

1937 General

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T. C. R. Carnwell 1938 - 41

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1937 General

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T. C. R. Carmichael 1436 - 41

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Letters from A.C. to C.R. Cammell. *He wrote a book about A.C.*

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13 Feb 37 66/3 Redcliffe Gardens S.W.10

Dear Cammell

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

Mr Henry Ford very wisely remarked in the witness box, "History is bunk". I am inspired to add "Astrology is bunk". Astrology violates all fundamental principles of logic; it commits the errors of *husteron proteron*; *post hoc propter hoc*; *petitio principii*, and *non distributio medi* while in the hands of Naylor's of the world it becomes pure Hobson-Jobson. And yet there is something in it.

Love is the law love under will. Yours A.C.

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2

26 Mar 37 c/o Bruce Blunt Esq. Mariners Farm, Bramdean, Alresford.

Cher maître

I am very sorry not to have seen you before this Easter to ask after news of the patient. But the rush was dreadful: I only just got away before the Sardine Packing began. Back on Tuesday night, and hope to see you one day next week. Please give all my best wishes to the Sacred Island (Iona, copyist) I shall be asking hers and yours in a few days. I am writing poetry.

Yours sincerely Aleister Crowley.

---

3

6 July 37 Near Rye

Dear Cammell.

We seem to have had the worst of luck last week. I am staying with friends in a small bungalow on the shore: its just enough rest to let me find out how ill I am! I wanted to ask your advice about a picture that a friend of mine wants to sell. Lavery's portrait of Lady Owen. Said to be one of his best, and very likely it is so. Please don't mention my name in the matter; but should you I should like to know the sort of figure one could ask with reasonable hope. Will ring you up when I get back: Sat or Mon.

Yours sincerely A.C.

---

4

4 Mar 40. Noel Arms Hotel, Chipping Campden.

Dear Charles.

I extended my ambitious plan of a holiday to a whole week. Fancy that. Hedda! Moral: a silvery tinkle on Thursday morning would evoke the most amiable coo. We are working very hard on the Tarot: mostly cleaning up small errors before framing. But the new cards, especially The Universe, are really top-hole. We went to Stratford on Thursday to see those that had been framed. A very good mount and neutral have been found, and the result is really good superb. Adds at least 50% value to the unmounted pictures. I will try to bring up one or two to show you. This place is doing me good. A really lovely old inn full of genuine stuff. Very comfortable, excellent food and no hint of Morrison. Yesterday was glorious, sitting about in the sun. Now its bitter cold again. All the better for work!

Love to Iona. Yours Aleister.

-----

29 Sept 40 The Gardens Middle Warberry Road Torquay  
 Cher amie.

Guided by heavenly wisdom I came here. I found myself walking 6 miles up hills and long steep flights of steps without discomfort. My own wisdom bade me stay. Then the heavenly branch of the business took a hand again, and led me to a perfect haven for the winter. Lost in the hills, a room made for study opens on to a noble garden with a prospect of illimitable beauty. Big bedroom- twin beds- large well-appointed kitchen-good bathroom-use of typewriter. I jumped with both feet. So that is that. I must now get me an intombiznan (?) and settle down to work.

If you are near 15, please drop in on Mrs G. She may be perplexed about the odd things I want sent down here.

I shall be very glad of your news. Apparently Richmond has been collecting planes. Did you get that letter off? Accounts from people staying here, dispersed from very various parts of London, agree; my conclusion is that there is not much choice as to damage (?) though I suspect S.E. and E. are heavier, being in the straight line.

I hope you and M are safe and well. I miss you a whole lot, though I haven't had much time to mope. I go into this new flat on the 1st: paid up in advance, so I can't return the Jimmy (?) o' Goblin for a few days. Best love! Hoping to hear from you soon.

Yours ever Aleister.

March 1941. The Gardens. Torquay.  
 Dear Charles.

Delighted to have your noble poem. The Malory spirit is the breath we need. (Note. Published in XXI Poems, by C.R. Cammell, Edinburgh 1943.)

I am drunk with joy. Karl Germer is alive and well. I have to write a dozen letters to U.S.A. to various of my people there, as he may to look after him when he gets there, as he may do any day. (He wrote Nov 16 from an internment camp near Pau; all fixed with visas etc; so I must hurry. Hence the brevity of this scrawl. My health is much better especially since the good news came. Tarot hangs fire. Frieda has been ill a lot. I hope to start and Abbey of Thelema on April 1. I must be brief. Love to Iona. Yours Aleister

Harris

14 June 41 Thames Hotel 7 Maidenhead.  
 Dear Charles.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.  
 Your poem cheered me immensely; I hold it to be one of your very best. It is so simple, so intense; its cadences are clear like a cascade of crystal waters on the flower-skinned heights of Olympus. (I say Olympus not Ida for there is here a golden link with Godhead). Surely as with all true poets, you grow younger with age; you leap more ardently yet more securely, and your wings seem to develop, with less effort, greater power. (Note. The poem is The Heart's Secret: Mystic Ode. Published in XXI Poems by C.R. Cammell. Edinburgh, Poseidon Press, 1943.) One honour you lack yet lack, the brand of martyrdom! How proud I am that the slaves fear me to such unclean extremity!

I have not yet seen Frieda; she is to come here on Monday. Thus I am still ignorant of the recent schemozzle at Oxford, bar the bare

[Of a show of the Tarot cards.]

fact of the cancellation with the blatantly false excuse "greatly regret-found impossible to arrange it during the present term". As if one would spend a hundred pounds and more on catalogues, invitations, leaflets, stationary and postage, unless it had been arranged, and fairly firmly. I went to inquire; present, a scared and hostile youth in a dull desolation. He refused all information.

But- now, Charles, this is true what I'm going to tell you, and I have the letter to prove it- I wrote to N and V very politely, asking them to 'received' letters addressed to me in their care, and hand them to F.H. (arris) to answer, as some of these people whom I invited wanted to meet her, and I was moving about until my appearance at the Private View on June 7. No, that's not the inconceivable and incredible part. What follows is. One letter for me was very important indeed, and I knew that it had been sent. Not receiving it, I wrote to them to ask about it. Grip the arms of your chair, and hold your breath! I got it, with a full page letter of  $\mu$  fury, from their solicitors. I fear that I shall burst with Spiritual Pride.

(Note. Two pages of the letter are missing here.)

I hope she has managed to arrange the technical "complete delivery", so as to need no coupons; and perhaps as the parcel is sizeable, it would be best to bring it as personal baggage next time you come to London. I

very much want to see you in any case: the Oxford crime gives me us an incomparably good opportunity of unseating the mighty maggots. The whole Freedom of Art is at stake in this battle. Now, Master Ridley!

I must go to London on Tuesday; so shall not be able to report what F.H. tells me on Monday until Wednesday. Expect, therefore, news of me on Thursday or at latest Friday, A.M.) a registered letter with money for tweeds if Iona replies promptly and all is well. I have written to you about this, hoping thereby to facilitate the happy conclusion w-t without long correspondence. Perhaps you will be able to come up next week-end. Love is the law love under will

Yours ever Aleister Crowley

Best love to you, Iona, and the younger darlings.

---  
Cammal's wife

A.C. to C.R.C. 56 Welbeck Street. Undated.

My dear Cammell

If my inscription has injured your property, demand a clean copy or your money back. This may be done at the mild rejoicing here to-night at 10 o'clock. I do hope that you will come in any case. Your kindness and sympathy have helped me to get out this Book (Note. Lectures on Yoga) far more than you perhaps suppose.

Yours sincerely and gratefully. Aleister Crowley

P.S. I wrote the above in the 'wee sma'. Arising I find your package. Many thanks. A.C.

---- 7

59 Great Ormond Str. W.C.1 July 22, 1936.

My dear Cammell

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

I want to thank you very heartily for your appreciation of Mortadello but still more for the beautiful book with its charming inscription which arrived by the following post. The only way in which you can help further is to pray that I can find some time to read it! I am being rushed at on every side, "by angels many and strong", and I cannot read a book like that in snatched moments.

Either Tuesday or Wednesday will suit me, but I should like to know in good time. Wednesday at 1.30 would be ideal.

I hope you will put in a little time thinking out what can be done about my persecution-mania. It seems to me that the whole cause of progress is compromised by these eruptions of the canaille. What we want is victory to-day, not mausoleums paid for by post-dated cheques on posterity. Please give me a ring as early as convenient to settle time and place for this Symposium.

Yours sincerely. Aleister Crowley.

---- 8

68 Warren Drive, Tolworth, Surrey. Nov 5, 1936.

Dear Cammell or rather indeed rather

Cher Maitre.

Pearl Brooksmith has been telling me that you thought it unwise to get after Simpkin Marshall. I disagree.

(a) To avoid publicity is to plead guilty

(b) People will say that I am afraid.

(c) The more the affair is ventilated, the clearer it will become that I am the just man made perfect.

(d) Of my three libel actions I won two; the third was only lost through the rage of that notorious habitual drunkard le Jeffreys de nos jours. On the other hand if we don't do it, the anthology is wet. Any publisher would shriek with ribald laughter at the idea of including my work.

The moral of this is that you should join the Sacred Band which we are organising to make secret propaganda for the Law of Thelema. If every one pulls his weight in the boat, we shall flash past the post in a very few months. I can be very useful indeed to the Government; and as soon as I have demonstrated this fact, I shall have an irresistible weight behind me. I am hampered and delayed by present conditions; you can help greatly if you will. I will ask one of the Band to see you about it.

Yours sincerely. Aleister Crowley.

P.S. I shall be in London town on Monday, if you are free. A.C.

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Yours sincerely. Aleister Crowley.

P.S. I shall be in London town on Monday, if you are free. A.C.

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9

68 Warren Drive, Tolworth, Surrey II Nov 36  
My dear Cammell.

"Let the victors, as they come  
When the forts of folly fall,  
Find thy body by the wall!"

Injustice may be remedied in three ways

(a) Appeal

(b) File up the iniquity until the public conscience is revolted

(c) Try a flank attack.

I think it a (difficult and painful) duty to push (a) till (b) automatically supervenes. But we should try (c) too as best we can. I was not proposing any "Order" to you, only to enlist your aid as one of a number of private persons who are determined to restore Art and Literature to their proper place, privilege, and dignity. Shelley Byron Rossetti Swinburne Burton k.t.l. all met this trouble; but I have been honoured by as much abomination as the lot put together. I am asking you to help to win a victory for all time for all of us.

