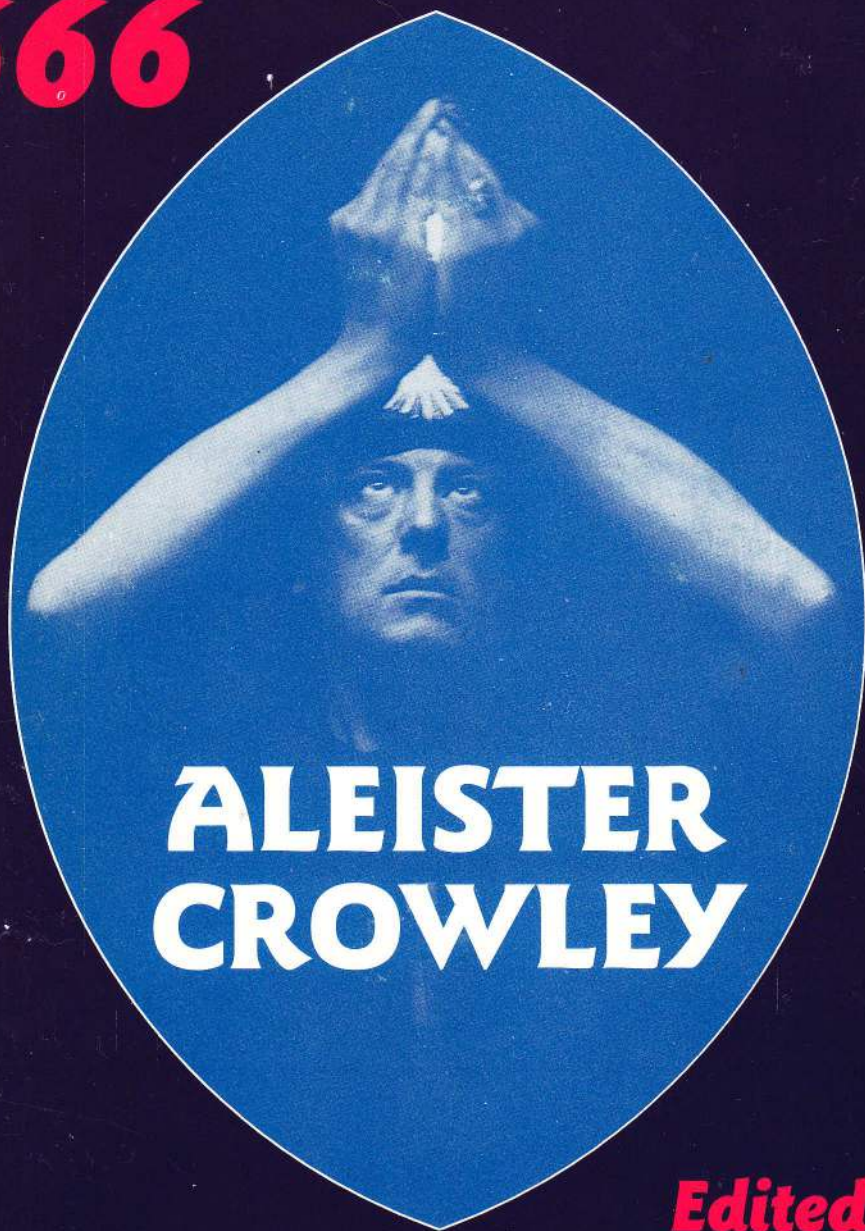


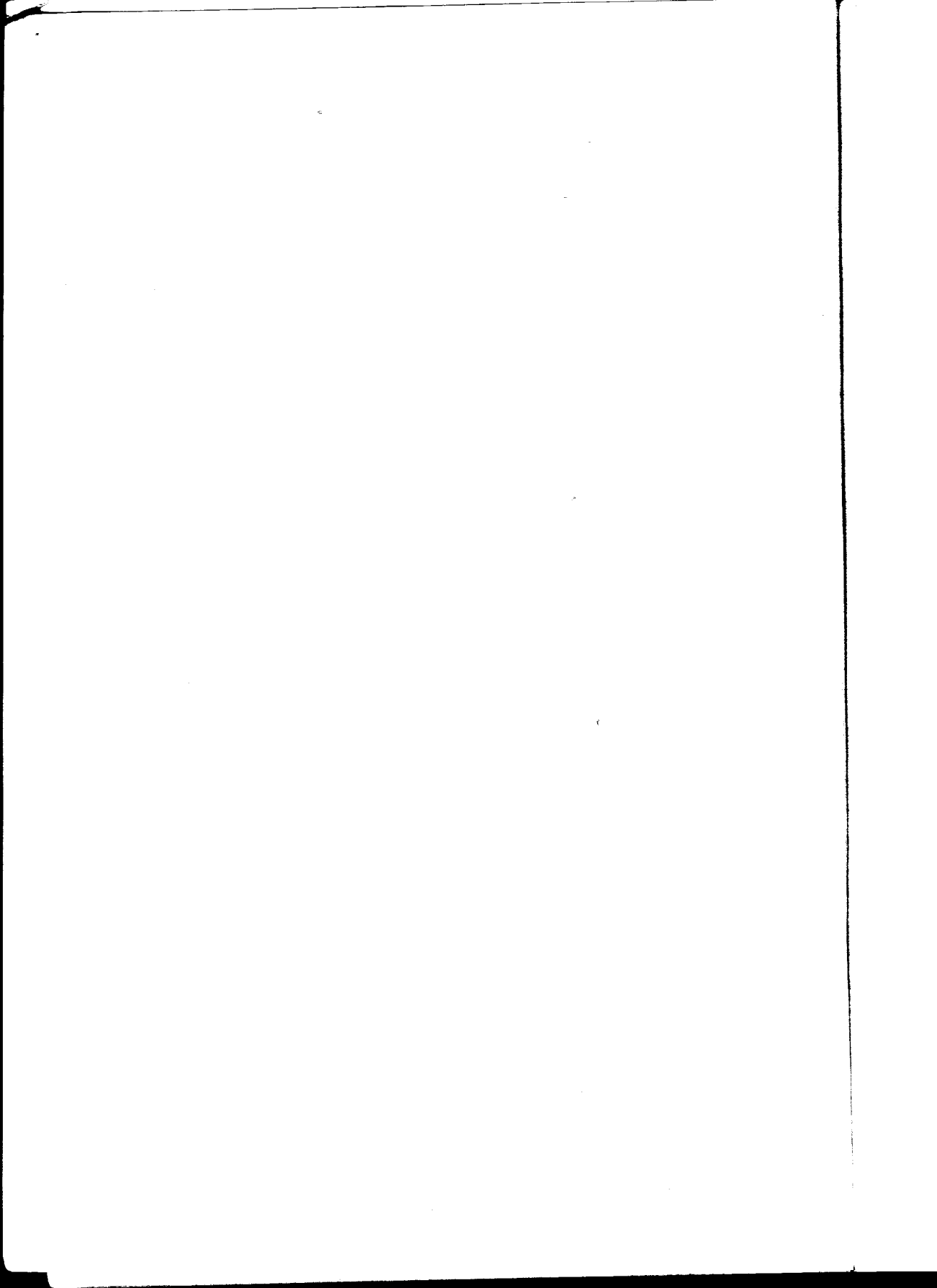
**The Magical Record  
of the Beast  
666**



**ALEISTER  
CROWLEY**

**Edited by  
John Symonds  
and Kenneth Grant**

*The Magical Record of the Beast 666*



The Magical Record  
of the Beast

666

\*

THE DIARIES OF  
Aleister Crowley

1914-1920

EDITED WITH COPIOUS ANNOTATIONS BY

John Symonds

AND

Kenneth Grant



Duckworth



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TO THE MEMORY OF

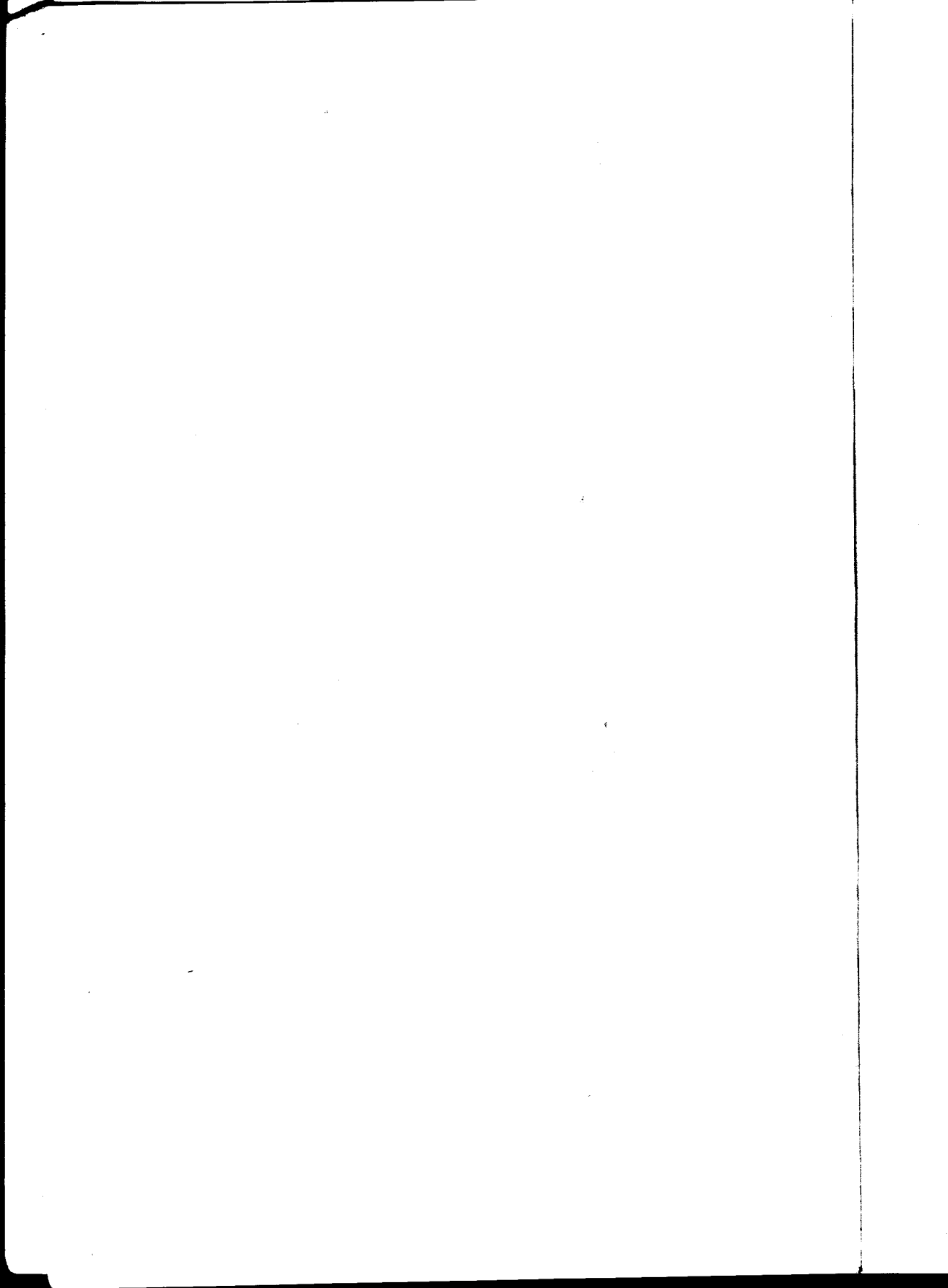
*Karl Johannes Germer*

1885-1962

FRATER SATURNUS, X<sup>o</sup> O.T.O.

WHOSE DEVOTION SUSTAINED CROWLEY

IN HIS LAST YEARS



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# INTRODUCTION

The Magician should keep a diary. When Crowley at the age of twenty-three entered the Golden Dawn, the Hermetic society which flourished in the 1890s, he started to record his magical activities. The keeping of a diary is part of the occult tradition, as important as the acquisition and consecration of magical weapons.

Some portions of these early Crowley diaries are extant; they contain accounts of visions, rituals performed, magical schemes. The visions were either induced by cocaine or were the spontaneous products of his imagination. As visions, they are not impressive, and reveal Crowley's feelings of isolation, guilt and megalomania. One is supposed to take them literally. Some fragments are published in his *Confessions* and longer excerpts are printed in his occult magazine, *The Equinox*.

Magic is based upon three principles. The first is that there exists a timeless realm called the Astral Plane or the Astral Light. It is a plastic medium, more fluid than the real world, easier to affect; it interpenetrates and supports the real or tangible world and is the means by which soothsaying and clairvoyance are made possible. The second principle of magic is that the disciplined will of the Magician can achieve anything; it is limitless. The third axiom of magic is that there is a correspondence or analogy between what appears and what is real, between the seen and the hidden, the microcosm in man and the macrocosm of the universe. This is 'the doctrine of signatures' and is illustrated in the mystical saying, 'What is above is also below.'

The rituals and processes of what is called Ceremonial Magic, all those spells, charms, mantras, etc., have only one aim—that of stimulating and developing the will or latent spiritual powers of the Magician. 'Matter is an illusion created by Will through mind, and consequently susceptible of alteration at the behest of the creator,' wrote Crowley in his *magnum opus*, *Magick in Theory and Practice*.

Crowley's wanderings on and explorations of the Astral Plane are very similar to his wanderings on earth. He met the kind of entities that interested him and found the same sacred and profane places and situations. Furthermore, on the Astral his own hidden nature was revealed to him as images and the spirit were revealed to the alchemist by the *Prima Materia*.

Ceremonial magic is long and wearisome and the materials expensive.



Crowley, who had written to his brother-in-law, Gerald Kelly (see note 3, page 117), 'I want none of your faint approval or faint dispraise; I want blasphemy, murder, rape, revolution, anything, bad or good, but strong,' was too impatient a person to go to all the trouble that, for example, Eliphas Lévi went to in the summer of 1854 when he evoked the phantom of Apollonius of Tyana in the turret of a house in London. He wanted immediate results, and as sex played a very important part in his life, he had neither the time nor the inclination to leave sex out of his evocations. In other words, he was practising in these years before the first world war a form of sexual magic after the manner of the *Vamacbaris*, followers of the left-hand path, who performed their acts of worship with women. (Women are lunar or of the left.) He had picked up a fair amount of information on Tantric sexual practices on his wanderings about India, where he had gone in the first decade of the century, in search of initiation as well as mountains and big game. He was not the only person in Europe at this time to practise sexual magic. There existed—in fact, there still exists—a magical society which had been founded in Germany by Grand Masters of Masonry for the sole purpose of performing this form of magic. The story is told how the Head of the Order of Oriental Templars, Theodor Reuss, came to see Crowley in 1911 at his flat in Victoria Street and accused him of disclosing in his writings their sex-magical secrets. The two Magicians talked long into the night and exchanged views on this recondite subject. A month later, there took place in Berlin the enthronement of Baphomet X° O.T.O., the Supreme and Holy King of Ireland, Iona, and All the Britains that are in the Sanctuary of the Gnosis.

Crowley's diary becomes interesting in 1914. By this time he was ready to start his experiments in the art, to find out to what extent one could influence events by sexual (as opposed to ceremonial) magic. *Rex de Arte Magica*, The King [Crowley] on the Royal Art, is the record of these experiments. This diary forms the introduction to *The Magical Record of the Beast 666* which is a more general diary but which still has as its core sexual operations in the service of magic. Like an alchemist, searching for the *lapis* amid the melting pots in the athanor, Crowley worked towards his goal in the sexual act; that was his Gnosis, the royal road to the accomplishment of his Great Work.

Did his magic work? It is difficult to say whether the galvanizing of his will by the orgasm brought better results than ceremonial magic would have done. Like other men, Crowley had his ups and downs, but he continued on his solitary way regardless. He had a facile explanation for the break-up of any relationship. The magical current was exhausted or the man or woman in question was unequal to the ordeals that his, Crowley's, Holy Guardian Angel, Aiwaz (Set or Shaitan or Satan) had imposed. He never blamed himself for anything. For one reason or another, his partners failed him; they were corrupt or weak or both, and he cast them aside and strode on praising the deathless gods. Leah Hirsig, 'Alostrael', the Scarlet Woman of the Cefalu period, the Virgin Guardian of the Sangraal, seemed to think that the Beast 666 was not so beastly as he was painted, that he could be

## Introduction

tamed, that they could be 'bourgeois' satanists together and bring up their children like other parents. The picture had been confused for her because, as his diary shows, Crowley had a human side as well; he was even sensitive to social conventions. She saw she had to keep in step with him or lose her high estate of Scarlet Womanhood. And for several years she did keep in step; they practised the *Orgia* together—'no deed but we dared it'—but she lost nevertheless because the magical current ran out. Crowley was insatiable and had begun to find her boring. She suffered the wretched fate predicted in *The Book of the Law*. (See Appendix.)

It was Crowley's claim that, with *The Book of the Law*, he had inaugurated a new aeon which would last at least two thousand years. *The Book* foretells the destruction of civilization as we know it and supplies guidance for rebuilding a new civilization. He was the god-force of this new aeon. Unfortunately, he lived at the end of the 'old aeon', the Christian aeon. It was not surprising, therefore, that he was regarded as an unsavoury person whose creed not even his friends bothered to consider.

In spite of his magic and the use of drugs and his desperate efforts to get beyond himself—as he says in his diary, he was not afraid of madness—he was still encircled by the particular stresses and strains which made up Aleister Crowley. In other words, he was in the grip of unconscious forces; hence 'the demon Crowley'. There was no development, and his considerable knowledge of magic and mysticism was unavailing. Unlike the alchemists of old, he failed to convert the gross into the fine and to produce that psychic transformation which would have enabled him to rise like the phoenix from the ashes. Till the end, he remained the same—driven, guilt-ridden and, what is surprising, rather unintrospective.

JOHN SYMONDS

## II

The Magician's record is his sole companion on the Path of Attainment. There is a supplement in the first number of *The Equinox*, 1909, entitled 'John St. John'. It is one of Crowley's diaries, 'a model of what a magical record should be'. It describes the stages of an initiation of major importance in the life of a Magician: the Attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, the perfect yoga, or union, of the soul with its secret source. 'John St. John' is therefore the record of a mystical experience, the climax of which is the apotheosis of the Will by its total surrender to that Angel.

This was Crowley's search for the meaning of existence, *his* existence. His quest was successful; he discovered the meaning of his True Will, as embodied in Aiwaz, the 'solar-phallic Daemon', who, in 1904, transmitted *The Book of the Law*. Crowley's cult of Do What Thou Wilt (*Thelema*) is based on this book. Aiwaz initiated him into the mysteries of the sexual

current, a particular aspect of the *Kundalini* (or Serpent Power) manifesting through occult centres of the human body. It is a dangerous current and one that has swept many practitioners to destruction.

Crowley experimented ceaselessly, analysed his results and evolved a scheme of practical occult working which he welded into the structure of the *Ordo Templi Orientis* (O.T.O.), an Order which concentrates the theoretical principles and practical application of the sexual current in its magical and mystical phases.

Crowley's diaries contain numerous examples of this current—for magical creation in male-female union, IX°, for the consecration of talismans in auto-erotic workings, VIII°, for the revitalization of the body in the secret Sacrament of the Gnosis of the XI°, and for the materialization of desired objects through the use of the lunar or periodic female current.

These diaries also contain information of great value to the student of those rare elixirs associated with the formulae of immortality and physical regeneration. These secrets were communicated to Crowley by Aiwaz; the alchemists sought vainly for them all their lives. But Crowley was not seeking physical longevity or temporal power, but Knowledge of the Self.

Many years elapsed before the mystical Will, formulated by Aiwaz in the inner reaches of Crowley's being, concretized as the magical entity known as the Master Therion. This occurred in 1915, and thus enabled him to assume the Grade of Magus in the Mystical Brotherhood known as the A.:A.: It took another six years before the Magus, after announcing his Law of Do What Thou Wilt, was re-absorbed into Nuit (the Night of Time, or the Night of Pan), and thereby dissolved forever the personality-complex known as Aleister Crowley; for Crowley, on the completion of that supreme Initiation, the first stages of which are described in this part of the *Magical Record*, died to himself in 1924.

It was at Cefalu, in 1920, that the Master Therion laid the foundations of two great books on occultism: *Magick in Theory and Practice*, published in 1929, and *The Book of Thoth*, published in 1944. *Magick* contains many of the themes discussed in these diaries, such as the cult of Shaitan or Satan, whom Crowley identifies with Aiwaz, his Guardian Angel. (Aiwaz is also the Guardian Angel of this planet at the present stage of its development.) *The Book of Thoth* unfolds the secret inner Teachings of the Tarot, and as re-formulated by Crowley they anticipated several recent scientific discoveries. Both these books flowered from seeds sown in Cefalu, the period covered by the diary.

The role of the Scarlet Woman, Leah Hirsig, is no less enigmatic than that of the Beast. Her history extends beyond these pages, for she kept her own *Magical Record* which adds much to an understanding of Crowley and the more crucial stages of the prolonged Initiation to the highest Grade of all—that of Ipsissimus.

And in the background of all this creative work at Cefalu was Crowley's constant experimentation with drugs, and his struggle against madness and despair, aggravated by poverty, illness and persecution. It was all part of the Great Ordeal, and reached its climax when Crowley exclaimed: 'I died.'

### *Introduction*

This is all he could utter at the deepest abyss of being, at the final pylon of initiation, where all the struggle, all the madness, all the knowledge, one may even say all the wisdom that had gone before, was sundered in one supreme orgasm of self-immolation.

His personal self (as opposed to the cosmic Self) was dead forever. No name, no form, no entity or identity could resurrect the ashes in the Urn<sup>1</sup> of the Magus, except that unknowable essence, that unknowable Spirit which calls itself Aiwaz.

This daemon, Aiwaz, rather than Crowley, is the sphinx that faces all who try to fathom the fantastic life which these diaries reveal. And it seems to me that here, in the very heart of the Great Initiation as described by Crowley in his last moments as a Magus, is found the key to problems not of his personality alone, but of the world-complex as it faces us today: chaotic, awful, naked as the nameless God before whose shrine he so fervently aspired.

KENNETH GRANT

<sup>1</sup> See *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley*, Chapter 81.

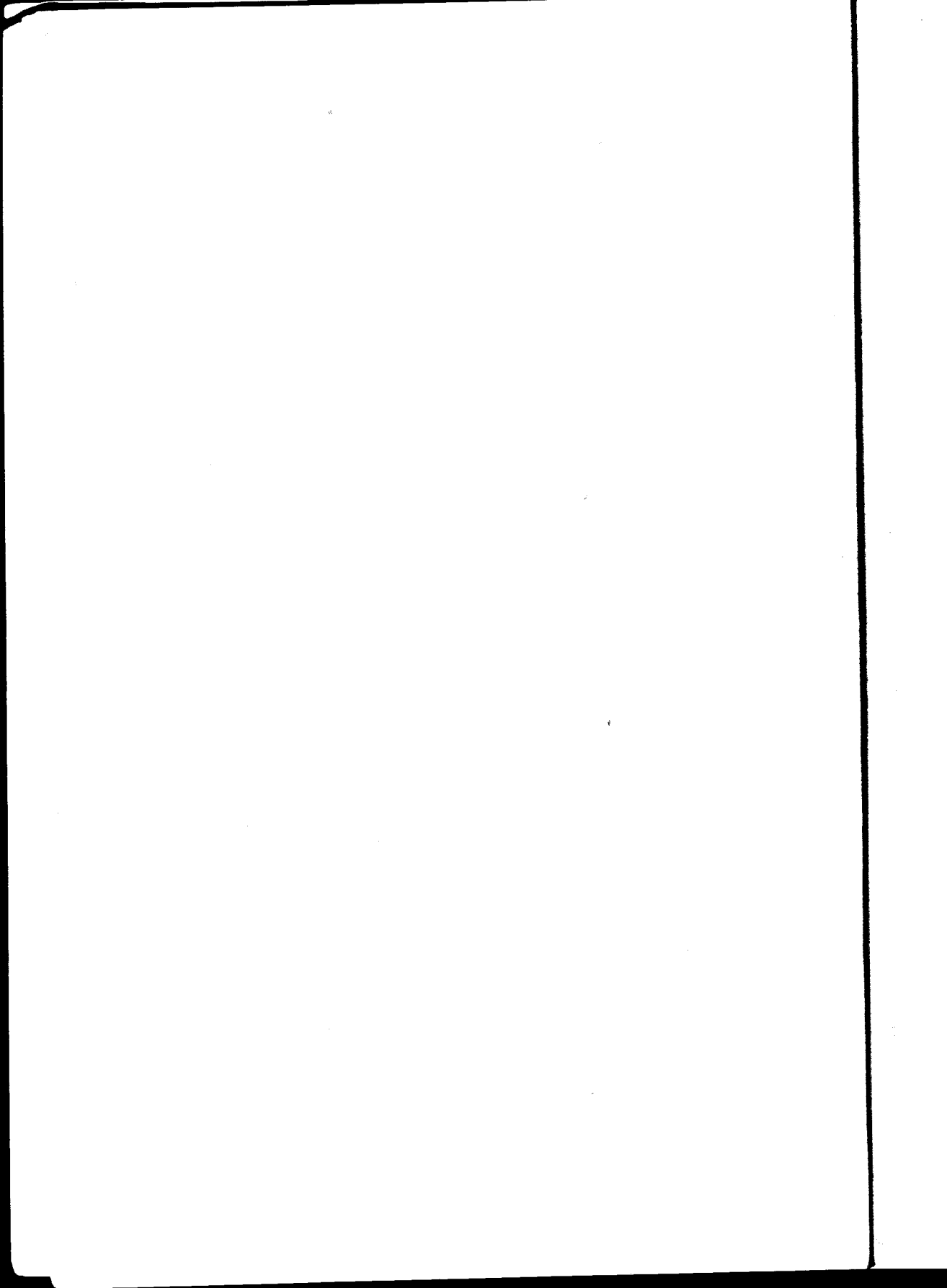
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REX  
DE ARTE  
REGIA

*Crowley's Magical Record opens with Rex de Arte Regia (The King on the Royal Art), the King being, of course, Crowley. The entries are mainly or exclusively related to his sexual operations. It is not yet a general diary. At the stage of Rex de Arte Regia he is trying to perfect the technique of sexual magic, communicated to him two years previously—in 1912—by Theodor Reuss, X° and Outer Head of the Order of the Oriental Templars (O.T.O.). In November 1914, Crowley, aged thirty-nine, arrived in New York, having safely carried away the secret teachings from the holocaust then raging in Europe. He stayed in America till 1919.*

The Magical Record of Baphomet X° O.T.O., Rex Summus Sanctissimus<sup>1</sup> of Ireland, Iona and All the Britains, which He made concerning the Art Royal and Sacerdotal of the IX°.<sup>2</sup>

This Art was communicated to me in June, An. VIII<sup>3</sup> [1912], ☉ in ♀ by the O.H.O.<sup>4</sup> It was practised by me in a desultory way until An. IX ☉ in 10° ♀ [1 January 1914] when I made the Experiments recorded elsewhere of the Art derived from and parallel to this. The Knowledge thus gained enabled me to make further research with more acumen and directness, so that I was able definitely to assert that I had produced certain results at will. For example, my bronchitis, which had been most intractable was cured in a single day. I obtained money when needed. I obtained 'sex-force and sex-attraction' so strongly that for months after I was never at a loss. Better than all, I was able to excite my art-creative power and my magical intuition so that much of the very great work done by me all this summer may be considered due entirely to this Art.

All that I learnt from these works has been written by me in the Epistle *De Arte Magica*.

I now begin an ordered and observing record.

I

3 Sept. [1914] Marie Maddingley—respectable married woman.

Object: 'Sex-force and sex-attraction' in order to facilitate the practice of the IX° for these experiments.

The girl was very weak feminine, easily excitable and very keen, it being

<sup>1</sup> Baphomet was the name of the idol that the Knights Templars were alleged to have worshipped. Crowley took this name when he was made the Head for Britain of the Order of the Oriental Templars (O.T.O.). The Tenth Degree signifies his Authority; hence the title of Rex Summus Sanctissimus, the Supreme and Most Holy King.

<sup>2</sup> The Ninth Degree in the O.T.O. is the degree in which the central and supreme secrets of magick are contained.

<sup>3</sup> The 8th year of the New Aeon which was inaugurated by Aiwaz through Crowley during 1904; hence 1912. Crowley's expression for Anno Domini was *era vulgari* (E.V.), the ordinary era.

<sup>4</sup> Outer Head of the Order. At this time, 1914, the O.H.O. or Supreme Head was Theodor Reuss.

the first time she had committed adultery. Opn. [Operation] highly orgiastic, and Elixir of first rate quality.

Result: I argue complete success from the nature of the following record, No. II

(I suspect that these operations will not cross the sea. The identical operations in April worked admirably for two months. I then crossed to Paris, and found inhibition; but met W.D.<sup>1</sup> and won out. So here see Opus V and Opus VI.)

### II, IIA, IIB

6 Sept. Christine Rosalie Byrne ('Peggy Marchmont'), Piccadilly prostitute.

Object: Knowledge of the Mysteries of the IX° and power to express the same.

The girl is a sturdy bitch of 26 or so. The orgie lasted with rare and brief intervals from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., and the ceremony was thrice performed. I was not at all exhausted and could have gone on all night. Though she was hard up, she refused even a friendly present.

Result: success complete, since I wrote *De Arte Magica; De Homunculo; De Natura Deorum; De Nuptiis Secretis Deorum cum Hominibus*<sup>2</sup> in which will be found very great wisdom of the Gods on all this matter.

But I suppose that I made some great error, for I immediately felt some strain, which declared itself shortly as phlebitis with thrombosis of the left leg, and interrupted the course of the experiments. Hence the date of No. III.

Or might the ill-health be part of the success, as giving me opportunity to write?

### III

14 Oct. 8.17 p.m. Violet Duval, chorus girl.

An old friend, Thrice Holy Soror L.B.<sup>3</sup> assisted in the work.

Object: Health. At this time my leg is still very swollen and obstinate. I have been dressed and about for 3 days, but it was a decided risk to perform the ceremony. After so long abstinence, too, it was swift and easy-going; but the will seemed concentrated. It has at least loosened my brain, which had been clogged for 3 or 4 days.

Result: Sudden, new, rather alarming symptoms the same night; but great improvement following, so that today, 17 Oct., I am going about much as usual.

<sup>1</sup> Walter Duranty, Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*, from 1921.

<sup>2</sup> *Concerning the Magic Art; On the Homunculus; On the Nature of the Gods; The Secret Marriages of the Gods with Men.*

<sup>3</sup> Sister Leila Bathurst, née Waddell, Grand Secretary General IX° O.T.O., Crowley's Scarlet Woman at the time of the public performance of 'The Rites of Eleusis' at Caxton Hall during 1910. Often referred to as Laylah, the Arabic for night.

## Rex de Arte Regia

1 Nov. The symptoms are still not altogether vanished. But most assuredly some three days after the rite I had the feeling of health—an indescribable but well-known sensation. I began many energetic things, made up my mind, and here I am in New York.

21 Nov. The most anxious solicitude fails to discover any fault in the leg. This is a month earlier than the doctor's prognostic.

29 Nov. Not perfectly well, this leg. But general health throughout better than I have known it for years.

15 Dec. I shall close this record with the word Doubtful.

## IV

7 Nov. 11.15 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. *Babalon per mentis imaginem manu sinistra*.<sup>1</sup>

Object: Success. Things in New York have moved slowly and badly so far. The lapse of time between this entry and the next is due to lack of leisure and opportunity.

Result: Many Magi might rejoice seeing that I sold £500 or so of books<sup>2</sup> on 12 Nov. and that today, 14 Nov., all my difficulties on other lines seem to have cleared away. But this Magus (not used as  $9^{\circ} = 2^{53}$  but as a 'magician') wants definite, complete success all round. 'Call no man happy till he is dead'—or at least has left New York!

I had rather a cold following this operation. I had a 'feeling' or 'intuition' that this method is not altogether right. Divination says (I judge) that it is right, VII 4.49.<sup>4</sup>

22 Dec. ☉ in † I think on the whole I may say I have had success, though its results are not manifest altogether. But I have had love, money, pupils, clients, fame and my prospects look very bright all 'round. Yes, I shall call this success.

P.S. 14 Feb. Every one of these apparent successes materialized only in part. They vanished again almost at once. I think it is all part of the ♀ formula.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Babalon as imagined through the mind, [and] with the left hand.' This *opus*, or sexual operation, was an act of masturbation while Crowley visualized the image of Babalon, the Scarlet Whore. *Babalon* is here written in Enochian characters, i.e. the Angelic language transmitted to Dr John Dee, the astrologer of Queen Elizabeth I. It is so spelt to accord, cabbalistically, with Crowley's doctrine of Thelema (Do what thou wilt). See *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley*, London, 1969, page 789.

<sup>2</sup> To John Quinn, the American lawyer and famous book, manuscript and picture collector. The price, however, was less than £500. See *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley*, page 745.

<sup>3</sup> The notation in the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn and in Crowley's mystical Order, the A. A. ., for the high grade of Magus.

<sup>4</sup> *Liber VII* or *Liber Liberi vel Lapidis Lazuli* (*The Book of the Free Man or of the Stone of Lazuli*), one of the 'Holy Books' of Thelema. Crowley opened the book at random and drew his omen from the passage his seal ring fell upon; in this case, Chapter 4, verse 49.

<sup>5</sup> The invocation of Mercury according to the ritual in *Liber LXIV*, published in Crowley's *The Equinox*, no. 7.



*The Magical Record of the Beast 666*

I evidently don't know how to fix the volatile at all, though the first half of the Opn. is all right.

V

14 Nov. 10.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. Elsie Edwards. Obese Irish prostitute of maternal Taurus type. 3 dollars.

Object: Thanksgiving. The Glory of the sacred L<sup>1</sup> and the Establishment of the Holy Kingdom in this country.

The unattractiveness of the assistant made the operation difficult. But it was necessary to begin somehow and so far New York has shown me none of its sex side. May the Lord grant me favour in this also. (P.S. 28 Jan. 1916 E.V. The Lord granted it: blessed be He.)

I find myself apt to concentrate on the articulation of the words that formulate the Will rather than on the substance of the Will itself. This is surely (*a priori*) wrong.

VI

16 Nov. 9.25 p.m. to 9.50 p.m. BABALON [in Enochian] *manibus plenis*.<sup>2</sup>  
Past ( √ ♀ (P ♀ approaching (□ 2 □ P♂ P ♀ and ⊙ P♁ ♀ stat.

Object: Ἀνδρα H C J P *similem*. Babalon [looks like] a man like H C J P<sup>3</sup>

The Operation was very orgiastic in character. I most clearly formulated the double picture: 1. ΕΩΜΑ ΒΑΒΑΛΟΝΟC ΦΙΛΑΤΑΤΗC [The Body of the Beloved Babalon]; 2. ΕΡΩΤΑ ΦΙΛΑΤΑΤΟΨ [The Love of the Most Beloved].

Result: One must admit that the idea of this operation was suggested by hearing of a vague possibility. However, one has at least the right to record success on 20 Nov. 7.50 p.m. as far as the first stage or earnest [of it].

23 Nov. If emphasized avowal, reinforced by anxiety lest A. C. be a mask, be a test, then this operation must be called perfectly successful.

25 Nov. This operation is to be classified as completely successful, because of the gentles; there are but few; and . . . well, he that hath an ear to hear, let him hear. I shall not argue, but state upon my royal and sacerdotal oath that this operation is a success most unlooked-for and astounding, in all respects perfect.

Note ♁ in ∞ on exact cusp of 7th [house] & 'object' has ∞ rising, and is very ♁ in type.

P.S. 28 Jan. 1916 E.V. Very transient, this success; Ἀνδρα not being worthy of that name.

VII

21 Nov. 10.30 p.m. If there be any truth in Astrology, surely the moment

<sup>1</sup> The Tau Cross or Phallus.

<sup>2</sup> 'Babalons with full hands', that is, while holding in his mind the image of Babalon, the Scarlet Woman, he masturbated.

<sup>3</sup> H.C.J.P. is in Enochian: Herbert Charles Jerome Pollitt. They were undergraduates at Cambridge. The object was to attract a man like Pollitt.

## Rex de Arte Regia

of the Birth of the Elixir<sup>1</sup> should determine its career. Therefore let me invariably erect a figure genethliacal for the Λογος or Semen<sup>2</sup> at the moment of its creation from the elements that compose it.

Florence Galy. ♀ in ≈ type: about 28-30. Keen on the whole. Lowest type of prostitute. Dark mulatto, very negroid in type. (Now 15 Dec. in prison for theft.)

Object: 'Lord S[haitan] that art M[aster] of the G[ods], Let A G<sup>3</sup> be my W[oman] S[carlet]' as I have several times tried before with partially good results.

The Operation though slight was technically very near perfection. I have to admit that like VI it was suggested by favourable circumstances in the afternoon. But I really cannot carry scientific scruple to the point of refusing to take at the flood any tide in my affairs. Although this record is that of an investigator, and it is hoped that the results may be of value to my most holy Colleagues, the allied Kings of the Nations of the Earth, and to my children, the thrice holy, thrice illuminated and thrice illustrious Initiates of the Sanctuary of the Gnosis, yet it is also that of a Magus bent on the accomplishment of a Work; and the details of that achievement in their event and policy should prove as instructive as an arid, though more rigid, sceptical demonstration. I wish further to add that I see no reason to suppose that the Elixir is miraculous in the sense that sceptics would like it to be taken.

I think that this Operation merely moulds circumstance already fluid, combines existing elements in one way rather than another, just as an orator finding an excitable crowd, moves them as he will. No: I will deal with the possible and even probable, in the strength of, and to the glory of, the Most High, *cui sit semper benedictio in nomine ΦΑΛΛΟΥ*.<sup>4</sup>

Result: Very good, 24 Nov., but 26 Nov. apparently slipped back. 15 Dec. I do seem to have progressed a little. I call this doubtful.

28 Jan., 1916 E.V. Failed.

## VIII

23 Nov. Grace Harris, ♀ in ≈ type, about 22. Same class and colour as VII.

Object: Immediate money. (Interpreted as from an unexpected source before Sunday; a wish contrary to all probability.)

The Operation was good as to concentration, mediocre orgiastically. Also the sense of sacramentalism was not strong.

Result: (I am abstaining most carefully from any act that might result naturally in my getting money.)

25 Nov. A letter came saying £800 was being found for me. But does this count?

<sup>1</sup> The semen.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley here identifies the Logos or Sacred Word with the semen.

<sup>3</sup> Aimée Gouraud, a wealthy prey who escaped.

<sup>4</sup> 'On whom may be always blessing in the name of the Phallus.'

*The Magical Record of the Beast 666*

1 Dec. Not a cent! Yet I *seem* to be swimming in gold. I have a flat, and bought £150 furniture etc. etc. And Jones<sup>1</sup> from Vancouver sends twelve people to take III° O.T.O.

6 Dec. \$15 between me and the work'us. And I owe \$200.

15 Dec. True, but I did get credits.

I shall call this doubtful.

IX

25 Nov. 8.55 p.m.

Object: Eloquence. Special reference to my lecture on Buddhism on Sunday next, 29 Nov. 1914 E.V.

The Operation, judged crudely on material grounds, was admirable. One does not know by what criteria to measure it.

Result: I was certainly fluent, and not self-conscious. On the whole much better than I had hoped. Yes: I will call this Success.

X

28 Nov. 1.45 a.m. *BABALON manibus plenis*.<sup>2</sup>

Object: 156 *carnem factam*.<sup>3</sup> The idea was of pure devotion to the Holy One, but secondarily to produce a vice-gerent of Her as a partner.

The Operation was well carried out; though perhaps not quite so well as VI.

Result: Letter next morning from a woman in Stamford. This woman has Sagittarius rising and is of Mercury Mars type. Hair ashen and greying. She is, I think, to be my private secretary. Clearly not at all my need as 156. Yet may be right as Lady of Ascendant is in 3rd [house].

15 Dec. I class this as doubtful. I think fifteen days ought to be the limit in most cases. Otherwise 'chance' can operate easily enough.

2 Feb. 1916. But the woman described is like LXXVI!<sup>4</sup>

XI

1 Dec. 10.45 p.m. approx. Same as VIII.

Object: 'Magnetism', i.e. that concentration and radiation of magical force which draws men after one.

The Operation was lacking in orgiastic quality, but good as to sacramentalism and concentration. Latter very good; the mind faltered once only. Quality of Elixir: ?

Result: A bad night followed. I used the time packing, and quite without

<sup>1</sup> Charles Stansfeld Jones.

<sup>2</sup> 'Babalon with full hands', i.e. an act of masturbation with the image of the Scarlet Woman in mind.

<sup>3</sup> B=2 A=1 B=2 A=1 L=30 O=70 N=50. Total: 156. The object of the *opus* was to attract a woman who could fulfil the office of Scarlet Woman, hence the phrase *carnem factam*, made flesh.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. opus LXXVI. The record of it is not extant.

*Rex de Arte Regia*

thinking began to read Du Potet's *Magnetism* (Yarker) which I have had three years and never read.

4 Dec. This appears to have worked the wrong way round. Everything that depended on that went wrong. But I see signs of change this a.m.

6 Dec. I was complimented tonight at dinner on my excess of this power by Aimée Gouraud, Ernest Simmons and Mitchell Kennerley.

13 Dec. I regard this as having been a thoroughly bad operation, owing to lack of proper ὁργια.<sup>1</sup> The 'calm mind' is no good at all for Magick.

XII

6 Dec. 10.35 a.m. *BABALON m[anibus] p[lenis]*.<sup>2</sup>

Object: Success tonight, i.e. in lecture on Magick at 32 West 58th Street.

The Operation was very easy and enthusiastic, and the Elixir of excellent quality in my judgement. In *Opus X* this was not the case.

Result: Really a marked success. Pouring rain, and I had a bad cough. Yet this left me while I spoke and I was eloquent. (Yet this impression is mostly subjective.) I spoke without notes, yet never faltered. Truly say I, Let there be glory and thanksgiving to the Holy One!

*N.B.* Abramelin<sup>3</sup> demons did their utmost to stop this lecture. A 70-mile gale blew and they tried to upset me both physically and mentally.

XIII

13 Dec. 2.35 p.m. approximately. Same as VIII.

Object: To become One with the Lord.

(Things had cleared up for me this a.m. *World* article, date with Quinn, etc., so this was my weekly Thanksgiving Service; and therefore by this object I meant (1) to worship the Holy One by identity, (2) to make others worship me.)

The Operation was highly orgiastic, considering the low and venal type of assistant. But the Elixir was very difficult to recover from the cucurbit.<sup>4</sup>

Result: I got a good identity—magical, not up to Samadhi though—and 'saw myself as Ph[allos] walking'. 4.50 p.m. A woman, Dorothy von Palmerburg, fell straight down for me. 9.0 p.m. Had a great time doing good magic and getting the people interested. Aimée Gouraud in particular very cordial indeed. Also another victim, red hair and Aries I think. Perhaps X<sup>5</sup> at last!

28 Jan. 1916 E.V. All this latter part failed.

<sup>1</sup> Secret rites, secret worship, practised by the initiated (Liddell and Scott).

<sup>2</sup> Another magical act of masturbation.

<sup>3</sup> See *The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-Melin the Mage* (MacGregor Mathers). Crowley had been evoking Abra-Melin demons in his house, Boleskine, on the banks of Loch Ness ten years previously.

<sup>4</sup> A term used in alchemy for the lower part of the alembic but here used by Crowley for the vagina.

<sup>5</sup> See *opus X*; in this context, Babalon or the Scarlet Woman.

XIV

15 Dec. 11.40 p.m.

Lea Dewey. Dutch prostitute, ♀ rising. Big and tall but not fat; the muscular wolf type. Very dark hair on head; pubic hair fairer. Beautiful Yoni.<sup>1</sup>

Object: 'EPMHΣ,<sup>2</sup> i.e. a general invocation of his powers: magick, wisdom, eloquence, success in business, letters, etc. etc.

The Operation was most orgiastic, but I formulated the God well and called aloud after his name. The Gluten of the Eagle was not very plentiful, and the Lion<sup>3</sup> not very thoroughly dissolved therein. Still, I think the Elixir was formed well enough.

This Operation was performed in my new temple, where I had spent all the evening (from 9.0 p.m.) in invoking ΩΩΩ and 'EPMHΣ<sup>4</sup> and reciting Enochian calls.<sup>5</sup> Also in reading the Hermes operations record of January in Paris.<sup>6</sup> Also during the day I had written fully to my Viceroy in S. Africa<sup>7</sup> with regard to the IX°. And since Sunday night, the 13th, I have been generally invoking Hermes or Mercury as the obvious God of this city of New York, and proposing to make this new temple a Temple of Hermes by getting eight people to assist, and by making a circle on the floor, with the idea of building up a great Mercurial force, a mighty Caduceus to rule this city.

These antecedent conditions were then very favourable indeed. The weather was fine and very cold, plus 10°F.

Result: On returning to my hotel I found a dun (Mercury) from the man who attends to my mouth<sup>8</sup> (Mercury)! In a.m. letters from Cowie<sup>9</sup> and Bathurst. In p.m. my private secretary brought in an ink pot, eight daggers, a tray with Hermes on it, a phallic night-light hold and a Virgo tray! Later, dined with Quinn who promised me \$500 on a collection of books.

17 Dec. Duly received and banked the \$500.

19 Dec. I now invoke Mercury daily as of old.

And now I must record one of the most curious experiences of my life. About 8.45 p.m. I was at 34th Street and Broadway looking for a soul-mate, a destined bride, an affinity, a counterpartal ego, etc., and should have

<sup>1</sup> Vagina.

<sup>2</sup> Hermes.

<sup>3</sup> 'The Gluten of the Eagle' is the female sexual secretion; the Lion is the male seed.

<sup>4</sup> Thoth and Hermes.

<sup>5</sup> The invocatory address, of which there are many, to the spirits inhabiting the Tablets of Enoch in Dr Dee's system.

<sup>6</sup> A detailed record of a magical operation performed with Victor Neuburg in Paris during January-February 1914, in which a homosexual or XI° rite was used, the presiding deity being Hermes. It is called *The Paris Working*. See *The Great Beast* by John Symonds, 1971.

<sup>7</sup> Thomas Windram.

<sup>8</sup> Both dun and mouth have mercurial affinities, the one because of its connection with money, the other with speech.

<sup>9</sup> George Macnie Cowie, Very Illustrious and Very Illuminated, Pontiff and Epopt of the Areopagus of the VIIIth Degree O.T.O., Grand Treasurer General, Keeper of the Golden Book, etc. etc., whom Crowley later accused of robbing him.

### Rex de Arte Regia

considered the conditions satisfied by any orifice into which I might plunge my penis at a cost not exceeding \$2.50. I now saw a girl who might have served but did not think it worth while to speak, as she looked expensive.

In disgust, I turned homeward, but was impelled to call loudly upon Hermes eight times. Instantly flashed into my mind, 'Go to 42nd Street and Broadway—quick'. Obedient to the heavenly vision, I jumped into a trolley-car and got out at 42nd. There was the girl I had seen before! She was just crossing the road, but stopped in the middle and openly beckoned me. I obeyed, thinking speech with her might put the time and place right for the further order. But she proved to be one Mildred Rose, a pianist. We went back to 40 St. and stayed chatting and flirting—very mildly. I am to ring her up tomorrow or she is to come to my lecture.

28 Dec. This was apparently the boy trickster Mercury. (Cf. the first operation of the Paris series, January 1st 1914.)<sup>1</sup> She has given no sign since, and her address and telephone number fail to find her. A fish (sacred to Mercury) is in the water main, and we have been 'dry' since Dec. 29!

### XV

20 Dec. 2.30 p.m. Weather fine, sunny, frosty. Light in room, full daylight. (These two points should be recorded scrupulously.)

Object: As XIV. (I have nothing left to wish for.)

I was not well (diarrhoea slight). She was not well (cold in the head). The Operation was not very orgiastic and was very clumsily managed, I losing control of Bindu.<sup>2</sup>

Nor was the Operation good in concentration. I had an intuition both before, during and after that all was wrong. An Elixir<sup>3</sup> was formed but of an acrid and aromatic type.

Result: The whole Mercury force has been—to all appearance—thrown down instantly. E.g. not one person at my lecture but those I practically brought with me. Even my private secretary, even my brother, Fra. F. L.,<sup>4</sup> sworn to work at Mercury tonight were not there. Not even the faithful Rooney! (I spent p.m. invoking Mercury.)

### XVI

22 Dec. 9.7 p.m. Weather fine and cold. Light. None in room, slight light through glass doors.

*Ἑρμης mente figuratus. Manibus: sedens.*<sup>5</sup>

Object: As XIV.

<sup>1</sup> Crowley blames Hermes for the lady's lack of response. The first operation of *The Paris Working* did not go according to plan.

<sup>2</sup> Sanskrit word for semen.

<sup>3</sup> The Elixir (in Crowley's system) comprises the mingled male and female sexual fluids.

<sup>4</sup> Probably Frater Fiat Lux, whose identity we do not know.

<sup>5</sup> 'Hermes figured in the mind. With the hands, sitting.' The image of Hermes was concentrated in his mind. An act of masturbation while sitting.



The rite was done in a partly consecrated temple of Hermes. I had invoked by the 'Majesty of Godhead'<sup>1</sup> and the Hexagram, and then sat asking for a manifestation. The impulse sprang up eagerly to perform this rite, '*De nuptiis deorum cum hominibus*'.<sup>2</sup>

I imagined the God very forcibly and called aloud his name throughout; and the purpose of the Operation formulated itself in me as 'to fix the volatile' without my willing this thought.

The Operation was at first highly orgiastic, almost to loss of control, suddenly—well, I am not sure. It *seemed* to tail off, and the Lion was scanty and watery. (Examination confirms this view.) But somehow I feel I have done everything right.

Result: I have the feeling that this corrected the error of [*opus*] XV and this is confirmed by the events of 23 Dec.

### XVII

23 Dec. 8.7 p.m. 'Only a glimmer to chasten the gloom.' Weather fine and frosty.

Same [Assistant] as VIII.

Object: 'The mantle of David and Solomon', i.e. power to write Phallic praise equal in literary value to the Psalms and Canticles. I now realize that a quarter-fledged Magus should not try for miracles of this size. 'Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine' has been written; and if the O.T.O. Magick can equal that. . . ! ! !

The Operation was well and duly done: highly orgiastic at the final moment, yet the Object held in a bulldog grip. The Elixir was admirably formed, though not in great quantity; it was ample and satisfying.

Result: Began Psalms<sup>3</sup> on returning home and wrote three. Woke up at 5.30 and wrote some more. 5.30 p.m., at it again. Wrote about sixteen, then current seemed to stop.

### XVIII

27 Dec. 11.40 p.m. Close approximation. Weather fine and cold. Glimmer only.

Same as VIII.

Object: To be one with  $\Theta\Omega\Theta$ .<sup>4</sup>

The Operation was well done, highly orgiastic, prolonged, but object held tenaciously and the God-form fairly well sustained. The Elixir was excellent and ample.

<sup>1</sup> The opening words of Crowley's invocation of the god Mercury (Hermes) which is contained in *Liber Israfel*, published in *The Equinox*, no. 7. Israfel, the angel who awakes the dead.

<sup>2</sup> 'Concerning the marriages of the gods with men', the title of the instructions given to members of the VIII<sup>o</sup> O.T.O. The VIII<sup>o</sup> involves the solitary sex act.

<sup>3</sup> Crowley's 'Psalms' which he called 'Hymns to the High Gods of Heaven'.

<sup>4</sup> Thoth, the Egyptian god of magic.

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Result: 28 Dec. 12.20 a.m. I do feel as if I had, in Fra. L. T.'s<sup>1</sup> phrase, 'got Thoth'.

The following day I got things through rather well.

XIX

30 Dec. 10.46 p.m. Weather fine; colder after thaw with rain. Light only that of a gas stove.

[Assistant] As XIV.

Object: Sex attraction.

The Operation was really very good. Most orgiastic, yet with excellent control, such as I have not been able to obtain since *Opus II*. It lasted about forty minutes. The Elixir was of super-excellent quality. Concentration fairly good. (I must remark on the extreme difficulty of gauging these points. The opinion of the observer is naturally inflamed by mere pleasure, and the judgement consequently palsied. *Adjwet Maat!*)<sup>2</sup>

Result: 2 Jan. Apparently better at the time than after, though today Aimée Gouraud called here of her own accord.

XX

2 Jan. 1915 E.V. 9.0 p.m. I have a feeling that all these operations will be better when Jupiter gets clear of ♃ and is in the midheaven or thereabouts at night. Weather colder after snow and quick thaw. Light as XIX.

As XIV.

Object: The gift of oratory.

The Operation was very good indeed, closely resembling XIX. The Elixir was refined, mild and of good quality but not especially plentiful. Concentration good, very good.

Result: 3 Jan. Tried: simply rotten. 4 Jan. I was unexpectedly asked to speak at a club and got through creditably. 5 Jan. I am unexpectedly asked to recite at a reception.<sup>3</sup>

Some of the Operations are like those of the spring in England. This country has no sex-force to draw on.

The object was suggested by two separate prophecies, Mrs Maud Ore's and the Revd Holden Simpson's, that I would become a great orator.

XXI

5 Jan. 8.50 p.m. Glimmering light. Weather warm and rather damp though fine.

[Assistant] As VIII.

<sup>1</sup> *Lampada Tradam* ('I will hand on the torch') or Victor Neuburg. In 1908-9, they had seen many visions together and performed many wonderful magical operations.

<sup>2</sup> 'May Maat help us!' Maat, the goddess of truth and justice.

<sup>3</sup> Probably some of his poetry.

Object: As XIX, which has evidently done no good. (P.S. Well, not so bad!)

The Operation was perfect physically and mentally. But it lacks that mutual attraction which makes Energized Enthusiasm<sup>1</sup> possible. There is no danger of being carried away. I am left in an extraordinary state of exasperation even with the IX° itself! Women in America seem purely animal. They 'come like water and like wind they go'.<sup>2</sup> Not one of these Operations in this country has had the flavour that one gets all the time in Europe. I feel inclined to throw the whole thing down and stick to Babalon until I succeed in incarnating Her.<sup>3</sup> And I wish the O.H.O.<sup>4</sup> were here to read and comment on this record. However, this is a weakness. But I will do a Geomancy:<sup>5</sup> 'Wherein lies my failure to accomplish the IX° O.T.O. satisfactorily, and how shall I improve my working?' The answer is roughly this: that I lack friends and money, and the consequent élan.

One should do oneself well, etc., in fact 'To him that hath it shall be given'. Well, I admit I'm tired of going about New York with less than a pound in my pocket—usually less than a dollar!—and when my money comes I've no doubt the IX° will be better. So far, though I have written 'success', I have not had that indubitable and striking success that I call worthy of this Royal Sacerdotal Art.

Result: 8 Jan. [There are] some signs of this working.

## XXII

10 Jan. 3.20 p.m. approx. Weather fine and frosty. Light—daylight mostly excluded by blinds. Gas stove.

[Assistant] as XIV.

Object: As XIX and XXI, with special reference to Sagittarius and Jupiter.

The Operation was really quite good, almost up to European standards. This lady has not been long in America. The Elixir was, however, not markedly excellent in quantity or quality. (I don't mean it was bad.) I think it was mostly absorbed by the cucurbit, and this may not be bad. I have a feeling of great satisfaction, and expect good results. Control wrenched out—good!

Result: 4.0. p.m. Went round to see Aimée Gouraud and was spontaneously fondled and kissed as I never saw! Really, a miracle of the first order.

<sup>1</sup> The title of an essay by Crowley, published in *The Equinox*, no. 9, on the subject of magically induced ecstasy.

<sup>2</sup> See *Clouds Without Water. Edited from a Private M.S. by the Rev. C. Verey [Aleister Crowley], London, Privately Printed for Circulation Among Ministers of Religion, 1909.*

<sup>3</sup> i.e. to revert to masturbation or VIII° until, through this magical technique, he attracts a partner worthy of the role of Scarlet Woman.

<sup>4</sup> Outer Head of the Order, Theodor Reuss.

<sup>5</sup> Divination by means of earth or sand thrown at random or, as taught in the Golden Dawn, by pencil dots which form one of sixteen combinations, representing universal forces.

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S.K., too, practically yielded to me; got quite excited, but being drunk was obsessed by her crazy love affairs.

26 Jan. Complete success. See XXVII, XXVIII.

29,30 Jan. See XXIX, XXX.

### XXIII

14 Jan. 11.33 p.m. Weather warm and cloudy. Pitch dark in temple.

*'Ερμης per anum manibus,*<sup>1</sup>

Object: Energy. (Being in despair, and the inertia born of it, I need moral and mental discipline badly.)

The Operation was most extraordinary. I figured the God well on the whole, and experienced the complete orgasm without the emission of even a single drop of semen. Erection then failed. I wanted to go on, but the God spake and said: 'Thou hast thy will. Depart; write down the record, and make a particularly careful study of the stars.' I obey.

Result: I was bored and weary all the evening. Now, 11.53, I'm lively, fit, probably going to work all night.

15 Jan. No: but I woke, with fine dreams, and this morning I am fairly boiling over with ideas and energy. All day I am dancing. Ditto 15 & 16 Jan. like a kitten.

### XXIV

16 Jan. 9.12 p.m. Weather like a fine day in May. Light of gas stove.

Margaret Pitcher. A young pretty-stupid wide-mouthed flat-faced slim-bodied harlotry. Fair hair. Fine fat juicy Yoni.

Object: Money. I invoked Ic-zod-heh-ca<sup>2</sup> at the same time, thinking thus to propitiate the gnomes.<sup>3</sup> And I offer him also a portion of the Sacrament.<sup>4</sup>

The ceremony was not good, as the girl was even more concentrated than I on the object of the Operation. But the Elixir was copious, well-formed, and of very pleasing quality. It was a fairly orgiastic rite, considering all.

Result: See XXV.

### XXV

17 Jan. 1.11 a.m. Approx. Weather colder. Pitch darkness in temple.

[*Opus*] as XXIII.

Object: Money. Part of Sacrament offered to Ic-zod-heh-ca.

The ceremony was difficult and not very well performed. But the Elixir was extremely copious and of splendid quality.

<sup>1</sup> The god, Hermes, and Crowley conjoined, i.e. Crowley is visualizing the god, while he, Crowley, is masturbating. Furthermore, the god is using Crowley as a woman.

<sup>2</sup> The Great King of the North in Dee's Enochian system; he presides over the Tablet of Earth which is vitalized by the 5th Call or Key. (See *The Equinox*, no. 8.)

<sup>3</sup> Earth elementals who preside over hidden treasure.

<sup>4</sup> The Elixir or the combined male and female seed considered in its metaphysical aspect.

*The Magical Record of the Beast 666*

Result: (Note close dates of XXIII, XXIV, XXV as shewing extraordinary success of XXIII.)

18 Jan. I did sell a copy of *Book IV*<sup>1</sup> for 25 cents!

Letters containing \$62.50 despatched to me from Vancouver.<sup>2</sup>

XXVI

19 Jan. 12.3 a.m. Weather moist but warm as June. I am writing with window wide open in a dressing-gown of silk—and nothing else—and I'm too hot. Temple pitch dark.

The Lord being invoked by 'The Ship' adoration *manibus sacramentum consumatum est*.<sup>3</sup>

Object: Money.

The ceremony was spontaneous, vigorous and most orgiastic. The Elixir was very copious and good. I offered a portion to the tablet of Hermes.<sup>4</sup>

Result: 21 Jan. Money still flows in. This time \$1.25; 24 Jan. \$8; 25 Jan. \$62.50. 2 Feb. \$25 for climbing article.

XXVII

26 Jan. 9.15 p.m. Weather cold—near 0°C. Fine. Gas stove light.

Lola Auguste Grumbacher née Oliviera. Para, Brazil. Widow of V[ery] I[llustrious] Sir Knight Mauricia Grumbacher 33°. <sup>5</sup> 'Love at first sight.' Muscular masculine type. I think Scorpio rising. Profile of Dante. Admits 37 years; this probably accurate. Astoundingly passionate.

Object: A rich marriage. (Suggested by meeting Mrs Schlessinger with this object, in P.M.)

The return of Aleister Crowley. No further comment is needed. Conscientiousness must have been lost absolutely; only at the last moment the Will asserted itself in an appropriate scream.

Result: See *Opus* XXVIII.

N.B. Position of *Opus* number on opposite page, showing complete mental upheaval. All previous numbers in centre.

XXVIII

26 Jan. 10.13 p.m.

[Assistant] As XXVII.

Object: As XXVII. The ceremony was naturally shorter than XXVII. Both were most spontaneous, fervent, ardent, orgiastic, ecstatic; in fact, quite ideal. The screaming was very simultaneous. The Elixir in both cases

<sup>1</sup> By Aleister Crowley, 1913.

<sup>2</sup> From Frater Achad or Charles Stansfeld Jones, X° O.T.O. for Canada.

<sup>3</sup> 'The sacrament was consummated with the hands', to the accompaniment of 'The Ship', an invocatory poem by Crowley; it appears in *The Equinox*, no. 10.

<sup>4</sup> A talisman which was dedicated to Hermes, for the acquisition of money, and consecrated with Crowley's semen.

<sup>5</sup> The highest degree in the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Masonry.

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was plentiful and of admirable quality. This Operation is quite up to European standards.

Note: as in the case of Beatrice Levy in the summer of 1914, Pan was so furiously incarnated in the girl that actual obsession occurred, the symptoms being those of violent and repeated sickness.

Result: See *Opus* XXIX.

XXIX

29 Jan. 4.5 p.m. Very cold but not very pleasant. Darkened daylight.

As XXVII *quae in D semen recepit atque dedit.*<sup>1</sup>

Object: as XXVII. The Operation was hurried and the mind rather distracted. But the actual birth was most orgiastic and the object just in that state of being violently kept, which I think is right. Elixir plentiful and of fine quality.

Result: [Not described].

XXX

30 Jan. 3.47 p.m. Weather brilliantly fine, cold, exhilarating. Darkness in temple but enough light to see dimly by daylight under blinds.

T[hrice] H[oly] T[hrice] I[[lluminated] T[hrice] I[[llustrious] Soror Aimée Crocker Gouraud. Initiate of the Sanctuary IX° O.T.O. (Late Sagittarius or Capricornus rising. Age about 50-54.)

N.B. I had been wanting this particular partner since many months. A fortnight ago ΘΩΘ<sup>2</sup> told me I must invoke also his cynocephalus,<sup>3</sup> i.e. Bert Reese. I saw him yesterday night—and today, lo!

Object: Intended as VII but the T.H.T.I.T.I.S[oror] has a Will like the Holy Phallos itself! And she kept concentrated on sex-force, I did ditto. Either may result therefore.

The Operation was undertaken most unexpectedly. It was very good, considering all. The Kteis<sup>4</sup> of the T.H.T.I.T.I.S. is prehensile to an astonishing degree! The Elixir was pretty good, having a rare delicacy of flavour. Operation not very orgiastic, the mind being in a confused state—I was afraid of going wrong in so important an Operation, etc. But on the whole excellent. I feel very well afterwards; so also the T.H.T.I.T.I.S. And I expect good results.

Result: Evident nullity.

XXXI

7 Feb. 10.57 p.m. Close approximation within two minutes. Temple:

<sup>1</sup> 'As XXVII [Mrs Grumbacher] who received the seed into her mouth and gave [the same].'<sup>2</sup> Thoth.

<sup>3</sup> Thoth's companion, the dog-headed ape.

<sup>4</sup> Vulva.

lights on after Inv[ocation of] Mercury and I A O.<sup>1</sup> Weather chilly and after snow and rain, getting colder again.

BABALON, *manibus*.<sup>2</sup>

Object: \$20,000.

The Operation was not bad, and the Elixir plentiful and good; but perhaps the mental control was too strong, the Operation as it were too intentional. However, the Goddess was well formulated and connected with the Object by the idea of a dowry. A portion of the Elixir was ceremonially applied to Ic-zod-heh-ca.<sup>3</sup>

Result: See XXXII.

### XXXII

8 Feb. 5.7 p.m. Weather fairly cold but fairly dry. Gas stove [burning].

As XIV.

Object: as XXXI. the Operation was excellent and well controlled, the mind now being vigilant and automatically changing the nature of its concentration at the first moving of the ΛΟΓΟΣ.<sup>4</sup> The Elixir was indeed sweeter than honey and stronger than a lion; it was plentiful and admirably formed in all respects.

Result: See XXXIII.

### XXXIII

11 Feb. 5.31 p.m. Weather dry, warm, spring-like. Light of gas stove.

As XIV.

Object: as XXXI. The Operation was excellent and vigorous, orgiastic but well-controlled. I made a mental image of the room being filled with showers and showers of big ten-dollar pieces, and held this very well, even in the midst of the orgasm, which was lengthy; though I could feel her mouth sucking up mine, I could simultaneously *see* the gold filling the room.

The Elixir was good as usual, but my sense of taste was a little weak as we had been sniffing 171<sup>5</sup> before we began.

Result: On Feb. 13 T.H.T.I.T.L. Soror Leila Bathurst IX° Grand Secretary General, M.M.M.<sup>6</sup> left Liverpool; on boat [she] met officer with this exact sum<sup>7</sup> saved. He offered marriage and settlement of same.

29 Jan. 1916 E.V. Transient.

<sup>1</sup> Magic (Mercury) and sex-force.

<sup>2</sup> Babalon is written here in Enochian characters. See note 1, page 5, also note 3, page 8.

<sup>3</sup> The Great King of the North. See note 2, page 15.

<sup>4</sup> See *opus* VII and the accompanying notes.

<sup>5</sup> Cocaine.

<sup>6</sup> *Mysteria Mystica Maxima*, the name Crowley gave to the British section of the O.T.O.

<sup>7</sup> \$20,000.

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XXXIV

13 Feb. 8.54 p.m. Weather warm but dry. Gaslight. I think this collocation of planets in the 5th [house] is splendid for the object here proposed. 5th house is Leo, Tiphereth<sup>1</sup> and the Priest's path,<sup>2</sup> especially Baphomet's.

As XIV.

Object: To be a worthy High Priest of the Lord Ph[allos].<sup>3</sup>

The Operation was extremely orgiastic throughout—even to this extent that I merely remember a being concentrating on the Object and whirlwinds of pleasure and pain.

The character of the Elixir was also excellent and at the same time I must confess that the critical faculty is pretty well abrogated. This is the result of using 171,<sup>4</sup> I suspect.

Result: I think good; people at Invocations have been very impressed.

XXXV

21 Feb. 6.35 a.m. Weather fine and frosty. Dawn light.

T.H.T.I.T.I. Soror Leila Waddell IX° O.T.O., Grand Secretary General for Ireland, Iona and all the Britains.

Object: as I.

The Operation was as good as an early morning operation ever is. The Elixir was not very plentiful or was mostly absorbed in the cucurbit. Quality concentrated and good in all respects. I had, however, had a very tiring day and so had the T.H.T.I.T.I. Soror.

Result: I cannot say that I have seen any marked result (March 4).

5 March. Curiously enough, the very first opportunity this Operation had to work, it worked on one, Mrs O. R. Drey. Also on Doris Gomez, the same day.

XXXVI

4 March 2.55 p.m. All very good and best for unexpected happenings.

As XIV.

Object. Amnydpaw, i.e. a mantra-like word meaning All my New York debts paid within a week.

The Operation was as excellent as usual with this assistant, though not so super-excellent as *Opus* XXXIV. The same applies to the Elixir. The Will to concentrate was weak, equal to the orgasm but no more.

Result: No money to hand, but something happened which saved me temporarily from worrying.

4 June: 'A new way to pay old debts!!'

Note. I think the mental feeling at the moment of orgasm must be a

<sup>1</sup> The central Sephira or sphere on the Cabbalistic Tree of Life, attributed to the sun.

<sup>2</sup> The sixteenth Path on the Tree of Life.

<sup>3</sup> Pan.

<sup>4</sup> Cocaine.



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Samadhi between the Object and the Orgasm.<sup>1</sup> As long as the two are separate, the Prana<sup>2</sup> which acts as an incarnating Ego on the 'Child'<sup>3</sup> is not duly formulated.

XXXVII

19 March 3.35 a.m. Weather warm. Light of gas stove. Very tired from suppressed cough.

Doris Carlisle (or Edwards or Gomez). *In manu dominae dum ejus cunnum linguebam.*<sup>4</sup>

Object: The further mysteries of the IX°. I am puzzled as to 'Coagula', the fixing of the volatile created by the Operation.<sup>5</sup>

The Operation was lengthy, about three hours with some short interruptions. The orgasm was great, although so long had elapsed since the last Operation. The Elixir was abundant but rather coldly classical in flavour.

Result: This is notably or surely a success.

XXXVIII

19 March 6.50 p.m. Weather unreasonably warm and soft but not wet. Glimmer of gaslight. I have a suppressed cough and am a good deal tired.

As XXXV.

Object: All McFall's savings.<sup>6</sup>

The Operation was undertaken in Unison by both parties.<sup>7</sup> It was excellent in all respects and the Elixir of first-rate quality and vintage.

Result: This promises well so far (3 May), the prospects being first-rate. 29 Jan. 1916. A pure jest of the boy Mercury, all this.

XXXIX-XL

21 March 11.30 p.m. Weather cool and cloudy. Lights of temple (four small).

The true moment of Equinox was 4.51 p.m.

*Frater Perdurabo in manu illius.*<sup>8</sup>

Object: To obtain The Word of the Masters for this Equinox following.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Samadhi: thought-free consciousness, the goal of all Yoga; the difference between subject and object vanishes in ecstasy.

<sup>2</sup> In this context, the current of vitality.

<sup>3</sup> The result or offspring of the *opus*.

<sup>4</sup> [Crowley's penis] 'In the hand of the mistress while I was licking her cunt.'

<sup>5</sup> Crowley is using the language of alchemy to express his failure to materialize the objects of his sex-magical operations.

<sup>6</sup> Mr. McFall was perhaps the officer mentioned on page 18.

<sup>7</sup> The other party was Leila Bathurst, née Waddell.

<sup>8</sup> 'Brother Perdurabo [Crowley], in his hand', i.e. an VIII° Operation. Crowley took the motto, *Perdurabo*, 'I will endure unto the end', when he entered the Golden Dawn, 1898.

<sup>9</sup> At the spring and autumn equinox, Crowley transmitted to the faithful a Magical Word from the Secret Chiefs. It was sometimes received in the manner

## Rex de Arte Regia

The Operation was most extraordinary, being done in full open Temple of Neophyte A.:A.:<sup>1</sup> in the Ceremony of the Equinox.

The orgasm and ejaculation were double, as it were twins, and in the instant between the two, the word DUPLEX<sup>2</sup> was placed in my mind with a clarity and certitude that I have never previously known. The Elixir was abundant and excellent.

Result: As above recorded, great success. Very remarkable all this; it is a word of mystic marriage of A.:A.:<sup>3</sup> and O.T.O.

4 June. It is clearly the right word.

### XLI

26 March 11.31 p.m. Weather suddenly cold. Gas light.

As XIV.

Object: Wisdom. (I thought of my wished-for grade, and of Solomon's dream.)<sup>4</sup>

The Operation lasted one and three-quarter hours, without the least intermission. There was very nearly another twin birth, but fatigue fell suddenly on the Alchemist. He had been working at an Astrological treatise for exactly eighteen hours with only a little respite of four hours uneasy sleep, and had been using artificial means of keeping up with his work. The orgasm was so long delayed that it was diluted and so also was the mental concentration.

Result: Everything has gone surprisingly well, through tact.

### XLII

31 March 11.15 p.m. Conjunction again favourable for object. Weather cold and fine. Room dark.

As XXXVII. *Manus Magi, dum cunnum gaudentem gaudens linguebat, futuit.*<sup>5</sup>

Object: As XLI.

The Operation lasted one and a quarter hours. The orgasm was magnificent; in fact, almost too much so to keep to the object. We were simultaneous. The Elixir was found in the mouth itself; it was abundant and of good quality.

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here described, i.e. by sex-magick, usually by the more mundane method of opening *The Book of the Law* at random and accepting the word that his magic ring touched.

<sup>1</sup> The Temple of the Neophyte is described in 'The Temple of Solomon the King' in *The Equinox*. The A.:A.: (*Argenteum Astrum* or Silver Star), the Third Order of the Golden Dawn, so-named by Crowley.

<sup>2</sup> In Enochian characters.

<sup>3</sup> There is no reason why the three dots, or pyramid of fire, a masonic conceit, should not follow the initials O.T.O. as well, for the O.T.O. is also an occult fraternity; we follow Crowley's practice.

<sup>4</sup> See 2 *Chronicles*, 1, vv. 7-13.

<sup>5</sup> 'The hand of the Magus, while he, rejoicing, was licking the rejoicing cunt, tossed himself off.'

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Result: I am getting very strongly the feeling that Solomon was right magically as well as merely tactful; that one ought to concentrate on the Grade, and let health, wealth and happiness follow if they will. However . . .

XLIII

8 April 3.11 a.m.

As XXXVII. *In manu dominae, cujus cunnum ore dilexeram.*<sup>1</sup>

Object: As XLI.

The Operation lasted three hours approximately. The Magus sat in Siddhasana;<sup>2</sup> the orgasm was splendid; the Elixir abundant and full of Prana.<sup>3</sup>

Result: It's difficult to make positive assertions on this Operation, but I have a feeling that it has worked well in practical matters. Certainly I have been acting sensibly (for the first time in my life) ever since.

XLIV

12 April 2.20 a.m. Weather warm; raining.

As XLIII in all respects.

Object: Inspiration (meaning mainly poetry but including matters of business).

The Operation was not quite so prolonged as XLIII but in all other respects equal to it; perhaps the Elixir was more abundant.

Result: This worked out well but I cannot assert anything startling.

XLV

19 April 3.2 a.m. Weather summer-like. Shaded electric lights.

As XLIII in all respects.

Object: as XLIV.

The Operation was not very good, owing to unsuitable conditions caused by an experiment with HEXRUON<sup>4</sup> which appears to irritate and make nervous. Hence the concentration was thoroughly bad, though the orgasm was strong, and the Elixir of admirable quality.

Result: This seems to have worked well. I get good ideas and work at them well all the time.

XLVI

21 April 1.56 a.m. Weather colder—a warm May night in England. This suggests money through polemical speeches.

<sup>1</sup> 'In the hand of the mistress, whose cunt I had loved with my mouth.'

<sup>2</sup> A posture in which the heel of the left leg is pressed against the perineum, the right heel above.

<sup>3</sup> Energy, in this context.

<sup>4</sup> In Enochian, meaning opium.

## *Rex de Arte Regia*

As XLIII in all respects.

Object: Business success tomorrow morning, i.e. at 10 a.m. when I have an appointment with Brother Rooney's friend.<sup>1</sup>

The Operation was magnificent in all respects, the orgasm intense, the Will steady, and balanced, the Elixir copious and of fine vintage.

Result: This worked wonderfully well. Though the matter I was thinking of failed—or has seemed to fail so far—I got three other business successes quite unexpectedly. (The matter failed because it was of such a nature that it could not succeed. The man had no money.)

### XLVII

29 April 1 a.m. Colder after hot day. Dim gaslight.

As XLIII in all respects.

Object: Glory and Thanksgiving to the Holy Ph[allos].

The Operation was excellent, but the Will rather in distress. The Elixir was, however, extraordinarily solid, copious and rich.

Note: I believe that where two parties are concerned, their passion is the most important feature in making the Elixir viable. The mental control merely directs this into the desired channels. Other circumstances being favourable, the Operation is a success.

### XLVIII

3 May 10.52 p.m. A cool night after a warm day. Medium gaslight.

Helen Marshall. Irish-American prostitute. Taurus rising. Beautiful lazy type. Not actually passionate or perverse. A cheerful comfortable girl.

Object: Wisdom.

The Operation was not very orgiastic, the control not violent. But the Elixir was very well formed.

Result: [Not described.]

### XLIX

4 May 8.47 p.m.

As XXXV.

Object as I.

The Operation was excellent in all respects; in particular the Elixir was well formed, strong and aromatic as well as sweet.

Result: [Not described.]

### L

5 May 11.45 a.m. Time pre-arranged by calculation. Gaslight. Weather warm.

<sup>1</sup> See *Opus* XV. Perhaps this was Frater F. L., whose identity remains concealed.

As X.

Object: An independent fortune suited to my rank. But this was very mixed with ideas of immediate cash, particularly \$1,000.

The Operation was gloriously orgiastic. I was in Siddhasana, and the orgasm was very prolonged. The Elixir was of fine quality. A small portion was sacrificed to Ic-zod-heh-ca.<sup>1</sup>

Result: During the whole of 6 May I was the toy of strangest circumstance. With no less than ten people, I was hindered from doing my business by the most curious accidents.

7 May 2.33 p.m. Lusitania sank. ? any connection.

23 May. It is really very curious. Ever since this *Opus* I have been living as if I had the independent fortune referred to.

## LI

8 May 8.37 p.m. Gaslight. Very warm.

Viola. Hideous taurine doped prostitute. Sagittarius rising, probably in Pisces.

Object: A mate, o Babalon, if Thou lovest me!

The Operation was not so poor as anticipated, though it was a typically bad one. The Elixir was admirable, well-formed in every way.

Result: Are *Opera* LIII-LV to be called the result of this? Hardly, I think. But almost the very next day, I met one, H.,<sup>2</sup> with whom I fell violently in love.

See *Opus* LVIII.

The result of this *opus* was: I met that same night the creature who was the means of introducing me to Hilarion.

## LII

14 May 11.56 p.m. Fine cool weather. Candlelight.

As XXXVII [Doris Gomez].

Object: Σοφία Wisdom.

The Operation was spontaneous and most orgiastic, very prolonged at the climax. The Elixir was really beyond all praise, sweet as well as strong.

Result: [Not described.]

## LIII, LIV, LV

22 May 2.14 a.m. Steam room [of Turkish bath], dim-lighted by gas-jets.

[*Opus* LIII]

*Xenos en to s[tomati] Basileos.*<sup>3</sup>

[*Opus* LIV] 3.34 a.m. approximately.

<sup>1</sup> See note 2, page 15.

<sup>2</sup> Hilarion, the magical name of Jane Foster, otherwise known as the Cat. See *The Confessions*, pp. 798-801.

<sup>3</sup> 'A stranger in the mouth of the King', i.e. fellatio.

## Rex de Arte Regia

*Xenos denteros en to p[roktō] Basileos.*<sup>1</sup>

Note: I tried *opus* LIV with Saturn in the 5th or 6th house and failed to accomplish it. A violent thunderstorm was in progress. ☉PΨ<sup>2</sup> was close. Unfortunately I did not take [an horary figure for] the exact half-hour or so of the attempt.

[*Opus* LV] 3.54 a.m. approximately. Gas-jet. Weather clearing after a terrible day of saturated atmosphere with heat.

*Xenos tritos en to p[roktō] Basileos.*<sup>3</sup>

Object [of *opera* LIII, LIV, LV]: Wisdom.

These Operations being undertaken suddenly and by surprise, the Will of the King [Crowley] was not formulated consciously and with the usual intensity. But it was, as it were, a particular expression of his general Will, welling up from the depth.

The Elixir in LIII was copious and admirable. In LIV and LV it was absorbed after another manner, for the most part; but the taste of the small portion available was in both cases ravishing.

## LVI

23 May 9.30 p.m. Moonlight. Night clear and cool after a fine breezy day with some cloud.

Marie Low, young, rather pretty negress of the prostitute class. *In manu Dominae.*<sup>4</sup>

Object: Wisdom.

The Operation was orgiastic enough under the poor conditions. The Elixir was very copious and of magnificent quality.

Result: [Not described.]

## LVII

29 May 2.35 a.m. Weather fairly warm. Distant hidden gas.

Ξενος ἐν τῷ π. βασιλεως<sup>5</sup>

Object: Wisdom.

Will fairly well concentrated. Elixir rich and aromatic, though hardly equal to that of the Royal and Sacerdotal Baphomet.<sup>6</sup> The Priest<sup>7</sup> was highly enthusiastic and energized magnificently.

## LVIII

30 May 2.3 a.m. Weather fairly warm, not very. Dim distant hidden gaslights.

<sup>1</sup> 'A second stranger in the fundament of the King.'

<sup>2</sup> The planetary complex, Sol—Pluto—Neptune.

<sup>3</sup> 'A third stranger in the fundament of the King.'

<sup>4</sup> 'In the hand of the lady', i.e. she masturbated him.

<sup>5</sup> 'A stranger in the fundament of the King.' Crowley is back in the Turkish bath.

<sup>6</sup> Crowley's title in the O.T.O.

<sup>7</sup> The stranger whom Crowley met in the Turkish bath.

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*Xenos* (Finch) *en to p. Basileos*.<sup>1</sup> Object: Wisdom.

Elixir rather watery, and the enthusiasm of the Priest<sup>2</sup> outran his energy. The will of the Priestess [Crowley] was well concentrated, though interfered with (as in most such operations) by anxiety.

Result: I believe that the dinner of 10 June begins the active part of my Initiation to the Grade of Magus of A.:A.:<sup>3</sup>

29 Jan. 1916. True.

LIX

2 June 12.25 a.m. Warm but not very warm. Gaslight.

'Julia Robertson.'<sup>4</sup> Somewhat like VIII.

Object: Wisdom, I think, or success in the affair of LVIII whom I had seen that evening. The Operation was not at all good in any way. The mind was distracted; the orgasm poor; the Elixir ill-formed. I seem to have got careless about the whole operation.

Result: [Not described.]

LX, LXI, LXII

4 June 9.50-10.50 p.m. Warm. Darkness.

As LVIII.

Object: *Hunc virum mihi servo*.<sup>5</sup>

The Operation was extremely orgiastic, so that the times are difficult to observe. The concentration was of the best possible sort, a free flow of impersonal will. The Elixir is, however, watery, this being, I suppose, the idiosyncrasy of this Priest [Finch].

Result: See LXIII.

LXIII

6 June 10 p.m. approximately. Weather warm-showery. Darkness.

As LVIII.

Object: *Hunc virum mihi servo clandestina mater*.<sup>6</sup>

The Operation was very forcible and orgiastic; union seemed most perfect, as if appointed. The Elixir was fuller and fiercer than before.

Mental concentration, in my opinion, good. It is a fact that I was preoccupied with the idea of making a good hexameter of the 'object'; but I have an intuition that this is not a bad sign.

<sup>1</sup> 'A stranger in the fundament of the King.' He turned out to be a certain Finch.

<sup>2</sup> Mr Finch.

<sup>3</sup> This Initiation, which led to Crowley's becoming a Magus 9° = 2° in the Order of the A.:A.:, is described in detail in *The Confessions*, 'the highest grade possible to any manifested Man'.

<sup>4</sup> In quotes; it may not have been her name at all. The partner in *Opus VIII*, to which he compares her, was a negroid-type prostitute.

<sup>5</sup> 'I am keeping this man for myself.'

<sup>6</sup> 'I, as a secret mother, am keeping this man for myself (?).'

## Rex de Arte Regia

Result: This broke down in the most sudden and incomprehensible manner. See LXIV.

### LXIV

9 June 1.54 p.m. Hot day. Dim daylight.

'Mamie', pretty young slender rather dark mulatto. Lowest prostitute type but nice-mannered and honest.

Object: Success tonight, i.e. in making a good impression on Mrs Finch & Co.

The Operation was abominably bad. *Non detegitur Yod*,<sup>1</sup> as Rabbi Schimeon<sup>2</sup> would say. The Elixir was not formed at all, but was highly aromatic. There was no real mental concentration and hardly any orgasm. A pitiable affair. I don't know whether to blame the heat or the long abstinence or the character of Operations LVIII and its congeries.<sup>3</sup>

Result: The whole arrangement fell through!

This is a clear case of doing the thing so badly that one breaks down even the first force.

LVIII [Finch] had been an absolute slave, and the gut went!!

### LXV-LXVI

11 June 10.43 p.m. Very warm. Pitch darkness. I think that probably this is the day after my meeting with Hilarion,<sup>4</sup> say 7.17 p.m. 10 June. In fact, there can be no reasonable doubt of this.

BABALON imagined as Jeanne Robert<sup>5</sup> *per manus magistri*.<sup>6</sup>

Object: Thanksgiving for Jeanne.

The Operation was not very well imaged, owing to defective memory. However, it was duplex, like the Equinox operations XXXIX-XL, the second being extremely orgiastic. The Elixir was copious, cool and sweet.

### LXVII

13 June 4.25 p.m. Cooler after very warm day. Darkness of shadow behind door, dim daylight from street.

Laura Brown. Scorpio mulatto wench, about 30, very vile, horrible and fascinating.

Object: Energy.

The Operation took me by surprise, and so I was not able to concentrate as usual. It was highly orgiastic, in a sense the culmination of two other

<sup>1</sup> 'This essence is not being disclosed now.'

<sup>2</sup> Rabbi Schimeon ben Yochai, the author of the source book on the Cabbala. See *The Kabbalah Unveiled*, translated and edited by S. L. MacGregor Mathers.

<sup>3</sup> I.e. the XI° or homosexual workings.

<sup>4</sup> See note 2, page 24.

<sup>5</sup> Jeanne Robert Foster, née Oliver, who adopted the magical name of Sister Hilarion.

<sup>6</sup> 'By the hands of the master', i.e. an act of masturbation.



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works, both of cunnilingus: Doris Gomez on the Saturday evening, and another mulatto wench an hour earlier. The Elixir, so much as could be recovered was of strong and aromatic quality and agreeable.

Result: Astonishing success: a burst of energy that I have not had the like of since I landed in New York. Poetry, dress-designing, magazine-conceiving, regular work, etc., all in a bunch.

LXVIII

16 June 12.21 a.m. A hot night after a heavy thunderstorm. Lamplight. 'Lilian', a short plump young nigger whore.

Object: Poetic inspiration. I was utterly tired out and could hardly perform the Operation, especially as the cucurbit<sup>1</sup> was worthless, and I wanted either or both of two others [i.e. whores] very badly.

The Elixir, however, was extremely good in quality, concentrated, aromatic, and sweet. The will was concentrated but not enthused.<sup>2</sup>

Result: A complete failure so far as actual poetry is concerned; but I got certain poetic ideas. The Operation itself left me tired; then the energy of *Opus* LXVII seized me again, and ran on to its end some days later.

*The diary that follows is the record of a series of invocations of Mercury performed in New York during January, February and March, 1915; it overlaps the preceding diary.*

The colloquy of V.V.V.V.V.<sup>3</sup> (that is to be a Magus  $9^{\circ} = 2^{\square 4}$  A.:A.:) with  $\wp$ <sup>5</sup>.

New York.  $\odot$  in  $11^{\circ} 13'$ , An X.  $\wp$  in  $9^{\circ} 50' 13''$ .<sup>6</sup>

This record should touch briefly on the cause of this Work. About 14 Dec. [1914], I came to the conclusion that  $\wp$  was Lord of New York, and began various invocations of him as best I could, notably by the O.T.O. method. I shall refer here and often to the record *De Arte Regia*. I did also certain Psalms,<sup>7</sup> certain divinations, and have been doing thrice daily the old invocation, 'Majesty of Godhead,'<sup>8</sup> as in Liber LXIV. Also on going to bed

<sup>1</sup> See note 4, page 9.

<sup>2</sup> Not magically charged.

<sup>3</sup> *Vi Veri Vniversum Vivus Vici*, By the force of truth, I, while living, have conquered the universe: Crowley's motto as a Master of the Temple,  $8^{\circ} = 3^{\square}$  A.: A.:.

<sup>4</sup> A few months later Crowley decided that he had been accepted by the Secret Chiefs as a Magus and he accordingly underwent the ordeals.

<sup>5</sup> Hermes.

<sup>6</sup> Anno X of the Aeon of Horus, initiated by Crowley in 1904, hence A.D. 1914.

<sup>7</sup> See note 3, page 12.

<sup>8</sup> See note 1, page 12.

## *Rex de Arte Regia*

I have done Dharana<sup>1</sup> on an imagined figure of Hermes now and again, or on the Caduceus.

I have been exercised with regard to the question of the possibility of my attaining the grade of Magus in this life (after all!) and my very bluntness and impotence—which at present are considerable—give me hope. I seem to have no creative power or inspiration. I don't work at all. I do geomancy on all sorts of things. It's funny, I don't feel bad, but there's something radically wrong in all I do. Is this the Threshold?

2 Jan. 1915. I have just done a IX° to become a great orator, invoking Tahuti, and delivered a sermon to the inhabitants of the Ten Thousand Worlds<sup>2</sup> on the text 'Oh my God! I swim in thine heart as a trout in a mountain torrent'. *Liber Liberi vel Lapidis Lazuli*, ch. v.

3 Jan. 10.30 a.m. I[nvocation] ☿; 2 p.m. I. ☿. Tried sermon on CCXX, II 59.<sup>3</sup> A hopeless failure, broke down in five minutes. 9.30 p.m. I. ☿.

4 Jan. 9.30 a.m. I. ☿; 2.30 p.m. I. ☿; 11.35 p.m. I. ☿.

5 Jan. 10.30 a.m. I. ☿; 2.30 p.m. I. ☿; 11.35 p.m. I. ☿.

5 Jan. 10.30 a.m. I. ☿; 4.30 p.m. I. ☿; 10.15 p.m. I. ☿, followed by Dharana<sup>1</sup> on Caduceus, the W[inged] G[lobe] being in the cerebellum and the staff in the spine. Not very good and yet near Dhyana.<sup>4</sup> I got a Dhyana, by the way, a spark of silver (left by Hermes, on whose image I was concentrating ere I slept) of extreme brilliance. This seems like the true Dhyana of ☿. This on 3 Jan. rather late at night. I do not seem to have noted that I brought in the new (vulgar) year by the Thoth<sup>5</sup> invocation, followed by Enochian Calls, and then the Bornless One.<sup>6</sup> What about the breaking up of sleep, general John St John<sup>7</sup> act? Perhaps I need some big work to initiate a true Current of Force in this filthy country.

6 Jan. 10 a.m. I. ☿; 6.20 p.m. I. ☿; 8.40 p.m. I. ☿; 11.35 p.m. Dharana on Caduceus till 12.18 a.m. Practically one long fight against thinking of the pole-axings I have had today. But I won in the end.

<sup>1</sup> Concentration.

<sup>2</sup> A Buddhist phrase, signifying the manifest universe, including the heavens and hells.

<sup>3</sup> *The Book of the Law*, chapter II, verse 59. 'Beware therefore! Love all, lest perchance is a King concealed! Say you so? Fool! If he be a King, thou canst not hurt him.'

<sup>4</sup> A sanskrit term with many meanings. Here, the dissolution in formless light of the image concentrated on.

<sup>5</sup> The Hermes Invocation, I. ☿.

<sup>6</sup> 'The Bornless One' is Crowley's rendering of 'Headless', ἀκεφαλος. See Charles Wycliffe Goodwin, *Fragment of a Graeco-Egyptian Work upon Magic, from a Papyrus in the British Museum*, 1852.

<sup>7</sup> *John St John*, 'The Record of the Magical Retirement of G. H. Frater O. . M. . [Crowley]', published in the first volume of *The Equinox*.

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7 Jan. 11.00 a.m. I. ☿; 3.45 p.m. I. ☿; 12.20 a.m. I. ☿. Today brought me luck. S.V.<sup>1</sup> bought books to \$100 and actually paid for them.

8 Jan. 10.45 a.m., 2.10 p.m., 9.00 p.m. One I. ☿ each time.

9 Jan. 10.45 a.m., 4.00 p.m. One I. ☿ each time.

10 Jan. 10.45 a.m. I. ☿; 1.30 p.m. I. ☿; 11.30 p.m. I. ☿ short meditation.

11 Jan. 10.45 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 12.30 a.m. One I. ☿ each time.

12 Jan. 10.45 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 6.00 p.m. One I. ☿ each time.

13 Jan. 11.00 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 12.15 a.m. One I. ☿ each time.

14 Jan. 10.00 a.m., 2.00 p.m., 11.20 p.m. One I. ☿ each time, and performed *Opus XXIII* recorded in *Rex de Arte Regia*.

15 Jan. 11.00 a.m., 4.00 p.m., 8.20 p.m. One I. ☿ each time. 9.12 p.m. *Opus XXIV*. 11.20 p.m. to 12.10 a.m. Meditation with Mantra<sup>2</sup> to aid that *Opus XXIV*. This, too, to go to sleep.

16 Jan. 10.35 a.m., 6.00 p.m., 12.50 a.m. One I. ☿ each time, last followed by *Opus XXV*.

17 Jan. 11.50 a.m., 3.10 p.m., 12.20 a.m. One I. ☿ each time. Last followed by a little fervent prayer.

18 Jan. 11.00 a.m., 1.20 p.m., 10.45 p.m. One I. ☿ each time.

19 Jan. Following an I. ☿ at 11.50 p.m., I did *Opus XXVI*, followed by 15 minutes 'making a money whirlpool'.<sup>3</sup>

20 Jan. 9.20 a.m., 8.40 p.m., 11.10 p.m. One I. ☿ each time.

21 Jan. 10.45 a.m., 2.00 p.m., 11.55 p.m. One I. ☿ each time. L[esser] B[anishing] R[itual]<sup>4</sup> before the first I[nvocation].

22 Jan. 10.40 a.m., 2.30 p.m., 9.20 p.m. I. ☿ each time. L.B.R. before the first and second.

<sup>1</sup> We do not know who S.V. was

<sup>2</sup> Mantra, a short rhythmic sentence, constantly repeated, usually including a name of god.

<sup>3</sup> Creating a magical vortex in the astral atmosphere for the purpose of attracting wealth.

<sup>4</sup> The Pentagram is traced in the air with the right forefinger, arm extended, in all four quarters of the room to banish all hostile or unwanted influences.

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23 Jan. 10.35 a.m., 3.20 p.m., 8.30 p.m. I. ☿ each time. L.B.R. before the first.

24 Jan. 10.50 a.m., 2.00 p.m., 3.20 p.m. I. ☿ each time. L.B.R. before the first.

25 Jan. 2.35 a.m., 10.40 a.m., 5.55 p.m., 11.50 p.m. I. ☿ each time. L.B.R. before the second.

26 Jan. 10.40 a.m., L.B.R. and I. ☿; 3.15 p.m., I. ☿; 9.15 p.m., *Opus XXVII*. 10.13 p.m., *Opus XXVIII* [both with Lola Auguste Grumbacher, widow, aged 37, 'astoundingly passionate'] 10.25 p.m., I. ☿.

27 Jan. 10.30 a.m., 3.40 p.m., 8.35 p.m. I. ☿ each time. L.B.R. before the first.

28 Jan. 10.40 a.m. L.B.R. and I. ☿; 3.27 p.m. I. ☿. Came home late and criminally forgot to invoke Mercury.

29 Jan. 10.50 a.m. L.B.R. and I. ☿; 4.05 p.m. *Opus XXIX* [with Mrs Grumbacher]; 10.00 p.m. I. ☿.

30 Jan. 10.55 a.m. L.B.R. and I. ☿; 3.47 p.m. *Opus XXX* [with Aimée Gouraud]. 4.00 p.m. I. ☿; 1.15 a.m. (home late).

1 Feb. 10.50 a.m. L.B.R. and I. ☿; 2.15 p.m. I. ☿. Began morphia, except night of 31 Jan. with  $\frac{1}{6}$  gr[ain]. Many dreams at first of the annoying type. Afterwards extraordinarily vivid and delightful. 2.25 p.m. 1 gr. opium. 9.45  $\frac{1}{2}$  gr. opium. It is evident that I must go from ☿ [the god Mercury] to ♃ [the god Jupiter]. 10.30 p.m. I. ☿ and IAO.<sup>1</sup>

Mantra for solitary IX° work with Jupiter.<sup>2</sup>

*Haud secus ac templum spumanti semine vates  
Lustrat dum gaudens accipit amphora aquas  
Sparge precor servis hominum rex atque deorum  
Juppiter omnipotens aurea dona tuis.*<sup>3</sup>

11.10 p.m.  $\frac{1}{2}$  gr. opium.

2 Feb. 10.30 a.m. L.B.R., I ☿; 3.30 p.m. I. ☿ 1 gr. opium; 8.55 p.m. 1 gr. opium; 10.50 p.m. I. ☿ and IAO; 11.15 p.m. 1 gr. opium.

<sup>1</sup> The Gnostic cryptogram for Jehovah.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley used the form *Juppiter* in records of homosexual workings, otherwise *Jupiter*. The double *p* stands presumably in this context for the two phalli.

<sup>3</sup> 'Even as a priest purifies the temple with foaming seed  
While the rejoicing vessel receives the fluid  
I pray thee, omnipotent Juppiter, King of men and gods,  
Sprinkle golden gifts upon your servants.'

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3 Feb. 10.40 a.m. L.B.R. I. ☿; 3.40 p.m. I. ☿; 10.05 p.m. I. ☿; 11.20 p.m. 1½ gr. opium; 11.59 p.m. I. ☿ IAO.

4 Feb. 10.35 a.m. L.B.R. I. ☿; 11.40 a.m. 1 gr. opium; 3.00 p.m. I. ☿; 12.00 p.m. gr. Mor[phia]. I. ☿ and IAO.

5 Feb. 10.30 a.m. L.B.R. I. ☿; 2.00 p.m. I. ☿; 11.40 p.m. I. ☿ and IAO.

6 Feb. 10.55 a.m. L.B.R. I. ☿; 3.00 p.m. I. ☿; 8.20 p.m. I. ☿ and IAO.

7 Feb. 10.50 a.m. L.B.R. I. ☿; 4.15 p.m. I. ☿; 10.50 p.m. I. ☿ and IAO; 10.57 p.m. *Opus XXXI* [with himself, an VIII° Operation].

8 Feb. 11.50 a.m. I. ☿; 4.15 p.m. I. ☿; 5.07 p.m. *Opus XXXII* [with Lea Dewey, Dutch prostitute]; 11.20 p.m. I. ☿ and IAO.

9 Feb. 11.10 a.m. I. ☿; 3.05 p.m. I. ☿; 12.15 a.m. I. ☿ and IAO.

10 Feb. 10.40 a.m. I. ☿; 5.55 p.m. I. ☿; 10.50 p.m. I. ☿ and IAO.

11 Feb. 11.45 a.m. I. ☿. Afternoon things interfered. *Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.* 5.31 p.m. *Opus XXXIII* [with Lea Dewey]; 11.25 p.m. I. ☿ and IAO.

12 Feb. 11.40 a.m. I. ☿; 1.00 p.m. I. ☿; 12.45 p.m. I. ☿ and IAO. (On Body of Light<sup>1</sup> only).

13 Feb. 10.40 a.m. I. ☿; 5.50 p.m. I. ☿; 8.54 p.m. *Opus XXXIV* [with Lea Dewey]; 9.30 p.m. I. ☿ and IAO.

14 Feb. a.m. in bed after *Opus XXXIV* and a late supper; 2.30 p.m. I. ☿; 11.15 p.m. I. ☿ and IAO.

15 Feb. I had gone to sleep praying for a dream to teach me how to fix the volatile.<sup>2</sup> I was in a room—square, bare in New York where were four or five men. The eldest showed me the Book of Daleth.<sup>3</sup> I took this to be [a comment] on the Bible, and read some curious verses with words strange to me. They sang also, and the senior preached, illustrating his speech by a dying lion—a series of statues reminding one of the dying pig toy, which I had noticed on the street a day or so before. In each case the lion was to be turned over on to its back. The theme of the sermon was mostly that 'He', Christ or lion or elixir or something, must be turned completely over, and

<sup>1</sup> i.e. he did not perform the invocation in his physical body but in his astral body, he visualized it.

<sup>2</sup> Or achieve the object of his magical operations. See *Opus XXXVII*.

<sup>3</sup> The fourth letter of the Hebrew alphabet, attributed to Venus.

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must be made very dead indeed. The book was full of promises that he would come back, and he on the whole is not wanted back.

In dream two, I was wandering from a hotel in a desert place into a sort of Eastern city or bazaar. A boy was clinging to me at first; later a girl. I, on the other hand, merely wanted a Turkish bath. The whole town was part of the bath but I couldn't find the hot room, and in hunting about I got out again to the signpost where the roads parted just beyond the hotel.

9 March 1.05 p.m. I. ♀; 4.00 I. ♂; evening ill.

10 March 12.15 p.m. I. ♀. This all broke down owing to my having to go away to Philadelphia.

*There is a gap in the record Rex de Arte Regia, covering June 1915 to February 1916. During this period Crowley attained his lifelong dream of becoming a Magus 9°=2°A.:A.:. He recorded the stages of this great initiation in Liber LXXIII, otherwise known as The Urn, that is the vessel which contains the ashes of his personality as Aleister Crowley: he had died to the world. A new sequence of Operations now follows.*

I

25 Feb. [1916] 5.25 p.m.

Assistant: 'Laylah'.<sup>1</sup>

Object: Power over LXXVI.<sup>2</sup>

Result: Failure, I suppose.

Weather: warm & wet.

Operation: Very good considering long restraint.

Elixir: Absorbed in cucurbit.

Mental concentration: Medium, below average. No success, worked wrong way round, but Laylah hated LXXVI.

II

28 Feb. 12.50 a.m.

Assistant: as CXXXIII.<sup>3</sup>

Object:  $\Phi$ -force<sup>4</sup> & attraction.

Result: Seems to have worked fairly well.

Weather: Cold.

<sup>1</sup> Leila Waddell who had by now arrived in New York from England. Laylah is so spelt to equate cabbalistically with the number 77, which represents potency.

<sup>2</sup> The identity of 'LXXVI' is not known.

<sup>3</sup> The reference is to *Opus CXXXIII* which was recorded in an earlier part of *Rex de Arte Regia* that is not extant.

<sup>4</sup> Phallic-force, i.e., sex-force.

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Operation: Excellent. Elixir, splendid, much better than usual with this assistant.

Mental concentration: Good.

III

1 March 9.5 a.m.

Assistant: as I [Laylah Waddell].

Object: Thanks be unto the Lord!

IV

3 March 11.46 p.m.

Assistant: as II.

Object:  $\Phi$ -force & attraction.

Not specially good in any way.

Result: [it produced] possibly V.

V

5 March 12.55 a.m.

Doris [Gomez]: *modo solito*.<sup>1</sup>

Object: as IV. Operation: average with this [kind of working].

Result: I think this is working A1. P.S. Yes, first part almost uncomfortably so!

VI

[no date]

Object: as V in all [particulars].

Operation: better than [*opus*] V.

Result: see XIII.

VII

17 March 10.20 p.m.

Object: as VI in all [particulars].

Operation: better than [*opus*] VI.

VIII

29 March 12.35 p.m.

Carter,<sup>2</sup> Prostitute. No good in any way.

Object: to replace LXXVI.

Result: Success great—*vide* XIII.

<sup>1</sup> Solitary method, VIII° O.T.O.

<sup>2</sup> The prostitute's name, Carter, is in Enochian characters.

