectly impersonal standpoint I contemplate these facts. My present letter is not to urge you for my sake, it is due to my amiable weakness for you all. I should like you to have the credit. The gods will have decided whether this information is to arrive in time. (See P.P.P.S)

OPV just as soon as you succeed in forgetting OPV's complexes, you will find your thoughts run entirely free. You will know exactly how to handle the vindication, stink etc. The subject itself will breed the right thoughts in your mind. At present these are all ego-thoughts-weeds. You start, let us say, to consider how you shall act in some detail. Very soon something suggests to you some reflection about your complexes, and you sink back onto the mire of masochism etc. I am not sure you have quite grasped that your self-torture is your chief form of self-indulgence.

"The English take their pleasures sadly".

Memo. 2 Packets containing B's bills arrived- just on time. No time to write lengthy essays or even short statements about the past better forget it for a while and live in the present for the future. You were

[Bourcier was the manager of the hotel in which A.C. was living]



asked to find your complexes- you've found plenty of 'em- now lose them. No time for any of us to have personal intrigues with others or ourselves. It's no less Ego for you to call yourself all sorts of names than to flatter yourself.

Too tired to write. I have put the brakes on. I await the message of the Gods. 31.666.31

P.S. Fielding is a barrister and could presumably ask the Courts to remove Jones from the Trusteeship on the ground that he had maliciously allowed the beneficiary to starve. He would doubtless require affidavits which we could supply, i.e. of relief temporarily while the process is cooking up. Leah had to walk several miles this morning for lack of the seven sous for the Metro. Another day we shall probably be too weak to go anywhere. *It has not survived.*

P.P.S. I enclose a précis of my relations with Jones. If copies of this reach the proper quarters Jones will be forced to resign. (By proper quarters I mean .T.) Chemical Society, Institute of Chemistry, his partner, any of his clients etc. Don't be afraid of uttering a criminal libel - and don't assume that I am attacking Jones in the ordinary sense of the word. I have my Hierophantic duty to him too- AL I-38 III 17 III 42. *[He was a member of the G.D who followed A.C. when the G.D split up]*

P.P.P.S. Lucky young man! The gods seem determined to give you another chance. I staggered out, borrowed 30 francs and 8 cigarettes, paid back 10 fr (urgent) and arranged to feed on credit till Monday next. Should give you time to force Jones directly or indirectly to send me enough money to pay this hotel and carry on pending a proper settlement. Note that had he sent £50 when you first asked for relief it would have realized 6000 fr, paid Bourcier's then bill and got me to the country for two months thus saving that period of sickness and starvation. Further B was willing to accept 3000 fr cash and the balance in notes June 16, July 16 and Aug 16. Giraud has therefore 1000 fr in hand and (though very sympathetic) cannot pay me a sou without Jones' authorization. If J will authorize G to pay me the balance (1000 odd) and the £25 received to-day to make up the Bourcier balance (£60 sent originally) that will enable me to clear up everything immediately urgent and allow me at least one month's rest in the country, giving me time to make new contracts to replace those broken by Collins. Even assuming J's right to distribute the income at his discretion, what right has he to interfere with my relations with B and others, in total ignorance of the circumstances. He broke up 15 years friendship and just missed causing my death on the spot by a mere fluke.

As to Collins the best way may be to ask for the dispute to be settled by arbitration as provided for in the contracts. We should supply evidence that he deliberately sabotaged the sale of the D(rug)F(riend).

As to the Hag- I must have without delay a complete synopsis page by page of the work as it stands. I dictated most of this at La Marsa and Tunis. You were supposed to have finished it long ago. Don't delay by trying to make up your arrears, let me have a copy at once as it stands, or as much as you can get ready in time to reach me without fail at noon on Saturday. Remember: on Monday next I must pay 140 francs (2 weeks hotel) and 260 at least for food from now till then)

We have now daily evidence that the Gods are overseeing our affairs in the minutest detail. E.g. one misses an important appointment and finds two hours later that it would have been a mistake. "unass-

~~Refusing to publish A.C.'s Confessions. He claims they had promised to do so 6.7.4~~

uaged of purpose---" go ahead blindly, the Gods will see to it that your failures no less than your successes are necessary steps on the path to the climax. I suspect the appearance of the R(ich) M(an) depends on our reaching a certain state of mind or body. They may wish to force me to the right moral attitude or that complete helplessness and destitution is necessary to the preparation of the crisis. Anything may be the right thing. We must trust them entirely. "Go on, go on, in my strength". Your sole requisite is action. You have no means of judging whether a given course is wise or foolish. Thinking things out is fatal.

R R(a) H(oor) K(hult) simply strikes, and strikes again, heedless of wounds and apparent defeat.

## FINAL

already

If Jones will simply telegraph Mr Goiraud to pay to me personally the balance he has in hand, I will settle my own affairs with Bourcier- by notes June 16 etc as already agreed to by him. I have ~~already~~ made important advances in the line of getting things published, and should be able, one way or another, to meet these notes as they fall due. I shall myself protest to Mr Goiraud against Jones' interference in my arrangements with Bourcier. This would give me time till June 16 to pull my affairs together, and give me enough cash to live on till then. We should thus have a definite date to work towards. 666

Sheila (T. Bickers) - suggestions for opening fire. Ask magistrate's advice. Where's A.C.?" Sick in Paris etc (right out loud) but don't say what paper or "lies": give S.E. a chance: say "doubtless misinformed".

Sunday Express

"Who are you?". Mudd M.A. etc sworn to vindicate A.C. armed with A.C. authority to act. (Get Hammond's Power of Attorney copied and sent to me to execute-original cost £6 (save it) If Hammond jibs, send him the "Unclean" poem!) Comment Eur. and Gen's mode of doing business-unless their manager agrees to come round to the Magistrate and state facts: acts with you, in short. (516 (T. Jane Wolfe) knows Sheila's California record as kleptomaniac. Write Hollywood at once for evidence) Or demand Police investigation

Bickers

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A.C. + OPV. (T First half a letter from Alostrael. P.S. in A.C.'s hand)  
May 15/24

My beloved son. Please send by return of post one copy of each of the 5 Sacred Books (in 3 volumes as you know) We have a man who needs them at once and he is in need of them. There! We see the trees though the woods are thick. Keep going. Thy mother Alostrael

P.S. I wrote very hastily yesterday. Fear you may have misunderstood the object of the Précis. It is not to be used as a threat, of course it is a mere statement of facts to keep you from error in presenting them in public if necessary.

