

# The Magical Record of The Scarlet Woman

*By Leah Hirsig, Alostrael 31-666-31*



Mss Diaries of Disciple Leah Hirsig, Catalog #DD1  
Alostrael's Visions copied from diaries of The Beast 666 and  
Alostrael 31-666-31  
beginning Luna Monday, October 29, 1923 e.v. (Luna in Aries, An. xix)  
Nefta, Tunesie, Cefalu, Sicily

(Visions continued)

Note—These visions recorded by myself are quite insufficient, fragmentary, and concentration bad.

## **I.**

### **E Jan. 15. (L)**

Concentrating on War Engine. Nothing except a reference to CCXX, III.26.

## **II.**

### **F Jan. 17. (22L) 9 PM:**

During and after Amoun Invocation I asked for Light (IEHI AUD). Thin stalked leaves with heavy birds on them as in a previous vision. I said "I understand" and had a feeling of something definitely accomplished.

Sater—Preliminary invocation. Started vision but couldn't hold it. A lion turned into a beetle which was really a sun

7° = 4°

asked for someone of higher grade  
8°= 3° XI—a Dog. And no more!

### **III.**

**C Jan. 18. 9 PM**

Ra-Hoor-Khuit Invocation. Asked for light.  
stir not (heard). Elixir (seen)

### **IV.**

**G Jan. 19. 5:30 PM**

Preliminary Invocation (33L) War Engine Met a dragon—who looked mild after  
93

Flashes of A, etc. A man—  
his name—

AUM—84

Showed me that War Engine was of metal (very fine), and to be hurled. Not  
electricity. Danger of being seen hurling?

No.

### **V.**

**A Jan. 20. 7:30-8:30 (?) PM**

—A period of silence in which to invoke Neptune to look after OPV and Mss. An  
anchor and a white bird flying over it.

### **VI.**

**Sater—Preliminary Invocation Concentration—W.E.**

(I forget much of what I saw. A man in a simple dark robe carrying a red heart  
appeared eventually and showed me a room where a man, a woman, and a  
child were eating in a very poor room. I got the impression that the W.E. energy  
would be got for us from by such a person—93 changed the room and it was  
illuminated by an 11 pointed star.)

I was shown a rocky country—perhaps Russia—presumably the place where the  
energy would be found or created. More—but nothing definite.

### **VII.**

**(grass) B 11:15 AM Jan. 22(?)**

OPV's S. Complex had nothing to do with me personally in particular— it was  
merely the "longing to be planted." He makes this an excuse for not doing  
things.

**VIII.**

**5:30 PM**

(11 L) Clear vision—nothing.

**IX.**

**Jan. 24 (22 dr: L.) 4:30 PM**

Preliminary Invocation Ra-Hoor-Khuit. Invocation Ragged—Disconnected. O seen as a spherical object.

Man in dark robe—red heart—in long room richly decorated and with a long table in it. Couldn't hold vision—travelled over all sorts of country, but nothing definite: 5:00 PM

**X.**

**Jan 30.2:15 PM**

(Grass)

I have the True Interpretation of A Dillar, a Dollar, etc.

**XI.**

**C Feb. 8**

[This began a series of 11 ceremonies invoking R.H.K.]

An excellent Pentagram. Read Chapter III, CCXX—Impromptu invocation of R.H.K. asking for Light on Chapter III. All this, the reading I got a strong impression that the printed copies of CCXX should not be used or circulated. I very nearly destroyed my own. We must fulfil CCXX—III before anything else.

Invocation of RA-HOOR-KHUIT

O Thou God of War and of Vengeance, Hear me, Alostrael, etc. who invokes Thee to help us to do Thy Work.

Be Thou our strength, our force, and vigor of our arms, as Unit is our refuge, and Hadit our Light, that we may go on, go on, in Thy strength, and fight as brothers.

Hear me, Thou Lord of the Double Wand of Power. Unto Thee do I eat this cake of light, that it may breed lust and power of lust in me.

Hear Thou me, O Lord of Silence and of Strength. Show me Thy way that I may follow Thee in it.

Give Thou of Thy Wisdom to Our Lord, The Beast 666, whom Nuit has called her Scribe, Ankh-af-na-khonsu, the Priest of Princes; whom Hadit Hails at the Prophet of Nu, the Prophet of Had, the Prophet of Ra-Hoor-Khu; and whom Thou hast termed O Blessed Beast, that He may comment with his Three-fold Book of Law with Hadit burning in his heart.

Thee, in whose name is hidden and glorious, a splendor I Invoke, I greet Thy presence, O Ra-Hoor-Khuit.

Unity uttermost showed! I adore the might of Thy breath. Supreme and terrible God That maketh the Gods and death To tremble before Thee: —I adore Thee.