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IX

5 April 7.50 p.m. approximately.  
Lilian Ham [prostitute].  
Object: None.<sup>1</sup>

X

10 April 12.20 a.m.  
[Assistant] Lydia *ignota ignobilis*.<sup>2</sup>  
Object: *Ave Priape!*<sup>3</sup>  
Operation: very good considering the horror of it all.

XI

12 April 2.20 p.m.  
[Assistant] Gerda Maria von Kotheck.  
[Object] Thanksgiving. (I am absolutely out of form.)

XII

13 April 1.50 p.m. *circa*.  
[Assistant] As XI [von Kotheck].  
[Object] Magical Energy.  
Operation: good. Elixir: not of first-rate quality.  
[Result] Evidently great success, *vide* sequel.  
Is Operation XII the result of Operations II, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII? [All of which had as their object sex-force and attraction.] Note that on 29 March, I 'phoned Hotel Seville [where, presumably, he had first contacted G. M. von Kotheck].

XIII

[15 April]  
[Assistant: Alice Ethel Coomaraswamy, née Richardson; her astrological chart accompanies the text of the original holograph diary.]  
The Operation began on 15 April [and went on] all the evening and [was] continued on 16th ditto. This Operation is the most magnificent in all ways since I can remember. The Orgasm was such as to have completely drowned the memory of the Object, but after, I found myself saying, '*Namo Shivaya namaha Aum*'.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Purely for pleasure, no magical significance.

<sup>2</sup> 'An unknown, low [prostitute].' Probably Lydia Cabo, see page 139.

<sup>3</sup> 'Hail, Priapus!' Thanksgiving to the god of creation.

<sup>4</sup> The celebrated Hindu mantra in praise of Shiva, the god of universal dissolution.



XIV

20 April 10.30 p.m.  
[Assistant] As XIII.  
[Object] Glory to God!  
[Operation] *Inter mammas mulieris.*<sup>1</sup>  
El[ixir]: rather thin.  
[Result: none as it was an act of thanksgiving.]

XV

22 April 9.50 p.m.  
[Assistant] as XIII. *El[ixir] Rub[eus].*<sup>2</sup>  
[Object] Glory to God!

XVI

23 April 4.0 p.m. *circa.*  
[Assistant] as XIII. *El. Rub.*  
[Object] Glory to God! (This, after rejecting many aims.)

XVII

24 April 10.00 p.m. *circa.*  
[Assistant] as XIII.  
[Object] *Namo shivaya namaba Aum!*<sup>3</sup>  
[Result] I felt very weak at first; climax too, not so good as has been the case hitherto. (Relations awkward all day; feeling of something wrong.)

XVIII

26 April 6.15 p.m.  
[Assistant] as XIII.  
[Object] *Potestatem super hanc feminam.*<sup>4</sup>  
[Result] Immediate success—same night—all well again.

XIX

27 April 10.15 p.m.  
[Assistant] as XIII.  
[Object] *Puerum nobis Deus det.*<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Between the woman's breasts.

<sup>2</sup> 'Red Elixir', i.e. the menses. Crowley was using the lunar current. This code is usually written *El. Rub. (Elixir Rubaeus)*.

<sup>3</sup> See note 4, page 35.

<sup>4</sup> 'Power over this woman.'

<sup>5</sup> 'May god give us a boy.'

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Operation: fair but not equal to XIII. Elixir magnificent.

Result: Child conceived—miscarriage.<sup>1</sup>

XX

28 April. Near midnight. (Bronxville.)

[Assistant] as XIII.

[Object]—?? ?<sup>2</sup>

Operation: first-rate. Elixir: ditto.

XXI

1 May 11.00 p.m. (New York.)

[Assistant] as XIII.

Object: Success at the recital tomorrow.

Operation: brief, though continuous from XX in a way. Elixir perfect.

Result: great success.

XXII

3 May 10.00 p.m.

[Assistant] as XIII.

[Object] *Namo Shivaya Namaha Aum!*

[Operation] Very pure and passionate in all ways.

XXIII

17 May. (Philadelphia.)

[Assistant] as XIII.

[Object] Thanks & praise to the Lord most High.

XXIV

18 May. (Philadelphia.)

Assistant: as XIII.

XXV

19 May. (New York.)

as XIII.

Object: *Au*.<sup>3</sup>

Result: success same day.

<sup>1</sup> The 'Result' was added some weeks or months later.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley had apparently forgotten what the object of this *Opus* was.

<sup>3</sup> *Aurum*, gold.

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XXVI

25 May 8.30 p.m. (Washington D.C.)  
as XIII.

Object: a safe pregnancy for XIII.

A very good Operation, considering the over-excitement of having her come to me alone and definitely on the day agreed.

Elixir: first-rate. Open air.

P.S. *Failure*. Cause: accident. Mars in conjunction with Neptune in 8th house. But no fault of the Operation. Child remained nearly a month [in womb] after accident.

XXVII

27 May 10.00 p.m. (Open air.)  
as XIII.

Object: Glory to God!

Operation: not very good. Assistant nervous. Reconciliation after two days' quarrel.

XXVIII

4 June 10.25 p.m. New York.  
as XI [Gerda Maria von Kotheck].

Object: *Juventutem*.<sup>1</sup>

Operation: Fair. Physically very tired. Elixir: extremely well-formed, strong, sweet, aromatic.

Concentration: fair.

XXIX

10 June 1.20 a.m.  
[Assistant] Soror L.I.N.B.W.<sup>2</sup>

Object: *Juventutem*.

Operation: fair. Elixir: admirable.

XXX

12 June 9.30 p.m.  
as XIII.

Object: *Juventutem*.

Operation: *El. Rub.*<sup>3</sup> Very good.

<sup>1</sup> 'Youth.'

<sup>2</sup> We do not know who this Sister was.

<sup>3</sup> See note 2, page 36.

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XXXI

16 June 10.45 p.m.  
as XIII.

[Object] *Juventutem*.

Operation: good but brief. Elixir good and strong.

XXXII

18 June 1.00 a.m.  
as XIII.

[Object] *Juventutem*.

Operation: excellent. Elixir very good and strong.

XXXIII

20 June 10.20 a.m.  
as XI.

[Object] *Juventutem*.

Operation: admirable. Elixir perfect in all points.

XXXIV

23 June 9.00 p.m. Adams Cottage, Bristol, New Hampshire.  
as XIII.

[Object] A new girl this summer.

[Operation] Fair only, after a very tiring day. Elixir good.

XXXV

24 June 9.00 a.m.  
as XIII.

Object: as XXXIV.

Operation: very good indeed. Elixir admirable.

XXXVI

25 June 9.00 a.m. *circa*.  
as XIII.

Object: a perfect girl for the summer.

[Operation] Elixir very good.

XXXVII

25 June 9.00 p.m. *circa*.  
as XIII.

Object: as XXXVI.

[Operation] excellent. Elixir good but slightly thin.

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Result: XXXIV-XXXVII: No new girl yet. But XIII has been 'perfect', writing wonderful love letters, etc.

*Note.* 6 July [1916]. The *Juventus* [age of youth] experiment must be regarded as absurdly successful. I have all the symptoms of sixteen and even earlier—great physical restlessness and appetite for hard, athletic work—also the vague aspirations and heedlessness of time—utter disinclination for mental work, too, as at that age. Further, I seem to have created in my aura all the conditions of my own youth. I spend the day playing at camping out; I sail a canoe, I explore islands, I build breakwaters, etc. etc. I am living almost entirely on milk, yet I have no tendency to get fat, have indeed got much thinner. But the mental lassitude and devil-may-careishness is very marked indeed. Writing a letter is a bore. I have also quite the boy's sex feeling. I think it is as well I only did six operations, or I might have wanted a wet-nurse and a toy train!

XXXVIII

20 July 11.5 p.m.

Xειφι [by hand], thinking of Doris, 2° ♃ rising.<sup>1</sup>

Object: Completion of Grade of 9°=2°.<sup>2</sup>

Operation: Excellent. Elixir: Copious and strong. Weather: Cool night after fine hot day. Light: Two oil lamps in room.

Result: (P.S. July 30. Things have moved a lot.)

XXXIX

23 July. About midnight. Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

[Assistant] Marie Roussel, French-Canadian prostitute, great similarity to Maud Allan in face, form and manner.

Object: Glory to Hermes.

Operation: Very good, considering long abstinence.

Elixir: Good. Weather: Hot and damp. Light: Electric.

XL

3 Aug. 11.50 p.m.

Xειφι ['by hand' or VIII°], thinking of Myriam Deroxe.

Object: ()<sup>3</sup>

Operation: Very orgiastic and rather prolonged.

Elixir: Copious, fairly strong, fragrant. Weather: Warmish night. Damp. Light: Wood fire dimly glowing.

Result: Success. See XLI.

<sup>1</sup> An VIII° operation with Doris Gomez in mind. Pisces was her rising sign.

<sup>2</sup> At this time, Crowley was undergoing his great Magus initiation.

<sup>3</sup> Sign for the vesica or vulva which Crowley used to indicate women in general. In the original holograph it is followed by an indecipherable word.

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XLI

12 Aug. 6.00 p.m. *circa*. Boston.)  
as XXXIX [Marie Roussel]  
Object: Success in Shaw article.<sup>1</sup>  
Operation: Hopelessly bad in every respect. Elixir: fair  
Result: [Not described.]  
Weather: Hot. Light: Daylight.

XLII-III

12-13 Aug.  
Κλεπτης τις εν τω π—M (A certain thief in the Master's podex.)<sup>2</sup>  
Object: None: all abandoned to sheer joy.  
Two great operations.

XLIV

19 Aug. 7.30 p.m.  
Χειρι: By hand. General commemoration of past ()<sup>3</sup> but especially Doris  
& Myriam.  
Object: The Promulgation of the Law.<sup>4</sup>  
Operation: Under (C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>5</sub>)<sub>2</sub>O.<sup>5</sup> Wonderful! Elixir: Fair. Splendid weather.  
Light: lamp.  
Result: [Not described.]

XLV

25 Aug. 6.00 p.m.  
as XLIV (Myriam)  
Object: The Promulgation of the Law.  
Operation: Under (C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>5</sub>)<sub>2</sub>O—average. Elixir: Fine full & strong. Good  
weather. Daylight.

XLVI

4 Sept. 10.30 p.m.  
Χειρι Δοριδος.<sup>6</sup>  
Object: as XLV [Promulgation of the Law]  
Operation: (C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>5</sub>)<sub>2</sub>O only. One of the most wonderful ever done. Elixir:  
as Operation. Light: Fire & lamps. Weather: Fine. Cool.

<sup>1</sup> He was at this time writing a long essay on Bernard Shaw, *The Gospel According to St Bernard Shaw*; it forms the basis of *Liber DCCCLXXXVIII*, i.e. 888, the Christian current as opposed to 666, the solar-phallic current of Thelema.

<sup>2</sup> A stranger sodomizes Crowley; the translation of the Greek is his.

<sup>3</sup> The sign for cunt.

<sup>4</sup> The Law of Thelema or Do What Thou Wilt.

<sup>5</sup> Ether.

<sup>6</sup> 'By the hand of Doris [Gomez].'

XLVII

7 Sept. 11.20 p.m.

Χειρὶ Μυριαμνης (of Myriam).<sup>1</sup>

Object: as XLVI [Promulgation of the Law].

Operation: (C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>6</sub>)O & Eth<sub>2</sub>O.<sup>2</sup> Wonderful. Elixir: Very fine. Light: Dim lamp; ash-glow. Weather: Thick. Hot.

XLVIII

13 Sept. 8.35 p.m.

Object: as XLVI [Promulgation of the Law of Thelema].

Operation: Eth<sub>2</sub>O.<sup>3</sup> Wonderful.

Elixir: Strong and plentiful. Light: Fire and lamps. Weather: Fine. Cool.

XLIX

See 9° = 2° Record. [See page 33.]

[Assistant] Gerda Maria von Kotheck.

[Object] The Word of the Equinox.

L

25 Sept. 10.30 p.m.

Gerda von Kotheck.

Object: Wealth.

Operation: fair.

LI

27 Sept. 12.30 a.m.

Gerda von Kotheck.

Object: Wealth.

Operation: better [than last time].

LII

29 Sept. 1.20 a.m.

Gerda von Kotheck.

Object: Wealth.

Operation: Medium.

<sup>1</sup> By hand while thinking of Myriam Deroxe.

<sup>2</sup> Heroin and ethyl oxide.

<sup>3</sup> Ethyl oxide, the fumes of which Crowley inhaled through a narrow-necked vessel.

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LIII

30 Sept. 8.45 p.m.  
Gerda von Kotheck.  
Object: Wealth.  
Operation: better [still].

LIV

30 Sept. 11.45 p.m.  
Gerda von Kotheck.  
Object: Wealth.  
Operation: A1.

LV

3 Oct. 12.35 a.m.  
Gerda von Kotheck.  
Object: Wealth.  
Operation: A1. *El. Rub.*<sup>1</sup>

LVI

4 Oct. 4.35 p.m.  
Gerda von Kotheck.  
Object: Wealth.  
Operation: Poor. Elixir A1.  
Result [of Operations L to LVI]: Adequate and immediate but only just to balance actual need.

LVII

5 Oct. 12.15 a.m. *circa*.  
Gerda von Kotheck.  
Object: The fullest understanding of the IX°.<sup>2</sup>  
Operation and Elixir: both super-splendid.

LVIII

7 Oct. 12.45 a.m.  
Gerda von Kotheck.  
Object: Glory to the Holy  $\Phi$ .<sup>3</sup>  
Operation: Good.

<sup>1</sup> The menstrual or lunar current.

<sup>2</sup> Sexual magick.

<sup>3</sup> The Holy Phallus.



LIX

9 Oct. 12.30 a.m.  
Gerda von Kotheck.  
Object: Concentration on  $\Phi$  for Samadhi & Art.<sup>1</sup>  
Result: restless night, full of ideas especially 'The Dwarf'.<sup>2</sup>

LX

12 Oct. 7.45 a.m.  
Gerda von Kotheck.  
[Object] Service, 'Holiness to the Lord'.<sup>3</sup>

LXI

14 Oct. 2.10 a.m.  
Gerda von Kotheck.  
Object: enlightenment.  
Operation: Fair to medium.

LXII

1 Nov. 1.45 a.m.  
*Manu dextra*.<sup>4</sup>  
Object: Glory to  $\Phi$   $\mu\alpha\mu\phi\alpha\gamma\omicron\varsigma$   $\mu\alpha\gamma\gamma\epsilon\nu\epsilon\tau\omega\rho$ <sup>5</sup>

LXIII

3 Nov. 3.45 p.m.  
Vera Gilbert (Prostitute). Small watery type—not bad on a first acquaintance.  
Object: Thanksgiving & glory to the All-One.  
Operation: medium. Elixir: copious and good.

LXIV

7 Nov. 4.30 p.m.  
Anna Grey, P[rostitute]. Big fat negress, very passionate.  
Object:  $\Phi$ -force and attraction.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Concentration on the idea of the Holy Phallus, emblematic of Cosmic Energy, to obtain Samadhi (ecstasy) and produce Art.

<sup>2</sup> No book, essay, short story or poem of this title by Crowley of this period or later is extant.

<sup>3</sup> Adonai, the inmost Fire. It was Crowley's forty-first birthday; hence this invocation.

<sup>4</sup> The right hand, Crowley's, an act of magical masturbation.

<sup>5</sup> 'Glory to the Phallus, All-devourer, All-begetter.'

<sup>6</sup> Sex-force and attraction.

*Rex de Arte Regia*

Operation: excellent. Elixir: the same.  
Result: marvellous.

LXV

7 Nov. late at night.  
as LXIV [Anna Grey].  
Object: help for Soror L.W.<sup>1</sup>  
[Operation]  $\eta$  Details prohibited under Section XI.<sup>2</sup>  
Result: Immediate success.

LXVI

9 Nov. 3.35 p.m.  
as LXV [Anna Grey].  
Object: Glory to  $\Phi^3$   
[Operation] XI<sup>o</sup>

LXVII

12 Nov. 2.35 a.m.  
[Assistant] Doris [Gomez].  
Object: Wealth.  
[Operation] XI<sup>o</sup> in  $\Delta$ .<sup>4</sup> Operation & Elixir, wonderful.  
Result: Immediate receipt of largest sum I have handled in twelve months.

LXVIII

17-18 Nov.  
[Assistant: not mentioned.]  
Object: Help for L.W.  
[Operation]  $\eta$ .<sup>5</sup>

LXIX

17-18 Nov.  
[Assistant: not mentioned.]  
[Object] I forgot everything.  
[Operation]  $\mathfrak{D}$ .<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sister Leila Waddell.

<sup>2</sup> Tau, the last or bottom letter of the Hebrew alphabet, signifies here the fundament. The phrase 'Section XI' is a veiled way of referring to the XI<sup>o</sup> O.T.O.

<sup>3</sup> The Holy Phallus.

<sup>4</sup> The number three in the triangle of fire is a private cypher in this XI<sup>o</sup> working.

<sup>5</sup> Tau, the fundament.

<sup>6</sup> The Hebrew letter Pe: the sexual use of the mouth.

LXX

17-18 Nov.  
[Assistant: not mentioned.]  
Object: I forgot everything.  
[Operation] 𐄂.

LXXI

19 Nov. 9.30 p.m.  
[Assistant] Anna Grey.  
Object: To change my luck!  
[Operation] *Manu*.<sup>1</sup> (Image 'Sacrifice to fortune.')

Result: Immediate and stinking—meeting a man in the Turker [Turkish bath], & getting a sale of a \$ book!

LXXII

20 Nov. 11.45 p.m.  
[Assistant] ditto [Anna Grey].  
Object: Wealth.  
[Operation] 𐄂.

LXXIII

22 Nov. 5.00 p.m. *circa*.  
[Assistant: not mentioned.]  
Object: Wealth.  
Operation XI°. <sup>2</sup> Sudden & unadvised, brief but magnificent. Elixir: A1.

LXXIV

24 Nov. 10.55 p.m.  
[Assistant: not mentioned.]  
Object: Wealth.  
Operation: XI° (*cum* כֹּכַב).<sup>3</sup> Marvellous, good. Elixir: A1. It occurs to me that with true concentration of will, the object should never be changed until result is obtained, unless one becomes convinced that one should never have begun. And this can only arise through bad *Sammasati*<sup>4</sup> preliminary to the Operation.

<sup>1</sup> 'By hand.' As Anna was there, it was her hand. He sacrificed his seed to produce good fortune but the outcome was disappointing.

<sup>2</sup> An act of buggery with Anna.

<sup>3</sup> '(with KUK)', probably cocaine.

<sup>4</sup> In this context, inquiry or investigation.

*Rex de Arte Regia*

LXXV

26 Nov. 8.15 p.m.

[Assistant: not mentioned but probably Anna Grey.]

[Object] Wealth.

[Operation] ב.

LXXVI

1 Dec. 4 p.m.

Anna Grey.

[Object] Wealth.

Operation: difficult but success great as to Object. Elixir, nothing special—good, though, when duly mixed.

Result: \$45 next day.

LXXVII

3 Dec. 4.00 p.m. *circa*.

[Assistant: not mentioned but probably Anna Grey.]

[Object] Wealth.

[Operation] ב. Elixir: copious, indeed!

LXXVIII

3 Dec. 10.00 p.m.

[Assistant: Anna Grey probably.]

Object: Wealth.

Operation: XI°, aided by כורב [cocaine]. Perfectly marvellous.

LXXIX

3 Dec. 11.35 p.m.

[Anna Grey probably]

Object: Wealth.

Operation: *El. Rub.* [the moon juice].

LXXX

5 Dec. 5.00 p.m.

Anna [Grey].

[Object] Wealth.

Operation: excellent though sudden and brief. Elixir, good.

Result: Well, I got away South somehow—see next entry.

LXXXI

10 Dec. 8.50 p.m. New Orleans.

*The Magical Record of the Beast 666*

[Assistant] 'Irene Standfield', extremely voluptuous [prostitute] & of the greatest possible skill & goodwill.

Object: Dedication of myself to Tahuti [god of wisdom and magic] at the beginning of this Great Magical Retirement.

Operation: perfect. Elixir: good.

LXXXII

11 Dec. 3.55 p.m.

as LXXXI ['Irene Standfield'].

Object: Power to carry out the Will of Therion.<sup>1</sup>

Operation: not quite as good as LXXXI. Elixir, good.

LXXXIII

13 Dec. 10.30 p.m.

[Assistant] 'Eleanore Jackson'; claims to be 'pure American' (!) but is I think a mixture of Negro & Japanese. Slim, normal, excessively active & passionate.

Object: Wealth, because this appears the means of power to carry out the Will of Therion.

Operation: excellent. Elixir, good.

(There is here a lacuna of 15 days from 15 Dec., during which were a few profane operations, not recorded, on purpose, as part of the General Strike<sup>2</sup> referred to in the main magical record. I continue this as if nothing had occurred; [it] follows with *Opus* LXXXIV.)

LXXXIV

31 Jan. [1917] 8.30 p.m.

as LXXXIII.

This long abstinence [from sex-magical operations] is due to complete absorption in creative work.

Object: Dedication of myself to be the High Priest of the Most Holy  $\Phi$ .

Operation: fairly good considering. Elixir, fair. Mental concentration, excellent.

LXXXV

1 Feb. 4.30 p.m. *circa*.

[Assistant] 'Sister',<sup>3</sup> a big black muscular negro whore.

<sup>1</sup> *To Mega Therion*, the Great Beast, Crowley's title as a Magus  $9^\circ = 2^\square$ ; hence the Will of Therion is the Will of Crowley as a Magus, which was to establish the Law of Thelema, i.e. Do what thou wilt.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley was demanding a sign from the Secret Chiefs, not a political general strike.

<sup>3</sup> Not a sister of the O.T.O., just a nickname.

*Rex de Arte Regia*

Object: Magical energy.

Operations: Good. Elixir: very good.

Result: Immediate success.

LXXXVI

4 Feb. 8.15 p.m. *circa*.

[Assistant] 'Sister'.

Object: Further understanding of my grade of Magus.

Operation: excellent but short. Still, have known better. Elixir, admirable. Mental concentration, not very good.

LXXXVII

4 March 10.00 a.m. *circa*.

[Assistant] Titusville 'Maddy'. Prostitute.

Object: Glory to God!

Operation: excellent but short. Elixir, badly prepared<sup>1</sup> and not properly obtained.

*New York. [New] Series. Anno XIII.<sup>2</sup> Sol in Aries to Sol in Libra.*

I

1 April 5.00 p.m. approximately.

[Assistant] Anna Grey.

Object: Health.

Operation: good. Elixir: very poor indeed—copious but tasteless and watery and unmixed.

Result: apparently fair.

II

17 April 5.50 p.m.

[Assistant] Howard [in Arabic].

[Operation] ♀ [the mouth, i.e. fellatio]. Details prohibited under Baphomet 33°.<sup>3</sup>

No object—taken by surprise.

III

27 May 12.05 a.m.

<sup>1</sup> The Elixir has to be properly charged by the Magician's Will. Crowley is here referring to the subtle or mental aspect of this operation.

<sup>2</sup> The thirteenth year of the New Aeon or A.D. 1917.

<sup>3</sup> Baphomet was Crowley's title as Head of the O.T.O. 33° is the highest Masonic Grade.

*The Magical Record of the Beast 666*

[Assistant] May-Lewinstein, prostitute. *Post longum intervallum, non possum bene futuere.*<sup>1</sup>

Object: Health. (I have really been ill all the time from the middle of March. Only five acts in four months!)

Operation: bad; no erection, immediate ejaculation, little orgasm, Elixir ill-formed. Sense only of relief. Mental concentration feeble in the extreme.

Result: apparent great success.

IV

28 May.

[Assistant] Anita, half-prostitute, half-Japanese, half-Irish.

Object: Promulgation of the Law.

[Operation] All things excellent but Elixir was difficult to obtain.

V

30 May.

as IV [Anita].

Object: Promulgation of the Law [of Thelema].

Operation: very prolonged and orgiastic.

VI

[No date].

[Assistant] Howard.

Object: Promulgation of the Law.

[Operation] n [the fundament].<sup>2</sup> *Wunderschoen*.

(My induction to *The International*, with its occult matter, seems success to this III, IV, V. I got this about six weeks later.<sup>3</sup>)

VII

27 June 11.30 p.m.

[Assistant] Helen Huljus. Amateur [prostitute]. Irish. Married. Libra-Scorpio type with touch of Aquarius, I think.

Object: Perfect physical health.

Operation: good. Mental concentration fair. Elixir, fair. *Opus III* had cleared up all troubles with one exception.

Result: The trouble seems to have become limited from this time; in any case the mental aspect which was extreme has been completely removed.

<sup>1</sup> 'After a long time, I am not able to fuck well.'

<sup>2</sup> The Hebrew letter Tau combines in this context the notions of the phallus and the fundament. The Operation was an act of sodomy in which Crowley played, as usual, the passive role.

<sup>3</sup> *The International* was a little magazine amateurishly edited by that third-rate writer, George Sylvester Viereck, and devoted in these war years to the dissemination of crude propaganda for the Kaiser and the Central Powers. Crowley became editor of this rag in 1917 and filled it up with his articles on Thelema.

*Rex de Arte Regia*

VIII

13 July 8.45 a.m.

Object: Glory to the Living One, the Lord and Father of All.

Operation: *In sua m[anu]*.<sup>1</sup> Very good, though short. Orgasm excellent; mental concentration, superb.

IX

16 July.

as VIII in all, but not quite so good.

X

22 July 2.30 p.m. *circa*.

[Assistant] Anna Grey.

Object: Love (trusting Them<sup>2</sup> to supply the best brand).

Operation: good. Elixir: curious, extremely so; quite unusual.

This worked marvellous well; my very best girl of all girls<sup>3</sup> came back to New York quite unexpectedly the very next day. Also I have now one Julia, who appears the very thing I want. No: but see *Opus XIV*.

XI

11 Aug. about 4.00 p.m.

[Assistant] Anita [prostitute].

Object: Success to Simon Iff<sup>4</sup> stories.

XI°, 33°.

Operation: Superb. Elixir, strong and fine.

XII

[not recorded.]

XIII

13 Aug.

[Assistant] Lionel Q\*\*\*\*\*.

Object: [not described but] fully formulated [in his mind].

[Operation]  $\mathfrak{D}$  Therion.<sup>5</sup> Details prohibited under Baphomet XI°, 33°.

<sup>1</sup> 'In his hand.' An VIII° Operation.

<sup>2</sup> The gods.

<sup>3</sup> Probably Jane Foster.

<sup>4</sup> Crowley had no great success with his 'Simon Iff stories', a few of which were published in *The International*; they are extant in typescript.

<sup>5</sup> Crowley's mouth, an XI° operation with Mr. Q.



XIV

14 Aug. 6.30 p.m.

[Assistant] Anna Katherine Miller, 'The Dog'.<sup>1</sup>

Object: Subconsciously held; Love.

Operation: admirable in all ways; ditto Elixir.

Result: Complete—perhaps too complete—success.

XV

16 Aug. 11.20 p.m.

as XIV.

Object: The Divine Knowledge—with the special idea of sacrificing the divine ecstasy for that Knowledge: *Ananda* for *Chit*.<sup>2</sup>

Operation: prolonged and most orgiastic. Elixir, very strong; not very sweet. Most of it absorbed in the Yoni.<sup>3</sup>

[17 Aug.] What Magick should I work by means of the IX° O.T.O. upon the woman [Anna Katherine Miller] through whom I asked Divine Knowledge last night? Sex-magick in VIII° has the Lesser Work of Sol.<sup>4</sup> J. & W.'s [tables] suggest the formation of the Hexagram by uniting the Head & Tail of the Dragon. Mercury rules the 3rd & 9th [houses] for Mind. Good. Jupiter rules the 6th, 7th, 12th [houses], ♃ in Ascendant, ♃ in 2nd, 4th, 5th [houses]. Luna in 10th [house] = H[oly] G[uardian] A[n]gel].

XVI

18 Aug. 11.20 p.m.

as XIV.

[Object: The Divine Knowledge.]

Operation: The Lesser Work of Sol. Prolonged & excellent. Elixir, as *Opus I* [very poor indeed—copious but tasteless and watery].

XVII

19 Aug. 4.30 p.m.

as XIV.

[Object: The Divine Knowledge.]

Operation: The Lesser Work of Sol. All day long. Excellent. Elixir, as *Opus I*.

<sup>1</sup> 'She was a Pennsylvania Dutch girl, the only member of her family not actually insane.' *The Confessions*, page 781.

<sup>2</sup> *Ananda*, bliss or ecstasy; *Chit*, knowledge. IX° O.T.O. operations always, in fact, demand this sacrifice of the pleasure of orgasm for knowledge or for whatever the object of the opus may be.

<sup>3</sup> Vagina.

<sup>4</sup> The solar-phallic current as expressed through the male alone, i.e. magical masturbation or masturbation with a magical end in view and with proper magical preparation.

XVIII

22 Aug. 9.10. p.m.

as XIV, but *p[er] v[as] n[efandum]*.<sup>1</sup>

Object: To become the greatest of all the Magi.

Operation of long-since-unheard-of vehemence. Elixir of miraculous strength and sweetness. Mental concentration, Samadhic<sup>2</sup> in intensity.

XIX

23 Aug. 6.30 a.m. On this day O.I.V.V.I.O.<sup>3</sup> posted a letter in which an enemy proclaims me the greatest of all the Magi!!!

as XVIII in all [respects].

XX

24 Aug. 8.33 p.m.

as XIV.

[Object] Perfect physical health.

Operation: admirable in all respects. Elixir of quite extraordinary strength and sweetness.

Result: Evident success.

XXI

25 Aug. 10.30 p.m.

as XIV, *p.v.n.*

Object: Glory to Pan!

Operation & Elixir, magnificent.

XXII

26 Aug. 11.00 a.m. Siddhi<sup>4</sup> begins.

as XIV.

Object: The *Siddhi*.

Operation: admirable but Elixir not good. I am quite inclined to believe that the XI° is better than the IX°.<sup>5</sup>

Mental concentration: not very good.

<sup>1</sup> 'By the unmentionable vessel.' An XI° operation performed with a woman (Anna K. Miller, 'The Dog').

<sup>2</sup> *Samadhi*, supreme ecstasy.

<sup>3</sup> *Omnia In Vno, Vnus In Omnibus*. Everything in One, One in Everything. One of the magical mottoes of Charles Stansfeld Jones of Vancouver.

<sup>4</sup> *Siddhi*, magical power.

<sup>5</sup> For acquiring *Siddhi*, or magical power, sodomy, with either sex, is better than IX° (*per vaginam*), according to Baphomet.

XXIII

26 Aug. 10.30 p.m.  
as XIV.

[Object] The *Siddhi*.

A difficult Operation, owing to over-excitement etc. *p[er] v[as] n[efandum]*.<sup>1</sup>  
Climax superb. Elixir, extraordinarily sweet and strong.

XXIV

28 Aug. 10.10 p.m.  
as XIV.

[Object] The *Siddhi*.

[Operation] *El. Rub.*<sup>2</sup> A1 in all ways.

XXV

29 Aug. 11.00 p.m.  
as XXIV in all [respects].

[Object] The *Siddhi*.

[Operation] Mental concentration particularly good as I was on the thought (off and on) all day.

Note: The Eight *Siddhis*<sup>3</sup> should refer to the Eight Letters of Baphomet.<sup>4</sup>

- B Gnana<sup>5</sup>
- A Expansion to Nuit<sup>6</sup>
- P Power to destroy
- H Pranayama: levitation
- O Power to create
- M Transformations
- I Contraction to Hadit<sup>7</sup>
- T Gnana

It is all very unsatisfactory until we find out how Baphomet is really spelt.

P.S. In Hebrew באועמיהר = 729<sup>8</sup>

RThIMOFAB

<sup>1</sup> See note 1, page 53.

<sup>2</sup> Intercourse during menstruation.

<sup>3</sup> *Anima*, the power of reducing oneself to a point; *Mabima*, the power of identifying oneself with space, i.e. omnipresence; *Laghima*, the power of reducing gravitation; *Garima*, the power of increasing gravitation; *Prapti*, the power of instantaneous flight; *Prakamyā*, the power of instantaneous realization or knowledge; *Isatva*, the power of creating; *Vasitva*, the power of commanding and of being obeyed.

<sup>4</sup> Crowley's motto in the O.T.O., the name of the idol that the Knights Templars were supposed to have worshipped, described as an androgynous ass or goat.

<sup>5</sup> Knowledge.

<sup>6</sup> Nuit or Nut the Egyptian goddess of infinite space.

<sup>7</sup> A form of the Egyptian god Horus as a seed or point of light.

<sup>8</sup> This peculiar orthography was obtained by Crowley in a spirit vision called the Amalantrah Working (1918).

*Rex de Arte Regia*

XXVI

31 Aug. 8.40 a.m.

as XIV.

[Object] The *Siddhi*.

Operation: not as good as usual.

XXXVII

1 Sept. 10.00 a.m.

as XIV.

[Object] The *Siddhi*.

Operation: *p.v.n.* A1. Elixir imperfect.

XXVIII

2 Sept. 5.20 p.m.

as XIV.

[Object] The *Siddhi*.

Operation: *p.v.n.* A1. Elixir, admirably strong and sweet.

XXIX

3 Sept. 2.15 p.m.

as XIV.

[Object] The *Siddhi*.

Operation: short, though with morning prologue. Excellent, Elixir ditto.  
C.A.M.M.A.A.A.C.<sup>1</sup>

Here endeth the mighty Eightfold Operation of Baphomet to obtain the  
Eight *Siddhi*.

XXX

5 Sept. 10.20 p.m.

as XIV.

[Object] Hermes! [To acquire the magical qualities of].

Operation: *p.v.n.*<sup>2</sup> A1. Elixir quite extraordinary for strength; it was as  
thick as molasses, and as sweet.

XXXI

7 Sept. 6.30 a.m.

as XIV.

[Object] Magical Life and Energy.

<sup>1</sup> Allusion not known.

<sup>2</sup> 'By the unmentionable vessel,' i.e. her anus.

*The Magical Record of the Beast 666*

Operation: *p.v.n.* Good for a morning effort. Elixir excellently strong and sweet.

Result: Immediate success.

XXXII

9 Sept. 12.45 a.m.

as XIV.

[Object] 'To Pan!'<sup>1</sup>

[Operation] *p.v.n.* During an access of Malaria, but Operation fairly good. Elixir A1. I used invocation aloud, & heard it repeated, as I thought by XIV. But she denies having spoken, & indeed it was not quite her voice, but a voice very soft, musical, and bell-toned.

XXXIII

9 Sept. 2.20 p.m.

as XIV.

[Object] 'To Pan!'

Operation: Prolonged & intense, orgasm multiple. Mental concentration good; the God<sup>2</sup> clearly visualized and alive. Elixir, A1.

XXXIV

11 Sept. 6.30 a.m.

as XIV.

[Object] 'To Pan!'

Operation: very good, orgasm good, Elixir, somewhat thin. Mental concentration spoilt by attempt of victim to vampire me.<sup>3</sup>

XXXV

13 Sept. 11.50 p.m.

as XIV.

[Object] \*.\*.\*<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Hail, Pan!' the god of lust.

<sup>2</sup> Pan. Crowley began the Operation with a mental image of the goat-god.

<sup>3</sup> What exactly happened between XIV (Anna K. Miller) and the King (Crowley) during the *Opus* is veiled in the conventional language of occultism. The 'victim', Anna, was hitting back in some way. She had, for the moment, become a 'vampire'.

<sup>4</sup> The geomantic figure, *puer*, a boy. The meaning of the glyph in this context is obscure. Crowley may have been trying to beget 'a magical son', to give continuity in the traditional manner to his work; or, more simply, he may have been trying to attract a youth for sex-magical purposes; or the glyph may be a symbol of his wish for rejuvenation.

*Rex de Arte Regia*

[Operation] συν Κυπρι—*je veux dire autre chose*.<sup>1</sup> Great & wonderful. Elixir practically all absorbed.

XXXVI

15 Sept. 6.20 a.m.

as XIV.

Object: Power over יִרְאֵיָאֵי.<sup>2</sup>

Operation: *p.v.n.* Excellent, for morning effort. Elixir, strong and good. Success not yet apparent; idea of Operation all wrong.

XXXVII

16 Sept. 10.00 a.m.

as XIV.

Object: The Promulgation of the Law of Thelema.

Operation: *p.v.n.* συν Κυπρι.<sup>3</sup> Most excellent and prolonged; multiple orgasm. Elixir very sweet and fairly strong. Concentration good.

XXXVIII

16 Sept. 10.20 p.m.

as XIV.

Object: Success in all I undertake this week.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Prolonged and multiple orgasm. Elixir sweet but not strong as compared with, say, *Opus XXX*.

Result: This did not go well on the whole.

XXXIX

18 Sept. 11.20 p.m.

as XIV.

Object: Success to Kennedy's<sup>4</sup> psychochromes.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Orgasm as XXXVIII. Elixir very sweet and very strong. Mental concentration, good—I had prepared for it the whole day—but overwhelmed during part of orgasm by the intensity of the latter.

Result: Success only up to a certain point.

<sup>1</sup> 'In the company of Cypris [Aphrodite]—I mean something else.' No other woman with the magical name of Cypris was present. Crowley is presumably regarding Anna Miller as Cypris, but the note in French strongly suggests ambivalence.

<sup>2</sup> Jaqueline, a woman whom Crowley had his eye on.

<sup>3</sup> We do not know why Crowley inserted the words 'with Cypris' in this context; it appears only twice.

<sup>4</sup> Probably Frater T.A.T.K.A. (Leon Engers Kennedy), portrait painter. See *The Confessions*

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XL

19 Sept. 11.20 p.m.  
as XIV.

Object: Success to the Equinox ceremony.<sup>1</sup>

Operation: *p.v.n.* Orgasm as XXXVIII. Elixir as XXXIX.

XLI

21 Sept. 7.10 a.m.  
as XIV.

Object: 'Io Pan!'<sup>2</sup>

Operation: *p.v.n.* in bright sunshine. Orgasm as XXXVIII. Elixir, excellent.

XLII

22 Sept. 11.20 p.m.  
as XIV.

[Object] 'Io Pan!'

Operation: *p.v.n.* Orgasm good as XXXVIII, redeemed from a rather poor Operation. Mental concentration bad. Elixir A1.

*Series Anno XIII [1917]. Sol in Libra to Sol in Aries.*

I

28 Sept. 1.00 a.m.  
as XIV.

Object: *Corpus R[oddie] M[inor]*.

Operation: *El. Rub.* Fine, after three days' illness. Elixir, as good as usual in this condition. Mental concentration weak.

Result: success. See *Opus III*.

II

30 Sept. 5.15 a.m.  
[Assistant] XIV.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Twice a year Crowley performed a ceremony, often in the open, to welcome in the spring or autumn season. The ceremony, ritual or sex-magical, was designed principally to put him in possession of the Secret Word, vibrated by the gods, which would be operative for the ensuing six months. The Word or Motto was communicated to members of the Order, and to privileged friends, such as Augustus John who made at least three sketches of him.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley wrote, during 1913, a poem inspired by Pan, entitled *Hymn to Pan*, of 67 lines. He described it as 'the most powerful enchantment ever written'. It was first published in *The Equinox*, vol. III, number 1, Detroit 1919.

<sup>3</sup> Of the previous series. Anna Miller.

*Rex de Arte Regia*

[Object: Not mentioned.]

Operation: *p.v.n.* Good. Elixir, good but not very strong (illness still hangs about—cough, etc.).

III

1 Oct. 8.20 p.m.

[Assistant] Roddie Minor. Matron. Big muscular sensual type. (Aphrodite.)<sup>1</sup>

Operation: *p.v.n.*

IV

3 Oct. 11.50 p.m.

[Assistant] XIV.

Object: 'Io Pan!'

Operation: *p.v.n.* A1. Elixir ditto.

V

4 Oct. 8.00 p.m. *circa.*

as III.

Object: ? I was mentally overwhelmed.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Long and powerful Work. Elixir A1.

VI

5 Oct. 10.00 a.m.

as XIV [Anna Miller].

Object: 'Io Pan!'

Operation: *p.v.n.* Orgasm extraordinarily long but weak. Elixir fair.

VII, VIII, IX

6 Oct. 10.00 a.m.

7 Oct. 8.00 a.m. and 11.00 p.m.

Object: Pan.

Operation: *p.v.n.* [6 Oct.]; *p.o.*<sup>2</sup> [7 Oct.].

A prolonged orgie in honour of the Great God Pan. All in due order & proportion, very admirable. Amen.

[Assistant not mentioned.]

<sup>1</sup> 'Big muscular sensual type' was Crowley's ideal of feminine beauty; hence his use of the word Aphrodite in this context. It is noteworthy that the Operation is also *per vas nefandum*.

<sup>2</sup> *Per vas nefandum, per os*, 'by the unmentionable vessel, by the mouth'.



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X

9 Oct. 10.15 p.m.  
as III [Roddie Minor].  
Object: 'Io Pan!'  
Operation: *p.v.n.* Excellent in all [respects].

XI

11 Oct. 12.10 a.m.  
as III.  
Object: Perfect physical health.  
Operation: *p.v.n.* Excellent in all.  
Result: very good. This led to amelioration of a radical character.

XII

12 Oct.<sup>1</sup> 11.30 p.m.  
as III.  
Object: 'Io Pan!'  
Operation: Orgie from 8.15 *circa*, continuous work, aided by C[ocaine]  
and B[randy]. Wonderful. Elixir admirable in all ways.

XIII

13 Oct. 7.00 a.m.  
as III.  
Object: 'Io Pan!'  
Operation: *p.v.n.*

XIV, XV, XVI

14-16 Oct. Hours forgotten.  
as III.  
Object: prosperity.  
Operation: *p.v.n.* The General Invocation of Demeter upon an earthen  
altar,<sup>2</sup> as assuring prosperity.  
Result: 7 Jan. [1918] So far, so bloody good.

XVII

18 Oct. 11.30 p.m.  
as III.  
Object: Consecration of the new studio to Pan.<sup>3</sup>  
Operation: *p.v.n. Wunderschoen!*

<sup>1</sup> Crowley's birthday; he was 42. Hence the celebration with brandy, etc.

<sup>2</sup> The 'altar' is her fundament, hence the mode of operation.

<sup>3</sup> 1 University Place, the corner of Washington Square, New York City.

*Rex de Arte Regia*

XVIII

19 Oct. 11.30 p.m.  
Assistant: as III.  
Object: 'Io Pan!'  
Operation: *El. Rub.* Prolonged & admirable in all ways.

XIX

21 Oct. 11 a.m.  
as III.  
Object: Red Gold.<sup>1</sup>  
Operation: *El. Rub.* Very good.

XX

22 Oct. 12.40 a.m.  
as III.  
Object: Red gold.  
Operation: *El. Rub.* Very good.

XXI

23 Oct. 11.30 p.m.  
as III.  
Object: 'Perfect Art.'  
Operation: *El. Rub.* at end.<sup>2</sup> Elixir extraordinarily sweet and strong.

24 Oct. [1] developed a new and admirable technique [of sex magic].

XXII

26 Oct. late at night.  
as III.  
Object: 'Io Pan!'  
Operation: *p.v.n.*

XXIII

28 Oct. 9.50 a.m.  
as III.  
Object: 'Io Pan!'  
Operation: *p.v.n.*

<sup>1</sup> Blood is the menstruum of materialization. Gold or money was Crowley's object here; hence the mode of operation with the lunar current.

<sup>2</sup> The end of the menses.

XXIV

30 Oct. ? time.  
as III.  
Object: 'Io Pan!'  
Operation: *p.v.n.*  
All these *Opera* may be classed as very good.

XXV

3 Nov. 12.30 a.m.  
as III.  
Object: Health.  
Operation: *p.v.n.* Eth<sub>2</sub>O<sup>1</sup> An operation marvellous good in all ways, with the Elixir superb in strength and sweetness.  
On 1 Nov. my urine showed heavy albumen, many hyaline and granular casts, pus, protein, etc. Doctor called the condition extremely serious. Another examination on 8 Dec. showed much reduced albumen (50%: from 3.3 to 1.5 [grammes percent]), no granular casts, few hyaline. No pus. No protein.

XXVI

4 Nov. 7.30 p.m.  
as III.  
Object: Health.  
Operation: *p.v.n.* Eth<sub>2</sub>O. Good, excellently so. Elixir mostly lost in the Gold<sup>2</sup> of the (modern) Philosopher.<sup>3</sup>

XXVII

6 Nov. 4.00 p.m. *circa.*  
as III.  
Object: ? (delay in record).  
Operation: *p.v.n.* Excellent. Elixir, ditto.

XXVIII, XXIX

10 and 11 Nov.  
as III.  
Object: 'Io Pan!'  
Operation: *p.v.n.* Excellent.  
Bad boy forgot to record it all.

<sup>1</sup> Ethyl Oxide which they inhaled.

<sup>2</sup> From dross make gold.

<sup>3</sup> Alchemist.

*Rex de Arte Regia*

XXX

15 Nov. 11.40 p.m.

as III.

Object: Red Gold.

Operation: *El Rub.* Admirable. Elixir, admirable.

XXXI

[no date] 11.30 a.m.

as III.

Object: Red Gold.

Operation: *p.v.n. cum El Rub.—et aliis!*<sup>1</sup> All admirable.

([Note added] 27 Nov. These Opera—XXX, XXXI—worked admirably and instantly, gold literally pouring in from all sorts of unexpected sources).

XXXII, XXXIII

24 and 25 Nov. p.m. and a.m. respectively.

as III [on both occasions].

Object: Gold. An Operation of the 7th & 8th Atus.<sup>2</sup>

Operation: *p.v.n.* A finely worked work, all excellent.

XXXIV

27 Nov. 10.15 p.m.

as III.

Object: To fascinate Robertson. This succeeded but I abandoned the plan.

XXXV

5 Dec. 7.30 a.m.

as III.

Object: New literary current.

[Operation: not described] Orgasm, fair; Elixir A1.

XXXVI

9 Dec. 12.20 a.m. *circa.*

as III.

Object: Literary current.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Sudden: not specially good.

<sup>1</sup> 'By the unmentionable vessel, with the red elixir—and other things!'

<sup>2</sup> The 7th and 8th House, or Key, of the god Thoth, i.e. the tarot cards; these keys signify the transmutation of the lowest into the highest, the gross into the fine.

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These *Opera*, XXXV, XXXVI, came off. Cf. 'Simon Iff in America.'<sup>1</sup> Story on 8 Dec. Five others from 16 to 22 Dec. This goes on: four more to 27 Dec.

XXXVII

11 Dec. 11.40 p.m. *circa*.  
as III.  
Object: ?  
Operation: *p.v.n.*

XXXVIII

13 Dec. 10.20 p.m.  
as III.  
Object: *Aurum Rubeum!* [Red Gold!]  
Operation: *El. Rub.* Very good. Orgasm excellent; Elixir—*rubeus!* [ruddy!]. Too much lunar force, I think, but perhaps not bad for this type of Operation. Mental concentration very strong, with imagination.

XXXIX

16 Dec. 4.40 p.m.  
as III.  
Object: *Au. Rub.* [Red Gold]  
Operation: all excellent. Very '*sukshma*' ['subtle'].  
Result: Nothing special so far, 7 Jan. [1918]. Yet possibly new *International* deal and new Simon Iff stories, begun in this moon, may bring the gold.

XL

21 Dec. 11.30 p.m.  
as III.  
Object: Success with the Simon Iff stories.  
Operation: *p.v.n.* Amazingly good, orgiastically. Mental concentration very strong, but almost overcome. Elixir good and strong.

XLI

25 Dec. or thereabouts.  
as III.  
Object: '*Io Pan, Pan!*'  
Operation: *p.v.n.* I've been entirely concentrated on Simon Iff.

<sup>1</sup> Crowley's detective stories, some of which were published in *The International*, see note 3, page 50.

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XLII

29 Dec. 11.40 a.m.

as III.

Object:  $\Phi$  force and attraction.<sup>1</sup>

Operation: Very *sukshma* [subtle]. Mental concentration fairly good.

Result: Effect immediate, rather embarrassing.

XLIII

30 Dec. 3.40 p.m.

as III.

Object: as XLII.

Operation: Very *sukshma*. Elixir, exceptionally strong and steady, not too sweet. Ideal for magick of this type, I judge.

XLIV

1 Jan. [1918] about 5.30 p.m.

as III.

Object: Dramatic power, especially to finish Simon Iff stories.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Excellent. Elixir more sweet than strong. (So was the finish to the stories!)

Result: Immediate success.

XLV

One A. W. Riche (he is supposed to be a complete materialist), having suggested to me that it was proper to use Magick to obtain an Organ for the spreading of the Law of Thelema, I inquired by Geomancy: What shall I now do, etc? And obtained the reply: Magick, by a mode Mercurial,<sup>2</sup> Cauda Draconis<sup>3</sup> being in the 10th house and in both witnesses,<sup>4</sup> with Albus<sup>5</sup> rising and Conjunctio<sup>6</sup> setting; the Part of Fortune in the 2nd [house], with Puella.<sup>7</sup> Asking further: How shall I obtain a means, etc? I obtained Albus rising, Conjunctio in 4th and 5th [houses], Carcer<sup>8</sup> in 8th, 10th and 11th [houses],  $\otimes$ <sup>9</sup> in 8th [house]. I thereupon performed the following Operation:

<sup>1</sup> Phallic-force, i.e. sex-force.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley here means, simply, an XI° working. Mercury, the mischievous boy.

<sup>3</sup> The Dragon's Tail in its geomantic aspect.

<sup>4</sup> Both witnesses, i.e. the left and the right column in the geomantic scheme, with 'the Judge' between them. See *The Equinox*, vol. 1, no. 2.

<sup>5</sup> Albus, white or fair, a good portent in geomancy, according to where it is placed.

<sup>6</sup> Conjunctio, union or binding.

<sup>7</sup> Puella, the virgin.

<sup>8</sup> Carcer, prison.

<sup>9</sup> The astrological sign for Earth. There are in all sixteen geomantic figures, and twelve astrological houses. When the geomantic figures are disposed in the correct

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4 Jan. 1918 E.V. 10.30 to 11.10 p.m.  
as III and Walter<sup>1</sup>

Object: In affirmation of the Most Holy Trinity,<sup>2</sup> to whom be Praise and Glory and Thanksgiving unto the Ages, World without End, *Amonn*.<sup>3</sup>

Operation: III [Anna Miller] and Walter prepared an Elixir of astonishing strength and sweetness: then W[alter] made B[aphomet] XI<sup>o</sup>; then III.<sup>4</sup>

Result: [Not given.]

XLVI

7 Jan. 2.20 p.m.  
as III.

Object: as XLV.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Excellent. Elixir A<sub>1</sub>, but not specially distinguished. Mental concentration very firmly held.<sup>5</sup>

XLVII

11 Jan. 10.00 p.m.  
as III.

Operation: just too late for *El. Rub.*

XLVIII

12 Jan. 1.00 a.m.  
as III.

Object: *Aur. Rub.* [Red gold].

Operation: A continuous operation of great excellence carried through to exhaustion; to see if this would bring better results.

Result: success.

XLIX

12 Jan. 10.00 p.m.  
[Assistants] Anna and Walter.  
Object: Sex-force and attraction.

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astrological houses (according to a secret plan), the scheme can then be interpreted by the diviner. This system of divination derives from Cornelius Agrippa (1486-1535).

<sup>1</sup> In the original holograph diary the name Walter is in Hebrew letters. He was Walter Gray, 'a musical negro, friend to myself and Roddie Minor in New York'. (Note in Crowley's hand in the margin of his copy of *The Diary of a Drug Fiend*.)

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Crowley, Anna and Walter as representatives on earth of 'the Most Holy Trinity', not necessarily the Christian Trinity.

<sup>3</sup> The Cabbalistic form of amen.

<sup>4</sup> Walter buggered Crowley, then Anna.

<sup>5</sup> In all these *Opera*, without exception, Crowley held in his mind the image of the object which he wished to achieve.

## Rex de Arte Regia

Operation: XI°— $\eta$  Walter in  $\Delta$  with III.<sup>1</sup> Admirable. Elixir as usual in these operations, but I had also ( $\nabla$  to mingle with  $\odot$  Agni [fire]).<sup>2</sup>

Result: I think good success, but mostly on higher planes.

### L

15 Jan. Evening (?).

Assistant: Santas Occasio,  $\frac{1}{2}$  Spanish  $\frac{1}{2}$  Black.

Operation: in F.B.F. All wrong in every way.

### LI

17 Jan. 1.20 a.m.

as III.

Object: New Simon Iff series.

Operation: *p.v.n.* very good. Elixir good.

Result: immediate.

### LII, LIII, LIV

19–20 Jan. Saturday 9.00 p.m.—7.00 p.m. Sunday.

This great Magical Operation was devised to acquire Magical Force.

Operation: ( $\eta$ ) 1. 666 as Luna with the King of the Moors. 2. The Black King and the White Queen. 3. 666 as Sun with ditto. All within the Triangle.<sup>3</sup>

The Elixir was made in a new form of 2:1 proportions—Sol plus Sol plus Luna, Sol being antithetical in colour.<sup>4</sup> Jupiter, moreover, was invoked by his sacred incense.<sup>5</sup> 4. Sunday 20th, about 4.00 p.m. Wound up Operation

<sup>1</sup> The Hebrew letter Tau signifies the fundament; the triangle the fact that the three of them were in trinity; III, Anna.

<sup>2</sup> The crescent moon and the downward-pointing triangle signify 'moon-water' i.e. the feminine fluid; the point within the circle signifies the sun, here the solar fire or masculine current.

<sup>3</sup> The woman in these three operations is not III (Anna Miller, the Dog) but Soror 555 or Roddie Minor, the Camel. These three workings are, in fact, the beginning of a series of communications with the Wizard Amalantrah, the whole record, not included in this work, being known as *The Amalantrah Working* (unpublished). Amalantrah was a discarnate entity.

The letter  $\eta$  signifies the fundament. The Beast 666 'as Luna' is Crowley playing the passive role with the King of the Moors (Walter). In the second operation, the Black King unites with the White Queen, Roddie Minor. In the third operation, Crowley plays the active part with the White Queen (Roddie). All three operations were performed within the magic triangle (the triangle of evocation, in which the Mage communicates with spirits); this was presumably painted on the floor of the studio. See *Opus III*, 1 October 1917, page 59.

<sup>4</sup> The new form was due to the presence of the Black King. Sol, the male current, Luna the feminine. The Black Sol or Sun and the White Sol; hence the phrase 'antithetical in colour'.

<sup>5</sup> Opium.



by a very spontaneous 3 [as above]. (666  $\Phi$  in *K[teis]* or  $\pi$  555.)<sup>1</sup> We then went upon the Astral Plane. Eve<sup>2</sup> had got certain visions which struck me as significant, chiefly because of some similarity between them and the later Virakam<sup>3</sup> visions. 'It's all in the egg' and so on, from a wizard who is in charge of a naked boy (Horus, as I suppose). After various minor adventures, we came upon the Wizard and the Boy in the Wood. The Wizard is a Magus (?  $9^\circ = 2^\circ$ ?), more likely Beth, Atu I),<sup>4</sup> always throwing visions at Eve to put her off; but she appealed to me, and he then answered. He gave his name first as AMALANTRE (with the T a Tau). I asked for explanation of the E, and got AE, then H, then AH. This gave him as 729 which equals  $9^3$  or  $3^6$ . I then asked (not disclosing this number of course) for a geometrical figure of equivalent Magical Value. She got a 'queer triangle' (apparently equilateral with an H at two angles, nothing at the third) and then a 'solid' figure 4. These two together do of course indicate a cube of 3 or 3 squared in a way; but the Wizard, getting a clearer idea of her question, broke right away and said, 'The segment of an octagonal column'. That is, the combination of figure 8 and the Phallus. Now, this pointed straight to BAPHOMET.<sup>5</sup> Could this word be, after all, the combination of the 8 and the 3, as it should be? For years I have striven to get a satisfactory spelling for Baphomet, and failed utterly. The Wizard gave BAFOMETH (in Hebrew, not Greek), and explained O as Vau and E as Yod. I asked<sup>6</sup> whether TH was one letter or two, and got the answer, 'One', a Tau. I then asked what must be added to make the word eightfold; but even before he could answer, I saw (mentally) that a final Resh would make its numeration 729. Then I saw the justification, Baphomet being traditionally Mithraic. It now means, therefore, quite simply FATHER MITHRA. The R has been suppressed as a blind—it blinded me all right!—and because the Sun has been concealed (in the Aeon of Osiris, I suppose). Looking in *Liber D*<sup>7</sup> for further confirmation, I find  $729 =$  קרע שטך, the curse of Satan. Of course! Look at the frontispiece to my *Rituel de la haute Magie*,<sup>8</sup> where I have figured the Devil of the Tarot as Baphomet. This is a great and wonderful Arcanum, and I doubt not will lead to many further mysteries of the most holy Kingdom. (P.S. It did.)

*Note:* One of the Wizard's favourite veils was the Winged Beetle—the 'Concealed Sun!'

<sup>1</sup> Crowley's phallus in the vagina [*teis*] or in the mouth of 555 (the Camel).

<sup>2</sup> Another name for Roddie Minor.

<sup>3</sup> Mary d'Este Sturges. See *The Confessions*.

<sup>4</sup> Crowley means that 'Amalantrah' is probably not a Magus  $9^\circ = 2^\circ$  but a Magician in the general sense of the Tarot Trump, No. 1.

<sup>5</sup> See note 4, page 54.

<sup>6</sup> Crowley asked the Wizard through Roddie Minor who was under the influence of opium.

<sup>7</sup> A Cabbalistic dictionary, compiled by Crowley, and published in *The Equinox*, no. VIII.

<sup>8</sup> By Eliphas Lévi (died 1875), Crowley's immediately previous incarnation; hence his claim to be the author of this celebrated work.

*Rex de Arte Regia*

= LIV, LV

24 Jan. 10.00 p.m. *circa*.

[Assistants] in  $\Delta^1$  with W[alter]. a. Th[erion]; b. III.

Object: The Way of the Tao.

Operation: great difficulty to change from Th to Yod.<sup>2</sup> Operation LIV much the best.

LVI

27 Jan. Some time early morning. I think during a week-end invocation of Our Lady of Dreams [opium].

Assistant: as III [Anna Miller].

Object: None. This, and operations LVII and LVIII, are for the purpose of putting into action Opus LV.

LVII

29 Jan. 10.00 p.m.

Assistant: W[alter].

Object: [not recorded].

Operation: n. Wonderful and beautiful.

LVIII

30 Jan.

as III.

Object: [see below]

Operation: *p.v.n.* Marvellous, enthusiastic.

But from these Operations, I obtained the true Way of the Tao. 'Violent effort' is not contrary to that Way if one's nature happens to be violent or vehement. The mistake is rather to use introspection, to criticize one's own Will too closely. This is quite in accord with modern psychological teachings.

LIX

2 Feb.

as III.

Object: *Aur. Rubrum* [red gold, i.e. riches].

Operation: *El. Rub.* [red elixir].

LX

6 Feb. evening.

as III.

Object: *Aur. Rub.*

Operation: *El. Rub.* magnificent.

<sup>1</sup> The magic triangle.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. from the passive to the active role in the operation.

LXI, LXII, LXIII

7 Feb. 9.30 p.m. to 11.00 p.m.  
[Assistants] Walter and Anna.  
Object: Physical Strength and [subsequently] to transform Physical Strength into Magical Strength.  
Operation: a.  $n^1$  from W[alter].  
b. *p.v.n.* [with Anna].  
c. Sacrament of W. and III received.<sup>2</sup>  
Really a sublime Operation; most spontaneous and superb.

LXIV

9-11 Feb.  
Assistant: as III and T[hrice] H[oly] T[hrice] I[llustrious] T[hrice] I[llu-  
minated] Soror Ahitha IX<sup>o</sup>.<sup>3</sup>  
Object: To write a Treatise on Light.<sup>4</sup>  
Operation: *p.v.n.* Impulse [to commence the operation] arose im-  
mediately, as below.

LXV

11 Feb.  
[Assistant]  $\Omega n$ .<sup>5</sup>  
Object: as LXIV.  
Operation:  $\mathfrak{D}$  <sup>6</sup> Impromptu and swift.  
Result: Success in this at once, same night.

LXVI

16 Feb. 10.00 p.m.  
as III and T.H.T.I.T.I. Sor. Ahitha.  
Object: To improve communications with Amalantrah.<sup>7</sup>  
Operation: *p.v.n.*  
Result: Success at once.

LXVII

18 Feb. (?) 12.40 a.m.

<sup>1</sup> The Hebrew letter Tau signifies here the fundament. The masculine current proceeded 'from Walter'.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley consumed the combined fluids of Walter and Anna.

<sup>3</sup> Roddie Minor, the Camel.

<sup>4</sup> The Mystical Light (*Lux*) of the alchemists.

<sup>5</sup> The astrological sign for Leo, followed by the letter n. Most probably a negro called Leon.

<sup>6</sup> The Hebrew letter *Pe*, the mouth.

<sup>7</sup> See note 3, page 67.

## Rex de Arte Regia

Assistant: T.H.T.I.T.I. Sor, Ahitha.

Object: [not recorded].

Operation: of Pan.<sup>1</sup> Good. An extraordinary feeling of Purity, followed the Operation. But *p.v.n.* is the only true way to work.<sup>2</sup>

### LXVIII

21 Feb. 4.00 a.m. *circa*.

as LXIV [Roddie Minor].

Object: Success to Simon Iff stories.

Operation: *p.v.n.* An exceptionally fine Operation. Elixir rare but excellent; strong rather than sweet.

### LXIX

26 Feb. 7.45 p.m.

as LXIV.

Object: Magical Energy.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Short but snappy Operation; very spontaneous. Elixir difficult to obtain in quantity, but of fine vintage.

Result: immediate and lasting, most admirable. Very tired when I began. I sat up till 5.30 a.m., writing in the Book of my Wisdom<sup>3</sup> that I am making for my Son,<sup>4</sup> and after two hours' sleep, conceived and commenced the Great Operation next to be described.

### LXX, LXXI, LXXII, LXXIII

27 Feb.—to 5 March.

*Opus gravissimum ad Aurum Rubrum faciendum.*<sup>5</sup>

27 Feb. 7.57 a.m. (LXX)

Assistant: LXIV.

Operation: *El. Rub.* Short and severe.

28 Feb. 9.30 a.m.—11.00 a.m. (LXXI)

Assistant: W[alter]—n.

Operation: short and excellent.

28 Feb. (LXXII)

Assistant: W. and LXIV [Roddie Minor].

Operation: *El. Rub.* Rather long and superb.

<sup>1</sup> An unusual expression, for all these Operations were, in a sense, dedicated to Pan.

<sup>2</sup> That is, that the XI° technique is superior to the IX°, a proposition which is not generally true, and is not reflected in Crowley's subsequent workings. It does not even apply to workings with a specific object in view, e.g. 'red gold'.

<sup>3</sup> *Liber Aleph, the Book of Wisdom or Folly*, published posthumously, 1955. It is a commentary on *The Book of the Law*, written in the form of a letter.

<sup>4</sup> His magical son, Charles Stansfeld Jones of Vancouver, B.C.

<sup>5</sup> 'A very serious Operation for the making of red gold.'

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3 March 10.00 a.m. (LXXIII)  
Assistant: LXIV.  
Operation: *El. Rub.* too excitable.

The whole Operation is to be classed as mediocre. None of the Acts were especially good, and it all tailed off to nothing long before the natural End. There should have been at least six Operations.

Results: 5 March +\$10 advance in Soror A[hitha]'s salary. Liberty Loan Committee approves my sketch. \$10 from Soror Bazedon.<sup>1</sup> Offer of free house for summer.

6 March: \$10 from Russell.<sup>2</sup> *The World Magazine* rejects 'The Crisis'.<sup>3</sup>

7 March: Sketch held up.

8 March: *International* threatened.

14 March: Troxel 5, Beadde 10, Lincke 15, Marie 25.<sup>4</sup>

P.S. 18 Aug. It may be that this Operation brought about the Great Influx of *Aurum Rubrum* which is now manifest. The date tallies with that of the transaction which caused the Influx, fairly well. See entry of 14 April.

LXXIV

7 March 11.30 p.m.  
as LXIV [Roddie Minor].  
Object: Glory to Pan!  
Operation: *p.v.n.* A great and glorious Operation in all ways.

LXXV

9 March 10.40 p.m.  
as LXIV.  
Object: to create Belial as 2nd dec[anate] Aquarius, night-demon,<sup>5</sup> to bring 'Earned Success', of Tarot.<sup>6</sup>  
Operation: *p.v.n.* Most demoniacally orgiastic; this is a dangerous type of Work, because of Sacrament.<sup>7</sup> Elixir, quality not observed.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Elsa Lincke.

<sup>2</sup> Cecil Frederick Russell who later joined Crowley at his Abbey of Thelema in Sicily.

<sup>3</sup> No story or essay of Crowley's by this title is extant.

<sup>4</sup> Presumably dollars sent him by these persons—Dorothy Troxel, Elsa Lincke, Marie Röbling (née Lavrov) were all sisters of the Order. Beadde is unknown.

<sup>5</sup> Crowley takes his information on Belial from *The Goetia of Solomon the King*, a mediaeval grimoire which MacGregor Mathers translated from a French version, and which Crowley published. Belial is described in this work as 'A mighty and a powerful King, created next after Lucifer. He appeareth in the form of Two Beautiful Angels sitting in a Chariot of Fire'. The second decanate of Aquarius is the region assigned to Belial in the ancient grimoires.

<sup>6</sup> The Six of Disks, Coins or Pantacles of the Tarot.

<sup>7</sup> The Sacrament is, in this context, the combined male and female sexual fluids; it forms the base for the materialization of qliphothic or demonic spirits. Hence Crowley's description.

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LXXVI

10 March 3.50 p.m.

as LXIV.

Object: To know powers of Yoni.<sup>1</sup>

Operation: *p.v.n.* Short but spontaneous and orgiastic. Elixir A1.

Result: Immediate success in certain measure; result written elsewhere.

LXXVII

14 March 9.30 p.m.

as LXIV.

Object: To create Asmodee,<sup>2</sup> twin by day of Belial.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Same demoniacal ecstasy as in LXXXV. Elixir good but not out of the common.

LXXVIII

17 March. Morning.

as LXIV.

Object: The Supreme Experience.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Climax of long Operation begun on previous day. Very orgiastic. Elixir fine in quality.

Result: The 'wonderment' vision—Beatific Vision of Binah.<sup>3</sup>

LXXIX

18 March 10.00 p.m. *circa.*

Assistant: n with Walter.<sup>4</sup>

Object: Recuperation of physical strength. (The work of the week-end had exhausted me.)

Operation: excellent. Elixir fluid but copious.

LXXX

20 March 4.00 a.m.

as LXIV [Roddie Minor].

Object: Success in Equinox ceremony.

Operation: magnificently orgiastic.

<sup>1</sup> The powers of Yoni, specifically the female sexual organ, are many. Crowley probably had in mind the vivifying and inspiring current which comes from union with this *Shakti* (female power).

<sup>2</sup> Asmodee is the Thirty-second Spirit of the Goetia. He is represented as having three heads (bull, man, ram), snake's tail, goose's feet; he rides with lance and banner on a dragon. 'He showeth the place where Treasures lie.'

<sup>3</sup> Binah, the third Sephira of the Tree of Life; the trance that corresponds to it is known as the Vision of Wonder.

<sup>4</sup> Another XI° Operation with the endlessly obliging Walter.

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O<sup>1</sup>

The Ceremony of the Equinox of Spring.<sup>2</sup>

Assistant: V[ery] H[onoured] V[ery] I[llustrious] V[ery] I[lluminated]  
Soror Ahita IX° O.T.O. (עֲהִיטָע = 555)

21 March 11.30 a.m. 1918 E.V.

The Operation was highly Magical, noblest planes of consciousness being quickly reached and kept. The Word was Akamrach.<sup>3</sup>

I

22 March, midnight *circa*.

[Assistants] Soror עלין or Marie Lavrov or Röhling<sup>4</sup> and Roddie Minor.

Object: Liberty: for the three, each, as follows: for me, to take Vampires fearlessly; for Olun, to destroy the sin-complex; for Achitha,<sup>5</sup> to transcend Jealousy.

A prolonged Operation of the aesthetic, hysterical, pseudo-romantic, technically exquisite or European type, the culmination of two weeks or so of preliminaries. Excellent in its way. Elixir not specially strong.

Result: Success in all.

II

24 March 5.30 a.m. *circa*.

Assistant: Soror Achitha.

Object: Eve's<sup>6</sup> happiness.

Operation: Excessively prolonged orgasm. Elixir weak.

Result: Good on 27 March.

III

24 March 11.00 p.m. *circa*.

Assistant: Soror Olun.

Object: The Sowing of the Seed of the Law [of Thelema].

Operation: *i[n] m[anu] d[ominæ]*. Extremely curious. Cf. Doris Gomez Operations. Elixir strong and copious.

<sup>1</sup> For some reason this series begins with O, the matrix or womb from which the rest proceeds.

<sup>2</sup> See note 1, page 58.

<sup>3</sup> Crowley did not explain the meaning of this word.

<sup>4</sup> Olun, the magical name of Marie Lavrov (or Mrs Röhling) adds up to 156, the number of Babalon, the Scarlet Woman. She was, in fact, the new Whore of the Stars, to the chagrin of the previous holder of this office. See note 1, page 299.

<sup>5</sup> A variant spelling of Ahita.

<sup>6</sup> Eve, pet name of Roddie Minor.

*Rex de Arte Regia*

IV

29 March 6.30 a.m.

as II.

Object: Better relations with Achitha.

Operation: Very prolonged—before and after sleep.

Result: Success.

V

30 March 2.30 a.m.

as II.

Object: Success in week-end.

Operation: fair; Elixir fair. (Much trouble with Capricornus<sup>1</sup> element in these last three Operations.)

Result: fair.

VI

31 March 7.15 p.m.

as II.

Object: The Establishment of the Mystical Trigrammaton<sup>2</sup> in the Flesh.

Operation: fair; Elixir good.

Result: success.

VII

3 April 1.30 a.m.

as II.

Object: Practical Wisdom.

Operation: *i. m. d.* Very exciting. Elixir, fair.

VIII

4 April 1.30 a.m.

as II.

Object: To have the Secret of Gold.

Operation: *p.v.n.* A1. Elixir A1.

Result: Cabbalistic revelation of Secret, at once.

IX, X

6-8 April.

(1) 6 April 11.20 p.m.

Assistant: II.

<sup>1</sup> Capricornus in this context means the Scarlet Woman, i.e. Roddie Minor.

<sup>2</sup> The three letters of the Name of God.



*The Magical Record of the Beast 666*

(2) 8 April 11.20 a.m.

Object: To spread the Law.

Operation (1): *per os* [by the mouth]. Prolonged, admirable and artistic.

(2): *per vas nefandum* [by the anus]. Spontaneous and fine but short. Elixir very admirable in all ways.

This Operation is part of a larger one of IHV [the Mystical Trigrammaton], with two other incidents.

XI

11 April.

as II.

Object: a new magical current. (Everything had stopped.)

Operation: good; Elixir, strong.

Result: Success immediate—next a.m. all started.

XII

14 April 9.15 p.m.

as II.

Object: To fix up material affairs by work.

Operation: Excellent. Elixir, strong and sweet.

Result: Letter next day, reporting definite sale of property to realize £900 or so. Possibly £1400, which will serve to spread the Law.

XIII

17 April 2.20 a.m.

as II.

Object: To perfect Achitha's communications with Amalantrah.<sup>1</sup>

Operation: *p.v.n.* Admirable, but Elixir hard to obtain.

Result: very good.

XIV

17 April 4.15 p.m.

as [Assistant] Gerde von KotheK (Gebauer). See previous record.

Object: To spread wide the Law.

Operation: *I[n] M[anu] D[ominæ]*. Most orgiastic.

XV

18 April 11.00 p.m.

as II.

Object: [not recorded]

Operation: *El. Rub.*

<sup>1</sup> The Wizard Amalantrah, see note 3, page 67.

*Rex de Arte Regia*

XVI

[No date but in series.]

[Assistant] as II [Roddie Minor].

Object: Red Gold.

Operation: [probably *Elixir Rubens*] Marvellous, intense orgasm, prolonged, multiplex. Elixir, admirable for strength, sweetness, and aroma.

XVII

21-22 April. Operation continued [from XVI].

as II.

Object: Special new instruction from Amalantrah in some details.

Operations: *El. Rub.* in both cases. Most excellent.

Result: 24 April—\$40 has already come in.

XVIII

30 April 9.30 a.m.

[Assistant] Catherine Miller [the Dog].

Object: Red Gold.

Operation: *El. Rub.* Mediocre. Elixir, good.

XIX

1 May 2.10 p.m.

as II.

Object: Harmony in  $\Delta$  with A[chitha].<sup>1</sup>

Operation: sudden, fair.

XX

5 May.

as II.

Object: Spiritual Ecstasy.

Operation: *p.v.n.* orgiastic. Elixir, excellent.

Result: Good—see 'The Structure of the Mind'.<sup>2</sup>

XXI

10 May 8.20 p.m.

as II.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. harmony between himself (Crowley) and Roddie Minor (Achitha). The triangle is the Triangle of (magic) Art.

<sup>2</sup> This became *Liber CCLXV*, 'a Treatise on psychology from the mystic and magical standpoint'. Unpublished.

*The Magical Record of the Beast 666*

Object: Success through Eva (Tanguay).<sup>1</sup>

Operation: *p.v.n.* Excellent; Elixir, extremely strong and sweet and perfumed.

XXII

19 May 9.5 a.m.

as II.

Object: a free course for our Magick.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Excellent; Elixir with a curious new acidity, never noticed previously.

Result: most remarkable and immediate success.

XXIII

21 May 1.45 a.m.

as II.

Object: E[va] T[anguay] *ducere in uxorem*.<sup>2</sup>

Operation: *p.v.n.* Spontaneous and excellent; Elixir strong and fine.

Result. [Not recorded.]

XXIV

24 May, possibly 25th, early a.m.

as II.

Object: Marie [Röhling] to do as I suggest.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Excellently orgiastic—went straight to sleep.

XXV

26 May. Evening, I think.

as II.

Object: Favour [from the gods].

Operation: *p.v.n.* Splendid.

Result: Two good letters next day. Tuesday, a bad one.

<sup>1</sup> In *The Confessions*, Crowley writes about Eva Tanguay, Marie Lavrov (i.e. Mrs Röhling) and Dorothy Troxel thus: 'We began a series of interviews with him [the Wizard Amalantrah]. There was what I may call a permanent background to the vision. He lived in a place as definite as an address in New York, and in this place were a number of symbolic images representing myself and several other adepts associated with me in my work. The character of the vision served as a guide to my relations with these people. More especially there were three women, symbolized as three scorpions of the symbolic desert which I was crossing in my mystic journey. It is not yet clear whether I dealt with these women as I should have done. One was Eva Tanguay, the supreme artist, whom I hymned in the April *International*; one, a married woman, a Russian aristocrat [Marie Lavrov] in exile, and one, a maiden, to whom the Wizard gave the mystic name of Wesrun [Dorothy Troxel].

<sup>2</sup> 'To marry Eva Tanguay.'

*Rex de Arte Regia*

XXVI

28 May 1.50 p.m. *circa*. (These times are an hour too fast since 1 April.)  
as II.

Object: Favour from E[va] T[anguay], especially as XXIII [i.e. to marry her].

Operation: *p.v.n.* Admirable—terrific orgasm. Elixir average.

XXVII

2 June 2.5 a.m.

as II.

Object: 333 [Dorothy Troxel] to become 888.<sup>1</sup>

Operation: *p.v.n.* Very orgiastic indeed. Elixir A1.

XXVIII

Note that my will has been divided between the Three Scorpions<sup>2</sup>—Maid, Wife, & Whore—see Operations XXIII, XXIV, XXVII. This XXVIII equilibrates all. This week-end Amalantrah has made all plain—so now—Glory to Pan!

as II.

Object: as above.

Operation: *p.v.n.* (about 1.30 this morning, 3 June). A most excellent Opus of our Holy Art.

XXIX

6 June 1.45 a.m.

as II.

Object: Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gifts, i.e. Dorothy Troxel.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Very strong and severe; Elixir ditto.

XXX

9 June 1.15 p.m.

as II.

Object: Red Gold.

Operation: *El. Rub.* Details forgotten.

XXXI

12 June 9.30 p.m.

<sup>1</sup> 333 is the number of the demon Choronzon, the spirit of dispersion, impotence and death; 888, on the other hand, is the number of redemption. In *The Confessions*, Crowley writes of Dorothy Troxel that it 'seemed that it was my task to save her as Parzifal saved Kundry'.

<sup>2</sup> See note 1, page 78.

*The Magical Record of the Beast 666*

as II.

Object: [Not recorded.]

Operation: *in manu dominae*.<sup>1</sup> Excellent—long technique.

XXXII, XXXIII

[Not recorded.]

XXXIV

23 June. ? hour.

as II.

Object: Magical Force.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Fair only.

Result: Weakness & Fatigue. II [Roddie Minor] is having the Vision of the Demon Crowley; this would naturally mess up the whole Operation.<sup>2</sup>

(Note how the disturbance of II is messing the record. Several Opera probably omitted between this and XXXV.)

XXXV

10 July 5.00 p.m.

*In manu Regis*.<sup>3</sup>

Object: To have a G[reat] M[agical] R[etirement].<sup>4</sup>

Operation: Excellent. Elixir immense.

Result: Way cleared immediately. Started 19 July.

XXXVI

14 July.

as II.

Object: Glory to Pan.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Not notable.

XXXVII

18 July 11.00 p.m.

as II.

Object: Success to G.M.R.

Operation: *p.v.n.* Excellent in all ways. Elixir, infernally good.

<sup>1</sup> 'In the hand of the lady.'

<sup>2</sup> A quarrel had broken out.

<sup>3</sup> 'In the hand of the King [Crowley].'

<sup>4</sup> When things got too difficult or when the current was exhausted, Crowley withdrew and went on what he called a Magical Retirement, either long or short, which he described as Great or Lesser.

*Rex de Arte Regia*

XXXVIII

21 July 10.00 p.m.

as II.

Object: To spread the Law.

Operation: *in manu dominae*. Fair

XXXIX

28 July about 2.00 p.m.

as II.

Object: Tao.

Operation: *per os dominae*.<sup>1</sup>

XL

16 Aug. 9.35 p.m.

*Regis in manu*.<sup>2</sup>

Object: To have an Egyptian Belly.<sup>3</sup>

Operation: Good.

XLI

20 Aug. 7.00 a.m. (True time: New York.)

as II.

Object: Magick Power (in new sense, see [the manuscript of the] Hermit of Aesopus<sup>4</sup> Island).

Operation: *El. Rub.* Excellent, considering the lapse of time. Elixir A1.

XLII

24 Aug. 3.00 p.m. (True.)

Rex in [Magical] R[etirement]. Aesopus Island.

Object: to nourish the body (in Taoistic sense).<sup>5</sup>

Operation: [VIII°] Very well concentrated and performed. Elixir: worthy.

XLIII

1 Sept. 5.20 a.m. (True.)

<sup>1</sup> 'By the mouth of the lady.'

<sup>2</sup> 'In the King's hand.'

<sup>3</sup> i.e. a big belly.

<sup>4</sup> Crowley's main magical work while on his Great Magical Retirement at 'Aesopus Island' was to recall in his deep trances some of his previous incarnations.

<sup>5</sup> In a spiritual as opposed to a physical sense.

*The Magical Record of the Beast 666*

[Assistant] Madeleine George. Married. Red-headed. Small, well-formed.  
Sol on cusp of Leo, probably Scorpio or Sagittarius rising.

Object: Constructive Magical Energy.

Operation: [IX°] Elixir, rather thin.

XLIV

2 Sept. 11.5 a.m.

as XLIII.

Object: To extend Magical Force (of Law) throughout World.

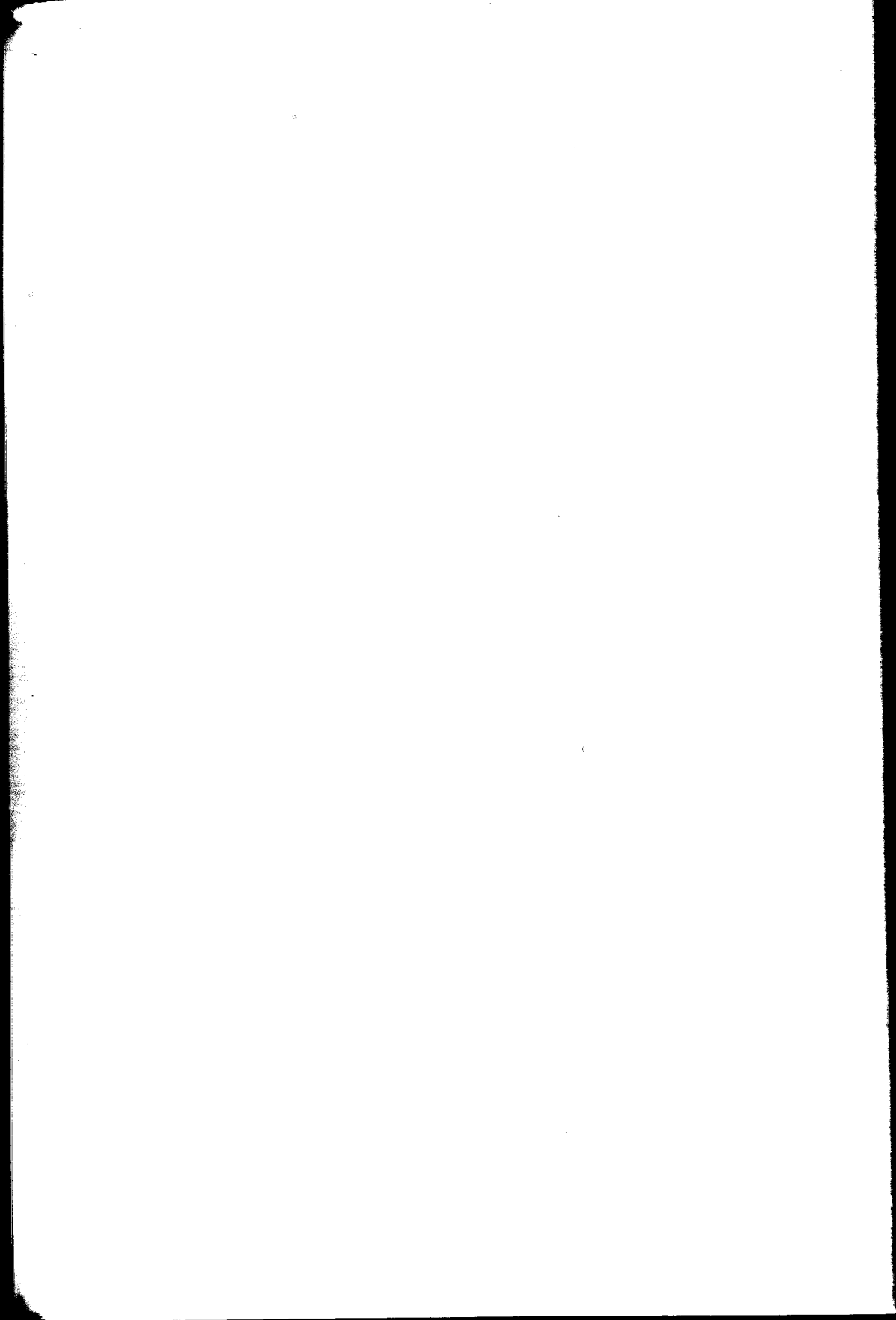
Operation: *in manu dominae*. Excellent. Elixir, strong.

*Here endeth the Record.*

THE  
MAGICAL  
RECORD  
OF THE  
BEAST


Anno XV [1919] ☉ in  $V^8$   
to  
Anno XVI [1920] ☉ in  $\Upsilon 30^\circ$



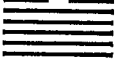


25 Dec. 1919 E.V. Anno XV. © in 13 (England)

DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE  
LAW

It is well to take a new book on the birth of a babe Sun, and after that Samadhi<sup>1</sup> in which everything is given up. Symbol  for the day may refer to the local conditions, or to something that is going on elsewhere.<sup>2</sup>

It referred to local conditions, thanks to a copper Scorpion. A real Merrie Xmas, with roast beef and plum pudding and old port and brandy.

26 Dec. . I understand little about Kwai—and I doubt if the Duke of Chau knew all.<sup>3</sup>

9.30 p.m. It appears that at least the perceptions of an Ipsissimus<sup>4</sup> accompany the conclusion of the Initiation of a Magus. This particular evening, I got there in an imaginary conversation with Ananda Metteya,<sup>5</sup> when I said: 'Nibbana<sup>6</sup> is a matter of utter indifference.' (Cf. *The Book of the Law*.)<sup>7</sup> One is ready to take any particular experience, having transcended

<sup>1</sup> Ecstasy.

<sup>2</sup> Hexagram XIII, 'Union of men' (in Legge's translation which was the version Crowley used, hence *Yi King* instead of *I Ching*, the transliteration in the Wilhelm-Baynes version).

<sup>3</sup> Crowley considered this hexagram as one of the most unfortunate in the series. His comment on it in his copy of the *Yi King* is: 'The damping down of the creative impulse.' The Duke of Chau (or Chou) is one of the reputed authors of the *Yi King*.

<sup>4</sup> 'His own very self', the Atman of the Hindus. In the Golden Dawn system the Ipsissimus is the very highest grade, that above Magus. Only Crowley achieved this grade, but he had not done so at this point in his career. 'The Ipsissimus is wholly free from all limitations soever, existing in the nature of all things without discriminations of quantity or quality between them. He has identified Being and not-Being and Becoming, action and non-action and tendency to action, with all other such triplicities, not distinguishing between them in respect of any conditions, or between any one thing and any other thing as to whether it is with or without conditions.' (*Magick*)

<sup>5</sup> Allan Bennett, see *The Confessions*, pages 177-82.

<sup>6</sup> Nibbana or Nirvana, the Buddhist heaven or the highest state, which strictly speaking is no 'state'.

<sup>7</sup> The heart of Crowley's teaching, the book which was dictated to him by his Angel.

Sorrow so completely; and this is the way of the Tao. It is then clear that if Orthodox Buddhism protests against this view, Orthodox Buddhism is wrong. Nibbana must not be represented as a refuge from Sorrow. He who conquers Sorrow turns back from Nibbana. This is then the 'renunciation' of the Buddha, and this is exactly why the Pacceka-Buddha<sup>1</sup> is a coward, a mother's darling.

9.40 p.m. I am terrible in my love for Babalon.<sup>2</sup> It obsesses me. And yet Alostrael<sup>3</sup> loves me as of old, and Jane Wolfe haunts me—a Ghost of the Future! Ghostly indeed; her pictures and her letters tell me little. She flits, a wraith, over the Great Court of Trinity where I am to meet her in June. But—Babalon!

9.50 p.m. Thinking of the above notes, a crude criticism presents itself. The answer is that I am right in being enthusiastic about my program. As long as it was worth while to choose between Babalon and Nibbana, I could choose Nibbana. Now it doesn't matter . . .

I acquiesce fully in the Universe. I say this as a separate being. Then am I to seek 'better' things? No, but that Element which 'seeks to better' can work through me.

This should have been learnt thoroughly in  $8^\circ = 3^\circ$ .<sup>4</sup> Note that the High Trances cannot be given until the Ego has been killed for good and all. A 'normal' man with such gigantic Experiences as I have had must have gone mad.

9.55 p.m. A Mr Crowley has cynically remarked: 'It would be nice to be able to sin again!'

Isn't this a key to the origin of evil? This naif love of conquering obstacles explains Duality. This, then, on a low plane is the Reason for the One to become Two. Of course, there are lots of other reasons; the general formula being that the Absolute can only 'express itself through the Relative.

10.00 p.m. Attainment *is* Insanity. The whole point is to make it perfect in balance. Then it radiates Light in every direction, while the Ipsissimus is utterly indifferent to it.

Yet I find myself hoping that others may attain.

I am not a full Hermit yet.

Ought I to be? I will be indifferent to that at least.

Then I go on hoping.

All right: don't bother!

27 Dec. ♃ [Saturday]. ☰ ☷, Pi. 'Sincerity, union.'

<sup>1</sup> The Pacceka-Buddha enters into Nirvana straight away as opposed to the Buddha who decides to remain in the world until all created beings are saved.

<sup>2</sup> Here Crowley means Babalon, the Scarlet Woman in the abstract, not any particular embodiment of her. It was a vague but desperate yearning for the World Mother. Hence his identification, further on, of Babalon with Nirvana.

<sup>3</sup> The magical name of Leah Hirsig.

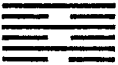
<sup>4</sup> The grade of Master of the Temple which Crowley unofficially attained in Indo-China during 1906, and officially in 1909.

*The Magical Record of the Beast*

3.00 p.m. *circa. Opus I*: Angela 'Lou' Stanford. P[rostitute]. Opus fair only. Elixir A1. Object: To have Babalon (i.e. Bertha Bruce Prykryl of Detroit) with me.

28 Dec. ☉ [Sunday]. Lunch with Gwendolen [Otter].<sup>1</sup> Hexagram XXVIII. Met Captain Hopkins.

29 Dec. ☽ [Monday]. XII. This hexagram is usually rather bad for getting through any business. But Duke Chau gives rules for success. Patience, Obedience: 'We may perish.' Most certainly 'Pa and Ma not intercourse,' as Sasaki<sup>2</sup> says. Winsor and Newton<sup>3</sup> couldn't serve me on the first visit; the legations kept me waiting intolerably; I couldn't get soft roes on toast for lunch; I couldn't get gold point materials. Some things, however, went singularly well—visit to Radclyffe<sup>4</sup> may turn out very good.

30 Dec. ♂ [Tuesday]. . This is a bad hexagram rather as Pi is.

The right action is energy despite worries and confidence which does not become overweening or forget prudence. 'The fox who wets his tail'—a story echoed from the [text indecipherable] by G[reatly] H[onoured] Frater D.D.S. [George Cecil Jones].<sup>5</sup> It was a sad interview. He is the same dear man as he was, strangely gray for 46, but his turning back from the Abyss is evident. He is just a nice simple bourgeois, interested in the number and quality of his offspring.

6.55 p.m. Determined to overcome any traces of the Oedipus Complex! Purchased the food of heroes. (I had a blade of grass<sup>6</sup> at lunch—a little one.) It resembles manna, or snow, is instantaneously invigorating and tempts one to breathe deeply and continuously. It makes one want to 'write and pack and—oh! anything active. No: it doesn't seem at all Freudian. When I contemplate the Feminine Principle, I think how wonderfully The Three Mothers cover the Cosmos.

Mother. I know all. From East. Juno.

Wife. I know half. From Centre. Venus.

Maid. I know nothing. From West. Minerva.

8.5 p.m. Some hero! Another time, if I cannot be good, I will recall the Eight of Pantacles.<sup>7</sup>

9.5 p.m. All right, but—*après!*

<sup>1</sup> An old friend of Crowley's, 'the last of the Chelsea hostesses' (See *The Great Beast*, 1971).

<sup>2</sup> Sasaki Shigety, the author of an article on Shinto in *The International*, and probably of other articles elsewhere.

<sup>3</sup> The artists' colourmen of Rathbone Place, London, W.1.

<sup>4</sup> Raymond Radclyffe, an old friend of Crowley's and an admirer of his poetry. See *The Confessions*.


<sup>5</sup> It was George Cecil Jones who, in 1898, introduced Crowley to the Golden Dawn.

<sup>6</sup> Hashish.

<sup>7</sup> The Eight of Pantacles is entitled Prudence.


Give general symbol for journey and sojourn in, France,<sup>1</sup> beginning on Friday 2 Jan. 1920 E.V.—Lingam of Earth—'Big Air'. A short period, some annoyances. Stick to the plan; retire with magnanimity. Line 1 says, 'Don't hurry'; line 3, 'Don't get tied up by inferiors,' e.g. concubines. (But oh! you Maison Julia!).<sup>2</sup>

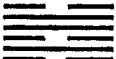
P.S. I doubt this interpretation [of Hexagram XXXIII]—see entry 2 Jan. My love for Alostrael is very strange and beautiful. It is absolutely part of my nature, so that I obey it without question; yet (why 'yet') it is not at all like 'being in love', with the anxieties and cravings usually associated therewith.

31 Dec. ♀ [Wednesday]. , 'Regulations'. Settle all business wisely with no selfishness or laziness.

There is a tendency to produce visions vehement, sudden and eccentric, when one lets oneself go. The reaction is somewhat severe. However, I made a Cantrip<sup>3</sup> for Alostrael, the fruit of her womb, with its spell in the French tongue in sonnet form. It is beautiful and terrible.

This was a most remarkable day. I got the best news from Lamb, Williamson, Radclyffe, and Gerald.

1 Jan. [1920] 24 [Thursday]. . Good. 'Great' is what I need. Completed arrangements for Paris. There was a great dinner at Simpson's with Hodgson, and afterwards we went to Desti's Club. I dosed it on a sofa in Brook Street with a Blue Persian cat.

2 Jan. ♀ [Friday]. . This is a rotten hexagram for a journey! P.S. No: a very good one, change and pleasure.

Leave Victoria 10.00 a.m. for Paris. The journey has been most comfortable so far—bright sun and blue sea, rippling with tiny curls. I think I ought to take a very short and intense Magical Retirement, to determine my Way. Or perhaps leave the whole thing alone, and let life take its course, doing what comes to my hand with all my might. 'Big Air' of 30 Dec. might mean Stay in France—it is not a mobile symbol as Lingam of Earth.

3 Jan. ♂ [Saturday]. This 'Caldron' [Hexagram L] was mostly food, with Beadle and Willy. A most enjoyable day. Saw Morrice. At night I went to Julia's and found myself totally unable to get interested in the india-rubber

<sup>1</sup> Hexagram 33.

<sup>2</sup> A brothel. See infra.


<sup>3</sup> Cantrip, a spell. He composed an incantation, in French, for Leah's unborn child. Neither the child nor the spell survived.

*The Magical Record of the Beast*

caldron there. See line 3!!!<sup>1</sup> But the genial rain has not come yet. Letter from Leah who wants to come to Paris.

Where should I take Leah for her confinement? Describe place. Moon of Fire.<sup>2</sup> A primitive place; a forest, perhaps. In what direction? Air (wind and wood). South West according to Fu-Hsi, South East according to King Wan.<sup>3</sup> Fontainebleau clearly fulfils all these conditions.

I ask [the *Yi King*], Is Fontainebleau a good place? Answer—Moon of Sun!!!<sup>4</sup> Should it be by the river or on the high ground? Air again. It means high ground clearly. Sun of Earth.<sup>5</sup> Don't do mean things. Try big ideas. Stay in one place. Get government job. Stick to Leah.

4 Jan. ☉ [Sunday].  Cf. 2 Jan! This is very curious. Moon of Water, then, referred to a voyage by water; today it means 'Madness of Pleasure'. I write this with the first breath of the Himalayas in my nostril—Pingala, Ida feels jealous, Sushumna<sup>6</sup> is curiously silent, but I think that Germaine Bayle, 9 rue du Pol Louis Courier XII<sup>o</sup>, could make him talk. The dinner was with Jaja<sup>7</sup> and Germaine and an American melancholic. I wrote the beginning of 'God's Country' at lunch.

5 Jan. ☽. This [Hexagram XX] is the manifestation symbol characteristic of this whole period. I have satisfied Ida (12.15 a.m.) and I think I'll write a few letters.

No incidents all day, just shopped and slept and dined with Beadle and Willy. Am trying to place my Hero among the Snows. I wonder what will happen.

There ought to be particular Gods for these varied methods of invoking Hadit.<sup>8</sup> Of course we have Dionysus for Wine, and I suppose Ceres for Corn Whisky. Some bearded God for the 'Barley Brew'? Cocaine is

<sup>1</sup> 'The third line,' writes Legge, 'shows the caldron with (the places of) its ears changed. The progress (of its subject) is (thus) stopped. The fat flesh of the pheasant (which is in the caldron) will not be eaten. But the (genial) rain will come, and the grounds for repentance will disappear. There will be good fortune in the end.'

<sup>2</sup> Hexagram 5, *Hsu*.

<sup>3</sup> This is a comment by Fu-Hsi and King Wan on Hexagram 5.

<sup>4</sup> Hexagram 63, *Ki Zi*.

<sup>5</sup> Hexagram 56, *Lü*.

<sup>6</sup> Pingala, Ida, Sushumna, the three subtle channels in the human body, described as the vehicles of solar, lunar and fiery energies. Pingala and Ida are attributed to the right and left nostrils, Sushumna to the spinal canal. Crowley is using the term Sushumna merely in a phallic sense, i.e. the channel of the Kundalini or mystic fire.

<sup>7</sup> Jane Chéron.

<sup>8</sup> Hadit (Behdety), another name for Horus. In Crowley's system he is the complement of Nuit, the infinite or omnipresent point or *Bindu* (seed), the combination of the two producing Ra-Hoor-Khuit, the Child of Nuit and Hadit, the sun, source of all illumination, consciousness.

Chokmah,<sup>1</sup> with special extension to Geburah,<sup>2</sup> and the Fool<sup>3</sup> if one pushes it. Opium is Jupiter-Venus-Water we know of old. Anhalonium can still be Mercury-Solar Plexus because of the Rainbow.<sup>4</sup> Heroin seems a distorting force added to the concentrating sedative Morphine effect. Can this refer to the Dwarf? Grass<sup>5</sup> has the analytic power for its truly valuable function; it's the Sword or rather Scimitar for that it adds Beauty to its sharpness. What then is keen and curved and lovely? There's a very feminine element in it. Binah,<sup>6</sup> of course; it seems to combine Her with the Word that is 'quick and powerful and therefore a two-edged sword'. Pan reveals 'Hell' and punishes thieves in the Greenwood. Is this the 'Five Words, each one a boon, Pan, Night, a Cloud, Arcadia, and the Moon'? There is certainly a quality of rape in its action. What about Hades and Persephone? This includes the 'Hell' idea. I can't think of any divine simplicity to name its duplex deity; but  $\aleph\omega$ <sup>7</sup> describes it, and adds to 73 which is the number of both Chokmah and Gimel. Yes, 'tis an Unknown God and as it is I that discovered the Right Mode of its use, I have the right to name it; so 'I make an effort and call it'—A'ag. Ether is of the nature of Iacchus,<sup>8</sup> because of the power of its purity, the gift which it has to enable supreme concentration of Will in Judgement. It makes distinct the planes, as if to form the base of a triangle, and then solidifies and brings them to a point, the Apex of the Pyramid. I seem to know nothing of Datura, Atropine, Calabar Bean,<sup>9</sup> and a few others.

6 Jan. ♂. Hexagram LV. True symbol, Fang! Don't understand it well, though. All day shopping etc., really trying to get normal. 8.10 p.m. in bed and determined to sleep Paris off!

7 Jan. ♀. Hexagram IV. Mang: this is usually dreadfully dull. It did indeed present a small and undeveloped appearance.

8 Jan. ♀. Hexagram LI. Startling movements. I suppose I'd better go to Fontainebleau. No: I ran around Paris, and walked into Laperouse for lunch to find Beadle and Willy! Packed and paid. Marlotte—tomorrow.

<sup>1</sup> The second Sefhira on the Cabbalistic Tree of Life, meaning Wisdom.

<sup>2</sup> The fifth Sefhira on the Tree of Life, meaning Strength.

<sup>3</sup> The Fool of the Tarot is ascribed to the eleventh path of the Tree of Life; it connects the first and second Sefhira, i.e. Kether (the Crown) and Chokmah (Wisdom).

<sup>4</sup> Anhalonium Lewinii is a colour-vision producing drug, hence the rainbow.

<sup>5</sup> Hashish.

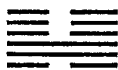
<sup>6</sup> The third Sefhira of the Tree of Life, representing the feminine influence of the Supernal Triad, i.e. the Triad beyond the Veil.

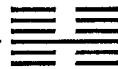
<sup>7</sup> The Hebrew letters Ayin and Gimel, A'ag in Crowley's transliteration. Their numerical values are 70 and 3.

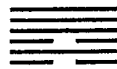
<sup>8</sup> Crowley makes a distinction between Iacchus and Bacchus, the former signifying mystical ecstasy or lyrical exaltation, the latter magical ecstasy.


<sup>9</sup> Datura is the Thorn-apple, a powerful narcotic. Atropine is Belladonna or Deadly Nightshade. Calabar Bean is used in West Africa to test persons suspected of witchcraft. If they died, as they usually did, they were witches.

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9 Jan. ♀.  Shang—a great symbol for going ahead with the game! I accordingly advanced and ascended to Morêt. As disappointing as ever; I was on my way to get back to Paris, and I put it very straight to the Gods about the *Yi King* divination. They then led me to the Hotel de Bourgogne, charming place, charming people, not too dear, ideal for a starting-place. I hear also of a studio to let in the Rue des Fosses.

10 Jan. ♀.  Humility: therefore I will put on my Forest Clothes. Went to Paris—met Leah and Hansi<sup>1</sup>—early to bed. 9.40 p.m. Opus II, 31-666-31<sup>2</sup>—Nothing in particular.

11 Jan. ☉.  Lunch with Everard Feilding.<sup>3</sup> Arguments apt to Sung. Went to Morêt with Alostrael and Hansi.

12 Jan. ☽.  Advance—a good day to look for a house. I did so, but drew and painted most of the time.

I have been thinking (an error!) of my 31 Chokmah Days,<sup>4</sup> whether I am not now to shut up completely, thus using the Fourth Power of the Sphinx.<sup>5</sup> I am not 'abandoning' the Work, as I tried to do in New Orleans, to my eternal shame. It became physically impossible for me to get out No 3 of *Equinox* III<sup>6</sup> even by total 'sacrifice'. So all things have pointed to a real Silence, only to be broken by the Demand of Humanity. I am not bound to the A.A. as to dates of publication; *The Equinox* was my own device—and rather a poor one.

I am inclined to make my Silence include all forms of personal work, and

<sup>1</sup> The three-year-old son of Leah Hirsig and Edward Carter.

<sup>2</sup> This battery of numbers signifies ALOSTRAEL, the Scarlet Woman, the vehicle of the Power of the Beast. 31 is the number of AL, meaning 'the'; 666 is (among other things) the number of OSTR, the womb or Graal; 31 is also the number of EL (or AL), meaning God. Hence ALOSTRAEL, the womb or Graal of God.

<sup>3</sup> Francis Everard Feilding (1867-1936), barrister. He was the Secretary of the Society for Psychic Research from 1903 to 1920, and was one of the few members of the Society who investigated the 'materializing' medium, Florence Cook, with whom Sir William Crookes conducted experiments.

<sup>4</sup> *Chokmah*, the second Sephira of the Tree of Life. The Grades of the Great White Brotherhood are equated with the stages (represented by the ten Sephiroth) of the Tree of Life. *Chokmah*, wisdom, is equivalent to the degree of Magus. The 31 *Chokmah* Days covers the period of Crowley's Magus initiation. As each *Chokmah* Day is equal to 73 ordinary days, the initiation lasted about seven years, i.e. from the time of his Master of the Temple Grade, 1908, to the birth of *To Mega Therion* (The Great Beast or the Master Therion) in 1915.


