

original in possession of S. J. G. H. 4. 44

20 Mar 24

(The Seventh Noteboók). (Mar. 20-25 24 e.v.) Vavin.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.
The Book/ of/ the Magical Record/ of/ To Mega Therion (Grk)/The
Beast 666/ 9° = 2° A. 'A. 'A. ' / LOGOS AIONOS (Grk)/Thelema, (Grk)/93/
begun/ An XX/ Neptune opp. my/ R Herschel/ Sol in 0° 0° 0° Aries/
Asc. 2.39 Scorpio/..... (c. other astro. signs)
at 9.20 P.M. die Jupiter 20-3-24 e.v./at/50 rue Vavin/ Paris Vie/
Ended Sol in 5° Aries Luna in 4 Sagittarius 25-3-24 e.v. in the
same place./

c. An hororary figure backs this page - omitted here.

die Jupiter (19th March '24 e.v.) 9.20 P.M.
Having duly invoked Those whom I serve by the use of The Bell of
Magick in the mode devised by mine Angel I TO MEGA THERION (Grk)
The Beast 666 9° = 2° A. 'A. 'A. ' . LOGOS AIONOS (Grk) Thelema 93 laid
claim to my Magical Weapons videlicet:
The Fillet of Gold of Abrahamelin the Mage.
The Baculum Verendum of Bronze
The Bell of Electrum Magicum from Lhasa
The Eleven-Pointed Star of 418
The Ring of a Magus of A. A.
The Book of the Law

in this Word, communicated to me ad hoc by the Secret Chiefs of
the A. 'A. 'A. ' . V I H I A V D 31 plus 11 (Hebr.)
"and there was the Light of Magick" being the natural and necess-
ary continuation of the Word of the last Aeon, which invoked that
Light.

The Oracle of Thelema is this: VII.3.60 "Then shall all this
which is written be accomplished: yea, it shall be accomplished".
It is the last verse of the Chapter attributed to Jupiter in the
Book called Liber Liberi vel Iapidis Lazuli, and is the climax of the
the passage which describes my Birth - begotten "upon a marble
Statue" - an incident which has actually taken place during the
long and terrible Initiation that I have been privileged to under-
go since the Winter Solstice. This was the Magical Light AVD which
I had invoked by the Word of the Autumnal Equinox IHI AVD, the
first 3 months being the preparation by my Great Magical Retirement
in the Sahara Desert with my Scarlet Woman Alostrael.

I purposely abstain from making the Divinations (regarding the
Work of the Order, the personal future and task of myself and
various chiefs, &c) which I have done for some time past.
I do not doubt their correctness; nor do I fear to learn the
future; but I feel strongly that such investigations are derogat-
ory to the dignity of a Magus. The Gods will certainly warn me
spontaneously should there be any need of precaution; and my course
of action in all normal circumstances is clear: to carry on the
Great Work as I shall be guided by mine Holy Guardian Angel.

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original in possession of P. J. J. H. 4. 44

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of action in all normal circumstances is clear: to carry on the
Great Work as I shall be guided by mine Holy Guardian Angel.

die Venus. 21st. Hail unto Kheph Ra who hath brought forth the budding morrow from Midnight! Hail in the Word VIHI AUD. (c. The initial H's of 'Hail' in form of Herschel-sign). 2:45 a.m. Managed to keep awake ~~until~~ till 2, hoping for good night's rest in consequence. Nothing doing! Slept at once, true, but woke thus early with a fierce paroxysm of coughing. There was the definite object of getting rid of a small piece of phlegm from the chest (and apparently (later) a large one from the nose or throat. "Gluten of Sin!" my Gawd, Agnes! Some sinner! Solid aq. stopped the paroxysmal effect as Jack Dempsey might do the rush of a small boy, within a few seconds - certainly less than 30, I did not breathe thrice before it stopped. But - if you please! Asthmatic effect A appeared quite suddenly from nowhere. Ethel helps - and there is hardly any left, though I shut the bottle early yesterday morning the room-boy disobeys on every occasion, of set purpose, of the the most trifling as well as the most serious matters. I shall really have to speak to Bourcier. However, the attack seems passing off (3.5 a.m.) My night's rest is ~~scribbled~~ ^{R spoiled} (C-2) however, I suppose.

I reflect. I think I had better have my lungs X-rayed. There seems to be a condition C not at all asthmatic in origin though passing readily into A - as it seems, from the violence of the physical effort required to get rid of the phlegm. And it seems to me as if that part of the phlegm which has to be "coughed up from the bottom of the lungs" (as opposed to the much larger and thicker and harder parts which seem to require to be coughed away (merely) from some more accessible section. There is a subjective feeling that this phlegm is being secreted (as soon as I start to sleep) around some 'green (s.c.) of grit' like Browning's fish! And if so, I wonder what I "charged for it" - and if I can put it up the spout!

3.20 The lungs seem quite clear now, since the first paroxysms yielded to aq, and A is settling slowly towards B. It was not by any means ~~obvious~~ the worst A I've had.

(Define A! Very good. 1. Feeling as if chest muscles were drawing shoulders together, or were semi-paralysed. Cannot draw deep breath or expand chest. 2. Usually some wheezing - of varying depth. Usually no coughing: what there is seems my inanely-inspired effort (based on false analogies) to relieve chest. It is felt to be quite unnatural and quite ineffective. 3. There is a mental 'shock of great violence. I know of no similar condition, in my experience. I affirm solemnly that I am not responsible for my actions; if anything stood in the ~~xx~~ way of my getting to Ethel or aq., I should push it aside with absolute automatism.

This applies to secondary actions. Mudd drew up a letter to Jarvis wh. I refused to sign, and then did so, rushed by despair at having to deal with a "hog-like abortion" so stupid and unsympathetic. Jarvis naturally threw up the case at once. Ifelt too ill to dictate a letter, and something had to go. Just now, too, (at the first slight relief from the full fury of the onset) I struck with my pen at the corked aq. bottle. All this time since 3.25 I have been (a) dropping with sleep - so took a small aq. at 3.40 to get this note done (b) worrying hard about the exact words of

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the passage in Tertium Quid partly quoted above. (Impossible to spare $\frac{1}{2}$ minute to stretch a hand for the book - and I know the exact place in the poem!) (c) going right off into a day-dream about a wise man's advice about devoting time to making the best use of Jupiter (sign for. c.), now in course of coming into play after years of struggling against Saturn (sign for. c.) and I note with surprise how well his remark fits my horoscope & that of this Eqx. &c!!! This again is part of the complete loss of control.

I am not responsible: I repeat it with energy. (4.10 My head dropped in utter exhaustion: I'll try Jarvis' potion. It pulls me together at once) But my mind wanders now all the time: I can't concentrate on the note. I don't know where I am except vaguely that I am supposed to be defining A!

4 pp!!!! with the phenomenon of "enlargement as I go on" so often noticed in some stories, poems, &c and in the drawing of Leah with small neat head, arms and coat giant-like out of proportion, and skirt and legs. (c. rough sketch appears in original with the words - "Only more so!") I even get a head (e.g. Ahmed at Nefta) like that if I'm not careful. (c. another drawing - same words beside it.) Enough of defining A! all off the main line!

