

And the panoplies pass - - -
And I struggle with specters and cobwebs -
I speak with the moon
And slyly, my shadow behind me,
Is weaving a doom

And death, like the tick of a clock in a
boarded up room
Whispers circles and circles and circles
Forever
Too late.
And too soon.

These diaries take place in the winter of 1952. Cameron is in Lamb Canyon, a small nook in the desert on the way to what is signaled on the highway as “OTHER DESERT CITIES”.

>Entry: Dec 22. 5pm, 1952

I have built of my love a nest wherein the bed is made for birth and I have lit me gentle flowers to open the secret and I have built me a tender shell in the mouth of this fear; all for Thee, oh my love. Yea, all for Thee and I abideth here with terrible creeping in the heart and I sing me a trembling love song and my naked feet and strong hands do fear greatly and [the ??? illegible] of my loins do move and shake of the desire of Thee. And my stomach doth go in raging hunger for my love and my heart doth quake and roar for the love of Thee and my arms desire; [wrought, sought?] to make a cage and capture the light of Thee and my eyes to look in dreadful peace for the Star of Thee and my mouth and my tongue are made a flower to hold all of Thee, the honey with which I would call Thee.

Oh bee, oh, golden bee, I was thee with lusty blood. Ah, golden life feeder, swell the perfume of my wooing. All of me is the desire of Thee. My hunger of Thee is my eternal bliss - - ah, awesome lover come down – come down into the abyss of my longing and drink long of the love of me.

And yea, Thee hast come, oft, but I do weep in the rage at thy heartlessness in leaving. Thous hast come when I was sleeping. Thou hast entered in as a serpent and a thief and now hast raped my rosy flowers, and left me a despised and empty thing with the [blessed, fevered?] bloom choking the strength of me and I am blinded by the darkness of Thee, and my [bowels, howls?] in their emptiness do turn inward and eat of me and my loins do fear but the wound of thee and my feet do walk the wretched fires of the pity of us and my strange hands do nothing filled with the emptiness of me. --- Lover and terrible thief. Thou relentless insect.

Thou black and loathsome destroyer of dreams. Love hearest me not in my torment. Roper of the east, thou hast eaten the egg in stealth and denied me everything else the violation of the womb I have built in me to hold you. There is nothing here ((1)) – I was deceived the evidence of thy coming. The golden heart of love has been taken so uncouthly that I was robbed of even the belief of my [guiding or giving].

Ah, terrible one – I have designed thee a fruit of great indolence (!) – its flesh the rich syrup of bliss and buried in the honeyed pulp, a chamber [saved, sealed, seed?] of gold to hold the light of our desire.

And – and [true?] is thy love of me – the drowning fluids their brief [spring, spawning?] breathed black

on the cold waters true. Oh, ruthless lover I have forgotten thy name is love and I know you not as thou promised. And I shall come again with the food for thou indifferent gut – and thou shalt love me only then, desiring, laughing. And [cigarette burn] even this is thy fearful blessing.

Oh, come ye, smell ye not the stink of my fear in the tomb of my wretchedness? And smell ye not the death of love and behold ye not that I have written thy name in the scarlet dying of the blood of me? Yea I have written thy name in the testimony upon the death of me.

And behold! Thy wrath has shattered the stars! Thy kiss has crushed the egg and remade me concealing the hiding place. Thou hast entered and thy brilliance reveals the horror of this terrible place. Egg of madness, cocoon of fear. The trembling toil of a thousand [waves?] of terror spawning the rivulets of tears and ten thousand fears. Oh – precious shroud where is thy exquisite fortress, where is thy concealment? Now conceal me not from your desire! The cowl is rent and I, the murderer, behold, me, the murdered, in this lovely bed. And those, oh mighty, beloved my beginning.

“And now”, my beloved sayeth unto me, “Make of this a purer alchemy.”

Ah, what tender miracle is this? The cowl is flung unto the womb of Idealism and filled with the sperm of stars and returned to me as their dew – diadem bridal veil of light.