<sup>5</sup> The Four Powers of the Sphinx are to Know, to Dare, to Will, to Keep Silence.

<sup>6</sup> *The Equinox of the Gods*, 1936.



this is very hard to give up, if only because I am still afraid of 'failure,' which is absurd. I ought evidently to be non-attached, even to Avoiding-The-Woes-Attendant-Upon-Refusing-The-Cursé-Of-My-Grade<sup>1</sup> if I may be pardoned the expression.

And why should I leave my Efficacious Tortoise<sup>2</sup> and look at people till my lower jaw hangs down? Shall I see what the *Yi* says? Ay. Question—Shall I abandon all magical Work soever until the appearance of a manifest sign? Answer, Hexagram LII.<sup>3</sup> No symbol could be more definite and unambiguous.

I had invoked Aiwaz to manipulate the Sticks;<sup>4</sup> and, wishing to ask 'What shall be the Sign?' got instantly the reference in CCXX [*The Book of the Law*] to Our Lady Babalon, [namely] 'The omnipresence of my body'.<sup>5</sup> But this is not quite clear; I took it mentally as referring to the expected arrival of Our Lady, but it might mean a trance, or almost anything. So I will ask *Yi*, as my last magical act for the time being. .

I think this means the arrival of Our Lady; I have serious doubts whether the hexagram should not have been hexagram XI which would have certainly meant that. That I should doubt anything is absurd; I shall know the Sign without fail. And herewith I close the Record, and await that Sign.

1 Feb. ☉. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.

Kindly read over the entry of 12 Jan, with care exceeding. Now, then, on Friday, 30 Jan., I went to Paris to buy pencils, Mandarin, a palette, Napoleon Brandy, canvasses, and other appurtenances of the artist's dismal trade. I took occasion to call upon an old mistress of mine, Jane Chéron, concerning whom, see *The Equinox*, number 6, 'Three Poems'. She had never had the slightest interest in occult matters, and she had never done any work in her life, even of the needlework order. I had seen her once before since my escape from America, and she said she had something to show me, but I took no particular notice and she did not insist. My object in calling on this second occasion was multiple: I wanted to see the man with whom she is living, who has not yet returned from Russia; I wanted to make love to her; and I wanted to smoke a few pipes of opium with her, she being a devotee of that great and terrible God.

Consider now; the Work whereby I am a Magus began in Cairo (1904) with the discovery of the Stélé of Ankh-f-n-Khonsu, in which the principal

<sup>1</sup> The Curse of the Grade of a Magus is that although the Magus speaks Truth it is understood by his hearers as Falsehood. This is the reason why He is called the Great Illusionist.

<sup>2</sup> 'You leave your efficacious tortoise, and look at me till your lower jaw hangs down.' James Legge, *The Yi King*, page 114.

<sup>3</sup> Crowley's comment on this hexagram is that it 'may cancel or postpone settled matters; not by disturbing the conditions but by extraneous circumstances. Useless to plan action for such a day, bar things of quite strict routine.'

<sup>4</sup> The six lines of the hexagrams of the *Yi King*. Crowley used six equal strips of tortoise-shell, on one side of which was a broken line, on the other an unbroken line.

<sup>5</sup> Nuit's words in chapter 1 of *The Book of the Law*.

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object is the Body of our Lady Nuith.<sup>1</sup> It is reproduced in colours in *The Equinox*, volume I, number 7. Jane Chéron has a copy of this book. On Friday afternoon, then, I was in her apartment. I had attained none of my objectives in calling on her, and was about to depart. She detained me to show me this 'something'. She went and took a folded cloth from a drawer. 'Shut your eyes!' she said. When I opened them, they saw a cloth four feet or more in length on which was a magnificent copy, mostly in appliqué silk, of the Stélé. She then told me that in February 1917, she and her young man had gone to the South of France to get cured of the opium habit. In such cases insomnia is frequent. One night, however, he had gone to sleep, and on waking in the morning found that she, wakeful, had drawn the copy of the Stélé on a great sheet of paper.

It is very remarkable that so large a sheet of paper should have been at hand; also that they should have taken that special book on such a journey; but still more that she should have chosen that picture, nay, that she, who had never done anything of the sort before, should have done it at all. More yet, that she should have spent three months in making a permanent thing of it. Most of all, that she should have shown it to me at the very moment when I was awaiting an 'unmistakable sign'.

For observe, how closely the words of my entry of 12 Jan., describe the Sign, 'the omnipresence of my body', and there She was—in the last place in the world where one would have sought Her, and that by reason of a most unusual circumstance three years old. Note, too, the accuracy of the *Yi King* symbol 36, for K[teis] is of course the symbol of Our Lady, and the God below Her in the Stélé is Sol the Sun.

All this is clear proof of the unspeakable power and wisdom of Those who have sent me to proclaim the Law.

I observe, after a talk with M. Jules Courtier, that all their S[ociety for] P[sychnical] R[esearch] work is proof only of extra-human forces. We knew about them all along, the universe is full of obscure and subtle manifestations of Energy. We are constantly advancing in our knowledge and control of them. Telekinesis is of the same order of Nature as the Hertz Rays or the Radium emanations. But what nobody before me has done is to prove the existence of extra-human Intelligence, and my Magical Record does this. I err in the interpretation, of course; but it is impossible to doubt that there is Somebody there, a Somebody capable of combining events as a Napoleon forms his plans of campaign, and possessed of those powers unthinkably vast, by which to direct the actions of people whom he has chosen to play a part in the execution of his purpose.

12.30 a.m. circa. Opus I, 31-666-31, p[er] o[s] D[ominæ].<sup>2</sup> Opus difficult but excellent in the end. Elixir plentiful and rich. Object: That I may perform the Task of a Magus.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Nuit (or Nuith), the Egyptian sky-goddess or goddess of infinite space, is depicted by the Egyptians as arched over the earth in the form of a woman.

<sup>2</sup> 'By the mouth of the lady.'

<sup>3</sup> A Magus has to utter his Word and establish his Law. In Crowley's case the word was Thelema.

2 Feb. ☽.

3 Feb. ♂, 9.00 a.m. Opus II, 31-666-31, *p[er] v[as] n[efandum]*. Opus—spontaneous and very strong. Elixir, very rich and strong. Object: Inv[ocation]IAN. P.S. This seems to have started my Art, which had staled.

It is to be observed that although no more silent, I am still non-attached. I am waiting without the least anxiety or eagerness for a new Current or a Word. I don't even seek an Oracle.

4 Feb. ♀. If I seek an Oracle, it is because I have literally nothing else to do.

General symbol for period 1 Feb. to 31 March: 8—S[words], Aleph [Trump], Shin [Trump], 2—S[words], 10—P[antacles].<sup>1</sup>

I don't do any great work: I wait for events. I have a pleasant time, money comes to me. I invoke Bacchus Diphues<sup>2</sup> and make a great decision. Shall I look for a new Vesica<sup>3</sup> this afternoon? (One card only: P[rince of] W[ands] Air and Fire?)

3.00 p.m. Opus III, Eliane [Vacari], prostitute, from Italy, experience in Algeria. Opus good and spontaneous. Elixir A1, very rich and strong and aromatic. Object: to get the New Current going. Note: she discovered that I was a member of the Junior grade of XI<sup>4</sup> without any suggestion from me.

Yesterday, walking in the forest, I saw the trunk of a very exceptionally large tree on the ground. It was (at a guess) at least eight times the circumference of any tree near by. I said, 'There lies fallen the father of the flock', and wondered if it meant that I was about to die. 'Oh, no,' says I, 'that ought to be Fra. M[erlinus]. His earth name is Reuss. We then came to the trunk and walked round it. Looking back towards Fontainebleau, we saw, on another tree the placard 'Con Reuss'!!! I quote this as an example of coincidence; tree and placard were there long ago, when Reuss was certainly alive whether or no he has died since. Yet of course that might have been planned by Intelligence long since, so that I might see it at just this moment. Reuss had—stroke of paralysis at some time during this Spring.)

5 Feb. ♄.

6 Feb. ♀. Opus IV, Eliane Vacari. Operation fair only. Elixir good. Object: To start the New Current. Result: it did.

7 Feb. ♃. Went to Marlotte to see the house La Tour. Shall I buy this house for an Abbey? VI [Trumps], Pantacle of Fire, Sword of Air, 3 Swords, Saturn, Libra, 8 of Swords, Ace of Swords, Moon-Aquarius.

<sup>1</sup> A divination by the Tarot.

<sup>2</sup> God of the vine. Diphues is the double-natured one, more bisexual than hermaphroditic.

<sup>3</sup> In this case a woman.

<sup>4</sup> An allusion to *per vas nefandum*.

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All seems to tend to Inspiration and action. (Curious getting the Twins!) But the symbols are not placid as they should be for a house, surely. However, the point is that I'm not worrying about it, or anything else.

8 Feb. ☉. Moment of sunrise. Opus V, 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Opus, one of the most violent I ever did. Elixir very rich and strong. Object: Inv[ocation] IIAN.

9 Feb. ☾.

10 Feb. ♂. Beadle and Willy to lunch.

11 Feb. ♀, 3.00 p.m. *circa*. Opus VI, Eliane. Object: to make a great play (out of Beadle's 'Tree of Life', etc.) Opus, fair to poor. Elixir, fair. Note. This opus was one for which I had a real antipathy. As a result, not only did my play-idea, which had gone strong and well all a.m., peter out, but I made myself pretty damned ill.

12 Feb. ♃.

13 Feb. ♀. Walked to Marlotte and back with Shummy.<sup>1</sup> Roundabout ways, over twenty miles.

14 Feb. ♁. Writing up this record, neglected since 7 Feb.

15 Feb. ☉. Grass.<sup>2</sup> I observe while playing with modelling wax that every shape soever taken in the wax looks like something or other. That is, the human mind seeks to find a resemblance to some familiar thing, in any given shape. Yet this applies to only a few things. It is true to some extent of clouds and rocks. This search for the familiar is Oedipus Complex but the main point is that since any shape can assume a meaning the only important thing is beauty of the shape. The sculpture is merely a pattern. I can understand Mohammedan art restrictions. The introduction of representations of material objects merely complicates the problem of beauty. This all proves that I should seek harmonies and pure colour. Nothing but meaningless lines. This doctrine is curiously in accord with my theory about poetry-writing, a sonnet in Sh etc.<sup>3</sup> But my practice is apparently entirely opposed to this theory.

16 Feb. ☾. When Roman philosophers wrote books which mocked Jupiter and let those books get into the hands of the slaves, practical people found it necessary to invent new Gods who would enslave people still more. Hence Christianity was caused by the initiated not having the sense to keep silence. This explains the curse of a Magus. He has to keep his oath,

<sup>1</sup> Ninette Shumway, the Second Concubine of the Beast. Her magical name was Sister Cypris; pet name Beauty.

<sup>2</sup> Hashish. <sup>3</sup> A sonnet dominated by the sound ess.

and utter his word to free mankind, knowing that the reaction will be to create a greater slavery. Compare Stevenson's *House of Eld*.

17 Feb. ♂. Sunrise—Glory to Pan! At the moment of His rising, Opus VII, 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Opus good. Elixir extraordinarily rich, sweet and strong. Object: O-L-T.D. bring us ☉.<sup>1</sup> Miraculous and manifold.

Walked to Morêt and back with Ninette, and Grass.

The summary of Freud is: Unconscious acts are dictated by the Unconscious Self.

18 Feb. ♀. I asked the Yi: shall I be successful in getting ☉ from O-L-T.D. Answer: Fire of Moon, *Kieb*. Sounds like unravelling the whole complex. General symbol for Ninette—Sun of Fire, *Shib Ho*. This gives a good description of her career and character.

19 Feb. ♀. To Brabizon and back. Shin<sup>2</sup> put in deadly work. Absolute truth can never be known with certainty; for any state of mind can be conceived as a record of something behind it. One cannot completely know any state of mind; so it might be one of the unknown facts that it should be blind.

20 Feb. ♀. What action, if any, should I take in re the *J[ohn] B[ull]*<sup>3</sup> article. Fire of Moon. An excellent answer, most appropriate; and I think nothing should be done at present.

Give a general symbol for the Shin affair. Earth of Lingam. Don't hurry; use caution and gentleness.

10.00 p.m. *circa*. I don't know within? Opus VIII, Ninette—widow—25—rather like Ratan Devi<sup>4</sup> physically—*i[n] m[anu] D[ominæ]*. Opus—very good and spontaneous though quick. Object: *Dom*. Elixir, rich and strong.

21 Feb. ♀, 3.30 a.m. *circa*. Opus IX. Ninette. *El. Rub*. Opus, excellent as could be expected, considering all things. Elixir A1, couldn't be better. Object: as VIII [*Domus*, house]. Should I go to Algeria direct from Fontainebleau? Water of Yoni. Alostrael thinks this is No. So do I, on the whole. Shall we go to the Italian Lakes from April till July? Sun of Water. Good for physical things, and apparently favourable for meeting Merlin [Theodor Reuss, Outer Head of the Order of Oriental Templars], but it looks like family troubles! Well, then, what about Spain? Fire of Earth. No. Naples or Sicily? Sun of Water again!

22 Feb. ☉. Walk.

<sup>1</sup> In this context, the sunsign stands for gold or money. O-L-T.D. is not identified.

<sup>2</sup> Shin is the Hebrew letter attributed to Fire.

<sup>3</sup> *John Bull*, the weekly magazine, had attacked him for his pro-German writings in *The International* and *The Fatherland* in America during the war.

<sup>4</sup> The English wife of Ananda Coomaraswamy. She was the 'Monkey Officer' in Crowley's Magus initiation. See *The Confessions*, Chapter 81.


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23 Feb. ☽. Opus X, Ninette. Elixir A1. Object: *Dom*.

24 Feb. ♂. To Loring Canal &c. Lunch at Coq.

25 Feb. ♀. Picnic on the Hill. Opus XI, Ninette. Opus A1. Elixir A1. Object: Invocation to ΠAN.

26 Feb. ♀. Woke with a strange dream. I was living in a cave behind a membrane. (Ninette's vagina—recognized as such during dream.) All light was carefully excluded, but I had an incandescent marble mantle which I had put in myself. (Phallus. There's a marble [mantle?] in bathroom.) This cave was by a very swift river. (Loring opposite the Coq which I gazed on at lunch Tuesday.) Yet it was also the cave. There were muddy roads awkwardly placed, like those of Fontainebleau, where one is always being cut off by walls. I had a tandem bicycle without handles. (Had ridden a bicycle during day—first time in years—the handles were loose on bar.) Ninette was with me now. Various old friends—men—came to see me in the cavern. I had to take Ninette to dinner some distance away. I said I thought she was the sort of girl to be able to ride without handles. (Did I suspect her of being a Lesbian?) We started, went very well. Then I saw Naish, in a boat, standing. He was going down stream at a great pace. He was one of my best friends at Cambridge. I called when he saw us; we went out to him. Joyful greeting. I introduced Ninette as 'Miss O'Wade'. (Probably Oued, river.) We made a date with Naish for dinner on some future day and returned to the bicycle. I think it had changed into a boat and then turned back again. Then I woke. Note: it began to rain very softly and sweetly, rustling in the leaves, some time in the early morning. (True time is 4.15.) 4.14 a.m. At 5.15 a.m. I was awake again and found Ninette had been to see Alostrael whose amnion had punctured. General symbol for

Alostrael's confinement. , Ming I. This is strikingly appropriate.

She had a very easy time, the child being born at 11 to 11.5 a.m. true time. (12 to 12.5 Noon D.S.<sup>1</sup> time.) I named her Anne Lea—thus getting in 31<sup>2</sup> Howard,<sup>3</sup> later, wanted to call her Poupée, and that is the real name for domestic use. Her general symbol is 41, Earth of Water, Sun. It means diminution. One of the most obscure hexagrams of the *Yi*. But it might be read, 'Her mother's daughter'. However, she has my mouth. 'Twins' came out all right, too, if as I roughly calculate, she has Gemini rising.

10.5 p.m. Opus XII, Ninette and Ethel [Oxide]. Opus: very poor, owing to her dreadful technique. Euphemia Lamb<sup>4</sup> said, 'A virgin always does the

<sup>1</sup> Daylight-Saving Time.

<sup>2</sup> The initials A.L. which add up to 31 (Hebrew Cabbala), the Key Number of *The Book of the Law (Liber AL vel Legis)*.

<sup>3</sup> Ninette Shumway's child, aged three. The father, Shumway, had been killed in a motoring accident in America.

<sup>4</sup> The wife of the artist, Henry Lamb. She was one of the very many women whom Crowley took to bed. In *The Confessions*, he says of her that 'she was incomparably beautiful. Augustus John has painted her again and again'.

wrong thing at the right time.' The widow of an American always does the wrong thing at the wrong time. Object: to have a baby. Elixir thin, weak, ill-made. Note: the persecution of Masters is the Oedipus Complex, mortals making the transfer of the father to Us. Reflections on the aforesaid epigram. A French whore always does the right thing at the wrong time. An experienced person who loves you fills the fourth possibility.

27 Feb. ♀, 10.00 p.m. *circa*. Opus XIII, Ninette. Opus magnificent. Elixir, excellent. Object: baby.

28 Feb. ♀. My money should come to an end with the month. The weather continues fine.

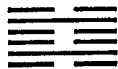
Men with defective sight or taste, or drunkards, or imbeciles are more likely to have children than others; this tends to make humanity degenerate. But the cleverest women only get men, so the mothers tend to improve the race. Hence Goethe's drivelling Oedipus ending to *Faust*. One gets to understand and appreciate a formula when one comes to it. Thus a man in the Sagittarius stage (of the Aries-Leo-Sagittarius sequence) really delights in his faint intangible refinements which look so feeble to a man in the Leo stage. Thus we fear Old Age and Death because we are not in their shape of magical action. I shall leave it to Eternity to abate the nuisance of Time.

The 'Progress' swine would deprive the poor even of their tragedies. When a woman says, 'I don't know what I want', she is the only one who doesn't.

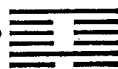
29 Feb. ☉. The weather continues very fine; if anything it is brighter than ever. There is no more money left.

11.00 p.m. *circa*. Opus XIV, Ninette. Opus good but for climax, when bad technique came in again. Partly my fault. Elixir good but not specially so. Object: Invocation IIAN.

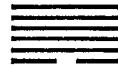
1 March. ☽. What is the situation in England as to my affairs?



Moon of Moon. All tied up, as I thought. What shall I do about it?



4, Earth of Moon. Wait and See. Rely on Ninette. What shall I do about Scotland? Hexagram LX, Moon of Water. Regulations, e.g. write a firm business letter. Shall I get funds from Scotland without delay?



Lingam of Air. The bold female; this answer seems doubtful. Some sticks fell half out of the book I keep 'em in; so I ask, Is there a special message for me? Fire of Moon, Water of Fire, Fire of Lingam. Easy follow-on, go ahead!

5.30 p.m. Letters from England, confirming Yi. Shall I spend April and June in or near Marseille? Fire of Water. No. Capri? Earth of Air. No. Cefalu? Earth of Lingam. This couldn't be better. (It was solely on this

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indication that I went to Cefalu—with all its vast consequence. And I did this deliberately as an 'Act of Truth', a sort of contemptuous courage.) Give a symbol for Ninette bearing a child to me; Hexagram 21!!!!!! Shall I now take up the J[ohn] B[ull] foolishness? Air of Lingam: 'Small restraint'. All very appropriate. Make a dignified public statement. What is the ultimate object of the love between 666 and Ninette? (Sticks handled by her.) Family! (Read chapter carefully.)

2 March, ♂. Letters to Lamb, 77, 777, 31-156,<sup>1</sup> and Banca Commerciale Italiana, Palermo. We have decided to go to Cefalu. Also Hodgson, Keasbey, Mrs Van Brunt, and some others. Fearfully tired by the distraction.

3 March, ♀, 7.00 a.m. circa. Opus XV. Ninette, *p.v.n.* Opus excellent. Elixir strong and rich. Object: dedication of this ☿ to 131.<sup>2</sup>

10.00 p.m. A shipwreck! A young man and a girl scrambled on to an iceberg. He tried to insult her, but it is not easy when one is sitting on the ice. Ultimately he dropped it, and exclaimed to the iceberg: 'All right! Do your darndest! I'll get this thing stiff, if it has to be frozen stiff.'

10.00 p.m. to 12.00 p.m. Opera XVI-XVII, Ninette and Ethel.<sup>3</sup> Object: Plain [pleasure]. Opus, perfectly marvellous. Elixir A1. Ethel behaved splendidly. I realized every detail of the orgasm, also all the trains of thought that connect one's incoherent cries. I wish I could get it all down. I also got every detail of the proof that laughter is a sublimated orgasm.

4 March, ♀. A rather distracted day.

5 March, ♀. Naughty Ninette has come to the rescue like a little brick, better than the one she used to go to bed with before she saw the light. She went to Paris for this purpose; I painted all day. Hansi got my green paint, about ten francs worth, and became the Green Man,<sup>4</sup> in accordance with ancient and primitive custom!

Things seem clearing all round; they are beginning to sit up and take notice of my articles.<sup>5</sup>

6 March, ♀. Hangover.

7 March. ☉. Dull all day with routine work. However, last night I dreamed a long coherent story in which Queen Victoria was a guest in my house. This means good luck. Today a letter from Lamb with £ 1.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup>77 = Laylah (Leila Waddell); 777 = Brother Achad (C.S. Jones); 31-156 = Jane Wolfe.

<sup>2</sup> Dedication of this Virgin to Pan.

<sup>3</sup> Ether, which they both inhaled during the opus to heighten the experience.

<sup>4</sup> The Fool of the Tarot.

<sup>5</sup> In *The English Review* which was edited by Austin Harrison.

<sup>6</sup> £50. Lamb was probably his solicitor.



*The Magical Record of the Beast 666*

10.00 p.m. *circa*. Opus XVIII, Ninette. Opus good. Elixir good. Object: success with Aimée Gouraud.

8 March, ☽. 7.00 p.m. *circa*. Opus XIX, Ninette. Opus, very good. Elixir, curiously metallic and bitter, strong. Object: (at Beauty's request), girl.

All day celebrating Leah's return. Big picture. At night, started to draw from the nude seriously.

9 March, ♂. Should Alostrael go to England from here to look after our interests? Lingam of Air. This is evidently a symbol of her bold invasion of various people. It's a moveable symbol and means—by all means go.

10.00 p.m. *circa*. Opus XX, 'Beauty' [Ninette]. Opus AI, very orgiastic and spontaneous. Elixir left [in the cucurbit or yoni]. Object: 'Art for Art's sake!'

10 March, ♀. To Paris. Dinner with Aimée.

11 March, ♀. Lunch with Jules Courtier. Back to Fontainebleau.

12 March, ♀. I think Courtier's lunch upset me. I had a sort of indigestion and pain in the back all Thursday evening and all Friday. There was a depression—especially sexual. I did no drawing at night on Thursday and went straight off to sleep. In the morning I had a preliminary game with Beauty.<sup>1</sup> This evening I felt better, and I did some retouching to pictures in the afternoon. I had a particularly good dinner. I had a Mandarin and a fair amount of the 50-year-old Courvoisier. But I found myself quite unable to draw; and when, following my preconceived plan, I began the Operation of the Gnosis<sup>2</sup> with the object of recovering my *Dhatu*,<sup>3</sup> I could awake no enthusiasm either in myself or in the Graal-bearer.<sup>4</sup> I appealed to Ethel.<sup>5</sup> Beauty had a perfectly gorgeous time, going quite crazy again and again—

'And all that I regret,' said he,  
'Is that it cannot speak.'

Partly because this aroused my sense of protecting Beauty, and partly because I was jealous of Ethel, I couldn't get good results. My time-sense went wrong, though, about 50% or more. We were two hours at play; I might have guessed forty minutes.

13 March, ♀. 1.05 a.m. Opus XXI, Beauty and Ethel. Opus childish. Elixir thin and tasteless. Object: Invocation 93,<sup>6</sup> following certain medi-

<sup>1</sup> Ninette.

<sup>2</sup> The Sovereign Sanctuary of the Gnosis comprises the three degrees involving sexual magic.

<sup>3</sup> In this context, one's faculties.

<sup>4</sup> The Scarlet Woman. In this case, Ninette.

<sup>5</sup> Ether.

<sup>6</sup> The number of Thelema.

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tations during previous period. Result: I became suddenly wakeful, strong and well, as if I had held the object<sup>1</sup> originally proposed. I have been at some pains to record the conditions of this experiment, as it is so totally out of keeping with practically all previous experience. I have an idea that my 'increase of wisdom' is connected with the faculty of analysis, that I am getting all the details of 'normal' experience! I must say that I really do not see where this path leads. Am I failing to see the wood for the trees? Or am I building a Pyramid<sup>2</sup> (somewhere or other) with all these bricks? Talking of bricks, I must tell the story of 'Shummy's brick'. Leah and I, in bed, used to laugh at her for having to heat a brick to take to bed with her. When Leah came back from the hospital, Shummy, in bed with me, thoughtfully inquired, 'Shall I heat your brick for you?' Fine impudence from a young lady whose middle name, a month ago, was Propriety!

Later, from 1.30 to 3.30 a.m. I lay awake meditating on my public statement about my work for England in the war. At 12.30 p.m. I started to write this, calling it 'The Last Straw'.<sup>3</sup> At 3, I gave up the pen to Leah and Beauty, and I dictated without a break even of five minutes till 12.30 a.m. of Sunday. A feat of considerable endurance.

14 March, ☉. Finished 'The Last Straw' during the morning. Walked for an hour in the rain among the woods in the afternoon.

P.m. late, Opus XXII, Beauty. Operation very good. Elixir ditto. Object: . . . (I am considering the theory of the IX° and XI°.)

15 March, ☽. I am ready to bolt to some country where children are unknown.

16 March, ♂. Oh, hell to the days before a flit!

17 March, ♀. Reduced to reading Arsène Lupin.

18 March, ♃, 12.30 *circa*. Opus XXIII, Beauty. Opus excellent. Elixir A1. Object: to get a new grip on the Great Work.

Last night I noted that Mohammed was right again: with two women you have to explain each to the other; with three, two of 'em compare notes while you're with the third, but four make a crowd and can be neglected, as in the case of an orator.

Some days ago I received, I know not how, the word OCELLI which was connected in my mind with 'Eyes,' i.e. Sun and Moon, though I know no tongue in which this word exists as such. (P.S. See how I mistrust myself. The word is, as I thought, perfectly good Latin; but not finding it in my little dictionary, I safeguarded myself in this way! Worm!!) I ask

<sup>1</sup> The object originally proposed was 93 (power of will in the Thelemic sense); he held the image in his mind during the *opus*.

<sup>2</sup> The Pyramid of Initiation.

<sup>3</sup> Published in *The Confessions*, pp. 741-61.

therefore, is this the Word of the Equinox? Lingam of Sun. Obviously, yes. I therefore proclaim it.

10.00 p.m. *circa*. Opus XXIV, Beauty, *p.v.n.* Opus most excellent—*Om*,<sup>1</sup> very prolonged. Elixir rich, strong, aromatic. Object: fulfilment of the Magus.<sup>2</sup>

19 March, ♀. Packing.

20 March, ♀. ditto.

21 March, ☉. To Paris with Alostrael and Poupée, Willy and Jaja<sup>3</sup>—*la noce*.

22 March, ☽. Saw Leah and Poupée to London. Met Beauty and the Brats. To Marseille. (Seat 31.)<sup>4</sup>

23 March, ♂. Hotel de Bordeaux et du Grand Orient (Room 31). Lunch at Bassos.

3.00 p.m. Opus XXV, Beauty, *p.v.n.* Opus great. Elixir A1. Object: Magick.

24 March, ♀.

25 March, ♀. It has been a long *noce* and we've got off by the enamel of our bicuspid,<sup>5</sup> and the 'Patria'.

2.15 p.m. Opus XXVI, Beauty. Opus admirable. Elixir ditto. Object: successful arrival at Naples. (This includes the Barriers.) I'll be glad of blue seas and ease and back to work again!

26 March, ♀. 5.00 a.m. Awoke from a long and very intimate conversation, in dream, with Lloyd George. That's good luck!

Corrected *Simon Iff*—wasted time talking. Lesson in drawing from F. Mathews, a friend of Bob Chandler's.

27 March. Early a.m. arrived in Naples. No money from Morgan Harris. Put up at Hotel Métropole.

3.15 p.m. Opus XXVII, Beauty, *p.v.n.* Opus fine though brief. Elixir very good. Object: Successful and speedy arrival at Cefalu.

A planet cools by loss of its air-covering. Thus, matter = motion. Oh, dear! I saw this with grass [hashish]; and the train of thought is lost. Oscar

<sup>1</sup> The Hindu Bija Mantra, OM or AUM or ONG, the Cosmic Vibration which precedes Creation. Crowley intoned it during the *opus*.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley was at this time a Magus 9° = 2° but he still had to fulfil that role, namely by establishing the word, Thelema, which he had uttered.

<sup>3</sup> Jane Chéron.

<sup>4</sup> 31 is the key number of AL, the title of *The Book of the Law*.

<sup>5</sup> By the skin of our teeth.

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Eckenstein's<sup>1</sup> phrase, 'He likes his joke' implies a (sub-conscious?) knowledge of the Freudian theory. 'Shame means the emptiness of a womb.' This came from pure analysis of Beauty's attitude to something; but it is identical with Freud's idea of the 'inferior' as connected with the childish theory, the mutilation of the female. Beauty looks like a pisspot. I tell her so. A compliment because the golden urine of life is poured into her by her Father the Sun. Hence, the Sun is sitting on a pisspot. That pisspot is the Zodiac. The meteors are gravel, the planets stones. Therefore, the Sun has a floating kidney. (Floating kidney chosen because Beauty has one.) All this is logical, but it rests on the uncertain premiss, 'The Sun is sitting on a pisspot'.

But He is!

The Pisspot is the Bark of Ra!<sup>2</sup> This conclusion could be reached directly in the particular case of Beauty.

He sits on a pisspot (Beauty). Whatever He sits on is the Bark of Ra. Hence a pisspot is the Bark of Ra.

28 March, ☉. To my bad disciples I say, Excuse me, sir (or madam), if I remark that 51% of Ipsissimi do not murder people in their sleep, at least not on Sundays. To my good disciples I say, Castrated bastard of a Jew and a sow, how dare you split an infinitive? Whack!

29 March, ☽. A long miserable night due to Beauty's sexual insanities. Nobody ever noticed the colour of a hunchback's hair or eyes. Give people some big thing to glut their gaze and they'll look no further. This is the secret of a good disguise.

2.45 p.m. Opus XVIII. Beauty, *p.v.n.* Operation A1. Orgiastic, very prolonged and multiplex. Elixir, very good indeed. Object: Mars [energy] for her ladyship. There was a good deal of mental distraction, owing to foolish hotel servants and the whole work is very interrupted by children etc. Two and two make four? Is the operation of adding to go for nothing? Four is a Thing in Itself, not merely the sum of two and two. 'Love is the Law', this adding being creation. But if action and reaction are equal and opposite, something must counterbalance the force which adds. Something loses to make this gain. Then progress is impossible; there is but a cycle of the Play of Our Lady Nuith, as I said in my *Liber CXI*.<sup>3</sup>

Previous to above, while at dinner, [I thought], 'Everything is beautiful'. Analysis of not S[ubject] and P[redicate]—gorgeous revels!

I heard my constitution talk.

Just after writing 'Everything is beautiful', I remembered that all that was a digression from some important discovery. But I forgot what it was. I tried to remember. I saw going around in the (search for word, epic, ode)

<sup>1</sup> The distinguished mountaineer, Crowley's close friend and teacher.

<sup>2</sup> The boat of the sun-god which makes possible the voyage of the sun over the ocean of space.

<sup>3</sup> *The Book of Wisdom or Folly* by the Master Therion, published posthumously. The Thelema Publishing Company, California, 1961.

treasure-house of my brain, the little old man who does my research work. (Is he Simon Iff?) There's another man, robust and vigorous, chasing him around. (That's my will picturized?) I talked to that little old man: 'Here, bustle around and find that lost illumination' and so on. Thus begins the illusion of double personality. At last I find it. It is a direct observation; 'The Subconsciousness is conscious of its own immortality.'

I am wondering how these sentences will read. They are put down with an agonizing attempt to be clear, precise, and simple.

30 March, ♂. Money arrived—but it was my unlucky day all the same. But I had some marvellous illuminations. For one thing, I saw Simplicity and the Universe as a Tree; this being spherical, the branches everywhere and the root nowhere; it brings us back to the same old view, as the Universal Sun sponge, etc.

All being one, it is possible to take any point at random and to regard it as a centre. Everything will then appear to radiate from it. This is the illusion of personality. The centre shifts as one seeks it; as Hadit<sup>1</sup> says, 'it is I that go'.

31 March, ♀. To call forth the Spirits means to analyse the mind; to govern them means to recombine the elements of that mind according to one's will. '*Solve et coagula*' again! Failure to govern obviously means insanity. There is nothing in all the old books of Magick which is not true, when one has the key to it; but I, To Mega Therion,  $9^\circ = 2^\circ$ , have put down the letters of my Word in a tongue that can be understood of the common people. And I still cherish hopes of the Honourable Everard Feilding.

'She stood at the door of Burgess's fish sauce shop, welcoming him in.' These words were consciously chosen for the with-difficulty-by-the-drunken-man-pronounced collection of consonants. But the subconscious content reveals the author's character.

Burgess is the town dweller, the man in the refuge, who has got protection from reality. Shop is the refuge, too, especially of such a man. Fish sauce is a phrase of cynical obscenity, qualifying shop in a gross, lewd and nauseating manner. The whole phrase, also, offers an indecent image. The author was therefore a highly respectable Englishman.

2 April, ♀. Certain local gods, whom I praise one and all, without the least conceivable omission, directed me this very first morning to the Villa Santa Barbara.<sup>2</sup> *Je suis chez moi*—and I have already begun certain Operations. We are high on the neck of the peninsula, and can see West to

<sup>1</sup> A form of Horus. The quotation that follows is from *The Book of the Law*. 'I' is Hadit, the secret seed or inmost self of every man.

<sup>2</sup> The villa called Santa Barbara was on the outskirts of Cefalu, Sicily. Crowley speedily turned it into his Abbey of Do What Thou Wilt. A photograph of the building with Crowley, Leah Hirsig and the children in the foreground is published in *The Confessions*.

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Palermo, East over the sea. North is the mighty rock of Cephaloedium and behind us to the South rise hills, green with trees and grass. My garden is full of flowers and the promise of fruit. There is a Tree, too, in my garden, and there is grass, the sacred grass, at need. Beauty sulks, but *Ish Kabibble!*

9.00 p.m. *circa*. Opus XXIX, Beauty. Object: Salutation to the Gods and Goddesses of this place! May they grant us abundance of all good things and inspire me to the creation of Beauty. Opus, Good. Elixir, very good.

2 April, ♀. Picture of Rock in a.m. Sketch in sepia of Rock in p.m. Otherwise, messed about.

3 April, ♀. Traversed Rock of Cefalu, visiting Temples of Jupiter and Diana. At supper, I ate much thigh of kid, and may Priapus prosper! Also I ate Salome di Pasqua—the perfection of the Red and White. This, gazing on the sausage, I beheld: that this Red and White is the *Sanguis et Semen* formula of Juppiter, as obtained in the Paris Working.<sup>1</sup> I note that the Rock of Cefalu is marvellous foursquare, the greater rock on High Man being about the doubled cube of the Low Man. Hence a special suitability for a Temple of Juppiter. I think Juppiter is the true, Apollo the false IAO—or rather, say, Apollo given that name as a compliment.<sup>2</sup> (It should be a White Rose on a Red Cross, for Knights of Perfection.) Painted 'Street in Marseilles'.

5 April, ☺. Fiddled and spanked children; a rotten day, but I found a wonderful ugly girl with a big mouth.

6 April, ♂. 'Beauty' is certainly a candidate for a lunatic asylum, on her habit of eating onions alone.

7 April, ♀. I am the detail of a spark. (*Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux, Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*)<sup>3</sup> This came from consideration of how words (for example) live, instead of being counters of thought in the consciousness of the adept. Every thought is seen in all its details. I, then, considering the dead dog theory of man's mortality, saw myself as a spark of a spark, a momentary flare in that tremendous Night. 'Then let the spark blaze bravely!' So then I saw that 'I' was the detail of a spark (in 'God's' mind), just as a word reveals its detail to the adept. So 'God' when He becomes an Adept, perceives the details of his sparks, i.e. knows man. That

<sup>1</sup> The Paris Working was performed by Crowley and Neuburg in January 1914. It lasted for a month, the sex magical technique employed was that of XI°. 'The blood and semen formula' is a phrase to describe the two-fold process of evocation in these rites. The blood (in this case, Neuburg's—he was cut on the breast) is the medium of manifestation for the Force evoked (in this case Juppiter); the semen is the vehicle of ecstasy.

<sup>2</sup> Juppiter and Apollo. For Crowley, Apollo is the 'false' IAO (God) because of his lack of orgiastic force. Compare Nietzsche's Apollonian-Dionysian antithesis.

<sup>3</sup> 'As soon as our brief day has closed, we shall have to sleep in everlasting night.' Catullus.

is what happened to Me! I'm thinking of Aleister Crowley. A.C. is a passing thought in My mind.<sup>1</sup>

Began a picture of a lion-hunt.

8 April, 24. 7.00 a.m. Opus XXX, Beauty, *p.v.n.* Object: Art. Opus, very good, though gentle. Elixir A1.

2.00 p.m. Opus XXXI, Beauty and Ethel. Object: Invocation of 'the Gods of the place'. Operation admirable. Elixir very sweet, strong and aromatic. I saw how important 'the Gods of the place are'. They are wicked, of course, because of the 'space marks'—they make distinctions between places. But if one is in a place (worse luck!) nothing for it but to be on good terms with the Gods thereof!

I have often thought, when going under Ether, and throwing off the sheet to 'wake' and record the 'last thought', that when one is 'dying', one can't throw off the blanket. Yes, but dying is the throwing-off of the blanket when one wants to wake from the ether-intoxication of life.

Began portrait of Beauty.

9 April, ♀. The word 'detail' in the entry of two days ago cannot be understood of any but an adept. The divine consciousness is such that I could write endless books upon the meaning of any single word. For one thing, every word has a wireless connection with every other word as in the Star-Sponge-Vision<sup>2</sup> of Nuit is apparent. Of course, then, every attempt to understand anything leads one towards this conception. In the beginning it is nice to find the difficult word explained by three or four easy ones; but as soon as the analysis goes deeper, one is up against *obscurum per obscurius*<sup>3</sup> every time. All one's progressions add alike to infinity—and therefore, I suppose, one learns at last to make no distinction 'between any one thing and any other thing'.<sup>4</sup>

The idea 'flea' is just as full and interesting as the idea 'Ulysses', and Socrates is no more brilliant a spark than the bastard, thief, coward and murderer Ananda K. Coomaraswamy.<sup>5</sup> As *The Book of the Law* says, 'Every number is infinite; there is no difference'. It's just possible that Tennyson may have had a glimpse of these heavens when he wrote 'Flower in the crannied wall'.

10 April, ♀. Climbed the South buttress of the High Man of the Rock of Cefalu.

<sup>1</sup> Crowley knew himself to be someone different every moment. 'Crowley' was just one phase of a vaster consciousness which one may identify with that of the Adept.

<sup>2</sup> This vision occurred on the shores of Lake Pasquanay in New Hampshire in 1917. It is described in detail in *Eight Lectures on Yoga*, 1939.

<sup>3</sup> 'To explain the obscure by the more obscure', a phrase which the alchemists used about themselves.

<sup>4</sup> A quotation from *The Book of the Law*; it is the Universal Formula for the highest spiritual attainment.

<sup>5</sup> Crowley did not like Ananda Coomaraswamy, with whose wife he was sleeping; hence this description. See *The Confessions*, pp. 773-5.

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11 April, ☉. Painted the big Cunnilingus canvas.

12 April, ☽. Climbed hill West South West of house. View great.

2.55 p.m., to Palermo. I wish I could write the Cefalu songs: 'Goat's milk afoam from the udder' and so on.

The train to Palermo was eighty minutes late; there was no word from Leah and I felt rotten.

13 April, ♂. Wire from Leah—indefinite. I return to Cefalu. Rainy morning—no sleep—no boat—no brekker—hell!


9.00 p.m. *circa*. Opus XXXII, Beauty, *p.v.n.* Opus, very good indeed, considering that I was dog-tired, and she bitch-lazy. Object: Invocation.

9.15 p.m. *circa!!!* Opus XXXIII. Beauty. Opus, as good as 'twas remarkable. Object: As XXXII. Elixir not taken as I had the theory that it needed to be got rid of. I slept at once very heavily and woke at seven, with my cough practically gone, and a keen desire to work.

14 April, ♀. All a.m. touching up various pictures. Leah and Poupée arrived in the course of the afternoon—I was too glad for words, though Poupée is quite sick, poor baby girl. I think goat's milk that fed Jupita [sic ?] may help her.

9.00 p.m. Opus XXXIV, 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Opus incredibly good; the orgasm was prolonged minute after minute. Elixir great stuff! Object: Invocation of Juppiter.

15 April, ♃. Shall we go on to Algeria at the Summer Solstice?

 : Don't do anything rash. Wait and see how events shape themselves. Give general symbol for the position with regard to the settlement. Hexagram XXXII: don't worry any more about it. What course shall we take with regard to our business affairs? Hexagram VIII: union and attachment. Prepare this properly.

16 April, ♀. Climbed the Great Gully (Deep Ghyll) with Beauty. The Cavern pitch is mildly amusing—there are men who would find the inside route very hygienic.

6.30 p.m. Grass. Man rules by distracting attention. I observed the mechanism of the Freudian Forgetting. There were some thoughts that bothered me; but I determined to forget them. But from a sense of duty I won the argument against the one of me that wanted to forget—then I tried to remember and couldn't. While I had been winning the conscious argument, he had been using the whole conversation as a means to distract me. One of his methods was to imagine himself as a mighty King—an immense black warrior with a thousand arms who roared out 'These are trivial thoughts' in a tone which I resented. (Note how all this implies my deep seated attitude towards problems of religion etc.) That was why I said that a man rules by distracting attention, for though in this case he was



apparently beaten in this argument, he has already won elsewhere. (Note how I am now in sympathy with the Kingly man.) I feel, too, sprightlier. It seems as if sympathy with the Kingly man were a token of good health! for at first appearance he appeared to the then writer, the bothered [?] person, as an absurd bully. Hence the sneer in that remark 'Man rules by distracting attention'. It is interesting to note how deep this analysis goes. I am quite afraid of being lost in analysis. There are legends about this, by the way. Perhaps Osiris cut into many pieces, is one. With regard to these notes, I feel that they lead to nothing. I feel that I ought to suppress them all and build it up into a big creation, thrown from me, whereas these thoughts are only dissections of external things so called. It is always interesting to note how the associations of ideas are carried out in circles. Thus one thinks of the connection 'good health, sense of authority'. One can then always judge the nature of a doubtful thing by going into meditation, and seeing whether the set of associations connected with that thing are good or bad.

17 April, ♃. *Les jours se suivent*; this is really a perfect place. One has got to prevent a few *Vrittis*<sup>1</sup> from barnacling one's hull, and then wait for explosions. There won't be too many either, by the time I've got these people down to an idea of the sensible way to live. Good! Some raw material!

9.00 p.m. *circa*. Opus XXXV, 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Opus short but very admirable. Elixir thick, rich and powerful. Object: Invocation *Deo Obscaeno*.<sup>2</sup> A curious choice of work; the idea was, I think, that they should be more honoured in this house. Were't so, I'd have more peace.

The greater the artist, the more frequent and atrocious his failures; for 'tis his greatness to attempt impossibilities, even as Browning said, *Sursum corda!*

Mosquitoes would but fan one and lull one to sleep if one loved them enough. The difficulty is to love them enough. But if Love is the law, love under will, in the New Aeon, that should be a task for a man to accomplish.

18 April, ☉. A long stupid day. Began a Sunset on the Sea-picture.

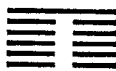
19 April, ☽. I am very anxious about Poupée, her symbol, Diminution, being so threatening and her health not being good. She seemed to pick up here very well at first. I think we've been poisoned; I know I have. We've sent for a doctor for Poupée. Will Poupée grow up to be a big girl? Hexagram XLII, Air of Fire. The opposite to the first symbol, Sun! It might be all right; but *Yi* means increasing. What is the news about 31-156? Earth of Earth. May mean she hasn't moved—in any sense. What shall I do about *Frater Lampada Tradam*?<sup>3</sup> Fire of Fire. Wrote him accordingly. What

<sup>1</sup> Tendencies.

<sup>2</sup> The indecent god was Priapus.

<sup>3</sup> Victor Neuburg.

should be the nature of my work at Cefalu, the main current?



Po: overthrowing. I suppose I should go on with 'God's Country'.

I have been thinking over that 'detail of a spark' business. It seems that 'illusion' (Maya) is caused by our being distracted by detail and missing the whole. But if one concentrates on any detail, however minute, it also blazes up, and becomes 'God'. Observe how this phenomenon is explained by 'Star-sponge-Vision of the Universe'. Each point is as big and bright as every other; and 'Sorrow' only arises when we insist on contrasting two points. *The Book of the Law* has all this perfectly explained, but of course the phrasing is obscure to one ignorant of the phenomena.

It is absolutely good evidence of knowledge, on the part of a prophet, when his cryptic utterance is made clear by subsequently observed facts. Cf. the case of Fermat's last theorem. The only caveat is ambiguity. Now the whole of *The Book of the Law* is so closely knit together that this way out is shut to the sceptic. (I'm dissatisfied with 'Star-sponge' as a term; Nuith is the right word, of course, but does not hint the nature of the vision to the uninitiated. That old definition of God as that sphere whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere is almost exactly what I'm trying to imply. In fact, it's better than my star-sponges and so on, because I'm always thinking of spaces between the ganglia, which is making distinctions. Probably my vision is imperfect so far; it ought to develop into Everything (equals) Nothing of Atmadarshana and Shivadarshana.<sup>1</sup> Likely enough its brilliance, fascination, delude me—that Jewel in the Eye of Mara,<sup>2</sup> eh? But why should I thus make distinctions between Visions? Thereby cometh hurt.

The Sun moves into Taurus; Love is the law, love under will.

20 April, ♂.

Reflections of a Magus, waiting to dictate an article on America in order to postpone sexual duties. 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not brandy more.'

9.30 p.m. *circa*. Opus I, Beauty (with 31-666-31).

Object: [not recorded].

Operation very good. Elixir A1 (administered). Ended in a gorgeous exhibition of Freudianism.

It began by my addressing the ladies: You girls would wear out any man's Tool, were it steel or stone. Would God that you were Lesbians and I could sleep alone! Leah then jestingly proposed to rape Beauty. Beauty then snatched a thin cloak and went and sat in the rain for an hour, while Leah got Howard<sup>3</sup> to yell for her, and I wandered round the hillside in the dark looking for the insane woman.

I caught her at last, and took precautions against her having caught a chill, while Leah, who had got drunk, swore at her. No sooner was Beauty

<sup>1</sup> Vision of the Self, and Vision of Shiva.

<sup>2</sup> The deity of Death in the Hindu pantheon.

<sup>3</sup> Ninette's little boy.

safe in bed than Leah had fits of vomiting and hysterical attacks! I quieted these and started to read the *Tao Teh King* aloud.

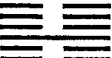
21 April 1.15 a.m. All's quiet in the Shipka Pass, and a fine rainy morning! Next, please! Let's all live up to—'Never dull where Crowley is'.

8.30 a.m. Breakfast. As the historian will remark—'From the first, things prospered in the little colony'.

9.30 a.m. Leah has quite lost her grip; her jealousy is making her nearly insane. It is obviously waste of time to copulate with a jealous woman; she regards it as a right, not a favour. Worse, it feeds the fires. Is my penis Empedocles, that he should do this thing?

1.15 p.m. We are desperate about Poupée. I never liked that 'diminution' symbol, and she is literally wasting away. She can't digest any food. I'm very much afraid of the approach of her Sun to the opposition of Mars, and he is in radical opposition to Saturn who is retrograde in Virgo, for wasting of the bowels. If she could live over next week when Sun 7° Taurus opposes Mars 7° Scorpio she might do all right. But Moon is conjoined with Saturn on that fatal 27th. The one hope is in the trine of Jupiter to the Lord of her Ascendant.

I have been howling like a mad creature nearly all day. I want my epitaph to be 'Half a woman made with half a god'. It is not My Will to save my baby's life. What is 'mine'? Not to save all the babies in the world, as I should do if I started to save one. My Will is to be the Logos of the Aeon; I am Thelema. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Beyond that, I am more helpless than the veriest quack magician.

I asked the Yi, by the way, for the issue of Poupée's present illness, and got  which might well mean release from Earth.

22 April, 24. Today I am more cheerful; worked on some old pictures and started a new one, a big landscape with figures in the foreground. I note how the ego-idea was the basis of Beauty's insanity the other night. She would have been perfectly calm had some other person been in that imaginary danger. Hence the ego-idea is the root of insanity.

11.00 p.m. Opus II, B.S.H.N[inette]<sup>1</sup> *p.v.n.* Opus AI. Elixir AI. Object: IIAN.

23 April, ♀. I note that one great disadvantage of having only two wives is that when one gets sick, it throws a strain on the other. I am also glad to observe that one can count on a two hours' Visual Opera every night; the Sun never repeats Himself. Tonight His shafts, from behind deep bars of blue-grey, fell in front of the mountains and dissolved them, so that one could not tell them from the clouds, except by one's memory of the sky-line.

<sup>1</sup> B.S.H.N. is a cypher for Ninette. N presumably stands for Ninette; we do not know what B.S. and H. mean. Crowley does not use this cypher consistently for his magical sex operations with Ninette.

*The Magical Record of the Beast*

9.00 p.m. For the last forty minutes I have been at Ceremonial Magick again. My memory was very faulty, but oh! it did make me feel good! It has been a great day for work. I did a lot to the new picture, 'The Mutts on the Mountain'; worked on the 'Lesbians', varnished 'Beauty<sup>1</sup>', repainted the 'Fishman', putting him in a whore, as he was lonely; started a little panel of a girl with a fan under an olive tree, and made a drawing of Beauty.

24 April, ♄. Very tired after yesterday; the weather rather rotten for Sicily. Slept most of afternoon, after rising late and doing nothing all morning. Read some Theocritus and Bion at night but I don't feel interested in anything.

25 April, ☉, 1.00 a.m. (midnight—true time). I found myself suddenly wakeful, and a light appeared to me. I interpreted this as a call from the Gods; so I asked for a word, and Thelema gave me CCXX<sup>2</sup> I, 15. I therefore made a Magick Working as follows—

Opus III, B.S.H.N[inette], *p.v.n.* Opus AI. Elixir AI. Object: To bring the Scarlet Woman forth.

The day passed calmly—touch wood! Two very pleasant walks.

11.15 p.m. Opus IV, B.S.H.N[inette], *p.v.n.* Opus good. Elixir very good. Object: the power to draw.

What part, if any, does the representation of natural objects play in Art? Appropriateness, none; for Memling calmly puts the Bruges Belfry in Pagan Rome, and no man cries 'Bats!'

Accuracy, none, or coloured photographs were all. Besides, we can all see the beauty of Nature, infinitely more varied and more brilliant than any painting—witness the daily glories of Sunset at Cefalu.

Then has the artist nothing to paint but his own soul? If so, any hieroglyphics will serve. They need not be intelligible; at least, we may say that they never are, save to initiates. All readily intelligible painting must be vulgar, save as it is passionate; for passion is the only general quality, and even that is lost on neuters, as in America. It seems as if the only word of a painter were then—'so-and-so looks like this to me'. But there is the direct appeal of decoration; he can create, saying, 'I want a tree like this—never mind whether it is more or less like the olive or pine you happen to know yourself'. He can create totally new forms, or get them by selection from the familiar. He can quintessentialize by modification—it's all very difficult, and I doubt whether I have anything clear in my mind, even with regard to my own aim. All I'm doing at present is to let my subconscious take shape; and I lack the power of expression.


26 April. All day painting. Arranged to take this house for a year.

27 April, ♂, 6.30 a.m. Opus V, 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Opus excellent for

<sup>1</sup> Ninette.

<sup>2</sup> *The Book of the Law* is sometimes referred to as *Liber CCXX* because it contains 220 verses.

morning work, but too much Will. Object: Glory to the Most High Gods! Elixir, fine but not very strong.

What is the general symbol for the year's sojourn in Cefalu? ,  
Lingam of Sun. 'Union of Men'. Read chapter; these are strikingly appropriate symbols.


Suppose there were a game played upon a board of 49 squares, the object being to capture the 'Citadel' in the middle square. There might be 7 pieces of diverse powers, or rather 7 on each side. There might be seven pawns of long reach, which should obstruct, by checking a piece. All pieces are obstructed from the Citadel if their Marshall is checked. The game is won by the player concentrating his 7 pieces on the Citadel. There is no taking except by soldiers, and no physical obstruction. If the Marshall is cut off from communication with his pieces, the game is lost to his side. The difficulty in this game seems to be in determining the nature of a threat.

I really think it would be easier to use the family chess board, and have it necessary to attack all from central squares, or to arrange that the goal changes from one of these to the other under stress.

The Marshall can move to any unoccupied square of the board at will, but only attacks like a queen, in straight lines. He can't move at all if checked. The General moves in straight lines, with a range of three squares. The Colonel with a range of two, in any direction straight or like a knight. The Captain with a range of one. The Lieutenant can only move one square at a time but his attacking force counts for two. The Soldier can move two squares in any direction, including the knight but attacks only when next door. The Citadel cannot be occupied. (There is another game with Naval units including aeroplanes and submarines.) The Marshall is only checked if attacked doubly.

A long walk up the valley with Leah this morning.

Is it a good plan to develop the scheme for exploiting Cefalu as a tourist resort etc? Hexagram XXVI, Earth of Lingam. Restraint and accumulation. This is very good indeed, provided one is firm, correct, unselfish and prudent.

Is Tiphareth going to play up to it squarely?  Should be an emphatic 'Yes'. (P.S. This came right.)

28 April, ☿. If God made man a little lower than the angels he made woman a lot lower than the animals. For some reason, I slept practically all day, though I had had a good night's rest.

29 April, ♃. Another big night's rest; yet I am still tired. It is my eyes principally, and I can't understand it; I never had that happen before; at least I don't remember such a happening.

We do not desire perfection; the God in us is perfect, and creates varied things, all imperfect, as a relief from monotony. Imagine a perfect game of chess; our interest would disappear just as it did in noughts and crosses

## *The Magical Record of the Beast*

when that game was fully analysed. It is therefore only being conscious of imperfection that hungers to perfection; it is the symptom of disease.

10.30 p.m. Opus VI, 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Opus very good. Elixir exceptionally rich and sweet, full bodied and aromatic. Object: Invocation IIAN. Result: Immediate Vision of the God, and colloquy.

11.00 p.m. When one realizes as an actual fact in experience that the starry universe is only a picture of one aspect of one's mind—no apodosis seems possible. One gets to this through the vision of the star-sponge from the direct analysis of the mind. This analysis is therefore a direct method of becoming 'god'.

This is new to me—see previous entries, where I distrust analysis. I wasn't taking it far enough. The name of the Abyss is Half-Way House: woe to the traveller who wearies at High Noon! (That, by the way, is what finished Hiram Abif;<sup>1</sup> if he'd gone on working instead of praying, he'd have died in his bed.)

30 April, ♀. The Dawn Meditation.

Do I think that Lewis Carrol meant to put all that Qabalah into *The Hunting of the Snark*? At first sight the question is utterly absurd. But his Red King's Dream episode in *Alice* is a quite conscious parallel to the Butterfly Dream incident in the life of Kwangtze,<sup>2</sup> and we know, from a Tangled Tale, that his mathematics led him to very deep metaphysics. But we have no evidence that he knew any Qabalah at all, in our specialized (or technical or dogmatic) sense. Fortunately we know the origin of the *Snark*. He got in dream the line 'For the Snark was a Boojam, you see' and built up the whole poem on that. This line was then a 'mountain-top', and from it his subconscious was able to trace out the pattern. There are conscious Elements in the poem, no doubt; in other words, the 'universe' is caused by the interference of his conscious mind. This poem being then certainly inspirational, is it even improbable that its dictator should be able to talk the same language as the dictator of my poems? And would not Carroll's mathematically-trained conscious mind have been able to read all sorts of theorems—perhaps even Fermat's last! in some poem of mine which is apparently 'nonsense' about love or war?

It is clear, at last, that no man has any longer the right to affirm or deny anything about his own work. The Freudian simply smiles, and says: 'But how should you know what you mean, you poor fish?'

<sup>1</sup> Hiram Abif (or Abiff) was a master worker in brass who was employed on the building of Solomon's Temple. He went out of the Temple at noon, was waylaid and murdered.

<sup>2</sup> 'Once upon a time, I, Chuang Tzŭ, dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of following my fancies as a butterfly, and was unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly I awaked, there I lay, myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man. Between a man and a butterfly there is necessarily a barrier. The transition is called metempsychosis.' H. A. Giles, *Selections from the Philosophy of Chuang Tzŭ*, Quaritch, 1889.

I've had a wonderful day's painting. Touched up some pictures, lashed out at a big new White Picture, pilgrims in the mountains going to a coral and jade pagoda. Also a new oval portrait of Beauty as the 'Brown Girl'. I discovered some of the beauties of Alizarin Orange.

May Morn, 12. All right at the Sabbath;<sup>1</sup> woke very tired. The Dawn-Meditation was done 'properly'—and I feel sure that B.S.H.N[inette] has a quality tonic and beneficial, especially if Diana presides.<sup>2</sup>

Idea for a picture: wave breaking against a rock. Another—Skye hills, dark green foreground, strong sky, gorse bush.

I don't want to get away from representation so far as Matisse, still less Picasso. I don't think the victim should have to worry about what the picture is. He should simply admire the new point of view and the decoration, perhaps even the idea. (I don't mean any intellectual idea; God keep us all from Bastian-Lepage and Luke Fildes.) He doesn't get puzzled by a curved mirror; he is frankly amused by the effect.

1.30 p.m. One should not paint 'Nature' at all; one should paint the Will. Thus my Wave towers over the headland as no wave ever did; but I wish it did, so I paint it doing so. In other animals we call it protective mimicry; in man, respectability.

Puritanism is spiritual murder. Got to this through picture of the systematic extermination of all other animals, as compared to the now-and-then round-ups of the sportsman. Thus Puritans would destroy all foxes; they are the supreme enemies of Nature.

A good day painting, if not quite so violent as yesterday. The Wave, though, is splendid; I might be a great Chinese artist. I wasn't trying for that, either.

8.50 p.m. Opus VII, B.S.H.N[inette], *p.v.n.* Opus excellent though brief. Elixir exceptionally good in all ways. Object: to have K: 666: 666: B.S.H.N.<sup>3</sup>

It has occurred to me that the 'Fathers of the Church' may have been unduly discredited. They were thinking men, after all; and the very fact of their total submersion in dogma made their religion the mere form of their thoughts, turning it into a convention as silly but as negligible as the nymph and goat herd convention of Theocritus and Longinus, down to Milton and Verlaine. P.S. The painters painted their mistresses and mignons, labelling them the Madonna or Jesus or John the Baptist, with tongue far in cheek. So the Fathers wrote all sorts of jolly stuff and called it theology.

2 May, ☉, 1.50 p.m. I woke a few minutes ago in absolute horror, every

<sup>1</sup> There are many references in Crowley's writings to his attendance at the Sabbath, the assembly of witches, especially that occurring on Walpurgis Night, 30 April, at which time, it is said, all the powers of evil foregather and discuss the havoc they have wrought in the world during the past year and make plans for future forays.

<sup>2</sup> The Dawn Meditation is the greeting of the rising sun. Here, Crowley greets the waning moon (in Ninette) and finds it a rare medicine.

<sup>3</sup> The formula of a sexual working, the nature of which is obscure. K = *Kteis*, the vagina.

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nerve taut as a whip to the point of positive pain, my mind blank but almost insane with nameless apprehension. The nearest thing I can give for analogy is Poe's *Buried Alive*. Baudelaire has some similar effort to describe it—or am I thinking of Eliphaz Lévi's *étouffement* by Asmodeus?

Well, this has happened several times; and (I think) each time before I have been able to master myself and get the obvious glass of water. I have heard something fall or break, apparently in the kitchen. This is without doubt, question, suspicion or other mental wobble, the cat. I think that I became sensible of the unauthorized presence in the house of a stranger. There was also an element of *étouffement*, for I had a bad day, with varied excitements and the night is very warm—our first really warm night. One tends to get 'way under' (as Hansi says) because of snipers in the shape of mosquitoes.

But for all that, I feel as if there was something doing in the psychic line. Leah and I have both had hallucinations, e.g. last night she thought I was outside the house, in her room, in the kitchen, all within a few minutes. (I was actually in bed, but out on the astral at the Sabbath. Incidentally, she dreamt that I was preparing some magical ceremony.) I have left her and gone on talking to her, thinking that she had followed me. Then several times I have heard sharp clear raps, sometimes a cadence, sometimes single. I have also heard human footsteps, noises of people moving about, when there was no cause. (The woodwork has just creaked, and that isn't at all like a rap.)

'It's a good picture if the eyes follow you about all over the room': most criticism of painting is still at that stage. The fact is that all criticism is rubbish, from the 'degradation of objects in the second plane' to the 'incomparable *maîtrise* of the master'. A picture's like a woman; there is no canon of beauty, either she gives you an enthusiasm or she doesn't, and the special pleading of a critic is as superfluous and vain as the commendations of her wares by a procuress. At a distance, yes; but face to face, there's one simple and infallible test. Well, if I say infallible, I mean for the moment; for one has moods about women, and (why not?) for poems and pictures. It isn't always one's day for Keats. Nothing is always good for all; and it may be that nothing is always bad for all. There's hope, then, for my pictures!

Ah, general experience is that they say something, even the earliest and worst, they repel or fascinate; but nobody walks right by them. And they grow more wanton by familiarity, as the best women do.

9.30 p.m. Back from a glorious moonlight climb up the Rock, with Leah. Let me consider what painting I have done in this calendar month at this house. Oval 1. Rock and Garden (bad to ill; paint over). Oval 2. 'Beauty'—red hair and green face. Oval 3. 'Beauty'—big head (unfinished). Panel 4. Girl with dogs and geraniums and olive. Small 5. Street in Marseilles. Ditto 6. The Lion-hunt. Ditto 7. The Wave. Ditto 8. The Couloir (unfinished). Big 9. The Lesbians (abandoned). Ditto 10. The Tourists. Ditto 11. The Pagoda of Coral and Jade (unfinished). Other details, beginnings or endings. Drawings, only 3 good enough to put on the wall. But I'm getting



more particular; I've O.S.J.'ed all but five of the Fontainebleau lot, and have destroyed several of the new ones.

3 May, ☽. I don't want to learn the technical tricks of drawing, the dodges of getting a head or a hand 'right' by putting it into a square, and so on; I want to acquire the absolute faculty of indicating my Will (as to the hand or head) by the direct perception of my model and reproduction of the lines as I see them.

Painted a small panel, 'Leda and the Swan', with snow mountains *à la Chinoise*. The lines are too horizontal; the composition needs a statue one side of her, and some smaller object on the other.

Why do the Tarot Cards give the Knight as the father, the King as the son? It is an echo of the legend of the Wandering Knight who wins the Queen, and whose son becomes a King. This, in turn, relates to the customs of matriarchy. (See Fraser and my story, 'The Hearth'.)<sup>1</sup>

But why should this custom have arisen? Why the exogamy? Possibly to prevent contest between the young men of the tribe (bucks of the herd) by ruling them out.

This Wanderer or Goer is naturally represented as carried by a steed—or a boat, or a swan. Hence possibly the Palm Sunday episode of Christ on an ass, derived from Dionysus, Wanderer from the East. And I think Dionysus is a veil of the All-Father Juppiter not only because he is his son, but because he is Diphues<sup>2</sup> as Zeus is Arrhenothelus.<sup>3</sup> It is very important, both archaeologically and magically to recognize that the 'King' is not the spouse but the son of the Queen. She is impregnated by the Knave, that is, by a stranger, that is, by Zeus or the Holy Ghost. People have mixed this up; they do not understand, e.g. that Jesus can only ride when he is about to become a Ghost. This reflection opens up countless fascinating theories. For instance, the slaughter of the 'King' makes a ghost of him, i.e. raises him in rank to 'Knave' who can wander about and impregnate 'Queens'.

4 May, ♂. Assuming, as we have every right to do, from observation of their characters and manners, that people are poached eggs, we cannot complain of their being illogical if they want toast to sit on. This is the key to the solution of the housing problem.

The last night's entry. This Wanderer is usually a Troubador or Fool, and he does not stay with the Queen; he impregnates her and goes on his way rejoicing. This is symbolic of how Gods come to planets, confer blessings, and disappear—as I may one day do. It is surely an error to hang around after the women; there are others who need babies. Clearly, if a Magus win to Ipsissimus, he is 'Himself again'<sup>4</sup> as the comedy phrase means. Why should I continue to live? Only because of my Oath to preach my Law.

<sup>1</sup> Published in *The International*, New York, November 1917.

<sup>2</sup> Double-natured.

<sup>3</sup> Male-female.

<sup>4</sup> Crowley at this time was a Magus  $9^\circ = 2^\square$  (*Chokmah* on the Tree of Life); he was not yet an Ipsissimus  $10^\circ = 1^\square$  (*Kether*). Ipsissimus, 'his own very self'.

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I find my thoughts confused: 'Let me dig down to that Will!' So then analysis is all right, so long as there is Buried Treasure.

11.25 a.m. Opus VIII, 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* with Ethel. Object: New picture, wave style, only bigger and better. Opus, Very good, especially for mental concentration. Elixir, Excellent.

How profound is Ovid's title *Metamorphoses* and how rightly he includes the 'creation' of the world. Creation and destruction are words meaningless in chemistry, where all equations balance.

5 May, 8. Remarks on Opus VIII, *supra*. I had not properly fixed the Will,<sup>1</sup> trusting to Ethel for enlightenment. The Operation carried me away from my original idea of a new picture, to aid in the conception of which I had taken Ethel. 31-666-31<sup>2</sup> was an afterthought, caused by Ethel, no doubt. This then set up a contrary current, as I got very exalted. But at the end, I rejected this secondary will and concentrated on the idea of a picture. The result was that my ideas were perfectly stupid, and I was utterly bored. It follows that one should absolutely discover the true subconscious Will (of the detail of Work for the time being) before starting: the Operation will then help that Will to manifest in form.

3.30 p.m. Opus IX, B.S.H.N., *p.v.n.* with Ethel. Object: Invocation ΠΑΝ. Opus, Very good. Elixir, A1.

I note that there is a slight local shudder on withdrawing X from Y. This is recognized as 'part of the pleasure', though in analysis it probably means all sorts of squeezings etc., in fact, 'death' to certain cells. So also we regard death as terrible because we have an analytical scale; synthetically, it is a slight incident lending piquancy to one's adventure as one withdraws from the plunge into the faecal reservoir of 'conscious being'.

Gerald Kelly<sup>3</sup> (Artist, on the authority of the Telephone Book) says, apropos of my Art, that people who don't know how to draw or paint can always do amusing things. But what worries me is that people who do know how to draw and paint, or so they tell us, can't do amusing things.

6 May, 24. I will start the Cefalu publications as soon as I can—'The Headland Press'.<sup>4</sup> I think I'll begin by Illuminated MSS in issues of ten, each at 10 guineas. Then lithographs of 25 each. Put aside the cash to buy a hand press.

Went for a big walk, three and three quarter hours up the Via Gibilmanna and across by the big hill—clouds—air like Snowdon, only better.

Is 'Beauty' to be any use in producing magical phenomena of the order commonly called 'psychic', and if so, what? Hexagram XXXIII. (Message came to me—part of the answer is got by building it up from the bottom,

<sup>1</sup> He had not determined what the object of the operation was to be and had left it to Ethel (ether) to tell him.

<sup>2</sup> The opus with 31-666-31 (Alostrael) was not his original intention.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Gerald Kelly, Crowley's brother-in-law, President of the Royal Academy, one of the outstanding portrait painters of the time. He died, aged 92, in January 1972. For an account of his relationship with Crowley, see *The Great Beast*, 1971.

<sup>4</sup> The Headland Press was not started.

i.e. hexagram XXXIV.) 1. She is shy—don't force things. 2. She ought to try and get something. 3. She should make friends with the 'spirits'. 4. She should make up her mind to try and get something. 5, 6. She ought to be successful.

'Retiring' obviously means to heaven as indicated by the elements of the hexagram. The second hexagram refers to the Ram. This is advice to me not to butt in too hard—use my strength with skill. (Symbol inverted.) The first symbol might mean table-turning or levitation, the second telekinesis.

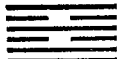
Does Beauty need any preliminary training? If so, what? Hexagram XII. She must abstain from sexual intercourse of any kind involving coition completed with a man. The question is—does this include other practices?

7 May, ♀. The Building up of a Phrase. I thought for some reason of someone who 'is always speaking in the indicative or the imperative'. I immediately thought of this as criticism of literary style and said to myself: 'Ah! that's my mistake. I use the subjunctive too much.' I thought of this as implying weakness of moral character. Then I thought of using it to criticize a tinned politician by saying, 'He uses the subjunctive too much!' This illustrates the actual process by which a phrase is invented.

9.15 p.m. Opus X, 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Opus excellent. Elixir A1 or better! Object: Invocation IIAN.

Woke up splendidly and wrote on the a beauty of Cefalu.

Gazing on the Shew-Stone,<sup>1</sup> its lights and shadows suddenly revealed the jewel-face of a woman. I recognized her as a black woman. I will ask Pan to show her again tomorrow night more clearly.

8 May, ♀. I want an idea for a new picture. I will ask the Yi to suggest one. . A wonderful answer! Truly! Every line has an exciting picture, ending with the 'pig carrying on its back a load of mud' and 'the carriage full of ghosts'. Very well, but I absolutely do not want my picture with 'subjects'; I want pure symphonies of colour. The natural objects are to be mere excuses for the juxtaposition.

Later. I have started a picture of a big Buddha-Rupa<sup>2</sup> on a red rock with a great tree in the foreground and mountains behind. It's nice but not at all what I wanted.

Children should not be taught. They should be put in a position where they have to learn. A child always tries to save itself trouble by asking its mother questions and the only legitimate question which should be answered is 'What is the name of a thing?' This is allowable because it is arbitrary. To any other question, the answer should be 'Find out'. The child is thus obliged to use its own mind only on those subjects which interest it or are actualities with which it is compelled to deal. To answer the questions of children is to debauch their minds, to make them subservient,

<sup>1</sup> John Dee's term for the crystal in which he saw angels. Crowley used a topaz, set in a wooden cross.

<sup>2</sup> Buddha-image, i.e. any form of the Buddha.

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echoes of others. This is not the same as keeping a child ignorant and children should be shown how to find out things for themselves. In other words, they can be taught method as is done with scientific students who do not have to learn things by rote but are made to verify for themselves, even the most elementary statements. There is no reason why this process should not be begun *aborigine*. If you answer a child's question, its mind is set at ease and that encourages it to be lazy, servile and credulous.

It is notorious for example that geography means nothing to people, even adults, unless they travel.

9 May, ☉. Went to scramble on the rock with Leah—very hot—after lunch, slept a long while. Dreamt that Leah and I were at the Café de la Paix. I forget what we had eaten but the maître d'hôtel was disappointed because he had specially ordered on our account the materials for making two or three dishes, one of which was some preparation of fish, the other called 'Flames of the Forest'. I kept on looking at a corner shelf in the room on which was fruit, including some black grapes so big that I was not sure whether they were plums. There was also, I think, one plum. As we went out we stopped by this shelf—there was a very beautiful melon and just one bunch of these black grapes. I took about half this bunch and ate them, giving Leah one of them to eat. Going downstairs, we found a placard in the Grill Room, 'Pelican's Milk, Ass's Milk'. This seems to have started me rationalizing whether the ass should not be the symbol of a certain high degree of initiation, as the pelican<sup>1</sup> is of another not so high and I wandered off into all sorts of reflections about the sacred ass of Priapus or Dionysus or Jesus—which succeeded in waking me.

I think the melon may refer to Ninette's hair and the plum and grape business be a memory of Helen Hollis,<sup>2</sup> of whom we have been talking, or it may refer to Leah's hair. I cannot find the source of the idea 'Pelican's Milk' which is very strange and beautiful, almost suggesting some mysterious phrase of initiates, as when Swinburne calls poppy pods, grapes of Proserpine, or as the alchemists spoke of the power of succession.

7.40 p.m. Opus XI. Ninon, *p.v.n.* Opus, A1. Elixir, A1. Object: Invocation IIAN.

These invocations of the Gods seem very fruitful. There's a lot of Jesus force here: why not use the IX° to invoke Jesus? Isn't it a somewhat pedantic and priggish attitude to invoke all the forces but 'Jesus'? It makes him a sort of 'devil', and so liable to attract all the good peoples. In fact, he originally was that 'devil' whose worshippers were burnt alive and thrown to beasts and so on. Then that would be why he attracted the people who were bored with highly respectable gods like Priapus and Venus. This should be fine material for a play.

<sup>1</sup> The pelican who nourishes its young with its own blood is an allegory of Christ, or the Redeemer.

<sup>2</sup> A mistress of Crowley, to whom he gave the name of 'the Snake'. She was one of the officers connected with his attainment of the Grade of Magus during 1915. See chapters 81-2 of *The Confessions*.

10 May, ☽. I am thinking of going to Palermo, perhaps Tunis, to write that play. I think of a dissolute Roman, seeking fresh excess of 'mind and blood'; of a philosopher, bored with the rationalism and respectability of other cults, but ending 'of course they'll make Jesus respectable in ten years, so what's the good?' and so on.

But I certainly can't write the play in this harem. Shall I go to the city to do it? : a very emphatic 'yes'. Shall I find my Yoni or my

Lingam?<sup>1</sup> : yes. Must I go beyond Palermo? Moon of Air. No: there's a place there. Perhaps the 4th place is the right one.<sup>2</sup> Give a symbol for writing my play. Lingam of Air equals Creation of Matter: Big Air, retiring. (Evidently equals dispersion etc.) Give a symbol for the degree of my success. Water of Kteis<sup>3</sup> . Collection. This is good. (Refers to the numerous odd things I wrote.) Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

9.45 p.m. *Opus* XII, Ninette, *p.v.n. Opus*, Extra. Elixir, A1. Object: write my play. Mental concentration lost, either very bad or very good. It was connected in my mind with the idea of BLA 13 CK.<sup>4</sup>

11 May, ☿. Went to two places. The first an old well,<sup>5</sup> all right; the second, I think, had leaks for shrimps.<sup>6</sup> But what do I care? This afternoon it snowed and snowed and snowed.<sup>7</sup> I don't remember such a heavy fall since I first went climbing. I may be able to write that play after all.

Later. Well, I wrote a poem—'Happy Dust!'<sup>8</sup> Further, about these 'places'. Shall I take houses or inmates?<sup>9</sup> I think the latter, perhaps. It suits

<sup>1</sup> The reference is not to the trigrams of the *Yi King* but simply to male or female magical partners.

<sup>2</sup> The fourth line of Hexagram XLVIII is described as showing a well, the lining of which is well laid.

<sup>3</sup> Crowley calls the feminine trigram, the Yin, by the name of *Kteis*. The word *kteis* is not used by Legge.

<sup>4</sup> Capricorn, the sign of the goat. The colour of Capricorn is black.

Crowley, dissatisfied by the two magical assistants at the Abbey, went seeking further magical partners in Palermo. 'Black' probably refers to a man. Cf. the 'Black King' Walter of the American period. The Beast wanted an XI<sup>o</sup> Operation with a male partner. It seems that he called at two brothels in Palermo but performed no *Opus* with either 'Pietrina' or anyone else.

<sup>5</sup> 'The first line divided, shows a well so muddy that men will not drink of it' (Legge). Crowley found this 'well', i.e. the woman in the Palermo brothel, all right, but he does not seem to have drunk from it.

<sup>6</sup> 'The second line, undivided, shows a well from which by a hole the water escapes and flows away to the shrimps' (Legge): Crowley's metaphor for woman no. 2 (in this brothel) whom he passed over.

<sup>7</sup> He continuously sniffed cocaine.

<sup>8</sup> Published in *Temperance, A Tract For The Times*, by Aleister Crowley, 1939. Privately issued by the O.T.O.

<sup>9</sup> i.e. shall I buy the house or the girl? He was still thinking of acquiring a house in Palermo.

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better, Pietrina or whatever her name is being more 'not well laid'<sup>1</sup> than 'leaky for shrimps' which was very true of No. 2 in the first house. No—I don't think one can treat the *Yi* so lightly; it seems to agree to Black all right, and to affirm a place in Palermo. (But see P.S. remarks, hatched, in loco.)

12 May, ♀. I have just made adoration to Kephra,<sup>2</sup> the Beetle, that bringeth the Sun through midnight. It has been a long delightful evening, the first that I have spent really alone for a long, long time. And poetry—not my damned play—comes raving out of me. Three poems, two of them fairly long, tumbling over each other to get out. Of course, I find my thought terribly profound. The Riddle of the Universe seems to have got me by the short hair. I have gone the whole way round, Being and Not-Being and Becoming, and Naught, and All, and One, and identified every thing with every thing else, wiping out Stars and Gods with the wet Sponge of Meditation, and all the solutions turn out to be no solution. It is cold comfort to have proved  $X = Y = Z = \text{Zero}$ , when 0 is such an elusive value. All is illusion, and all is Reality. Even a phantom thought containing a contradiction in terms is as real and eternal as the Sun, or the Pleroma.<sup>3</sup> A is not-A, and B, and not-B, to infinity; and it all cancels out; good! But what next? Each step in my Path has been a progress, an illumination—neglecting the constraint and darkness of the Pylons; but the Path is a circle, and I am come to where I was at my first initiation—nay, at my first birth.<sup>4</sup> I am come to a complete simplicity, an absolute peace, a freedom born of the dissolution of my bonds by non-attachment, a contentment in doing my Will without lust of result, 'unassuaged of'<sup>5</sup> (i.e. not limited by or to be satisfied by) 'purpose' and so it seems that my Will is 'every way perfect'. My shaving-stick, my ink, my watch, my kohl, my book of poems, the telegram from my beloved Alostrael, a pencil, the mirror of this dressing-table where I am writing, knife, matches, pipe and pouch, all these trifles that chance to, and that must, be in front of the body through which I am looking, are just as important to themselves and to the Universe as all the Stars in this Sicilian heaven. I acquiesce in this unexplained perfection. I accept things as they are, or seem to be, no matter which.

The Mystery of Sorrow<sup>6</sup> was consoled long ago when it went out for a

<sup>1</sup> i.e. a virgin or little-used woman.

<sup>2</sup> The midnight sun.

<sup>3</sup> In Gnosticism, the totality of the divine powers and emanations.

<sup>4</sup> His first initiation was into the Golden Dawn in 1898 when he took the motto *Perdurabo*; his 'first birth' was his physical birth at Leamington, Warwickshire, in 1875.

<sup>5</sup> 'For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect.' *The Book of the Law*, I, 44.

<sup>6</sup> Crowley is using these expressions in a double sense. Firstly, the Mysteries of Sorrow, Change and Selflessness, the ground of Buddhist philosophy, are experienced by every man; secondly, these terms refer to the initiations of the three Grades above the Abyss, viz. the Master of the Temple, Magus, Ipsissimus, respectively.

drink with the Universal Joke. The Mystery of Change amounted to Nothing, exactly as in a chemical equation. And the Mystery of Selflessness? Here I am not yet clear. There is Self<sup>1</sup> everywhere, in each part as in the Whole; but it is not Separate Self. (I had glimpses of all this years ago, parrot-memories may be, from past incarnations); but now it is all clearly conceived and proven and experienced.) Clearly this Self is also not-Self, for Self, as a word, implies 'spacemarks'. The conception of a Self which is not equally not-Self causes all the illusion of duality. The Upanishads<sup>2</sup> hint something of this, if I recall the passage aright: Brahman, becoming conscious of Self, creates of necessity a not-Self which is Maya. It is always possible to write Unity as  $\frac{1}{2}$  plus  $\frac{1}{2}$ , or as any similar equation. But Unity is impossible anyhow without a 'Minus Unity' to balance it. We need not bother to write 0°, as in Berashith<sup>3</sup> I once did. Zero is itself always expressible as One minus One, which is really Two, as it involves two dimensions or two ideas, one positive, the other negative. We then come back to a better comprehension of the Chinese plan of the Universe. The Tao has (somehow) the Virtue or Property, Teh (Matter including Motion, and neither possible without the other). Teh, manifested, formulates itself as Yang and Yin; whence the eight Trigrams and so on. It is necessary for us to realize that the Tao has not in any way been affected by this process, and that any element (or complex) in the Great Equation is equal to the Sum of all the rest. We learn to 'love' the not-Self as a whole—and each part of it, as being equal and one with the whole—and when we consummate this marriage, the equation vanishes, and—Tao! We need not even be anxious, or will, to do this, for 'not-Love' is the necessary complement of 'Love', as much a part of the Equation as anything else. To emphasize positive and negative by labelling things 'good' and 'bad' is of course to depart further from the Tao; but such an act is neither good nor bad, for its opposite had arisen with it, and the Tao is not affected at all. In fact, one cannot 'depart further' from a thing which is everywhere. Nothing then matters, as indeed we knew before; but it is obviously right, natural, and easy for the blind being that does not comprehend all this to follow the line of least resistance, which is to do its Will. A Star astray from its orbit interferes with other Stars; and its return to its true Will smoothes matters for them. In fact, one cancels out some of the jaggedness of the Equation. Yet as the sum of Jaggedness is constant, this smoothing-out creates an opposite somewhere. My appreciation of Tao causes some other part of Teh to bud as Yang and Yin. Nothing of all this matters, or can be otherwise than it is.

A Chinese poet reproaches Laotze for saying that those who know Tao speak not thereof, seeing that he proved his own ignorance by writing his five thousand characters about it. But Laotze could not have done otherwise, no more than could his critic; and the reactions were instantly equilibrated, and the Tao goes on smiling—and none of it all matters.

<sup>1</sup> The Brahman or Cosmic Self as opposed to the individual self or Jiva.

<sup>2</sup> The revealed scriptures of the Hindus, of which the Vedanta is the flower.

<sup>3</sup> The first word of Genesis, meaning 'In the beginning'. It is the title of one of Crowley's essays. See *The Works of Aleister Crowley*, volume 1, 1905.

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Here we arrive once more at the balance of Fate and Free Will; for one's limits may be infinitely distant, and yet nothing is moved.

Motion in, or as the virtue of, infinite Matter can only be internal; and now we have understood Motion as of the essence of Matter. Rest implies Annihilation (the old thesis in a new, and I trust, more transparent, dress). But the sum total is infinite, indestructible? Yes, but that is Naught; that is Tao. Bring one end of the see-saw to earth, the other rises? Certainly, I have done nothing by appreciating Tao! That is where my Action is perfectly non-Action. Is any one perfect in non-Action? He has appreciated Tao; he has performed my Action. Have I been turned to dung and dust? In them is also Tao, as much Tao there as in its Simplicity. Is Tao less simple, divided against itself, in that state than in this? Nothing has happened in all these happenings; nothing can happen. Nothing is All, however we may strive to start a Something; and Everything is Something, however we reduce its sum to complexities of Nothing.

Such is the Riddle of the Sphinx, whose smiling silence answered her own self-questioning, that died at birth. Am I, by the tone of that allusion, still praising Silence, hushing Word? Am I still in love with a smile? Must I phrase the Universe as a symphony of joy? In all my equilibrations and cancellations, am I still left with a surplus of Beatitude? Then, if so, that surplus must be balanced by Sorrow without me, in the non-Self; and therefore do I utter my Word, Thelema, which is also Agapé, in my love for that non-Self whom I wed, that all may come to naught. Why do I thus, seeing that all is in vain, that no result is possible? But I do my Will without lust of result, because (if I unchain for a moment the damned dog 'Because') it is my Will, my path of least resistance. But are not all paths the same, since every motion is equilibrated elsewhere? Certainly; nothing matters. But why go? Or why stay? Such questions will drive me back into my smiling silence. It must be that as they are asked, there is a balance, and I am thou that askest, and there also is Tao.

And I love my little Poupée, and I'm glad I wired to Naples to get Allenbury<sup>1</sup> for her, and half-past two, even a Daylight Saving half-past two, is near my bedtime, and I've done a good day's work, and nothing matters.

(Later, after writing a 'Cradle Song' to my soul.)

The Absolute is 'not without quantity or quality' since it must needs contain Virtue (Energy, Teh). Shiva is so defined—but where does Bhavani<sup>2</sup> arise? She is his Virtue. I think we may say: There is Matter-Motion, which we call the Absolute or Tao when we consider it as a whole. For it is then unmanifested, its sum being Zero. Matter may be considered as a complex of positive and negative charges of electricity (to name the force crudely) and these charges can never be cancelled for they never truly began. At least, we must assume that the Absolute creates them afresh if they do cancel. One might consider the phenomenon as occurring in successive

<sup>1</sup> Allenbury's gripe water.

<sup>2</sup> *Bhavani*, the *Shakti* or Power aspect of Shiva.



phases, the Hindu Manvantara and Pralaya;<sup>1</sup> but it is surely simpler to conceive of a single uniform state, beyond the ideas of Space and Time, and Absolute or Relative according to one's point of view. In fact, the antithesis Absolute-Relative becomes meaningless; anything soever simple is the Absolute. This is rather like the Hindu idea of Atman<sup>2</sup>—if they could only have stayed there, and not discriminated with Buddhi.<sup>3</sup> Buddhi is the falsehood which separates Atman and Manas.<sup>4</sup> This argument seems to expose this fallacy, and make me Paramahansa,<sup>5</sup> with Moksha<sup>6</sup> in my pocket! But, on the other hand, Buddhi is the Truth, as soon as one perceives that its discrimination is false; for it asserts the dual phase which is the necessary property or virtue of Zero.

Morning. A dying man reminds me of a clown jumping through a hoop.

Evening. It has been a soulless day after yest're'ens revel of work. I'm in a mood to be mildly (very mildly) drunk, and wallow in candied fruit and a detective story.

13 May, 24. I woke very early from a dream in which I married (according to some formula which they alleged to be mine own—'twas a poor thing!) some deformed and imbecile creature. Her fingers were distorted in a strange zig-zag, and the ring was twisted to fit. I had to be persuaded to say the words, and violently protested that the whole thing was only a rehearsal, immediately afterwards.

My waking was very vigorous; I felt tremendously restored, and began to surmise this 'wife' to be a fay. But now—9.50 a.m. after a long sleep, I am as bored with Palermo as ever.

I bolted to my hole—or rather holes—in Cefalu; writing yet another poem.

In my weariness, I forgot to write down some thoughts of one of these Palermo-meditations: viz. that it is extremely important to conquer the illusion of Space. Time does not disturb or frighten, and is got rid of very easily—one's first Dhyana<sup>7</sup> sends the old boy to the ropes, and Samadhi has him K.O. But the idea of limits is insistent with Space; even when one has the 'Infinite Whole' as one assumes, a kind of agoraphobia seems to go with it. The Star-Sponge is a relief from this; but—here's the point, perhaps!—directly one begins to travel about in it, one is appalled by its 'endlessness,' or its 'nothingness beyond' as fancy chances to imagine in her fond fear. That, then, is the 'hurt' that cures of 'Space-marks,' in an ultimate sense; travelling is the symptom of the illusion. Of course, the star-sponge itself is

<sup>1</sup> *Manvantara*, a vast cycle of time; *Pralaya*, the Cosmic Sleep in which the objective universe resolves itself into nothingness.

<sup>2</sup> The true Self as opposed to the ego or consciousness of the individual.

<sup>3</sup> The discriminating faculty.

<sup>4</sup> Mind.

<sup>5</sup> In the Hindu system, a Paramahansa is the highest grade of spiritual enlightenment; it corresponds to the Ipsissimus grade of Western tradition. Crowley describes himself as Paramahansa in his *Eight Lectures on Yoga*, 1939.

<sup>6</sup> Liberation.

<sup>7</sup> Deep meditation.

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only a mirage, at least one's intellectual representation of it even to oneself, is so; for one makes distinction between ganglia as to size and position. This is transcended in the experience proper, where position itself is denied, and so points cannot exist—in 'the continuity of Nuit'. Point is destroyed, the space-conception follows it. One must repeat this again and again until the positive power to think without the space-condition becomes free from effort, and its effects, familiar enough to be forgotten. From such a vantage one is able to attack unconditional Ideas—especially if one is not disturbed by a letter from Jane Wolfe to the effect that she is really coming, at the time appointed, more or less. I had always hoped to get out of it at the last minute; in fact, it has had no substance, despite the fat forty and fucksome sister.

14 May, ♀. Above observations were written Saturday morning, 15 May, on waking. I was tired all day, and felt worthless. Then I galvanized myself with duty, and dictated for thirteen hours without a moment's rest or food. Leah stuck it splendidly.


15 May, ♀. Before sleeping, about 6.00 a.m. Opus XIII, 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Object: Invocation IIAN. Operation, admirable but very strangely so. Elixir also peculiar; quite original. I attribute these phenomena to the time of the Opus—the long previous fatigue and fasting and the means used to prevent these being observed.

21 June. I could only meet Jane on the moment by going to Marseilles and I may ask the Yi whether this should be a meeting of time or of place, since I am in Browning's case about Solstice, Bou-Saada, and the loved one refusing to coincide. Tunis, again, is south-west from here, and it's not so tiring to reach.

I think the date and direction both indicate Tunis rather than Bou-Saada.

Give a symbol for Tunis as the meeting-place with Jane Wolfe. Hexagram XLI, Earth of Water, 'Diminution'. i.e. I save myself a lot of trouble. Note direction allusion to journey and its object in line one. Also line three! And line four shows her getting help from me. Lines five and six are of splendid augury.

I therefore decide to go to Tunis by the boat of Tuesday, June 22. (She used sticks with the object of finding her Name.) Give a particular symbol

for the True Will or Way of the Star of Ninette. , Moon of Water.

Joints of bamboo, or of body; hence landmarks in the year. Sure enough this is what she most needs, moral character. She has no fixity, even fears and shuns the idea. She is incapable of distinguishing lofty moral principles from their basest caricatures.

I note that the 'crude fatalism of Islam', as Christians call it, at least abolishes fear and regret, and if firmly held as clearly understood, should give non-attachment more surely than no matter how many recitations of the Fatihah. KISMET!

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I have just discovered that Dumas wrote cynical tragedy. The musketeers, with every virtue and every talent, did literally nothing with their lives.

16, 17, 18 May. I have been feeling stupid, more so than usual. A long walk with Leah on Monday, and the touching up of pictures, is all I have to record till today, when I started a Blue Grotto.

10.00 p.m. *circa*. Opus XIV, 31-666-31. *El. Rub.* Object: Kismet. Operation, mediocre. Elixir retained in cucurbit.

19 May, ♀. I have been thinking over the question of the routine of the Abbey, both as to daily life and as to disciples. I want a minimum of things which disturb, and at the same time enough to breed Order.

Daily Life: 1. Alostrael to proclaim the Law on waking. 2. Adoration of Ra. 3. Grace before breakfast at 7.00 a.m. 4. ditto dinner, noon. 5. Adoration of Ra.<sup>1</sup> 6 and 7. ditto supper at 6.00 p.m. 8. Ritual Work.

For newcomers: First week, 1, three days' hospitality. 2. One day's silence. 3. Three days' instruction. 4. The Magical Oath, followed by four weeks' silence and work. Sixth week, 5, one-day's instruction. 6. Six days' Vision. Seventh and ninth weeks, 7. three weeks' silence and work. Tenth week, 8, one week's instruction and repose. Eleventh and thirteenth weeks, 9, as 7.

This makes one Quarter. At the end, the survivor revises the whole period, and takes new counsel and Oath accordingly; but no routine can be appointed for this further period; all will depend on what seems advisable.

Saw Diana renewed tonight, the loveliest slim maiden, rich pale gold in a sea of blue shaded into pink, green, orange, and violet, with clouds of every delicate tone of purple and grey, in every form from solid banks to films of mist.

Her disappearance in the Hell below Amenti,<sup>2</sup> where I suspect her of conjunction with Tum,<sup>3</sup> has been the signal for me to renew activity. Made a volcano panel. I wrote *The Moralists*.<sup>4</sup>

20 May, ♀. Touching up two gold pictures; nothing new. Deliciously lazy all day. Noted that when a thing rocks to and fro, ending in rest, the vibrations grow lighter and quicker. This is the way one works a mantra, and I suggest that the analogy is a true one.

Noted that a good anagram of 'stenographer' is 'ten hogs rape her'. But it isn't. Moral: don't try these things carelessly.

21 May, ♀. Still tinkering with odd jobs; no true Current. I feel sleepy and unenthusiastic most of the time; a very discouraging letter from Radclyffe<sup>5</sup> has not helped matters. And Mrs Van Brunt has sent me a

<sup>1</sup> The rising sun is Ra. The Thelemites greeted the sun at sunrise, noon, sunset and midnight. At each station the sun god has a different name.

<sup>2</sup> The place of the dead in the Egyptian cosmography.

<sup>3</sup> The declining sun which goes down into Amenti.

<sup>4</sup> This essay is not extant.

<sup>5</sup> See note 4, page 87.

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circular of the characteristic backbiting type one has learnt to expect from Theosophists. They are narrower, pettier, less spiritual than Baptists.

I am getting some sort of order in the Abbey, with a mild dose of ritual work. The atmosphere is becoming very strong and peaceful; I am about the weakest spot in the Agapemone!<sup>1</sup>

11.15 p.m. Opus XV, B.S.H.N[inette]. Operation Bad, due to Snow.<sup>2</sup> Elixir, Mediocre. Object: Thanks to, and invocation of, Aphrodite.

I had been speaking of Her in an explanation of Magick and wished to write a hymn. Also, I had been thinking of my good luck in love, on which I feel I owe something, even if in other ways I have lacked grace of the Gods—But no! I'll never admit lack! They have given me all in abundance.

22 May, ♀. 3.30 a.m. Wrote the Hymn to Astarte<sup>3</sup> and another poem.

The Dawn Meditation. It is no good getting the 'conclusions' of an Adept. Especially as all is true and false. There are no 'secrets'. What counts is the actual process of 'going' and this fact connects with the dynamic conception of the Universe.

10.30 p.m. Alostrael has quite a bad go of fever; remarks quite delirious, vomiting, diarrhoea.

It's been a very lazy day for me; read Conrad's *Victory* again: a great book, but the Schönbergs, Lena Wang and Davidson are the only reasonably credible people.

Last night I heard a lot of our poltergeist. He makes a wonderful variety of queer noises.

23 May, ☉. Alostrael seems quite bad; I'm beginning to think of dysentery.

Notes on the use of Cocaine. It seems quite pointless to take it unless one is already excited about something, when its anaesthetic action prevents fatigue from checking the cause of the excitement. Any direct action it may have wears off very quickly; and though like a criminal idiot I have no measured and recorded doses, I am pretty sure that I have increased them in all ways, viz. size of dose, frequency of repetition, and so total amount used in any one experiment.

Further, as to fatigue, I found the other night that the fatigue was merely masked to my consciousness; Leah told me that my sentences came very slowly, with long pauses. True, I was tired out when I began, and thirteen hours dictation without rest or food is a strain. But she said I was slow from the start. The moral is that if the drug is any use at all, which I am willing to hear argued, it should only be taken when already 'going strong'. I feel sure that the action is strictly anaesthetic, not tonic, stimulant, or narcotic.

I took a good deal, probably over a gramme, on Friday; a very small 'hair of the dog' yesterday; and today have been keeping at it pretty steadily, while drinking Marsala, nearly a whole bottle, since about 2.00 p.m. It's

<sup>1</sup> Abode of love.

<sup>2</sup> Cocaine.

<sup>3</sup> Published in *Temperance, A Tract for the Times* by Aleister Crowley, 1939.

now 6.15 p.m. I've had about a gramme and I feel nothing but a sort of nervousness. I will go on. This is rather against my inclination, for I have a sort of despair as to its usefulness, and a trace perhaps of fear. On the other hand, there is a sort of dull physical hunger for more. That I have noticed before, it is a hunger which seems completely satisfied by a definite dose.

There is also the question whether the drug does not destroy almost at once the capital in the brain or nerves which makes its original effect so marvellous; if that was so, it would be indeed a terrible poison. Suppose, for example, there were originally  $n$  grains of a substance  $C_xH_yO_zN_p$  in the brain, which had not the faculty of repairing its losses, and that that substance combined with Cocaine specifically to produce the great energy observed. Obviously, to use the drug even once would be a sort of suicide, partial at least. Against this theory, fortunately, there are cases of people using the drug moderately all their lives, without acquiring the habit, or apparently suffering in any way. I suppose personal idiosyncrasy counts for much here as in the case of other drugs.

I feel no conscious tendency to form a habit with Cocaine, far from it! I'm not even weak enough to wish I'd never heard of the beastly stuff. But I feel rationally the possibility of a physical craving beginning to assert itself.

Let me ask philosophically: what is a 'craving'? It is quite different from a desire, which is active. It is a feeling of want. Now, there is no difference between normal craving such as hunger and thirst, and abnormal cravings, save this, that the economy which demands the satisfaction of a want is in the one case possessed of a long evolutionary history, and self-sufficient in a 'natural' curve of growth, reproduction, and so on, while in the other this economy is an artificial thing. The 'drug fiend' is the result of an attempt of men to progress on lines which have not been prepared by centuries of variation and selection. I cannot doubt that he is momentarily at least an advance on the normal man; and I think he does it, as a magician would say, by 'invoking one of his "spirits"'. He concentrates upon, and calls forth, certain sections of his brain, while he quiets the rest. Now I think that morphine and cannabis directly excite certain points, leaving others placid and normal, though perhaps exhausting them to feed his flame. But cocaine merely lulls any part of the mind not in use. I note that now I have got interested in writing these remarks, all my nervousness has left me. I am the 'super-normal being' who writes poetry etc. Cocaine, then, permits a merely normal use of the desired part of the body (for, 'poetry' is normal to me) by anaesthetizing those other points which would otherwise complain of pain or starvation. My original idea (in New Orleans) of exciting the mind by morphine and then steadying it by cocaine was quite scientific. My present trouble is that the old stimuli, ambition, desire of fame, pity for humanity, and so on, have almost ceased to move me, owing principally to society's neglect of me and my own increasing contempt for it. One asks oneself why Swift wrote of the Yahoos; did he hope to hurt them? It seems stupid, somehow.

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As Tom Taylor<sup>1</sup> wrote, the modern attempt to enlighten the vulgar by 'education' has merely disturbed the order of Nature, and, as he foresaw, ended in anarchy. Some really educated people are still trying desperately to fool the people, who are rapidly learning all the tricks; but I think the best and wisest will leave the world as I have done. I cannot confute a socialist who knows political economy so much better than I do; and I can't persuade him that he is like an insane person with one bit of his mind clear and logical indeed, but developed out of all proportion.

Of old, the generality of men desired only things of which there were enough for all, such as wives, children, food, flowers, music, and various pleasures. Today, the Press has insanely tried to make all men desire things which demand the slavery of other men for their enjoyment, and so are in their very nature inaccessible to all. The Press has done this in order to make men work harder to get money, of course in vain, since money becomes valueless as soon as it is more or less evenly divided. For this phantom men have given up their true wealth, which was attainable by wholesome and moderate labour, health, happiness, and the incalculable spiritual treasures which Burns at his plough, and Boehme at his last, could not only share with the Westminsters and the Rothschilds, but create for the endowment of mankind at no material cost or waste soever.

Society has had bad masters, who, wishing to increase their material wealth and luxury, tried every means to force men to slave for them, instead of being independent units. Also, profoundly conscious of the contempt in which they and their riches were held by poets and artists, mystics, scholars, and even by the merely well-born, they used the power of their money to destroy the esteem in which men held wit, art, breeding, and so forth. They did this even at the cost of diminishing their own true happiness, for of old the rich gained much from the service of genius. They have only endured one type of 'superior man', for their envy has made them wish to destroy poets and scholars and so forth altogether; that man is the man of applied science. Him they still tolerate, even encourage, as his work aids them directly to pile up still more money. They have cut their own throats in more ways than one. Firstly, they, and especially their families, have become bored with life. They want new worlds to conquer, yet they have cut themselves off from the worlds infinite in scope, where conquest is an endless and increasing joy. Extravagance itself cannot tell them how to spend their money to their own advantage or that of others, for they have exiled just those brains that could have helped them.

Again, by making the goal of ambition a thing so obvious and vulgar that the basest can apprehend and pursue it, they have created a competition against themselves of just those people who, incapable of higher pursuits, will rush blindly upon them, armed with their own grossness, avarice, and envy, and outnumbering them by thousands to one. This danger they have recognized too late; to meet it, they have made oppressive laws, multiplied

<sup>1</sup> Tom Taylor (1817-80), dramatist, Professor of English, University College, London, Editor of *Punch* (1874-80). His best known play is *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, 1863.

taxes, created a Praetorian Guard of police, and at last plunged the world into war. It was a logical but a fatal folly. They made men soldiers to bring them under laws yet more rigorous than before, and to kill as many competitors in the race for wealth as possible. But some survived, and these men, trained to arms, aware of the power of discipline and organization and become contemptuous of death, demanded their share of the Spoils. There was less labour to go round; its price increased. Yet there was less wealth produced and its price rose in sympathy. Depreciation of the purchasing power of money was universal; everybody was poorer in everything but the bits of paper which the various governments had issued, as the Chinese hoped to propitiate evil spirits by casting worthless shreds of tissue in the air!

No, the poets in their time were no poorer; and the rich men may still gnash their teeth and howl with envy when they see us; for our treasure is infinite, and, free to all who can enjoy it, is accessible to none who cannot.

But what will the rich men do next? The survivors of their armies have for the most part got on to the game. Social revolutions have occurred over a great part of the earth, and elsewhere have only been postponed because the dearth of labour has, by raising its price, temporarily obscured, for the less acute minds, the hard fact that there is less wealth than ever to go round. But the rich themselves, hard hit by the depreciation of securities and the lack of luxuries are intensely apprehensive of the awakening of the stupid avarice of the mob. Men who would once have thought themselves princes if they could have a cottage and a vineyard of their own at fifty, have been dazzled by newspaper accounts of men become millionaires at twenty-five. The sane, natural worthy ambition has been replaced by insane greed and envy. Even those who could still be content with reasonable comfort see it farther away than ever, and observe also that their immemorable liberties and pleasures are under ban. They want the rich man's place, arbitrarily and at once, and, aware of his unscrupulous methods, see no reason why they should not oppose force to fraud. Strikes, revolutions, expropriations are in order. The rich may try another war; the poor may refuse to become cannon-fodder. Also, another war could only make bad worse; I think that even the rich see that.

