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MEMORANDUM.

SECTION I.

Learned from ... 1975

I was educated at Malvern College and at Trinity College, Cambridge.

I was recommended for the Diplomatic Service by the late Lord Salisbury and the late Lord Ritchie. For various reasons I was dissatisfied with the prospects of this as a career.

I was interested in climbing the great mountains of the world, in writing poetry, and in studying what, for want of a better word, is called the Occult Sciences.

On coming of age, I inherited a fortune which amounted, first and last, to something in the neighbourhood of £100,000.

I discontinued all regular attempts at a career, and went out to explore the mountains of Mexico, etc. When actually not on a Glacier I tried to discover some of the so-called hidden Magic, known by the so-called wise men of old.

This course of action led me to China, Ceylon, and India. In 1902 I was second in command of an expedition to the Himalayas.

In 1903 I returned to England and married. About this time I began to publish reprints of a Mediaeval Book on the subject of Magic, and certain original essays with the idea of rationalizing the old theory.

At this period I was publishing poetry which achieved a certain success. I should mention in particular that I became the intimate friend of Auguste Rodin, Marcel Schwob, Eugène Carrière, Anatole France, and other distinguished writers, and artists.

I continued travelling, and I made a second expedition to the Himalayas in 1905. I spent part of 1904 and 1906 shooting Big Game, and in 1906 I walked across China.

These general activities necessitated a certain discontinuance of my work in England and Paris, the latter city being my principal headquarters.

I made various expeditions on holiday, such as walking from Bayonne to Gibraltar and traversing sections of the Sahara on three separate occasions.

SECTION II.

At the outbreak of war I offered my services to the British Government, but was informed that men were not wanted. I was obliged to go to America on business, as I supposed, for a fortnight, but during this period I discovered the existence of the Pro-German propaganda. I decided to destroy this. I am a Chess player of some merit, and my plan was consequently over-subtle. I took advantage of the fact that my name, although rare in England, was very common in Ireland, and I tried to pass myself off on the Germans as an Irish Rebel. I hoped in this way to be admitted to their secret councils and report any information of which I thus became possessed, to the British Authorities. This idea was carried out as far as possible, but one thing led to another; my activities became very complicated; and owing to my being such a good Chess player I was quite unintelligible to the Secret Service of my own country. However, as soon as America, largely owing to my stratagems, came into the war, I found myself on the best possible terms with the Department of Justice of the United States, and I worked for it until the Armistice.

SECTION III.

Having wound up my business in America I returned to England some 13 months after. I was very fed up with the post-war hysteria and retired to Sicily. I took a Villa at Chefalu and devoted myself to various scientific experiments.

One of these was to study the so-called Habit-forming Drugs.

In 1922 I went to England and Messrs. William Collins, the publishers, gave me three contracts for various books, one of them being entitled the "Diary of a Drug Fiend", in which I showed the pernicious effects of such drugs as cocaine and heroin, and suggested a moral

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cure to supplant the effect of the physical cures, which have been generally regarded as futile. A Blackmailing Journalist, named James Douglas, of the "Sunday Express", attacked this book saying that it was an incentive for

drug-taking, instead of, as in fact it was, a serious warning against such folly. Feeling the weakness of his position, and being assured that I was 1500 miles away and ill with asthma, the "Sunday Express" published a libellous article about me, stating, for instance, that I had been in prison for 5 years in America as a White Slave Trafficker. This at a time when I was prominent as the Editor of a first-class magazine, and in constant touch with the best people in the country.

A certain colour was lent to this business by the fact that the young man whom I had engaged as my secretary died of ^{Russell Lordley} arthritis as the result of a surfeit of oranges. Reporters of the Gutter Press met his widow on her return to England, made her drunk, and elicited from her a statement in which she made me responsible for the death of her husband, and they elaborated this absurdity with all sorts of nonsense of their own.

The well-known patriot Horatio Bottomley saw money in this rubbish, and published weekly articles about me as 'A man we would like to hang', 'The King of Depravity', 'The Wickedest Man in the World', 'The Human Beast', and so on. My lawyers informed me that in order to take up any libel action I would have to put down £1000.- in cash before they began, and that to carry through the Law Suit would cost £5000, and that I had no chance of winning the case because I had translated books by French Authors all of whom are notoriously immoral and blasphemous and obscene.

During the whole of this period my reputation as a writer on Occult subjects had become consequently greater, so that no article, even remotely dealing with such subjects, was considered complete without accounting me responsible.

... had begun before the war. I was supposed to have eloped with Lady Marjory, i.e. Manners, a lady whom I have never seen. What really happened was that she happened to be in Birmingham and had a talk with Sir Oliver Lodge on spiritualism, and as it was not thought good copy to bring Sir Oliver Lodge into it, they decided it was I who had eloped with her.

This kind of business has been going on for years in the American Sunday newspapers. For instance, when Mabel Norman gave a party and some Movie Actor, Desmond Taylor, was shot by her Chauffeur, they blamed it all on me. Another man wrote a story stolen from Robert Louis Stevenson's Suicide Club, laying the plot in Germany, and informed the world that I was the gentleman who always turned up the 'ace of spades'. There was no sense whatever in my taking notice of all this dementia; it did not touch me, and I should simply have soiled my hands by meddling with it.

SECTION IV.

In October 1928, a sort of informal company was constituted with the object of publishing various works of mine, particularly on the subject of Magic. It was decided to engage a person named Hundt, who calls himself C. de Vidal Hunt, as publicity agent. We found that he was doing nothing whatever for his salary, but merely putting our money in his pocket. He was therefore dismissed for dishonesty and incompetence at the end of November. He immediately wrote a letter to my English partner, Mr. Gerald Yorke, 9, Mansfield Street, London, W.1., a copy of which is attached to this statement. This letter, phrased cleverly enough, is, when properly understood, plain Blackmail. Mr. Yorke's relations in England are exceptionally distinguished. His great-uncle was a Premier, and his uncle is a close friend of the King. Hundt knew it was very important that Yorke should avoid any scandal, and thought that by writing a letter of this kind he would induce Yorke to go on paying his salary. This letter contained menaces of denouncing me to the Police.

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Mr. Yorke replied in appropriate terms, and Handt stated that he would not take any action unless some new event transpired. In point of fact, however, he did make this denunciation. On his dismissal he did not return certain papers which had been entrusted to him in confidence as our employee, but sent them to the Police.

For some reason for which we are entirely at a loss to fathom, the Préfecture took this matter seriously, and sent round a detective to make enquiries. This man was so stupid that he was not quite sure whether my coffee machine was an anarchist bomb or an apparatus for distilling cocaine. After several interviews, however, he appeared quite satisfied, and said that all they required to end the business satisfactorily was a statement from some Frenchman who knew me.

I should have mentioned earlier that when I was in Tunis in 1923, the Police were very anxious about me on account of my having murdered three women in Sicily. The most elementary investigation proved that the whole story was balderdash. The British Consul intervened on my behalf and I was left in peace. Mr. Aumont, a Journalist in Tunis, who was on intimate relations with the Authorities, had undertaken the translation of my books into French. He investigated the whole matter with the result that I found myself in a very short time on the best of terms with the Resident General and the Police Authorities.

I gave the name of Mr. Aumont to the Préfecture who was able to give evidence as to my activities in France and her Colonies, and this was in 1923. He came up to Paris on February 2nd, of this year, and was assured by the Chef de Bureau at the Préfecture that there was nothing to worry about, that his friend would not be in any way disturbed.

In the meantime there was some slight technical trouble about the Cartes d'Identité. The Service d'Etrangers was excessively charming and polite in every way, and gave us every possible help in clearing up this matter. They took our money without a blush.

February 13th, after getting a call at Fontainebleau, where I had gone for the week-end, I found myself decidedly ill and took to my bed. I had no reason whatever to apprehend any further difficulty with the Police.

I was supposed to call for my Carte d'Identité on February 20th, but was so unwell that I could not go out. I sent my Secretary, Mr. REGARDIE, down to the Préfecture with my receipt. They told him they could not give him a regular card without a written authorization, but that everything was quite right and would he please come back in a few days?

On Tuesday, March 12th, a Huissier came from the Préfecture with a summons for the following day, this included not only myself but Mr. REGARDIE, an American citizen, but my fiancée, Mlle Ferrari, a Nicaraguan citizen. I explained to the man that I was ill in bed and would he mind postponing the summons until Friday, March 8th, to which the man agreed with the utmost courtesy.

On that day I was far from well and was in bed. I therefore, sent the other two down to the Préfecture to arrange their own affairs, with a letter from me asking them to deliver my card to my Secretary. They returned with a pink paper indicating "Refus de séjour", and that we all had to leave the country on the following day, March 9th.