Appear on the throne of Ra! Open the ways of the Khu! Lighten the ways of the Ka The ways of the Khabs run through To stir me or to still me! Aum! Let it fill me!

## **XII.**

### **G Feb 9**

(Grass & L)

Wrote Invocation—used it in Pentagram—Very forceful.

Grass

1. Our "island" should be governed by the "Wise men". Defined—Those who have a knowledge of Nature, i.e., Initiate:
2. 1 2 wise men; 1 Philosopher  
2 Poet  
3 Fighter (practical)  
4 Fighter (strategical)  
5 Agriculturist  
6 Scientist  
7 Priest  
8 Historian  
9 Mechanic  
10 Saw Worker  
11 Psychologist  
12 Medicine Man

Our island—low, flat tongue of land, mountains in background (real colony). Another shore wooded, birds, nothing distinctive, might be anywhere.

**XIII.**

**A Feb. 10**

Invocation—Sabatini

(Born July 8, 1899, Palermo 4:30 PM) in sort of trance.

**XIV.**

**K Feb. 11**

Invocation—Vision Sabitini

Vision #1, Arturo Sabatini. He sees a white house. Inside the house are lighted candles. There are 5 people, 3 steps, 6 candles. There is a rug on the floor. A domed roof. An image of bronze. One man with a beard, clothed in a blue cape, and on his head a white mitre embroidered with gold. His belt is as his mitre. A statue of (?) Thelema—has a long cap on its head.

The seer sees only half of this figure.

He is 62,000 miles away from Cefalu.

Where? (In our country).

On addressing the bearded man (93), the reply is:

A prophet—

BROVIE

His name

BENY

Then a cloud gradually enveloped the entire scene, and the seer returned to earth making the Sign of Harpocrates.

**XV.**

**E Feb. 12**

3 pipes concentrating on "Strength from R.H.K." 8 PM Invocation (Pentagram).

Vision #2

Sabitini: Vision No. 2. Arturo Sabatini In the desert—hear the sea—a white cloth very high. Little by little the cloth becomes transparent. Behind it is a fire—something burning (2 pieces of wood ranged as a cross). High flame. Many people—some of them black, naked, and hold spears in their hands. They dance round the fire. A man is tied to the pieces of wood; the wind moves the flames—he sees an arm. Flames disappear gradually. The people are laughing—sitting in a circle. The fire is out. They all rise and take the ashes and scatter them over the desert. The cloth again—it becomes more and more opaque. Darkness. This means?

A black shadow tells Arturo to explain it himself. He says

418

and asks his name.

NECH 3

He appears to the seer because he saw him.

His message?

93 93/93

He will talk to Arturo when he is alone doing meditation. He says he can't talk now. He has gone away. He is one of the 5 of last night's vision.

Arturo now finds himself walking on a path among palms—no houses.

## **XVI.**

**B Feb. 13**

3 pipes, 22 L.

—Worship Hadit. Wine—Worship Nuit. No Pentagram.

## **XVII.**

**F Feb. 14 3:10 PM**

Msbtn. Reverence to R.H.K.

Pentagram Ritual 8:10 PM—Sabitini Vision:

Vision No. 3. Arturo Sabitini I ask him to try to get BENY of first vision. No result.

He sees an island—ships—men. People coming to and fro, men working on walls.

Name of island?

NAD (Written by Seer who knows no Greek).

They are busy building walls.

93 418 bring no reply. They finish work.

Why is the seer here?

He is assisting. A force carried him there. When the work is finished he will get message. They are fortifying.

He now sees the island more clearly. There are large trees—mountains in the background. It is a new island. Large—it has a long low promontory. The central part is high. 1000 leagues from the shore.

Ships—11 large ones and one small one. This latter has a tent effect in the middle. These boats are all carrying materials.

93 93/93

The men all bow their heads.

**XVIII.**

**C 3:10 PM**

Msbtd.

— Reverence to R.H.K. V.L. took oath to go on with his Prob. work.

**XIX.**

**G Feb 16.**

Pentagram Ritual. Ninette read Chapter III. 4 PM 22L. Worship of R.H.K.

**A Feb. 17 4 PM**

22L.

Asana, Preliminary Invocation. R.H,K. Invocation. Pentagram Ritual. Mantra after Invocation. Very fine. A bird form with a serpent's head appears. It became a hawk (418) facing me. I got some word or other, but not distinct or distinctive enough to remember.

Asana till 9:16 (24 minutes) and didn't know it.

Arturo has not appeared! Hausi said "I saw you talking with R.H.K."

"Au Cadran Blue" Chelles, Seine et Marne, France

**June 1, 1924 e.v. 10:30 PM A**

XUL Solar has not yet shown up. He needs a severe programme. Today, I spent most of my time writing a long letter with enclosures of various kinds to O.P.V., also copying letter to Alabama people. The daily payment plan is already getting on my nerves. Tired, but not nervous.