4.18 A.M. I watched the 3.40 aq. very closely. It increased the labour of the heart at once for the time being. Desire to sleep went; concentration came back: then the effect passed (Hang it! my mind is wandering so that I cannot recall my observations or the real point of this note. I remember now. Something quite different

My irresponsibility! It is like a man on the roof of a burning house. He will jump or do anything else, with or without hope, to get away from the immediate distress (Mem: read The Pit and the Pendulum again to see if Poe has this psychology correct)

- Mind still wandering away to "Magdalen Blair" I wonder if I should rewrite it suppressing some of the early part about her (can't imagine why!) & Back to Browning's T.Q. The only possible thing is to make a dash & get the book and so to sleep. 4.35 a.m. Away to Arab coffee and coupets(c.?), and adulteration! Can't trace this 'col' between the mountain tops of the words of this insane person! oh well! if you've got anything else to say

S H U T U P! *Robert Browning*

4.35. Hunting in R.B. half off asleep: am at table with Alostrael my love saying Will (while waiting for toast which she has not forgotten - it's coming! to go with oh! such nice grilled trout - are they? not sure) I'm ever so sad to find that she isn't here. (And all the time I'm looking in R.B. and lighting my pipe and doing some philosophical speculation wh. I already forget.

/// // ///

(These "knocks" woke me. I lit my pipe effectively, & found the passage - line 307 sqq - instantly. 4.40 VIHI AVD!!

4.55 Took off goggles - finishing pipe: Instantly a memory of childhood comes. Some ass wrote to a paper about the ages of the patriarchs, suggesting it was months, not years, that the figures referred to - so that all ages must be divided by 12 or 13. Gregor Grant and I retorted: what about the small figures? E.g. Abraham's begetting starts (on that theory) at about 4 years old, and he leaves for 'God's Country' at the early age of 7 (I remember that phrase as if it were yesterday) One letter, which was published,

The Nameless Novel is the
prose section of Snowdrift

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gave some half dozen examples, showing up the imbecility of our opponent. But I had prepared, and wanted to include, an analysis of every case - pages of it! Each case driven home to the hilt with a different satirical "Gloat" (as Kipling has it) obviously, such a letter would have been cut down heavily, or thrown aside. The incident shows my peculiar lust for thoroughness - and never mind all the conditions!

(c. on an opposite page appears: H A G/ insert/ Important/ and an arrow pointing to where this account commences, also: N.B. Describe ~~... (two words illeg. c.)~~ as 'cold and sacred (~~f.c.~~) lusts (?c)') *Sunday brunch!* *lusts*

Date? Won't swear to a ~~... (word illeg. c.)~~, but feel sure it was after my father's death in '87 & before my going to Malvern '92 Before I was 15, anyhow - yes, I begin to remember: '88 or '89, most likely. Could Abraham have done it, for all his Long Nose! So, once more! "Macroprosopus has nothing on me!"

5.15 Fit of wanting to scratch - did so. Delicious! Drug-virginity restored completely! Hoo-bloody-ray! *(the first section of "Snowdrops")*

6.15 The "deep-down cough" C has been simply smothered a la Desdemona by the aq. unable to sleep, and conscious dimly of the obstruction, I force myself to cough up what I feel to be a "foreign object". Headache threatens: however, I triumph, and up comes a small & stringy piece of veritable "phlegm", to misquote the N.A. (? A.C.) of the N.N. (The Nameless Novel! "By Jove, yes! Ethel told me yesterday - or the day before - about Frank Harris. He wrote to me once contemptuously about "Telemy" and the next thing is that he writes a book all rotted through by inconsequent dull passages of the Telemy kind - but much worse done, an unrelieved Monotony of senile salacity restricted to the most matrimonial middle-class muddling with masturbation and mauling of the dreariest drabdest dummy femules (a great word, that!). My God in heaven above! what a capacity for friendship, and what a determination to carry it through to the 'save-all' is mine! I wrote a long article praising that puerile putridity, defending that demented dirt, arguing like Chrysostom that the catchpenny clap-juice of the Galway Galilean was the first vintage of Volnay, and only needed a few years in bottle ----- and there's another reason why you can't judge a man by his letters - unless they are French letters, and torn at that!

7.18 P.M. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission" I came out of a semi-meditation semi-sleep to realize that the worst weakness of Christianity was its attempt to replace human sacrifice by a single symbolic Ceremony in the past. It is this & not her persecuting Emperors and Popes (and bricklayer dukes (~~f.c.~~) whose joy in the idea of a collar (~~f.c.~~) - found late in life - demands a collare ~~amaziaty (f.c.)~~ and no less) that are responsible for her bloodguiltiness. It is her weaknesses ~~that~~ that have sown the seeds of war. Christianity invented poverty - and was shameless enough to praise it! - by stopping infanticide. (Note. AL. "After a child" ?? Is Primogeniture (the Christian law) a biological infamy? Should the first-born son always be sacrificed on the principle of pruning a tree - also, of course, any unwanted daughters). (except for instance) ----- etc etc etc ---- why pur-

⑧ ? *Telemy?*

annoying

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sue the subject?

7.30 I note, re my "rebirth", that Introspection no longer discloses all those abysses of abjection that it did. It is therefore a fact of some order or other that I am "reborn"

- Sayed! -

- Washed in the Blood of the Lamb (Sol in Aries) like Christabel Pankhurst!!

2.50 Slept in absolute exhaustion till 2, lunched, got dyspnoea and violent coughing. aq. increased 1st stopped 2nd as before. Note C does not "seem" bronchitic at all. 6.20 P.M. A somewhat 'dopy' afternoon, Half asleep, on and off. Argument about solid aq I repeat: I take it only in emergency of A or C, or in urgent need to worship Hadit. 9.0.P.M. I must summarize my troubles briefly for Jarvis. A. Spasmodic asthma: constriction of chest. B. Wheezing and labouring breath: a, but less acute. C. Deep-seated cough paroxysmal to remove phlegm. Often culminates in vomiting. Heroin stops all three by local narcotism. (In some cases it accentuates the trouble before calming it - owing to stimulant action (?)) It turns C into A or B before stopping it, sometimes). It shows no sign of trying to remove the cause. Queries. Is there some definite bronchial or pulmonary trouble, perhaps mechanical in origin: or is it functional? Is nervous exhaustion enough to account for the symptoms? Is any separate digestive trouble implied? 9.10 P.M. Have taken 3 goes of Belladonna to-day. Must continue this till Tuesday as Bourgeois asks, to see if it will stop that secretion of phlegm. Note. After coughing up everything this A.M. - "getting my lungs clear at last", so to say - I felt just as if there were a hole in the lung which the phlegm had filled up, & which must be refilled - natura abhorret a vacuo. This may be the sheerest nonsense, medically, but I have the instinct. 9.15. Took small solid aq. (call it 'earth aq.'? (sign for earth and aq.c.) no, (c. he changes this to a bar over the ordinary lower aquarius sign) = earth suppressing vibrations, will overcoming agitation, calm holding - under storm) $\frac{3}{4}$ hr back as C was very bad indeed. (I have suddenly got rattled, again, by the constantly new types of assault. Most of them, too, are amenable to earth-aq & nothing else; it seems as if the body were deliberately playing tricks in order to get it. Yet I feel the bad effects of even small doses, and that even in the liquid form, as I never did in my life. Virginity! The B.V.M. wasn't in the same competition! 9.20: Mind wandering from above note - I thought of a good plot for a Simon Iff story. A murderer goes into a room full of people, shoots his man, and bolts to his own room next door, where he is found a minute later in bed sick "wakened" (he says) "by the shot". He bangs his door; the dead man's friends are on his heels, after the first moment of staggered surprise. He is arrested, they all having seen him fire it. He answers: Very fine, but I haven't a gun. In fact, a revolver with discharged shell is found in the dead man's room - a corner the gunman had not approached, on their own statement. He has forelaid this. He has hastily (He has only 30 seconds to spare) hidden the pistol that fired the shot in a prepared place in his floor. Nobody looks for a second gun. All investigators

conclude that theye-witnesses have agreed to lie. The assassin has also arranged that an 'agent' shall reach the scene much sooner than the people in the room would calculate. (They are strangers to the hotel. The gunman knows that a certain famous plain clothes man has taken the third room on the floor in order to watch a suspect in the hotel opposite. He knows, too, that this man is at home, at the window on the look-out during certain hours, so he can be sure that the shot and outcry will bring him on to the scene within a minute. Theory: they had a plan to hide the gun - plant it on the murderer - but, being suspected by the 'agent', try to hide it hastily. Motive being found for such a plot, they are found guilty. One other point: they prove that the m. bought such a gun recently. He admits it at once, & produces it - in a state which experts . . . (~~word illegible~~) proves that it has never been fired. This is a third gun prepared by m. ad hoc.

