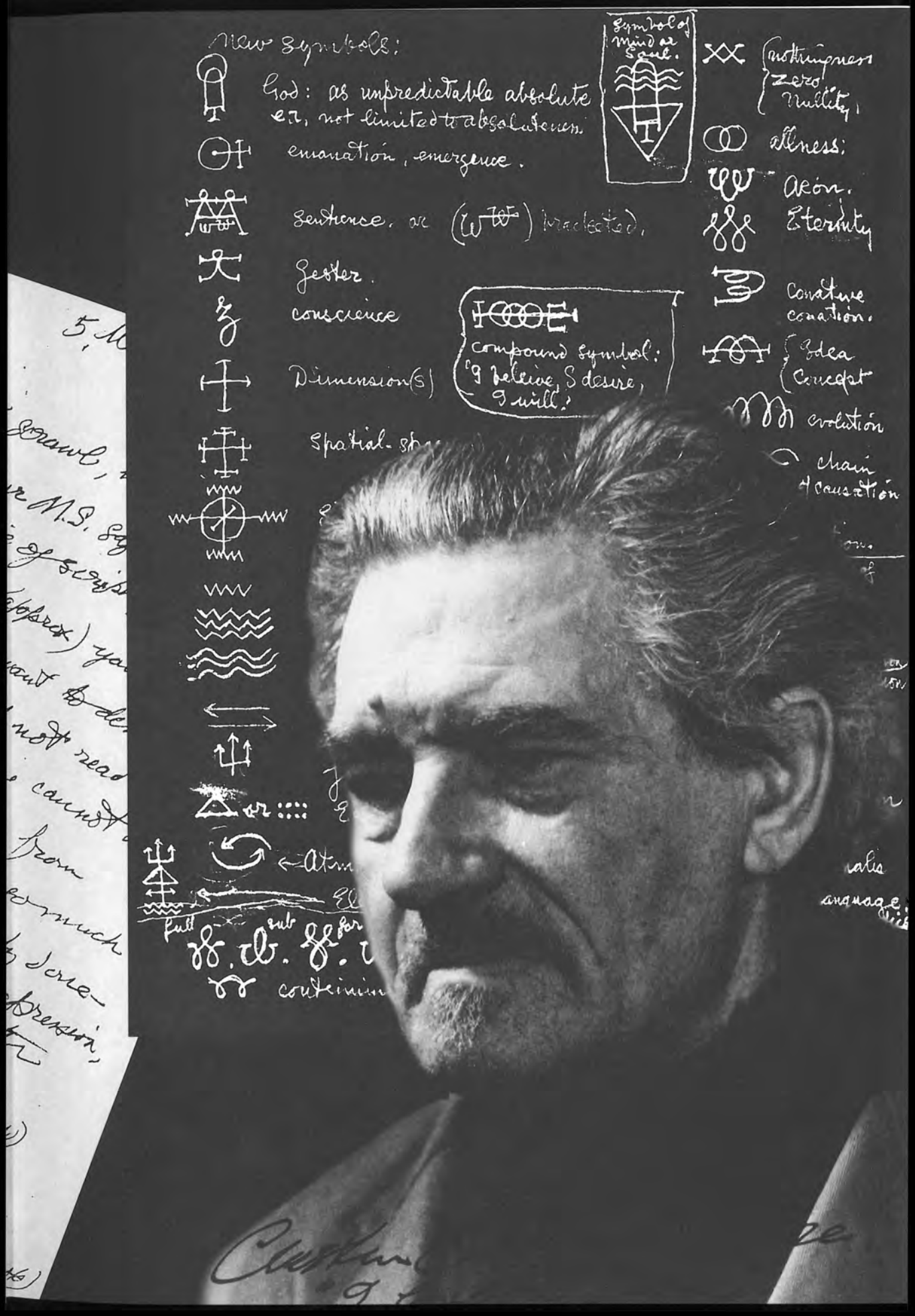
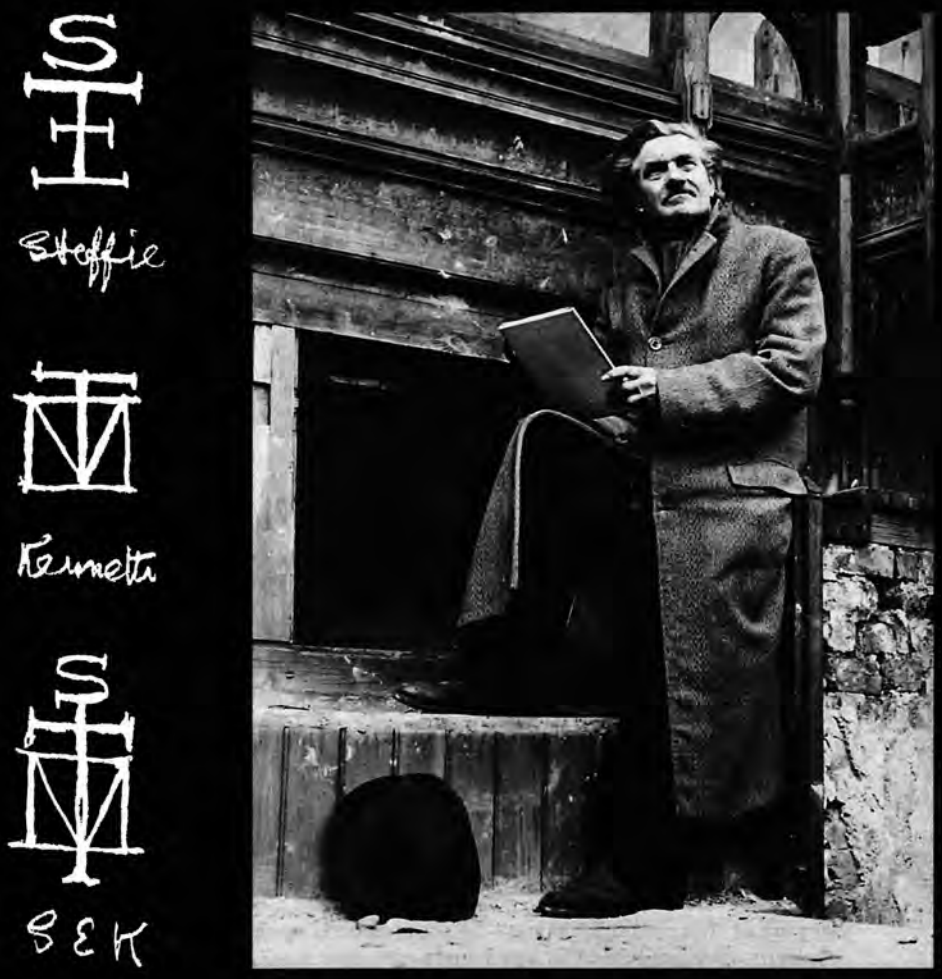
Dear Kenneth

Just a flash
know I received
letter with my pic
Let me know when
like yr N.S. such - I
a day reading it, so sw
for a day or so. Therefo
anything yet - refraining
spending! But thanks
— I'm certain it's splendid
as I admire your style etc
I'll h[illegible]e, Love
The best photo of me (about
is owned by a friend of
later on etc I'll send you his a
also I get a good recentone (Jus


New symbols:
God: as unpredictable absolute
er, not limited to absolutenes
emanation, emergence.
sentence, or (w w) indicated,
Jester.
conscience
Dimension(s)
Symbol of Mind or Soul.
nothingness
zero
Nullity,
allness:
Aeon.
Eternity
Conative
conation.
compound symbol:
'I believe, I desire,
I will.'
Idea
Concept
evolution
chain
causation
Full
sub
for
containing

ZOS SPEAKS!

ENCOUNTERS WITH AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE



KENNETH & STEFFI GRANT

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"How does it matter what the reality outside of myself may be, if it has helped me to live, and to feel that I am, and what I am?"
CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

"All the great men have let their lives get overgrown like an old path and have carried everything into their art. Their life is stunted like an organ they no longer use."

RAINER MARIA RILKE

PART ONE

Introduction
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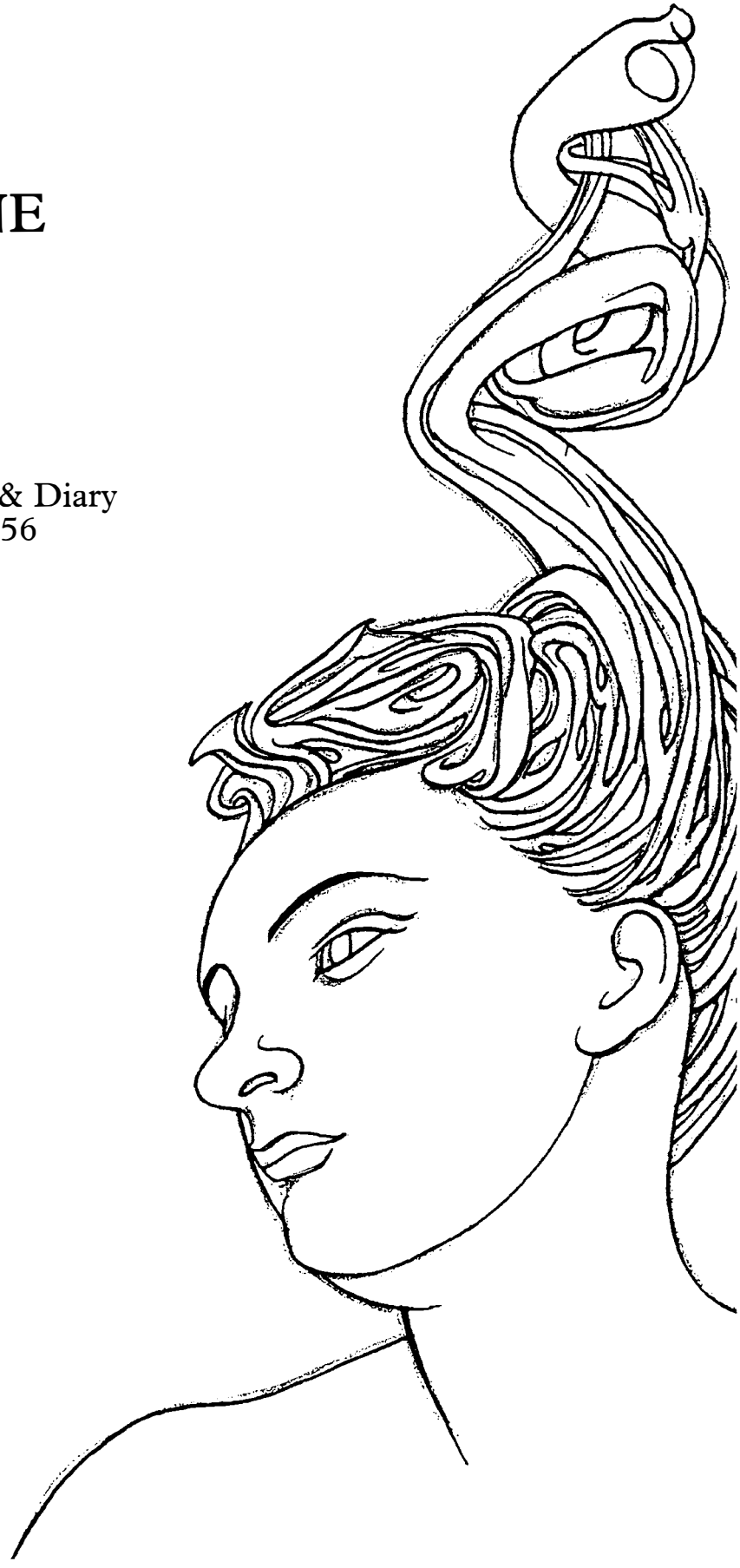
Correspondence & Diary
Extracts 1949-1956
Austin Osman Spare
& Kenneth Grant



I first came across Austin Osman Spare's work in the early nineteen-forties. Kenneth showed me *The Book of Pleasure*, which he had acquired from the Atlantis Bookshop in Museum Street. Its then proprietor, Michael Houghton,[1] had fetched it with portentous glances from behind the curtain hiding the back wall of his shop, where special rarities were kept from the glances of the profane. It was the magical side of Spare's work that struck me most. It seemed utterly original to me – not really reminiscent of 'Fin de Siècle', 'Art Nouveau' or the Decadent movement – and its blend of sigils, images and text was absolutely unique. His *Earth Inferno*, which I saw later, was more Beardsleyesque by comparison.

My first indication that Spare was an 'actual' person, alive and in London, was through a popular illustrated paper[2] which had a feature on him as an old vagrant surrounded by cats.

At this same period I used to pose sometimes at the home of Herbert Budd, one of the teachers from St. Martin's School of Art, who taught a few students privately in the evenings and at week-ends. He lived in one of the Avenue Studios, off the Fulham Road, near No.33 from where Aleister Crowley's[3] periodical, *The Equinox*, had been published many years previously. I must have mentioned this one day, and Spare in connection with it. It turned out that they had been at the Royal College of Art together. He described Spare in those days as "a god-like figure of whom the other students stood in awe, a fair creature like a Greek God, curly headed, proud, self-willed, practising the black arts, taking drugs, disdainfully apart from the crowd".

This picture made a deep impression on me, being young and romantic. The magazine article registered less, and the portent of its photographs not at all. I wrote to Spare, care of the publisher. He was living off the Brixton Road, in the basement of an early Victorian terrace house condemned to demolition before the war. He answered and fixed a date. I went, armed with some money.

One's first meeting with the guru is often depicted as shocking.[4] I was literally speechless when he opened the door. He was old, bent, decrepit looking, dressed in tattered clothes which he perhaps slept in; he was unkempt; his hands trembled. But he was welcoming and easy. He went down the stairs in front of me – dark stairs, broken down, uncarpeted. I said, stupidly: "D'you know, I imagined you to look like a Greek god! Someone who knew you at the College described you to me". He smiled sweetly, without a trace of offence or irritation, passed his hand across his face in a gesture I later found to be very characteristic of him, and merely said "that was a long time ago...". Arrived in the basement, he showed me into the chaotic front room, half way below the street. It had a table stacked with junk, paints, bits and pieces, brushes, paper, frames, all covered in grime. Unsold pictures from his last exhibition were stacked around the walls. He started straight away to show them to me.

His work fell into several categories: there were straightforward character studies in pastels of 'local types', his bread and butter – or booze and baccy – work rather in the Eric Kennington style. Then there were sidereal portraits, more imaginative, using the face just as an excuse for geometric extravagances. Then there was a more formal 'Mexican' approach, masks in ink on wood; also pictures incorporating glyphs and patterns made of his own particular alphabet, which consisted of reducing words to a symmetric glyph unintelligible to the conscious mind, and therefore capable of bypassing the 'censor'. But Spare's Panic astral landscapes were my favourites, lit by baleful moons and suns, and peopled by strange creatures, semi-animal, winged, martial, venusian and lunar. That first time I saw him I bought an elongated head, very simple – the portrait of a spirit guide, he said – and also a Mexican mask.[5] I gave them to Kenneth as a surprise birthday present.

After that we saw him many, many times, really just limited by what we were able to spend; because although he was the most generous of men and gave us many drawings, and was always prepared – and able – to buy drinks all round, the relentless round of London pubs with him came to a good bit each time, even though we all only had beer.

He showed us a lot of amazing places in Southwark, all very slummy. How to describe South London in the late nineteen forties and early 'fifties? A world with hardly any cars; buses, with windows still webbed against bomb blast, leaking in the rain and so decrepit that on the hills to Crystal Palace one sometimes was expected to get off and climb the steepest on foot, before rejoining the bus at the top of a slope; antiquated trams sparking and rattling along, with Spare clambering on board, hat squashed on his head, coat-tails flying – dressed in an assortment of garments garnered from various people including our fathers – waving good-bye ecstatically after a memorable night out. Vast crumbling Georgian and stuccoed Victorian terraces in wide avenues were inextricably mixed with an earlier network of narrow decaying lanes of artisans' cottages neglected and condemned to demolition even before the war; all this interspersed with vast empty bomb sites smothered in mauve weeds with remnants of picturesquely ruined papered walls, and with window arches gaping open to the sky (as romantic as any Old Master in the National Gallery, unless you happened to be nearby when the bomb dropped), left just as they were for years on end in an amiable mood of exhausted lassitude after the convulsions of the early nineteen forties.

But for every ruin and crater there must have been at least ten pubs; small cosy L-shaped rooms in Georgian corner houses, or huge nineteenth century gin palaces with several floors housing the 'public', the saloon, the 'snug', the billiard room and so on. The ambience was one of mahogany, brass and leather, of intricately engraved and frosted glass, embossed ceilings stained by a rich blend of (real!) tobacco smoke, the aroma of beer and spirits, fumes from coal fires in grates and stoves, mixed with a slight sweetish whiff of ancient carpets, coconut matting, linoleum and decaying floorboards. Sometimes there would be a pianist, tinkering – over and over again – with the 'Harry Lime theme' from the film *The Third Man*;[6] it seemed the signature tune of Spare at that period, and hearing it now fills me with nostalgia.

Here he was Austin, the local chum. At that time the local population was still almost entirely indigenous, families of shopkeepers, tradesmen and workpeople, often living in the same street for many decades. Curiously enough, Spare was very gregarious and companionable; but he never 'mixed the planes'. His chit-chat with the locals did not touch on the subjects he discussed with us. He had a large circle of acquaintances among the regular frequenters of his favourite pubs, many grand characters and genial booze companions. Others, he said, "appreciate me less than my cats do". There were 'spivs' and 'teddy boys', street traders and barrow boys with their tarty wives, sisters and girl friends. A few of them were jailbirds (you did not have to do much in those days to go to jail) or black marketeers, boastfully treating their cronies to drinks on the proceeds from buying – or stealing – and selling things rationed or in short supply. Their idea of 'showing off' consisted of tall stories such as pretending to ownership of one of Hermann Goering's armoured limousines; such bragging being patiently endured by the rest of the pub congregation, brooding over their drinks without comment or complaint. There was little sign of violent crime or drug pushing, exorcized perhaps by the all-too-recent worldwide bloodbath, which had offered ample opportunity to exhaust any latent tendencies towards killing oneself or others.

Spare scowled at them in a minatory fashion from under the brim of his slouch hat, piercing eyes like aquamarines magnified by the glasses on the tip of his nose. All that crowd, however, treated him with sympathy – if without a trace of understanding – respected his pictures exhibited on their pub walls (inconceivable now without vandalism) and put up with his often nosy or incongruously 'stuck up' visitors.

He told us stories about the early days, and more recent ones; about pre-war, "when you could do a music hall,[7] have a good night out *and* a bunk-up for sixpence". From the truly classless vantage point of the artist he was abrasively humorous about some of the oddities that made the pilgrimage to see him, and how they behaved, applying mordant scrutiny – as sharp as his portraits – to "upper class women's" reaction to his work and surroundings. I remember his tale of a professional couple masturbating in front of him – ignoring him completely – over a copy of Krafft-Ebing[8] they had commissioned him to illustrate for them. Where might that collector's piece be now?

He was also observant of what they wore to come 'slumming'. He once said to Kenneth in a peremptory manner, when proposing a particularly hazardous docklands trip: "don't turn up in *that* suit!" This was an absolutely indestructible treasure, hand-tailored from pre-war cloth; the same suit still roused the satire of Ben Nicholson several years later, who said it was "more suitable for Regent's Park" than the Welsh Downs where we were staying at the time.

Spare showed us 'The George' and other riverside pubs, open early in the morning for the dockers. He used to take tit-bits wrapped in newspaper to feed swarms of marauding cats, feral cats greeting him with an eerie, sibilant, hissing chorus, who were infesting the grimy wrecked warehouses on the south bank of the Thames. He gave us strict instructions not to touch them – they had "savaged someone's hand". He was mad on cats. They crawled all over his place too, cosy tame strays wandering straight in and out of the 'kitchen', which was his back room, with a coal grate and more pictures in it, and which only gave on to a mouldy little yard where nothing grew in the fetid soil. "Rotting away in this dismal basement", he liked things in their natural state. "I am not one for pets really, or even cut flowers. I like things growing and in their place..." He said he disliked flowers in vases. He once had a large tank of water in which he grew plants with strong stems, branches and leaves. He cared for growth and movement in the plant and tree world.

He was very hospitable, and always lovingly offered us tea, in quaint little square porcelain cups with a butterfly motif, before we set off for our round. Very willing to talk about his doctrines, they became more and more elaborate with Kenneth's unfailing encouragement, interest and understanding, the lateness of the hour, cosy pub, convivial company, and the agreeable vapours of alcohol and tobacco. We never saw him really drunk, although in his last years he partook of little except liquid refreshment, and at times not even that. He had a very disconcerting habit of swallowing all sorts of medicines he swore by, and which he administered to himself by himself, so to say. He thought of doctors as "well-meaning but useless". When he was operated on just before he died in 1956, a nurse told Kenneth that "his inside was in a very bad condition". As long ago as 1954 he had written: "31st. May. I thought my last moments were here – when I refused a blood transfusion my Doctor (at Hospital) gave me three days to live... anyway I cured myself by will,

medicine (I know of) & diet – Now I can cure anyone also with Anaemia – I hope!! I've certainly got over two doses by my own efforts!!!"

He had violent likes and dislikes about people. A case in point was his relationship with Aleister Crowley, who had reproduced some of Spare's drawings during *The Equinox* days in 1909. It is an everlasting shame that the two of them – both quintessential English eccentrics – did not organize themselves at that period to collaborate on what would have been a memorable production. Crowley – nostalgically, rather like a father remembering a wayward child – told Kenneth in 1945 that he had always thought very highly of Spare's work; but that he believed Spare personally had turned 'black' by withdrawing into his own shell. This self-imposed 'internal exile' was of course partly responsible for his originality.

As for Spare, he claimed to detest Crowley, although emphasizing that Crowley had always been most correct, generous in money matters, and pleasant. He thought him a poseur and an exhibitionist. He quoted as illustration the story of Crowley, at the Café Royal, pouring a dish of food over his own head, and on another occasion, dressing in full regalia, and then proceeding up Regent Street "without attracting any notice" to prove he had made himself invisible.[9] Spare claimed that people had seen him perfectly well, "but just didn't bother". He did not like us to speak about Crowley to his friends. It has proved impossible, however, to adhere to such an embargo in this book, as Spare and Crowley had moved in the same occult and artistic côteries in their younger days, shared many acquaintances, and – of course – an all-consuming interest in magic.

It is true that Spare could sometimes be incredibly obstinate and pig-headed – as one who would "rather stray than follow" – perhaps the characteristic which, together with his utter integrity, had really precipitated his worldly downfall. Yet his limitations were part of his charisma; they served to concentrate the essence of his Zos-ishness, so to say. Having cautiously circumnavigated his bigotry and prejudices, people swam in the calm waters of his affection.

He said it was just force of circumstances, lack of cash, and the need for unencumbered spaces where he would not be disturbed, that had caused him to bury himself south of the

river, and not doctrinaire convictions of solidarity with the 'workers' or anyone else, for that matter. He did, however, prefer the genuine to the fake in all things, and no one can doubt that South Londoners then were certainly 'genuine'.

The older he was, the more he became dependent on his immediate surroundings, especially after he was bombed out in May 1941, badly injuring his right arm, losing his home, all his art work, books and writings, and his other possessions. Even before then, he had – according to Vera Wainwright – "pointed to a large hole in his floor through which an unexploded bomb had fallen one evening. All the other inhabitants had been turned out for the night, but Spare had refused – had remained with that live bomb somewhere below the house...". Even generally, Spare told us, he was accident-prone: "Where there's a man'ole I'll fall down it!" This may have been true of his work as well. I remember seeing one of his books in the British Museum Reading Room singed by an incendiary, and two fine early drawings owned by Gerald Yorke damaged by water, also due to an air raid.

Beginning life as the son of a City of London policeman in a far from cockney home – although born within the sound of the bells of St. Mary-le-Bow, which encompasses the birthplace of true cockneys – his gifts were recognized early. His sister remembered him as a most beautiful fair child "just like a mischievous fairy". She worshipped him, and never really forgave his 'fall' and self-imposed exile. Nor could she accept the soft, elided South London accent of his later days.

He went to the Borough Polytechnic, and from there straight to the prestigious Royal College of Art at the early age of fifteen; there he was much admired. He met the 'arty' set of his time, and other contemporaries later to become pillars of the dull academic establishment. He was friendly with women of advanced views like Sylvia Pankhurst, and Beardsley's sister Mabel, of whom he made an accomplished pencil portrait now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. He was very fond of them, and society women made a great fuss of him. Artists like John Singer Sargent and George Frederick Watts hailed him as a genius.

He became immersed in the study of the structure behind a work of art: "I remember being shown and *shocked* – a sketchbook of Raeburn's that a doctor friend owned. It contained a *whole series* of efforts of one idea for a portrait! At that tender age I imagined a great artist just sat down and started straight away on the canvas. Of course I know that can and does happen, but my long experience of such men as Whistler (indirect), Sargent, John, Orpen, Brangwyn and many others – the inspiration and idea is sudden and complete but is worked out and exploited very otherwise...I've seen Sargent spend over a week on a hand scraping it off and redoing it time after time. No one's work looked more slick or direct..." Spare came to believe that, despite a traditional formula, the true artist could still have "that fresh vision of an urgent impression – subsequently worked out in the studio..."

Somewhat later on, he collaborated in the publication of poetry: "I published Squire, Yeats etc. I either used the printer's address or my own. Even Form No. 2 was published from my private address. Altogether, including magazines, I have published about 20 different jobs – stood the entire cost etc. I was going in for publishing poetry in a new way... Handmade paper, finest printing etc. Yeats I did in two colours all written out by hand to blocks made. Cost me a hell of a lot of time and money. Published 2/- went up to £1 first week and sold out. Original calligraphic copy is in B[ritish] M[useum]. Squire's was illustrated by beautiful initial letters engraved on wood. No one made any money as such. The profits were in the product. They couldn't pay – only for themselves – no reprints. They paid the authors in this sense; I gave Yeats 25 copies (which he signed and sold for three or four guineas a time). Squire had 50 copies free and so on..." At that period, everything was going Spare's way: "...After all, I did walk into John Lane's and sold him 12 drawings for £100 when I was 18 and told him what text to put them with. I admit I couldn't do it now – I haven't the cheek... John Lane made his money and asked for more – hence FORM 1 came into existence..."

He maintained however that "most poetry illustrates itself and that pictures are interesting decorations. The greatest of all books (The Book of Kells) doesn't illustrate the text any more than it would Plato or Sterne – and who cares? No artist's style is ever deliberately in harmony with what he illustrates. Whether John, Cézanne, Brangwyn, etc. illus-

trated the Bible or any other book, their style is their own and always ultra modern; and I assume there would in most cases be a marked absence of harmony, even of spirit... I do know that the 2 most successful books (during 50 years) – I should say illustrated books – in no way illustrate the text, in fact you could have used different text. A lot of ultra-modern stuff – supposed to illustrate the text – simply doesn't; you could call it the 'contents of a Dustbin' just as much as 'Adam & Eve'..." Many years later he "offered to Neuburg[10] that I would do him a series of drawings to a selection of his poems but I insisted that I didn't want to see the poems first. Alas he died before much was done..."

The 1914-1918 war was a water-shed in his life. It proved a catalyst, and caused a violent break in his art work. The Imperial War Museum holds many large, academic, realistic pictures of war scenes he had been commissioned to undertake; and also highly finished portraits of personages connected with the war. Although they are artistically highly competent, there is not even a trace of Spare himself in them for me, the viewer. Rather more typical is one of the letters preserved by the museum, where he is – vainly? – trying to obtain the fee due to him for a portrait of a titled lady sitter.

And then he seems to have had a terrific revulsion. Whether he gave it all up deliberately, whether his difficult temper and his pride made him impossible to get on with in a world made up of compromise, I do not know. He seemed to withdraw.

In 1911 Spare had lived in Golders Green, from where *The Book of Pleasure* was published. Then "when the Jews came" he moved, and after various spells in Bloomsbury and elsewhere, settled south of the Thames. *Anathema of Zos, The Sermon to the Hypocrites, An Automatic Writing*, written in 1924 and published in 1927, not surprisingly antagonized and alienated his remaining friends of earlier days. Between the two wars "there were twenty years when absolutely nothing happened to me". This seemed incredible to me then, being free, in the swing, and twenty-five; but of course I can understand now what he meant. His life became just "the inferno of the normal". He had written: "Autobiographic for most genius: speak to me not of quietism or tranquility [sic], rather speak to the condemned of the safety of the gallows-drop! My mother told me she suffered hell carrying me, and from birth I have lived in a chaos as of normality, everything around me like nagging termagants and all my affairs with women a miserable misalliance. Half my life a struggle for pence... and the other half I live in sleeplessness; so when I have a few shillings I loaf awhile by intoxications. Strangely, I am not drink-sodden or frustrated, have few fears, great friendships and believe deeply in the Soul. I am always Stoic and have the power, at times, to forget the whole bloody mess called civilization and also to smile at this misnomer and at myself. I love all animals, the natural admiration of a noble ancestry. Other love is usually soaked in desire – always unstable or vicarious. Like many others, my desire is usually for wisdom to express my ability in some way, to serve the young and helpless, to see and appreciate beauty, to have the warmth of friendship, and sound sleep; not yet."

"On different days we are different... even deny our denials, and sometimes we are as blessed and draw nearer the gods. Here an intrusive voice whispers: 'What about a fat strong woman to finish off?' Ah! I was forgetting the priceless warmth of flesh. Therefore, lead me to the best tavern, every drink shall be a libation to better flesh on Earth... so I have imagined it in Heaven."

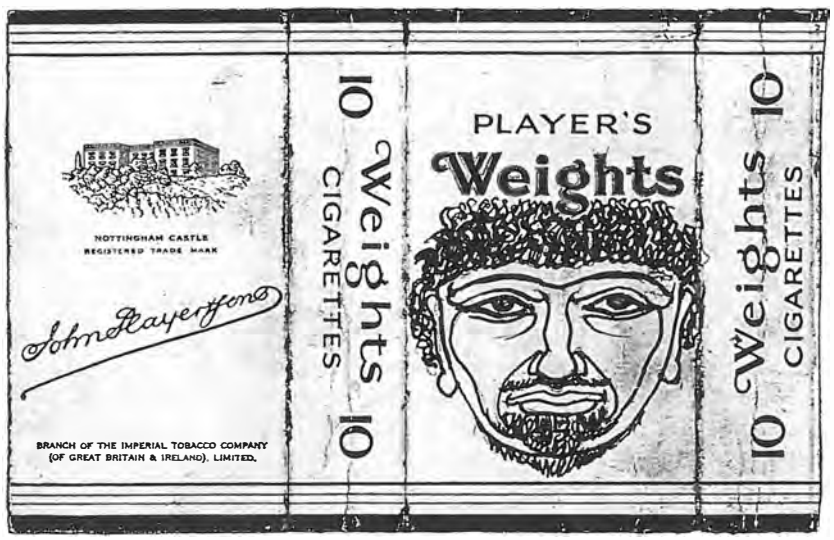
In his day you had to live by your wits without the benefit of state hand-outs. It meant one long round of scraping together the money to pay for lodgings and booze, punctuated by endless love affairs. He said that until he was forty-five he never thought of anything except sex; that he was seriously in love every single week. He must have been very attractive to women, and never found any difficulties in satisfying his desires. But all this took up an endless amount of his creative time. And although we have his Rabelaisian drawings of some of these ladies and their "twats", as he called it – so reminiscent of Deutsch or Urs Graf in their incisive, meticulous draughtsmanship, but in the ribald spirit of a Rowlandson or Hogarth – a few of which are reproduced here, he told us that with the rows with his wives, and endless relationships with other women, he never did anything except when he was so hard up he just had to work.

This led to the production of those academic pastel studies of 'local types', many of which were bartered for goods or services, or a little cash; South London must be full of

them. They are accomplished technically. But often he has reproduced his subjects a little too faithfully to appeal to all. He wrote: "...In the pre-war days I ran a tramp's hostel & in touch with Church (mothers' meetings etc.) just to obtain willing models. One difficulty is that they will dress up – I asked the local news man here to sit – usually he is dirty, unshaven & picturesque as any King. Came along clean, stiff collar etc. useless – might have been a bank manager."

His more esoteric drawings were for other patrons, mostly impecunious intellectuals who had the courage to hang them in their homes in spite of what the neighbour or plumber might think. Even the foremost London auctioneers, who are "selling his drawings regularly", described Spare's subject matter as "unsuitable" to a small dealer as late as 1963! This idiotic comment referred to the watercolour reproduced on plate 6, which I had bought after the auction house had rejected it. A lot of Spare's work must be rotting in people's attics for such reasons.

He was very prolific, throwing off drawings by the dozen once he had been 'inspired' by a new contact – he was very vampiric in that way. He drew on any old thing, cigarette cartons, packing paper, china, wood, board, the puddle on a pub table, anything. When could he ever afford proper paper or quality paints? He had to use children's crayons, paints from Woolworth, used to buy old frames from junk shops, do all the glazing and framing him-



self, even when he was ill and in his sixties. In winter he was sometimes frozen, with only his grate to keep him warm. Coal as well as food and clothing had been rationed until well after the war: "...luckily this year no trouble with coal owing to neighbour in coal trade". But when spring came, he worked like a Trojan from four in the morning for many hours to produce his yearly shows, to create objects, drawings, paintings, each one a work of highly individualistic art. In the early years he had also made furniture, some carved, some painted, of which his sister showed us a photograph.

At one time I went to some life-drawing classes with him near the Kennington Oval. By coincidence the art master in charge was the son of another of his co-students at the Royal College; he looked at us aghast from inside his neat overalls. It did not strike me until quite recently that he must have thought we were a particularly ill-assorted pair of lovers assaulting the bastion of his little realm.

The models bared their teeth at Spare who expected them to stand on one leg for hours on end. How they managed it in his student days I do not know; perhaps they were even

more hard up then. He was rather dictatorial. The art master hovered uncertainly, giving him a wide berth. The students were nonplussed, and I abandoned my pen and bottle of Indian ink and floated in a lake of perfect happiness in his wake, thoroughly enjoying the unsettling vortex which the dichotomy between his artistry and his appearance was creating in that smug bourgeois backwater.

There was a hard-bitten Irish model I knew from my student days; also a man, and lastly a young girl in the early stages of pregnancy, which had added a great lustre to her body and rounded out her belly and breasts in the most beautiful way. Spare was spellbound. He had some grey paper and a few pastels, chalks and crayons. I watched him, absolutely hypnotized. The drawings just seemed to appear under his hands, he worked with such incredible speed and ease – like a conjurer making passes over an empty sheet; like the mythical Potter that is supposed to have created man.

It is such a pity that he never found a long-time patron with sufficient means – and the tact to make his gifts acceptable – to see he had a permanent studio (although this had become virtually impossible after war-time damage to much of the housing stock), fine paper, artists' pastels and other good quality materials for his work. He was a miraculous draughtsman; and he was always full of projects and ideas.

Kenneth encouraged him to continue with his book of aphorisms – published here – which Spare had intended to put together for many years, passages of inspirational prose which he was in the process of condensing even further into sentences of a few cryptic words. "Personally, I now find a pleasure in destroying words, i.e. reducing a concept to its most simple verbal form..."