**June 29 AM K**

Raining again. Breakfast at 8:15. 666 gone back to sleep. I continue with my letters:

Fire Water

12:30 PM My opinion is that one does not really get a shot at one's complexes until one has managed to eliminate the influences of convention.

1:25 PM 6 dr G + rum + wine at lunch.

2:40 PM (after lunch) Quite uncomfortable—but 666 wants his books from the P.O., so after telling him a few thoughts (re later) I went. Returned—raining like

hell—Tea. Ideas connected with convention and complex. To get at people's "conventions" trouble I suggest two main lines:

1 for the simple—ask the question "What troubles you most in life."

2 for the more complex animal—Force him with a list of all the crimes? possible and ask him to mention the one that he thinks worst "wicked" or "disgusting" or some such term.

Ate no dinner. Bed early, after short walk.

### **June 3 E 9:50 AM**

All ready to go to Paris. I await letter from Pre Catalan.

### **June 4 B 11 AM**

I went to Paris and everything seemed to go wrong—but I survived it. Bed at 9. Long dreams—woke at 3 AM and then slept until around 7. My fountain pen has arrived. Behold the result!

Yes, I called on Xul Solar—he was "in bed" as usual. I waited 12 minutes and then beat it...I await an answer!

Dictation from 3 to 7 (with tea in between). 666 in bed all day, not ill, but oh so tired! Raining like hell all day bloody weather.

9 PM 666 & Ethyl—How I hate this business starting again! It is a beastly stink to those not using it. I have been trying all day to sew a bib. Everytime I get the thing in my hands something or somebody interrupts.

### **June 5 2:30 PM F**

A short resume.

Last night 666 & Ethyl wanted a quite dark room so I sat me at the window and drank rum, smoked cigarettes until Cadram began to cut up. He ran away from Marie and hid under our bed. I spent some time in helping to catch the other dog which of course we didn't do.

Slept well but 666 woke me 6 times one of which was the arrival of XUL Solar (so he thought—and he was right—for this AM Marie announced him and shortly after he announced himself.)



Received letter from Goiran—cheque 154.96. Send Knickers & letter to Suzanne. Lunch at 12:30. 666 sleeping now—Letter to Sullivan ready, also copying one to Bill which I doubt will ever be ready.

**June 6 C**

9 AM I had planned to write up my diary every evening but there is always something to prevent. Last night it was Sidi Bou Ali—Notes in 666's diary. This morning 7:10-15 AM Opus 111(A) I did reverence to R.H.K. 666? Bright sunny day. Hurrah! 3 PM Out for lunch, only we turned back and got here at 1PM. 666 sleeping—I want a hat! Headachy, tired and heavy. A long dull (though bright) day. 41 g. w/Turban to XUL S.—no noticeable effects.

**June 7 G 2:30 PM**

Stupid day—it's clear but dull. We financed our hat already home. 666 not yet strong.

**June 8 11:45 AM A**

Movies last night. Great fun. 666 talked to XUL S. until goodness knows when—every once in a while his rasping voice so jarred on me that I wanted to scream. When this was not the case, I heard the pipe going or the tea being drunk! All this was relieved by Opus IV (C) (To become the Babalon I need to be) 666? some time before 3AM. I went quite a while. Received tobacco a few minutes ago but no other mail. Hell! Have not and cannot decide about Hardelot Big fees today

**June 9 K**

Rumpus at Hotel—negress. XUL S. to Paris.

**June 10 E**

Beast to Paris. Copied letters, fancies, divinations, etc. 666 back at 6:40.

**June 11 B**

Woke at 5. Hell! It's earlier every morning. We had "early tea" before 7 and breakfast about 8:30. 1 PM 666 in bed still (having lunch there). I stayed in bed till 10 myself. It is rainy again. 666 needs a big wallop from a big nigger wench.

**June 12 F**

666 to Paris. Came home by 8:16. Did not expect him so I went to bed with my

Turban on. It came off when my Lion showed up. Slept late—after midnight—  
Wrote a long long letter to O.P.V.

### **June 13 C**

Up before 8 but very sleepy. Letters—too late for Paris trains 11 L—it rained, so I am glad. Tried to telegraph O.P.V. but after waiting 1/2 hrs for information I thought on the whole it would be saving time to send a P.C. XUL Solar being waked up.

### **June 14 G**

Up at 9 tho woke before 7. It's damp and chilly. Between 2:30-3:30 PM (after a Turban) Opus V—(C) 666 I kept my mind off anything.

Msbtd. Opus VI—shortly after V—Ra-Hoor-Khuit (not having been satisfied by it.) I had the feeling of being a ? and generally then a penis which became gradually ready for action and then the gradual "going down."

It was a great experience.