9.35. I am now quite calm, and feel very well indeed in all ways. It is really annoying to live on the edge of a volcano like this. Of course, too, there is every reason to think that sleep (so recently restored for 2 nights) will be all X.O.P again. Will resolutely take a whole Gardenal at a favourable hour 11, say? (P.S. Didn't? this my error? I doubt if it would have checked the cough.)

⁽²⁾ die Saturn. 12.25 A.M. No sooner do I try to sleep than a furious coughing fit takes me. It culminates in vomiting. I take earth-aq. 1.0 A.M. The notes on my health - all this year - constitute a fairly complete report. One question I may have failed to touch is this: was my almost complete freedom from both A & C due to my long rest, and to the very weakness of the collapse and the withdrawal of Heroin? Is my quick recovery of strength to be the signal for a new series of A & C crises unassuageable unless by saturating my system with aq? In view of the fact that I am really quite crippled - one way or another - I deem it lawful to ask the Yi for a Message - Diagnosis, Prognosis, and Treatment in one. So: What shall I think concerning my health, and how shall I act? II K/K Khwan. Thwan: take advice. My own initiative would lead me astray: if I follow, I find my proper lord. I.e. (?) masterly inactivity: - waiting on God? Advantage to get friends in S.W. & lose them in N.E. (?.?.) 1. Go slow. I shall improve gradually. 2. Be honest with myself about it: "straight, square, & great". Avoid spasmodic efforts to get well quick. 3. Feed creative genius (reading &c) but don't allow great expense of effort (No more 8000 words per diem, at present!) Accept a paid post, if offered. (I assume that Aiwass will see to it that any such post will be good for me to take). 4. Restrain still more the impulse to do big work. "Keep silence". 5. Encourage humility. Favour & fortune will arrive and put me in a first-rate position. 6. Be careful not to get rattled, or to allow disturbing thoughts to quarrel in my mind. Final note. I should use the Formula KTBIC: complete weakness and receptivity (great, originating, &c, having the firmness of a mare) maintained by means of a steady & constant policy without wavering. Formula of Water (sign for.c.) & the ~~XENEX~~ Womb: await the Holy Spirit.

1.40 A.M. Note on Heroin. The use of a solution implies staying in bed, or near it, and demands regular doses at short intervals - thus leading to habit. Taking it by the mouth produces narcotism. In solid form, pure, it does its work and no more. Narcotism only occurs if it be taken when not really necessary.

2.45 a.m. Just an hour, observe, of a state which I suppose was sleep of sorts, and I woke to a new paroxysm, not quite so violent as the last, and with apparently no specific object (at least there is no phlegm that I can feel. Otherwise a quite typical C. I take earth-aq.; C stops (with one or two short rearguard action barks!) and A begins to begin. At least, a vigorous effort is required to move the walls of the chest. 3.0. And I fall asleep, leaning over the book as I write the above! Good-night! 4.30 Awake again, with yet a lesser and a looser cough. I take a still smaller earth-aq and put the light out after a much shorter interval. So there! Now will you be good?

(Joke on assegai being "bon a jeter") 5.10. Woke yet again - cough even slighter, but mind bubbling with alleged 'jokes', poematics (?c.) &c.

Thomas Paine and the Republic. They (? who) gave him a cardboard box (? my Pate pectorale box: I think so) full of neatly arrayed symbols. He put on the cover tightly, and reversed the box with(word illeg.c.) Sudden jerk.

(I - Asleep - !) They protest. Don't you understand? Those symbols represent our Republican institutions. Know it, retorted Paine - and you gave shewn them to me up side down! (asleep again!)

And this: (c. sidenote " ? for Beasts on Business ? " Take away the dove/ of love/ The pigeon/ Of religion/Put a cenotaph above/Where you've got them hid, John!/ (asleep again - / O Crow/ of Woe!)

6.20 Awake again (In my head, somehow, that this was an irrevocable waking. So I proclaimed 93 aloud - and I'm already 3/4 asleep again!!!)

8.0. Instinct right. Didn't sleep really. Got idea for story (forgot it). Psychology of schoolmasters &c (forgot it). Episode for "Three Gentlemen from New Caledonia(?c)": Andre to show the Vicomtesse the kind of man he really is. So he (a) pulls out a back tooth or two of his own with thumb and finger (b) bites off thumb. This shows his strict sense of the lex talionis.

8.30 When civilizn. breaks down 'twill be like Babel - a confusion of tongues. There is no longer the common basis of general knowledge there was before specialization. So utter intelligibility will result.

10.20 A.M. Letter from Alostrael - so brave and simple - I can't lose faith in the future & I won't. O.P.V. writes a ghoulish mysterious threatening letter. The question is: Shall I read it? And how shall I act? XXXI Hsien Water/Earth. Refuse to take notice of it. (He talks of a 'bombshell': must ask me "a question to shake my whole moral being". Suggests my possible "unfaith")

2.30 P.M. Cleared lungs with earth-aq. this a.m. a earth-aq now to see whether it will avert C (or A) to-night, and allow me to sleep properly. (Awake since 6.20 A.M. hardly even a mild doze since. Have felt fairly well, though weak.) The first effect of all now-a

-days seems rather to excite coughing. Is this because of the sthenic basis of this kind of cough? (P.S. At 3.0 quite calm; so took one more. This had no bad effect, but increased the good.)
 2.40. "When you're wounded & left near the Gar'/Montparnasse/ and the women come out in the hope/of an 'as'/Remember: "tout lasse, tout passe, tout casse"/ and emmene-en un' (?c.) like a soldier/ a soldier of the Quim!" (? *Quim*)
 (Dunno why I have to butt in like this!) But I like that Bon B poem this A.M. Let me go on with it!

2.45 P.M. The Aviary.
 Take away the dove/ of Love/ And the pigeon/ of Religion!/
 -Put a cenotaph above/Where you've got 'em hid, John!/
 Never heed the crow/ Of Woe,/Nor the raven/ of the Craven!/
 -Simply lift your chin plus haut/ As becomes a brave 'un!/
 Tell the draggled swan:/Begone!/
 Lock the turkey/Out with her key!/
 -Calmly meditate upon/ Life, nor wrath nor jerky!/
 Don't be a wet hen/To men!/Be the eagle -/ Life is regal!/-That injunction is worth ten/Of commands more legal!/
 Skyward soar, o hawk!/Don't squawk!/Shoot keen arrow,/Eager sparrow!/-More you act and less you talk/Swiftlier reach the marrow!/
 Waste not wealth of word/On bird!/Nor on droll tree/Squat like poultry!/-Pluck thy flowers & fruit preferred/From thy sunlit soul-tree!/
 3.45 P.M. Write M.K.Clark and Montgomery Evans 2nd.

