

(original in possession of P. J. Gode)

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

The Magical Record of/ The Beast 666/ 9 = 2 A. A. A. / Logos Aionos
Thelema (Grk)/ at/ 50 rue Vavin Paris Vie/ from/ Sol in 11th Taurus
An XIX Luna in 19th Capricornus/ to/

1 March 2.30 P.M. I say, importantly: Parcel. There is an analogy.
I am Breathless, Delirious, and this Wisdom is lost to the World!

Sunday 2 March 8 a.m. With these ~~days~~ ^{(drugs (P.C.))} I am able to receive definite
messages from the Secret Chiefs. They are couched as a rule in a
quite simple ---(?).

It will certainly ~~(P.C.)~~ be used when troubles arise to be able to
communicate with out any danger of ambiguity or discovery. The cipher
will in fact not be a cipher at all but a real language.

6th. die Jupiter 12.40. Nearly gave up yesterday. The Storm-Fiend
came to put the lid on the other symptoms of withdrawal. KB2 and
Gardenal ad nauseam (literally) & then repeated failed to do more
than avert the full onslaught. In despair I reverted to the Cefalu
aq. and to my great surprise found it work at once! Mussolini has
failed to expel the last drops of honesty from Italy - at least
from Sicily, where he is disliked!

The 'Hag' Early days: my question as to my name. This incident of
Alexander proved critical. It answered the supreme question 'Who art
thou?' and I have never turned back or aside from that hour. "An
helper of men" is implied in my Abyss answer (1906) "To teach men
(man P.C.) the Next Step i.e. the K. & C. of the H.G.A." and of
course in my function as 666.

(copyist note: following part in O.P.V.'s hand)

March 3 11. p.m. As soon as a thing begins to have form it begins
to have beauty.

11.15 I have aeon-long trials before my conscience: - I complain
to O.P.V. Have I ever done anything of any value, or am I a
mere trifler, existing by a series of shifts of one kind or another?
A wastrel, coward, man of straw? I can find no answer whatever,
the obvious verdict being every time "Guilty". (Appeals to O.P.V.
for a criticism on judgment.) O.P.V. is at first amused. Affirms that
the question is essentially unreal & quotes :- "Thou hast no right
but to do thy will. Do that and no other shall say nay."

Beast: "You have probably saved my life". Stated also that he had
prophesied (x) O.P.V. would quote the Book of the Law.

(x) any other assurance would have been abused; I gave O.P.V. cred-
it for perceiving this. (c. end of O.P.V. part. The note (x) was
in A.C.'s hand).

March 5 Wednesday die Mercurii. Came to the end of my Dr. Jarvis
supply of aq. Symptoms of the usual type, but very severe, came on.
Dr. J - who had promised to renew the prescription and call in
person - selected, with infallible tact, that moment to break his
word, and abandon me.

00555

H. 4. 42
(THE FIFTH NOTEBOOK) MAR. 1 - MAR. 16/24 (Vavin)

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6 Mar 24

Luckily, the Cefalu aq. was found to be good - probably saving my life or reason. Moral: trust those who really love you: distrust even the worthiest-seeming folk who don't.

die Jupiter 6th March 12.40 P.M. Last night in meditation - much of this recorded elsewhere - was reminded of "The Stratagem" (which made my fame as a short-story writer) written in sickness in The Paris Working (Jan - Feb '14) Idea - shall I be inspired in this Ordeal to a new great success of a similar kind?

3.55 P.M. Mudd springs it on me that Cefalu will be sold up within 12 hours (on the evidence principally of his morbid imagination) I am certainly in a weak state: he got me quite upset for a few minutes. I don't even know the intention of the Gods in the matter; but it is up to us to do something p.d.q. on ordinary human grounds. I ask the Yi: what steps should be taken in view of the present situation of the Abbey of Thelema at Cefalu? Air/Luna Hwan. LIX Thwan! I invoke the Most High Gods! 1. Do all possible: get assistance of a potent outsider. 2. Hasten to make a contrivance for security. (Success should come). May mean Leah should bring valuables to Paris. 3. Have no regard to personal considerations. 4. Play off Cefalu people against each other; get someone friendly to step in. 5. Issue passionate appeals all round. Realize on property. e.g. rare books here, Legros &c at Cefalu &c. 6. Refuse to be hurt, & have no fear (O.P.V. thinks Line 1 gives the whole answer, & the rest the subsequent proceedings.) - P.S. Quite wrongly! !