Preoccupied all day and evening, but enjoying every moment in a quiet sort of way.

Dinner and cinema at Challas. Home after midnight. Nstn. up day (i.e. started late at night).

### **June 15**

Rain again. Stores in the kitchen drove us out to lunch. Montgomery Evans and "Alice, where art thou?". Later—he showed up (I like him).

### **June 16**

Very tired when 666 waked me for breakfast. Last night—tired unknown and I had scraps of a vision. I do not remember how it began, but the full moon, mstbn, and XUL S's talking about "breaks" in his work perhaps helped. However, it was as follows:

S was thinking of "choose ye an island"—saw large white birds, not clearly—which turned to serpents—finally a peculiar large light dove colored egg with what appeared to be a serpent around it. But it was not a serpent after all because conscious of the inside of the egg in which I was a serpent but then discovered that it was a bird with a very long neck. There was an opening (not to the outside where I had previously been), but to a tunnel sort of place. I plunged in and saw a peacock—white. I called him Pera, said 418, etc. and thought of the "island."

Then I saw a saucer with 5 pieces of sugar on it—one more noticable than the others because it has a name in black letters on it -

#### CNANDETT

Somewhere in the vision I saw a key but I can't remember where—I think after I saw the sugar islands—as my minds ran to "Now fortify it." I remember no more.

I dreamed about Kings and all the rest of it, waking once at least and giving orders on goverment with great certainty. I advise that no one should have power unless he was well-trained and tried and it bothered me because we seemed to weed them out once and training takes time.

#### **Jun 17 E**

Paris with 666. Hot, generally uncomfortable. Two visits to Suzanne. Two visits to Geriand (he was out). Dinner at Chinese Restaurant—home on 8:16. A.C. very tired boy.

#### **June 18 B**

Blessed sunshine! makes me remember the full moon last night. She was very fiery and seemed much larger than any moons I've seen before. Letters from Geriand and O.P.V.

#### **June 19 F**

No Hump, no aimee. Opus 7 Msbtd. Phys. Relief—8 AM. Xul Solar leaves tomorrow.

#### **June 20 C**

Began the day by trying to telephone to Paris. Finally succeeded and came out to lunch. A turban & '75 & wine & strawberries = Velly Sick Monkey. Xul S. left about 4:50PM tho he had planned to leave the day before. Disliked Evans' way of "being a sport." After all, Xul S. has qualities which no amount of cultivation, experience or anything else can give to Evans.

#### **June 21**

Beast to Paris—I, feeling "queer." Could that tiny bit of Biscuit have done it??

Loafed all day. Very nervous.

#### **June 22 A**

Cheque from G.

**June 29 A**

A whole week gone! A busy, lazy week at that. Went to Paris on E June 24 and again on Friday June 28. (Called on Geriand both times—saw him on C. He has made a mess of the Bourcier business.

**June 30 K 7:25 PM**

A Turban of 6—house errors. Wrote a long letter to Goiraud. I hope it doesn't puzzle him too much. Have waited this long time to write B.C.—Hell! I have no paper. 7:30—it seems hours. Reflection—So soon! 7:40 He (who?) the man at the bar (why?) He lost his leg in the army. Did he belong to Coxie's army. If so, what is he doing a Frenchman?

**July 1 E**

To Paris, under protest. I was as cross as could be in the morning, felt thoroughly unprepared to go to Kammerly Hall, yet the moment I left the house I found myself as keen and capable as could be.

**Programme in Paris (resume)**

1. Kammerly Hall—couldn't see him—appt. for F
2. Suzanne—pd. her 50 ft.
3. Suzanne Aunt—no velvet—to call in PM
4. Coat, Scarf, Walking Stick.
5. P.O.
6. Done at 12 & sat with Willy for a long time, then the "Old Man" joined and invited me to fix up his flat. I made a date with him for Fat 12.
7. Dentist—nice man. Estimate 3300 fr.
8. Suzanne A. again—100 francs for berre.
9. Home at 5:24—666 met me!
10. Home—dinner & long letter to O.P.V. Cross again—as soon as I struck Chelles! Hell!! Well?

**July 2 10AM A**

Raining like hell. 666 sleeping tho we planned to go to Paris. Two long letters to O.P.V. copied 4 pages of my own. 666 off on 5:56 I to P.O. and shopping. Caught in healthy shower! Home at 6:40.

**July 3 1AM**

Noises—strong smell of chloroform, or so I supposed. But sleep is all off. God help me!

1:08 AM

I was too busy listening to listen write—and I do not dare to sleep. The window is now open. I don't dare to close it. And I am afraid! About 20 minutes ago

Opus VII msbtd—To get going to Estab. the L. of T.—action, in other words. I trust this is not it. But after all if it is the action needed, I shall do not fail to do all I can. Am I quite crazy?