A man from the Préfecture called in the afternoon of March 8th, to give me my pink paper, but found me ill in bed, and said it would be all right for me to stay, provided I had a Medical Certificate that I was not fit to travel. I immediately obtained this. My fiancée went to her Consul on the morning of March 9th, and he took her to the Minister of the Interior himself, but all he could do was to talk nonsense about there being nothing whatever against her, but that I was selling cocaine, and that they were doing her a great kindness putting her out because of the women I had driven insane or murdered. Mr. REGARDIE's Consul seemed unable to do anything for him. These two

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persons, therefore, left on the evening of Saturday, March 9th, for England, but on Sunday morning they were refused admission, and after all sorts of needless insults and hardships found a temporary refuge in Brussels.

It is evident from the foregoing that the main-spring of this disgraceful affair is the blackmailer-Hundt, and the essential thing is to bring an action against him for theft of documents and abuse of confidence.

It may be that the affair is complicated by the vengeance de femme, as a certain woman ^(Maxima said) waylaid my fiancée in the autobus and proceeded to threaten her, some weeks ago; but it is clear that the first step to take is to bring a criminal action against Hundt, and to have the order rescinded to give us time to clear up the whole situation.

It is vital that my witnesses should be on the spot. Also, I need secretarial help and personal attendance.

From the statement of the exiles it appears that this talk about selling cocaine and killing women is not very serious, but that some people have a superstitious fear of Black Magic, that the real charge is fundamentally a charge of Witchcraft, and that we have only to get the whole affair put before the public and kill it with ridicule.

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*Asperdie (Frank Nesh on The Surfport)
was acting as Secretary for
A.C. - living with him
and Marie.*

DECLARATION OF ISRAEL REGARDIE

----- 1924 - IR was
65 Secretary

Being summoned on March 5th to appear at the Bureau des Etrangers in Paris, presumably on a matter of my carte d'identite, which had been refused me on February 20th on the grounds that it was not yet ready, I went on the 8th to the Prefecture of Police. I handed over my Recipisse on the request of a clerk, and waited for some considerable length of time, - which wait I surmised at the time to be caused by the search for the card. I was extremely surprised, when, instead of receiving this identification card, a pink slip - a "Refusé de Sejour" was handed to me. I was so utterly stunned, especially so as it ordered departure from French territory within 24 hours, that I was unable to ask questions as to the why and wherefore of such action. But I understand Madame de Miramar (Sir Crowley's fiancée, who was also summoned at the same time) to have quoted their remark that "they have heard what we have done." The clerk also stated that a similar paper would be served on Sir Crowley, who at the time was in bed with a very severe attack of the influenza, in the course of the afternoon.

That afternoon, I called upon Mr. W. E. de Courcy the American Consul at 3, rue des Italiens, Paris, and requested him to ascertain what charges were held against me, and to intervene on my behalf with the French Government.

The following morning I again called to see what was the result of his visit to the Prefecture. He admitted that there were no charges against me at all, merely that I was the secretary to Sir Crowley who was also being expelled. When asking what charges, then, are proffered against Sir Crowley, he gave the very enigmatical, and unsatisfactory, answer "I did not memorize the dossier."

There was nothing to be done but to obey the decree and leave France. Accordingly, Saturday evening, Mme. de Miramar and myself set sail from Dunkerque for Tilbury on the "Alsace."

Shortly after 7 a.m. the following morning, the Immigration officers at Tilbury refused us admittance, principally on the ground of our being unable to show sufficient proof that we would not become public charges during our stay. Mr. Gerald Yorke, who had met us at the quay, volunteered to guarantee this, and also in case of emergency my return passage to the United States. But no attention was paid to this.

We were sent back to the ship. When going to my room in the course of the afternoon, I took my key and locked the door on the inside, as I wished to lie down for a short while. A few moments later, the captain or the commissaire - I am not sure what his office was - knocked at the door and remarked that it was unnecessary to lock the door on the inside, but that if I wanted anything to ring the bell. With this last remark, he locked the door on the outside, and

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was removed the key. In short, I was virtually a prisoner on the boat all afternoon. For what offense? - - - -

The cabin was very small. The air was humid and stiflingly hot. At about 6 p.m., I rang the bell to be let out on deck to get some fresh air, and found Mme. de Miramar pacing the deck like myself. We were not alone, but found ourselves followed all the time either by the commissaire or one of the stewards.

A few minutes after 8 p.m., a detective from Scotland Yard, accompanied by an Immigration Officer came on board and requested permission to search my trunk. It so happened that I had a set of old Tarot cards in my possession, and this called forth a remark from one of the two men "Is that black magic?" Furthermore, my own personal and private property, my diary, and a set of the typescripts of "The Confessions of Aleister Crowley" came in for some very close scrutiny and examination.

The boat sailed at 11:30 p.m. for Dunkerque. Once more the cabin door was locked on me, despite the fact that the boat was in motion.

At Dunkerque, on the 11th, we were permitted to land some considerable time after the other passengers had done so. From Dunkerque we went to Dunkerque Central to gather information about Belgium. At 10:10 we took the train to Lille, where Mme. de Miramar obtained a Belgian visa. I being an American citizen did not need one.

March 20th, I forwarded a letter to my Consul, informing him of the fact that my separation from Sir Crowley, on whom I was dependent for a living, was in the nature of a death-sentence, as it were, for me and I urged him to do all in his power to obtain an annulment of my "Refus de Sejour." It was not until more than two weeks after that I received his reply; to the effect that the Embassy in Paris did not see upon what grounds a protest to the French Government might be made because of a report held against me at the Surêté Générale. This letter, containing as it does remarks which were entirely in opposition to his personal statements, caused me to write requesting an abstract of the charges proffered against me. No answer came to this at all. Therefore on the 20th of April, I wrote him once more advising that since he had refused to help me in a time of need, I would be obliged to appeal to the Department of State in Washington for an investigation into this matter.

Two days later, I received a reply in answer to mine of the 6th, stating that the Embassy definitely declined to either set forth the charges against me, or to intervene in the matter of my expulsion from France.

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Care Frater Saturnus:

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

A note on salesmanship. You should try to sell this novel to a publisher ^{*1} as being a realistic account by me, and not by any other person, of the intimate details of the magick of the secret orders. It will strike anyone to whom you show it that the manuscript is highly libellous, but you can explain that this is an asset and not a liability; that the people chiefly libelled are dead, and that ~~may~~ in view of all the facts within my knowledge it is a thousand to one against any of the survivors coming into court to wash their dirty linen in public. If they did so, at the worst they can only collect nominal damages and in the meanwhile the book will have received a huge advertisement. The book should be offered preferably to a firm which would like scandal.

Love is the law, love under will.

—Yours fraternally,

P. S. We want lists of addresses of people interested in Magick and Occultism. These can be bought. For instance there is the Occult Press in Jamaica, N. Y., but we want to buy lists from various sources as in case the publication arrangements for Magick break down we may have to circularize people by the time the book comes from the press.

Let me emphasize that it is most important that the whole balance of the loan arrives by the end of the year. Everything is very favorable at present and the one thing that can upset us would be to be held up for lack of money as we were last week.

Would you mind sending me a price list from a furnisher of Masonic jewels, such as McCoy? What I really want is a model of what is called a Delta ring.

55 Avenue de Suffren,

Paris, VII

A.C. - *Martha Kuntzel*

December 16th, 1928

Dear Little Sister:

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

Thanks for yours of November 12th, by which I suppose you mean December 12th. I don't know why all my correspondents are unfamiliar with the name of the month in which they happen to be, unfortunately, living.

I think your letter to Dr. ~~Winn~~-Heller is very sound, except that you say "bother" instead of "brother." But then I am not sure that you are wrong.

I think your attitude to Glahn is perfectly correct.

I have heard of these Magical Letters. In fact, I think I saw a copy of them when I was in Germany.

I am not quite sure what you mean by the "practice of the pendulum." All I know about it is what is given in Liber E and in my diary in Equinox 4. I suppose the minds of these people are so constituted that a pendulum or any other common object of the seashore suggests something sexual to them, and the enslaving of dear and sweet innocent maidens.

The argument is really very simple. If I have sexual connections with one or more material objects, that is very bad. But if I don't have it, if I am about 8,000 miles away from the aforesaid object, that is much worse, because it is the blackest kind of black magic. One cannot waste time on people who have this kind of maniacal delusion. It has nothing at all to do with me. It is the result of their own abuse of the sexual

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process. It is obvious to my limited apprehension that if every mountain is a phallus and every valley is a cteis, mountaineering is a very immoral sport.

I am extremely interested to learn that the female instrument has a soul. These people use language without any analysis of its meaning. They use it to express their own morbid emotions.

I am not in the least convinced that the Magical Letters contain abominations. For all I know they may be misinterpreted, such as anything I say may be misinterpreted.