6.0 P.M. (c. the following is scrawled through by A.C.) Just occurred to me that to-morrow is Good Friday - I am apparently assigned an important role! - so that Banks, Pawn-shops &c will be shut till Tuesday. However, this should apply to postpone any legal trouble at Cefalu, & give us time for personal effort around Paris, and private correspondence with England. On the whole, then, possibly the holiday may operate in our favour. We should have time to write full instructions to Cefalu. (c. end of scrawled part.)

a. Will send maximum we can raise by wire immediately Banks are open. b. L should come here with Legros &c (taken from frames) von Rosenroth, annotated ~~Eqx~~ (buckram set) all special bound MSS of mine, all well-bound books, sets like Casanova, 6 Athenian society translations, stock of Thelema books, do Bagh-i-Mattar, World's Tragedy &c. c. Giosue should be asked to keep wolves at bay & supply additional funds if required to enable b. d. Arturo might sell the crude (V.C.) opium on the quiet. Pawn: Watch 50 g 18-ct. Chain 22-carat. Eagle 18-ct. Snake Ring. Templar Ring 18-ct. Topaz. Tie-pin. Cigarette case (silver inlaid gold) Dirk (Silver mienue). 33 sash (silver-gilt fringe) Fur coat (puttes de ribeline) ~~maund~~ Sell: two big revolvers. Try Westley Richards (Av. de L'Opera) ? Has Bourcier a friend who would make a private loan (larger than Credit Municipal on B's introduction and explanation of circumstances) on above security.

6.31 P.M. As per Yi, will invoke the Great Gods of Heaven to defend their Abbey (Invn. Bartzabel ~~Eqx~~ I IX). I performed this with all my might: it quite exhausted me. 10 P.M. Ethel explains why O.P.V. (expected back at 7.30 by me, but not by him) is late. It is my habit to expect important commissions to be executed like an office-boy leaving parcels.

when
(Ethel)
↓

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I examine myself very thoroughly under Ethel. I am confirmed in my old conclusion that I am essentially insane. But Ethel herself & her friends have something to do with this; and my one chance is to cut them out before it is too late. Of course, the brain under Ethel is not the free brain: also, small wonder if it is staggering still under the sudden shock applied by O.P.V. this afternoon. He certainly has the tact of a German corporal. (Also, I had just invoked Mars!) Anyhow, I propose to leave Ethel alone for the present - ~~along~~ a long present at that - unless in really severe distress of breathing. As to aq., I propose to keep on steadily cutting this down, using it only in emergencies like asthmatic attacks, & (till the chain is finally broken) "storm-fiend" goes, or failure of the pulse. O.P.V. must really take all this very seriously: in one way or another he must manage to avert catastrophe long enough to give me a chance to pull through physically & nervously so that I can get on to my job again properly. (One suggestion is to ask Pindar to take me in for a while).

(Sandy's right hand man)
(c. the following part and the letter (scrawled through) to Mr. Goldsmith appear on the other sides of the preceding pages.)

(? ask Doughty to try to raise a ~~(two words illeg. c.)~~ explaining my illness & ~~xx~~ preventing us touching my resources. Coates might answer his appeal, while ignoring O.P.V.'s.)

Dear Mr. Goldsmith,

93. In the great game with Fate I have been suddenly attacked by the most appalling combination of adversities. My operations, trifling in themselves, brought out the fact that I was on the edge of complete nervous prostration from the overwork and anxiety of years. I have been in bed continually ever since, ordered absolute rest and quiet. But that has meant that my margin (~~pro.~~) has run out, being unable to put through the business deals which I came to Paris to do. Now suddenly on the top of all I get a wire that my little home in Sicily - with two women and four young children - is in immediate danger of being sold up. This would mean the sale for nothing of very valuable property - the house is in a ~~quite~~ quite savage district, so that ~~xxxxx~~ (e.g.) a picture which I could sell for £100 here would not fetch as many lire there - and the throwing-out of all these helpless people in a barbarous land.