## **20 July 5 G**

Spend F night and E in Paris. Took 9:44 F, visited Dentist, Counsel, B.C.F., Kammerly Hall, and the Dame. Shopped in Maine and after a siege with the dentist E A.M. caught the 12:02 back home.

### **In Paris**

1. Dentist—bill to be presented when work is completed.
2. Consulate—H.B.M.C.G. was not in. But one of the men there informed A.C. that his passport was not in order and that the V.C. was "green."
3. Kennerley Hall—Spend 1 hour with him & have promised to send him a report.
4. B.C.Fund

I called there at 11:40 while A.C. was still at the Consulate. The door was opened by Miss Clayton, the woman who called at 5:00 May 1. When I said, "You are the very person I want to see," she said, "You'll have to see Miss Macnaughton" and ushered me into the Divine Presence. I got a chill from which I have not yet recovered. These worms have to have some means of self-protection.

I told her I had called to pay back the 20 francs lent by Miss Clayton, unless it had not yet already been repaid. She said "No." Then, I pulled out the 20 ft., held on to them for dear life, and said I should like to talk to Miss the lady—etc—I don't know her name—what is her name?

She refused to let me talk to Miss C. on the ground that they were finished with the case, it being a consular case and "You're not a British subject? You're an American." I protested: "Oh no, sweetie, I'm Swiss."

She referred to the "record" before her and said that there was nothing to report—M. C. & his friend (secretary) had been ejected, order 5000 ft. to the proprietor, and she had telephoned the Consulate on May 2 to say it was a Consular case. "Is that all?" said I, innocently.

"Yes," she said.

"Then what did the man at the Consulate refer to when he told you that throughout it looked to him like a 'professional case'?", flashed I, verbally and with my eyes firmly fixed on her.

No answer. Damn my soul, I became kind-hearted, and helped her out (I wonder whether I did really) by saying "You don't remember those words?"

Said she "No", but hardly audibly.

"Well, I do," remarked Miss Leah H, and told her my embarrassment in being forced to listen to a telephone conversation. She dropped the subject and asked quite coolly about the payment. I handed her the 20, and she dipped her pen in a nearly empty ink-pot (red ink) at least 20 times. I wonder if anyone can read what she wrote! I paid up and asked her, as she refused to allow us to do so myself, to thank Miss C. for her kindness and timely help.

20 ft. looked very large to us that day." said I.

The ugly old Macnaughton was back on the job.

"It's very queer," said she, "that such a condition should have arisen." (This with as positive conviction as the rosy cheeked person's "professional case" remark. They should leave the Pooblic Service and give Jung etc. instructions in psychoanalysis.

"Not when you know the circumstances," quoth I, and exited.

Later, we called again and were received by the Furnance Man, so I thought at first sight. Our acquaintance he viewed more like what I imagine the least incapable people in a poor-house to be like. He swelled with importance when he announced that he was in charge!!! A.C. rambled on and the charge gave his views on the duties, priviledges, etc. of a Pooblic Servant.

His final speech, on A.C.'s asking if he saw murder done in the street, would he give evidence or notify the police, was "If you want to keep out of trouble, you'll get away as fast as you can" or something to that effect. So much for Poohblick Survints!

### **July 6 A**

Wright & Brown called yesterday. No Anna W.! 666 not well. Tired and uninterested. I busy all day morning writing up acct. of Vavin Slong & letters for Cuald, etc.

### **July 7 K**

Paris by 9:44. Met M. de Lima, a play writer. Leo, Cancer man —missed the 8:16 by 1 minute. Home late. Also met Ella Burgin and Nelam, of Lady Hamilton extraction.

**July 8**

Letter from O.P.V. re B.D. Collins, etc. Good by.

**July 9**

Paris on 1:35. Dentist & Suzanne. Hunt. Dame —de Lima, Wright. No Willy. I bet she did it, the bloody fool.

**July 10**

Rotten all day. 9PM Opus VIII Msbtd. Reverence to R.H.K. Letters from Alabana, she may have sinned July 3!

**July 11**

Woke feeling rotten. Not going to Paris as for appointment. Patron telephoned. Garalin PM. Mnstrm —1st day.

**July 12 G**

Hot as hell. Cheque from G —gave it to Patrons. Sewed and wrote letters to A.I. and Prog.

**July 16 B 5PM**

"I want to know the future" is the answer that grass made me utter, in searching for the cause of my present state of health. I took 4 drops before lunch to this end.

n K I had too much and was deathly ill with it, too much '75 and wine. 4 drops gives me all I need in the line of relaxing and no discomfort.

**July 17 F**

500 ft arrived from London, making 10 pounds in all (250.50 rec'd on E).

**23 July 18 4:15PM**

Yi —How shall I act at present with regard to Alma?