6.45 P.M. Did MKC - then in pops who but Sylvia Sullivan? In the usual kind of trouble, of course. I diagnosed her with great accuracy: she admitted everything. I showed her the way out - the Law of Thelema! How wonderfully it cuts the Gordian Knots, no odds how complex! a single deft stroke, and all comes clean and clear! Happy indeed am I to have been chosen to bring such Wisdom to the world!
 8.0. Did Montg.E.2nd. 9.50 P.M. "Ten Years later!"
 Met Hope Johnstone at the Dome. Since before the War I had not seen him: yet we fell at once into chat like old friends. I knew him only slightly at any time. 11.35 P.M. In bed at 10. Went to sleep, not meaning to - woke with a perfectly frightful paroxysm. The swine here have forgotten to bring my Ethel: there's hardly any. I have to shovel in earth-aq. hard: C is already turning to A. Potion helps slightly to pull me round. Thus thoroughly upset, I can but think of writing an Essay "Personae" - a study of W.S.'s girls dressed as boys. 11.55 P.M. C gone, and A reduced to mild B. But it was hot while it lasted.
 Hail unto Kheph Ra! (c. H as Herschel sign).
 (c. a page of writing seems to have been torn out here).

~~die~~ ²⁾ die Sol. O.P.V.'s ghoul-grim threats of nameless horrors are on my nerves. I can only imagine "something worse than anything I have imagined as yet": as I have sounded all conceivable abysses of disaster and infamy, this meditation has a faint ~~(2.0) image~~ of unpleasant ~~something~~ (Above just before midnight. Went off to sleep while writing (a) it (b) "Personae" personae (c) Something that developed into a true dream wh. explained the condition of the Moon. This was once wooded; the lunatic tacticians had to

(ant nnn)

2. hemis →

hemis →

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burn it all for fuel. This was due somehow to some war; and I saw the same process starting over here.

12.35 It was a really fair triple dose of earth-aq: I itch marvelous lewdly, and to scratch - oh! but for to scratch, it is to scratch! It has been like 13 masturbations, a menstruation-orgie, a five-man buggery competition, sixteen rapes of assorted quadrupeds (including two marsupials, a wooden-legged rattlesnake, and a plain deal table) with a passive affair with an unicorn, a pelican's puch, the fistula of George the Fifth, and a pot of marmalade thrown in. (And now my mind has wandered to Stuart X. I recognize some dozen or more 'mountain-tops' on the way, and the Unconscious reason for his appearance in my mind)

12.50 A.M. Almost afraid to go to sleep lying down, so short of Ethel. God's curse upon the stupid boy who does everything he can to dodge every simplest bit of work! B is now almost gone - but the cost has been heavy. (Mind off again to Les Noyades - no hill-tops visible. ~~xixazfazzazpaz~~ (The reference is to Merdurabo, Alice-won't-stir Scare-crow-ley) Idea for a poem: peasant fucks ... (word illeg.c.) in despair. Carrier sees it, & with a coarse laugh has them released. This starts things, rather as in Mandragora (? c.): but it's better realism, and would make a good novel. The psychology of a child conceived at such a moment - the girl ~~awakes~~ awakes from her trance to the roars of laughter from the banks - should make an infinitely complex and delicate study. (1) Horror & love of the canaille (2) Extreme terror forgotten in shame, physical pain turning to rapture, and amazement on waking (3) Relief on being reprieved (4) Fear to face emigrée father, sent from Paris on special mission & unable to get back in time to die with daughter left at home in supposed safety (N.B. He must not be there disguised like Taras Balba (? c)) Then, during gestation, complications after escape with an English lover - oh hell! it would be "The Net" all over again. I should never get that baby weaned! 1.15 Back to 'Personae' 1.40 Wheezing notable, but breath easy. 2.50 a.m. Have gone through all W.S. for disguises. 3.35 A.M. Did not lose consciousness, as I deem. Yet managed to swallow a bit of cotton-wool to keep warm the swallowed chunk of "tête de veau Bourgeois" ? - which 'woke' me thoroughly with a start and a cough. The matter is now getting quite simple at last.

A is quickly stopped, or reduced to B (which is not really too great a nuisance, and tends to pass off by itself) by a strong dose of pure solid earth-aq. A rarely starts of its own accord. I cannot be sure of the cause in such cases. C is instantly transformed into A by earth-aq. But C starts frequently, as an ordinary cough, or when digestion goes wrong. As earth-aq. only transforms, not annihilates it, I should look for a substitute. Neither A nor C seem to have been removed with the inside of my head. We must look further (I think) for deep-seated nervous causes. What about S? (c. Greek sigma. ? sex.)

4.18. Quite wake (? wide) awake: yet Leah is sitting at the foot of the bed playing with Astarte Lulu Panthea. She says "Kiss Beast good-morning" which is duly done. The babe then says rather

tearfully: I wish I had a little brother. I say: But you have two little brothers - besides the Big Lion. Lulu, rather pathetically: Oh the y're no good: they won't kiss me! B.L.: That's all right: by-&-by you'll say to them "kiss my ~~coat~~ (word illeg. c.)": and they'll have to. So you must be a good girl and grow up quick. Lulu thinks it over very seriously for a minute, & then raps out with an air of great decision "Yes, I will". Leah and I burst out laughing, & Lulu is bewildered and indignant. So we kiss her - and each other - some more - and then I'm quite wide wide awake, and scribble this down!

7.45 A.M. Woke at 7.30 into furious C. 2 stiff earth-aq ^{tends} to change it to A which is still fairly bad. Seems that something accumulates during sleep which demands to be expelled, and even disturbs me for the purpose. Note. Even without earth-aq. C ... (word illeg. c.) to turn into A as soon as the phlegm is ejected: this suggests A may be directly due to sudden strain: in fact I have noticed it on walking upstairs to breathlessly, thinking or talking hard during the ascent.

8.0. Posterity will know as little of America as we do of the Huns before they touched civilization. A vast unweildy savage murderous horde without the smallest notion of Spiritual or Moral values. Greed, callous cruelty, (The most salient of all characteristics. Has the climate - with its nerve-wracking qualities - a great part in this? It was the notorious feature in the noble Red Man; that and black treachery and madness of 'fire-water' apart, he was a very fine type of man all round. Note that this C.C. is officially encouraged. On the one hand, lynching, tarring and feathering, Ku Klux Klan methods, Puritanism: on the other, outrageous judicial sentences for trifling offences. E.g. Debs (acc.), 'conchies', medical heretics. As to the treachery, by the way, U.S.A. is the home of the 'frame-up') failure to understand that the planet was not made for their ignorance to 'boss' and 'run' - all this can only end in the cold-blooded assassination of the human race at their hands.

For we have nobody capable of breaking the blow as France did of old - unless, despite her present imbecile moral surrender to niggers and worse, we venture to keep faith in England.

In the above case, the island must be England, and Tholemic policy a strong air force, navy &c, with a determined 'America est delenda (acc.)' attitude, ceaseless, passionless, most witful undermining of the United States, especially the modern tendency there to call for a dictator. Almost any such man, a roysterer like Roosevelt, a megalomaniac like ~~Wini~~ Wilson, a moneylids' (acc.) wage-slave like Harding, or a fanatical lunatic like Coolidge, might at any moment set the hordes sweeping into Canada, and thence across the world. Their present shadow of democracy and their very real pacificism - the coward's kind - has saved Europe up to now.

Prohibition, restriction of immigration, religious anarchy-war-to-the-knife for intolerant domination, book and movie censorship, and many other features, should be very beacons of danger to any statesman with the least knowledge of History, Spiritual energie s, and the accursed (acc.) continent.

8.30 A.M. Dashing off above seems to have cleared up C, A & even B almost completely.

9.12 A.M. Quite comfortable now. No narcotic effect. But I must find another way to stop C: for even three day's use of solid aq has begun to spoil my virginity, and C needs 3 times the dose it did (at least, it seems so to me.) 10.30 What remains of Grimaldi, who made the whole world laugh for years? Just one poor anecdote - the demonstration of his helpless misery!