Ah, what holy word is this?

What canopy a splendidly woven of water, stars, and rarer beads of light? And mirrored a thousand images of each – thy tear and thy smoke.

And often now oh love – the fullness of my love for my mouth is multiplied by three to hold the golden tongue of thy desire; to feed upon my heart hourly.

>1. Cameron had made claims more than once that she was abducted by a government agency and given a forced abortion of Jack's unborn child. In any case, she also sort of got abortions with more regularity than most people have sex, so there's that.

>Entry Dec. 23. 1952 8pm

Thy desire is mighty but you [release?] not my desire. Thou art my desire, and thy color is the brass that is gold, for I have gifted ye my golden chalice to ring as a bell, a tempered wrath that shall both sing soft and seductive of my love my love of thee forever. And know this firey chalice and bell is my heart and my tongue. ((2))

>2. If I know my feminist mystical poetry like I think I do, then this is a direct reference to the operations of the VIIth degree OTO.

>Dec 23. Midnight, 1952

The God has been conceived! Shake, oh [?] with desire for Joy is born.

>Dec 24, 11am, 1952

Eat of the Beast. Adore him as thy utter worst extremities, for he shall not know the glory of thee until he serveth your desire, for herein is eternity.

>Dec 24. 12:45 am, 1952

Know that thou art both the adorer and the adored. And if thou speak as the adorer the adored will manifest in pure joy of rapture, love, and all [?]. And if thou speak as the adored – lo, suddenly thou art the adorer – for such is the wonder that all knowing lust eternally worships – even thou the ADORED. Ah, thy joy is eternal!

>Dec 24. 1:30pm 1952

Cast off your roses and deny them even thy wrath. Know not that they exist. Thou art purity. Thou art the golden stream, and thou know that all pity is the disease of starvation, and starvation is death. Rise from thy roses, for thy roses be all of thee. I swear to you that is the [??] is Godhead, and even this is of me, all also knows me not – I deserve nothing else than thy desire.

>Dec 24, 1952, 2:15pm

Ah, he art a delight, foolish woman- Thou seekest the Heart of the Flower in all gardens, and yet ye have no eyes – Faithless woman, I am decayed and saddened at thy dance of praise. Thou labor ever to seek me in the height, but thou makest of everything a false song to woo me. But, blessed woman, you have known my kiss, and in that hour in which I caressed thee. Though you curse that hour every day to thy death, I swear to you that unless thou knowest me in that hour, though thou makest of thy entire being a fervent prayer to call me, thou shalt know me never...and thy fervent prayer is less than nothing, and thou shall be [cursed, sacred?] ever!

>Fin

Afterward, Cameron writes of her ordeals to Jane Wolfe, an A.'.A.'. representative:

March 5, 1953

....the wind blew all night, and the eye of the moon rose like a sentinel from the frozen mountains. I awoke at dawn with a great feeling of peace. I went out in the rising sun and my whole body drew a fearful point of pain. I carry within me something black and dreadful. It writhes in my womb like a monster from Hell. Black nothingness, death. I cried and finally called out to Jack. Finally the pain abated and I was compelled to open his black box. Within I found the little book in which is inscribed The Equinox Vol III no I in an XV Liber XV Ecclesia E Gnosticae Catholicae Canon Missae. I suddenly remembered that last spring I brought home Jack a record of the Lovely Lass of Inverness. I began to cry as I had not since I was a child. I found a map of the British Isles and found Loch Ness and Inverness, and my crying grew to the howl of a lost child. I remember home. The memory has plucked incessantly at my thoughts for so long that I have been near frenzy and madness seeking the key to my memories. Oh, Jane, beloved Mother – I want to go home, but it all happened so long ago. Am I to find nothing there but ghosts and memories and ashes of fires long grown cold? Ah, I seek you my Beloved, but where have you departed?