Spare was also working on his notes and sketches for the Sabbatic Grimoire; he was very preoccupied with the mystery of regeneration to which his many drawings of Düreresque crones, transmogrified into nubile women – or vice versa? – bear testimony. Many people through the ages have grappled with this problem. In *Magick*, Crowley had written: "It is only the romantic mediaeval perversion of science that represents young women as partaking of witchcraft, which is, properly speaking, restricted to the use of such women as are no longer women in the Magical sense of the word, because they are no longer capable of corresponding to the formula of the male, and are therefore neuter rather than feminine. It is for this reason that their method has always been referred to the moon, in that sense of the term in which she appears, not as the feminine correlative of the sun, but as the burnt-out, dead, airless satellite of earth."

Spare sent us countless sheets of paper, covered in his distinctive hand, about these matters. Kenneth typed and returned each section many times over. Usually Spare just invented, amalgamated or altered words to fit his meaning, often to escape "...the bloody cage of words – my sphinx catacomb...". Even what may – in print – seem the most curious constructions, become perfectly lucid when one recalls such sentences being voiced by him. But sometimes his spelling was very odd, to put it mildly, and Kenneth made a lot of tactful enquiries about the meaning of some composite words and so on. Spare did the same with some of Kenneth's 'creations'. Spare was truthful in an absolute sense, but an inventor of details. He went in for 'creative lying', a practice much affected by people who believe the universe to be subjective. With encouragement the simple thread of his story wove itself into the most elaborate fabrics.

Although it would be impossible to disentangle one's loving memories of Spare – such a quintessential Londoner – from the city as it was then – dirty, ruinous, rickety, but verdant and *live* (not clean, concrete, bone-white, neutered, traffic-ridden yet bare as it is at present), the drab actuality of his surroundings was never reproduced in his written work or in his mystical landscapes, full of astral space and light. What he did use he transformed by "...that wonderful first glance at anything which is fleeting but if caught suspires into Great art". "I shall be working hard with my sketchbook & pen in our local park very soon now – there are two or three very inspiring trees – sufficient for me to build forests on!" He said that he "saw them embracing". "Trees can affect me more than humans, but it's purely psychic."

"Fond of skies", he was on the side of "the great landscape painters who only visited the country! Which reminds me of when I first tried to paint a sky out of doors... it simply

couldn't be done, 'Skies wait for no artist!'" Who could forget his misty skies, and the amazing red sunrises so reminiscent of the beautiful clear dawns of the early 'forties, with the All Clear sounding its reveille, and London burning...?

Spare was as graphic in his writing as in his conversation, although he once said impatiently: "letters take hours... Think I'll draw my letters in future." None of us had a telephone, but speedy communication with him was facilitated by the fact – scarcely credible now – that you could post a letter for a penny or two early in the morning to reach him at mid-day, and that his reply in turn – hence his frequent "haste" – would be delivered to you that same afternoon. These letters, so redolent of his personality, are presented here (my name mis-spelt throughout). As for the rest, a decision was made to leave the tale of our meetings just as it was jotted down all those years ago: by a young person, verbatim, immediate, in jargon, sometimes no doubt ill-considered and crass; and to add some surviving letters we had written to him. When we were able to meet, there was of course no need for letters. Our correspondence was partly due to his increasing infirmity, which – quite unexpected by both him and us – was soon to lead to his death. As to the litany of references to our own illnesses, Kenneth's acute asthma attacks at that period were paired by my frequent infections, often due no doubt to convivial late hours spent in unhygienic Soho cafés and hostelries – I have fond memories of 'tea' with the odour of dirty tea towels still clinging to the cups, and dark strings of glue-like substances appearing in the beer pulled from taps – with equally unhygienic (but fascinating) topers. Some of them were on their way – as it turned out – to respectable obscurity; others to notoriety and fame, to recognition in old age, to Westminster Abbey or the Tate Gallery; and, also, to alcoholism, early death or suicide. Later hindrances to our meetings were due to our increased family commitments; and to a chronic shortage of what Soho's 'Ironfoot Jack' called 'Operating Money'. Having, like most of our contemporaries, just navigated an insecure and hazardous period – where *real* danger and *real* fear had at times generated moments of heightened awareness, even of elation, as well as concentrating the mind to an extreme degree – and where money had meant and bought nothing much, we were all entirely engrossed in our own pursuits, and were sowing our wild oats in a joyful abandon which made little allowance for a nine-to-five salaried job. We therefore felt too guilty to visit Spare frequently, knowing that he would make us presents of his work we coveted but could not afford. All this was inevitable at the time. Fortunately we *were* able to help him considerably by 'fixing' his dicta through many months spent discussing and typing out his stream-of-consciousness writings over and over again, and sending them backwards and forwards with emendations and comments. The task of reassembling this material for *Zos Speaks!* has resembled re-uniting the scattered members of Osiris, with the additional hazard of choosing from the many versions of each 'limb'.

Spare's theories on art in general were based on the very strict training he had received at the Royal College, then situated right next to the ancient treasures of the Victoria and Albert Museum, which he haunted. At the time we knew him he had several students, among them the poet Vera Wainwright, for many years a devoted but timorous and conventional pupil of his, of whom he was very fond. Some extracts from his letters to her are quoted in this introduction. He wrote to her about his single-handed efforts in producing and mounting his yearly exhibitions, and about his failing health and financial problems. He also tried to help with her endeavour to paint, discussing various aspects of painters' and draughtsmen's techniques; about the relationship between sketches and finished work; about the virtue of indoor as against outdoor painting of landscapes; about composition, symmetry, design, subject matter, portraiture and landscape. He also confided his more unconventional ideas, which she was unable to accept in any meaningful way. She wrote: "To anyone acquainted with his what he would term psychic work, his story of the man with a mop of red hair, who, on glancing round his exhibition, gave Spare one wild look, calling out: "Horrible, horrible, go to Hell!" and rushing down the stairs, could easily be credited. For some of his pictures gave me a glimpse into a terrifying, if not wicked, world." But she was devoted to him as a person, like so many people.

He told her that he believed he saw a Satyr in Fleet Street, and of chasing it through the crowds but eventually losing sight of it. Then there were the three Grotesques; and this

time he was really frightened. He was sitting in some tea-rooms and suddenly noticed at another table three hideous old women, the exact replicas of the three witch-like grotesques that he had previously drawn. Leaving the place as soon as possible and mounting to the top deck of a 'bus, what was his astonishment and dismay, on glancing behind him, to find the three old hags already seated there. He alighted hurriedly and mercifully was not pursued further.

Spare had also proposed a splendid edition of her poems (his letters throw many interesting side-lights on his experiences of the relationship between books by poets and their illustrations/illustrators, often quite tenuous). The projected collection was to have been decorated with illustrations in his inimitable manner; but they proved too much for the more conventional poetess, and the slight paperback *Poems & Masks* (1968), published long after Spare's death, was a pale shadow of his original plans for it, and included only a few of his designs for masks.

But in truth Spare was really too preoccupied with expressing his own genius to take much notice of other artists – even the surrealists (many of whose key theories Spare had expressed as early as 1913) excited more irritation than appreciation in him.[11] Nor did he entirely approve of the two high priests of psychoanalysis – much in vogue then – whom he called Fraud and Junk (very cockney, that!).

We did not bother him about such things. Our relationship with him was entirely magical, episodic, ecstatic and super-rational. Of course not all our meetings with him were euphoric. We did have depressing rounds with him as well; when the rain drenched us to the skin before we even started our trot from watering-hole to watering-hole; when an icy wind blew through derelict streets; when he was feeling old, ill and cantankerous, despairing of the canaille, either pretentious or plebeian, to whom he was stubbornly determined never to give in.

We lived through several exhibitions he had at local pubs, helped with the catalogue, composed picture titles, and wrote the 'blurb', which he sometimes approved *in toto*, and sometimes altered without warning. He always liked to add a bit of nonsense about South London local colour and suchlike ploys that sold his pictures.

The publicans used to be willing and exasperated in turn. They were larger-than-life characters ensconced in front of glittering rows of bottles reflected in mirrors. (At least the shortage of alcohol was over by then, although all sorts of things were still rationed, hence his frequent appeals for tea coupons.) He got on well with the publicans, and with their daughters, lovely girls who confided in him. But I do not think their wives were all that keen on him. Perhaps he had spurned their favours, like the barmaid at the 'Elephant & Castle' who wanted him to "block 'er 'alf-way up the stairs. But I didn't, because I was fond of 'er old man".

Spare held forth majestically every night, propped up at the bar with his hat jammed low over his eyes, with a pint of mild and bitter, or perhaps a bottle of Russian stout before him. He loved people to come and look at his work, especially if they were young. We used to send out catalogues to everyone on a long list he had given us. He charged ridiculously little, a few pounds perhaps, and at the least provocation he would give his pictures away, *and* wrap them up for the recipient to take home under his arm.

He liked having shows in pubs, because people could come in quite casually. Despite tentative advances he mentions in one or two of his letters, he mistrusted the commercial West End galleries, where he had not exhibited for years and years; and there was no villainy he did not charge them with. He begrudged them the size of their percentage, "their pound of flesh" as he called it; he believed they did not adhere to the prices agreed upon, but used his work as a basis for bargaining; and – worst of all – they would not allow him to contact the people who bought his work, so once it was sold, it was gone.

Being a proper old sorcerer, he used his work as the chief means of contact with people, a sort of harpoon to attach to new acquaintances who would offer new stimulation and relationships. Sold in a gallery in an impersonal way by some 'toff' in striped trousers to someone Spare was never going to meet was of no use to him. He was a very jealous sort of person, very Jehovistic, liked to do everything himself; very proud, despising the modern cult of the middle man who could have 'managed' him in a commercial way.

Strangely enough however he was very keen on journalists and press photographers. Perhaps his happy early relationship with Hannen Swaffer,[12] the popular columnist with a life-long interest in the paranormal, who had first come across Spare's work in 1904, had met him in 1926, and who championed him throughout his career, regularly inserting news about his shows in *The People* and similar papers, made Spare accept their contribution to his mythology with such good grace. The walls of Swaffer's flat, in a stylish old building overlooking Trafalgar Square (which in old age he had to leave because the Labour government he had championed all his life allowed it to be demolished despite great opposition), were hung with Spare's early intricately shaded pencil drawings.

There must have been hundreds of newspaper articles about him over the years, dealing mainly with the 'local personality' aspect, which he enjoyed fostering and reading – he rather resembled Crowley in that respect – however full of tripe they might be.

His attitude to town generally was slightly ambiguous. He remembered the Café Royal in its heyday and the "'igh class 'ores" of the Regent Street backwaters with affection. He was also willing to come up after dark to do the round of pubs with us, although I realize now he must have found the trip exhausting, endless by 'bus even in the days when there was little traffic, and like an obstacle course by underground with its airless sloping passages encumbered by many stairs.

We took him to 'The Wheatsheaf' in Rathbone Place, off Oxford Street, then the stamping ground of Londoners who were rotting their livers north of the river. Probably 'Mother Margot' was in her accustomed seat, complete with alarm clock; MacLaren Ross, in puce velvet, propping up the bar in the left-hand corner, peeping into his girlfriend's purse for a much needed ten-shilling note; and perhaps John Heath Stubbs was dropping in on his way to 'The Black Horse', passing en route the 'countess', crouched muttering on the walls of a bombed ruin between the two pubs. And how about the 'King of Poland', dressed in his cloak? But the more riotous habitués such as Dylan Thomas, with his retinue of drunken hangers-on from the B.B.C., proved too distracting. So we settled for Mayfair pubs – deserted at night – such as 'The Old White Goat'. We had some memorable, nostalgic evenings, with him in a mellow, reminiscent mood. But he had lost all interest in, or contact with, town as such by that time.

We knew him when he had reduced his life to just what was essential to him: his intense creative life; drawing and painting effortlessly and continuously; and writing and correcting the manuscript of *The Book of Zos vel Thanatos*, which he had been working on for many years. It formed one of the bases of his relationship with us, as his letters show. As for his round of hostelries, he even had to abandon drinking toward the end. He did nothing else, did not seem to eat, or shop, or wash, or clean, or go for walks or go on holidays. He also suffered from insomnia. No doubt he would have succumbed much earlier if it had not been for his friend and landlady Millicent Pain, a woman of infinite patience and generosity of heart, who was devoted to him right to the end.

It is impossible to encapsulate a genius. Ensconced in the body of a beautiful and brilliant youth as he had been, he was, near the end, incongruously imprisoned in that of an old, sick, self-neglecting pauper; but bacchic, joyous, optimistic, full of creative ideas and projects, magnetic, endearing and full of affection, confident in the value of his art work, engaged up to his last moments in encoding even further his doctrines into cryptic, surreal, condensed essences.

Zos lives and speaks! Although his body vanished long ago.

STEFFI GRANT

Correspondence & Diary Extracts 1949-1956

Austin Osman Spare
& Kenneth Grant


Mr & Mrs Steffie & Ken Grant.
From Zos
Mr & Mrs Steffie & Ken Grant.
SAVE STAMPS
BUY 2½D STAMPS
IN BOOKS
3/9D A BOOK
Mr & Mrs Ken & Steffie Grant.
Mr and Mrs K. Grant.
'I am the Power of my desire' (4d)
'I am' also as I'ovith, 'I am' (self reflected) Brom Absolute) all reflected possibility (as in creative.)
harnessed desire as when so desireth...
means of realization
Power as Sigil.
(as in creative)
Sigil of 'I am' as Triade.
or
The New V.V.V. as A.A.A.

{DRAFT OF FIRST LETTER TO AOS}
Belvedere Rd., S.E.19.
16th March 49
Dear Mr. Spare,
I am a great admirer of your work. May I come & look at your drawings? If yes, would Wednesday or Thursday next (23rd & 24th), either a.m. or p.m. suit you? Please fix any time convenient for you, and also let me have your exact address. (This note will be forwarded to you through the 'Keystone Press Agency'.)
Yours sincerely
Steffi Grant

5 Wynne Rd., Brixton Rd. S.W.9.
21st March 49
Dear Mrs. Grant,
Thank you very much for yrs. of the 16th. Please excuse delay in answering but was away for a few days. I shall be very pleased to see you this Thursday 24th at about 3p.m. to 4p.m. If not convenient any day that time suits me (except Sats and Sun) – just a card.
Expect you along Thursday unless I hear otherwise.
Yrs sincerely Austin Osman Spare
The above is my only present address but hope to move fairly soon into luck!

{DRAFT OF SECOND LETTER TO AOS}
Dear Mr. Spare,
I have been going through your "Book of P[leasure]" since I last saw you; then, as now – your work is lovely throughout.
I shall be free this Wed. at 3p.m., and should like to call on you to look at your paintings & unframed odds & ends, if any; & shall choose (a) picture, if I may.
Then, at the beginning of June, I should like to bring my husband along (his birthday over). We are very unsettled at the moment (you don't know of a small flat north of the Thames?), but unless anything unforeseen happens, he may well be able to help you to type out your new ms. He has done similar things lately.[13] In any case, you can think the matter over until June.

5 Wynne Rd., Brixton Rd. S.W.9.
Whit Sunday [5th June, 1949]
Dear Mrs. Grant,
Thanks very much for yrs and the Pastels – they will be very useful shortly – when I shall be doing such work. Glad you have been able to accomplish a move & hope to imitate you shortly. Just a card when you have settled down and ready for a pub crawl.
Any day & time suits me. Forgive delay in answering – was away a few days.
Best wishes to you both
Yrs AOS

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
21st June 49
Dear Mrs. Grant,
Thanks for yrs. Delighted to see you this Wednesday (22nd) about 3p.m. Till then.
Wild rush... Yrs Austin Osman Spare

WEDNESDAY 22ND JUNE, 1949
Off to see Austin Osman Spare.[14] Stayed an hour or so and met one of the greatest living draughtsmen. Both Dedi and I are wracking our brains how best we may help him. He has given me a brief note to type out and we have arranged to meet on Tuesday at 6 for a pub-crawl. He spoke mainly of architecture and the beautiful houses pulled down, quite ruthlessly, by the bloody L.C.C. to make room for their even bloodier shacks of flats. He had a house in Kennington once, apparently, a lovely old house with mahogany doors so many inches thick. He showed us some of his numerous paintings in his front room – one in particular – 'Suspense' – held me fast.

He is planning an exhibition in two Pubs, in mid-September to mid-October, and once again those weird works of wonder will be on view. God knows! I wish I had the cash to buy several. We think about writing everyone re. the Exhibition.

Austin Osman Spare sees with the soul. His work is that weird window of wonder and terror of which few have succeeded in raising the blind. To look through that window and understand is perhaps even a greater task still, yet some there are who will appreciate the subtlety and beauty of what lies unveiled, stark, precise, and awful.

We are shown, not the sham wallowing in falsely arranged filth which characterizes 'modern art' but the true unsullied vision of the Qliphoth – the Averse of the Coin of the Soul. Horror is surpassed, is caught up by the strokes of a wild transfiguring beauty that permeates all the works of Austin Osman Spare. There is no doubt, no vague hinting, hiding incompetence or inability to hold the power of vision perfectly rigid – there is only sheer perfection and power of perception, which, like a thunder-bolt, shakes the Soul's chains loose and thrusts the mind from the "inferno of the normal".

We are mostly confronted with faces; faces that appear quite worldly, quite common, quite acceptable; but these faces, placed as they are in a peculiar perspective suffer an almost unanalysable distortion which brings the thread of Spare's mighty magic to the surface of the canvas. One is aware, quite suddenly, of a 'wrongness', and as one's awareness develops there also develops beside it the absurd conviction that this 'wrongness' is right, is essentially *the* feature, the main and potent and only factor that lies behind the face which looks compellingly toward you. I do not believe any high-faluting theories or doctrines of perspective and technique can at all account for the phenomenon just described; I believe the only answer lies in Spare's ability to see unflinchingly the vision of the Soul of Form – the Besz-Mass of Matter with which he is and has been continually preoccupied. He is not seeking to unmask the Soul of Spirit, but the Soul of Sense, of the earth-lust essence which goes to compose the face, the eyes, the lips. We feel that a separate life exists in each particle of the face; that the whole is a series of complex combinations, not at rest, but battling interminably with each other in the fatal frustration of force which can never cease so long as all these wills are forever at war. Yet because peace is the mother of war, as Aleister Crowley so accurately stated, there is a state of peace, of tranquillity, generated in the observer of these disquieting mirrors of himself.

There has been no development or regression in Spare's work – for as he once said – "I knew it all in my 'teens". Even to technique this largely applies. He was born with the power of a fatal vision – a vision that has driven other great men mad with fear, – and he persists in the painful recording of every detail of what his all-seeing eye beholds. Like very God he has declined and turned aside the advice of mere men and sits alone on his self-made rock of Vision and Vigour. Greater than Beardsley and the drawing-room or bath-tub moderns he stands supreme, and his physical endurance and spiritual courage deserve of a greater praise than this writer can give.

We are not concerned from where he came, to what ultimate shores he is heading, we are only concerned to test the fabric of his work by our own interior experience of things.

It is because so much is demanded of the passive spectator that so few can claim to appreciate Spare and his greatness. Incomparable as a draughtsman of the Face, he, like his brother in the realm of Literature – Arthur Machen – has no equal in the ability to catch those awful undertones that lurk beneath the simple and seemingly commonplace forms of Things.

Some would describe him, perhaps, as one who has come face to face with all evil, dipped his brush and pen in its poisonous rivers and, with unerring skill, traced patterns of sin and madness on the face of humankind. I would prefer to say that he has seen the power of Form, of Matter Herself, throbbing with a deadly lust, blind and fatal at the very Heart of Things.

[Note: The above was printed in Spare's 1949 exhibition catalogue, with slight alterations.]

Typed this out and Dedi read and 'corrected' it on her return at 9p.m. She suggests I send it to him...
Started typing Spare's note on Munnings[15] &c...
To bed after talking over means of aiding Spare, by 11.30p.m.

5 Wynne Rd., Brixton Rd. S.W. 9.
Sun. [26th June, 1949]
Dear Mr. Grant,
Thanks so much for yr promptness in returning my note and your very flattering remarks re. myself. I'd like to use same in Cat: but some things I should like reshaped. All this fully Tuesday when we can go over both m.s. together over a drink. Expect you about 6p.m. Till then
Yrs Austin O. Spare

MONDAY 27TH JUNE, 1949
Letter from Austin praising my praises of him. Says he'd like to use same for his catalogue. ...Reading *The Book of Pleasure* – easily one of the best books I've ever read. Yet I am not able to say that I have truly understood the theory of the Death Posture and the Laughter at the time of coitus, &c. I really must pursue these topics with him when he comes to Orogamo. {See note 19}

TUESDAY 28TH JUNE, 1949
Met Daedalus[16] by good fortune at the 'bus stop – we had given him up. Reached Spare just after 6 and went to astounding pubs in London Bridge area. He had read some of Arthur Machen,[17] owing to my having paralleled him with that author in my article, which latter he is very pleased with, but wants slightly toning down in places. He told us about a 'bus-load of cronies, and how they were more grotesque than anything he could possibly have drawn. Quite lascivious too, to judge by the leers &c., they gave him. Another pub he took us to was by Borough Tube Station – a beautiful woman – like a true priestess of Isis – mentioned Fortune,[18] 666, Socrates... Went to pub wherein he's going to have his exhibition in Spring – a spacious, long room with a delightful garden at the end. Went to the Elephant...

He has been offered a place, quite near where he is now, with 8 rooms at £1 a week. This offer, apparently, made this a.m. may be to do with our IX° Opus.[19] Daedalus underwent a real initiation and was horribly sick when he got back... AOS gave me his note on Munnings to correct. He said halation implies 'halo', 'aura', "general sort of atmosphere, like". AOS wore a little death's head on his jacket he had made years ago, with ΘNE (Thanatos) over a skull and cross-keys.

TUESDAY 12TH JULY, 1949

Went off to see Austin Osman Spare – reaching there about 11a.m. He had just got up – and we talked of drawing and preparing boards etc. He is satisfied with my typescripts and it looks as if he's going to use my essay. Also, he talked about a ms. on Magical Formulae he wrote a couple of years ago – also something very good on the Black Mass.

Some woman's stockings and other female attire hung on a line – Dedi noticed this before I did. He did a rough sketch of Dedi for a mask which he is bringing next Tuesday when he comes to eat here.

Went to the 'White Horse' – gave him 20 'Three Castles' – much to his pleasure – and talked of occult things. In particular he described how, lost in the snow, he had received wine and was put on his right course by a century-earlier attired gentleman in an old cottage, both of which proved not to be in existence when he and a friend (the latter puzzled, since to his knowledge no house lay there) journeyed there next day. Only the tracks of Spare's trap and horse-dung remained...

In Egypt he was impressed, and thrown back ages by a moonshaft slanting onto a huge black statue of a Cat deity... also, the brightness and largeness of the stars awed him.

...An albatross following the ship in a mist in the North Sea – is one of the great events he vividly remembers.

TUESDAY 19TH JULY, 1949

Went off to fetch A.O.S. after having prepared various paintings and drawings of Dedi's for his criticism. On the 'bus he spoke of retitling about 40 of his works for the coming Exhibition and he wants me to go down there (Wednesday at 4p.m.) to help him. He also considers doing a series of heads of Roman emperors – Commodius interests him most. (By the way, another day he declared an immense liking for Velasquez's Philip IV.) He got to Orogamo by 5.45 and we had plenty of Light Ale, cigarettes and peas, potatoes and Goulash (he left half), for dinner. We showed him Dedi's AL which he liked very much, also her lewd drawings in front of many books – he said he's done thousands in his time – Desmond Coke of Harmsworth (?) had some. He did illustrations for Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis* – a blonde finally got him £100 for it. The straight-laced wife of a Harley Street doctor came with her husband to see it one night and they frigged themselves off in his presence!!! Hinted that he'd seen many curious sexual practices. Showed him Amber Woman, Shiva, Green Fruit, my portraits.[20] He thought Amber Woman the best, not because the most accomplished, but the idea appealed to him. He did a rough sketch of a candle-stick he carved in the form of a woman, but so fashioned that until the eye discovered the woman, only an ordinary candle-stick appeared – when the woman was discovered, only the woman remained. He saw Deutsch, Urs Graf, Bosch, Breughel, Tarot (666), *Romantic Agony*, and took Machen's *Selected Works* back with him.

At 8p.m. we went off to Wheatsheaf where we sat until 10p.m. He said marvellous things re. Space, Infinity &c., and the necessity of Formulation preceding Conception. Also: A Mystic is one who has realized more than he can express. He told us of his catholic upbringing in a school of "really dirty bastards. The priests were all homo-s and the nuns mucked about with them," as far as I could gather. He "knew all about it by the time he was 8!!" He was living with a woman before he was 16 and begat a child on her. Premature birth saved him dire consequences. He saw and recognized Nina[21] after Dedi pointed her out.

He is still embarrassed by anyone looking at his works. Had a magnificent evening drinking and smoking and listening to the words of Austin Osman Spare who claimed... to have discovered a mathematical formula to express the ultimate development of his Neither-Neither Theory.

WEDNESDAY 27TH JULY, 1949

Off to A.O.S. There at 3.50. He was just working on a magnificent picture – old style and blotting it with newspaper. Then we got down to the titling. I suggested over 20 titles. Got into it after rather a slow start. Have got the ms. to type out for the printer. 'Luna on the

bash' – a realistic study with full moon in background is one of the most powerful of his pieces. 'Ghoul-grove' and 'Sidereal Semblance' are other masterpieces. Had a cuppa tea in a square cup with a painted butterfly on it. Went off to 'Elephant and Castle', and then on to one or two others. Had a wonderful time as he expounded the doctrine of the sequel to *Book of Pleasure* &c., the Self explicit and the Self implicit. I asked about Sidney Sime,[22] who apparently turned religious toward the end, but who did an excellent piece of work for *FORM*. He mentioned Sax Rohmer[23] quite independently: his *Romance of Sorcery*.

In the 'Elephant' a fat, ugly barmaid served us. She apparently asked him once to block her on the stairs, but he was in a hurry and he liked her ol' man!!! He wants us to have photos taken and to give him negatives for a long panel he's doing of us (to be framed in a Chinese frame).[24] Also, to meet him and the Boro' Bar girl[25] with others on Tuesday next for an evening's boozing... He spoke quite a lot of Dedi's illustrated *Book of the Law*.[26] She will help by buying plywood and paper &c.

Telegram
2 Aug. 49
Not today writing Spare

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
22nd [August, 1949] Monday
Dear Kenneth Grant,
Forgive this long silence but I wished to *catalogue* the bulk of my work before troubling you again... I've now listed 107 which is good enough as they are all more or less in existence. So if you would care to come along this Thursday the 25, at about 4.30 and help me to title the fresh 50 works I'll be very grateful. Any other day & time suit me if Thursday inconvenient to you.
Remember me to your wife. All the best.
Yrs Austin Osman Spare

MONDAY 22ND AUGUST, 1949
Reached Spare with wood at about 11.30. He showed us several pieces of retouched work – among them an amazing mask of [Charles] Laughton – 'Luna on the Bash' – 'Cast o'er with the sickly pale of thought' – and other pieces. He wants us to see him on Friday at 4p.m. when he will take us to have our photos taken for the painting he intends doing. He didn't like *AL* very much, saying it was mostly Nietzsche &c., rather wants me to cut out 666's sentence.[27] He gave us a very good photo of himself while we were drinking together in the White Horse. Spoke of Hannen Swaffer and a Harley Street (Sir ...) surgeon who are collaborating on an article on him in the recently brought out 'Mystery Magazine'[28] – with some of his drawings as well.

He spoke real 8° = 3□ stuff[29] throughout – e.g. darkness being, not the opposite of Light, but merely a degree thereof. But he failed to see 666's meaning in the Peace is the Mother of War quotation. Driberg[30] inserted a bit in the *Sunday Express* on his Exhibition two Sundays ago – Spare says it won't do him much good – far too early in the day yet. The big pub with the garden now no longer the scene of the projected Exhibition.

Using a diagram on a small piece of ply which Dedi managed to get in addition to the large piece, he described his theory of rhythm as one of – not symmetrical curves – but *a*symmetrical curves &c., &c. He has promised us a special *Bk. of the Law* – of his own... "that's a promise"...

A.O.S. recommended the Bohn edition of *Apuleius*, and the Mathers *Arabian Nights*. Being asked by a pupil "What is the world's greatest book?" ("You've got it," he said to me) he replied – "The Book of the Dead".[31] Also told us how, once, dead tired and in twilight he began to draw – and continued his work *in total darkness* for a space of three hours – and produced a very masterpiece.

FRIDAY 26TH AUGUST, 1949

Got to A.O.S. at 4.10p.m. Saw his illustrations in the *Mystery Mag.* (Steffi left it – with Machen *Omnibus* – at the photographers.) Titled pictures for an hour, 'Hecate Oak'[32] and several female heads magnificently done. He says he's nearly finished a *Book of the Law* for Steffi.

Went to a homophotomane who took a profile and full face of Queen Dido and a ¾ profile of me.[33] (7/- paid on the nail.) Consequently no money left for drinks, and hardly any bloody cigszys. Anyway, he generously drew out a little tin box and withdrew a 10/- note – so we had about three drinks and he gave me fare home!!...

We are No. 108 on the Catalogue Chart. I returned my Introductory essay, duly altered. Note: Sent A.O.S. Balzac's *Contes Drôlatiques*, tea and sucre. He showed Dedi some superb Magical Epigrams – and has promised to send some of his book off to me for typing tomorrow. I wonder...

Monday [29th August, 1949]

Dear Ken & Steffie,

Thanks very much indeed for yrs with the typed ms. I've already altered much and when finished will do another Section which I hope you will kindly type for me. Shall be along this Thursday about 6-6.30.

P.S. your books safe at photographers – shall bring them.

P.S. The enclosed has nothing much to do with my own conclusions – but my only answer to the booklet you lent me.

Yrs AOS.

From the last Stoic (ZOS) to Steffie.

All laws are man made or implied. All laws are violated and have a costingness – therefore avoid them... there is no love under law or in law. I am the law only when I make such, and am subject to it – therefore make no law but this:

'I alone exist, I am in all things and all things are dependent on me... all things are my emanations, for I know no real existence without Ego.' (Ego being Self-love)

All religions are a pledge to some law – their proselytes ever seeking redemption from their trespasses. They never reach their realities through such hopes and fears. There is no difference between good and evil, God or Satan except by our own impact of ignorance (culture). Did I not make these things and buried them as abortions of myself?

Again I say: When I determine my own Will, I am thus bound to its commitments – Therefore free the Will into the great belief: 'I am the Soul, I am the body only separated by a cage of words' (The Soul is all Wisdom – the body all Knowledge) Their Unity is all Magic: this is obtained by Knowledge of the Sacred Alphabet. Our only duty is towards ourselves by accepting the Soul's Wisdom. Duty towards others (our Self also) is to do no deliberate harm.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.

(1 Sept. 49)

Dear Ken & Steffie,

So sorry to say that I have an old student coming up from Cornwall[34] who wants me to give them [sic] as many lessons as possible during this week – and so do you mind my coming along next Wednesday (not Fri), same time? any other day & time after next Wed. suits me just as well – just a card. Your photos excellent & will show you when I come along.

Working hard & hope to have your portraits ready & finished next weekend. All the best so sorry about Fri: but it's more or less a contract with Country students.

Yrs ever AOS.

[Tuesday 6th September, 1949]
5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yours, hope to be along Thurs: but will confirm later.
Herewith some of the typed ms. which I should like you to do a copy of with corrections – watch for mistakes of punctuation & spelling etc. May bring some more along. Till then all the best to you both.
Yrs ever Austin Osman Spare
Sold out of writing paper!

THURSDAY 8TH SEPTEMBER, 1949
A.O.S. arrived soon after 6 and looked at *Book of the Dead.* Had plenty of Pale Ale and Dinner: Egg and Bacon with mashed taties. Went off to Shelley's[35] but he was a little inhibited there... He told us on bus there of an incident in a bombed clearing which gave rise to the following joke: "A woman eating fish and chips with her skirt raised revealing her arse; a policeman comes and rebukes her, pointing to her naked arse – she turns disdainfully and says: 'O, 'as 'e gawn?'"

Told us of instances of the working of the magical formula wherein he got money quite unreasonably; very similar circumstances to my own.

The Borough bar-maid has a dress cut low and all and sundry take a good peep at her bubes – "she doesn't mind". He said I could keep the original mss. I have just typed. Promises to send me more to do... Left him at Piccadilly about 10.10.
Note from next day:
A.O.S. theory or technique of Inspiration: Complete acceptance; the greater the degree of acceptance or 'belief', the greater the inspiring current. He explained at length that our 'laws' (so-called) are merely our limitations. Gave very good examples to illustrate this.

THURSDAY 15TH SEPTEMBER, 1949
ZOS turned up at 5.45 with his Magical Formula. He dedicated our personal copy of *The Book of Pleasure* to us and inserted one of his epigrams.[36] He borrowed 'Apuleius'. Dinner: Fried egg, marrow, tomato, taties. Pale Ale and cigszys. He came in his paint-coat in mistake for his raincoat! It rained as we left Orogamo.

...at the 'Goat'[37]... He mentioned meditation on his penis in a semi-lighted room and the visualization of a girl "tonguing it like", as a means to ecstasy etc., and exhaustion of mind and body preparatory to the sending forth of the Sigil as detailed in the ms. on the Magical Formula which he brought round this p.m. {See Part II, Section II.} At the time of the writing of *Book of Pleasure* he had read practically nothing outside secular literature and some Nietzsche. He had read a lot of Shakespeare very thoroughly.

WEDNESDAY 21ST SEPTEMBER, 1949
Zos turned up at 6.15p.m. Dinner: Wurst and taties and Guinness. Went to the 'Goat' in Mayfair. Spare warmed up after taking some aspirins and told us of some of the hundreds of women he has ridden. [Graphic descriptions, imparted to us in confidence, omitted here.]

Showed me a letter from a handsome racketeer named Offord (or some such name) – a most peculiar script. He said he had the pale blue and cold eyes of the crook.

Up to the age of 5 or 6 A.O.S. would seem to have accepted his Mother, but after that he felt a natural antipathy, and felt she didn't protect him in any way. He saw very little of his Father until he was about 14, as he was on night duty a lot.

We left the Goat shortly after 10 and left him... at Picc. Cir. at the 'bus stop.

He brought a manuscript for typing – 'The Eststoic'.[38]

Telegram
23 Sep 49
Meet Elephant Pub Thursday 7p.m. writing Austin

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
23rd Sept. [1949]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I only received yr wire this morning – hence delay.
Shall be pleased to see you both with friends this Thursday at 7p.m. at the *Elephant & Castle Pub*: i.e. the large one standing on its own. I shall be in Saloon bar with two friends. From there we can have a run around. Haste
Yrs ever
Austin

THURSDAY 29TH SEPTEMBER, 1949
At the Elephant at 7 sharp. ZOS there with mss. for more typing &c. Quinn[39] and his beautiful wife came in shortly afterwards. Topsy[40] rolled in at about 7½ with a chartered accountant called Young whom he had met in Bengal. Topsy became utterly sozzled – Estelle[41] has left him. Went along to Betty's place ... The whole evening intensely Pantagruelian until we had to push Topsy and friend down the nearest tube. ZOS very amused and not at all annoyed by the drunkenness of Topsy.