More later: hope to see you next week

Sincerely. Aleister Crowley.

P.S. Your law not my law?? But my law is the Law of Thelema, and affirms your law because it is yours and not A.C.'s. If you reject the Law of Thelema, you deny your own rights to a law of your own, and offer your wrists to the fetters of an alien law. 666.

10

66 Redcliffe Gdn. S.W. 10. II Jan 37.

Dear C.R.C.

93

His complete 'Confessions'.

Southampton

has published

The book is here for you. Can't do popular autohagiography-haven't got the popular touch. Can't do any book at all, not knowing from one week to another whether I shall have a roof over my head. Utterly tired of starting things which outside disturbances won't let me finish. You could do it easily from the 800,000 words in type. But I don't know if I shall be around by publication day. My health won't stand much more.

See you at 8.15 Wednesday

93 93  
93

Yours sincerely A.C.

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I 8.5

Letters from A.C. to Ben Stubbins . [A great collection  
of books]

1942 to 1943

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Sp 1-8 . 17 letters

A.C. and 12 Masters 1.

All the following letters by A.C. to Ben Stubbins are in his own hand  
save one which is typed.

---

A.C. to B.S. 10 Hanover Square 19 Apr 42  
Dear Sir and Brother.

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

Your unexpected visit was a great pleasure to me. Little do people know how deeply and sincerely such encouragement is welcome to the Pioneer. Because I am serious about Magick, because I am honest, because I refuse to splash the world with frothy phrases that sound splendid and mean nothing, because I do not want a herd of babblers to extol me over 'a nice cup of tea, dear'; that is why I am so lonely and hampered in my work and that is why so strong a shaft of sunlight warms me and gilds me when I find that there are people (after all!) who read my work, and ~~cherish~~ cherish it in silence. But there is more to this, a great deal more. Your surprise visit was not only comfortable to me, but (I sincerely believe) of great significance to you.

The Masters work in a manner altogether beyond our apprehension; They see the Universe from a totally different standpoint, and dispose of powers at whose nature we can only guess. We are like savages, who, ignorant of electricity, cannot understand how we transmit our thoughts almost instantaneously across thousands of miles of ocean. But to those who are conscious of their function as instruments in the Great Work it is possible to recognize Their presence and Their activity by sympathetic intelligence. In consequence I feel thoroughly aware that your appearance at this particular juncture is not to be dismissed as coincidence. The Oath of a Master of the Temple concludes: "I will interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with my soul".

Obviously, this is the fantastic imagination of a light-hearted youngster: but that is just what I am. Look at the spiritual gaiety of my poems written in the last six months! Is that to be expected from a man whose whole career must appear to the world as a pitiful, even a grotesque failure? And a sick man at that! They seem more like the work of a boy in his teens, ablaze with physical energy, confident and happy in the glory of first love returned in full measure.

That is what initiation does to you! Nevertheless "the proof of the pudding is in the eating"; and my bubble will burst unless you too feel with utter sincerity surety that you were sent to me by Them to carry out a special Mission, that in these last few years you have been inscrutably prepared and chosen to fulfil this function in the Great Work.

I therefore expect that you will discover, and disclose to me in due season, the nature of your participation in the Work assigned to me, the foundation of the Principles of the New Aeon, the Aeon of the Horus the Crowned and Conquering Child. Already the Book of the Law has subtly and imperceptibly determined the attitude and actions of innumerable "important" people; even of whole nations, most of whom have not so much as heard of it! Read it through once again, taking special notice of the fact that it was given in 1904 e.v. Much of it is terrifyingly unthinkable for people of that period: yet to-day it is just those passages, at that time inconceivable, which are to-day commonplace.

How eagerly, therefore, do I await the further disclosure of your personal function in respect of that part of the Design of the Masters

which you have been chosen to accomplish.

Yours fraternally

To Mega Therion 9° - 2° A.: A.:  
logos Alonos Thelema 93

*Khany King Khany*

2

22 Apr (42) 10 Hanover Square. W.I.  
My dear Brother.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. (This is the regular greeting to be put at the head of all letters).

Yours of April 21. I don't know how you arrive at EI-3-I. Enclosed are the items. Please look into this; I know I am utterly useless at figures, but I think I am right- for once. The price of the Chinese book is guineas not pounds. See full account attached. I am sending you the blue "Ben" Liber 77 as you ask, also the "Scientific Solution of the Problem of Government" which has become very topical. Try it on local debating clubs! Start something! This applies also, and more so, to the Liber 77 cards- reprinted on the P.C. with photograph.

The Law of Thelema is the only basis possible for the new social system which the War has made instantly imperative.

As a special personal gift, please accept a copy of "Songs for Italy". These are very rare and valuable, of great historical interest as proof that I knew in 1923 what it took Winston Churchill tell 1941 to find out!

What I am most interested in is the Tarot; we have simply got to get this reproduced and published, as per financial papers I sent you. You and your friends might form a syndicate to take this up, if it is too heavy a burden for one pair of shoulders. It is so annoying for me; income more than ample, yet nothing that can be turned into capital. And you can take not only the shirt off my back, but my pants into the bargain, to get this done! It is the vindication of my life's work for the last 44 years; and will be the Compass and Power of the good ship Magick for the next 2000 years.

Love is the law, love under will. (This is the regular greeting to end all letters.)

Yours fraternally.

Aleister Crowley. 666

3

3 May 42. 5 Dover Street. W.I.

Note change of address. I hope you got the books safely; please let me know hear.

Yours fraternally

Aleister Crowley.

4

8 May (42) 140 Piccadilly.

Dear Brother.

Do etc.

Had to move twice in one week! A strain on the Exchequer, and, worse, I've mislaid your letter. I'll find it in a day or two, and answer properly. Meanwhile, from memory; I'll be very glad to see you in early June. The moves have really made me terribly short; so if you can find it in your heart (and in your Bank!) I should be really most grateful if you would send me that £2 right away. I hate to ask you, but the

devil drives!  
Love etc.

Yours till I find your letter. Fraternally. Aleister Crowley

15 May 42.  
Care Frater  
Do etc.

5

Your welcome letter arrived in the nick of time- but so, strangely, did help from another source which I had thought impossible for several days to come. So I swim lustily on waves of gold! I am very grateful for your swift reply. You might get the loan of 777 from Edward Noel Fitzgerald, but I doubt whether it would help you much. Practically all the useful columns are reprinted as an Appendix to "Magick" which you have. (Or have you? The original edition in 4 vols is the right kind. I have very few sets left.)

Until I can get the £1600 for the Tarot, I am having sets of blocks made when money comes in. It costs £20 to have two cards done. I must also send the book to the printer; for that I need £45 100 copies on hand-made paper. I am putting £1 of my own to every £1 contributed. This is very good for me, keeps me on the alert; and gets things done more quickly.

I note that you will be free May 31 and June 1 and in London. Whitsun isn't it? I ~~can't~~ say for certain, but I'm pretty sure to be here. You should telephone me about 10 A.M. and we'll make a date. You said something about wanting some books for friends; can you let me know soon, as I might have to hunt around?

Love etc. Fraternally. Aleister Crowley.

6

2 July (42) 140 Piccadilly.  
Care Frater  
Do etc.

Yours of June 30 with enclosure duly to hand. (Please note guineas, not pounds: we get very high hat and mighty and professional and tall hat when we get over 5/-) Nothing from Cohen; but he may be waiting for a letter from me. I owe him one; also, he most kindly copied out the references in "Abramelin" that I needed. Now it's your turn! I think you said you had a Qabalah Unveiled of Mathers. In the introduction he tells one of Shemhamphrasch. I want to know which chapter and verse of Exodus (or Deuteronomy?) contain the letters which compose that Name. *just a Houghlin & Atlantic's bookshop*

McGregor Reid has given no sign of life so far. I haven't seen "Mike" for weeks. Hardly out at all; the electric storm here, very local and strange- it never broke properly, is still hanging about, though it's cold as hell, to give me a headache- prostrated me for the best part of a week.

I'm glad you liked the film. I wrote as asked in the Commentary. I do hope you'll use it to get people going in the fullness of life. I should pick out ~~short~~ short as snappy tantalizing bits, excite their appetite for more, and make them eager to put over the Law. Head really bothering; so good-night!

Love etc. Fraternally Aleister Crowley.

4  
7

Undated. In pencil

I enclose the Tarot plan as I promised. These cards, with the explanatory Essay, are destined to be the Atlas and Practical Manual of all Magick for the next 2000 years. (See Liber AL cap III verse 34 and Chapter VIII in The Equinox of the Gods.)

The brother who (as I told you) was willing to put up the necessary funds finds difficulty, as his capital is tied up in (a) Shares of the Commonwealth Bank of Australia, and (b) various farms in Lancashire; it is almost impossible to realize these, or even to raise a loan on them, although they bring in some £400 p.a. Perhaps you can help in this matter. *[never materialised]*

A. C.

10 June (42) 140 Piccadilly.

Care Frater.

Do etc.

Yours of June 7 joyfully to hand. Sorry you didn't like Ouroboros; of course its all no news to you. But I was impressed by the demonstration of the vicious circle of mass production: they can only keep going by self-destruction. Very soon, I think, all markets will be saturated, so that there will no longer be any motive to make these worthless and pernicious gadgets that they have bludgeoned or bamboozled people into thinking desirable or necessary. Also, they have destroyed the purchasing power; so we'll soon get back to making our own things with pride and joy in the work. It's the individual, not the State, that survives. (Sometimes I wish I were an historian; I could read such noble lectures!)

Of course, the Commentary (on the Book of the Law. T) awaits your convenience. But I hope it will be fairly soon, for the sake of the Tarot. That woman (Frieda Harris. T), with whom I dined last night, seems more 'lumatiek and sore vexed' than ever. It is really rather heart-breaking.

Your visit was most welcome and refreshing - a sparkle of spring water in the desolate wastes of life in London. I am glad you appreciated the catalogue enough to want more. But I'm responsible to the O.T.O. There are only 6 copies left and I can't give more than one; that only as a very special favour. So I have to be very stern, and sell what I can at 5/-. I never had more than 20 or so. What will you?