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A.C.- OPV. (T. in hand of Alostrael)  
My beloved son.

Au Cadrau Bleu. Chelles, Seine et Marne. May 21/24.  
1. Jones apparently vanquished.

2. Address till further notice as above. Provided I <sup>am</sup> correct we should have ample money here for the next 7 or 8 weeks with reasonable care. The last 21 days have knocked me to pieces much more than I supposed was happening. I want, if possible, to be relieved from all business



considerations till the end of that period, namely July 23 when sol enters Leo and the Lion may be expected to roar again-even if feebly. This rest has been purchased by means of getting Bourcier to accept 3 bills. When we have settled affairs here we will tell you further how to act in case time is required which we hope it will not

666

P.S. by 31.666.31 Rushed to get this off. Will write you later. Recd 93.75 this a.m. Thanks.

A.C.- OPV. (T 1 n hand of Alostrael)  
Chelles May 23

My beloved son.

I feel it impossible not to compare my present situation with that of the Summer 1911 when I did such miraculous work. Leah was away for the best part of the first day ~~as~~ I began to sprout in every direction. I probably want (1) something like being prevented from having any one to talk to and (2) as likely as not, a new girl. In 1911 condition (1) was fulfilled by L(eila) W(adel)'s having to practice (T.the violon) several hours a day and thus driving off all animated beings far from the accused spot. Alostrael wants a typewriter, which might do neatly as well. As to condition (2) I have an adorable purple plum from Martinique but of course the Fates at present are keeping us separate. Most of the above is bloody balls. But you may divine a secret sorrow somewhere. For one thing, I need Bismuth.

Now to strict business. Our finances should be settled (on this ~~first~~ first alleged victory) within 48 hours at the outside; and we shall be able to tell on Tuesday with fair accuracy how long they will hold out. The idea is to leave me completely free for creative work, and you for vindication. ~~He turned to blackmail. He was a crook when I met him 475~~

The point is that we should be able to send you a date before which the vindication is to be accomplished. I have struck a very good literary agent here (Paris) Hunt, I rue de Helder, who can, I think, handle my work very much better than any English agent as soon as I have knocked out of his head that nothing is ever published but Sunday Stories and dime novels. (What is so appallingly unreasonable is that he blames Frank Harris bitterly for having defiled his memoirs with just the sort of stuff that he is anxious for me to put into mine).

There is much of my work which can be handled from Paris in any case better than from London. Hunt seems to think that there will be no difficulty whatever in handling my stuff advantageously the moment the vindication is accomplished. Of course, too, we can take the offensive at once in many ways. For example we can make Collins look extremely ~~sick~~ sick and probably pay up heavily for breach of contract. Everyone will see how disgusting his conduct has been, in view of the fact that he wrote that he knew the S.E. stories were nonsense and sympathized(?)

It is then for you to show some of that bull-dog courage of the Englishman of which we hear so much and see so little. You may have to snitch James Douglas a snapper on the snoot- but no time should be lost. For even when the victory is assured it will take a little time to rake in cash on contracts.

(Grant Richards knows a good deal of my work and is interested. He is a very queer fish but since 1922 he may have prospered and become honest. The above remark deserves meditation. Our grandfathers were

In 1924 he tried to blackmail me 474 637  
or 1930

Important

June

have

right in associating poverty with dishonesty and only wrong in their definition of virtue. I am slowly being forced to the conclusion that a poor man who is not dishonest should be hanged by the neck until he is dead, the Judge pointedly omitting the remark "May the Lord have mercy on your soul". A great deal might be done in the meanwhile by inducing young men and women like A.I. and Jean to make a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Saint in the summer. (Directions - rates etc on separate paper) Some thing in the nature of a Missionary Campaign in Darkest England will have to be started pretty soon and though we have not AL III-39 ready, there is no harm in preparing a number of young people to aid in the distribution when the time comes. In fact, there must be some such preparation, or all sorts of mistakes would come about. You will see from Russels paper (enclosed) that the sexual ethics of the Law are already being expanded by people who know nothing of the Law. Our advantage is priority and a Scripture. I say priority, because though Free Love has long been advocated, the fundamental principle "There is no bond---" has (so far as I know) never been stated. Free Love advocates in the past in their zeal of revolution have actually objected to permanent unions, though these are obviously fitting for certain types of such as the unimaginative, and as a rule the final fate of the Don Juan unless he be both rich - i.e. able to hire devotion - and morose, because of the sheer practicality of the arrangement for people of say over 50. However this is a secondary matter. The Vindication is the one supremely important thing. I want to hear news as soon as possible. But But

It may help you to know that if Mary and Maitland are wanted by the Sunday Express as witnesses of the horrible orgies at Cefalu, their address will probably be the South Pole. I have been giving them a very uncomfortable time for the last 3 weeks. I told Maitland quite a few things about himself which any 16th of a tailor would have resented. But - he is Maitland

666

Austin Harrison

P.S. In your letter of Apr 5 you say that A.H. said that I was a moral wreck from the abuse of H(eroin) etc. please mail details by return. Were others present and will they swear to the words used? I have written Jarvis anticipating a point-blank denial of making any such statement. If witnesses lack, try and arrange for A.H. to repeat his statement in the presence of some quite independent person. I propose to hunt this hare until juggled.

I may point out that it is now many weeks since Jarvis last prescription ran out. There is not the slightest wish to take it. On the contrary, an experiment with a small supply prescribed by another Dr at another time produced a distinct feeling of revulsion. The one puzzle is why the spasms persisted at odd times for a few weeks after the operation. I presume because the vagus had acquired the habit of spasms. There has been no trace of any return ~~in~~ (? asthma. T.) since April 30 when there was one last kick after a fairly long period of complete freedom.