11.30 A.M. The solid aq. has kept me rather over half awake, reading the Chi. Pub. (P.C.) and pottering with odd notes. (Am taking the Belladonna regularly, since Friday A.M. No effect perceptible, so far.) 12.20 P.M. How skilfully I avoided education!! By dodging authority, by acquiring the trick of ~~sp~~ passing examinations etc, despite the enormous sums lavished on the attempt to teach me something. And how glorious the result. A single term of weakness or vacillation on my part, and I should be by now - had I survived! - the most deplorable pedant in Europe! 12.40 Compare France under Louis XV & XVI with the U.S.A. to-day as to the multiplicity of conflicting laws, jurisdictions, privileges, authorities &c.

4 quite separate kinds of Justice - royal, noble, ecclesiastic (official) and municipal. 13 Parliaments. Customary rights v. written (Roman) Law Limits uncertain.

1.15 Qy Is the "White Flag" of surrender originally an insult to France (of the Bourbons)? My knowledge fails me badly, but it doesn't seem likely. However, I got a vision of an Anglican clergyman, very tall and stout, with a brown beard which swept the ground, industriously wagging a WiF (P.C.), bigger than himself. He appeared in answer to a joking question: Should we, as ~~perio~~ (P.C.) e.) of France, set up a violent agitation to change this symbol? He was the kind of person whose activities would be ended: that was (I think) the main idea.

1.45. J.C. & his objection (alleged) to the prayer of 'vain repetitions, as do the heathen'. He can only have been thinking of Roman Catholics. For Mantra-repetition is by no means 'vain', & anyhow it isn't a prayer. (I had prayed - under Ethel - for the first time in x plus y years. It was to Aiwass to let me know what I need to know just now. I was instantly conscious - directly (P.C.) - of his presence: and knew that "the Perfume and the Vision" are for the weaker Brethren.)

Observe, there are simple human needs; and they are genuinely sublime, if it's only "Make Bobby á good boy" - what heartbreak in that! So there is a need for the whole hierarchy (as in AL) and a busy crowd it must be! And one understands clearly the wisdom of Their sending just what is really needed & no more. More would corrupt - all same troppo tiffin! 1.55 Strong reaction - just before above - against O.P.V. He has no right to send me vile threatening letters like his last, and disturbing my mind for two days. He has no real courage, will, or resource. He is indeed the basest and grossest of all types of men I have ever seen.

And yet - how many noble qualities! I have so far failed to find the root of either set of attributes. But there is no doubt that he is personally loathesome: on that point extreme disgust has never had a qualm.

I feel at present that I cannot bear close association with him. I ought, I really think, to communicate only via Lea - who seems not to mind so much. She loves putrefaction: that

is her real title to be the Scarlet Woman. (What a vast Cup she must have to hold so much abomination as just that one lump of rotten meat!) The above is by no means to be taken as indicating any lack on my part of great affection & respect for Frater O.P.V. So I suppose I can save him too, by beating him into some sort of shape! ~~xxx~~ * (It's the horribly amorphous mollusc in Mudd which gives him the Nightmare quality which appals so irresistibly. "Hog-like abortion" is rather rough on the hogs and the abortions. They have organic form, at their worst. Mudd is "a nearly liquid mass of loathesome of detestable putrescence" - but oh that "nearly". He won't flow; he is a clammy poultice of sour war-bread. He clings, he clogs, he chokes. ----- The English language fails! To subjects less unwholesome!

4.12 P.M. Well, despite the long interval since above, the wheel comes full circle. One must love this putrefaction and so impose on it the beginning of form and so the beginning of Beauty.

4.15. What I can do for P.E.T. (a) Humorous daily column (a la Line o' type, but better) (b) Medical column daily (c) Weekly: literary essay. (d) On occasion: book reviews. (e) On occasion: leaders. (f) Paragraphs 200-500 words (a la Daily Mail) on all sorts of odd subjects. (g) Theatres, music-halls, cabarets, boxing, golf, athletics. (Originality: e.g. prize-fight reported by jeune fille bien elevee. "He struck him such a cruel blow that I really thought he would fall down; but he planted him a snosher on the map, and uncorked a bottle of Bordeaux. And so I asked Mamma --- &c (h) Big causerie weekly de omnibus ~~et~~ et quibus ~~dam~~ ~~omnibus~~ ~~(S.C.)~~ ~~alio~~. (i) Correspondence column, both genuine and faked. (j) Art criticism (k) Sunday sermonette (l) High-class interviewing (m) Now and then - Comic Guide to Paris & other places. E.g. Maxim's: so-called because the greatest philosophers of antiquity used to utter maxims of wisdom to their disciples during symposia there - One may still see young men being taught, in the severest school, the most important truths of life. Develop this.

rue de Rivoli. French corruption of ravioli, because the first Metro-tube was built along its course. Place de la Bastille - she was a girl, who after receiving many life-long aristocratic lovers, fell through admitting the populace. Others claim it should be Bas-style, from the elegant stockings worn by the fair ladies of the quarter &c.

If I do all these as well as they can be done, the Pet will deserve its name. (No! I do not know any French.) Sample joke for humourous column.

5.O.P.M. Aimée Gouraud has just called. I am naif enough to be surprised. Ass I am! She is too stupid to realize how vile other people think her! (Or, she wants to bluff right along, and has some ulterior motive for calling.)

Oh, Mr. Coleman, where's your soul, man?

5.40 "Our Government has failed - darned/ nuisance!/ Dictatorship's the only plan"/ Ah! why not try the Institutions/ And manners called - Republican?/ (Epigram against Mr. Oscar W. Coleman who writes to the Chicago Tribune to the effect of the first two lines above.)

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5.0.P.M. contd. I gave no hint of my ideas on this point. That fox may do me a bit of good yet - in future Hercules will change his lion's skin for a silver-fox-mantle. I may yet make a meal off that obese old hen! I'll ask her to show me O.P.V's letter: I want to know just what he does when I'm sick in bed, half delirious. Doubtless he means well - but that's the worst thing there is.

7.30 P.M. A long introspection with Ethel. Enthralling, marvellous - somehow vain (One point: à la Magdalen Blair, rigor mortis invented wonderful Baudelaire - immobile cities &c; then came putrefaction ~~xxxxxxx~~ & the cities crumbled into ruins; smitten by wars or volcano, & I was always one of the doomed inhabitants. I go on: Well, what of after putrefaction? This is just A.Cése for my father's "What after death?" Various answers come: "I don't know" for one. AL I.58 contradicts this. "I trust Aiwass" is another. Next question: is Aiwass Jesus? AL excludes this again by III 51 and so on and so forth. The Judge himself (in the Cavern where I am brought back "to meet some minor charges - " I'm almost ashamed to take up your time with anything so trivial - the worst penalty involved is only a few trillion(?c) years in & out of boiling oil, marriage, and journalism" smiles the Judge) is only a figment of my brain. Then, what when the brain is disintegrated? The answer, easy now, was impossible then. But I got a giant Brocken-spectre of myself overhanging myself & saying like Shelley's "doppelganger" Site satisfatto! I wonder: is this an omen of imminent death? That brings the true answer - not the silly philosophical stuff of my waking self, the 'easy' reply - like a flash "I mean to live some more and do my work". (I put it better than that in the Vision; but that's the idea.) At this the Judge smiled cordially, and waved me to upper air. Query: does all this mean that I have in some way or other passed through some frightful & fantastic ordeal, with the result that people will flock to the Banner of the Law of Thelema? Curious, certainly, Sylvia calling yesterday & Aimee to-day; also the news from Mrs Clark, Montg. Evans 2nd, McCourt(?c), Crawford & others, also meeting Hope Johnstone. It is as if a totally new crowd were coming toward me: and up to me not to mess things up, as I have always done hitherto! My policy of the moment? as arranged. Masterly inactivity: formal grabbing at each opportunity but wholly without lust of result: and - "it is I that wait at last" --- "I waited patiently, and Thou wast with me from the beginning" --- "This now I know, O my beloved, and we are stretched at our ease among the vines". There hath indeed been granted unto me "The Knowledge and Conversation of Mine Holy Guardian Angel" - and Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente, last year so laboriously commented, suddenly lives and loves in a great outburst of boundless(?c) and ~~boundless~~ (?c) light! Yea, verily, my Lord! How does that Chapter end? O Thou beloved One! is there not an End? Nay, but the re is an end. Awake! arise! gird up thy limbs, thou runner; bear thou the Word unto the mighty cities; yea, unto the mighty cities". So that then will I do forthwith----- The next chapter begins "Verily and Amen! I have passed through the deep sea, and by the rivers of running water that abound therein, and I came unto the Land of No Desire" ----

I can't copy the whole book, as I shall have to do if I would

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express my Truth --- for every word of it "is as life to a new Aeon: no God has read the whole. But Thou and I, O God, have written it page by page".