I am so penniless that I cannot even cable to friends in America for help, or touch my English resources - they requiring personal action. All my friends here are just poor struggling artists. And there is no time - a matter of hours, and disaster is irreparable. I am well aware that I have no slightest claim on you, but something tells me to appeal to your goodness of heart to help me out in this sudden onslaught. Will you think it over, & see whether you cannot do anything; and if yes, we can go into details. I should be grateful beyond all power of speech, and I feel sure that you would delight to have helped so friendly ~~foe~~ (N.C.) as we have been. (It's not a fortune, & I can give good guarantees.)

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die Saturn. Pawned everything to send O.P.V. to London. Should (& would) have been done 6 weeks ago but for my illness &c. "Damn them who pity!" &c. Postulating a healthy society, pity is mere insult & interference. AL does not condemn true sympathy (based on scientific imagination) on the contrary "Love one another with burning hearts". Cf "Hadit burning in thine heart --" This fire gives light and heat: it is the Magical Fire of Consecration. Other suggestions. "Drag down their souls to awful torment" i.e. twist them until straight "Spit upon them" the purifying Water "Trample them" to express the juice that we may have wine.

Saturn 8th 7.20 a.m. Woke at 5.45 horribly depressed. Pulled myself together, but could not free my thought-stuff till I took aq. I can stop, no doubt; but I need to have the nourishment of hope. Perhaps, too, other better conditions than I have.

(c. back of this page is the following:-)

No.3. I am haunted by Nietzsche. Yes, the herd is noble enough; but what is the alternative? To be the big blond beast - the beast of prey! No: "I find this black mark impinge(?c.) the man/ That he believes in just the vile of life"./ His image is false: we are not a mere menagerie of assorted brutes. #Like a mighty army/Moves the Church of God" should be our vision of the Race. Then - even the stupidest private is a hero. The leaders are hidden and lonely but not in ambush: they are the Secret Staff, the true philosophers, the Hermits "who give only of their Light unto Men". Lying here sick and starving, let me find Light, and shed it for their sake!

See question
Sol. 2 a.m. Woke ^{afire} about 1 after sleeping at 12. Considered this most unfair! (Distinct symptoms of privation). One reason why S.Q. vanished at C. Though we had ample food, we were not tempted to gorge as one is in Paris &c. Of course this explains little: the local peasants eat less. 8.40 a.m. Colonies may feed in 3 ways. (1) ~~from (word illeg.)~~ outside (including accumulations of members) (2) as industrial units (3) each member going out to do his day's work. None of these give a true image of Society at large: but must I conclude that my problem is insoluble. (1) is not bad, providing the aim of the colony is to tap a new source of natural wealth. (It can also prey on the community outside "supported by voluntary contributions". This would be lawful, provided its members gave adequate service. The training of kings & the shewing of example might count as this.). 1. 15 P.M. Have written ~~the~~ "The Byron Centenary" (by Cain) with my own fair hand. I must be a God-damned fool!

(c. ~~back of this~~ opposite this page is the following:-)

No.4. The Moon bothers me badly. I can believe at a pinch in life of some kind - & how superb a kind! in the Sun but in that frozen

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mass of earth-bubbles, no! Then is there somewhere some place truly void of Energy, really exempt from Change? I can't believe that either. And the alternative is that the physical universe as known by our senses is no more than this meditation itself - a sick man's fancy!)

9.10 p.m. O.P.V. has left for London. ~~Sxxx~~ Laus(2.00) Deo Soli! (Is this Freudian? I meant it merely for the pun's sake).

Luna. 7.A.M. Woke 6.5 from a dream that I had been beheaded, I remember none such in my life though they were common with Iehi Aour. Can it be a presage of an attack of spasmodic asthma?