666

Dr Jarvis - A.C. May 26/24 (T. from copy in Alostrael's hand)  
Dear Sir A.

I have been endeavouring to recall accurately my telephonic conversation - which took place several months ago - with a gentleman purporting to be a friend of yours, anxious to know about your condition



Perhaps this gentleman was a Mr B.H. whom I saw occasionally at the Paris Headquarters of the British Red Cross in the early days of the War and cannot, by any stretch of imagination be described as an "old friend of mine."

Be it as it may, I remember perfectly well telling this gentleman that your condition required care and that I much regretted the fact that you lived so far away from me as it made it difficult for me to give you all the necessary attention. I added that it seemed to me that it would be a good thing for you to enter a nursing home where you could receive the required medical ~~attention~~ assistance at any time. You understand that all this conversation referred to the repeated and severe attacks of asthma that were troubling you so at that time. Remember also that I thought I was speaking to an intimate friend of yours.

As for the H(eroin) question I did not discuss it, nor is it conceivable that I should discuss such a grave and confidential subject over the telephone or otherwise, without your knowledge and consent. More ~~and~~ especially do I absolutely deny having ever referred to you as a "Moral wreck from the abuse of H". This is a very grave statement to ~~me~~ make, even if justified. But in your case there could have been no justification for it, nor was it the expression of my opinion. I resent very much this extraordinary misrepresentation of the true facts, and I am very sorry that it should have been caused you all this annoyance.

Yours very truly. Charles G Jarvis

Sir A.C. Bart.

A.C. OPV (T in hand of Alostrael) May 27/24  
My beloved son. It would really be helpful now <sup>Not Dunhill's special</sup> you are buying limousine <sup>expensive pipe mixture</sup> by the dozen if I could have that weekly 1lb of My Mixture. This Tabac Bleu is getting on my nerves. Either see Dunhill's manager personally, explain how my illness etc has temporarily knocked things out and restore credit or purchase the stuff independently. You remember how it came weekly by registered letter.

My matchless elasticity is still on the blink. The first few days here were heavenly, pure rest with a spring of ideas young ideas welling up, but I have got into somewhat of an ~~apophis~~ Apophis period. My whole real trouble is my having been pledged so deeply to the Formula of the Dying God before 1904. Hard to rid oneself. I am too ~~xxx~~ well to rest and too tired to work. Mild distraction like reading pleasant letters, talking to new people, or browsing light literature is my immediate need. There is none of the ~~xxx~~ last. Can you get cheap editions of Detective stories—especially the Man with the Club Foot series and send them along. Nothing by Whitehead or I blast you with a deadly and hostile current of will on the spot (New one by Freeman (author of the Cask)

Your idea about Oxford is A.I. There was a dramatic incident in the Ile Marquis the other night—A drunken American lawyer named Jones (the Planet seems to stink of them!) had stood a snail supper and started to try to quote from the Ode to a Nightingale. I fixed him with my glittering eye, the snailful host was still; and recited the passage beginning

"Ho boy bring wine, black wine in jars of jade"

The effect was devastating, which I take to be an intensive form of

of the well known verb. When he got his breath back, he sprang to his feet and spouted a long tirade that he couldn't fall down and worship me. Naturally we roared with laughter and suggested that our utmost requirement was common-sense conduct and perhaps a few more snails.

I mention this because I don't want you to miss the World's Tragedy lyrics. The point is that the matter is so outrageous that by forcing people to accept the lyrics we win the battle for free literature once and for all.

L.O.V. seems to be coming on finely. Your plans for Estal are also quite O.K. ~~→ C. Stansfeld 7 mcs in Vancouver. Refers to his latest book~~ Achad. I think you'd better stick some pins into ~~what~~ the pigs bladder which he takes for his head. I.N.R.I. is all right but why? There is not a single original thought in it. It is indeed very good, but why? Because matter and manner are both conveyed faithfully from either me or Mathers. And note that he does not print ads of our stuff in this last. He seems eaten up with personal jealousy; Ego n plus I, and he cannot see that is what is preventing him from doing any good work of his own. Aleister Crowley simply obsesses him. He fails to realize "Every man and every woman is a Star". Qabalistically, as my mother remarked of someone when I was 2 years old., "He only thinks of No I" which has therefore disappeared. There is no Achad there, there is either a half crazy Charlatan ~~or a Ribbon clerk offering~~ as in "The Ever-coming One" or a mere Ribbon clerk offering second hand goods of ours.

Probationer's forms presumably all in Cefalu- should be retrieved at once. Very glad about finding Gaunt-Fielding letters, also about Hammond. Your own state seems A.I. Now you've stopped thinking about your deepest instincts about Truth and Honour.

About money-While not altogether displeased at receiving it, I want to know that I am giving more than full value for it somehow or another. ~~[A French disciple in Tunis 474 or now perhaps in Paris?]~~

The Radclyffe-Kempler-Hunt combination seems promising apart from the Aumont efforts more or less settled already. Raymond Radclyffe might easily talk T.W. Earp into putting up ~~with~~ the capital for a really big thing bang.

Will answer the Americans. 666

P.S. With regard to our policy of construction, we had better start an Order of Thelemites beginning with men of Earth and promoting as occasion dictates. The main thesis is this: Do what thou wilt supplies a formula of social reconstruction, a third party to the Capitalists and the Reds. You can for example say to a rich man "You have got rich under the present system but you have also acquired the risk of having your throat cut into the bargain as in Russia". To the Red you say "You are right in your general idea that every man should have a chance but totally wrong in starting from the material end". Prove to him from history that no revolution has succeeded without a spiritual idea behind it. (The Encyclopaedists for 1789, Marx for Russia) Further Russia is unstable because Marx had no real constructive spiritual idea. I suggest your drawing up a short set of rules for membership. In the beginning each member should propagate the Law as best he can, especially by correspondence, so as to start new centres in distant parts. Arrangements for meetings, newspapers and such propaganda would come later when a given centre had



## The Order of Thelernites

99

It was founded later, still  
functions in the United States 1982  
+ Kenneth Grant in London

sufficient numbers.