It is not in Germany alone that the atmosphere is totally poisoned. It is the Nordic soul which is sick. It is true that the Latin, with his clear common sense and clean mind, does not get anywhere on the Mystic Path, but as one grows older one becomes more satisfied that it is almost better to stay in this state of animal innocence than to torture oneself with all these problems, which don't really mean anything at all. They seem to be set as pitfalls on the Threshold of Initiation.

I cannot go into this subject further at present. I am terribly busy. But go on with your work. I think you are doing fine.

I think you chose very wisely the excerpt to send him.

At the same time, I wish you would send me a translation of some of the parts of the Magical Letters which are in question.

You see, my dear little Sister, that with people who see a phallus in every church spire, it may also be possible to see a church spire in every phallus. I refer the question to the committee of architects.

Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

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After a few experiments the subject, in most cases, became passive instruments to be put to sleep at will.

Considering everything, therefore, it seems only right, even in medical cases, that every precaution should be taken to guard against anything The hypnotist, like the mesmerist, should be above suspicion.

Hypnotism is, in itself, merely one particular aspect of a sanative power, which in all ages of the world has produced extraordinary results, acting without any other visible agency than the touch, verbal suggestion, & will of an individual said to be gifted with a healing will.

According to reliable evidence, the relics of the saints accomplished remarkable cures during the middle ages.

Even the bones of St Stephen, if we may give credit to St Augustine in his (City of God), raised the dead on three different occasions within his own diocese; & the celebrated Monk of the Abbey de Paris performed so many miracles of healing, & collected such crowds of invalid spectators, that the French government was at last induced to enclose it with a wall, & thus prevent all access to it.

This gave rise to the following experiment, which was fixed upon the enclosure like a chapel chief: "The King English the seed of grass"

After a few experiments the subjects, in most cases, become passive instruments to be put to sleep at will.

Considering everything, therefore, it seems only right, even in medical cases, that every precaution should be taken to guard against duplicity. The hypnotist, like Caesar's wife should be above suspicion.

Hypnotism is, in reality, merely one peculiar aspect of a sanative power, which in all ages of the world has produced outstanding results, acting without any other visible agency than the touch, verbal suggestion, & will of an individual said to be gifted with a healing virtue.

According to reliable evidence, the relics of the saints accomplished remarkable restorations during the middle ages.

Even the bones of St Stephen, if we may give credit to St. Augustine in his (City of God), raised the dead on three different occasions within his own diocese; & the celebrated tomb of the Abbé de Paris performed so many miracles of healing, & collected such crowds of invalid spectators, that the French government was at last induced to enclose it with a wall, & thus prevent all access to it.

This gave rise to the following epigram, which was fixed upon the enclosure like a royal edict:-

"The law forbids the road of grace

55 Avenue de Suffren,

Paris, VII

~~Madame Kuntz~~ to A.C. Decembre 30th, 1928

A.C. to G.C. Hammond

Very Illustrious and Very Dear Brother:

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

Thanks for your letter of the 29th. You don't say where these people were born; I have had to assume that it is London.

As to this alleged male born in 1885, it is very difficult to say much which is definite. It is not any good asking me for a horoscope as full as possible, because that does not mean anything in particular. The might imply the work of a lifetime, but on the other hand, one cannot say anything at all, unless there is something to say.

This individual does not present remarkable astrological interests. The planets are quite unbalanced and remarkably disconnected. This means that he is the play of circumstances. There is no deep fundamental issue of character on which to build a career. Such success as he has will be in the nature of a sort of accident that might happen to anybody. It is true that he may have very great executive ability in certain peculiar lines. For instance, in a business like your own, he might be a very good practical man. He might make an efficient, though severe, master of a workhouse. Again, he has a pleasant easy going mind with a certain practical cleverness, and in the small material affairs of life he ought to be fairly lucky. It is as if he had not enough in him to arouse a serious opposition, but in all funda-

"For the sons of the life-peers precede me at Court—
 Ah, it's a Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow—
 And, with smiles of detestable triumph, recort
 Though my scutcheon exhibits no sign of a speck,
 And my fortunes display no suggestion of wreck,
 And I've never indulged in the least little pec-
 cadillo, cadillo, cadillo.
 "If I didn't arrange to appear every day
 And sing, 'Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow;
 If I didn't perform little wails in the way
 Of a Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow,
 If I didn't let fall some insensible larm,
 I must surely have temper of singular charm
 Or be clothed with the cornuous hide of an arm-
 addillo, addillo, addillo!
 "Though Du Maurier's Barty was never once heard
 Singing, 'Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow,
 Though Hans Brettmann, I think, never uttered a word
 Of a Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow,
 Sell this Barty may justly employ it no doubt
 Whosoever he himself wanders about
 Or ranges his mansion that's furnished throughout
 By Gillow, by Gillow, by Gillow.
 "Though I own there is nothing convincingly sweet
 In a Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow,
 Yet myself and my countrymen in Congress will meet
 To sing, 'Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow;
 All the hideous wrongs of the down-trodden Barty.
 And the sorrows that rack his respectable heart
 We will point with the kill of that Master of Art.

are shortly to meet in Congress to discuss the recent slight put
 A BARONET sat on his family tree,
 Singing "Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow."
 And he looked just as gloomy as gloomy could be,
 I said to him, "Barty, you're not looking grand."
 Singing "Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow."
 And your manner has ceased to be blissful and bland,
 But he smiled as he waved his vermilion hand,
 "Twillow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow!"
 remarked that I never had heard him before
 Singing "Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow."
 and I fervently prayed that I never should more
 Hear his "Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow."
 recalled how in places once I would find
 Him with law lordlings following meekly behind.
 very sadly, "Ah, quantum mutatus," he whined,
 "Ab illo, ab illo, ab illo."
 indulged in a short and enjoyable pause
 From his "Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow."
 then he said, "You've unwittingly hit on the cause
 Of my Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow;
 As the children of law-lords who furnish the woe
 Can make a proud Baronet carry on so—
 Now I wish I could plunge the usurpers below
 The billow, the billow, the billow!
 "You'll spare me a moment I'll try to address,
 And my Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow,
 But I think you will own an excellent excuse
 For my Willow, 'Twillow, 'Twillow!"

A BANK OFFENCE.

The Bank 20th Oct 1897

O that's the sort of thing, it is, as wounds
 you for the core—
 For see them, have for walk behind whort
 good for walk before!
 There's the only thing as matters—whort's
 Attribs, whort's Cretos,
 Or the lock-out, or the typhoid, nar the
 Batteredlies will meet?
 They'll meet in their 'art-dozens, they'll
 record their wrath, of course,
 At most' sons of livers like the cart before
 the orso,
 Expectin', if those livers ain't sat on
 at the start,
 The carry' orse 'll soon be put before the
 'uman Barty.
 And the awful orror of it is, a chap can't
 hardly see
 When they've got through their meetin'
 'or much further on they'll be;
 For when they've bin and sold it, whort is
 left for 'appen then;
 Unless they goes for somewhur else and
 'olds the same agin?
 And, O, it's little I kin do an' little I kin
 say,
 But ope the world 'll still go on when the
 meetin' passed away;
 And the only conscription I kin offer 'em
 must be
 That if they're further from the front they're
 one step nearer me.

for the complaint of the Barons, that the
 Peers are now given the law over them,
 I'd remember that he means cases they have
 the law over many persons, merely because
 contributed to election funds, or made money
 beer, or some other such article. When they
 why such deeds should entitle them to walk
 as it will be time enough to discuss whether
 Life Peers should walk before them.
 a "committee of barons" to protect the privileges of
 actually in contemplation, it is impossible to help regretting
 of Sir Vaneour Fitzroy is not still with us to enjoy the
 attempted realisation—in part at any rate—of the ideals of
 defender of the rights and dignity of the baronage. The
 may be expected to stop short of any proposal for a full-dress
 that elaborately suggested by the Darvelian champion of the
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 sure the withdrawal of the Royal order relating to the pre-
 sons of life-peers, which is the immediate cause of its
 action.

Bank 20th Oct 1897

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World 20th Oct 1897.

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The World 20th Oct 1897

A RANK OFFENCE.

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Singing "Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow,"

And he looked just as gloomy as gloomy could be,

Singing "Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow."

So I said to him, "Barty, you're not looking grand,

and your manner has ceased to be blissful and bland,"

But he wailed as he waved his vermilion hand,

"Titwillow, Titwillow, Titwillow!"

remarked that I never had heard him before

Singing "Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow,"

and I fervently prayed that I never should more

Hear his "Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow;"

recalled how in palaces once I would find

him with law lordlings following meekly behind.

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Of my 'Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow;'

is the children of law-lords who furnish the woe

that can make a proud Baronet carry on so—

Now I wish I could plunge the usurpers below

The billow, the billow, the billow!