Empiricism. One can only put down one's experiments, choosing which pairs of facts to equate on some unconscious hypothesis - with all sorts of suppressed premises. One is naturally thought a quack, right or wrong, for not having "proof". Yet this is the only way to get such research done, to break new ground. Ordinary discoveries, proved as soon as made, are branches of one bough of The Tree of Knowledge. The Magus, the Poet, and their like perch on untouched boughs.

7.5. The main Ethics of the Book of the Law. Man is asked to act as if it were true that he is a spark of that great light of God.

Those who insist on making that assumption, on basing all their lives on it, are the Thelemites. The most important piece of (synthesis) I have done for a long while. 7.25. No better example of rotten thinking than the idea that war can be made impossible by making it "too horrible".

7.30 I suppose that what I am really doing is trying to found a new Order of Monks (oh yes! see AL, all over) The lack of the world to-day is bodies of men who have renounced it. But we must have modern principles. They must be useful all round - for their superior learning, &c, even as with all monks, and they must be trained by such means that they can be trusted (I see the use of the Mark of the Beast in this Order. It is a mark of distinction - & disgraceful to bear unless one be a first-rate man.). I see also the technique of the "miracle" of the Stele. The adoration of the faithful will send forth rays to it. It would finally become luminous. When it did begin to go - probably through rotting of the wood - it would be a sign that the next Aeon was at hand.

8.15 The papers keep on printing paragraphs that A, B, & C began life as office boys. This explains all: the world is being run by office boys.

11.0 A.M. Woke from a "privation-dream" of extraordinary vividness & elaboration, sleep, semi-sleep, & full waking states folding over and over each other in the most astounding way. Note. I had gone to sleep on the thought "Shall I take a dose?" answered "No". The dream scared me not a little, & I hastily "indulged". I should rather have tested the Gardenal reaction: but I was taken off my guard. Incidentally, my mother was alive

in the dream, & responsible for the torture. My new grey suit was a feature - I was feeling better, left here, & walked out in it. To Croydon! Came back here, realized it was a dream, & that its vividness demanded a dose of aq. Not being awake enough to do this, imagined a deliberate privation with endless details - position of things in my room changed while I slept &c the ideas of this

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expanding constantly. It led up to a climax where my mother confessed to having destroyed my solution, & I dramatically cast her off (The question as to whether the house belonged to her or to me was a minor point as to the leave-taking. Part of this dream was that the furniture of my room had been moved in my absence so that I could not get to my solution. I find this (Tuesday) A.M. that the furniture actually was moved during my sleep: a piece taken out of the room. The racket doubtless caused much of the whole phantasmagoria.

11.40. "Freudian forgetfulness". Couldn't find tampon(2.0.) in my nose: supposed it must have been lost. Finally, & very painfully, remembered that I had discarded it. 12.40. What is there about the idea of a bird that is thin? (best word I can find) 12.45 An old man singing in the court! It's spring. And I haven't a coin to throw him! Oh how I hate organized charity - or any public service dealing with the sanctities of life. There may be bad and good masters; but committees & officials must be necessarily inhuman - for the simple reason that the very object of their rules is to suppress humanity i.e. all individuality. No rules can be good because they are inflexible, & life is elastic. Hence all the Masters break all the rules; & of course they must know them well in order to break them effectively.

(This does not apply to natural laws like those of rhythm, but to pedantic bonds like rules of composition. This explains the whole folly of Cubism &c.)

4.40 Have slept a lot again, and had bad dreams. Mental over-excitement. 5.40. Bernard Harrison has called, very kindly. I report his story of Hospital. There was a phonograph. It played (usually the same time) 50 or 60 times a morning. He did not fully appreciate the pleasure himself, & the man in the next bed wept openly all the time. He pointed this out to the nurse, who simply replied "The others like it: I can't help him". That is war: that is democracy. ALSO. If I, who can't stand a band in a restaurant, ever get into a place like that, it's good-night to my mind for ever!