Each member would be linked with headquarters directly and be under a rather loose obligation to act on instructions. We should not establish a "system" in any centre till its elements were complete. There must be no intercommunication between Members or Systems. Entrance fees and subscriptions should be voluntary or rather we should judge what any given man ~~thought~~ thought to contribute.

Each new member must furnish a dossier; so that headquarters may judge how to employ him. He should further turn in a Magical Record every month of the work he has done for the Order. ~~Never done yet~~

Initiation should follow membership as a reward for good work. The initiate will be branded with the Mark of the Beast, a scar of sulphuric acid on brow, breast and right palm. ~~Never done yet~~

Note that the secrecy comes in the Organization, the method of government. Our overt object, which is the real one, is a re-constitution of Society aimed at averting the catastrophe of Bloody Revolution. Funds will be used as may be explained to enquirers, to carry out the programme of AL. Their advantage comes in their insurance against revolution. They can be organized for defence or enabled to flee for refuge according to circumstances. We might for instance have one town with 10000 members who would form a force ready organized to assist the authorities in maintaining order. In another town we might only have 3 and they would be warned and got ~~out~~ into safety when the smash came.

I know well how vague and impractical all this sounds, but it is precisely your job to express such ideas in regular shape. (T. OPV attempted this in his diaries)

On no account will orders be given which would infringe the law of the country where they are to be carried out. Our whole object being to establish a just and strong law, our first principle must be for law as such however unjust.

666

For the last 20 years I have been maturing a plan for saving Civilization. The struggle for life between the Capitalist and the Red has become constantly more acute and is now being brought into a crisis everywhere. Even England, the stronghold of conservative ideas, is almost ready to follow the example of Russia. The one hope of avoiding a conflict which would be finally fatal to Western Civilization- for another war would precipitate us into the Abyss- lies in a spiritual revolution. The essence of the Formula is in the words "Do what thou wilt", but these words need interpretation which is given by the rest of the book from which they are taken. This book is itself very obscure and extremely dangerous requiring a comment by me as the result of 20 years study of the text.

I want the opportunity of explaining as fully as possible the nature of the plans I have formulated.

~~A circular for --- artists~~ A circular for American artists  
A.C - 2 (from a carbon T.) Chelms June 1 1924.

My friends.

Your cruelty and injustice would wound me to the heart, were it not for that I feel that you know not what you do, but I fear that you mean well.

the book Entertaining? Too bad. Interesting? I weep. It is true that the book (The Diary of a Drug Fiend. T.) is a rubbishy pot-boiler,

On His Diary of a Drug Fiend  
Important Letter

Leah H  
Abstract  
Leah Hirsch

scribbled in 27 days 12<sup>2</sup><sub>4</sub> hours, in long hand, by my trained monkey ("Lala") in the book) but despite that it is immensely serious. It is not a great novel nor the shadow of one, but it is a literary and philosophical document of quite first rate importance. I have recently read it myself, several times; and I find it improves on acquaintance.

You being a group of artists, I wish first of all to impress upon you that the trance states described are entirely accurate. Possibly they are out of keeping with the such commonplace people as Peter and Lou; Lou and worse, they give the real experiences very similar to familiar to me through spiritual and magical methods, of which drug ecstasies supply mere simulacra. Why do I urge this? And why especially to you? Because such experiences tend to destroy the inhibitions of genius. Briefly, I claim to be able to create first-rate artists from practically any human material, by a strictly scientific method of training, wholly unconnected with drugs or dogmas.

In short my work in the world is to Proclaim and Establish the Law of Thelema in public, and, in private, to train anybody who offers to be Prophet, Priest and King in the New Aeon- that of Horus the Crowned and Conquering Child, who has superseded Osiris, the Slain God.

One glance at my practical difficulties. The Publication of the Drug Fiend let loose a storm of persecution. (You will have observed that I foresaw this in the book itself). I was assailed Slaver, Drug Trafficker and addict, Jail bird, Cannibal, etc. There is no remedy in English or American law against such insane accusations if one is a poet with neither time nor money to defend oneself. (Even so, they dared not attack me till assured that I was over 1000 miles away, ill, and temporarily under economic stress) The result has been to jeopardize the very existence of the Abbey at Telepylus (Cefalu Sicily). (In the spring of 1923, a Three Months' Serial of double page Sunday Features was widely syndicated in the United States of America. You could doubtless deluge yourself with these ravings, by applying to the International Feature Syndicate if you wish to debauch your intelligence. The hard fact however is this. There is nothing whatever in my system of training or in any our mode of life at any Abbey of Thelema which would bring us into conflict with the law of the country. But our perfect freedom from sexual obsession, quarreling, jealousy, and similar normal factors of the life of the herd, excites the most venomous phrenzy in the average observer. Success demands the protection of seclusion, secrecy, wealth and influence, and you must have a reasonable free country to live in. As a wealthy, if eccentric, Englishman, in a remote mediaeval Sicilian fishing village, I was undisturbed until Mussolini's brigands ~~the~~ Klux Kaned the country and indulged their beggar-on-horseback spleen by wanton persecution of all civilised individuals or institutions.

It seems to me necessary to repeat the Cefalu experiment in a less barbarous country, on a larger scale, and with proper strategic dispositions to protect ~~myself~~ oneself from against busybodies and witch-finders. I am now busy arranging for this.