Earth of Sol. No XXII, Pi Twan —Avoid Initiative

Line 1. Show the excellence of your way as enabling you to despise material matters.

Line 2. Art is very well, but dependent on life.

Line 3. Show how fortunate you are. Be firm about it.

Line 4. Offer to help her with great simplicity and great enthusiasm, using sincerity.

Line 5. Set her feel that she owes to you even her present degree of manifestation.

Line 6. Show that the supreme virtue is simplicity.

(Later msbtd: this AM 8:30? Some Life in A.C. Wrote letters. 4 gr before lunch —4 before dinner. To write to Alma.

**8:40 PM** The keynote to Alma is that her mind is practically gone. A minute or so ago I found B's bottle of O. and took a bit to sober me sufficiently to write Alma.

**8:50** I started to write Alma. But it doesn't write. I think I'll decide on the Yi's first injunction and take not the initiative.

### **July 19 G**

My day off! 11:30AM and I'm still in bed! Smoked 4 cigarettes and just loafed.

**7PM** Eventful day:

1. Telephone call —Dentist 10:30 AM
2. Letter from Alma 11 AM
3. Letter from M.E. 2nd 11 AM
4. 666 to Paris 2:41PM
5. Con. of Police called 5PM 6. Letter from OPV 4 PM
7. Telegram Leak? London 7PM

I also washed my hair and scrapped the tin box. Feeling rotten, I decided to feel rottener. Oh yes! Greatest of all!!!!!! 666 ate 2 bananas! before lunch!!!!!!

Trying to write to Alma but simply can't.

### **July 20 A**

To Paris. Sullivan.

### **July 21 K**

To Chelles. 13 pounds O.P.V. Pictures of Chefalu people. Letter from M.Clark and amount & money.

### **July 22 E**

Back to Paris on 2:35. Stayed at Marina Hotel. Evans here —I very tired.

**5:53PM** 666 sleeping. Baggage, baggage everywhere. And not a rag to wear!

### **July 27 A Montramarte 24 rue Samarck**

Been here since B July 23. F met E Hams after lunch at La Paiu, and visit to Bishop & G. E A.C. talked with RH. —Anna Wilson at Doma. F Letter from Alma —she's sent my \$100.



**10:35 AM** —Making list of books in Box B. 12:30 PM At the Savoyard, after listing books in Box B. Fine day. Four pounds from D.L.T.C. I feel very excited about going to London. I must get my Rogues Gallery going again. Auiden yesterday —planetary restaurant.

**July 30 B**

**9AM** Symbol No XXXII How to use H.N. Hall. A.C. had lunch with him. Suzanne & Suzanne have been paid off, and walked in year rig to Henry's Bar where Anna received us! Dinner at Suzanne ru Paine. Home James!

F Chellas by the 9:14. Hall came out later. I like him —but?

**Aug 1 C**

**11:40AM** 666 is not feeling well. I have been running about all morning but cannot dec'd what to take to London. What I saw as strength to carry on a very definite line of campaign. I shall close this record now, and start another one (as soon as I get it).

**Dec 2 1924 ev**

7:40 —4 8PM Invocation of R.H.K. (Unity) & impromptu special point. "Work the work of wickedness."

**Dec 14 1924 e.v. A**

AN xx A in QK in ? 4:31PM

I start a new Magical Record. For months now I have dared and sneered at and rejected what I termed "old magical methods." But all my actions to get something new have brought me merely to a state of nervous collapse which seems to have reached its limit today.

I can do no more than start all over again. I affirm that my only reason for holding out against what seemed hopeless and unending difficulties is that I may be of service in the Great Work. I have in the past taken upon myself a series of tasks of which I neither understood the purpose nor consciously. I do not know whether I have failed hopelessly or whether I can still make good. I do know that I can merely re-affirm these oaths, one by one; tho whichever one I may select will torture me to look at the next. But I think on reading over various old Diaries, that I had better start with my 8°=3° Oath and work along those lines.

I hereby, 4:40PM, A Dec 14 repeat:

**4:44PM** I did so —adding Lilith to the other names.

I am ashamed to say that I was weeping like a baby all the while but I think the tears have loosened up something that needed to be hit at badly.

**5:07 PM** I just accused myself of not having the courage to give up smoking. I have and I will not smoke until I have recovered my physical looks sufficiently to allow me to do so sensibly. I look like a butt that has been lying about for a week.

**5:14 PM** I take this (sip of white wine) to Nuit.  
I take this (I dr Auh. Lau. in white wine) to Hadit.  
I take this (cut my wrist with razor) to Ra-Hoor-Khuit.

**5:27 PM** While finishing typing above telegram from 666 arrived. "Strongly advise against American. Letter follows explaining."

