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1. 661) 1266

A.C to Dorothy Olsen. From holograph in the Lilly Library University of Indiana.

1

3 Nov 1925

Nouvel Hotel de L'Oasis. Gabes. Tunisie

No, no darling, I really can't keep it a secret any more. And why shouldn't I tell you after all? I do not like Gabes. There, the murder's out! Can't exactly say why it is, unless that the spirit is mean- ~~unfri~~ unfriendly, like Aumont's complex. (He was born here, you remember). And I can't even tell you exactly why it strikes me like that. But one isn't welcome, somehow, in the gardens; and the folk seem to look on one with averted eyes. Of course there's this: the weather has been rotten: a great storm Sunday night, and all yesterday windy, with showers. I went about an hour's walk, and got pretty wet for my pains. Last night it blew great guns, but this morning it's ~~better and clearer~~ beginning to clear. I can't settle to work of any kind. Nor can I go anywhere, as Aumont is coming down in a day or two. I want to have a couple of days really alone with him, out of his ghastly atmosphere of Tunis. The boy is being strangled by those old women, that's the root of it; he more or less admits it. But he can't see that it's his duty to cut loose. I kind of half slept through all this bad weather, and got some of the tiredness out of me. In fact, this morning I feel really fit - fit to write, paint, or go a long walk - anything. BUT - there's nothing I care to do, nothing that I shall feel glad to have done after I've done it. Your fault! My aim to achieve is higher than it ever was in my life; that makes me hesitate to start anything, lest the subject be not big enough and so disgust and disappoint me. I only hope this means that when I do get started it will be a real splash. One trouble is that my soul is so full of you that I can bother about nothing else: yet I can only use you for pure lyrical praise, and that is not the kind of work I have in mind; at least, I am actually doing that, by fits and starts, in one way or another. But what I want is narrative or dramatic ideas; and you are too sacred to me to be used as material. I can only approach you in direct ~~ecstasy~~ ecstasy of worship; I can't think about you at all. That would profane you.

I wish you could send along that idea of yours for a scenario: I'm sure I could work on that.

Another thing that bothers me is the problem of winter. With a mind so desperately active as mine it is utterly necessary to have a companion when the nights are long, something to do after dark. It wouldn't be so bad if I were wandering through the desert, fagging myself out every day marching. But I can't cut loose from my base, expecting a cable from you as I am every day. This isn't a good place to start from, either. There are lots of Arabs, but no Arab atmosphere -- it's most curious and unpleasant. I do hate the nondescript! Well, there's nothing for it for a bit but to hang on till you've sold a scenario or two for me -- or the Hag (his Confessions. G.J.Y.) -- and I can bowl any number of along under a refreshing breeze to the Bahamas, or join you at Algiers, and dream away the days in adahabeah, as the Fates decide. I'm hoping for a letter or wire tomorrow - not much chance to-day, as I couldn't give Amexco as my forwarding address till I got here. (By the way, Amexco, Tunis, for all letters and telegrams till further notice). The 3000 francs I still have should last me easily, with what is coming, till the end of the year, when (I hope) I can get my trustees to let me have the whole year's income in advance in a lump. They ought to be decent, as I've kept my word, and not bothered them, and made good generally. But of course I have to stay down in these parts, and save every centime; there's nothing to spare for travel, or luxuries; anyhow, I don't need them. That is, until a sum really worth talking about comes along; in which case, I don't must see about feeding my mind. The ideal is to have you in some place where we have both got plenty to do of the kind that leads to things better still. I have just got to take my proper place in the world, and that's all there is to it! I'm getting tired of loneliness, or mixing with the 3rd rate people. That is all very well for a while; but the best of us needs to sharpen his wits against the good minds now and again. Oh my darling, I'm terribly anxious about you; I do hope things are going well. You don't know how a cable would lighten my spirit!

plenty

I'll quit now, to catch the mail, and write again this evening.

Your own lover Aleister

Xcuse bad writing: I'm nervous. A.

2

Gabes le Wednesday. Nov 4 (25)

Woman!

Mail came in to-day: lots of it; nice some of it: from you, not one word.

Execrable Creature!

Shame on your Sex!

Disgrace to Norway!

Forgotten of Allah in the Day when He remebereth His friends!

I could say ~~more~~ much more: but honest! if the rain had- hadn't done its 24 inches an hour, I should have! Hell! I don't want to hear from all these people -- though one of them did send me £1 -- I want

You!

(You were right, too. ' Murray stole £5 of Jane's (Woolfe) in the coolest fashion.)

Well, you have only yourself to blame if Murray and Franker are nourished by their respective Governments for along time to come.