>The fight Marjorie fought was not to honor her lover's image, or to create a comfortable simulation of Jack. She explains to Jane Wolf in the following letter through a retelling of Cupid and Psyche. Joseph Campbell (who also wrote to Wolfe), feels mythological and archetypal figures provide a space (liminality) where the conscious mind and unconscious mind (if such a thing exists) synchronize; the legendary adventure becomes very real, concrete, and present.

August 23, 1953

Beloved Jane,

Three weeks ago, a beautifully illustrated edition of Cupid and Psyche was placed at my disposal at the most appropriate time. I read it and wept profusely for the first time in months. As I have come well to realize, the myths are not remote fables for entertainment, but the real archive of the human race when conscious and unconscious mind synchronize. The legendary adventure becomes real, concrete, and present. And perhaps these incredible maps of the plight of Gods are, in truth, the only guide signs of the hero who ventures out beyond safe regions, into the unknown, or dangerous regions being the Godland of the mind.

I have told you before, when I was at Beaumont, the presence I was aware of was NOT Jack. At that time, I became aware of love in a way I had heretofore not known. I believe I wrote you of my discoveries at the time. I quote as clearly as I can remember Psyche's like discovery to her unseen bridegroom: "In deed I have surpassed love, being love itself".

As you will recall, Psyche, to calm the fears of her sisters who believe that she has been wedded to an ogre and prisoner of some terrible fate, persuades cupid to let her bring them to her magic household and glimpse her fortune. Indeed, she becomes so anxious to share her happiness that she bestows upon them wonderful gifts from her husband, whom they suspect is a God. And Psyche, as the result of human curiosity looks upon the beautiful countenance of her God-spouse and falls from Goldy love, into the terrible lie of human love, "To become enamored with the image of love..."

Having fallen into the trap of the image myself, which is suicidal, I returned to the pursuit of Jack as mirrored self. This could resolve itself only satisfactorily in death since such a conquest-surrender can only result in the suicide of self.

Oh...Jane, I know that your love and recognition is with me, but none can help me in this hour save my Holy Guardian Angel. I love you, and I promise you Paradise.

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July 6-12, 1953: Cameron writes to Jane after a conversation on Babalon.

...I had a very powerful dream last night. Word came that I was to prepare a place of contest since God was to appear to me and accept my challenges. When he came, he was a beautiful man of splendid physique. I had the feeling that we were equally matched, indeed it was as if I were looking at the inner image of myself, but the image of desire, since he was male with ivory skin and beautiful dark hair. The place of contest was a temple of marble tile, white with a vaulted ceiling. Here we engaged in physical combat, like Greeks in a wrestling match. There was a great feeling of power and ease in this contest of strength, and the joy was not in winning, but rather in the duel itself. There was no sense of struggle. I won the contest by placing his shoulders to the floor three times, but the victory was his as well as mine; there was a great pleasure in this, and then we boarded a train and crossed the river.

The train, in Steckle's analysis, is a death dream, and crossing the river is also the racial dream of Styx...but death has a concept heretofore only guessed and in view of the way I feel I would interpret it as a death of the go. Then I was back in Beaumont, I would awaken many mornings with the feeling that I had been somewhere wonderful, or that some one magnificent had just departed when I opened my eyes. Once I had a rapidly fleeting impression of great tides of flaming spheres surrounding me overhead. I did not even have the feeling that I'd slept, but had stepped from one plane to another in opening my eyes. I had, and still have, the absolute conviction that something magnificent had happened to me, which I was not allowed to remember when I awakened. The sense of magnitude and joy flowed over into the daytime, but I would lie down at night with eagerness, since it seemed that

what I learned in the day was only a searching of my memory for the fantastic things divulged to me when I slept. That presence receded and was replaced by terror when the physical pain and mental torment began to come, until it deserted me altogether, except for occasional glimpses when I left Beaumont, until finally, in these last months it became only a diminished memory.

I feel now, that this unnamed urging that I am following is the beckoning of this presence again, and that all I have experienced of late has been necessary as a step before I could go on with that which awaits me.

I shall write.

Love is the law, love under will.

~Cameron.