Love etc.

Yours fraternally.

666

1 Aug (42) 140 Piccadilly.

Dear Brother

Do etc.

I had cherished a half hope that you might descend on me this Bank Holiday! The Tarot show re-opens at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colour on Aug 4 for 3 weeks. Once again Frieda Harris never told me, though she sent a circular letter to the Press. The woman must be crazy. Anyhow, I do wish you'd drop in this week and see the show, and tell me what to do. I'm sure you're not the man to see my life's work stolen from under my nose. Let us have some of your "rough Lancashire down-rightness and honesty" on the battlefield! She comes here with soft words of flattery, false as the devil, and persuades me that everything is

all right if only I'll keep quiet. But it isn't honest to keep quiet while she lies to the public. She tells my friends that she's doing it all for my sweet sake- if she'd put it in writing, that would be all right. Though, even then, she ought to be made to admit openly that she contributed nothing to the Work but the technical skill of the presentation; that every idea, every design, every colour, were done under the direction, and corrected under the correction, of a Master. I don't want to put forward my name; but I do hate fraud and falsehood.

Any hope of your forgetting the crises of the Lent market long enough to come to London for a couple of nights? Anyhow, you know how much I enjoy a talk with you; besides, you really ought not to miss the show. And I want to hear how you are making out with the Commentary. I haven't been through it myself for 20 years!

Very tired to-night; but the thought that I might see you has given me the ~~power~~ strength to scribble this note.

Love etc. Yours fraternally 666

---

6 Aug (42) 140 Piccadilly.

~~Be-eter~~ Dear Brother Ben

Do etc.

10

Your grand loyal letter cheered and encouraged me more than I can say. F(rieda) H(arris) is in a bad way. She would not invoke Mercury properly, and got obsessed by the Cynocephalus- over a year ago, ~~new~~-and has made blunder after blunder. Now that her (supposed) work has been noticed for the first time in her life, the idea has come to her to steal the whole shooting-match! (She wanted to escape the "early struggles of the artist", so she married a rich Jew. But the result was that serious artists refused to take her seriously, while all the gang of sham wastrels & parasites & sycophants in Bloomsbury came and fawned on her and pulled her leg and robbed her and laughed at her behind her back. She has ended by a really foul insult to Mercury, showing as Trump I "The Juggler", a horror most unspeakable instead of the one that I had approved. It is a vile thing. The worst of it is that He will punish her most terribly; of all the Gods, Mercury is the easiest to offend, the hardest to propitiate. He has no ~~evil-feelings-at-all~~ human feelings at all; truth is the one virtue that appeals to him.

I am very fond of F.H. and hoped to make her a real artist; and I cannot even avert the wrath of the insulted God!

I am sorry you are so hampered just now; apart from all this, it would have been a real pleasure to see you again.

Love etc. Fraternally. 666

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3

30 Sept 42. Hamilton House. 140 Piccadilly.

Dear Brother Ben.

Love etc.

I have only just got your letter of the 23rd. Things have been most upset, and I have not yet got your Little Essays towards Truth. I am back in town now, and with any luck I shall be able to get you one within a week. I do not understand your question about O.H. Masters. I though we had discussed the matter very thoroughly while you were here. Michael Juste is quite ignorant; and in any case he always lies when

there is an opportunity, even when he has no motive- he thinks it is good practice!

There has been a lot of trouble in the petty cash line. When I got back to town I found that everything has been raised on me, and it is both difficult and expensive to make new arrangements. However, all should be well on the 15th October, if you don't mind waiting until then. I am really not yet settled in London. I found all sorts of important letters waiting for me and have had to send about half a dozen cables to America. That, in the long run, is good news.

Love etc. Yours fraternally Aleister Crowley

16 Dec (42) 93 Jermyn Street. <sup>12</sup>

Dear Brother Ben

Do etc.

So glad to get your note this A.M. Was just going to write you about the enclosed. I hope you'll get your friends to buy (The Fun of the Fair. T); I can promise you a great many hearty laughs. Sorry business isn't too good; have been damnably worried myself; got in a proper jam. But I hope all will now go well. Overworked, too! Gawd! This book is pure enjoyment, no nasty Magick, no boring Yoga: nothing but Enjoyment of Life!

This letter is No 30 odd in a list of over 60; I'm dead tired; so good-night! Frieda Harris to lunch to-day, all sweetness and sincere penitence; so I hope that trouble is over too. I wish you were coming to town sooner: "Feb or Mar" sounds very far away.

Please remember that I get most self-comfort from the solid support of my friends; see the prospectus! I will say this: you have always been a sure prop all this last year. It- here, I'm falling asleep! good-night again!

Love etc. Yours fraternally A.C.

---

13

I Jan 43 93 Jermyn Str. S.W.I.

Dear Bro Ben.

Do etc.

Happy New Year! Glad to get yours this A.M. don't quite understand about "Exhibition" copies. Do you mean catalogues? If so do you want two ??? Herewith No 52 (of the Fun of the Fair T) as 52 -

12 - Ben.

I'm driven to death, flat broke, nose bunged up, not at all fit to write a proper letter. So forgive brevity!

Love etc. Fraternally. A.C.

If you don't laugh yourself sick I'll never speak to you again!

---

Undated. 93 Jermyn Str. <sup>14</sup>

Dear Brother Ben

Do etc.

Don't be cross with me for being a good logician! (A bad look-out for the world if I wasn't). I don't quite understand your para 2: what I said was that I would give the value in books and pictures.

Believe me, I feel most deeply what you have done in the past: but don't think of it as for A.C. but for the work. Also, what you have done has earned you the ~~privilege~~ of being regarded as "a friend in need". When I said that I found it hard to believe that you couldn't raise £10, I meant something like this (a) if your doctor advised an immediate operation, you ~~x~~ could find the fees somehow (b) if I were a banker, and was offered your note at 90 days, I would discount it without a qualm.

h. I'm the last person on earth to ask for what is given without enthusiasm; this you have always shewn, to my great satisfaction. However,

↑ ↑ ↑  
since you are not in a position to help, here is a shot at helping you: enclosed, draft of a proposal which is now being typed. It works out at over 25% (I think) which is a lot more than you get from most investments. I made it tempting; don't forget that I am running a race with Death. There is so much I can do, and ought to do, and I am always being held up by arrears of unpublished stuff. I am sending copies of this, but with more details, to purely commercial people; it is an offer, not an appeal.

Yours warmly in fraternity. A.C.

P.S. When you are through with 'Jack the Ripper' please send to Robert Cecil Esq 10 Little Thrift, Petts Wood, Kent. Liber Aleph I would like back before Nov 18. I want to send it to printers on that day. A.C.

---

15

Enclosure to above letter.

O.T.O Publication Fund.

Strictly private and confidential.

1. External circumstances have greatly increased the "time-lag" between (a) going to press and publication (b) payment of costs of production and receipts from sales.

2. The result of this is, that while the income from fees, subscription donations and sale of books already issued is ample to finance new publications, it must be allowed to accumulate in order to pay cash in advance to the printers, engravers and binders: this is absolutely necessary to secure priority for the work. Figures on application.

3. Two books are now ready, and their immediate publication is required at once. This is to be divided into four sums of £50 each, and you are asked to take up one or more of these. Repayment will be made quarterly in six instalments of £10.

-----

Oct 13 (42)? 43-2) 93 Jermyn Street.

C.. F..

16

Do etc.

Couldn't answer yours yesterday: my birthday: telephones/ calls, wires, cables, visitors from Marmarchis to Mathor and to Toum!

O.K. about Liber Aleph: it was only that I wasn't sure. It is the bound set of proofs of Equinox Vol III No 2 which has a big supplement "Jesus", which has vanished. It cannot be replaced: I am in great distress. I enclose copy of Jack the Ripper! The Tarot can't be get published at all until I find £30. They insist on cash to get the 4 extra colour plates; and they must be put in as pages have been left blank for them in the book. Otherwise it is ready to print off; when it

is bound (not before) I will accept subscriptions. Quite a lot have been promised. So do find £10 (or more) for me- and call it a donation if you will! Anyhow I'll make it up to you soon or late. E.g. you could have the typescript of The Net (= Moonschild) with all the real names of the people concerned. It will fetch £25 or more as soon as I am dead: and that will be very soon, unless this dreadful worry is abated. Do come to the rescue, as so often before, dear brother.

Love etc.

Yours

A.C.

---

17

Oct 18 (42 ?) 93 Jermyn Street.

Dear Bro.: Stubbins

Do etc.

I can't understand why people ~~fail~~ always fail to read my letters. No copy, but I'm sure I wrote as clearly as language can make it. The Tarot Book is being printed. The first edition 200 copies at 5 gs + 1000 gs less discount etc. The printer refuses to finish it until I pay him £30. How can I put it more simply and clearly? I can't.

Your letter, too, is puzzling. You told me that you had no need to do any business, that your life's economies sufficed without working further. Unless you have invested in annuity, you must have at least £10,000 packed away. With all the best will in the world, I can't believe that you can't spare £10! It's none of my business, and I shouldn't write like this, but I'm three parts crazy with worry. The Tarot is my life's work- daily since Feb 1899, nearly 45 years! I have sunk thousands in research on it, and hundreds in getting it printed. And I should like to see it out before I die. Looks like a close race!

Love etc.

Yours

A.C.

P.S. I offered books and MSS (didn't mention I mention "The Net"? I'll swear I did) but of course anyone can have 2 copies of Tarot Book for his £10- only I can't promise any date of delivery. It ought to be ready before Xmas, if the £30 were paid NOW.

-----

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*originals along with* I. 8-6  
Letters from A. C. to Edward Noel Fitzgerald.

1934-47

1. April 14, 1934.

c/o Dennis & Co., 22 Chancery Lane.

Dear Sir,

Yes, I fear that your former letter went astray, or that I did. 'Thelema' is not a work of mine. The 'Referee' impudently altered and stupidly bungled, the statement which I sent them. 'The Book of the Law' is printed in Equinox X; you could see and copy it in the British Museum. Have you 'Magick', a complete treatise? You can get it from Hersant, 236, Archway Road, N.6. If I can be of any further use to you, please let me know.