The truth is that the prosperity of industrialism depended wholly upon accident. After Waterloo, the nineteenth century was on the whole a period of peace. The means of producing wealth was simplified faster than the growing complexity of civilization demanded. The economic blood showed a rising opsonic index. That has stopped. We can no longer devise means to overcome temporarily our crises as we have done hitherto. We have no reserves of capital, either in brain or bone to 'draw on. Adjustments ask too much. Observe my knife; 'tis dull? A stone mends that. But my typewriter? I must take it at great cost and trouble to Palermo; and then they probably make a mess of the job. A little more annoyance, and I shall scrap it and go back to a quill from the first goose I meet! I think that this is a good analogy of what will happen to civilization. The machinery will break down beyond repair, and only the simple will survive. What exact

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means the stupidity of the rich will devise to precipitate this event does not seem to matter much. The only alternative is a new religion or a new cult of art; and that isn't likely; the people have been too hopelessly debauched by Christianity and newspapers.

Whenever the proportion of townfolk to countryfolk grows too large, the nation is smashed. We can only postpone the crash by our 'scientific' schemes of organization.

11.00 p.m. Having written all this out, I am in the same nervous or depressed state as before I started; very reluctant to take more anything. Can't go to bed, having to watch by Leah, and don't feel like any kind of work or pleasure.

11.15 p.m. The completeness of my Attainment<sup>1</sup> is a burden. It seems as if there could be nothing more in life, unless a course of Action, e.g. a Martyrdom, or an Academy. But that which pushed me is no longer there; I am in Balance. Even the 'Going' of a Magus seems like inaction.

No action without Will, evidently; I suppose that I happen to be in a Zero phase at the moment, but that therein, as proven elsewhere, is the seed of the other phase.

Why should noise-making accompany pain? If the psychology is not quite shallow (call forth aid, etc.) it's deep beyond my plumb.

24 May, ☺. After lying down in my clothes, I made invocation of 93 and then noticed that my Ajna<sup>2</sup> was very small and tightly closed, while Brahmarandra<sup>3</sup> was immense and brilliant, with Shiva and Shakti<sup>4</sup> disporting themselves with love therein. When I slept, I had a dream which tailed off into a quite banal adventure with a woman—we went shopping together in some big silversmith's—and then I met a vaudeville comedian of the George Robey type; things happened in hotels and streets, nothing significant or interesting. But somewhere in this there seems to have come the answer from Aiwaz,<sup>5</sup> with a profound impression, that my Way is to promulgate the 'New Religion' by scattering the Word of Thelema in that practical political form adopted for 2° O.T.O.<sup>6</sup> I will enquire about this: I think it is a matter for which I need a S[carlet] W[oman] and whether

<sup>1</sup> Of the Grade of Magus, 1915.

<sup>2</sup> The Third Eye in the region of the pineal gland between the eyebrows. It is said that when Shiva, or the Adept who becomes identified with Him, opens this Eye, the illusion of the Universe is destroyed.

<sup>3</sup> Brahmarandra is the Chakra, the subtle centre or 'lotus' at the crown of the head; it is the cranial suture from which the spirit departs at the death of the body.

<sup>4</sup> Shiva and Shakti are the active and passive energies of the cosmos, symbolized by the male and female in sexual union.

<sup>5</sup> Crowley's Holy Guardian Angel who communicated to him *The Book of the Law*. It is spelt in two ways—Aiwaz and Aiwass. Aiwaz adds up to 93, the current which Crowley has just invoked, Aiwass to 418, the Great Work.

<sup>6</sup> Members of the 2nd degree O.T.O. are instructed in the political programme of Thelema. The sexual or central magical teachings of the O.T.O. are revealed to members of the Sovereign Sanctuary.



Jane Wolfe can be this—since 31-156<sup>1</sup> seems to have resigned—I don't know at present.

11.00 a.m. Strange! This morning a letter from Merlin,<sup>2</sup> giving me the very opening for action which I lacked. I am almost inclined to go to the conference at Zurich, and get the Delegates to adopt political action. I am merely afraid of their being too insignificant—but no man is that if he gets inspired! Can I inspire them?

25 May, ♂. All yesterday I nursed Leah—no time for work or play, and no inclination either, to say sooth.

9.15 p.m. Yes, I am utterly bored; the Apophis stage of some IAO,<sup>3</sup> I suppose. I've not even anything to wish for. Midas is my middle name. Yes, ye young alchemists beware! It sounds all right to turn silver into gold, lead into gold; but you're only too horribly likely to stumble on the secret which turns everything into gold. Once that happens, where's the value of gold? I fully understand how necessary is the final renunciation of Buddha; though renunciation is an absurd term, in the case. The problem is, however, whether this renunciation is possible, whether there is or can be, any kind of Nothing which does not contain the necessity of creation within itself.

And so I come to the end of a quite fat MS book within thirty-four days. Love is the law, love under will.

*The Sun our Father being in 4° Gemini and the Moon in 18° Virgo.*

*Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law!*

In opening this new volume, which I somehow feel to be important, I ask an Oracle of Thelema.

It's: "Through the fourth, ultimate sparks of the intimate fire."<sup>4</sup>

This sounds as if it might be that *The Book of the Law* solved even this present problem of Nibbana for me. The theorem may be stated roughly as follows:

The universe must be expressible either as  $\pm n$ , or as Zero. That is, it is either unbalanced or balanced. The former theory (Theism) is unthinkable; but Zero, when examined, proves to contain the possibility of being expressed as  $n - n$ , and this possibility must in its turn be considered as  $\pm p$ . This thesis appears to me a *reductio ad absurdum* of the very basis of our mathematical thinking. We knew before, of course, that all reasoning is

<sup>1</sup> The Scarlet Woman.

<sup>2</sup> Theodor Reuss, the then Outer Head of the Order of Oriental Templars.

<sup>3</sup> Crowley used the formula of IAO in this context in a particular sense. I or Isis stands for the first stage of the Work. A or Apophis for the corrupt or dark stage, Apophis being the Black Dragon. O or Osiris, the glorified body resurrected from the Abyss.

<sup>4</sup> *The Book of the Law*, chapter 3, verse 67. There is a series of ordeals through which the aspirant to adeptship has to pass; they are described in verses 64 to 67 of this chapter. The fourth ordeal is the ultimate one—the absorption of the individual into the Cosmic Whole.

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bound to end in some mystery or some absurdity; the above is only one more antimony, a little deeper than Kant's, perhaps, but of the same character. Mathematicians would doubtless agree that all signs are arbitrary, elaborations of an abacus, and that all 'truth' is merely our name for statements that content our reason; so that it is lower than reason, and within it; not higher and beyond, as transcendentalists argue. I seem never to have seen this point before, though 'men of sense' instinctively affirm it, I suppose. The pragmatists are mere tradesmen with their definition of Truth, as 'the useful to be thought'; but why not 'the necessary to be thought'? There is a sort of subjectivity in this view; we might put it, 'All that we can know of Truth is "that which we are bound to think"'. The search for Truth amounts, then, to the result of the analysis of the Mind; and here let us remember my fear of the results of that analysis as I expressed them a month ago.

(Digression: I've been regretting the Form of this Diary; but it's quite right that these speculations should alternate with the record of the purchase of a pair of socks!)

This analysis is the right method after all. Now, are we justified in assuming, as we always do, that our reason is either correct or incorrect? That if any proposition can be shown to be congruous with 'A is A' it is 'true', and so on? Does the 'reason' of the oyster comply with the same canon as man's? We assume it. We make the necessity in our thought the standard of the Laws of Nature; and this implicitly declares Reason to be Absolute. This has nothing to do with the weakness or error in any one mind or in all minds; all that we rely on is the existence of some purely mental standard by which we could always correct our thinking, if we knew how. It is then this power which constrains our thought, to which our minds owe fealty, that we call 'Truth'; and this 'Truth' is not a proposition at all, but a 'Law'. We cannot think what it is, obviously, as it is a final condition of philosophical thought in the same way as Space and Time are conditions of phenomenal thought. But can there be some third type of thought which can escape the bonds of that, as that can of this? Samadhic realization, one is tempted to answer—while angels hesitate. All my 'philosophic' thought, as above, is direct reflection upon the meaning of Samadhic experience. Is it simply that the reflections are distorted and dim? I have shown the impossibility of any true Zero, and thus destroyed every axiom, blown up the foundation of my mind. In failing to distinguish between None and Two, I cannot even cling to the straw of 'phases', since Time and Space are long since perished. None *is* Two,<sup>1</sup> without conditions; and therefore it is a positive idea, and we are just as right to inquire how it came to be as in the case of Haeckel's monad, or one's aunt's umbrella. We are, however, this one small step advanced by our initiations, that we can be quite sure this 'None Two' is, since all possible theories of Ontology simplify

<sup>1</sup> Crowley makes a lot of this none equals two equation. Male and female, i.e. plus and minus, are the 'two'; through their rapture they cancel each other out and consciousness is abolished; hence nought or none.

out to it. (Now compare *Liber I*,<sup>1</sup> what is said there of the Task of a Magus, and say whether I have not achieved it!)

But I certainly see no way to get to a Nought which is not Two, that is, to the idea of Nibbana. I don't say that I want to; for I can't agree that this 'None Two' is sorrow. I acquiesce. I only felt bad about things because I was just parturiating these babe-thoughts. I was bored. I heard Alostrael yelling with enteritis. I had 'attained' all possible adeptship, and there was no sense in my existing any further. I couldn't enjoy attainment, because it was perfect; there was nothing 'bad' to contrast with it. Now I've blundered into the creative phase, and I'm full of Sat-Chit-Ananda<sup>2</sup> to bursting!

And I note that Laotze makes no attempt to announce a Tao which is truly free from Teh. Teh is the necessary quality of Tao, even though Tao, withdrawing Teh into itself, seems to ignore the fact. The only pause I make is this, that mine own Holy Guardian Angel, Aiwaz, whose crown is Thelema, whose robe Agape, whose body the Lost Word that He declared to me, spake in Book Seven and Twenty, saying: 'Here is Nothing under its three forms'. Can there then be not only Nothing manifested, Teh or Two, a Nothing Unmanifested, Tao or Naught, but a Nothing Absolute?

11.10 p.m. Having heard from Diana (Jane)<sup>3</sup> in this town Cephaloedum<sup>4</sup> sacred to Her and Juppiter, that She will come to me on the Eve of Saint John<sup>5</sup> Her veil, I ask the Sacred Oracle of Thelema to give me word of Her.

'I know that awful sound of primal joy; let us follow on the wings of the gale even unto the holy house of Hathor; let us offer the five jewels of the cow upon her altar!'<sup>6</sup>

This refers directly to some voice which is come to me when the whole world is broken up into a mighty wind as a result of my having been like a black eunuch and struck off the head of 'the light' one, the breaker of bread and salt', with the scimitar of the idea addressed as 'God' in *Liber VII*.<sup>7</sup> This God is presumably Pan. (The passage is in the Jupiter chapter.)<sup>8</sup> That is to say, I must have denied Light (black) and Creation (eunuch)<sup>9</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> *Liber I* or *The Book of the Magus*. 'An account of the Grade of Magus, the highest grade which it is ever possible to manifest in any way whatever upon this plane. Or so it is said by the Masters of the Temple.'

<sup>2</sup> The metaphysical aspect of the trimurti (trinity), Brahma, Shiva, Vishnu. Sat-Chit-Ananda means Being-Consciousness-Bliss.

<sup>3</sup> Crowley identifies Jane Wolfe with the lunar goddess, Diana.

<sup>4</sup> The ancient name for Cefalu.

<sup>5</sup> St John, Baptist's Day is June 24.

<sup>6</sup> An extract from *Liber Liberi vel Lapidis Lazuli*, one of the Holy Books.

<sup>7</sup> A difficult sentence but it boils down to this: Crowley, the black eunuch, with the sword of Pan, strikes off the head of 'the light one', i.e. consciousness of the external world and all its works, so that he can hear 'some voice'. The voice is that of his Holy Guardian Angel, Aiwass, whom he first heard in Cairo in 1904 when he communicated to Crowley *The Book of the Law. Liber VII* is one of 'The Holy Books of Thelema', a short work which contains 'the Birth Words of a Master of the Temple'.

<sup>8</sup> Each chapter of *Liber VII* is devoted to one of the seven planets.

<sup>9</sup> Insofar as Crowley was 'black' he denied consciousness and insofar as he was a 'eunuch' he denied creation.

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through the perfect knowledge of Pan destroyed my Desire,<sup>1</sup> which is just what U<sup>2</sup> have done in these recent Trances. (I suggest Jane,  $\aleph = 57$  and Wolfe =  $\text{פ} \text{ל} \text{ו} \text{ל} \text{ה}$  (plus  $\aleph$ ) = 117, in all 174 = Jabulon!)<sup>3</sup>

I go with her (I surmise) upon the wings of the gale (her inspiration?) to the holy house of Hathor<sup>4</sup> (Panormus?)<sup>5</sup> and offer the five jewels of the cow (the 5 senses or elements?) upon her altar (Love?).

Continuing the chapter, 'again the inhuman voice' (her further inspiration?) which causes me to rear my Titan bulk into the teeth of the gale, and swing me out over the sea. (Titan is 666; this means that I take some huge step to preach my Law.) I will now invoke her by the might of my lyre!<sup>6</sup>

26 May, ♀. 3.40 a.m. It has been a trying night. I wrote two poems. Leah screamed terribly for over an hour until, twenty minutes ago, I felt it inhuman not to stop it, and so, in the impossibility of getting the doctor's permission, I gave her about  $\frac{1}{8}$  grain of heroin under the tongue. She is now calm. I thought heroin better than my only alternative, ether, as he has been giving her laudanum, and ether is irritating to the system, and so contra-indicated in anything like enteritis. (P.S. It acted splendidly, with no bad reaction.)

3.45 a.m. I notice that Language itself testifies to the soundness of my ontological theories; for the adjective of Naught is Naughty! Wrote two more poems.

11.00 p.m. Leah is still very ill; and this doctor rather a trimmer. I think, without much confidence in himself. A tiring day, though I slept off some arrears.

27 May, 24. On the ontological basis of Absolute Reason as sketched last night, all that can be thought may be true, and becomes 'real' as soon as it is actually thought. I note as to 'pain', that as 'I' am equally any other space-mark, 'I' exist and suffer so long as anything does. So, if Existence is Sorrow, Compassion is the token of adeptship; but then what right has a Buddha to 'pass away'? Of course, he has no choice in the matter, but then—oh, I can't think tonight!

10.00 a.m. I dreamt of catching a fish, a dolphin.

I have a letter from the bank, asking me to call at once. The Yi says this means 'Troubles' (Hexagram XVIII). Shall I go to Palermo today? Lingam of Fire. Wu Wang. I think I'll telegraph for some indications of the nature of the troubles. Did so. Give a general symbol for the immediate issue. Lingam of Moon. Sung. Contention. Shall I arrange matter as with B.S.H.N[inette]? No!

<sup>1</sup> The perfect knowledge of All (Pan) necessarily destroys desire.

<sup>2</sup> U, you, i.e. himself.

<sup>3</sup> The Hebrew for Jane Wolfe adds up to 174, which is the number of Jabulon, an important masonic password. Crowley was a 33° mason.

<sup>4</sup> The Egyptian goddess of love, usually depicted as a cow with the solar disc between its horns.

<sup>5</sup> Palermo.

<sup>6</sup> His poetry.

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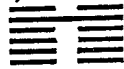
I note the astonishing accuracy of the *Yi*, once more: but of course if one's unconscious will disturbs it, one gets 'dreams' of hope and fear.

28 May, ♀. I feel better. For two days I had been thinking of 31-156, and I thought I saw her (it was really a native) last night. This morning I get a letter! Did nothing much all day, bar wiring 31-156 to come, and proposing marriage to Helen Hollis.

29 May, ♀. I feel still better. Heard from bank. 'Troubles', true but only a matter of formality. Have begun to take an interest in painting again, which I thought I never should. A rather amusing day, touching up pictures. I have been re-reading Sophocles: *Oedipus Rex* and *Antigone*, and have started *Sartor Resartus*.

30 May, ☉. Awake early from a very vivid dream. I had gone back to New York and wanted—after all sorts of varied adventures—to borrow some money for my passage home from Carrington,<sup>1</sup> who had just given an interview to the papers about a scheme he had for a 'South-West-Passage' underground to cut off the bays of Africa. He made out some extraordinary cheques which were to help some scheme of his—one was for £1,122,122 1111s. (at the end, the figures kept altering). All this faded and I find myself flying the Atlantic in a 'plane with another man. We reached land in 20 h. 19 m. 3 s. from New York. Then, there was 'company' waiting to receive me; but when they learnt my name, the lackey went off to see what was to be done about it. He came back and said I was to have a private interview with George and Mary—some Germans of the period.

George reproached me for being barefoot, and I had a long argument with him. Meanwhile my sandals had been brought upstairs and Mary took them over to me. After some further discussion while I put them on, I woke.

Shall I go to Palermo today? , Yi—my favourite symbol for moving. Note my recent depression of several days—Mars retrograde on my Sol and Venus. Shall I go to Naples for a bit? , Pi. Doubtful: union and attachment.

1.10 p.m. (*post longum intervallum!*) Opus I, B.S.H.N[inette], *p.v.n.* Operation, brief but excellent. Elixir, strong and good. Object, Invocation Pan, with especial idea of getting partners.<sup>2</sup>

Took the alleged 2.55 p.m. to Palermo. Fare now 32.10 [lire]<sup>3</sup> and it started at 3.26. Wrote poetry 'Terminus' in train. Hotel des Palmes—strawberries and cream—another poem, unworthy of the subject, on them!

Reflection: 'The other disciple did outrun Peter' as I boasted in my silly

<sup>1</sup> Hereward Carrington, the investigator of psychical phenomena, editor of *The Projection of the Astral Body* by Sylvan J. Muldoon.

<sup>2</sup> For the sexual rites.

<sup>3</sup> Less than the price of a cup of coffee today.

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youth to G. H. Frater D.D.S.<sup>1</sup> Would I had been content not to outrun the constable too!

31 May, ☽. Midnight by true time; I have made the adoration to Kephra.<sup>2</sup> I wrote poetry steadily all the evening—'Racquets' which is good, 'Hymn to Flora' of which I have grave doubts; and 'Consider the lilies!' which is (I think having just finished it) very good indeed of its kind. But in all this I hanker strangely after what I call 'pure poetry'. By this I mean 'Ode to a Nightingale' and such, the emotional content subordinate to the music and imagery. The stuff I have been writing this last two months is mostly direct statement expressed as simply and musically as possible, no doubt, yet the music used for emphasis and vigour or mnemonic value more than for its own sake. No imagery is allowed to distract the reader's mind; rhetoric, even where redundant, I have allowed, to drive home the truth I am proclaiming. Is this to say that I am arguing instead of singing? I believe that is true; truer, at least, than when said of Browning, who always wanted to sing, but had no voice! (When you've done laughing, I'll modify by inserting 'sometimes'.) But I used to be a little bird that could sing and would sing as well as a frog that would a-woooing go whether his mother would let him or no; and the question arises as to whether I am not a laughing-jackass on the bird side, and on the other the frog that tried to blow himself up to the size of an ox. Certainly this recent poetry of mine is a bull-frog jackass Concerto; and 'yis may be as well that I inhabit an isolated pond, far from human dwellings. (My girls don't count; they either go to sleep, or let my voice tickle them, when I read to them.) But who spoiled my voice? (Pity, perchance, I was not made a chorister at puberty!) Am I merely coddling a long-forgotten mood of factitious romance when I say: I have not been in love since 1915, when Jane Foster<sup>3</sup> 'inspired' *The Golden Rose*. Did she really 'break my heart'? I've certainly had none but passing fancies, like Peggy of 'The Purple Mandarin' since then. This despite long and passionate liaisons. But I saw through Jane Foster's falseness from the start; my subconscious never trusted her; I climbed her like a chalk cliff, well aware. But at least, I was able to hypnotize myself into idealizing her, and the *Golden Rose* grew from that root.

Neglect her: when I was last in love to the point of inspiration? Leila Waddell, for her fiddle; Jane Chéron, for her opium soul; and so on. Ida Nelidoff's *Mona Lisa*—and more!—stare of Beauty entranced me, but inspired nothing. Go back still further; Kathleen Bruce<sup>4</sup> I despised, though I used her, rather like Jane Foster, whom by the way she resembled in the mobile mouth, and the fine fur of her cat's face, as in her vicious and false soul. Lola!<sup>5</sup> yes, but again she was my dream, not a real woman. Back, soul!

<sup>1</sup> George Cecil Jones.

<sup>2</sup> The midnight sun.

<sup>3</sup> Sister Hilarion, 'the Cat', the 'Magical Mother' of Achad (Charles Stansfeld Jones of Vancouver), during 1915-16.

<sup>4</sup> 'The people of our circle, from Kathleen Bruce (since Lady Scott and Mrs Hilton Young) to . . .' *The Confessions* page 355.

<sup>5</sup> Lola Auguste Grumbacher.

Reach Rose,<sup>1</sup> whom I idealized and loved for herself, the only one besides Leila Waddell of whom I can say this, though she too had glammers. But in both cases, the soul was capable of inspiring me with romantic love which is what makes me sing.

I have been in love with many, through one or more senses, that is, excited to the point of love. And circumstances or experience has let me down. Often one flaw, trivial to absurdity, prevents realization of the romantic ideal, though it may not interfere with sex. Thus Jane Foster's dyed hair, out of keeping with the picture she was presenting to me, though, had she boasted her whoredom, it would have added to her attraction; the smell of Helen Hollis's hair, though I could have cured it with ease; my Mierka's secret vice, in her, unnatural; Peggy John's skin, and Katherine Miller's; Roddie Minor's face; Desda Smart's, Gladys Belasco's and Margaret Sprague's over-eagerness, fatness and history; Myriam De Roxe's<sup>2</sup> eccentricity overdone; Ratan Devi's teeth; Belle Martin's and Beatrice Abbott's, Gerda von Kothek's obviously exclusive homosexuality; Helen Westley's vulcanite garden seat; Kate's<sup>3</sup> limitation to possibilities; Sister Green's and Anna Gréy's inertia; Gladys Harmon's shallowness; Belle Green's manner; Eva Tanguay's<sup>4</sup> and Maud Allen's self-worship; and so on, for scores on scores; every fault trifling, and practically single, yet enough to destroy that very peculiar magnetism which induces one to build a temple of verse for the Goddess; Jane Foster's alone, of all these Pure American Women (angelic whores) shows so much as a Timgad, or let me say trulier, a Porte d'Enfer, to witness what my soul could build if it were granted the Design.<sup>5</sup> Soon or late, the theory of Love failed, even where the practice endured; nay, even when my passion wearied the woman, and split itself in song, theme, or story, 'twas not of them that I wrote. Ah! but I have the secret! As soon as one ceases to wonder, to adore, to be a slave, the song ceases. For all such song is pain, longing, the soul's cry to something greater than itself, be such greatness real or merely its own projection and fantasy. I never wrote a word of Ann Ringler,<sup>6</sup> though she kept me writing day and night six weeks on end, though I love her still most hungrily, whenever I think of her, and that is often. I may say

<sup>1</sup> Rose Kelly, from whom he was divorced in 1910.

<sup>2</sup> Also spelt Deroxe, see entry 3 August 1916.

<sup>3</sup> Probably Kate Seabrook, wife of William Seabrook, author of occult books. Crowley met her in 1918.

<sup>4</sup> In *The Confessions* Crowley describes Eva Tanguay as 'the supreme artist, whom I hymned in the April [1917] *International*'.

<sup>5</sup> The meaning of this sentence is obscure. Timgad (Thamugadi) was a flourishing Roman settlement in Numidia, North Africa, founded by Trajan in A.D. 100; it had public baths and even a theatre, hence civilization amid the desert. Crowley compares Jane Foster's magnetism to a Timgad or, rather, a Porte d'Enfer, gateway to the infernal regions. The sexual allusion is clear.

<sup>6</sup> Crowley met Ann Ringler in Moscow during 1913. She was Hungarian. 'She had passed beyond the region where pleasure had meaning for her. She could only feel through pain, and my own means of making her happy was to inflict physical cruelties as she directed.' *The Confessions*, page 712.

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the same of Hilda Howard,<sup>1</sup> of Berthe Leroux, and almost of Peggy Marchmont,<sup>2</sup> Marie Maddingley,<sup>3</sup> Violet Duval,<sup>4</sup> Izeh Kranil,<sup>5</sup> Olive Day, Euphemia Lamb,<sup>6</sup> 'Popsy-Wopsy', Eleanore de Carmen-Filleul, Ada Laird,<sup>7</sup> Marcelle of the Rue des Quatre Vents, 'Sphinx,' Lydia Cabo,<sup>8</sup> Lavinia King,<sup>9</sup> Saida, Millicent Tobas<sup>10</sup> even, and so on till the brain reels. No; I doubt whether I can love, because love is content to serve and worship where my soul lusts to grip, to win mastery over its own weakness, the proof of victory being the subjection of the woman, or her rejection, and so the death of love. I note that the great romantic lover-poets of history were always weak in manhood, Dante and Petrarch, Shakespeare, all sound the servile note, or bluster with Petruccio. But I am of Catullus, his school: *Pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo!*<sup>11</sup> I can worship my own ideal, and dress a woman in the King's Daughter raiment; but alas! who is 'all glorious within'?<sup>12</sup> I always doubted Berthe Almeida Bruce,<sup>13</sup> who is a sexual and magical partner, otherwise contemptible; and so I am in love with Wolfe's Tail<sup>14</sup> (pardon the joke!) herald of the dawn—or moonrise—of this Jane Wolfe. I like her horoscope which is very like the one Jane Foster, probably lying about the year, gave me for hers. (P.S. It was all wrong, not hers at all.)

<sup>1</sup> Crowley dedicated 'The Priestess of Panormita' (poem) to her. See *The Winged Beetle*, 1910.

<sup>2</sup> See page 4.

<sup>3</sup> See page 3.

<sup>4</sup> See page 4.

<sup>5</sup> Careful search in the British Museum general catalogue has failed to reveal her name. However, Crowley wrote of her in *The International*, January 1918, 'We must really introduce our readers to Izeh Kranil. She is Algerian by birth, half French, half Arab, and is one of the best known figures in literary and artistic circles in Europe. Her passionate prose poem, "At the Feet of Our Lady of Darkness", is one of the most remarkable pieces of literature ever penned; more fantastic, more fascinating than any of the visions of De Quincey and Coleridge'.

<sup>6</sup> See note 4, page 97.

<sup>7</sup> One of Crowley's mistresses during 1911 when he was receiving several of the 'Holy Books' from Aiwass. Although she was not his Scarlet Woman (Leila Waddell was that), she can claim to have stimulated part of the rapture required to receive the 'Holy Books'.

<sup>8</sup> The Assistant mentioned on page 35.

<sup>9</sup> 'Lavinia King' is one of the characters in Crowley's novel, *Moonchild*, written during 1918, but not published till 1929 by the Mandrake Press, London. Crowley's handwritten note in his own copy of *Moonchild* states that 'Lavinia King' is Isadora Duncan. He met her in 1911, along with her companion Mary d'Esté Sturges, who became his Scarlet Woman, Virakam.

<sup>10</sup> One of Crowley's mistresses in 1909. A poem in *The Winged Beetle* is dedicated to her.

<sup>11</sup> The first line of poem 16. Because of its indelicacy, it is left untranslated in the Loeb, 1913, and the Penguin, 1966, editions.

<sup>12</sup> The Tenth Sefhira, Malkuth, is sometimes referred to as 'the King's Daughter'. She stands for the Virgin Earth; her 'raiment' is the Glamour of Nature. To the Initiate, her external beauty is an illusion; it is her 'inner glory' that matters.

<sup>13</sup> Berthe Almeida Prykryl, née Bruce, the 6th Scarlet Woman. She was Leah's predecessor.

<sup>14</sup> The constellation of that name.



I like her face, piquant and spiritual, but capable of passion, every note of the gamut. I like her figure, strong, active, lithe almost to daintiness, without being lean. I shall like the playfulness of her mind, though it irritates in a letter where one can't hit back. I feel sure that her soul is pure, and will be prime when freed from psychic bewilderment. I rather like the glamour of her being a 'movie star'; it adds variety to a lady! I admire her intensely for her courage in coming so far to find me.

I adore her name. I hope she is hungry and cruel as a wolf. I love the classical simplicity of 'Jane'. I adore her for her swift plunge. 'I need you. I love you. I will come to you' when I least expected it.

I like her sister. (The inward nature of her, that's to say, the outward heartiness in the 'nurse's manner', I think, and the assertion of gentility but a habit of defence acquired in the Red Cross.) I believe in her as a magical partner or guide. I think her heart, deep buried, is worth digging up. I like the little vanities about clothes, even; and so conceive, by analogy, that her obvious poses are only mannerisms, defects in expression of true feeling. I have written three pages about her at three o'clock o' the morning; that is to say, Q.E.D. I love her. Oh, not so fast! You love only your idea of her, backed by frail witness of scant facts! That's true; but on the other hand, every word I have written may be error, yet herself at her appearing dazzle and enchain me!

Seventeen pages of drivel about this question; am I likely to sing again in the near future? Surely the near future will decide. Bed! Up again! I wish to love her—or anybody for that matter! I hope she may constrain me to it. Yet is not this to revive or galvanize the corpse of the Man in Illusion, who makes distinctions whereby come hurt? Even so, it may be that this man is to be raised incorruptible, his local love for Jane co-existent with his main love for All and None. It's a paradox and antimony; but I live in the World where all such are Truth.

Later—I invoked Aiwaz, was shown a phantasm of Baphomet, and suddenly determined to recognize this for Him!<sup>1</sup> I was instantly rewarded by the Word of the Oath of an Ipsissimus: 'I recognize every phenomenon as God, that is, as my soul.' Hence we see,  $10^{\circ} = 1^{\circ}$  shews God Omnipresent, Dementia;  $9^{\circ} = 2^{\circ}$  God Omnipotent, Mania; and  $8^{\circ} = 3^{\circ}$  God Omniscient, Melancholia,

A speck of dust in Darwin's Eye is more perfectly organized than Darwin. He, a haphazard lump, a botched makeshift, a ramshackle monster;

<sup>1</sup> The 'phantasm of Baphomet' which Crowley saw was probably the Sabbatic Goat, Baphomet of Mendes (the cult centre of the goat in Egypt). Eliphas Lévi attempted to portray something of the power of this creature in his drawing of Baphomet—cloven hoofs, human female breasts, human torso and arms, angel's wings, a goat's head with large horns, the head surmounted by a firebrand, and in place of the phallus, the caduceus of Hermes. The Blazing Pentagram shines from his brow. It can be considered as an alchemical glyph, hence the gestures of the hands and the words *Solve* and *Coagula* on the arms. The right hand points to the Moon of Spirit (aspiration, purity), the left hand to the Moon of Matter. See Lévi's *Transcendental Magic*, 1896.

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it, atomically, a universe perfectly balanced save for precisely calculable atrocities, with constant coefficients!

We conceive the atom as a universe like our own, save for scale; but we know chiefly this, that as a whole it acts on Do what thou wilt, that its law is Love under Will. This suggests a comment on CCXX 'The whole of the law' may contain parts which conflict; and though there is no law 'beyond' Do what thou wilt, there may be laws within. Thelema is therefore the Word of the Law of the whole perfect Universe. Thus, by keeping it, we approximate to That.

8.00 a.m. I forgot two stages in the above—(1) everything is what you want it to be, provided you don't wish it were anything else! followed by direct recognition, very wonderful, of mosquitoes, street noises, etc. as God. (2) 'I hate America' or 'I love England' is difficult. No: it only seems so when one half solves it by declaring 'America is England' and refusing to let mind enter these modes. But hate and love are also modes—of emotion as the others are of perception—and to hate America is as consonant with nature as to love England.

Noon. Wars to avoid revolution! The nations only dye their flags the redder—and blood dries to black.

Accident is a better artist than design. Almost any battered old brick suggests a much-lamented masterpiece, while its scathless brother is seen for a dull block. Why? Because each man's imagination fills in the gaps to suit himself; and so he 'dreams', gratifying his subconscious.

11.00 p.m. or so. I am exceeding happy because I have again a pagri!<sup>1</sup> And I note that I am now truly severed from the world of sense and desire, because the slightest examination breaks up any given illusion instantly.

1 June, ♂. June! Jane? First thought: certain combinations are valued by others when useful to them; more so when hard to get, or save. But the value of Things. Everything is unique, if only by virtue of Position. This often matters, as in the case of transporting goods. The motive or all motion seems in fact to be that value should be increased. At first sight this seems imbecile as gambling against oneself; but any finite system might be so arranged that each unit could improve its value to itself by some shiftings of position. A finite universe, too, need not be balanced in itself so long as equilibrium is kept by the existence of its opposite elsewhere.

For all practical purposes we are Earth-barnacles: indeed Sophocles calls Earth the mother of all the Gods.

We can thus be meliorists and use 'love under will', so long as we do not think our action of absolute value. Now, since all Motion is due to this Will, its sum must be supremely satisfactory. Exceptions are only apparent; my Will to live, for instance, might count for less than Earth's will to ease itself by adjusting its crust. Then is not my discomfiture absolute, not to be explained away? Not unless I were absolute myself, instead of a junk-shop, as I am. Observe that it does not need Minus  $n$  to cancel  $n$ ; but only some expression whose value would be that, if examined. Even that will to live of

<sup>1</sup> A turban (Hindustani).

mine is only one of my ideas, not absolute, even in myself. Then is 'conflict of wills' a thing possible in Nature? Yes, for such conflict is of the nature of Love, seeing that a third thing issues as the resultant. The supposed pain is really orgiastic, there being no equation but this  $x$  plus  $y = z$ . Every possible change can be thus expressed. Of course we must split up any gross change into innumerable sections; but each section is always  $x$  plus  $y = z$ . Thus if I throw away a cigar-butt, I gratify its molecules in respect of gravitation, just as while smoking I gratified tobacco's love of combustion.

It won't do to take the process too seriously, to expect the perfect or the absolute to result from all this imperfection and relativity; and, although there is a profit of sorts on each transaction, it may well be that the gradual putting of everything into order may create some great disorder in some category not considered. For instance, everybody on a ship might be gratified by rushing to one side to look at a sea-serpent, and the ship be thereby overturned. Germany's virtues caused her destruction. In face of the fact that new categories may be infinite, we are necessarily blind to the consequences of our acts; so that despite the theoretical possibility of a partial meliorism, we can hardly have much confidence in our 'plans for the future'!

10.30 p.m. I have dined greatly, and made quite a desperate effort to arrange what ought to happen unasked. The button that pushes up a lip-stick is a horrid emblem of mortality, far more fearful than skull and crossbones, for it is witness that not only does the body decay, but that the very things devised to disguise the fact are themselves perishable!

I notice that as soon as I get things into comparatively decent order, I do something 'eccentric' to destroy my work, e.g. my proposal of three days ago to marry Helen Hollis, as I am quite game to do. Why is this? It could be understood on the numerous occasions when it has happened before, as I am pleased to remember; but how account for it this time, when I have solved all the problems, every one of them? That's just the point: my joy is in the exercise of my creative or destructive or meliorist energy (however you choose to call it) so that I need a rotten stage of things to work on, else I can't be happy. But look here! That's exactly what I've pictured 'God' as doing; so that, like all other men, I have merely made Him in mine own image. The thought does not disturb my philosophic calm; 'tis a banality. No idea of 'God' can be aught but a denizen of the brain that contains it. But does it invalidate my demonstration of the nature of the Universe for other men? Like any other thesis it's not merely a question of 'true or false', but of 'has so-and-so the observation-basis and reason-engine to coincide in your conclusions?' Each consciousness being unique, each mind-content must differ, of course; still, we can agree, all of us, more or less, on 'twice two is four'. Is then my 'None-Two orgiastic Dynamism'—shall I so label it?—a General Truth of a similar order? Is my personal character so intense as to all sorts of considerations which would be obvious to the Pope or the Head Porter of this hotel? Equally, any solution of the Cosmos which was not in accordance with my particular nature would be absurd, for in this matter I am equal to the Pope or even to the Head Porter.

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11.30 p.m. Opus II (Baphomet 33° section XI).<sup>1</sup> Operation: absurd but indicative of proper feeling on my part. Elixir: [not described]. Object: Physical energy.

Then is the test of Truth, after all, nothing but Catholicity? If so, a single refusal to adhere to it would destroy it. The Christian theory suggests that this is suspected; for otherwise Satan's heresy were no such serious matter. Here again 'Do what thou wilt' scores heavily; for we expect denial of Thrice Two is Four; it encourages us that all things soever can and must be; for it proves that we ourselves can never be wrong. Having declared that pleasure and pain are both equally characteristic of the orgiastic formula of Change, we care nothing whether the Archbishop of Canterbury and the King of the Cannibal Islands please us by their applause or pain us by their deprecation. Then shall I myself, to extend the argument, deny the truth of my own theory? I have already limited it to 'Truth for me', only boasting that its elasticity defies denial. Is this to destroy all canon of Truth? We cannot deny the validity of each independent consciousness and each declares, and is more or less bound to declare, Truth as the congruity of the Cosmos with its own nature; and therefore a contradiction in terms is no impediment to Truth. Buddhists and even Hindus have always asserted this, but (as far as I know) have given no rational ground as I have now done, for the statement. It seems, then, that we can never get beyond this subjective test of congruity. Even Catholicity, did it exist, would add no weight; for no summary of relatives can postulate an Absolute. Do what thou wilt is absolute in a sense, just because it concurs in relativity; it is not arbitrary, but acquiesces in the supremacy of each existence. Each atom is equal to the sum of the rest in the Universe, but of opposite sign. 'Thou hast the half, unite by thine art so that all disappear' is a general statement and a general formula. The theory implied by 'Do what thou wilt' transcends all possibility of contradictions, for it includes them. It is all the better for its dynamic form. My reduction of 'None Two' is not nearly so deep, for an assertion of 'one' however wrong and absurd, would be at least a formal antithesis to it, as indeed my instinctive feeling that I need to attack it. 'Do what thou wilt' leaves it serenely alone!

2 June. ☿ 12.15 a.m. I am inclined to contemplate the Virtue of Thelema being 93. 31 being AL and LA,<sup>2</sup> the positive and negative three-in-one, the 'love' of these two produces the third, which makes 93, and is the Will-Love-Word, and also the Formula Father-Mother-Child. Capricornus, *Ayin*, very well represents Will, especially as it is the Eye, and the Devil.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A homosexual working.

<sup>2</sup> 93 is the number of *Thelema*, Will; *Agape*, Love; and Aiwaz, Crowley's own Angel. In Hebrew AL and LA are Cabbalistically identical through their numeration 31. AL means God, LA, not. God is Not or Nothing. This does not deny the existence of God; it merely says he is nothing the mind can conceive. Compare the Buddhist doctrine of the Void.

<sup>3</sup> The Devil in the Tarot refers to the letter *Ayin*, meaning an Eye; its number, 70, is the number of the Goat, Capricornus, the Devil or Baphomet of the Tarot pack.

Virgo, Iod, is the Silence of the Hermit, enveloping the Speech of Hermes, Lord of Virgo. Taurus, *Vau*, seems the formula of Reproduction, for its number is 6, Tiphereth, the Sun, made of  $+ 1 + 2 + 3$ , and of  $1 \times 2 \times 3$ ; and 6 is the Solar Seal of Solomon, made of the united Triangles. Finally, Gemini, *Zain*, is Love, for its card is 'The Lovers', and its whole symbolism is the twin Nature, the duality (by virtue of polarization) of things, as if it asserted the formula of 'Division for the sake of Uniting again' ('I am divided for love's sake for the chance of union').

In Aiwaz, then, we have a Word which combines the Four-in-One aspects of the Three-in-One All-Nothing—and such is the Name of Him who opened unto us the *The Book of the Law*, of mine Holy Guardian Angel, being, as was the genius of Plotinus, Very God of Very God.

I may here say that I have long felt that 31 and 93 were rather feminine numbers, I think because the Circle-idea and the Nothing-idea suggest the Yin rather than the Yang. 'Thrice Thirty-One is the triple negative veil', and so on. Of course *Tzaddi* the Emperor is of phallic shape, and *Aleph* is the 'Bolt' of Zeus, and 'Hammer' of Thor; but that doesn't quite compensate. It's my own fault, I've no doubt, for leaning to the feminine interpretation of 'Nothing'. Nothing is  $n + \text{Minus } n$ , which we (rather absurdly) call Two, in order to lay stress on its manifestation. Here is another difficulty, or rather another as yet unsolved arcanum: if we take Al as the Two phase, and La as the None phase, what is the nature of the third 31, which goes to make 93? How can we attach any meaning at all to it? Can it be the *Shin Teth* which is so often 31 (XX plus XI)<sup>1</sup> in the Qabalah of the Book of the Law? *Teth* is Energy, Leo, the Solar Force; it is BABALON and the Beast conjoined.

*Shin* is the Fire of *Pralaya*, the 'Last Judgement'. The combination would therefore exhibit the methods whereby the 'None' and the 'Two' phases alternate.

(Curiously, *LAShtAL* is 371, equals  $7 \times 53$ , while 53 is the sum of the Tarot-Key Numbers.) But I don't see much in this—yet. We might call *LA* 'not-being', *Sht* 'becoming', and *AL*, 'being', thus declaring the three possible states. Each being 31, they are ultimately identical. Our own formula is 93, to show that we can apprehend them. This sounds right. (We must not rashly try to assimilate this Trinity to the Gunas, for example; with *LA* Tamas, *Sht* Rajas, and *AL* Sattvas;<sup>2</sup> the Gunas are but reflections, pallid and distorted of this true Trinity. Similarly, to take *LA* for Mother, *AL* for Father, and *Sht* for Child, is too bold, though tempting; for these ideas have all been absorbed into the unities of each 31.)

Now let us turn to note the formula of the Aeon, 418, which is not, as

<sup>1</sup> The Hebrew letters *Shin*, Fire, and *Teth*, the Lion-Serpent together add up to 309. However, in the Tarot pack *Shin* is ascribed to the Tarot Trump XX, and *Teth* to the Tarot Trump, XI, hence 31.

<sup>2</sup> The three Gunas (Qualities) are Tamas, Inertia, Rajas, Activity or Brilliance, Sattvas, Serenity or Purity.

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one might have expected, of Horus, but of *Cheth*, the Chariot.<sup>1</sup> A formula of going! It is the House of the Moon, body of Change. This balances the Solar 666. 'He is ever a sun, and she is a moon.' The Scarlet Woman is therefore Lunar. I am the White, and she is the Red, of Alchemical Perfection; and my failure has been due to lack of Her, in whom is all power given. I have achieved my own private initiation quite nice and nimbly but I have not been able to manifest in power for lack of Her.

Let me consider: the seer Ouarda, candidate Number 1, gave me the power to get *The Book of the Law*. Virakam, Number 2, gave me *Book Four*, in part, but broke down, surely through my own great default of faith in her, more than her quite justified distrust of me. We neither of us gave ourselves wholly without reservation to the Work. Third, Soror Hilarion gave me the Child of Promise,<sup>2</sup> and probably helped me to attain my Grade of Magus. Fourth, Soror Ahitha<sup>3</sup> helped to build the Temple of Juppiter. I may not yet appreciate the effect of this; but if, on the whole, the Work was marred, as appears on the surface, I must again blame myself for my imperfect non-attachment. I feel sure that I was always upsetting the Gods' plans by obtruding my own rational ideas of the proper way to do things. Fifth, Almeira,<sup>4</sup> whose vocation I cannot doubt, seems to have failed altogether, unless she gave me that very non-attachment I so needed. But I cannot make out whether she is still in office.

The question arises, is Jane Wolfe, who is extremely lunar and long ago got communications signed 'Sol-Luna' (in symbols) a, or rather the, Scarlet Woman? Or is she, as she herself seems to think, an Iris<sup>5</sup> to bring word of something else, and so to pass on other errands? None of the other women have been of lunar type. (By the way, I omitted altogether the doubtful case of Marie,<sup>6</sup> who gave nothing, anyhow, and soon abandoned the unequal contest.) Ouarda<sup>7</sup> was Fire, of the Archer; so was Hilarion<sup>8</sup> Virakam<sup>9</sup> was Air, of the Balance; Ahitha Fire and Earth of Ram and Bull; Almeira, Air of the Twins. I forget Jane Wolfe's horoscope, but she's lunar, in every line she writes. She's pure, romantic, phantasy-loving, and constant through her phases. There's no augury so far of the Moon of Blood that she would have to be if she were the Scarlet Woman—unless I've totally misinterpreted *The Book of the Law* with regard to her, as is quite likely.

Many men would deny the propositions set forth in this diary at various times, but just these men are bewildered by the Universe, call it a mystery, and are restless and unhappy: which states are congruous.

<sup>1</sup> The Hebrew letter, *Cheth*, spelt in full, is 418, the number of the Great Work and the formula of its performance. It is ascribed to the Tarot Trump entitled the Chariot which is the Graal of the Scarlet Woman.

<sup>2</sup> Frater Achad (Charles Stansfeld Jones of Vancouver), Crowley's Magical Son.

<sup>3</sup> Roddie Minor.

<sup>4</sup> Berthe Almeira Bruce, see note 13, page 139.

<sup>5</sup> The goddess of the rainbow.

<sup>6</sup> Marie Lavrov.

<sup>7</sup> Crowley's first wife and first Scarlet Woman, Rose Kelly.

<sup>8</sup> Jane Foster.

<sup>9</sup> Mary d'Esté Sturges, Soror Virakam.

The man who knows everything, like Johnson stamping to confute Berkeley, and is happy like an ox, does not deny, for he does not understand. It's 'all damned nonsense' to him. So is Ibsen, to him. His mere vocality is not evidence. This too is congruity of anaesthesia with amentia. The existence of these classes is no argument against my thesis.

2.50 a.m. When I call the Universe orgiastically dynamic (better, kinetic?) I seem to mean little more than that the phenomena of change are accompanied by emotion, or rather, by changes in the quality of consciousness or perception. We might consider the heat generated by chemical reaction as orgiastic.  $H + Cl = HCl$  is a weight equivalence; but volume, state, and other physical qualities are changed, and heat disengaged. Of these things the equations says nothing. Similarly, when I put two thoughts together, their conclusion expresses but one crude reaction. All the sub-thoughts, all the accompanying reflections, are ignored. It is evident that the universe is orgiastic in this sense of the word. Now what of the heat disengaged? It radiates infinitely. If we electrolyse an acid, the heat must be replaced from without. Why did I choose the word 'orgiastic'? I suppose because the sexual act is peculiarly typical or must seem so to man, on account of the excessive amount of spiritual forces evoked by an act so comparatively trifling from the standpoint of pure physics. The spermatozoon contains quite incalculable spiritual possibilities, more in its milligramme than the whole brain in its ounces, one may say. To us, then, sex seems to offer the best available and universally comprehensible example of a 'talisman'—a thing physically almost negligible, spiritually of huge potentiality. It's the animal analogy of radium. The spiritual by-products of change are all kinds, as also is the case with sex. The congruity of the word with my experience makes it 'true for me'; so I'm right to use it.

Pleasantness is the natural accompaniment of all willed change otherwise it would not be made. One must work 'without lust of result', for no result is really possible, since any apparent result is compensated elsewhere. Must pleasure be balanced by pain? No, the threat of pain makes one wish to change again, as when one tires, one wants to sleep or die, and wake fresh, a cycle wholly agreeable. It's the stopping that hurts, as in the case of the man who fell off the Monument.<sup>1</sup> To resist change is to ask for pain—that's where the Black Brothers<sup>2</sup> err. Any 'result' is pleasant, being the fruit of love, but becomes painful if maintained against the course of Nature, as in the extreme case of the Universe itself becoming Naught. It must not dread the impulse to manifest itself again.

9.00 a.m. Awake from very sweet deep sleep, feeling rather well. I had 'asked Aiwaz' to arrange this. The Initiates' Logick is very necessary in all

<sup>1</sup> The Monument in the City of London.

<sup>2</sup> A 'Black Brother' is an adept who has failed to cross the Abyss successfully. Instead of shedding his earth-bound consciousness before making this great step from Adeptus Exemptus to Magister Templi, he has held on to it, and flounders therefore in the Abyss; he has exalted his ego to the throne of the Godhead, i.e. Kether. Crowley does not mean a black magician, someone who misapplies magical forces to personal ends.

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sorts of ways. E.g. is Aiwaz a 'separate Being'? I am bound to answer No, but I must explain that such No is to answer a question about any name soever. No difference between you, and Him, and a brick, then? None. Not even in the sense that there is a difference between the Persons of the Trinity? Yes; in fact there is a perfectly real difference between the three things, and they are quite separate, though it is easier to cease to think so of Aiwaz than of the brick. Any possible thought is both real and separate, and neither. Whatever the subject, one reaches the Fourth Formless State<sup>1</sup> in a very short time.

Be not weary in ill-doing; for persistence in mispronunciation results in a New Language.

Back to Cefalu by the 1.55.

3 June, 24. Very tired; a long night's rest—asleep all morning; wish I were asleep now. Our first rainy day!

4 June, ♀. I seem to be recovering slowly; in the afternoon, I suddenly painted 'Leah with enteritis'—an oval which is I think my best portrait so far. But my efforts all seem spasmodic; I can't settle down to continuous work of any kind. It annoys me.

5 June, ♀. The Dawn Meditation.

In the absence of an available flapper, I note that we all, from Herbert Spencer down, seem to think of order as increase in complexity. But the contrary is the case. Thus, a heap of chessmen is unintelligible, while if they are set up in order a glance is sufficient to apprehend them.

There is however no such thing as order or disorder. Order only means a congruity between some arrangement of things with my mind structure. We say 'God geometrizes'; but his work is far from obvious in Nature. It is we who geometrize, and then pick out the few geometrical facts and emphasize them. Thus we say that a mountain mass is 'really' (!) most carefully structuralized; but on the other hand to another mind the pure geometrical design appears a 'muddle'. Why do we pay great reverence to the first type of mind? Because we attribute to it 'knowledge' and think knowledge a key to power. But is it? Science occasionally bosses the world for a few moments, but it is soon wiped out. In the long run what we call stupidity wins, and I am proud to be an Englishman.

Well, that's a digression, though a nobly patriotic one. The point is that we must not confuse simplicity with homogeneity. A Benzine ring is more truly simple than its component atoms would be if merely mixed. Can we extend this reasoning and argue that the more atoms are structuralized, the nearer we come to simplicity? 'The more complex, the simpler!' Thus protoplasm would approximate to the really simple thing, 'soul'. Love, then, by uniting monads, is moving towards simplicity. The final act of love

<sup>1</sup> In Hinduism this state is called *Turiya*, pure consciousness, in which waking, dreaming, sleeping merge.



would then be to make the Universe a single structure, hugely complex, and so infinitely simple, being able to act as a unit. In this the positive and negative elements would be equal, and it would thus disrupt immediately on its formation ready to begin the process all over again.

However, the point is the 'Evolution' is a manifestation of 'Love', and tends to simplicity, or 'Attainment'. As I sang long since

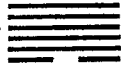
Only Nothing is,  
and Nothing is an Universe of Bliss.

9.50 p.m. The day has been rather pointless. I tried to paint, spoilt my Blue Grotto, and did a Dance like a Comic Valentine, which however yielded to a rag and some turpentine, so that I have lost perhaps a day, but at least not a canvas!

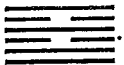
6 June, ☉. Headache after a bad night looking after sick folk, etc. Letters from Aimée<sup>1</sup> and 31-156.<sup>2</sup> Dreamt of being asked questions about certain gold cups, including my altar cups, and bowl 'presented to Captain Fuller<sup>3</sup> by the 11th Hussars'. Also about my old disciple, the Earl of Tankerville.<sup>4</sup>

7.30 p.m. Have painted the 'Cock and Snake', which might do to boost the next French Loan!

Shall I get \*\*\*\*'s faeces, now the Cock and Rattlesnake, without further trouble? Give general symbol. Hexagram XLI. Some of it; and I am to act in the best and truest interests of all without thought of self.

Give general symbol for my proposals at the Zürich meeting.<sup>5</sup> 

The symbol represents in its trigrams exactly my plan. It is a 'bold female'. I should be quite non-attached; I should not go to Zürich; I should make a great point of being the *Secret* Master; there will be quarrelling, but my force

should prevail. Give the general symbol for David Ross.<sup>6</sup> . Sun of Water. *Kbwei*. Disunion—the 'pig with the load of mud'. I think he's superstitious. If the hexagram is prophetic at all, it means that I can help him (line 2) by disciplining him (line 3) and isolating him (line 4), thus initiating him (line 5). He has a bad time with the Dweller on the

<sup>1</sup> Aimée Gouraud.

<sup>2</sup> Jane Wolfe.

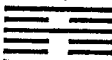
<sup>3</sup> John Frederick Charles Fuller, author of the first published work about Crowley, *The Star in the West*, 1907. In 1930, twenty years after he had broken with Crowley, Fuller became a Major-General in the British Army.

<sup>4</sup> The 7th Earl of Tankerville who accompanied Crowley to the Sahara during 1907. See *The Confessions*.

<sup>5</sup> A meeting in Zurich of the Grand Masters of various occult lodges, to which Crowley was invited. He did not attend.

<sup>6</sup> Unknown. He had probably written to Crowley, asking for magical instruction.

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Threshold,<sup>1</sup> but attains in the end (line 6). However: give definite symbol for his relations with me. . Sun of Fire. Very close and enthusiastic, but liable to overbalance. Note: I have been assuming both philosophically and in my work in the Gnosis, the Conservation of Matter and that of Energy. Here is a substance, A (I have said) evidently capable of 'initiating' (shall I say?) a lot of other things, B to Z, and acting as their Hegemon, to the perpetuation and fulfilment and development of itself and them. If I 'kill' A by preventing it from reaching D, must not its potentiality find fulfilment on some other, the astral or spiritual plane? Then, *pariter*, pigs cannot eat acorns; they (the acorns) must grow to oaks and to fathers and grandfathers of oaks, in some way or other. But Nature being so prolific, would not then the totality of matter multiply? Absurd; hence the forces hidden in the acorn must simply be transferred; in other words, the 'transmigration of souls' is a mathematical necessity. In the Sealed Matter that we know of, then it is evident that there is a Treasure-House of Talismans, all ready charged with force whose normal function is, naturally enough, simply self-preservation; which end each attains through the elaborate device of uttering the Word of our Third Degree. Its nature can be modified, in the course of this process, by the environments which it acquires; but there is a limit to variety, because some environments would 'kill' it, i.e. send it off on the astral. E.g. by hybridism (note the word Hybris, the pride that would beat down the laws of Nature) is either immediately or proximately impossible. I can use my talismans for any purpose in sympathy with my True Will, for I have made them myself of mine own substance. But I can't do magick to get money for myself (for instance) because I originally offered all my money for Magick; such an operation would be an endothermic reaction. (Good term, that!) Now the closer I come to full comprehension of my True Will, the simpler it appears. I am (as said often afore) not a man, but a Word; at most, the mechanism of Its utterance. I am 'a Word with a piece of meat wrapped around it', to parody my definition of Woman. Should I then consecrate each and every Talisman to the Work of Utterance? Yes; but my life itself, even the details of what I have for dinner, may help that Utterance. I ought to stay healthy and sane, if possible; I ought to illustrate how to keep the Law; and so on. Therefore, I may do any Operation within the limits of the Nature of my Talisman.

But how am I to incarnate the spiritual forces which I let loose? (First, I have to give them direction, impressing a particular Will on their plasticity.) By the Sacrament, answers *Liber C*.<sup>2</sup> That is all right, when it is a case of

<sup>1</sup> When one seeks initiation, which is the full realization of the Self and its powers, one comes up against the Dweller on the Threshold, a Theosophical term, which derives from the Egyptian concept of the Devouring Beast of the Abyss, Apep, or Apophis. It is an inimical force, the residue of all my one's previous misapplications of energy.

<sup>2</sup> *Liber C* (or 100) contains the secret instructions of sexual magick taught in the O.T.O. The number is derived from the initials of the two magical weapons in this instruction, P and K, Phallus and Kteis, 80 and 20. The full title of *Liber C* is *The Book of the Unveiling of the Sangraal*.

awakening or inspiring some existing power of my own body or mind; for the right environment instantly surrounds the invoked Force. (I have found such experiments almost invariably successful, the 'good' operation attaining the willed result, usually more or less instantaneously, and the 'bad' one being a direct and deadly poison.) But if the object is to move some power or thing external to myself, it can only act by radiation. (If I communicate the Wafer-Wine, it acts directly, of course; hence one can heal the sick.) Now, consuming It oneself, one can increase one's personal magnetism, and induce people to act so that the Result follows. One can do this at a distance with sensitive persons, by an astral visit, or by simple thought-telegraphy. Perhaps, too, one can raise storms and so on by influencing the consciousness of the elementals. I have done such things, or seemed to do them. But all external works are obviously harder than internal, because in the latter case the environment is always present, and always sympathetic; in the former, one has to reach the 'patient', and also, probably, to convince him. The best course will be direct administration of the Sacrament. The next best, an astral visit. In the case of moving material things, one can but get at them by the beaten road of ceremonial Magick.

To sum up, I must incarnate the forces (aroused and directed by Will) in my own system, when I can accomplish the Result by personal effort; in another's, physical or astral, when it depends on his efforts; in pantacles, when impersonal or elemental forces are involved as agents. As to the limits of my Workings, I cannot use powers (*a*) which I have not got—e.g. I cannot conceive a child; or powers, (*b*) which I have paid away, or barred by a Magical Oath—e.g. I cannot make money; or powers (*c*) which are not in accordance with my True Will—e.g. I cannot restrict another's freedom; or powers (*d*) which would violate nature or truth—e.g. I cannot alter the past, or make two angles of a triangle together exceed two right angles or make thistles yield grapes. I have far less choice of action than I have in the normal state, for I am not working by order of the moods of the superficial mind, which constantly fails to observe, and even tolerates, contradictions, but by virtue of the True Will, which originally charged the Talismans, and is simple, true, and decided.

Union of the conscious mind, made stable moreover, with the subconscious, is evidently necessary to any Operation in which the Result is to be formulated beforehand. The *Yi King* or *Thelema* might be asked to enlighten the mind when doubt exists.

11.30 p.m. Shall I do an Opus of the Gnosis? Hexagram I! To what end? Hexagram XIV, *Ta Yu*! (After all I've been saying!) Began same, but with heat, and the result of other experiments, postponed the climax. Magick is then (to continue) an intensification and exaltation, by restriction, of normal human action. It implies a katharsis. The making of the circle, the banishings, and the purification symbolize the negative work, the 'concentration off' all other things. The consecration by fire and the invocations give the positive side, the 'concentration on' the one thing willed. All this goes to 'charge' the talisman with a clearly defined nature, and to prevent the mind from interfering by conflict or wasting by distraction. Then must come the

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climax, the creative act by which, in ecstasy or spasm, the 'universe' is united to the unit. At that moment the talisman is expelled from the circle, so that its form cannot be altered any more; it issues, a Star, to go upon its Way. It must now find a suitable Darkness that needs enlightenment. Thus it would seem that a Menstruum should have been prepared for it, an Egg of Blackness (so to speak) yolked with the Desire synonymous with that Will; or if this be not easy to find, full of ecstatic 'Surrender to that Will whatever it may be', a thing far easier to obtain. In this case the Two-in-One are left to ferment, and so on, as the Wizard Amalantrah<sup>1</sup> did ordain in so rich detail. They, one living soul immortal, enter the body as its sole nourishment, or rather, take to themselves all powers soever of that body to their service; this is accomplished by the Sacrament. The powers in question, fortified by this Divine Impulse automatically attain this possible perfection, and so act without hindrance, they being for the time made, as it were, dictators of the body, all other powers only existing to serve them.

So much for the orthodox method; what of the Secret Path? Firstly, it seems harder to get results, the 'child' not being started in life by the sacrament of Marriage, and the wet-nurse stage of fermentation. It is a foundling Star. Of course, it is probably in some ways stronger, having missed the worst of the temptations to degenerate by manifestation in the way of its grosser nature. Yet pause: is not the triumph in that ordeal its witness? Maybe; it's the old question: shall I be a Bhikku<sup>2</sup> or a householder? The concentration of will is likely to be stronger in the case of the Lone Star, at least for such as I; and control, or so my experience asserts, is better on all planes. Again, the sense of weakening is absent; there is no lassitude, no reaction, no hurt to dignity. One remains Very God, active and ecstatic. But, even so, how does the Star manage to shine? Of a surety it must take the whole body for its Egg. It must do without any physical nourishment soever, even for the few minutes granted by Amalantrah. But this is surely no distress to it, nor let to its action; for its physical being is so wholly insignificant. The chemical reactions are not noticeable, and anyhow they are destructive. Indeed, all that is needed is to destroy the physical basis. 'The Lion must be very dead indeed.' The method of fulfilment is, as in the orthodox Work, to thrill the physical functions with its inspiration, to give them a commander-in-chief. An objector can only say that it won't work in its primitive state, that it must have those few minutes to make it visible. But this is an assertion which my experience fails to sustain. Nor, theoretically, need I prefer a Star possibly diluted or even poisoned to one less developed but alone and absolute. 'But the Egg is essential'? I think that is but a tradition from the debased folk who adore the false trinity of the bourgeois; ours being Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and our mode of creation being that given in the most ancient papyri, where one at least of

<sup>1</sup> The Wizard Amalantrah appeared to Crowley and his Scarlet Woman, Roddie Minor, in a series of visions in America between January and June 1918. Amalantrah was a messenger from the Secret Chiefs of the A.:A.: See *The Great Beast*, 1971.

<sup>2</sup> A monk of a Buddhist Order.

the unorthodox Workings is declared as the Act of the Beginning. Note in this—or in one of these papyri—that the God uses the Earth as his Egg; and compare what Amalantrah said. The talisman is to be placed upon the Earth: may it not be that, all we being part of Earth, she transmits all messages to the proper recipients? That would explain the fact that sometimes quite material miracles are worked by our Craft in the Gnosis, that is, when we do what Amalantrah told us. In some, I think that it is easier to get some sort of result with an Egg, but the risk of a bad result is far greater.

(The Wilmshurst<sup>1</sup> idea of Alchemy is quite clear by the way, from this. He uses the hand to hypnotize another person, so as to be able to direct his talismans, a conscious mind trying to master another man's unconscious; 'tis the foulest pit of black magic.)

One may note that our Lion, being composed of five substances, is in himself a Pentagram, proper to our Work. Why should a further development be needed at the dreadful risk of spoiling not only his temper, but the whole Work of his Keeper? For who knoweth the Way of any Eagle in the Air? These be birds of prey, my brother!

7 June 1.55 a.m. I feel inspired to jot down a few notes upon the Elixir of Life. The Elixir of Life by the Master Therion.

The conditions of life are that the organism should be able to adjust itself continually to its environment. Any individual, to do this for long, needs either very great intelligence or very great luck. His chief physical asset is elasticity, the power of compensation and recuperation. Our bodies are some 75 % pure water; we are a mere sponge, our strength arises from the great mechanical ingenuity of our structure. But we are not 'solid bodies' like most inanimate beings. This water, by kidneys, lungs, and skin, constantly cleanses us, and carries off most of our waste and noxious matter. Block one of these conduits; death follows very rapidly. However, this drainage system is not quite perfect; our pipes 'fur' like a kettle. Disease and accident apart, we die of arterio-sclerosis caused by the gradual deposits of insoluble salts which harden the arteries and destroy the elasticity which enables them to adjust themselves to new conditions. In fact, we 'perish' like india rubber. Old age is simply a solidification of the tissues, all of which become hard, dry and brittle.

As in philosophy, change is life, stagnation death; we should not fear a brisk metabolism. Why should the process which we call growth only a few years ago become degeneration? For the same reason that a well-kept well-oiled engine works more easily with age while a rusty one wrecks itself. Exercise helps us to sluice our sewers, but we must flush them well with water to dissolve mineral waste. We must avoid the ingestion of foods likely to leave insoluble deposits.

<sup>1</sup> Walter Leslie Wilmshurst, author of *Contemplations, Studies in Christian Mysticism*, 1914, *The Masonic Initiation*, 1924, and other works. Wilmshurst also wrote an introduction to Mary A. Atwood's *A Suggestive Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*, 1918.

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But there is another cause of decay, cause also in part of this poisoning. Our organs would repair themselves perfectly, if they were given sufficient rest. In their haste they absorb the first material to hand, be it good or bad. Also, we call on them to work before they are fully rested and so wear them gradually out. Exercise is necessary to keep us clean; but our rest must be perfect restoration also. We can give the muscles this benefit by Asana, and also thereby reduce to a minimum the work of heart and lungs. We can give our digestions rest by eating only at noon and sunset, thus allowing them a clear twelve hours of the twenty-four. Pranayama is the ideal exercise as it promotes metabolism to the utmost with the minimum of fatigue, and can be combined with Asana.

The Hindus, to whom we owe these practices, realize also (as I, above) that the solidity of the food is an objection. They try to live on the Prana (subtle energy) contained in it. For instance, they teach people to reject their food before it has passed out of the stomach. In the West, we have sought rather to discover concentrations of good, and pre-digested preparations with a minimum of substance liable to form waste insoluble or poisonous products. We thus endeavour to diminish the work necessary to assimilation, as well as to avoid dirt and disorder in our Temple. We even eliminate on occasion the whole alimentary canal, and feed our patients by direct injection into the blood, or by absorption of nutriment in some convenient mucous membrane.

But mankind—in temperate climes—does not ask merely to exist; it demands joy; and joy, physiologically speaking, consists in the expenditure of surplus energy. Men living in the tropics need very little food since all we require beyond the repair of tissues and supply of mechanical force, is the heat required to keep our bodies at 37° Centigrade, as above the temperature of the air. If that be already 27° or so, we need but half of that necessary if it be 17°, or one third if it be 7°. Yet men in the tropics are not more energetic than our Scots and Norsemen. Those like *dolce far niente*, repose, as these take pleasure in activity. Even their phantasies attest to it, the one inventing Nirvana as the other Valhalla.

We admire the frolics of the young horse turned out to grass; we cultivate rough games, wild sports, and athletics. The Struldbruggs of Swift are perhaps, to us, of all his creations the most horrible. The immortality we ask is neither idleness nor stagnation. We want infinite Youth to squander, just as we wish a bottomless purse not to hoard but to spend. We cannot rest, just as the tropical peoples cannot work properly and efficiently. By our theory they should live longer than we do; but the same high temperature that favours them befriends their enemies, bacteria; and they lack our science of health.

Now all the means that we take to prolong life, such as I have outlined above, have so far failed to supply this superfluity of energy which we really desire. People with diets and breathing exercises and the like are usually walking sepulchres—some of them whited! The animal who thinks about his health is already sick. Absence of noise and friction is the witness of free mechanical function. Fear actually creates disease, for the mind begins to

explore and so interferes with, the unconscious rhythm of the body, as the *Edinburgh Review* killed John Keats.

The man with the best chance of prolonged youth is he who eats and drinks heartily, not much caring what; who does things vigorously in the open air, with the minimum of common-sense precautions; and who keeps his mind at the same time thoroughly active, free from worry, and his heart high. He has come, with William Blake, to the Palace of Wisdom by the Road of Excess. He is on friendly terms with Nature, and though he does not fear her he heeds her, and does not provoke her. It is better says he, to wear out than to rust out. True, but is there need to wear out? He tires himself improperly, and he digs his grave with his teeth.

It is this surplus of good food, this codocil to our Will to Live, that makes us, like the Englishman on the fine day, want to go out and kill something. And so Death pays in so much Uric-Acid at his human Savings-Bank.

There are only two solutions possible, the invention of either a solvent more perfect than water, or a super-Food. The first alternative is theoretically none too probable. As to the second, if food were merely a chemical and mechanical agent in us, the problem would be one of diet. But there is some reason to believe that food contains a substance yet unanalysed and unweighed which is of the nature of pure Energy. Live foods, like oysters, stimulate inexplicably; foods long stored lose their nutritive value, though the chemist and physicist can detect no change. We need no psychical research but only common sense and common experience to tell us that there is a difference between a live thing and a dead one beyond the detective powers of the laboratories of Mid-Victorian arrogance and dogmatism.

A copper wire changes not in colour, weight, or chemical composition when a current of electricity passes through it; must we deny the existence of that force whose nature is still perfectly mysterious despite our knowledge of its properties, our measurements and our control of it? Why then deny a Life-bearing force? Ostensibly because 'there is no evidence of it'; but mainly because the hypothesis happened to be packed in with the theological parcel of rubbish. But we have this indirect evidence of it, that unless we assume something of the sort, we have nothing to span the gap between two well-ascertained groups of facts familiar to all; namely, the facts of 'matter' and the facts of 'mind'.

To our copper wire again! Electricity is matter of a subtle and tenuous sort, in a peculiar state of motion; so is my hypothetical Life-bearing force. The charged copper wire does not weary or wear out; why should the human body do so, if only we could feed it with pure Life?

Nature everywhere is prolific of live things, animal and vegetable. (Pray note that these things, and only these, avail to feed us.) What wealth of 'spiritual' force is in an acorn! What history, its beginning veiled beyond all search! What potentiality of future life, of growth, of multiplication, beyond all conjecture! Like us, it has the power of Life; it can take live things and dead things into its own substance, bidding them, for its own purposes, to live again, transfigured! There's far more energy in the acorn

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than in radium, at which fools gape so wide in wonder. Far more, and far higher; radium only degenerates and dissipates; the acorn lives!

But all that energy is latent and potential; the acorn must be fed, like the fire that it is. (For every growth is a chemical change, a kind of combustion, element married to element with violence, with change of state, with heat, light, pleasure, pain, as its by-products. Growth crowns itself with bloom or scent, with flame or colour, with wisdom conscious or unconscious.) The acorn cannot hoard its wealth or experience, use its credit of possibility, except by taking earth, air, and water into partnership, and invoking on the Venture, the Benediction of the Sun. If we destroy the fragile walls of its huge Library of Wisdom, we do not otherwise than the Saracen at Alexandria. The ages draw black hoods over their mighty foreheads; they cover their inscrutable eyes; they breathe no more upon us; their voice is Silence, Mystery, Oblivion; and we are left orphan, exposed like Oedipus, the toys of unintelligible oracles, the children of a chance whose wheel the cheating croupier, Malice, has loaded with a curse. Where is the treasured wisdom of that dead world? Where is the Sphinx that hid in our crushed acorn? It was; it is not. Love itself no more intangible, more fugitive, more tragic, or more heedless. Its Fate? The oracles sneer; the hieroglyphs are indecipherable; the black lamb is found without a heart, and we must make our pilgrimage perforce to the altar of the Unknown God. All we can say is: It is not. Nay, but It was; and so, in some strange form, must be; else were all science and all mathematics falsehood and mockery.

But, as long since we learned, first to distinguish rubbed from unrubbed amber, next to measure, last control, though never yet to understand, the nature of, the force that made that distinction; so we can tell the living from the dead, can even measure life roughly, by taking heed of its external shews and proofs; so we shall come to control it, perhaps—nay, surely!—to create it.

We cannot yet direct the forces of the acorn, save within narrowest limits; we can stop, thwart or foster, even distort its growth; but we cannot lure it so far from its path as to grow Elms from it. But that is due to the definite bent and scope of the particular structure of the physical basis of the Life-force which must be one even as Electricity is one.

We shall be able to gather, if not to create, this Life; to transmute it into other forms of force, as now we transmute heat to light. We shall be able to store it, to harness it, to guide it; to absorb its energy ourselves directly, without resorting to our present gross, inefficient, cumbrous and dangerous means of abstracting it from ores (if I may say so) mechanically, blindly, empirically, and with such toil and strife. Our journey—by such means of transit—is necessary and hateful; our travelling companions are our diseases, and the host to ease us at the end of the short, the weary day, is Death.

As yet we cannot drink at the source of Life, keep Youth perpetual as we can now keep Light—strange realization of the Rosicrucian's dream, or, it may be, discovery of his secret!

But we have found the Super-food. We know a vehicle of which a few



grains can house enough pure light to fill a man not only with nourishment, but with Energy almost superhuman, and parallel, Intelligence incredibly sun-bright for four-and-twenty hours. That substance is theoretically easy, but practically hard to obtain. In England and America it would be impossible to procure any quantity even of the raw material, at least in strength and purity; much less to prepare it. We know how to charge this substance with the Life-force. The process is at present laborious and expensive; great skill is required, and much precaution for errors in preparation are hard to detect, and may result in hideous mischance.

It is now six years since we gained our knowledge. They have been crowded with experiment; we are arrived at the practical stage. We cannot understand the true Nature of this force; we cannot measure it; we cannot create it, or obtain it synthetically. But we can purify and intensify it; we can, within wide limits, determine at will the quality and scope of its action; we can postpone death, increase energy, or prolong youth; and we are justified in saying that we possess the Elixir of Life.

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Note. The Elixir is only administered to selected individuals for good reason shown. The normal course of treatment consists of two or three months' preparation in the place prepared for the purpose in Sicily, followed by the necessary period, usually one month, of the actual experiment which is made in the greatest secrecy.

Here, at 5.50 a.m. (legal time) on the Day of Diana,<sup>1</sup> being the 7th of June, An XVI ☉ in II.

An XVI ☉ in 16° II, ☽ in 16° ☿

7 June, Monday. *Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.*

8.13 a.m. Opus I, BSHN, *p.v.n.* continued. Object: *Ta Yu*. Operation: excellent. Gave to Earth. I kept the mind very steady indeed and quite without attachment.

In what way will *Ta Yu* come?  *Ming I*. May mean Amfortas man; or a Solar-faecal Yoni!

3.00 p.m. Have been for a walk with Leah, and a bathe. Found a 'wish-fulfilment cave', with clear shallow wave, and smooth sand, oh such a long way out. No undertow, no breakers, no Jews; fine!

I dreamed: I was back in Cambridge, and the new Master of Trinity asked me to lunch. (Another 'great man' dream: one two days ago.) I had to keep in Corpus; there was a tout, one Queensberry, who wanted the men to fix him up with a photographic studio, and had some right to ask: we were going to a meeting about it. There was a game, played with two oval bats, one in each hand, called Double Tlemcen. Tlemcen meant Seven. Can't

<sup>1</sup> The day of the moon, Monday.

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remember how this came in, but 'twas very important. (Tlemcen is a hill-fortress on the West frontier of Algeria, and a range of Atlas. Arab name *Jel el Terni*, query *ThRNIV 666?*)

8 June, ♂. I dreamed I was paying a visit to London. It was a vivid, long, coherent, detailed affair of several days, with so much incident that it would make a good-sized volume.

All day very physical. Long bathe at cove.

9 June, ♀. 'Beauty's' Birthday. She tried to give an imitation of a soft corn, but has not brains enough even for that. She merely made herself ridiculous instead of objectionable; very welcome as 'twas a dull day. However, I went to bed early, getting rid of both girls by the admirably subtle stratagem of snubbing Ninette and telling Leah to get out. Then I started to write poetry; 'The Rock' and 'Wanted!'

10 June, 24. 5.45 a.m. (Chapter 1. The Body-snatchers grab Sir Roger's diary: an excerpt, brought in at this point to encourage my typist.)

Have been up all night writing 'Moon-wane', and 'Love's Middle Age'. There's something nearer song in 'Moon-wane'. I wish not only to write faery bards forlorn stuff, but something sizeable again. Not merely *Adonis*, but *Mortadello*.<sup>1</sup> I don't see how it's to be done unless I get a house all alone. (Oh, poet, poet, poet.) I wanted Leah to be a fire-breathing dragon, and a Dog of Evil, and a Dog-faced Demon, and a Rudolf Steiner's Countess, and a surly Janitor, and a Bodyguard, and a Maxim Silencer, and a Barrage, and an Isle-encircling Sea, and a moat defensive to an house, and a calthrop, and a front-line trench, and an area railing and a cow-catcher, and a tortoise-shell, and a macintosh, and an American Letter, and a rhinoceros-hide, and an unbreakable Eggshell, and a Hun pill-box, and an anti-aircraft corps, and a porcupine skin, and a nutshell; and the nearest she gets to it is being a nut.

Moreover, I wanted her to be an Egeria, and a Mentor, and a Calliope, and a Dr Warre, and a Venus in Furs, and an Elder Cato, and a Marsyas, and a Socrates, and a Lictor, and a Mr Squeers, and a Catherine II, and a Dr Bircham, and a Saint Urticaria, and a Colonel Wackham, and a Miss Fanny Goosem, and a severer Seneca, and a Swedish Masseur, and a Miss Tickler and a fashionable school-mistress, and a Lady Fanny Lashem, and a female deity of Colonel Gormley,<sup>2</sup> and a Crowleiomastix, and a Priest of Alys, and a Jesus Christ among the money-changers, and a whipper-snapper, and a Marquis de Sade, and an Ethel Yoshiwara (a dear old friend of mine) and a Tiberius, and a Caligula, and a Nero; but her best attempt has been to be an heroine. (A Nero-ine; joke!)

Note—presumably by Leah—Oh, poet, poet, poet, you could have said it all in one compound-word—'Lightning rod'.

<sup>1</sup> *Adonis*, a drama in verse, published in *The Equinox*, volume 1, number 7, 1912. *Mortadello or the Angel of Venice*, 1912.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley entertained Colonel Gormley, R.A.M.C., at his house, Boleskine, in Scotland. He described Gormley as 'an eminent masochist'. See *The Confessions*.

Observe the abyss of my shame: a Pun! All her fault. I wanted her to be a Tyler, armed with a lethal weapon, to keep off intruders; that was the first bit. And the last bit; I wanted her to keep me with my nose to the grindstone, and even to protect my health; for I need discipline, and seem too lazy to apply it myself. I can't persuade myself to take myself seriously; that seems to be the trouble. *Dolce far niente*; *mañana*; tomorrow is also a day; procrastination is the soul of business; don't do it now; when the sky falls we shall all catch larks; non-action leads to *Moksha*; Doing is a deadly thing, ends in death; accomplish everything by doing nothing—hang it! I'm beginning to convince myself that I'm a noble fellow to slack about in pyjamas all day, too lazy even to perform the simplest acts of courtesy to ladies, charming ladies, who only need a little tongue to go with the ham to be perfectly happy, not even so much as craving sausage with their eggs (Oeufs Bercy) or a yard added to their 'ell, or to have the President of the Royal Institute of Christian Knowledge address the Cefalu United Thought Society.

Yes, I'm becoming a Quietist, almost (and I may venture another parano-masia, play 'po' words) a Molly-Coddle-ist. I am a missed stick, placid as a Nescio-quid-pro-Qua-ker, my love as passive as an inhabitant of Lower Boehme, my water unagitated by Soaper-and-Tauler, my record blank as the canvas and the colon of Jan-Van-Eyck-after-taking-salts-and-sen-na-nist, my dawn-meditation, worthy of a Di-Plo-ma-ta-tius, my silence kin to stri-Porphyry, my Hood drawn down deep as Mrs Where-did-you-get-that-'Atwood, my lamp short of oil as never trade-on-sp-Li-von-tick-and-Esk;—'arts'—hans-en-ny-where. Carried, my methods of finance, sounder than those of an 'I-g-amblic-cuss. Ah me! I fear that I shall read nought Comi-Chal-Pan-dean in the Oracles but that I am booked for Zoroandisaster.

And after that I deserve it!

Alostrael, beloved, even in enteritis, or exit-wrongis (this is a habit like love, and nearly as bad), even in hysteria, or low-steer-yer, or Hearst-Era, even in exhibitions of Freudianism, even in moments of anti-Shummytism, in dreams of that Jelly-hussy, when you want to say 'That stric' Ninette ate strychnine; I this trick, Ninette; my knee nettles your solar plexus; I guess you won't come back to vexus', even when you give me a pain in the place where J. W. Morrice has his, beloved, Alostrael, I love you; and I implore you urgently to do these two things.

*First:*

Everybody to keep off the grass  
Put railings round me and let no one pass  
Except for special purposes, like massage,  
*Fermez très fermement en fer le passage!*<sup>1</sup>

*Second:*

Be strict with me; no longer twenty,  
I can't afford much *dolce far niente*.

<sup>1</sup> 'Close fast the passage with iron.'

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Make me work two hours every mortal morning,  
And whack me, after one emphatic warning.  
If I don't do it; keep me off the drink,  
Make me bathe daily, lest I come to stink;  
Two hours of walking, or of Football Fives,  
Should hold our health, and stretch our youth and lives;  
Save me moreover from becoming sick  
By thrice a day Quinine with Arsenic.  
Put me to bed at sunset, ere light flies  
Don't let me use a lamp, and hurt my eyes.  
Don't let Ninette with French love or with Greek  
Seduce me more than once or twice a week.  
Remember, this means you as well, I'll fall  
From grace, not more than thrice a week in all.  
I'd rather be well flogged with knouts and cactuses,  
but—make me polish up my Yoga practices.  
Then, to the edification of beholders,  
Make me draw, let's say 50 arms and shoulders;  
Until your sparring partner murmurs 'Pretty',  
Forbid me to presume to draw a titty;  
But then, two-score-five brace; and if they strike us  
As good, I'll venture on the umbilicus;  
Then, undisturbed if my way's even tenor is,  
I'd like to have a shot at the Mons Veneris,  
Success with which, I trust, confers a right!  
To shoot at any prowling cat on sight . . .  
Ah! castles in the air! Well! collect 'em  
By following the motto 'Probe rectum'.  
Then when you know exactly where I stand  
Sing your best-song '*Das Schweitzer Hinterland*'  
The Upright Man, though bald and pink his poll,  
Who analyses to the bottom the Whole,  
The fundamental Whole, may hope to spend  
Life rapturously, and earn a grateful End.  
Should your next lover ask 'Your last still dear is?'  
'*Circumspice, si monumentum quaeris*<sup>1</sup>,  
You should reply, and, teasing, add '*Mon coco,*  
*Dulce nonne est desipere in hoc loco*'<sup>2</sup>  
But I digress, If you enforce these rules  
On this menagerie of brats and fools,  
Myself the Sun whose rays with chaste effulgence  
Pleads with offended Deity for indulgence.  
This Paree a la Freud of drones and dastards,  
Stale Backfisch, rotten governesses' bastards,  
Whores, a la Henna, on smutty stories gloating,

<sup>1</sup> 'Look around, if you are seeking a memorial.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Sweetie, isn't it nice to have fun here?'

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Drink-drowned, till there's but one poor kidney floating  
With fingers fortified for Football Fives  
By the chief occupation of their lives  
So trained to management of tongue and lip  
Their kisses would rot the mainmast of a ship.  
So in well-doing exercised, nor weary,  
One should have gone with Scott, and one with Peary!  
But stay!!! the question yet more deeply probe!—  
We might have lost the axis of the globe,  
Their infants, barely weaned, already headed  
For those greased chutes whence once they squalling sledded,  
'Mother' (he seeks his infantile Valhalla)  
'Mayn't I kiss yours as I kissed Mamalala's?'  
The other (at two) mere incest a has been is  
'Shummy, won't you suck my nice little penis?'  
If you, Alostrael, beloved, enforce  
Sanely and simply the aforesaid course  
In this asylum-brothel-water-closet  
You'll need no 'next-boy', but proceed, deposit  
Bisexual bastards as you chance to breed 'em,  
And Jesus only knows how we shall feed 'em!

Slept all day.

11 June, ♀. (Should be my lucky day.)

7.30 a.m. a very long detailed rational coherent dream. I was in London, met one, Meyer, friend of the Davieses. 18 Common Street, Regent Street, engaged to his daughter, one of several. Ellaline. He consented, made a date for marriage contract. I went off to see one, Roy (Fielding's friend) at 1, Rafi Street, a slum of Covent Garden. I woke and found it hard to believe the dream false. Slept again and it went on with the visit to Roy.

8.30 p.m. A perfect day. Nothing happened. I read Dumas; I had two hours in the sea. I wasn't bored. I invoked the gods without exception to accept all praise.

12 June, ♀. 'Beauty' continues her spell of dryness. Another 'perfect day' in the sea.

13 June, ☉. Another very long dream but not so coherent as before. I was at St. Moritz, a sort of holiday from Sicily. Desda Smart, my mother, and several other old ladies were there.

7.45 p.m. Another perfect day, even to knowing my tobacco actually in Cefalu! I have been reading *The Vicomte de Bragelonne*.

It still annoys me—chiefly because Aramis makes such a supreme ass of himself, at the great moment: it's out of character, altogether. Evident, too, that Dumas meant to make Raoul the quintessence of the Big Four and, having got his 'perfect man', couldn't make him interesting or sympathetic

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or even heroic. What a comment on all objections to the existence of Evil! He strains constantly; yet he can't even bring him into the story once in ten chapters. Obviously! How can a 'perfect man' be aught but a phantom idea in this universe? Malory found the same with Galahad, who pertains to the Graal, and isn't of men, but moves among them like a Dream-person. So in religion the piety which seeks to make its deity 100% in all examinations merely destroys his reality. Why? Because the world is always None or Two and never One.

Of the Four, Aramis is the only one with any ulterior purpose in his life, any conception of judging things by eternal truth; accordingly, he appears as the traitor. True, he has personal ambitions which mar his character, and (I think) lead him to failure. I'm glad that (if I must boast for once) when a member of the British Government asked me what reward it could confer on me for my services—such as they were—in America, I reflected long, then shook my head. I wanted nothing. I really do want nothing. I go upon my Way; I am assured that I go upon my Way Eternally; and I know that all Ways are closed curves, that each must ultimately comprehend all. 'There is not a grain of dust that shall not attain to Buddhahood'; 'tis I that say it!—and there is no Buddha that shall not be blown upon the winds as dust. Nor is it worth while to weigh antitheses; the Juggler tosses feather and cannonball in his right hand and his left hand is empty, because it has crushed an universe.

What is weight? The (arbitrary) measure of attraction of two bodies. It is a variable symptom of mass. It is a secondary way of indicating the rate of motion with which two bodies would approach each other if free to do so. Why such motion? Gravitation is a form of 'love', a single sphere offering (mathematically) the theoretical minimum of stress in the aether, as V[ery] H[onoured] Frater Ieh Aour<sup>1</sup> shewed me long ago. When two things become one, the stress (distress!) between them is achieved. (Note how free liquids take the globular form, how their drops coalesce and make a single sphere until the surface tension is overcome by other forces.) The two things must therefore be considered as one thing under stress. The universe can never resolve itself into a single sphere, because any release of stress must be compensated elsewhere, on some plane or other. Iehi Aour used to talk of the heat of reactions as dissipated in Space. But there is no such thing as 'heat-in-itself'; 'tis but our sense-name for one symptom of the motion of matter.

Relative motion can be transfigured; it can appear under a thousand veils of force, sensible or insensible to us; but it cannot be annulled.

Then cannot M going East meet M going West, and make Rest? Motion destroyed? Matter destroyed with it, of course? Cannot there be, however rare the event, at least the theoretical possibility of annihilation of some two atoms?

Well, first, this idea involves time and space, which are mere modes of speech, imaginary rails on which thought runs. Secondly, the vacuum created would give rise to an impulse in all other bodies; as one would not

<sup>1</sup> 'Let there be Light,' the magical motto of Allan Bennett in the Golden Dawn.

make an arch 'restful' by withdrawing the keystone. Thirdly, the occurrence would be a 'fact', which is a positive thing, though on another plane. These objections do not apply to the annihilation of the whole, simultaneously. It is inconceivably unlikely that this should happen, and impossible in an infinite universe. Yet if any part can meet its exact complement, the universe is annihilated for it. Only such result is not valid, as shown above, for its disappearance creates 'Karma'; the act affects the rest of the universe, and makes history. The near-vacuum in a barometer is far from being 'nothing', philosophically. It alters stress on the glass, and it helps the work of human intelligence. The equation  $0 \equiv 2n$  is therefore always true, both sides at once; for the total value of the universe is always  $0^\circ$ , while its expression is always  $2n$ . Qabalistically, *Ain*<sup>1</sup> is Truth, and *Orz Chimm*<sup>2</sup> is Maya,<sup>3</sup> and these two are one. (It's wrong to call Ain negative, obviously; negative postulates positive.) But cannot 'expression' cease? Must Tao contain the Teh-nature? It could be unexpressed if it were unconscious? (Berkeley even would say so. Matter must have consciousness—or spirit as O[scar] E[ckenstein] my Holy Guru once said—as well as Matter in order to exist. *The Soldier and the Hunchback!*?<sup>4</sup> proved the same thesis.)

Note how I have to think most of the time in terms of time and space. This writing is of reason; although it be illuminated reason. How can a thing cease if there be no time? Or exist in extension, if there be no space? It is then of the nature of the Eternal Nothing to imagine the Categories, and that Nature cannot be changed, because there's no external force to act on it, nor can be. But it can imagine all sorts of unreal things, the categories, matter, time and so on. It can even imagine absurd and impossible things, such as that force external to itself, for example; for it can imagine a part of itself as 'thinking', and thinking wrong. It can think of insane thinkers, who find ease in explaining an uncreated universe by an uncreated 'God' so denying equilibrium and postulating One who can play systems at roulette, and 'prove' that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and wrote Shakespeare to dispel any doubt on the subject, that he was a Rosicrucian, and still lives in a castle in Hungary, having written Dryden, Walt Whitman, and (why not? I offer my own contribution to Science) Doss Chiderdoss, Marie Corelli, the whole to conclude with Chaucer the Father, Keats the son, and Crowley the Holy Ghost of English poetry. Yes, ignorance, fatuity, idiocy, *et omnis cohors*, are as much expressions of the All, and as truly so, as all the virtues and sublimities. To discriminate, to make difference between any one and any other, is to blaspheme the Nothing-aspect of the Universe.

But then how can I be a meliorist? Thus: I see in my sphere of consciousness certain things which are, or rather seem, in excess of their opposites, and so prevent my sphere from being an exact model of being the Big Sphere. Either I expel the surplus, trading it for what seems deficient, by traffic with other spheres, or I enlarge my sphere in certain directions, or

<sup>1</sup> Nothingness or the Void.    <sup>2</sup> The Tree of Life.    <sup>3</sup> Illusion.

<sup>4</sup> *The Equinox*, volume 1, number 1. The exclamation mark stands for the soldier, the question mark for the hunchback.

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I use my surplus to feed my deficit, thus transmuting its combinations into other more agreeable. E.g. I have an excess of 'Ignorance of Italian'. I swap this for another man's ignorance of English by 'exchanging conversations', or I go to Italy, and read Italian; or I use the ignorance itself as a sort of protection, against cash-demanding Italian officials, for instance.

I note that stopping a thing is more action than letting it go—Newton's First Law of Motion. The heart beats; pure will won't stop it, barring abnormal cases, like Colonel Townshend. It pumps blood to the brain, which is thereby forced to bid its man get food, or suffer; and so the heart procures its energy, and goes on. The brain must think too; and so the whole apparatus forms a vicious circle. But it is only when pain of some sort becomes unendurably acute or continuous that the brain resolves on an act which stops the machine. The way of the Tao in this case is then to minimize friction; to live temperately, without agitation or ambition, neither spendthrift nor miser of one's forces and resources. But suppose that the Will—the Resultant of the summed forces of Life—has for its Word—'Ambition'. Then should not one intrigue like Aramis, endure all toil and hardship, take all risk, violate all code, to satisfy that ambition? Yes: the nearest that one can come to non-Action is to act on 'Do what thou wilt'.

But is not this an *ignoratio elenchi*?<sup>1</sup> Do not the sages mean that the machine itself is bad, that its Will is a mistake, that it ought to be stopped outright? No doubt: but they are asking an impossibility. A cubic millimetre of air in the blood produces much more result, a deeper-plunging and further-reacting series of changes, than a thousand cubic metres in the lungs. The Buddha 'passed away by that kind of passing away which leaves nothing whatever behind'. What bosh! He left the Dhamma<sup>2</sup> and the Sangha;<sup>3</sup> and his Karma<sup>4</sup> goes marching on, much more than John Brown's soul! Two and a half chiliads, and he's obsessing Schopenhauer and creating a new era in Western philosophy. Did Alexander do so much and found so much, with all his victories? Who, even fresh from school, can give the date or outline the career of Alexander? He has left an epithet, 'the two-horned'; a phrase to echo his satiate sigh; and a jest at his own expense and profit of Diogenes. That, and a certain popularity of his name among fond fathers, nine-tenths of whom never heard of him. But Buddha, the non-Action expert; the Cook that fried his Seeds; the man who saw Everything without exception as Sorrow caused by Desire and so destroyed Desire; the Strike-leader against Existence, the saboteur that threw the monkey-wrench into the Wheel of Samsara; the sole founder and proprietor of Nibbana Exploration Company; the Patentee of the Process of Passing-Away Painlessly without By-Products in all countries of the world, including Sweden and Norway; the perpetrator of the pun 'I'd rather be Caesar than Caesar'; what of him?

He has a third of mankind for nominal followers, and they still quarrel as

<sup>1</sup> 'Ignoring of the argument.'

<sup>2</sup> The Law.

<sup>3</sup> The Buddhist Brotherhood.

<sup>4</sup> The Wheel of Rebirth, i.e. phenomenal existence, the complement of Nirvana.



to what he said, and what he meant. He has pagodas, dagobas, trees, piles of stones, beyond estimation; he has more images in every conceivable material than there are people alive on the globe; he has literature so vast that no man has read a tithe of it, and so abstruse that no man has understood a thousandth part of it; he has had kings to build him monuments greater than those of all the dynasties of those of the Pharaohs, missionaries to convert Asia, and, overflowing into Europe, to plant his lotus even in the bloody mire of Christianity, poets to praise him in lyric or epic, sculptures interminable to degrade him to a doll, priests to make him their milch-cow, fanatics to perish or lose reason for his sake, monks to refuse life at mere memory of his bidding, women to make him their excuse for vanity, idleness, and default of duty—were these things not considered, Gautama, when you drew the schedule of the Chain of causes?

Say you that those who followed you diminished action, beggared Sorrow? That you are not to blame for the evil done in your name? For that last, no matter, though you were the exciting cause. But for the first, is not all change child of Desire? Is not the creation of new things, which are Sorrow, by your account? Is not this diminution of action, whereof you boast, more violent cause, more bitter effect, in a word, more derangement of Nature, than simply letting things alone? Ah (say you?) Nature's ill; derange her, that's the Noble Path; how else make stoppage of her mischief?

'Tis sound logic, maybe, though a suicide's, a melancholic madman's; if so, all I can answer is that I dispute your premises. Nature's not ill. Sorrow and Joy are relative terms; they balance; they disappear on examination. Then, 'tis not possible to stop her; witness-star-witness your own work.

Then what use in stopping her? Mere pain's surcease! That's your Oedipus-Complex, you who squat upon your mother-lotus, paunchy, inactive, ruminant! There's other types in the world!

As for your Means of stopping her? What fear you so that you refuse things pleasant—not less pleasant even if illusory—in the present? Why not face fate, take all things as they come with a stout heart and an indifferent or contemptuous smile? Is your sorrow so heavy that you cannot bear it, on philosophic archetype of Raoul de Bragelonne? Our mental tortures come, you say it truly, from Desire, Attachment, Tanha. But, if we slay Desire, cannot we canter through life, through countless lives, contented?

'Ah had you slain Desire, how could you claim a new life?' I shouldn't; but my Life's work would build it: actions the most careless often bear heaviest fruit. Your 'earnestness' is an all too legitimate child of Tennyson and Teutonism.

More, what you ask is impossible not only in ontology, but in dynamic. Newton's First Law holds everywhere. If my Will, Vector of all that's I, demand some change, it is not in me to deflect or hinder it. All that's in me is used already to compose that Will. You assume that the true will of all men is to attain Nibbana.<sup>1</sup> Suppose it were so? Still I pursue my path, steady and careless. Suppose Will's my Way; and it will take me there. Why

<sup>1</sup> The Pali form of Nirvana, Pure Consciousness, the transcendental experience.

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all this hurry? Time's an illusion; my own personality is an illusion; you said it; then, most assuredly, to aspire to Nibbana by your Noble Path, surest and shortest, nay, perhaps only way, is to affirm again this time, this personality, which meditation with such pains threw into the dust-heap. Indeed, you robe yourself in clouts plucked from charred corpses! Who is it that is so anxious to unbind the 'bundle of sticks' as you call man? Is it his own sorrow that he shirks? How should his disappearance soothe the general sorrow? You own it cannot, deplore the Way of the Pratyek-Buddha,<sup>1</sup> confess your own success has left even the poor old planet feeling poorly—while you talked of Cosmic Woe, and fathered infinite sewers of bad verse and trashy sermons, and maudlin essays, by the word. Oh! Silence had served better.

Clear thinker as you were in many ways, well as your vast and detailed system hangs together! I see the blood-clot that deranged your whole brain-structure. You did not see the universe as it is but as your 'unconscious' saw it. To you, expression meant fear, toil, sorrow; introversion offered safety, ease, rest. You felt yourself inferior to, incapable of mastering your environment. You tried to deny it reality. You wanted to take refuge from it. You craved the mother's womb of Nibbana, protection, unconsciousness, assurance against re-entry into a hostile Objectivity. Your fear sharpened your wits; you expanded the universe to infinity by observation and by imagination. It was not enough to die; there might be survival, even worse, some intensification of your helplessness and misery. You could not trust yourself: how could you trust the Universe? So you fled down ageless avenues of metaphysics seeking a refuge—and found it only in an impossibility.

Thus your Oedipus-Complex made a Bogey-Universe, exorcisable only by saying your prayers backwards with averted face. 'Sour grapes'! You cried 'Stinking fish! The fashion is for foxes to go brushless!' And your Work's aim? Since Bogey is all-bad, all-good can only be No-Bogey! Now, I'm a coward. Sorrow hurts me. I fear pain. But, like Leah, the dear fine girl, in her sufferings: 'I want to be good!' But she couldn't help screaming; nor can I sometimes. However, my will to be a man worth calling one helps me: (1) to admit the reality of the Universe, and face it. (2) to recognize its equilibrium of opposites, sorrow and joy, etc., in just balance. (3) to master it by mastering myself. (4) to acquiesce in it, in its infinite and eternal interplay of Spirit, Matter, and Motion, in myself as inherent part of it. (5) to perceive that my true Will is the resultant of the totality of its forces, expressed through me, that my Will is moreover the final necessary component of that equilibrium without which it could not be the universe. (6) to understand therefore, the perfection of that Word of Aiwaz in *The Book of the Law*; 'Thou hast no right but to do thy will.'

Observe that this general theory of mine as developed in various parts of

<sup>1</sup> A Buddha who is absorbed directly into Nirvana, unlike the Bodhisattva who vows to remain embodied in order to help all sentient creatures on to the Path. This whole account of Buddhism reveals Crowley's impatience with what he considered to be the Buddhist negative attitude towards life.

this diary is the only one yet promulgated which (1) Accepts as proof of the Reality of Things the evidence of the senses, and even when it is rejected by the mind's judgement. For me a dream-mountain is as real as Chogo-Ri, though its reality differs both in degree and in kind. (2) Explains the origin of 'evil'. (3) Reconciles all antinomies—Being and Becoming and not-Being—None, One, Many—Action and non-Action—Freewill and Destiny—and so on. (4) Makes every individual—whether atomic or head of a hierarchy—supreme, independent, unique, eternal, necessary, and just, as each man who goes deep enough knows himself to be. (5) Disposes of the difficulties about a 'beginning' by analysis of the nature of Zero. (6) Identifies Reason with Law, making it necessary and absolute, yet abolishes the barriers of reason by disproving the Laws of Identity and Excluded Middle, by destroying the Square of Contradictories, and by exhibiting the Dualism (Antinomy) which concludes all metaphysical investigations. This is not only necessary to the quilibrium of things, but to the nature of any expression of Nothing, and moreover recognizable as a single category whose two contradictory terms can be apprehended as identical. (7) Declares Necessity, chance and Will co-creative of phenomena, thus including all types of observed fact. (8) Reconciles the Subjective and Objective Universe by recognizing both as real, the Universe which I know being no match of that known by another, any similarity of reports by two astronomers (let us say) merely proving the likeness of their senses, instruments and brains; while the Universe of smell, e.g. known by a dog and not by me, is equally real. (Note that I see only a small part even of the surface of my lamp; the rest of it exists for me by virtue of a series of mental assumptions, some based on memory of experience, some guesswork; while much of the structure is actually unknown to me in any way, e.g. what metal is it? How is it put together? A familiar, yet truly mysterious object!) (9) Opens the way for the recognition of so-called occult forces, by allowing reality, and therefore potential power, to all things, sentient or no, imaginary or no, conscious or no. It conceives of anything as capable of conveying any force, save where the contrary is proven, as india rubber and electricity, and of nature as capable of concealing an infinite variety of modes of motion imperceptible to us. It conceives of modes of sense, of perception, and even of consciousness beyond our scope. It denies neither animism, nor pantheism. It knows no reason why every separate drop of water should not have a conscious soul, or why at the same time the sea should not have a soul, incorporate of all those souls, yet with something more original in its totality, just as a man is made of cells which live their own lives, yet is more than the sum of each. (10) It rests its affirmation that the Universe may be partly defined in the words once written of God 'whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference nowhere'. Equally upon mathematical necessity and direct observation as recorded in the vision of the 'Star-Sponge'. (11) It justifies, as firmly as it accepts, all phenomena soever, since they result from the action of a will or wills conditioned by necessity, and operating to the greater advantage of the predominant force. (Thus, the San Francisco earthquake eased the Earth's crust. The Earth, conscious or no,

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has the same 'right' to do this as we have to stretch our legs.) It declares each will to be of necessity free and eternal, independent of time, and bound by destiny only in so far as its impulse is its destiny. (Thus if my will is to go from Sicily to Africa, my destiny compels me to cross the Mediterranean, 'as I did foreknow, and foreknowing did predestinate'. This will is always 'right', because it exists, the complement of the Resultant of all other wills, and necessarily opposed to it. (12) In fine, as Mr Waite<sup>1</sup> would say, it is a complete solution of all theoretical and practical difficulties in Life and Thought.

I end this at 3 a.m. of Monday.

14 June, ☽. I omitted an important point in the above. My philosophy shows how the Universe makes a perpetual profit on its transactions, explains why it doesn't sell the business. For the unique, free, unalterable A can aggrandize itself by combining with B, C, etc. When it withdraws again it is still the same A, but enriched by its experiences. Even should it meet Minus A, they may well agree to let their Zero explode into a, minus a, a prime minus a prime, a 2 prime minus a 2 prime, etc.

Our Lady Nuith says for love's sake, for the chance of union.<sup>2</sup> She is Infinite Space, and also the Infinite Stars thereof. We think of the Stars as Matter, as 'positive'; we can't think of a 'negative' star, which would cancel a 'positive' one. We can only think of two motions as thus equal and opposite. But matter without motion cannot exist. Matter is then the Body of our Lady as Naught; introduce a plus and minus notion, and we see a Two, i.e. the Universe. This Motion is Hadit.