If you'll spare me a moment I'll try to adduce,

'Mid my 'Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow,'

that I think you will own is sufficient excuse

For my 'Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow;'

O that's the sort o' thing, it is, as wounds
yer ter the core—

Ter see them 'ave ter walk be'ind whort
yoosed ter walk before!

That's the oney thing as matters—whort's

Afridis, whort's Crete,

Or the lock-out, or the typhoid, nar the

Barrernites will meet?

They'll meet in their 'arf-dozens, they'll

record their wrath, o' course,

At seein' sons o' lifers like the cart before

the 'orse,

Egspectin', if these lifest rules ain't sat on

at the start,

The orn'ry 'orse 'ull soon be put before the

'uman Bart.

And the awful 'error of it is, a chap cawn't

'awdly see

When they've gort through that meetin'

'ow much further on they'll be;

Fur when they've bin and 'eld it, whort is

left ter 'appen then;

Unless they goes ter somewhur else and

'oids the sime agen?

And, O, it's little I kin do an' little I kin

seye,

But 'ope the world 'ull still go on when the

meetin' pawsed awye;

And the only conserlition I kin offer 'em

must be

That if they're further from the front they're

one step nearer me.

"For the sons of the life-peers precede me at Court—

Ah, it's 'Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow'—

And, with smiles of detestable triumph, retort

On my 'Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow,'

Though my 'scutecheon exhibits no sign of a speck,

And my fortunes display no suggestion of wreck,

And I've never indulged in the least little pec-

cadillo, cadillo, cadillo.

"If I didn't arrange to appear ev'ry day

And sing 'Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow,'

If I didn't perform little wails in the way

Of a 'Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow,'

If I didn't let fall some irascible *larmes*,

I must surely have temper of singular charm

Or be clothed with the corneous hide of an arm-

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"Though Du Maurier's Barty was never once heard

Singing 'Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow,'

Though Hans Breitmann's, I think, never uttered a word

Of a 'Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow,'

Still this Barty may justly employ it no doubt

Whensoever he aimlessly wanders about

Or ranges his mansion that's furnished throughout

By Gillow, by Gillow, by Gillow.

"Though I own there is nothing convincingly sweet

In a 'Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow,'

Yet myself and my *confrères* in Congress will meet

To sing 'Willow, Titwillow, Titwillow;'

All the hideous wrongs of the downtrodden Bart.

And the sorrows that rack his respectable heart

We will paint with the skill of that Master of Art.

mentals he has no essential "guts," if I may quote the little known phrase of Mr. Rudyard Kipling in his little known story - "Regulus." Despite the easy going sensible nature of his mind, he is some danger of sinking gradually into dementia. His danger seems to become entirely mechanical, and to tend to react passively to circumstances. He should have essentially a melancholy type, the facts being hatched up by a certain social capacity in making himself a pleasant companion at harmless evening parties. He would be a great fool to marry. Any children that he had would die young or be very unfortunate. He may live to a great age, but I don't see that that is going to do him any good. The back row of the chorus is the place for him, and preferably in a music hall which has ceased to exist for several centuries.

I don't say that he might not become a distinguished professor of history, archaeology, or palaeontology, or something like that. But whatever he did would be ultimately a mistake.

So much for Buckingham!

The little girl has a very fine character, well established in every way. At the same time it is a very curious character. She ought to make a great artist in some line or other. You have to reckon first of all with her temperament. It would be fatal to interfere with her development, - to try to impose preconceived ideas upon her. She is much too strong to be influenced by any external pressure. All that education, in the commonly accepted sense, could do, would be to damage her.

She ought to make very good friends among intellectual people, and people engaged in business. Here again, she must

... will be submitted to every baronet lines on which a representative com- mitted.

Chronicle. 15th Oct. 1897

... that a number of baronets have met privately in London early next month, on the invitation of a prominent member of the Order, to discuss questions affecting the Baronetage, after which a circular will be submitted to every baronet recommending the lines on which a representative committee shall be formed.

Mail. 15th Oct. 1897

**DEMOCRATIC AGITATION.
ADVANCES OF BARONETS.**

(Daily Mail's Special.)
... agreement that a meeting of baronets in London to discuss questions affecting the Order, and to form a representative committee for the protection of their rights, has all stir among those concerned.
... questions to be considered at the recent decision that the children of baronets shall in future have precedence after the younger children of baronets, and this despite the order of James I. that no order between baronets should be created. The notification of this momentous change has not been actually gazetted, and though it is appropriately surrounded with mystery, it may be that the agitation which it has caused is likely to have a serious blow. A representative of the Order called yesterday on the editor of the Daily Mail, who informed him that these points were decided by the Hon. the Earl of Marshal, as representative of her Majesty's Privy Council, and that the editor, who, of course, is a baronet, also intimated that there were some questions about the Baronetage which might be cleared up.

... these would be discussed at any time, but he could not say.
... might be held by the representative of the Order, and the fact that a number of baronets to which they lay claim; indeed, during the past few years many baronets which apparently have been revived by the assumption of some person bearing a similar name to the original holder of the patent, but of whom the official recognition of the Order is withheld. In the days of George III. every baronet was required to record his name in the College of Arms, but this was subsequently discontinued, and as a result titles have been assumed by gentlemen whose dignity is not recognized by the officers of arms.
... thus appear that there is no power in any one from assuming the title of baronet, provided it was created by the Order, though of course the College of Arms give no recognition to the usurper.
... nets, it seems, started an agitation in the early part of the century, and it may be that their aim in their ends on that occasion was to bring the laws against picketing into the legal position of strikers is more than ever the present moment is eagerly awaited for a fresh agitation, considering that the engineers hold the floor.

puts over their heads the sons of mere life peers. But that rankles, and lest worse should befall them—say their subordination to Knights Grand Cross or Knights Commanders of the orders of chivalry—they are, metaphorically, arming themselves for the fray. To this end several of them have arranged to meet privately in London early next month, on the invitation of one of their number, to discuss questions affecting the order, after which a circular will be submitted to every baronet recommending the lines on which a representative committee shall be formed.

The Globe. 14th Oct. 1897.

It is announced that a number of baronets have arranged to meet privately in London early next month, on the invitation of a prominent member of the Order, to discuss questions affecting the Baronetage, after which a circular will be submitted to every Baronet, recommending the lines on which a representative committee shall be formed.

The Sun. 15th Oct. 1897.

BARONETS WILL MEET.

It is announced that a number of baronets have arranged to meet privately in London early next month, on the invitation of a prominent member of the Order, to discuss questions affecting the Baronetage, after which a circular will be submitted to every Baronet recommending the lines on which a representative committee shall be formed. Has this announcement something to do with the recognition recently accorded to the children of Life Peers as "Honourables," thus giving them precedence over Baronets?

The St. Louis Gazette. 15th Oct. 1897

According to the "Daily News," we are to have a Baronet's Union, followed no doubt by a combined movement for the "blacklegging" of the younger sons of Life Peers. The preliminary meeting is to be held early next month, an executive or representative committee will be formed, and all will then be ready for action. In point of numbers the Baronets should carry all before them, for the Life Peers are, like the conies, feeble folk, who dwell among the Law Courts; but if they lie low and say nothing, what can the Baronets do? The occasions for a real trial of strength arise but seldom, and the ways of settling difficulties without scandal are not obvious.

The Westminster Gazette. 15th Oct. 1897

So the baronets are going to have their Trade Union—or "Representative Committee," as they prefer to call it. They have grievances in connexion with their order which they are determined to redress. One such grievance is alleged to be that they have now to yield precedence to the sons of life peers, who are all "honourable" men for the first time. Well, we sincerely hope that the bold—we will not say bad—baronets will succeed in getting all their "natural" and "inalienable" rights.

The Overland Mail. 15th Oct. 1897.

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be left entirely to her own devices.

She may be expected to undertake long voyages of ^{an} adventurous character and she is in some considerable danger of accidents in the course of such voyages, But there is no indication that such accidents will prove fatal. There is in fact every indication of long life.

She is the kind of person whose temper is not exactly melancholy, but who keeps herself to herself, as the saying is. She feels that she has far more important matters to consider than to make herself agreeable, even to her most intimate friends and relations. She must be left to manager her own affairs in this way as in every other way.

She ought to achieve a very great degree of renown. But this will be of a character likely to displease people of a conventional turn of mind.

She is not likely to have any children, and her love affairs will be presumably of the stormiest character. A great deal of her career depends upon the support accorded to her by her father. Her mother is apt to be a great nuisance to her, and may do her serious damage.

She ought to find a protector in some position of considerable public authority.

She ought not to marry. If she did she would probably polish off her husband in short order.

She has considerable aptitude for an occult career, in what I may call the second line of battle. For her fortune she has to rely entirely upon her native talent. If she ac-

be left entirely to her own devices.