I should like to know whether you would be interested in cooperation. If so may I make the following suggestion:-

I. That you select a delegate from your group to visit me this summer for the purpose of learning the full scope of my plans. It is quite impossible to communicate them by writing-misunderstanding is



*The circular for artists <sup>or</sup> important*

inevitable with the best will in the world and the greatest intelligence. For one thing it has been necessary to invent a new language based on mathematical conceptions and fortified by traditional symbols of moral ideas drawn from the wisdom of all countries and all ages. (I have spent most of my life in reading the classics of China, India, Egypt, Greece etc, and in exploring the remotest parts of ~~the~~ Asia and Africa, in order to obtain first-hand knowledge of all systems of self development and spiritual attainment. I have separated the essence of these doctrines from their dogmatic, racial and climatic accidents, applied a strictly scientific method of analysis and synthesis and harmonised the whole onto a perfectly elastic yet perfectly rigid method). Further, the full development of this envisages a fundamental reconstruction of society whose essence is the acceptance of The Law of Thelema as the canon of Ethics. This revolution being in the inmost spirit of man, it doesn't involve any alteration in the laws and customs of ~~the~~ any people except so far as they may be in conflict with the self-evident moral right of every man and woman very much as expressed in the original Constitution of the United States before Captain Becker, Mr Anderson and their like destroyed it.

(Please observe that I do not attack Rockefeller, Morgan and the late Mr Wilson or others of that type. So far as they have caused evil, I should destroy their power by the simple process of removing men and women from under it. The power of the money Lords has no virtue save as they have persuaded the people that money is the only thing worth having. I free men by releasing them from their own false ideas of what they want. "Every man and every woman is a star". If all the stars were persuaded by the Press and the Pulpit that their sole business was to get Andromeda at whatever cost to themselves or inconvenience to others, there would be the same mess in heaven that we now see on earth)

2. That you undertake the study of my serious writings. Most of these can be obtained from Professor Norman Mudd 37a Tressillian Road Brockley, London, S.E.4. (Circumstances have conspired to make most of my books very difficult to ~~acquire~~ procure. Occasional copies are advertised for sale in the United States at prices much ~~above~~ exceeding that of publication. The best course is to ask Professor Mudd what books he can get you.

I say my serious work. But I will ask you to understand that I am merely the representative of my Superior Officers and that all the best of my work is derived from Their Wisdom. The foundation of the whole is The Book of the Law, but while "the Law is for all", I hesitate to urge you to study it until the Comment is ready. In the past many people have erred ~~greatly~~ gravely through misunderstanding this book, as is necessarily the case with a document of so tremendous and far reaching a character.

3. That you make up your minds to arrange in advance to migrate either in turn or altogether to the New Abbey of Thelema as soon as it is established. That is, prepare to wind up your ~~affairs~~ present relations with society for the time being with the idea that you should make ready to go back into the world as soon as you have acquired the Magical Wisdom and Power requisite, by means of the training, each in his own way, to execute his own True Will in the world. I want each of you to become, so to speak, the Abraham of a New Chosen People, the Buddha of a new Philosophy, or the Michael Angelo of a New Renaissance.

I am aware that this programme is gigantic, but the best of the many virtues of Americans is that they are not afraid of big ideas as such. I wish to remind you that in the life story of practically all the great men of the world of the First Order (I count Napoleon and the like as inferiors) there is a period of disappearance from society, usually extending over a number of years. This period was necessary to their training or initiation. I claim that by the scientific analysis and comparative study above mentioned I have been able to eliminate the unnecessary features which in the past hindered attainment, so that we can now produce the results of years in as many months.

I am obliged to travel to various remote places in the near future but the above will be my address till June 21, after which it ~~had better be~~ will be better to write to me c/o Professor Mudd. But there would be time for a cable to reach me here in case you met immediately and decided immediately to carry out at least the first part my first suggestion. I will not conceal from you that I should be glad if this came to pass. One of the first qualities of the greatest men and women is the seeing and seizing of the opportunity of a life-time in a moment without counting the cost or estimating the risk. All my life when I have acted on this principle, I have succeeded beyond expectation even when the failure of my least expectation was complete. When I have played safe I have invariably lost all. The gods demand this quality from man as the first test of his fitness to exercise supreme power of the creative kind

Yours, Aleister Crowley

Following scrap in hand of Alostrael (T)

El Oued Nov 4

Just found pencil note on back of this <sup>w</sup>ritten weeks ago though I had sent it etc.

Wish you'd sell Hag rights and get subscriptions - don't like so much coming from M's side - <sup>glad</sup> glad to hear your news. 666  
Pencil notes on back

That ~~11~~ formula is an absorbant balancing formula: I think there should be a new ~~1~~ and ~~1~~ almost immediately. The Oedipus idea has to be overcome - work outwards. Thus the operation can repeat itself indefinitely. The ~~1~~ 4 must not be sterile. 418

<sup>3 to O.P.V. work</sup>  
A.C-OPV (in hand of Dorothy Olsen or Astrid or ~~1~~ T.)

Tunis Dec 12 1924.

C 1 1 F

I have yours of Dec 17, please first note that M Aumont hasn't yet received the books I sent for. If you have mislaid the list, please send a set of Equinox. The rest can wait.

O.T.O. Entirely new rituals were prepared by me in 1918-19. There should be copies of these among the Cefalu papers. Frater Achad has copies.

I don't think it is any use my making appointments which might turn out to be unsuitable. Consider yourself Acting Deputy Grand Master [O.T.O.] General. Do everything on your own authority and report to me at intervals for confirmation. It is never possible in starting things to keep to the strict rules. Your general idea of procedure is good.

Hammond has the VII degree. He was a great fool to lose his shirt, for had he gone on to the IX he might have obtained



[He had a skin disease] 103

cleansed his skin. The real point is that you OPV and Estai having come under Cefalu rule already possess a fair idea of the IX degree. That confers a kind of unofficial authority. We can regularize all these matters later. You are of course the ideal man to prepare drafts for me to revise and sign. Note that the Golden Book was never returned by Cowie (I really think serious steps should be taken about Watt Williamson). You might ask Barron to visit me at Tunis on his way back to India.

Collins. Leave alone at present the question of the Hag, simply demanding compensation for the sabotage of the Drug Fiend. Shakespeare and Co in Paris ordered copies and were put off with excuses, they only got them by insisting. You should get definite proof of this, it would make things very unpleasant for Collins.