MONDAY 3RD OCTOBER, 1949
Met ZOS at 6.05 at No. 5. The printer wants Catalogue as soon as possible. Gave me typing to do. Showed us our portrait. I stressed he must put his head in as well.[42]

Most interesting item of the evening concerned the 'Plotinus Formula'. He told us the secret of the real meaning of the word Urning. This is the "Earthenware Virgin" mentioned in the ms. {See Part II, Section II.} He drew a phallus as in illustration, and pointed out that an essential feature of the operation consisted in the fact of the tremendous suction generated by the specially constructed vase. He bought a "Japanese" vase for about 3/- and used it. The suction is so great as to swell the prick-knob immensely. The details for making a special one "and all that", he says, is one of the many unnecessary blinds used by magicians. But if your 'belief' lies in such superstitions, then they will assuredly be effective.

As a youth he knew a very decent Italian boy who told him a tale which impressed him deeply. This boy's father kept his shit in special bags and told him that some day all that shit would turn into gold. When he died over a thousand pounds was found in the bags!

It was Spare who gave evidence for the defence of the authoress of *The Well of Loneliness*.[43]

ZOS knows H. V. Morton,[44] the writer of very genteel books on London. He says he's always asking to hear dirty stories.

I asked him if he knew of any physical means of inducing erection absolutely independent of mental *stimulation*. He answered that he did not but that he was able to bring it about without any reference to the mental image of woman whatsoever. Up to the age of about 45 he was obsessed with the idea of Sex, day and night. But after that... not at all – and he perfected, no doubt, the true magical formula of the Urn.

He was prosecuted for Adultery – defended by Norman Birkett[45] and won the case against a practically millionaire cuckold.

[NOTE: The sketch which accompanied the section on The Urn – supra – in my original diary merely consisted in an erect phallus in a tightly fitting vase of almost the same size and shape.]

WEDNESDAY 5TH OCTOBER, 1949

One cannot judge or in any way assess a Master of the Temple. In trying to gauge the greatness of Austin Osman Spare we are immediately faced with the brick wall of impossibility. Impossibility, inconceivableness, ineffability, are vague abstractions which mean different things to different individuals.

I have described Spare as a Master of the Temple (i.e. an $8^\circ = 3^\square$ in the hierarchy of the Silver Star). He possesses all the qualities attributed to that Grade, it is true, yet we are left with a further series of indefinables which renders the rigid classification quite impracticable. The one outstanding quality of Spare's personality is its absolute independence.

He himself has denied the existence of any law: "My limitations are my only laws". But Spare only gained so utter an independence at the expense of what we, as mere children of the Light, may only vaguely surmise. We know that he relinquished the part he was expected to play by a host of admirers in his early youth, for he knew instinctively that this state of affairs constituted a very great obstacle to his full development and ultimate attainment. We know also that he withdrew from the limelight of orthodox popularity and passing fame with the one intent of nurturing within him the threatened flame of his genius.

His physical beauty and magnetism were beyond doubt of an outstanding and arresting nature, and he was not only the cynosure of those who merely dabbled in the Arts – every and any art – but also of women. From this latter obstacle he was no less quick to remove himself.

It is difficult to assess what inner conflicts seized upon him at the time of the thrusting aside of these false yet tantalizing prizes – yet because he chose the hardest way of all we are able today to get some glimpse of his many-faceted genius.

That way lay through hells of horror and of loathing more desperately dark than any of the hells with which we glibly paint our churches and our books. Dante is no guide-book here, nor may Huysmans even, or Baudelaire, look out on any qliphoth so appalling as the Sparesque Night.

He called the 'normal' an Inferno in his *Earth Inferno* (published in the year 1905) but he knew others also, dimly shadowed forth in the startling *Book of Pleasure (Self-Love)* which he launched upon a smug world in 1913. Yet, as the world goes on exploding, we see how superb and precise is the Vision of ourselves which Spare is always tirelessly offering.

Perhaps the greatest of Spare's qualities is his supreme indifference on all levels. He makes no claims on anyone; he teaches the acceptance of all things. He is alive to the contradictions inherent in all he utters, and smilingly denies the truth of his most serious writings at the moment of handing them to one. It is Indifference, coupled with complete integral harmony and power, that raises him above the Abyss to the lofty Grade of Magister Templi. That he has kept inviolate that spark of his genius; nurtured it until it flamed with the intense whiteness of Pure Spirit, all who *know* him personally can solemnly avow. That flame indeed has burnt out all but a deathless and eternal image – Pure Beauty. For Beauty has been his aim, his means of expression, his inner knowledge of himself. All things touched by him reveal their beauty and eternity the instant his eye seizes their forms and his hand unveils the secret centre of their beings.

Hannen Swaffer has called Austin Osman Spare "the greatest living mystic", but this is only a half-truth, for he has more than theoretical knowledge and insight into the ontological aspect of Existence. With his eyes he sees and with his hands transforms; this, in his Art; in his Autotelic theories of Life and Death his inner eye beholds the mystic mechanics at work.

According to his belief, welling up from profound experiences, the Self appears in a dual phase – the Implicit and the Explicit. The former is the potential universe within each one of us, which, on becoming manifest in form to the tactual senses, becomes Explicit, the Past, the crystallized, and therefore already corrupting environment around us. From the untold myriad Karmas each one of us has transcended, Spare tells us that the new advances and progress in all fields of life have sprung. From our 'Bird Karmas' – the aeroplanes;

from our 'Fish Karmas', mastery of the Element of Water, and so on.
In a series of Epigrams which comprise part of a book upon which he is at present working, we are shown a world of wonder in which the Self stands out as the sole and eternal factor.[46]

Telegram
7 Oc 49
Cannot come writing Austin

SUNDAY 9TH OCTOBER, 1949
I typed out, not an essay, but a rough skeleton of my ZOS biography.[47] I am going to let him expand it for me. The best way of eliciting biographical facts &c. from him, seems to be by letting him read this (see 5 Oct.) and to give him a rough list of contents as follows:

Chapter I: Early Phases. II: Spare the Artist. III: Spare the Philosopher. IV: Spare the Mystic. V. The Withdrawal of A.O.S: the Dweller on the Threshold. VI: Across the Abyss. VII: The Advent of ZOS. VIII: The Apotheosis of Zos. IX: Neither-Neither and Kia Supreme. X: The Books of ZOS. XI: Inbetweeness.

I: (Youth and Dream: glimpses of the Goal). II: (Study of his Drawings, Paintings, Furniture and other aesthetic formulations). III: His ideals of absolute Independence and Indifference. IV: His mystic attitude of complete acceptance... "I teach the acceptance of all things..." – Taoistic in tone. V: His renunciation of orthodox fame and "riches". (His greatest obstacle and struggle for inner rectitude &c.) VI: His Descent into Hell: the inviolate and secret flame of his Genius or Daimon subduing all things and conquering all things... the elementals bow before him. VII: He becomes ZOS as he lets slip the fragments of flesh well nigh utterly consumed in the foregoing ordeals leaving the flame a fire, unquenchable, immaculate. VIII: The attainment of God-head: the full and perfect realization of Self as the Universe. IX: The transcending of Contraries and the birth of the Vision of Pure Beauty. X: Study of his philosophical writings.. *Earth Inferno*, *Book of Pleasure*, *Anathema of Zos*, Epigrams, *Focus*... XI: Energized Ecstasy and the Cultus of Self-Love. (A study of ZOS in his dynamic aspect showing his way of applying the potent and primal magic of life to the changing of Things in the external world through Ecstasy. His use of Words of Power and Yantras; his marriage of Art to Life through the three-fold unity Will-Desire-Belief; his doctrine of Self-Love in action.)

5 Wynne Road, Brixton Rd. S.W. 9.
Sunday [9th October, 1949]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
So sorry about the other day but the printer wired me (re. catalogue) to visit him 6.30 at Camberwell and naturally I couldn't quite know when I should be finished – so wired you. Will this Tuesday evening suit you? Same time – about 6-6.30. If not please make your own appointment – any evening except Sat or Sun suits.
Forgive: rush, Love Austin O. Spare.

WEDNESDAY 11TH OCTOBER, 1949
ZOS here just after 6. Showed us sample of ticket – liqueurs!!! – the Catalogue'll be ready any day now. Gave him Sorje's[48] raincoat and he tried on the hat – which'll fit when he has his hair cut. Gave him £5 in advance for his portrait of us. Put cotton-wool in my deaf ear and went to the Mayfair 'Goat'. In the 'Goat' he related how one of his paintings – a nude – had led to murder. The man – a respectable pot in his middle-class sort of way desired the painting and determined to put it in his dining-room, no matter what his wife said! This led to separation, blackmail and the ultimate murder of the wife! The man, desperate for Spare's blood, called on him to murder him – but he was out, so he shot himself instead etc., etc..

In the 'Goat' I gave him my rough skeleton of his biography. He took it home with him. Told us that you can tell a virgin (i.e. a non-mother) by the colour of her nipples and courts. Pink and pale are virgin – dark are mother's. It's a matter of milk being secreted by the mammary glands.

...He knows Tom Driberg intimately – not as a bugger-boy but as an old acquaintance – he'll be at the Press View and probably will meet us. He's promised me his ms. and scribbles of the first part of the ZOS Logomachy I typed for him.

Everything so far, he says, re. the Exhibition has gone wrong, e.g. frames, the map of Dido which may take printer 10 days &c., &c..

In the 'Goat' he diagrammatized the 3 types of head: (1) Classical, (2) Socratic, (3) Caesarian. He said that I fell in between (1) and (3) and Dido in between (1) and (2). He is convinced that Dido has some Italian blood in her – not S. Italian but Northern Italian. He suspects this is the second time he has incarnated as an Englishman – the other time was about 1750, though he vehemently denies having been Blake and is inclined to think that the only time he was of any note was as Apuleius (he pleaded grave uncertainty as to this incarnation – but perhaps only because he wished not to boast or let us think he was boasting). Carthage, Ancient Egypt, he seems pretty certain about inhabiting – and Rome (at its best) although he has great doubts as to whether he was ever a Greek. Some Viking phase very likely, and when he went to France in this life he most certainly felt more with Paris than with London.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
[October, 1949]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for the stamps. I'll have some more photos next week. Keeping all the plates. Do arrange a meeting whenever convenient to you both. Haste this just to let you have a few leaflets. Tickets & Catalogues later.
Love ZOS

WEDNESDAY 19TH OCTOBER, 1949
Off to see Spare. Got there about ¼ to 12. The woman with her pram let me write a note and then told me he was in! ...Spare was feeding the Mengs[49] with fish but was pleased to see me. The Catalogue all balled up &c., but should be ready by week-end. Had several drinks at the 'White Horse'.

THURSDAY 20TH OCTOBER, 1949
Spare came at 6p.m. – bringing batches of tickets with Dedi's map on the back. He said the Catalogue was due to-night and we should collect it from the 'Temple Bar'.

Gave ZOS H.F.'s[50] old jacket which fitted him admirably; packed this up with an electric light-bulb and then left it on ledge outside while going back for gamp – it was pourin' o' rain. Got to 'Temple Bar' about 8p.m. – but of course the Catalogue hadn't come...

A fellow was trying to play the piano all evening – fairly driving Spare bats. We left him at about 10.30.

FRIDAY 21ST OCTOBER, 1949
Off to Spare. Got there so early – the pub wasn't open so I strolled on and on and 'bussed back. As I alighted – there was Spare trying to break down the door of the 'Temple Bar'. The Catalogue had arrived – and well done – extremely well. He gave me 300 and more letters to address &c. What a day! – packed with incident...

{NOTE ON SCRAP OF BROWN PAPER}
[*October, 1949*]
(With Catalogue) All daily newspapers, all evening newspapers, Weekly: Illustrated, Picture Post, Everybodys, any literary mags.
Editorial Dept. (Star man's Diary) Others address to Art or News Editor, Editorial Dpt.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Monday [24th October, 1949]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for all your trouble and kindness – splendid piece of work getting that lot out.
Could you call on me this Tuesday afternoon at about 5-30p.m.?
I shall then know how I stand. I can let you have plenty more tickets and a few catalogues.
I've been entirely engaged putting pictures in etc – fair progress. Wild haste
Yrs ever A.

TUESDAY 25TH OCTOBER, 1949
Off to Spare – came down in buckets as I got off the 'bus. With him by 5.30. The cat had torn 'Protective Aura' to shreds – and two black eyes appeared mysteriously on the heads of two women (separate paintings). Off to Elephant where was Harry and a lissome bar-

girl for whom A.O.S. had found a job there – lovely figure.

Then to Slatter's where lighting &c. were discussed. Then to Betty's. The *News Chronicle* and *Standard* had bits about A.O.S. – didn't see former, but Betty showed us latter. Visited Claudius where was the wealthy Alfred E. Harris (auctioneer). Also the Chaucer pub and the 'Hole in the Wall'. Drank too much; got soaked to the skin. Supper revolted me and I just sank into a black stupor.

WEDNESDAY 26TH OCTOBER, 1949

Re. Yesterday: A.O.S. patented a lamp similar to the modern 'day-light' affairs – for artists to work with. Also a radio (superb production, *not* distance its aim &c.) but is was miscalled the Spearphone, or something similar. On about old ladies of 80 loving pornography.

THURSDAY 27TH OCTOBER, 1949

Up and off to A.O.S. on a bitter, but – thank God, sunny day.

Spare, dishevelled and tired – looking a real maniac. Van turned up an hour late, of course, but most of the pictures were in the pub by 11.45. We bought 'Arbor Vitae' and 'Metamorphoses'[51] 3.00 Met Hannen Swaffer who has invited us to his place on Saturday with A.O.S. to see some of ZOS's earlier works. ZOS promised Dedi a sketch-book as a present – about 20 of his drawings in it. The woman with Swaffer[52] – a gross but quite attractive woman of about 45 wanted desperately to see 'Luna on the Bash'. The way she said it! Quinn turned up after the *Mirror* photographer had taken 3 photos. – two including only Dedi and Spare.

Left Slatter at 3p.m.

Our portrait, his self-portrait, Slatter's portrait, and 'Anathema Quadriga', 'Luna on the Bash', and one or two others, A.O.S. is taking them down in a taxi tonight. We're meeting him in the pub at 8 o'clock sharp.

A slight si'down for tea, then off to 'Temple Bar' where was A.O. and J. Smith, the local copper who has known him since '39 e.v. – he wrote Spare and Southwark – very English and very nice.

Spare gave Dedi a sketchbook containing 12 superb drawings – dated 1914 but actually executed in 1943. It is of exceptional interest because this was his first effort after having regained the use of his right hand (after the bomb-shock etc.) He thought they were marvellous at the time because he was so overjoyed at being able to resume work. Some signs of slight uncertainty but at least 5 have that superb old-style quality one associates with *Bk. of Pleasure* &c.

There was nothing for us to do – and Spare was very tired and 'mental' – so we departed laughingly...

FRIDAY 28TH OCTOBER, 1949

Off to 'Temple Bar'. Spare didn't turn up till 11.30 [a.m.].

Haydn Mackey, Augustus John, Michael Hall turned up amongst dozens of others, including Betty, Katina, Yorke, Symonds, Quinn and his wife. All told, a marvellous reception.

Spare put me on to Press men several times to detail his Psychological and Philosophical work to them. My article was quoted in part in the *South London Press*. Am described as "someone who does understand". A good long chunk appeared on Spare in the *Mirror*.

Hall had a lovely 'Dracula's daughter' woman with him and we had a lively conversation on Crowley etc. The reporters were prepared to be serious, and to hear my story of Spare. Had plenty to drink, of course, and Spare seemed highly satisfied with my attempts at coping with everyone to whom he introduced me.

On the whole everything went exceedingly well, and the Press took quite a few flashes during the early part of the day. One of the pictures fell down early (after opening) and smashed the glass – fortunately it was on wood.

Off to 'Temple Bar': Spare didn't turn up until 7.30 [p.m.], and people were buying and

paying me! Dedi went off to get him but he turned up some time before she got back. I was selling a horse pic-pic to a very pleasant middle-aged woman. Then Dedi got back and a bearded musician – Ian MacPhail – turned up – and later, his friend Beckett-Williams, whose cousin Trevor Blakemore knew Crowley very well. B.W. very keen to have us round to din-dins as also Mr. and Mrs. Spradbury, also great admirers of A.O.S. Spare looked superbly happy and – he's made over £100 in two days – he thought it was a very good first day.[53]

Mrs. Gregory (No. 116) in the flesh is a most seductive bitch...

SATURDAY 29TH OCTOBER, 1949

Off to meet Spare at St. Martin's Church[54] and to Swaffer's place overlooking Trafalgar Square. The musicianess was there. Swaffer showed us 3 superb sketch-books which succeeded the one Spare had given us – absolutely magnificent. Two, no three, large pen studies: (1) Dissolution of Consciousness, (2) Ascent of Ego (?) and (3) Study. Absolutely superb – executed about 1928. Also a book of etchings (?) by Reynold's daughter. Had two sandwiches and a slice of cake. Swaffer showed us his bedroom and study and a letter from Beaverbrook which he received not many days ago, congratulating him on a speech he had made.

Then off to 'Temple Bar' where were Sorge-Smort-Kath. Introduced them to Spare and had drinks &c. Kath had bought 'Obsession' and 'Novitiate' and I handed him cheque for Guineas 13.

SUNDAY 30TH OCTOBER, 1949

With to-night's handing over of 6 Guineas to Spare, the Grant family will have supplied him with £42.11.0 – not at all bad. Our next victims must be Eva and Anton.[55]

The clock went back to-day and it is now dark by 5p.m.

One item of interest during the last few days – re. 666.

Spare at an Exhibition held when he was but a boy. Crowley looked in, proclaiming himself: "Vicegerent of God upon Earth" A.O.S. replied that he looked "more like an Italian ponce out of work"! Crowley then went on to explain that he had meant to imply that he was saying the same thing in poetry as Spare was saying in paint. Other incidents: Crowley at a dinner put a dollop of spaghetti (?) or such like on his head – it flowed down over his face and collar &c. Spare said that no-one took the slightest bit of notice. Also, Crowley walked up Regent Street wearing his cowl and placing his finger to his lips in the Sign of Harpocrates. He told Spare that he thought he had been invisible as nobody appeared to notice him, but Spare said "I saw you – so did others!" At another time he saw Crowley in Piccadilly made up like a male prostitute – he thought to himself, "My God, if I had to go to all that effort to attract 'em, I'd give up the ghost", or something to that effect.

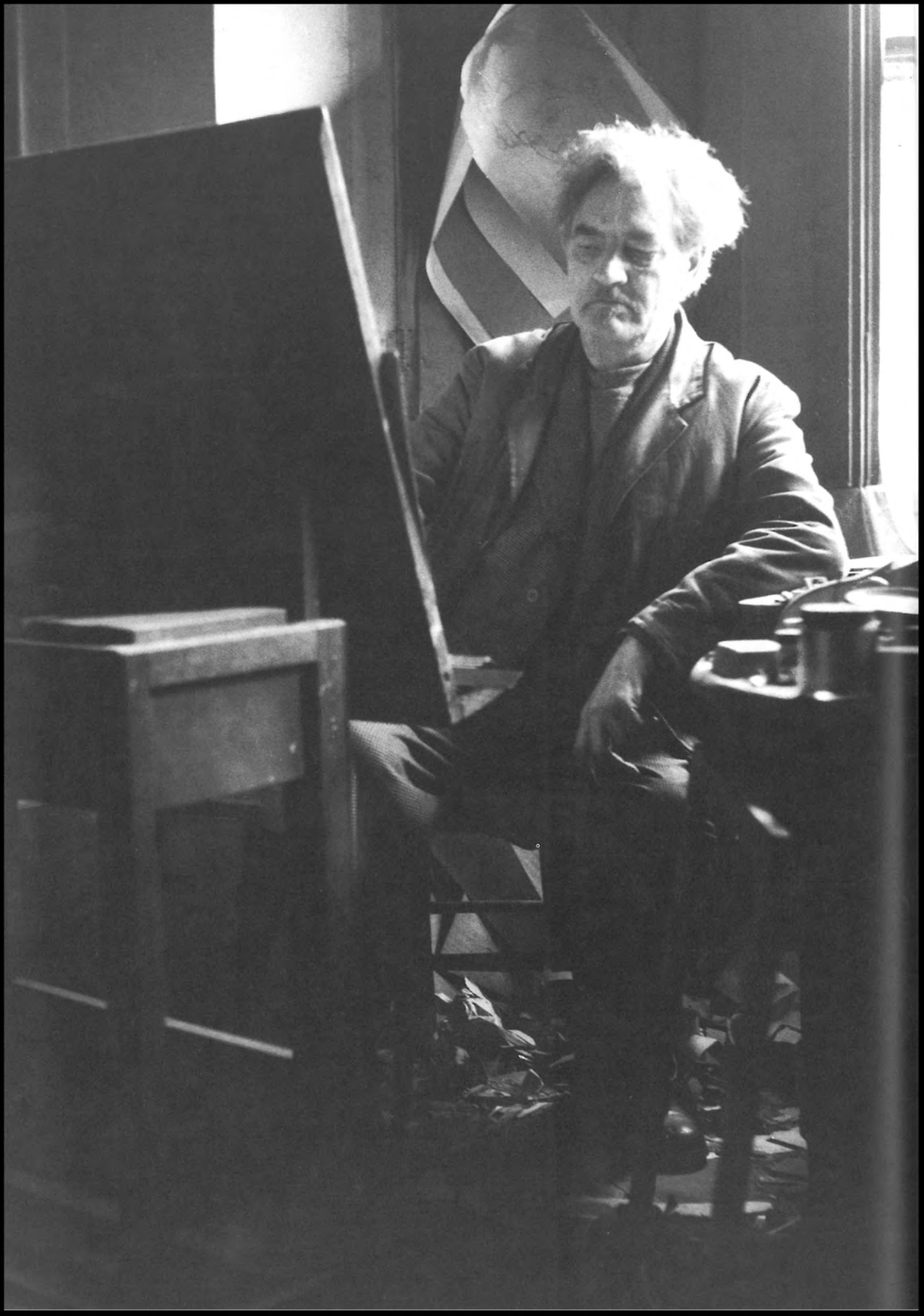
Met Eva in 'Devonshire' Arms – she was 20 minutes late and brought a rather vapid youth called Gordon along. Anyhow, Eva turned up trumps and purchased 'Atavistic Nostalgia' for £7. 7 sh. The bar filled up and some good jazz was actually played on the piano. Spare was very amusing and witty and friendly as ever. He is sending Swaffer a long telegram – birthday greetings... and is going to include our names at the bottom...
We left at about 9.45 and Spare carried Eva's picture to the tube.

MONDAY 31ST OCTOBER, 1949

Anton here just after 6. Dinner: Swiss Sausage and taties A.1. followed by a 'Flora'. Off to 'Temple Bar' where was Spare and Topsy and a dull old man of 70 who was boring Spare for all he was worth. Anton finally decided on '...And the Moon Fleshed' and will send cheque on to us. Have arranged to see Eva in 'Temple Bar' on Thursday.
Left the pub for Harry's. A.O.S. was rather depressed...

TUESDAY 1ST NOVEMBER, 1949

Dedi off to Martino Sant[56] and I off to A.O.S. at 'Temple Bar'. Had jolly good evening –



met an old lady who knew him just after *Book of Pleasure* &c. He seems to want to close down the show as soon as he can. I shall collect my long drawing tomorrow...

THURSDAY 3RD NOVEMBER, 1949
Met ZOS at about 7.15p.m. – Evening warm and very quiet. Came away, at last, with 'Ego to Self' – and visited the airman publican's bar and, later, Harry's. Had an excellent time all round.

The Press photos were pinned up on the walls and two in particular are very fine – showing A.O.S. in his studio – one with cat. He's going to introduce me to a man called Ketteridge (?) who, he says, knows much about his early days. He seems to have tacitly accepted my biography scheme – it'll take years, of course, but will, I think, be well worth it in the end. He had brought some new pictures up this a.m. – 'Ghoul Grove', 'Ghosts (Cheddar)'; and the superb 'Anatomy of Ecstasy (arboreal metaphor)'...

FRIDAY 4TH NOVEMBER, 1949
Off to Slatter's. A.O.S. there and also Kath, who brought Bruce along. She took away her 'Obsession' and bought 'Ghost Tryst'. She went, and Anton and Eva turned up shortly after 8.30. Had a very delightful evening, although none of AOS's friends turned up as expected. We drifted on to Harry's. Spare and Dedi had a near-quarrel about 666 and she seems rather worried lest the friendship totters on that account. He also put her out by referring to her drawings as "pornography" &c. &c., didn't want us to talk to anyone about 666 and didn't want us to show Hall *Book of the Law*. Said the book we three shall do will be better than anything yet. Seems keen for me to do his biography.

SATURDAY 5TH NOVEMBER, 1949
Met A.O.S. at 7.20 – he had his sister there with various friends. She lives at Ilford and brought members of the Ilford Art Club. Spare talked very well and we went on to the 'Airman' and finished at Harry's – had a rollicking evening, although Spradbury and Mackey didn't turn up.

SUNDAY 6TH NOVEMBER, 1949
Met Spare at Slatter's shortly before 7.30. He was slightly more at ease and J. Smith[57] turned up. We moved on to 'Alfred's Head' and Harry's dive – had very enjoyable evening. He's coming to tea at 5p.m. – circa – Tuesday. He'll probably bring our 'Autotelic Theurgy'...

Telegram
8 No 49
So sorry cannot come Austin

TUESDAY 8TH NOVEMBER, 1949
Off to Slatter's. Got there at 7.15 to find that naughty man talking to the beautiful wife[58] of Ian MacPhail – who, bearded and smiling, stepped up to the bar and ordered us drinks. He it was who had previously bought 'Una'. His lovely wife now bought 'Anatomy of Ecstasy' and 'Barrow Boy'. They left shortly after for a party at Notting Hill Gate, and a very guilty Austin tried to talk to us of metaphysics. He felt so guilty that he was not happy until he had given us 'Tartan Moon'[59] as a Christmas box!!!

He told us of a woman of 78 with a virgin's body: her crack and arse so tight that it was impossible to fuck her from the front...

WEDNESDAY 9TH NOVEMBER, 1949
He told us how once, coming home drunk he had taken a razor to cut a corn. Put his foot on the bed and, without knowing it, he cut his scrotum in the upward sweep of the blade. He woke up during p.m. feeling wet between legs – switched on light – found hands and bed soaked in blood!!

A blind girl hunted for him everywhere – happened to mention him to man helping her across road; he knew Spare – and so they re-met, but he would have no love of the sort she sought. A tragic story – didn't get all of it.

Met AOS at ¼ to 9 – he very amusing and 'good'. Gave him Anton's cheque for 10 guineas. We soon moved on to 'Alfred's Head' and Harry's pub – having a quiet but very enjoyable evening. Note: 'Hecate Oak' formerly called 'Moonwrack'.

FRIDAY 11TH NOVEMBER, 1949

Off to Slatter's. Met Spare (with his sister) at about 7.15. Had very delightful evening. He saw Hall this morning and Spare has asked Dedi to do a head-and-tail-piece for the third number of the *Mystery Magazine*... Went to 'Alfred's Head'...

SATURDAY 12TH NOVEMBER, 1949

Yesterday, Spare told of an experience re. his bombing-out. On the day it occurred and several days prior he received several omens. In a pub, for instance, he noticed the form of a vulture, perfectly delineated in beer-wet on the counter; a little later he lit a Swan match and the entire box exploded in his hand, burning him.

SUNDAY 13TH NOVEMBER, 1949

At 'Temple Bar' by 7. Austin turned up at half past. He wrapped up and gave us 'Tartan Moon'. He told us how a woman of 52 had started making violent love to him in the 'bus yesterday. Also, years back, of how Morton fell over backwards off a chair on seeing one of Spare's models – a beautiful red-head – in the nude. Another girl had so much pubic hair he called it 'the Sporran' and had to part it to get in. Says he has shaved many! Told how one night a nice prostitute offered him a bed when he was really fagged out. Upstairs she said they'd have a little supper first, and then go to bed. She pulled out a chamberpot from under her bed, peed in his presence, and wiped her twat with her hand, and, with the same wet hand placing sandwiches on his plate. He couldn't stand it any longer and, on pretence of going to the lavatory, left the building!

Left Slatter's at 9... Went to 'Alfred's Head' and ended up at dear old Harry's.

TUESDAY 15TH NOVEMBER, 1949

Saw Spare in Slatter's at 7.30. He very pleased and chatty: has sold 7 pics within last couple of days. Daedalus's 'Masked Emotion' – serves him right – 'Laughton' – 'Auto Ego' (Sisyphus &c.) and my favourite 'Apprehension', and several others. This leaves 'The Exhibitionist', 'Scorpio',[60] and one other which we favour above all else... On to the 'Alfred's Head' and ended up at Harry's. Queen Dido gave AOS her *Mystery Magazine* illustrations; he liked 'em immensely, but picked out those he doubted would reproduce well. He had also discovered the printer of whom he spoke quite often during the period of our early acquaintanceship. He says a thing costing £30 or £40 he can produce magnificently for £5 or £6 – "if, say, you wanted 300 copies, or so, for your friends" etc...

THURSDAY 17TH NOVEMBER, 1949

Spare was with Kathleen when we arrived at 7.30. She had secretly bought (yesterday – while with Olive) 'Scorpio (the maleficent Zodiac)' – for Queen Dido's birthday, and she actually went off with it unnoticed by her.

Spare was exceptionally talkative and amusing and three Moroccans who came in yesterday told him of a plan for Artists in operation in France. We made tremendous fantasies about going there, etc.

He told us how a wank used to be less than a penny and that you could very often have a 'bunk up' for nothing, as the women liked doing it and didn't in all cases ask money for their bottoms.

Spare talked about Herbert Jones (the printer he has just re-discovered) printing obscene poems by his wife...

Went to Harry's for last hour. AOS has promised us a copy of 'Golden Hind I' on Saturday.

SATURDAY 19TH NOVEMBER, 1949
Saw Austin at 7.30 and had lively time in very Bacchanalian surroundings at 'Temple Bar' – on to Harry's later.

SUNDAY 20TH NOVEMBER, 1949
Saw AOS at 7.30 and had excellent evening. Anton turned up about 8 (collected his 'And the Moon Fleshed')... Off to Harry's pub later. Spare and Dedi talked mostly while I and Anton talked largely of Eva whom he is taking out on Tuesday. Spare is taking Dedi's drawings along on Wednesday – Swaffer is dining him, and Hall – the printer Herbert Jones might turn up too...

WEDNESDAY 23RD NOVEMBER, 1949
Dido back about 10p.m. Spare delighted that she turned up. He was at Swaffer's for 1¼ hrs. doing "this genius business". Michael Hall failed to turn up and Spare didn't ask Swaff about him – merely supposing that they had had a tiff of some sort. Still, ZOS has sent her drawings to him. Swaff himself was very taken with them.

SATURDAY 26TH NOVEMBER, 1949
..got to Slatter's at 7.20. Spare said : "hallo, you old rascal!" and was delighted to see us. He has discovered yet another Magical Formula and claims to have had a definite saturnalia since last he saw us. Couldn't give details in pub of course – has promised to come along Thursday to dinner to tell us all about it... Went on to Harry's where we had a nip each of Russian Stout – thick liqueurish-like drink. No bottle is under 5 years old. A fine, but very strong drink. Spare thinks a nip (1/10) balances 4 whiskies. And well it might. He has given Hall our address and we are to expect a letter Tuesday or Wed. Also, Spare is going to give Dido one of his mss. to illustrate.

SUNDAY 27TH NOVEMBER, 1949
At 'Temple Bar' by 7.20. AOS turned up several minutes later. The evening grew frenziedly Bacchic with guitar, piano, accordion and drums!

Spare talked of a Formula he had for enlarging the penis ... a man was sent to him by someone many years ago ... He's going to allegorize it in his coming book.

Went to Harry's and Airman's pub and had delightful time all round. Spare is now considering publishing the Magical Formulae separately – calling it something like *The Book of the Living Word*, or some such title. Seems a good idea.

TUESDAY 29TH NOVEMBER, 1949
Met Austin at 7.20. He had brought 'Golden Hind No. I' for Dedi's birthday. This contains more than 5 drawings of his, 3 of which are of a woman of whom he spoke – he took the posture (head beneath) from the *Kama Sutra* which he has just re-bought. 'The New Eden' is one of his very best pieces – the cunt is magnificent – sheer sex-attraction.

One of his early models was quite a nympho. He remarked that he would like to "do her in the nude", meaning draw her. She suddenly stripped, threw herself on his sofa, opened her legs and got him on the job at once!!

Talked of two marriages ... and spoke mainly about sex all the evening.

We went to Harry's as usual but both Harry and wife were out for the evening. He got quite randy and said how he'd like to do Mary – the middle-aged bar-maid there... "she's got a nice fat arse"... and so on.

Telegram
2 De 49
Bad cold sorry writing Austin

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Sunday [4th December, 1949]
Dear Steffie & Ken,
So sorry in bed with bad cold – hope to be about again this Tuesday or Wednesday. Damned annoying – just when I hoped to clear up the show etc. Anyway shall devote my time to reading & writing... haste
Ever yrs Austin

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Monday
Thanks for yrs with books – should not have bothered. I've dug up what is readable – other stuff must wait.
Remember that much of it is just notes for contradiction, conjunction, etc.
Wild rush
Yrs ever AOS
till Friday

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Wed: [7th. December, 1949]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yours, forgive short note but run out of paper. I heard from M. Hall`– & will show you his letter. I told him to keep them by him if of no immediate service – so that's may be why Steffie hasn't heard. My cold is a lot better & now safe for others to see me – have lost the fever which I'm always apt to run. Could Ken come here *this* Friday morning about 11-30a.m. – might be of great help. I may have some ms. by then. I enclose what little I have finished enough for typing. Only notes. Shall not keep Ken long on Friday – may be well enough to go a few yards myself. Till then & deep thanks to you both.
Love AOS haste

FRIDAY 9TH DECEMBER, 1949
Off to ZOS. Found him better but unable to go out. Did shopping for him and bought him some cigszys. Gave me more mss. and lent me *Kama Sutra* (Pubd. K. Gupta for Medical Book Co. 22/3 C Gallif St. Calcutta. Printed by M. Mukherji from Temple Press, 2 Nayaratna Lane, Calcutta 1948.) In the mss. two pencil illus. one – 'an insatiable nymph' (frigging on tree-root) and (2) a male, horned head.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Monday [12th December, 1949]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I have found a few odds & ends which I have roughly rewritten – seeing them typed will give me a better idea of their worth. Put any stuff you like under – 'fragments' – some may be repetitions – but I'll leave that till the final writing. Of the sketches – a 'Sabbath' for Ken & one or so of the others might fill up Steffie's scrap book.
Nothing I send is very much but all that I have beyond notes. *Change of plan.* Would you be so very kind as call here first at say 1p.m. or 1-30p.m. before going on to the Elephant. Thanks so much. Shall finish yr picture Wednesday. All news tomorrow Tuesday.
Love to you both. AOS.