8.0 P.M. Note that I thought, on waking, that the whole of my Vision (the above is a minute fraction) had been "somehow vain". The most vital thing I've had in years! It leaves me calmer and more confident than I have ever yet been in my life. It is simply absurd from me, who have always sneered at prophecy; but I know positively that everything has been arranged for me to do my work without delay. (The method doesn't matter: I might get shot, or run over, or go mad. The trick is turned. So let us wait and work and watch "Nature accomodates herself to the statement of the Magus"?)

9.50 P.M. Went out to dine: instead, talked 93 to Hope Johnstone. We agree remarkably on most points, even to astonishingly small details, e.g. making almost identical jokes on Women's Suffrage and Democracy. We discussed Gurdjeff at some length - also with much agreement. He began: "What do you think of &c" I retorted: "How do you know I know anything about it?" He seems to have taken it for granted that I should know. No doubt at all that the Gods sent me there - in the one three-day period when my health allowed any such excursion. It is therefore important. Question: can I work with them at all, to complete them, as I proposed to myself, by taking on all those who will not fit in to his very artificial scheme. I shall ask the Yi for definite counsel about H.J. "Who is he? How can he help? How shall I deal with him?" et cetera: the usual compendious question. I had better adopt a regular simple formula for such cases: e.g. "Concerning Hope Johnstone?" Sol/Sol XXX Li No: my thought moved while I manipulated the sticks. It will be far better to ask an Oracle of Thelema. I do so. My right thumb, after the battery 1-3-3-3-1, pierces to the word "purple" in VII.4.50. "I see them on the yellow sand, all clothed in Tyrian purple". These "foolish folk" are perceived by me "yonder", immediately I have attained to the Knowledge and Conversation of mine Holy Guardian Angel (vv 48.49) They worship the God John; "They draw their shining God unto the land in nets" He is manifestly Sol, & the water is Cancer. Also "they build a fire to the Lord of Fire" also, "they cry unhallowed words" which are a curse against the Life, and the Right Way of Death, of ----? We are not told. I then say to mine Angel - or He to me? - that "These are evil folk"; and we "pass on to the Otherworld". Before this, though: "Then do they cook the shining god and gulp him whole". We appear thus (a) He as Nuit, I as "a little red worm on a hook", but "thou and I will catch our fish alike"; whence (b) I become "a shining fish with golden back and silver belly", but He Atu O, described as a 'man of the West' (This may be vice versa) This whole symbolism is Solar, with divers adornments of Mercury, Fire, Venus, Pisces, & Taurus. The end of all is the Kiss of the Angel and myself, after due sacrifice & crucifixion, which atones "for the wrong of the Beginning". H.J. seems to be the gorgeous apparel worn by the people engaged in this operation of Magick.

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The Opus is: to destroy by Solar and Fiery means those who resist the energy of Sol and Fire. The folk are 'evil', as restricted by the terrestrial character of this Work; 93-418 and 666 must leave them to their world, that we may perform our own special Work of Magick to 'atone' &c. But these folk attract, adapt, and assimilate their God Sol, using Fire to this end.

H.J. may thus perhaps be fitted to present the terrene aspect of the joint Work of 93-418 and 666 in its richest, and most noble & royal form. He and his associates in this Work attain the full enjoyment of the Solar essence by destroying the irreconcilable elements of society. He does this unsuspected by them, thanks to the splendour of his camouflage. This interpretation fits well enough with his natural faculties; note the "nets" (v.51.) of snaring words (?) His intervention leaves 93-418 and 666 free to proceed to the purely celestial Formula of Saving Mankind.

I may perhaps suggest this to him as his immediate task: he might write a novel, or essays, on Thelema, presenting its perfection in language of imperial Beauty.

10.55 Note O.P.V's unconscious hatred of me, expressed in continual efforts to criticize me, to interfere with me, to torture me, to abuse me, and even to instruct me. He begins: Not a word of the Comment has been written yet. Next: "your abominable conduct" Then: "I in love with Alostrael, and want to marry her" (He must have known how the idea would nauseate me) Lately, beginning with the question of Alostrael's health, attempts to frighten me. Gloating eagerness to strip me of my watch "as a magical gesture". He takes all possible pains to supply me with aq., believing unconsciously that no better way of killing me exists. Also, argues constantly against my cutting it down or out. And lastly: "Your illness is essentially magical". Etc Etc.

His proper magical gesture is to get a first-rate job, insure himself heavily, and kill himself, without arousing suspicion, "that the prophecies may be fulfilled". (His own idea of Jesus Christ's motives! He should first marry Leah, that she may be adulterous, & to make his insuring himself seem natural, & her inheriting the Insurance money less liable to question. (In view of Fougne t's fatal 'plan of defence' I had better explain that all the above is 'writ sarcastic')) (See VII.3.18, the "lord" being Lampada Tradam, the Je w, ruling caste in England.) So, you see, two can play at that game!

"a hog-like abortion named Mudd/Was like a one-eyed rotten spud/
His one chance to clean/His person obscene/Is to wash himself out in his blood"/

11.24 P.M. Notes for conference with Mr. Lozner Hammond 5.P.M.
Monday. 1. Psychanalyse his drink. Get him to promise to ~~limit~~ ^{limit} the daily amount, & confine 'sacred lusts' to once a fortnight.
2. Burton Ras coe is the C.T. man who knows my work. 3. Propose partnership - to raise him above money-making by his present painful method. His main work: (a) to boost me (1) Sale of Serial Rights 'Hag' (2) get C.T. to give me contract for (a) Literary Essays (b) Topical articles (c) Reminiscences of Great Men I have known (d) Paragraphs a la Daily Mail. (e) ~~Jouvenettes (P.O.)~~
(f) Causerie (h) Stories and poems for Magazine. [↑] ~~Stimonettes~~

(B) to collaborate with me in writing (1) Stories for "Adventure" (The wild bees &c) (A.C. to be a new Buffalo Bill) (2) The new Abbey of Thelema plans. (3) A.C. to be presented to Col. McC as "the man who won't fit in". 4. L.H. to be trained thoroughly to be a first-rate man at any job in the world. 5. Qy Philip Goodman's address in Paris? 11.40 P.M. Tired and bored with all this: I do it mechanically on the new principle of action formulated somewhere above in this Record.

die Luna. 23rd. 12.25 A.M. Hail unto Kheph Ra! Remarks on painting. Its tradition is miserably servile. Portrait painting - a whole branch - is fundamentally flattery of the rich. "Historical" (!!!) pictures show the climax. What more fatuous than to pretend to portray a Battle? It is not even possible to select a single really significant scene, unless by some rare accident: e.g. Meeting of Wellington & Blucher, or, the Retreat from Moscow. In the former case, the meeting did (in a sense) determine the issue; in the latter, the terror is in the stillness and monotony which is just what can be shown. But most battles are muddled mania; hence, their pictures are all, in quintessence, alike. (as a child of 7 or 8, I went to Versailles & remember acutely to this hour my utter disgust in the Galerie des Batailles. I had clamoured to be taken there, my martial spirit athirst for inspiration - and there was not one live picture on the aching acres of "travaux forces". Apart from the natural impossibility of representing a mad bull by one of its hairs, the question of snobbishness arises once more. The man with the price of the power must be the central figure, idealized out of all likeness to humanity. A plain portrait can at least be natural; but here we have a worried, harried, bewildered Jackass, scared stiff by his responsibility, and in abject terror lest his next desperate throw should lose the game outright, shewn calm and statuesque. True, he often is - out of sheer cold funk, which paralyses his humanity, and leaves his mechanically-drilled husk to carry on; or by virtue of a carefully nurtured insensibility. Poor painter! Yes, he is just the slave of these worst types of 'nouveaux riches', the conscienceless assassins without even a saving sense of humour to evoke a smile when called 'patriots' & told they won the battle!