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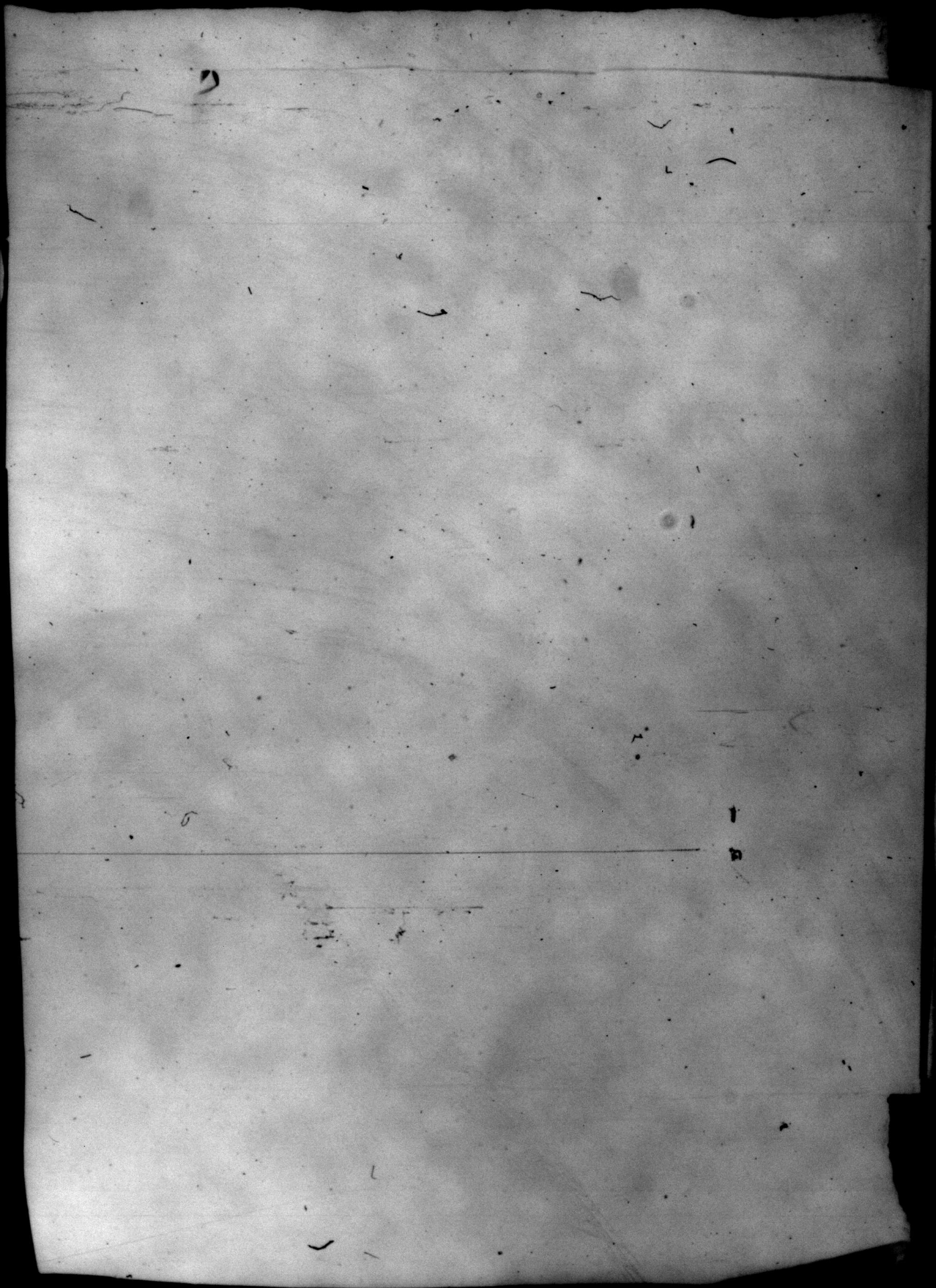
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accumulates money, and invests it, her affairs may prosper unusually well, and be followed by a complete collapse. It would then be better to avoid preoccupations with any such affairs.

Her career will be generally prosperous, but is likely to suffer temporary interferences from sudden scandals or intrigues.

She must rely upon the general solidity of her character and talents to ride over obstacles. If there is one thing she ought to be taught, it is to have confidence in herself. Almost any other form of instruction, apart from purely technical matters would injure her.

I hope that the above will prove satisfactory. If there are any special questions that you want to ask, let me know them. A horoscope is such a big thing that one cannot possibly think of everything, unless one's attention is directed as desired.

The very happiest of all New Years be you and yours.
Love is the law, love under will.

Yours fraternally,

666 (falsi signatur)

B. C. Hammond, Esq.,
Richmond News, Dean St.
London, W. 1.

of the baronets may at last be at hand. If they can be induced to make a stand for their ancient and unrepented privileges in one direction, who knows but that the spirit thus awakened may strengthen and deepen until it impels them to formulate a fresh demand for all that was claimed by their representatives who took part in the former movement? With a vigorous leader, and the great advantage of living in an age which, despite its materialism, has a kindly eye for æsthetic and antiquarian revivals, they need not despair of recovering all or most of the rightful glories of their state. There is no Disraeli now to chaff their aspirations, and if his Lady Joan Fitzwarne's definition of baronetcy as "the distinction of the middle Classes" is still remembered, it has long since been deprived of its sting by the free inclusion of brewers and other commercial persons in the ranks of the peerage itself. If Sir Claude de Crespiigny can only succeed in inducing his brothers in rank to rally round him, realise the extent of their neglected privileges, and devote themselves sedulously to sword-exercise and riding-lessons, the dignity of his order may yet be recovered in all its impressive fulness. In that case, even though the Royal standard may require no defence, nor the safety of the country any new phalanx of hereditary custodians, the national stock of picturesqueness will at any rate be sensibly increased.—*World, 15th July.*

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Madame Kuntzel to A.C. Leipzig, 31st

Dear and revered Great Brother,

93

I am amazed at the long time that has passed between my last letter to you and this one, and I most sincerely hope that you have been by far too busy to be aware of it. The fact is that Yuletide with its so-called Xmas requires some attention to those to whom it is still dear as a time when they may by right expect some Xmas-box. As I am lucky—or unlucky—enough to be born on the day of the rising sun, there are some more duties given in receiving presents, letters and guests. I was so tired after these days that I simply did nothing for a while but feed and rest this old body.

I don't know whether Grosche did send you the second Saturn-Gnosis as he wrote me he was going to do, and I wonder whether you ever had time to look at that mathematical problem that Grau gave in the first copy. It was, as Gr. told me, a mathematical glyph that Grau had found and that even you did not know. But that's because Grau is a "Metamathematician"! Now I sent this copy to my brother and perhaps it interests you to hear what he has to say. He writes: The author of the article about the first cause of the universe, in which he works with the Pythagorean, shows a deplorable want of knowledge; he writes: "The sides of the Skalen are thus as 3 : 4 : 5"! and on this wonderful "fact" he builds up his arguments. In reality the sides in the Skalenus are as $1 : 2 \sqrt{5} = 1 : 2 \sqrt{1,732}...$ And then he expects anyone to be impressed with the profoundness of his logic."

In answer to my letter to Grosche in which I cancelled your permission of publishing the Mss, I had sent, he first of all says that he did not get any Mss, and ends by using very impudent expressions, which however, he wants to be considered as "inofficial"! Just as he will regard mine as "inofficial". What on earth have I to do officially with him or his lodge or his society? The scandal that I wrote you about has been hushed "officially"; I must use this word here, as on account of the oath of silence of the members of the Society they could not find much, but Gr. tells me that he gave that powder himself and he did it privately it was his own business and nobody had to interfere. The Esoteric Society had nothing to do with it. Quite right, only that he is the head of that society and carried that powder with him in his pocket, so that

Esoteric Society
Adm. Kuntzel No. A.C.
and revered Great Brother,

Leipzig, 31st Dec.

93

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In answer to my letter to Grosche in which I cancelled your permission of publishing the Mss, I had sent, he first of all says that he did not get any Mss. and ends by using very impudent expressions, which however, he wants to be considered as "inofficial"! Just as he will regard mine as "inofficial". What on earth have I to do officially with him or his lodge or his society? The scandal that I wrote you about has been hushed "officially"; I must use this word here, as on account of the oath of silence of the members of the Society they could not find much, but Gr. tells me that he gave that powder himself and he ^{did} it privately it was his own business and nobody had to interfere. The Esoteric Society had nothing to do with it. Quite right, only that he is the head of that society and carried that powder with him in his pocket, so that

Es wurde aufgetragen
Rechtsanwalt A.C. Leipzig, 31st Dec. 25
and revered Great Brother,

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he could hand it to those people in a restaurant. According to my idea the head of such a society is the representative of the principle, or ought to be. There have been photographs in the newspapers of Miller when he magnetizes his mediums in trance, and when they awake they declare to be mentally quite fresh again. They are making the ordinary Hokuspokus for money, and the upper tenthousand rush there to have their excitement.