Yours sincerely,  
Aleister Crowley.

2. May 8, 1934.

6, Panton Street, W.1.

Dear Sir,

I have just got yours of the 1st. inst. Will you telephone me tomorrow or Friday before 10 a.m. ? and we will make an appointment  
Yours in haste,

Aleister Crowley.

3. 23rd. February, 1937.

c/o Messrs. Dennis & Co.

Dear Fitzgerald,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.  
I have been away, and was quite unable to communicate with you. Sorry. Hope I may see you and your friends at the lecture tomorrow night.  
Yours ever,

A. C.

4. 27th May. 1937.

C.: F.: 93.

I am leaving six extra copies. Would you mind bringing them round to 11/12 West Smithfield tonight, as I have just heard that several people are coming in after dinner, and I have to pay too many business calls to be able to take them myself ? Could Francis join you and take shorthand notes.

93  $\frac{93}{93}$  F.: G 666. (F. w/p)

5. Jan. 29, 1938.

11 Manor Place, W.2.

Sorry you are ill. Tried to get you several times. Ask Edith to ring me up and give me news of you. Elmer Gertz writes on 14th. inst. "Books have not arrived". When did you send them off ? I do hope you will be well again soon.  
Yours, A. C.

6. Feb. 19th. 1938.

11 Manor Place.

What Happened ? Hope you are not ill again. Wish you'd ask Edith to ring me if that is the case.  
A. C.

7. May 4th. 1939. ( Postcard of 'The Noel Arms', Chipping Campden.)

93. Here at your own Arms! Back  $\frac{93}{93}$  night. Phone me  $\frac{93}{93}$  4 a.m.

93  $\frac{93}{93}$  F.: G. 666

8. April 13th.

11 Manor Place, W.2.

Here is your book. Please sign enclosed receipt 'for the Grand Treasurer, Edward Noel Fitzgerald' and send to Lady H. Am overwhelmed with work.

93  $\frac{93}{93}$  F.: ly. 666 <sup>^</sup> Harris

9. Dec. 4th. 1940.

Dear Noel, 93. Glad of yours. My news is identical! Damned ill all November. Yes, the twin was filled: just by a nurse with a hyena laugh, looking exactly like "Steve, come on" in the Sunday Express; and since her departure, by an old halibut - a Plymouth sisters!! It is rather fun proving to her that she is certainly ~~damned~~. I think that I have been very wise to work off a spot of illness here - Torquay appears to be bloody awful. I had no real luck when I was well, though it should have been easy to have found an evacuee. At the moment I am more flat broke than ever: all I can do is to wait for news of the Tarot contract.. The Yi is going rather well: I woke from semi-delirium one day with an illumination - and the strength to set it down. Two miracles. It was a reduction of the symbols to 20 ~~cbins~~ really neat and artful. Also I've given the final touches to my critical mnemonic paraphrase. No, I have no red AI here. You might dig some out of Mrs. Goodall if she's back there. But I doubt it, I wrote her in Peebles 10 dr so <sup>ago</sup>: no answer. You might try ringing up: if she is there, tell her to let me know. I'm rather fed up here. "Oh solitude where are the charms that sages have seen in thy face? Better dwell in the midst of alarms than stay in this horrible place" must have been written about this place. The natives baffle description; if one could describe them, it would baffle belief. The extra 20,000 odd people here may contain pearls; but one has to be actively about all the time to have a chance. And the black-out is ghastly. Please answer this right away: a letter from any human being is like a benediction

93 93 Yours ever A.C.

10. Dec. 12th. 1940.

The Gardens.

Dear Noel, 93. Good of you to answer so quickly. No, I don't know that quotation: please tell me. Also: "Where you and I beneath the trees Bartered our bold virginities" once quoted to me by James Stephens, but I can't place it. Can you? But Torquay is anything but grey and shapeless. It is astonishingly beautiful. Flowers bloom afresh daily in my garden, and the woods, the hills, the harbour and the sea are just a constant benediction. This morning, one of the loveliest dawns I have seen anywhere in the world. All clear unearthly green and blue, with rose - pink clouds of superb shape: all pink, with no white to spoil it. My sanity is less in jeopardy; I have found the Chess club, with at least three players who give me a reasonable game. I have yet to play the strongest, who may be a match for me. Poetry is not butter, and does not come by churning. I could only feel the impulse again if I were in totally new conditions - that is, as regards lyrics. I have done the "Law and the Lady" and "The loving ballad of John Anthony Lang" quite recently; the latter is quite first class. But not for unsophisticated souls. Here food is quite ample. Eggs are always scarce and dear at this time of year: I usually get six or nine a week, though. Meat absolutely A.1. The onion famine is a scandal, but all the fault of controlling the price. Cammell - he wrote me he had gone to Bideford for good. He owes me a letter; if you can reach him, do ask him to write. Pearl has been ill, dangerously. John too, measles. Both better now. My small son gay in Jerusalem; his mother lively, but complains of cooking. Her grandmother seems to be running the place out there! Could you leave Lady H. her Yi till Mike or Watkins send her a copy for herself? I do not know why they have not done so already. She dashed over here last month and rescued me. Mrs. Goodall is still in Peebles with here

Brooksmith (her son)

Harris

daughter etc. When she gets back to Richmond I may return myself - I simply must get some work done. I don't seem to have much more to say, except that it is about time we started to do more hard thinking about the establishment of the Law of Thelema. Those friends of yours - if they want show, let them buy "The Equinox of the Gods" (I have some here.) and get the full force of the Flame. <sup>93</sup>  
93<sup>93</sup> F.ly 666.

11. Dec 22nd. 1940. The Gardens.  
C.F. 93 So glad of yours of the 17th. - I thought it might be The E's Q - dull enough! You might write to James Stephens (in the telephone book - N. London one - there are two) about the other. It is not the W.T. Probably the Collected Works or the Exq: I feel it is early work, because the rythm is close to one of A.C.S. "Songs before Sunrise". Nice for you to get a letter from Sheamus! Chess. All the Giants but one are in the dust; which seems to help the last to escape. Cammell wrote he was leaving for Bideford mid-October: but did he? Will you try to find out? I thought your friends were so posh that they couldn't bear a book in paper wrappings. Too bad! I've had no illumination so far. Nor any woman of any kind. I am almost ready to fraternize with the licentious soldiery. Merry Xmas and H.N.Y. perhaps.  
<sup>93</sup>  
93<sup>93</sup> F.ly 666

12. March 2nd. 1942. The Gardens.  
Dear Noel. 93. I'm a cad not to have answered yours before now. Sorry about your health: I've had no asthma since Dec 7, though I've been rotten generally. Not using the machine at all. But I don't seem to pick up, and what would have been asthma last year is now mild heart. I've taken Tincture Digitalis with Gruidelia compound for that. G comp. contains Lobelia and other things. Might suit you; that's why I bore you with details. Ask your vet. There's a glimmer on the horizon: I may start an Abbey of Thelema in April. If so, it would be good to see you on your holiday; I shall make a point of having enough room. Cammell was at Bideford, but may now be back in town; he wrote that he was looking for another job. but I think he is out of Richmond. The right James is the one that did not answer; but he'd probably be nice on the phone. Of course he might be in Eire. Two young R.A.F. men at the Chess club, quite first class - Oxford Chess club. No b.s. nymphs; at present I don't need any. The air here is not encouraging even when one feels very fit, which at present I don't. Sorry about raids: looks like a splash coming. I hope like March '18; final rush of cornered rat. I'm bored and washed out; don't feel like working or writing or any thing but lounging and reading silly books. The one bright spot, bar chess, is Spelling Bee, at which my aged char is sometimes quite good. Only, like most women (I fear me!) she wants to argue about the game instead of playing it; and her only idea of argument is losing her temper. Write back soon; it comforts me.  
<sup>93</sup>  
93<sup>93</sup> Yours A.C.

13. March 19th. 1941. The Gardens.  
Dear Noel, 93. Naughty man! Curiously enough, Sutherland, (frequent chess visitor to Richmond, I think you met him) has just been through this sort of operation, and is doing fine. Of course, in your case, I should have thought it was Edith at the good old arsenic again!

175 2/533

Eggs. Me too! Teeth blitzed to buggery; can't eat anything hard. Still, I'll try in the morning (today if poss. - early closing though) what I can do. Also, I've written to Frieda, and to my tub of molasses. Latter I've asked to visit you; you'll laugh your head off! I'm just rabid; moving on the mind. The house is high, remote, very well furnished and comfortable; an ideal place for your convalescence. It is only the land locked harbour that is relaxing; on the heights, even where I am now, not 5 minutes bus from the bay, it is bracing enough. N.E. winds - too bloody bracing! I must go to bed now if I'm to be up to rob those roosts for you! Mind, I don't promise; sending may be difficult, even if I can buy; but I'll do my best. 93<sup>93</sup> F.:ly Aleister.

P.S. Detailed news of your progress to good health eagerly awaited. Memorandum. The Late Mr. Justice Swift (who died of drink - he was habitually drunk on the Bench after lunch - any one who knows the Law courts, down to the constables on guard, can confirm this -) did foam at the mouth about me. But you can say that he referred to me as "the greatest living English poet." He was a bit excited, and wanted to get off to golf - it was a Friday p.m. Now, per contra. Mr. Justice Bennet, summing up in Crowley v. Grey, said that no one had ever doubted my high standing, or attacked my literary righteousness. I forget the exact words; but the case, which was fought bitterly, was reported at some length in the D. Telegraph. (I was away, very ill.) Date? 1934 I think; for the life of me I can't place it nearer. It is well worth while to have this looked up, and a cutting or cuttings obtained. "Wickedest man in the World" is only James Douglas and Horatio Bottomly - both had failed to blackmail me. This is a smashing retort; don't forget it! A.U.

14. March 21. 1941 (P.C. view of Torquay)  
 93. Easier than I thought to egg you; so expect 1/2 doz. Please let me know of safe arrival, and whether you want more. Old address finds me till Thursday: after that Barton Brow, Great Hill Road, Torquay. 93<sup>93</sup> 666.

15. 23rd March 1941 Equinoctal Greetings. Torquay.