TUESDAY 13TH DECEMBER, 1949
At No. 5 by 1.30 – He looks heaps better... a shock of very unkempt satyr-like hair – not well enough to go for a drink, however. Bought him some cigszys and had chat until about 10 to 3. Told us amusing incident anent 'New Eden' (See 'Golden Hind I.1'). She was a music-hall comedy artiste; a great friend of his wife (also actress). His wife called on this friend and the maid let her in. She came into the bedroom – and found Austin in bed with her!!!

Took him paper to write on and Hirschfeld[61] to read.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
Sunday [18th December, 1949]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Pleased to say very much better & hope to be fit & well enough for visiting The Temple Bar this Tuesday. Could you both call on me here this Tues: about 1 o'clock – I make this the place – in case of accidents but may have something here to show you etc. We can then go on to the Pub: whether we shut up the show or not is unimportant, up to them, as long as three small jobs must be done. But any way I can pack the show up Wed: or Thurs: haste so you can have this in good time. Have written out the Sabbath – with extension to the preliminaries training etc which to me is the more important. The pictures will be good – indeed apart from the short thesis I give – could be extended into a separate book – hence Herbert Jones may prove invaluable.
Love AOS.

TUESDAY 20TH DECEMBER, 1949
At ZOS by 1. Showed us some magnificent erotic drawings he has done re. his "Sabbath" part of book.[62] He's promised them to us for Christmas – if I can give him some carbon! (He did give these drawings and Steffi made a slim booklet of them). Among the mss. he gave me for typing are other erotica and I did to-morrow's Yi[63] with the image of a hermaphrodite which he copied from memory (he saw her in 1910) in mind – and got Hex. XII!! Cockish part of cunt. Had his first drink with us at 'White Horse' but didn't feel strong enough to make 'Temple Bar' so we went along and collected two pic-pics which we delivered at Westminster.

5 Wynne Rd.
Sat. [24th December, 1949]
Dear Steffie,
On the two inside covers you will find two scrawls[64]. The one at the end I haven't pasted in and you may like to replace it later by something better. I've nothing by me & rather flattened out with this wretched chill. Although dated 1943 the drawing is today's work – was from a memory of a projected work I never finished about 1923. Showing that the erotics could lead a social & promising life i.e. – that there is no type of 'erotic' who by proper re-education could not be diverted by suitable substitution, redirection etc. A psycho-work: period etc., when I knew Ellis[65] etc.
Love ZOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
26th [December, 1949]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I hope you noticed the drawing on *last* cover in 'the Focus'. No luck in trying to get along to see you – a number of callers, etc. Still answering letters but hope to be clear

by this Friday 30th. Could you call here then (Friday) at about 1-30 pm. I shall be well enough for anything & yr portrait etc ready. haste
Yours ever love AOS.
Hope you had a pleasant Xmas.
Dear Steffie, Please give the enclosed to Ken from *us both* for the New Year. They are from 'the erotica of ZOS'.[66] AOS

THURSDAY 29TH DECEMBER, 1949
Sabbath from Zos: 14 Drawings!!

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Friday [30th December, 1949]
Thanks for yr kind wishes. Could you make it *here* this Tuesday morning about 1-30 pm. Till then Love AOS.
Haste
Have a country student coming for long lesson Monday.

TUESDAY 3RD JANUARY, 1950
...off to ZOS. Got there 1.30 sharp to find him backing 'Autotelic Theurgy'. Sent us off to 'Temple Bar' to get 'Bluff of the Boro'' but Slatter said it had been collected ages ago. AOS knew nothing of this however.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Sat: [7th January, 1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just a line to enclose some odds & ends of ms.
I find I have two books of drawings you haven't seen & one 'Book of Pleasure' with three new lithos stuck in.
As they may be gone in a week's time should like Steffie to see the lithos as they are a very easy & cheap means of reproduction (which we can both exploit). If next Wednesday *here* 1-30 suits, we can have a drink afterwards. Much better – but the damp weather – have to be careful. All the best. Love AOS.
Any other day suits – just a card.

WEDNESDAY 11TH JANUARY, 1950
...off to ZOS ... with ... Swiss bacon, 4 eggs, and my green titfa. He very well ... showed us wonderful book of originals for which we are giving him £2. ... Also saw his *Book of Pleasure* and another bk. of drawings (shortly after he regained use of arm in the early '40s). Drank Burton with him in the 'White Horse'. Wants me to meet him at the 'Temple Bar' Monday at 2.15.

Dido took him our 'dummy' for his own book. Don't quite know whether to mention my poems[67] to him, or not ... might ask the Yi...

Ian MacPhail is going to see Zos and probably buy *The Book of Pleasure* mentioned above.

Spare told us in the 'White Horse' what a rascal he was at the Royal College ... blamed for everything.

MONDAY 16TH JANUARY, 1950
With ZOS at 'Temple Bar' and at No. 5. Told me of girl-model who opened her legs as soon as in his room ... and a char who ... sat straight on his couch and lifted her skirts up – "expecting it."

Got pic-pics in taxi and off to No. 5. He sold me the Sketch Bk. for £2 and then we drank more at the 'White Horse'. (Later, I found he had not written in it, and had torn out Swaff. and Bardens!)

Telegram
19 Jan 50
Cannot come writing love ZOS

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Tuesday [24th January, 1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yr & mss. forgive not writing before – but for once have had a number of visitors & one student from Country which has taken my time & made visitors uncertain. Also I wildly promised the 'Mystery Mag' some illustrations – but have also failed them – not sufficient time & too much disturbance. You have made a mistake re. sketch book – the two drawings you mention are an integral part of the other sketch book you saw – difficult to remove, although I could have done so had you mentioned it. I enclose what ms. I have – which will be enough for me to formulate the whole – now a question of a good beginning & the magical formulae rewritten & extended – with what you have done already (which I will rewrite) I have notes of about seven more.
Could you manage this Thursday evening at about 7p.m. meet at Waggon & Horses, Elephant (Harry's place) don't bother to answer if convenient. I'll be there.
Hope you are both keeping fit – I've still to go slow – the weather not suiting.
After this week will be free afternoons & will then visit you.
Love AOS.

WEDNESDAY 25TH JANUARY, 1950
ZOS writes. (we have maligned him: he didn't tear Swaffer and Bardens out of the Sketch-book at all)...

THURSDAY 26TH JANUARY, 1950
Met ZOS in Harry's at 7p.m. Had Russian Stout and mild and Burton. Went to Slatter's 'Cock' pub in Kennington. Nothing outstanding except that he had a 'Sabbath' dream of vivid power yestere'en and has done some unmentionable graphic representations thereof. ...He didn't mention my Intro. so I s'ppose the seed is working with insidious power. Amoun.

Telegram
7 Fe 50
Forgive me writing Austin

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Wednesday [8th February, 1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I got tied up here and couldn't have made the time. There has been a good deal of trouble of the kind I mentioned to you.[68] Not only wastes my time but reacts these days badly on my nerves – almost precluding work. What ms. I have – shall save. The Sabbath drawings are *few* and only in the rough; want to put them aside until I can get down to a *complete finished* series – otherwise they will end in nothing but sketches. Could we meet this Thursday evening at Harry's? (Waggon & Horses. Elephant) about 7-30p.m. or fix your own evening to swap news.
Love to both A.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Monday [13th February, 1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Miss Sylvia Pankhurst[69] has a scheme on to help get me a place & has already started

things moving & I believe she might be glad of your indirect help. So could you meet me at 'Harry's' Waggon & Horses *this Tuesday evening 14th* at about 7-30p.m. ? Sorry to give such short notice but the quicker the better as these things take time anyway. If Tuesday inconvenient make it Wednesday or let me know when you can manage. Haste – much to do re. scheme.
Love to both AOS.

TUESDAY 14TH FEBRUARY, 1950
Saw ZOS in Harry's at 8.15. Sylvia Pankhurst has written him that she will try to get him a flat. I am to expect a letter from her some time this week.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
20th [February, 1950] Monday
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I believe things are beginning to move re. housing – I should know something more definite about this weekend or earlier.
Could we meet this Thursday at Harry's 7-30p.m. – I'll wait if you are late.
I want you to draft out a letter for me – & I'll do one for you re. the Archer Gallery pictures. Feeling much better – & with the fine weather should be going great shortly. All news when we meet – bit too involved for a letter.
Yrs ever love AOS

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
Thursday [23rd February, 1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs: quite understand as I've been also busy – rather running around over nothing much! The letter I mentioned can best wait until after the election as it may make big changes re. the folk I have to deal with... So next Wednesday is better date re. that question than now. I enclose the note to Miss Morris[70], Archer Gallery – anytime will do re. that...
Nothing much has happened & all these official things take twice the time they should – also a little indirect – until recently. I have the *definite* promise from the Lambeth Council to find me a place... and now I'm working on the Southwark Council the same and should know something when we meet. It may still be worth while to start an advt. stunt for two weeks.
Yes, make it this coming Wednesday 1st March about 7-30 Harry's – Elephant. Any ms. I'll send or bring along. Till then.
Love to you both AOS.

WEDNESDAY 1ST MARCH, 1950
...off to Archer Gallery where we took away 2 pic-pics from Miss Morris. Saw ZOS in Harry's at 8p.m. Gave him pic-pics and had pleasant evening chatting and drinking.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
Monday 13th [March, 1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
No news – hence haven't written – number of letters & interviews re. housing with the Councils. Amounts to this: Lambeth will find me a place. Southwark almost refuses to do so – & waste of time going further with them. Miss Pankhurst is doing things in her own way – results so far not important but I don't think anything will distract her;.. She has so far rounded up a number of folk who will give me their moral support, etc. – details later. So I expect to start my own advt. campaign after this week. Trouble with Councils – you cannot get anything definite from them. I've come across two native figures[71] – very cheaply and quite good. If you would like them – give me a call about 6p.m. any evening you care to arrange – let me know beforehand. We can leave here after and have a run-around for a change. All news when we meet. Love Austin.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
Wednesday [15th March, 1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Sorry to relate the foul weather has knocked me down... hardly been out since I last was with you. Postponed the School[72] till next Wednesday – so will have first night

with Steffie after all. I've called there but only found caretaker. Calling again this Sat: morning. Could we meet at Elephant tomorrow Thursday evening about 8p.m.? If not convenient don't bother but let me know what evening before next Wed: if possible we could meet.
I shall look in the Elephant tonight about 7-30 till 8-30 in case I so arranged. Truth to tell I've forgotten what arrangements we made – so sorry but had four wretched days & so disturbed that most things went wrong. Miss Pain[73] here all the time, etc... I'm almost better – well enough to get about and hope you are both fit. Shall be glad to be working again.
Love yrs ever AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Wed: [15th March, 1950]
Thanks for yours. Make it 7p.m. to 7-30p.m. Harry's at the Elephant – we can go on from there to somewhere else. I'll bring the figures with me – quite small.
Yes, shall start advts. next week. Great rush for you to receive early. Enclosed some logo[machy]: God knows what its like! Busy with absurd things. All news Thursday evening. Love AOS.

THURSDAY 16TH MARCH, 1950
Met ZOS at 7.30 in Harry's. Later at 'White Horse'. He went home to collect the Obeah figures which we bought from him for 25/- ... Told us of how, in France, men piss in presence of women in Estaminet Kitchen &c.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
22nd March 50
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just to let you have the enclosed. I'll be over next week – about Tuesday *tea-time* will that suit. We can then arrange re. advts. for that week in your local. I may also by then have some news from other sources.
I hope to look in the City Guilds & sound them. No news – none too fit – but Miss Pain has a week off – rather interferes with quiet work etc. Already some new work started.
Haste Love AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Thursday [23rd March, 1950]
So sorry I could not get along the other day – beaten by wind and weather... left it too late to wire you. Have been keeping in the last few days – not too well. Making studies or rough-outs for the book i.e. – the pictures & symbols etc. Have been correcting & altering & cutting down m.s. Count on me certain next Tuesday at tea-time if it suits. Love to you both. AOS.
P.S. Will confirm.

TUESDAY 28TH MARCH, 1950
AOS didn't turn up, of course, so off to Harry's Dive where he gave me more mss. (including an erotic sketch.)

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Monday [3rd April, 1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yours. Glad Ken is almost well again. I'm not too good and shall not go this Wednesday, as it's doubtful whether I'll feel like it by then – just to be on the safe side. But shall make a point of being at the 'Waggon & Horses' Elephant at 8p.m. till 9p.m. – in case you come along. I've had difficulty with a resurgence of an old complaint which has interfered with work.
I'll look forward to the parcel and thanks very much for the thought. No news much. Directly the weather breaks I'll be not only better but hope to see more of you both.
Love A.

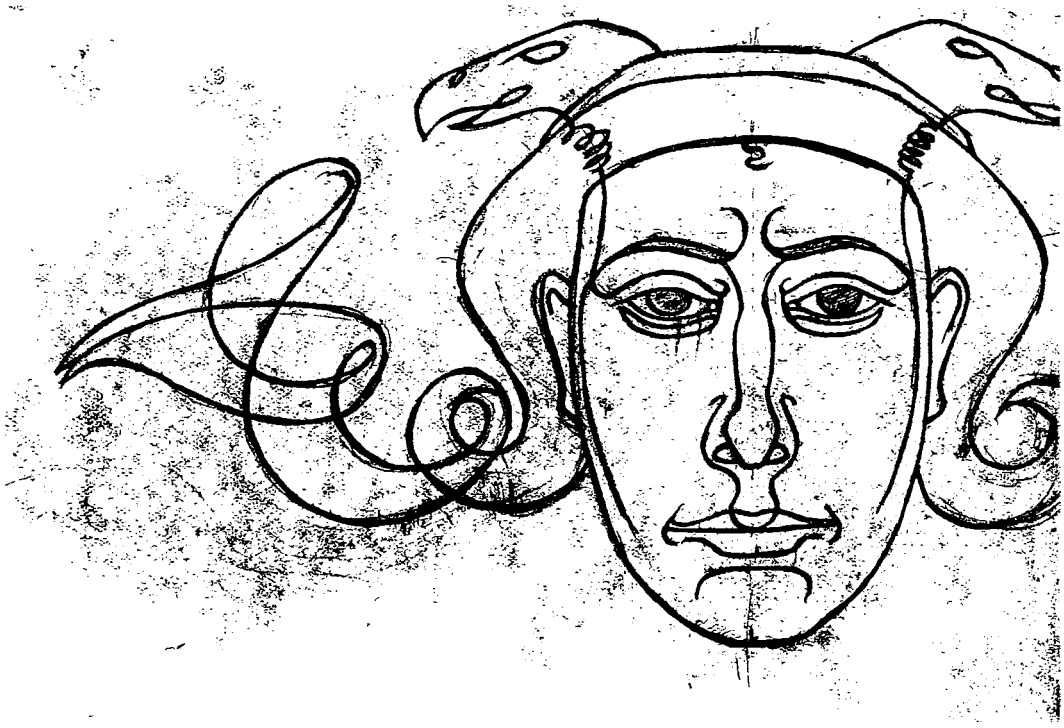
WEDNESDAY 5TH APRIL, 1950
Met ZOS and had a fairly enjoyable evening.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Thursday
Dear Ken & Steffie,
So pleased to hear from you and that you are both well & busy. I was just writing when yrs came. Thanks for the parcel safely received – very useful. I haven't been

well – climate plus something else – much better & hope to be normal next week. I haven't bothered to send you any ms. as I thought you – like myself – might be queer. If you are not too busy I'll send my ms. on 'Ability' (re. Blackwood's[74] article) for you to type – if you would be so kind. I've decorated & given one illustration to his article – and that's about all I've done – & a little teaching.
Directly I get going I'll send you a gift of magical drawings – I began some time back – but too ill yet to do more than amuse myself when tired. Have to dope a lot with my present trouble but very much better and now doing a little work. Of course there may not be such a word as 'veux' – latin or otherwise. I'm pleased to say that my chosen "Dud" pupil has responded well to my lessons on originality, or how to become so! My first experiment in teaching ability... Delighted to hear you are both well etc.
Love yrs AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
9th May 50
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs – no beer this week but should be fit for anything next week – this weather makes all the difference. After next week shall go away for a few days. So could we meet next week – say Wednesday 17th at 6-30 to 7 pm at the 'The Alfred's Head' (Corner of London Rd. by Tube) Elephant – the pub Ken calls the 'death trap'! Of course we will not stay there – I'm asking one or two folk along, & hope you will be there.
Have done a large number of drawings for the 'Mystery Mag:' and want Ken's help. My idea is this – they like my work – but I don't care for the stuff they have for illustrating, so I'm reversing the process! I want a text to illustrate my drawings. I'm doing a series that can go under a general heading of 'word & graph'. The text need have no relation much to drawings – only in sentiment, level, & generally. I believe we could inflict a Sabbath on them – we could make it a real accomplishment.
On Wednesday I'll bring along some rough-outs to show you the general idea. Apart from the Sabbath the text could be picturesque – for want of a better term. I don't mean poetic prose, blank verse etc. Some of them would be quite short – 1 page for picture & text – others long – no rules – except our own.
Well ahead with nudes for my show – shall have [one] or two finished by next week. Must try & get some life drawing – seeing if I can join up for the month.
I shall be grateful if you would type out the enclosed. All news when we meet. haste. Hope you are both fit.
Love AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
23rd May '50
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Not hearing from you I've wondered what has happened, perhaps you are away – I hope you are both well & busy. Also, that I am not remiss... my trouble lately has been sitting down too long becomes very hurtful – any way it became worse & haven't been out (except a few yards) for over three weeks. Pleased to say nearly better apart from occasional sickness. Hope to get away for a week holiday directly fit enough to get about. Haven't tasted beer for a month! Hasn't affected my energy too much & turned out quite a bit of work – pen work mainly. Let me know how you both are.
Love Austin



Telegram
24 May 50
Inconvenient anywhere – writing – Love Austin

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
24th [May, 1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs. So sorry not possible today but the truth is, it will be another week before I'm out in the evenings. My worst periods are between 8p.m. & 10p.m. – inclined to be very sick & extremely difficult to control. Not possible to be out anytime more than 15 minutes. Lost over a stone in weight! As you know evenings here are difficult re. Miss Pain and only the kitchen to use.[75]
If you call here make it between 2-30p.m. & 5p.m. Beer will be off for some while. Still, I'm pleased to say things progress – only the sickness is difficult. Should be almost normal next week. Doing heaps of work (i.e. sketches, designs) – & think I can get most published. Anxious to see you as I've a project (in my mind some time) & I believe you & I could work it. Roughly – I do a kind of abstract drawing & you a suitable text – not to exactly explain but further it... This when we meet. The inverse to usual. Text illustrates drawing!
Love to you both Austin
PS. Forgive haste lets meet soon.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
8th June [1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for yours. First before I forget. I want the loan:
1) A *small book* that gives translated extracts from either the 'Book of the Dead' or other Egyptian text.

2) To lend me your photo of the Egyptian tomb interior (on yr desk) with picture of Nu.[76]
Thanks so much for the promptness in returning the typed ms. I think Michael Hall might have it as I've plenty of good illustrations suitable & ready. Very pleased with tea – just the thing.
Much better and look forward to seeing you 14th – (here of course) Wed: about 6.30p.m. – all details of scheme for yr text to some of my drawings then. The Sabbath we will do between us – might do it in two parts. Anyway we can do a suitable length one for 'Mystery Magazine'. These bloody people never know the real thing when presented!
Yes, as Steffie says M.H. a little mental! I've heard the giggles on phone...etc. Before my sickness I was at the office a good deal...more than once I poked in a good one re. Steffie. I'll tell you Wed.
He's difficult...unless he thinks everything his idea. He's always telling me what *he* wants as an illustration – of course I do opposite & take no notice! So the next time I see him I'll state casually that it's a *splendid idea of his* that he mentioned Steffie did some drawings...I'll do it less obvious than that...
haste Love Austin
till Wed.
I'm joining the Art class this coming Tuesday – day-time 10-30 to 5p.m.: an effort to make up lost time. Hope Steffie may manage. You must see a sample of my new work for next show. This time 'In the nude' or some such general title. Think I've found the best way to present stuff I'm on.

WEDNESDAY 14TH JUNE, 1950
Off to 'Deathtrap' (='Airman's Pub' ='Alfred's Head') where we met Zos.

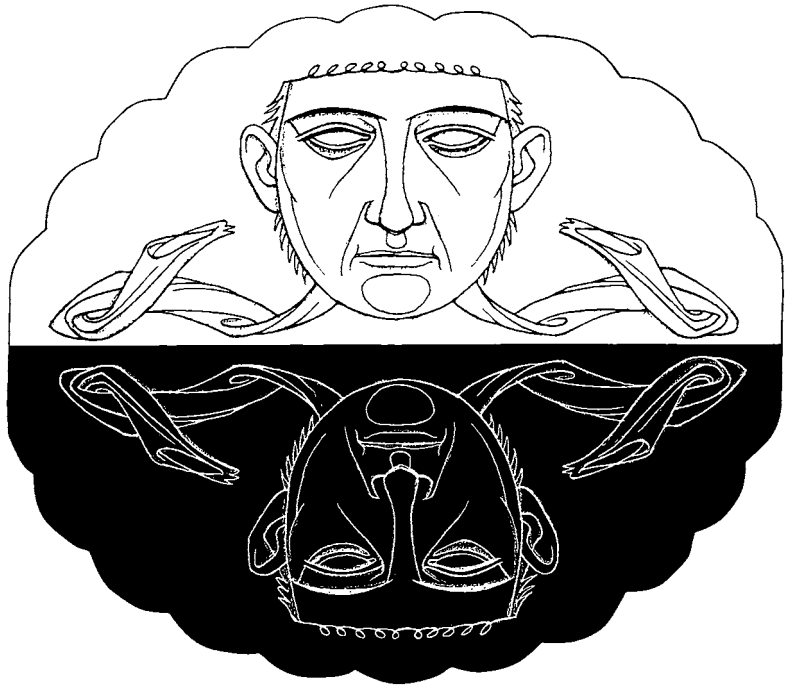
5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Wednesday 21st [June, 1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
If you care to call here tomorrow Thursday about 5 o'clock shall be able to show you Nu now finished (& my other work). Sorry so short notice but held over until I had finished the Goddess!
After seeing my stuff we could go on somewhere for a drink. Had a good day at the Art School
haste Love AOS
Shall be on a Stele[77] soon.

THURSDAY 22ND JUNE, 1950
Off to ZOS at 4.20. Dirty drawing of woman on her back on his porch (*not* drawn by him!).[78] Had excellent evening and saw wonderful new paintings of his.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Sorry, like me you have both been in the Wars. I turned up at the School the last day but wasn't so good myself – sick while there – but was able to do four good drawings. Two women models there & only two students – in the afternoon I had both to myself!
I'm alright but still have these spasmodic sick attacks – & they set me back... So today I'm seeing my Doctor – as I don't want to go on holiday while the sickness

lasts. Hope Steffie is well again. I'll write again after this week-end – shall know then how I feel etc. and we will fix up a meeting.
'The Mystery Mag' with Swaffer article – so-so. It's dated Aug-Sept. So there are only 6 issues a year. Haste, love A.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
6th
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Still living – had a rough passage – better now. Tried new treatment & everything came right – hope to be completely normal next week... been a long drag for me. My best news is – Working better than ever...a series of Sabbaths[79] – the best things I've done... finished four. Two new portraits of Steffie – both very young and innocent! One with a full moon – nice colour... Good one of Ken...over 5 people spotted him at once – being a distortion[80] – naturally – it will interest others more than the person. I'm writing out the Sabbath & intro Ken's article on same. – The combination[81] will make a fine contribution to the 'Mystery Mag': or a small book which I can get going or both. Very energetic & now two works a day – only making up for lost time though.
If the Sabbath series [of pictures] grows to a dozen or twenty shall have enough for Show Nov: or Dec:
I have to do some large on wood – just as quick as small stuff & more effective. Hope Steffie will rejoin the Art class with me Sept 20th. I thought her last drawings more than excellent – like me, badly in need of a refresher.
Directly I get out of this accursed hole we will get some small magical books done between us – we can appeal to a larger public than that type of work has so far done. Hope you are both fit. A good sketchbook full for Steffie. Could you both call here next week leave you to fix time & day... I shall be fit for most things – though still tire easily – through losing weight etc. Love AOS



5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Tuesday 8th Aug. [1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Hope Steffi is better – haven't been too good myself since the School closed. See Doctor today for last time I hope. I've been doing a few sidereals in watercolour – including one of Steffie – very interesting but rather ageing. I must do some other heads of her doing the posing myself. Some more work has disappeared but this time doesn't matter. If you could both manage to come along here this Thursday 10th (5p.m.). I've done about three dozen new works. If it doesn't suit – Tuesday would suit me. Time about 5 o'clock.
You will like the new sidereals – new formula!! Colours good anyway. Shall be thinking of next show soon. haste. Hope you are both well & busy.
Folks are on the move finding me a place – come to the conclusion I like your end of London.
Love Austin

THURSDAY 10TH AUGUST, 1950
Off to ZOS by 5, but he was too bad to booze.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Tues
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs. Just a hasty reply. Delighted to hear Steffie is better... See you this Thursday about 11.30a.m. – please do bring your friend – He sounds useful, and frankly I'm so anxious to leave here that I don't care where it is – just to get established somewhere away from here – could move your end later – might then be touching better money – & should have civic pension. School going etc. Camberwell isn't too bad – only thing I insist on a 'lock-up' flat – otherwise no better much than being here. Plenty to show you – haste
Love Austin.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Monday
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just to say I've not been too good since you were here last – got over my stomach trouble & then caught a dose of 'flu' to cheer me up! Just well again – being so run down I expect was the cause.
Doing some good colour – & shall develop the idea – always rather let come what did using very poor and dirty material...
Some nice stuff since you were here. Hope to be sprightly & about again after this week – little in arrears through cold – so shall devote all my time this week to catch up. May have to postpone my show till spring, shall know about end of Sept. – though a small Xmas show may pay. (I believe good colour is my best bet & original stuff.) I'll write again this weekend.
haste Love A.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Wed. [13th September, 1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
We seem to be in the Wars! Here's hoping Ken is now better – I feel better today than I have for over a week. Very busy which hasn't helped. Thanks so much for the

ms. and summary for official form – splendid – just the kind of thing that helps. Thank Steffie for wire – I was on the point of wiring her the same news when it came! Sold some pictures that are going to Canada. Have written article for Mystery Mag: Fix your own date for a meeting soon – any evening when you are fit enough. And hope Steffie will join School with me next week.
Love to both Austin

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Monday [18th September, 1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just a note to say I've sold a number of drawings (all new) to Canada (second lot!) So if you would like to see them before they go Ken could meet Steffie & I at the Art school say about 4.30p.m. and come on here. I hope to see Steffie at the School *early.*
haste Love AOS.

WEDNESDAY 27TH SEPTEMBER, 1950
Swaffer has done an admirable article on Zos in 'Mystery Mag'. [NOTE: August-September, 1950, page 69.]

TUESDAY 3RD OCTOBER, 1950
Went to Kennington where we saw ZOS for tea at Ganesha Express. He gave us a lovely photo. of himself and a sketch-book full of projects for Dedi. Gave me rough notes for an article on Witches Sabbath which is to be published under my name. (Note: ZOS keen on seeing my magical essays...)

Oct. 9 1950 e.v.
Dear ZOS:
Hope you are well and able to stomach the enclosed essay on the Sabbath. If its not what you want I'll do another one. Its really too short but I was afraid of elaborating too much as this would make the thing too technical and the ordinary person would possibly lose interest. Please say what you think of it and send me your mss. for typing.
Hope to see you on Thursday sometime – any time suits us; the afternoon would be better if possible.
Heaps of love from us both, K

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
[Tuesday 10th October, 1950]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs & ms. which I am posting on, complete with yr. intro. The drawings will explain everything. Some of the things you mention, are simple. I'll have the answers jotted down for you. Give me a visit whenever you can so manage. I'm not too good – have my usual winter's cough, and fed up with it. But hope to get on with some illustrations soon. I'm now mapping out a really good thing on magic in general which we can both work on. You, an intro. to Magic generally and I, a specific formula. I'll give you my portion first but you will be quite safe working without as yours will corner the field in a general way. I shall be here afternoons between 3p.m. & 6p.m. for another week.
Love haste AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Thursday
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just to let you know I'm keeping fairly fit – but still have to be careful... Still at the Art School and turned out some really good work... shall keep it up but should prefer to find a less depressing school. Frequently I have the whole class to myself – all day! The two classes average 7 – usually less. I thought it best to hold on to the Sabbath – till it's really needed – hence I haven't yet sent it along. Shall we meet next week? Best here if you are to see my new stuff – mainly life drawings and sketchbooks. I've discovered a dummy copy of a new magazine I intended to put on the market years ago... interesting.[82] How would next Thursday afternoon at about 4-4.30p.m. suit – meet here? All news then. Hope you are both fit & busy.
haste Love Austin

{WITH ROUGH OF MAGAZINE DESIGN}
5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Herewith on back some suggestions for Title & Cover – they are sent only to evoke something better or more suitable. A number of words are included that might indirectly inspire. The *Title* need not be in itself explanatory – if there is a follow up as to purpose. Perhaps you could bring a list & we can settle the matter provisionally as it gives us a starting point... we can always change the Title if we discover the exceptional, before printing the Sub: form. Let's meet soon – just a line. *Please, Steffie will you kindly remind me to give you the size.* I've made a pot that should last you ages – all ready for use. I'm very absent minded in company. haste Love A.
Titles The Symbol, Copula, Speculum, Threshold, Theurgist, Endaemonist, Thaumaturgist.
Words to suggest other Titles (Pro) Creative Apeiron the Effluxor Cogito Erotema Zetetic (Zeteo) GR.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Dear Steffie & Ken,
Many thanks for yours – you have mistaken the function of the Sub form for the New Mag: Here are the points I think are essential:
1) It is essentially a coterie of adepts & if my name is mentioned at all it is as a *contributor... among others.* My name 'AOS' is used only as an artist, as a writer I shall use ZOS. No special blurb for anyone more than another. What 'fans' I have know my name.
2) The 'leaflet' must definitely state in the most unambiguous terms what the Mag: is & what it stands for, and who it caters for (naturally a limited class of reader).
3) Editors of first number will be K. Grant & A. Spare. Next number two others of our coterie – a change every number.
4) Our regular contributors will be about 10 – other folks invited on occasion when they have something good.
5) Title must be good – so far 'Magic & the Arts' (but useless). The chief *function of the Magazine is Magic* – the arts only come in where they illustrate or naturally join in. *It is neither an Art or Literary Magazine in any sense of the word.* Such a Mag: wouldn't sell a dozen copies these days at 5/-. 2d would have to be the price & produced for students or such. About £50.000 capital necessary! No intention of ever running an art mag:
6) Our chief difficulty will be to form a coterie of 10 with sufficient ability in magic, i.e. with anything unique to say. For the first number this isn't important as we will have the primary burden – I can easily get about 3 other good contributors. Better

two good contributors than a lot of nonsense, as with the L. M. Mag: & others
7) It will be a work of Art as a production – I can guarantee the best typography & reproduction of drawings etc.
8) Cost per number I estimate at about £60 for 350 copies – which with 10 in the coterie...will be £6 each member per issue. We all share & share alike – we will have a rough charter. Of course the £6 we get back on sales – remaining unsold copies divided among contributors. (I don't mind footing the cost alone).
9) I've no intention of actually producing the Mag until I move but that doesn't preclude having everything ready. It took me one year to get 'Form' going – of course I know much more about the job now & know how to avoid delays & difficulties.
Of course there is a great deal more to discuss & many meetings in the future will be necessary. Our job at present is to evolve a really good title...to get in touch with *possible* contributors who will be of the coterie (purely as a proposition). I enclose a rough folder or leaflet necessary which is not *anywhere near good enough* only mere suggestion for alteration.
Send back your rough draft of leaflet & then I'll try & improve on yours. Till we knock it into final shape. Ask Steffie her suggestions.
The imaginary contents of first Number can in our case be actual – a little more exciting than at present. One or two series would be useful – I've suggested one. I'd like a series on the Ancient Egyptian Religion – both Steffie & I could do the illustrations by actually free copying the real stuff – this would be necessary for our process of reproduction. Of course I'll make the specimen page both in text & illustration really warm. Don't forget this is a *Mag* that is going to be quite fearless...above censure & public opinion. We won't be stopped because we will be a limited edition, & printed on the cover 'for scholars only'.
Forgive scrawl – haste, but anxious to give you these suggestions which might save time – till we meet.
Love to both AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Tuesday
Dear Ken & Steffie,
What's happened? Hope the silence does not mean either or both of you are ill. After writing you (last time) I rather thought I had badly expressed a part of my letter through haste. I refer to my mention of a 'blurb'. What I wished to convey: that nearly everyone does consider any 'write up' or leaflets as such – & rather lightly dismiss the thing for that reason... I am always surprised at the type of folk who do – who should know better. So I hope you haven't misunderstood me. Also I wanted the Magazine to be very equal in all possible ways – with the qualification that you & I were the chief permanent editors.
Not doing very much – just keeping fit enough – hoping for a break in the weather – so I can get going in style. Do hope you are both fit & busy. All the best to your health.
Love AOS. Lets have a line.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yours – so sorry you have both been caught in the toils of flu. I've had a fortnight & left me devitalized & uninspired... Have had acknowledgement of the 'Sabbath' but no comments – just a request for the drawings. I expect they find it a bellyful!
Thanks for yr ms. all suggestions when we meet – you will see how it joins with mine – I believe (so far) yours had better be shorter – as mine isn't very long and don't

Witch of one hundred and one years and still potent.

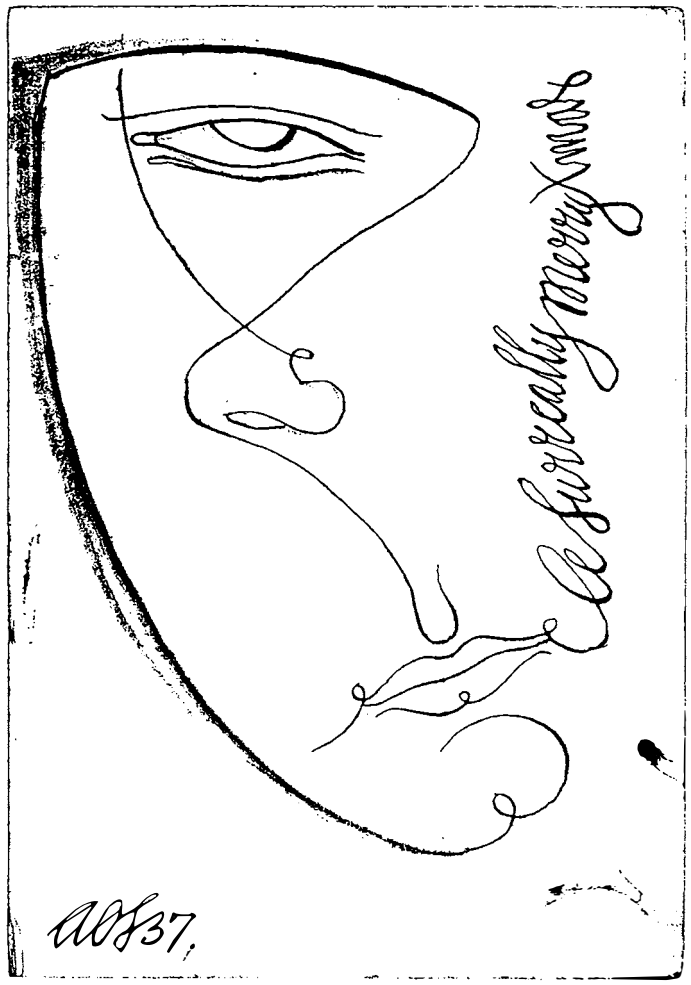
wish to add – except by additional formulas. I wish you would go on with your 'Vampire' article[83] – that you must do quite alone – I'll illustrate of course & a very rich field for me...
No news. Let's meet next week – just a P.C. if possible (or wire) as I expect to be out & about. Quite better but taking it quietly. By the way, translate 'Zos vel Thanatos'[84] I believe my guess is right but both are elastic words.
Love AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
27th Nov. 50
Dear Ken & Steffie
Thanks for yrs, Yes, Wednesday 29th at about 3p.m. will suit nicely. Not doing anything much except the Life drawings. Sold two heads of Steffie – one to USA & the other to Canada. Unfortunately they have gone & they were new to you.
I believe I've still one left you haven't seen. All news when we meet.
Love Yrs ever AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
16th Dec: 50
Dear Steffie,
'The Sabbath' is finished & hope to have the literary part complete anytime now for Ken.
Come along any day & time you like next week – just a card or wire – I shall be here. *Not* going to the School the last day – this Tuesday – so I've finished there till the Summer term.
Hope to devote most of my time to illustrations – own book & the Mystery Mag: Apparently they have had quite a number of letters from America & Canada about my work that's appeared – so may pay me to go on. The World Review are now interested & making enquiries. All news when we meet, haste.
Hope you are both fit & busy.
Love to you both ZOS.