Love, or Death, is the Motion towards Naught; Division or Birth, the opposite.

It is wrong to represent Love, or the Will to Die, as Oedipus-Complex, though they may be for some. They may be of the Will to conquer, to create, to combine forms, works proper to Artist and to Hero. Why call Love's fierce activity a flight? Or Curtius' leap a tired man's gesture?<sup>3</sup> Certainly, if you don't think death ends you, suicide may be a hero's act. If you do, well, death's inevitable, and you may as well choose time and mode. If you're sure that Love, or Death, must end in Birth, the end, admittedly heroic, justifies the means.

But Nuith says rather that the Birth of the Stars is for Love's sake. And why? Because Love yields a By-Product, on a higher plan; it exalts things and sublimates them. Chemical reaction gives heat, light &c., besides the 'child' of the same order of nature as its parents; so with other kinds of love. Thus 'spirit' is produced by any piece of matter in motion uniting

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Edward Waite, the celebrated exponent of Christian mysticism, author of about sixty books. He was Crowley's bugbear.

<sup>2</sup> *The Book of the Law*, ch. 1, v. 29.

<sup>3</sup> Mettius Curtius, in answer to an oracle, leaped, fully armed and on horseback, into the chasm which suddenly appeared in the Roman Forum; an aetiological myth to explain why the pit was called *Lacus Curtius*. *The Oxford Classical Dictionary*.

with its mode. This can be used again to replace the lost motion; we often see the 'will to love' move matter.

Consider. H plus Cl equals HCl plus Heat, a definite amount which we can turn into other forms of motion, but not into matter. Next we take NaOH and get NaCl plus H<sub>2</sub>O plus more Heat. But now nearly all the original 'loose heat' of our elements is gone and we'll get no violent 'loves' from Salt and Water.

The more complex a thing is the tamer it is, except with true explosives, which explode by internal stress, and not by combustion or combination.

A man, after many reactions, loses his potential, like the elements in the salt water. Simple and inexperienced souls love violent pangs.

But if I turn my released heat into electricity, I can electrolyse myself, and regain that potential. (This is of the Gnosis, by the way.) Thus I must use the spiritual powers developed by my experience to analyse myself, to regain my elemental simplicities, and recombine them. This is what Nuith does; and being infinite, does with no waste.

5.00 p.m. The dawn-meditation was highly graced by the K[nowledge] & C[onversation] of the H[oly] G[uardian] A[n]gel.<sup>1</sup> And I came thence to ask the meaning of the word 'Who'. I can't define it.

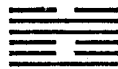
7.30 p.m. Having worked all night, it has been a rotten day. Have I vowed it rightly to the God of Idleness? I should. Yet, a red-letter day, for I got my tobacco at last!

15 June, ♂. A long dream of my cousin Lawrence. He and I were digging gold in a long cavern with two openings, one high up, the other low down, I suppose upon a hill. He struck a rich vein; I wasn't really interested in the gold, but in something else, I am not clear what, which I obtained. Numerous adventures followed, in 'connection'; but I recall only vague shapes of them.

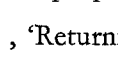
9.45 a.m. Diana crescent at Deartown (Cherbourg) on the 19th so I hear. Obviously, her inmost secret is her incest with her twin brother the Sun.

1.15 p.m. It is now 5 months since I have lived with mothers and children! Mother-love! The all but unique, the wholly predominant theme of their relations is the quality and quantity of the excrement deposited by the 'innocent babes'. Innocent enough! But is this stuff of poesy?

Give a general symbol for my journey to Tunis to meet Jane.

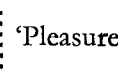


Water of Fire. This is a most amusing piece of prophecy! Shall I buy a house in Africa on this journey?



, 'Returning': decidedly no.

Shall I divide this household on my return?



'Pleasure'. I don't understand, unless it's 'Do as you please about it'.

6.00 p.m. I think I may congratulate myself on my methods as a swimming teacher. Howard, not yet 4, on his 5th lesson, swam absolutely alone and

<sup>1</sup> Crowley's Holy Guardian Angel, Aiwaz, was present in spirit.

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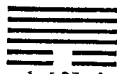
well out of his depth, for 5 minutes by Leah's watch, and could have gone longer.


These few days of sea have been put me into physically active condition. I now find that a single small breath of snow has the 'sustained excitement' effect which would need about gr. 1 to produce when I am fat and lazy. The moral is obvious.

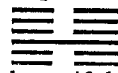
16 June, ♀. There is much matter in that Vicomte de Bragelonne. The degeneracy of that snivelling prig, that skirt-sniffing 100% American, is well contrasted with the male d'Artagnan's attitude to women, whom he practically ignores, or that of Aramis, who uses them cynically and carelessly. It explains how Louis XIV was able to cow the nobility. But one also sees how Louis, by making the royal power absolute, knocked away its supports.

11.10 p.m. 'Beauty'<sup>1</sup> has returned from Palermo with persecution-mania rather more developed. She only attempted murder once, as I put away the firearms. Howard swam for ten minutes alone: good boy! We'll make a man of him despite his mother.

17 June, ♀. 9.30 p.m. A nice peaceful sun-sea day.

18 June, ♀. Give symbol for arrival of [?] . This looks a little awkward: but note verse 3 of the comment. Is a-k [?] sincere in this matter?

, the Weak Beam. Yes, but very diffident. What course shall I

take? , Humility. I note that there must be something rotten about beautiful scenery because it appeals to nearly everybody. But then, a further reflection: it appeals to me. To that extent I am a herd-man. Yet—does it appeal in the same way? Yes, on the purely physical plane, more or less; I am 'normal'. But I add a superstructure which means nothing to the herd. I excuse, then, even justify, scenery as possessing attractions so catholic. Better that than the exclusive appeal of a Yoga? No, merely different. The Eye has a particular sublimation to show; it is a more advanced statement of truth, specialized.

Oscar Wilde aroused the curiosity and respect of mankind by communicating the obvious in a hushed whisper, and secured its affection by labelling his remnants 'extra special' and marking them down to 'One Eleven Three'!

3.25 p.m. Opus II, BSHN and Ethel. Operation, very prolonged (2-2½ hrs.). Otherwise quite unremarkable save for the elaborate detail of comprehension of the situation and the problems to which it gives rise. Elixir not remarkable. Object: *Juventatem*.

Query: What's this *Juventus*? *Iw-entus* equals Jove-quality? Yes: *jeune* and

<sup>1</sup> Ninette Shumway, née Fraux, the Second Concubine of the Beast.

*dens* are kin; it's the IAO or IU-God of Spring.<sup>1</sup> There are really only three letters; gutturals, dentals, labials; for palatals are considered as modified gutturals, and linguals as modified dentals. M is counted as a labial; so the 4th class of letters is Vowels.

Thus, then, we attribute the Quarters, AD or AR or AT or AS dental in the South; AB or AP or AM or AN in the West (Father and Mother), IAO and C in the East, AK in the North. Our Pantacle might have lip, tooth and throat, with tongue to modify them, and breath to give them impulse.

Taking 'tenuis' as the type, we get K-T-P as the course of breath: taking 'media' we get G-D-B; taking 'spiritus', we get H-S-F. Lips and throat suggest mother; tongue and teeth, father; reasons obvious enough; and breath is behind these, their common impulse; while the 'Son' is the 'Word'.

All Gods are diverse names of Breath, of course, as every body asserts, and few—oh, few!—understand. But why the attributions? What, to be brutal, is the real and necessary connection between the teeth and the South? Of course *Shin* equals Fire equals tooth, but the South is the cold dark quarter of Wombats and Emus: it's all relative, and even relatively and arbitrarily so. South isn't an absolute direction at all, but refers merely to the Earth's axis. How then define this A 'Dental God', for whom I suggest the name 'Odonton', (tooth-existence-Odous, Odonton, and Onton.) How proclaim AD? It is because we cannot force a hardness and cutting or piercing power with teeth that we 'attribute' them to the quarter which to Northerners represents the Sun's strongest hour; absurdly, again, since it's merely the earth's presentation to his rays that makes the apparent modification in His Light and Heat.

It's fearfully hard to return to acquiescence in a 'true relation of phenomena', when one has destroyed the illusion of the absolute value of even one term.

It seems as if I were confronted with the task of deriving a new expression of the universe, with no base but Necessity. I need a new substance of Thought, a new instrument of Thought, and a new Law of Condition of Thought. All my analysis, or nearly all, hitherto, has been but explanation or elucidation of relations; leading no whit to any truth, or mode of truth, any more than if I define an archdeacon as a man who exercises archidiaconal functions, write x as mx over m, or announce the Parallel Postulate. Bolyai's discovery that Euclid was only a set of coherent conventions removes the last straw from the clutch of the Truth-seeker drowning in the Sea of Shams. More, I see Truth itself, the idea of it, as a thing necessarily relative. Again, yet once again, 'What is Truth?' The very fact that I aspire to it is an explosive element in its nature; for what am I but a chance tangle of wreckage, flotsam upon the sunless shoreless sea of ignorance.

And yet I feel, beyond all power of my analysis to dissipate, that I am simple, absolute, eternal, and that Truth is inherent in my nature; that this

<sup>1</sup> The generative or creative deity, usually written IO, the I standing for the phallus and the O for the vagina.

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Truth is not a coherence or conformity, or even in any way connected with fact. It appears to me as a Principle, no doubt, stigmatic of Reality, but not only I feel it is within an absolute Ego, which is quite independent of my own relative and mutable Ego. I have been writing the expression of this absolute Ego; but 'my speech bewrayeth me'; Truth's dispersed and distorted in the process. (That's why Rationalism is so shallow; every man feels instinctively that it is 'true as far as it goes', but as incomplete as if one defined Woman as 'a word of five letters'.)

Now, this secret certainty which has defied analysis, so far, is a great nuisance, in a way. It offers the aristocratic criticism—and I know that to be valid 'Dualism' is no stone to throw at me: in the illusion of extension, hierarchy is as likely a structure as another. We do actually see mountains, more often than mire; trees, not only slime; men, not merely protoplasm. There is no answer to the fact; it may be 'unjust', 'absurd', 'unnatural', but it's the case. Obviously I may argue thus: 'You have just discovered this deeper Ego; you have not had time to understand it; it imposes itself upon you by its majesty, just as at first your Samadhi towered over your consciousness, seemed to strip Truth not only to flesh, but to bone, and marrow of bone. 'You didn't know what hit you.' 'You will progress; you will find out the causes, the conditions of what now seems uncaused and unconditional.' But this new—what can I call it?—does really lie behind a metaphysical Aegis. I know that I can't define this Ego or its nature; there's something that compels me to call its soul a soul of Truth, although I see quite clearly that this word Truth has no meaning, NO possibility of meaning.

This is irrational, and I admit it to be so; but then, just because (because, still!) it's that, reason cannot touch it, reason cannot even destroy it. One can imagine any syllogism being overthrown, say by analysis of either premiss, or by reduction of S, M, or P to Zero. But one cannot attack the statement 'X is Y' without defining X and Y. If 'twere supported, one could undermine it, knock away its struts; but an interior certainty, so long as it does not waver, does not crave aid from illusions, 'facts', and the like, and so abdicate its throne of immortality, so long as it does not debauch its virginity by smiling on the knave Reason, and deceive itself by thinking its mirrored image in Thought's lake to be itself, so long it is immune. That I have proved the image an illusion is no attack on it; my face changes as the curves of mirrors, as the degrees and hues of light, as the myriad conditions, in short, wherewith the phenomenon of its appearance is accompanied; but, for all I know, my face may be unalterable in itself. In fact, I feel something of this; for, sick or well, shaved or unshaved, at noon or twilight, in rippling water as in polished crystal, I always recognize it as my face. The Ego that perceives it is mysteriously the same, howso it own the change that clothes it and re-clothes it; the face perceived is the same, also, though I know it for naught but an apparition, and a most mutable one at that! I am compelled to declare that 'my face' is an Absolute Existence, apart from any phenomena soever. Your banker will tell you very much this story about your 'hand of write'; its character persists in all



conditions, and this character is something more than the sum of its symptoms or stigmata, although it seems to be made of those elements, and no more. It's not a dead thing; it's not a 'material' thing; it manifested, it can be known, but exists no less in its potential and latent or unmanifested state. The heat in water at  $0^{\circ}$  C is no less heat, because it has changed the state of some ice at  $0^{\circ}$  C, than if it had warmed a blizzard. Nor is my face the less my face if I don't see it, or don't recognize it; it is an Absolute Idea, with full power of Nature to exist, ready to manifest whenever the conditions of perception are fulfilled. This would be true had it never manifested; so that all combinations are possible, and they are all 'real', quite independent of whether they have ever been or become known. No conditions of any kind affect this ultimate kind of Truth. The 'momentary accident' of me with my senses, my mirror, and my face, being juxtaposed so that I say 'I see my face' is an absolute Existence like anything else, and is so whether it 'actually occurs' or no.

Now, there is no limit to the number of such Absolute Existences, because, for one thing, the fact of any combination is itself a new Existence; more, our postulation of Infinity, though it be all irrational and meaningless, is still a postulation and so a reality. It is vain to urge that no manipulation of finites can produce an infinite; for infinite only means indefinitely great, and we are considering the Universe as a Progression with a positive integer for 'd' or 'f', with 'n' infinite because the act of proceeding from 'a' to 'a + d' creates new series involving all possible relations, real or imaginary, between the two terms. Coincidence in identity of two terms would not cancel one of them, but create a fresh series starting with 'b' defined as 'the identity of "a" and "a"'.

I ask whether this cloud of considerations can help me to answer the question which snarled at me a few days back: 'What does the word "Who" mean?' I could only evade the issue by quite stupefying chloroform of grammar: 'who' refers to a human or super-human person or persons theoretically capable at some time of thinking 'I' or 'We', thus excluding ants but including idiots, Gods, and dead men. This being so, it obviously doesn't matter any more whether one is a 'who' or a 'which'. Consider my late 'result' of appreciating the 'Absolute Ego of Truth' (whatever that means) that was hiding behind me. This occurrence of this relation of the Absolute and relative Egos is itself an Existence, which is not a 'person', though it includes any whole experience.

The One beyond change, whether it really exist or no, is beyond change; and the other is a constantly fleeting fact, whether it too be an Absolute Existence of sorts or no. There is no reason for a Will to change or not to change, since the infinite sum of all such Existences is Fact and Truth, even if they are merely possible, nay, even if they are impossible. (This is the Nature of the Body of Nuith!) But though there be no reason for a Will, Will exists as an Absolute, beyond reason; and one cannot destroy it or deny it, any more than one can anything else, save as this Destruction or Denial is itself an Absolute. Everything is thus constantly both Yes and No, and Not-Being as positive as Being. The whole puzzle works out to Nought

equals Infinity. We do not even have to balance Positive and Negative, for each is its opposite just as much as it is itself. The 'pairs of opposites' are actually destroyed by perception of their identity, not by a mere manipulation, and they exist equally as pairs; and their existence and non-existence in either mode is an identity as well as a contradiction. All this seems to get rid of all considerations whatsoever, and thus silences the Word at last.

8.30 p.m. Have played two sets of Football Fives, and had a bath. Vivekananda<sup>1</sup> says (I think in his *Raja Yoga*) that if you think of a finite space, you become immediately conscious of an infinite Space beyond it. This is absurd; on the contrary, you have set a bound to any more-existing infinity. (The two are of course equal, the pressure on the bounding line being of necessity the same on both sides.) So then, to assert any finite or separate existence is to destroy any infinity. (This is to blaspheme Nuith: see CCXX<sup>2</sup>:I. 22, 27, 41.) But this infinity, not exactly homogenous, but rather pantagenous, if I may coin the word, has divided itself 'for love's sake'. The dissolution of any one part, however minute, recreates the Whole as such, without prejudice to any other 'separate existences' so-called. The Great Work, then, is fully accomplished by the Attainment of any one Adept. All such acts are without limit: a billion such not more in quality or quantity than one. This 'new Nuith' (if I may say so) thus created will instantly divide herself as before, and so multiply infinities *ad infinitum*! Moreover—and this is what matters in the relative world at least—the disappearance of a 'neighbour' disturbs the equilibrium of the Universe, and the Compensating Motion, which is Love, causes more and more resolutions of its items, until all things, each one for itself, likewise accomplish the Great Work, and there is Nothing but Nuith: it is Pralaya.<sup>3</sup> But we must not imagine this as involving sequence in any real sense; that is only the measure of the dance beneath the Time-veil. In reality, each possibility, or occurrence as we consider it, merely goes to make up the sum of things which is Her nature. The necessity which we endure to apprehend, or at least to express, Her, and ourselves, in terms of Time and Space, is part of Her nature. The fact, the sequence of facts, the consciousness or unconsciousness of them; all these subsist together, not suffering contradiction, in Her. Our limitations are as much of Her as Her freedom from them.

But does not our postulation of a Finite (which makes the Finite real, as I have shewn) limit Her infinity? Is not the word of Sin said by Her to be Restriction?<sup>4</sup> Is that saying in vain? A hard question! What is the Restriction, but the attempt to perpetuate the division which She made 'for love's sake, for the chance of union'?<sup>5</sup> This involves the Time-veil, and all sorts of illusions. But all these are equally of Her! This 'Sin' is therefore to be conceived as the negation of Her proper Motion? Then shall I distin-

<sup>1</sup> Swami Vivekananda was the foremost disciple of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa.

<sup>2</sup> *The Book of the Law*.

<sup>3</sup> The withdrawal of manifested existence into the Unmanifest.

<sup>4</sup> *The Book of the Law*, ch. I, v. 41.

<sup>5</sup> op. cit. ch. I, v. 29.

guish between that thing and any other thing? Thereby shall come hurt! But is not that hurt also in Her? The solution seems to be that *The Book of the Law*, so far as its instructions go, is but true relatively to the consciously separated soul, a medicine for its malady—the malady She made that She might perfect Joy by curing it. I've already shown how the Infinite can expand itself, and Perfection aspire and attain to more Perfection, by the device of creating Illusions.

*The Book of the Law* is a 'kiss' sent to Her little sister, Earth. But it has not only healed my Wound of Separation, but brought me Her Whore-Virginity (this is explained above, where I shew each man's Great Work absolute and unique, though possible and even a fact, for All) and more! She has given Herself in all Her Veils, and in Her naked brilliance, and She has made me Master of Her heart. Her soul, Her whole nature that transcendeth Mind; I know Her and enjoy Her, both in limitation and beyond it. I am dissolved in Her, and I am separate; nor do I seek to discriminate between these states, nor do I labour to identify them. I acquiesce all's one; nay, All is None and Two—not only do I acquiesce, but I rebel. I enjoy, I suffer; this is to understand Nuith, as also to grope in Her dark Temple, to stumble over the corpses of my brothers; Her lovers whom She hath slain, to struggle in the stifling folds of Her impenetrable veil, to win annihilation, crushed by Her lust and cruelty to Her breast.

9.40 p.m. I have done the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram, as is the noble custom of this Abbey. I will that this Abbey prosper, that all therein may perform the Great Work. Yea, be it so also for them that be without its walls; for it is an Absolute Existence in the Body of Nuith that such a will should be. What I will, what I 'think right', what I strive to achieve, still stands, not merely although but even because, its opposite is aequipollent. Because nothing matters, I am free. Because no result is possible, I can work without anxiety. Because all things are no thing, existing and not-existing equally, because stability is change, and not-Self Self, there is no need to fear disaster, or to distrust semblance. Nor will I fear fear, nor will I distrust distrust; nay, though my mind do these things, there is no heed therefore. That agony contemptuous of Golgotha, that fear scornful of Gethsemane, let them be or not be; let what I call me note them or ignore, partake or not partake their sacrament; let me accept them with Lao-tze, water-elastic, or take sword in hand against them with Tathagata, fire-all-consuming; it is a fact absolute and indestructible that the fact 'I' rejoices in Reality, in Truth, in the Dissolution and Rebirth of All and Nothing.

O thou that readest this! I ask thy pardon! I need these things I wrote of earlier to-night; new axioms of Truth for the foundations of the Temple of my Vision of the Universe; new Images of Truth; new Ways of Thought; new Words. My Mind is open unto the Higher; my Heart is the Centre of Light; my Body is the Temple of the Rosy Cross. But when I would bear witness to thee of Truth, I am found as 'twere a swordsman in the Coliseum of Space, with mocking stars, cold fierce spectators, to turn down their thumbs and I with my limbs caught in the Net of Language.

Yes, Fichte, at the end of your life you called upon the most inexorable of

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the Gods, Accomplished Fact, to let you have your life over again, that you might make a language for yourself, a true-built, a free-rolling, chariot for your thought. As for me, I've felt the impotence, the hunger, the ache of isolation that this dumbness makes, almost from my beginnings. I read *Aceldama*,<sup>1</sup> green apple of my Tree of Knowledge, primrose of my Spring-tide of Poesy; there's the same gasping as of a landed trout, the same outrage on language, riot of vehemence, hoarse blustering that I affected to choke my poverty and shame, like Porthos! Yet, by the self-same token, I know that I have been wrong to think of myself as advancing all these years. The absolute Ego, vocal in my moods of inspiration, knew then, knew always, all that I know now. I may have come to understand myself, may have learned to clarify my expression, may have explored the details of my knowledge; but as far as the real Me, I'm the same Yesterday, To-day, and Forever.

10.30 p.m. I accuse myself of not keeping my Diary properly. There ought to be a discoverable relation between my health, my worldly affairs, and the tone of my thoughts. For even the Absolute Ego in eruption makes the relation between its modes of illusion a 'true', or harmonious one; for all moods are alike to It, despair a theme of pastime equally with exaltation.

An XVI ☉ in 27° Π, ☽ in 1° Ω

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

18 June 1920, ♀.

10.36 p.m. I begin a new MS book. My Magical Diary has been very voluminous in these last weeks; I seem to find that it is the sole mode of my initiated expression. I don't write regular essays on a definite subject, or issue regularly planned instructions. This is presumably normal to my tense and exalted state, to the violent Motion proper to my resolution of all symbols. It seems to me as if this vehemence of Attainment, this gust of speed upon the Path—'Afloat in the Aether, oh my God! My God!'<sup>2</sup>—were the sprint up the straight, at the end of this particular Race. I don't know whether to call myself Ipsissimus, nor does it matter. Only I feel that I have had enough 'personal attainment' for an infinitude of lives, and that the Solstice will initiate a new New Current, probably of a severely practical character.

To-morrow the New Moon rises in the West, at Cherbourg, and this Diana is to utter the voice mentioned in [*Liber*] VII, III, 36 as the Oracle hath declared it unto me. The first utterance seems of Joy and Love; the

<sup>1</sup> *Aceldama, A Place to Bury Strangers In, a philosophical poem.* By a Gentleman of the University of Cambridge [Aleister Crowley], 1898. Crowley's first published work.

<sup>2</sup> Quoted from *Liber LXXV, The Book of the Heart Girt with the Serpent*, published in *The Equinox*, volume III, number 1, Detroit, 1919.

second a trumpet-call to Action. I seek not to know more concerning this matter. (P.S. This came out exactly; but of a different physical person.)

With regard to my personal relations, Sun with Moon (which seem to be our respective symbols, both in my judgement and by Witness of a Message given to her before she knew me), I refer to CCXX, I, 16—this is An XVI!<sup>1</sup>—but I also, in view of the imminence of our bodily meeting, ask an Oracle of instruction. I do not want either Love or the Vanity of Love to demand sacrifice; nor do I want the Phantom of False Purity to daunt me. I get CCXX, I, 54; 'Change not so much as the style of a letter: for behold! thou, o prophet, shalt not behold all these mysteries hidden therein.' (I also heard that I should take three Words.) This means: she has treasures beyond your ken; let her be absolute mistress.) The second Word: [*Liber*] LXV, V, 56: 'And behold! ere the moon waxed thrice he became an Uraeus serpent, and the poison of the fang was established in him and his seed for ever and ever'. This means: I shall get ('in three months', or 'by the three magical kisses that dissolve spells'?) full power through her.

The third Word: *Ararita*, V, I: 'In the place of the cross the indivisible point which hath no points nor parts nor magnitude. Nor indeed hath it position, being beyond space. Nor hath it existence in time, for it is beyond Time. Nor hath it cause and effect, seeing that its Universe is infinite every way, and partaketh not of these our conceptions.' This seems to mean that I 'worship' Hadit fully through her, perhaps as I have been perfected in Nuith in these last weeks.

The one point about our relation is practical; I am to vow Holy Obedience to Her, to be no more the Master, lord of 'the cross',<sup>2</sup> but lost in Her as the indivisible point Hadit, all-soul of Her omnipresent Body.

I am now going to ask an Oracle for Her, that I may bring Her a message from Those whom we serve, love, and are! [*Liber*] LXV, V, 52 and 53—beginning 'and the great snake of Khem<sup>3</sup> the Holy One, the royal Uraeus serpent, answered him and said: I sailed over the sky of Nu in the car called Millions-of-Years, and I saw not any creature upon Seb<sup>4</sup> that was equal to me.' Etc. It goes on to instruct me to attain (as in the second Word to me, above) by exact imitation of Her life. This Oracle tells Her that She is supreme, unique, Queen-Serpent of the Earth; and that Her mission is to confer Her throne upon me by assimilating me to Herself.<sup>5</sup>

I ask our Rota<sup>6</sup> to make a True Image of Her. I get the Ace of Cups, flanked by the Three of Cups and the Prince of Pantacles on one side, by the Eight of Pantacles and the Emperor on the other. But I feel this to have been a one-card Word: the practicability of the other cards—economy,

<sup>1</sup> As the New Aeon commenced in 1904, Anno XVI would be A.D. 1920.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. 'Lord of the Phallus'. He dies in her.

<sup>3</sup> The royal Uraeus serpent encircled the brow of the initiates of ancient Egypt and was symbolical of their power.

<sup>4</sup> Seb, the Earth.

<sup>5</sup> Compare *The Book of the Law*, chapter I, verse 15: 'Now ye shall know that the chosen priest & apostle of infinite space is the prince-priest the Beast; and in his woman called the Scarlet Woman is all power given.'

<sup>6</sup> The Wheel or Tarot.

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prosperity, realization of ideas, power to rule—don't matter so much. She is the source of Love, Beauty, Pleasure, Intoxication; She is the Holy Grail, the Cup Cadmean,<sup>1</sup> the Lotus-Throne of Buddha, and of Harpocrates. She is the Moon in her fullest and holiest aspect, the perfect sphere of pure light—mirror of my pure light! indeed, but with no heat or turmoil of my force. She is Isis, Astarte, Ashtaroth, not only to inspire Anu, Diana, her flash of flame but to give life and lucence to her deeper nature of Water-Moon, Cancer expressed as Virgo and Scorpio. She is the Moon in Her own house, prophetess and sorceress, to proclaim and to create the Summer, to prepare the Way of the Lion, and to make open the Portal of the Sun. She is the Charioteer, Graal-bearer, the number of whose letter *Cheth* is 418, so that she is the vehicle of the Magical Formula of the New Aeon, the right Menstruum for the Seed of Our Elixir.

Together, we form 837, *Tat Zal*, the profuse giver, and also 'for multiplying'; as if our joint work should flood the World with bounty and increase.

It is of the utmost importance to consider Her as the First Mover of the Water Force, as the perfected quintessence of the Lunar symbol, not Trivia save in its holiest sense of the Three-Ways-of-Grace-in-One, save as even *Gimel* is Three to match *Cheth's* Eight. (*Resh* is 200, i.e. 2, to match *Teth's* 9). She is the love which interprets my Will, the Pleasure which accompanies my Energy, the Fertility which rewards my Husbandry, the Wine which flows from my Wand.

And I am Hers; I lift my Lance only that Blood may fill Her Cup. I die that She may live; my roots grow darkly for no fulfilment but Her flowering. She is the green and glory of Night, and I Her slave, Her fule,<sup>2</sup> hidden below the Earth. She is the White Light to crown my many-coloured flames. She is Empress absolute of my heart; the Vision and the Voice of my Mind, blind worm and deaf adder; She is the Truth of my soul's secret goal, the incarnation of Nuith, the Infinite Space that absorbs me, dissolves me, aspires as I expire, inspires me as I become her priest, Her prophet, Her saint, Her martyr, Oracle of Her shrine, and Image of Her form.

I drown in delight at the thought that I who have been Master of the Universe should lie beneath Her feet, Her slave, Her victim, eager to be abased, passionately athirst for suffering, swooning at Her cruelty, craving Her contempt; 'tis joy to be splashed with the mire of Her Triumph, to bleed under Her whip's lash, to choke as Her heel treads my throat. I am drunk with the pride-absinthe that I am great, the greatest man of my century, its best poet, its mightiest mage, its subtlest philosopher, nor any the less for that classed among the very few well eminent in mountain-climbing, in chess-play, and in love.

I am aflame with the brandy of the thought that I am the sublimest Mystic in all history, that I am the Word of an Aeon, that I am the Beast, the Man Six Hundred Sixty and Six, the self-crowned God whom men shall worship

<sup>1</sup> Cadmus is Hermes. The allusion is to the anus.

<sup>2</sup> Her fule (?), possibly foal, her offspring. During the night, the sun is hidden below the earth. The allusion is perhaps to Horus, the Child of Nuit.

and blaspheme for centuries that are yet wound on Time's spool, yea, I am insane as if with hashish in my Egomania and Folly of Greatness, that is yet Fact steel-hard, gold-glittering, silver-pure; I want to be yet more than this. But this I am, and this I treasure, and of this I boast, because I want to prostitute my manhood, to abase my godhead before my lady. I want my crown crushed by Her feet; I want my face fouled by Her spittle. I want my heart torn by Her boot-heel, my mind to Her skirt-hem's rustle, my soul to Her privy.

I will to make myself Lord of the Earth, of the Stars, to become Absolute God, that I may fling it to Her to defile, to mock, to torture, to despise, to trample, to lash; to tear with rage, to spurn with scorn, to debauch with cold lust or huge hate, to agonize with vivisector's cruelty, or mangle for ape's whim.

The greater I, the more hell-deep my humiliation, the viler that in Her which pashes me, the higher and the holier She!

19 June 1.00 a.m. I have made the Adoration to Kephra. I am staying awake for no particular reason save to enjoy the contemplation of my Moon. I want the vilest thing in Her to be unspeakably hideous, base, disgusting, filthy, repulsive, and obscene, so that I may give it the noblest, holiest, purest, loveliest, thing in me for its ugliest use. I want Her ranker than a goat, and lewder than a monkey, so that mankind may take Her bestial bleating for the voice of God, Her obscene gesture for His benediction.

But, besides all that, I want Her as She is, and at that Truth of Her I tremble, I am faint—but oh! I glow—I love!

2.00 a.m. *circa*. Opus 31-666-31. Opn. Fine, save for physical. Elixir: remarkably well composed, copious, powerful. Object: *Juventutem*.

10.00 p.m. A peaceful day: sleep, sea, reading 'The Butterfly-Net'.<sup>1</sup> I saw the New Moon, quite clear, but close framed in a heavy cloud of black.

20 June ☉. 11.15 a.m. I am really in a very 'stale' state: I suppose it's partly overtraining, and partly because I'm waiting for the New Current. I even suffer from insomnia in the middle of the morning, when I ought to be working. Seriously, I think I expect too much from myself. I seem to reproach myself if I'm not creating day and night.

1.35 p.m. I very much regret to say that frozen rain has put me right almost at once; seems as if I had some need of it, which won't do. However, I'll write the short story I've been thinking out for the last hour.

Note: yesterday I put up Ninette's horoscope. I don't like its relation with mine, her Saturn on my Sun, her Mars on my Moon, her Herschel on my Mercury. Sounds as if she might destroy my mind, my senses, my life.

10.40 p.m. Finished a fairly short story—the first since last September or earlier, I forget exactly whether I worked on Simon Iff after Montauk<sup>2</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> A novel by Crowley, later called *Moonchild*; it was published by the Mandrake Press in 1929, and by Sphere Books in 1972.

<sup>2</sup> New Hampshire, U.S.A.

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called 'Dedit'. It has the merit of being extremely stern in its morality, and is therefore quite unpublishable in England or in America.

21 June, ☽. To Panormus with 31-666-31.

10.50 p.m. *circa*. Opus II, 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Operation: Sublimely perfect. Elixir: ditto (used 729's formula).<sup>1</sup> Object: *Juventutem*. (3rd of 6 operations.)

I note, by the way, that the first two operations have already worked in a very marked way. The above began at about 4.50 p.m. so it covers the whole solstitial incident completely. I had Aquarius rising with Herschel, Jupiter and Neptune setting above Sol, and Luna above them, conjoined with Saturn. With Jupiter applying to the conjunction of my radical Herschel, and Mars in my radical Venus, it looks as if I might be in for a new current of surprising force.

22 June, ♂. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Today I leave for Tunis.

2.00 p.m. I do, more or less, by the Citta di Tripoli. I have never seen quite such disgraceful management of embarkation. A free fight on the gangway! Percy's solar stuff<sup>2</sup> came.

I have 6234 lire and 2230 plus 300 francs. Must send 3129 francs to Bourcier.<sup>3</sup>

3.20 p.m. This noble leviathan, supposed to have started at 1.00 shows no sign of wanting to be off.

3.50 p.m. Zeus! We're starting!

Note Panormus sacred to Venus. Tunis—old Carthage—to Water, and to Luna, too, because of the Purple Sacrament.

5.25 p.m. I have been creating 'The Sin of Adam Gregg'. (1) The Father's death-bed. 'Son not christened till elder brother died. Gregg equals ☉ (( ))<sup>4</sup> Lilith Adam Eve. The Knave equals *Nova Aedes*;<sup>5</sup> old one hurt in Claudius' time. The hearth: heir lets fire die; way to Vault. The pedigree: 'were guardians'—Patriarch's lives: really tribal records. Genesis true. Adam was a particular man; the first man who 'knew' and wrote: hence 'good and evil' added to unconscious 'life'. Know = GN = genus, genius, etc. Genesis, gnosis, etc. Gregg, from Roy, (Ruadh still red in Gaelic) only means the red one, Royal robes red, from Ra, the red sun. Rouge, rosso, too! So R's the solar or red letter, and you're 'son of the sun'. Also, Adam, red man, from *Adamah*, red earth, containing Dam, red blood. Books, scrolls, tablets, bricks, bones—all clear back to Sumer. The 'fall'. An actual fruit, as hashish and other drugs act on mind, pure chemistry, so there's one which stops begetting and gives knowledge. Adam No 1 got this from Eve, and so lost the Paradise of 'innocence' or automatic life; and we his race

<sup>1</sup> The number of Baphomet; the illusion is to a rite of sodomy.

<sup>2</sup> Cocaine.

<sup>3</sup> The landlord of 50 rue Vavin, Crowley's Paris headquarters.

<sup>4</sup> The moon equals *Gimel*, the sun, *Resh*. The first moon is Lilith, Adam's first wife, the sun is Adam, the second moon, Eve.

<sup>5</sup> A new temple.



perpetuate the 'curse'. The fruit's in the mammoth's thigh, lots of it; none of us have dared eat, save one (Renaissance—became king and was slain) though we don't know what the curse is, save that there's some huge power in it, some lever on man's destiny. But if you dare, at least get an heir first.

Part 2: So he gets Lilith and Eve, has children, eats, works up a stress where he feels he must know something at all costs.

Part 3: The result. All knowledge, its frightfulness. Lilith's demon brood! Is there a possibility of redemption? His one ignorance. He goes to Genesis—the woman's seed—what can that mean? (He won't seek to know his own future—the mere thought gives him a glimpse of a gallows, and he shuts it out.) His eldest son grows up, murders his second son, and bolts. His third son is born with the mark of a rope on his neck. He takes this as an oracle, allows a sleuth to fix him with the murder of 'Abel', hanged, and this saves his race. 'Seth' christened Adam grows up innocent to inherit the glory of the race redeemed: but with the Scar!—I doubt all this last part!

6.45 p.m. Can Cain be the guttural, Abel the labial, Seth the dental? Seth is Set, of course; Sun, Seed, South, SU, Soul, the begetter of the true race. Cain's a scarred god, and a Wanderer; Abel a slain god: Wotan and Odin? Abel equals Balder?? Are they the 3 Fathers, one Going, one Dying, one Begetting? Mind, Body and Soul? Air, Water, and Fire? Throat is of Air, Lips of Water, Teeth of Fire, surely.

I don't seem to trace or place this guttural God well, as I do the F-B-P god, and the S-D-T one. Is it because he was outlawed? Adonis, At-ys, As-ar, AD-onai, correlate; and with Zeus, Shu, Ashur, could work into 'Jesus': did not the K-lot butt in, and insist on 'Christ'?

7.00 p.m. Bo,<sup>1</sup> that last part of the novel's right. As I wrote years back, 'the love of knowledge is the hate of life'. The price is crucifixion. Knowledge is the poison of Life; the only antidote, non-action.

8.00 p.m. Among Christians today, as once among those citizens whose pieties, oil surface and stone heart, filed sharp the rowels of the spurs with which Petronius scarred the flanks of his Pegasus, there are more Gods than men, though they've but one poor God! He is one? Yes, one only: because their individualities have scared them; they don't dare even to dream; they've made him one, a sort of soup, stale, rotten, and rancid seeking disguise under the common cloak of insipidity. My God were dangerous; he might fight your God; let's have a mob-God, motley, a rag-doll with no features. We've lost our own images in uniforms, gas masks! We've silenced our souls with clamour of crowd-psychology. This One-God is a shapeless bogey, shadow and strife of unwashed masses; none the less terrible for that to those who fear him!

All Gods are protective phantasies born of the sense of inferiority, either to Nature's power or that of other men;<sup>2</sup> Freud showed this well enough.

<sup>1</sup> The exclamation 'bo'. The novel is *The Sin of Adam Gregg*; it was not published and has not been preserved.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley is here speaking as a Magus, i.e. someone in no way inferior to a 'god', not as a supplicant. 'The gods' were to him cosmic extensions (through identification) of his own being or power.

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They are for use, too, like the Bearskin and the war-whoop; they make me more confident, and may frighten the other man. They are the Big Brother to whom the boy threatens to complain when he is kicked or has his marbles taken. They are in their maker's image, because man can't create, but only combine, exaggerate, and so on. The Christian God is a mob-God, because they are a mob, even their leaders living in terror of the Vote. The older Gods were more distinct, more manly, less unknowable, more accountable for their actions; so we may hope to trace their pedigree.

I can't see why the sound D, or the mechanism of uttering it suggests the father-idea of AD, *Adad*, and other D-gods. Is 'daddy' traditional, or somehow onomatopoeic like mam-mam for mother? But the quick up-and-down movement of the lower jaw produces the T, whence we can see why *Tau* is the phallus, and AT-gods men. More, why they should be erect and dying gods is obvious. They need not be fathers, if they date from days when it was not known that men begat.

As to the S-gods, Ish, a man, is their father. For S is the serpent-hiss, the sharp breath, teeth bared yet clenched, which is the natural token of alarm, hate, defiance, natural to a man who meets his fellow—aberration from legitimate monkeyhood. By it he recognizes his brother, and named him accordingly, when need was. (Later, when alarm had died, we have still 'Sh!'—Hush!—not a call for Silence, which it breaks, but a claim on the attention of other men.) In S is this idea of fear and anger, also of air, because of the breath's quickening rush. 'Storm' combines these ideas: so the first S-gods were storm-gods. Later, this breath, air moving in man, might be known for a proof that he lived; then this breath-letter, S, might come to mean 'life'. For instance, God breathes on Adam to make him a 'living soul'; and Elisha raises a boy to life by breathing on him. The *Ruach Elohim*,<sup>1</sup> again, is a breath that broods on Chaos. At last we find a Holy Ghost begetting by dint of breath. And was not Maut the Mother-Vulture impregnated by the Wind? Perhaps, too, the hiss of the rain which fertilized earth, as even a savage must observe in tropical lands where the result is so swift, may have helped him to the convention that S should mean Life. This rain comes from the air which he breathes, though from beyond him; it seems then to him natural to make Zeus or Shu rain-gods and life-gods as well as air-gods, storm-gods, names for the fierce, the fearful anger which at first only meant 'an enemy'—his fellow-man!

How should this 'air' come to mean 'mind'? Hardly, I think, though I once thought and wrote it, because air wanders as nothing else but mind does. Did man's vanity lure him to link the ideas of breath and thought? The Wheel comes in just here, RU (which is also the hollow, the hole, the mother) giving us *Rub*, *Ruach*, air, wind, breath, mind, as Spiro gives Spirit—a word still so democratic that it may be Methylated as well as Holy. Is this from the idea of the Heavens as a Wheel? Surely not; they thought of Earth as flat, and Heaven as a roof to it, with pillars, blue cows and the like. Not all of them: Egypt pictured Nuit as curved on Seb, with Shu to part them. They had good astronomers, too, in Chaldea, India, China, who

<sup>1</sup> The Spirit of God, i.e. the creative spirit.

may have known more than they chose to say, yet hinted the truth by connecting circles with air. The *Vayu-Tatwa*,<sup>1</sup> symbol of air, is a blue circle. Zoroaster said God had a spiral force. Perhaps even the whirling symbol the Swastika, was meant to combine the phallic cross of life with the circle of the Mother, of Air, of Mind; to declare Life the male part of GN,<sup>2</sup> and Knowledge, the female part.

But did the common speech depend on wise men's speculations? Why not? Those who first spoke must have taken a long lead, and suddenly, of those who stuck to grunts and gestures. Such men would own a royal secret, a key of power; they would guard it; they would complicate it deliberately with ciphers, establish hierarchies, impose laws. They would no longer be limited by necessity to represent real relations between sound and sense; they could and would agree on arbitrary symbols. To-day, for instance, I myself might tell a friend: We don't want A to overhear our talk of B; we'll baffle eavesdropping by calling him C. I should make a point moreover, of choosing C such that it has no possible mind-connection with B; I wouldn't call Mr Hunter, Mr Fisher, or Mr Houghton, or Mr Punter, or Mr Retnuch; I'd call him something which wouldn't suggest him by similarity of meaning or initial, or rime or anagram. Nay more, I'd choose a real name, the name of someone else known to A; and I would mislead A further by putting in things about C which would mean nothing in the conversation.

The priests of old did this, I'm sure, when they saw people beginning to catch on.

Again, I've been talking and had an uninitiate butt in, proud to prove that he understood, I've pandered to his pride, I led him on, flattered him, invented a whole comedy for him, with my brother priest playing up nobly—the game's great! It's hard to keep a secret by silence; a glance or a gesture may betray it; but if one makes the intruder silly drunk on the Swiss Champagne of Pride, chloroforms him with a vow-of-secrecy—soaked-*napkin*—*lambskin* will serve, so Masons say!—and bates his itch of curiosity with cocained plaster, may be a coloured ribbon, or stops his wisdom tooth that aches, with a gold filling, say a medal or badge, one's safe. Rebuff the hungry man, he'll press you; but you can give him a stone for bread if you call it The Stone of the Wise; he'll swallow it, and thank you. It's a good joke; but more, it's legitimate to withhold opium from a squalling baby, though it would ease the immediate pain. It's right to misdirect a murderer in pursuit of his victim. It's right to camouflage one's supply-trains, or to cruise with a squadron of papier-maché warships. (It's not fair to do it by abuse of the Red Cross, though). It's right to deny a man

<sup>1</sup> The *Tatwas* or Elements are five in number: *Vayu*, Air; *Prithivi*, Earth; *Apas*, Water; *Tejas*, Fire; *Akasa*, Ether. They are represented by a Circle, a Square, a Crescent, a Triangle, and an Ovoid respectively.

<sup>2</sup> 'The root GN signifies both knowledge and generation combined in a single idea, in an absolute form independent of personality. The G is a silent letter, as in our word Gnosis; and the sound GN is nasal, suggesting therefore the breath of life as opposed to that of speech.' *Magick in Theory and Practice*, 1929.

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knowledge, even by the means of deceit outlined above, when he has got the scope and balance in his mind to apprehend it truly. 'What is the Elixir?' a man asks me, to take a practical illustration. (1) I say that I don't know: he doesn't believe me; the lie's vain. (2) I say that he is not ready for the knowledge, but that in time, etc. That's the truth, the truth that cost Hiram-Abif<sup>1</sup> his life. He may be wise and patient, but I'm taking a chance; and though he should not murder me, he may seek elsewhere, and surprise the secret out of due season. My truth has but one chance in three to serve my turn. (3) I say that the Elixir is DEF, it being in fact ABC. He goes off happy and harmless. Does he waste the time that he gives to preparing DEF? No, certainly; he may happen on GHI, the Stone Itself! At least, his work on DEF will help to fit him later on to make ABC without danger, when the time's ripe to tell him the truth, and he to receive it. There's more truth in my lie than had I blurted out the facts; for he, not understanding A, not able to purify B properly, not fit to control C, and in his pride presumptuous, in his zeal rash, in his ardour blind, certain to bedevil the combination, will destroy himself and will discredit the process. My truth would have been a lie to him.

But may not I make answer in elaborate detail? Suppose I say that the Elixir is ABC, but that he is certain to deceive himself, to injure himself if he accept the fact at its face value; that he must first know many things apparently impertinent, and do yet more things that must seem to him mere dissipations. Suppose I cite my own experience in the matter, and draw analogies from the sailor's need of astronomy, when his plain business is with water, or from soldier's duty to be drilled in gestures and in postures utterly unwarlike, to obey commands that were never yet given in battle. Shall I tell him how we flog boys into knowledge that they understand nor then nor after; nay, nor remember? How we teach girls 'accomplishments', well knowing that they will live only to breed, to cook, to sew, to wash, to scrub, to sweep, to rule the world?

What will he say? Admit our methods he must do, though he disallow wisdom in us. But I much fear that my plain statement of the goal will spur his lust to blind his judgement. He'll be jealous of me, and so think me jealous of him, like the Master Builder was of his pupil. He'll rush in—I know: I did it myself!

I've tried this method all the time, so far. This is the goal, I've said, and this the road; but you've no eyes for the one, and no wings for the other. I'll teach you to look lidless on the sun, to soar and dive; but, fledgling that you are, go easy!

Some want to be eagles by short cuts. They pout, leave me, and fall to bird's-nesting schoolboys, the quack Rosicrucians, the sleek Yogis. Some think they are eagles already, mimic my gestures, dye their fluffiness to match my plumes. They fall from the first twig they drop to, if—as is rare—their conceit fools them into risking it! Some are enraged with me, because truth frightens them. They chatter of the misdeeds of the wicked eagle; flying's a crime, and the sun obscure, for no right-minded bird to

<sup>1</sup> See note 1, page 113.

look on. These die of the gapes in their fouled nest, in the dark. Some are too rash—but a broken wing may be mended, and wisdom bloom in the window-box of a hospital. Some over-timid—well, the test comes, sooner or later, and our time's our own. But these birds make the others nervous, and they're inclined to take the infection of the plague-stricken ones, in a mild form. How few that learn the lesson of Dagger and Cord, neither to rush nor to hang back! How few that understand technique, its sheer necessity as a machine, its utter incapacity to be more! A Beethoven born deaf and dumb? A Damrosch<sup>1</sup> to lead Heaven's choirs? We're all Beethovens, when Truth's clear, it's true; so our sole necessary work is to acquire technique and our one damning danger to let that technique seem of any value in itself, as if a piano should be more than firewood, save as most passive slave to Paderewski.

I'll train you to do your will, if you will; that's a routine. I'll not direct your will, I'll not inspire it. I'll free it; I'll not urge it. The toil of perfecting command of an instrument often chokes genius—Browning notes that, nor once nor twice. I can't help that; your capital of energy, time, or whatnot, was too small to start with. I may suspect that? Shall I deter you? Not while I think that your life's work is banked, stands to your credit for a new venture. But shall I lure you on as men do children? How could I understand, for example, what a poet's fame is, when I was ten, or twenty? The truth about it, as I now see it? I wouldn't have believed it, even if I had understood; or if I had, I had surely turned my talents to dig drains!

No: boys must be told that honesty, obedience, truthfulness, industry and all the rest of it lead to the Summit of Felicity; and you must show him that Summit, marked in plain figures,—'Mayor', 'Colonel', 'Bishop', each with his special convict suit of grotesque comfortless cloth, his chains—significant for once!—and other trammels, none but spells one sort of slavery or another, from hours that must be 'kept' to etiquette that must be observed and morals that must be simulated. There's your boy's City of God, and he crowned King! He's wretched, like as not, torn by anxiety, worn out, hating his fetters; and Life's wind cuts through the rags of his frayed vanity. He knows—unless too basely stupid—what his prize is worth; he mutters 'Whom the gods love die young', through his false teeth.

May he console himself for a moment, just now when he is Cynosure, Example, Model, Gold Medallist, Spoon-Bait for the minnows in the Brook of Learning? May not he smile once genuinely if grimly, to see the gudgeon gape, taking his tinsel for the gold sheen of scales? May not he share the calm of the decoy-duck brave with paint? Or gloat, the slave's most loathsome pleasure, over the wild elephants he lures to the stockage? Ay, and smile hellishly he may, for the second time, when he reflects at what price he bought this Doctor's-Robe-of-Nessus, these epaulets that would

<sup>1</sup> Leopold Damrosch (1832-85), violinist, conductor and composer. Walter Johannes Damrosch (1862-1950), son of Leopold, conductor of opera and oratorio. Leopold settled in the United States in 1871. Walter was conductor of New York Symphony Society, 1885-1927. Percy A. Scholes, *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music*, 1952.

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tire Atlas, this red-hot mitre, this Woolsack stuffed with poisonous thorns. The toast-proposer at the banquet, the schoolmaster at term's end, the journalist, the politician, the financier, all find phrases for his praise, and all the phrases vary less than so many forged bank-notes. His honesty, his truthfulness, his industry, tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum, runs the dull sing-song.

And all the while he knows that his pasteboard crown, his glass gems, his stage money, were not paid for so easily; he sold his soul for them. His honesty? He was ten years a grocer! His industry? A drunken scholar wrote those brilliant sermons. His truthfulness? His career hinged on a lie sworn in court. His learning? One thing he learnt, the way his mother made quilts from high-coloured bits of rag. His courage? Fear God, yes, but no man? He's Admiral of the Fleet today, with forty years' servility to thank, and his one victory—the Nelson touch—due to his stupidity in misplacing the enemy's fleet and so running into it by mistake. The foe's surprise and his tars' valour determining the event which made him a world's hero. His honour? In his college he was a snob; he pandered to the vices of the influential, and shared them, filling a very library of notebooks with the detailed record.

These were the tragedies that crowned him otherwise than Sophocles. These were his theses for Doctors' degree in the school called Humane Letters. Of these he carpeted the steps of his pulpit, and with their covers fashioned himself a mitre. He was a decent chap, too, as a boy; he can't forget it; age revives those memories. He wanted to go straight; he wanted to be something real. He read the Classics, poetry, Malory, Pascal, books like *Richard Feverel* and *Sartor Resartus* for the honest love of it. He valued pictures and knew good from bad, better than dealers did, as time took pains to prove. He rode to hounds, one of the best; and loved a cousin of his like Swinburne's. Tannhäuser and Thomas' *Tristan* and a Perfect Knight from Tennyson; all three in one! He forgave the treachery of a friend, that night cost him his career; and he confessed to an act which would almost certainly involve his expulsion, after a man he hated had been found guilty of it, and the case closed. Yes, he had been pure, keen, intelligent, high-minded, able, energetic; and suddenly he found himself slave to most filthy vices, a liar, a spy, a traitor, a blackmailer; he shed his learning as a dog shakes water from its back; he worked no more than the lazzaroni of Naples: he changed college ale for fumes of opium; he hunted men instead of forces; he bartered muscle for fat, nerve's word and act for its cream and passion, brain's memory for oblivion, will for whim, judgement for cunning; and all the while, like some foul oil, sucked up by capillary attraction, he oozed towards a mitre.

He has it; he may count the jewels. False diamonds numberless, his friends, flatterers, and parasites. Rubies, the blood of suicides that floated him; sapphires, the melancholy madness of his victims, and of those that loved them; emeralds, the jealousies and envies that still make him fear; pearls, row on row, the tears he rung from women; tourmalines, for his treacheries; cat's eyes, for lusts and cunning and deceit and cruelty of him.

Then there's the iron band about his brow, the menace of revenge slowfoot and only just not sure, so that its quarry may bear the agony of his faint hope. There's the cleft crown, as though he knew his triumph shorn asunder, his will's tower struck in two, and empty air where he meant its pinnacle. Each half's like a fool's cap; he knows his body a bad joke, and a cruel one; his soul an obscene joke, and an insane one. And crosses over all! He has a leg that won't heal; he has a stricture, gall-stones, fistula; the other day was his first round, without gloves or Queensberry rules, against that unbeaten welter-weight Angina Pectoris; digestion went long since, but the doctors won't say Cancer, they must watch the case a bit.

He has no friend, no love, no soul to touch him. He can't imagine pleasure any more. He has applied the Cult of the Clean Plate to his long table d'hôte of vices: gluttoned, flatulent, nauseated, what could tempt him? At thirty-two, he was cured of the morphia habit; that is, the exquisite part of him that thrilled at the drug's Judas-kiss to inconceivable symphonies of pleasure and pain, gave calm ineffably serene and wise, craving unspeakably agonizing and insane, was simply killed in him like a tooth killed with arsenic, save that the loss of it felt as a dull chronic ache.

He had lost faith in love when he had prostituted its manhood and blasphemed its godhead, in trading on it and in jeering it for vice, as do English, most of them. It's a mask of coarseness on a thin-skinned face, a blustering bray lest ear should catch mouse-squeals, whitewash for hollow sepulchres whose epitaphs for all their sorrow's emptiness are but poor spells to lay the ghost of the shame of their weakness and fear. He lost faith: he lost appetite; he lost the power of the function. Love is the weak man's master, whip and a bullet between the eyes when the spur without pity and hack's foundered. Love is the strong man's friend, neither intrusive, insolent, aggressive, nor drivelling; a comrade night and day, inspiring, encouraging, helping him manfully when need is; he has a cheerful word, a genial smile, a sly poke o' the ribs, a jolly jest, a witty comment, a good story, a high romance. He is high priest of sacraments to cleanse, fortify, console, consecrate, or anoint as fits the occasion; hearing confession, ordering penance, giving absolution; advising, praising, warning, at one's need; leading the choir, swinging the thurible, swearing chrisms, or bestowing loud, sweet, solemn word of benediction. He is one's sword and shield; one's captain and one's kind; he is one's oriflamme, one's armour, and one's charger; he sets his mouth in battle to a golden trumpet, and he struts, drum-major in the March Past of Life.

But to the man that fears him, shuns him, and at last tries to escape him by denying him, degrading him, soiling his garments, mocking his music; to him that makes a market in his temple, that stamps base coinage in his image, or counterfeits his signature on worthless notes: to him Love grants his prayer. The God disdains his defiled altars, shakes from plumed feet the dust of his unswept shrine, leaves to its mire the swine-thronged temple; silent, he goes his way, nor turns his golden glance. But still his image stands; the body of love survives the soul; nay, but it dies, it putrefies, its stench is poison to the breath of the man's life. Maggots invade its tissues,

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giving it motion of corruption, hell's obscene burlesque of the old tragedy that's held the stage so long. It holds the popular throng for its grimness, coarse jokes, pathos, heroics sham or genuine, tears mostly vile comedy mostly crude, sometimes (confess!) pure genius, surprises, grossness, vulgarities, alarms, excursions. But Lord! How long it is, how dull, whole acts of sheer banality! How can we stay thus cramped on this hard seat, crowded by apple-chewing, grunting or asthmatic mobs, sweaty and foul of breath and mouth, when we can hardly see the play? The theatre's a splendid if pretentious, over brilliant one: we can't judge the design from where we sit. The play we see in snatches; the light's bad, dazzling and dim at once, and the air's dusty. There are pillars and girls' hats in the way, and people are always getting up 'n going out; or coming in, maybe, but always noisily. The dialogue's ill-spoken, and we hear bit tags for the gross laughs, the maudlin tears, the frantic booing, the rare applause, mostly hysterical and caused by some misunderstanding of the situation, the asthmatic lungs and shuffling feet, the coughs, the whistlings, the senseless comments of my neighbours.

The play's a botch; the plot pointless, the scene disconnected, the acting worse than the worst amateur.

Why do I keep my seat? Is it because the scenario is so badly torn, its pages all disordered, because the prompter is snoring, the stage manager crazy with delirium tremens, and the actors so unrehearsed, ill-hung with tawdry finery, untrained to cue, unsure of speech, mouthed, drawled, bawled, mumbled, slurred, mispronounced, vulgarized, minced, mangled, meaningless, that I sit in the hope that in so many accidents there might be just one lucky one?

The play's old, as I said. The author is not known; he must be dead; if not, why doesn't someone hunt him down and kill him? Does he draw royalties?

I know why most folks try and sit it out. It's all so muddled, so inartistic, so unintelligible, that they can't grasp its sameness and stupidity. 'Never twice alike' says one old-timer, beerily, over my shoulder. What other pleasure have they but to crush in the World's Theatre and gape at this interminable, idiot, boring muddle-drama 'Life'?

But what of myself? To my shame I am aware of why I crouch and peer and strain my ears. The 'hero', wrinkled, plastered, rheumy, blue-chinned, black-toothed, the wheezing barnstormer—will the 'heroine', dyed frowzy hag, dewlapped, her paint sweat-seamed, will she smile—oh those gums!—on his h-h-honourable proposals? Or break his heart? What have they to do with my strange interest?, my aching patience?

Well, I've a fixed hallucination that he is really a hero, she his ideal and his mate; and I'm anxious to know the result, oblivious to the fact that I know the play's ghastly curtain, because I'm further fallen in madness, even to think that he and she are I and All My Heart's Desire. Yea, I love truly, and I enjoy the play.

But what of our bishop-elect, with Love's corpse corrupting in his bowels ere his hair thinned? Could Friendship serve him? He had used it to



betray it; to rob, to ruin, to enslave, to drive to death or madness. 'Ware hawks! No friends for me, says he; I know the breed!

Books? Their existence taunted him. Music? Reproach and the rest! Art? Beauty, vitriol rather than cream to his soul's ugly countenance! Children? His consolation: he could enjoy his work of lying to them, soiling them, trampling their fancy's flowers, trapping their feet, bewildering their minds, cauterizing their hearts, crushing their wills, weighing their souls against gilt leper-scabs in a false balance, watching them agonize into damnation as he had done himself. At school the pleasure was called 'passing it on'. For this it was that he stood, as well as his leg's ulcer let him, stood still as his shin's itch allowed, enjoyed the few words of the Head Master's eulogy of him and his life that his dulled ears could catch, smiling as benignly as the agony of his body and the poison of his own jest could endure, until the moment when he could kiss the ironic 'Peace be with you!', and chew the cud of his damnation at the innocent echo 'And with thy spirit'.

And that seems to be the end of my argument against the practicality of my methods of teaching Magick! What a hell of a night! It is now June 23, ☿, 3.55 a.m. I go to bed. 4.15 a.m. I suppose if I be AL 31, an L-God, and Jane NU 56, and an N-God, and we add V (and) 6 our Child we get 93.<sup>1</sup> QED. It becomes ever clearer that the ShT god is *Shin Teth*, Fire, Spirit, Lion, Sun. The card XX shows Shu in his sign of Support, air as well as fire. *Teth* shows the Silence of the Lion, Babalon and the Beast conjoined. Set, Satan, Sad, Sud, Sax, Had, are all ShT. Can I go on to AD and AT as lesser forms of these? My chief worry is ABRASAX<sup>2</sup> which must remain 365, I fear. ShT gives 31 days of solar month, though, of which months we have 7, as against 4 of 30 days and 1 of 28 or 29.

Now AL is Solar, A being Air, Bacchus with Lance and Cup (wine-skin), the Wanderer One-Eyed, in whom all is Right, the Knight Errant procreating as he goes from King's Daughter to King's Daughter and so becoming King, the Poet-Fool-Drunkard in a Coat of many colours, the Flowers of Spring, the Visions in the Solar Plexus, the Middle of the Alchemical Work, the Rainbow where Sun kindles the marriage of Air and Water, the Prism that is Menstruum of Light, as also Harpocrates the soft-sexed or Innocent Babe on the Yoni-Lotus,<sup>3</sup> treading crocodiles as Bacchus rules his Tiger, afloat in the circling amnion or womb of Nu, yet redeeming Seb with Flowers and wine and babes when he comes to his own springtide of Puberty. Of him too is Air's loved Hermes, the Goer all-wandering, the Mind of the Father, bisexual like Bacchus Diphues or his Sire Zeus Arrhenothelus, yet also Phallus, when in silence his Mercury or Semen becomes fixed in Earth (his house Virgo) and His Word spoken and

<sup>1</sup> AL is the Hebrew for God; its number is 31. L-Gods are gods or forces of magic and generation, so called because L or *Lamed* is attributed to the 8th key of the Tarot, and 8 is the number of Mercury, the god of magic. The N-Gods are gods or forces of death and regeneration. Vau, the 6th letter of the Hebrew alphabet stands for the 'son' or result of the L and N phases of existence. Hence AL (31) + Nu (56) + Vau (6) = 93.

<sup>2</sup> The Solar deity of the Gnostics.

<sup>3</sup> The lotus and the yoni are synonymous.

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recorded by the scribes Gemini His children, airy as their sire, having been judged and made just in Libra, and made Law, whereof they are the scale-gods, to accuse and defend, or to match mercy with austerity; and this Word seed in Aquarius, Hé, Nuith, who is 'Isis Mourning' or rather twisting herself in labour to make the Image of her Sire *Aleph* as a Swastika, and with Her Waters, source of the Twin streams, one issuing from and one returning to Her. *Aleph*, A, is the Pure Fool who wanders and wins the Lance, and plays Ghost-Errant to King's Daughter Mary: my worry is: why Hermes? The Desert Wanderer, like AL—a ShT, or AL being from 'to wander'? (L is the 'flowing' letter.) Hermes may be a veil of His name.

A is this Virgin ambiguous amphibious goer and begetter and fixer, and so his card is 0, for the Wheel, and because 9 is 2. He is only one when he adds the Phallic Unit for Love's sake, to impregnate his mother NU. Now *Aleph* 111 plus NU 56 is 167;  $\frac{1}{3}$  of 501, which is no less than ABRA-AL-AL-AL-ABRA, 204 plus 93 plus 204.

So much for None, Two, Fool, Sot, Innocent, Wanderer, Circler, Thinker, Begetter, Oedipus, Bacchus, Parsifal, Rainbow, Hermes, Fixer, Air, Harpocrates, Buddha, Silent and Yoni-throned, Protected, etc. *Aleph*.<sup>1</sup>

Now LA is Libra. Not is at once XI and VIII counterchanged in Tarot's natural order, as Hé is XVII and Tz IV, revolving round Pisces as the others round Virgo.<sup>2</sup>

A is 0, and L, VIII. Cf. CCXX, II, so that AL is 31 as HAD, i.e. ShT is XXXI. Libra has Sword and Scales, the Judge (and Axemen!) and Two Witnesses. The card is Venus, Lady of Libra, exhibiting her weapons, this Trinity, Saturn exalted in Libra.

Justice [*Lamed*] is this fulfilling of Venus. (A woman's idea of Justice, anyhow!) L[*amed*] is then the Queen of the Romance, as before, satisfied by Set. (Saturn, the old King, is revived by the young Queen.) Now, A[*leph*] is the Naught and L[*amed*] the Two phase of this Trinity AL. A is *Shin* because Shu is Air, and *Sh[in]* is *Aleph* because Harpocrates is the Holy Ghost.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> None, Two, etc. are synonyms for *Aleph*, the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet which, spelt in full, equals one hundred and eleven.

<sup>2</sup> In *The Book of the Law*, *Tzaddi*, is attributed to the Emperor instead of to the Star, its traditional attribution. 'All these old letters of my Book are aright; but ♁ is not the Star. This also is secret: my prophet shall reveal it to the wise.' (Chapter I, verse 57.) If one accepts this (and Aiwass, who communicated *The Book of the Law*, is described as a 'praeter-human Intelligence'), then a corresponding change takes place in the Zodiacal attributions. In *The Book of Thoth*, Crowley, who had this rectification in mind, says: '*Tzaddi* is "The Emperor"; and therefore the positions of XVII [the Star] and IV [the Emperor] must be counterchanged. . . "The Star" is referred to Aquarius in the Zodiac, and "The Emperor" to Aries. Now Aries and Aquarius are on each side of Pisces, just as Leo and Libra are on each side of Virgo; that is to say, the correction in *The Book of the Law* gives a perfect symmetry in the Zodiacal attribution, just as if a loop were formed at one end of the ellipse to correspond exactly with the existing loop at the other end.'

<sup>3</sup> *Shin*, the letter of Fire, is equated with *Aleph*, Air through the Holy Ghost, the Flame of Spirit (Air).

T[*etb*] and L[*amed*] are similarly cognate. To all this add LA, not, and AL, God, and so on; then read ABRA-LA-ShT-AL-ABRA,<sup>1</sup> which gives all the main symbols in a Trinity.

I think T[*etb*] is any Woman-Beast symbol, Demeter is Earth, Zeus, Air even, may be. In [Trump] XX the 'Angel' may be Nuith, with Shu and Seb: I think so. The cards of NU are Scorpio and Taurus, snake and cow, [Trumps] XIII and V: but I don't think they should be separated. NU is [Trump] XVII, Aquarius, *Hé*, 5, etc. Set is the Goat in the South, and matche. Diana in the North; as AL, Leo, does NU, Aquarius.

AL is Mercury-Venus }  
Set is Zeus-Sol } but N seems always NU or UN. Why not ANU?

Because She's 56. Then, is there a moon N-lady opposed to a star N-lady? Yes! NU is 56 and starry; the other is *Cheth* and IAN and water-moony. None of Aquarius, the Star, *Hé* [Trump] XVII, in Jane or June. Jane is with *Teth*, plain *Teth*, as Moon to Sun. Not then as Cancer to Capricornus? Set is the Sun also.

Sunrise threatens: I'll rise and adore, merely remarking that A is Aethyr, B Light, and G connected with O through IAO Iacchus, and the guttural sound of *Ayin*. A's free passage of Air. B-humming of forces; vibration of lips. G or K the sudden gape of the mouth, hence onomatopoeic for vulva; in most languages K or G is the main sound of the name. Now I begin to see A is the Foetus in the ovum and the Ghost-Lover but not the physical organs in connection. I[*od* or *Yod*] is the Virgin or Hermit, the Spermatozoon that goes, the Yod-snake of Hermes. N[*un*] is the Change or Putrefaction of the Seed; it is Draco, Starry, nowise lunar. The apparent N in Jane is therefore the nasal guttural *Ayin* or O, connected with the Moon of *Gimel-G*, the Car of *Cheth*, the Wheel of *Kaph-K*, the Moon of *Qoph-Q*.

She is a female Iacchus of sorts—a drunken Whore, a seed-sheath. Strange that I = 9, O = XV, Ch = VII = 31 in all. 'Twill hardly do; we know IAO as 17. N is Diana is merely adjectival I believe; cf. the Greek nasal sound made by doubling a guttural. Note: G = Moon. Ch = Moon's house: Jupiter's throne. K = Jupiter. Q = Jupiter's house. S or X = his other house. It's close-knit, Moon and Jove: gutturals. We must then deny that Zeus and S-gods are one with Jove—or K-gods. Jane has nor N nor *Ayin* in her. Is the card G 'the Woman in the Doorway?' the Priestess or Prostitute? She is. She is the Sibylline mate of the Fool's Jeste.

11.00 p.m. I'm getting over this Sound-Sense excitement—Tunis may be hot; but oh! to eat and drink once more!

<sup>1</sup> The Cabbalistic form of the Thelemic Trinity, Nuit, Hadit and Ra-Hoor-Khuit, is expressed by three times 31, i.e. LA, ShT, and AL. Together they form 93 which is the number of the Thelemic Current, 93 being the number of Will (Thelema), Love (Agape), Aiwass and other cognate ideas, and thus of *Love under Will* which is the particular magical formula of the New Aeon. Crowley finally adopted LA-ShT-AL as the main symbol of the Trinity, dropping the first and last words, ABRA.

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About 10.00 Opus III: *Regem Aethipum Iod Reginae* ALYS.<sup>1</sup> Object: *Juventutem*, IV. (This is working: a cat proved it in the Maison Dorée.)

24 June, ♃. A most unpleasant day of severe illness. I think I may have been poisoned by reading Conan Doyle. My nose-tip got inflamed; my bowels hideously loose and their excrement dark and stinking like his soul. But a night with Anatole France has nearly set me right.

25 June, ♀. Still, the day went ill indeed, until I besought aid of Jupiter<sup>2</sup> as I meant not to do; and the recovery has been most alarmingly complete.

8.40 p.m. *Opus* IV. Mohammed Tsaida in the [*podex*]. Operation: Excellent. Elixir: Magnificent. Object: *Juvent.* V.

9.40 p.m. *Opus* V. Ayesha (R. *Aethippicanus*).<sup>3</sup> Operation: Excellent, surprisingly so. Elixir: Very good. Object: *Juvent.* VI. This ends the series—There is no news of Jane, or Percy. Symbol for Jane: K of Phallus<sup>4</sup>—I suppose that means she's 'practically here'! What is the Cefalu news—the message I ought to have had from Leah? Fire of Fire—Don't worry.

I note that Anatole France makes fun of the certainty which each being possesses that he is the centre of the universe. But our Star-Sponge vision shews that each one is right to think so. He gives his case away by declaring the cosmos unintelligible. It is the scholastic A is A logic that makes his trouble for him.

26 June, ♃. I have been reading scraps of F. C. Phillips, once famous for *As in a Looking-glass*. He's amazing. A man writes to a friend casually that he'll have to marry an heiress; and gives her a Palais Royal ring! He thinks poachers wicked, and bull-fights cruel; and his people 'sustain a broken leg'. A girl nobly refuses the rich man for his penniless cousin, and the rich man is killed next week. That is a typical plot of one of his stories. It is all frightfully disheartening: the ass can even call a man a 'private' in his title, and then make him a trooper, and be an esteemed novelist. That Homer nodded is no reason why moderns should snore aloud all the time.

9.00 p.m. *Opus* VI, Mohammed &c. as before. Operation: very good. Elixir: ditto. Object: Magick Power to spread the Law.

27 June, ☉. 3.00 a.m. Awake from a long dream which seems a repetition, varied but little, from one or more previous dreams. I am in some place with Leah whom I reproach for sleeping, and for being pious or conscientious or something, when we might have talked all night. The conversation thus missed appears most strangely fascinating and delicious.

<sup>1</sup> Crowley is Alys; he sometimes used this name when in a feminine mood. He captioned a photograph of himself, pasted into one of the holograph diaries for the American period, with the word Alys, a variant of Alice, the female form of Aleister. He is revealed with a painted face, clad in masonic regalia. *Opus* III was a homosexual working. The 'Ethiopian King' was a dark-skinned Arab, perhaps Mohammed Tsaida.

<sup>2</sup> Opium.

<sup>3</sup> Another 'Ethiopian King' called Ayesha.

<sup>4</sup> Kteis of Phallus or Hexagram XI, *Thai*.

During the night, however, there are dogs, several of them, various breeds. One, e.g. is a tiny toy dog. (I think the former is really the cat at the Maison Dorée who snuggles in my armpit at my meals; it's her colours). Leah is somehow to blame for our not getting all we want—what that is being not clear—from these dogs. The dream is far from lucid, but I recall it as very intense.

12.15 p.m. A certain recent operation of Magick has aroused my Kundalini beyond all measure, until I wonder if 31 etc. be not the true 13 × 12 vesica or Gate of Capricornus-Scorpio, which, by the way, unites the guttural and nasal gods, and gives the name ShTN, South plus North, combining all the Processes of Going.<sup>1</sup>

It's remarkable that LAH should be a Temurah<sup>2</sup> of ALH, and this the 36 or square of 6, or 31 plus the feminine 5. A is the Fool, etc.; L, Justice; the Babe in the Womb, and the Spirit Lover, with Venus—Justice—satisfied of Sword and Scales; while H is the Star Nuith.

We called our child ANU L<sup>A</sup>H which adds to 93 in 6 letters. (I didn't make this up in advance by intent.) She is a Wandering Star. Well, I haven't got my own name right yet; there's something in Crowley, de Querouaville, de Kerval, if I could trace the original form. The 'Ker' is honorific; is 'Wal' for 'val'? at least there's the AL ending. KR is a root implying horns, I think, in Latin, Greek and Sanskrit. However, this is no odds now: the point is: Have I been a blind bat, and is 31-666-31 the heroine of CCXX?<sup>3</sup> The Yi gives 5 as her present general symbol. It is *Hsi*, Luna of Phallus. 'Waiting' is very characteristic of her patient, her impregnable soul. Line 1—'distant border' might be Nuith's Body. Line 2—'Sand'—Nuith's Stars. Line 3—'Mad'—her Gold. Line 4—'Blood'—her chief symbol in so many ways. Line 5—'Banquet'—obscure, perhaps concerns the future. Line 6—'Three guests'—ditto, ditto. It sounds like Yes; certainly the complete symbol reads like S[carlet] W[oman]. What does Thelema say? CCXX, I, 58: 'I give unimaginable joys on Earth.' She does, indeed; I remember

<sup>1</sup> The Magick that Crowley is here referring to is sexual magick, the Kundalini (or Magical Fire that was stirred by the recent operation) produced an illumination in which Crowley realized the following: the formula of sexual magick is concealed in the name ShTN (Shaitan or Set or Satan), Sh (♁), the Magic Fire, T(♁), the Lion-Serpent, and N(♁), the Scarlet Woman. *Teth* is related to the solar symbolism of Capricornus, the sign in which the sun is annually reborn, and *Nun* with the Scorpio-Dragon symbolism of Babalon, the Scarlet Woman. The name ShTN thus combines Hadit (the Sun) and Nuit (the Moon) in one glyph. Shaitan, which derives from the ancient Egyptian god Set, the sun in the south, and which blackens everything and was therefore later cursed, had some special attraction for Crowley. In fact, in his capacity as the Great Beast, he identified himself with Shaitan, another name for his Holy Guardian Angel, Aiwass.


<sup>2</sup> Permutation. The letters of any given word have the same numerical equivalent however arranged. LAH and ALH and HAL, etc. are all Cabalistically equivalent for each adds up to 36.

<sup>3</sup> 'Is Leah Hirsig (31-666-31) the heroine of *The Book of the Law* (CCXX)?' i.e. is she the Scarlet Woman prophesied in the Book? This problem faced Crowley with each Scarlet Woman who assumed office. The one prophesied did not appear in his life time and has not appeared yet. Perhaps Crowley will come back as the Scarlet Woman.

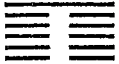
nothing in all my life like the 'Vision' in Panormus:<sup>1</sup> the Tortured-Ecstasy of the contorted face, the writhing of the hag-body that ground down its beast, the storm of lust and pain and madness. It was Night's Hollow wrenching at her captive Dragon, whose blood was seed of blind and furious stars. She was like Hecate in a death-dance, Satan-possessed, convulsive, pumping my life, body and soul, as 'twere a Python in his agony. She certainly gave me what I've been losing. Youth's intensity, its craving, the soul-priapism, huge lust and fierce to her, clamour for her to realize with me that mightiest marriage-dream, that Sacrament of Satan that may be consummated only beneath Night's dome, in utmost silence, because its Elements are not symbols of things, but They themselves.


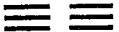
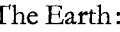
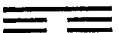
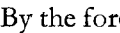
Talking of sacraments and symbols I wonder, by the way, how people ever hoped to cheat the gods by using symbols: did they think paper money would weigh like gold? No wonder Magick fell into discredit, when chopped dry twigs nor budded nor turned into serpents! When for God's Blood they filled the Graal with wine, cowardice followed filial to their falsehood, and used grapejuice; or ape-instinct, sure of applause from woman, staged the sacrifice, lavish of toast-and-water.

(I digress—bad habit I'm getting. My mastery of analysis is to blame. Each thought is an explosion. I've invented a gas-engine, a rotary that shall solve the problem of Flight for man's earth-bound spirit; but I must control the explosions. Perhaps a severe verse-form? Well, to business.)

What is the general symbol of the Magical Operation I proposed to Alostrael during the Pan-Seth<sup>2</sup> invocation in Panormus?  xxi, *Shih*

*Ho.* Naturally so: sounds like trouble to follow, though. What should be its object? Hexagram LV, Abundance, etc. What its magical result to the Law? Hexagram II (I've thought this often.) Then it must indeed be done. What

its material result to the Magus and the Enchantress? , K[teis] of

Fire. Returning. Freedom from distress—violent renewal of passion. Where do it? (? from Tunis)  South-West. (Might also mean just Air, and Tunis is open to the East and North East.) What sort of place?   The Earth: the belly: a house. (The desert, I should think.) How?   (By the force of gravitation, evidently.)

28 June, ☽. 5.25 p.m. to 5.15 a.m. Against all principles, and in breach of two promises, I have sat up all night in the snows, writing a poem to Leah.

One long poem<sup>3</sup>—an occasional publishable line thrown in when I weakened.

<sup>1</sup> Crowley is referring in this passage and what follows to a sexual working which took place between him and Leah in Palermo recently.

<sup>2</sup> Pan, the goat god, is equivalent to the Egyptian Set or Shaitan.

<sup>3</sup> 'Leah Sublime.' A transcript of this obscene poem is preserved in the diary of Frater O.P.V. (Norman Mudd) who joined Crowley at the Abbey at Cefalu two years later.

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7.00 a.m. I think I'll collect all my filth in one poem and mark it Leah in plain figures.

10.00 a.m. I think I did.

29 June, ♂. 12.15 a.m. Locust shit on my table: pal of John Baptist: pal of Jane. He wished to say she would come by the next boat. This 'youth' experiment worked wonderfully well, ill as I did it, lightly and carelessly. My hair curls again naturally, it's glossy and full of red lights! (Red Light District—in fact!) My energy is extraordinary. My eyesight is improved I need less sleep. Appetite is better; I have remembered how to loaf.

Seeing a good picture-play, a French one, I thought of a scenario with me and Jane, our present curious crisis. A—savant. B.—musician. They love by letter and photographs; decide to meet as I arranged to meet Jane. Newspapers get the story. He says: I must get there early for strategic reasons. Does so. Says: I must spruce up. Does so. 20 years younger! She gets bored and takes earlier boat. Both arrive together; but not expecting each other don't recognize they are on the same boat. (He strides to the smoke room too.) She takes counsel and buys gay clothes. Her telegram goes astray. They keep on missing. He gets mad—the laughing-stock of Europe, begad! To avenge himself, he picks up an old nigger woman in the street and marries her publicly. She sees papers next day! His friends tease him—telegrams, etc. He gets madder. He sees her and falls in love with her beauty—sorry he was rash! She, sure he won't know her, thinks she'll join the hunt. (She wants his friendship first and last, of course.) He has made the nigger understand marriage doesn't mean love, of course; she merely valets him. A and B go crazy with love—what's the answer? Nigger's husband appears with a big stick—his wife's always running off with men, drat her! But then B wants revenge; she can't quite give tit for tat so arranges to vanish at the wedding breakfast. Both in their old homes, both can do nothing but pull out the old letters. The same idea hits both; they'll meet again—exactly half-way. She pulls out her gay clothes, shakes her head; gets her Red Cross kit: 'What he needs is a nurse!' He eyes his barbers wistfully—no! What she needs is a Roman Father! Epilogue. A hospital: he's waiting. Message: it's a boy. More waiting. At last—out comes a nurse with a black baby! His horror—the real nurse arrives: 'Your wife merely borrowed the black one as a model for the new book she's working at, "What might have been."'

*The Magical Footprints of the Beast that He made in patterns of  
secret purport*

An XVI ☉ in ♀

29 June (continued)

I wake; in my sleep *Thais* has been soaking into me. It's a great

*The Magical Record of the Beast*

masterpiece of satire, subtler by far but therefore perhaps less useful than my *World's Tragedy*. I think I'll graft God on Adam Gregg. The village idiot, Joe, is his bastard by his Lilith. He's dressed in Adam's old clothes. Adam is half afraid of him, half superstitious, has twinges of conscience, and so on; but he is really quite harmless except through Adam's belief in his power. When Adam gets knowledge, he fades out. This seems to me an excellent relief from the main theme.

10.15 p.m. Opus I, Ayesha. Operation, good, as I'm bronchitic. Elixir, excellent. Object: Power to spread the Law. (Image of strength sucked from Night, and Stars shed therein. Will firmly held, 729 work done.)

11.15 p.m. I must absolutely get the Hebrew Alphabet classified by mode of utterance. I noticed on trial that the dentals were not homogeneously attributable, like the Moon-Jupiter-Water cluster of gutterals. Well, here goes!

GUTTURALS

Tenuis	כ	⌘	The Wheel
Aspirata			
Media	ג	⌚	The Priestess
Media Aspirata			
Gutturo-labials	ק	⌘	The Moon
Spiritus asper	ח	⌚	The Star
Spiritus lenis	כּ	⌘	The Fool
Spiritus asper faucalis	ח	⌚	The Chariot
Spiritus asper fricatus (?)			
Spiritus lenis faucalis	ע	⌚	The Devil

The guttural vowel is A essentially, modified variously, e.g. AU with lip to aid throat. כּ, ח and ע seem nearer to vowels, breathings, or hissings, than to true consonants, and they are really in the S group.

GUTTURALES MODIFICATAE

Semi-vowels	ו	⌘	The Hermit
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DENTALS

Tenuis	}	א	⌘	The Universe
Tenuis aspirata		א	♀	The Empress
Media				
Media aspirata	}	א	⌘	Death
Nasalis		א	⌚	Justice
Semivocalis				



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Spiritus asper 1	𐄂	△	Last Judgement
Spiritus asper 2	⊖	♁	Temperance
Spiritus lenis	1	Π	Lovers
Spiritus asperrimus 1	𐄃	♁	Emperor

DENTALES MODIFICATAE

Tenuis	⊖	Ω	Strength
Semivocalis	7	☉	Sun

These cards all express Sakti-Teh:

The Universe—Sakti manifest in balance and 'double power'.  
 The Empress—The Eagle.  
 Death—The change in darkness.  
 Justice—The satisfied womb.  
 The Last Judgement—Nuith, Shu, Seb.  
 Temperance—Double Power.  
 The Lovers—Double Power (from Hermes).  
 The Emperor—Sulphur turning Eagle to stone (?).  
 Strength—Woman mastering and borne by Beast.  
 The Sun—Double power manifesting Light.

Alas! we could find Her in other cards too. I really fail to get any single idea to hang all these hats on. Their main vowel seems to be the 'li' of Sanskrit (? also Spanish and Italian).

LABIALS

Tenuis	𐄂	♂	Tower
Tenuis aspirata	𐄃	♀	Magus
Media	⊖	▽	Hanged Man
Media aspirata	1	♀	Pope

The typical vowel is U. It is clear that there are only three true basic vowels, A, I, and O—as The Name declareth to us!

These labials seem to agree to show male force, more or less. The Tower is phallic, the Magus semen-bearing or Word-speaking, the Hanged-Man defies death, and the Pope is the Pentagram.

This seems a little less unsatisfactory than the dentals. Another flank attack! Gutturals are force in a tube. Dentals are checked by a grating. Labials are intermitted by a valve. G bellows or blows: D hisses or purrs: B mutters. G is the wind instrument; D . . . no! It's not very good. But this at least one may say, with due reserve: gutturals are feminine, labials

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masculine, dentals the double power, the true dentals being dying gods like Adonis, and the sibilants slaying gods like Set.

30 June, ♀ Midnight, and I'm weary of the Cabbala. My locust lied to me or I misunderstood him; for the boat's in, and I'm still singing 'Has anybody seen my Jane?' I'll to my saintly pallet. (I made a nice chalk of my Leah yesterday, by the way; a foul fierce haggard monkey with Our Lord<sup>1</sup> looking from Her eyes!)

2.00 a.m. I'm feverish: can't sleep. Another trouble survived from my rash act of getting youth back!<sup>2</sup>

These gods again! Nu is the true Star-Goddess of the North, not to be confused with any false moon—N;<sup>3</sup> though allied by Cancer, being watery, lunar, and northern, it is opposed as Dental to Guttural.

Nu is the Pole-Star, Draco, etc. the true light of Night. In the South is the truth Seth, the undying, as opposed to the D, or dying, Sun. (What about Set = Hadit = Adonai, though?) I almost cry surrender, admit that the Word itself has been slurred, even by the Adepts.

Let's try something else, and rest the mind.

Abrahamadabra is now seen to be a blind for ShT, of value 31.<sup>4</sup> The formula 5 = 6, etc. is as stated so often; but its symbol is only *Cbeth*; so it is of the Queen scale, lunar. The inmost formula is this ShT, and the card XX is really my Stele,<sup>5</sup> the 'Angel' being Nuith, with Hadit as Shu, and Ra-Hoor-Khuit and the Priest for the other figures. The card XI is of course Babalon and The Beast.<sup>6</sup> The plain English of the formula is then (a) our cosmic map (b) our secret Art, Love borne by Will. The 31-93 key opens all doors. 418 Cancer balances Set in Capricorn—Nu in Aquarius balances AL in Leo, 419.<sup>7</sup>

(Something here, and it eludes me!) 666, Six, Sol, balances 729, Eight,<sup>8</sup> Hermes. Aquarius, *Hé*, shows Nuith alone. Capricornus, *Ayin* (Seth) shows Hadit alone. Leo, *Teth*, shows us mated. Libra, *Lamed*, is the Scarlet Woman

<sup>1</sup> Crowley is here referring to Shaitan, the god Set.

<sup>2</sup> What the trouble was exactly, he does not say. He is, of course, referring to the recent sex-magical operations with 'Ethiopian Kings', the object of which was *Juventutem*.

<sup>3</sup> The moon is considered false because she wanes and disappears, but Nu or Nuit (Draco) is a constant light.

<sup>4</sup> The heart of Abrahamadabra is Had or Hadit which is identified with Set or Shaitan, the god of the south, whose number is 31.

<sup>5</sup> Tarot Trump XX is called The Last Judgement and is ascribed to the element Fire and the letter *Shin*—the glyph of Set. In the Tarot pack which Crowley designed in the light of the teaching of *The Book of the Law*, the stele of Ankh-f-n-Khonsu is depicted on this card in the form of Nuit arched over the throned god, Ra-Hoor-Khuit. Thus Horus and Set are balanced and equivalent in the symbolism of this card. Crowley did not complete his reformulation of the symbolism of the Tarot until a quarter of a century later when he published *The Book of Thoth* in 1944.

<sup>6</sup> This card in Crowley's Tarot pack shows Babalon straddling the Beast and bearing aloft her blood-red Graal.

<sup>7</sup> 418 is the number of *Cbeth*, the symbol of the Great Work when spelt in full. Likewise *Teth* when spelt in full is 419. The 1 added to 418 is the Phallic unit.

<sup>8</sup> 729 is the number of Baphomet, the 8-lettered Name.

(shamelessly boasting) alone. Could *Aleph*, *Beth*, or *Yod* be the Beast alone? Or *Ayin*? Me to Nuit and my Whore to Hadit, who might well be *Yod*?

Call Hadit *Yod*, Virgo IX, Nuith, *Hé*, Aquarius, XVII; R[a] H[oor] K[huit], *Vau*, Taurus, V XXXI. Now call The Beast *Ayin* XV; Babalon, *Lamed* VIII; My Wand, *Beth* I; Her Cup, *Cheth* VII = XXXI (*Aleph* can be thrown in here.) Then, as before, *Shin* XX, our Matter and *Teth* XI, our Motion for a third XXXI. This is not bad; but seems not undeniably necessary. The *Yod Hé Vau* is good though. Simplifying, though, 31 is equally Beast, Whore, and Bastard, our Trinity.<sup>1</sup> *Ayin* XV and *Pé* XVI are XXXI, *Pé* being the Whore as 'Babel'. The Tower—lightning-struck—throws out little *Ayin*-images! It's the fortress, Her womb! *Ayin* is Eye, too, and *Pé*, Mouth, i.e. Phallus and Kteis. *Ayin* is the Phallus by shape, and *Pé* the Cave with its hanging clitoris, etc. etc.

When I was Lévi, I drew myself as *Ayin* or Baphomet, 'The Devil', with Beast's Head. This is the Beast throned, crowned, exalted; the leaper, the erect, the butter-in. Her womb is my city, Babel. This *Ayin* is then my Phallic Will, my Holy Guardian Angel, Aiwaz, who was afterwards called Satan. Distinguish their *Ayin*-Baphomet crowned from *Teth*-Therion ridden. I am *Ayin*-King in Her city, *Pé*, Baphomet of Babalon; and she is also Babalon, Whore astride Therion in *Teth*. Her name seems the same both ways; perhaps always 7 whether I am 6 or 8.<sup>2</sup>

11.00 p.m. I have been to Le Kram and walked to Goulette Casino thence and dined, regardless, on the terrace, in face of the Moon. Without being anxious, I have a sort of passing curiosity to know what the bloody hell has happened to Jane. [Hexagram] XLVI K[teis] of Air saith the *Yi*. Seems to mean 'on the way'. All right: I don't care. P.S. It's the 'accomplished work' she had already arrived—but at Bou-Saada!) Why haven't I heard from Alostrael? [Hexagram] LX, Moon of Water. 'Regulations.' This may mean that she is hampered somehow; or that Percy (see previous question some weeks back) is to blame; or that the telegraph itself has tied up the message. How shall I act about the whole mix-up? Give symbol for the proper mental attitude on which I should base action—or non-action! I get Shang—Kteis of Air—again! In English: don't you give a damn; go onward and upward!

In GAN, to beget, surely the G is DJ. It has this disappearing sound in Know, Gens, etc. is only hard in Saxon derivations such as be-gin and words like genethliacal, which is a clear case of ignorant mispronunciation. Gentile, gentle, genus, genius, and their French equivalents all have the soft g; so, too, knave, knight, knabe; and in Gnosco, gnosis, it is silent, only vocalized in the compounds ignorance, re-cognize, and the like. Note the French word '*cogner*', its brutally frank allusion to the Hammer-of-Thor symbol. We must then class GN as a true dental-nasal, probably on onomatopoeia from the breathing of a man in the sexual act. Try to say JN.

<sup>1</sup> *Yod Hé Vau*, the first three letters of the Holy Fourfold Name (Tetragrammaton) stand for Father, Mother, Child. Crowley equates them with the Holy Thelemic Trinity, The Beast, the Whore and the Bastard.

<sup>2</sup> 7 because this is the number of Venus or Love, 6 or 8 because 6 is Solar and 8 Mercurial, equating Therion and Baphomet respectively.

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Note *Jnana*, to know, Sanskrit. Have knowl, knoll, knob, knot, any hint of tumescence? And is a gnome a humped person from this cause?

'He knows' means 'he snorts with lust', as the boy who does not know does not do. This is good psychology, the Knowledge of good and evil or Moral Sense being born with the sexual consciousness. The open-throated gasp of exhaustion, 'giving up the ghost', is alluded to in the semi-guttural breathings; and these refer therefore to the emission of seed. The labials seem to serve most languages for the male word. I can't trace *Lingam*; it may be a title, 'the long one'. Nor can I overlook *Zakar*, which I am loath to connect with *Zak*, a raft. But I think *BU*, Light, whence *Buddha*, *Bo-Tree* (or *Peepul*). *Aub*, *Obeah*, perhaps even *Beauty* from *Bel*, *Baal*, *Ba* (to go, Hebrew, and a part of the *Soul*, Egyptian). *Bogey*, may be originally phallic, from the idea of vibration and bursting through. (What about the French *But*, English *Butt*, the latter both verb of goat and noun of vintner and archer, *Bottom*, *Buttock*, *Buttress*, *Bout* (French for *End*, English for *Violent Episode*) *Botte*, *Butte*, *Bulwark* or *Boulevard*, and possibly even *Ball*, *Ballista*, *Balbo*, these last with the idea of throwing? What of *Bat*, *Beat*, *Bathe*, *Battle*, which suggest the act of striking?

To return to the main thesis, we have *Peor*, *Pater*, *Ab*, *Priapus*, *Phallus*, conceivably also *Fu* in Chinese, *Penis*, *Ap* in Welsh, with very many others (*Apollo*, *Abaddon*, *Apis*, *Abrasax*, etc.) directly paternal in sense.

The muscular movement needed to pronounce labials is obvious, and the movement may well have suggested the violence, vibration, explosiveness of the sexual act of the male. The words *Push*, *Poke*, *Prod*, *Put*, *Pose*, *Pierce*, *Pull*, all agree, as do *Fok* or *Fuck*, to breed, and *Foutre*, *Futuo*, to perform the act. 'Form' itself may be a cousin. Then we have *Fornication*, *Pornography*, and their Sanskrit ancestors; which makes me suspect *Facere*, *Epas*, *Phos*, *Phonos*, to be equally echoes of a root *FA*, the Act which involves Light, Speech, etc., being the Act *par excellence*. In all this investigation we must be very careful to distinguish between true Names, which are probably all onomatopoeic in the first instance, and mere Titles which are often '*a non lucendo*' for reasons of taboo, and in any case adjectival in character. This labial *B-P-F* is the male in action, not to be confused with the *D* in the *Adam-Adonai-Adonis-Odin-Adad* group. To sound *D* one has to catch one's breath suddenly; it suggests an unexpected catastrophe. There is a force in it, but that force turns to softness, the hero is wounded. *D* hints surrender, as in *Debeo*, *Debt*, *Donation*, *Don* (gift), *Doubt*, *Die*, *Dote*, all which have their root-idea in *Duo*, *Dva*, *Deux*, *Due*, *Two*, as *Dubito*, *Divide*, etc. *ad libitum*, the particle *De* itself included, seem to attest. Perhaps we approach once more the Sanctuary of Pure Number. Our *N* (or *Nuith*) is certainly very traceable through *No*, *None*, *Naught*, *Null*, in English; *Non*, *Nul*, *Ne* in French; *Non*, *Nullus*, *Nihil*, *Ne*, in Latin; *Ain* perhaps, in Hebrew; and so forth. *Num*, the fish, may or may not be entitled to wear the clan tartan of the Hollow Ship people *Nave*, *Naus*, *Noah*, *Nu*, *Oannes*, *Jonah*; but *Num*, as *Death*, and *Scorpio* or *Draco*, undoubtedly suggests the *Void*.

As for *One*, that word with its clubmates *Un*, *Unus*, *Hen*, *Ein*, seems to

intrude upon that Hollow Space; but I feel sure that this group is somehow a false alarm, the true word for One being guttural, as in *Ego, Achad*, from the Sanskrit *Ekam*. I feel sure the Greek *Heis* is a softening of *Hegs*. Note that the most primitive ideas get their words muddled, as *Heis, Mia, Hen*; or in the case of 'to be', our paradigm usually shows mixed breeds, e.g. be-am-is-are-was. *Esse-sum-est-sunt-eram-fui*. Two is consistently dental, and its idea of sundering goes well with the thought of surrender, of mortality.

The T or Th which is in most words for Three is a sharper, quicker, livelier, more aspirate sound; it is the resurrection from the death of D.

Our word Four is Saxon from *Vier*: I can't trace it. But the regular word, as in *Quatre, Carre, Quattuor, Char* (Sanskrit) seems to be essentially KR. This root means Head, and solidity or completion; we find it in the Breton *Ker* as in the Greek *Kara*, indeed in all tongues of importance. At present the sound-sense relation is obscure to me.

Less dimly I divine why Five should be so often labial as in *Pente, Panch*; for Five suggests the Hand, engine of man's conscious will, and so akin to the engine of his unconscious will, the labial Phallus.

Possibly the earliest counting stopped with Five. At least I find myself wondering whether Six, Sex, *Hex*, is not a plural form of One, *Ek*, as if they had taken a chance, and started on the other hand!

The PT in most words for Seven beats me; so does the KT in most words for eight; nor can I clearly see why N should reappear in Nine, and D in Ten. (The main chance in Ten seems to be DS, as in *Das, Dekas*' K being probably dialectic corruption, *Decan, Dieci, and Dix*, where K lingers feebly.) I expect all the Decad-names are compounded from units. Twenty is evidently from Two, Thirty from Three, and so all the way. Other languages fall into line here. We need not then expect to find a true sound-sense Cabbala beyond Units, or even beyond Five. Six, for example, doesn't mean much in itself; it is rather a complex secondary idea.

1 July 24. 1.30 a.m. Enough of this! I am very annoyed that so shameless a surrender as sleep should be so diversely *Schlafen, Dormir, and Hupno*—or is it *Huphomyai*? I forget the Sanskrit, too, and it makes it worse that the BUL of their word for 'to forget' should mock at BAAL! Good night!

No: I shall invoke July by an Act of Worship to my Scarlet Whore Alostrael.

Opus II: 31-666-31, astrally *p.v.n.* Operation: Great! Elixir: Immense! Object: Homage to my Whore!

6.00 a.m. I regret deeply to have to announce to my public that this meant my staying awake all night writing a poem to her.

8.30 a.m. Letter from Leah announcing correctness of Yi's reading: the telegram was sent.

11.00 p.m. I find it hard to sleep o'nights—the heat is getting bad and there are no punkah-wala!<sup>1</sup> I meditate on the Name of the Scarlet Strumpet

<sup>1</sup> A punkah-wala was a servant who pulled a cord attached to a contraption on the roof which cause a cooling draught to blow through the house. A Hindi expression, meaning 'fan-puller'.

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of the Stars, said to be Mystery, or Mystery of Mysteries, in the Apocalypse. First N is of Nuit, the Breeding Belly, or Naught Astrophore. M is of silent goddesses, closed wombs as Maut. MU is the root of 'to be silent', or memory plays *Bolo Pacha*. *Musterion* seems to go naturally with *Therion*. *Erion*, the common factor, is 238, or Colenso was damned. I suspect Mu is Mu-digamma, not Mu-Upsilon. We get 46—St—238, or 284 plus St which gives 315 if St is 31, and is no help. Add TO, 370, to get 685, still no good. Of course 46 plus 31 = 77, but that's not much. MU is 440, dragon: better. Total, the M of M, no good. I feel sure the Mu plus the St is the key to Her. The meaning is all right, but there seems no Cabbala.

2 July, ♀. 8.30 p.m. I've been operated for *Verruca Digitata*, and baffled my doctor with my mysterious foot.

Feeling a little better, trying to force myself to start drawing from the model. Asked one to pose for an hour to-night.

Give me a message with regard to the mysterious non-appearance of my beloved Jane! K[teis] of Fire. 'Returning' I think this means—no, I don't get it!

3 July, ♀. Another all-night sitting. Wrote out 'Painted Lilies' and two long poems to Madonna Lala.

11.00 a.m. I certainly shall not wait more than two weeks for Jane; one only has to wait three for Syphilis herself.

2.00 p.m. I can well see why M should suggest zero, and U be the vowel next it. MUST in *Mustos* is pure onomatopoeia, St being the 'Hist!' of recognizing another man, as I have shown above. Hell! the simoon's blowing—how can I be expected to think?

4 July, ☉. Bother everything! 9.40 p.m. Opus III— $\tau^1$  unknown. Operation: good. Elixir: very good. Object: To spread the Law. Oh, I'm bored!

5 July, ☽. Last night I made a little meditation on Confidence-in-Others. One can respect the Man-of-his-word, because he fortifies himself by the unity in his will. But this is only the case when he is free and proud, and keeps his word not because he is afraid to break it, but because he is not afraid to pledge himself to keep it, feeling himself master even of the future, not to be lassoed by desire, or saddled by alien will, not jibbing for temper, shying at fear-shadows, faltering from fatigue, or swerving at obstacles. To him a breach of his pledge is a defeat. But such a man is recognizable as such by the energy he disengages, the flame and glory of him, a vesture not to be mistaken by instinct. Quite otherwise is the fidelity of the passive type of man. When we trust the average man, we despise him; for our confidence means that we think we know his limitations. If he deceives us we are angry and punish him; but we are also, and that more deeply if we are ourselves

<sup>1</sup> *Tau*, the last or bottom letter of the Hebrew alphabet. It signifies in this context a homosexual working.

royal, enraged at our own failure to envelop his possibilities completely. If we are weak, we feel hurt, wronged, like a puppy that has snapped at a wasp. But we do not respect him, except as his escape from his own slavery is a flight towards freedom. His consciousness of his bond may one day urge him to honest revolt. But we have respect for those who break the bonds of the law, convention and the like by virtue of their activity; martyrs even may seem heroic; much more than do kings, clan-chiefs, brigands, pirates etc.

When we do not trust a man, it is, as a rule proof that we fear him, that is, we confess that his nature is beyond our cartography: he is the Unknown which we hold terrible. To 'trust the people' is to despise them. But to trust a king-man is to praise him. I am proud to be trusted to do my will, to carry out an agreed plan; but humbled indeed should I be if I could be trusted to 'stay put'. In short, we honour activity and energy, despise passivity and inertia; in other words we praise man and dispraise woman. A man's adulteries are tokens of high spirit, a woman's betrayal of our trust in her, stupidity and cowardice. We only respect the 'fast' woman when she is bold about it, claims, as it were, to share our manhood. We despise the drudge-husband whom we cuckold, kick the fat rump of the dull dupe Bonacieux. We despise also the cow-mother type of female, but we respect Semiramis, Cleopatra, Catherine of Russia or, for other types of exploits, Sappho, Lady Macbeth, or Joan of Arc. And the quality common to these, their claim to honour, is their refusal to accept the female formula. We think that a man ought to be a man, but that a woman ought not to be a woman; at least so sings the god-passion in our hearts, all careless of convenience. It is only our wish to kill competition that makes us pretend we want to be respectable, and women virtuous, humanity (in short) to play the female while we do our male will.

My will to free mankind is so to speak sodomitic. I want my mistress to be mighty, sure of myself and my ability to master her though she be never so male.

6.30 p.m. I find myself still very confused practically as to action. Non-attachment is necessary; moreover I know the equivalence of all things. In my Mass the Host is of excrement, that I can consume in awe and adoration; while I make my Holy Guardian Angel the latrine of my imagination. And then I reverse the symbol, whirling my wheel until all form and colour is lost. So much for the mental images: I affirm and deny the Word of my Will so that it is (like the Tao) nor speech nor silence. So in actual life when I am consciously doing Magick, I drink the ecstasy of Babalon when my tongue laps the blood and the sterility that Leah pours for me from her abominable Graal, and I constrain the Light and Music of my poetry to pimp her vices, fiddle to the dance of her damnation; Beauty shall empty the slops in her brothel, Love be her poodle, Art her monkey.