(I've wandered, over many mountain-tops, into Tibetan tortures - all wrong. A warning. I stop Ethel.)

1.0 A.M. There was a reason for the Ethel though. Ever since I have been a little better - or so it seems - the C cough has got firmer. I can't get rid of that phlegm, nohow, sir. ? Is that due to the increased aq? ? ---- oh hell to all the queries. Lemme sleep! "Sleep, love, sleep! / For -----etc/ We'll all be pinched when the copper comes by/ So, sle-e-e-ep, love, / Sle-e-e-e-e-e-!" / 1.31 A.M. Can't. The phlegm is now jammed tight. earth-aq only calms the whole show, & (I suppose) lets it cook up for worse. Hence great masses of smegma (? .c.) discharged when one cuts H out, or low down. The Pine - Eucalyptus - Friar's Balsam loosens the cough. Doubt if Belladonna does any good, at least in doses at present prescribed. Feel fairly sure that my immunity from cough (till recently) was due to clearance caused by stopping H & the

? ekhr (?)

very great weakness. (Fra. I. A. the same: as he recovered strength, the symptoms hastened to return.) Best hope by far, I'm sure, quite, complete change of air & rest & ~~... (word illeg. c.)~~ & absence of worry. Note for A.M. Try Pine inhalation & potion Cognac on waking, without earth-aq. till they've had a fair chance. Ethel n.g. except in extreme distress - to carry over. Necessary doses increase with incredible rapidity: essential to minimize its use. My final judgment is that, apart from the change-cure, I need only some wholly new treatment for C and a small emergency supply of aq. in cure of A. (Have had no A lately, save as from C; and only a little B.) I'm hopelessly weary of the game, though; this eternal recording and analyzing and speculating - oh hell!

1.50 A.M. Come, sleep! And the Gods watch me till and when I wake, and get me fit to use for Their inscrutable designs!

3.20 A.M. I thought I had not slept; but (at least) I was very wide awake at 3 with a tremendous fit of coughing. Looser phlegm. Sat in Asana with Ethel till my limbs went to sleep and I too nearly so great was the calm. Writing this note, I nearly drop off. The coughing cleared my chest, very thoroughly. But oh! I'm so tired of these vicissitudes. I think Ethel irritates after relieving immediate trouble, for one thing: and I have used 120 grm. this 24 hours.. I'm so tired of it all. And I feel as if I could never get up again - despite my having been up and out most of yesterday. One thing: the H. does not help at all in the chronic trouble. Like Ethel, it is an emergency ration. Aiwass! do with me what is best for the Work! Suspira(?c.) de profundis! Yes from the deepest of my heart I do 'desire death much': that is, the relief of the weight of this mortal body, this gross Restriction. And yet it is my instrument, who am Theris(?c.): wherefore "Death is forbidden, o man, unto thee". Worst of all, H is good as a prophylactic, provided one keeps stocked fully. Hence my immunity till I came to Paris. Only option, to go without it, & be permanently too weak to cough. A filthy dilemma! Well, there are two hopes left (1) a miracle by medicine. (2) change of scene

And with all this, VIHI AVD I shall win out.

3.40 Having opened last packet of aq. and taken a dose of everything in sight on the chance of something hitting somewhere - a wounded lion, blinded by his own blood, striking in the dark at a million mocking curs - malignant mongrels - having called also on Aiwass once again and yet more passionately & feebly, I turn once more to seek sleep.

2.30 P.M. A discovery (Cause: medn. on two people - all but strangers - calling on us at Tunis from Cefalu). There exist anthropoids who believe in social functions - and of course have nothing else to do than gossip about them. -- The extent of this revelation shocks and bewilders me: I must ~~... (word illeg. c.)~~: that my body may be putrified thereby. 2.45 At lunch. Curious: I have never thought of the obvious sense of Pontifex = bridge-maker.

10.15 P.M. All afternoon with Hope Johnstone. Interlude 5.20-7.10 with Lonner Hammond and Hag. Then dinner with H.J. & back to bed. We discuss visions, the Yi, etc, & he asks the following question: How shall I behave with regard to a certain love-affair?

Wate r/K. Zhui XLV Thwan: treat the matter as one of great &

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all importance. Consult your "genius" about it. Be firm and correct. Do not hesitate to go the whole hog, either giving up or sticking to it. No half-way measures! Line 1. Worry due to feeling of inability to get your way; mind upset in consequence. Make sure of deciding by the light of the Highest Self in you; then trouble vanishes! 2. Adhering to the guidance of the genius, even trivial details go well. 3. You are worried by "lust of result". It seems futile to take any action. You should determine on a course, & carry it out firmly. Thus you will avoid error, though you may regret lost hopes. 4. Beware of scandal and annoyance. Whatever you do, you will be thought a rotter - bar miracles of good luck! 5. Don't be moved from your decided position. Continue long in this correct attitude, and you will see in good time that you acted rightly. 6. You will regret that the way of the world is Sorrow. However, you have done the right thing, and no better was ever possible. Zhui = collecting: scil., your faculties. avoid dispersion of mind, vacillation or distraction. 666 Passive pleasure modifying the general 'desire-complex'. The danger is that you may be led away by love of pleasure and ease, you ought to oppose fortitude and highest aspiration to the heartache, and so drift, doing the will of whim (S.C.), instead of following high Purpose.

H.J. admits this answer is apt. To modify symbol to reach next situation, then? No. 3. This gives Water/Earth XXXI Hsien. 1. Don't go forward rashly without preparation. 2. Don't go after her. 3. Don't let sexual desires lead you by the nose. 4. Maintain firm attitude: you will thus be able to use all your faculties to advantage. 5. Disdain emotional influence. 6. "If you've got anything more to say, shut up!"

11.25 P.M. The above gave birth to a long talk - and a date for 6 P.M. to-morrow at the Dome. I shewd how love, built up from sex-attraction through affection, only to discover (too late) a fundamental spiritual incompatibility, means disaster, the Gods blasphemed taking Their vengeance by destroying the affection. The unhappy ones try to mend this by return to excessive sexual stimulus, and find increased tension in the day-time, & ultimately disgust all round. The disaster ~~ixxx~~ is irreparable. Vice versa, a real spiritual marriage, probably unconscious, awakes from above a true affection, unshakeable by any trials; and from this arises the desire to express the true Unity by destroying the sexual duality. They therefore begin to copulate with genuine ardour, not sensual, although arousing the senses to the highest rapture; and even should this enthusiasm wear out, Anteros never appears, but the past is seen to have broadened the base and deepened the foundations, of the romantic & poetic love.