From the Magical letters I can only quote to-day from what I got here, but I have the one about sexual magic sent to me. The first letter contains form-symbolism and is quite nice and alright bar the last 2-3 pages. The Chela is taught the experiment of concentrating on the manifestation of the beings connected with the symbols. He is warned that he will be sure to attract beings of the lower astral plane, most of which are in the sexual sphere. In order to spare himself he is advised to make the experiment with a medium, leaving the protecting circle away to be able to study the effect on the bodily organism of the medium. To do this well, he was to see that the position of the medium was the reverse of his, when he did it himself, that is facing north, be-

ause this position makes it easy for the strange being to attack the medium, as by this position the intellectual capacity of the medium is greatly hindered, and the limit that separates subconsciousness from the waking state is not strongly accentuated. "You will see that the results remind very much of vampirism, for the medium suffers always either from a severe physical odic (I don't know if this word is right) weakening. You yourself take care to protect yourself in all these experiments, as was said before, by pentagram and talisman. In the interest of the medium I advise you to repeat these experiments not too often; for the beings attracted, that live all these centuries on the sexual odic fluid of the mediums very rarely give up their influence once gained."

From the next volume "Dividing Magic".

All your practises remember that you are Atma, and your will there fore divine and almighty! Don't forget however the relentless law of causality to which you must adapt yourself in conscious rhythm. Thus in all your practices of dividing magic think of the reaction of your emanations of force! It is only then that you change the divine force from good to bad—from black to white! By this dividing magic you are able to influence people in a higher degree. They must serve you. But you can also to a certain degree enter the higher planes and attain the knowledge of deepest wisdom."....."There are two modes of the application of dividing magic:

1. Dividing to influence your fellow-men on the physical plane.
 2. Dividing to influence the astral plane in order to attain higher knowledge and the mastery of spiritual beings!
- ad 1. Distinguish the dividing of your astral body, effective in both cases. And dividing of the astral-bodies of others,—of mediums trained by yourself! Also for both cases. The latter is the real dividing magic."

"You get the key of a power nearly unbounded in the human sense. Use it

only when as a master you feel ripe to master the consequences—when by interfering with the karma of others you know yourself in harmony with the cosmic laws!"

"How to master the dreams of others. Instruction given; then: "Thus you can guide the adventures in dream of others, and can get influence also on the body. You can calm the psychic life of others or excite it, give them health or illness. So you have in this practice a good preparation for the dividing magic, for you bind the psyche of the other one to your self.".... "Now I will speak of the preparing of your medium. Choose for it a person healthy in body and mind."....."You see that the per- must become wholly absorbed in you, if you want to rule him with your spiritual power, and especially, if you want to always keep the mastery and power over his astral body. Therefore it is good, in case of a woman with whom you will make your experiments, to make her your sexual slave, especially if she is still intact."....."The medium may act only according to your order and not with her own or her subconscious will."....."Thus you are able, by help of your medium, to get knowledge about the activity of certain persons".... "You can order changes and to be made and things to be done in other places, you can also gain possession of material things that you are in need of, or can have them brought to other places, if you wish it. There is no limit for you except that which is in your own power."....

"As soon as you can be certain that the medium is a perfectly reliable instrument of your power, you can begin the last, that is, you send that astral body to other planes to make knowledge, connections and in- épuisable (there is no English word for it) forces ready to serve you."

"All these powers you can get only with our will, and they can be taken from you, as from anybody else, if they are misused. Never try by dividing magic to get knowledge of our secret brotherhood or of me, your Guru. You would expose yourself to severe consequences that would be irremediable. Your memory and your abilities would and would have to be taken from you for a long time."

day, I am that night, I am that some other the least magic can do no more to- These last words that can be read are characteristic: I can do no more to-day.

I must leave the answering of a few more points of your letter to be accomplished in the new year, for which I can only repeat what I have every day in my mind: Result of the Great Work! There is nothing better I could wish for you —and for us! Gebhardi is getting a little fresher these days. He has given up his antipathy against alcohol, that arose when he saw his father die in delirium tremens. And lo and behold! He likes it and it strengthens him. He wants me to express his deepest reverence to you and with warmest love and hearty new-years greetings

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I am ever

Your loyal little sister

I. W. E.

55 Avenue de Suffren,
Paris, VII

January 1st, 1929

Dear Sirs:

Kindly forward me at your earliest convenience six pounds of Haalmeijer's Kaffee.

Thanking you to give this your prompt attention,

Yours truly

Secretary to
Sir Aleister Crowley

BR/r

Firma Haalmeijer,
244 Overtoom,
Amsterdam

Dear Mr. Church:

Mar 9, 1924

The Nicaraguan Consul went with my housekeeper to the Minister of the Interior yesterday afternoon. In the course of the interview, it transpired that they had nothing against her, but that I was selling cocaine, and that they were really doing her a kindness in throwing her onto the streets without a penny, because I always either drove women mad or murdered them as soon as possible after introduction.

The man from the Prefecture, who came here during the afternoon with my pink paper, told me that I was ill. I did not have to go at once, provided that I could produce a medical certificate showing that I was not fit to travel. My doctor called in the course of the evening, and gave me a certificate saying that I could not travel for at least a fortnight. We discussed the case slightly, and he thought that I could put in a complaint for "diffamation contre inconnu," and that this would tend to clear up the whole affair.

I hear further that the present proceedings are not technically an expulsion, but simply a "Refus de Sejour," that is, a temporary measure with the object of getting us out of the country until the completion of the inquiry.

Of course I am not at all clear what this means but it does seem to me that there ought to be some way for us to be represented at this inquiry.

In particular it seems extraordinarily unjust, and involving abominable hardships, that the people helping me in my work here should be torn away from me without resources of any kind, and that although it is explicitly stated that there is nothing against them, but their connection with myself.

I do hope that you will take some really active steps, first of all to postpone the expulsion of my good friends, and secondly to bring this whole matter into daylight.

It is obviously the vilest and most stupid conspiracy against us and how the Minister of the Interior could ever have listened for one moment to such nonsense is beyond my powers of belief.

Your^s faithfully,

(Alvin Karpis)

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Mar 9, 1924

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Yours faithfully,

(Alice Bradley)

107
The Hotel Metropole,
Bruxelles,
Belgique.

April 19th, 1929.

President, Caledonian Society,
c/o H. B. M. Consulate General,
Rue Lord Byron,
Paris.

Mr. President:

It is with the deepest regret that I ask you to accept my resignation from the Caledonian Society.

My honour as a gentleman and my loyalty as a Briton have been impugned by anonymous liars, and until I have nailed the pellets of these vermin to my barn door, I feel that I cannot worthily continue as a member of the Society.

I will, however, ask you, particularly as His Majesty's Consulate General is situated in the street named after the great Scottish exile poet of his period, to communicate this letter to the members of the Society, asking them severally and collectively to aid me in my attempts to establish what I conceive to be the first principle of justice; namely that no man shall be punished unless he is accused in open court on the testimony of creditable witnesses, afforded the opportunity of defending himself with legal assistance, the issue to be decided by a competent magistrate.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ALEISTER CROWLEY

Cont of letter from A.C. W?

c/o J.G. Bayley,
11, Abercrair Rd,
Streatham, S.W.16,
London;

July 15th, 1929.

Cara Sorori:

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

I have your letter of June
14th, in which you state that you are "not
writing at length."

I have nothing to do with your
private family affairs and your quarrels
with your brothers and sisters. But I get
the impression that you feel yourself to be
a very ill-used person, and this is a com-
plete bar to your getting what you want.
As Shakespeare remarked "If we get our
deserts which of us would escape hanging,"
or words to that effect.

Thanks very much for the press
cutting. If you want to be of any use,
you will get an agency to supply cuttings
of all the stuff that has appeared since
the very beginning about me (it goes back
to 1908, I think). These cuttings are
wanted to republish in a book called "The
Legend of Aleister Crowley," which is part
of an important publicity scheme.

We will, of course, pay for
these cuttings.

I rather doubt whether Beaver-

brook is a Jew, being the son of a Presbyterian parson of Scotch extraction. But as people say that I am a Jew, it does not seem to me to matter much -- probably we are all Jews.

I am not feeling particularly persecuted at the present moment. My return to London was in the nature of a triumph, and everything seems to be going ahead splendidly.

At the same time, it is no use to assure you of anything because I don't know the future unless I ask about it, which I rarely do. What you have got to do is to do your day's work every day and leave the rest to come along as it will.