But what of the common course of Life? What of my regular acts, the least of which involves just that discrimination which fetters me? Body and mind are not initiated; but must I draw them with me? Can I, indeed? Outside my circle I eat lobster and drink Heidseick; and God help the

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waiter if they're not to my taste! The point is: am I held back by this sort of thing? It is made urgent by the question of cocaine. There is a conflict in me about this, for I could easily let myself go, set my house on fire, so to speak. Why shouldn't I? Any answer evidently involves discrimination, the judgement that one thing is more valuable, relatively to some third thing, than another. Why cling to life or sanity? It is part of my Will, and so the simple way to do so? But is it? 'We die—does it matter when?' as the late Lord Tennyson, First Baron, so elegantly gave Grenville for a Word.<sup>1</sup> It's an effort to stop taking the stuff, and an effort to cross the room and get some more. Either course implies a victory of Tweedledum or Tweedledee. Does the civil war prove that the apple of discord should be made into jam, that I was wrong as Eve when I first took cocaine? (But was she wrong?) I have had an exactly similar struggle, these ten years or more, about sugar and my precious waist! The Puritan's comment and counsel? As I imagine, to master, to exile, and forget any thought which is capable of breeding civil strife in the mind's polity, fomenting mutiny in the Will's army. Ascetics push this tactic very far, often indeed to the impoverishment of their being. The most powerful organisms thrive on their internal conflicts, grow by them. Unopposed governments decay; world-power is not the alternative of downfall, but its twin phase. When One and One have made Two, they must find another Two, or else they will split up One and One again. Our Cabbalistic Zero<sup>2</sup> explodes just as soon as it is formed by the cancellation of the Universe of Plus N and Minus N. There must be a Will to watch, to referee, the prize-fights in its Mind's ring, when Trainer Circumstance brings up ambitious pugilists. The blood is *spolia opima* of the belly's victory over alien forms of matter; thought is the child of the marriage of consciousness with external things; act is the sentence, Will the verdict, in the High Court of the soul, where the Ego is judge, the nerves are the jury, the advocates briefed by rival clients who are but selfish, incoherent brutes capable only of fear or greed, blind hate or stupid craving, dull worms alive only to pain, hunger, to the disquietude of animal desire.

What I now am—to catch myself up at a chance point as if it were the goal!—is but the carcass-heap that serves for monument for all this carnage of my agelong Verdun; it orts (sic) as I behold it and on every side worn veterans dream of, weary generals plan, new battles. The war's cause? No man knows; in all my hosts there's none so shallow as to think he knows, so stupid as even to discuss problems so blank of axiom as those that seek truth or righteousness. The war's aim? None conceives it; in the mobilization, maybe, fife and drum thrilled the man, the big words patriotism, duty, honour, glory, seemed to mean something; the women's tears and cheers, blown kisses and waved handkerchiefs, drew their blood from brain to heart; but the first battles showed them how fantastic were their hopes, what barbarous vanities their ribbons. Not, as in Aesop's fable, are the unplucked grapes sour; it is those that we crush that set our teeth on edge.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Richard Grenville. See 'The Revenge', 1878, by Tennyson.

<sup>2</sup> Cabbalistic Zero is Absolute Zero as opposed to mathematical zero which is not nothing but part of a series 01234, etc.



We do not know defeat from victory; the mind and blood are most impartially bestowed in this great lottery. We know our wounds, our vermin, our cold, filth, hunger, fear, fatigue, and boredom; we know not if we are betrayed by our own leaders, sold by our statesmen, deceived and forgotten by those we loved, and for whose weal we feel obscurely that we went to the war. This courage, then, that has bred of its fumes this phantom Ego, is of the nature of things; its cruelty and insanity are characters of its bloody and unintelligible scrawl. My skirmishers, that trample the snows of Mount Cocaine, are but strayed leaderless detachments. Not knowing the cause or the purpose of the war; mistrusting the strategy of the marshals, the intelligence of the officers, the discipline and valour of the soldiers; uncertain of my own sympathy for either side, or whether victory, even were it possible, would be worth one dummy cartridge, it seems absurd to attach such importance to, or feel such interest in, this silly snow-squabble. If my blood stain those glittering crystals, if the wind whirl them up into my eyes and blind me, if their drifts swallow me up, if their fascination be siren-sweet to win me from my weary struggle to the sleep that may be—or may not be—dreamless and safe from any awakening, if those enchanting, those exhilarating slopes that promised me firm pathway to life's summit, boundless view, should in their treachery, my rashness, sweep me away in avalanche am I the worse? If I flee from the insanity of cocaine, may not General Paralysis ambush my flight? If I refuse to put my head in the noose of its craving, may not diabetes swing a lasso? If I deny my tongue its kiss, may not cancer woo me, as she did my temperate father? All this I have said to myself, and settled the matter, more than a quarter of a century ago, when it was a question of risks on mountains, in jungles, and I decided to face fever and cholera, bandit and tiger, chalk cliff and serac, without shopkeeper's reckoning. It has at least always been my will to fear nothing. I have lived dangerously. Cowardice is more horrible than disaster—Shakespeare gives multiple deaths to cowards, one only to the valiant. But I'll not fear death, one or many; I've lived 'more lives than one' and so 'more deaths than one must die' (as Wilde said) and I count death but a counterfeit obolus; fling it down gladly on the counter where they sell life's magnum of champagne for it, though the wine prove flat or too sweet, its joy false and ephemeral, its headache hideous! I have died already often enough; died to calf-love, to stamp-collecting, card-playing, first-edition-hoarding, society-fluttering, ambition-nursing, chess-excelling, fame-bellowing, tiger-hunting, salmon-fishing, golf-loafing, woman-bagging, rock-scrambling, ice-maze-threading, sight-seeking, sense-exciting, power-grasping, and some more. I regret neither the life nor the death of any of these.

I have tried the hashish life, the opium-life, the alcohol-life, the ether-life, the heroin-life; none of them has held me for a moment, or interfered with any of the other lives. I seem to enjoy anything that comes along, but to bid it cheerfully farewell. Why then should I fear to enter on the cocaine-life? What have I suffered in my life? The misery of my childhood: that made me

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the full man I am. The death of my first child:<sup>1</sup> that wound has never really healed; but it has made me love unselfishly. The tragedy of my wife's downfall: that too still boasts of the cicatrix in my heart. But that gave me a new grip on life, intensified my will to help humanity. The poverty and humiliation of my five years in America: that killed my dependence, freed me from money-worries, fame-thirst, and most other remnants of attachment. The apparent failure of my whole career, as poet; of my mission as Logos of the Aeon.

I don't believe in my heart that I have failed, I know history too well for that. But the sting lies in my doubt of my own worthiness, of my own honour. I ask if I have done all possible to deserve the trust which They who sent me placed in me. That suffering is a spur; my flanks bleed, and I leap! I think the real focus of the skirmish in the snow is this: If I should become a slave to cocaine, should not I unfit myself to serve Them, and so betray Them? I am not really afraid of insanity or of death, in themselves; but I should like a green old age and a beautiful death as 'good publicity' for my life and work.

I want men to know that Freedom is not a murderess, or even a thief, but a goddess who gives health and long life as well as happiness. It will not do, then, for men to say that my courage flinched at cocaine, or my constitution went to the mat when it applied the strangle-hold. I want to prove that a mind free from complexes can despise drugs as a Christian can hardly do with coffee.

I know I am taking a chance; and I do it 'to the greater glory of Them that sent me'. A man trained in Magick as I am must be master of all passions, not their chained convict, like the addict, or their 'live to fight another day' runaway slave, like the Puritan.

I'll go to Trafalgar with Nelson, if I may, or to the Pole with Scott, if it must be; but never step on the quarter-deck with Byng.

I ask myself, however, one more question. Is not this very like the Temptation? 'He shall give His Angels charge over thee.' There's Browning's jeweller in Red Cotton Night-Cap Country, who 'solemnly tossed himself off from the top of a tower'. And there's Anatole France's Paphnuce in *Thais*, tempted to a similar indiscretion in the matter of a pillar. Do I challenge the Bantam Weight Champion 'Battling Coco' to a finish fight, and decline a friendly spar with 'The Newton Kid' Gravitation? The difference should be obvious. Gravitation is not influenced by Will, so far as we know at present. We must deny facts, or shut our eyes to danger. We must use the proper means to neutralize any force. We allied kite and motor to fight the earth's attraction; a mechanical exorcism for a mechanical Bogey. We slake lime with water, not with kind words; we recognize that to take thought will add no cubit to our stature. Johnson's crude stamp crushes Berkeley's lilies into the mud. This drug problem is a chemical problem? I admit it; I even insist on it; but add 'What chemistry!' Why do I not crown my dinner with bromine and sulphuric acid for coffee and

<sup>1</sup> Nuit Ma Athoor Hecate Sappho Jezebel Lilith Crowley who died in infancy in 1906.

Kummel? White arsenic for sugar in lemonade of prussic acid? Let me explain. Most organic poisons have a direct destructive action on the tissues: phosphorus burns and silver nitrate stains the skin without appealing to the mind; they merely wig-wag 'Pain'. But the body has wide jurisdiction over complex organic compounds; their action is uncertain; it depends upon personal idiosyncrasy and also on temporary physical mental states.

Thus some people always get a rash from eating strawberries. Allan Bennett<sup>1</sup> could eat conium by the handful. Eckenstein<sup>2</sup> would almost suffocate at one whiff of amyl alcohol. Russell (Frater Genesthai)<sup>3</sup> survived an injection—his first attempt—of 40 grains of cocaine, half a grain having been recorded as a fatal dose.

Sleeping draughts—chloral, veronal, laudanum etc.—merely excite the mind which does not aid the hypnotic action of the drug by composing itself to sleep. The action of hashish is as varied as life itself, and seems to be determined almost entirely by the will or mood of the 'assassin', and that within the hedges of his mental and moral farm. I can get fantastic visions, or power of mind-analysis, or spiritual exaltation, or sexual excitement of various kinds, or ravenous hunger, with supreme pleasure in eating or physical exhilaration, or intense appreciation of the comic or grotesque in everything, or delight in beauty, or creative energy, or vigour of imagination, or sensual drunken lassitude, or volubility, or sleep, whichever I please, absolutely at will, on a minute dose of the Parke Davis extract. This is simply because I have discovered the theory, and perfected the practice of the instrument; it is my Strad, and I, Kubelik; to another it might be firewood.

These drugs claim our attention because they suggest the little girl who, when she was good was very good indeed, when she was bad she was horrid. There is no particular point in asking the body to tolerate a pound of copper; success would be a mere ostentation, like teaching a pig to grunt Wagner; nothing is gained beyond the victory itself. But all the 'intoxicating' drugs act on the mind; through the body, of course, but with no important effect immediately visible. It is absurd to deny them the possibility of beneficial action, that is, at the moment; for there is a great sun-above-cloud of witnesses, whose radiance yet dazzles the ages. I will admit, to save squabbling about unproved assertions, that the use of drugs always damages health and shortens life; but so does Boche-holding in Flanders' mud, and we think it worth doing, and well done when 'tis done. Coleridge without opium would have left literature without Kubla Khan;

<sup>1</sup> Allan Bennett, Bikkhu Ananda Metteya, the Englishman who introduced Buddhism to the West; Crowley's companion and Guru in the Golden Dawn, *circa* 1900.

<sup>2</sup> Oscar Eckenstein, mountaineer. He led the unsuccessful expedition to Chogo Ri (K<sub>2</sub>) in the Himalayas in 1902. Crowley was a member of this expedition. It was Eckenstein who drew Crowley's attention to the importance of Yogic methods of concentration.

<sup>3</sup> Cecil Frederick Russell, an American Thaumaturge. He was one of the members of the Thelemic community at this time.

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another twenty years of the dull average Coleridge would hardly compensate, I think. Plenty of men died, lucklessly, ignorantly, stupidly, or rashly, that man might outstrip and outsoar the Eagle. Let us call Baudelaire, de Maupassant, Poe, James Thomson and the rest, pioneers of the drug-road to heaven. Their achievements should encourage us, their errors warn us; but we should aim to improve on their crude engines, trim their unstable balance, guard against repetition of their accidents, instead of abusing them, persecuting their successors, denying the possibility of their machine, treating the whole affair as 'shocking', as 'wicked' as 'immoral' and so on, as if they were bicyclists and this the year 1880! I cannot see that my experiments with hashish, ether, and cocaine are any less 'noble' (horrid thought!) than Simpson's<sup>1</sup> with chloroform. 'Noble' was the science-men's epithet for him; to the others he was the man who eased the agony, and diminished the danger of child-bearing, and so thwarted the Lord God Almighty's generous intentions in the matter of getting square with Eve about the apple by obscenely torturing her and her daughters! I agree. I accept what's coming to me. My work will free man's will, disperse his mind-fog, show him God and morality as scarecrows stuck up by his tyrants, dry stocks, professor-like hung with old newspapers, and a priest's hat on the top.

I shall not expect the tyrants to hand up bouquets on the stage, not until Time has honoured me beyond their cavi, and they think it better policy to prove that the 'great poet', the 'master' has been woefully misunderstood, that he was a True Christian; advocated prohibition and chastity and the 14-hour day; loved home, hymn-books, and hypocrisy; believed in banking, conscription, newspaper education, progress, and the Bible; and doted on Dickens, democracy, and decency; demanded state-slavery, the vote, and the suppression of pleasure; bent his head to authority, his back to labour, and his knee to the Jew. Well, then, the upshot is that I continue with cocaine. I am to face the facts, not to blink eyes or pull the wool over them, but to set jaw, march with steady stride, *Integer vitae scelerisque purus*,<sup>2</sup> toward the wolf. There may be death for me in his throat, or something won for man with the winning, even as Samson found honey in the lion he slew.

I am, in practice, to observe the effects in varied conditions, to seek a sound technique of administration a means of using to the full its virtues, of counteracting its fascination, and of avoiding its cachexia.

To begin with, then: what do I know? This is the general course of the experiment.

The first dose produces a curiously keen delight, rather formless, but suggestive of a hillman's heart-leap when after a long absence he returns and drains the first lung-goblet of mountain air. There's a memory throb, and a promise of new life. The past and future, more than the present kindle

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Simpson who introduced chloroform as an anaesthetic in 1847.

<sup>2</sup> *Integer vitae scelerisque purus*

*Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu.* Horace.

'The man whose life is unblemished, and unstained by crime, needs not the javelins nor bow of the Moor', i.e. virtue is his protection.

the pleasure of this first dose. (I am taking it mostly by the nose, using the tongue only to avoid waste. This method seems to show the drug a short cut to the brain.) The first dose sets up a demand for more. It's not in a hurry, but it wants to be sure that I mean to go on. This 'craving' is immediate, occurs before absorption can take place, I should think; so I consider it almost wholly subjective. It is probably excited by the memory of some struggle in which I refused to take more, or of some famine when there was no more to take. (If so, it argues that fear helps to create the thing it fears—as Shelley or someone else showed.) The next dose or two create a curious nervousness, an excitement unsupported by self-confidence. It reminds one of the timidity of a boy before seduction. He doesn't quite know what is coming; he is tremblingly eager, but yet a little afraid, partly on his own account, partly because he is not sure he will do himself justice. This state is succeeded by a kind of anxiety and restlessness, not unlike that of a man who means to spend the evening in some amusement, can't make up his mind what to do, and is irritable, impatient, annoyed, at his own indecision. There is some fear of being disappointed, of choosing the wrong theatre as it were. There is also the restlessness of the horse waiting for its master at the door. This feeling does not however, as one might expect, excite the mind to make plans. It seems to inhibit reflection, to brook no rival to itself in the whole field of consciousness. I flutter about, I toy with things, I potter without noticing much what I am doing, but I think I rather avoid allowing myself to get interested in anything. It is (again) as if I were waiting for a friend and don't want to start anything that I should have to break off when he arrived. The next stage is that I am aware of the master in the saddle, without my knowledge how he got there. We are off, a long, level, easy gallop, every muscle glowing with delight, the lungs intoxicated with deep draughts of pure sweet air, the heart strong and the brain clear. I am intensely happy, utterly calm, wholly concentrated. I am at work, but hardly know what work, since the creative unconscious impulse silences those parts of the mind which are not immediately necessary to its expression. I doubt if I could track the work to its source. The present entry seems to have sprung as an attempt to invoke the True Will to settle this squabble as to whether I am in danger of becoming a slave to cocaine. But I observe this constant feature, that my work is never planned, never has conscious goal, or groove, or bound to its scope. I constantly digress, and I have no thought of balancing the parts. It is random writing. I begin by jotting down some reflection, and the pen runs on. This is true even when I write poetry under the drug. It is not true when, as I used to do, I had my work planned first, and only used the drug to assist my concentration and postpone fatigue. (A plan more prudent in practice, this, no doubt; but less suited to my present task of observing its funny little ways.) In that planned work, the enthusiasm usually absorbs the whole attention, I take a dose from time to time but almost automatically. In the random work I am dimly aware that I shall need the whip, and there has been of late a certain dread of taking more. I seem to feel that I am putting too much 'on the slate'; that I shall have to pay heavily; the while I wonder if the work is good enough

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to justify the extravagance. This is caused partly I think by memory of one or two bad reactions, whose true cause was however not the debauch, but some indisposition from fever or indigestion. In my early experiments (1914) I noticed no reaction at all, in my last two I have wondered irritably why the terrible consequences which I am at such pains to minimize, don't come along at all!

At first the hours seem rather long; then concentration deepens and the next thing I know is that I have a bookful of something, I don't know what, and 'There's the grey beginning; Zooks!' I want to smoke incessantly, and find it hard to keep my pipe going. Sometimes I finish a job and go to bed with a raging determination to sleep, my duty to my health furiously reproaching me with my stolen hours. I cannot sleep. I think new thoughts, and fight in vain to keep my bed; I have to write them. This often means that I am in and out of bed a dozen times. With big doses and after a long continued spell of writing this does not happen. The mind seems paralysed; I am nailed to two or three thoughts, usually quite meaningless. They annoy me and yet there is a sort of senseless passion for them, and I repeat them over and over, quite unable to make any one of them the starting point of a tour. Sometimes I succeed in forcing myself to sleep, which always seems absurdly short. I wake angry that I have not slept it off more thoroughly. I notice how my mind's reaction to the experiment is nearly always fear laden. It always worries me, reproaches me, alarms me, threatens me, and urges drastic remedies. This is not nearly so marked with other drugs. Does the mind know instinctively that cocaine is the only dangerous one for me? (In point of fact, no other drug attempts to take the smallest liberty with me.) I decide ultimately to accept the situation. By this time it is perhaps anything from three to six hours since the last dose. I agree to get up and go out and have coffee.

To go back a little, I have usually taken neither food nor drink since I began the doses. The idea repels me, and I feel no need, and I dread wasting a moment on things temporal. Another throw-back: why was the last dose the last? Why did I stop? At first sight it seems a silly question. Why do I stop eating breakfast? But the cocaine-courtier asks it. Here in sure sooth applies the proverb: *L'appetit vient en mangeant*. From the start one is afraid that one will never stop. Yet the answer is just the same as in the matter of ham and eggs: the appetite is appeased by a definite quantity, a quantity which in my case varies enormously from day to day. When I am in good health, bursting with energy, a very small amount produces its full effect, and satisfies. When the first dozen doses are used up in anaesthetizing debilitated nerves, speeding up a sluggish heart, or ringing the tocsin in a sleepy brain, the effect is slower to arrive, the level attained much lower, the need of a new dose more frequent, the reaction painful and tedious, and the return to normal a hard grind up a steep slope. In health the reaction is hardly noticeable; the lost hours of sleep can be paid back without usury extorted for the loan. One takes the doses by pure instinct, without the lightest calculation, and in the same way one stops. If, after appetite is glutted, the work in hand is prolonged unduly, and one flags, it is no use

for reason to interfere and prescribe more cocaine. Such superfoetation fails: the excess aggravates the tendency to collapse. On the other hand, it is very difficult to stop before the point of satiety is reached. To take up the dropped thread at breakfast where we left it, I find myself as a rule very tired, angry of course as well, impatient to be normal again, intensely wakeful, lucid, and sensitive to impressions.

My mind begins to work again; sometimes I get brilliant thoughts, epigrams, stray lines of verse, ideas for stories, all sorts of odds and ends. These are very insistent; they play and pester me. But I am sick of writing; unless they are very good and very short, I refuse to record them. Usually they are incomplete, and the mind will not work on them, either naturally or at my behest. My chief emotions are anger at myself for having taken the drug again, and the craving for the true remedy, sleep, which is still far off. The coffee, the fresh air, the impact of objective impressions, now combine to give me a sort of spurious normality. I become bright mentally and active physically; I perform various business rather better than my wont, and with that great self-confidence and pleasure. My anxiety about the reaction dissipates considerably, though I still share Martha's idea about the 'duty' of sleeping for a week. Probably I take lunch early, say at eleven o'clock. Sometimes I eat very light food, sometimes I have a monstrous appetite. I usually drink plenty of wine and cut out coffee so that I sleep two or three hours in the afternoon. I wake, still anxious; but if I have anything to interest me, I am fairly all right. Now the next day, even after a long night's rest, is likely to find me dull, bored, heavy. That's all, I think.

For the defence, my Lord, let me urge that all these symptoms of reaction are not much, if at all, more serious than those which would follow a whole night's hard writing without any drug at all. But there is this to be said, that I seem to myself growing lazier year by year. I don't seem to care to work at all unless I have some strong impulse, either natural or cocaine-begotten. But I deem this a result of my years of 'disappointment', so to call it; it's horrible to amass manuscripts. The lady whose husbands were always strangled by Asmodée<sup>1</sup> must have begun to harbour doubts of the utility of marriage. Seabrook<sup>2</sup> saw this: I painted a masterpiece the moment I knew it would be honoured in his house. Lastly, what about the 'habit'? Again I must blame life. Cocaine restores me to my confidence in my work's worth, makes me careless of the fate of my soul's children, contemptuous of men's opinions, content to do my will without lust of result, creating images of Truth, Beauty or Passion as their reality shines in me, eager to love whether or no I win return of it. I love Alostrael; she is all my comfort, my support, my soul's desire, my life's reward, my dream's fulfilment, but for her I were indeed Alastor of the Solitude. She loves me for my work; whether she understands it or not doesn't matter either to her or to me; her soul tells her that my work must be great because it is the image of the God who has made her High Priestess in his temple. She knows and loves the God in me,

<sup>1</sup> Asmodée (Asmodeus), the demon of lust.

<sup>2</sup> William Seabrook, writer on witchcraft, voodoo and magic. Crowley met him in America in 1918.

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not the man; and therefore she has conquered the great enemy that hides behind his clouds of poisonous gas, Illusion.

Through hideous months, dark with distrust that she would not deign to speak, she lost neither her love nor her faith; and I, in the deep simplicity of Lao-tze, would not ask myself if I loved her, but acted naturally. For this cause we love each other yet, and more than ever. Even as she divined and loved me God, veil over veil of my man-shadow hiding Him, so I pierced through the painted ape's face, the live Death of her loose skin on her grim skeleton, and came to a great Goddess, strange, perverse, hungry, implacable, and offered up my Soul—Godhead and manhood slain at one stroke of her paw—upon Her altar. So loving her, rejoicing that She has accepted me for Her slave, Her beast, Her victim, Her accomplice, I must love even Her mask, the painted simper, the lewd doll-monkey face, the haggard shamelessness of her flat breast, the grey starvation of Her belly, the insolence of Death pushing through flesh's flimsy curtain, and the great nameless Horror, the murderous raw poison-lily, eater of flesh. I'll nourish it with my whole Life, I'll cram its blossom with pure honey, and though it close on me and swallow me, I'll avail it; spring shall behold it bloom.

Yea! I love the Mask through which glitter Her unfathomable eyes; love it I shall while age rots it, till it drops from the ineffable radiance of Her face.

So then I understand my Work more clearly: infinite love of my Alostrael, creation indefatigable without hope or fear, careless of all circumstance, passionless fulfilment of the Law of Thelema. She shall excite my imagination, lash my mind's stallions, tend my will's fire, fill my soul's lamp with oil. Her hand shall draw my sword, and give the signal for the battle; Her mouth shall scream the war-cry; Her heart fling out our banner; Her spur shall kindle me to the charge, and in the valley of Death as I lie slain victorious, she shall devise and manifest a city for my monument, a city fashioned in the image of my desire, and call it by my name. She shall revive me with Her breath; she shall fling wide my seed, that flowers of Art, new colour and strange form, straight trees of Truth, intoxicating fruit of Poesy, may give new wonders to the world. My hand shall slake her mouth's kiln with snow, and Hers shall moisten my dry lips with blood.

6 July, ♂. 7.30 a.m. The above was finished at 4.30 or so; I got up and amended a phrase or two at 5.00, then slept till 7, when I woke very fresh and well, in deliciously cool air, wondering if Jane turns up at the last moment.

10.00 a.m. No Jane.

7 July, ♀. 6.00 p.m. I am on board the Solurno, having been stripped of all my purchases; my non-attachment is working overtime, but quite contented. I woke with fatigue, despite a long night's rest, and my thoughts were gloomy and irritable. This disappeared entirely on taking a small dose of morphia.



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8 July, ♀. 8.00 a.m. At Trapani. Finished re-reading *The House with the Green Shutters*.<sup>1</sup> As I have always thought, it has few rivals. It's like the best Greek work, simple, inevitable, whole. It is unstained by sentimentality; an amazing tragedy, without a vulgar stroke, a single artificiality. There's no false note, no error of psychology. Mr. Gourlay's comment on the situation is one of the greatest speeches in literature. 'Mrs Gourlay raised her arms, like a gaunt sibyl and spoke to her Maker, quietly, as if He were a man before her in the room. Ruin and murder she said slowly; and madness; and death at my nipple like a child! When will Ye be satisfied?'"

4.00 p.m. Arrived at Panormus about 2 hours late. Began to celebrate.

10.45 p.m. Opus III, 31-666-31 plus Nuit.<sup>2</sup> Operation: prolonged and most orgiastic. Elixir: rather weak; spiritualized. Object: nuptial after S[carlet] W[oman].

9 July, ♀. 4.00 a.m. Continuation of celebration. Opus IV, 31-666-31. Very prolonged orgasm. Elixir still weak, but aromatic. Object: Thelema.

Slept most of the day.

10.00 p.m. Opus V, 31-666-31. Operation: spontaneous, very fine. Elixir: still a little weak but copious. Object: Agape.

10 July, ♀. Back at Cefalu.

The wish to 'indulge' in Cocaine uses the casuistical powers of the mind. It offers all sorts of arguments, to which one can only oppose the direct (and in a sense unreasoned) negative. If one says 'not till tomorrow', it may argue that tomorrow begins at midnight; if one extends intervals, it wants to increase doses; and so on. It also keeps attacking the subconscious mind, suggesting the 'hidden want' mentioned by Shelley. It objects to rivals, creates a distaste for food, or even other stimulants, with perhaps the exception of morphine. Its 'special pleadings' are most bewilderingly subtle and cogent, though I think it derogates somewhat in advancing the 'one little dose can't hurt you' argument which is said to be so deadly with the frail wine-bibber, or addict of 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ % near-beer! The question is: will it refuse me sleep? I have taken the 'one little dose' and feel particularly alert. Will it now say, 'Go on: do a real man's night's work!' I was very sleepy indeed before I took it; and the release from that weariness is terribly seductive.

11 July, ☉. At first restless, I fell into a deep sleep, with a wish-fulfilment dream in which I had taken one dose. I was in Trinity—I forget details—remember being annoyed because I hadn't my cap and gown; and I was in chapel. I was technically liable to a fine: made me laugh. Woke, or rather was awakened at 7. My eyes were tired and sore, probably from yesterday's bathing etc. I get a strong desire to sleep, and a revulsion against cocaine. I had decided to try it in the morning when fresh, and didn't want to (I've noticed this objection to keeping appointments before, with love and other

<sup>1</sup> By George Douglas, 1901.

<sup>2</sup> Alostrael plus cocaine.

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drugs). I tried to sleep and couldn't, my tiredness is now (8.15) wearing off slowly.

9.10. Two doses have made me 'normal', but I feel sleepy still, and resent being aroused. I have diarrhoea, by the way, from the sudden return to Cefalu diet, I expect, and this is a factor.

9.40. Two more doses have made me quite wakeful, though with a feeling of heaviness over the eyes, excited, anxious for more excitement, interested pleasantly in absurd trifles like the technique of shaving, regretful that my present state of mind is artificial and dangerous, but not in the least creative, although wishing that I could create.

9.50. Another dose. I am irritated at 'common things' being eager to employ my energies on something stupendous and sublime, but totally incapable of thinking of any such thing! I am impatient and restless, wanting to do six things at once, since I cannot settle to the one thing worth while.

10.15. Enjoyed an ear-piercing orgy: this does not mean music but actual lobe-boring for earrings.

10.25. Started thinking out my 'purification' course for the Elixir, annoyed that it doesn't come out right. By 'right' I mean that the practical details don't fit the Cabbala in an obvious and striking manner.

10.55. Very annoyed at having been called away to do some urgent routine.

11.40. I have continued, increasing the frequency of the doses. I have a feeling of fullness in the head, comparable to an attack of priapism. I am eager to work, enjoying a business letter as much as the essay on the Elixir of Life, which I am now dictating.

3.15. I have been going on steadily, and finished the Essay.

4.50. Brandy and Alostrael. Opus VI, 31-666-31. Operation: superb. Elixir: copious and well-formed, rather fluid. Object: Magical Power.

6.00. I have stopped Cocaine for some time. I still want it in the 'Let's make a night of it' spirit. I am irritated: 'Am I getting full value for my money expenditure?' I am inclined to go on, as a gambler is inclined to throw good money after bad.

I say 'If I could only beat the Ode to a Nightingale on the strength of another dozen doses!' I have absolutely no appetite for dinner, little as I ate for lunch.

6.15. However, I ate two anchovies on a piece of toast. I am absurdly interested in a game of chess I am playing myself.

6.25. I am going on, mildly indeed, but as a mere roisterer. The question of stopping the doses is waved contemptuously aside, in the mood called 'Devil-may-care'. This, although I feel that I am getting no sort of good from these mere 'penman's flourishes' as I seem to want to call them, extra doses, and realize quite clearly that I am lengthening the bill for no purpose. It's pure Charles Surface,<sup>1</sup> precaution worn off and honour precious thin! I'm enjoying everything in a senseless sort of way, with occasional vague threats that for one thing I am not writing another *Macbeth*, and for another

<sup>1</sup> See Sheridan, *The School for Scandal*, 1777.

that I am wasting what might have enabled me to write it in 'riotous living'. Also I have a slight anxiety that if this drug masters me, I may have to take a 'cure' at other hands than mine, *and* come out of the battle, alive perhaps, but with a hell of a limp. In other words I may be killing the best part of myself by opening the valves, and speeding up the combustion with pure oxygen. I wouldn't mind if the higher temperatures obtained purified and fused me—that is, for my poor men and women that are starving—a finer gold than I could ever get at a slower rate of burning my soul's coal. And how know what I do, and what it's worth? Might not this jagged and incoherent record serve, despite its crudity, as Blake's ravings, Shelley's hysterics, Nietzsche's groans and guffaws, Ibsen's phantasm-moanings, Byron's wounded-beast roarings, and Wagner's noise-carnivals have served mankind? Shall my most polished verses avail, passionate as their rhythm soul-kindling as their motive and their message, perfect as their form and Truth-blazing as their essence may be—who knows? The world's wheel may spin away from them; they may be esteemed as Hume esteemed Shakespeare, as Dr Johnson esteemed Ossian. Neglect may sink them in oblivion with that rival of Homer whom antiquity held holier yet than he, or fanaticism and ignorance burned them at the stake or scrawl inanest pictures upon them, as Fate decreed for my soul's sister Sappho. And careless what dogfish tare, or tempests swept away, the net of poesy that I wove with such excess of love and art in strength and beauty and cast with cunning, these hooks unbaited—nay, scarce barbed, unless with sharpness of raw teeth!—may take Leviathan, mankind's imagination, win spoil of the sea Time, paid—overpaid—with Fame's base currency, and hang as trophies, weapons of heroes of old time, in the profane and prostituted temples that posterity will raise to its false gods. See, then! I do not dare appraise my works; good seeming may prove bad, gold may seem dross, in a market where all values are fantastic. There is no touchstone of truth's gold in a world where men accept the gaudy bonds of their thieving governments instead of wealth, see national credit cut in two without a murmur, seek coloured-ribbon substitutes for honour, risk life in a knave's quarrel for the price of flattery, help rivet the chains on their own limbs to the tune of 'Self-Mastery' and, trimming men to the Procrustean bed, cannot even make a guess as to why that length should appear sacred, by whom the bed was made, for whom, or why—

11 July, ☉. 7.20 p.m. I call my poetry 'true' or 'beautiful', these are relative terms, nay, terms scarce capable of definition. Thus my magical diary seems to have no plan, no form, either in detail or as a whole. But that is no more than my personal literary criticism; vitiated, even at that, by the fact that I am the Father of both modes of expression and we know that Milton (for one) preferred *Paradise Regained* to *Paradise Lost*, and did not even know that his Satan was his hero or that his Music would have to plead divinely solemn and eager at the bar of Posterity against his crime, with Limbo-penalty of being the dullest, the stupidest, the most sophistical pedantic, bigoted, wooden, and null theologian of an age of theological

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bores. So all this incoherent rambling, this over-ripe analysis, is only so in my partial, obscure, and standard-talking judgement. Some other mind might solve this mad equation, find truth, order, beauty and all else delectable therein, ever as science has found these things in the apparent chaos of nigh all phenomena, from comet's eccentricity to earth-crust's heaped confusion. Shakespeare, again, is only great because the main average consciousness of the men who think, turned towards him, found fun in his flunkey-flatteries, comedy in his titled-invert-tickle obscenities, and tragedy in his Raw-Head-and-Bloody-Bones melodramas. Had economics not thrust kitchen-knife to ham of the good knight his charger, had Fust not indeed his armour to cast types, had the True Lance of the Renaissance not unhorsed him at the first tilt, and broken through thick skull to swandown brain at the second, we should still read Amadis and Tristram in the boudoir, sigh for fair ladye in the smokeroom, threaten giant and ogre in the nursery and the schoolroom, while Cervantes, if haply he survived, had done so only among those rarest of the oppressed who, in the shipwreck of their lives, still battle with the sea, their plank their sense of humour.

For all its excellence, will Bunyan's ghost haunt the forsaken churchyards, and scare the children of the third Atheist generation? Why should it, more than Foxe's Book of Martyrs could survive the decay of the virulent Protestantism that nourished it with poison?

The earth has whirled away from the Patristics, the Pastorals, the Romantics, as from many another. To-day the Realist and the Mystic chance to lie in its path; we deify Blake, Nietzsche, even the heirs of Swedenborg, and, with equal rite, give honour to Father Balzac, the Son Zola, the Holy Ghost Dostoevsky!

But who may calculate Earth's course, even so far as the next year? We have seen Omar rise and set, admired Wilde's meteor, noted the nebula of Maeterlinck; they shine no more for us save in our memory, and their impulse, though it swerved us in our course, is a thing done with. Few are the books whose names, even, still have a meaning for the best-educated man when his ship sights the red beam from the Lighthouse that crowns the jagged reef map-marked as 'Forty'. Most of our boyhood's Demi-gods, poet and sage, Love's troubadours, Adventure's scalds, are even with 'the snows of yester-year', in the bookseller's fourpenny drawer, cuddling for warmth to last year's political pamphlets and this year's Six Best Sellers.

'There lies the knight Adonis that was slain', my masterpiece that I thought capable of spring-resurrection sempiternal. There, torn by Time's winds, behold 'Clouds Without Water'. There, my 'World's Tragedy' seems indeed my own. And the Italian loungee fingering my souled 'Mortadello' bethinks him that horsemeat sausage is of more worth than books, and hies him to his haunt where indeed spaghetti proves that it satisfies mankind when genius starves it, and, by the irony of the Gods, with its immortal serpent-coils strangles the throat of Dante.

I sum the case. I must create or perish, even as I must urinate or perish; the gods laughed loud to make one tube serve both to carry man's sub-consciousness from life to life, yea, and more also, to teach him Love and

Ecstasy, but equally to serve base use, the sewer to the slums of his bodily city.

I must create; but I can never know what in my frenzy I have created. I cannot cast its horoscope. Its fate depends not only on its vitality, its value, even were there fixed standards by which to measure these or any other of its qualities. If any being at all know any of all these things, it is the Subconscious, Very God of Very God, that fathers my mind-babes; for that may be indeed as It seems, Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent, independent of all conditions, free of all causes, indifferent to all effects.

My sole duty is then to make myself, body and mind, the perfect weapon, Excalibur or Aegis, Thoth-style<sup>1</sup> or Isis-sistrum,<sup>2</sup> Ankh,<sup>3</sup> Graal, Disk, Lotus or Caduceus of That which is hidden within me, my Subconscious Self or Holy Guardian Angel, whom I rank Ancient among the Ancient Ones, adored in the Dawn of Man's Sun-sphere, even in the land of Sumer, by those initiates as by myself to-night.<sup>4</sup> Him know I by His Name that He revealed to me, Aiwaz, that is the hieroglyph of Will, of Love, of the Whole Way of the Word from Silence unto Silence, of the twinned Infinities Matter and Motion, of the True Formula of the Magick of Light, Life, Love, and Liberty. Thus know I Him, and by the Images of Himself that He hath bidden me fashion for His pleasure, the Writings and the Songs and the Oracles, yes, even the Figurings of the Mysteries of Number, and the Mazes of Colour and Form. Let me not seek Him, for He is able to find me, when He will. Let me not question Him, for He is Mystery, veiling Himself or masking, to reveal Himself, to dazzle or enlighten, as He will. Let me not rouse Him, for His sleep hath warders, that for my rashness may send forth a phantom to deceive, and distress me. Let me be vigilant, sound and alert of body and mind, wee-disciplined to most exact performance of his commands, free of desire lest I should criticize or oppose His will, capable to subdue the mob Language, that it becomes unanimous and truly as may he utter in human speech His godhead's unintelligible sublimity of Word.

To me, then, poetry, play, essay, all modes of thought-transcription even to this strayed-reveller Diary, shall be as one from this hour forward; my conscious will, my pleasure, my comprehension, my art, nothing, except they help to fashion a true mirror of His face. My word be to me an idiot's bleat, and His least Word the Combination to unlock the Safe where Miser Fate has shut the Diamond Truth.

It is now 9.25. I have written just three hours. I don't know what I've written. I don't care whether anyone will ever read it; but only whether it is He that had a Word to say, and whether I have set down as clearly and correctly as is possible—yes, also, as beautifully and musically as is possible—in the English tongue the human Equivalent of the Substance of the Word.

I have been taking Cocaine from time to time, and I don't care whether it

<sup>1</sup> The stylus or pen of Thoth, the Egyptian god of magic.

<sup>2</sup> The rattle (sistrum) of Isis.

<sup>3</sup> The handled cross or crux ansata, sign of eternal life.

<sup>4</sup> Crowley is here identifying Aiwass with Shaitan, one of the deities of Sumer.

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has hurt me, if it has made me for the time a Scribe more worthy of Him; and I ask Him that I may not suffer such hurt as might injure my usefulness to Him. If my work for Him is done, well or ill, in this life, if I have shaken my engine to pieces, used up my store of fuel; if it begin to grind and creak, and the gauge register a sinking pressure of steam; then let the crazy wreck be broken up! It has no value in itself; it never had, except to answer to His hand. But if I may yet serve awhile His turn, let Him restore my natural Energy and Enthusiasm, that I may need nor wine to excite my pleasure, nor sop to dull my pain. Serve Him I will, though my blood sweat from me, though I put asp to breast, though I make madness my concubine, for brief delight of revel in the ill-famed inn of mine host Death.

But I had rather serve with sober service, good health, long youth, green age; and quiet death to snap my harp-strings when they no longer answer to His fingers. Thus far He hath given me health and strength, endurance and activity, intelligence and self-control, beyond the common. I have flagged, I have deemed myself dotard; I think this is not physical decline, for I take pleasure in athletics no less than I did five years ago. I think 'That lost infinity of noble minds', fame-hunger, has exhausted and depressed me. Baudelaire as well as Milton has explained fame to me; she's strumpet, liar, cheat, her favours infected, and her price ridiculous, I know her: I despise her; yet in my boyhood I took her for a radiant, an immortal goddess; and I can't help feeling disappointed that her love for me has only filled my belly with wind, my blood with poison and my brain with fillies. I must make 'non-attachment' perfect. I must care nothing what my work is, or what comes of it. I must not care even whether I work but wait, and train my powers while waiting, for Aiwaz to use me as He will. I must not hurry Him by using stimulants, or hamper Him by letting my machine rust. When He comes, there must be oil in my lamp; and I must not consume that oil in distress signals for that He tarrieth, still less in trying to replace His wedding feast by Maenad rout. I write not even Thy Name, Aiwaz, to invoke Thee to mine altar. I write not Thy Name, Aiwaz, even to sanctify my page. I write Thy Name, Aiwaz, mine Angel appointed, only that I may be mindful of Thee, that art Creator, Preserver and Destroyer of my Soul, that art an Universe manifested of the thrice-twined Trinity whose Persons are equal Nothingness, that art in my Prometheus-Wand the Fire of Begetting, in my Agave-Cup<sup>1</sup> the Water of Ecstasy, in my Aeolus-bag the Wind of Inspiration, in my Fortunatus-purse the Gold of Reality, and in my Abiegnus-Lamp<sup>2</sup> the Substance of unquenchable Light. Mindful of Thee, I write Thy Name, Aiwaz, may I be, yea, may I be even as once long since, I cried from the Cross, my mind being open unto Thee the higher, my heart the centre of Thee my Light, my body the Temple of Thee, my Rosy Cross. Be my mind's limits vanish before Thy vastness, that it may house Thee; be my heart's will flame with its love of Thee; and be my body unprofaned, broad-based on health high-pinnacled with energy, that Thou its Rosy

<sup>1</sup> The Graal.

<sup>2</sup> The ever-burning lamp, placed in the vault which housed the tomb of Christian Rosencreutz in the Mountain Abiegnus.

Cross burn in my blood and gild my skin with radiance, kindle my manhood to beget, and moisten my womanhood to conceive, the babes Truth, Beauty, Music, Wisdom, Love, yea, and many another, each one itself, yet all stamped nobly with their Father's features. I write Thy Name, Aiwaz, not to call Thee from depth or height, for Thou art beyond Space; not to summon Thee 'now', for Time's chain snaps at sword-stroke of Thy truth; but I have written, and write now, Aiwaz, Thy Name, that at the contemplation of Thee, mind and body may conspire together to be worthy of Thee, to grow like Thee, to forget their shame in Thy glory, and to make ready their service for Thy Word.

I, who am called of men, The Beast, or The Master, or The Supreme and Holy King, or The High Priest, and again the Black Maker of Magick, or The Betrayer of Oaths, or The Crazy Charlatan, or The Unspeakable Crowley, am in Thy sight none of these.

I am to Thee the harlot crowned with poison and gold, my garment many-coloured soiled with shame and smeared with blood, who for no price but of my wantonness have prostituted myself to all that lusted after me, nay, who have plucked unwilling sleeves, and with seduction, brine, and threat multiplied my stuprations.<sup>1</sup> I have made my flesh rotten, my blood venomous, my nerves hell-tortured, my brain hag-ridden, I have infected the round world with my corruption.

My brain has devised new images of all abomination, created babe-thoughts loathlier than Time had yet seen. My mouth framed speech fouler than had ever made discord on air's strings. My heart hungered as no heart before for fierier rhythms, and fiercer torrents of blood. My body I despised, defiled, diseased, destroyed. I flung the sacrament to the swine, and in my monstrence elevated excrement.

To Thee I am this woman-thing, nameless because unique, an unimagined pit. Yet such art Thou, and such the Virtue of Thee, that at one glance toward Thee, an evil glance, a snake's glance or a witch's, lively with lust to rape, to envenom or to ensorcel Thee, I am—no more. I am to Thee virgin and bride, Thy ring upon my finger, my body gleaming through the gossamer of lawn that veils its glory and reveals it. I am all Thine, quick to conceive and bear Thine Image, taintlessly true, as Thou mayst will to create it. For she in me that played the harlot was but the phantom bred of a maid's vapours. So hideous was heart's hunger, so agonizing brain's distress, that the one's violence and the other's lunacy, drove me forth howling and foaming through the world, like a mad bitch. I sought Thee only; but I fixed fang in all flesh that I found, for that Thou mightest veil Thee under it. So I spread fear, I kindled hate, I maddened and slew whom I bit, I burned, I thirsted—O cunning harlot she! Thou but a maid's perverse imaginings, hallucination of her green-sickness?

Nay, by Thy Name, Aiwaz—again most solemnly, most passionately I trace its characters!—I swear that this my riddle is yet more strange, more Sphinx-perplexing, Oracle-obscure, than this. It rifles a God's grave for the Lost Word; it frames its lips to utter a dreadful and abominable Name; it

<sup>1</sup> Defilements.

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slips the dagger-point of an assassin between the bones of the soul's spine. For I the harlot found Thee where I sought Thee, Thee who art everywhere; in mine atrocity's excess I won Thee, I possessed Thee, I enjoyed Thee, 'Twas thus, nor more nor less, than when Thy love gave back to its spoiled treasured-house the jewel of my virginity, sealed it and brake the seal.

For Thou mine Angel art none other than my Soul's Desire, perfect in purity, giant in Godhead, inscrutable, Infinity; and being my Soul's Desire, Thou art moreover not only the Sun-Disk of consecrated coin, God's body, and the Cup-spilth of wine, God's blood, but every dog-gnawed bone and every dram of raw unadulterated spirit, that theft or whoredom won me, eased belly's craving or lulled brain's anguish.

I am Thy bride, flower-decked, Thy queen of purity and beauty, throned on Thy Throne, crowned with Thy crown, as Thou hast led her from the Soul's Marriage in the Temple of Space, with stars for candles. And I with equal Truth am that Snake-girdled rottenness that made of each debauch Thy mass, caressed disease, wooed madness, pledged her troth to death, and recognized Thee, raped Thee, in all these.

For the White Magick of the Moon is the Black Magick of the Earth, none other; nor is the Yellow Magick of the Sun diverse in any wise. All Paths converge to Aiwaz; all roads are equal therefore, in the end, and it matters not whether one choose the Way of Sanctity, or the Way of debauch. Choice of Way matters not; yet since the End is one for all, it is only Choice of Way that matters.

The Yi and Gamiani<sup>1</sup> for my mind; fresh air and cocaine for my nose; for my eyes Cefalu and scragginess of Leah; for my mouth goat's milk and old brandy inward, obscenity and incantation outward; for my body the lustration of the Sea and the contamination of my mistress; for my soul—there is no contrast there! I will instruct the ignorance of my ignobler parts; there's naught but Aiwaz, even ye, who know Him not in all ye know, are He as they and I are!

P.S. 17 July. It is of course essential to the nature of Aiwaz that there should be apparent parts in Him, some of them ignorant that they are He.

12 July, ☽. 12.52 a.m. I have written steadily till now, with occasional doses from a scant supply. I will now seek my chaste couch. I sought it, but its chastity proved frail!

2.50 a.m. Opus I, 31-666-31. Operation: excruciatingly intense. Elixir: good, rich, aromatic. Object: that I be master of cocaine.

3.50 a.m. As Hume shewed, miracles are not uncaused effects. As he shewed also, the link of any cause with its effect is unthinkably mysterious. The Miracle of the One Substance has an elaborate technique, precise although empirical where we have not found a theory to explain, or pretend to explain, the generalized results gathered in practice. It is no blasphemy to assist one's Miracle by common-sense precautions. I propose therefore—(a)

<sup>1</sup> *Gamiani, ou Deux nuits d'excès. Par ADM*, [attributed to Alfred de Musset], 1864.



to lock up the cocaine till Saturday night. (b) to make a point of the 'healthy out-door life' until then. (c) to forbid thought on the subject, and work by *Liber III*.<sup>1</sup>

6.45 a.m. This is terrible! After all these pages of identifying opposites, I fail suddenly in practice to distinguish between cocaine and not-cocaine. I am no better than a Schoolman staking his soul on the decision as to which Ovary of the B.V.M. was responsible for Jesus. I take refuge in refusing to discriminate between discrimination and non-discrimination, such refusal to be equivalent to acceptance!

6.53 a.m. I lock things up—Deliciously Freudian! I locked the case with elaborate care and left the cocaine outside! Slept most of the day: it passed easily. I played Fives a good deal.

13 July, ♂. A good night's rest. There is some irritation of the basal and faecal passages.

9.20. I have a very exhausted feeling, sweat easily.

10.35. Symptoms of catarrh and indigestion: I use eleven drops of what gained praise from Paracelsus.

11.03 There is, and has been, a sort of dull hunger—and again I call on Paracelsus as before—but it is in no way specialized. It is a sort of boredom, physical as well as mental. The idea of using Cocaine to overcome it is repellent.

1.35. Lunch over; I feel quite normal in all respect.

5.15. Sea-bath has refreshed me greatly; but I am not yet free from catarrh, and I take eleven drops more Laudanum.

9.15 p.m. I feel quite normal, though tired, I have taken a very great deal of exercise today. If I had an idea, I feel that I could work perfectly as usual—only I haven't!

14 July, ♀. Long night undisturbed—after Fives and a shave I feel fresh and eager to work; but with no glimmer of an idea. Catarrh etc. mostly subsided.

6.45 p.m. Had a wonderful swim, one spell between 500 and 600 strokes: and I've been at a glorious sexual orgie with Leah, from morn to dewey eve, and still going. In bed, by the wayside, in the sea and on the shore, by all means and to all ends—so be it!

11.25. Opus II, 31-666-31. Operation: all day—perfect. Elixir: copious, good. Object: *Aurum*.<sup>2</sup>

11.35. I note that there has been no 'craving' soever for cocaine up to the present. I took a minute dose of heroin at 9.40 p.m. *circa* to keep Alostrael 'company'. My general feeling really does seem to be that I should 'like' cocaine (or any other drug) at any time, as a rule, just as I should like Fried Sole or Truffles au Champagne or a glass of milk. In fine, I like drugs as I like most things; but can do without them, as I can do without most things.

<sup>1</sup> *Liber Jugorum* by Crowley. He describes it as 'An instruction for the control of speech, action and thought.' See *Magick*, page 427.

<sup>2</sup> Gold.

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15 July, 21. 7.00 a.m. Awake, feeling fine, but for tired eyes. I had a remarkable dream. Leah and I were in some place in Western America. We had called on Jones<sup>1</sup> in or near Vancouver, and got on to Niagara—only Niagara was west of the Rockies. (In some previous episode I had in some way defeated another in some matter of riding on a mono-rail switchback affair.) With Jones I had left my stick, which was too short, to be repaired and have a new head. Shortly after, we left Niagara and reached some other place—a vague one—on our way to Europe. The stick arrived. The head was some metallic (or wirey) bird with long sharp beak and poised wings: possibly an eagle, but I think some smaller but very fierce bird. At the bottom they had fixed a railway key and a corkscrew which I thought awkward. Then I found another part which screwed over these and fitted beautifully so that the stick was absolutely perfect and delighted me. Numerous other episodes, but this is the chief.

10.00 p.m. I had a very long swim, and wound up with Fives and dancing. The day was delicious but fatiguing. As to cocaine, I had no reaction symptoms, no cravings, no fear of craving. I only mention it because I agreed to observe the phenomena—or absence of any.

16 July, ♀. 9.20 a.m. I woke early with bronchitis, treated it, and am now after some good Fives, feeling very fit. I am getting very restless as to my work; I feel that I am wasting time etc. etc. and it is this feeling of impatience which urges me to take cocaine. I know that just as surely as I could kill a tiger at fifty yards with my .450 cordite, that I could start something creative within half an hour if I took a few sniffs of 'snow'; and the temptation is therefore a real one, and entirely 'virtuous'. I merely yearn to serve God better—and quicker. There is no question of vice or indulgence; it's pure aspiration. The sole point at issue is: can the means at hand be used without abuse? Baudelaire, at the end of 'The Poem of Hashish', in an eloquent peroration, assumes that 'artificial' stimuli cannot replace prayer and labour. But he begs the question: no one would object to coffee or tobacco, unless he were insane; if then I can use cocaine as others use coffee well and good.

8.45 p.m. At about 5 or 5.30 I got the idea for my 'Graymalkin'.<sup>2</sup> I found I could not get the confidence to write it, though I had worked out the details pretty fully. I therefore deliberately broke my resolution, and at 6.40 took a very limited quantity of cocaine, such as I judge enough. (Correctly, the event showed.) I started the poem instantly, couldn't eat dinner, and finished it and the cocaine together about 8.20.

I have now taken enough to make me want to make a night of it, but not so badly as to yield. The true motive of taking it being now quite satisfied by my achievement; for I know that Graymalkin is a first rate Ballad.

My wildness and weakness I shall place in the hands of Alostrael, and hope to sleep early.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Stansfeld Jones, Frater Achad, Crowley's 'magical son' who discovered the key to *The Book of the Law*. He lived at Vancouver.

<sup>2</sup> The witch's familiar spirit, a grey cat; cp. the opening scene of *Macbeth*.

10.50 p.m. Opus III, 31-666-31. Operation: from-bath-born-wonderful. Elixir: well-mixed, much retained. Object: ideas for my work.

This operation was entirely successful, by the way, in checking any desire for cocaine. At this moment I wouldn't take it if offered. I feel I have done a man's day's work, and may sleep. In the main, it's the old story of Juliet curing Romeo of Rosaline. '*Un clou chasse l'autre.*' Also 'Satan finds more mischief still for idle hands to go do'. It's curious fact, by the way, that my enthusiasm for cocaine is a direct flower of my Puritan root-ancestry. It is my abhorrence of the idle, useless, unprofitable, moment that pleads for cocaine at my mind's bar. To me loafing is the 'sin' *par excellence*. I want to serve God, or as I put it Do My Will, continuously: I prefer a year's concentration with death at the end than the same dose diluted in half-a-century of futility. As some one says—I forget whom—I have 'The deliberate preference for a short life and a gay one'. But on the other hand, I check that preference, just as I prefer natural to hothouse fruit. But, if my fruit never ripened naturally, then hothouse, by all means, and damn the expense! I wish I could rely on the natural sun of fame and the natural rain of our occasional cheque!

11.15. I sum the Experiment. The cessation of cocaine caused me appreciable symptoms: physical, either of reaction or deprivation; mental, of undue preoccupation; or moral, of craving. I cut short the period of 'ordeal', but for an adequate purpose and in a rightly-calculated measure. I adjusted means to end, and produced no trouble that simple natural counter-irritation could not allay.

17 July, 12.5.35 a.m. I have had a long 'wish-fulfilment' (no doubt) dream of being in Whineray's shop in London, and getting large quantities of cocaine from him. I did not take any, save a grain on the tongue to test the quality. I then dreamt of Jane Wolfe. I was with two other girls, one of whom had a negro husband named Austin. He was in another section of the train by which we were travelling. Jane was on this train; I found her most immensely fat and white; she instantly produced a huge penis-like organ. She said I couldn't have any connection with her but I was to do for her what she actually did for herself, which was to use the head to beat up an egg in a bowl. She produced these. Though disgusted, I complied, she masturbating me. Presently I realized that she was not Jane at all. After various incidents the real Jane turned up. The other woman wanted to buy me, but I was true to Jane and the other two, whom I regret I can't recognize.

The original Oedipus legend was that a Parsifal-Fool-Ghost was once the own child of the king whom he slew in the annual contest, and the curse lay in the failure of the tribe to secure exogamous fertilization.

I got an idea for a child's book on *Alice in Wonderland* lines, with a real dream as plot, the aim to slay sire and wed dam always masked by the Dream Censor, with his Protean theatre-wardrobe, to operate the dream changes.

6.05 p.m. Slept most of the morning; swam and slept most of the

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afternoon. At 5.30 Alostrael and I began the Celebration of the Mass of Our Lord.<sup>1</sup>

By the way, Leah made notes of my last big night with cocaine. I took doses, at first four, in fifteen minutes; then after lunch twenty-three doses in three hours; after that no count was kept, but I went on till about 1.00 a.m. as I suppose. This is not Science!

6.30. I notice that the temptation to go on steadily with cocaine (in any given orgie—orgia, religious experiments) is deeply subconscious, almost like the need to breathe. If one is doing one's work very fluently, one takes none; if one stops for a moment, one reaches instinctively for the bottle. In Leah's list there are some intervals of only three minutes between doses, and others of fifteen to twenty minutes. She herself connected this wide variation with the length of the paragraphs dictated. The moment a new thought is required, a new dose is demanded. It's just like trying to keep a top spinning: one lash may by luck or skill send it faster and steadier than another; but sooner or later it falters, and there is nothing for it but another stroke of the whip. If a real inspiration take hold of one, at any period, one may forget the drug altogether, as if the whipping top were changed by Magick into a Dancing Dervish, or a Star. Thus, last night, Leah's caresses ousted her rival Borgia from my affections and my memory in a very few minutes.

I am inclined to the opinion that a state of mind such as that in which I wrote *The World's Tragedy* would do as much for me. But here is my rock of stumbling: to write SUCH A BOOK, even with the Idea and the Power ablaze and priapic in the brain, needs a third Person in its Trinity, if the deed is to be done. That Person is the conviction that the work is necessary, important, all else in life at best a preparation for it. And that Person is now almost an exile from my Kingdom. I can't believe that anything matters more than anything else. I can eat and drink, love Leah, swim, play Fives, with infinite zest. Why? Because I like to do so, and these things don't pretend to be more, or other, than they are. But I have the fixed idea that a Book 'ought' to be a Word of the Immortal Gods, mighty in Magick, *et cetera, ad nauseam*; and my very Initiation itself has taught me that the Universe is centred on each one of the rock-rooted blooms of sea-nettle that stung me this afternoon as much as on a *Mahabrahma*,<sup>2</sup> were there such an one as He. Crudely put, I cannot take myself seriously any longer. The Way of the Tao, of automatic reaction to impressions, not valuing any above another, has become my Path. I can write this Diary, firstly because it is a habit, but secondly because I don't particularly expect anybody to read it. Formerly it was less to express or edify myself than in the fiery hope that others might take heed by my errors, courage at my success, and come with less pains to mine own initiation-goal, yea, and beyond it. But now that I have come where (it may well be) few others of our monkey-transcending race have trod, leaving ground of body, dared Daedalian to explore the

<sup>1</sup> Shaitan (Set) or Aiwaz.

<sup>2</sup> The Great God. Brahma is the creative aspect of the Hindu triad—Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva.

unmapped abyss of air—'Afloat in the aether, oh my God, my God!'<sup>1</sup>—I am no more. Earth's landmarks became unfamiliar as I soared; clouds hid them; soon Earth's self was but a pellet in the immensities that swallowed me. All stars were seen to be but minute accidents of space, scarcely decipherable, utterly insignificant. History was but a lewd scrawl on the blank wall of unintelligibility; philosophy but an idiot's gabble, science and religious Autolycus—trash.<sup>2</sup> As for myself! Indeed, I might declare myself sole God, all-containing, all-creating, since this Universe was but a phantom in my mind. But then being so blank-faced, brainless, it might blush before the candle-and-turnip-on-sheeted-pole of schoolboy. Nay, more, as all features faded in the twilight of my discrimination, and vanished in its night, there was no more, nor form nor being, to be my Universe, and so to constitute my 'Self'. From this great Dissolution I emerge, indeed, as 'twere a man born blind, cured for a month, might sink again to his old world, only to recognize how incomplete and unintelligible it is without sight's explanation of its problems, and quite unable to accept the witness of touch or hearing to the true character of a phenomenon, or to imagine that a four-sense-philosophy can be taken seriously. Yet he, with his month's light, seemed to add to his knowledge, even to aid his understanding. It gave him one more touchstone to tell This from That. For me, far otherwise; in my initiation's vitriol all difference dissolved. A blank circle means more to the geometer when he draws one or two diameters; they help him to discover new properties thereof; but if he could draw all diameters, 'twere a blank as at the first. And even if the blind man, taking himself seriously, might hope to help his fellow-folk of Darkness by the explanations gained in his month's light, can I do so, who know that my whole gain is loss? I know that Buddha is no more than a dead lotus-leaf, nay more, none other. I know the Path of the Wise one with a blind alley, John Keats no holier than a drunkard cursing.

(8.40. After an interval for two sets of Fives.)

So then there is no reason why I should not do anything which is evidently my nature or will to do; but to make an effort to 'sacrifice the lower to the higher', or 'self to Humanity', is absurd when the victim is also the god. 'Work without lust of result' says *The Book of the Law*. It sounded hard. Now I know that no result is possible, that lust dies ashen; but why work? Blavatsky, too! 'Kill out ambition; but work as those who have ambition.' But she offers a prize: humanity's enlightenment. It tempted me, be sure; I gave all for that, 'twas my Pearl of Great Price. And lo! tis no more than Fame's stage tinsel, Wealth's Shahravah-coin of leather, or Love's Nessus-shirt.

<sup>1</sup> A quotation from the Holy Book, Liber LXV entitled *The Book of the Heart Girt with the Serpent*, first published in *The Equinox*, volume III, number 1, Detroit, 1919. This work was transmitted to Crowley by Aiwass, his Holy Guardian Angel.

<sup>2</sup> Autolycus 'surpassed all men in thievery and swearing'. *The Oxford Classical Dictionary*.

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The only answer to all this appears to be my Montauk<sup>1</sup> demonstration of How A could increase without ceasing to be A by its combination with B, C . . . Z and so on. Or, how my inviolably perfect, my infinite, my immortal soul, could yet profit by exchanging its Rest for an Orbit of Incarnations.

But since then I seem to have become so conscious of A, so sure of its identity with B and the others, that the game seems absurd, like trying to play whist with blank cards, three dummies (or even four!) no rules, and for no points. I suppose that this is a natural state of mind for A to have; A is a universal proposition 'All S is P' which means nothing as soon as it is proved, since P becomes implicit in the definition of S. A is defined only by infinities and contradictions, like Shiva or The Tao; therefore A is Nothing, to itself or to anything else, as pure A. That, no doubt, is why it corrupts itself with B. It thus finds a meaning for itself. (Kether is colourless, not even white, brilliance.)

10.10. Have taken the forty-four of the 'K without the Hs' for Set.

10.15. I conclude that I shall either deliberately defile A with B and thus regain the illusion that my Work is important, or discover that all this while I have been working better than I knew.

After all this, the truth is miserably petty; but out Thou, stark Virgin, from Thy well!

She smiles; 'You would be satisfied and proud and passionate, eager to do more and better, if only that cheap bookcase of warped wood and blistered paint with knobless drawers and cracked glasses had on its shelves a few new volumes nicely printed, neatly bound, of what you call your Works.'

'Truth! dare you say I am so vain a thing as that? That I am still a schoolboy eager to reach the Sixth, and see his name in the School list with his that won a scholarship at Trinity, and his that took the prize for Greek Verse with dull wooden iambs that none shall ever read but the Examiner who judged them?'

Truth smiles again: 'Vanity, all is Vanity! You'd cut your name in the rotting bark of the dead Tree of Fame that's lost in the jungle of Rumour; but there are Those who will not hold thee shamed that thou hast played Bank Holiday Tripper, intruded thy cognomen upon Nature, or put pollution upon hallowed places, if for thy fellow-scribblers thou has Aeschylus, Laotze, Catullus, Baudelaire, Heine, Shakespeare, Keats, Blake, Rabelais, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Balzac, and James Branch Cabell.'

'Vanity, ay! Vanity, Vanity of Vanities! But as I lured thee to seek me, not careful of the risk, not haggler of the cost, by bloated promises that thine own sword soon pierced, pigs' bladders swollen with foul wind of Fame, with Nitrous Oxide of Knowledge or even with Poison Gas of Love, so do I tell thee now that the boy's vanity is worth my maiden Truth, and thou shalt envy Shelley, and ousting him, challenge Kit Marlowe, and out-roar him, insult John Milton, and out-thunder him, nay, match thine

<sup>1</sup> In New Hampshire, U.S.A., where Crowley experienced the 'Star-Sponge' vision.

eagle-vision against Blake's, outstare him, and violate the Muse of Swinburne, that she acknowledges thee her Lord even in the flaming bed that scorched his limbs, and sent him limping to the Southey-Wordsworth Hospital for Incurable Poets, Icarus Street, Eunuch Square, W.C.'

18 July, ☉. 1.20 a.m. Opus IV, 31-666-31 plus everything. Operation: indescribably great: began at 6.30 a.m. of Saturday. Elixir: immensely copious, churned almost to foam. Object: to celebrate the Mass of Our Lord.

1.30. Stopped cocaine. 2.10. Talking to Leah; took a doch 'an doris.

2.35. Still talking. I note: Knowledge is based on discrimination, in every case. To distinguish this from that is our first step. More, knowledge of even one thing other than the knower implies discrimination between this and that; the dyad. Now moreover, Knowledge is the enemy of Life, ay, and of Love. Science has added knowledge to man, and made his life worthless to him, were it only by denying geocentricity and finding the source of religious fable.

Now, like my blind man (an hour or so ago) we might have a geometer in Flatland explaining problems like the cause of the appearance of a point which widened into constantly increasing circles and then diminished again by 'discovering' a Third Dimension containing a sphere which passed through Flatland's plane. We did have Hinton<sup>1</sup> to explain some three dimensional puzzles by assuming a fourth, and Ball<sup>2</sup> to make gravitation and certain physical laws intelligible in the same way. But the Flatlanders knocked their geometer out of shape, and men should have crucified Ball and Hinton; for if cubes be, planes are but mathematical conventions without real existence; and if tesseract exist, solids are but their imaginary boundaries; like the Equator, real only on paper. A little knowledge is indeed a dangerous thing, for it aids men to tell this from that, even as sight, organ of knowledge, marks the red rose from the white, and as hearing profanes holy silence, vibrates its this-and-that which ends in Babel-discord. But ask Initiation—Knowledge, the wheel spins to Zero; our cobwebs of discrimination that man's mind, the venomous spider in his kingly palace, spun, is swept by the first whisk of Isis' broom into the dust heap of oblivion. So, thinking to increase Knowledge, we destroy it; we have tried to tie knots in a rope with ends fixed. We admire the ingenuity, wonder at the complexity, add one, and the whole tangle of fool's knot ravel out. When I destroyed discrimination, as I was bidden in *The Book of the Law*, I destroyed Knowledge; and having destroyed Life's enemy, Love's murderer, my complex is made simple; I can live again, love again, with the sublime ignorance of the wise Serpent who ate not the fruit he praised, with the blind passion of fire, that sees not its own light, nor feels its

<sup>1</sup> Charles Howard Hinton, *The Fourth Dimension*, 1904.

<sup>2</sup> Walter William Rouse Ball, author of *Mathematical Recreations and Problems of Past and Present Times*, 1892, *A Primer of the History of Mathematics*, 1895, and other works.

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heat, yea, let me say it, I can live my life, can love my Leah, with the superb unconsciousness of a Star, with the supreme absorption of a God.

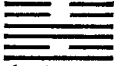
5.00 a.m. Opus V, 31-666-31. Operation: very prolonged climax: very intense indeed. Elixir: copious etc., as in Opus IV. Object: as Opus IV. This left me as enthusiastic as ever. We went on again about 7-7.30 but to no instant end. Our Lord appeared to me and told me things. 'Things only exist by virtue of their opposites,' said He. 'Therefore I am no more than God of your illusory limitations, I express your preferences as man and woman. So I am the true God of your Work as you have now come to understand it and you did well to invoke me, and I am with you.'

The day passed in Fives, sleep, diving. Telegram from Jane: from Tunis, 21st. New Moon—this time clear!

19 July, ☽. Cash balance about 82,000 lire. A long lovely bathe-climb with Leah out to the Caldura tip.

9.55 p.m. I took one sniff of Cocaine before and one after supper. Very strong effect, but no 'need' to go on, because there were 'things to do'—visit from the Baron etc.

10.17. In view of recent Alostrael developments, I feel justified in asking a new symbol for Jane Wolfe. . Kteis of Air. *Shang*. Kind of volatilizes her, I suppose. Symbol for my meeting her and its material consequences: Moon of Fire, *Kun*, III. This is the First Departure from 1 and 2, the struggling plant-stalk. I think it means that there will be all sorts of a mess at first: Moon of glamour and unbalanced fire of blind desires. This leads to various violences and apparent failure to get any result. Alostrael reads this chapter thus—she's coming for purposes of learning Magick. We can make some base use of her, but no magical use. Symbol of a Magick Operation to improve this. Earth of Fire. . Yes: control event! What will be the material result of my meeting her, as thus caused by Our Work? Lingam of Water. *Li*, a simple straightforward plan only needing firmness and caution and ending in pleased satisfaction. It is the begetting of fertility, or initiation of a prosperous venture.

Shall we buy real estate in Cefalu? , *Fang*. Fire of Sun. Large, abundant! What should be its physical characteristics? Water of Lingam. Leah says: in a high place. I say: water around it, and Phallus, a Pinnacle. This fits the Caldura like a glove; its promontory is washed by the sea for at least two thirds of it, and it has magnificently phallic rocks.

Symbol for David Ross in connection with building a temple on this site. Sun of Lingam. *Ta Yu*! He ought to build it of turquoise and lapis lazuli!

11.25 p.m. I now proceed to execution of Opus VI. There was a preliminary directly following Opus V, some small Work during yesterday but not much; more definite Work with Practice on the way to bathe, a



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lustration of S[carlet] W[oman] on the shore, and a sacrament of Bread before supper. We have taken a little Snow and Brandy.

20 July, ♂. 1.40 a.m. Opus VI, 31-666-31. Operation: Feminine, poor lance-wood, but intense will. Climax prolonged and almost agonizing. Elixir: quality excellent, quantity small. Object: as above stated.

1.45 a.m. I note that Cocaine first excites imagination and apparently (Leah confirms this) confers a quite peculiar point of view, with a strangely intense and almost drunken pleasure equally unknown to those who have not taken it. This point of view seems to be that of the animal-subconscious; it owns no censor, moral or mental, and may be criminal or insane without qualm. It possesses one, like the 'devil' in the old pathologies. (Perhaps these describe and explain facts as well as or better than, the new.) In me, of course, such tendencies are rudimentary; and the mental and moral inhibitions would cry 'Halt! Who goes there?' if I proceeded to externalize one such or to translate it into action; because to do so would need the use of faculties which the sentries Prudence, Righteousness, Honour (and so on) guard for the King-Self by Marshall True-Will's order. But the point of view, unless thus rashly rousing sleeping dogs, is utterly irresponsible. I might, for example, wish to drain the blood of mankind into one lake for Leah to swim in, rather as Nero wished that Rome had but one neck. This point of view seems like the 'libido' defined by Jung as absolute and unconditioned in this very manner. In the case taken above, the impossibility does not daunt, the inhumanity shock, the disproportion provoke laughter, or even the inconvenience of success damp down. The wish does not really demand fulfilment; it is a pleasure in itself. But, obviously, another man might find it fiercer, its action-fruit sole quencher of its thirst, the moral constable off his beat, the mental critic feeble; and, his low stage of evolution limiting the scope of the wish, he simply cracks a crib or slits a gullet. We see a similar effect with common alcohol. The soul of Poe, on condor pinion, soars beyond the sight of earth, disdains the practical, and either swoons in silent rapture, poised in immensities, or makes a record of its journey, a song to guide and hearten us, that we may follow it. The Hooligan, on the same draught, finds heaven in the same self-emancipation, self-exaggeration, and self-exaltation; and this to him means equally that he transcends his environment; and if this sense of power need action's witness, he kicks wife or sandbags wayfarer. Poe's inhibitions are not, as are the brute's, fear of police, of fellow-brute, even of bottle or kitchen-knife should the wife turn to bay; they are the bonds Nature-Delilah tightened so treacherously upon his limbs; they are the nets of logic, the cell walls of the mind's Chillon,<sup>1</sup> whose cold flags of fact he has paced in darkness of the Mystery that shrouds Truth, the chain of his own personality binding him to the pillar of Self, so that he gropes in circles, with no friend but spiders, until the memory of his soul's lost freedom fades.

I said above that the first doses of Cocaine excite, inspire, set free, in this

<sup>1</sup> Byron: *The Prisoner of Chillon*, 1816.

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peculiar manner. They do not interfere with action: the point of view can be distrusted at will, and normal faculties fulfil their functions, more easily (as I think) at least in appearance, than is usual. But further doses seem to act as anaesthetics to those powers, especially as regards the muscles. Thus the sexual act may become difficult; and so may anything that needs self-confidence. The nerves seem to be shaken. But as one approaches the 'physiologically-satisfying dose' of which I wrote a week or so ago, all inhibitions vanish. One gets the giant energy, contempt of weariness, freedom from fear of all sorts; and one becomes most fully master of one's medium, body and mind perfected instruments of Will, whatever that Will be, limited only by one's original possibilities. It is as if one, normally an engine developing 60% efficiency, suddenly showed 100%. This lasts until the Will is accomplished, if that be within the limits of the engine's theoretical possibility.

By the way, Leah noted that the 'bliss' of cocaine was a bliss of Anticipation—at the first, that is, I made a similar observation myself, some time ago.

I must emphasize that the mere consciousness of the existence of the 'Cocaine-wish' or 'naked libido' is an absolute delight, without conditions. It seems as if one had found a new Godself, who is 'love', but asks no realization or return, the state itself being perfection.

3.15 a.m. I lie down. Explaining to Scarlet Woman about Tao-Teh,<sup>1</sup> how Teh does all the work, etc.

4.05 a.m. Opus VII, 31-666-31. Operation: strong and excellent though short, easy. Elixir: excellent. Object: Alostrael to know how to use her power.

8.30. Awake, with sore eyes, but fresh. Yesterday I cut my foot badly on the rocks, and so I was lame. I also had a bad cold, and on the top of that a nose-bleed. This was in my left nostril, not the one I had been using for cocaine.

21 July, ♀. Another nose-bleed on waking; otherwise much better. Preliminaries of an Opus VIII, to thank Aiwaz our Lord all day. Train to Palermo with Leah. Long serious talk on Magick and my Vow of Holy Obedience to 31-666-31.<sup>2</sup>

22 July, ♀. Continuing love-talking-orgie at 1.45 a.m. There should be some telematic figure or pantacle of our Trinity. Aiwaz being 31-31-31, Alostrael, 31-666-31, and The Beast, 666, i.e. five AL's<sup>3</sup> and two others. (728 equals  $56 \times 13$ ; <sup>3</sup> NU<sup>3</sup> on the middle scale of Expansion or NU in Love and Unity.)

<sup>1</sup> Tao-Teh is the equivalent of Shiva-Shakti or the Absolute and its manifesting Power.

<sup>2</sup> The Scarlet Woman; at this time Leah Hirsig.

<sup>3</sup> The five AL's are contained in the formula of Aiwaz: 31-31-31 (93) and the two AL's in 31-666-31, the formula of Alostrael (Leah Hirsig), which two AL's add up to 62; this, when added to 666 (Crowley) yields 728 which is  $56 (\text{Nu}) \times 13$  (Unity).

I swore to take Her as my High Priestess to Him,<sup>1</sup> and act accordingly. She is to direct all action, taking the initiative throughout.

4.00 a.m. We have been continuing Cocaine in a Lesbian Orgie in which I was Alys her tribade,<sup>2</sup> after a frightful ordeal of cruelty and defilement put on me as Her first passion for Her slave, which tore from me the last rag of manhood, violated my last veil of modesty, degraded me below the dog and the hog, revolted even my body, and made me free forever of my preferences for matter, made me Pure Spirit. From it she rose Ishtar,<sup>3</sup> Love's Goddess, and drew me into Her womb; Her Babe am I, Harpocrates the Soft-limbed child,<sup>4</sup> Parsifal the Pure Fool, Bacchus the Epicene<sup>5</sup> and drunken Ass-bestrider, and that smooth-plumed that innocent Dove that men have called the Holy Ghost.<sup>6</sup>

It is for Her to nurse Her Babe, train it with Her sharp whips and sharper words, bring it to puberty, to virile might, and like Semiramis<sup>7</sup> or like Ratoum in my own play,<sup>8</sup> murder him in his Father's House, poison him with the milk he throve on, fling him Her Satan, into the Bottomless Pit, black shiny walls smooth-stretching from the flame-jaggéd gaping gateway,<sup>9</sup> hell's reek hot-smoking forth of it, whence first he issued to those stupid wanderings that nought could end but their own homecoming.

This Word is the interpretation of my Silence; She reads it as I write. In a moment or an hour, or (in sheer suicide-lust) never again, She will rise up, command me, master me, lash me to manhood, torture and mock me, smear her snake-slaver over me, and with foul word and act make me the tool of Her abominable craft. She will perform Her Black—nay, Her unnameably-hued Mass, from my base body, elevate Her God, suck out His life, and spill it on Her midden.<sup>10</sup> Her Winged Egg, my Phoenix,<sup>11</sup> shall cook together in moist Fire; Her crystal sea shall be enriched with pearls of God-consecrated Oyster,<sup>12</sup> and wash nor scentless nor mire-untainted shores.

And Her Concoction shall be sweet in our mixed mouths, the Sacrament that giveth thanks to Aiwaz, our Lord God the Devil, that He hath fused His Beast's soul with His Scarlet Whore's, to be One Soul completed, that It may set His image in the Temple of Man, and thrust His Will's rod over

<sup>1</sup> Aiwaz.

<sup>2</sup> A lesbian.

<sup>3</sup> The Assyrian Astarte, the goddess of love.

<sup>4</sup> Harpocrates is usually depicted as a child with finger to lip.

<sup>5</sup> Hermaphrodite.

<sup>6</sup> The Bird of Breath, i.e. Spirit, hence the symbol of the Holy Ghost.

<sup>7</sup> In Greek legend, the daughter of a Syrian goddess Derceto. Her second husband was Ninus, king of Assyria. After his death she ruled Assyria for many years. She was the builder of Babylon and was changed into a dove at her death; she was accordingly held sacred. *The Oxford Classical Dictionary*.

<sup>8</sup> Ratoum, the name of a character in Crowley's play, *The Fatal Force*, unperformed but published in *The Works of Aleister Crowley*, 1905-7.

<sup>9</sup> The vulva.

<sup>10</sup> Ordure.

<sup>11</sup> 'Her Winged Egg' is the ovum, 'my Phoenix' the semen, because it is the bird of resurrection.

<sup>12</sup> Semen.

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them and rule them. And that imperléd Sea, dark with that oozy shore-mud which it washed, shall wash us, body and mind, of all that is not He, moisten our throats and loosen our loud Song of Praise, Thanksgiving unto Him.

I write these words in agony of nerve; I loathe the pen, I loathe this mental Onan-play; this Tantalus-thirst is nowise eased by mirage-wells of word.

I want Her to tear this diary from my hand, to smash my sham love-castles, to go mad, so drug-crammed as She is, shatter my dreams of what seems Heaven with an awaking violence that I too well know Hell's reality.

Curse Her, the fiend! How well She understands the Art of Torture. She has leant over me, and from Her mouth She has uttered an Abomination and from Her throat confirmed its infamy in Act. And then She sank beside me! She lets me rage; She knows I dare not look at Her, lest in my lust of Her I break mine oath of Service. Ah! but She knows—that Food has fledged my schoolboy chin! And so She, in Her whim, cries 'Slave, thy Queen's weary of thy tameness, thy dog-ctinge; canst thou not guess when I would play the maid, coyly invite, or modestly reprove? and if I weary of that game, as I may, and lash thine insolence, art thou not slave at all times? Come, I am chaste, pure goddess and true wife. I want to be insulted by a thing like thee, lower than all my dreams of vileness—yea, for my acts on thee were greater, more hideous, more unclean, than my mind's cesspool that conceived them!

'So low art thou—crawl to my floor-blacked feet, and call them snow-pure marble; then rise to things more horrible, find word and deed of worship, till in my body's Lake of Fire thou burn and shrivel, choke on the fivefold foulness of My breath,<sup>1</sup> and as thou diest call My asp-vitriol Water of Life,<sup>2</sup> My belch the Spirit of God, our sterile and most blasphemous Abortion-slime, the God-Babe Eucharist.<sup>3</sup>

'You dog! to your slaves' task! to your mock Love, you dog! You dirty dog! Do it, you dirty dog! To my soiled feet, lap them, you dirty dog! You dirty dog!'

She . . . makes . . . me . . .<sup>4</sup>

7.30 a.m. Opus VIII, 31-666-31, p[er] o[s].<sup>5</sup> Operation: unparalleled. Elixir: copious, rich, perfect. Object: to thank 93<sup>6</sup> for uniting our souls.

9.10 a.m. Opus IX, 31-666-31. Operation: incredible. Elixir: as Opus VIII. Object: to increase pleasure in love.

<sup>1</sup> Crowley is putting the words of this and the following paragraph into the mouth of Leah; it is she, Crowley supposes, who is so speaking to him. All five elements (earth, air, fire, water, spirit) have gone to make up the foulness of her breath (spirit).

<sup>2</sup> Leah is likening her sexual secretions to a poison. The asp is one of the attributes of Isis.

<sup>3</sup> For his Eucharist, Crowley takes elements that are abhorrent to Christians, dead matter, hence 'blasphemous Abortion-slime' and so on.

<sup>4</sup> He licks Leah's dirty feet.

<sup>5</sup> 'By the mouth'.

<sup>6</sup> Aiwaz.

9.30 a.m. The way to attack Fermat's Last Theorem<sup>1</sup> has come to me suddenly. One has to show that the loose ends in any expansion can never be an expansion of that order. Thus  $2x + 1$  in  $x^2 + 2x + 1 - x^2$  can never be a square unless  $x = 4$ , as if is obvious. Equally for  $4x + 4$ ,  $6x + 9$ , and so on. For  $xy$  cannot be a square unless  $x = y$ . The intermediate terms between  $x^n$  and  $y^n$  in any expansion cannot themselves be  $z^n$ : obvious again, but proof obscure.<sup>2</sup> Bother Fermat!

The day has passed in shopping and sleeping. Tunis. Boat late.

23 July, ♀. Jane arrives quite unexpectedly while I slept!

A.m. Shopping. It's now 4.00 p.m. and my nap over. Dinner and movies. At about midnight Leah came in.

24 July, ♀. 3.55 a.m. Opus IX, 31-666-31. Operation; long-prepared, then spontaneous, violent. Orgasm: immense, my soul dissolved entirely. Elixir: very copious and unusually sweet and rich. Object: to make that which Alostrael's Graal means to me, the World's Desire.

7.00 a.m. Opus X, 31-666-31. Operation: Intense, excessive—the most prolonged I can remember. Elixir: as in Opus IX. Object: Itself—and the Eucharist to nourish us therein.

8.00 a.m. After coffee.

The 'sexual act' completed is to a man full physiological satisfaction; to a woman, a mere *louis* tossed on the cloth 'en plein'. If, then, a trouseriferous, whiskerogenous, laryngomegalic, phalloportative human body be twinned with Phaedra<sup>3</sup> soul, 'half a woman made with half a god', the He-Life runs its course in health, but the She starves, and yet lives and grows by starving. The He dwindles contentedly in its due season; the She increases in inverse ratio. (This is true even if the She has been indulged by such enjoyment as it can obtain.) This She, insatiable, may weary of her futility, and seek to rob her He by finding masters in his servants.

25 July, ☉. The above got tangled up somehow. We all came to Cefalu. Bathed, etc. I now find Jane Wolfe, refusing her year of birth, misled me—I am like the girl who was to meet a 'dark distinguished gentleman' and did, he was a nigger with one eye. Her Luna, opposing mine, shows sense-antipathy: our Saturns conjunct show sympathetic sobrieties of life-conception. Her Mars is trine to my Herschel; she might well help to execute my Will. Her Venus near my Saturn shows her love for my Wisdom. The ascendant shows the gracious, serious, clever personality eager to help humanity—and I read this first hand from sight and sound of her. But where is the 'kitten-paragraphist' who appears always in her

<sup>1</sup> Pierre de Fermat (1601-65), French lawyer at Toulouse. His recreation was mathematics and he proved to be a genius. The modern theory of numbers is largely owed to him.

<sup>2</sup> The passage 'For  $xy$  cannot be a square unless  $x = y$ ' is nonsense. If, for example,  $x = 4$ ,  $y = 9$ ,  $xy = 6^2$ . Perhaps a typist's error.

<sup>3</sup> See the *Phaedra* of Seneca, a woman of lustful and wholly unscrupulous character.

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letters? She doesn't talk so; and her planets do not indicate so curious a quality as far as I can see. These nonsense-flowers, Leah and I both think, are heavily censored phantasies.

26 July, ☽. 2.07 a.m. Till now I've talked with Leah since 11.30 of last night.

3.20 a.m. An interval in the preparation for Opus XI.

I note—and so does Alostrael—with perturbation, that the Lance<sup>1</sup> wavers now and then, but so it should in tilt prolonged beyond custom, and in so heavy heat of night. But I note also that my will shirks shock, checks course in full charge. The stallion cannot take the bit in his teeth; his beast-impatience, which is partly his reaction from his own fear, but tightens the knight's bridle-fingers on the curb. And the good knight will do no more than make display of horsemanship, or at most a feint, a joust, nay, lay down lance and finger lyre, or tune his tongue to musick, as sways his fancy to-and-fro between the arts of war and peace.

But, if his Lady cry on him to save her, or as it may be, that she craves to see one more new crown, blood-dewed, upon his helm, then shall he brandish lance, its steel barb sunward, roar from wide throat, his battle-cry ancestral, and in the sleek flanks of his steed sink spurs so sudden and fierce that at his first-bound he forgets himself, makes his Lord's quarrel his own, and with wide nostril, with his hooves' earthquake, meets his death galloping, nor falls until his master's lance hath borne through breast and back of foe his Lady's Message.

So is Alostrael's Word-of-True-Will, whisper or scream, my trumpet blare; let that but come to me on zephyr or on tempest, her will enkindles mine, my will bids touch the match to tinder-fuse of nerve, that fires petard of flesh, and through defiance of gate, wide breaches path of storming Baresark's mead-maddened, to win the City of Love and throne my Lady there.

Words hath She spoken indeed, but not The Word. Prowess in Tourney hath She asked, but not—eye raving, nostrils twitching, lips wry-twisted, teeth bare, clenched, and foaming, breath hot, foul, sharp, snake-hissing from throat's throb, limbs shuddering and blood bursting through her brain—that Red Truth that my Chivalry would mask, that Man-Joy, despite manners mute, shrieking mad murder, not *that* hath she yet bidden me do, for her lust loves to torture me, to claim trivial homage of me, make me menial, glut her scorn of me, that I may long for death, death, sire at last though she deny it through such agelong thumbscrew-twists.

Worn with mine agony, weary with service to Her, cold with long waiting in her corridors, weak with the wounds She hath given, I go to Her, like Keats' Knight-at-Arms. And she? My 'Belle Dame Sans Merci hath me in thrall'. She may yet pleasure Her, cat to my mouse, or—oh be it thus, Alostrael, beloved, loathed, adored, my soul that art!—she may arouse me, may absorb me, may assume me, as She can do when by one Word, one Gesture, She from her Art-of-Love leash slip her Tiger Lust.

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is a sexual one.

Which will she do? I crawl, tame Beast, to my Whore's feet. Shall I find there the Lady or the Tiger?

4.50 a.m. The Tiger!

5.20 a.m. Opus I (called Opus XI in entry 3.20 a.m.)<sup>1</sup> Assistant Magus: 31-666-31. Operation: very short—a bare half-hour. Doubts and self-preoccupation interfered with confidence, and concentration. Stubborn will prevailed, but divided the climax into about six—it may be more—ejections, with a slightly suppressed orgasm practically continuous. Sheer physical fatigue forced me to leave the act still not quite finished. Elixir: smooth, even, not sweet, medium strong. Object: to strengthen Our Will-Power.

6.30 a.m. Still talking—mostly magick. The first hour of my vow of Holy Obedience to Alostrael proved Her to be the Scarlet Woman; she could have used the power in trivial ways: but She sprang instantly to Goddess-stature. She gripped Her moment, Her aeroplane swept over my soul's sea, spotted two submarines, safe from all my navies of self-searching, and dropped her depth-bombs.

First, She discovered the physical cowardice and dread of pain which I had sunk so deep by means of daring death-mountains, wild beasts, poison, and disease. She held a lighted cigarette against my breast. I shrank and moaned, She spat her scorn, and puffed at it and put it back. I shrank and moaned. She made me fold my arms, sucked at the paper till the tobacco crackled with the fierceness of its burning; she put it back for the third time. I braced myself; I tightened lip and thrust my breast against it.

That's the first partial victory, the slave's resolve to break his chains or die. Next time she tests me so, may Aiwaz both with brass and triple iron fence mine heart, that I may win full victory, master scorn, and neither beat retreat in fear of pain, nor charge, but with my silent smile and still indifference tell her that I am worthy at last to love Her. (She, when I beat or kick her, bade me do it again; once even she suggested a fresh form of torture. That was not absolute mastery; more also, she has since shamed me by reminding me of what I did—She knows I did it in despairing madness of my love for Her).

My other submarine was Bluff. I have pretended all my life to be a scholar; my books are studded with quotations; I've fooled the world, made even the wary think me master of Sanskrit, Pali, Chinese, Persian, Greek, and a score of literatures; the fact is, even my French, the sole tongue not my own which I can talk and read and write at all with any courage or correctness, is like the map of Africa at Burton's birth! Most of my quotes are not from the original but sly-filched from English writers who have used them. I boast, moreover, of my wickedness. I say I've taken hashish for some fifteen years—it's true, but not much more than fifteen times in all!

I boast not *mille e tré*, but fifteen hundred mistresses; true also, but this makes me think of shilling packets of two hundred postage stamps.

I'm famed world over for my vigour; it's bluff. True, I can please a

<sup>1</sup> At this point, Crowley began a new notebook; hence Opus I.

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woman after the ignominy of her Thirty-One,<sup>1</sup> that barely kindled her before they sputtered out. True, but my secret is not vigour; I've the cheap cunning of the prostitute who saves herself, and loves her nightly score or so with no more effort than if she had cracked so many nuts.

To Leah I boasted of my magick; of how I took what I most loathe, a poison outrage to four senses, and by Love's consecration did transmute it, make it God's Body, or Blood, consume it, worship and delight in it, nourish and energize my soul thereon.

True, even this, as she well knew, for she and I had sung this Incantation, had made God together, two mouths that fed on this One substance. She saw through that! My worship was half pose, my miracle half craft. My magick only gilded the base coin; loud as I swore my Host, the Body of God. I touched my tongue to skin, I would not, dared not, could not eat.

She had said nothing; now when Her hour struck on the Bell, eleven strokes,<sup>2</sup> stern to the altar dragged me.

'High Priest!' she cried, 'I crave the Eucharist!' Then as I tricked: 'Not so!' Her eyes flamed; Her voice thrilled. 'Doubt not thyself! In sooth thou art High Priest; thy God and thou and I are One in Three. Thou hast performed thy miracle of the Mass, all this is very God, God of Our Godhead, Our own Substance, as on the Paten it gleams. My faith suffices; I will eat; to the last crumb. I will consume it; Doubtest thou? That is hunger—thou shalt devour this Body of God, yea, save one morsel for my own greed's pleasure. Yet even that will I make honey for thee that to thy meat thou mayst add sweet—Fall to!'

I would not: I could not. She said: 'False Priest, tear off thy robe: forsworn to Me, forth from My Holy Temple!'

Then I obeyed.<sup>3</sup> My mouth burned; my throat choked; my belly retched; my blood fled wither who knows, and my skin sweated. She stood above me, hideous in contempt; she fixed snake's eyes on mine, and with most patient discipline, as with most eager passion, as with sublime delight, was face to face with me, epiphany of my duty's archetype. Hierophantia stood She, Her eyes uttering Light, Her mouth radiant Silence. She ate the Body of God, and with Her soul's compulsion made me eat. But in my mouth that lied when it sneered '*Ecce Corpus*' it turned back to its first nature; my doubt black-clouded God's sun-face. My teeth grew rotten, my tongue ulcered; raw was my throat, spasm-torn my belly; and all my Doubt of that which to Her teeth was moonlight, and to her tongue ambrosia; to her throat nectar, in Her Belly the One God of whose Pure Body She should fresh Her Blood. So with my body shuddering, retching, fainting, and convulsed; with my mind tempest, my heart crater, my will earthquake, I obeyed Her lash. Not then did I gain grace, God came not to his Host, not even when She had added her mouth's sweetness to His strength; but I passed ordeal, I took oath; I am indeed High Priest. I'll blush no more, nor in that matter nor another. But I'll make good my boasts, ay, though I die for it; and, may

<sup>1</sup> Thirty-one lovers, presumably. Crowley has chosen this number because of its Thelemic significance.

<sup>2</sup> Eleven is the number of Magick.

<sup>3</sup> He eats Leah's excrement.



she deign to prove my priesthood. The power whose fullness is the child of Her, Her faith in me, even when She knew me false. I will make God my feast and hers, the food of forty aldermen to our two plates; shark's greed, Sahara thirst, love's craving, these Three in One to madden our Soul, to dissolve madness in ecstasy, to echo ecstasy with new, with more exceeding ardour.

9.30 a.m. end of cocaine. After-set of Fives, which I played very well indeed, though (as it seemed to me) scarce able to stand.

9.40. Simple enough, all this: in a word. I'm a Coward, and Liar. Leah-Alostrael—my Scarlet Woman—knew it. She lunged—two rapier flashes, one to my heart, one to my brain. I will not fear: I will not lie: so help me Aiwaz, and Alostrael!

9.45 a.m. Let me lie down!

11.22 a.m. I have been persevering most pathetically in trying to sleep, though I could outwatch Argos. It is pure funk: I have a cocaine complex, that is all. I had quite similar conscience-makes-cowards-of-us-all scares about hashish, or sitting up late, or making love too often, or—oh, anything! As saith Alostrael, I am a coward. This must stop.

I'll take more cocaine now, as the 'slaves' courage' and go out in the abbey, and sleep when I feel sleepy.

My evident job is to write better poetry for Leah than I ever wrote before. I promised her: I'll do it.

6.40 p.m. Slept four hours, without an effort—strange! Yesterday I observed that the John-Jupiter derivation is marked in Italian by Giovanni, Giovedi.

27 July, ♂. A long night's and morning's sleep made me normal; but my throat and tongue are still sore. I bathed etc. Leah not well, Hansi with fever, Howard morally consumptive.

28 July, ♀. A long night's rest has put me fairly right; the others also seem much better.

5.20 p.m. I slept again this morning and even a few minutes after bathing. Leah has also been physically exhausted, but we have had compensations, wakeful and vigorous periods of keen desire and action; an hour or so yesterday afternoon, half an hour this morning. I'm really inclined to charge 90% of 'symptoms' to our introspection. Our preconceived ideas of our 'danger' make us notice and exaggerate things that would otherwise pass unobserved. And everything so noticed is blamed on cocaine. Now then for the defence! One, the weather has been very oppressive. Hansi, cocaineless, was very ill with fever. Poupée,<sup>1</sup> snowless and fever-free, sweats over-much and seems uncomfortable all round. Two, I have been constipated, always enough to clog my body and brain. Three, Jane Wolfe has interfered with our routine of freedom; I have had 'duty' on the brain. Four, Ninette's absence has put extra strain on Leah, and so on me; there have been workmen in the house with mighty hammerings. Then, Howard's cow-

<sup>1</sup> Crowley and Leah's child; it did not survive its first year.

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ardice and lying have needed watchfulness. Five, I have my burn, a bad thumb, my jellyfish stings; any one such enough to take the edge off the Executioner's Axe and so reprieved the vile Soul-Murderer, Laziness. But, retorts Counsel for the Crown, you have just started sniffing snow; and your Five Points of Idle Fellowship have no more part nor magnitude; you have already sketched the Rock for a new picture, censored an Essay, and sit gloating, right in the sun at that, over your Diary, and so scribbling gleefully, aimless and joyous as the God you are!

Health, Jane, Disturbance, you have swept them from your path, like a machine-gun spraying; you have no worries but to match Star-Rhythms with the swing, blaze, and thunder of your prose, tuning your Ear's fine sense to some God's Word, your throat's fine force to utter it, its Truth's ineffability interpreted (as best may be) through Beauty. One worry more? None but this one that roars, a Blast through your heart's furnace, the lust that your Alostrael may seize to-night's occasion of Her pleasure, and that your part therein from soul-swoon to word-oracle, will-phrenzy to act-madness, may be one total epilepsy, your Lord the Devil possess you to the utmost, Her hour's bloom ripened to fulfilment-fruit sweeter and jucier yet than She hath tasted.

Yes: I live only to create, and to destroy; fashion a body for my Soul, in its own image, so that my invisible Godhead get him visible heirs; I, victim-priest, slay self in temple of Alostrael, Her knife to pierce my heart, Her incense to make mad my mind, Her altar the Sarcophagus, Her body, its Fire, Her lust that licks, licks up, devours, transmuting to absorbing in itself this glad Burnt Offering all of me, my Soul.

In other words, I am now doing my Will; for as the Beast I must proclaim my Word, the Aeon-Word, the Magus' Image of Truth, the Law of Liberty, Four Score and Ten and Three, the Word Thelema, that men may hear and understand; unto which end I must invoke all Art, that those who are blind, deaf, nay idiot unto Truth may yet be drawn to Her by Her veil's broidery, its perfume, its mystery, and so grope after Her in twilight.

To men must I be poet, prophet, crying aloud! Also it is my Will to be The Beast to Her that rideth me, the Scarlet Woman, loud, adulterous, Whore, mad drunk on Her own Cup. Her Cup blood-glutted, Her Cup drugged with the Herbs Insane that she hath soaked in Sin; hath bruised in Cruelty, and hath stewed in Vice, distilled in Fancy, until Imagination's cucurbit congealed, drop sweltering after drop, the Venom Her Soul's Spilth, Quintessence and Elixir, Absolute, uttermost, perfect; its name Abomination!

Even as unto Man I give my Life, reveal my Godhead, heal him, exalt him, cry my Word's deliverance; so unto Her I owe my death, and to Her body's fire feed my fierce flesh for fuel.

So my cocaine-lit 'Unconditioned-Will' is but my freed normal Will. (6.50 p.m. I may go on a little later.)

7.15 p.m. I have eaten a little—a very little dinner.

The point is: why should my normal will require cocaine, or seem to do so, if it is to realize itself in written thought and Kitten sport?

I still think (I have hinted it elsewhere) that the last paragraph before dinner explains it. My 'conditions' make my matter-mistresses miscarry! My will to write or paint? 'Troll, to thyself be enough!' I am no nearer satisfaction when the poem is typed. Suppose we ask the Idea of Physical Fatherhood one question? 'Would you rather lose your son when he is twenty, and bound your life's hope to him; or when he's ten, and keeps you wild with pride, anxiety, and the like; or when he's five, and you have just begun to take him seriously, build on him, adjust your future to his career; or when he's weaned, and your Love's-Tenderness is yet too chaste to suffer the gross wooing of Hope; or at his birth, when your girl's danger is so real, your child's life but a bubble-dream as yet; or while his being is no more than promise? If one must choose; if there be no one chance that he may bear one's honour, courage, pride, blazing Blood's Oriflamme to battle, storm the breached wall o' the City Oblivion, capture the trenches of old Marshall Time, answer the roll-call at one's name in the March-Past of Veterans; if, speak it brutally, one must pass utterly, inter with one's own carcass the dead will, stilled though, extinguished soul of sire on sire; then, Father-Will, wouldst thou not rather face thy fate at the first, fall Roman on thy sword, and cheat the torturer Hope-Deceived? Better scorn Life, live chaste, than play the mouse to the Cat Fate! Rather the Priest of Atys than of Moloch,<sup>1</sup> scorn Hope with Thomson than with Tennyson cringe to her! A mute inglorious Milton! Yes, I must flame with ecstasy so fierce that my contempt for man does not make me, like the American mongrel cur, 'too proud to' write! And I must lust for Leah, for this Whore my Queen, so that Her barren joy, Her scream's madness-rapture, Her swoon's glut, be all, more than all, my passion's prize, the seal of blood on my death-warrant, the smoke on my soul's pyre, and on my carrion corpse the worm's white revel. While I'm a man, weighing the thing's worth, a Jew, 'tis yes or no as Mr Justice Mind may sum the case; when I'm the cocaine-fiend, I do my Will, even as God doth His, great lust of Act, great lust; no care of Act's result. To-night I'll write as I will; I'll drench my body with drink and drugs; I'll claw Truth's face, till she shriek poetry; and in the bed where my Alostrael wriggles, I will make offering to hag's beastliness, my soul to putrefy within Her Body of Dung, my body in Her Soul of Hell to burn, the worm that dieth not, the fire that is not quenched. Weeping, wailing, gnashing of teeth! The man must shrink—the coward! I the cocaine-fiend laugh at him. I sing for God, our Devil, our Lord, Aiwaz; praise of Alostrael my flaming fiend I sing; and now to the debauch of death, of dirt, of devilry, of dire desire, of dread delight, I go; I go to my fiend-wife, and in foul quagmire of her mouth I bog the breath that was pure Life to the World. I am content to sing, to serve, my Whore. Is the price death, pain, madness? Must I be damned, to-day, to-morrow, for ever; my flesh rot with Her kisses, my nerves with this cocaine, my soul with Her fiend-self? Gladly will I! And though I love Her, gaily and strongly, as yesterday and to-day I shewed, with bodily worship, with naught but sun, sea, air, to

<sup>1</sup> The Canaanite idol, to whom children were sacrificed (Leviticus xviii, 21). The Priests of Atys castrated themselves.

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stimulate, yet since cocaine exalts to the Absolute this Relative I'll take it, baresark. Satan shall set my battle in array, not Michael.

Come, Come, Come, Aiwaz! Come, thou Devil Our Lord! On these snow-glittering slopes of poison-crystals, these soft, crisp, deadly pure, exhilarating feather-flakes, on these my soul shall stride.

What mortal verse should please the ear that loves no less than a stabbed rival's moan, a soul's snarl as it swears Her murder-oath, or a child's scream of fear and pain when She, or I at bidding of Her, call Satan to pour brandy of Crime into our Lust's drained goblet, where once there foamed and sparkled Love's Champagne? Nor shall a man's love serve Her, whose body is now no more than Her soul's coffin, where with Her worms She revels as She rots: I must be Satan's self to-night, to ravish Her, to gallop Her, our steeds Lust's Lion, Filth's Hyaena, Murder's Tiger, Secret Rapture's Snake.

Satan I'll be, by favour of our Lord; She lies there; She desires me; one more sniff; I'll to Her!

11.10 p.m. I have been talking Love with Leah for an hour or more. We have just drunk a cocktail of White Burgundy and White Bordeaux, as our love-philtre. I asked Her to replace my Snow by Water—Russian Water—but that's a Prudence, prim young Quakeress, 'taught to be cautious' by her father, whom I know; for all his hat's broad brim, for all his sober cloth. I know his eyes' evasion, his heart's stumble; he is none else than Mr Love-God Funk. No, Prudence, you're his daughter! Take your charms elsewhere. Off, pretty maid; I'll not marry you till your old dad lies dead! My whore for me: Her father is Sir Dare-All Hellfire. Hers am I, and her sister-soul's, my Maid Cocaine, her father chieftain in the warrior clan of Death, her mother of the Wild Men's Tribe of Madness. I'll take cocaine as I damn please; if I stop now, it is that my nose wants another and fierier drug; I'll to Alostrael, for no sake but this, that I'm blind drunk with lust of Her. Her patience—she lies rubbing her flat breasts, babbling with incoherent foulness, self-sufficiency—maddens me, damn Her! Damn Her! I stay here, I write, if haply I may rouse Her appetite, set Her jaws champing, until with growl and spring she fix my haunch. But no! to-night she plays the spider! Starved body—limbs like wire—and eyes that wait! They know—They know—the end! Disgusting insect! Devilish wit! Word-excrement your web! I'm not a fly, ah no! I'm brave Tom Thumb! I'm the Dwarf-Self of me, the Secret-God, the Hero that slew Giants, that to-night shall be Thy meat!