9.20. I laugh again - after shaving! I sent to renew a cognac prescription - simply the bottle which had a label with a number. It was the wrong number - that of a Heroin prescription. And they sent it round without a word - without even asking to see the original prescription!!!! P.S. And yet again I laugh! On sending the other bottle - with the strong smell of the cognac &c in it, the pharmacist protests! (I can only suppose he has mixed up the numbers somehow).

9.45. Well, I can use this to calculate. Let me see how long 2 c.g.aq. lasts me - avoiding serious discomfort: $1/50 \times 15/1 = 3/10$ grain. B.S. I find I am unable to do this. When I wake up from my half-sleep in alarm as I do, I fly to the regular aq.

10.0. I observe with Ethel that Nature has proved one too many for me. I say "I will take a little more Ethel & think of a way of getting even with her". Instantly the idea of Death comes into my mind. Obviously correct - the only way of "getting even". But I added "and the state is so intolerable that it ~~must~~ bursts out instantly into new life (Cf. Berashith). (Is it a coincidence, or did the bell start first? A neighbouring church has broken out into lugubrious tollings. I suppose somebody is dead. My first instinct is to ~~protest~~ protest: why distract

people with thoughts of death? Next, I become mediaeval(?c.), & approve. While I write this, the bell changes. A violent peal - rather lively - begins. It means nothing to me "Some feast, I suppose" I comment. But I am really annoyed by not knowing the whole story. And I reproach myself once more about my wasted youth!) 11.0. Marshall Fabert's reply to Louis XIII "Je tiens pour les cardinalistes, Sire! Car le parti du cardinal est le votre!" Let me remember this when I find my adherents acting against my wishes. 1.0. Bourcier rolls in & preaches Coue! But the matter with me is just this, that I have abused my will-power for years, & have none left. I could get up & go out perfectly well, just as I shaved yesterday - but at the risk of absolute collapse to follow. In fact, my danger is just that, that I should yield to the temptation to activity. Every scrap of money I get must be put in the bank! and I must not spend a penny needlessly till the accumulation allows me to live on the income.

die. Mercury. 12th. Letters from O.P.V. & ARS last night. Hail unto Kheph Ra! 12.5. Bourcier tells me that illness is a matter of will. One sees how he is killing his wife - making her get up & work in the middle of an acute attack of enteritis. But as for me, of course my physical state is astonishingly good. But I need re-education like a baby, from the start; regular habits of all sorts. I was asleep practically all yesterday: did not even wash. (From some days back). Cefalu - criminal types. Dared not put a knife into Helen Fraux - for fear of what fluid might exude. 9.30 P.M. A good day on the whole Goldsmith and Jane Chéron called; but not B H as promised. O.P.V.'s letter, on mature consideration, is the limit. He tells me how to write 'Sick Man's Fancies' & ARS pats me on the back that my "No 2 is IT". I invoke ~~Sam~~ (illegible) Hall by the ancient Rune: "and now I go upstairs, go up stairs, and now I go upstairs, go upstairs, and now I go up stairs, kyind fryiends, give me yer prayers! Give me yer bloody prayers, damn yer eyes!" Yes, I must be a little better. I did well to answer O.P.V. by a long drawn out wail & ARS by a schoolmaster exposition of why he had nothing to do with me. 10 to 1 they talk endless balls & do nothing. (P.S: I won the bet.) -- However, I have got to live (AL at least makes me think so).

13th die Jupiter. 2.5 a.m. I'm in a weird state of wakefulness, hunger & irritability. I suppose it is that I am really very much better & very impatient accordingly. 8.15 Woman's Independence. Nothing has been done so far. What she has gained is at the cost of giving up her right to bear children. 8.45. Sorry, but I feel quite definitely better - despite a wretched night, mere odds and ends of sleep. But now I feel a definite impulse to get up and go out. I am going to fight it down for a bit, take a dose of aq., just test out its basic strength. If it increases, I will at least wash, shave, dress, &c and see how things are. 9.48 A.M. Off the vivisection table. I have found several new bad faults in myself. In others (also) there is no sound flesh. I ask: what is the end of all this putrefaction? After some aeons, the answer comes: When it begins to take form(?c.) (See aphorism above, somewhere, during