I don't see how I can help you to get away from your conditions. Your conditions are very largely created by your own unaided efforts. I found them so in my own case. There is no blame attached to any given attitude of mind, but there are certain types of thinking which may bar one's progress. I do not mean only on the occult plane, but on every plane. If you start arguing as to whether it is right to cross the street, you will never get to the other side.

The best address for me at present is the above.

I agree with what you say about the general political situation. We are all of us tied up in an absolute net of petty formalities, and the general principles of justice and common decency are practically forgotten. We do require something in the nature of a royalist revolution with a bad king

Leipzig, September 7th 30.

Dear Big Lion,

⁹³ I am so delighted to get your Card, for it affirms that I was right in feeling that great Things were going on in the spiritual world. Only yesterday I wrote you a long letter about the wonderful experience of indescribable bliss which filled me last ~~9~~ 9. After a rather long spell of fatigue I found myself endowed on that day from the early morning with great strength of body and mind, with a deeper understanding for my work on hand, and before all in a state of joy, happiness, bliss which was marvellous.

I was perfectly convinced that it must have its origin in a wave of rapture from you, as I hardly ever before felt myself so strongly one with the Great Work.

I am experiencing the same to-day having the affirmation I was asking of you that great things are happening. Even now that I am writing this I am overcome by this wave of supreme bliss, and I hail you:

Blessing and Worship to the Beast , the Prophet of the Lovely
Star !

I can add no better wish for you both, as this contains all that is in my heart and soul now and always .

With great love and reverence

Your littlest kid

I. W. E.

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Your littlest kid

I. W. E.

Karl Forman (From S&K Journal)
on himself

January 5, 1930.

SOME NOTES

- With me things go deep and stay deep. It takes long for me to acquire new things or to learn; but once they are acquired they stay and it takes a long time to deracinate them again. Thus slow progress. This may also explain why it takes so long to get rid of this damned inferiority complex. As an example I will point out that the humiliating experiences in U.S.A. stick deep in my blood. I notice it, I might say, almost daily when talking to other people which belong to a different circle than I moved in in U.S.A. The fact that I have been something so low lurks always over my shoulder. Also I fear I might meet people who knew me in those conditions & might
- 2) This may also explain why I can only do one thing at a time. If I am doing something and somebody tries to interrupt me I get excited, nervous, cranky. The fact on the surface seems to be an advantage, in so far as it is a good trait to do one thing 100% at a time. It seems to show a certain natural concentration, or tendency to concentration of mind. But it also undoubtedly reveals a lack of equilibrium, if the least interference or question while one is doing something quite simple - let me say shaving or writing or so - makes one flare up & get irritated.
 - 3) You have mentioned in some of your letters the "Sin complex". I do not fully get the conception of it. When reading my diary I wish you would point out any passages which display it.
 - 4) My symbol Saturnus. I believe I have written you once how I came to use it. It was quite accidental for lack of something else. I have a great lack of imagination. To choose something like this can produce an agony in me. So I chose an astrological symbol because it was simple and presented itself after 2 weeks of useless thinking about it as the easiest way out. The by-thought was that some people might be shocked, because ♄ in Theosophic circles meant something bad, the devil or so.

I would be quite willing to change it, as some passages in my diary show plainly. But which? The symbol must cover various requirements: it must have a meaning for my nature; others must not know this meaning. Now the word "Pertinax", as you insist of calling me, has this not at all. Therefore, I am not going to use it. I did it only once: when I sent you a cable from Leipzig. This was done for a definite reason: everybody thought that everybody was a spy around you, Marie, and thus also me. It showed itself quite silly in the train from Brussels. Marie actually thought some people in the train were agents and some people at a Thuringian station who looked attentively into our compartment. They were just students who tried to flirt with Marie because of her striking looks. So when I arrived in Leipzig I wanted to sign the telegram with a name that was not known to those people checking up on everything you received, and signed Pertinax.

My mind is quite sterile if I turn it to choose a new symbol. I have thought of Jupiter, because it is so opposed to Saturn. But it sounds so pretentious and I am not going to use it.

Karl Jansen (From Saturnus)
or himself

January 5, 1930.

SOME NOTES

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My mind is quite sterile if I turn it to choose a new symbol. I have thought of Jupiter, because it is so opposed to Saturn. But it sounds so pretentious and I am not going to use it.

- 5) How I stand with Marie. - You and Cora have both positively believed that I have flirted with her. I can only assure you that this is not the case. This is 100 % true. If it is so, I don't know what flirting is or means. I do not love her, I never loved her, I could not make myself love her. Any thought of this has never been in my consciousness and has never been in my subconsciousness either, because at one time or other a thought (which is hidden from the open consciousness and dropped into the subconsciousness and leads to actions) must have been created in the consciousness and repressed from there.

There are two occasions of which I can think as giving cause to such a belief: in Leipzig in Auerbach's Keller at the dinner. Cora, Gretchen, Hopfer, I am sure you and I, believe, I.W.E., all thought that I was in love with Marie. The fact was that there was one or two traits of her manner enlivened me and still can do so. I cannot explain in words which they are. I think her eyes are beautiful, also sometimes the lines of her face and a certain expression. Things of that sort do not give any sexual desire. I have often analysed myself whether I could possibly force myself, if only, to kiss her. I always had to answer in the negative.

If all the same the judgment of such unconcerned people agreed about the phenomenon, the appearance must doubtless be against what I say above. I can, of course, only state my side of it. I am far too strong in the conviction of my purity in this particular case as that I would even so much as attempt to defend myself.

The other case was in Joachimstal. It is even less proving than the first. The fact is that I am greatly bored with this constant half French conversation. The atmosphere, particularly in Joachimstal, was very boring too. Perhaps there was something in Marie's nature which brought out that spark that only shows up in conversation with me every 3 or 5 years. For 1 hour and not longer, if that long.

I am inclined to think that people greatly underestimate the congenital coldness of my nature and its lack of reaction to its surroundings and interest. I get even tired to write about the matter. I only felt it necessary to give you as full an explanation as possible; because you seem to misjudge me or not understand me in sexual matters.

This should naturally lead to the 4 or 5 other points on the sexual problem which I have on my soul. But I do not want to write about them.

P.S.

A psychoanalyst might ask: "Perhaps you wanted to have a victory over G66?" Or "tease Cora"? Try as I would I cannot recall such a motive or a similar one. Such a motive would also show a lack of nobleness and fairness which would be entirely foreign to my nature. I rather have a defeat than obtain a victory in unfairness. This is just my defect and you should know it better. What I much rather think is: It was my job to entertain M. It certainly was a job ~~for~~. I made up my mind to "sacrifice" myself. The successful "sacrifice" perhaps created "spiritual energy". The thought just came to me & might give me a start in solving the puzzle as to what "sacrifice" means?

U
K.G.

142, Hatching Road.
Clapton, London E5.
15th Feb. 1926.

Dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your letter, to hand this morning.

Briefly, my position is this:-

My first "spiritual" environment was a horrible one - that of the Plymouth Brethren. There is no necessity for me to go further into details. Suffice it to say that - in about my 16th year I faced the thing out + ceased to "believe" in X'tianity.

I regret to say that - owing maybe to an inner cowardice - I failed to cast the thing right out of my life: there was still a part of me that half-believed in the "taboos" of that cult.

For a number of years my chief help was a small "library" of cheap "New Thought" books. It was a long time before I met an exponent of that or any more or less liberal school.

Then - it must have been sometime in the summer of 1913 I went for a walk with a copy of "The Occult Review"

The Editor was dealing with the work of

a Mr. Crowley + quoted a few lines from "Aha". Never shall I forget the impression they made on me.

"All thoughts are evil. ~~The~~ Thought is two:

The seen + the seen. Eohsue

That Supreme blasphemy, my son,

Remembering that God is One."

You will - of course - appreciate that I know nothing of "occultism" proper at this time. I was still studying "New Thought" books with perhaps a book or two of Ramacharaka's (Atkinson's) "Yoga Philosophy".

To pass on quickly, in 1915 I acquired a copy of the Equinox containing "Atta" but owing the size of the book I had to leave it behind when I went to France.

In those days "Light on the Path" was my guide & friend & from that I learned that - I quote from memory, as I never look at the book now - "each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, & the life, but he is only so when he grasps his individuality firmly & by the force of his

awakened spiritual will recognizes that his individuality is not himself...

There's the rub. My New Thought reading helped me to a better intellectual viewpoint, but I didn't find the Divine, as they did with such facility. Always upon the Temple steps, but never inside. But worse was to follow.