Tuesday 19th Dec. '50
Dear ZOS:
Thanks a lot for your letter. So glad to hear the M.·. M.·. is making good progress with your contributions. Let's get a huge Sabbath Mania started!
As you are more or less free this week will it be O.K. if we drop in on you this Thursday afternoon, say, about 4 to 4.30p.m.? If we do not hear anything from you we shall take it as being O.K.
Glad too that you are feeling so much better – keep happy and well – and work with rapture
Heaps of love from both of us,
Steffi & Ken

THURSDAY 21ST DECEMBER, 1950
... off to ZOS who was in fine mood and who gave us a Sketch-book for present. Talked a lot about Hall and M.·. M.·. and ZOS has given me his part of the Sabbath for typing ... he thinks my article, with his, will come out in the Mar-Apr. No. 1951.
P.S: ZOS also gave us a 'secret' present to be opened on the 24th.
[NOTE: The 'Flying Witch' was the present.]



THURSDAY 28TH DECEMBER, 1950
Surreal Christmas card received. {On back of postcard with drawing of head, inscription:} "Surreally merry Xmas Forgive dirty card. Haste. AOS '37".

3rd Jan. '51 e.v.
Dear Zos vel Thanatos:
So sorry I have been so long in getting the typescript to you – but what with Xst.-Mass and the New Year (so-called) I really haven't known whether I've been standing on my head or my heels.
First of all, heaps of thanks for the lovely card you sent us, as also the sketch-book – and, I must mention the 'Flying Witch' which Steffi gave me as a present. It's marvellous.
I do hope you have had as happy and as peaceful a time as we have – with plenty to drink! What about a booze-up in the near future – if you are quite well and feel like it?
Re. the typescript – I think it's fine – especially the Creed of Affirmation. The word 'lambitus' I can't trace anywhere, but the Jarrold's 'Dictionary of Difficult Words' gives the following under the head LAMBENT:
"shining gently or *playing about the surface*; flickering; gently radiant...." This is more or less what you mean isn't it? Can't think of another word at the moment.

What you write about the magical act being accomplished by 'cold amoral passion' is very significant, but how does one get over the difficulty of obtaining the necessary physical condition for penetration if one is lying with a haggard whore-witch of fantastic ugliness and utter beastliness? Perhaps there is some drug or other, or some form of manual technique which overcomes the obstacle. This part of the formula has always worried me a lot. How do you get over it?
'By the conquest of fatigue
Give us eternal resurgence!'
embodies a further problem, and one which I should really like solved. Is it good to continue until one is in a sort of 'borderland' state – astral imagery is very strong at such times, but one doesn't seem to have any control over it.
Also there must be some sort of salve or unguent that one can use to obviate undue inflammation and other annoying consequences of long-continued orgia. I suppose silent 'soaking' itself is the answer to this.
You see, these are the sort of things that one can never learn from the books on the subject (what books there are!) that's why I would like you to help me in these matters by facts from your own experience. In *The Book of Pleasure* you treat of it exhaustively but I can't always disentangle my own phantasies from what you are actually saying, i.e. I tend to read into your books too much of my own experience, thus (probably) missing the vital point of the whole thing.
If you have time would you *please* jot down a few *private* notes for my benefit.
Hoping to see you shortly, and hoping that you are well, working and happy.
Lots of love from both of us,
K&S

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Sat: [6th January, 1951]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for the wire but I guessed it...no comments till we meet.
I've another magical ms. for Ken & I want an introduction by him. It's for the Mystery Mag.
Don't want to post it – as I want to go over one or more portions.
Let's meet soon...shall be here all this coming week between 3p.m. & 6p.m. – so look in without notice.
haste Love A.

SUNDAY 14TH JANUARY, 1951
Sent 'Vampires' to Zos.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
[Monday 15th January, 1951]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs with excellent work on Vampires – I think you are a trifle ambiguous for the ordinary reader but more anon – I'll jot down what I think & let you have it when we meet. What stands out a mile to me, is that neither you nor I will ever get anything really worthwhile (The real unvarnished stuff) published in 'The Mystery Mag' – so our only way out is to form a small coterie & run a small occasional Magazine on Occultism on our own. I believe I know a printer – we can manage the Publishing & retailing ourselves – The few shops that deal in such work are easily contacted. We could make it pay for itself – which would be all we would bother about. Believe our drawings (Steffie & I) would sell;..we would be daring but always artists first...

To stop the wrong hands getting hold of it – price 5/- very limited edition. 300 copies – 500 at most whatever the success, & would have to stand by being *unique*, better 25 pages of real stuff than 100 of the usual... After all, how often have I been quite willing to pay 7/- or more for a mere pamphlet because *rare in what it has to say*? I've been glad of the chance. There is now a good demand for such works – and we can try out the demand by printing a specimen page with sub. form – before actual publication. Would help us to know how far with expenses & numbers of copies we could go.
So bear in mind – it could start soon, we could shove out circular – not asking for money but willingness to purchase on publication. So anything you think helpful (for circular) jot down – we must make it unique and in promises... A good name essential.
Sorry Steffie has had such a thin time – hope she's up & about again. All news when we meet. Just a P.C. or Wire. I shall be here.
Love A.
'The Mystery Mag:' hopeless – *months* before publishing. Even if they accept one of our articles per number. The second one would be next Xmas! Our translations the same re. my title!

MONDAY 5TH FEBRUARY, 1951
Off to ZOS by 3.30. He did a Tarot Divination (w. his own special cards) while I thought about Saturnus and my acquiring Charter from him.[85] The result was amazing, since ZOS knows nothing of my work in this direction. The points involved are (a) A journey or removal for me (b) Visit by fair man and woman (married) (c) Delay nearly over now: money and prosperity all on their way (d) some dark (married) man to visit me and bring good news re. an *official* settlement, *under seal* of the matter in question (e) I should be wearing mourning for somebody. He said the whole thing was a remarkably favourable reading, with nothing bad at all: "You'll get your wish", was what he said... Other points in Tarot Div. are: Sickness to someone or other; something re. (d) that will affect our marriage: 'd' is coming from some great distance, and 'c' "money" and general prosperity is of a permanent and great nature: not just a "fiver" (N.B. In one line three '9s' turned up side by side. ? meaning.)[86]

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Easter Monday [26th March, 1951]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for the tea – just in urgent need as my month's coupons are already in pawn!
Yesterday I managed to catch a rather bad chill – Temp: etc. So shall have to keep in till more normal. Wretched job as I've been very fit for me. I'll drop you a line directly I'm better. Shall be rejoining School Summer Term, 17th April. No news much – hope to get going next week on some real work.
Love to you both AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
[Thursday] 19th April, '51
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just to let you know that now the weather is breaking better, I'm also improving & hope to be working normally next week. Been a long winter for me. My complaint is a form of travel sickness which almost precludes journeying any distance. I hope to handle it better with a change of Doctor. At present very intermittent but hope for improvement. Joined the Art School – only one model and all stuck in the one

small studio. Luckily I've only paid for a half term... Won't be any use to me as the same pose goes on for five days... waste of time & money. *Must* find another school. If Steffie can possibly find out anything it will be helpful as the one study I did is about my best. Shall soon have heaps of work to show you. Hope you are both well & busy. Pleased to see you anytime, just a card.
Love Austin

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Dear Ken & Steffie,
So very sorry Steffie is ill – do hope a few days doctoring will put her right. I cured a few people by the old-fashioned means of Lumbar belt and drinking plenty of water – of course that's more preventive...
Pleased to say I'm better, but after three months of travail I feel a flop and journeys very fatiguing. Managed to get to Charing X yesterday but had to return. Anyway apart from fatigue I'm better & medicine free...had too many blasted drugs lately. If weather and buses are kind I'll try coming over next week. But I want you both here (apart from seeing my work) as I've found a *local* photographer who is good & I'm pals with, and I badly need one of you & Steffie – in fact a number of Steffie who has a fine picturesque head that's saleable...for shows.
Now completed 8 largish Sabbath watercolours & now await wood to do 8 large ones in decorative manner – they are my best work. I find I now need 20 *large works* and shall have enough for show. But think it wise to delay till the Exhibition year late Spring (after Academy vogue) June-July & have a West End show. In pubs you have to find your own clients...
Yes, I'm now keen on living up your end – better in many ways. Do hope Steffie is better or on the mend.
haste Love Austin.
If you can let me know (after Steffie is fit again) when you can both visit here (about 11 to 11.30a.m.) I'll make an appointment with photographer. He has done some wonderful ones of me already.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Monday 4th [June, 1951]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I expected you along – hope you are both fit & busy. I paid my fee at the School & was only fit enough to go twice! Pleased to say with change of Doctor & better weather I'm much fitter and rejoining School this half term Tues: evenings. Do look in when you have a chance – many uninhibited sketchbooks to show you. Now starting on bigger work. Certain amount of news when we meet. I'm hoping to get about again soon – without the terror of sickness.
Just a card & I'll be here. (My only booked times are Tues: evening 6-30 till 8-30 art school.)
Love to you both Austin

FRIDAY 8TH JUNE, 1951
Up early and off to see ZOS vel Thanatos. Found him pale and seedy ... but he says he's really on the mend, at last. Says 'Ovaltine' has really aphrodisiacal qualities: it appeared to induce "wet-dreams" in himself, even when at a low ebb of health. Showed us excellent Sketch-books which he intends exhibiting in his next show – which show will be called: "In the Nude". I am to write another "Appreciation" for the next Catalogue and do corrections in his rough draft of the titles etc.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
26th June, [1951]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
If you both manage to come here 3p.m. Thursday week (July 5th) we will go along to the photographers & they will have a good man on the job – try & make it. As I want some 'heads' of Steffie for my show & there will be a good one for herself. By then I shall have about 2 dozen quite new works in my most genetic style. Now working hard & turning out more than one finished work a day. After the photographers we can have tea here or at Brixton then on to Elephant for a few drinks and meet a few pals. Should like your help with a few titles as this time shall catalogue as I go along. My next show will depend entirely on my genetic draughtsmanship – shall make that the *feature* – other stuff of course. Have now 100 works complete but shall go on working till Oct 15th & then select the best from what I have – about 175 works I expect. That was excellent cartridge [paper] Steffie brought along & should like some more – exactly the same. Have used it all – good for watercolour. But please let me pay for it. Hope you are both well & busy. Love Austin.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Wed: [27th June, 1951]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
We will have to abandon the photographer for a week or so – they are up to their neck in work & I cannot yet arrange with their best man. So I'll post you the Sabbath

– any day now & when you have corrected & approved we will meet & by then I hope the photographer will be free.
No news. Another show at the School yesterday that almost precluded work. Have also been lazy. haste. I'll write when I send ms.
Love Austin.

THURSDAY 5TH JULY, 1951
At ZOS's by 3. He gave us his delightful little painting of the Trapeze artist[87] and we titled a few pic-pics. Some of them more vital and magnificent than ever (esp. the Cat and New Moon, and 'Funambulatory Ecstasy'). Had some drinks at newly done-up Harry's.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Tuesday [10th July, 1951]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for yrs – I waited because the bloody photographer has been on the Kentish work & couldn't quite manage this Thursday week. 19th at 3p.m. to 3-30p.m. as certainty. Also I've been a little remiss with the Sabbath – send you the whole this week-end as you can finally edit yours & mine. I think yours is splendid...just right in every way. Always guessed you had fine dramatic & graphic ability. Hope to have the drawings finished when we meet. Been rather lazy – my workroom too cold & the kitchen too restless.
haste, off to School! Love to you both AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
12th July 51
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks very much indeed for the tea coupons also for your trouble re. the frame. Very glad you didn't leave it – almost robbery with violence ... I've come to the conclusion that it is a ¾" moulding I need – need not be oak – any plain wood. If you can find a firm at all reasonable it would help. 10/- is enough for the picture you have. There is a good order going – I need 24 frames all very much the same size, about 22" x 17" all ¾" moulding – no glass or backs required. This is just a hasty note – I'll be writing so that we meet – Have fixed up with a photographer.
Love yrs AOS

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
13th July [1951]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Since writing to you I've heard of a framer very near where you live – Chas. H. West Framers & artists' materials 117 Finchley Rd. N.W.3. I'm told they are as moderate as anyone – and have an excellent selection of mouldings. So if it's not asking too much will you take my drawing along – and choose a ¾" moulding. – I don't need glass or backing – just a couple of tacks to hold picture in. If not more than 12/6 please have it done – get a bill and I'll pay you or them. I've credit granted me from a Society for frames to a certain extent. All news when we meet.
You can mention to the framers that there is an order going for 30 frames – if the price is reasonable – month or 6 weeks delivery.
haste Love AOS

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
23rd [July, 1951]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Forgive delay answering – no news much – have been framing works ... takes longer than doing the pictures! Wasted a week of time already but pleased to say turning out good stuff when I get the chance. Thanks for all your bother re. the frame – they seem to be a lot of thieves. I'll manage somehow.
I've about 30 works for you to name when you can manage. How about this Thursday week 2nd Aug:? Let me know fairly soon as I'll fix up with photographers. I suggest we meet here at 3p.m.
I shall be showing 170 works next show. Shall fix up next month – when I can estimate the type of work etc. Shall be seeing sec: of R.C.A. any day now.
I believe I can manage something but more when I know more.
haste Love AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
1st Aug. '51
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs. Yes, Monday next week – 6th – about 3-30p.m. will be splendid. I've heaps of pictures for you & Ken to title – about 30.
Working well, but framing takes as much time as doing the pictures!
Now drink beer like a man ... so after being photographed & titling the pictures we will have a tour round the pubs. Haste Love AOS.

MONDAY 20TH AUGUST, 1951
Off to ZOS vel Thanatos. Titled some more amazing pictures. Off to pubs but it rained, was cold ... so everything fell rather flat. ZOS never noticed, however.

Sept. 4. 1951 e.v.
Dear ZOS vel Thanatos:
So sorry I have been all this time. I have had a shot at the 'Splurge', and enclose also the essay on you and your work for the Catalogue. I hope this is the sort of thing you want. I tried to bear in mind that it is the press we are trying to tape – hence the rather more 'sensational' nature of the whole thing. Steffi tells me that there has been a recent ban on the word 'Nude' being used in the titles of plays, reviews, etc., and I think perhaps this covers all forms of public entertainment, exhibitions etc. What do you think.?
I mentioned your forthcoming book in the essay because I think this is the sort of thing that the press like – the idea that something else is going to happen later – you know what I mean.
Hope you are in the best of health – drop us a line when you are not quite so busy.
Keep happy. Love, K&S

MONDAY 17TH SEPTEMBER, 1951
Off to see ZOS. Nice sunny day. Toured Lambeth, Southwark, and Elephant pubs.[88]

From Thursday for a fortnight or so we shall be at:
103 Eyre Court, St. John's Wood. N.W.8.
[Tuesday, 18th September, 1951]
Dear Zos vel Thanatos:
Enclosed find the 'This & That' which I think is really excellent – couldn't be better.

Also sending you a little tea. By now I expect you have the Barclay Pub List. Thinking things over I think we'll find it hard to beat the Hercules, but maybe I'm wrong. Drop us a line at the above address when you've come to any decision and we'll try out some more!
Keep well and happy.
Lots of love, K&S

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
20th Sept. '51
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for the speedy return of 'This & That' – also for the tea for which I was in bad need. I think you are right about the 'Hercules' – I had a chat with him the other day – he's a little nervous & I believe rather afraid of the nude etc. I see the election is timed for when I was opening! So that's off – means now the end of Nov: which is at least annoying – run it up to Xmas now which might help. I'll see two more pubs I've had suggested & then decide.
Barclays not very helpful and cannot supply a list of Houses ... I believe they misunderstood my letter. Delay anyway helps with more time for Catalogue & forward publicity. Good character studies will be rather essential (if he's so prim) for the Saloon Bar end of the show.
Have you any press notices or photos relating to my last show?[89] I can't find a fragment ... I put them all together & they have disappeared. If you have some bring them along when we meet – just to show the Hercules manager.
Love to you both Austin haste

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Oct 3rd (Wed) [1951]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Pleased to have yr card. Could we meet *this* Sat: 5-30p.m. & journey on...I've an important letter re. show I wish you to help me with – I have the draft. If Saturday is inconvenient – could you manage this *Thursday 4th* at 5-30p.m.? So sorry for short notice – but some things move quick & others slow. If you could bring the press notices along I should be very pleased. The show at the 'Hercules' moves slowly & desire definite decision this weekend. Have offers from other places – one in Gt. Portland St. etc. haste for you to get this early.
Love to you both Austin.
P.S. If I don't see you Thursday – expect to hear or see you Saturday.

{ENCLOSED DRAFT LETTER}
Dear Sir,
Thank you for yrs 27th Sept. Please forgive delay in answering. Re. yr suggestion of seeing my work, it would be very inconvenient & almost impossible to show you my stuff here as I've very little room and most of the work is packed ready for the carrier. Owing to the housing shortage I do most of my portraits & life work at a friend's studio.
What I suggest is that I bring along to 'The Hercules' some typical examples of *all the kinds* of work I shall exhibit: I have some small pictures – easy to carry – which will serve. Also I shall bring along sufficient press notices with reproductions of my work to show I have prestige among artists, clients & critics. I could give if necessary many famous names in the Arts' world as reference.
Finally, I am not asking Messrs. Barclay Perkins & Co. to in any way sponsor my show: neither is Mr. Roadnight committed to any liability whatsoever. Naturally I

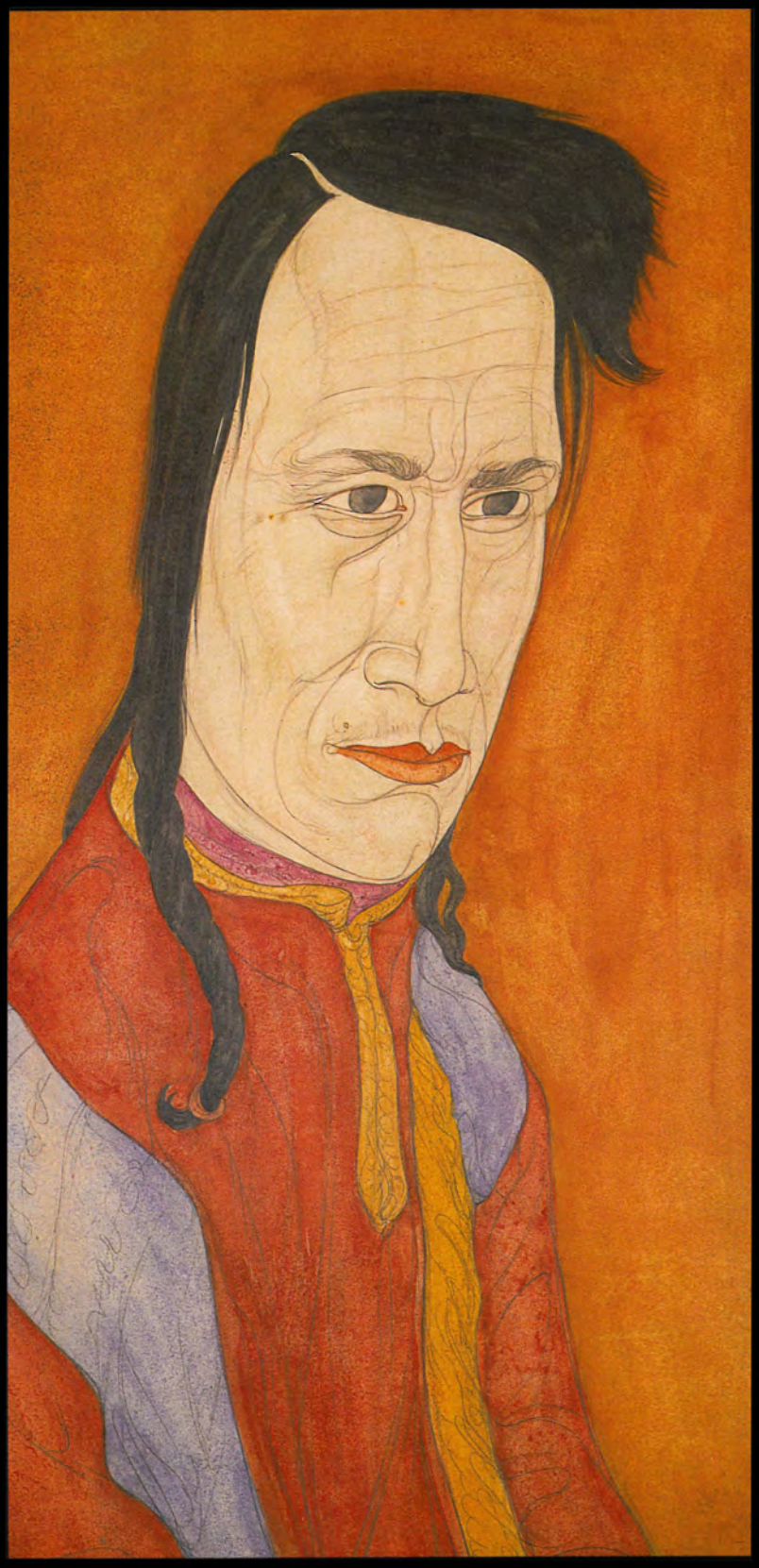
shall avoid the Xmas week. So, I shall be grateful if you would be so kind as to arrange a meeting at 'The Hercules' any day & time next week at yr convenience.
Yrs faithfully

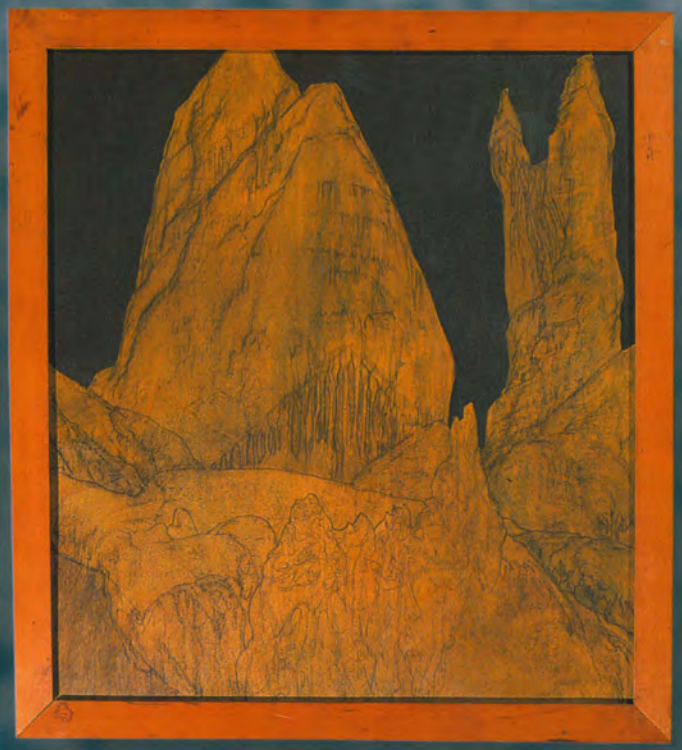
5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Monday
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs – yes I expect you are right re. the 'Albion'. Anyway I'll be asking the director for other addresses of their Pubs as some are so well 'placed'. I still hope to have a show at 'The Hercules' & would like you to meet me there *this* Thursday evening at 7-30p.m. & help me overcome the stupid difficulties – I believe Mr. Roadnight is quite easy – he rather stupidly delegated the whole thing to his supervisor – who is merely being officious. 'The Hole in the Wall' too full week-ends to be suitable & the upstairs room too separate & remote. I think we can do better. The 'Feathers' opposite St. James Tube is still open to me & they are willing. I may put off till the spring – I shall know this month end. So far cannot get a printer. Hope to see you Thursday – after seeing Roadnight we can visit a quite new Pub I know for my show.
Lots of love haste ZOS
Thanks for visiting the 'Albion'

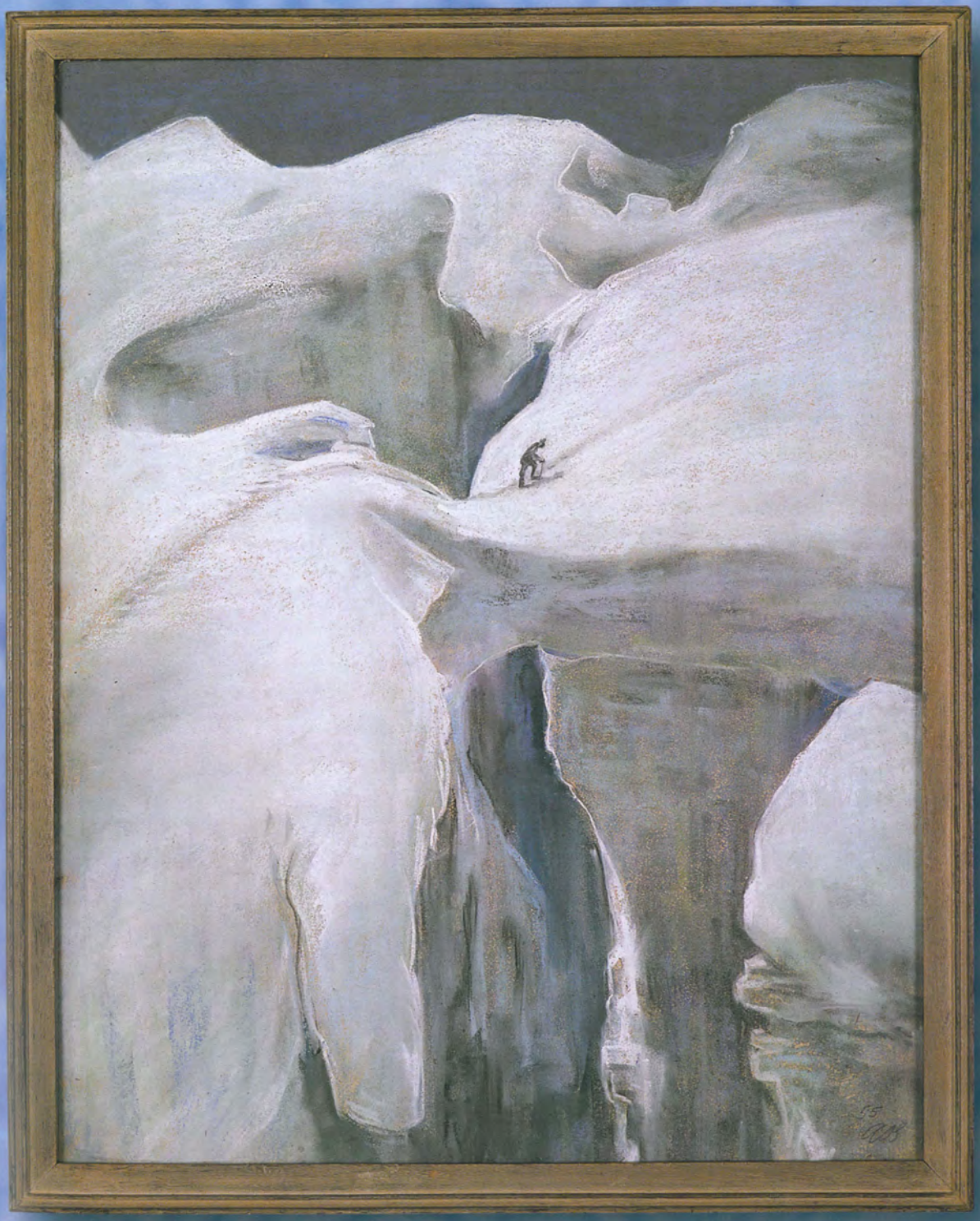
5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
[Monday] 22nd [October, 1951]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
So sorry Ken has been having a thin time – bit of a cold myself so perhaps it's as well deferred. Will you fix a date for next week – any day you wish – just a card saying when – Mr. Roadnight is leaving 'The Hercules' next month – about the 10th – so it's as well I hadn't signed up with him. He's introducing me to the incoming tenant. If you can arrange our next meeting at 'The Hercules' about 7p.m. it would be useful, as I mean to ask some pals along – & perhaps a press photographer – from there we can go on to the 'The Hole in the Wall' or somewhere else. Hope Ken is fit now & that you are looking after yrself. Love ever yrs AOS.
I've discovered an art school at a shilling a term!

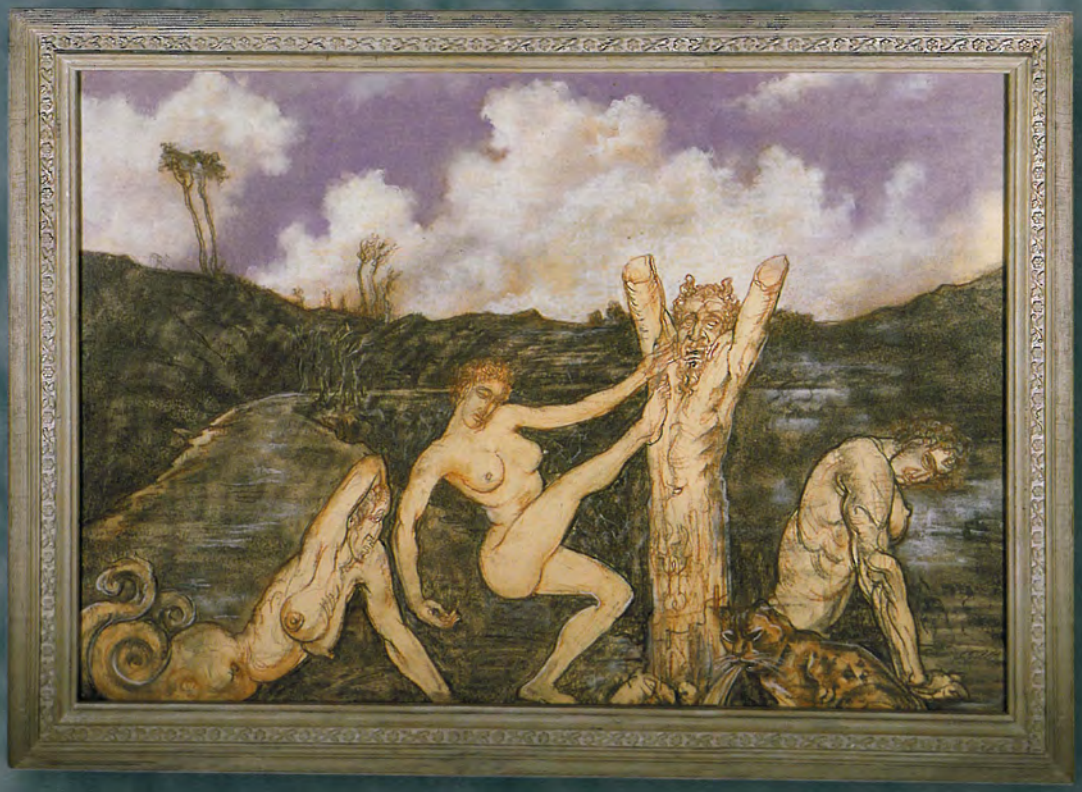
TUESDAY 30TH OCTOBER, 1951
Out with Zos vel Thanatos.

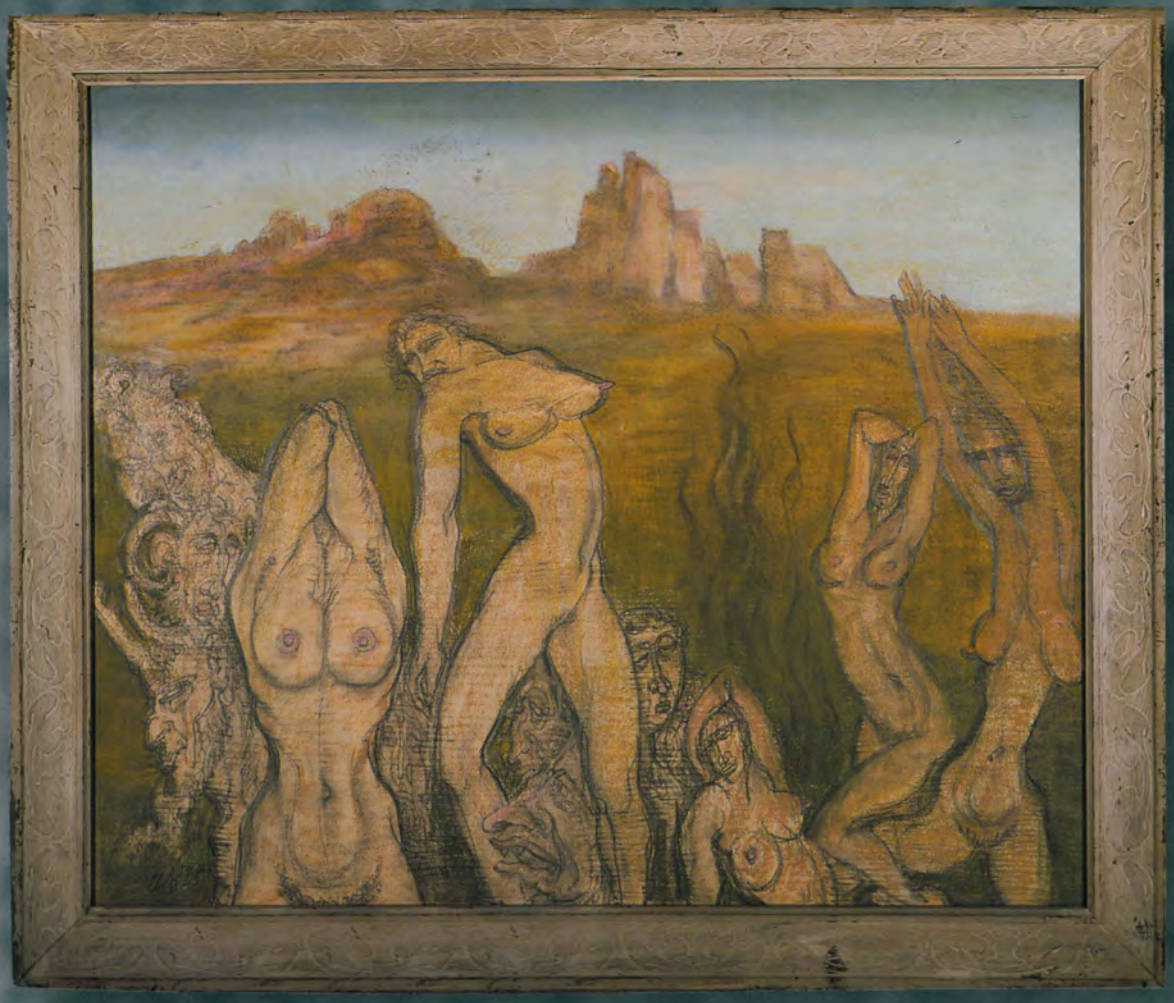
5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Thursday [8th November, 1951]
Dear Steffie & Ken,
I've taken yr advice & kept in since last Sat: not much good keeping in bed here – as things are – cannot even get a letter posted – so please excuse my not answering yr kind letter & parcels. Thanks muchly for the tea & two more shirts – extremely useful. Much better & shall be about again this week-end – as I wish to visit the New Boss of the 'Hercules' who should be established there this next week.
Will be doing some writing from now on – have already revised two things and much better for it.
Might publish the 'Witches Sabbath' myself – after my show. Had the 'Mystery Mag:' folk here the other day. Still asking me to revise my article on Magic...
I'm going over it this week *but* not using the revised parts he had written in! Again all my thanks & love from Zos.