Jones. Wake up Lamb

Reports. Yes keep going. I am now in a little house near Tunis and have plenty of time to attend to business...

The Hag. OPV's letter. I concur generally but think I should add some remarks and suggestions. The main idea in my mind is this. I am elaborating and revising the MS very thoroughly. The best plan and one which would quite overcome Collins' objection is to get Noble Hall to prepare from the first draft, an edition not exceeding 250,000 words, prepared with an eye to a) vindication b) appetizing the public. This could be issued by Collins (or another publisher, you might try Grant Richards) in the ordinary way. If cleverly written as Noble Hall could do it, it might save the whole situation.

One of my chief ideas in printing the prospectuses I did, was to induce a private capitalist to pay for the printing. For this I had to show a large possible profit. If we could get the money it would be much best to go ahead on the original lines. Frank Harris did this with his "Life and Loves", and people paid the price alright, simply on the scandal.

Reviewing our R.R.'s figures, 250,000 words, two volumes, 3 to 5 hundred sets, subscription price four guineas, forty per cent discount to the trade, I do not at all agree with OPV's estimate of expense. Prospectuses and advertising too low, retyping much too high (what are Jane and Leah for?) printing sets much too low again. I quite agree that we should not trouble too much about the possible profit on this small edition. If Noble Hall will undertake this work, it ought to be easy to sell American rights and serial rights at once. They can be tempted by offering them additional material from the first draft. Various spicy passages so that they really have a different book. I think absolutely essential to get Noble Hall to do this. Thank God I cannot write a book of the ad captandum order.

Montgomery Evans has given me another address, I enclose his letter; you had better deal with him. I don't know quite what he is, agent, maybe anything.

To Mega Therion 666

P.S. (T in A.C.'s hand) Please let me have full reports of every thing in detail, as your leisure allows. 666

Above all get Noble Hall really active: both to smash S.E. direct, and the Hag. He is enlarging the photos for the Third Shell (2nd was to be Bickers prosecutions)

418 666 718  
729

? V.L. or Estal

A.C - OPV I.I.25 (T from extraxt in Mudd's hand)

...We want to get Alostrael to join us, but our funds do not permit at present. We are very anxious about her health. Should Barron suggest escorting her here, it might be a good thing. If so he should be ~~canred~~ warned to pay no attention to anything she says (you can judge from this remark how bad I think her state is)

A.C - V.L. (T A.G Murray. from copy in Mudd's hand)  
O.T.O

17/1/25

To A.G. Murray

Act(ing) D(eput)y G(rand) M(aster) G(eneral) [C.B.] et

On receipt of this dispatch as complete as possible a set of my printed works to Herr Tränker, Hohenleuben Reuss Germany. Register or insure the parcel. Send also to the same gentleman a note of the names and addresses of the people said by Mr Montgomery Evans 2nd to be interested in my work: but do not otherwise communicate with him

Yours in the Bonds of the Order

Baphomet X degree O.T.O.

Rss II eet OB.

A.C -OPV.

Sidi bou Said Tunis Feb 1'/25

We are doing our best to pick up the pieces. You must not expect everything at once and you must forget about Magick altogether, and hustle like an ordinary forked radish. There is every reason to think that things are coming right at last. We are not exactly choking with gold but at least we are not down to our last reserves all day and every day.

Leah is immensely better since she got out of ~~her~~ the Mephitic atmosphere. She has stopped having fainting spells every three minutes; in fact, there is nothing wrong with her at all any more. I am of course taking great pains to build her up slowly.

We look to you to drop once and for all the nonsensical complexes about matters wholly unsuited to your exalted grade. You have been poisoned with an overdose of DAATH and the GW for you at present is to forget all you know and do not understand. Enough for the moment

T. M. Th 666

A.C. + OPV (T in hand of D Olsen)

Tunis April II

Please prepare immediately abstract of contents of the Hag (as nearly as possible by volumes) similar to that done on the prospectus. You will also pick out about one dozen pages from various parts of the Hag - use a little good sense in selection, making the subjects as varied as possible, and avoiding anything too technicality magical. Submit immediately to me for revision. Drop everything else except the Customs case until this is completed.

666

A.C - OPV

Tunis Apr 27/25

Janz Waels

We doubt strongly whether Estal' lunatic was from Scotland Yard at all. I enclose a letter which you can forward if you think it advisable. I return Estal's accounts.  
Hag. I enclose copy of my letter to Miss Bingham (T a typist). Please



*of De Harp (A.C.'s autobiography)*

let her have the end of Vol I as you suggest-from where she left off a couple of months ago.

Barron will be in London next week and arrange various ~~matters~~ ~~outstanding~~ matters on the spot...Expect to leave here by the Grévy on May 2. Write (me) care of Bankers Trust Co, 3 Place Vendome Paris 666

A.C - Inspector Draper

Dear Sir.

*The customs had seized*  
Apr 27/25 *crates sent from Rio Capatu*

*Abbey and eventually burned A.C.'s papers & photographs in*

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law. *obscure etc.*

Mr Mudd will enclose with this an account of an incident which is really too stupid to believe. It looks as if some gutter-newspaper man had been personating a detective. I have been continuously in North Africa since Oct I. Any information that you want about me or my work movements, as I wrote long ago to Inspector Fitch, is entirely at the service of Scotland Yard. I have nothing whatever to conceal; and, in the interests of the Public Purse, I suggest that in future you get the information you desire from an authoritative source.

In particular, if you wish to charge me with any offence, I will make arrangements to come at once to England and stand my trial. But I must confess that it does not inspire me with increased respect for the ability of those concerned that I should be constantly hearing of these round-about methods and cowardly innuendos.

Love is the law, love under will

Yours truly

Edward Alexander Crowley;

A.C - OPV. (T in A.C.'s hand. Letter should be about March 1924)

Your letter cheered me very much. Only I can do nothing active about Cefalu. I slept almost all through yesterday. The point is that I feel quite well (though a little tired) when fully conscious; but the least lapse from the summit leaves me in all sorts of weird states. And I sometimes feel that these are gaining on me. In bald words that I am sane for less of the 24 hours every day. That is the need for dispatch: to turn the balance towards building up before a crash comes. Apart from that point I am utterly patient. For one thing, I have no ambition or will of any kind.