16. March 27. 1941. <sup>Barnet</sup> Barton Brow, Barton Cross.  
 Dear Noel, 93. Yours to hand. You don't say whether you want more eggs. I couldn't get another box, so left it over, as I'm packing hard and moving on Friday. Also my vat of Madeira should be with you anon. Pearl now keeps house at Buckley School; she's bad at writing. Didn't I tell you that I had heard from Karl - Air Mail, Nov 16, from Pau. On March 18. Internment camp. Over four months! The modern craze for speed. Jameson - the Army was the one hope for him, silly brat! Good stuff, but no sense. No idea of purpose. Whims chasing wildly round in his brain. Torquay has about 1,000,000 Raffies; good lads. Torquay is thought relaxing. Good for asthma, no doubt, in most cases. But on the hills it's not so bad. New house open in every direction for miles. Yes do let me know the verdict, and keep me informed of progress. (I've asked my barrell of Treacle to do this too.) So, Noel, Stand East! Poems enclosed for you and your friends in St. Mary's. 93<sup>93</sup> Best of all! Yours Aleister.

17.

The V sign

20. July 20. 1941.

10 H. Square.

Dear Noel 93. Sorry I was silent so long; the only news is my new book "Thumbs Up". 100 copies signed and numbered. Please send me 11/- by return of post, and you can have any number after 9 except 11, 27, and 77. Nothing else to report. Hope you're well. Tell me all. 93 93 Yours 666. Excuse scrawl. I'm up to my neck in work. 93 (Enclosure as follows) A dialogue, between an Eminent Bookseller and an Humble Seeker after Truth. H.S. Good morning! E.B. (gracious but wary) Good morning! H.S. I believe that some years ago you were concerned in the purchase of the Codex Sinaiticus? E.B. (with modest pride) That is so. H.S. Then perhaps you know a Mr. Ettingshausen? E.B. He was a member of our staff - was a member of our staff (very emphatic tense) H.S. Then he has no right to go about telling everybody "Alone I did it"? E.B. He didn't do it. With cordial salutations the protagonists parted. H.S. was not surprised. Chez Maggs. July 14. 11 a.m.

21. Aug 11. 1941.

Aphhis

10 H. Square.

Dear Noel. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Many thanks for yours of the 8th. with P.O. for 11/-. No. 14 has been reserved. I will add a happy word. The Tarot story is too long to tell in a letter. Back in London to see this printing through. After "Thumbs Up (which will have an appropriate photo from Exq I 3 Frontispiece) comes "The V Sign," Thanks to "Lord Haw-Haw", it is now quite generally known that I invented this campaign. He has pointed out, quite justly, that I have persuaded some hundreds of millions of people to worship the Devil! See photograph Exq I 2 and "Magick", the Sign of the Grades, where the V is plainly stated to be the Sign of Aphhis, and Typhon. See Levi (Exq I 10 Suppl.) for the horns of the Devil and so on-in that account of the Bleeding Hosts of Vintras, and D.D. Home's "signatures." Of course I am denying strenuously that I ever had anything to do about it, as the bloke who slipped it over on the idiots of the B.B.C. would get into the most hellish trouble if it were found out that he knows me. All the same, it will help my subtle intrigues if you pass the word along that I did it! I have something else in my capacious sleeve which needs to be prepared. I'm sorry that you have been ill again; glad it's no worse. Are you rid of Edith yet? I'm as well as is likely with one poor inch of chest expansion. Blast this beastly weather. Shall be glad to see you, but there is little hope of a curry. No kitchen of my own and (probably) few ingredients to be had. Love is the law, love under will. Yours Aleister. Do write in full, and this week. (Book not out till about 10 days now) I want to hear the reactions about me and the V sign. This is most important.

22. Sept 20. 1941

10 H. Square.

C.F.F. 93 Now, then, go to it! These cost £10 per 1000. Will you go round the shop with it, and collect, please? Those who pay for 500 or more can have their address and a message if they like. e.g. With greetings to the (N.A.A.F.I. Or R.N.V.L. or.... whoever you want to enlighten) from the employees of Davis & Co., (or what not) Carry on, boys and girls! There's a good time coming" or something like that. Please do your best. If once this tinder catches fire, we'll have the Law of Thelema going strong. 93 93 Fraternally, 666. Hope you're O.K. Send me your news.

17. April 23. 1941. (P.C. view of Bristol.) Barton Brow.  
C.F.: 93 I hope all is well with you, as it is (more or less) with me. It has been too long since you wrote; I heard you were out of St. Mary's but no more.

93 93 F.Ly 666.

18. April 27. 1941.

Barton Brow.

Dear Noel 93. Glad to hear of you, and that its no worse. I must send you my poem on appendicitis, when (if ever) my stuff comes from Richmond. Thanks for dope, but you're months late! I never use the machine now: no spasmodic attacks since the beginning of November. So I gave the bottle to the daughter of my electrician, and will report what she says. My heart which had got hit, is recovering. Query, will it stand up to the assault of my Vat of Madeira, due here on Tuesday? London knows nothing of air raids. This week end the Abbey is host to an officer from Plymouth. There is really very little left standing, and and the casualties run to four figures. M.O.I is an ass. Every one is shouting to know what we are doing to them. Have we any bombers left? I await Churchills broadcast with feelings more grave than gay. We feel that we are being put off with a lot of blarney and ballyhoo. I feel inclined to start some kind of trouble if they go on trying to fool all the people all the time. Afraid I can't suggest any sort of Gov't work. Call on M.A. Sutherland (Admiralty) Rex House Regent Street Say you are a friend of mine, and can he help. All .OK. here.

93 93 Yours Aleister.

19. May 28, 1941 (Letter to A.C. as follows ; "Dear Crowley, How nice to hear from you again. I entirely agree with what you say, and I to be able to be present at your private View for which you so kindly send me a card. Yours sincerely, (signed) Donegal." Under this A.C. has written ; I dare not suppose, or not suppose, you know who this is. Better tell you; The Most Honourable The Marquess of Donegall. (On verso to me) Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. You must deal with this. A paragraph or two with photo in "Almost in Confidence" would be great. I think I asked him not to mention names, but won't swear by it. Its a most awful mess here; I had to ring up the police again, the blonde bombshell having come in this morning as I was moving and stolen things under the housekeepers nose! I've got to spend the next two days packing desperately- with no prospect of a roof on Saturday night! Love is the law, love under will. Yours Aleister.

← INSERT from p 5

23. 22 Sept. 1941 Equinoctial Greetings.

Bay of Tor.

24. Oct. 18. 1941.

The Gardens.

Dear Noel, 93 No shame at all. (1) I expected to be away for a day or two only: a week at the most. (2) I had no idea where I was going. The raids bucked me up immensely, but I couldn't settle to work: I was too interested watching the fireworks, or interpreting the various bangs. So I let the Hand guide me for once! This is a garden flat, with all subtropical flowers and trees. I might be in the South of France; a study with solid comfortable furniture - no grimcracks. Fine big bedroom with twin beds, one at present vacant. Big kitchen. Gas, electricity, all I need. But no food for curry. If you want to be friendly, take the enclosed list to Barber. I believe you £10 already: I remember trying to pay you, but you were away; and, later money ran out. Be a

sport! If you need a change, I can put up; or, if an occupant turns up,, find you a bed outside, and you can eat here. But let me know well in advance.

93 <sup>93</sup>/<sub>93</sub> F. Ly Aleister.

(Enclosed list mentioned as follows.) Pillaf Rice 14lb. Madras curry powder-2big tins. Col Skinners Chutney- 2 big bottles. Turmeric 1lb. Tamarinds 1lb. Pepper Water Balls- large jar. Bamboo pickle in oil- 2 jars. Chilli powder- 1lb. Green-red-Birds eye Chillies - 2 bottles of each, if only they have them. Poppadums, Madras pack- 2 large tins. Bombay Duck- 2 large boxes. Zambar powder- 1lb. Vindalu Paste- 2 bottles. P.S. Asthma vanished completely on my arrival; but has started again in a mild way in the last 4 days. I feel sure is subconscious anxiety: I'm worried at getting no answers from about a dozen people. This has goaded me into sending enclosed to the P.M.G. Perhaps you can improve on it; if so, go to it.

Love, A.C.

25. Nov. 9. 1941.

10 Hanover Square.

Dear Noel 93. Whats the matter, I haven't heard from you for G.O.K. how long. Do let me know your news. I'm in bed over 2 weeks with an abscess: don't know when I'll be up. Next publication OZ (Liber LXXVII) a manifesto of "Thelemic war aims." It has a "The Devil" (Atu XV) from the Tarot on one side: so it goes out as instead-of-a-Xmas-card. Several people are sending it to their friends. I think I can produce them at sixpence; it depends on how many people take copies. Anyhow, send what money you can spare, and you shall have as many cards as that amount has produced. Write by return please, with full news. 93<sup>93</sup>/<sub>93</sub> Yours A.C.

93

*Birmingham*

26. 30 Nov. 1941.

10 Hanover Square.

Dear Noel 93. Glad to hear from you; but alas! for your news. Did you get "Thumbs Up"! - are two editions: I sent you them both. My plans are very uncertain. I remember Brum as it was 60 years ago!! Even then it knocked me down. "inspissated gloom". And yet....? Incredibly but true. My most romantic and significant honeymoon began there: Midnight Dec. 31-Jan. 1, 1897-8. I don't where anything is: I have an idea that a lot of stuff at Richmond was stolen. There may be books at Whiteleys: will see this week. A few trumps-4, I think- will be ready at Xmas. Better write P.H. yourself about Yi. No word of Attaturk for about a year: Hell! 93 <sup>93</sup>/<sub>93</sub> In a frantic hurry. Yours, Aleister. P.S. The Goat is private to you, an Antichristmas gift. Others at cost price. A.C.

93 <sup>93</sup>/<sub>93</sub>

*I know*

*His last word was*

*Liber OZ*

27. Jan. 8. 1942.

10 Hanover Square.

Dear Noel 93. Tell me about the practical effect of the Goat. Very interesting and (quite likely) important, You are not the only one. Do write me clearly and fully. There is much Magick in it. Afraid there is nothing special in the Whiteley joint: I didn't go through it properly. I do wish that you were and we had a proper G.H.Q. You would make a dandy librarian. Cammell is editing "Light", a dull imbecility of fraud. I'm too disgusted to dig him out. A case of "If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness." You have never told me why you left Davis: I thought you were merely moved out by blitz. Kindly tell me all about it! Where is Edith? I shall be so glad to hear that you are free for good.: you'll be twice the man you were when that asphyxiating pillow is removed from your head. 93 <sup>93</sup>/<sub>93</sub>

93 <sup>93</sup>/<sub>93</sub> Yours Aleister

28. Feb. 5. 1942.

10, Hanover Square.