Out, sword! The spider lures—the web gleams, quivers, sings in the wind! To its black heart! To Her lewd murderous mouth! Her breath—she has been chewing a cigar to foul Her kisses for me—creeps like miasma to me...

29 July, 24. 12.15 a.m. Suddenly, She is over me; asp's poison on Her tongue as She beslavers me, the tale of all my manhood's shame, my blood's dishonour. She brands me liar and thief, a pimp, a cheat, false friend, low prostitute; and with Her scorn spat in my face, was Her perverse intensity, Her soul's abominable lust that claimed me Hers for all my very vileness.

Now she goes back; She knows I'll wait no more, She knows Her whirlpool sucks me swift, its waves fierce tossing me, vengeful, to Death . . .

I see the gulph—it gapes.

1.35 a.m. This whole hour occupied in the preparations for our Opus. Again the Baculum<sup>1</sup> is normal; hard to lift, and impossible to discharge, although almost continuously on the point of so doing. Bro. W. D.<sup>2</sup> records similar effects from prolonged opium-smoking.

The condition is intensely enjoyable, once the mind has dismissed its impatience or mistrust of a good Chinese. The pleasure goes and grows. It becomes Joy in the present, in the Way itself. It is childish, after all, to lust for Result. I've proved it in High Magick, in all holy things; so also in this holiest.

One doesn't swim all afternoon that one may reach some goal; nor trudge around a links for the sake of the half-crown, or the 'Goat', or to attain the Nineteenth Hole. The Eagerness to attain the theoretical goal is in a way an insult to the Goalkeeper! That is, when (as in Cefalu) the time-limit is not determined.

1.58 a.m. I note that in my present lamentable style of simile-spouting, elaborate as any Persian's, I find a word (by chance) to end a phrase, and this word mothers a new brood of similes. I seem to need to justify my chance analogies by matching them in detail. This record is but little more than strings of such onion-bunches.

There! I must stop myself, or I shall wander to a criticism of the aforesaid record, wherein I liken work to onions, smell, corelessness, etc. till some new chance bring up some unimportant word, whose visual imagery fascinates me, drags red herring across trail.

There again! I could digress on trails, on hounds, on quarry, herrings—anything. This is, I think, why these night-orgies have been so diffuse, so aimless, incoherent, end-not-demanding; they are like children's daisy-chains—but with Alostrael as the daisy. It reveals a very curious state of mind. I write for writing's sake. I do not need to choose a subject, to define its scope, to fix its form; I ramble like Endymion.

Observe how I draw out the phrase; here I'm already with the helm swung over (is not the steersman drunk, rolled in the scuppers?) the boom flung leeward, and the Good Ship reels off on a new tack? ('Tis Stevenson's Hispaniola I must thank this time for the image.) My mind is constantly preoccupied, when I unsheath my pen, with the desire-delight of kindling words. I do this chiefly, maybe, by their cadence; but also by invoking Beauty to confirm their mind's understanding by some Visible image. Thus, I don't write 'immensely high', 'immeasurably', 'inconceivably', or even 'heavenly high'. I match my height with a known object such that it suggests not only the measure of it, but the emotion sympathetic, either to it or to my mood. Coleridge must be the pattern, with his ice 'mast-high', which is the most impressive height-symbol to a sailor, and puts the

<sup>1</sup> Stick or staff, i.e. penis.

<sup>2</sup> The journalist, Walter Duranty, who participated in magical rites with Crowley in Paris in 1914.

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narrator where he is in thought, on a ship. I may write now 'high as Hamman', 'High as the Tree of Oaxaca', 'high as Himalaya', 'high as Phancy flies', always a definite image of Beauty, never a vague or mental measure. Such images are therefore almost sure to gild, to tint with azure, or ochre, with Tyrian purple, or Chinese vermilion, each page of mine illuminated Missal. Sometimes (as in the last) the image orders its heralds to precede its pomp; 'Missal' came flaming in my mind as a good synonym for this my work; but that suggested details of the illumination as the 'images', and so I wove them in the earlier strands.

But, when I've done with it, should the end hold an image, often that image gets my love: thus 'Strands' above might furnish a new page, pertinent sometimes, often no more than Shandy-gaff, half-tipsiness, Sterne-cruising-on-Meander. This is quite foreign to my early mode. I was precise and formal, wrote by the light of Euclid. But then I had a Goal; I wanted every word to be the cause of an effect, like Dr Pangloss.<sup>1</sup> Now, if I want a reader, 'tis but one, my love, my lean brown witch, Alostrael that sleeps as I scribble, mine from soiled feet to tangled curls! If I want more than one, 'tis that they envy me because She loves me, that they suck wine-drops that bedew these poppy and night-shade wreaths of happiness I fling them, and know that all my joy, perfect, transcending sense, is given of Aiwaz, whom we call the Devil, whose name is Will,<sup>2</sup> loud-uttered by cocaine, is Love,<sup>3</sup> strong-acted by my Scarlet Woman. They, reading this, shall know His virtue, Hers, yea, and Mine, which are all One. I want to work upon my Work, just now so self-intent, my Work that dotes in meditation fancy-free that lives like Parsifal, and loves like Onan. I want it to throw off its Coat of Many Colours, its Fool's Motley, vine-crowns of Bacchus, Achilles' Scyros-silk<sup>4</sup>; to bear steel armour, brandish lance, go forth Knight-Errant seeking Giant Business, Sorcerer Religion, Miser Morality, Dragon Conscience, the Sphinx Ignorance, and the Marsh-Hydra Fear, and rescue that green silly maid whose name's Mankind!

First, let me write my Book for Leah, poesy pure, clear, fiery, musical, as I've done never as yet; and let Her soul, even as I know it, lurk like a snake in that fresh grass, and poison lambs and calves that browse on it.

Next, let me end my Comment on *The Book of the Law*; may Aiwaz, since He spake it, put to my mouth a trumpet, mighty in silver, that shall awake all peoples.

And let me work High Magick, work with my Scarlet Woman as She may ordain it. Aiwaz, I whisper Thee, make Thou my wine at all times with Earth's vigour, strong, fierce with Sun's flame, magnetic with Moon's witchery, its serpents many and shining as the Stars! May it suffice Her Graal, that yet hath known no plummet! So let Her drink, and the World

<sup>1</sup> 'The tutor Pangloss was the oracle of the house, and little Candide followed his lessons with all the candour of his age and character. Pangloss taught metaphysico-theologo-cosmologology. He proved admirably that there is no effect without a cause and that in the best of all possible worlds, My Lord the Baron's castle was the best of castles . . .' *Candide*.

<sup>2</sup> The value of Thelema is 93, which is the number of Aiwaz.

<sup>3</sup> Agape, value 93.

<sup>4</sup> Hard.

drink! All men confess Her power, live by Her breath, their thought, Our Lord the Devil's their Word, the Word Thelema, spoken of me The Beast, and their one act Her act, Alostrael's, Her act that hath writ Mystery on Her brow, hath dyed Her robe with blood, hath filled Her cup with poison and madness, ay, Her sole Act, continuous, Her true life that which hath set Her straddling me, enthroned Her on me through Earth proclaimed The Whore!

3.55 a.m. My Whore awakes: I'll to Her!

4.40 a.m. Another Work here interrupted by young Anu Leah,<sup>1</sup> bless her!

6.55 a.m. Opus II, 31-666-31, *per os dominae*.<sup>2</sup> Operation: partly as described above, partly ineffable for splendour and terror. Elixir: copious, rather thin. Object: to make manifest Her power.

7.20 a.m. I am extremely nervous, overwrought; I blame the mental effects of Opus II more than the cocaine. I've taken 31 drops of laudanum. My mouth, tongue, throat are fearfully sore; again I blame the excess of abuse of them in kissing, more than the weakening of their tissues from the local action of the cocaine. Bathed in a violent sea; calm day fell, and deep night.

30 July, ♀. 8.45 a.m. I feel normal enough; fresh, clear, strong, interested in my work.

6.40 p.m. My mouth and throat still worry, but not much.

10.10 p.m. Opus III, 31-666-31 (no snow). Operation: sacred, passionate, intense, controlled, normal. Object: to have a Temple worthy of the Rite.

The mental-magical work was very concentrated, the ecstasy the match of it, being smooth as also it was utmost. We are both physically tired after a day distracting and depressing. Sleep is our common need.

31 July, ♀. Jane begins month of training at 10.00 p.m.

10.05 p.m. A calm day—bathing, etc. as usual. I note that there is no doubt possible as to the completeness of the Magick of Cocaine. Opus III above was as good as it could be. Alostrael called it 'Perfect'. But it was strictly limited, human, finite. It hurled us into a Maelstrom of Self. Despite many drawbacks, during the Work<sup>3</sup> and afterwards, the Cocaine Opus is always 'Beyond the Veils'.<sup>4</sup> One is insatiable, sleep-free, conscious of infinites, condition-spurning.

1 August, ☉. 12.40 p.m. Opus IV, 31-666-31 and Ethel. Operation: the best (in its way) that I remember at any time. Perfectly strong and intense. The climax took me altogether away; I recall nothing of it. Alostrael had the same effect. Elixir: no special observation. Object: a new picture. Result: immediate; I got straight up and did a portrait of The Scarlet Woman in Her robe—oval. 'Tis the best thing I've ever done.

<sup>1</sup> The baby, nick-named Poupée.

<sup>2</sup> 'By the lady's mouth.'

<sup>3</sup> The Work of the Gnosis, or the *Orgia*.

<sup>4</sup> The veils of matter.

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2 August, ♃. A nice calm day. Jane investigating OCELLI,<sup>1</sup> does very good work.

3 August, ♂. 10.00 a.m. Opus V, 31-666-31. Operation: admirable, of the 'normal' or unstimulated type. Elixir: very rich and copious. Object: to make good (i.e. acceptable) scenarios for moving pictures.

4 August, ♀. 'Odd Boots'<sup>2</sup> now approved by Jane. My big swim from the bay East of our cave to that West of it—good. My throat very bad.

5 August, ♃. Throat still bad; compresses and sleep. I note that my erection is strong and lasting all these days—it was never better in my whole life. I seem always ready and eager to enjoy any spare moments as Leah wishes, and I have no trouble in self-mastery either.

We may then definitely assert that big doses of cocaine impair erection. (Necessary to say this, as so much of the generally received opinion about its effects is inaccurate.) I note further that I have not the slightest wish to renew taking the drug. (A week since I did so.) I see each experiment in perspective, as a cycle; and I feel that the game is not worth the candle. I came long years ago to precisely the same conclusion about hashish; and abandoned the use of it for that exact reason. But I use hashish today for mind-analysis, at need, and have no reaction, for I know how to use it. I have still to learn how to use cocaine to produce writing fits without getting bad after-results. At present my sole technique is abstinence, for after long disuse cocaine acts very well. I am sure, too, that I must conquer the tendency to keep on nipping at it all night, but get all I want from one or two sniffs, as I did in New Orleans.

6 August, ♀. Began the day as usual—well. Painted, bathed, etc.

11.15 p.m. Opus VI, 31-666-31. Elixir: admirable. Operation: extremely good in all ways. Object: to have a proper House of the Sovereign Sanctuary<sup>3</sup> of our own.

7 August, ♃. Long scramble round Caldura—bar last bit.

8 August, ☉. House-cleaning—Jane's record<sup>4</sup>—touching up paintings. A dull, pleasant day.

<sup>1</sup> This was the word (received by Crowley from the Secret Chiefs) for the Spring Equinox. Jane Wolfe investigated it astrally. Crowley did not record its meaning, but see page 101.

<sup>2</sup> The title of a Crowley film. Crowley's outline or treatment, about a thousand words long, is extant. Jane Wolfe had acted in Hollywood films.

<sup>3</sup> 'The Sovereign Sanctuary of the Gnosis' is a term which Crowley used to cover all sex-magical techniques.

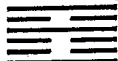
<sup>4</sup> Her magical record or diary of her magical progress. From time to time Crowley read the diaries of his pupils and commented on them; his own diaries were available for them to read.



9 August, ♃. 12.10 a.m. Opus VII, 31-666-31. Operation: exceptional sobriety; no stimulants all day, bar a mild liqueur at dinner. I mention this, as the Operation was most amazingly intense, powerful, and concentrated. Alostrael went off to sleep within two minutes of receiving the Sacrament.<sup>1</sup> I am singularly fresh. Climax perfect from every point of view. Elixir: admirable at all points. Object: to bestow upon 31-666-31<sup>2</sup> the power of vision 'bright as the Sun, pure as the Moon, far distant as the Stars'. (Mode: anointed eyes with Elixir before communicating.)

10 August, ♂. Long bathe, etc. Leah getting visions—I think from 729,<sup>3</sup> or Abuldiz.<sup>4</sup> Saw One-Tree-House.

11 August, ♀. Give general symbol for buying a One-Tree-House:



, 'Big splash'.<sup>5</sup> If we do it, it must be as an adventure. As I did Operation I thought: 'Great place for a printing house.'

9.00 p.m. Pentagram and 'Bornless One',<sup>6</sup> very splendidly done.

9.50 p.m. *circa*. The Virgin<sup>7</sup> ordered me by 93<sup>8</sup> to take snow<sup>9</sup> tonight; having no oath against it, I obey without lust of result<sup>10</sup> or fear, though I had casually promised myself to abstain for four weeks. The orgie began accordingly.

11.05. LA-ShT-AL, 31-XXXI-31.<sup>11</sup> Beast-Set-Whore. *Shin* is the Card of the Stélé, and *Teth* of Babalon and the Beast. This Lashtal is therefore 93, the Trinity of Us.<sup>12</sup> Leah had been invoking Aiwass and got a small black figure hiding among the rocks. I told her to accept this, as there is None

<sup>1</sup> The Elixir.

<sup>2</sup> Alostrael.

<sup>3</sup> The Wizard Amalantrah whom Crowley discovered on the Astral Plane during 1918 through the then Scarlet Woman, Ahitha (Roddie Minor).

<sup>4</sup> The Wizard Abuldiz (or Ab-ul-Diz). Crowley's working with this Intelligence whom he contacted through Sister Virakam (Mary d'Este Sturges) led to the writing of *Book Four*, 1913, the treatise on magick and mysticism which preceded his masterpiece, *Magick in Theory and Practice*, 1929.

<sup>5</sup> This is Crowley's expression, not Legge's, for Hexagram XXI of the *Yi King* (*I Ching*).

<sup>6</sup> The Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram, a ritual to banish hostile or unwanted forces from the place of working, preceded the main ritual, 'The Bornless One' (in the original Greek papyrus, it is 'The Headless One'), i.e. without limits. 'The Bornless One' was a ritual, of Sumerian origin, which Crowley used for invoking his Holy Guardian Angel, Aiwass. See *Liber Samekh* (*Magick*, pages 265-301).

<sup>7</sup> The Virgin Guardian of the Sangraal, Alostrael.

<sup>8</sup> Aiwass.

<sup>9</sup> Cocaine.

<sup>10</sup> 'For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect.' *The Book of the Law*.

<sup>11</sup> The battery 31-XXXI-31 is the Cabbalistic form of *Lashtal*; LA = 31, ShT = 31, AL = 31, the whole = 93. Crowley interprets this trinity as Beast-Set-Whore; the middle number is in Roman numerals because it is the sum of the two Tarot Trumps XX (ascribed to *Shin*) and XI (ascribed to *Teth*).

<sup>12</sup> Beast-Set-Whore. Set is Shaitan or Aiwass, that is, Crowley, his Holy Guardian Angel, and his Scarlet Woman (Whore).

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beside Him. She got a word, half-formed, which began Σ F (206)<sup>1</sup> and after two doubtful letters, went on ΨΠ. *Su* might be for Soul, *Up* for Hyper or Hypo something. All very slow and vague, this; but I feel much more confidence than in Ahitha's<sup>2</sup> glibness or Virakam's<sup>3</sup> gush. This is more like the original Aiwass work in Cairo,<sup>4</sup> with Initiation added to me, and for a Scarlet Woman without personality or self-won freedom, to true . . .

(L.G.O.C.F.Y.)<sup>5</sup> Soul-identity with Him whom I name not,<sup>6</sup> the Idea of *The Book of the Law*. (Leah's visions follow.) I expect little, but that little practical and quintessential.

Alostrael: 'Star, many pointed, twelve points in groups of two. Within this star many pentagrams . . . Star is silver but its rays golden. 3 replaces the star, higher up . . . Black crow behind 3. Arch of light, high up, beyond these things . . . Through this is a crescent with a pentagram . . . Letter changes to original star. Below, are three small arches . . . These replaced by crescent with stem, a scythe.'

'Ask Aiwass! Manifest, be content with none other!'

Alostrael: 'He<sup>8</sup> stands on a cliff. She<sup>9</sup> goes out to Him. He's in a black robe, short, and wears a round black hat, goes to Him. I must use scythe for something, before I can get there. He torments me. He's stripped . . . fine big body, long oval face, close shaven; that's a show to tease me. He takes the Beast's form. Alostrael rides upon this phantom and enjoys Him! L A C H . . . O T is the Word seen and felt, but not heard by Her.'

'Is the C H a *Cheth*?'

Alostrael: 'Yes, I think so . . . In the space is a sort of E . . . the crescent moon is always interfering with the vision by attracting undue attention; now the Sun comes; the 12-pointed star is the Sun. C now came consecutively into the space in the word; now a round-topped M, now a small r printed with a short hook, might be a badly cast y.'

'Ask for a definite statement as to why this Word is spoken to Us.'<sup>10</sup>

Alostrael: A diamond-shaped brooch filled with jewels . . .'

'Is it a sign of His identity?'

Alostrael: 'Doorway with that over it. I go in, turn to right, up stairs. A wide room with an arch at end; arch is lined with jewels, set in silver. At

<sup>1</sup> The second Greek letter is a digamma, hence the number 206.

<sup>2</sup> Roddie Minor.

<sup>3</sup> Mary d'Este Sturges.

<sup>4</sup> The Cairo Working produced *The Book of the Law*, 1904, the quintessence of Crowley's philosophy.

<sup>5</sup> The initial, or perhaps final, letters of words in a sentence of six words addressed to the Intelligence on the Astral Plane. For example, 'I.A.w.y?' or 's.s.h.u?' both mean 'Is Aiwass with you?' The reason for putting the question in cypher is to by-pass the medium so that she will not be influenced in her reply.

<sup>6</sup> LA = Not, but in any case it is Aiwass.

<sup>7</sup> This is Crowley speaking, instructing Leah, the seeress. He wants Aiwass to appear in the vision.

<sup>8</sup> Aiwass.

<sup>9</sup> Leah, the seeress; she has appeared in her own vision.

<sup>10</sup> Us, the Holy Trinity, Beast, Set or Aiwass, Whore or Scarlet Woman (Leah).

long end [of room] an altar, and semi-circular ornament on wall . . . No, a canopy. I go under it . . . bright light beyond, dazzling . . .'

'Is Aiwass there?'

Alostrael: Yes, on floor, in black.'

'Do it again!'<sup>1</sup>

Alostrael: 'We do, with the proper invocations that He may incarnate in our next Bastard, and speak to Us. He says "Yen". This was felt, heard, spelt out, and seen. Now it looks like M. Yen might be 65, the Holy Guardian Angel.'<sup>2</sup>

'Are we working right?'

Alostrael: 'Yes.'

'Any improvement possible?'

(Beast gets a vision of a 'proper temple' which had already been decided on by Whore as the object of the next Opus.<sup>3</sup>)

Alostrael: 'The scythe reappears. She [Alostrael] strikes ground.'

'This means that we should reap what we've sowed.'

Alostrael: 'Blood leaps from smitten earth which is rocking; it becomes a dark crimson lotus-bud.'

(This seems to agree with my interpretation; our crimson house or heart will bud when we harvest our seed instead of sowing more all the time.)

Alostrael: 'Moon is always around.'

'Does that refer to Jane? How's moon connected with our work?'

Alostrael: 'A crescent with a line in it, ☾.'

'Probably the bow and arrow.'<sup>4</sup>

12 August, 24. Midnight. Dialogue continued.

'Does moon refer to Jane?'

Alostrael: 'Aiwass is always in water, in a cave-like place, or high on a mountain. He gives gestures which Alostrael calls "It all depends". Now He signifies the same in another way, and adds, "She is chosen, but may fail." He goes, comes back, kneels to Alostrael, unveils His face of glory.'

'Be with Us always even when our mortality fails before Thee.'

(He passes within Her, after kissing Her brow, and then stays in Her womb, and goes through Her, and returns).

'Bind Us together in love more closely and fiercely every day.'

(We follow Him together, she naked, Beast in scarlet abbai. He creates a fire by silent Will; it sucks us all into it, He following; all closes over us, and we are back in the Basilica of Saint Chrysostom in the City of Ktenoproct on the Pearl River<sup>5</sup> where good King Mahalinga wields the Sceptre.)

<sup>1</sup> Ride the phantom (Aiwass) again.

<sup>2</sup> Yen = 65, (Y = 10, e = 5, n = 50). 65 is the number of אֲדֹנָי (Adonai), The Lord, synonymous with The Holy Guardian Angel.

<sup>3</sup> Crowley at this point gets a vision of a temple, an ideal temple, one superior to the real temple in the Abbey.

<sup>4</sup> Crowley's comment. The bow and arrow is one of the glyphs of the goddess Nuit (Nuith or Nut).

<sup>5</sup> Normal consciousness returned to them. Johannes Chrysostomus (golden-mouthed), so surnamed because of the power of his eloquence (A.D. 347-407), a

## *The Magical Record of the Beast*

12.45 a.m. Talking over the Vision. Discussing the rational bases of the Magick of the Gnosis, and the XI°.

1.30 a.m. Orgie begins again.

2.00 a.m. I note that I suggested to Her to order me to take Cocaine; but my reason was not 'craving' or 'vice'. I felt so marvellous strong on all planes at and after the Invocation that I wanted to abolish the limits, and to avoid cutting short my delight by physical orgasm, however wonderful.

2.35 a.m. We have been out to drink of Pactolus,<sup>1</sup> to play romantic love of nights Sicilian, with Mitylene<sup>2</sup> masque, then to invoke Nuith under Her Stars. She answered my first call with a white shooting star, almost like a comet, so long was its light-wake, very brilliant, and my second by a red star, bright but without a trail. Perfection's white and red!<sup>3</sup>

2.45 a.m. Alys, your maiden breasts? What ape is't gibbers, mews, mauls them with claw, with tooth? What hag of Hecate, by Satan's craft revives her goat-soul at your milkless lamb's teats? She grins; she snarls; she sucks; the maid abhors the fascination of the foul snake slaverling on her, the flickering tongue that lies, degrades, envenoms, and in stupration wins to ecstasy.

Her breath! I faint . . . I fall . . . She has me . . .

3.15 a.m. Finished our gramme ( $\frac{1}{2}$  each) of cocaine.

3.40 a.m. Started ether.

4.30 a.m. Short interval for starlight romance.

4.44 a.m. More ether; a little, very little, more cocaine: two sniffs and a 'kiss'. We both went off, I ending with Alostrael, and waking again with Al;<sup>4</sup> this shows (a) I love her, (b) 'Her' is a mixture of my Scarlet Woman and the 31 that is the key of 93,<sup>5</sup> (c) that these three are one. I was quite inert physically. Some time or other in this Dawn-Meditation I got:

S.W.: 'You're like a man trying to be polite.'

B.: 'When he wants to vomit in a woman's face.'

S.W.: 'Which would disgust him, and wound love.'

B.: 'And that's where the sense of humour comes in.'

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prominent father and saint of the Greek Church; he was made Archbishop of Constantinople in 397. 'The Basilica of Saint Chrysostom' probably means Leah's mouth used in an act of fellatio. 'City of Ktenoproct on the Pearl River where good King Mahalinga wields the Sceptre' can be translated 'City of Cuntbum on the River of Spunk where the good King Greatprick reigns supreme'. It is not surprising that after writing this passage a discussion on the XI° O.T.O., and an operation of that nature, followed.

<sup>1</sup> Pactolus, a river in Asia Minor on the shores of which gold was to be found in abundance. Probably an allusion to urine.

<sup>2</sup> Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos.

<sup>3</sup> The white and red tinctures of the alchemists.

<sup>4</sup> AL, the Hebrew word for Existence or God, is the Cabbalistic Key to *The Book of the Law*. Its value is 31.

<sup>5</sup> Three times 31 is 93 which is the number of Aiwaz (Crowley's Holy Guardian Angel, Shaitan), Thelema (Will), Agape (Love): these three in Crowley's system are equivalent. Hence, Do What Thou Wilt (Thelema) and Love under Will (Agape).

This seemed to me at the time a remarkable epitome of the whole range of emotions. Later. We are doing an operation to have a Temple of Magick, i.e. for our Gnosis and XI°. (Previously remarked that XI° rites seemed to gain value from destroying rational limitations.)

'A tired man loving a pregnant woman.' This is doubly against nature. It is then exactly the right and necessary operation for this purpose. For Magick is out to make two and two other than four, and prove it. When this is done, we must make them make four again. (Alostrael: 'T'would be easy.' Beast: 'Nay!')

This is very important, showing that I recognize Magick as concerned to *reverse* any existing order. (Cf. Parzival's idea of Reversal, which gave him the LA-31-AL Key to CCXX!!!)<sup>1</sup>

Later. Found Leah out! All her remarks were just so many devices to induce erection—appeals to father-love, religion, passion, magick, vice, poetry, etc. But the cocaine won by a short head—so did my perception of her tricks—the sceptic cannot beget children. It is *necessary* for women to deceive men that the race may live. 'The love of knowledge is the hate of life.'

Later. Forgot all this and everything else in an absolute phrenzy of Union—I won't use the absurd word Love, but say Agape, 93, if needs must.

7.11 a.m. Opus VIII, 31-666-31, p[er] o[s] d[ominae]. Operation as described above. Practically no erection till climax and little then. But no special desire for it; the whole work was intensely spiritual, with the physical acts no more than symbolic gestures. Bodily anaesthesia almost absolute. Several times noticed that I was conscious only of Ajna and Muladhara.<sup>2</sup> The orgasm, with copious emission, seemed Three distinct drops; it brought little pleasure or relief. I was utterly concentrated on the Work, and announced the Purpose clearly and with 'logical precautions' while the drops passed.<sup>3</sup> I am in splendid physical condition, and had a strong erection at the first touch of Leah before the snow<sup>4</sup> fell. Testes very full. It is sure that cocaine in bulk stops firm correctness<sup>5</sup> either by physical action or by making one think it is detrimental. Elixir—very thick and rich; plentiful; the Eagle<sup>6</sup> had been mostly consummated earlier in the Work, so the Marriage<sup>7</sup> must take place within the Temples.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Parzival' was one of the mottoes of Charles Stansfeld Jones of Vancouver (Frater Achad), who discovered the key to *The Book of the Law* (CCXX). The Reversal refers to his motto, Achad, which has the value of 13.

<sup>2</sup> The Ajna chakra or subtle centre is depicted as situated between the eyebrows, the Muladhara at the base of the spine. Ajna is the seat of Will, Muladhara that of the sexual energies.

<sup>3</sup> Crowley mentally formulated the purpose of the operation ('To have a Temple fit for our Rites...') and verbally declared it while ejaculating. The 'logical precautions', an ironic phrase, were the usual magical safeguards.

<sup>4</sup> Cocaine.

<sup>5</sup> 'Firm correctness': this phrase frequently appears in Legge's *Yi King*.

<sup>6</sup> 'The gluten of the Eagle': the female fluids.

<sup>7</sup> The Mystical or Alchemical Marriage.

<sup>8</sup> In this context, the genitals.

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We had used: 1, Pactolus; 2, Sun;<sup>1</sup> 3, Eagle;<sup>2</sup> 4, Lion;<sup>3</sup> 5, Mercurial Water;<sup>4</sup> 6, Mars and Venus Oil;<sup>5</sup> 7, C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>6</sub>O;<sup>6</sup> 8, Cocaine; 9, (C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>5</sub>)<sub>2</sub>O.<sup>7</sup>

Object: To have a Temple fit for our Rites of Babalon and the Beast. I'm calculating 'B[abalon] and the B[east] conjoined' and note TO MEFA = 419 = ♃.<sup>8</sup> But I get no more.

8.05. Coffee and biscuit.

We used an enormous quantity of ether, nearly a litre, our dose being usually about a tenth, perhaps less. Cocaine, then, enables one to resist ether. We got no excitement of the disturbing kind at all, but the clarity of perception was much steadied and slowed; thanks to this we have snared the wary Truth-sables whose furs now cling to my Whore's throat—and hide its oval brand, month-old and more!

8.20 a.m. Damn the Greek Cabbala when it won't react to Podophyllin.<sup>9</sup> I'll leave it costive, and go off a-wooing.

8.25 a.m. No, I don't; for a new idea comes. I've worked so long and feel so fresh that I decide to go on with cocaine to find out how long the sustaining action can be kept up. Alostrael has killed my 'punctuality-complex'; and Jane's presence makes me what I am, a God-damned Englishman, God damn it! And I don't give a God-damn for you, God damn your eyes! I'm the One He-Man in this Hen-Abbey.

Felt rather tired during the bath; 500 strokes or so left me gasping. At fives, I was confident, and careless, and didn't perspire much. I was very lively talking to Giosne.<sup>10</sup> I came in to [perform] the Pentagram [ritual] etc., like Hansi's Big Lion,<sup>11</sup> and went all but insane—yet superbly under control—with the attainment of ecstasy, singing and shouting the words, many of the Barbarous Names new-forged on my soul's anvil. I went straight to the Opus. I am now (8.35 a.m.) active, self-confident, free from all apprehension, eager to work, but not creative. I painted two fine pictures yesterday, The Pool and East o'Cefalu. I am locally tired in Ajna and Muladhara,<sup>12</sup> having lived there so intensely and so exclusively for so long

I'll rest (8.40), smoke, toy with Leah.

8.42. Can't rest! Leah agrees that I don't sniff, unless snow be there: previously I did this, I think it is a danger signal that the nose 'craves' snow.

8.45. Time goes slowly; above note and much talk in three minutes.

8.46. To the assault!

8.55. It is a curious feeling. *Impuissance* and indifference dominate me, and

<sup>1</sup> Probably the actual solar rays.

<sup>2</sup> Leah, the Scarlet Woman.

<sup>3</sup> The Lion Serpent, the Beast.

<sup>4</sup> The Elixir or sexual fluids combined.

<sup>5</sup> Gleet.

<sup>6</sup> Alcohol.

<sup>7</sup> Ether.

<sup>8</sup> 'Babalon and the Beast conjoined', i.e. in sexual union, is symbolized by the Hebrew letter *Teth*, ♃, the number of which is 419. Crowley, in beginning to calculate the numeration of The Great Beast, notes that The Great, TO MEFA = 419. He did not continue these lucubrations until later.

<sup>9</sup> A laxative.

<sup>10</sup> A local character.

<sup>11</sup> Crowley is the Big Lion. Hansi was Leah's little son by a certain Edward Carter.

<sup>12</sup> In this context, the seat of the Will (*Ajna*) and sexual energy (*Muladhara*).

there is also that which wishes to 'love' the object which inspires these sentiments, for that same cause! I've turned repulsion into passion, fear into love, disgust to worship; but here beside me lies a worn-out toy. The Opus absorbed all the forces; we are both amethystine<sup>1</sup> sober, our heads well-water, clear and cool, our souls at ease. Can that perfection suffer? Can I who raped the maiden, decoyed the wife, hired myself to the widow, and with wanton wild made revel, I, I, can I woo this scarecrow carrion? Can I, who writhed at stroke of the snake's fang, whose ribs cracked in her coil, can I pretend that death still lurks under that dull cast skin? I loved Her as Her slave; I lived to pander to Her lust. My neck was for Her foot; my flesh for Her tooth's need to tear, to gnaw, to pulp!

My tongue that spake God's Word, that sang as none of all my peers sang ever, nay, neither Keats nor Shakespeare, nay, not the voice that roared through Demogorgon,<sup>2</sup> or his that thrilled in Hertha's<sup>3</sup> throat—my tongue has lackeyed Her most villainous vices. My tongue has been Her flatterer, smooth to refute Her mirror and Her mind; it has been slave to Her, with plausibility to cheat Her very scullions of their wage, and for its own to take the greasy coins that She flings down, and takes them for fine gold of the fine gold. It was a sewer of foul speech, to pleasure her perversity that gloats on dirt and on disease. It has denied its God, in its stead had heralded Her rottenest Soul-cancer, licking the dust, the mire of dung, the scabs of leprosy, the clots of murder, yea, those most nameless things, beastly beyond all beastliness, that are the sweat Her teats drip down from Her lean, Her snaky flanks.

Ay! it, as the rest of me, served Her, and gloated! God that gat sons on Her, high gods, stark Truth, fine Art, fierce Musick, yea, that gat Poupée's flesh, and our brave bastard's that lies curled (oh! curled so close be sure!) beneath her heart till Springtide bring Him forth, my Son that shall rejoice mine age, this God that is mine inmost I was Hers. She soiled the Dove as Leda soiled the Swan, nay more, as Pantagrue the Goose!

This God was Hers to mock, scourge, spit on, to torment, Hers to tear open, Hers to devour, its bones flung at Her feet to the hyaena, to the obscene, the stinking the foul glutton of not rottener carrion, yes, to the lewd hyaena hell's-laugh in his rank throat, that She hath made Her lover.

Gladly I suffered it; her lust grew, medlar-sweet and rotten; pride, like sand-rooted gourds; cruelty, poisonous thorn, and secret murder, monkshood; more, the desire of the Infinite, as 'twere the innocent poppy, with its white flower no more than virgin veil of that pod-strumpet, her whose kiss gives delight, gives wisdom, gives even peace, until the pustule ripen, burst in agony; until those blossoms bear their fruit. This rind most bitter, astringent of the Sodom-apple; Madness its fleshless pulp; and at the core, strangling, dry strands of Death.

This God did this for his Whore's pleasure. He loved to agonize as She

<sup>1</sup> Amethyst, the stone that protects the wearer against drunkenness.

<sup>2</sup> A mysterious and terrible infernal deity (*O.E.D.*).

<sup>3</sup> According to Tacitus, the ancient Germans worshipped Ceres under the name of Hertha.

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rejoiced. Also, the filthiest worm that lurks in me, its lair most sedulous his by Fear and Cunning he hath fed full upon Her flesh, bloated his lankness on Her blood. He was not I, the God, to offer Her godhead, liar and murderer, for I remoulded Her in Satan's Image; She standeth, Her feet's flame yet quenchless though they tread Pole's ice, and the earth spins beneath Her, and She doth evil, fancieth filth, dreameth destruction; thus and not otherwise She blesseth it.

He was not I, the Devil-God, but I the Worm of the Slime, the blind Mouth with loose lips, the deaf brain self abused, the sewer-Body; I that am leech and tapeworm, bladder-barb by Nile and in the Congo, Thread-that-is-Death-by-Sleep; I loved Her and I had Her. Mine was the joy to roam and feed upon Her, Her flesh infected, drink of Her, Her blood polluted, so soon as Her God fled his temple, scurried to heaven with them that guarded Her, when Satan glared from Her damned eyes, laughed from Her murderous mouth, when She bestrode Her Beast, and drove Her heel's hate to his heart, as with the Whip She knows of She lashed hellward.

Ay! then the Worm was glutted; ay, all Her human self I took; I rotted it, I made her flesh as goat and stoat, I made her mind as an ape's mind, as an hyaena's, as a black panther's; I made her blood puff-adder's venom, tigress-gall, skunk-gland of stench; ay! even Her skin I made a mangy vixen's, set on Her brows a flush and on Her breast a coppery sheen, that he who ran might read—and run in Panic fear, an he'll be warned.

When first I found Her, She was a woman, one that held godhead, though 'twere a kite tenuity of thread perilous in such Wind of Doctrine. She had ripe womanhood, wrapping her in Motherhood's blouse, in Intellect's shawl, in Passion's slattern skirt, and Human Loving-kindness perched on Her head, a dove's wing with an eagle's feather trimming the toque's soft straw.

Now I, the God, have choked Her god in dung and bred the Basilisk, reared the fiend, Satan-Alostrael, to burn in hell with me—to burn, to writhe, to exult, to spend,<sup>1</sup> to be, to will, to go, to change, to lust, to create life, to kindle love, to unveil light, to unleash liberty, my Word and Law Thelema to proclaim, to 'stablish and to execute for ever. To build that Law into Man's Soul, as Nature builds a man from the fifth primate, is Her Satan-secret Asp-brew in Her Cup's Blood (Filth, Madness, Poison, Inchantment, Putrefaction): it aids Intoxication and its One Mystery of Mysteries, Initiation.

And I the Worm have trailed my slug-slow slime across Her Breasts; so that Her mother-mood is turned and Her breasts itch with lust of Incest. She hath given Her two-year bastard boy to Her lewd lover's whim of sodomy, hath taught him speech and act, things infinitely abhorred, with Her own beastly carcass. She hath tongued Her five-month girl, and asked its father to deflower it. She hath wished Her Beast to rape Her rotten old mother—so far is woman clean of Her! Then Her blood's grown icy hard and cold with hate; and Her eyes gleam as Her ears ring with a chime of wedding bells, dirty words, or vibrate, cat-gut fashion, to the thin shrieks of

<sup>1</sup> To ejaculate.



a young child that Her Beast-God-Slave-Mate is torturing for Her pleasure—ay! and his own, since of Her Cup he drank, and of Her soul he breathed.

He loved it all. He rolled each drop of filth around His tongue. All this because He loved Her. He loved Her as nor God nor Man nor Beast nor Devil has loved.

All this because She loved him as he Her; because She was of his bone marrow, and his flesh nerve, and of his blood the spirochaetes,<sup>1</sup> the pallid hosts, as 'twere they swooped from Tartary even to Rome!

I could have said it in a word: She's of sound Satan-stock; I recognized Her the stuff of my ideal, fiend-whore, and under my fierce thumbs her clay's masterpiece. The summit-beauty of it is her own chief asset, her raw clay's red ochre, the volcano-brand on her still smoking and charred goat-haunch.

And now—is She indifferent? If so, all's lost, and I? Most lost were I! From Magus, Word of the Aeon, I were thrust, my Wand a tinder-twig, my Word an Idiot's babble.

And there She lies, the lazy lump of nastiness, no more to me than my cut toenails, and to Her—I am not; she's asleep!

It's now 11.50 a.m. From 8.55 I have wanted to do necrophilia, to rape her rotten corpse. But I don't love Her; it's her lust for evil, for our Lord, for me—Her furies, filths, her frenzies, fantasies, her—(would she but say Her word!)—this, this I love. And She went to sleep, wouldn't take more cocaine, snored, woke once and counselled prudence again and got some hunks of bread and cheese—I'm sweating like a sow, I'll take some milk and biscuit.

11.56. Halt!

1.10 p.m. I note, and so does Leah, as often before, that there is a great hunger aroused by cocaine; but nothing will satisfy it. The medical idea that people think more drug will do so does not apply to us.

A curious paradox, that the Body's need to get the poison out of it should become conscious as a need to put something in! It hardly compliments one's telegraph service—or one's diagnosis expert, whichever it is.

1.40 p.m. She and I go bathing as soon as Giovanni returns to take charge. I'm perfectly fresh, except as regards erection, is this so strange after some seventeen hours' irritation, with perhaps four hours' rest for it? Cocaine interferes with micturation at once, one can't let oneself go for a long time, and there is a little pain of the 'nervous weakness' type, both before and during the act. My scrotum is at present not actually clamouring for a new snake-house, but it seems as full of the Sons of the Serpent. Uraei crowned with God, as any self-respecting scrotum ever is after being subjected to a Hirsig vacuum pump<sup>2</sup> with the patent Mercury-valve, warranted to extract embryo Colonels from wooden nutmegs. The trouble is purely functional and nervous; its cause is direct nerve-anaesthesia; a few

<sup>1</sup> *Spirochaeta pallida*: the organism responsible for syphilis. *The Faber Medical Dictionary*, 1953.

<sup>2</sup> A compliment to Leah Hirsig's sex-magical power.

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hours' local rest would cure it, and probably start a reaction of strength, from the repose deeper than usual which cocaine gives them. But after such a local repose (local, as writing three hours on end counts as deep sleep for those nerves) though erection may be strong, and desire ardent, and pleasure intense, it is hard to screw one's courage to the point of the Big Plunge. Nervous again, of course. There seems to be a fault in the system of signalling. Mental and physical do not react on each other as they should. It's like trying to talk to a Cefalu man who has been twenty years in America.

2.30 p.m. I note The Vision of the Demon Parenthesis, who is a Servitor of Cocaine. Doris Gomez<sup>1</sup> got him; she seemed to be walking with an armful of parcels, dropping one and then, as she picked it up, another. I get him in my literary style; also as Leah does, in flitting from one act to another; e.g. I lose my pen—I look for it; I see a bottle that needs filling; I go to the Supply. I see I need a shave; I get hot water. I find it too hot; then I fill the bottle and find the pen. And I write this; and now I'll shave.

2.45 p.m. Impatience is another symptom of cocaine; it seems connected with the hunger. Leah claims to be free from this; I think hers less than mine, but still very noticeable. It is caused by the dulled sensibility of the nerves, or the loss of the finger controls. I am now bored by the experiment, because it is one; because cocaine results are monotonous; and because I have no Will to create.

3.10 p.m. At present I can't see why anyone should go on taking cocaine after the first few hours, unless of course, to carry on some started labour.

3.30 concludes another half-hour's work.

Opus IX, 31-666-31, p[er] o[s] B[abalon]<sup>2</sup> and then . . . Operation: cocaine storm; very violent. Elixir: great, but only part uttered. Object: our love.

Note on above. The orgasm was in three parts, two in vagina, one in mouth. It went on and on, but almost without feeling; the third part I certainly did not know of.

3.40. Went bathing. When in water I had the sensation of wearing a bathing suit, Leah a similar illusion. She had numerous patches of cutaneous anaesthesia and also numbness of limbs.

13 August, ♀. I slept from 7.00 p.m. of Thursday to 3.30 a.m. when I woke and had lots of milk and biscuits. This morning I am very tired muscularly with the 'having-been-beaten' feeling; my eyes are somewhat heavy. I am sexually excitable and very strong. I have too the feeling that I ought to 'sleep it off' some more, but no real need to do so. I could not finish the actual experiment; it seemed to me perfectly absurd to go on taking cocaine, that no effect would come of it but to prolong boredom and weariness and to postpone recovery.

11.05 a.m. In a situation similar but with a Fortune less favourable was once a Young Fellow of Clare . . .

<sup>1</sup> Under the influence of cocaine, Crowley's literary style grew prolix; it became infected with parentheses. Doris Gomez was one of his American mistresses.

<sup>2</sup> 'By the mouth of Babalon.'

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Opus. X, 31-666-31. Operation: admirable; entirely spontaneous, perfectly normal in all ways. Elixir: excellent, copious, rich, strong. Object: invocation of 93 for Alostrael; to know Him better.

3.40 p.m. I think cocaine (in unveiling the Race-Impulse perhaps) has a definite tendency to release the film 'Sadism'. I have had lots of phantasies and wish-images of this type; so has Leah. She flamed up into mania yesterday about a dark curly-haired girl at the level crossing below the cemetery, who reminds her (I suspect) of her old rival Helen Hollis.<sup>1</sup>

It is curious that Jane's communications, some of them, were signed with a sigil which she took for 'Sun and Moon'—a circle with a crescent attached. But this sigil may be in reality nothing but a circumcised penis, foreshortened thus: ☉. However, curiously enough, this sigil has come up again twice. Yesterday, I looked up 'The Woman of Whoredom' for Leah's Cabbalistic problems and found it to be 864, which is also 'Shewstone-Levanah', Sun and Moon! Then this morning I bit Leah's back twice for good measure, and it branded her with just this sigil! I note that the tongue, mouth and throat soreness observed with previous cocaine experiments has not occurred at all this time, either to Leah or myself.

14 August, ♃. Everything normal: slept most of morning. Bro. Bushe, Lloyd's agent in Palermo, called and brought gifts Dionysiac.

15 August, ☉. 9.00 p.m. Everybody sick or damaged; all a mess. Oppressive weather, threatening rain, with no proper fall—so far. For these two or three days both Leah and I have thought of cocaine (1) useless, (2) a nuisance, (3) without fascination, as quite understood. I took a single sniff about 8.00 p.m. and found myself flung from depression to exultation; with impatience and a powerful impulse to make a night of it. The hunger suppressed all my previous general reflections. I resisted this and it is now passing off slowly, but very reluctantly. I gave Leah a single sniff, and asked her to record her attitude. I avoided mentioning mine, as above written. I may add that the hunger is not so much positive as negative; i.e. there seems nothing else one can possibly do. To go on is not interesting, but all other occupations are boring.


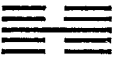

10.20. Leah's sensations were very similar to mine. Give a symbol for the present attitude of Ninette. Hexagram VI, Contention. Really, now? What course shall I take? Hexagram VII. This seems: oppose weakness to strength. 'Hosts'—read all chapter VII. What will be the final result of this contention? *Wu Wang*—simple and sincere. Read chapter 25. Talked over this a little and made various plans.

11.00 p.m. Opus XI, 31-666-31. Operation: brief, owing to cracks in cucurbit stand; but very spontaneous and strong. Elixir: copious; rich, admirable in all ways. Object: control over inferiors.

<sup>1</sup> Helen Hollis, who is called 'the Snake' in *The Confessions*, played a part in Crowley's initiation to the grade of Magus in 1915 in America. He described her as (1) an actress, (2) a street walker.

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The cocaine hunger passed away. I will now try another small sniff, feeling as I do after the opus, particularly alert and strong.

Symbol for Jane's present attitude: , 'Household', also 'The Oracle of the Sun'. This is exactly what she ought to be. Will she directly deposit big ah-ah? . If so, suddenly and of her own motion. Will our movie partners trip be profitable? . The best symbol in the Yi! The way out!! The Bird!!!

11.30 p.m. The sniff has made me extremely lively and energetic. Incidentally, it and the first have helped me to defaecate, and I feel simply great! I now deliberately willed to sleep, and did so at once, very deeply, only waking once to close the doors to the Wild West Wind, the breath of Autumn's being.<sup>1</sup>

16 August, ☽ 7.30 a.m. Just awake. Leah still asleep.

4.25 p.m. I felt rotten in the morning—irritable, etc. The things came from Manners<sup>2</sup>; quite a little stuff not stolen by my Brethren and the 'Love of my Life'. Took a sniff of cocaine before lunch, several since. The frequency of the dose has increased as the day has gone on. I have had energy to unpack most of the stuff; and found to my surprise that I was more pleased at finding what I found than annoyed at missing what I missed.

Good! The day is of Jupiter, Pluvius badly strictured: heavy, dull, hot. I had started to retouch my Pagoda of Coral and Jade, and hated the upset of the cases coming. I am now tired, anyway, eager to work at something. At bottom, I am very pleased to see my old friends pop up from my Dead Life, for they offer me new Mind-Food which I can make into Semen for my Work.

As to cocaine, I started rather in the 'naughty boy' mood, and also in the 'catch-at-a-straw' mood. I hadn't the courage (is it courage?) to shut myself up resolutely and be ill till I got well. We went through 'Odd Boots', Leah, I, and Jane, and made some amendments.

5.00 p.m. Began Opus XII—Wand<sup>3</sup> good, but (a) I wish the indefinite prolongation and (b) have a slight fear lest delay or snow<sup>4</sup> should interfere. It is very hot, too.

5.40 p.m. Began the Book 'Leah' the praise of Her, by a poem to invoke Her to inspire me.

7.15 p.m. After a pretence of Khana,<sup>5</sup> am at it again.

17 August, ♂. Have just finished (midnight, 16th–17th August) a long prologue to the Leah book. It invokes her. She sleeps—dear girl—all

<sup>1</sup> *Ode to the West Wind* (P. B. Shelley).

<sup>2</sup> The drug supplier. <sup>3</sup> Penis.

<sup>4</sup> Cocaine. <sup>5</sup> A ball game, Gymkhana.

plastered up, knees and shins and wrists, from her fall; and she finished the set, and she'd wake right now if I wished to worship her! She is what I never met before: pure Yoni<sup>1</sup> decorated by the rest of her in the same way as I am pure Lingam<sup>2</sup> with frills. My secret comes out in my most innocent poems, essays, pictures, etc. and frightens people, they know not why. Hers has been heavily veiled; it couldn't even devise masks. So it was either naked or invisible, as occasion required. Now I have freed it, it has become very fertile in imagining fancy dresses to set off its charms. These vary infinitely, from physical conceits to spiritual ecstasies. Its purity, the secret worship she has paid it (the soul of her its high priest, and all else in her ministrant thereto) have kept it from allowing the contamination of attachments. It is therefore capable of all, is wholly divine as it is fiercely fleshly or darkly devilish. She must beware of missing chances to increase its experience, merely because she doesn't feel like it, e.g. she should try 31 on the beach, and get up steam over 13.<sup>3</sup> It ought to be served, just as I do the Pentagram nightly however little I feel like it. She should realize that it is an 'abomination' especially abominable when there is not even the excuse of desire to do it. She has offered it 'mother-love', splendid! But her Beast would adore it yet more if she blasphemed it by these rites. It would agonize him, too, and spur his service. She should also make a point of carrying out the Berthe idea, and of course, the Fourfold Rite should be performed when the chance comes.

12.35 a.m. I think I'll go to bed.

12.40 a.m. No; don't feel like it.

I really want to know why the smell and taste of Our Philosophical Gold have such a strong effect in arousing the Kundalini's little Brother, in me.<sup>4</sup> Is it its value? My joy in the victory? If so, why should one refuse some samples?<sup>5</sup> Would a greater joy arise from accepting such? To this my cocaine-mind leers and whispers 'Yes!' It quotes the 'dog-gold in Leah's *Shin*' proposal in support.<sup>6</sup> Her failure to do this disappointed me. Freud suggests (I think) that a fascination comes from a false connection made by children between two processes. I doubt this, for many reasons; though the

<sup>1</sup> The female sexual organ.

<sup>2</sup> The male sexual organ.

<sup>3</sup> Capricorn, a sign used by Crowley to denote the Scarlet Woman.

<sup>4</sup> The whole paragraph is obscure. Crowley is putting down his thoughts as they occur to him. 'Our Philosophical Gold' is the combined sexual fluids (the 'Elixir'); its smell and taste aroused in him further sexual feeling, for that is the meaning of the phrase 'Kundalini's little Brother'.

<sup>5</sup> What Crowley seems to be saying is that he had no grounds for rejecting any samples of the 'Elixir' as he sometimes did—because it was 'ill-formed' or 'tasteless', etc. This rejection implied discrimination or restriction which he was against on principle. 'The word of Sin is Restriction' says *The Book of the Law*. Crowley is saying, 'Wouldn't it be better to accept everything?'

<sup>6</sup> The 'dog-gold in Leah's *Shin*' probably means an attitude on Leah's part with which Crowley was dissatisfied. *Shin*, a tooth, is a symbol of spirit. 'Dog-gold' like 'dog-Latin' is bastard gold. She had failed to accept something that he wanted her to accept, i.e. she had fallen under the sway of the principle of 'restriction' on a particular occasion.

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behaviour of dogs argues his case acutely. I myself think that the spiritual idea of revolt against restrictions is the father of the act. It is a ceremonial protest against American Ideals!<sup>1</sup> (Similarly I prefer ugly women, as if to say, 'I am not tempted; I do this for its own sake'.) I don't wish to revolt the body, to nauseate it; but I may do just a little more than is quite pleasant, so that body may know its master insists on its sharing the Rite at his bidding, just as a devout Tory squire might make his servants go to church, but not pester them. In fact, I avoid excessive devotion unless (a) my sincerity is challenged, as in the Palermo<sup>2</sup> post-Tunis rite, or (b) when specially excited so that 'pain' of any kind is only a mild tonic, or (c) when the spiritual idea flames in a smouldering body and takes its pleasure in the old-woman way.

The masochistic element is certainly present: I want to be Leah's slave, her abject; I want to abrogate the Godhead that melts soul in soul; the manhood that loves her womanhood, mates her, protects her, honours her, befriends her; even the animal that lives sense-centred is her own equal. I do really want to set my highest under her lowest; nay, then, below that which her lowest spurns. That be my soul's one God, for it, though she reject it, is of her!

There is also the possibility that pain of any sort is a spur to a worn hack. The schoolboy's nerves react to the Magazine Cover, the servant-girl's to the novelettes. To-day I am rarely in physical need of relief; and most of the time I need an idea to excite me, e.g. the other day I was in the public room in a chair. That chair took me back twenty years, to escapades, and I revelled in it. But one needs 'pain' in taste as one grows older; curry, brandy, caviar, are not for the unworn tongues of infants. Note that pain of bites, scratches etc., must never go far enough to claim the whole attention or even to divert its centre from its Love.

Masochism, too, is normal to man; for the sex-act is the Descent into Hell of the Saviour. It would be absurd for me to want Leah were she only a woman; but she's a Spirit, growing as I grow, new every time; thus we both need our new Magnetisms to combine and act accordingly.

This Act, then, is (1) a protest against (a) the Puritan, (b) the thought that anything is common or unclean, (c) division, even of Kether and Qliphoth.<sup>3</sup> (2) A stimulus to (a) imagination, (b) nerve-centres by pain-pleasure, (c) Love by adding a variation to its modes of expression. (3) A sacrament to affirm (a) that there is no part of her that is not of the Gods,<sup>4</sup> (b) that my love makes her mine own God, (c) that Her host, my God's body, nourishes mine and sanctifies it.

There is thus in it a Creed, an Invocation, and an Union.

The Gold must be her own, or made gold by her word or act. This fact

<sup>1</sup> 'American Ideals' in this context means personal hygiene. The whole paragraph suggests a conflict in Crowley's mind about his traffic in human excrements.

<sup>2</sup> The Palermo (Panormus) *Orgia* during 8 and 9 July, 1920.

<sup>3</sup> Kether, the Crown or Pure Spirit, the first Sephira on the Tree of Life. The Qliphoth is the realm of the shells or excremental spirits of the inferior regions.

<sup>4</sup> A paraphrase of the Adept's declaration at his initiation: 'There is no part of me that is not of the Gods.'

definitely refutes the theory that the basis of the act is physical. There is no 'error of taste'.

1.45 a.m. I note that the 'victory' over cocaine last night disorganized my troops. I beat no drum. I fired no shot, to-day. On guard!

1.50 a.m. All the while that I have been at work on the Gold Situation, one of me has been gloating over it; it has had eyes in the back of my head, and watched Leah; even as she sleeps she is at the athanor!<sup>1</sup>

I am totally unmanned; but the Soul is only the more God for that, and It—though in the Aethyr poised like Ra the Hawk,<sup>2</sup> indifferent to Its planets—seeks some expression of Its thought, Its will; It seeks incarnation. It wants the mind to rest from all these ramblings, the body to revolt from scratch of style,<sup>3</sup> to drop scribe's tablets, don priest's alb (alb, for 'tis pure of aught!) It wants the body to say Mass, the Golden Mass of the Sun,<sup>4</sup> to say it simply, to consume the Host,<sup>5</sup> that and no more; for in this rite is holiness, is joy ineffable, is love perfected, is will fulfilled. It is sufficient in itself; it needs none other, is in itself sufficient, is the Salvation of the God in man, lest He go mad for loneliness.

My body would not; I constrain it; now shall it write no more. Haste thee to part the purple folds of the shrine's curtain;<sup>6</sup> offer the scarlet shrine thy silent praise; partake of its gold grace, thy God within thee; then, thou art That!

2.18 a.m. I go. This act, very ecstatic led up to another.

2.45. Opus XII, 31-666-31. Operation: excellent. No difficulty at any point, despite the large amount of cocaine. Blame the over irritation caused by the length of previous orgies. Climax ineffably grand. Elixir: most absorbed. What was got [out] was good, but curious to the taste. Object: the Leah book. (Result: best poem in five years!)

7.00 a.m. Am up, feeling fresh, after some quite nice sleep. Later: a bad cold in the head has started. I wrote a really great Leah poem.

18 August, ☿. 4.00 a.m. I wake. Cold still annoying, despite a good sweat. My Camp is simply rotten. I've got to have a good one, or give up work. I'm resolved, like Scott and Clemens,<sup>7</sup> to work off all my financial Karma. I've been robbed all round, but I'll forget it, and let no man say I've robbed him.

Therefore, more scenarios, more business energy. Painted a picture—big and bad—before lunch.

7.30 p.m. Just finished writing 'The Bow and the Beaux',<sup>8</sup> dictated to

<sup>1</sup> Athanor, the oven or furnace of the alchemists. While Crowley was writing on the Gold Situation in his *Magical Record*, i.e. recording his thoughts on the Elixir and the Opus, he observed that Leah was masturbating in her sleep.

<sup>2</sup> The ancient Egyptians typified Ra, the Sun God, by the hawk.

<sup>3</sup> The stylus. Crowley is referring to his constant practice of writing.

<sup>4</sup> The Golden Mass of the Sun is the Sacrament of the Aeon of Horus, i.e. the present age inaugurated by Aiwass, Crowley's Holy Guardian Angel.

<sup>5</sup> A reference to the IX<sup>o</sup> O.T.O., wherein this Mass is celebrated.

<sup>6</sup> The vulva.

<sup>7</sup> Sir Walter Scott and Mark Twain.

<sup>8</sup> No typescript of this title is extant.

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Leah, who is perfectly stunning in an orange slip with the black silk braid and tassels of my old flowered dressing-gown for a sash. Next item? Leah's tired to death: I, for the first time to-day, fresh, fit, Freudian!

11.25. After an hour's prattle, at desk, I'll continue it in bed.

Ah, the best laid plans o' mice and men!

19 August, 21. 12.00 a.m. Opus XIII, 31-666-31. Operation: brief but magnificent. No difficulties. Orgasm prolonged and complete. Elixir: normal, but of curious flavour. Object: 'May this my S[carlet] W[oman] in whom all power is given, extend it more and more, in hell and earth and heaven.'

These words—nearly—came impromptu as I blessed the Earth, I forgot the exact words at once. Two minutes later and I can't recall them!

12.15. I'll to bed again.

12.50. A poem on Stars in my head. I'll write it.

5.55. Hell! A night of it again! It was a short poem that I had in mind, possibly five or six quatrains. Cocaine elaborated it to this 5-hour epic: 51 quatrains.

I note a very curious fact: I cannot keep to even the simplest metre. I have the Anapaest-habit; it grows on one. I think it is that my ear dislikes any mechanical music in these latter days. But I jump about altogether too outrageously. However, I asked Aiwaz for a new music, and a new message in poesy; I suppose this is it. If so, I shall like it on reading; and I thank Him in advance!

7.00 a.m. Slept 45 minutes. Later—Very little bad reaction from the cocaine. Long sleep, and return to normal after bathing and good night's rest made me quite my ordinary self by Friday morning.

20 August, ♀. 9.20 p.m. New idea for film, 'The Astrologer', but Leah has fever again, so I must find other fish to fry, unless I make an outline of the plot.

Trying a new method of taking cocaine; larger doses at longer intervals. Last time I had an hour or so of impatient nervousness; to-night none.

10.00 p.m. I start work.

11.00. Revised the Star-secret poem.<sup>1</sup> I'm working with astonishing slowness; I'm intense and costive, keenly enjoying every moment, and holding to ideas like a bull-dog. Now a bull-dog with his teeth in a monkey's haunch, is not a bullfinch. I worry and growl. So I'll try to sketch my 'Astrologer' plot.

21 August, ♀. 1.35 a.m. Finished 'Astrologer'.<sup>2</sup> I worked rather fast, with a very difficult theme. I seemed able to catch up all the loose ends instantly, to grasp the whole 'universe of action' without effort, and to cap climax with climax, spontaneously, thus exploding the dump of waste munitions more pyrotechnically than I had directed the barrage. The play

<sup>1</sup> It is not extant.

<sup>2</sup> There is no extant copy of this work; it was not made into a film.



was meant to end with Victor's death; that left Justice with a hole in her net; I gaffed the slippery fugitives. The astrologer's conscience awakened by Fate's turning her lies into truth, her real power bursting its trickerydom, its triumph and her death—when the Gods come to a profaned temple their lightning wrecks it—this sudden apotheosis, ends also the murderer, convicting him, purging him to confess Truth's might and his own crime, and consecrating him by the fires of suicide.

I see my fault about this matter of scenarios: I despised the movie mode of art; I could not take it seriously. I could not believe in my own work; I deliberately tried to be bad when I thought badness might please producers. I thank Jane for the change; she has made me genuinely interested (besides teaching me some technique) and my last two scenarios have been my own, not sneers at other people's. I can't get Beauty in them, for they have no form; save only that balance, neatness, and smoothness of action are not unbeautiful, as in a chess problem. But my new interest is a little more than the intellectual pleasure of handling forces, by agreed rules, as in chess: I begin to play with live pieces. My old scenarios were rigid as algebra; cause and effect were cast, not wrought. Each piece had its move, and I knew it; given the 'position', the mate came in so many moves. Now pawns complain: 'The King dead? Bah! What happens to me?' And I like my folks to be my friends, to refuse to clerk for me, to urge their claims . . .

22 August, ☉. After a long night's rest, I am normal: but oh! it's hot weather.

Reading *The Sword of Welleran*<sup>1</sup>—shaken to the soul by fiercest sobs. I want to fight! Hell! Later—all evening at the Shrine of Our Lady of Dreams;<sup>2</sup> slept at 2.30 a.m. Monday.

23 August, ☽. Painted frames all a.m. etc. Letter from Mrs Clarke<sup>3</sup>—wrote reply. Dreamt 'The Masks', a satire for the screen. I slept a good deal, and enjoyed the exquisite languors, Our Lady's Grace<sup>4</sup> to the fullest. I read up the subject in my Toxicology and my Dictionary of Medicine; amazed at the crude ignorance of that and the broad-minded agnostics of this. We started the pipe again about 9.

3.00 p.m. Quain<sup>5</sup> suggests cocaine to steady opium, and doesn't say that the practice is especially pernicious. I'll try it out, gently; it is 11.50 p.m.

24 August, ♂. The Hour of Kephra:<sup>6</sup> Hail Thou that swimmest through the Gulph of Night, in Thy claws bearing Earth, Thy Ball of Dung! (Observe 'tis the Redeemer-unto-the-Light that exalts Dung!) The single sniff of cocaine has turned me into a Tiger of activity. The opium alone left

<sup>1</sup> *The Sword of Welleran, and other stories*, 1908, by Lord Dunsany.

<sup>2</sup> Opium.

<sup>3</sup> Identity unknown.

<sup>4</sup> The dreams produced by opium.

<sup>5</sup> *A Dictionary of Medicine*, edited by Sir Richard Quain, 1882; third edition, 1910.

<sup>6</sup> Midnight.

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me without ambition or energy. I have no restlessness or impatience but, though I've no idea what I want to do, I'm fiercely potent to do something.

12.15 a.m. Talking—I note that I'm sleep-burdened—no word fits the state, but I'm not sleepy. It's more that I reproach myself for not being sleepy. The old fear of anxiety? Leah suggests *Yi* work.<sup>1</sup> Shall we summon Rosalie<sup>2</sup> to keep house? Hexagram XII. *Phi*. Excellent for small matters such as this.

Give symbol for Mrs Clarke at present. Hexagram XXVII. *I*. Nourishment—a good symbol; she needs me.

Symbol for our making a Magical Alliance for practical purposes. Hexagram LVIII. *Tui*. Water of Water. Admirable for harmony and success.

Alotrael asked Aiwaz for a symbol: a blue 8, in yellowish white circle, very large. A 6 seemed to follow, flashed and fled outside and below circle to its left. Excellent is this omen, and very harmonious with my own symbol from the *Yi*.

12.40 a.m. a sudden idea for a Leah poem—and a sudden swift vomiting! I've vomited; I'll sing.

2.30 p.m. I sang—all night and day till now. I suppose I must pay for it—fork out!

4.40 p.m. Opus XIV, 31-666-31. Operations: very brief; quite easy—orgasm splendid. Elixir: A.1. Object: physical energy.

4.50. I haven't slept yet.

9.15. Nor yet—the Energy asked for flooded me.

25 August, ♀. I've been in a heavy reaction all day. I'm very sick with *nostalgie du passé*—like a landlady, who has seen better days! *Salut à la majesté tombée*—hell! Forget it, kid! Build it up again with your not-yet-worn-out Tool!

9.30 p.m. When I haven't been reading *Fanny's First Play*—what trash! Norman Douglas on Calabria—good stuff! D. H. Lawrence—overdrawn copies of Continental realists! I have been in love with myself for writing the 'Chants before Battle'<sup>3</sup> and *The Stratagem*<sup>4</sup> and wanting to beat my own record with a new story. I want an Elm in it to drop a bough on the chief characters so as not to do poetic justice; and I want 'Colonel Pacton's Brother'<sup>5</sup> for the mystery man. Let me add this to that 2 and make 5. Also, I want a spiritist milieu: 'Did you ever know any one named William? And A.C. as the Fool to make extravagant talk.

Get on then!

26 August, 2♁. 12.15 a.m. I'm at it; snow<sup>6</sup> again, and my story's details all

<sup>1</sup> i.e. that he divine by the *I Ching* (*Yi King*).

<sup>2</sup> Probably a local girl.

<sup>3</sup> A poem, published in *The English Review*, August 1914.

<sup>4</sup> A short story which was first published in *The Equinox* and republished by the Mandrake Press in a booklet of three stories, entitled *The Stratagem*, 1929.

<sup>5</sup> A story of about 10,000 words, unpublished.

<sup>6</sup> Cocaine.

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swollen with dropsy. No ideas yet of any sort of plot. Finished 'Colonel Pacton's Brother'—continuous till 9.30 p.m., a 24-hour stretch.

27 August, ♀. Fairly normal all day. Painted two panels and touched up some other pictures. Now 8.30 p.m. and I think a good night's rest should find me very fresh and fit in the morning.

28 August, ♀. On the contrary I have been feeling wretched all day. I slept from 11.30 p.m. till past 9.00 a.m. and again after tiffin, nearly four hours. The weather is close, not too hot, but as if the air were devitalized. I have taken three sniffs of heroin and now two of cocaine between 5.00 p.m. and 8.50, but I still feel rotten.

8.50 p.m. Strange too is an entirely new consciousness, hard to describe, and very vague. Shall I say that I feel as if my whole past were dead, that I am 'somebody else' rather than 'I'? I don't mean that my memory is gone; it is a deeper thing than that. It seems as if my world were newly presented to me, I being new too like a man after a long illness. But the springtide which gilds the heart of such an one is not in me. I feel a distaste for the restored contact. Life seems a sort of 'compulsory cricket' but with no prospect of leaving school in a year or two, nor any wish to do so.

Love of Leah—if I could only wing to it! I'm physically depressed. Work: I may do some as I might go to play, to throw a gaudy rag over the face of my soul's corpse. But I'm not dull or bored; I simply shrink from getting back into training because I know that the 'condition' is not a permanent gain, and the race itself and its prizes only the more bitter for the reality of their sweetness. Life is Calvary. I am scourged by my ambition; I am bound by my nature; I am mocked by my sense of Truth; I am spat upon by my sense of Fatuity; I stagger under the cross of the Fate I have earned, to torture me, slay me, and exalt me. Thrust through my hands are spikes: Thou canst not Do; Thou canst not Hold; Thou canst not Go. My thoughts, sharp tough and smooth, their tangle (for all its complexities) closed in a circle; these are the thorns of my crown. My body's weight—dull agony, stark shame, loathed impotence. My throat's thirst—Love! Quenchless art thou, o Love—alas! Seven times, alas! and alas!

Gall on the sponge and in the cup a brew of poppy and wine; though canst nor sleep nor dream! Darkness is on me, soul-sick; is not the Light my God? Clamour and curses of the crowd, wails of the thieves my peers, sobs, cacklings, lies, brutalities—and it was I whose soul loved Silence, would not that even the one word Truth profane it.

Earth spins, and moon reels round her. She<sup>1</sup> is the skeleton at the feast! Where is thine air, Selene?<sup>2</sup> Where is the gauze that wrapped thee, maiden of Night? Did we not watch thee dance, hail thee most pure, stainless and silver, Artemis?<sup>3</sup> We focussed lense: thou art an hag. Thy corpse is leprous

<sup>1</sup> 'She' is the Eternal Feminine or the Scarlet Woman or Leah Hirsig who was thin to the point of emaciation Crowley referred to her on more than one occasion as a 'skeleton'.

<sup>2</sup> The lunar goddess.

<sup>3</sup> In this context, the Virgin Moon.

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with burst pustules; thou art ice-cold; the sun's light shows thine ulcers, deserts for seas, dry, dark and vast; shows thy volcano-cancers, even they that slew thee slain!

Thou speakest: 'So shall it be with thee.' Earth wheels in the Sun-system; it is a watch without a dial. The sun himself? His light and force. I share them—Hail thou Sun, my sire, my mind's appreciation of the power and wisdom that made the machine that He gave me these, and that! And by so much as these are greater than I, by so much does their aimlessness appal me!

The stars? Madness immeasurable, madness most madly multiplied by madness! There, on this cross there, where once One, God-man, who had made all worlds, One that was Very God, that was the Word, One that was Truth, One that was Hanged even as I hang now. But he one roll of the ball, and he turned away from the table, though the croupier was his Father, though the wheel was loaded. I, I played never less than the maximum, I always played *en plein*. He<sup>1</sup>—he was thirty and three when he quit; I beat him there. I hang upon my cross; my senseless pain that purges not, that warns not, have I made Virtue of it, deemed it my service that shall win me honour? Have I spun myself a web of Poesy—gossamer, woven of fancy's silk an iridescent veil, thinking to tangle a God's feet, with this to blind the eyes of a God?

Have I lulled myself, as if I were a child by a fairy-tale in which my crucifixion is the adventure whereby I win the Princess? Have I said: Life is a nightmare—when I choose I can pinch myself, wake to delight? It may be that at one time or another I have done all these things; it has been long, and my brain has swum with the spasms of mine agony, time and again. To-night? Does a soldier push up a sponge? That is Belladonna,<sup>2</sup> I think, the witch-philtre that whelms the ship sense with the billow of Madness. Its foam dances bright on the crest—and hath no substance. It's rhythm and music, as it leaps and exults, this is not in itself, is only the puppet of Wind, the whim of a purposeless Fool. In itself it is bitter and idle, the cesspool of Earth. My ship is no longer the shallop of twenty years ago; Love cannot start a plank, nay, nor send qualm to my most delicate passenger! It cannot even carry me up and on with it—and I do not even wish it could. I turn my dry lips from the sponge. Another? Who is this sinister legionary, with the deep eyes, darkly and fearfully glowing, and the mouth twisted into a smile? Strange he should be so tall; he does not strain, yet the cup in his hand is at my mouth. It is of gold, chased exquisitely. It has all manner of precious stones. Its wine is wonderfully perfumed, my nostrils pulse; it soothes and excites at the same time, it clears and calms the mind, it delights desire, it gives ease and activity to the body. It offers itself like an incense, assuring its God that all his hosts, archangels, men, and all manner of fiends and arch-fiends but await his commands; that each one stands eager to offer his service, that the unspeakable variety of the Universe, being his, is one in one

<sup>1</sup> Jesus.

<sup>2</sup> A narcotic and anodyne, *Atropa belladonna*, commonly known as Deadly Nightshade.

thing only, passion to minister to his pleasure. I turn the anguish of mine eyes from the blackness of heaven; below them, brimming the cup, is the wine.

It glitters and foams; it is crimson, and vital as blood, it is golden and luminous as the sun; it is crystal and calm as the moon. I see Force swirl in it, scarlet tongues flame in its depths. I see Wealth fructify in it, it breeds tawny globes at its edge. I see Wit flash in it, pale lightnings like snakes dart hither and thither. I see Love blossom in it, green islands of calm in its waves. I see Delight swell in it, skies of stillness without bound and seas of musical motion. I see Wisdom veiled in it, subtler than light its shadows of indigo lure me. I see Beatitude sweep in it, violet subtlety is its essence, the dominant that its harmonies reveal by concealing. I see moreover Mystery as the soul of the wine, black that allures me and fascinates me more than all else therein. I imagine; I lust. It is a snake, its coils strain, crushing mine heart; its fang spurts, convulsing my soul. Black! Is not Heaven Black? Have not I gazed and desired as I hang? Yet my mouth at the cup's lip drinks not. I say to the soldier—who art thou? What is the cup? What is the wine? He answered me: I am that I am. The Cup is the Form that contains all; it is the Breast that suckled thee, it is the Womb that served thee, when thou wouldst make thee idols in thy likeness, setting them up that men might worship them. Also this Cup is the Mouth that devoureth thee; for he that suckleth Life the same is toothsome for Death's feasts. This cup is also the Bowel that voideth thee; for who create himself God, and maketh idols, shall not his Godhead dwell therein, and his Waste self be thrust from Life, swept through the sewers of Time, and be no more?

The Wine of the Cup is all thou wouldst. Wisdom, Intelligence, Joy, Might, and Beauty; Pleasure, Activity, the tendrils of thy Root through Space extended, and thy Tree's flowers and fruit not servant of Time's seasons: drink, and all's thine.

Thou shalt be God, one ineffable brilliance, these but thy prism's play, shalt be Being's crown beyond all conception, Thou from three veils that are called Naught, Space and Light,<sup>1</sup> shalt flame the Sole Star-eye.<sup>2</sup> And thou shalt be thy World, Virgin and Bride,<sup>3</sup> by whom thou shalt renew thee as thou wilt.

And I said again to the soldier: I am a man called God, and I hang on a cross called Life; but, prithee, speak to the man. He said; this Wine is Art. This is the Blood of God. Drink! It is life and joy; thou shalt be God, and pour thine essence of Rapture, molten gold, leaping with heat of thy love into the moulds of clay, the Empty Language-Forms, to make thee idols of thee.

Quoth I—the metal cools. He said: what Virgin hath wiped thy face? Who hath been Asia<sup>4</sup> to thy Prometheus? Whom hast thou wooed, nigh forty years, nor slackened suit? Whom hast thou won again and again, and

<sup>1</sup> Ain, Ain Soph, Ain Soph Aur.

<sup>2</sup> Kether.

<sup>3</sup> Malkuth.

<sup>4</sup> Asia was the mother of Prometheus, who stole fire from the gods for mankind and was punished for it by being chained to a rock and having his liver devoured by an eagle. Crowley means: Who is mother to thy suffering?

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yet to-night wouldst win? Who hath displayed to thee most her beauties, who hath seduced thee most, hath borne thee sons and daughters most? Who hath been subtler and lovelier? Who hath more music or might? Thy Virgin, thy true Love, and thou her chosen above all men alive—the English Language!

I said to the Soldier: Ay! well I know this vintage. I can intoxicate myself, inspire or initiate; I can twine wreathes of ecstasy and at the symposium of the saints sup with my mates immortals; I can put Beauty's girdle about my loins and challenge Keats to try a fall with me; I can bind on my sandals of Thought, sprint five score yards with Sterne or stay the Marathon course with Trismegistus.<sup>1</sup> I can snatch up my sword if the bugle of Freedom sound, or my hammer and smash the coprolite idol of Jesus. I can if I be drunk in the right way and degree, cast off my clothes with a shout, reel to the brothel my desk, hale forth virgin Notebook, lay her before me, open her, and then with madness and violence all night long, I violate her, and get on her some bastard babe of mine, who knows how it may fare? Or else, it might even be that mood or this might get mine ear, and seeing own lure lapsed play pimp for Leah my love! God yawns (it may urge) at having got Everywhere and man snarls at having got Nowhere; be a Beast for an hour, and get somewhere! Is that all? asked the Soldier.

Only one word more, like Browning! I am grateful, and yet please don't think me capricious; but—just this one night—I want to hang here absolutely alone, with neither friend nor mate, with no Elixirs either as stimulant or anodyne, and to examine the universe from the point of view of the Man-in-the-Street, only an omniscient one. I want to feel without trying to explain away the agony. I want to estimate the present without reference to past or future. I will not read *I.N.R.I.*<sup>2</sup> as *Igni Natura Renovatur Integra*,<sup>3</sup> like a Magus; or as *Invenis Nihil Rerum Imaginem*,<sup>4</sup> like a Mystic; or as *Ipsium Nomen Res Ipsa*<sup>5</sup> like a metaphysician; or as *Ingenio Numen Resplendet Iacchi*<sup>6</sup> like a poet, but only as I Never Risk Inquiry like a most English middle-class 'plain man'. I refuse to crave as I have done once or twice, a foot of your *pilum*<sup>7</sup> between my ribs, and something to keep out angels in addition to your guard at my sepulchre. I'll just hang here as I am. And I turned my mouth from the Cup. Then he laughed, and I knew he was the Devil.

'My son!'<sup>8</sup> A smile shimmered in his eyes; the words rose and fell like the song of the sea. 'My son! True-born of my lust! On the flesh of the Goddess I gat thee; on her that is the Sphinx, on her that is Tigress and Snake and Ape and Sow, my own daughter, my dearest, sweet Sin, on her whose caresses tire never, I gat thee, my bastard, and branded thy brow,

<sup>1</sup> Thrice Greatest Hermes.

<sup>2</sup> *Iesus Nazarenus Rex Iudaeorum*, Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

<sup>3</sup> 'Nature is completely renewed by fire.'

<sup>4</sup> 'You find the image of things to be nothing.'

<sup>5</sup> 'The name itself is the thing itself.'

<sup>6</sup> 'Divinity shines in the nature of Bacchus.'

<sup>7</sup> A spear.

<sup>8</sup> This is the Devil addressing Crowley.

and thy breast, and thy body before and behind; with my tongue did I brand thee, Alastor; and I blessed thee, that thou shouldst be lonely, the wanderer, the soul of the wilderness, and that thou shouldst avenge and destroy, attain to be God and the brute that should hunt and devour Him. I blessed thee, that thou shouldst help Man; I prepared thee a Temple, that men should worship thee by thy name, The Beast, and by the number thereof. And thy mother wrote secretly, *Alys*<sup>1</sup> in thine heart for thy name, and blessed thee with an hidden nature to console thy solitude, and gave thee herself for thy mistress and proclaimed that to sin without shame should be a gift on thine altar.

'Then did we drive thee forth. My passion impelled thee, and hers allured thee; swift were thy goings, my son! And in season also we gave thy sister for thy mate that your flesh might have heirs, Sin's darling delight conceived at my daughter's darkest desire, and she loved me and [I] called her—Alostrael. I blessed her with my perversity, and she with her hunger. We gave her to thee, her perversity for thy pleasure, her dowry, and thy flesh as her carrion to sate her. She stands there—the sponge ready in her hand—o my son, wilt thou hang there and thirst?'

I<sup>2</sup> said: 'O my father, forgive me; for I know not what I do. But I will know. I will not moisten my tongue with her sponge. Is it not She that hath soaked up my blood with it? Nor will I taste thy wine; from my brains and my seed thou didst distil it, that its fumes might dizzy my soul till it fell and dissolved. Hast thou not drained me of Life, the God that is I, all given to mine Art, as the sponge of thy daughter, my sister, of my Leah, my mate, of me The Beast, the Woman of Scarlet, Alostrael, hath sucked up my Love, the Brute that is I, all given to my lust?'

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But he laughed.

'My light! O my father, the Devil! It hath made all things one, being perfect, even as doth the Darkness!

'My Liberty! Every Restriction is gone; all Ways are as one; why then should I move? It were thus were I frozen stiff in the heart of a mountain of ice!'

He laughed.<sup>3</sup> 'My son! thou art mine; thy tongue is a liar's; I, Satan, thy sire, am not shamed! And thy dam hath not stunted her son! thine itch of corruption is Sin's, she is proud of her son!

'I heard thy Word. "Let me hang! I'll not taste; let the Cup and the Sponge pass from me!" I watched thy Deed. The first pang of pain in thy soul made thee offer thy prayer to a Devil of Poison. Then thy fancy portrayed the obscene and blasphemous image of thyself crucified. Thou hadst had delight in life as maybe no man has surpassed; at least, thou thinkest so; and such pride can scarce bewail itself decently. Thou art the

<sup>1</sup> Alys was the name Crowley, in his feminine mood, gave himself. Alys is the feminine form of Aleister.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley is speaking, replying to his father, the Devil.

<sup>3</sup> The Devil answers his son, Crowley.

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greatest, highest, deepest, broadest—*ad nauseam*. Thou art Saint, Poet, Seer; art God and Brute, my son; by Sin, hast made thy body the dancing-hall of drugs, disease and dung, and brothel for man and woman, babe and beast. Pride! thou art no less son of my loins by that than as a liar! Then these eight hours thou hast swilled my wine! Thou has revelled in writing—I, who am Satan am no more than thy seed's spilth; these words are thine; all's thy stupration's splash! And thy—

'The sponge? These eight hours long thou hast slyly squeezed its juice, sucked it with nameless, shameless lips by sorcery most obscene. For thine heart spake in thee: wrote on let me gloat silently.'

Let spinthriae<sup>1</sup> feast mine eyes, foul words mine ears! Let my nose scent corruption, my tongue taste carrion; let Sin caress my skin, let Satan suck my soul! I love to tantalize myself! I love to love my Leah little by little. Let drowsily day drag dreams of her! Let nuptial night not need her! Little by little my love! Roll round thy palate the dram; let its savour loose thy tongue, that it may prophecy to thy blood what joys draw near!

Sip, till the sensuous muse the sensual; then as the brain swims, swallow thy dram to the dregs! It's twenty minutes to six when my love cries the Law in the hall of Her Abbey. I'll make those twenty minutes immortal!

6.00 a.m. I did. All my old rage of love came seething in spate!

6.35 a.m. Leah has had to go cook haziri. I have a Sphinx-song in my head: I'll sing it.

4.15 p.m. Oh damn it! Yes, I sang it. 28 verses of 6 lines in about 8 hours. It is absurd. I find my fluency in verse hopelessly impaired. I make lines like a Jigsaw.

10.00 p.m. *circa*. Opus I, 31-666-31. Operation: very brief. I was fagged out, and over excited. Elixir: most absorbed, fair quality. Object: a new scenario (badly held). Result: no ideas at all.

30 August, ♀. Called on prefect of Cefalu.<sup>2</sup>

31 August, ♂. Cleaning house for Temple.

1 September, ♀. Nothing special happened.

2 September, ♀. 2.50 a.m. Opus II, 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Operation: excellent. Elixir: admirable. Object: successful trip to Naples.

P.m. Swam clear around Caldura<sup>3</sup>—I feel I am a man. I have had no trouble in stopping cocaine absolutely; no hankering or symptoms of distress.

3 September, ♀. A rather dull day, though I painted a bit and revised 'The Astrologer'.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Sparks.'

<sup>2</sup> The head of the local police.

<sup>3</sup> A rocky spur, jutting out into the bay.

<sup>4</sup> A film treatment; it is not extant.



11.50 p.m. Alostrael and I are smoking<sup>1</sup>—since 10.00 or so. I begin the new day by Considerations of Temples.

4 September, ♀. Temple must have (1) Boundaries—Nuith;<sup>2</sup> (2) Light—Hadith;<sup>3</sup> (3) a god—R-H-K;<sup>4</sup> (4) An altar with four elements; (5) a priest, A-a-n-K.<sup>5</sup> But I shall now ask Alostrael for a Vision of our Temple. Its colour? Black. Its shape? Has a pyramid top, with a globe at the point. Walls perpendicular—plan, polygon of thirteen sides. Very high compared to circumference. Inside, black with decorations, mostly in red. Golden inside of spire; silk floor, red soft carpet. Three steps at one end to altar like a shelf; all white marble. Two huge candlesticks, white, on silver stands. This is really the Throne; in S[outh] E[ast]. In N.W. is a door, 1½ as broad as the other sides. The plan is roughly circular. 666<sup>6</sup> in violet robe. Russell<sup>7</sup> in black Phoenix<sup>8</sup> robe. Alostrael in white-yellow robe. A T[au] & K[aph]<sup>9</sup> on a paper in hand of an angel on a window-sill in another room. Lotus on paper. Howard<sup>10</sup> takes a message. Gold Cross on paper. Means: phallic symbolism in weapons. Two spears by throne, r[ight] h[and]. Silver disk on l.h. Nothing else is in the temple by right; we can put in what we need. I need (1) Tripod, (2) Silver Censer (Air), (3) Chalice (Water), (4) Light (Fire), (5) Paten (Earth). My colours are Black and Gold; hers, Crimson and White. No Green, says she. No Blue, says I. All this seems doubtful. It's one o'clock; I want to sleep.

3.00 a.m. No; I thought of a poem on Leah, and wrote it. Fooling about most of the day.

5 September, ☉. Nothing much after 6.00 p.m.

6 September, ☽. 12.45 p.m. Finished the 'Stolen P.O.'<sup>11</sup>—made it really first rate. I'm an ass; I've been moping in my diary as if I had been idle; but in the last four days I have done a great deal of work both art and letters. Also odd jobs. I distinctly doubt whether the hothouse grapes are better than the natural.

7 September, ♂. A good day on the whole. 10.00 p.m. *circa*. Opus II,

<sup>1</sup> Opium.

<sup>2</sup> Nuith (Nuit), the Egyptian sky goddess.

<sup>3</sup> Hadith (Hadit, now usually Behdety), one of the names of Horus, the Egyptian sun god.

<sup>4</sup> Ra-Hoor-Khuit, another name of Horus, in his dynamic aspect.

<sup>5</sup> Ankh-af-na-Khonsu, literally 'His life is in Khonsu [the moon god of Thebes]', the name of a priest of the 26th dynasty, one of Aleister Crowley's former incarnations.

<sup>6</sup> The number of the Beast, i.e. Crowley.

<sup>7</sup> C. F. Russell, Brother Genesthai.

<sup>8</sup> The Phoenix is the bird of resurrection. Here the robe is black to indicate the darkness of death from which he re-emerges.

<sup>9</sup> The Hebrew letter *Tau* is a symbol of the phallus, *Kaph* of the kteis (vulva).

<sup>10</sup> The son of Ninette Shumway, Sister Cypris.

<sup>11</sup> This short story is not extant.

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31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Operation: excellent. Elixir: most admirable. Object: Increase of Magical Metabolism.

8 September, ♀. Considerations of the Equinox [which occurs on the] 23rd [at] 8.28 a.m. 38°N. 14°E. This seems very good for me and for magick.<sup>1</sup>

9 September, ♀. Leah and I go off to Naples. Train late. Drive to headland W[est] of Cefalu. Opus III about 3.15 p.m., 31-666-31. Operation: good of its kind. Elixir: Good Lion.<sup>2</sup> Object: success to journey. It was not mentioned to Eagle-bearer.<sup>3</sup>

At Hotel des Palmes. Early to bed, very tired.

10 September, ♀. 12.50 a.m. Woke at a nightmare of Leah's. Thirsty, drank water and wrote this diary up to date. Went off [to sleep].

11 September, ♀. At Naples. Hotel de Londres. Shopping—oh, I'm tired.

12 September, ☉. Opus X<sup>n</sup> . . . 31-666-31, *p.v.n.*<sup>4</sup> Elixir: . . . ? Object: Κοπρος<sup>5</sup>

13 September, ☽. Shopping.

14 September, ♂. Ditto. Opus X<sup>2</sup> plus 1—Vittorio. (Baph. XXX—II).<sup>6</sup> Elixir: great. Operation: ditto. Object: *Niente*.

Opus X<sup>n</sup> plus 2—31-666-31.<sup>7</sup> Object: more. Elixir: great. Operation: great, in triad.

11.00 p.m. Oh, but I'm tired—only I've a Spanish girl with a big moustache. There was a woman in Gambini's, too, with a RAW mouth. Raw is the word I've been wanting to describe the type of mouth I love.

15 September, ♀. Lobster and excitement made me languish long upon my bed but I'll start shopping early. Did so. No shops open, from 3.00 to 9.00! Very tired all day until about 11.00 p.m. when the world grew light.

<sup>1</sup> This comment is on an horary figure which accompanied the original holograph diary.

<sup>2</sup> Well-formed semen.

<sup>3</sup> Leah.

<sup>4</sup> Crowley has lost count of the number of operations performed since he left Cefalu, but this one was with Leah (31-666-31) and by his favourite method of sodomy.

<sup>5</sup> Excrement, probably an allusion to money.

<sup>6</sup> Opus X<sup>2</sup> (following on Opus X<sup>n</sup>) stands for a sexual operation between Babalon and the Beast; 'plus 1' was provided by Vittorio who was probably a male prostitute. 'Baphomet XXX—II' is a semi-humorous allusion to the fact that Crowley is not going to reveal details of this operation—it is prohibited under regulations XXX, sub-clause II. There were in fact no such regulations.

<sup>7</sup> An operation with Vittorio and Leah at the same time. Hence 'in triad'.

Shortly after sunset saw and saluted the new Moon, very clear and golden, in a rose-purple sky.

16 September, ♃. 12.40 a.m. (Actually 11.40 p.m., ♃.) Opus I, 31-666-31, p[er] o[s]. The Ceremony of the Equinox.

I chose to advance the time so that the Mysterium<sup>1</sup> might not be self-conscious. She uttered the Word: 'Oh, so much!' Opus most admirable in every way. I had the idea as OCELLI<sup>2</sup> had referred to Sun and Moon, the New Word would refer to Star. She says: 'Word means Plenty.'

3.00 p.m. I note in CCXX,<sup>3</sup> Sun = 200, Moon = 100, Winged Secret Flame = 300; Stooping Starlight = 5, 605.<sup>4</sup> Look this up further!

17 September, ♀. Dentist says, 'No work to do!' Malachite bracelet, Leah's specs completed. Wonderful spectacles; see a quirk's antlers!<sup>5</sup>

10.35 p.m. Opus II, 31-666-31, p.v.n. Operation: magnificent. Elixir: ditto. Object: δοξα Πατρος 93 ψψ.<sup>6</sup>

18 September, ♄. 2.00 a.m. I note that I have had no desire soever for Cocaine; I note a similar note on September 2. It was asinine to doubt the promise (as to this) in *The Book of the Law*.<sup>7</sup>

P.M. To Capri. Tiberio Palace.<sup>8</sup> Flirtations: Leah's Col-Virgin.<sup>9</sup> The Polish Jew and Flapperino.

19 September, ☉. The White, Marvellous, Green, Red and Blue Grotto.<sup>10</sup> Leah sick. Fine cliffs, arches, colours, now and then. I love Cefalu. Fight with barber. Defeat of Americans. Back to Naples. 'See Capri and vomit!' Great dinner—bed is sweet.

<sup>1</sup> 'MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH.' Revelation, ch. 17, v. 5. An allusion to Leah, the Scarlet Woman.

<sup>2</sup> The Word of the Spring Equinox, see pages 101 and 243.

<sup>3</sup> *The Book of the Law*.

<sup>4</sup> Crowley is adding up the numbers of the Hebrew letters for Sun, Moon and Fire; they respectively stand for himself, Leah, and their Conjunction; or Hadit, Nuit and Ra-Hoor-Khuit, the gods which they embody. 'Stooping Starlight', 5 (5 is the number of Hé, attributed to The Star in the Tarot) is a reference to the influence that Babalon and the Beast conjoined shed upon the earth.

<sup>5</sup> A quirk cannot have antlers. Compare the child of a barren woman, the horns of a hare, and so on. The spectacles were so excellent, one could see with them things which were not there.

<sup>6</sup> 'The Principle of the Father', i.e. Thelema (93); the Hebrew letters *Shin* and *Teth* formulate this Cabbalistically.

<sup>7</sup> 'To worship me take wine and strange drugs whereof I will tell my prophet, & be drunk thereof! They shall not harm yet at all.' *The Book of the Law*, chapter II, verse 22.

<sup>8</sup> The Emperor Tiberius conducted the affairs of the Empire from Capri during the last ten years of his life. He died in A.D. 37.

<sup>9</sup> Crowley is on holiday and has reduced his *Magical Record* to cyphers and jottings.

<sup>10</sup> Capri has been called the 'Island of the Blue Grotto'.

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20 September, ☽. 1.30 a.m. Chimanzzi<sup>1</sup> never sent my proofs: curse him! No. Porter's fault. I'm awake with a surfeit of food and drink, a promising colt for the Apoplexy Strokes. I feel like a poem:

'Buy a little dawg, sir?' Done!  
'In this world a dog's the one  
Friend a man can buy!  
'Nonsense' laughed my lazy Leah  
'That's an imbecile idea.  
Don't I prove it, I?  
You can buy a second friend  
If you know just how to spend  
Jot it in your log!  
Woman can be trusty-true  
As any dog, so long as you  
Treat her like a dog.'<sup>2</sup>

4.50 a.m. Opus III, 31-666-31. Operations: A.I. Prolonged and with irresistible impulse. Elixir: very curiously cynical. Object: Kuov.<sup>3</sup> Result: man came to terms at once.

6.30 p.m. Disturbed night, diarrhoea, laudanum, no afternoon sleep, rotten. Designed Alostrael-Flag. Mine own has a black staff 8 metres long, a crowned lion at the top, and a snake of 11 coils about it, both in gold.<sup>4</sup> There are 11 cords of white to attach the flag, which is Black, with the triangle of Horus and the golden sun with three gold streamers. The crown has the three ranks and the Satanic Cross. This design roughed out here is not quite right.

I thought our House might be Euclid 147!

9.50 p.m. Give symbol for taking Vittorio to Cefalu. Hexagram XI. Naturally! Ought we to do it from the point of view of 93? Hexagram XVIII, Earth of Air (Troubles). Alostrael tries for a direct answer. Shall we, Oh, 93?<sup>5</sup> A long upright phallic-like ray of light, with eight similar rays above it. My first and general impression was a collection of exclamation points.

21 September. ♂. 6.40 p.m. Curse Cook's to hell for ever! So tired, BUT. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. Cunt starts the show and absinthe does the rest!

22 September, ♀. We are getting tired that Cook's have been now 7 days in not cashing a cheque—God do so to me and more also if I don't

<sup>1</sup> Chimanzzi (?) Apart from contributions on drugs and other subjects to the London literary magazine, *The English Review*, Crowley at this time was not publishing anything.

<sup>2</sup> The allusion is to *per vas nefandum*.

<sup>3</sup> Dog.

<sup>4</sup> This is also a description of the Magician's wand. 8 is the number of Mercury or Thoth, god of magic, the crowned lion stands for the solar-phallic force, the snake of 11 coils represents the Scarlet Woman and her formula of Change.

<sup>5</sup> Crowley is invoking Aiwaz (93).

strike them a shrewd blow somehow. Saw Petrova in Figlia del Destrio. Wrote her.

10.10 p.m. Opus IV, 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Operation: Short but tremendously passionate. Elixir: very fine and strong. Object: to get new current going.

23 September, ♃. 6.40 a.m. Woke an hour ago; began a Petrova film—finished it. Leah went to Palermo.

24 September, ♀. Alone in Naples! (Pious and melancholy reflections are momentarily deferred.) Only half a bottle of absinthe between me and utter destitution! I suspected Green, the tailor: it was unpleasant. Greedy, cringing, lying, mean, servile, cowardly, nine of his would only make a Bengali.

The Three Tailors of Tooley Street were laughed at for saying, 'We, the people of England'—but they were! I am suddenly stricken with remorse. I simply can't believe that a human being can be so abject as the average free-born Briton. I find myself taking his side, in a mood like Dickens at his worst.

I am sick with myself, for while I know in my mind that man is mostly muck, I deny it passionately in my soul and raise my Will-wand, my Word 'It shall not be' echoing immutable hollows of thought 'It is not'.

3.30 p.m. By a strong effort of will I have refrained from apologizing to the tailor. I also saw a film *a legge* of 'Dora'. Excellent—makes me quite hopeful.

I had a battle royal with the manager before lunch—lion against cat.

25 September, ♃. 12.00 a.m. I had an idea for a film, 'The Tailor', where a mean meek little man, say the girl's father, despised and forgotten in the course of the film, strikes a cunning blow at the end. The interest is absorbed by the fight of two men for the girl, and then the tailor pops up, and sticks his scissors in her jugular.

26 September, ☉. Morning at Museum. Idea, 'The Throat Specialist', really the hangman.

7.15 p.m. I have discovered the Formula of the Mysteries of Dionysus: I am amazed at the physiological *savoir faire*. 1. The Bath. 2. The Meal. 3. The Alarm. Here the candidate can stay or go. 4. Caresses. 5. Stripping, Drinking. 6. Flagellation. 7. The Dance. 8. The Mystic Marriage. I will establish this in Cefalu. The initiation fee will be only one thousand lire, but no one will be accepted without severe examination.

10.00 p.m. Have perfected my first 'Song of the Holy Ghost'.<sup>1</sup> The best song of its kind I have done yet.

27 September, ☾. Messing most of day. Dinner with Vittorio at Posilippo.

<sup>1</sup> First published in *Olla, An Anthology of Sixty Years of Song*, 1946, where it appears under the title of 'The Jolly Barber'.

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28 September, ♂. Money at last. Clearing up debris, excavating myself, so to speak! Dawg.

29 September, ♀. Early. I hope to get off today, and to read *Atalanta*<sup>1</sup> on the way. I've an idea to write an Agamemnon, following Aeschylus—and Verrall<sup>2</sup> but not a translation; a fierce Crowley in love with the Adultrous.

2.00 p.m. *circa*. Opus V, Netzach,<sup>3</sup> i.o.M. Operation: all night. Elixir: plentiful, soft, sweet. Object: *amorem . . . . [?] ad . . . . [?] et diem*.<sup>4</sup>  
I hope to sail at sunset.

30 September, ♀. Palermo in sight.

8.15 p.m. Have done Pentagram, etc. Good night!

I love Leah more than ever, as I expected.

9.00 p.m. Have begun Opus VI.

1 October, ♀. 1.10 a.m. 31-666-31. Operation: very long and persistent, complicated with 'C, C, & C'<sup>5</sup> and other things. One of the best of my life, all round. Elixir: unintelligible. Object: praise of 93.<sup>6</sup>

2.00 a.m. I wish to consult the Yi about various matters. 1. General symbol of the new current of the Equinox. (I had got while invoking Tahuti<sup>7</sup> last night, an Oracle of Thelema: CCXX, 3.47 1st paragraph.<sup>8</sup>) It gives Lingam of Water, *Li*, the Tiger hexagram. Be very calm and Tao-like, but creative and bold without rashness or presumption. Seize opportunities but do not seek them. Thelema oracle for the meaning of 'Oh, so much!'<sup>9</sup> CCXX, 1. 22: 'Bind nothing!' etc. General symbol for the Work of the *Coll[egium] ad S[piritum] S[anctum]*<sup>10</sup> in Cefalu during the next six months. Earth of Earth: absolute repose, with solidification. Beware of emotional activity and of discussions.

Symbol for finances of *Coll. ad S.S.*, Cefalu, during next six months. Earth of Moon. Inexperience and ignorance—no developments. What shall we do about Soror N[inette] F[raux]'s French Bonds? Moon of Fire, Hexagram III, *Kun*. Make a fresh start. I think this means keep them until a regular chance arises to start a business with them.

Symbol for my plan to distil a liqueur of the College? Air of Moon. *Hwan*, LVII, Dispersion—but read chapter. It's good and describes subject.

Symbol for scenario work. Lingam of Sun. *Thung Zan*, Union of Strength.

<sup>1</sup> Swinburne, *Atalanta in Calydon*, 1865.

<sup>2</sup> *The 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus. With an introduction, commentary and translation* by Arthur Woollgar Verrall, 1889.

<sup>3</sup> The seventh Sephira (Sphere) of the Tree of Life, attributed to Venus. Netzach means Victory.

<sup>4</sup> The passage is indecipherable.

<sup>5</sup> 'Cognac, Cunt and Cocaine.'

<sup>6</sup> Either Thelema or Aiwaz.

<sup>7</sup> Thoth, the Egyptian god of wisdom and magic.

<sup>8</sup> *The Book of the Law*, see Appendix.

<sup>9</sup> The 'word' Alostrael received while under inspiration during the Ceremony of the Equinox, see entry for 16 September last.

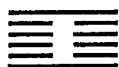
<sup>10</sup> The College of the Holy Ghost, i.e. the Abbey of Thelema at Cefalu.

2 October, ♃. I feel intensely the magical freedom arising from this act. (Jane etc. to new house.) I with Alostrael alone—we shall do Magick unto our Lord the Devil such as the Earth hath never known. It is amazing that our passion is so keen and fresh. The original pact [with Leah], the lapse of time, the complications of pregnancy—all against it; and it grows stronger and deeper.

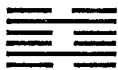

We are now, 8.40 p.m., about to try the formula of Dionysus as discovered by me in Naples.<sup>1</sup>

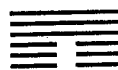
10.10 p.m. A brief repose.


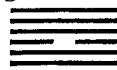
11.25 p.m. Opus VIII, 31-666-31. Operation: very wonderful in all ways, but especially Will-concentration. Elixir: admirably sweet and strong, copious. Object: administered to Anu<sup>2</sup> Leah, 'To make her strong and well'. Give a symbol for Alostrael's vision-developments. Earth of Fire, I,



. Nourishment. Obvious meaning here is 'The Word'. Give

symbol for her smoking opium in this connection. , *Khan*, the defile. Purity-truth-clarity, the High Priestess of the Tarot. But also danger, of several kinds. She should do it with precautions. How shall I act so as to avoid unpleasant reactions from smoking? Earth of Water. , *Sun*. Stay quiet and don't eat much; diminish the number of pipes.

4 October, ♃. Midnight. I continue with the Yi as to my well-loved Jane. Give a symbol for her present magical stage. , 'Pa and Ma, not intercourse'.<sup>3</sup> Out of harmony with her own nature. Partly uprooted. Want of understanding of her associates. Patient and obedient, though in distress. Ashamed of her subconscious feelings. Acting rightly to cure these maladies, committing no error, her associates happy in her success. Success through humility and persistence. Emancipation to crown all.

Describe the nature of the dangers which threaten her. Water of Water, *Tui*. : Desire, pleasure, laziness, inconstancy, mistaking images for realities. Generally speaking, then, the Watery Forces. Indicate her Right Way. Lingam of Water, , *Li*, 'The Tiger'. Act boldly, despising danger. Proceed steadfastly without hesitation or turning aside. Make your way level and easy, being quiet and solitary. Don't seek for 'action in the film', avoid judging a question from one side of it. Don't


<sup>1</sup> See entry 26 September 1920.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley and Leah's baby girl who died a few days later.