I suppose it was about September 1918 - at any rate I was home from the war - that I fortunately came into contact with an Eastern Master, who called me "his brother" & subsequently "initiated" me. We fell apart. I also met Dr. Steiner who also failed to help me. The net result of the last ten years being - owing to circumstances perhaps beyond my own control, perhaps not is that I am a damned sight farther from finding Adonai than I was on say the day I first saw that Couplet in Aha.

Recently I read the "Diary of a Drug Fiend" from which I perceive that you can help me, & I venture again to ask you to do so.

As I do not know which symptoms you as a physician of the Soul would attach importance to, I will say no more but will await your questions.

I am Sir

Yours truly

H. J. N. Foreman

142, Fitching Road.
Clapton, London, E.5. 10/1/29.

Dear Beas,

Thanks for your letter of the 5th

I had a very bad time indeed just before Xmas. The immediate cause was an interview with Harry Collison. I did my best - really - to deal with him in a friendly spirit. In fact, I went so far as to behave like a fool & give him my confidence, by trying to explain to him just why the "Galilean" pseudo occult exercises did me no good. He had, however, got his knife into me up to the hilt for, apparently, declining to carry out the aforementioned exercises - he maintaining that my indisposition to go on with a lot of rubbish (or at least harmful work) constituted treachery. This, of course, is the

142, Fitching Road,
E.5. 3/1/30

Dear Beas,

This is indeed a bloody business.

Upon receipt of your instructions, I, as a precaution, sought the advice of a man who knows M. better than I. This friend, a retired Secret Service Agent, & a man of honour, told me that M. was a "bullshitter" but quite sound & could safely be approached. Alas! Neither this good man nor myself really thought that there was such a bloody fool in the world - outside Colney Hatch & similar places of rest. Anyway, I duly waited on M. & explained the situation - only to meet opprobrium & abuse. Inter alia, he pointed out that (a) there was no need for deaf patriotism in peace time (b) there were people ^{out of work} ~~not~~ ^{employed} to do it (c) that it was my duty to work to make dividends & that I should not - & he would make sure of it - have any time for this sort of thing. (d) my requirements - merely a floating lunch hour - ~~such~~ should not be complied with (e) that only a damned fool would do such a thing for nothing (f) it was only a political stunt

142, Hatching Road.

Clapton, London, E.5.

14/1/29.

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for nothing (f) it was only a political stunt

(within a note by A.C
on Forman, character)

142, Hetching Rd.

B. 5.

9/1/30

Dear Beast

Thanks for your letter
of 6th January.

Shades of Adam Weishaupt!

Please let me explain.

Do you really think that I have been provided with sufficient motive to go to the lengths to which you refer? Damn it all, there is no reason why I should accept the position that I cannot rely on help in any circumstances. What the hell inducement have I, from a worldly point of view, dear brother in the Lord Jesus, to get in the cart for a lousy Government that doesn't even buy

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(Within a mile by A.C.
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crassest nonsense. He then threatened me with various pains & penalties, which he professed to see coming upon me, & loaded me with insults. A very painful time followed, & unfortunately it coincided with a period of weakness & exhaustion (of, I think, a physical nature) from which I have not wholly recovered.

It has often been somewhat of a riddle to me that the thoughts & suggestions that sink deeply into the soul are not those on which the conscious mind broods, so to speak. Long hours spent in meditation count less than a stray suggestion conveyed perhaps by a newspaper placard on which the eye has idly dwelt.

However, I am wandering from the point. Having had a sharp lesson, I was damned cautious when your name was mentioned at Colliers. Of course, I did not dissemble my admiration for M., which brought further prophecies of evil - mostly after death I gathered & somewhat ludicrous. These caused me

no concern. If leaving that unfortunate incident, I have to report that I am working hard at Panayama which I think is going to help a lot.

I do not deceive myself that the Great Book is going to be anything but terribly hard, but there is nothing for it but to get on with it, day in & day out. I have a hell of a lot to learn, though.

You will remember your delightful rendering of "Hold the Fort". Will you please define the word "Lophet" in his connection.

For the reason mentioned in my last letter, I enclose a further 10/-.

"Blessing & Worship to the Beasts
The Prophet of the Lovely Star"

H. J. N. Foreman

& so on - take the other headings to (3) as had

I went back to my friend who was mildly surprised but opined that it would be the easiest thing in the world to show M. when he alighted.

"All you have to do" said he "is to write a letter to your friend simply to the effect that - for business reasons, you must resign immediately. Then, your friend can call upon M. produce this letter of resignation & ask him, politely, but firmly whether it was written with his knowledge & sanction. He will then climb down like an apictorial monkey."

If you can authorize me to write such a letter of resignation & if you or anyone else can act on it (which I doubt) well & good. If not, I must pack up at once.

It must always be kept in mind that M. is really dependent on HM Government for his dividends.

I am sorry, but rather my friend (who

is greater than I) nor myself seriously thought that the man was such a bloody fool.

I enclose letter from S.P.S.M.

Please let me hear from you by return

H. J. N. Foreman

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"Blessing & Worship to the Peace
The Prophet of the Lovely Star"

N. J. N. Foxman

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Please let me hear from you
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H J Foreman

Tomman always seems to me like
some hymn by A. S. S. Shivering in the dark
& lonely. (?)

149, Hatching Road.
Clapton, London, E. 5.
1/29

Dear Beest I was very thankful to get your
letter of 22nd December. I am very
sorry to hear of your indisposition & hope
that your next letter will contain better news.

I owe you a bit of money from
my last visit & have received during the
last year a few very small amounts
from Mrs. Williams. I will look up the
exact amount. Meantime I enclose
ten bob on account.

I have a lot to say but will not
inflict it upon you until I hear good
news of your health.

" Blessing & Worship to the Beest bbb

Yours his most humble servant

H M Tomman

(2)

However, this is beside the point. If it is possible
to envisage calling upon M, it is possible to
call upon Kysant. I do not blame myself
for the breakdown. No one could have foreseen
that M. would act the fool. The fact remains
that he has so acted. Therefore he must be
overcome & until this is done I must of
necessity refrain from doing a damn
thing. I look on this as a Magical Work.
For this purpose, M. is a part of my Khe
& an obstacle to be overcome. This being so,
I am, I think, entitled to ask assistance
- having regard to the way in which the
business started.

I am sorry that you didn't
turn up today & sincerely trust that
you are not still unwell. It is
essential to get you out of Knockholt
asidrently.

Re J.R.M. I will make further

(3)

enquiries but fear that he has evaded
the question & that to write him further
will only serve to put him on his guard.
However we shall see.

Hoping to see you soon

J
Newille

Forman always seems to me like

some by me by St. Sains

a lonely . . . shivering in the dark

142, Hatching Road,
Clapton, London. E. 5.

4/29

Dear Beast I was very thankful to get your letter of 22nd December. I am very sorry to hear of your indisposition, I hope that your next letter will contain better news.

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"Blessing & Worship to the Beast 666"

Your most humble servant

H M Forman

142, Hatching Road.
Clapton. London. E.5.

1/4/29

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I was very thankful to get your letter of 22nd December. I am very sorry to hear of your indisposition, & hope that your next letter will contain better news.

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Your most humble servant

H M Foxman

Fluorine always seems to me like

some by the light of the sun

a lonely

(?)

shining in the dark

Foreman always seems to me like

a lonely ^{some by the light of St. Simeon} _(?) shining in the dark

(2).

However, this is beside the point. If it is possible to envisage calling upon M. it is possible to call upon Kysant. I do not blame myself for the breakdown. No one could have foreseen that M. would act the fool. The fact remains that he has so acted. Therefore he must be overcome & until this is done I must of necessity refrain from doing a damn thing. I look on this as a Magical Work. For this purpose, M. is a part of my Khu & an obstacle to be overcome. This being so, I am, I think, entitled to ask assistance - having regard to the way in which the business started.

I am sorry that you didn't turn up today & sincerely trust that you are not still unwell. It is essential to get you out of Knockholt evidently.

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142, Hatching Road.
Clapton London. E. 5
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I have a lot to say but will not inflict it upon you until I hear good news of your health.

"Blessing & Worship to the Beast" 666
From his most humble servant
H M Foreman

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(3)

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Hoping to see you soon

J
Kwille

142, Welby Road,
London, E. 5

1/12/29

Dear Beat, I was very thankful to get your letter of 22nd December. I am very sorry to hear of your indisposition, I hope that you next letter will contain better news.

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I have a lot to say but will not inflict it upon you until I have good news of your health.

"Returning & Devoting to the Cause" etc
I am his most humble servant
H 111 Foreman

Foreman always seems to me like
a lonely ^{lone} ^{ly} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{dark} ^{shining} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{dark}
Some by the way, I am

(2)

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I am sorry that you did not turn up today & sincerely trust that you are not still unwell. It is essential to get you out of Kylesent as soon as possible.

As soon as you make further

(3)

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Hoping to see you soon

Newell