That is why you must not make me feel responsible about Cefalu. I will send any money that comes in-bar any per B.H. I suppose? -but to write letters etc is beyond me, unless under stimulus of any that come to me. As it is, I "see things" far too much: I need absolute mental quiet, and shan't write even a "fanny" (?T) unless strongly moved. Sorry to grouse, and to write so much about my silly self- Tired.

All my paternal Blessing! Love to all B B in England

*Probably Frank Harris*

A.C - ? (T from draft in Mudd's hand taken at dictation) Undated

I have drifted back from a weekend at Fontainebleau. I want you to forgive me everything. I am in a most extreme mental state. It is quite beyond language in the ordinary sense of the word, I can only say that I feel I am being born. All my thoughts are analysed into apparently ultimate elements. Practical action beyond mechanical reactions to eating and sleeping is almost inhibited. I feel that I owe you

pages of explanation of how things stand, and am too infantile to compose them. I can give no reason for supposing that my mind is not going entirely. I simply know that it is not.

I take a stimulant and make a violent effort to inform you that I will take Rusking to-morrow to either Hearst or the Times (Bertelli has just seen Hearst general manager passing through Paris on a vacation. Hearst is having "one of our pen. (?) fits of economy". Won't buy anything at the moment. Bertelli who likes several of my suggestions very much thinks they should be offered rather to magazines. I am writing to N. Hapgood with numerous suggestions including yours. I know him personally and hope for good results. I will also mention the matter to the N. Y. Times, but here arises the question as to whether they may not harbour rancour against you. I will let you know what they say. (T. This letter is clearly to Frank Harris)

My second operation has been put off till Sat the 16th so you must consider me semi-crippled till the 20th at earliest. The critical point is that I am really so helpless physically that I need someone to look after small necessities for me, and owing to that unexplained law of Nature which prevents people being in two or more places at once, that means that my right hand has to stay in my pocket instead of reaching to London and getting something out of someone else's.

Is there any real hope of your Prince making good? I could, thanks to the assistance of my right hand aforesaid do 100 useful things about the proper capitalisation of the paper. I could negotiate with all sorts of prominent people, but what with the drain on my time and the strain on my nerves especially in my present physical condition due to the eternal preoccupation about to-morrow's food I am rendered quite helpless. If I had 10,000 francs next week I could put things in quite decent order in a very few days, I feel sure.

I told you already how strange were the almost daily incidents that baulk the most promising plans in the most incomprehensible manner. I will quote just two incidents.

1. A sum of money is cabled to Tunis on Jan 10. Neither ourselves nor the sender (apparently) can get any information as to what has happened to this cash. We cannot even get a reply to urgent letters and telegrams who lives close to London and is a friend of 20 years standing. (sic)

2. An old friend turns up unexpectedly, about 3 weeks ago manifests the utmost sympathy and good will, lends me some money to go on with, regrets that it is not more and leaves Paris saying he will return in a fortnight and gives me an address to write to. (He is connected with the German bank of which I wrote. He is my Pandarus with the German Bank) He has not returned. We get no answer to four letters and two telegrams. One letter is returned by the Post Office. Of the rest we have no news.

Really I can't help feeling sometimes that I have got into a world where the laws of cause and effect no longer obtain. It is of course easy to think of any number of explanations for any one incident of this kind. But when the same lack of rationality applied to all of them the law of probability gives undoubtedly a sinister laugh and declines further responsibility in the matter.

Just got another rotten go of dyspnoea. Must break off. Hope to report definite good or bad news in 48 hours.

G.J.Y  
-----  
(Note by typist. Further letters of this period are copied into Mudd's diaries, which should be read to correct impression of him given in

*The above letters by G.J.Y. found in A.C. Mudd's diaries 3)*



## ODD POEMS BY

Odd poems by A.C. copied out by Mudd and preserved among his papers, from which the above letters were copied. A.

---  
 There was an old man on a roof  
 Who said I'm entirely aloof  
 I cannot explain  
 What's wrong with my brain,  
 But I feel I have absolute proof.

---  
 Black is his robe from top to toe,  
 His flesh is white and warm below;  
 All through his silent veins flows free  
 Hunger and thirst and vengery:  
 But in his eyes a still small flame  
 (Like the first cell from which he came)  
 Burns round and luminous, as he rides  
 Singing my song of deicides.

II Sonnets (England and France) from Diary of 666 (Night of Sept 5-6  
 (T. in hand of Mudd) An XIX.

I stand for England-and for France her friend!  
 Four years of stubborn struggle in stinking mud!  
 Four years of bitter brotherhood of blood!  
 Endurance inexpugnable- an end  
 At last off/ that huge evil that had planned  
 Freedom in trenches that were tombs-the flood  
 Of hate dammed back- earth fit once more to bud  
 And Liberty her Empire to extend!

We paid the price of that colossal strife  
 Our comrade-love kept Liberty in life  
 We stood, fought, died and conquered side by side.  
 Let no sordid sense of selfhood dull  
 That dear and dreadful memory, or annul  
 The truth of Friendship in the furnace tried.

I stand for England! What rank poppy growth  
 In Flanders' fields distills oblivion?  
 Must we now sell the Fellowship we won  
 At dice with Death, so soon be bankrupt both  
 Holding our blood as offal? Shall our Oath  
 Be vain at bidding of some lie fine-spun  
 By bloodless bankers? Did we hurl the Hun  
 Back in mistaken fear? the kindly Goth!

I stand for England! "Let the German live?"  
 O fools! The Huns forget not, now forgive.  
 Save the sketched snake to strike your friend anew  
 Still bleeding from the fanf- the next to lance  
 Its murder at its saviour's throat- with France  
 England should perish, as we once won through.