**5:45 PM** I see quite clearly that all I have been doing for the last few months was to "hate," not to "love." I mistook this for "the work of wickedness" —O.P.V. set me right on this, though, I more or less suspected that wickedness was akin to witchery—be-witching. Didn't I call myself "Hag" and Witch and all the rest of them. Perspective is absolutely necessary. Copies of this for 666.

**7:13 PM** Take first meal I have really eaten for a week. 1 cigarette with coffee because I looked human. Now, no more.

**10:10** Pentagonagram completed (after nice hot wash),

**11:40** But its all no use—my mind keeps whirling round & round.

**12:50** M.sbtd. Magical (partner)

**2:05** Been reading over Visions and also state of my life I started on Hoble's suggestions

**Midnight K Dec 15—E Dec 16**

To bed after the dance.

**Dec 16 E**

Asaha.

**7:06 AM-7:16** My back gave way several times and my breathing bad due to cold. Said "Thou who art I" not all the time the red coat popped in.

**6:25 PM** Wrote to 666, O.P.V. and Ninette, but I can't get going on the House business at all. Tried to write to Marion but can't do that either. I thought my

walk and meal at the little restaurant would clear my mind. It has, but not for this particular job.

**Dec 18 F 5 PM**

It's all no use—I seem to be getting worse and yet I have no conviction that I'm really on the mend. Am I deluding myself?

E evening —Cinema

Wed AM —Msbdt. —calling madly on Chaos.

Occasional bouts of Asana

Wed evening —Cafe

Today St Germain in the fog and hundreds of indecisions. Wrote letter to Marion —Its good & it isn't —I want, I want, I want.

And I'm going to keep on wanting. This AM—Asana—15 minutes—"Thou who art I" & Pan Mantra going like mad.

**5:08** I light the candle, I burn the incense

**5:20-5:35** Asana—Thou who art I & Pan (This after Pentagram, creed, and collects). Great peace, but thought of having cut up blue robe bothered me.

**7:45 PM** Typed hipta Poems—I must concentrate off the House business for a bit. But nerves, nerves! And its all Magical—but what to do, I don't know. I await 666's word but will I get it and if I do, will I understand? I will sit calmly and smoke a cigarette and drink my coffee.

**10:50** I did it —I danced alone in my cafe —I danced with a lesbian and I kissed the waiter —that's that! We'll see how it turns out. But I'm out to get hard cash & I'll get for my Big Lion Baby Snake —There are no ifs —I'll bloody well get it.

**12:00** —To Bed —Typed 2 oaths and had some soup. Now we'll Invoke, invoke! and then to sleep

**Dec 19 C**

**10:15 PM** Got letters from 666, O.P.V., & V.I. & Alma, also from furrier. Typed a bit of note to Suzanne —blast her. I had to wait all eternally long time and then she wanted to be paid!

The dress is—just not right. No work in me —Pentagram -9 PM.  
Poking about ever since. Cup of tea and too many cigarettes.  
Now to bed & Pan Mantra!

**11:10**—I did "Pan" it—it was great! And then I found myself between just ordinary thoughts, paying all sorts of things, ending with I am. I weep. I wail, I know (Thought about Hause possibly being on his way, etc.)

**Dec 20 G**

Alter last entry last night I suddenly got up and had a hot wash. I said, "I am going to meet my Lord Chaos whose bride I am." I ate a small bit of bread and invoked Chaos —my head burnt as tho I were being branded by hot irons. I tried to repeat my 8=3 oath, but got no further than "a member of the body of God" —Then I simply said I devote myself to the accomplishment of the G.W. and to establish the Law of Thelema.

It was midnight when I slept and I never woke till 10 this morning. Dreams—dreams—Astrid & Beast worried—Beast very obscure—going somewhere but didn't seem to know. I so uncertain, quite beyond myself. Two other men in the party.

My general impression is that I am not ready to take the Oath properly yet. Am I trying to get out of it? I don't know.

Got my coat and saw Suzanne—Heaven only knows what this will lead to—but I did it. Anyway, the cook's a beauty and the bed will be too.

**Dec 21 A**

**12:42 AM** After last entry—marketed—lost a franc on a bunch of carrots (no! didn't go where the carrots were, more's the pity!) Then a good fried—dress rehearsal and out in the blue dress to red home from 9:30 to 11:20

Nothing doin' & get! think I am doing something. What? Then Pentagram and Pan Mantra—used Z's wand instead of Sword. Cup of tea—bed.

**3:40 AM** Not a wink of sleep in me—not a bit of work in me—What the hell shall I do—Just bad breathing & tummy ache, but I can't be hungry. Perhaps I am—I've been day dreaming about America and sensational landing. Those things never come off.

I could bet most anything (except my new coat) that there is something devilish going on somewhere among the Brethren tonight. It may simply be A entering R. if this is the time, if so, he's entering on a gallop. What news tomorrow? Very excitement is that of operation, not of fear—But all sorts of precautions arise.