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this initiation.) I ask: When is that? My Qabalah comes to the rescue - or the Book of the Law, I think, rather - & I reply "When somebody loves it". There is of course a mystic Christian the ~~ory~~ lurking in this. I do wish I had a list of the crimes I have discovered in myself these last weeks; fickle, liar, white slaver (in a very bad sense, selling women deliberately to physical torture) are a few of my latest results. Another - a really serious question arises, however. How far is the whole of my long sickness due to aq. starvation? Is my quick recovery of the last 2 days due to my cautious fattening up on the new supply? In the absence of a proper record, it is impossible to check this. I feel sure that a proper life would enable me to dispense with aq with no trouble, however things may stand. The programme must be to arrange for this: no change in plans, therefore, is necessary.

P.S. Note. Iuh(?)c. - messy oils - mud: the prima materia of poetry, painting & sculpture. Method: put your soul into them & give them Form.

10.22 Talking of the love for putrefaction, this is the root of my love for the lowest whores, negresses, Olga of the broken nose & so on - up to the Tenth Impurity the skeleton Leah!

12.35 P.M. My father: "I would rather preach to 1000 drunkards than 1000 T-totalers" I grasp this fully. Prohibition is Satanic - it decivilizes - dehumanizes. The cold cruelty of its devotees --- That is the real danger to the world - its overrunning by these bloodless things that think themselves / 'the scourge of God'.

6.55 P.M. at 11 a.m. I shaved and dressed. Lunched at 12. Walk 1-1.30 Back to bed. Deep sleep 2.30 - 6.20 very deep. Now Tea, eggs & milk for the night. Evidently the exertion tried me a lot.

7.5. On lying of the anecdotal picturesque Mind - the Mind that is handed out to the greenhorn.. It is not lying at all: for the teller is bounded by his imagination, & so are his acts. These fields are conterminous: so the wild stories are in reality symbolic pictures of the truth - of the genius loci - & much truer than any facts could ~~be~~ ever be.

Proposed new Magazine. / Title: The Citizen. The Month. Sol. Starlight (sub-title "Every man and every woman is a star")
Sections Poetry / Mystic - philosophical - /Literature/Politics/
Art - theatre - music/ Fiction/ Persona;/ Humour./
Models: the old G.R./ Yellow Book/ Vanity Fair N.Y.

die Venus. 14th. 12.10 P.M. Horribly tired & depressed all the morning, since waking at 5.30. The special kind of solitude I am enduring (Perdurabo) is atrocious. Yet - when I think how very much better off I am than - well, most people - oh hell! I don't know what to think. It is my sensitiveness which has got exaggerated to the point of neurasthenia. Also, as for the future, I have no hope at all but in the Gods. (Austin Harrison wrote me a nasty letter - really nasty - it has left a filthy taste in my mouth. And - ghastly that it should be so! - I am in no state to throw off such muck as is due.

7.50 P.M. Awoke, saying, apropos of nothing, but with a slight twinge of arthritis in the left knee: "Please God, many years of usefulness".

critiquer

~~critique~~



I had vigorously invoked Aiwass in the afternoon (on return from a little walk in the sunshine) I imagine the above is the response. It is certainly curious - as when God said to Satan about Job "Touch not the life" that all my plagues refrain (at present) from direct menace to my length of (working) days. I think I understand my lesson a little. "Who shall contend with his lords, Or cross them or do them wrong?/ Who shall bind them as with cords?/ Who shall tame them as with song?/ Who shall smite them as with swords?/ For the hands of their kingdom are strong". I must wait in utter passivity for "the leading and the light". They will not fail!