Maddened by not hearing from you, I composed letters to various Public Prosecutors which will make some people sorry they came athwart my hawser! (I am

I was in desperate agony. I wrote and wrote, and it rained and rained! Then it cleared up, and I went a longish wade through the oasis, and now I'm about 70% calmer, enough to write to you. If I'd tried to before dinner, the ink would have exploded -- and I can't afford to a new fountain pen. Sober fact, I sat for over an hour in the garden debating whether to shoot myself. (owing to an interpellation by Representative Mahmoud ben Arami ben Aila, the debate was adjourned sine die -- at nocte, in fact! and now I'm getting ready -- too Latin for my darling) And I suppose you think it funny!

Darling, I love you so terribly that soemthing has got to break very soon -- or it will be my

alas! I know not any word to express my sentiments.

(The people in the next room are flirting ostentatiously: it is time for me to read de Goncourt. My last resort!)

Your love Aleister.

I sent you 20 postcards this A.M. Nice places. A.C.

Letter to the Earl of Tankerville, (May 1907?)

see entry in
AC's diary, Monday
8/4 1.30 A.M.

60, Jermyn Street, S.W.
tel: 2243 Gerrard.

Monday 1.30 A.M.

Dear Lord Tankerville,

as I promised, I spent this night on your affair.

It seems to me that the object of the malice and cruelty which inspire attack is Lady Tankerville rather than yourself. I think that through her the original schemes to ruin you were frustrated. Which has annoyed them. The immediate danger appears to be to the life of your son, and its nature either from steel, water, from horse-drawn vehicles, or from the overbalancing or upsetting of something.

It is not advisable to attempt to shun these particular risks; if anything, you should incur them a little more freely than usual; at the same time using with special care the protective formulae.

You are (I am sure) right about the source of attack; but I get mere material envy -power, wealth & so on -as the motive all-
* sufficient. I do not see a man in the background: it is possible that there was one some time ago, but he is not involved at present.

I am yours faithfully

Aleister Crowley

74

Mr. Alexander Crowley

May 1907.



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80, Jermyn Street, S.W.

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I am yours faithfully
Alister Howley
7/4

See entry into AC's diary on Sunday the 26th of March
1907 "Wrote to Tankerville re Wand and Love your Enemies"

60 Jermyn ST S.W.

Easter Day

Dear Lord Tankerville.

The Ms. came safely to hand. I am glad to hear that the defence was successful. You should be prepared for a great temporary increase in the violence & persistence of attacks. In the Magic of Light defeat should stimulate the seeker to fresh exertion; in that of darkness it is as it were a terrible premonition of the inevitable end, and ~~exile~~ excites the sorcerer to rage even more and more horrible (sic), as he vainly invokes powers even more evil to his aid. Then when he has spent all, the accumulated currents of hate which he has sent forth recoil irresistibly upon him, and he is swept away -mercifully, be assumed:- into the unspeakable abyss.

The weapons of the magician are very many; but in the beginning we should confine ourselves to four. The wand, which is that in which Prometheus brought down fire from heaven; the cup which
lifted up

in the weird Cadmean forest" and into which the dew of Dionysus drips; the sword ~~from~~ which Michael bore when he drove Samael from the glittering plains of Heaven; and the Pantacle or little book wherein is written the Secret of the Universe.

You must begin with the first of these; I have told you how to procure the wand of almond or hazel; you will yourself know how to steal the fire of heaven.

The alpha & omega of all the great work is hidden in this mystery of the wand, It is the link between yourself and the Highest. Identify yourself ^{with} the Highest by holding tightly to the wand, and those who attack you (as they blindly imagine) will find themselves attacking the Inscrutable & Eternal Silence.

This is that which is written "Vengeance is mine; I will repay saith יהוה."

The wand further implies singleness of purpose; until you have acquired the power to concentrate upon a single line of thought -and that the highest thought - you have most perfectly mastered the use of the wand.

The sword which you suggest is a weapon of much value, and of great danger. You should be skilled in the use of the other weapons before you employ it.

As a means of pure defense no formula is better than that of Harpocrates, which I showed you.

But there is an advanced and difficult means of counter-attack which I should like you to know ~~xxxxx~~ of. You should fill your mind always and altogether with kind and loving thoughts about your enemies. This method infallibly destroys them, either literally or by converting them into friends, whichever they will. This, and no mere morality, is the meaning of that which is written "Love your Enemies" etc. But the application of the said formula is a most serious matter. Perfect detachment is needed: perfect loss of illusion of personality. And as it is so powerful a remedy, it is most fateful if the slightest mistake is made in its use. Just as the mistake of a grain makes no odds to a prescription of sodium sulphate, and kills -an hundred times over - if the drug be aconitine.

I am quite serious when I say that (in these days of Rayner reprieve petitions) the maxim "Shoot your enemies" is a far safer one.

Yours truly

Aleister Crowley

74

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1/4/57
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