Dear Noel 93 Amused at your delightful girl. Read yours to Frieda. H. and created a tempest of abuse. F.H. hates anything real, scolds the whole world for not being as she wants it. Escapism is a miserable career, and leads to a ghastly end. Delighted with your news of Edith. I do hope you will find work in some less God awful part of the world. Its its unspeakably bloody in this burg. The weather, is a military secret, cannot be disclosed in any case, as there's no words, even in Air Force vocabulary. Rough proof of Trump XIX in at last. Revise, and perhaps two in 10 days or so, I'll hope to send you. I reminded P.H. of your Yi once more. She has promised to send it as soon as she gets back. My advice to you is to send her paper for a parcel stamped and addressed, with string to tie it- and not one word. It was really rotten when she had the two copies side by side in the shelf, and I took yours out, and begged her to send it. I should have taken it away myself. Do write more news.

93 93 Yours, Aleister.

29. Feb 19 1942.

10. H. S.

C.F.F. 93 50 copies. O.K. But you ought to contribute. 250 cost £1. 17. and there's stamps and stationary. Every one must pull their weight in the boat. I write F.H. by return of post about your book. "byword" means a contemptible name or place, generally recognised as such. When you don't know what a word means, it's safer not to use it. China paper Alice always rare: only 100 done, I think. Distribution mostly in Paris. I've been ill in bed for 2 days. No Tarot for anybody. 9393 Fraternally

93 666

30. March 22. 1942.

Equinoctial Greetings.

10 H. S.

31. 25 March 1942.

OZ Card.

10 H. S.

C.F.F. No word from you: implications sinister. You will never get anything you want until you do what is necessary to obtain it. I hope you have got your Yi back again at last. I had asked her verbally and in writing at least 20 times. A.C. The most usefull thing you could do at the moment, besides missionary work, is to make an index to Magick. I suppose you know how: if not, write and I will tell you. 666.

32. 27 April 1942.

P.C. view of Cambridge.

10 H. Square.

Why this thousness? Not sick again I hope. I do like to hear from you. Aren't you sick of the Black country, anyhow? Love, A.C.

33. 16 April 1942.

140 Piccadilly.

Dear Noel 93. Glad to hear from you, but wish your wanderings had brought you this way. Machen has been half buried in a cottage in Essex for 20 years or so. Montgomery Evans used to dig him out on his birthday and and stuff him and make him drink. So he was alive in the summer of '39. I think we should have heard if he had died. Sorry your asthma persists; mine is held down-at a price. I'm very fed up with lunatics, who now amount to 98.673% of the population. U.S.A. news seems very good; but will it come to anything? Glad you got your Yi: that woman is an egomaniac stuffed with phobias. It hurts me badly; she can be so great-hearted, and I'm so devoted to her, and proud of the way she has picked up my ideas, and gave them an agreeable plastic form. Look me up if you are hither: its GRO: 4626.

93 93  
93 93

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93 93  
93 93

34. Sept. 22. 1942. Eq. Greetings.

Dear Noel 93 I hope all is well with you. Last time you wrote you seemed to be X.O.P.<sup>a+1</sup>. Do send your news! Are you doing anything - work- for the Order? No, I suppose not. and never will. Or do I wrong you?

10, Hanover Square. (verso)

93  
93 P.ly 666.

35. Oct. 20. 1942.

Randolph Hotel, Oxford.

Dear Noel, Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. So glad to hear from you, and thanks for the Greetings wire. Fine work for the E.S.P. but for the Order. Will you do a Mass Observation (as per enclosed) for me on Liber OZ. I can send you spare P.G's if you like. Get them to stick them up, nail them to church and town hall doors and so on. Start something! I enclose also the poem you so much admired. London is worse all the time. Religious persecution all over again. We need a dose of Stalin or Leon Blum or even - well, someone who would get rid of the Jews as well! Really, it strains one's love for one's country almost to breaking point. However, I did make a record of the Hymn to Pan - 5 minutes all but 2 or 3 seconds continuous roaring and raging: so my lungs are not quite done for. The magical effect of that recording will soon be seen in London; I'm off to Oxford tomorrow for a week, and I hope that when I get back, there will be no more 17, Cavendish square! I know this is obscure: I'll tell you all about it when I see you.) Don't know about curry things- I gave up trying years ago. No, I've found no books or anything else. Write to Lady H. direct about your Brum idea. Love is the Law, love under will. Yours hopping mad, A.C. (Enclosure as follows) 12 October 1942. Valley of the Thames. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. I do not wish to issue the following as an instruction, for I know how hard it is to carry out. Yet, let me say to that: the more difficult that it appears to you, the more value it will prove to your training. Further, I can think of no other sort of work which is (after all) within the possibilities of performance for every one of you that could be of greater use to the Order. Lastly, I should personally appreciate it as a gift on my 67th. birthday; for 67 is the number of Binah, understanding - from each one of you, to help me in my greatest need, the understanding of the minds of men and women and children. The work is this: Select six persons of your acquaintance outside the Order and obtain their reactions as fully as may be to Liber OZ. (A line block should be made, as cleanly as possible, and postcards made from it with no other matter than the address; your own, or that of headquarters, or both) Select six strangers met by chance in public conveyances or places of refreshment or entertainment, and do the same. "Argue not; convert not: talk not overmuch." AL III 42. What I want is the fullest and most accurate account of the reactions, both in words and tone and gesture; give also the impressions you get of the individual. I should like the matter put in hand at once, and pursued perseveringly. Each should set himself a fixed date for turning in his report, typed in triplicate, to local headquarters, which will retain and file one copy, the others being sent to New York, where another copy will be filed, and the third sent to me. Love is the law, love under will. In the bonds of the Order BAPHOMET O.H.O. P.S. From my own experience I judge the investigator will be surely swamped by floods of incoherence and irrelevance. and it will probably be necessary to explain the meaning of a document exclusively written in words of one syllable.

36. Nov 29 1942.

Angel that you are! 93 Drefful sorry that you have been X.O.P again; I'M much better since I got into peace and comfort. How can I thank you for your prompt and able Mass Obs<sup>93</sup>? But (a) you don't say whether they are the friends and acquaintances lot, or the pick-up crowd; (b) I should have liked it all, just a little fuller, and more of your own idea of the person in ordinary ways, e.g. is your No. 2 a fool all round? Thinks Charlie Chaplin a great wit? Believes the newspapers? Laughs if anyone says 'haddock' or 'cheese' or 'mother-in-law? One remark to cheer you up: if 1 in the dozen understood and agreed, or even disagreed intelligently! - it would be a sure sign of success. One man and woman with mind and will can pick up the other 11 and run off with them laughing! How right about the word of four letters! Louis Wilkinson noticed the same thing, analyzed the phenomenon, gave me all the reasons for it. Do thou likewise! An admirable exercise for you. We shall collect all records, classify, and annotate: then send the full report to all who have helped to compile it. I'll send you some OZ cards free, when the new lot come: or when I find a missing packet., condemned ~~condemned~~ for bad photographs, but good enough for your purpose. Since you actually want to brass up, send me £1. 1. 0, for the "Fun of the Fair" Too tired to tell you about it, but pledge myself that you won't be disappointed. If you are, money back! But U.S.A. have sworn me not to give any copies away. As they are paying the printer, I must comply. There are one or two Khing Khang King, I'm pretty sure. The damage is £3. 3. 0. Dog tired: nearly 2 a.m. and I've been writing one hell of a letter to try to get the Work started on a big scale. So forgive scrawl and curt style!

93 <sup>93</sup>/<sub>93</sub> Yours Aleister.

37. Dec 2 1942.

93 Jermyn St.

Dear Noel 93 All I can spare! New large supply with new superior photo's on way. At, least, if I can get any money. At present, I've been let down, or delayed, over quite a large sum. I'm flat broke: all I have for eating (no hope of a drink!) till Dec. 16, is £1. 11. 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> + £1. 9. 6. + £1. 0. 0 + £1. 9. 6. + £1. 0. 0. minus about £3. 18. 0 and £15 to pay in a lump at the end! So do weigh in with that Guinea. Gods! To the rescue!

93 <sup>93</sup>/<sub>93</sub> Yours ever Aleister.

38. Dec 20 1942.

93 Jermyn St.

Dear Noel 93. No answer to my last! no acknowledgment of Post Cards. Now answer this at once, and don't be so mean. One day you'll wake up and realize how your miserly streak has kept money from flowing your way. (at least, I hope your silence is not due to illness.)

93 <sup>93</sup>/<sub>93</sub> Yours  
93 Aleister.

39. Dec 28. 1942.

93 Jermyn St.

Dear Noel 93 Many thanks for yours of n.d. especially for the addenda to the Mass. O. Most useful. Perhaps I was wrong about you being "mean". It may well be that it hurts you so much not to be able to be open handed and generous as you would wish, that you simply cannot bear to face any situation that makes a call on you, and so you shy away from it. Anyhow there is no doubt that you do shy; I've noticed it for years. And I don't believe you have bought a book of mine since I've known you; at least from me, though you have from booksellers. What you say about making friends shews that there is something very wrong with you. It always amazed me that you picked up girls of such unbelievable

11  
stupidity! Not at all the kind that one expects from 98.8732% of the cattle, but a stupidity fulminating, blinding, coruscating; staggering trumpet blasts of it. It was bewildering in its unfitness; for the outstanding quality of your mind is its delicacy, complete with swift and subtle penetration, with instinctive good taste. Explain! I have put the body of your letter itself in the M.O. envelope. Compare it with W's analysis? My dear boy, it will take a mind much more acute than mine to say who wrote which! Except that you spelt "fundamentally" with one 'L'. Pie! Honest to God, I'm proud of you. Carry on! I should have answered this before, but have been driven almost to death, and out of sorts as well. Worse, badly worried about cash. 93 93 Yours ever A.C.