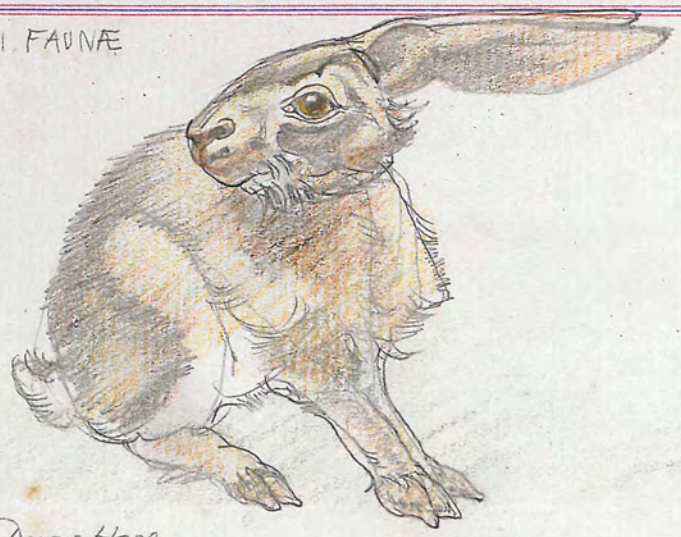



AOS
RESURGIM

Two new portraits of Steffie – both very young & innocent! One with a full moon – nice colour.. Good one of Ken... over 5 people spoked him at once – being a distortion, ~~of course~~ naturally it will interest others more than the person.

Believe me – all is True
or Natural History of Downe.
Aos, (Fecit)

PART. I. FAUNÆ



No 1

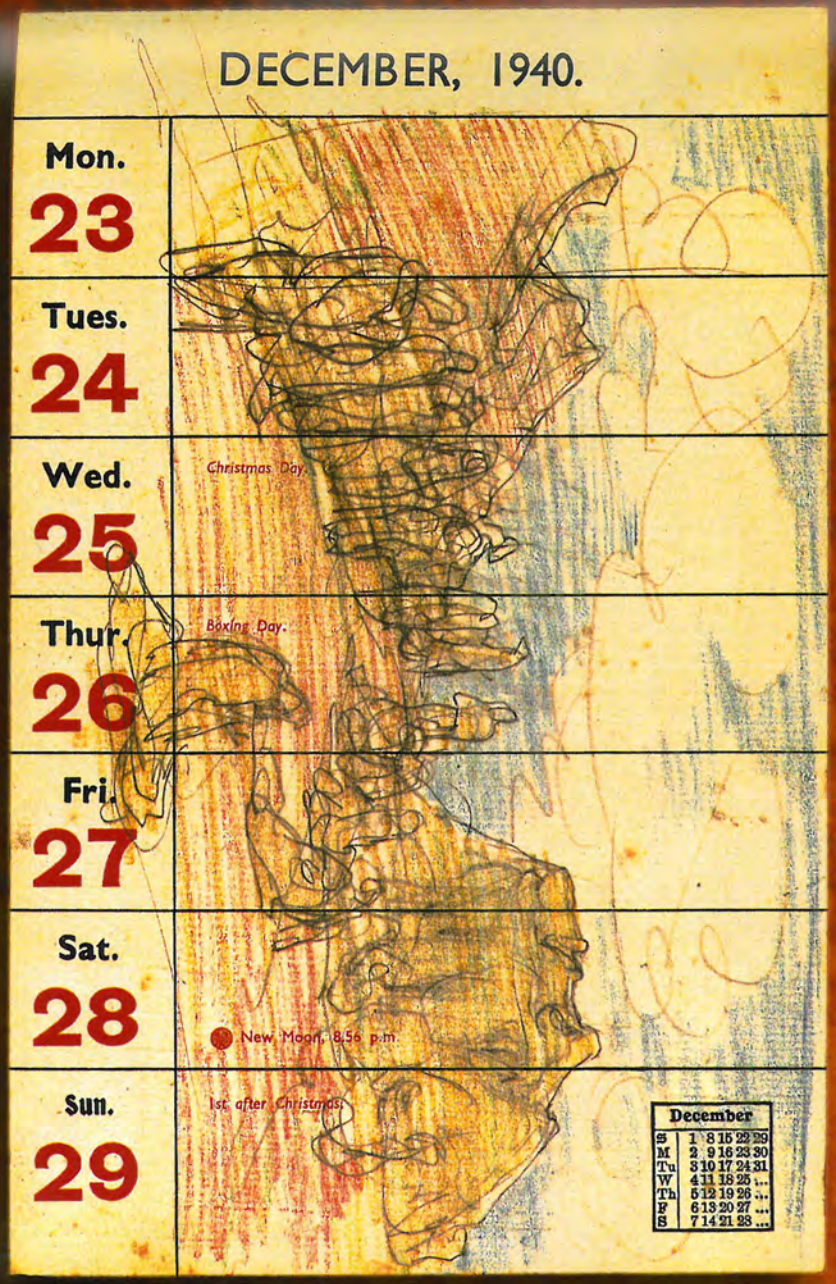
Downe Hare

This species differs from Hares (Lepus europæus occidentalis) in that the feet ~~are~~ have cloven hoofs. Their eyes are human & always open. Colour – grizzled yellow ochre, flecked gold, as in the Irish Hare. It is found over a great part of the South Downs of Kent & was apparently introduced by Mr Darwin from Patagonia. When caught emits a grunting laugh and still more frightened [illegible] followed by plenty of [illegible] & [illegible] head.

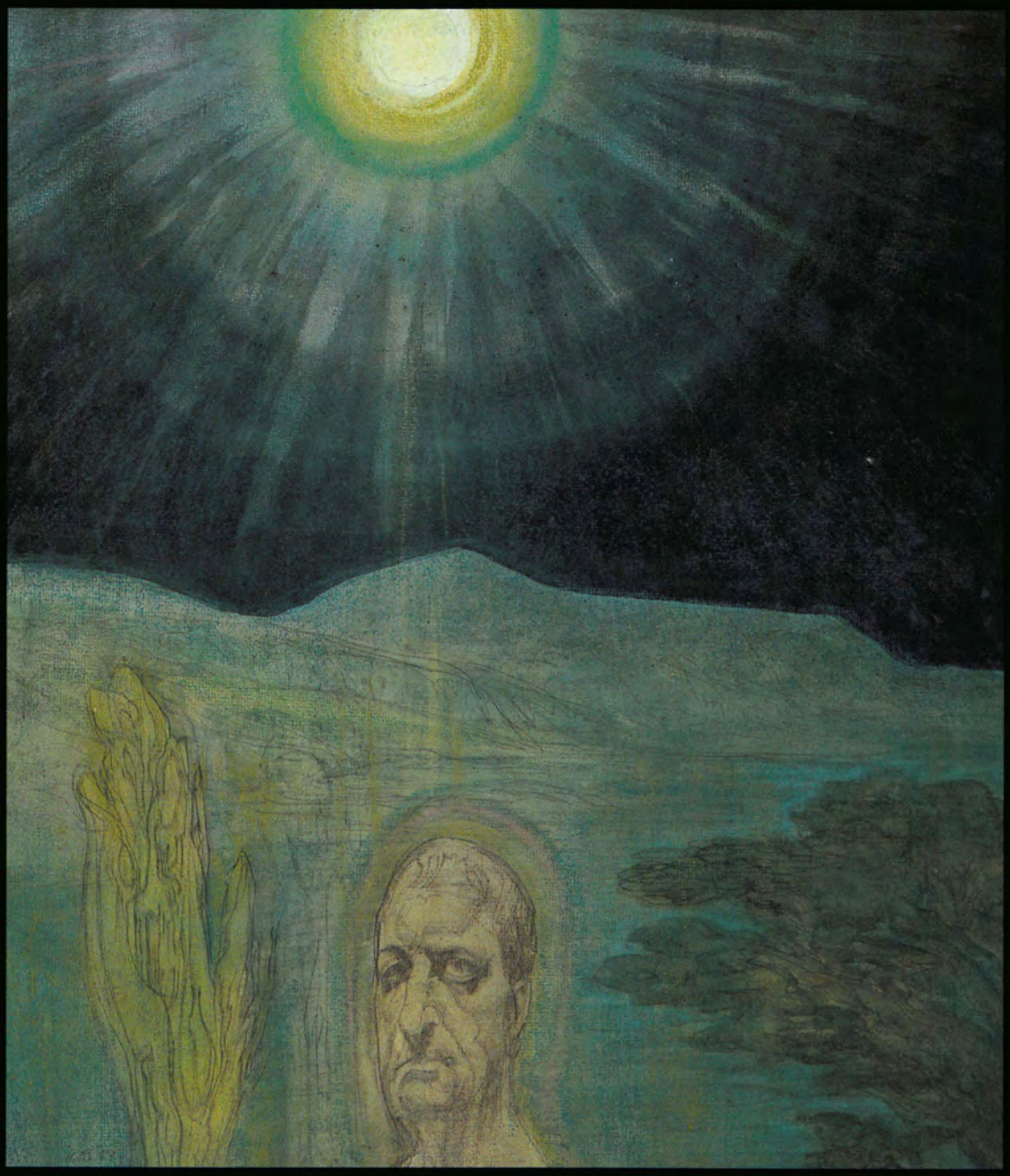
Water Shrew.

No 2.

A large semi-aquatic shrew distinguished by its blue colouration, pink human ears & hands & yellow bird-like feet. Further – it has 140 Teeth. It swims & dives with the facility of Nymphe. Unlike other aquatic creatures – shrews eat fish & insects. Sleeping & living – [illegible] Non multa – sed multum.


DECEMBER, 1940.
Mon.
23
Tues.
24
Wed.
25
Christmas Day.
Thur.
26
Boxing Day.
Fri.
27
Sat.
28
New Moon, 8.56 p.m.
Sun.
29
1st after Christmas.
December
S 1 8 15 22 29
M 2 9 16 23 30
Tu 3 10 17 24 31
W 4 11 18 25 ...
Th 5 12 19 26 ...
F 6 13 20 27 ...
S 7 14 21 28 ...


Christmas Greetings 1940
To Samantha & the Stanhopes



5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Dec 7th '51
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs. I should have written before but hoping to have news of the flat ... nothing's happened yet! Still hope...
Sorry you had so much trouble with the builders[90] – always a wretched business & slow motion these days. Will this Monday 10th at 8p.m. 'The Hole in the Wall' – just by the Boro' Tube Station suit? I shall be there & wait till you come. If inconvenient just a card saying what day suits – best to make your own appointment – same place. All news when we meet. Haste Love A.

MONDAY 10TH DECEMBER, 1951
Out with Zos all p.m. He was disgruntled about Dali[91] and 666, but bucked up toward end of evening.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
17th Dec 51
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks ever so much for the typing & the shirt which is my exact size these days. Could we meet this Wednesday 19th evening between 7-45 & 8-30p.m. 'Hole in the Wall' next to the Borough Station? Hope you will be able to make it as I expect a few friends along and we haven't much time before Xmas.
No news yet re. flat which becomes a mystery. Hope yr building difficulties are nearly over. Haste Much love Austin

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
31st Dec: 51
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just to thank you so much for your kind & useful gift of tea and to wish you both all the best for the New Year. Forgive delay but have wretched cold & cannot yet get out to post. Miss Pain too busy of a morning to remember ... Hope to be fit in a few days & hope we meet next week. I'll write again this week-end when I hope to be well. My birthday today! Haste love Austin

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
28th Jan: 52
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Forgive this long silence – haven't been too well & a bad foot that kept me in for over 2 weeks... Better now & hope you are both well & surviving the climate & now free of the builders.
No news much but should like to see you both again. One or two people have been along & all have bought life studies – on price they are favourites! Not letting the work go this time; 'Swaff' also came along and had me reserve seven, also my sister: same thing. All told, have about 25 reserved: none of the pure surrealistic type – those people haven't been yet. There is one that I think you & Steffie should have – I think it is the best but plenty of time for you to have your own fancy... One or two promising things happening re. show – shall fix date just before RA show. Perhaps you & Ken will arrange a meeting (Boro' Pub) for next week, better fix a date, as any day & time suits me.
I've discovered the secret of all genius & incorporating it in the short thing you typed on 'Ideas & such' sometime back. Shall be sending or give it to you for retyping (i.e. add the extra) when we meet. Lets have a line Love yrs A.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Feb. 9th, 52
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I'm wondering whether my letter went astray or that either through illness or the usual chaos of things there's been delay in not hearing from you. Hope you are both well & busy. Not too good myself ... and looking forward to the spring. Let me have a line & fix a meeting whenever you can so manage. No news much.
Love Zos.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
11th Tues: [March, 1952]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Many thanks for the ms. for catalogue – splendid but I'll rewrite the splurge ... it should just give a 'contents' of the show without too much stress on any particular type of work. Will you please let me have the *size* of the 'Modality of Eve' – as I've found a framer and getting everything framed from now on. Just the *size* on a post card as early as possible – sorry to bother you.
I'm *very* pleased with your article on the show – just what is needed ... very strong. Fix up a day to come along & we will have a tour (without long walks – this time!) of the Pubs I've selected as possible. Just a line & I shall be here.
Feeling fit & working well – although framing etc. has taken up most of my time. Catalogue now reaches 165 works. No news much. Hope you are both fit & busy.
Love Austin

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
13th
Dear Ken & Steffie,
So very sorry Steffie is ill & hope its nothing serious & that you are up & about again by the time you receive this.
Don't like the three tombstones – dearest Steffie – Ken & I will build you a wonderful catafalque which will make the famous Indian one a joke... I expect you will be a hell of a time dying so will find a site now – shall reserve the South Bank after The Show! Have eased up on my own work a little but going strong. 150 finished so far – 100 framed & catalogued. Could you spare Ken to come over & give

me a hand with the titles? i.e., if you are not well enough to come along as well. It would be a great help. Now drinking beer like a man. And found some nice pubs that are interesting.
Any afternoon or early evening will suit if Ken (& you) can come along. haste
Love and hope Steffie is now well again. Yrs AOS

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
Thursday [17th April, 1952]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I know my sins are many – but mainly of omission – I have really had some tiresome illnesses this winter & its my excuse. Anyway I ask your forgiveness & that we will meet again soon. I've at last settled on a Pub: for my show & shall open 5th June – not so early as I hoped owing to my wretched chest or stomach ... better now & with this weather hope to keep so. Saw Betty the other evening – very changed. Hope you & Steffie are well & busy. Do fix an evening whenever you wish.
Love yr AOS

April 18, 1952 e.v.
Dear ZOS vel Thanatos,
Thank you very much for your letter. It is we who seek forgiveness; we who have outraged all the codes of courtesy and friendship, and we feel really awful about it. The reason for our silence is a dismal but common complaint. You will remember the extensive repairs we had done some months ago: well, they completely drained us of our fast failing resources, and what with one thing and another we are financially wrecked and have not had a drink in a pub for nearly five solid months!!!
In addition to this a startling fulfilment of a Prophecy you once made concerning my Fortunes (with the Tarot) brought me new responsibilities and a lot of regular mail which I have been tireless in answering. It is in connection with the enclosed Leaflet, I having been chartered head of this Order in Britain. As you well know, things in their embryonic stages need a lot of attention and re-adjustment and I have had to re-constitute the entire Order in accordance with the times, as it were. It's all very complicated, but I am fairly well on the road to smooth functioning by now. The second part of your Prophecy about the man coming on a journey bringing buckets of brass has yet to be fulfilled!!!! (Note: What you said about the former part occurred exactly as you said, for your words were, (I quote from my diary): "It'll be under seal and all that sort of thing.... official....". With regard to the latter "real money – not just a fiver here and there".)
In view of all this I have been really busy and lacking even the wherewithal to sit in a pub sipping a few drinks. But in the beginning of May we shall be able to have a good booze-up with you in your new-found pub, with delight in our hearts and smiles everywhere. So, if you will give us a margin of, say 2 more weeks, we shall write then and fix a date.
So glad to hear the Show is now definitely in the offing, but so sorry to hear you have suffered with health trouble such a lot during the winter months. Please, please forgive us our misdemeanours and be lenient towards us. Amen.
Love from both of us and wishes for good health and happiness.
As ever, Steffi & Ken

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
22nd April 52
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs: afraid you had been ill – so sorry you had such a thin time with builders while you should be busy. And sorry you have had such a thin time re.

Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
22nd April 52

yes: afraid you
sorry you have
e time with
should be busy.
we had such a thin
r money – hope only
you will find my
ill come true – as I
at the time "that I always
at difficulty in "turning"
events." So pleased you have the
Society Comp – I shall be able
to help with folk interested – later
on have my address book & put
leaflet around. Anyway at my show
I'll be able to introduce a few that
will be helpful etc.
Shove me down as an hon: member
in any manner you like.

pocket money – hope only very passing. You will find my Prophecy will come true – as I remarked at the time – "that I always found great difficulty in 'timing' events." So pleased you have the Society[92] going – I shall be able to help with folk interested – later on have my address book & put leaflet around. Anyway at my show I'll be able to introduce a few that will be helpful etc.
Shove me down as an hon: member in any manner you like. A.C. did that for me into the old A.·. A.·. He told me he wished to form a large group (of such as myself – interested) of famous folk in the Arts. I introduced him to some – but he burnt his boats by absurd behaviour – I can give you details. It could have been a fine idea. You could do it much better – as you haven't his weaknesses & stupidities. They were so in his case & unnecessary – extremely well off then – without need of being tricky. Let me have a line at times. Delighted to hear from you again. Lets meet whenever convenient – remember – about my time to give a treat.
Love to you both A.
If Steffie has an unwanted tea coupon – shall be grateful!

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Sunday 4th [May, 1952]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Forgive my not answering at once for your kindness in sending me the Tea coupons – but I waited expecting some proofs (& photos of my work) of the preliminary announcement that you so kindly wrote. The printers as usual have let me down – any way I'll send you some of the preliminary when complete and printed. I find I can get real Photo post cards of my work done for 5d each. Taking a dozen – not bad! I'll send you some. Working hard. Hoping your rush is nearly over – fix an appointment when convenient to you ... make it the 'Hole in the Wall' Boro', about 7-15 to 7-45.
haste Love Austin

MONDAY 12TH MAY, 1952
Out with ZOS in Elephant. He's going ahead with my blurb in his catalogue. Expecting proofs any day.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Wednesday [14th May, 1952]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just to let you have the three prints as promised – these were not easy to photo – the next lot will be better. Was delighted to see you both looking so well. Haste.
I'll be sending other stuff soon.
Love Zos.

5 Wynne Rd S.W. 9.
28th May 52
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just to let you have some tickets & catalogues and thanks very much for putting them around. Plenty more when necessary. Do please arrange a meeting before I open. All news then.
haste. Love A.
As you will notice – had to cut nearly everything from Catalogue. Apparently costs have soared. Wanted 50 £!!

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
3rd June, '52
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just to enclose a few tickets & catalogues as I find they are running short. You will notice I have enclose(d) Ken's appreciation with all my catalogues & tickets. The full catalogue now reaches No 174. added quite a few recently. I'll soon have Steffie's prints from pictures, also other photos. Do, if possible arrange meeting before show opens. Please remember my Red spots...
Hope you are both well & busy. I'm working like the very devil!
Love A.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
15th June '52
Dear Ken & Steffie,
So sorry you were not at my opening – quite a good day and amusing. Apparently the press has so far flopped! – but we hope – they are afraid of the stuff... But so far results very good. Do hope you will come along soon as I would like you to see certain work before it goes – already over 25 works have been taken away. Don't expect you to buy anything so please don't keep away for that or any reason that I can remove...
A friend of mine (composer) is very keen to meet you & Steffie named Ian MacPhail who is very interested in the psychic & I think you would find useful with yr society. I'm always at the 'Mansion House' pub between 6p.m. & 10p.m. every evening and hope you will come along when convenient. Hope you are both fit & well.
Love ZOS.

FRIDAY 20TH JUNE, 1952
Saw ZOS, Would have liked the painting of a heavenly bummed cunt sitting between two trees 'neath a sickle moon!! [NOTE: 'Astarte' was the title of this picture, which Zos still had by him in 1954.]

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
June 24th '52
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Very pleased to see you both looking so well – hope you will come again a little earlier – so we can exchange news. Pleased to say the abstract stuff is beginning to sell and offer of show in Paris entirely of such work – all ex's paid. Nice letter from Henry Miller[93]...and other folk too far away to visit. The 'Sabbath' has frightened the Press & public but in spite of tardy publicity sales are quite good. I'm always at the Pub: between 6.30 & 10-30p.m. haste
Love AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
25th June
Dear Ken & Steffie,
This Thursday evening about 8-30 & 9p.m. a Press photographer is coming along to the show[94] & it will be an important article. If you can manage to bring any of yr friends all the better as I want a crowd. Love haste AOS.

FRIDAY 11TH JULY, 1952
Took her (i.e. Joyce Bernard) to Zos show where Zos kindly let her take two pic-pics for £2. 2s. although she wants to send two more guineas on to him.

[NOTE: It was at about this period that we took the Fitzgeralds[95] to ZOS's 1952 show. (See blurb I wrote, which Zos hashed, using my initials beneath. Caused ill feeling between us, but, of course, it couldn't last.) I forget what transpired during the Fitzgeralds' visit, but they bought 'Delphic Oracle'.]

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
19th July '52
Dear Ken & Steffie,
So sorry so long sending the Photos promised... truth is the Madame at the Pub mislaid them & even now my own packet cannot be found – what I enclose were leftovers...more when we meet. I enclose the best I have – as I've a strong feeling there will not be any others. The show is over – not too bad considering all things. Directly I receive the 'Picture Post' photos I'll send you a selection at once – before anyone else even looks at them! Came away from the show with about 40 pictures – some of the best still left – all help with another show.
Arrange meeting whenever you wish so we can have a chat & exchange news. Tell Steffi even one T coupon will be useful.
Love Austin.
Might be good news this coming week re. flat.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
28th July 52
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so very much for the tea coupons. You needn't have bothered to have returned photos – directly the 'Picture Post' notice comes out I'll have a whole collection of really fine ones for you to choose from. I told them to delay the notice as long as they liked as it wouldn't help my show.
I've news at last about the flat and hope to move upstairs in a week or so. I'll let you know the instant it happens. Plenty of room & light for anything...
Hope to start my classes Sept. Do lets meet to exchange news...'The Hole in the Wall' any evening any time at yr convenience – just a card. Everything with show finished up now. If you still have the Kitchen Table & any odds & ends – very useful. All this when we meet & I'll arrange something. Love ZOS.
Be able to finish m.s. & many other things now!

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
3rd Sept 53
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I often wonder how you both are, well & busy I hope. Just finished a Magical mask of Ken & a nice drawing of Steffie as the youthful Circe both more than less imaginary. Now working in my new quarters & work benefits highly;..
Do come along and see my new stuff before it goes on show about Oct. Nov: Have developed a new medium (very elastic). Technique & style & result justifies the necessary experimental wastage.
Love to you both Yrs ever SOZ

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
15th Oct '53
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I've been anxious about Steffie[96] and hope everything is satisfactory – do drop me a P.C. Getting very near my new show & up to my neck in work.
Love to you both yrs ZOS
P.S. Could you give me a definition of Bess-Mass?[97]
Mine is only vague memory & mainly guess.

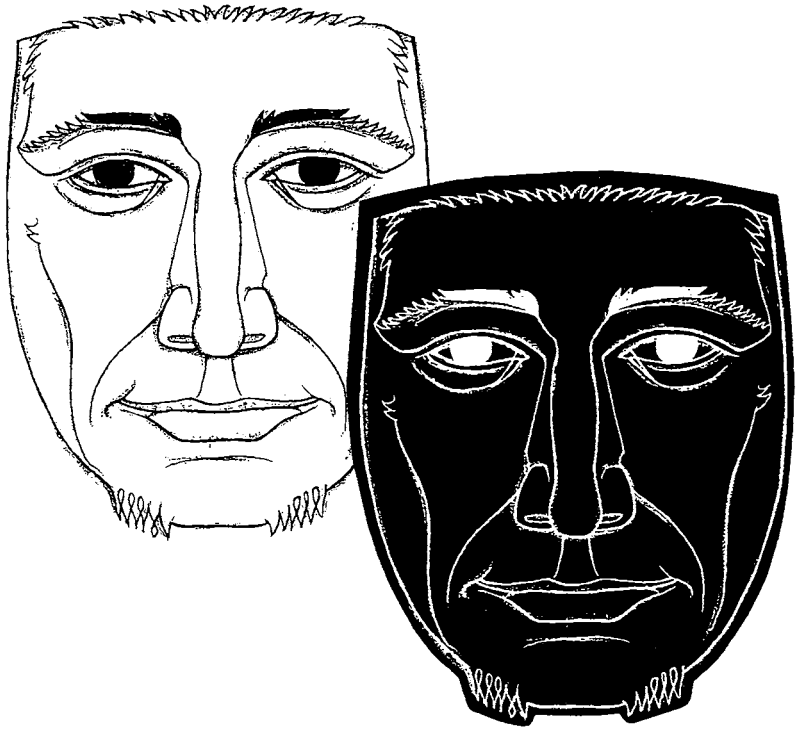
5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Feb 14th 54
Dear Ken & Steffie & daughter [sic]
Thanks for yrs: delighted to see you here 19th about 3-30. I'll naturally be here from two p.m. until 6-30p.m. Look forward to see you both again. I enclose Steffie one of my magical pens for drawing – also writes all languages & styles! just slip it over an ordinary (small) pen-holder. I've saved a few good things from my show so shall have something for you to see.
All news when we meet
Love to you all ZOS.
Remind me to show you my sketchbooks.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
18th Feb 54
My dear Ken & Steffie & family!
Hope with the milder weather you are all budding forth again... I have a wretched attack of anemia [sic] during my show & was only able to visit it about five times! The Press Tickets were a week late going out – so the opening was a flop. Made no difference – sold most of the best large ones very easily & could have sold out – but was too ill to bother & packed up the show the second week as far as selling. Anyway I wanted to save some of the best for my next show – a West End one with a preview here about Sept. No more bloody Pubs for me! Hannen Swaffer has promised to round up press – sponsors etc etc my next West End show – already have the choice of three galleries. I've some new & very uninhibited sketchbooks (just working on them). I should like to see you before they go – already sold & can sell another dozen. But these I shall be working from for new-show's stuff. All other news when we meet.
I'm shortly Publishing myself the prologue to 'ZOS' as a *trailer* in the write up by H. Miller – just to show – an illustration, sample of text & format of type etc. Also the magical formulas (now re-written & complete) will anyway be *published by me only & forever.* Might ask you & Steffie a little cooperation as they will be dedicated to you openly or otherwise as you wish.
Love Austin Osman Zos
P.S. Do try & look in.

FRIDAY 19TH FEBRUARY, 1954
Went to see Zos ... he showed me some magnificent work.

[NOTE: Reminiscing, I seem to remember Zos muttering about being worried about acts of cruelty inflicted by people on animals in the past – such as those mentioned by Clifford Bax in *Ideas & People* (1936), perhaps? Maybe this is why he now loves to be associated with animals on the various photos of himself. Also, when Scire[98] visited him and bought a 'stele', Zos made him pay a 'sacrifice fee' which he directed to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.]

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Wednesday [19th May, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Do hope you will come along & see my new work – have burst forth as a colourist & a new line in portraiture. Nice new head of Steffie. Have already 60 new large pictures since you were – Ken was – last here. The 'feature' for my new show will be "graphic music" & *every form* of draughtsmanship – in all directions – *all* in *colour*. Love to you both & son.
Yrs AOS.
Hope Steffie is quite fit etc, anxious to see her. You will always find me here any day between 2-30 & 7-30.



TUESDAY 29TH JUNE, 1954
John (Symonds) writes he'll meet me at Lyon's Tea Shop Hyde Park Corner between 2. and 2.30 therefrom to proceed to Zos. Met him as arranged and proceeded to Zos where we had a magnificent Eye-Feast of his more recent works. John bought a Self-Portrait and I reserved one of Dedi as a secret present for her – a beautiful head of Mother Kali as Dedi. Wants coloured pastels from Lechertier Barbe and the photograph of Nuit again. Zos gave me a photo. of himself with Cat for Dedi. I'm going down Tuesday week to help him name some pictures... a particular painting of his showing a shrouded figure and lightning which Zos said represented the opening bars of Beethoven's 5th. He talked to Green Lion [John Symonds] about the Eastern Teachings.

The face of a rather striking red-haired woman, middle-aged and attractive, appeared in several of the paintings I saw this afternoon. Spare said: "She's the dirtiest bitch I know". She was the greengrocer's wife down the road. "Likes my work 'cause she thinks it's dirty!" he said. She had her two small children painted by him. The pictures captured intensely the expression of innocence on their faces. She did not buy them however.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
11th Sunday [July, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for yrs. Expect you along Tuesday as arranged for Titling – have all the pictures sorted out etc. Yes, do bring along yr friend Wed: about 3p.m. Delighted to show him whatever I have – there will be sketchbooks available. Haste. Up to my neck in it – have had to dust off a number of Pot boilers – i.e. portraits: all uninteresting. Love to Steffie, yourself & Son
Yrs AOS

TUESDAY 13TH JULY, 1954
Got to Zos by 3., and spent afternoon titling some 20 odd pictures. Brought back the portrait of 'The Young Circe' and the horned one of myself.[99]

WEDNESDAY 21ST JULY, 1954
Dedi off to ZOS at 2. I spent after-noon framing a Magical Formula of Zos and a portrait of ZOS (photo) which I hung in the hall ... Dedi returned at about 5.30: Zos hard up and rather grumpy; rather depressed little Dedi but I think she enjoyed herself really. Private view cards for Wynne Rd., are to hand 21st July-21st Aug. 3.30-7.30p.m.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
Thursday [29th July, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just to ask you to obtain for me some Charcoal – the ordinary *size* & kind i.e. *Willow* charcoal, also violet shades in the Castel pastels, light medium, dark, and any colours (bright) Steffie thinks exceptional.
All goes well & as usual in arrears with everything!
Any friend of yours: This show the last chance of *cheap* AOS work. Very good sketchbook for sale. It will be a very informal show.
Best to you both.

{CARD FOR EXHIBITION AT 5, WYNNE ROAD}
[postmarked 2 Aug 54]
Delighted to see you & friend here Tuesday evening ZOS

TUESDAY 3RD AUGUST, 1954
Met Joyce at 4.30 in Holborn and took 171 to 'White Horse'. She bought a 'Witch' picture for £3 and we had a marvellous time drinking with Zos till after 8 in the 'Crown and Anchor' near his home.[100]

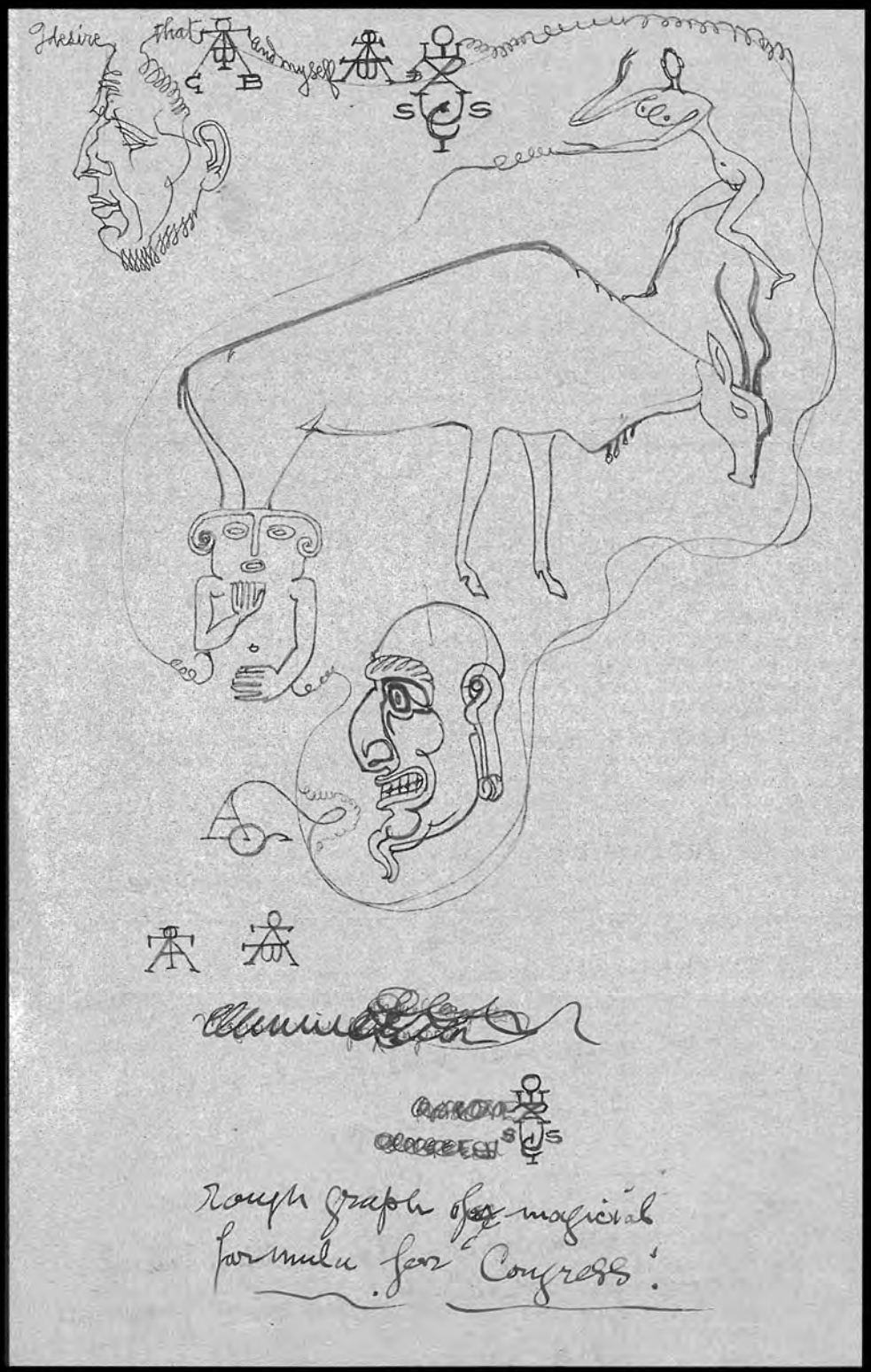
5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
25 Aug 54
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Dr. Gardner[101] of the Isle of Man sent along his deputy, a myopic stalky nymph... with two magicial [sic] Knives that she insisted on showing me! Harmless & a little tiresome...what she was *really* interested in I don't think she herself knew. She believed the 'Witches' Sabbath was a sort of Folk dance of pretty young things... I agreed that a Maypole may have symbolism –
Number of Gallery owners have been along & bought pictures, which is a compliment...have no trouble fixing a Gallery now or later.
One or two deals with Dealers. Don't forget – any of your pals who want a low-

priced work of mine – this is positively the last chance & they go daily. Could have sold many of the larger ones – but keeping for show.
Have you a photo of Aleister Crowley & something with his signature on to lend me? I want to do my version of him – after all – with all his failings he has a definite place. I believe I have a client – anyway I want to do one for my show.
Pile of ms. of Zos awaits typing.
All the best to you both Love AOS
When we next meet, ask me to show you some of my inscribed books with Magicial Formula written in, I find I have a sale for so decorating any sort of book & have been so commissioned!