<sup>3</sup> This is Crowley's, not Legge's, summary comment on Hexagram XII of the *Yi King (I Ching)*. Crowley added: 'This hexagram shows Phallus trying to boss Kteis [vulva] too crudely: no proper preparation, no adroitness. It wins in the end but at too great (and needless) cost.'

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think too highly of your progress. Don't be rash, although fearless. Don't shrink from dangers, but walk warily through them. Be resolute, seek the ordeals. Meditate on your whole Way in the past, and divine its course in the future therefrom. Describe the nature of her Will in this incarnation, the Goal of her Attainment, *Kwei Mei*, Hexagram LIV, Fire of Water, Learn: non-action, unselfishness, progress under difficulties, humility, patience, killing 'lust of result'.<sup>1</sup> Describe the proper means auxiliary to the action of the

Elixir to fortify Anu Leah. Sun of Fire, , *Shih Ho*: 'Union by

gnawing'. Be passionately devoted to her; pay constant active attention; sacrifice comfort etc. for her; make her the symbol of the Glorified Manifestation (Sol) of our Passionate Will (Fire). Give symbol for my own proper Magical Work for the rest of the month of October. Earth of Sun, *Pi*, Hexagram XXII: 'Ornament'. Work very hard at Art. Symbol for Alostrael's work for the same period. Moon or Earth, *Khien*, Hexagram XXXIX: do what seems most difficult (attend to Anu Leah?) Symbol for our joint IX° work for same period. How to do it? Lingam of Fire, Hexagram XXV, *Wu Wang*. Seek Truth, seek success (reaping), invoke Protection, acquire health, thanksgiving. It's all creative. Symbol for Ninette's confinement.<sup>2</sup> K[teis] of Sun, *Ming I*. Might easily mean death. Symbol for Ninette's child:

Earth of Air, , *Ku*. A son—troubles—a Work to do—an independent character. Symbol for my next new picture. Moon of Water. Moon-Water, showing the Order of the Universe. The Symbol for Object of our IX° Work till end of October. *Wu Wang* again! I think this means to develop moral excellence in ourselves, and to initiate ourselves through it.

1.25 a.m. Talking with Leah. I've just understood her vision of the Temple. It is the High Priestess, the Moon, (CCXX, I: 'She is a moon') white and silver, between the Pillars. She wouldn't have any other symbols, naturally; she is the Goddess, the Oblation, and the Altar.

2.40 a.m. I had no craving for cocaine at all through all September, but I seem to fall into the 'alternate night' habit quite easily now it is to my hand again. However, the action and reaction both seem quite dissimilar, physically and mentally, from August experience. I am not so parenthetical and expository, a 'bitter-ender' of argument; and I'm not so much affected in my nerves. I'm not so anxious about its effects. The month's 'wagon' has given me confidence. But I still want to go on to a limit dose when I start. I'm still impatient to get a Masterpiece for my pains, though not nearly so much. I don't suffer from exhausting sweats during the absorption, or worry about making up for lost sleep afterwards, as I used to do. I'm taking it easier all round, in fact. But I still smoke pipe after pipe as before, only I keep them all alight better.

<sup>1</sup> A phrase from *The Book of the Law*, meaning that one should work without thought of praise or blame.

<sup>2</sup> Ninette ('Beauty') Shumway, the Second Concubine of the Beast. Crowley was the father of this child.



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9.00 a.m. I have just finished a Madrigal and a Sonnet-Sequence for Leah;<sup>1</sup> so the night has not been wasted.

8.30 p.m. 'Womanhood is a secret vice' (after a long talk with Jane). Was it not Jesus Christ who said of Editors, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'? P.S. Womanhood is first a mere lack like idiocy. It only becomes a vice if its reality is shirked.

5 October, ♃. A good working day, sleeping a lot but fairly normal.

6 October, ♂. More work. Began 'The Dead Emperor' view of Capri.

6.20 p.m. Yes, meals at 10.00 and 4.00 make the day delightfully long. I have revised scenarios, tinkered pictures, started a new one, amused myself very much sexually, played some capital Fives—and the day is far from done. Leah and I are about to try whether the diminished dose of Our Lady's Breath—three pipes and no more—will give her, as the Yi seems to promise, the Clear Vision, without the reverberate heaviness of sleep upon her eyes to avenge the Lords of Inertia. This makes me think again—as so often before—whether I do truly acquiesce in the Universe of None and Two.<sup>2</sup> Am not I always aspiring to a 'Higher level', unwilling to compensate for attainment? I evidently prefer a Creative Orgie of two nights and days and a Reaction of similar length to the commonplace four days and nights of normal activity and normal sleep. That is, I prefer mountainous country to flats. Does it follow that I should like the valleys filled up, and then start a new catastrophic geology with the old Chogo Ri<sup>3</sup> as 'sea-level'? This is evidently impossible in Nature, whose total must always be Zero; but am I ass enough to wish things otherwise? Am I still so stupid as not to see that the space-marks are arbitrary, that there is no high or low, no A or not-A, save in conditional relation with some equally fetishistic idea? Why then do I want my Aetna in eruption, valuing its spasms, impatient of its intervals? My poetry? I spend my soul in blazing torrents that roar into Night, streams that with molten tongues hiss as they lick, and consume the slopes of—not Parnassus! But that's no worth; it's time and peace that crumble my cold lava to an oil that's fit for Dionysus, for vines whose purple and gold may make men drunken, make them gods. My spilth can only make them gods in the fierce fashion of Death! Then by analogy, why should Alostrael lust after the Lords of Vision, that in tumultuous chariots lash stallion teams full gallop up the sky-steeps, with helmets golden and bejewelled and plumed, with monstrous serpent sceptres, with self-luminous iridescence of mantle afloat in the gale of their rushing? Bold are they, comely and terrible, with eyes beholding all, and in their mouths the Word

<sup>1</sup> Both 'A Madrigal' and the sequence of three sonnets are extant. They are part of a collection of unpublished poems entitled 'The Book of Oaths'.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley reasoned thus: plus one added to minus one, the great active and the great passive, cancel each other out, equal nought, i.e.  $2 = 0$ . By analogy, the marriage of opposites in consciousness (in the Crowleian philosophy, Nuit and Hadit) produces Samadhi, which is the Bliss of Nothing or Nirvana.

<sup>3</sup> Crowley was a member of the Chogo Ri expedition, led by Oscar Eckenstein, in 1902. It was the first, and unsuccessful attempt on this Himalayan peak.

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of Truth that is Death; and to her they are as Apes to her vanity. But why should these be her pleasure more dear than Our Lady of Sleep? Alas! we are yet blind, yet deaf, she and I, as we writhe in the mire, she red and white, moon's blood of magick, and moon's ash of witchcraft, I gold and black, sun's fire of hell and sun's eclipse of annihilation, both dragons, the twin heirs of Pan, that he begat of Chaos. We are not yet ourselves, not clean from 'lust of result', not infinitely rigid and infinitely elastic as our mother Aethyr.<sup>1</sup> We distinguish between things, not indeed as absolute but as 'good' or 'bad' in relation to some 'nature' or 'will' which we still think of as 'ours'. Thereby we only confess our own limitations. For it is clear that my Creative Orgies disturb Nature, as Alostrael's Visions distress Mankind; and even were this well to serve the one, and heal the other, it still stands that we make and affirm and buttress and perpetuate division between the workers and the work. And therefore—in conclusion—our High Magick is most high if on its snow-wrapped crater-cone we stand, in air too virginal to have known dust of plains or smoke of cities, air to intoxicate us laughing-mad, so that we fling our limbs abroad and scream, 'Love Under Will, indeed; the Cudgel of jolly Priapus! Vision, ay so! to divert us!' And when we pay the price in sleep, it shall be no less well; are we not sure, we who are chosen of Aiwass?<sup>2</sup> Sleep bears us fruit of the Tree of Life, the Tree that our Will planted; fruit manifold, of diverse hues and shapes; monstrous, fantastic, fascinating to sight, to scent; strange to allure the taste; madness or poison, food or medicine, in our blood. Our dreams fulfil Life's passion; shall not the silence of the soul be yet diviner fruit on the Tree of Death? Be then our Life of Orgasm as our Death of Exhaustion, be then our Light of Clear Vision as our Night of Obscure Blindness! I will to her with my Beast-Lust, accounting my split Spirit as naught; I will smoke beads of poppy with her, beads gleaming blackly gold, and tasting in its clouds as they bear us aloft the Peace thereof and Vision of Truth. They shall be not more desirable than Pain of shattered bone and of bruised flesh when we fall thence into the ooze and slime of the foul marsh Stagnation. Come now, Alostrael to Alastor,<sup>3</sup> come Woman of Whoredom to the Beast thy lover! Come without lust of result to Lust and its result! Come, let us praise Priapus not regarding his orchard! Come, let us burn the incense, with no heed unto whom! Let us offer oblation of poppy with no prayer to Persephone! Come, I am ready, my soul radiant, my mind whirling, my limbs trembling; is not your being equally electric, clamorous also for mine? Come, the lamp also waits, and the smooth purple tube of lacquer waits, its bowl a blossom; and the Vase brimmed with poison is ready as I to my love's hand—to her slim deadly hand! For Lust's sake let us lust, for Smoke's sake let us smoke!

It is now 8.25 p.m.—go to it!

9.30. I give Alostrael a first half-pipe. I think six such, at intervals of ten minutes, should be the arrangements. She has made up her mind not to seek

<sup>1</sup> Infinite space.

<sup>2</sup> Thelemites.

<sup>3</sup> Alastor, the Wanderer of the Waste, one of Crowley's titles.

visions; they began instantly as she lay back after the pipe. They are all outlines—birds, flowers, wheat in sheaves, stars, lamps etc. Yellow, then blue, predominating colours; the blue brighter than the yellow. I ask her to invoke Aiwaz. Things now heavy—trees, landscapes, buildings, one a palace, or town, yellow with red roofs.

6.45. A second half-pipe for Leah—she sees a stork and crescent moon. 'Reject all but Aiwaz!'

8.55. A third Door<sup>1</sup>—through it—ruins within—then long passage—Pillar with four limbs at top.

9.10. She sees Aiwaz's arm sweeping away things from the Universe. Is this His message? Huge sweeping movements, also firm quick wrist-parries—His left eye, now—it's all colours—dazzling. Concentric rings—pupil of azure light. This becomes a flower, lotus-like; now in that a radiant blue cross and a circle within that.

9.15. (She postpones further pipes.) I ask for proof of identity.<sup>2</sup> She sees a hand, black, pointed nails, jewels on fingers. (This corresponds with my own visions of Him.) Four petalled rose—golden—I ask Him for a Word. He says SEN (? III ?)<sup>3</sup> YAN. These mean—a tube leading into a mountain. Then a series of dots and dashes. (? interpret symbol by Yi?) The arm again—sweeping yet broader, but slower. Now—she's within. His eye sees over all the water. The hand is over the land only. 'The arm and the eye!'—that is His message. 'Keep going steadily at your work, Beast!' 'Observe vigilance, Whore!' Our IX° work? An impossible-to-climb-ladder—a tree with unripe yellow apples though not an apple-tree. (Infinite progress is possible—the way 'against Nature' is the Way.)

9.40. Began—

10.55. Opus VIII, 31-666-31. Operation: very simple, very intense, very monadogenous, to coin a word. Elixir: very homogenous and copious. Object: depth of Truth in 93.

10.20. I want to write a poem . . .

6 October, ☽. 1.45 a.m. I wrote it: 'Why I like Cefalu' is the idea. There are eighty-four lines. I mean to write 'To Him that shall come'—it went all wrong. I clean forgot the idea, side-tracked by jumping from 'The Spirit and the Bride say Come' to John's silly New Jerusalem phantasy.

2.40 a.m. Recalled to my original intention by analysing the discrepancy between my written title and the subject of the poem, I easily concentrated and wrote two sonnets 'To Him that shall Come'.

3.45. Wrote a third sonnet—very hard.

7 October, ♃. Nothing special.

<sup>1</sup> An astral door, seen in the vision.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley commands Leah to ask the astral entity whom she sees in the vision to identify himself, their object being to communicate with Aiwaz, not any false or deceptive spirit, masquerading as Aiwaz.

<sup>3</sup> III is an enumeration of SEN if E is taken as aleph.

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8 October, ♀. Leah to Palermo with Poupée.

7.00 p.m. I am about to try an experiment. When I start cocaine, I find that there is always an excuse (on the Highest Grounds, like an Englishman) for going on to the physiological limit. I am going to say, I begin now and will stop at 9.00 p.m. whatever happens. If I fail, I ought to be kicked round Cefalu 333 times.

10.15 p.m. All right so far, feeling fit, eager, wakeful, poetry-mad. I don't hanker after snow, in a drawer at my right side; but I want water—mouth dry (from a cold, I think). I do feel though as if stopping were somehow unnatural, as I do on leaving even a very bad play before the end of the last act. But this thought came only now, an hour and a quarter after stopping cocaine, and a minute and a quarter after finishing my additional stanzas to the Introit to the Leah poems.

9 October, ♀. 12.50 a.m. Writing a poem. The desire for snow continues though I've tried counter-irritations. It's a sort of perpetual reminder that there is a want.

10 October, ☉. 7.20 a.m. I soon got all right as to the Friday night stuff. I worked fairly hard all day and slept from 8.00 right through till half an hour ago.

I note my planets for 12 October.<sup>1</sup> New moon—new current of life. Neptune squaring my radical Mercury might be very bad for my mind, especially as he retrogrades over it in November. Herschel is neuter, Saturn is opposing my Moon, semi-sextile to my Herschel. Venus and Sol, trine Mars. Good for executive work. Jupiter is sextile my Jupiter. Mars is good except to Luna, and that is rather past the square. General symbol for my plan of 7th and 8th houses. Hexagram I! Don't be obvious—give opportunity a chance but don't force it! How shall I act? Hexagram XXIV, 'Returning'. i.e. go over old paths, i.e. seek old friends, adjust heresies, preen fan. But don't overdo it, be balanced and high-minded. Don't go back to the wrong things, such as Dingwall!<sup>2</sup> In what direction? <sup>3</sup> Highway—sedges and rushes—bamboos—blue united with yellow. More about the place? Air of Lingam. Sounds like the desert, a joy-place. The blue and yellow seem like sea and sand. Biskra seems to fit everything pretty well. Describe the ruler of the 7th house. The ram—a strong, foolish, passionate, hot-tempered person. Symbol for 8th house? , 'The Boat'—moves pigs etc., fish—absolutely successful.

3.30 p.m. I started to write a short poem after a very heavy sleep of nearly three hours. I was ass enough to start snow again.

11 October, ☽. 1.10 a.m. Finished my gramme of snow, also my 'short' poem—about 400 lines. I'm a damned fool—oh, but a Fool, a Pure Fool.

<sup>1</sup> Crowley's birthday.

<sup>2</sup> He married Rose Kelly at Dingwall in Scotland in 1903, and regretted it.

<sup>3</sup> The trigram for water.

Really life ought to take care of itself. If one is altogether God, working without lust of result, why all this anxiety about result? The God can take no hurt, and the man matters no more than any other dead dog. Only this God needs the man to be sound in body and mind as His Tool; He is creating a new world of men that shall know that they are Gods, and so shall His loneliness find solace.

This God suffers when he stops creating and inspects the results. But the protest about cocaine and insanity and death comes from the animal. This brute should never think at all, but attend strictly to the business of doing what the God wills—*perinde ac cadaver*.<sup>1</sup>

1.30 a.m. I am now faced with the usual problem: my brain is working at high pressure, without the clutch in, or a man at the steering-wheel. I want only one thing, bodily, more snow. Only one thing mentally; that the reaction were all over, and I entirely normal, *mens sana in copore sano*, though well aware that rationally that state leads to nothing worth while. My magical self—the unity of the various organs below the Pure God Self—wants to ask Thelema about this cocaine-act. Yet Thelema says CCXX, II, 22: 'To worship me take wine & strange drugs whereof I shall tell my prophet, and be drunk thereof! They shall not harm ye at all.' Dare I, the Beast, doubt it? I still need faith and courage. I don't believe in my Work as I believe that fire burns. To-night, a day before my birthday, I invoke! Give me a Word. CCXX, I, 7: 'Behold, it is revealed by Aiwass the minister of Hoor-paar-Kraat.' A most relevant answer! He did reveal it! Also, he is minister of the Lord of Defence and Protection.

For a joke, let us see what the enemy<sup>2</sup> has to say. I get Canticles VIII, 12. Rather jolly! Shall I, Yi King, make a definite oath about cocaine? Give symbol for my proper course of action. Sun of Water, *Khwei*—a state of disunion exists. My general course is to realize that cocaine's pleasure is not worth the candle. I should go bathing daily for a while; sun and sea will calm my mind's dissensions and make my body normal.

2.00 a.m. Still 'all dressed up and nowhere to go'.

4.40. Four sonnets, 'The Eremite'.<sup>3</sup> I feel rather like the virgin who pouted, 'By Jingo, I never yet fucked a flamingo!'

P.m. Took Yi's advice, and a pint of alcohol. The train to Palermo. Poupée very sick indeed. I think it may be her Will to die; as when I thought I would do Magick for her, I couldn't.

Opus IX, 31-666-31. Operation: fierce and tremendous. Object: to help Poupée. Felt it was 'all wrong' and stopped the 'second part'. Elixir: hence—unknown.

12 October, ♂. My saddest birthday.

13 October, ♀. Back to Cefalu.

14 October, ♀. At Cefalu. Got a painting fit; did a panel of a dancing

<sup>1</sup> 'Like a corpse.'

<sup>2</sup> The Bible.

<sup>3</sup> This poem consisted of four sonnets; they are not extant.

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girl; retouched my 'Iris', and my 'Dead Emperor'. Began my 'Green Grotto'.

3.30 p.m. Alostrael is back, Poupée died this morning . . .

I don't doubt Going;<sup>1</sup> we Gods go, but I was born in the old Aeon,<sup>2</sup> and I've got a 'human, all too human' in my godhead.

15 October, ♀. 2.27 a.m. All night writing the Prologue to 'Thuestos'<sup>3</sup>—a bitter drink of bruised spices, and reminding one of 'Thyestes',<sup>4</sup> at the accursed feast. Thus a good two-edged title for the elegy on my Poupée (Leah's Poupée too) which I am writing so as not to go mad.

3.50 a.m. Opus XI, 31-666-31. Operation: fascinating fond. Object: inward to 93. Elixir: immensely copious and powerful.

9.40 a.m. As a lad I was taught to sniff at the simple-mindedness of chemists before they found that a burnt element was not destroyed. Because the carbon disappeared they thought it was destroyed—we sneered—as one might say. But apply the analogy to death-change; and horror! I can't see why a 'soul' should not be an Element. It has more 'symptoms' than Argon—eh? We cannot isolate and weigh it, true; but that was the case with fluorine a generation ago.

A name for a lawyer—'Hangman's pimp'.

16 October, ♀.

\* 17 October, ☉. Three days of silence. Annoyed by a . . . ? boil.

18 October, ☽. Leah very much in danger; made her rest still more completely. She got a lot better; but at night pains and haemorrhage became unmistakable.

11.40 p.m. Went over and got Ninette.

19 October, ♂. 12.30 a.m. Ninette off to the town with the old peasant next door.<sup>5</sup>

2.00 a.m. A competent Wise-Woman is here.<sup>6</sup>

8.45 a.m. Leah at ease but bar miracles, a miscarriage is certain. In the afternoon, we had a second thunderstorm with hail. It broke windows, tore and uprooted trees, made the hillside a pocket Darjeeling!

<sup>1</sup> 'Going' from one incarnation to another is the main characteristic of the gods of ancient Egypt, typified by the sandal strap or *ankh*, the symbol of eternal life.

<sup>2</sup> The aeon of Christianity which Crowley also called the aeon of Osiris, the father of Horus.

<sup>3</sup> A poem by Crowley consisting of a Prologue and three parts; it is not extant.

<sup>4</sup> Atreus, son of Pelops, 'served up to Thyestes the flesh of the latter's own children, at which the sun turned back on its course in horror'. *The Oxford Classical Dictionary*.

<sup>5</sup> Ninette, herself in an advanced state of pregnancy, went to get a midwife for Leah.

<sup>6</sup> The midwife.

20 October, ♀. I notice that 'Oh, so much!'<sup>1</sup> requires little exegesis. 1. Our baby dies; 2. Our next baby isn't born; 3. I have a bad boil; 4. The Detroit-books, Arctaeon<sup>2</sup> ill; 5. The London books;<sup>3</sup> 6. The dog Satan<sup>4</sup> murdered, etc. etc. In the month more has happened than in any one year of my life.

21 October, ♀. We go on suffering and affirming our Oath to perform the Great Work.

22 October, ♀. As Thursday.

9.45 p.m. My Boil burst this morning; I have given it a Number One clean out with most substances known to Organic and Inorganic Chemistry. It—and the two shocking disasters to my Race—have depressed me unspeakably; I am simply a poultice on the physical plane, and the mental and moral ape<sup>5</sup> it. *Mens inanis in corpore inani.*<sup>6</sup> But, after the Lustration of my Boil, I make Oath and say these things following.

I have not faltered in the Great Work since the Miracle of St. Jane Chéron in Paris,<sup>7</sup> I have merely refused to make bricks without straw. I sent the books from Mawers [?] to Detroit 'without haggling', and I snatched at the Chiswick Press stock with instant decision when the crisis leapt from its ambush on me, broken as I was by sickness and agony.<sup>8</sup> There is still much to be done before I can resume publicity but though the Chiswick Press demands over one third of my total resources merely to release my stock, I shrink not; nor shall I, should the next step strip my shirt from my back.

Hope's anchor has dragged in quicksand; Faith's compass has been lightning-wrecked; Love's engines have exhausted all my fuel. But to my

<sup>1</sup> The Word of the current Equinox.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Stansfeld Jones or Frater Achad of Vancouver.

<sup>3</sup> The fine art printers and publishers, the Chiswick Press, who had published several of Crowley's works, *circa* 1907, had copies of his books in store. They refused to release them. See below.

<sup>4</sup> The Abbey dog.

<sup>5</sup> His mental and moral state apes or copies his physical state.

<sup>6</sup> 'A worthless mind in a worthless body.'

<sup>7</sup> Jane Chéron was one of Crowley's Paris mistresses in the years preceding the First World War. He describes 'the Miracle' on 1 February 1920, see page 93, and in *The Confessions*, page 599.

<sup>8</sup> 'My first objective was obviously to obtain possession of my published works which had been warehoused with the Chiswick Press . . . On my arrival in London the position was that after paying warehouse charges to date, they owed me a little over ten pounds. They had written several times to urge me to remove the stock . . . I found a new warehouse in due course and called to arrange a convenient day to remove the books. To my surprise a perfect stranger came into the outer office, a weird creature of nightmare, long, loose-jointed, shaking and tottering with palsy, with a head grotesque and ghastly, rocking upon narrow sloping shoulders that seemed to shrink from its weight. This fantastic horror announced itself as the managing director of the new company. I stated my business. To my amazement, he broke out into a spate of unmeaning insults. He refused point-blank to deliver the books on the ground that Scotland Yard would be down on him if he did . . .' *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley*, p. 890-1.

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oath I stand; I am the Captain, I'll stay by the ship. Alastor, Wanderer of the Waste—how close the legend of the 'Flying Dutchman'!

Make Port—who cares for land that loves the Sea? 'Afloat in the aethyr, o my god, my God!' 'Is there not joy ineffable in this aimless winging?'<sup>1</sup> Ay, though I burst my heart with running, let there be neither goal nor guerdon! I've watched the Bear all summer; steady he turns about the Pole. In March he hung above the sea where the cliff rears stark from Cefalu; tonight he glitters across the neck of our hillside. Does he ask How, or Why? He is a God, the Seven-in-One and One-in-Seven;<sup>2</sup> and He goes.

I am the Beast; I am the Word of the Aeon;<sup>3</sup> I am Thelema. I am the Sixfold One Extended,<sup>4</sup> the Sun Six Hundred and Six Tens and Units Six and the Formula of Force is Eleven-in-One and One-in-Eleven,<sup>5</sup> that is Four Hundred and Eighteen;<sup>6</sup> and the Lord of the Aeon is Horus-Harpocrates, One-in-Two and Two-in-One, in his Name Ra-Hoor-Khuit;<sup>7</sup> and the Herald of the Aeon is the Word<sup>8</sup> thereof, being a God as He is also mine own Holy Guardian Angel, Aiwaz, who hath His Nature, Will, and Love, and the Way and the Weapon, Thelema, Agapé, M\*\*\*, and M\*\*\*\*,<sup>9</sup> that are all Ninety and Three, the triple thought enfolding Thirty One, wherein is Naught made One-in-Three and Three-in-One, running and returning even from LA that is not to AL that is, for a Key of all these Gates of Going, and for a sign unto the Scarlet Woman my concubine inasmuch as her name openeth with LA, also to me The Beast whose name hath AL upon its forehead.

Tonight I am sure, sure with most utter surety, sure in my soul and sealed by my mind, that so, not otherwise at all, these things must be, that so they are, amen without lie, and amen of amen.

11.15 p.m. I note that I did not investigate The Word of the Equinox as I had taken no CCXX or Yi to Naples. Did so on October 1. I will now ask an Oracle from Aiwaz in this lull in the 'Oh, so much!' typhoon: a direct message to minds steadfast through drum-fire of Disasters. I get the beginning (above the title) of Chapter V of *Liber LXV*. This means that the whole chapter is a Message for the moment.

23 October, 12. Midnight! I have just read aloud the chapter above indicated to Alostrael. It is as a King's Daughter, all-glorious within, and

<sup>1</sup> *Liber LXV, The Book of the Heart Girt with the Serpent*, 1911.

<sup>2</sup> The seven stars in one constellation which form the Great Bear, and the One or Chief of these Seven, the Pole Star.

<sup>3</sup> Abrahadabra.

<sup>4</sup> Six is the number of the solar or central Sefhira, Tiphereth (Beauty). 666 is the full extension of the Solar Current.

<sup>5</sup> Abrahadabra, the 11-lettered Word.

<sup>6</sup> Abrahadabra equals 418, the number of the Great Work, the union of the Macrocosm and Microcosm.

<sup>7</sup> Ra-Hoor-Khuit (Horus) and Hoor-Paar-Kraat (Harpocrates) are the One-in-Two and the Two-in-One.

<sup>8</sup> Aiwaz.

<sup>9</sup> Crowley had a reason for keeping these two words secret. All we know is that their number in each case is 93, like that of Thelema, Agapé and Aiwaz himself.



its kiss has kindled me to very ecstasy of Love. I doubt myself at times; it is because the worm Hope, instead of writhing under mine atheist feet, occupies my Rectum. My divination still goes astray, far too often. The symbol errs only when my desire does violence to my method. But even when I divine freely, I frequently read it with spectacles of hope and fear. For instance, Poupée's symbol was 'Diminution'; and she wasted slowly away almost from birth. I knew it at the time, but forced myself to find a less fatal interpretation. Then, when she was ill in May, I took a new symbol and got 'Increasing'. She did pick up for a while; but this symbol was, as I knew in my heart, merely a temporary modification of the General Symbol. And line 6—'one to whose increase none will contribute'—we tried every food known, but she wasted away to death. I knew it all along; but I would not face truth, and fooled myself. I clung more closely to her, against my general and my particular knowledge alike; so made I fiercer texture for myself when Death tore her from me. Once a cancer is diagnosed, it is madness to postpone the operation. Desire-fear-folly: we want the impossible, pretend that its poor image is itself, then fear to lose that worthless thing, then suffer, losing it, as if it had been the true thing we never had. Mrs Solness<sup>1</sup> and her dolls! That is Humanity, more than the Master Builder's self.

Death's night [?]-and left at my girl summer-sojourning and at my boy birth-barred struck me as Job was stricken.<sup>2</sup> Nay, more; I had no God to curse, no faith in Righteousness, no confidence in Nature's purpose. My love's close coils were smitten asunder by the same axe-stroke that cleft her and him; my love lay writhing and bleeding, a dead snake in the dust. I should have watched them from the Tree of Life, aloof and wary, warned them and whispered them my wisdom, made them as Gods. Had I done so it may be Death himself had feared to hunt these woods; for my fang's poison is death to Death; I am he that holdeth Knowledge high, my head Truth-crested, Silence-hooded, so leaveth Life to wind its way on the earth, no more to me than a means of raising up that holy head, fearless to gaze upon the world with lidless eyes.

But I let life love life; I clung; mine eyes saw only theirs, and in them mine own image. Their innocence dazzled me; their breath dizzied me. The Woodcutter saw his chance; he struck; the mortal put on immortality.

Oh Sweet, oh frail, my love made flesh for my delight, oh living laughing eyes, blue heavens of light star-peopled, oh mouth smile-garlanded with poppy, oh tiny and tenacious hands that fastened so firm-fondly on my fingers, oh tender flesh of mine own flesh, in thee was wisdom beyond mine. Thou knewest thou must come to me for this one summer, then go thy way among the stars as star, whispering me thy word that I should love no more things perishable, no more prefer the part before the whole, no more distinguish dream from dream, but with whole Godhead marry Heaven, adore Her undivided body, all stars thereof one soul of Her. Go then serene, my daughter; thou hast been wine bright-bubbling at thy birth,

<sup>1</sup> Aline Solness, the wife of the master builder in Ibsen's play.

<sup>2</sup> The baby, Anu Leah (Poupée) had died and Leah had miscarried.

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and on my palate rapture; the soul of sunlight and the body of earth mine incense and my sacrament; but in thy death hast thrilled my blood, and in my brain been the One Miracle, flesh manifesting Spirit, the initiating intoxication whereby I am that I am, All-Self and no more I.

Anu Leah, go, blossom of me, go on thy Way, blown on the wind that tore thee from my stem, bending me sorely, not uprooting me; go, thou wast born to make me trulier man by loving thee; go, thou hast died to make me trulier God by losing thee! Hail thou, and fare thee well!

But thou, my son, who then wast thou? Thou wast to be my holiest hope, my pride and pleasure, hidden beneath the heart of my true fellow, of Leah my love, Alostrael my sister.

How was the hap that thou wouldst not abide in the ark, thou who shouldst save my race when Heaven flings wide its floods, and all its waters cover my head? At the solstice of the summer, in splendour of Sicily, wast thou begotten of these loins, in passion violent as the sun, in rapture eager as wine of these suave slopes, in love as strong and deep, as shining as this sea!

We yearned for Spring, when thou shouldst leap to the light, challenge the world with a strong cry, my son, my lion's whelp. Autumn was scarce upon us, sweeping with storms, savage and heavy with hail, demoniac with jagged levin and crowded thunders, its wind wild from the west tearing and tossing oak and olive. Silent we stood thy mother and I, our stern souls faced our sorrow. Our darling that delighted us; she was but two days dead. Stubborn we stood, denying ourselves even a tear, flint-steady for the steel of the future. Thou, oh my son, thou wast the spark of our intensity of hope. Then he that hateth us hailed Death, bade him strike home to our hearts—to our one heart—a second, a fouler felony. My love her soul is a tall tower impregnable; Fate never breached it by assault, Life never mastered it by treason. But in their camp they hold an hostage, her flesh, loyal through all their torture. They tore the first child from her arms and flung it to the dogs; now from her holiest harbour they drag thee, thy sister's blood scarce clotted on their hangman's hands. They twisted in her bowels the dagger of agony, and broke her limbs with the club of despair.

My son, I looked upon thee as I thought never to look. Thou wast my son, my flesh, my blood, my seed, my soul's champion in the Journey of Time. And thou wast dead, a red raw parody of the shape of man, a thing obscene and shameful, thou wast a senseless and disgusting joke played by coarse, callous, filthy-minded fools. And still thou wast my son. Life stirred in thee, though not to light of birth, liberty of weaning, love of puberty mightiest thou came; and so, what life was thine? What soul art thou? What is thy Word from the gods, my son? Thy word to me as mine own sickness I keep vigil night through by my love's bed, the bed slack from thy begetting, the bed yet bloody from thy death?

Is thy word this, that of my body no seed shall stem the centuries, no son succeed to guardianship of the Most Sacred Lance, carry my crest on his helm, and bear my banner forward in the battle? At least thou hast spoken one thing by the tongue of thy mockery to me, thy boy's obscene gibe at

my manhood, articulate to my soul that shall not swerve from this or that, scorned howsoever and scourged, here spat upon, there stoned, now swinging on the gallows, then blackening at the stake. Thou art indeed my son, but yet not more my son than I am my father's, he of his, and so of hairy cave-creatures that bare chipped stones for swords of apes four armed and gross of jaw.

My son, thou wouldst not add a link to that our chain of sand, thou wouldst not share our pride in shot-drill, or add a chapter to our dull novel; we know the ink fades almost ere it dries, we know there is no plot; we know each page is tragic; we know there is no hope to avoid fatuity, to find coherence, to see worth in its continuance, or to make its end excuse its course, though a God start from the machine. It cannot end, it can but stop and thou wast wise, my son that mightest have tricked me with false hopes, made my insensate longings take dead leaves wind-rustled in the cave of Despair for Oracles of Apollo, wise wast thou, wiser than I, to fling away the pen!

For what of me shouldst thou inherit? Behold the heirlooms of mine house! Here is the gilded pewter armour of pride, there the fierce high-bridged nose, the beak of our Viking ship. Here is our worm-eaten mask, religion, and this, with the Phallic handle, is our scourge, Puritanism. Look well at this purse with glue at the top and a hole in the bottom; that's our greed and our folly. These handcuffs are our conventionality—I never wore them, son o' mine—and this painted pig's bladder is our family eloquence, the first who had it was Fool to a King. But now we come to the treasures of our clothes marked out truest plain with our name; you would have had to wear them, had you braved birth, son o' mine! No, not in that cupboard with all those locks and bolts; that's new, for the family skeleton, which is of course myself. The boots with the spikes inside are my grandfather's gout, and the waistcoat lined with quicklime is my aunt's consumption. The brass belt is riveted on when you came of age; it is Indigestion. See that glorious old watch? How loud it ticks, how fast! That's our weak heart. The queer-shaped hat on the hook is insanity; unless your head is unusually large it covers your face. I wear it over one ear myself. All that rotten underwear stained with blood and pus is our Legend of Love, so to speak; the neatly chalked gloves are our rheumatism.

A pretty collection my son? You showed sense to insist on moving into jar of alcohol after three months of material restriction. We overlooked that corkscrew on the watch-chain, by the way, it dates from the First Crusade, and is our Entail of Drunkenness. Our Crest is the Sun surmounted by a rose shining on a mossy bank and it means Luxury—Idleness inflamed by Passion and Pride well 'under the rose' of Secrecy. The motto is *Spes*—Hope; that we shan't be found out. Nay, son o' mine, thou hast this word to me, thou Hermes, soul flashing through the sanctuary of my love's temple that I might seek no son of flesh to shoulder that rotten old log.

These are my sons, O thou Imp of my Bottle, thou ounce of homunculus in my half-pint of Grand Marnier, the souls that my soul hath begotten, free souls of my soul's stock, of me in my god-passion, of me, truth naked who

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whirled my Word by music, or hurricane, my Word to the heart of my heart's desire, to the Woman I call mankind. I am Jove on the Titan to get god-men for my sons, though her burden dement her, her labour disrupt her, and her delivery destroy her. These are my sons, thou freak of the flesh that I loved, if they bear on their forehead for mind, on their breasts for passion, and in the palm of their right hands for deed, the Mark of the Beast. And this is my Mark that their minds shall be Light, holding each thought in its purity, and marrying one with another at the Altar of Truth. Then naked and equal let each on the other love lost give all that the Babe may be both and more also; Truth sealing itself. And this is my Mark that their passions shall be Love, and edged by fire and electric, a whirling and flying flame that shall suffer not aught that hath substance corporeal, but with most fervent heat consume all visible things, dissolve all grossness in candescence of spirit, and making matter infinite by might of infinite motion, marry these twain, and know itself there First-Begotten, Love that hath formulated his father and made fertile his mother.

And this shall be my Mark in the palms of their right hands, that their Deed shall be Liberty, for they shall do each man his Will, each function freely in its fitness fulfilling itself, each act the witness and the judge of its own won righteousness by that single and sufficient Law that hath one Word: Thelema. For even if one behold not his Way, should err, or if another, wearying of it lag, or if a third impatient of it, hasten, unto each one shall his own Will be mentor, to the first the bride, to the second the spur, and to the third the curb.

These be my sons, o thou that heedest not my speech, thou of mine oak the acorn that falling in soil too soft wast rooted by the blind Boar-Death! These, and not thou, are of me, sons of mine, o thou coy cuckoo in the sparrow's nest that took thine ease until the hawk espied thee! All they that bear my Word and do each one his Will, that turneth unto his own Way and keepeth it, that hath for his Law Liberty, and his work Love, love under will, he is my son, my soul's own, being a soul, nor can he perish, as thou!

Thou too wast quick, thou hadst a soul for a moment! From our own Lord it came hotfoot to do his bidding, and scarce a sandal unstrapped to hurry elsewhere. Thou then hast uttered thy Word, and done thy Will, o thou the mandrake torn from the garden of my Love.

The dawn breaks, my Love stirs and sighs; but thou, my mannikin, thou offal that the Harpies flung in my face, screaming in my brain and clawing my heart, cold carrion all my thanks for that one pearl beyond price that I had given to the Gods, thou stirrest not nor sighest. But thy soul sang ere it fled, ay, still it sings, thy soul, the Swan whose wings encompass the universe, it sings the song that hath but one word and that word ineffable!

Fly free, my daughter, and sing; fly free my son, and sing thou too! I know ye, why ye came and why ye are gone; and I was sleepy-souled to wish to hold you from your going of Gods!

In your gladness, I am glad; I gaze on heaven, and see ye not. But I have heard, and I, being God as ye are, must be about my goings. I may not cast my body away for awhile; my going is up and down upon the earth. I strip

the gross garments and file the fetters from my brother gods; I break enchantments, making manifest things in their true shape: I waken Beauty that hath slept, and from the Oak in Broceliande I rescue Merlin's Wisdom, I ride Pegasus; my whip's of hide from the hippopotamus Hathor, so with fierce Love I lash him; my spurs I stole from Hermes and rowelled them with the teeth of Sekhet the tigress; so his flanks drip with most savage Wit, my saddle is of the same skin that covers the throne of Minos, so do I keep my seat on Justice. There needs no bridle or bit; Pegasus knoweth his Will. My lance is that strange tree whose name may not be spoken; the reed wherein Prometheus brought down fire, whereof Pan made his pipe, the rood whereon Gods suffer death, the rod that blossometh and becometh a serpent, striketh forth water from the rock, and maketh dead men live. This lance is the measure of Heaven and Earth and Hell; all things adore it and love it; all obey it and fear it; all seek it and if they find it, hide it; it hath the Flame-plumed Orb and the twin snakes of the Caduceus, as also the Pine-cone and Ivy tendrils of the Thyrsus; it is the Sceptre of Zeus, the Hammer of Thor, All Trees, all Hills, all fires, all Men that live uprightly, are its kin; nay all that seeketh Heaven or Hell, all things that are not of it lie before it prostrate.

It pierceth all, yet healeth every wound, giving its blood, and sealing Light in Darkness. It is so heavy that earth trembles under it; so light that a child's hand may lift it. It is so strong that the armed might of empires falls before it; so weak that a girl's breath may turn aside its thrust. So stout it is that time and Death have notched their scythes on it; so delicate, that one chance thought can crumble it. So much renowned is it, nigh all lay tongue to it, it is a thing common in vulgar mouths; yet also is it secret in such wise, that no man knoweth it for what it is, who doth so growing instantly to be a god; nor hath he name for it. I carved upon its shaft five words: *Vir, Virtus, Veritas, Virus, Viridis*; and six words more, but these I may not utter.

I graved three words upon its tip: *Pan, Pamphage, Pangenetor*;<sup>1</sup> and eight words more I may not utter. I inlaid this one word in gold upon its grip: *GN*;<sup>2</sup> and ten words more I may not utter.

Its Silence is a world of Song; its Death a world of life.

I seek to commune with it, invoking it by this name: *Ego Ipse*. Moreover, such is my Lance.

I belt me in the skin of the boar that slew Adonis studded with fangs of the asp that suckled Cleopatra. None but sleek Aphrodite fastened it about me, with the buckle wrought of the gold she earned with her first shame, what time I wrestled and threw Catullus at the court of Erato.<sup>3</sup>

In this brace-belt my Sword is thrust. So fearful is this my sword I though I gird it dare hardly to speak of it. He forged it who forged first

<sup>1</sup> Pan, All-devourer, All-begetter.

<sup>2</sup> Not letters of a word, rather a vibration. Cp. OM, the pranava or creative vibration of the Hindus.

<sup>3</sup> One of the nine Muses. Crowley implies that he surpassed Catullus in the writing of erotic verse.

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that flaming sword edged every way that drove out man from Eden, he, master-smith that tempered once Excalibur, and Roland's sword. He too it was that smelted the brave steel for Nothung, and ground the razor edge of Paracelsus' rapier. He hath a diamond wheel I dare not name; He grinds my edge; the sparks destroy the worlds. With this my sword have I slain many a god; there is no word nor thought that may withstand it.

But by my side my Love still gallops; she straddles the great Ass of her god, Priapus. She bears the Cup and Paten, that brimmed with blood, this crammed with flesh.

Then, to my work . . . . . I go.  
10.00 a.m. Thank Goodness that's over!

24 October, ☉.

25 October, ☽.

26 October, ♂.

27 October, ♀. Pulling body and soul together; don't ask why: 'Enough of Because, be he damned for a dog'—work!

28 October, ♃.

29 October, ♀. Some work.

30 October, ♃. Hard at scenarios all day.


31 October, ☉. 5.45 a.m. Up all night writing two poems in Thuestos.

1 November, ☽.

2 November, ♂.

3 November, ♀. Opera I, *i.o.d.*<sup>1</sup> Alostrael. Opera II, *i.m.D.*<sup>2</sup> Alostrael.

Read through the Diary of Mrs N. F. Shumway. I am utterly appalled at the horrors of the human heart. I never dreamed such things were possible. I am physically sick—it is the greatest shock of my life. I had this mess in my own circle. It poisoned my work; it murdered my children. It really does seem as if a magick circle were a sort of advantage.

4 November, ♃. What am I to do about Mrs S? It would be utterly impossible for me to decide, considering my Balance as explained in this Record. Thelema gives the message, CCXX, I, 36 about not changing one letter, i.e. the Law shall stand. What shall be my action? 

<sup>1</sup> 'In the mouth of the lady.'

<sup>2</sup> 'In the hand of the lady.'

Diminishing. I must use appropriate formulae and eliminate defects in the circle so long as I am in one! The lesson for me seems to be that I must deal with 'things' as if they were realities.

5 November, ♀. Took definite magical action and banished the intruding demon from this Circle. She went to Cefalu accordingly in the afternoon. I attach here a copy of the Exorcism.

Coll[egium] Ad S[piritum] S[anctum]. Cefalu, An[no] XVI [1920], Sol in Scorpio, Luna in Virgo.

N[inette] F[raux], Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.


Initiation purges. There is excreted a stench and a pestilence. In your case two have been killed outright, and the rest made ill. There are signs that the process may lead to purification and make things safe within a short time. But we cannot risk further damage; if the hate is still in course, it had better coil back on its source. Keep your diary going carefully. Go and live in Cefalu alone; go to the hospital alone; the day before you come out send up your diary and I will reconsider things. I shall hope to see the ulcers healing. Do not answer this; simply do as I say.


Love is the law, love under will.

666

9.30 p.m. Opus III, 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Operation: excellent, considering conditions. Elixir: very admirable indeed. Object: to praise Our Lord that we can start work again.

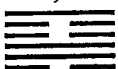
6 November, ♀. 4.45 a.m. Woke at 3.30 and have decided to do some work. Low diet and general hygienic measures have made me feel nicely normal, thank you.

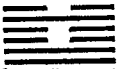
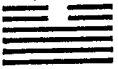
General symbol for the Initiation of Genesthai: *Shang*, Advancing and Ascending! About the best in the Yi for such a question. General symbol for the Magick of Genesthai and Therion together. , *Li*. My A[rse]

C[lock] relation to him: , *Shih bo*. What ho!

Climbed Deep Ghyll with Jane and Howard—new ridge above second Cave Pitch.

7 November, ☉. Got through alive.

8 November, ☽. General symbols for renewed sexual relations with Alostrael. , *Ku*. Serious work. What particular work ought

Alostrael and I to tackle in the Gnosis? , Regulations. It seems as though we should get more self control. What should be the object of our next operation? , Abundance of strength.

9.5 p.m. Opus IV, 31-666-31. Operation: One of the best I have ever

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known, the climax worked steadily and strongly up with real Union. Elixir: copious and well mixed; otherwise not remarkable. Object: abundant strength.

9 November, ♂. Nothing much.

10 November, ♀. To Palermo.

11 November, ♀. Peace Day. I went through the whole scene—knew it was 'anniversary of the victory' and so on and never remembered it was Armistice Day till now twenty-four hours later when the date caught my eye! And what a Peace! 'Peace hath her disasters no less renowned than War.'

12 November, ♂. Slept and read Symons,<sup>1</sup> Anatole France, and Meredith.

6.00 p.m. I feel like writing poetry.

13 November, ♀. 10.15 a.m. This poem seems more or less finished. Damn everything but love lyrics! I think I'll wander back to Cefalu.

1.00 p.m.

Pity is the last insolence of pride.  
There was a young poet named Keats  
Who shagged every day in the streets.  
He did it because  
The alternative was  
To shit every night in the sheets.

There was a young poet named Shelley  
Who much preferred bottom to belly.  
He argued the former  
Was tighter and warmer.

There was a young poet named Swinburne  
Who swore 'May my soul and my skin burn.  
The prospect appals  
Not a person whose balls  
To bugger a Siamese twin burn'.

There was a young poet named Browning  
Who rescued a virgin from drowning.  
Next day they got married;  
Next month she miscarried.  
His philosophy kept him from frowning.

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Symons, the poet.



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An old poet named Coventry Patmore  
Would say he thought no man had shat more  
Or wetter or worse  
Or a niftier verse  
And added: I piss and I cat more!

13 November (continued). Cefalu in p.m. Opus V, 31-666-31. Operation: Supremely orgiastic. Elixir: strong, rich, copious. Object: *Magnum Opus*.

14 November, ☉. Sleeping most of day.

15 November, ☽. Opus VI, 31-666-31 and Ethyl. Operation: excellent. Elixir: left mostly—very fine and sweet and well-charged. Object: *Magnum Opus*.

16 November, ♂. Cleaning things up after three days of bad weather.

17 November, ♀. Mostly mending paintings.

18 November, ♃. 4.44 a.m. The Day of My Birth is nigh its dawn!<sup>1</sup> I have been at work all night on four scenarios to illustrate the action of Karma. And idea for a fifth, stronger still, has just come! I must jot down the outlines.

5.55 a.m. Opus VII, 31-666-31. Operation: fast and furious. Luscious with snow.<sup>2</sup> Elixir: out of reach.<sup>3</sup> Object: W.L.O.R.<sup>4</sup>

If you asked for bread and they give you a stone, better disguise yourself as a geologist. If you start bread riots, they will call the soldiers out and shoot you.

19 November, ♀. In my Rabelais, vol. I, p. 188, last chapter of Book I, Pantagrue, the editor, says that Merlin is usually spelt Melin. Can this be the origin of *Abramelin*?<sup>5</sup>

P.m. Opium.

10.35 p.m. *circa*, 31-666-31. Operation: orgiastic. Elixir: copious, well-made but not very rich. Object: CCXX.

20 November, ♃.

21 November, ☉. Russell, Fra.:<sup>6</sup> Genesthai arrived.

22 November, ☽.

<sup>1</sup> Crowley's birth in the Golden Dawn on the 18 November 1898.

<sup>2</sup> Cocaine.

<sup>3</sup> Lost in the curcubite (vagina).

<sup>4</sup> Identity unknown.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. Abra-Melin, the Mage.

<sup>6</sup> This pyramid of dots indicates that this brother, Russell, is a member of a secret society, in this case, the A.:A.:.

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23 November, ♂.

24 November, ♀. Opus VIII, 321-666-31, p.o.<sup>1</sup>  
Opus IX, 143<sup>2</sup> D<sup>3</sup>

25 November, ♀.

26 November, ♀. Astarte Lulu Panthea born.<sup>4</sup>

27 November, ♀.

28 November, ☉. Considerations of the Cephaloedium Working.<sup>5</sup>

29 November, ☽. Working on Record for Cephaloedium Working.

30 November, ♂.

1 December, ♀.

2 December, ♀. On with Fish.<sup>6</sup>

3 December, ♀. Very sick boy!<sup>7</sup>

4 December, ♀. ditto. One should be a kinder master to women than to dogs, for the good sense of dogs makes their misbehaviour less excusable.

5 December, ☉. I have had a Campaign of 1918 against the Hun, Pythagoras and broken up the lines of General Lysis.<sup>8</sup>

I felt sure that as Pythagoras made Number the base of his system, the Golden Verses must enshrine his teaching, dogmatic and practical, in one way or the other. On the surface they seemed little more than platitudes; Fabre d'Olivet's<sup>9</sup> excursus was to me but a brilliant series of conjectures. I tried repeatedly to discover some esoteric import in the Text; but without avail.

Last night I began a new translation, for I had noticed that d'Olivet's was full of loose paraphrase, and even at times unjustifiably alien from his

<sup>1</sup> *Per os.*

<sup>2</sup> Russell's number in the A. . A. .

<sup>3</sup> The Hebrew letter Pe means a mouth, in other words, the two magicians practised fellatio.

<sup>4</sup> Ninette's child.

<sup>5</sup> A magical rite which Crowley performed with the Scarlet Woman and Brother Genesthai. A typescript of it is extant.

<sup>6</sup> *Fish*, an unfinished and unpublished novel by Crowley. The first nine chapters are extant.

<sup>7</sup> The drugs are beginning to have their adverse effect.

<sup>8</sup> Generalisis.

<sup>9</sup> Antoine Fabre d'Olivet, *Les Vers dorés de Pythagore, expliqués, et traduits . . .*, 1813.

author. The Greek, too, is precise and compact, rather in the style of a mathematical or chemical treatise, and I suspected technical words of the Jabulon<sup>1</sup> type. I then translated the three lines of the *Paraskene* and found all the important words to be significant of number, order, etc. Thus 'τιμα is only 'esteem' secondarily; its radical sense is 'estimate'. I am encouraged to continue.

Later. I am apparently convalescent. I read Claude Farrère's *Fumees d'Opium* and want to write a Hymn to the Pipe.

Note: CHATTING is absolutely prohibited unless the chatters feel chatty. Otherwise chatting is the hardest and most tedious kind of work.

6 December, ☽. 10.15 p.m. After an effort, I have ended my Hymn to Opium.<sup>2</sup>

10.55 p.m. A lexicographer is one who explains words in terms of other words. So of course, ultimately, is a writer. This involves the assumption that there are some words whose meaning does not have to be explained. Otherwise one gets merely a series of indeterminate equations. But how do any words become known? If not explained in other words, they are explained by gestures, such, for example, as pointing. These gestures are really words in another form. All knowledge is therefore impossible. It merely consists in a series of propositions about x, y, and z, statements of relations between unknown and unknowable things.

7 December, ♂. Painting all day with interruptions.  
10.00 p.m. Starting on Fish again—dictation.

8 December, ♀. Painted panels, etc.

9 December, ♄. 7.20 p.m. Opus XI, 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Operation: good, considering lapse of time. Elixir: strong and fine. Object: the Current of the New Moon.

10 December, ♀, and 11, ♃. Painting, etc. The one inalienable right of mankind, its one priceless pearl of privilege, the only thing that saves life from being intolerable petty, dull, contemptible and null, is Death. Only those who possess our infinite aim can endure immortality.

12 December, ☉. 6.5 p.m. I have been painting most of the day; mending various old crocks, but especially making a Trump IX, The Hermit, as seen in a vision last night. Also I began the Trump V, the Hierophant.

6.15 p.m. Genesthai has been making an Ether experiment since about half past 12 o' the afternoon. He only says—'God damn!' at infrequent intervals, and laughs coarsely at lascivious suggestions. In brief, it is a drunken sailor boy to the outward eye; but he seems to get certain interior

<sup>1</sup> A Masonic password, around which a great deal of controversy has raged.

<sup>2</sup> The final title to this poem of Crowley's was 'The Opium Pipe' but no copy is extant.

### *The Magical Record of the Beast*

states of considerable interest, and possibly of great value. This Brother has a husk of 100% American vulgarity which conceals a Great Adept. The task of his Holy Guru is then to work on the husk in the manner made familiar to us by the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. He is a sort of Jude the Obscure, a gentleman, scholar, and potential Saint in the bodily garb of a Hooligan. This is a very difficult situation, as people who don't in the least resent being told plainly that they are cowards, liars, and sodomites take umbrage at a guarded hint that their method of shaking hands is six weeks behind the fashion. However, I am a hell of a Holy Guru, and I shall tell him in plain terms 'Be not animal, refine thy rapture' and 'exceed by delicacy' and 'let there be subtlety therein' etc, as it is written in *The Book of the Law*.

He has the instinct of a gentleman not to wound another person's most exquisitely frail fancy-feelings; but he has been brought up in an environment of coarse leering jeering brutes. He understands 'stick it in my dial, kid!' but not the English equivalent of that phrase, 'Spring's smile depends on April showers' or the Latin 'Silence were sweeter'.

He wants Pure Love, 17-years-old with real gold hair and a guaranteed blush and the Ideal Ideal, and expects to pay Three Dollars for it, that being the recognized price all over the United States. The Passion of a Prostitute, the Vice of a Vampire, seem to him funny: how much more than the coprophile and bestial joys of those who know—know all and delight in all, having achieved and experienced all, so that they have turned from ice-cream and marrons glacés to Bombay Duck and *Pâté de Foie Gras*. He is in his salad days, adoring Milk Pudding and refusing to look upon the Pheasant when it is high, preferring jam to chutney, and treacle to Roquefort. Yet in his own soul he knows better; he has merely been taught by American Public Opinion that Howard Chandler Christy and Charles Dana Gibson are Artists, to the prejudice of Toulouse-Lautrec and Goya. He must learn that the soul that he loves, the Woman of Whoredom, must indwell the worn flesh of Messalina; that her rankness betokens her rank; and to gloat upon the corruption of the body of Semiramis, counting the scars of her syphilis as sheer siren seductions, because they witness her wantonness, as to scorn the fatuous freshness of the Juliets and Desdemonas, who are only buds on the Tree of Lust, whose fruit is the Medlar, the Whore. He must learn that his animal strength and spirits, and the pride thereof, are not more his than they are the calf's, but that the skill, experience, and intensity of the Sworn Sons and Daughters of Satan are desirable to the soul beyond any plastic excitants of passion; that the senseless gusts of spring are not to be compared with the steady savage storms of autumn.

He wants Old Brandy, I am sure; but he expects it to come in a new bottle with a gay label; he must know that the dust and the cobwebs are signs that the spirit is mellow.

From every rottenness of Leah I get Her word of sorcery; the length of her term of service is her testimonial, signed by Priapus, that She is Past Mistress of the Lodge of Lust; the thickness of the mud on the sow proves

how richly she has rolled in the sty. I lust for her as I could never for a novice; her wrinkled ripeness guarantees her.

This truth learn thou, Genesthai, brother of mine! Learn this, thou Bull in my Pasiphae-pasture! Learn thou that I, worn out with wallowing though I be, or seem to be to thee, can breed thee Minotaur, while those meek calves that tempt thee with soft comeliness will but give birth to their base kind, to kine potential of no more than milk, veal, beef, and leather. Come, brother, come, my Bull! Desire me thou, delight me! Defile me and destroy me; I swear to thee my Magick shall repay thy pains. Come, seize me, master me, come, Bull of mine, reach out and take me roaring! I am thy mate, thy meat not natural to thee, therefore thine most surely as in thine Oath and mine that we would conquer Nature we have sworn. I love thee not; I loathe thee and I fear thee; therefore, I say my body be thy brothel! I yield myself to thee, I shrink from thee; thou art to me the Uttermost Abomination; come therefore thou, and sin with me the Sin of Shame, commit this crime thus twofold against Nature! In thy distaste for me, in thy contempt for me, my shameless soul, my soddenness, my soiled stupration, in these devouring them with cold and carnal acts, find thou the splendours and serenities thou hast sought, the sanctities that none but Sin, the Sin against thyself, hath power to give.

I also, every nerve deep-bitten, as with vitriol at thy touch, my delicacy quivering at thy coarseness, thy gross beast-lust an outrage to mine every daintiness, I too will take thee to me that I may make no difference between any one thing and any other thing, and love thee as I love myself, feeling the cruelty of thy clutch more dear than Death's, the thrust terrific of thy thunderbolt not other than the Life of Zeus, begetting in my soul's womb one, so mote it be! one Heracles to achieve the World's Twelve Labours. Come, brother mine in the One Order, elect thy brow as mine to bear the Silver Star!<sup>1</sup> Come, Knight Kadosch<sup>2</sup> ordained, the Templars<sup>3</sup> hail their comrade, cast thou thy pearls before the Sow of Purple,<sup>4</sup> in the mire of this my Sty. Come, Cecil,<sup>5</sup> come, my master, come to Alys<sup>6</sup> thy slave; the god thy soul secrete in seed, and in the devil her body scatter it; she shall bear unto thee a son of this night's Sorcery, a son of song to bear thy name and fame on every wind of the world when thou thyself art dust, thy body, and far from earth, forgetful, thou steerest through strange stars the ship of thy soul. Yea! as I loathe, I lust; I prostitute myself to thee, perversely prurient. Wilt thou not make this night the nameless nuptial, the Devil thy Lord<sup>1</sup> and mine at Our Black Mass—8.23 p.m.

<sup>1</sup> The symbol of the Great White Brotherhood or the A.:A.:.

<sup>2</sup> A Masonic Grade, relating to the Knights Templars.

<sup>3</sup> The second great Order to which Crowley belonged was the Order of Oriental Templars (O.T.O.); it claimed descent from the original Knights Templars whose Order was destroyed at the beginning of the 14th century. The O.T.O. was founded by Karl Kellner in 1895

<sup>4</sup> The High Priestess or the Scarlet Woman or the Great Whore of Babylon or (at this period) Miss Leah Hirsig.

<sup>5</sup> Cecil Frederick Russell, Frater Genesthai, 143.

<sup>6</sup> Crowley.

<sup>7</sup> Aiwaz.

*The Magical Record of the Beast*

13 December, ☽. 2.00 a.m. A long preliminary with Alostrael, Snow, and the Sacrament of Death<sup>1</sup> led to no climax, but to a discussion as to why I was worried. It had been obvious to Leah that I have been subconsciously distressed. I searched, and found the shock of my two agonies to be the underlying cause. But our children were taken from us because we were neglecting our Work in our love. My remedy is then to consecrate myself to establish the Law of Thelema. So then, at two o'clock this morning, I laid my hand upon the Sacred Lotus of Alostrael and swore these Oaths:

1. I, TO MEΓA ΘHPION, The Beast, 666, hereby and hereon most solemnly promise and swear, to devote my whole working time exclusively to the completion of my Comment<sup>2</sup> on *The Book of the Law*.

2. I, etc., as before, etc., swear: that as soon as the Comment is ready, I will take the Book and cause it to be printed, bound and issued in the manner ordained in the Book itself, though I leave myself without money to buy my next meal.

To these Oaths I called Nuith! Hadith! Ra-Hoor-Khuit as witness thereof.

I then invoke Aiwaz to aid me to keep them, and in all other ways soever to forward the Work.

2.20 a.m. I therefore open my MS of the Comment.

14 December, ♂. Utterly fagged with a sort of low fever; taking vehement measures to clean my system.

15 December, ♀.

16 December, ♃. Letter from Hansen offering Equinox, III,<sup>3</sup> 2 for \$1500. What course shall we pursue in the matter? Hexagram XXXVII. *Kia Zhan*. Family. Get ahead with the publication.

At night got a wonderful poem and fine scenario 'The Death-Dram' or 'The Capsule'.

17 December, ♀. All day dictating the Capsule.

9.00 p.m., 31-666-31, *p.v.n.* Operation: superb—orgasm acutely painful. Elixir: excellent. Object: CCXX.

18 December, ♃. Woke from a royal and religious dream. In particular a procession headed by Edward VII, in Derby-Day costume, on foot: very vivid even now I'm awake. At work hard all day mostly on CCXX.

The Name of One Letter is ShT or ☉<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A reference to *p.v.n.* and the XI° generally.

<sup>2</sup> Crowley wrote five comments on *The Book of the Law*, two of which appeared in *The Equinox*. The comment he is writing now is a huge work. The very brief comment published as an appendix to *The Book of the Law*, in *The Equinox of the Gods*, 1936, is reproduced here, see Appendix.

<sup>3</sup> The deal did not go through and this book was never published.

<sup>4</sup> In the original, ShT is written in Coptic as one character which resembles the Phallus in extension or the Sun and Moon conjoined, i.e. the foreshortened Phallus.

That of Two is 𐄂<sup>1</sup>  
That of Three is [omitted]  
That of Four is 𐄃<sup>2</sup>  
That of Five is ΑΓΑΠΗ<sup>3</sup>  
That of Six is ΘΕΛΗΜΑ<sup>4</sup>  
That of Seven is באבאלון<sup>5</sup>  
That of Eight is—Baphomet.  
That of Nine is [omitted]  
That of Ten is [omitted]  
That of Eleven is ABRAHADABRA.  
That of Twelve is TO META ΘHPION

19 December, ☉. Revised Comment on CCXX in conference, etc.

20 December, ☽.

21 December, ♂. Celebrated entry of ☉ in ♏.

1. Give general symbol for the Comment as it stands. Hexagram LVI, Strangers—people travelling abroad. I am ill at ease.

2. Should I scrap the Comment and try to do it all over again on different principles? Hexagram LIII, Gradual advance. Go on with it the way it is.

3. What course of action should I adopt to complete it? Hexagram XX, 'Big Earth', Air of K[teis]. Contemplate!

4. Shall I use any special means besides straightforward study and meditation? Hexagram XXVI, Earth of P[hallus]. Accumulation. (I suppose of the phallic power.)

5. Give symbol for complete Comment. Hexagram VIII, 'Union and Attachment'. Luna of K[teis]. Re-examine by Divination!

6. Shall I use cocaine to assist me in the work? Hexagram LVIV, Air of Moon, *Hwan*. An amazingly detailed reply on the whole chapter. Evidently: YES.

22 December, ♀.

23 December, ♃. Painting to fill in the time while accumulating force for current.

11.00 *circa*. A vision of the card XIV. Crown of twelve stars. Artemis figure naked, snake ribbon as dress, rainbow colours, head over right shoulder, yellow, black, white and red girdling her three and a half times. She has three hearts in an inverted triangle. The sun is her umbilicus: it bears an oblong with the word [undecipherable] and 666 underneath; it adds to 666. There are seven letter groups with ☉ in the middle. The vulva is hairless, the legs close together, standing on a moon with the bright edge uppermost. She repeats the black red white and gold combination with

<sup>1</sup> AL.

<sup>2</sup> Aiwaz.


<sup>3</sup> AGAPÉ.

<sup>4</sup> THELEMA.


<sup>5</sup> BABALON.

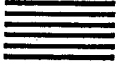
*The Magical Record of the Beast*

blue as the background. She has hounds, horses and deer. She pours Black-White from a Phallus into a Yoni which gushes red-gold into her mouth. But there are many variations in all this: I shall look again before painting the card.

24 December, ♀. Shall I begin my contemplation today? Give the symbol for my proper action today. ☉ of ☉ *Li*, . Work with Genesthai.

8.30 p.m. I have done CCXX, I and II with him.

Later. What steps do I take, if any, in the matter of Wholon<sup>1</sup>? . Read whole chapter but—ask for it! Give a symbol of my work

tomorrow, Saturday.  I! Get on to the job! Note: the formula of *Khien*, which is great, originating, penetration, advantageous, correct and firm. 1. Lurk! Begin by a period of silence. 2. Set to work; invoke the Holy Guardian Angel. 3. Be active, vigilant; and do not relax caution and wariness even at the close of the day's work. 4. Restrain the impulse to create until it becomes overpowering. 5. Having leapt up, fly high; and invoke the Holy Guardian Angel, keeping closely in touch with Him throughout. 6. Adjust the force employed to the matter of the work. For instance, don't take a sledge hammer to crack a nutshell. 7. Sacrifice the self wholly to the work, and avoid lust of result.

Is *Khien* possessed of four principles, *Geburah*, *Chesed*, *Tiphereth* and *Daath*?<sup>2</sup> That is, as given in Appendix IV?<sup>3</sup> 'Great and originating' is fire, *Chiab*; 'penetrating', Water, *Neschamah*; 'advantageous,' Air, *Tiphereth* in *Ruach*; and 'correct and firm', Earth, *Nephesch*.<sup>4</sup> They are Genius (or Will) imagination formulating it, Mind organizing it, and the Instrument giving effect to it. But *Ku Hsi* translates the *Thwan* differently, making the qualities of *Khien* two only instead of four. Thus: 'greatly penetrating' is its Nature, and it requires (finds it advantageous) to be 'firm and correct'. This does not appeal to me so strongly as the fourfold measure of Confucius, which is such incomparably good Cabbala.

11.45 p.m. Jane Wolfe has obtained by grace of Our Lady,<sup>5</sup> acting through Her right, Milk of Poppy,<sup>6</sup> a name for herself. This name is

<sup>1</sup> Wholon, one of the magical mottoes of Marie Lavrov. The name is taken from a phrase in *Timaus*, meaning 'the whole of wholes', i.e. the Absolute Whole.

<sup>2</sup> The four principles are Strength (*Geburah*), Mercy (*Chesed*), Beauty (*Tiphereth*), and Knowledge (*Daäth*).

<sup>3</sup> Of Legge's version of the *I Ching*.

<sup>4</sup> According to the Cabbala, the soul of man is sub-divided into four principles or parts of which *Chiab* (Fire) stands for Wisdom, *Neschamah* (Water), Intuition, *Ruach* (Air), Reason, and *Nephesch* (Earth), Animal Nature.

<sup>5</sup> Nuith.

<sup>6</sup> Opium. The sentence is a bad one but the meaning is clear: through Milk of Poppy (Opium) came the name, Matunith, from 'Our Lady'.



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MATVNITH, 516, an interpretation of which will be duly entered in *Liber D*.<sup>1</sup>

29 December, ☿. 3.53 p.m. Note  $\aleph^2$  shines by reflected light from *Binah*,<sup>3</sup> and  $\beth^4$  by ditto of *Chokmah*.<sup>5</sup> Thus Parzival is a Fool, to look at from below, and I am a Magus.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An extensive Cabbalistic dictionary of Hebrew and Greek words which was published as a supplement to *The Equinox*, volume I, number 8, 1912.

<sup>2</sup> *Aleph*, the Path of the Fool.

<sup>3</sup> *Binah* (Understanding), the Third Sefhira.

<sup>4</sup> *Beth*, the Letter of the Magician, attributed to Mercury.

<sup>5</sup> *Chokmah* (Wisdom), the Second Sefhira.

<sup>6</sup> Parzival (Fratr Achad) has the letter *Aleph* (the Fool) attributed to him; this is a dig at Achad (Jones) for re-arranging the Paths on the Tree of Life—see his *QBL*, 1923—and claiming to be an Ipsissimus.

LIBER  
AL VEL  
LEGIS

SUB FIGURA

CCXX

AS DELIVERED BY

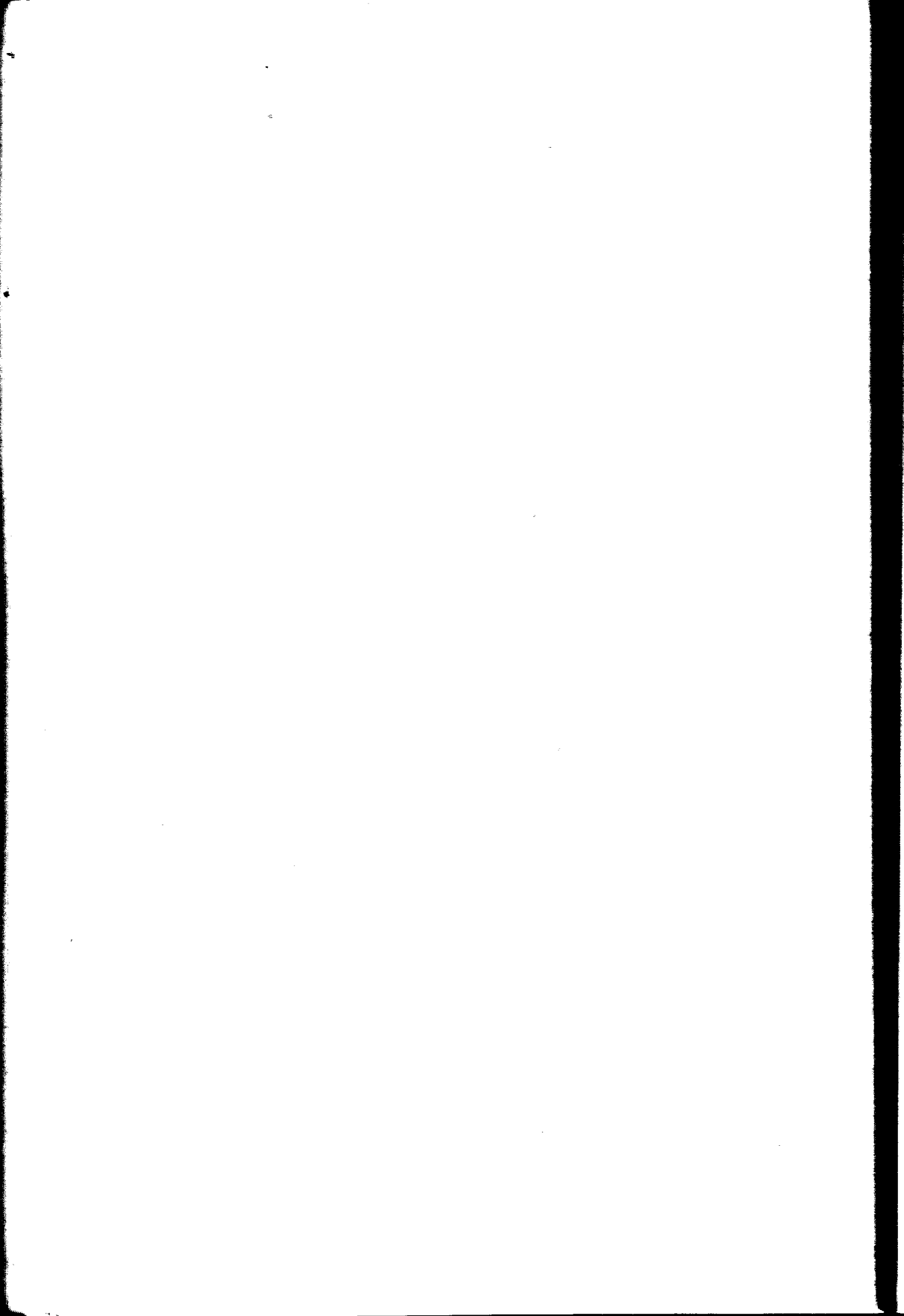
XCIII = 418

TO

DCLXVI

KNOWN AS

THE  
BOOK OF  
THE LAW



# I

1. Had! The manifestation of Nuit.
2. The unveiling of the company of heaven.
3. Every man and every woman is a star.
4. Every number is infinite; there is no difference.
5. Help me, o warrior lord of Thebes, in my unveiling before the Children of men!
6. Be thou Hadit, my secret centre, my heart and my tongue!
7. Behold! it is revealed by Aiwass the minister of Hoor-paar-kraat.
8. The Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu in the Khabs.
9. Worship then the Khabs, and behold my light shed over you!
10. Let my servants be few & secret: they shall rule the many & the known.
11. These are fools that men adore; both their Gods & their men are fools.
12. Come forth, o children, under the stars, & take your fill of love!
13. I am above you and in you. My ecstasy is in yours. My joy is to see your joy.
14. above, the gemmèd azure is  
the naked splendour of Nuit;  
She bends in ecstasy to kiss  
The secret ardours of Hadit.  
The wingèd globe, the starry blue.  
Are mine, O Ankh-af-na-khonsu!
15. Now ye shall know that the chosen priest & apostle of infinite space is the prince-priest the Beast; and in his woman called the Scarlet Woman is all power given. They shall gather my children into their fold: they shall bring the glory of the stars into the hearts of men.
16. For he is ever a sun, and she a moon. But to him is the winged secret flame, and to her the stooping starlight.
17. But ye are not so chosen.
18. Burn upon their brows, o splendrous serpent!
19. O azure-lidded woman, bend upon them!
20. The key of the rituals is in the secret word which I have given unto him.
21. With the God & the Adorer I am nothing: they do not see me. They are as upon the earth; I am Heaven, and there is no other God than me, and my lord Hadit.

22. Now, therefore, I am known to ye by my name Nuit, and to him by a secret name which I shall give him when at last he knoweth me. Since I am Infinite Space, and the Infinite Stars thereof, do ye also thus. Bind nothing! Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing & any other thing; for thereby there cometh hurt.

23. But whoso availeth in this, let him be the chief of all!

24. I am Nuit and my word is six and fifty.

25. Divide, add, multiply, and understand.

26. Then saith the prophet and slave of the beauteous one: Who am I, and what shall be the sign? So she answered him, bending down, a lambent flame of blue, all-touching, all penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth, & her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers: Thou knowest! And the sign shall be my ecstasy, the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the omnipresence of my body.

27. The priest answered & said unto the Queen of Space, kissing her lovely brows, and the dew of her light bathing his whole body in a sweet-smelling perfume of sweat: O Nuit, continuous one of Heaven, let it be ever thus; that men speak not of Thee as One but as None; and let them speak not of thee at all, since thou art continuous!

28. None, breathed the light, faint & faery, of the stars, and two.

29. For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union.

30. This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all.

31. For these fools of men and their woes care not thou at all! They feel little; what is, is balanced by weak joys; but ye are my chosen ones.

32. Obey my prophet! follow out the ordeals of my knowledge! seek me only! Then the joys of my love will redeem ye from all pain. This is so: I swear it by the vault of my body; by my sacred heart and tongue; by all I can give, by all I desire of ye all.

33. Then the priest fell into a deep trance or swoon, & said unto the Queen of Heaven: Write unto us the ordeals; write unto us the rituals; write unto us the law!

34. But she said: the ordeals I write not; the rituals shall be half known and half concealed; the Law is for all.

35. This that thou writest is the threefold book of Law.

36. My scribe Ankh-af-na-khonsu, the priest of the princes, shall not in one letter change this book; but lest there be folly, he shall comment thereupon by the wisdom of Ra-Hoor-Ku-it.

37. Also the mantras and spells; the obeah and the wanga; the work of the wand and the work of the sword: these he shall learn and teach.

38. He must teach; but he may make severe the ordeals.

39. The word of the Law is *Θελημα*.

40. Who calls us Thelemites will do no wrong, if he look but close into the word. For there are therein Three Grades, the Hermit, and the Lover, and the man of Earth. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

41. The word of Sin is Restriction. O man! refuse not thy wife, if she will! O lover, if thou wilt, depart! There is no bond that can unite the

divided but love: all else is a curse. Accurséd! Accurséd be it to the aeons! Hell.

42. Let it be that state of manyhood bound and loathing. So with thy all; thou hast no right but to do thy will.

43. Do that and no other shall say nay.

44. For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect.

45. The Perfect and the Perfect are one Perfect and not two; nay, are none!

46. Nothing is a secret key of this law. Sixty-one the Jews called it; I call it eight, eighty, four-hundred & eighteen.

47. But they have the half: unite by thine art so that all disappear.

48. My prophet is a fool with his one one one; are not they the Ox, and none by the Book?

49. Abrogate are all rituals, all ordeals, all words and signs. Ra-Hoor-Khuit hath taken his seat in the East at the Equinox of the Gods; and let Asar be with Isa, who also are one. But they are not of me. Let Asar be the adorant, Isa the sufferer; Hoor in his secret name and splendour is the Lord initiating.

50. There is a word to say about the Hierophantic task. Behold! there are three ordeals in one, and it may be given in three ways. The gross must pass through fire; let the fine be tried in intellect, and the lofty chosen ones in the highest. Thus ye have star & star, system & system; let not one know well the other!

51. There are four gates to one palace; the floor of that palace is of silver and gold; lapis lazuli & jasper are there; and all rare scents; jasmine & rose, and the emblems of death. Let him enter in turn or at once the four gates; let him stand on the floor of the palace. Will he not sink? Amn. Ho! warrior, if thy servant sink? But there are means and means. Be goodly therefore: dress ye all in fine apparel; eat rich foods and drink sweet wines and wines that foam! Also, take your fill and will of love as ye will, when, where and with whom ye will! But always unto me.

52. If this be not aright; if ye confound the space-marks, saying: They are one; or saying, They are many; if the ritual be not ever unto me: then expect the direful judgments of Ra Hoor Khuit!

53. This shall regenerate the world, the little world my sister, my heart & my tongue, unto whom I send this kiss. Also, o scribe and prophet, though thou be of the princes, it shall not assuage thee nor absolve thee. But ecstasy be thine and joy of earth: ever To me! To me!

54. Change not as much as the style of a letter; for behold! thou o prophet, shalt not behold all these mysteries hidden therein.

55. The child of thy bowels, *he* shall behold them.

56. Expect him not from the East, nor from the West; for from no expected house cometh that child. Aum! All words are sacred and all prophets true; save only that they understand a little; solve the first half of the equation, leave the second unattacked. But thou hast all in the clear light, and some, though not all, in the dark.

57. Invoke me under my stars! Love is the law, love under will. Nor let the fools mistake love; for there are love and love. There is the dove, and there is the serpent. Choose ye well! He, my prophet, hath chosen, knowing the law of the fortress, and the great mystery of the House of God.

All these old letters of my Book are aright; but  $\gamma$  is not the Star. This also is secret: my prophet shall reveal it to the wise.

58. I give unimaginable joys on earth: certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death; peace unutterable, rest, ecstasy; nor do I demand aught in sacrifice.

59. My incense is of resinous woods & gums; and there is no blood therein: because of my hair the trees of Eternity.

60. My number is 11, as all their numbers who are of us. The Five Pointed Star, with a Circle in the Middle, & the circle is Red. My colour is black to the blind, but the blue and gold are seen of the seeing. Also I have a secret glory for them that love me.

61. But to love me is better than all things: if under the night-stars in the desert thou presently burnest mine incense before me, invoking me with a pure heart, and the Serpent flame therein, thou shalt come a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss wilt thou then be willing to give all; but whoso gives one particle of dust shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall gather goods and store of women and spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye shall exceed the nations of the earth in splendour and pride; but always in the love of me, and so shall ye come to my joy. I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe, and covered with a rich headdress. I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendour within you: come unto me!

62. At all my meetings with you shall the priestess say—and her eyes shall burn with desire as she stands bare and rejoicing in my secret temple—To me! To me! calling forth the flame of the hearts of all in her love-chant.

63. Sing the rapturous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you!

64. I am the blue-lidded daughter of Sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky.

65. To me! To me!

66. The Manifestation of Nuit is at an end.

## II

1. Nu! the hiding of Hadit.

2. Come! all ye, and learn the secret that hath not yet been revealed. I, Hadit, am the complement of Nu, my bride. I am not extended, and Khabs is the name of my House.

*Liber Al vel Legis*

3. In the sphere I am everywhere, the centre, as She, the circumference, is nowhere found.
4. Yet she shall be known and I never.
5. Behold! the rituals of the old time are black. Let the evil ones be cast away; let the good ones be purged by the prophet! Then shall this Knowledge go aright.
6. I am the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star. I am Life, and the giver of Life; yet therefore is the knowledge of me the knowledge of death.
7. I am the Magician and the Exorcist. I am the axle of the wheel, and the cube in the circle. 'Come unto me' is a foolish word; for it is I that go.
8. Who worshipped Heru-pa-kraath have worshipped me; ill, for I am the worshipper.
9. Remember all ye that existence is pure joy; that all the sorrows are but as shadows; they pass & are done; but there is that which remains.
10. O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn this writing.
11. I see thee hate the hand & the pen; but I am stronger.
12. Because of me in Thee which thou knewest not.
13. For why? Because thou wast the knower, and me.
14. Now let there be a veiling of this shrine: now let the light devour men and eat them up with blindness!
15. For I am perfect, being Not; and my number is nine by the fools; but with the just I am eight, and one in eight; Which is vital, for I am none indeed. The Empress and the King are not of me; for there is a further secret.
16. I am The Empress & the Hierophant. Thus eleven, as my bride is eleven.
17. Hear me, ye people of sighing!  
The sorrows of pain and regret  
Are left to the dead and the dying,  
The folk that not know me as yet.
18. These are dead, these fellows; they feel not. We are not for the poor and sad: the lords of the earth are our kinsfolk.
19. Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us. They shall rejoice, our chosen: who sorroweth is not of us.
20. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us.
21. We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit: let them die in their misery. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of kings: stamp down the wretched & the weak: this is the law of the strong: this is our law and the joy of the world. Think not, o king, upon that lie: That Thou Must Die: verily thou shalt not die, but live! Now let it be understood: If the body of the King dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstasy for ever. Nuit! Hadit! Ra-Hoor-Khuit! The Sun, Strength & Sight, Light; these are for the servants of the Star & the Snake.
22. I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge & Delight and bright glory, and stir the hearts of men with drunkenness. To worship me take wine and



strange drugs whereof I will tell my prophet & be drunk thereof! They shall not harm ye at all. It is a lie, this folly against self. The exposure of innocence is a lie. Be strong, o man! lust, enjoy all things of sense and rapture: fear not that any God shall deny thee for this.

23. I am alone: there is no God where I am.

24. Behold! these be grave mysteries; for there are also of my friends who be hermits. Now think not to find them in the forest or on the mountain; but in beds of purple, caressed by magnificent beasts of women with large limbs, and fire and light in their eyes, and masses of flaming hair about them; there shall ye find them. Ye shall see them at rule, at victorious armies, at all the joy; and there shall be in them a joy a million times greater than this. Beware lest any force another, King against King! Love one another with burning hearts; on the low men trample in the fierce lust of your pride, in the day of your wrath.

25. Ye are against the people, O my chosen!

26. I am the secret Serpent coiled about to spring: in my coiling there is joy. If I lift up my head, I and my Nuit are one. If I droop down mine head, and shoot forth venom, then is rapture of the earth, and I and the earth are one.

27. There is great danger in me; for who doth not understand these runes shall make a great miss. He shall fall down into the pit called Because, and there he shall perish with the dogs of Reason.

28. Now a curse upon Because and his kin!

29. May Because be accurséd for ever!

30. If Will stops and cries Why, invoking Because, then Will stops & does nought.

31. If Power asks why, then is Power weakness.

32. Also reason is a lie; for there is a factor infinite & unknown; & all their words are skew-wise.

33. Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!

34. But ye, o my people, rise up & awake!

35. Let the rituals be rightly performed with joy & beauty!

36. There are rituals of the elements and feasts of the times.

37. A feast for the first night of the Prophet and his Bride!

38. A feast for the three days of the writing of the Book of the Law.

39. A feast for Tahuti and the child of the Prophet—secret, O Prophet!

40. A feast for the Supreme Ritual, and a feast for the Equinox of the Gods.

41. A feast for fire and a feast for water; a feast for life and a greater feast for death!

42. A feast every day in your hearts in the joy of my rapture!

43. A feast every night unto Nu, and the pleasure of uttermost delight!

44. Aye! feast! rejoice! there is no dread hereafter. There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu.

45. There is death for the dogs.

46. Dost thou fail? Art thou sorry? Is fear in thine heart?

*Liber Al vel Legis*

47. Where I am these are not:

48. Pity not the fallen! I never knew them. I am not for them. I console not: I hate the consoled & the consoler.

49. I am unique & conqueror. I am not of the slaves that perish. Be they damned & dead! Amen. [This is of the 4: there is a fifth who is invisible, & therein am I as a babe in an egg.]

50. Blue am I and gold in the light of my bride: but the red gleam is in my eyes & my spangles are purple & green.

51. Purple beyond purple: it is the light higher than eyesight.

52. There is a veil: that veil is black. It is the veil of the modest woman; it is the veil of sorrow, & the pall of death: this is none of me. Tear down that lying spectre of the centuries: veil not your vices in virtuous words: these vices are my service; ye do well, & I will reward you here and hereafter.

53. Fear not, o prophet, when these words are said, thou shalt not be sorry. Thou art emphatically my chosen; and blessed are the eyes that thou shalt look upon with gladness. But I will hide thee in a mask of sorrow: they that see thee shall fear thou art fallen; but I lift thee up.

54. Nor shall they who cry aloud their folly that thou meanest nought avail; thou shalt reveal it: thou availest: they are the slaves of because: They are not of me. The stops as thou wilt; the letters? change them not in style or value!

55. Thou shalt obtain the order & value of the English Alphabet; thou shalt find new symbols to attribute them unto.

56. Begone! ye mockers; even though ye laugh in my honour ye shall laugh not long: then when ye are sad know that I have forsaken you.

57. He that is righteous shall be righteous still; he that is filthy shall be filthy still.

58. Yea! deem not of change: ye shall be as ye are, & not other. Therefore the kings of the earth shall be Kings for ever: the slaves shall serve. There is none that shall be cast down or lifted up: all is ever as it was. Yet there are masked ones my servants: it may be that yonder beggar is a King. A King may choose his garment as he will: there is no certain test: but a beggar cannot hide his poverty.

59. Beware therefore! Love all, lest perchance is a King concealed! Say you so? Fool! If he be a King, thou canst not hurt him.

60. Therefore strike hard & low and to hell with them, master!

61. There is a light before thine eyes, o prophet, a light undesired, most desirable.

62. I am uplifted in thine heart; and the kisses of the stars rain hard upon thy body.

63. Thou art exhaust in the voluptuous fullness of the inspiration; the expiration is sweeter than death, more rapid and laughterful than a caress of Hell's own worm.

64. Oh! thou art overcome: we are upon thee; our delight is all over thee: hail! hail! prophet of Nu! prophet of Had! prophet of Ra-Hoor-Khul!

*The Magical Record of the Beast 666*

Now rejoice! now come in our splendour & rapture! Come in our passionate peace, & write sweet words for the Kings!

65. I am the Master: thou art the Holy Chosen One.

66. Write, & find ecstasy in writing! Work, & be our bed in working! Thrill with the joy of life & death! Ah! thy death shall be lovely: whoso seeth it shall be glad. Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our agelong love. Come! lift up thine heart & rejoice! We are one; we are none.

67. Hold! Hold! Bear up in thy rapture; fall not in swoon of the excellent kisses!

68. Harder! Hold up thyself! Lift thine head! breathe not so deep—die!

69. Ah! Ah! What do I feel? Is the word exhausted?

70. There is help and hope in other spells. Wisdom says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy. Be not animal; refine thy rapture! If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety rules of art: if thou love, exceed by delicacy; and if thou do aught joyous, let there be subtlety therein!

71. But exceed! exceed!

72. Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly mine—and doubt it not, and if thou art ever joyous!—death is the crown of all.

73. Ah! Ah! Death! Death! thou shalt long for death. Death is forbidden, o man, unto thee.

74. The length of thy longing shall be the strength of its glory. He that lives long and desires death much is ever the King among the Kings.

75. Aye! listen to the numbers & the words:

76. 4 6 3 8 A B K 2 4 A L G M O R 3 Y X 24 89 R P S T O V A L. What meaneth this, o prophet? Thou knowest not; nor shalt thou know ever. There cometh one to follow thee: he shall expound it. But remember, o chosen one, to be me; to follow the love of Nu in the star-lit heaven; to look forth upon men, to tell them this glad word.

77. O be thou proud and mighty among men!

78. Lift up thyself! for there is none like unto thee among men or among Gods! Lift up thyself, o my prophet, thy stature shall surpass the stars. They shall worship thy name, foursquare, mystic, wonderful, the number of the man; and the name of thy house 418.

79. The end of the hiding of Hadit; and blessing & worship to the prophet of the lovely Star!

### III

1. Abrahadabra! the reward of Ra Hoor Khut.

2. There is division hither homeward; there is a word not known. Spelling is defunct; all is not aught. Beware! Hold! Raise the spell of Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

3. Now let it be first understood that I am a god of War and of Vengeance. I shall deal hardly with them.

4. Choose ye an island!
5. Fortify it!
6. Dung it about with enginery of war!
7. I will give you a war-engine.
8. With it ye shall smite the peoples and none shall stand before you.
9. Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! this is the Law of the Battle of Conquest: thus shall my worship be about my secret house.
10. Get the stélé of revealing itself; set it in thy secret temple—and that temple is already aright disposed—& it shall be your Kiblah for ever. It shall not fade, but miraculous colour shall come back to it day after day. Close it in locked glass for a proof to the world.
11. This shall be your only proof. I forbid argument. Conquer! That is enough. I will make easy to you the abstruccion from the ill-ordered house in the Victorious City. Thou shalt thyself convey it with worship, o prophet, though thou likest it not. Thou shalt have danger & trouble. Ra-Hoor-Khu is with thee. Worship me with fire & blood; worship me with swords & with spears. Let the woman be girt with a sword before me: let blood flow to my name. Trample down the Heathen; be upon them, o warrior, I will give you of their flesh to eat!
12. Sacrifice cattle little and big: after a child.
13. But not now.
14. Ye shall see that hour, o blessèd Beast, and thou the Scarlet Concubine of his desire!
15. Ye shall be sad thereof.
16. Deem not too eagerly to catch the promises; fear not to undergo the curses. Ye, even ye, know not this meaning all.
17. Fear not at all; fear neither men nor Fates, nor gods, nor anything. Money fear not, nor laughter of the folk folly, nor any other power in heaven or upon the earth or under the earth. Nu is your refuge as Hadit your light; and I am the strength, force, vigour, of your arms.
18. Mercy let be off: damn them who pity! Kill and torture; spare not; be upon them!
19. That stélé they shall call the Abomination of Desolation; count well its name, & it shall be to you as 718.
20. Why? Because of the fall of Because, that he is not there again.
21. Set up my image in the East: thou shalt buy thee an image which I will show thee, especial, not unlike the one thou knowest. And it shall be suddenly easy for thee to do this.
22. The other images group around me to support me: let all be worshipped, for they shall cluster to exalt me. I am the visible object of worship; the others are secret; for the Beast & his Bride are they: and for the winners of the Ordeal X. What is this? Thou shalt know.
23. For perfume mix meal & honey & thick leavings of red wine: then oil of Abramelin and olive oil, and afterward soften and smooth down with rich fresh blood.
24. The best blood is of the moon, monthly: then the fresh blood of a

*The Magical Record of the Beast 666*

child, or dropping from the host of heaven: then of enemies; then of the priest or of the worshippers: last of some beast, no matter what.

25. This burn: of this make cakes & eat unto me. This hath also another use; let it be laid before me, and kept thick with perfumes of your orison: it shall become full of beetles as it were and creeping things sacred unto me.

26. These slay, naming your enemies; and they shall fall before you.

27. Also these shall breed lust & power of lust in you at the eating thereof.

28. Also ye shall be strong in war.

29. Moreover, be they long kept, it is better; for they swell with my force. All before me.

30. My altar is of open brass work: burn thereon in silver or gold.

31. There cometh a rich man from the West who shall pour his gold upon thee.

32. From gold forge steel:

33. Be ready to fly or to smite!

34. But your holy place shall be untouched throughout the centuries: though with fire and sword it be burnt down & shattered, yet an invisible house there standeth, and shall stand until the fall of the Great Equinox; when Hrumachis shall arise and the double-wanded one assume my throne and place. Another prophet shall arise, and bring fresh fever from the skies; another woman shall awake the lust and worship of the Snake; another soul of God and beast shall mingle in the globéd priest; another sacrifice shall stain the tomb; another king shall reign; and blessing no longer be poured To the Hawk-headed mystical Lord!

35. The half of the word of Heru-ra-ha, called Hoor-pa-kraat and Ra-Hoor-Khut.

36. Then said the prophet unto the God:

37. I adore thee in the song—

I am the Lord of Thebes, and I  
The inspired forth-speaker of Mentu;  
For me unveils the veiled sky,  
The self-slain Ankh-af-na-khonsu  
Whose words are truth, I invoke, I greet  
Thy presence, O Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

Unity uttermost showed!  
I adore the might of Thy breath,  
Supreme and terrible God,  
Who makest the gods and death  
To tremble before Thee:—  
I, I adore thee!

Appear on the throne of Ra!  
Open the ways of the Khu!  
Lighten the ways of the Ka!

*Liber Al vel Legis*

The ways of the Khabs run through  
To stir me or still me!  
Aum! let it fill me!

38. So that thy light is in me; & its red flame is as a sword in my hand to push thy order. There is a secret door that I shall make to establish thy way in all the quarters (these are the adorations, as thou hast written), as it is said:

The light is mine; its rays consume  
Me: I have made a secret door  
Into the House of Ra and Tum,  
Of Khephra and of Ahathoor.  
I am thy Theban, O Mentu,  
The prophet Ankh-af-na-khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;  
By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.  
Show thy star-splendour, O Nuit!  
Bid me within thine House to dwell,  
O wingèd snake of light, Hadit!  
Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

39. All this and a book to say how thou didst come hither and a reproduction of this ink and paper for ever—for in it is the word secret & not only in the English—and thy comment upon this the Book of the Law shall be printed beautifully in red ink and black upon beautiful paper made by hand; and to each man and woman that thou meetest, were it but to dine or to drink at them, it is the Law to give. Then they shall chance to abide in this bliss or no; it is no odds. Do this quickly!

40. But the work of the comment? That is easy; and Hadit burning in thy heart shall make swift and secure thy pen.

41. Establish at thy Kaaba a clerk-house: all must be done well and with business way.

42. The ordeals thou shalt oversee thyself, save only the blind ones. Refuse none, but thou shalt know & destroy the traitors. I am Ra-Hoor-Khuit; and I am powerful to protect my servant. Success is thy proof: argue not; convert not; talk not overmuch! Them that seek to entrap thee, to overthrow thee, them attack without pity or quarter & destroy them utterly. Swift as a trodden serpent turn and strike! Be thou yet deadlier than he! Drag down their souls to awful torment: laugh at their fear: spit upon them!

43. Let the Scarlet Woman beware! If pity and compassion and tenderness visit her heart; if she leave my work to toy with old sweetnesses; then shall my vengeance be known. I will slay me her child: I will alienate her heart: I will cast her out from men; as a shrinking and despised harlot shall she crawl through dusk wet streets, and die cold and an-hungered.

44. But let her raise herself in pride! Let her follow me in my way! Let

her work the work of wickedness! Let her kill her heart! Let her be loud and adulterous; let her be covered with jewels, and rich garments, and let her be shameless before all men!

45. Then will I lift her to pinnacles of power: then will I breed from her a child mightier than all the kings of the earth. I will fill her with joy: with my force shall she see & strike at the worship of Nu: she shall achieve Hadit.

46. I am the warrior Lord of the Forties; the Eighties cower before me, & are abased. I will bring you to victory & joy: I will be at your arms in battle & ye shall delight to slay. Success is your proof; courage is your armour; go on, go on, in my strength & ye shall turn not back for any!

47. This book shall be translated into all tongues: but always with the original in the writing of the Beast; for in the chance shape of the letters and their position to one another: in these are mysteries that no Beast shall divine. Let him not seek to try: but one cometh after him, whence I say not, who shall discover the Key of it all. Then this line drawn is a key: then this circle squared in its failure is a key also. And Abrahadabra. It shall be his child & that strangely. Let him not seek after this; for thereby alone can he fall from it.

48. Now this mystery of the letters is done, and I want to go on to the holier place.

49. I am in a secret fourfold word, the blasphemy against all gods of men.

50. Curse them! Curse them! Curse them!

51. With my Hawk's head I peck at the eyes of Jesus as he hangs upon the cross.

52. I flap my wings in the face of Mohammed & blind him.

53. With my claws I tear out the flesh of the Indian and the Buddhist, Mongol and Din.

54. Bahlasti! Ompedha! I spit on your crapulous creeds.

55. Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels: for her sake let all chaste women be utterly despised among you!

56. Also for beauty's sake and love's!

57. Despise also all cowards; professional soldiers who dare not fight, but play: all fools despise!

58. But the keen and the proud, the royal and the lofty; ye are brothers!

59. As brothers fight ye!

60. There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

61. There is an end of the word of the God enthroned in Ra's seat, lightening the girders of the soul.

62. To Me do ye reverence; to me come ye through tribulation of ordeal, which is bliss.

63. The fool readeth this Book of the Law, and its comment; and he understandeth it not.

64. Let him come through the first ordeal & it will be to him as silver.

65. Through the second, gold.

66. Through the third, stones of precious water.

67. Through the fourth, ultimate sparks of the intimate fire.

*Liber Al vel Legis*

68. Yet to all it shall seem beautiful. Its enemies who say not so, are mere liars.

69. There is success.

70. I am the Hawk-Headed Lord of Silence & of Strength; my nemyss shrouds the night-blue sky.

71. Hail! ye twin warriors about the pillars of the world! for your time is nigh at hand.

72. I am the Lord of the Double Wand of Power; the wand of the Force of Coph Nia—but my left hand is empty, for I have crushed an Universe & nought remains.

73. Paste the sheets from right to left and from top to bottom: then behold!

74. There is a splendour in my name hidden and glorious, as the sun of midnight is ever the son.

75. The ending of the words is the Word Abrahadabra.

The Book of the Law is Written  
and Concealed.

Aum Ha.

## THE COMMENT

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

The study of this Book is forbidden. It is wise to destroy this copy after the first reading.

Whosoever disregards this does so at his own risk and peril. These are most dire.

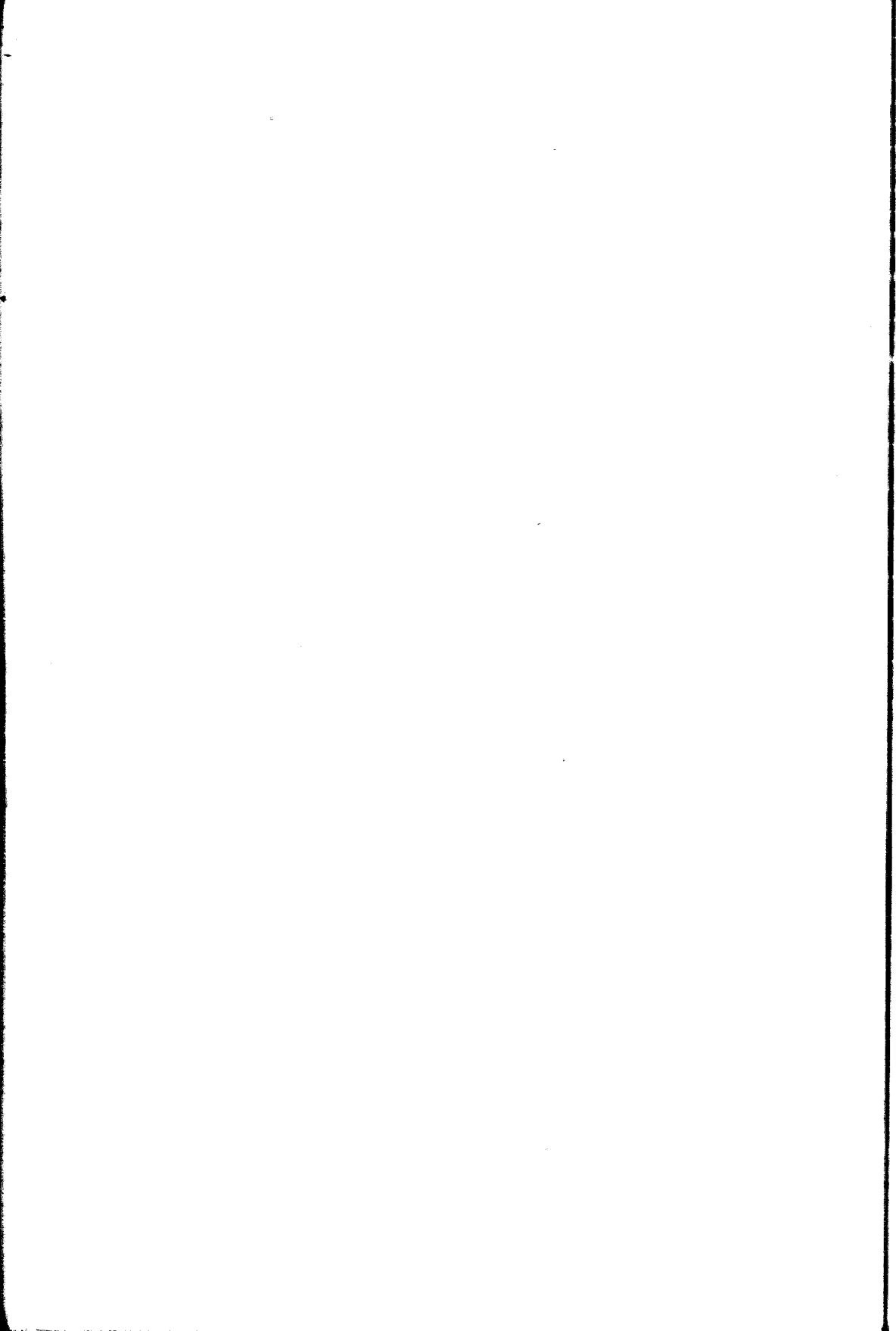
Those who discuss the contents of this Book are to be shunned by all, as centres of pestilence.

All questions of the Law are to be decided only by appeal to my writings, each for himself.

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.  
Love is the law, love under will.

The priest of the princes,  
ANKH-F-N-KHONSU





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### **THE MAGICAL RECORD OF THE BEAST 666**

Crowley called his Diary a Magical Record because it contains accounts of his magical experiments, including the details of his secret sexual magick and of his consumption of a variety of dangerous drugs. It was not written with an eye to publication. 'I don't particularly expect anybody to read it,' he wrote. Hence the unguarded way in which he recorded his innermost thoughts and performances of secret rites. There is a veiled reference to this extraordinary journal in his *Magick in Theory and Practice*, 1929. 'Yea, he [Crowley's Holy Guardian Angel, Aiwaz] wrought also in me a Work of Wonder beyond all this, but in this matter I am sworn to hold my peace.' The 'Work of Wonder' was his supreme initiation into the highest grade of the mystical Order of the Silver Star, the beginning of which is described in this volume. Crowley, who died in 1947, had to hold his peace about that, and certainly about his sexual magick. Today, in these confused times, strange creeds thrust themselves forward, asking to be examined. Everything is in the melting pot and a way out of the chaos is being anxiously sought. There is no stranger creed than Crowley's doctrine of Do What Thou Wilt. Nor are there any experiences more exotic than his mystical illuminations and initiations.

John Symonds is Crowley's literary executor and biographer. Kenneth Grant is the present world head of the Order of Oriental Templars, the magical order which Crowley reorganized in the 1920s.

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