die Saturn. 15th. 2.30 A.M. Hail unto Khephra! Slept till 12.30 A.M. woke and read till now. The solitude is wearing me down. I knew what I was doing when I sent O.P.V. to London: what else could I do to save Cefalu? It may all be useless, & I may go under; but I have done all I could. 8.40 P.M. Awake all night. Bernard Harrison called about 11.30 a.m. Slept from 1.30 p.m. to 7.40 p.m. (Better, really, I suppose, being a longer stretch than usual, despite the awkward hours. It would be imbecile to try to force a fresh sleep by drugs: I'll watch and pray all night again if needs be. Note. The word 'verre' is like a rattlesnake. (1) It is deceptive, being masculine despite feminine-sounding ending e.g. une serre, la terre. (2) the roll of the 'r r' suggests a rattle at the finish. (3)? The rattle of the snake resembles the clatter of glasses? The above is a very good example of an 'insane identification'. The man who thinks he is a tea-pot has probably just some such simple train of thought. This suggests a possible line of treatment. Get the patient to explain why he thinks what he does. Then reply by a similar train of thought to prove to him that his 'truth' is only part of the truth. This should at least start him on the road to a new synthesis - which is what is wanted. (Of course, this does not consider definite brain lesions, beyond Nature to repair given good conditions otherwise.) This, indeed, is the mark of my own trouble. I am reading, for instance, Clement Vantel's "Mon cure chez les riches", a theme (Cf. M.G. Lewis "The Monk") which Anatole France at his very best might have made a masterpiece, and which he treats à la "Mon oncle Benjamin" - a shade above the vulgarest comic weekly. I find in the book such treasures of wit, pathos, tragedy --- nothing like it in Shakespeare. Philosophy, too! "Avant de critiquer les ordres, faut savoir ce que donnera la manœuvre: nous jugeons trop vite les hommes et les événements et souvent nous sommes obligés de reconnaître par la suite que le plan dont nous ne pensions rien de bon a donné d'excellents résultats". Again: "cet admirable courage qui consiste à faire semblant d'espérer" The very thing for which O.P.V. reproaches me daily. Hell! I almost begin to wonder if I have not a grain of courage somewhere after all! The cardinal's one question to the cure: Êtes-vous sincère? reveals an astounding knowledge of psychology. The cure hadn't the faintest idea that he was not. The old count's remark "Jadis ce n'était pour nous qu'une vieille baraque sans importance. Maintenant c'est notre maison". Euripides could not have condensed years of

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tragedy so terribly & simply. (c. these notes on page opposite).

But there are only odds and ends: the work of Art is the whole in which all these things have their right place. I do really understand how to write a novel now; and, given the inspiration of a good plot, and the conditions of writing, I could produce the waited Wonder. For, despite my present sickness of analysis-itis, I have by nature the constructive faculty. All my work has been smooth to the eye, bar an occasional "Mr. Todd" where I simply did not take the pains to weave Death naturally into the story of Life. (E.g. I actually fooled T.W. Earp with the Drug-Fiend; he thought it a Philips Oppenheim novel!) The condition, therefore, of my doing really great work is ample meditation, right selection of material, deft craftsmanship. I can be sure of the superficial artifice. - oh well! one can be sure of nothing. And in contrast to Earp, there was a dullard (in S. Africa, it is true) who found the Drug-Fiend dull!. I think though I had better write a book where will be no incongruity between my true spirit and the environment (Of course, the thing to hope for is poetic inspiration. That is the trouble with the D-F: it is, in fact, a sort of up-to-date Zastrozzi 9.50 P.M. Never judge people by their letters. A letter is the momentary reaction of a fraction of a man's character to some particular circumstance - even when it is not deliberately conceived to mislead.

(c. two pages have been torn from the notebook here).

10.10 P.M. Wrote No.12. S.M.F.

die Sol. 16th March. 12.15 A.M. Hail unto Khephra! 'Mon curé' has shewn me my duty! I must not hunt for ways out of the trouble. I must stick in my Trench, the Poet & Prophet of the Aeon, & take all the shells, & gas & bayonets that come my way.

12.25 "Mon curé" tells me also the methods of cowardice. How easy to mask it as courage and pride! "Too proud to fight!" Perhaps I had better after all get after my enemies with my bare hands, tell the whole truth, the worst about myself, and trust for victory to Ra Hoor Khuit. --? --- ? ----- ? Well, I'll trust him too for "the leading & the light".

12.30 One fact stands out clear as day: that I have actually been reborn: that I am now at last a Child of the New Aeon. I was born of the Woman and the Fool: & it is up to me to grow into the Man.