Aug 54
Dear Zos,
Many thanks for your most interesting letter and for the lovely photo you sent with it. We were very amused by your description of Gardner's "nymph". He will probably be in London in September, and we'll bring him along then. At the time you gave us those cards for your show, we sent one of them to a bookseller called Sims (Peacocks, Hurst, Berkshire). Perhaps he is the man who wants those drawings of yours for his books? We heard of him first when he sold a copy of your 'Focus of Life' to a friend of ours, which contained some original poems in Crowley's hand composed for each of your drawings in the book. This friend of ours, whom we will bring along in Autumn – when he returns to London (he is the person interested in your sketchbooks) has quite a lot of your work.
Glad you are well and that 'business' is so brisk. Enclosed is the sort of thing I think you require – Crowley's full face and signature.
The man who is interested in your sketchbooks (mentioned above) is also a collector of Crowley's books, letters etc. He would therefore be *very* interested in your imaginative picture of Crowley. Strangely enough he actually asked us whether you would be likely to paint such a portrait and we said – at the time – that we were very doubtful. If the bookseller does happen to be Sims and he wants your portrait of Crowley then it is bound to be for our friend who is a great customer of Sims, therefore it will be best to let Yorke (our friend) deal direct with you when he sees you in September – or, as thou wilt!
Love from both of us, as ever, K & S

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
25 Aug 54
Thanks for yrs. I think we must both know 'Sims' I sold him a 'Pleasure Book' sometime back ... I know one or two such dealers through books etc ... useful sometimes. I'll do an A.C. & thanks for the print – he had some 'hair' when I knew him. I'll save a sketch-book for yr friend & pleased to see him or any of your friends any time. Till we meet : To you both
Love ZOS
Forgive card

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Saturday [28th August, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I return the AC portrait[102] – not helpful for my purpose – did better one from memory. By the way the books I inscribed with magical Formula I have already sold – apparently people will accept (what they do not believe) if picturesque. The person who bought them thought them 'charming' & 'original'! Too broke to stop any sale of certain things...I'll be doing more...Have done a very *special* one for you & Steffi



Rough graph of magical formula for "Congress".

but will keep it awhile as I believe I can get orders for like things: it is decorative & unique. Its yours directly show closes Sept 7th. Show you when you are next here. Haste Love AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
8th Sept. 54
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Wild rush... thanks so much for yrs...delighted to see you & friends anytime – just a card. But always here between 3 & 7-30.
Would you be so very kind to type out the enclosed 11 pages...it will help me spot repetitions etc for revision. Some more of the old stuff when you like, that I have revised.
Again haste & thanks for your co-operation. Till we meet.
Love to you both AOS.
Are you near Camden Town?
The show hasn't ended up too badly – still a number of folks to come.
Well, worth while – could have taken quite a deal but refused sales of certain works till next show. Fixing up finally this months end.
Love to you both. Till we meet – haste ZOS
P.S. Has Steffie's Camera back focusing with ground glass? Anyway should like to borrow it for experiment. I'll send you some more prints of other pictures – its a bloody expensive business & the chap who does it for me is a fool. They only come out decently when I insist on doing the job. Won't lend me his Camera.
{Drawing on reverse} Rough Graph of magicial *formula for Congress!*

Sept. 10 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Very many thanks for the decorated envelope[103] which contained such choice pictures of yourself (Overture to Reality) and the pictures from your show. I am enclosing the typed copy of the ms. you sent. I liked the paper you marked 'PACKING'.[104] Please pack all such bundles of ms. in such 'PACKING'!! Shall be pleased to do any more you may have ready.
Just one point: On page 11 – last page – you have "Our belief must be fixed and *be-lived*" and "Indraw your breath until your body quivers and then give a mighty suspiration". Do you mean *sigh* or is this word *sigh* just a 'parallism' (in your language) for Orgasm? This is, I take it, a variation of the Death Posture mentioned in Bk. of Pleasure??
With regard to the first quotation , i.e. *be-lived*: do you mean that one must enact the wish pictorially in one's imagination or ceremonially in one's physical body while working up to the pitch of ecstasy which precedes the 'suspiration' and quivering of the body etc.? Would you be so good as to clarify the technique for me just a little further. Otherwise, I think I have a pretty good picture of the manner of working.
Hoping to hear from you on this point – and on any other of course,
Love from Steffi and myself, and all good wishes
Yours in the Power of the Id,
P.S. I may not have made myself quite clear about "*be-lived*". I wish to draw a definite distinction between an imagined fulfilment while working up the tension, and a ceremonial technique involving the enacting *in the physical body* (like a play) of the desired wish. Do you get my meaning? If not I can amplify. I expect you mean imagined fulfilment that can later be reified by the condensation of the outgoing Will. (I notice your definition of will is 'nervous energy').
{On the reverse} Myself paying homage to Isis – Nu's turn next!

(psych[illegible])

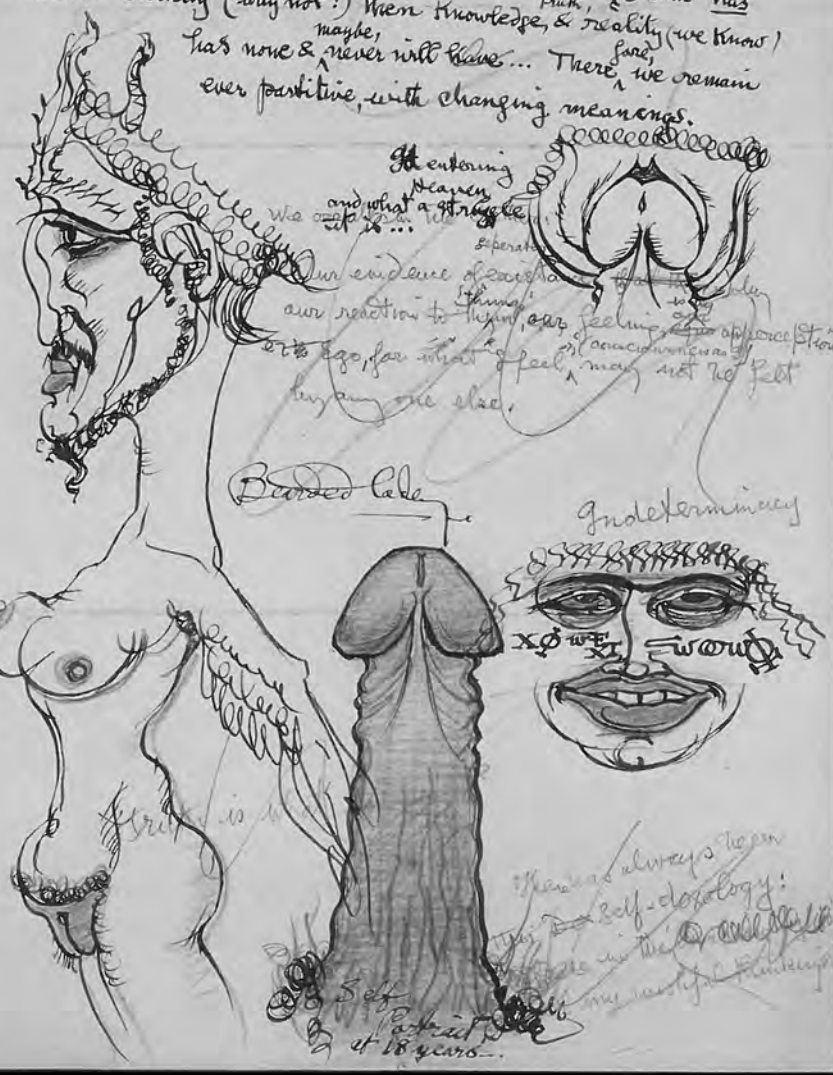
Of Thought — if we merely response to bodily stimuli

Whatever a "situation" is, no one has yet conceived its entirety

: because the Thing that is are never perceived as ego-centrology.

causes effect
cause & effect
constantly
common-sense...
future we are
always mistaking
the effect for the
cause & vice versa

If the Sucepter knows all: S may know (dimensionally) all from this absolute collective... but if there are no conclusions & time has entered Eternity (why not?) Then knowledge, truth, & reality (we know) has none & maybe, never will have... There, lord, we remain ever partitive, with changing meanings.



Self entering Heaven and what a struggle it is...

We are [illegible]

Our evidence of reality [illegible]

our reaction to "things", our feeling, our apperceptions

ego, for what I feel, may not be felt by any one else.

Buried Cube

Indeterminacy

Truth is [illegible]

Meaning always begin

Self-doxology:

[illegible]

If we are "merely complicated automata"
If "thought is only a response to bodily stimuli"
If "reason is a function of the body & tool of a non-rational self"
If "the intelligence is false"
If "we are the slave of the gds" -
If "we have no direct experience of a personality or Self" —

the corollary,

no mediacy here
laissez-faire,

Then neither you nor I, or our mental powers are any different to that of the anemone, or indeed a speck of protoplasm.
Or is there a difference? And therein lies the answer.
If we cannot know what is Truth, then perhaps we can establish or prove a negative, ex, know what is inessential to Truth? Perhaps the answer is neither... for all things are essential to truth, because all things are true. How could they be untrue? Our "confusion" is in that we wrongly relate them in time & place. Moreover,

emerge emergence,

following a law of asymmetry based on dissymmetry.

Evolution is a process of change by evolving variation by a constant process of incorrect subdivisions & further increasing differences, becoming more complex until the original prototype ceases to know itself. The variations we call mutations are expressed by persistance effort.

If you demand of Nature, autonomy, she entertain you, will receive, what you are capable of.

equimultiple

amalgam

All the above statements from their self-invalidating premises are mere statements
Whom do the gds obey? & when my dog obeys me, does he obey the gds?

a permutation of

or many in one individuality

of the derivative self-mutations making self

Check Why should life exactly itself in matter at all? Reality does so manifest itself & in more ways than we yet know - often appearing contradictory which does not dispose of anything.

Temperament may direct

If the gds were not satisfied by transmutation, sublimation & substitution then we would be nothing more than the scrap heap of thwarted impulses: how often, we desire unfulfilled by satiety. (Where there is human consciousness there is law, morality, & connection, and are the harness of the gds.

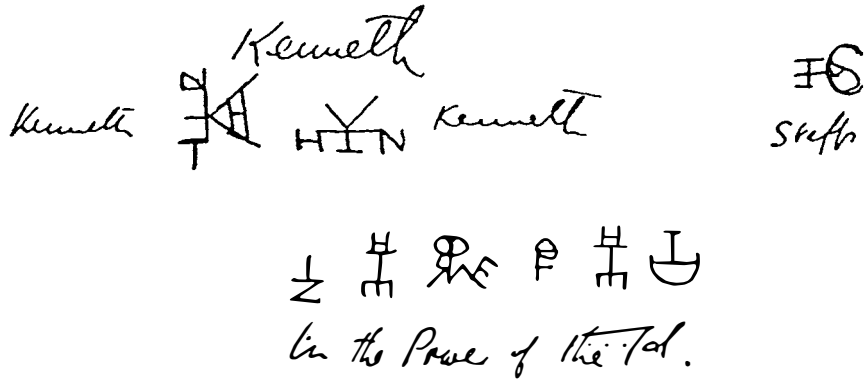
mine own gd.

one movement as good as another: excepting a true parallelism: would my cat appreciate music Bach?

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
Sat/Sun [11/12th September, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Many thanks indeed for the typed ms. I now see where I am...a few corrections additions & changed words etc, Otherwise excellent (I mean your typing) Shorts are short...loose leaves go in W.P.B. (like I sent) otherwise like this one – have to tear out of my sketchbooks!... often notes or part sketches for when I have to draw direct on China – the very Devil – slippery so one must have a rough copy of sorts...
You will like the "flying saucer"[105] I've done for you with complete magicial formula (only one that has) naturally I leave those out and only give the graphic part so enclosed. Have done a nice colourful portrait of Joyce.
Your remarks re. 'Illustration': 'arbitrary transferences': You are quite right in all your guesses. I deliberately used the word 'suspiration' as parallism [sic – parallelism?] – the release... the 'be-living' is 'as if' by Ritual & Ceremony all as you state. (I am deliberately not too explicit – as it's best everyone has there own version etc – more magicial).
+ ei. my Ids!
Sad story of youth: when I obeyed my Ids – entrapped – ten years with the wrong woman Should I abjour [sic]? Now my Ids obey me... and I obey only heaven's call for copulations.
{On the reverse} Do as you like to whom the liking ...is the law.

Sept. 13 – 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
So pleased to get yours of September 11 with wonderful drawings enclosed. I see you have used the Nuit concept to good purpose! This is a more living interpretation of the rather cold statue or delineation of antiquity, though I shouldn't be surprised if they had their secret interpretations too!! I like the words: "Do as you like to whom the liking... is the law" – this would make a good Magical Utterance in your strange alphabet; a sort of 'trademark' of your Philosophy. Needless to say I am very eager to see the 'Flying Saucer' with the complete Magical Formula on it but do not know yet whether I shall be able to come along and see you before I bring my friend on his return from the country. I am expecting a letter from him some time this month as his kids return to school soon and he has to return to London for the Autumn. Will it be all right if I bring the camera along then or do you want it sooner? I do not know anything about the lens, or anything else about cameras for that matter so cannot say whether it has what you are looking for. Steffi asks me to say that as it doesn't belong to her but is the property of her mother; would you be so good as to be extra careful with it?
There are just one or two things in your last letter I must ask you about. I couldn't quite make out the opening sentence. Forgive me if I quote back. You write what seems to look like the following:
"Shorts are short...loose leaves go in W.P.B. (like I sent) (otherwise like this one – have to tear out of my sketch books!) often notes or part sketches for when I have to draw on China... etc".
Beside the first word I also do not know what you mean by the letters W.P.B. Am I being particularly 'dim' to-day? Sorry? Glad to hear you've done a good head of Joyce. I didn't know she'd been down to see you yet. She's a nice girl but a little scatter-brained sometimes. She likes your work in a sort of undeveloped way but I don't think she knows anything about the esoteric side of your Philosophy.
I was glad to see that my interpretation of your practical Formula (given at end of your last manuscript) was correct. I always return to the same question: Do you remember you once said you'd tell me the key to the particular Magical Alphabet in Book of Pleasure. It doesn't seem to be the same as the script you used in your

Graph which you have just sent and which is made up of *English* letters arranged in such manner as to form a glyph which shall be unreadable to the conscious mind but which will penetrate the subconscious layers for that very reason. I understand this all very well, I think, but what I am dying to know is the key to the script in The Book of Pleasure. Sorry to be so insistent but you promised you'd tell me.
Please let us hear from you again with some more 'PACKING' paper and rough Magical Word-Graphs!!
Steffi sends her love and best wishes – and so do I,
Your ever-affectionate,



5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
[Tuesday 14th September, 1954]
Steffie Ken Kenneth Grant – very difficult! Grant

Dear Ken & Steffie,
Here we go – everything made clear! When you asked for 'packing' I replied SHORTS are short. 'Shorts' are a term used by boys (from the ragged school to Oxford) for "arse wipes on paper"!! I meant that I hadn't much packing – the alternative being tearing out a page from a sketch book – spoiling it, also may contain 'refs & notes' in use or to be used. I don't mind that, but rather you had the whole sketch-book – always sequence in ideas etc. The best magicial formulas (& shorts) are inscribed in books (by any interesting author – saleable – to collectors of the unique.)
Shorts are still short! Because they have all been thrown in the 'W.P.B.' ... meaning the Waste Paper Basket! But now, I'll think of you & save the best & send you.
I'm now doing a great portrait of Isis & hope to make a compound ideal face – all forms of beauty in one ..., may not come off this time – so many bloody distractions. Can't help you now re. Sacred Alpha: Key to it & over 300 letters & words (sufficient magicial words to convey anything) was *all* destroyed in the Blitz ... What with loss of memory & lousy normal memory I've still to make the effort to re-member & reform it again. You shall know when I do – just two or three days in the Country & it will gush out!
Whatever Steffi's Camera is I'll be able to use it for something... if not useful to the purpose in mind I'll return it at once. Naturally take great care of it. Wild haste. Pleased to see you whenever you can so manage. Love to both yrs A.

Sept. 15 1954
Dear ZOS vel Thanatos,
Very many thanks for your kind letter of explanation and for the PACKING "Short" with that marvellous "self-portrait at 18"!![106]
I am sorry to hear about the temporary loss of the Magical Alphabet and feel rather alarmed about it. If there is anything I can do to help you remember I shall willingly comply; I may for instance make a copy of all the separate letters you give in 'The Book of Pleasure' which you could then keep by you for the purpose of jogging your memory in some way. (Subconscious association might bring it all back). Please let me know if this would help at all. It seems very important to me that the meanings should be recovered. You had quite a lot of such script in a picture we bought from your 1949 Show[107], and I have always been dying to know what the hieroglyphs signified.
Glad to hear about the head of ISIS resuming all-beauty: its a good idea and I hope it comes off. I like the walking phallus you drew with a beast's body on the back of the PACKING SHORT bearing your Self-portrait at the age of 18. (This latter, by the way, is *quite* different from 'Hisself at seventeen' in 'Earth Inferno' – the best things never get published!!)
I implore you never to throw any such sketches into the W.P.B., but to do as you kindly suggest, and send to ME.
Ever affectionately,

Sept. 20. 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Just a line to let you know that I would like to bring my friend Dr. Gardner along on Friday afternoon from between 3 and 4p.m. He's not the man from the country I'm always talking about but the Authority on Witchcraft who recently sent a lady down to see you. Your amusing description of her antics is still fresh in my mind! Gardner is very keen to see your work and he is himself quite an interesting character. He is connected with some sort of Coven in the South of England and conceals his activities under the cloak of Folklore (he's president of some Society or other devoted to Folklore.) I can't vouch for what he might be like when I bring him along but I know you're quite used to curious people. Actually he's a charming old chap. Anyway I shall be glad to see you again on my own account. Shall bring Steffi's camera along with me. Till Friday 3-4p.m.
Love

P.S. I've written provisionally fixing this date and time subject to alteration on his part. I'll let you know if we're *not* turning up. Love.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Tuesday [21st September, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for yrs...Yr friend Dr. Gardner sounds an interesting person – delighted to see you both this Friday between 3p.m. & 5p.m. I'm always naturally here from 2-30p.m. till 7-30. Finished the 'Isis' but not the ultimate one...Anytime of course re. the Camera & yr friend from the Country. Congratulations re. your son's birthday – doesn't seem a year ago!
Love to you both ZOS.

FRIDAY 24TH SEPTEMBER, 1954

Early lunch, then off to Scire's in Shepherd's Bush. Had delightful time taking him to see ZOS whom we reached at about 2.45. He bought a "flying saucer" for a guinea. I'll collect it when I collect our own some time in the future. 'The Vampires are Coming'[108] – which I had never seen before – was propped against the wall.

ZOS and Scire had a fierce argument as to who had been to the Witches' Sabbath, what the Witches' Sabbath actually was, and so on. Scire[109] drew his magical athame and showed ZOS the strange characters on the hilt. ZOS should have blanched before them but he didn't, saying he "knew all them symbols and more". Behind a mirror on his mantelpiece where stand his latest pictures, ZOS keeps a "Borneo Dyas", complete with nineteen human hairs sprouting at end, of victims that have died by its blade. The ghastly relic is supported by two metal picture-hangers flattened against the wall in an inverted position. This he brandished before Scire, who later gave him various Witch-Cottage pictures and Isle-of-Man 'literature': ZOS generously admitted that the Witch on the Broomstick was "very nice". A screamingly funny interview.

It turns out that what Zos described as 'the myopic nymph' who came to see him under Scire's instructions or advice, was one Diana Walden, known as Ameth, and regarded as the head of the sole surviving witch-cult in Britain. There is a brief mention of her in a letter from Zos to myself.

Same date: I introduced Gardner to Zos. During the meeting several interesting facts emerged.

(a) The old Witch who was as a second mother to Zos, and who lived to be 109 years old, was the only person he knew who had the power of reifying ideas to visual manifestation so that others could see them. When one went to her for a fortune reading, for instance, she'd tell you all about your character and salient characteristics almost as a matter of course, before entering into specific details anent your possible future. When she came upon an event or incident that she could not interpret by word of mouth, she reified the scene or event – told the querent to "look over there", and, yonder, he would see a clearly defined image of the event which awaited him. This Witch – who appears several times in our collection of Sabbath Drawings – would not take money for any of her prognostications, was as poor as a church mouse, yet as kind and tolerant and good a woman as Zos ever met before or since: she'd give her bed to a needy stranger etc.

(b) The Hon. Everard Feilding[110] once asked Zos to demonstrate his magical powers (at the period of Zos's first meeting with A[leister] C[rowley]). E.F. wanted a pair of slippers, which he knew to be in a downstairs room, to appear in a room in which he and Zos sat, within a quarter of an hour. It was about 6p.m. In five hour's time, in the natural course of the routine of the house, E.F.'s manservant would appear with these slippers, as he always did without fail every night at 11p.m. Zos objected to the experiment; he thought it "a bloody silly thing to get by magic what could be got more effortlessly by going downstairs and bringing the slippers up in the normal fashion". However, nothing loth, he put his objection away and, enshrining his wish in a Sigil, performed a moment's silent magic which resulted in the door suddenly opening and the advent of the manservant, five hours early, bearing in his hands the desired slippers. When questioned as to why he had brought them in so prematurely the old manservant was nonplussed, and was unable to give any reasonable explanation for his act beyond the fact that he thought it was eleven o'clock; to which Zos's comment was (to-day, at any rate): "We hadn't had bloody dinner yet: let alone 'len o'clock". Feilding thought it was senile decay. Whether senile decay or magic, E.F. had his wish fulfilled, so why go into causes?

(c) Regarding Magic plates, or "flying saucers" as Zos calls them: these enshrine a sigillized wish, e.g. "I desire ...(Sigil)"; this is adapted to the *nature* of the desire, as Tigers for Great Strength, Woman for Lust, etc. You can then "bury it, burn it, throw it, or do any other bloody thing with it as long as you agree beforehand to what process you intend subjecting it". He told Scire how, the other day, he had thrown one over the wall of a compound diagonally opposite his window.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(d) He once did several such "Wishes"; one of them was for "Great Physical Strength". He forgot all about it and later called at a Wood Depot and carried therefrom 2½ cwt. of wood over a long distance. Not far from his home a policeman friend of his, "one of the strongest men in London for his age" (so Zos says) asked him how far he'd carried it. On explaining, the policeman flatly called him a liar, and he himself could hardly lift the burden, let alone carry it anywhere. Other instances of 'forgotten' wishes endowing him with the desired result I have now forgotten, but Zos mentioned at least one other.

Also told of delirium tremens which he had once experienced.

A recurrent theme of his is the "box on the ear" which he received from "some silly bastard" as a child. This box was delivered in anger and it makes him mad to quote Shaw's dictum that you should only strike a child in anger, never coldly and calculatingly. Because of such an act Zos has suffered greatly with his ears all his life.

Yet another recurrent theme, which I have heard him recount to various people, is a dream he gets regularly and periodically and which contains such startling new alignments and perspectives that he is unable to reproduce them with his pen or brush on waking, though any ordinary dream he easily translates. An amusing tail-end to this story came when Gardner was visiting him. Zos said: "There y'are, not the sort o' dream a London spiv would have; 'e'd probably dream of fucking Mrs. Brown next door, or something". Gardner tittered, wishing he could even dream the Spiv's dream, never mind Zos's. Seriously though, Zos thinks these dreams foretell work he will do in a future life; work such as has never been seen yet, nor ever could be because of the acquisition of new dimensional techniques at present not so much as thought of.

Another recurrent theme is that in his last life he was a nobody (from the 'fame' point of view, at least) buried in some graveyard in South London. We often passed the cemetery on our pub crawls with him.

He also spoke to Gardner of a German Prof. he knew and who died destitute and unknown ("didn't 'ave the money for a 'bus-ride") who discovered the Earth's aura, or some such thing. Zos was using the illustration of the Earth's aura in an attempt to explain to Gardner how it is easy to kill a person by suggestion; once get inside his aura and the victim is helpless.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Sat. 8a.m. [25th September, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Wild rush – through my usual absentmindedness I forgot the *Initials* of the chap Dr. Gardner thinks means trouble – is it P.M.? Just a card with the correct initials by return & I'll be grateful.
I don't think Dr. G. has ever met a pucker[111] witch i.e. one who can really perform – nor has he attended a real Sabbath – that was very apparent when I nailed him down. He should have bought for his Museum my drawing of Astarte... quite on his lines – la Tradition etc. Forgive more –
Love to you both ZOS.
Already started on his job & want to finish it & post it to him by this Tuesday.

26th. Sept. 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Yes, the initials you require are P.M. Thanks for the lovely drawing called 'Lonely Longing'. Coming so soon upon the 'Self-portrait at 18' I wonder whether you have ever combined the two concepts and drawn an actual Act of Congress! I expect you have at some time or other but I don't remember having seen it in any of your sketchbooks.
Both Steffi and I thought the article on you in 'Two Worlds' very good and evocative of your personality and of the room containing your works. Gardner was great-

ly impressed by all he saw but I think he has a bit of a bias about witchcraft – as you yourself saw. I doubt if he's ever met anybody to come up to the Witch who taught you when young. But he's an interesting man and may possibly introduce others.
As soon as Yorke (the 'man in the country') comes back to town I shall bring him along.[112] I think sketchbooks are his main interest as he has some of your early works and is very keen on the early drawings such as are depicted in Book of Pleasure etc.
Don't forget to send me any mss. you want typing or re-typing. I shall be glad to do them.
Love to you from us both,

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Monday [27th September, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thought you would like to see what I've done for the Old Boy Dr. G. Will you be so kind as to forward on to him?
I hope he appreciates – that it is through our friendship – nothing in it for me & don't desire that there is. About 2 days work with my present health.
He should make some sort of 'token sacrifice', so I suggest that he sends me a cheque for 10/- (*no more* or it spoils it) made out to the "*Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" (I'll explain that technique to you later) & I'll forward it to them for a definite purpose.
Wild rush till we meet Love to all [sigil]
Rowney's address: 10 & 11 Percy St. W1. Turning off Oxford St. I understand they 'make up' special 'sets' of flesh tints.
P.S. Thanks for yrs with [sigil] I'll be posting some ms. in a day or so.
Note: I've made everything (i.e. what Mr. Gardner has to do) as easy as possible.

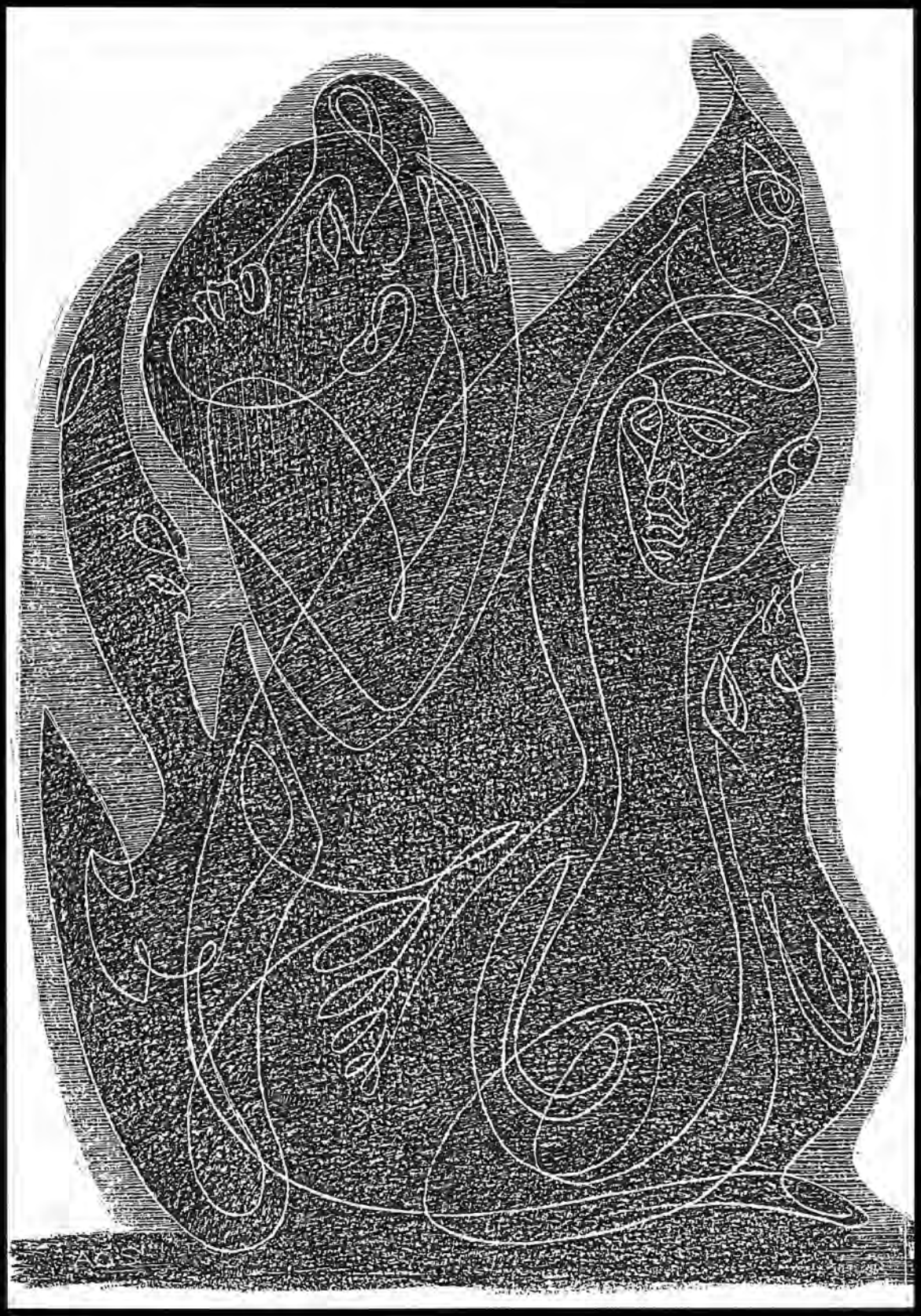
{ENCLOSED DRAFT LETTER FROM A.O.S. TO G.G., AS COPIED BY K.G.}
Dear Dr. Gardner,
Herewith the magical formula we argued about. It works on the Boomerang principle. Any evil from that person returns and hits them.
Sorry I couldn't get hold of a suitable plate – I bought ½ dozen different kind but the glass on them simply prohibits drawing on them.[113] *Anyway the enclosed Stele even better.* But one or the other – makes no difference re. its Powers.
You will find the enclosed very potent indeed. Any way I can help – let me know.
Yrs sincerely Austin Osman Spare
P.S. The drawing has been waterproofed and may be varnished or polished. I've adapted some Nth American (about the only real primitives left) symbolism deliberately.
[Sigil] Carry this or a copy of same on you.
This is the sigil you must visualize (as near as possible) whenever the 'subject' enters your mind.
Expose this board for seven days then hide it for twenty one days – after which nothing from that 'subject' can harm you.
After this it's immaterial what you do with this magicial Stele.
Abcreate (To yourself only, 'Self to Self') all your thoughts relating to the subject and write down *inside* this folder;
illustration:
I loathe [Sigil] because of his hatred towards me.
Then cross out as above.

{On back of Exhibition Invitation card}
5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Sunday [3rd October, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just to acknowledge yrs: had a line from Gardner with cheque 10/-. Good! I've just finished magicial Stele of you & Steffie[114] – comes really well in that I've mixed many styles and difficult. Really done it for my show. Have made Steffie into Isis. You come out very good looking & beat them all! Some very weird 'goings on' which will interest you. I'm outside the 'magic circle' keeping a paternal eye on things. Have a really good sketch-book for yr friend. Till we meet.
Yrs Love ZOS.
P.T.O. P.S. When you have time a copy of the Sacred Alpha will be useful & help me to complete & reform etc.

4 Oct. 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Very many thanks for your card. Your description of the new Magical Stele intrigues me and I shall look forward to seeing same. I am seeing my friend from the country (who has now returned to London) this afternoon, and may possibly make a date with him to come along to see you. Shall let you know in a day or two. In the meantime I shall be glad to make a copy of the separate letters of the Sacred Alphabet from 'The Book of Pleasure'. Don't forget to send any mss. along you may want typing. Glad to do anything.
Love, Son of ZOS

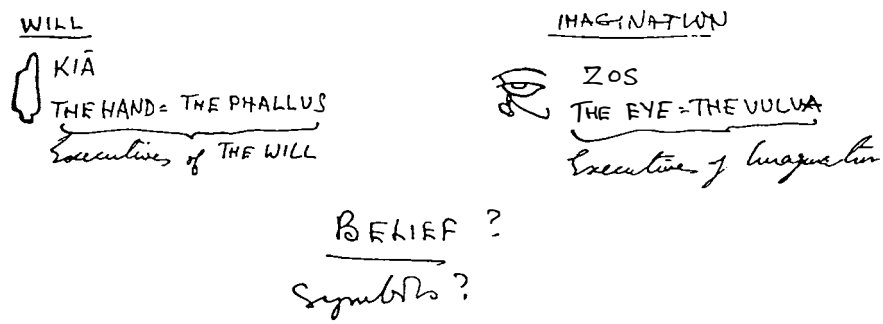
Oct. 6 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Here are a few more letters of the Sacred Alphabet. Some, though not all, are definitely letters of the Sacred Alphabet; I suspect the others of being composite glyphs suggestive of the ideas I have noted in the space beside the particular glyph in question. May be these suggestions will help you in some way; they are not intended to be presumptuous – just guesses prompted by the text of *The Book of Pleasure* and what I have discovered while studying your works *as a whole.* You never know, my suggestions *may* just awaken the needed memory. I hope so, anyway.
I saw my friend the other afternoon, as I said I would. He is returning to the country till the 19th of this month so we shall still delay our meeting – but it will happen eventually, do not doubt.
Hope you are keeping well and happy. We both send our love, as always,
Your Son,

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Thursday [October 7th, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs. So sorry your friend cannot come along – perhaps later you may be able to give me a look in? Re. the Alpha: you overlooked one of my remarks (last notes) – roughly that the *Key* to use it as an oracle could not yet be given (or will be given last) because the whole thing just now isn't complete i.e. the meaning of all the



words etc. I naturally know how it will work – as I've already so experimented etc. Indeed some of my best 'sayings' came that way. For other people, the difficulty will be one of Translation – hence 'certain ability' will always be required. It does give *very abstract meanings.* Let me know whether you received yr ms. back. I enclose a few more scraps to type and thanks very much for your promptness. I should have the whole ms. complete this month ... hope to 'come across' the mislaid section – rather good stuff – just remember enough but not sufficiently to rewrite.
Haste. Love to you both Zos.