-----

I stand for England- so I stand for France:  
 How otherwise who cherish art and learning,  
~~Freedom and order- reason and romance,-~~

Good faith and courage, science and lofty yearning,  
 Freedom and order, reason and romance;  
 Twin heirs of earth's most rich inheritance  
 Of spirit, ~~intellects~~ <sup>intellects</sup> most swift discerning,  
 Manhood's most loyal proof, the brightest-burning  
 Lamps to whose light all lands devoutly glance  
 On heights whereto all nations seek to advance-

~~stem~~

France! England! Sister ships that ~~split~~ <sup>stem</sup> the flood  
 Of Time, now seated by History in our blood  
 Spilt in stern strife against the ruthless rage  
 Of fell Typhon; storm past, the sea heaves yet-  
 Courage! Still sisters, be our sail full-set  
 First of the fleet toward port- the Golden Age

-----



The hand of Pasteur sowed the golden grain  
 That fell to Lister's sickle: Swinburne bare  
 The mantle of the prophet Baudelaire;  
 Shakespeares and Sterne got bounty of the brain  
 Of Rabelais; grim Balzac not in vain  
 showed Hardy what with Truth a man may dare.  
~~Max~~ Huxley was trained in sword-play by Voltaire  
 And Dowson drank the vintage of Verlaine.

No art, no craft, no science stands aloof.  
 Inextricably twines our wollen woof  
 With France's silken web- device divine!  
 Shall calculation hatched by Greed in Hell  
 Weigh with the infinite imponderable  
 Nerve-~~webs~~ that wed our souls in one design?

---  
 Gross Jew and greedy German and obscene  
 Mongrel, half crazed, amuck with money-lust,  
 Faith, love, integrity impatient thrust  
 Out of their rabid rush! Are these unclean  
 Orts, that manipulate by strings unsees  
 Press, pulpit, Parliament, the powers we trust  
 Before whose Godhead we bend brows in dust,  
 Our Saviours! Hail! The Gods from the machine!

of They bade us "hate the Hun" -who deemed the worth  
 Of money less than native brains and birth.  
 We do-we die- we win! So now they leer:  
 Stay-dare not art and science held in honour  
 In France? let England loose her legions on her!  
 Enthroned the fatherlandless financier!

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 One blade of grass-one ear of corn-one lamb-  
 Is not the least of these of royal birth,  
 Being the offspring of our Mother Earth  
 Rooted in absolute right? God curse and damn  
 The reptile renegades that crawl to cram  
 Their guts with stolen gold, and glut their girth  
 By wrecking all things of authentic worth,  
 Knowing not "I have" but perfect in "I am"  
 I would not give one grain of desert sand  
 For all these felons without fatherland  
 Who make our laws, mould our opinions, tax  
 Our toil, cajole and cudgel us to sabre  
 For their advantage this or th'other neighbour,  
 Betraying our allies behind their backs.

One thing stands sure,amid this surge of doubt:  
 That year by year the might of money smothers  
 Its rivals:Wisdom,Holiness were mothers  
 At first of Kingship;next the shrewd and stour  
 Soldier,and then the lawyer,curled about  
 His prey; last,honour,birth,and craft made others  
 Masters of the earth,and men enslaved their brothers  
 By lies that worked till time had found them out!  
 Yet-vile or false or vain as were of old  
 The Secrets of Success- dull senseless gold  
 Served its possessor to perfect his plan.  
 The days of wit and worth are overpast  
 Metal has come to mastery of Man.  
 Gold's tide swamps our control of it-at last

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Lion-loud to England- and to France,I roar  
 Prophet and poet,that once more she stand  
 Foot to farm foot,hand hard in hearty hand,  
 Because the burden of my song is sore  
 The seer beholding things yet worse than war  
 Most imminent,a plot obscenely planned  
 To force us to forego the fatherland:  
 Friendship and faith corrupted to the core.

Smooth hear the sophist slip his Well-oiled lies!-  
 Trust not the sugar-coated subtleties!  
 Self-seeking policy may gain its ends:-  
 There is no wealth in all the treasure of earth  
 To pay thy soul and honour lost,of worth  
 To weigh against forgetfulness of friends.

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Your knife has pinned the gambler's hand. "A slip".  
 He pleads. "Release me.( It will profit you.  
 With that sharp eye,and that quick wrist! We two  
 Should be a perfect pair in partnership".  
 Turning your back on your proved pal,you grip  
 The tricksters proffered paw: "Your words ring true".  
 -The sequel of the incident? I drew  
 My own conclusions-clapping hand to hip!

"Go tell the tale to the Marines!" "Knows Time  
 So foul a folly,so corrupt a crime?  
 There never was a pigeon yet so shent  
 Of all good sense and faith". Of course the story  
 Is simply offered as an allegory  
 Of the existing British Government.

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### III

I stand for England! By mysterious grace  
 Of the high Gods her poet and her seer,  
 I warn her lest blind avarice or fear  
 Seduce her to break faith with France, to embrace  
 The foe that scarred and branded the fair face  
 Of Europe with hell-fury year on year,  
 Wrenching the whole world to a moon-dead sphere  
 Soulless and desolate to swing through space.  
 I stand for England! By the fierce French blood  
 That mixed with thine in that resistless flood  
 Of Victory, I conjure thee and control:  
 Keep thou the faith in peace, with loyal breath,  
 That, kept in war, saved thee from bodily death,  
 Lest now that death snatch down to hell thy soul!

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One saith "Man shall not live by bread alone:  
 Each word that issueth from the mouth of God  
 Shall serve him". Then, shall rulers bear the rod  
 In vain? The very Pharisee is prone  
 Before the publican. The wormy throne  
 Is weary of its puppet. Silent-shod  
 The money-changers prowl where once there trod  
 Men who dared death to call their souls their own.

I stand for England! Let the fine small cords  
 Of these woven words sweep clean these hideous hordes  
 Of mongrel usurers. We have had enough-  
 This den of thieves- the house that was the Lord's!  
 England arouse thee! Live by virtue of  
 Valour and Truth and Liberty and Love.

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(Corrections made in the hand of A.C. T)