But it is always fatal for the attraction to be towards each other, save only with the object of destroying the strain between the male and female forms of bodily expression. The union must not be between two opposing points; the two forces must be joined throughout their whole lengths, with compatible velocities, and a constant convergence to a spiritual norm beyond the scope of either's conscious will. (I instanced a pair of remote galaxies, in opposite

directions from earth, yet forming part of a single system of physical motion. In such a case, every consciousness of each other is a "recognition", with ever-increasing certainty that the proper movement of each is such as to keep them eternally in touch, that they can never lose each other in the vastness of the Universe, yet never clash in mutual destruction. "Twin souls are we, to one star bound in heaven". No earthly circumstance can matter to such souls, who "no rose-leaves ask to leaven the manna that the moon of Love provided". And they may be sure, moreover, that death itself can only destroy the illusion of their separate-ness in space, and confirm them in their real Unity of Going, the dynamic equation all independent of any material basis!

11.55 P.M. Why are "good resolutions" so hard to keep? Because they are the result of a warning from the Unconscious that the Will to act in accordance with them is badly shaken. It is as when one funks a hole, infamous for its cruelty to medal play. "I must not miss my drive"; one takes all possible pains - and fozzles.

die Mars. 25th. Hail unto Kheph Ra! 12.30 "Training men to arms" This meant something of old, when practice fights were real fights less the element of risk of death. But modern warfare does not need the training of men in manly exercises. "Sham fights" are altogether sham. Training does not develop physical prowess or moral excellence to any extent in any worthy way: it leads to teamwork on a filthy job. Even the courage, intelligence, & prudence now required are not of the highest type. E.g. "living bombs" are certain suicides, of a kind not really courageous at all, but simply insane. In the Charge of the Light Brigade, the better the soldier, the greater his chance of survival; but there is no chance for the man under gas attack or dropping bombs which he can improve by improving himself. Thus then Nature has evened up with the attack on Her by Hygiene: the men who are fools enough to go to the front do not perpetuate their species.

12.50 A.M. The portrait of Thiers: benevolent bon homme with a cold bitter mouth. He is the modern politician in essence, cowardly, resourceful, smiling and grim: the "mouton enrage".

1.40 A.M. Still somewhat obsessed by the Ghoul's filthy threatening letter. It almost makes me want to know the worst, and I should open his bombshell had I not made up my mind to assume the worst every where, and start life again as the new-born helpless babe I am. ---- "Petit poisson deviendra grand/ Pournon que Dieu lui prête vie". To avoid further murderous treachery - however 'well-meaning' it may be best to cut off O.P.V. & hear only through Estai such things as will help my health to know, or require my personal action - when that might be of service. *imagination?*

2 A.M. Disregarding the experience of several unpleasant (word illeg.c.) I took Ethel to encourage me to sleep. There was in fact a moment when such a nice Mamma bent over with a soft blackness, and then I did a naughty thing - I threw the clothes right off me! For I had to record this very important meditation - which carries on the thought of the 1.40 A.M. entry!! (most unusual, such consecution!) - the meaning of "While there's life the re's hope" and of "Skin for skin, whatsoever a man hath that will he give for his life" (latter not true, by the way, like most

imagination?

Scriptural shallow plausibilities)

And this is it: so long as A.C. lives so long is there a chance of his writing something which will really be of use to the world. The conditions of such writing may be that I have to live long and desire death much - as the Book of the Law sets forth - perhaps in circumstances of the most grotesque and humiliating misery and suffering. It may be that extreme poverty, prison, lingering disease, anything may be required to squeeze out the last drop of my blood in to the Cup of Babalon, and wring forth from my parched & tortured lips the supreme cry of joy of a poets' indescribable agony.

It is this attitude (for I am dragged out of human shape by the wild horses to which I am bound) that explains my resolution to stand forth naked before the Gods, new-born, and challenge Them to justify Their work in wrecking my life. For nothing less can serve ~~their~~ Their turn than this plea, that I had to be treated thus roughly in order to persuade me to give of my real best to Mankind. Have I, like Ananias, "kept back part of the price", and lied unto the Holy Ghost? And I have taken to myself such praise for having given so much!

Aiwass! my Lord! I am a child, and in Thine hands. Thou knowest, as I cannot, what is the best way to get the most from me. "Let me die standing!" - Ave Mors Justi! - craving Death as the one escape and too proud and keen, too royal and lofty, to make use of it: so that when it comes, I may renounce the Great Reward and declare myself ready as ever to accept the old Oath, resuming the burden of flesh at once, that I may be further of use to Man, in whatever way I may have earned by my work in this present Life. Aumn! Ha!

2.20 I resume my repose - no Ethel!

3.45 A.M. awake - oh hell!(illeg.c.) "Could ye not sleep one hour?" Coughing weakly (2.c) but less tightly than sometimes. Breathing Ethel while med: I (2.c) Shakespeare. = *meditating*

6.55 P.M. Woke again about 6.30 with C. It turned to mild A with only one big aq. 1.40 P.M. "The slaying of Thrift" Idea for an essay. The shrewdest peasant can no longer hoard; for there is no gold. All is inflation. He is compelled to invest in "securities" i.e. to gamble. For this reason alone the first step towards sanity must be the **restoration** of a gold standard.

2.15 P.M. Cf. Richard III at Bosworth & Henry IV at Shrewsbury. His son rescues him. Had Richard loved, he might have had a son to save him: This brings out the error of his 'policy' as to Anne, and of course generally. Love can thus actually rule in the end, besides giving happiness all the time.

3.40 Ethel. Have been looking at things as a Demi-God of Old, watching the world some centuries hence. I understand the detachment of such beings very well, and the wisdom of Their interventions when, as is rare, they occur.

Pain is a matter of the body. Mental suffering is always a flaw: subjective: means impatience, passion and all unphilosophical qualities.

Noting how I have never settled definitely how I should commit suicide, if I thought it right to do so, I observe that the question is "How best attain the wished-for goal?" The thoughts of

suicide need not therefore be unpleasant: on the contrary, the pain would come from any interruption on behalf of the "Will-to-live".

There were many other notable matters in this meditation: but (and here is a queer coincidence-analogy) the 'results' seem volatile as the ether itself which discovers them.

3.50 I don't know why I have felt so feeble and ill all day. Doubtless I overdid it yesterday, talking to L. Hammond and Hope Johnstone for 8 hours on end. One result has been to make me feel desperate about my health and affairs, with the acute point the shortage of aq. This idea is that famine will reduce me again to the helpless log state, in need of being nursed like a real baby, and mentally vacant from weakness, scarce able to lift an hand or think two consecutive thoughts.

But Aiwass knows all about this, and will arrange things so that they come out perfectly according to the plan of the Gods. How should I become an Ancestor if I insist upon rash blind interference with Their ways?

5.0 P.M. Discussion somewhere above to the effect that there should be a riddle. "Why is a bird like thinness?" I now find the answer: "Because a live dog is better than a dead lion".

The above may seem (momentarily) obscure to some of the more stupid of the less diligent of my disciples. (The answer was found, "accidentally", by my seeing a vilely vulgar & imbecile caricature in the Paris Daily Mail (25-3-24) about the ~~Varsity~~ (V.C.) sports: jumping in particular.)

For fatness hinders one from rising above the earth, as a bird can; and a bird does it by activity (aided by proper mechanical apparatus) which a live dog has more than a dead lion.

My unconscious mind had made this association - perhaps because in childhood I had despised the physical inertia of my father & mother - though he at least took occasional long walks. The 'flying dream' was at one time very frequent with me; and I set myself resolutely to combat my tendency to inherited fatness as seriously and severely as I did my S.(c. Greek Sigma - sex?); and, of late, my idiosyncrasy for aq.

I get this idea of thinness also in connection with the elements of Fire and Air - their tendency to rise. I have seen bloated filmy forms in air, efflorescence as of soap-bubbles or rather froth as produced by certain kinds of tooth-powder (V.C.) prickish (V.C.) froth, reminding one of some of Shelley. powder, pinkish

Varsity