**12:30 PM** A Slept from 6 to 10—wake heavy, hot, dazed, and generally miserable. Up at 11:30—out for coffee and milk.

Things to do

1. See fur woman for collar.
2. See S. About (?)
3. Fleischman
4. Noble re books
5. Mrs. Ficke?

**1 PM**—Pentagram Asana and Mantra(?) Thou who art I

**1:03-1:05** Asana—back gives way—I find myself all bent up—3 times I straightened myself out—also—mind wanders to all the things I've to do and didn't do—exp. the Stewart Waiter failures. But as soon as get over these something else pops up. It is really much easier to bean Episenpalise and get it all out in a ready-made prayer.

Started to get ready to go to Ella B. & Dome, but couldn't do it. Blvd clicking—2 grog Americans & home. Ate 3 huge Mortadel sandwiches.

**Dec 21 A**

**7:12 PM** Though I've been complaining about too many unfulfilled oaths,! add another to the list:

"I hereby take an Oath to refrain from smoking for a period of 7x9 days." (This brings us to Feb 22).

**Dec 22 K**

**6:10 PM** After last entry—went to bed and msbtd. for Magical Partner. Ten minutes later—tap, tap, tap, the Waiter to ask me to come up and dance. But I was all in so didn't go tho I had qualms about it.

Then sleep till 9 AM—Went for milk and Dubonet and my friend called me—Mme. treated me to a Dubonet. (Typewriter man came! new ribbon). Later to tele.—I met the old antique and his wife—They didn't ask me to sit down

1. Fleishman—wrong no.
2. Noble—not home.

Called in (1) not home—left note. Had scrap re: Italian men about dates—Freudian forgetfulness—Before going for milk, from time! woke until 11 on and off Msbtd Msbtd Msbtd like mad calling on Chaos

**E 1:10AM** Well, I'm getting on or off—I don't know which? Went to my original cafe—entered dancing and had 3 drinks and desert for nothing.

Then to Mere Catharine—danced like hell—no drinks except 1 coffee. One police officer there! Told me that bronze wand was too heavy—Date with him at 10 tomorrow evening. Wonder?

**1:31 AM** Finish Call to invoke Chaos.

**Dec 24 B**

**5:52 PM** I must have been drugged last night. Sent petit blue to Kitty K and to N.H.—neither has shown up. I cry like a hound every so often—tho I did have about 1 hour's peaceful rest. Every time I think of the House business! nearly go out of my mind and howl and howl. I've got to pull myself together. I can, for a short time.

**Dec 25 F**

**1:19 AM** Just returned after trip with Kitty and Kennedy—They came at about 10:30—B My dear old Noble came in at 6: bucked me up wonderfully and left me 10 fr. What a man he is! I love him.

**11:15 PM** A peaceful day—just happy and calm and quiet.

**Dec 26 C** Still shaky—Msbtd again this AM?? Mnstrn- 2nd day. Calm but not?

**8:45 PM** 3 dr Aoh. Lew. in 1/4 glass wine—after dinner and walk (cigaretts not got) To worship Hadit.

**Dec 27**

**G 2:20 AM** Msbtd—Union with Chaos—my whole idea seems to deplete my body absolutely so that I may lose my thoughts—But I am all wrong. I am starved, but I shall start to love tomorrow. There will be no more masturbation—Perhaps there will be insanity or death, but there'll be something, if I have to create it myself.

**2:40-2:48** Preliminary Invocation. Peaceful but not sleepy. Breathing difficult.

**3:55-3:58** (3 minutes) Prana

10-10 2 min

10-15-5 1 min

**Dec 27**

**G 24 e.v.** These three days are mine, G, A, K. I have 50 francs—I have food in the house—I have charcoal and wood—I have plenty of work to do—It rains.

What happens at the end of this 3 day period doesn't matter. Nothing matters—now or ever. I drink the red wine with 4 dr. of AL. in it, and read the Stele poetry from Cap. III

To Dome at 9—after smoking 4 cigarettes and destroying—I am a ... Another at Dome. Kennedy backing out of painting me. A grog and sandwich and oh how Willy loves me Souisse!! Abortions! Death! Came home chilled—2 grogs and I'm as warm as toast.

**Dec 28 A**

**11:35 AM** Preliminary Invocation

**Dec 29 K**

**12:34 AM** Danced till noon.

**12:25 AM** This is the 3rd day. Wrote letters re Hause—Drank—danced and now I'm ready for anything. Worries began again—but not badly. To Dome at 12:45—Met one Moissey Kogan—Artist, Russian.

We went to Mlle. Selfers, studio (20 rue Boissonade)—she weaves, then to his hotel, then to 2 exhibitions and finally I came home. He's coming tomorrow—We'll see.

**3:55** left ... and 1/2 glass cognac.