P.S. Do go fully into the 'making friends' part. To analyze would help you in itself; but also, I may be able to spot the root of the trouble, and perhaps extricate it. A.C.

40. Jan 14 1943.

93 Jermyrn St.

My dear Noel. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Delighted to have yours of n.d. and also of Dec 29. I have been hibernating. You are doing Work for the Order now as useful as almost anybody. Carry on. Do start groups and meetings - just as you would build any profane business. Boards re? Rot. You are supposed to have a valuable book bound; even the best buckram and so on counts only as a "publishers cover". So paper is best; for you can have the 'ends' bound in, so as to preserve the book in its original state. So now you know! About you. I've noticed, ever since I knew you, that whenever you saw a cloud no larger than a man's hand that meant that you had to fork out the price of a drink or what not, you were instantly transported "away in der Ewigkeit". Probably this is, because it is so painful to feel that you can't pull your weight in the boat that you avoid the neighbourhood of water! I can quite understand that; it happens to me. It happened, in fact, this last six weeks. I've been waiting - still am - for a cable. If I carry on my work at all, there is sure to be a moment when I have to say "I'm a bit short for a day or so etc." or the like; and to do so is so bad for credit that I prefer to lie low until rescue comes, however bad that may be in other ways. For all that, there is something about which one feels, and cannot explain. Is it a sort of ready-to-withdraw attitude - socially all round, not only financially? Other people notice that. You never seem quite sure of yourself. Is that it? Oh well, what a bore it all is! - good night. About the girls: there, my poor friend, you have given yourself away completely. "satisfied my physical requirements". No, Sir! To 'do love' requires much more than that the physical. "A lump of meat with a hole in it" as dear old J. W. Morrice used to say, as n.b.g. There must be knowledge, experience, even (may I say) erudition. It is fair to say that no "pretty" girl, no English girl, can possibly serve. Ars futeandi is not easy: "requires as much theory as Theology, and as much practice as billiards" was my early epigram. Technical skill, depends on (a) book knowledge (b) subtle psychology (c) elaborate experiment with keen observation K.T.N. Your little joke on me must have given you a lot of fun, though; but there again you have not the key to the "Comedy of Pan". This is: to induce the victim to do something foolish, and then to expose him in mockery. E.g. the supper in Act V of Mortadello. There being here real hatred, the comedy is Te & you the goat play; but the comic method remain

stupidity! Not at all the kind that one expects from 98.8732% of the cattle, but a stupidity fulminating, blinding, coruscating; staggering trumpet blasts of it. It was bewildering in its unfitness; for the outstanding quality of your mind is its delicacy, complete with swift and subtle penetration, with instinctive good taste. Explain! I have put the body of your letter itself in the M.O. envelope. Compare it with W's analysis? My dear boy, it will take a mind much more acute than mine to say who wrote which! Except that you spelt "fundamentally" with one 'L'. Fie! Honest to God, I'm proud of you. Carry on! I should have answered this before, but have been driven almost to death, and out of sorts as well. Worse, badly worried about cash.

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About friends again, something wrong with you, its quite certain. More, it is outrageous weakness to give way. I've been viperized dozens of times; but I have not lost my faith. If I had, I should not consider myself a man at all. "Juppiter"? I've forgotten what was sweet. Oh, the inscription I suppose. Portrait. I'd get one specially made. But the "Sahib" is much better, and there finished prints ready; post free, 10/6. Love is the law, love under will. Yours Aleister.

41. Feb 26 1943. (On OZ P.C.)

C.F. 93 Curse them! They put me off from day to day about the mount. May they rot forever in the hell most suited to their peculiar nastiness! Curse them! I will write more fully, with more detailed curses - Curse them - as soon as the job comes along.

93 93 Love Aleister.

42. Feb 27 1943.

Dear Noel 93 Atlast! Hope you'll like it, anyhow. Had some more done last week, one very striking. Will send a proof soon. Sorry you have been ill again - and bugger the weather! Fine and cold down here, though. I can form no judgment about the war from the 'facts' doled out. Mostly lies, and all deliberately misleading, even when "true". But I think the Hun at home has had just about his bellyful. I've seen no one for months. Mikes still thieving in Museum St. I believe: I have a B-i-M: will exchange it for a First Folio Shakespeare in perfect condition. I'm in constant agony: nearly starving - one disaster after another. All plans wrecked - all lost but courage and honour. Write soon and cheer me up!

93 93 F. 1y 666.

*Sup: Another  
Director*

43. Feb 27 1943.

Dear Noel 93 Silly ass that I am! Forget the most important part of my letter. Miss St. George is trying to do me in the eye - I sent her the par. of your letter about her rotten typing - stuck on the out-side of the envelope! For some reason she wasn't pleased. Now I want to write me at once (action set down for March, and I must shew evidence to some shyster in good time) referring to that letter -? date - Aug or Sept, yes? - and putting down quite seriously - to show the court - how badly she typed. In particular, the two 'greeting' sentences "Do what" etc. and "Love is" etc. 17 words which she must have written scores of times - and she made 4 mistakes in them. That was the last straw. I'm very keen indeed to reverse the decision in favour of that Cappodocian - and give the final triumph to the Dragon! For she did act vilely; she gossiped about my most private affairs to all and sundry. Write me a good hot letter, but very businesslike, and trust me to thank you in a very pleasant way - not counting a Victory Lunch next time you are in town.

93 Jermyn St.

93 93 Yours ever Aleister.

44. March 12 1943.

93 Jermyn St.

Dear Noel, Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Yours of the 4th. to hand. I am glad you liked the portrait. I prefer the other one, and there is a chance of your seeing it if you get the Equinox publication "The City of God". I am not quite sure of the price - I think 5/-. What I said was a First Folio Shakespeare. I had a bad time all last week; the wind caught a nerve, and gave me the most frightful toothache. Better now. Sorry you were in equal distress. About the

letter. I expected no other reply. I remember the first thing I asked you to do for me, about ten years ago I think. It was to post a letter from your suburb to Martha Kuntzel, and you wouldn't do it in case you lose your job." the true Fitzgerald spirit. You are a great fool not to keep any letters of mine, but I take it you were born so. It is certainly a good hope of yours to "push Jerry right this time". If he realized who was doing the pushing, he would have more sense than to attempt to resist. Put as much of this letter as you like down to face ache. Love is the law, love under will. Yours with every good wish, Aleister.

45. March 20 '43e.v.

93 Jermyn St.

Dear Noel 93 Yrs. of 17th. No: not a bad memory, but a good one. To remember details of a trivial matter after 8 years - unless some odd point about it makes it stick - is to show inefficient elimination. My memory selected and retained the "lesson" of the incident: viz: that you had irrational phobias. For all that, please recall the matter to my mind, if only to show that I was unjust. I admit it is all vague; but I thought it was like that. At that time Martha Kuntzel's correspondence with was suspect to the Gestapo, and I wanted my letters to appear to come from another source. Is that wrong? Now, my lad, you're all astray about the spite. (1) It is the first duty of a Holy Guru to jab the promising Chela whenever he sees an opening. If you were no good I shouldn't bother. (2) You ought to have sense enough to see that I am very fond of you indeed; isn't it plain that my real grievance is that at times I feel that you neglect me? My remarks about your girls were in part subconscious jealousy. (3) I told you it was mostly face ache. Nice of you to teke 2 "City of God". Send 10/6 please; by return if you can, as I am still desperately broke - last week I had no meal two days running. And the bloody bank is hanging on to £250 more or less - months it is they have tortured me! Printers sticky too; but I hope you will get your copies this month.

93 <sup>93</sup>/<sub>93</sub> P.:ly Aleister.

46. March 30. 1943. Equinoctal Greetings.

93 Jermyn St.

(Note at foot of page : Sorry for delay: bomb, illness, etc. A.C.)

47. March 30. 1943.

93 Jermyn St.

Dear Noel, Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Herewith the Word of the Equinox. Thanks for your letter. I cannot help noticing that it is just as I expected; cornered, you vanish. You have got this senseless phobia that if you get up like a little man and say any thing definite, you may be somehow involved in some senseless calamity. You do not answer any of my questions. As I said before - cornered! Now I had hoped that you would have grown out of this unhappy cowardice. You behaved admirably in the matter of the Mass Observation, which really was a shy making proposition. I was, in fact, surprised at your acting so well. I do wish I could understand what it is of which you are afraid. Love is the law, love under will. Yours fraternally, 666. P.S. The "City of God ought" to be ready this week; I will send it to you immediately it arrives.

48. 27th. Sept. 1943. Equinoctal Greetings.

In valli Tamesis.

49. Dec 22 '43 e.v. 5.30 P.M.

93 Jermyn St.

(Photograph of A.C. stuck on a sheet of notepaper) Wishing you many a Bright and Amusing New Year. Very worried at your long silence! Best

of all to you! Aleister.

50. 8th. Feb. 1944 e.v.

93 Jermyn St.

Dear Noel, Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. I was so glad to hear of you again at last, but I am very sorry to hear that you are ill again. I think that you ought to make some effort to change the whole character of your life and surroundings; you don't seem to me to be getting anywhere with what you are doing. What I cannot understand is that you never come to London; after all, it is only a couple of hours from Birmingham, and I should very much like to see you again. I am getting on after a fashion - frightly over worked, worried beyond measure, and generally speaking, bitched, bugged, and bewildered. Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally, Aleister.

52. March 28 1944. Equinoctial Greetings. Valley of the Thames.

53. May 6 1944.

Bell Inn, Aston Clinton.

My dear Noel, Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. No news yet of your threatened visit to London "after Easter". As for me, a bomb damaged 93, and caused enormous diversion of traffic through Jermyn St, making work quite impossible. When it eased off, U.S.A. & Kanuck drunks carried on; when they too stopped, as like as not another raid kept the pot boiling. So I lit out for 'fresh woods and pastures new' with A.I. food and friendliness. So with luck I can be hereabouts all summer. Sample copy, bound, came yesterday; the volume is really superb. I am repaid a thousand times for all the toil and trouble of these 45 years. Quite a few copies have been sold even before the prospectus has gone out; I'm sending yours out of turn, as I shouldn't like you to miss it. Still be glad to hear of your news. Love is the law, love under will. Yours ever Aleister. P.S. We have to pay a whole lot that we thought had been paid - and at once. So if you can dig up say £5 on the nail, you shall have a very early copy, and and the superior binding. Cost 25/6! A.C. K. ? Book & Thell

54. May 17 1944.

↙ Bell Inn, Aston Clinton.