12.35 A.M. "Mon curé" makes me laugh. And I find that I have the instinct to suppress my laughter. Analysed, my reason is that I am in the Temple, being initiated.

12.50 It would be fatal cowardice to accept legal help in any 'vindication' - bar the minimum necessary to keep me from breaking technical rules. 1.0 A.M.

"Mon curé" proves what I have never dared to think - only to wish. This: MONEY HAS NO POWER.. This is the great & evil illusion of the Age - and there is the thesis of my real essay: my first babe's prattle. Money has use, of course; and it works black magical miracles of false power. But in the end it always fizzles out, if it be used in the attempt to ~~alter~~ alter realities. Observe America - its wealth concentrated in the most experienced hands -

its aim to secure "Law & Order" Yet it is the most lawless land on earth, and the nearest to revolution.

1.11. One quality I do possess - integrity (Despite a thousand thousand tricks of shame, cowardice, dishonesty, dishonour - I see them now just as they are!) Yet I have never been able to put my Will into attaining any other object than the true one. Similarly, there is something in me which refuses utterly to surrender, however much I may feel I want to do so. My acts of cowardice have always been the result of my fooling myself; & my great hope is that in the future I shall never be able to do this.

The fact is that Fear is extraordinarily clever at disguising itself. (It reminds me of the shifts of the Drug addict) To avoid some unpleasant prospect, one may (e.g.) forget it altogether, and adopt some plan of campaign which seems actually heroic; and, in itself, is so. Take the case of my climbing. I took to it really (I suspect) in order to avoid the clash with other boys in games like football; and I took desperate chances, & got the reputation of a daredevil, chiefly to soothe my conscience.

(Of course the above is simply one piece of analysis. There must have been many noble elements in my decision. Generally, too, I may say that though I cannot find any thing in myself but absolute rottenness, there must be something there worth while. My positive achievements prove that there is much in me that not one man in a million even touches. Then why cannot I find aught but shame?

1.20 Repentance! The true course is to stick to one's errors, however gross they now seem. I understand at last Blake's "If the fool would but persist in his folly, he would become wise".

2.20. "Ah love! could thou & I with Fate conspire/To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire/Would we not shatter it to bits & the n/Remold it nearer to the heart's desire!" This verse comes to comfort me as I think mournfully of Cefalu - from whose Abbey I have had no word for so long that I can only imagine the "worst disaster". It may well be that the Gods have chosen to smash my ill-considered scheme - that I may be free to build on sound foundations.----

2.31. My book on Money might be a novel after all: "God and Mammon" It might shew King Lamus in the death-grip with Mammon - and conquering as he did the other demon of Drugs. --- But of course I have to win out in the matter of Heroin unaided, save by the decent conditions - a wholesome free life and an overwhelming passion of Will - which I have always maintained to be necessary to cure. And I ask the Gods specifically to grant me these conditions. I have been going from bad to worse - at least I suspect I have - since my health gave way - that again depending on the extreme moral stress. As long as I was put and about & hopeful of getting some business through, I stood the withdrawal of the drug perfectly well. I was some 10 days entirely without it, & felt none the worse & bar diarrhoea, I think, & a little dyspnoea. I am fully confident - de profundis - that I can stop just as soon as conditions allow me to lead a decent life without acute worry and to settle down vigorously to creative work.

3.0. "Mon cure" again. The death of M. de Sablease is great art. I

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like, too, the symbolic death of "Poilu".
 4.0. Wrote Nos. 13 & 14 S.M.F. 4.15. "Mon curé" The final tragedy
 completes the book admirably. It makes up an appalling indictment
 of the Church of Rome and it is done with amazing cleverness - from
 the point of view of the honest priest himself. It shows that no
 decent qualities soever are permitted even to a man of parts, pop-
 ular, faithful to his Church, and of notable service to his country.
 It is the victory of Money. And I just said that Money had no power.
 But the sequel? The priest's martyrdom must have done more than a
 dozen Voltaires to smash the power of Rome in his district.

(End of Fifth Notebook)