Dear Noel 93 Delighted to hear from you and that you are well. How right you are to be enthusiastic! The sample copy is a dream. Much the best production of my life - and after all these years of war. Who will doubt Magick? Sorry I missed you in London; I came here April 8 - could not work in Jermyn St, which had been turned into a main thoroughfare by the bomb that hit Duke St - King St - Pall Mall - health much better and work going strong. Your copy should be ready by the end of June at latest. We shall issue a pack when we have £1000 or so to do it with! Varied my pleasure this week-end by a go of plungis - sudden frost and vile N. wind - better today, but a bit tired and weak. So no more now. Why not drop in for lunch one fine day? Aylesbury is the station; bus drops you at the door.

93 93 F.s.ly 666

55. May 22. 1944.

Bell Inn.

C.F.: 93 Your £5. 5. O. came: thanks. Glad to see you ♂ > Whitsun (not Easter, as you write) Snowed under with letters! 93 93

clash

93 F.s.ly 666

56. June 18th clash comes on June 21. I have a bit over £100 to find in-order to get possession of the books, and send your copy. So if you

15  
would be a lamb, you will find the balance before then! Love - not very well, worried, and in haste

93 93

93 Yours Aleister.

57. June 19 1944.

Bell Inn.

Dear Noel 93. Thanks! Very sporting of you! That's the spirit! Almost amounts to an "Act of Truth". Should bring you luck. You should get your copy on or about the 1st. July. The sample binding was punk; so I've had to get new tools cut; hence delay. Weather mostly foul, keeps me depressed. Otherwise oke. See you soon, I hope. 93 93 Yours

93 A.C.

58. July 12 1944.

Bell Inn.

Dear Noel 93 (Low with a big L please) Its no good you running around with your tongue hanging out! The doodle bugs have delayed the binder. Anyhow, you suscribed rather late, and it will be lucky if I can send your copy in the first batch. Being broke as usual - at least, in agony about nothing - the C.O.D. lot must get the first whack. Trouble is, I can't count up to thirty. I dare say it will be O.K. Chronic subconscious anxiety about friends in London - also MSS &c - reacts by making me tired and nervous. We are within range here, but it would be a fluke if we got it. Your own "lousy" feeling is shared by all; it's the boredom of the war. Even in the firing line they get so that ennui replaces fear. I may be able to send your copy next week end. But I can't promise. 93 93

Ever yours Aleister. P.S. Its a

93

bloody fine production

59 19 July 1944.

Bell Inn

C.F.P. 93 Woe's me! Alas!  $\pi \propto \pi \propto \propto$  !It just couldn't be did. (You should have come in earlier) The next batch is being rushed, but I won't promise for any date. Awful sorry! 93 93

93 Yours Aleister.

60. 24 Sept 1944. Equinoctal Greetings.

Bell Inn.

(On verso) Your suggestion not practical - sorry! Write soon! Love! A.C.

61. November 2nd. 1944.

Dear Noel, Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Thanks for your letter of the 18th. I have been too lazy to answer it till I could get it dictated. Am sorry you failed to get me on the telephone the other day. They often make a lot of difficulty on the phone here. Don't know why. Perhaps you will be able to find a complete day to come over for lunch. Yes, it does seem a long time since we met, but I am tied by the leg here; so it is up to you to amend the matter. To my amazement I have sold over 50 copies of "The Book of Thoth". If you had told me six months ago I would have said, in my most optimistic mood, that I could get rid of a dozen. A funny thing is that it does continue to sell, though of course slowly. But it has made a great impression, out of all proportion to the circulation. Somehow it seems to have impressed people with the solidity of my scholarship. Yes, I had a letter from Pearl Brooksmith the other day just before yours arrived. She had had a rather ghastly misadventure. She had run up to London to do some shopping, and the next thing she knew she was being dug out from under a house. I wrote to her at once asking for details, but I have not heard since. I am rather annoyed. I will write to her now and curse her, at the same time giving her your love. I am pretty well on the whole, but my nerves are all in rags. I am being worried by the ministry of Supply because I made no charge for those prospectuses; and, knowing as I do how intensely they have struggled for the

last 40 years to catch me breaking the law, I am naturally scared stiff. if it is an offence at all, which I strongly doubt, it is quite trivial and technical; but now that we have followed Germany's example in establishing a Gestapo, and one not even run by the Police but by a set of tuppenny ha'penny ribbon clerks, it is clearly not very reassuring. The weather here has been perfectly wonderful for the last month or more, most of it perfectly fine and dry; and even on bad days I have usually been able to get in an hours walking. Let me hear from you soon, and if possible try and arrange to get over. Love is the law, love under will

Yours fraternally, Aleister.

62. Nov 22 1944.

Bell Inn.

Dear Noel 93 In haste. No wonder you are fed up! "Sergeant, no wonder you are browned "Off" the old Colonel said: You have the hoar frost on the ground, And mine is warm in bed", as the poet says. But London must be far worse, by all accounts of many who have been, or are, there. V2 is no joke. Here it is still possible, but one doesn't have ones mind turned to it so often. I think of shifting to S. Coast for winter. What you say re Tarot is perhaps true. But the fact remains. Madly rushed on "Aleister Explains Everything: done over 70 letters already.

*In the end Mapoch  
without Tears* 93 93

Best love Aleister.

63. Dec. 30 1944.

Bell Inn.

Dear Noel, Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Yours of the 28th. I am all right but in terrible mess about non-arrival of various essentials. You will get a Prospectus about "Aleister Explains Everything". I can give you no details of the history of the O.T.O. beyond what you find in the Manifesto. Your question about function and aims is too vague to answer. Anything you want is to be found in the Blue Equinox in any case. Love is the law, love under will.

Aleister Crowley. pp J (?)

64. Jan. 13. 1945.

Netherwood, Hastings.

Dear Noel, Here is the Prospectus that I promised. Please do something about it if you possibly can. Love is the law, love under will.

Aleister Crowley, pp J (?)

65. March 22 1945. Equinoctial Greetingd. Netherwood

(foot of letter) Best wishes! Won't you write? Love Aleister.

66. April 7 1945.

Netherwood.

Dear Noel, Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Delighted to have your letter of the 5th inst. I am afraid I haven't the slightest idea where where you could apply for a job, except of course the silly old Labour exchange. I don't see why you shouldn't ask Davis to reid-state you, as they are familiar with your brilliant abilities, and know their work intimately. I can't tell you how many copies have been sold, but I have no cause to complain. I am making a note of your address at 24, Belsize Rd. I have no particular news, and not feeling at all like writing letters, so forgive me if I leave off here. Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally Aleister.

67. Sept. 22. 1945. Equinoctial Greetings.

Netherwood.

(foot of letter) Do let me have your news.

A.C.

68. 23. 10. 1945.

Netherwood.

17

Dear Noel. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. So glad to hear from you after so long. I am very sorry to hear your health has been unsatisfactory again. I have been having a terrible time with the dentist, months of clearing up the debris of ancient disasters. We are getting near the end of the job, and my health is already beginning to pick up, considerably from reduction of the amount of poison that they were pouring into my system. Of course working with him here ties me here, and why should I go back to London? Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally Aleister.

69. Sept. 22 1946. Equinoctial Greetings.

Netherwood.

(on verso) Please acknowledge receipt of this - and give me news. Welcome to lunch here any day - but give warning BARDSLOW 19. A.C.

70. 22. 10. 1946.

*pp? milk?*  
Netherwood.

Dear Noel Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Thanks for your letter. What you ignore is that Hastings possesses the best Chess Club in England, and I am up on the hill and get hill air - 5 minutes from the sea and get sea air. I get and good food in any quantity I like. If you want any other reason you know where to apply. I shall be glad to see you any time you like to run down, or rather up. Nothing much to say except that I have 'Olla' coming out about Xmas. It is a collection of Lyric Poems published by me during the last 60 years. Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally, Aleister.

71. 3. 12. 46.

Netherwood.

Mr. Crowley is too busy to write to you himself this afternoon, but hopes that you will be able to run down to see him at an early date. Please find enclosed prospectus of 'Olla'.

72. March 22 1947. Equinoctial Greetings.

Netherwood.

(On verso) Dear Noel 93. I have been very ill indeed and in the confusion my papers all got mixed up and I do not seem to have sufficient energy to sort them out, so I hope that it will reach you and reassure me about my memory! I should like to hear your news. 93 93

93 Yours Aleister

73. 25. 4. 47.

Netherwood.

Dear Noel, Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. I was delighted to get yours and hasten to reply. I cannot see any difficulty at all about your coming to see me. Eastbourne is within 1/2 hour of Hastings and there are excellent trains. From Hastings Station you get a taxi and arrive here about 7 o'clock when they will give you some dinner and a room, provided you let me know in advance that you are coming. I am so glad to hear that your asthma is letting up on you. I still have no trouble with it, but other matters rather bother me, and this frightful winter has decidedly done me down. In fact on March 8th. the doctor arrived just in time to save my life. Had he been 20 minutes later he would probably have found me dead. However, that was due to an accident: they had turned off my heating when I was half dressed and half asleep, and they forgot to turn it on and found me three parts frozen. Fortunately through the devotion of friends, a doctor was got here in time. I hope you will be able to manage Thursday. Love is the law, love under will,

Yours ever. pp Aleister Crowley.

74. 1.5. 47.

Netherwood.

Dear Noel, Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. I was glad to have yours of the 28th. I will arrange for you to have a room and dinner for Tuesday, May 6. Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally, Aleister.

75. May 13 47.

Netherwood.

Dear Noel 93 Thanks 1000 times for Liber VII. Also for selling 3 Olla's to Marx. Try Foulsham (Raphael's Almanack). Contact John Symonds re distribution. A miracle has just happened. The Girl Pat and Aleister Ataturk whom I had long since given up for dead are in London! She phoned me last night. I am delirious with joy. They come here 4.

93 93

93 Yours ever Aleister.

76. Sept. 27th. 1947. Equinoctal Greetings. Netherwood.

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