Friday, Oct. 8, 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Here are some more Letters. While going somewhat deeply into the symbolism of *The Book of Pleasure* I have, I think, discovered the following: The *symbol* of KIA in the *relative* world is THE HAND or PHALLUS of man, i.e. that which executes his WILL; while the *symbol* of ZOS in the *relative* world is THE EYE or VULVA of woman, i.e. that which executes his IMAGINATION. The union of Hand and Eye you give in many instances as a symbol of BECOMING ALL SENSATION. I take it that your Triad of Will, Desire, Belief may then be read as Touch (hand, phallus), Vision (eye, vulva) and .....? What is the symbol of *Belief*: can it be the Death Posture itself? i.e. that posture wherein one is dead to *all else but the BELIEF*?
I know that the less said of KIA the better, since it is the Neither-Neither Principle, yet nonetheless you have a diagram wherein this Principle is represented in the relative world by the Egyptian glyph of the hand; likewise with ZOS as equated with The Eye. The schematic representation is as follows:



It merely remains for me to discover what is Belief? Is the above identification of the Death-Posture with Belief the true symbol?
Hope to hear from you shortly,
Thy Son,

love and best wishes.

Saturday October 9, 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Many thanks for your letter. Here are the last remaining letters of the Sacred Alphabet. I could not help repetitions in some instances as I had no record of what I sent you. Anyway I have the satisfaction of knowing that *every* letter contained in *The Book of Pleasure* has been transcribed, and in some cases symbols and other signs as well (i.e. Geomantic signs (?), and purely Egyptian hieroglyphs). I am sorry you will have to formulate an entirely new set of meanings as this makes the diagrams in *The Book of Pleasure* (my Grimoire!) forever indecipherable.
Thy Son,

P.S. Please jot me a note on the "token sacrifice"
P.P.S. I'll read through the typescript over the weekend.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Sunday [10th October, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for all yr trouble re. the alpha & symbols ... later I'll spend a week at it – until complete & reformed. Have evolved the thesis that should serve. Re. the symbols you mention – frankly I can't remember ... the whole thing now, could be by another person. Memory blotted out. Of course, it all had significance for me at the time & could still guess a good deal but not much more than yourself.
If you would kindly type out the enclosed ... it is the final spasm! Now I'm going right through the whole lot & forward you 'portions' for retyping and of course show you the whole thing when finished. There is much you haven't seen – mostly rewritten portions. All the formulas will be a separate section at end.
Your Stele much admired & already brought three commissions.
Yrs has a nice antique look ... being on old wood.
Love to you both ZOS. Wild haste – visitors

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Tuesday [12th October, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie
The enclosed is the final draft for correction – what I have crossed out I shall entirely rewrite. I'll send you 'so many' pages every week until complete – don't want to swamp you ... we will finish it before Xmas. I'm asking Joyce Carey[115] as well as Miller for their blessing – the former is *very* friendly & top dog as novelist in England ... so will be useful re. publisher.
Might ask others – good idea to print extracts of their opinion on the book Jacket.
I have to again thank you for the copy re. alpha ... as return yr Stele will cost little. Has to cost something ...
Haste for post. Love to you both AOS.
P.S. When you next call, please lend me that book (I had before) a kind of dictionary of religions etc.[116] I've used one or two words from it and now a little hazy as to their meaning – only guess!

14 October, 1954

Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,

Thanks for the typescripts which I will send duly retyped with corrections in a day or two. The 'Introduction'[117] you charge me with is not mine at all! You must have got me mixed up with somebody else. The person who wrote it has obviously no knowledge of your *Book of Pleasure*, or, if he has he has misread it in nearly every line. Many things I fail to agree with in it. I enclose the 'Intro.' which I sent you some time ago but with improvements suggested by more recent material from your pen. If you like it let me know, if not please return.

I shall certainly bring the Dictionary along with me next time I come. Am pleased to hear that Joyce Cary is enthusiastic about the whole project. We may be able to make a big thing of it with careful handling. Right timing seems essential. Have you any 'magical' ideas on this – say at New or Full Moon or any other 'auspicious' or 'generating' time? It would be good if we could draw kindred elements together – but on *Book of Pleasure* lines, not on 'automatism' as the unknown author of the 'Introduction' has it!! The Magic Formulae should be stressed and the whole thing must be much more 'meatily' described than in the Intro. I didn't write. Don't you think so? It panders too much to the normal and level-headed dunderhead. You are essentially Ecstatic and will ever so remain. Please let me know what you think. I don't want to butt in on anything, as you know, and I am not suggesting for a minute that you should alter anything, but I feel strongly about the presentation of your work; if its to be a matter of an Introduction or blurb, or anything like that, for heaven's sake let it be typical of the fare offered in the book and not a mealy-mouthed apologia for having written the thing at all. Don't you agree? Love, K

[SENT TO SPARE ON 14TH OCTOBER, 1954]

INTRODUCTION

In introducing this new work of Austin Osman Spare, it is fitting that some remarks be made anent the personality from which it springs. Although Austin Spare is known to many as a powerfully original artist who possesses the keys to realms of unutterable beauty and strangeness, it is not so well known that he is also the exponent of certain modes of magic whereby these keys may be possessed of all.

In his earlier books, among which *The Book of Pleasure* (1913) and *The Focus of Life* (1921) are paramount, he set forth fragmentary aspects of this magic, which proved beyond all doubt that a definite system for the induction of ecstasy lay behind the attainment of those visions with which he startles his readers in the consummate fluency of his immaculate line.

This present work is not only an elaboration of those earlier writings, but a rounding off, as it were, a final polishing, of various ideas and theories but cursorily treated at the time.

Since the writing of those early works Austin Spare has perfected his remarkable theory and technique, and drawn conclusions which are here presented with an even greater lucidity and power.

Herein will be found a systematized summary of magic, which, for want of a better name, can fairly accurately be termed the Doctrine of Ecstatic 'As-If', the latter phrase being used in the sense in which it incarnates Hans Vaihinger's connotation. By Belief in a concept, either true or false, (objectively speaking) wonders may be wrought and reality realized *in the flesh* by the use of the body as an instrument of ecstasy.

Herein is shown, how, by taking the Self (the only Idea truly known to exist), and its equipment, as the vehicle of the elemental essences which it embodies and concentrates, contact may be achieved with those realms of fantasy and magic which lie at the base of our inmost thoughts, ideals, and ultimate acts.

It is a technique of action, dynamic action, and Austin Spare shows how, even in the maddest moods of passionate ecstasy, the wine of wisdom may be calmly distilled and later consumed with a deliberation and calculation resulting in the achievement of full realization of the Primal Desire incarnating at the times of highest rapture.

It is not for the weak and the wary, this Working of Wilful Wonder; but only the violent and voluptuous may seize hold of the Cup of the Gods and drain the devil-draught; only those, I say, like Austin Spare, dare to behold the Self unveiled, and revel in its sovereignty.

For he who thus dares attains Kia, that state of Neither-Neither which is all-bliss, all-death, all-swiftly-flowing-rapture.

The traditional Sabbath is here unveiled for the first time by a true Adept of its Supernal and Infernal Mysteries; here for the first time the Witch is seen shedding the skin of age and corruption and flowering again into youth of diaphanous beauty, of ineffable loveliness. The *Vinum Sabbati* no longer exists as a dry formula of unintelligible barbarity, but flows and pulsates, ripples and wrestles with the living breathing night wherein the Sacrament is communicated to the loathly host that rises up to Godhead.

In plates ... we see this idea expressed by Spare's magical line, vibrant with the undertones of ecstasy he has made his own peculiar sigil. The Artist as Adept tears from the very jaws of hell the jewels which he liberally scatters as stars of evil upon his weird creation. Yet behind it all a subtle system threads its silent cunning through the tangled web of madness and intoxication, and now and again the eyes of the Master gleam fearfully through the fantasy, and light up caverns of the Real, unsuspected of the normal.

And it is the 'normal' that Spare has ever striven to destroy, in his writing, his art, his very life. For him that dread word symbolizes all restriction, all baseness, meanness, poverty of spirit, degradation of desire.

If this work does nothing else it will at least shatter the shadow of the 'normal' as it casts its pall across these pages. For herein is Life, Reality, Wisdom, Joy. The miserable, the sad, the ignorant, should close this book.

Oct. 15, 1954

Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,

Herewith the corrected typescripts. I did not quite know whether any special order was intended re. pagination so I left the top of each sheet blank in this respect, so you put on what numbers you please. Ready for the next lot when ready.

Thy Son,

P.S. I mean by the above that I have copied the pages as separate pages exactly as they appear on the sheets you sent me, so the sequence is only a matter of pages, *not* of Aphorisms.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.

Saturday [16th October, 1954]

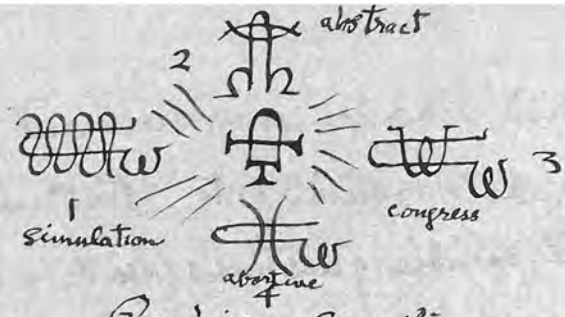
Dear Ken & Steffie,

Thanks for yrs – you will find some other notes & illustrations on postscript re. sigils & about your question: Here a few more to remember.

1) Magic is an arbitrary or wilful act (it may become involuntary).

2) The magician must have more control over his mind & body than the 'ordinary person' however intelligent.

(1)



Quadriga Sexualia
is any selection you wish.

Dear Kent & Steffie.

5 Wednesday Feb 1967.
Saturday.

Thanks for yrs – you will find some other notes & illustrations on post script re sigils & about your Question: Here a few more

To remember.

(1) Magic is an arbitrary or willful act. (It may become involuntary)

(2) The magician ~~[illegible]~~ must have more control over his mind & body than the "ordinary person" however intelligent.

(3) Hence he is able to "at will" to sublate his constraints with by Transference. To put in argot – "to stop worrying" or "forget it." (I can do this easily)

(4) The Transference ritual maybe & must be to an extent "as if."

(5) The Firm Belief is the essential. (as I explained to Joyce: if she believed her Stéllé "did act" would she because she so believes) Also plus my belief as its creator who made it on "just as much logical lines" as any other science. The sigils & symbols & whole method has parallel meaning.

(6) There are principally two methods of magic with their own techniques (my own) might be called "a short term & the other a long term policy".

3) Hence he is able 'at will' to sublate his conscious wish by Transference. To put in argot – to "stop worrying, or forget it". (I can do this easily)
4) The transference ritual may be & must be to 'an extent' "as if".
5) *The firm belief* is the essential, (as I explained to Joyce: *if* she believes her Stele 'did act', would be because she so believes).
Also plus my belief as its creator who made it on just as much 'logical lines' as any other science. The sigils, symbol & whole metaphor has parallel meaning.
6) There are principally two methods (my own) of magic with their own techniques: one might be called 'a short term & the other a long term policy'.
What I had better do – is to write out as formula two separate 'magicial acts' that will incidentally answer all possible questions (also their purpose of difference).
Your illustration of book was correct *but* the main premiss that you can obtain 'ability' from a book is wrong. A different *illustration* (& very different technique) of that question: A girl obtains a piano but its acquisition does not make her a virtuoso.
The above *illustration is only that* & no more: magic is an *abstract, working entirely by abstracts.* 'Bell, book & candle' & all ritual is rather the ceremony to impress others and with 'lesser lights' to convince themselves (no quarrel here or about books required). All I claim is that my own system of sigils, symbols etc. has true parallel meanings to abstracts etc., to cut a lengthy thing short!
The 'Phallus ritual' which I performed – teaches its moral – don't ask for what is inessential – it may be a useless responsibility. The fault was not length (always leave a part out) but *width* – couldn't get a pound note around it... or even an old 'vent'.
7) My own belief is that magic to operate best must as it were come from oneself – *all means* are legitimate & I'll agree that either using traditional symbols or not – (depends on oneself) may give the same result.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Sunday [17th October, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie
Many thanks for the typed ms. it will easily be finished this year.
Going through the old ms. some is so badly expressed that I've either cut or rewritten it... Shows that the "sickening up" period is worse than the complaint! Sorry, so stupid about the 'Intro', the one I sent you was shaped up from my own notes – must have got John Smith to do it when you were away... some time back – no one has seen the whole ms. much of it wasn't written then. You will see, much is so altered as to be different & when you see the whole (about Xmas) there will be much new stuff. Deep thanks for yr splendid 'intro' I like it & will use. When I've gone over it a few times I may have a suggestion – none yet!
What the *whole* ms. will show (to the initiated) that by joining *certain* Axioms you get something...
Yes, I don't want my numbering in any form (arranged correctly when finished – then all the axioms will be numbered). Try and make each page complete – nothing carried over.
Haste. Love to both. ZOS.

Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
I had intended sending you the following note from *The Bk. of Pleasure* while sending you the various letters of the Sacred Alphabet. It is important and will no doubt help you when you come to reconstruct the values. Here it is:

"Sacred letters preserve belief from the Ego, so that the belief returns again and again to the subconsciousness, till its fullness breaks resistance. Its meaning misses intelligence, but is understood by emotion.
Each letter in its pictorial aspect relates to a Sex principle, and its modifications as completeness.
Twenty-two in number, they correspond to a first cause. Each analogous to an idea of desire, and are a symbolic cosmogony.
Thus the third letter is:

The dual principle or conceptive faculty.
By knowledge of the first letter, one is familiar with the whole alphabet, and the thousands they imply. They are the knowledge of desire. Embracing a positive system of grammar which allows easy, non-conflicting expression, and reading of difficult and complex principles; ideas that at present escape conception."

There are just one or two other matters re. *Bk. of Pleasure* which I wonder whether you'd mind clearing up for me.
1. You say in one place: "Realization is not by the mere utterance of the words 'I am I' nor by self-abuse, but by the living act.
(What exactly does this mean?)
2. You say on page 51 apropos modes of inducing Vacuity and Exhaustion (Wine, Women etc) "None is necessary to him who has (even symbolically) for a moment by the 'Neither-Neither' conquered the dual principle (Conception), his Ego is free from gravity."
What does 'even symbolically' mean in this context?
3. Then there is mention made of two chapters omitted from *The Bk. of Pleasure* wherein it is told how one may Day and Night-Dream for Pleasure. Also a chapter on Self Attraction. Would it be possible for you to give me the formula or 'gist' of these two chapters – particularly the first mentioned (i.e. Day and Night Dreaming.)
I've got the idea I asked you this before somewhere, but never mind: it all goes with my queries (above) on *The Bk. of Pleasure.*
Enclosed are the remaining typescripts of the batch I 'split' the other day.
Love, K&S

2nd Nov. 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
I have been looking through the notes of the original manuscript you recently sent me; especially concerning the Sacred Alphabet. There are just one or two points I'd like to ask you about in addition to my previous question.
In the first place am I right in assuming that the letters have no pronunciation; I mean it isn't a spoken language, is it? Would each individual letter have an auditory value or only a visual one? Example: the letter H is pronounced 'aitch'; what is the pronunciation of  or  or any of the others?

Do you see what I mean?

Another thing: when you say that  is a variation of a letter; what letter are you specifically referring to, and how would one know when to give it that value; by context only, or is there another indicator?

Below I have tried to place equivalents against the letters in the sentence you gave me. Am I right? And in column on the right, is the Dual Principle in its inverse form a form of Death? (= the Death Posture?)

 = Thou

 = hast

 = to cut
= testicles (∴ castration)

 = Thy

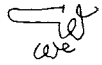
 = God (?) Query Life Principle of Matrix (?)

 = By (ordinary sigil)

 = This (ditto)

 = Apostasy (because the Dual Principle is here bound to the (?) Cross of Suffering)

 =  {In Spare's hand:} I am the Power of the Id.

 {In Spare's hand:} plural, unities.

 THIS SYMBOL OR LETTER APPEARS *VERY* FREQUENTLY. WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
{In Spare's hand:} 'I am I'

 = Dual Principle. Ego. Life. etc.

 = Symbol of Death (inverted 'Life'. May be.)

In *Focus of Life* you have the following passage:
"Where there is desire – there shall be found the desired sleeping partner. What is true, is pleasurable Self. *I have now reached the sixth letter of the alphabet.*"
(The underlining is mine)

 {In Spare's hand:} Consciousness

Ready for more typescripts when you're ready.
All my love and best wishes, Thy Son, Kenneth.
Devotee of 

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
[Wednesday 3rd November, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I've clipped together all yr letters relating to the 'Alpha' & other 'qs' re. 'Book of Pleasure & Focus' – no time just now. Must do it altogether – as I've lost the Key ... so must more or less entirely reconstruct – therefore some 'meanings' must be slightly different from the old one. It's a job that must be done altogether – so forgive me, if I leave it alone till the Zos ms. is finished – otherwise I'll be in a hell of a mess with both! I enclose a few pages for typing – nearing end – later I'll send you the whole for a final glance over.
I find I've lost one packet of ms.! So will you be so good as to clip together (not the picturesque shorts!) all the copy you have & send or bring me – I'll return at once – I'll soon spot what is lost or mislaid.
Joyce [Bernard] was here the other day & admired yr Stele – as usual wants to know too much. Queer how the most simple explanation will not *convey*. She asked how it worked: my reply – 'By simply believing that it does & will work'.
On the other side – you will see how right you were – with a few explanations. {See illustration on page 110.}

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs with the typed ms. I enclose another issue – about the lot until I find the mislaid section.
The copies I last sent you were mostly uncorrected (many alterations in some of it) but you will be able to correct it when you see the final ms. complete. As regards the *Key to the Oracle* I must have badly expressed myself. It will *not* be given in the book – only indirect suggestion as in two of the lengthy axioms enclosed.
No, I shall give you a typed copy when 'alpha' is finished. Of course all these things must be in capable hands ... Give some people a piano & all the books of instruction etc. & nothing much as 'music' will result!
One mistake we both constantly make is using Caps on nouns – alright for emphasis. haste Love to you both AOS.

4th. Nov. 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Very many thanks for your letter with *most* interesting notes on Sacred Alphabet. I must apologise for worrying you with questions about the matter until you have your Book finished; it was most thoughtless of me, but I am so keen, as you know, to puzzle it all out. Never mind; we'll take it up later, when we've more leisure.
Tomorrow I am sending you all copies except those you've sent me in the last month or so by registered mail. Please don't take any notice of the underlinings and other marks on them as I had not expected you to want them and am making notes and classifying from them; collating with your *Book of Pleasure* and *Focus* &c., so that I can get a thorough grasp of your theory of Aesthetics, Necessity, Atavism, Desire-Will-Belief, Autism, and Death-Posture, all of which theories I am deeply immersed

Very symbol has more than one meaning & most or all of its correlatives.

dual principle, Ego. Existence, being, etc. (symbol, sigil & sacred letter)

contra, opposite to above = Dissolution! (as halted, harnessed directed) — the double negation creating a new centre.

The controlled 'Id'. The God we evoke or make: The word 'HE'

'Id', I desire, etc. — unconsciousness. — possessive 'HIS'

Female form, about 8 Variations — partly for picturesque reasons & different applied meanings. All 'otherness' to us as 'that'. also abstracts of same.

negation.
self seperation — Denial,
Castration etc.
← Testis.

sigil: By, where a different conjunction & , ee might confuse: The sigils are always (incorporation as part of Alphe) simple-readable

① coitus, unity, becoming, etc. ②
123 mainly picturesque difference
③ orgasm, ecstasy. "

abstract unity etc.

Also may be expressed seperately as potential, desire etc

Thisness & Thatness.

conjunction: by, through, therefrom, of, etc
ee " : and, etc

Naturally one symbol must cover all its similar meanings.

in. So please be kind and let me have the set back again.
I will send the *last* lot of typescripts off to you in a day or two, as I haven't had time to get down to them immediately owing to extraneous interference.
Amused by what you say about Joyce. I don't see her much, because although she's a very nice girl and all that, she inclines to become a bit of a pest sometimes.
I'll be writing in a day or two and enclosing the remaining typescripts. But please write me when you get the folder of typescripts as I shall worry about their not reaching you ...
Love,
Thy Son, Kenneth
In the Power of the Greatest of all Ids,

Excuse [slips?] – great *haste.*

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
5th Nov [1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for yrs – enclosed a little more to type: please fill pages as much as possible with no carry over. Understand re. (copy) notes etc ...
When I return I'll add some copy I don't think you have seen (its uncorrected, please don't return) I'll send you the *complete ms.* for final look directly I get it all together. I don't think you have the missing portions and believe I know where I can get a copy – I hope. Still I'd like to see what you have – the mislaid is not recent stuff: about 18 months ago. Nearing completion. Then I'll get down to the Alpha and magicial formulas: which may be left out of this work. As I have to cut somewhere because when I've stuck in Text the pictorial oddments & illustrations it will be expensive etc. Expect I'll have to trim according to publishers. The formulas make a book on their own – a good follow up.
haste Love to you both ZOS.
May give a 'Token' or general one at end without explanation.
Pictorial & cryptic.

Re. 'Alpha'
The 'I' is graphed as that (I) when used as: 'I am going for...'

The 'I am I' as The Self entity. (Soul, Mind, body.)

as 'I in unity', or symbol of abstract unity with another.
or as 'I and all Things', as different to the sexual rendering

any angle giving different relations.
The vowel sounds as in Sanskrit.

Zodiac Signs as traditional.

Ram	Taurus	Gemini
Cancer	Leo	Virgo
Libra	Scorpio	Sagittarius
Capricorn	Aquarius	Pisces

Planets

☉	Sun	♀	Venus
♄	Saturn	☿	Mercury
☽	Moon	♃	Jupiter
♂	Mars		

or the more pictorial as picturesque symbols also as traditional.
New letters

stasis: etc

aspiration:
appreciating
apperception

Eternity, or eternal 'I'

Time 'in situation':

The dimensions the Quadra I

continuity

Eternity abstract

misconception
misconceived
insufficiently related etc.

Nov. 6, 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS:
Many thanks for your letter with enclosures and further illuminating notes re. Sacred Alphabet (and new letters). I am copying all your notes (of this nature) into a special booklet so that the reforming process will appear more systematic and I shall be able to grasp the process better. I follow you so far but do not quite understand when you say (at end of analysis of *I am* as Triad: "the New V.V.V. as A.A.A." (?)
Also, why did you include the zodiacal and planetary signs: I think I missed the significance or parallel, somehow?
Herewith enclosed the typescripts to date. I shall be glad to see the entire ms. as assembled by you ready for publisher. Have you executed the illustrations or are these still to do; I think the formula at the end is a good suggestion and also the separate book dealing with your Magical Formulae. As you say it will be possible to include some of the 'Alphabet of Desire' in such a book. In the enclosed tss. I have tried to get as much on a page as possible without there being an overflow from any particular aphorism. Hope this is what you meant. Up till now I had merely been

copying exactly page for page, according as your pages turned up; now I have adopted the new method; it saves bulk, as you probably meant it to do.
Thy Son,
Love from us both,
Kenneth & Steffi

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
Tuesday [9th November, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for the Reg: packet of ms. Will not open yet until certain things are straighter but shall return after this week-end. I enclose the last for re-typing – so many alterations, thought it best.
Directly I get *the whole ms.* collected together, I'll send it along. Apart from the packet lost – there is a good Deal you haven't read – it's a fairly hefty ms. already – so any additions or afterthoughts will be, as it were, incorporated into the 'existing' – many repetitions, through carelessness, have to be cut.
When are you coming along with yr friend?
Haste Love to you both ZOS.

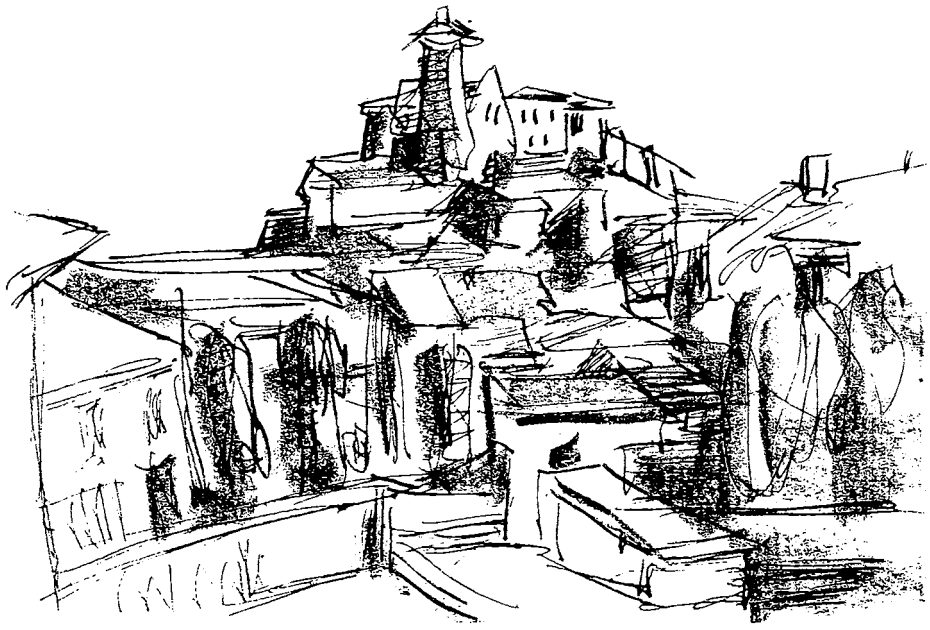
Wed. 10th November, 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS:
Many thanks for yours, just received. Herewith the last lot of typescripts you have just sent me. I am greatly looking forward to seeing the entire ms., and to read those parts as yet unread.
I saw my friend yesterday and he has to go off again to the country. His father is seriously ill and he is too anxious at the moment to think of much else. Anyway he showed me a drawing of yours which he recently purchased from Sims. A head of Crowley drawn from memory (1910, I think) last year.
I'm looking forward to seeing you in the very near future now, but cannot say just when at present.
One thoughtless question. Do you remember a Sacred Letter symbolizing the Concept of INBETWEENNESS which plays such an important part in your Doctrine? And what *exactly* is this Inbetweenness: is it synonymous with the eclectic pathway between Ecstasies: "that precarious funambulatory way" (*marvellous* phrase, that!)
Love,
Thy Son, K

17th Nov. 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Many thanks for new batch of material. I think ESTSTOIC is to be preferred as there are differences between your unique and individual system and the traditional one. But, may I make a suggestion: The word Eststoic does not – to my mind – immediately convey any particular concept; the word ECSTOIC, on the other hand, does combine the characteristic quality of ZOS, which is ECSTASY, and the characteristic quality of the traditional aspect whereupon your system is imposed, which is Stoicism. Does this seem good to you? It's only a suggestion and as you will see I have put the word Eststoic in capitals throughout – as it is the most important noun. If you want it retyping on account of this, or for any other reason, I'll willingly do so.
I found your aphorisms on the Sacred Alphabet or rather the Cryptic symbology of the Subconscious very revealing and they answer a question I intended propounding to you in my last letter but forgot. But there is just one other point I'd like clar-

ification upon, if you have time and inclination, which is:
You say in *The Book of Pleasure* and in many other places that *only* subconscious desire obtains, and that *all* conscious desire is unattractive and will not be fulfilled, no, not in this life. Then, when one has made this desire subconscious by Sigillizing it, doesn't the fact that you consciously know what the Sigil stands for automatically destroy the operation – if not, why not? Illustration: If I desire, say, a certain book on Magic (a conscious desire) and I sigillize this desire in order to send it into the subconscious layer where the elemental abides who can respond to my demand, how does the operation become efficacious when I *know* (consciously) what I am doing the operation for?
I do not quite understand this matter; would you please let me have a short but full explanation, as I have always had difficulty in properly understanding this part of your doctrine.
I think I've got the gist of the Sacred Alphabet *generally* speaking but there are a thousand and one minor details I want to go over with you about it. But not now. First, I want to understand the question I have propounded above – if not too worrying for you.
One other thing: I took the liberty of adding what I believe you accidentally omitted on page 3 of Eststoic, line 8: "...do as you please, *to whom the pleasing is the law*", as it doesn't make sense without the underlined words. I have copied all capitals as given in the material you sent me with the exception of the word Eststoic, (which I wish was ECSTOIC). Hope you think I've done right.
All love, K

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Thursday [18th November, 1954]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Many thanks for yrs & suggestion re. 'Eststoic'. I think I'd better keep to that because as implying as from an older stoicism than that of Zeno.[118] After all it is only a *personal* behaviourism. I'll write an axiom covering it.
Re. yr 'Q' re. *Book of Pleasure*:
The deliberate Transference of a desire by symbols or sigils with their meanings to the subconsciousness; and thus sublate them from the conscious is a magicial act. It works on the thesis that the subconscious is 'all Knowing, all memory' and as the universal can 'Tap' any source of wisdom. By this method of asking the subconscious will give back all that is necessary for acquiring.
Love to you both
haste ZOS.
P.S. Always remember that at the time of the 'Pleasure book' though I had ideas *very clearly* (more than now!) in my mind – I did have difficulty in expressing them. Of course that is a common failing with anyone, as language now is so ambiguous etc.

19 Nov. 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS:
Thanks for your letter, with explanation. It clears up a lot. Am I right now in assuming, then, that although the desire is sigillized and therefore able to enter the subconscious, it still remains a conscious desire otherwise one would not be able to perform the magical act? The crux of the matter seems to lie in the fact that as long as it enters the subconscious regions (via the Sigil) it doesn't really matter what the conscious mind knows about it any more, except – as you say in *The Book of Pleasure* – that one should strive against the remembrance of it until such time as the Magical act. Is this correct? You see, where I was under misapprehension was that I couldn't understand how one could remember any desire once it had become subconscious,



since the very fact of its being subconscious means it's lost to conscious memory; so I wondered how one could do the magical operation at all. But I think I see what you mean now. As long as the desire enters the subconsciousness one way or other, there is no need to worry that it will not work.

I used the illustration of the book well knowing its shortcomings, but I thought you'd realize that I could not get the book by ordinary methods because I neither knew its author nor its title, nor even that it existed; I just formulated the wish for a Book on Magic. (It was only an example – and I don't really want one.)

The above is what might occur to any serious reader; I expect you can dispose of it in one simple aphorism. It should be made clear, I think, because from a protracted study of *The Book of Pleasure* and *Focus*, this small point has failed to elucidate itself. Sorry to be such a confounded nuisance but I think we must make every part of the doctrine as plain as possible – except, of course, the actual way of using magic: but then even this is *very* obvious to the intelligent reader of your other books.

I have enclosed the remaining aphorisms and tried to fit in the ones in your letter. I think they read very well, but you may have some quarrel with the second one.

Enough for the present,
Thy Son,
Love from us both,
Kenneth.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Sunday

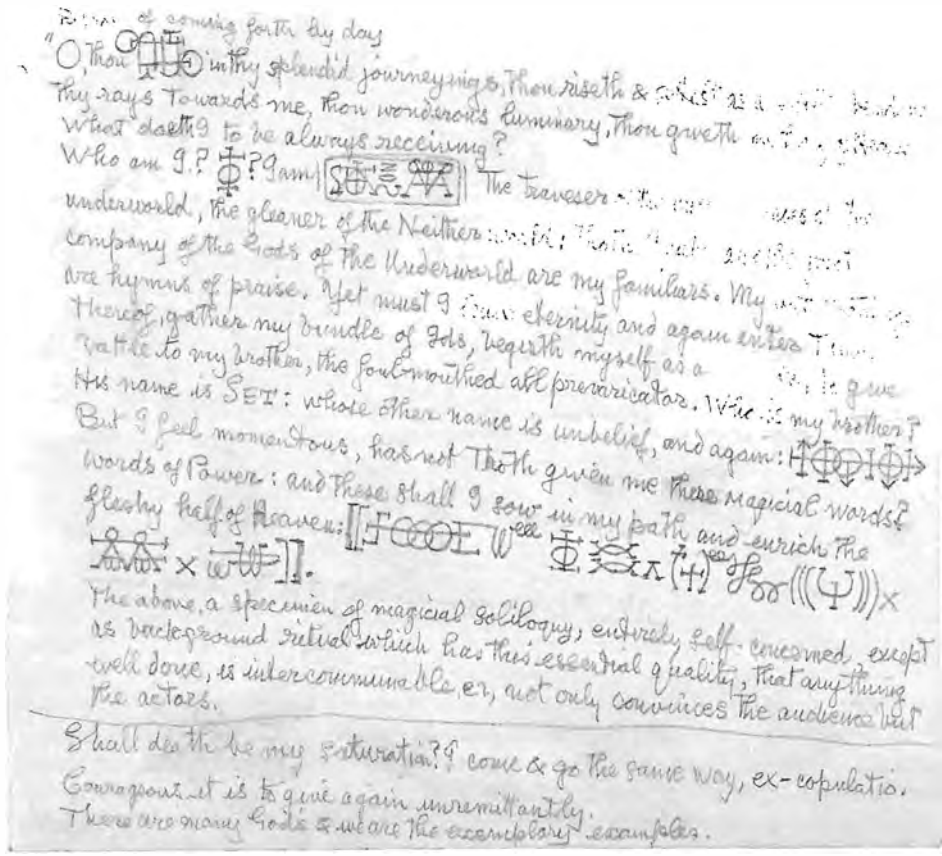
Dear Ken & Steffie,

So sorry Ken has been ill – hope better by the time this reaches you. I've had a wretched cold coming & going for the last two weeks.

The enclosed 'Ritual' is the 'rough out' for final – when I see it typed, be able to see the weak spots etc & add to. The Stele will explain a good deal & everything on it numbered with Ref:

This is important, let me know where you think it is remiss or not sufficiently clear... I'll alter etc. As I mention a good deal relating is scattered in text – if joined up helps.

haste
Love to you both yrs ZOS.



RITUAL OF COMING FORTH BY DAY:

'O, thou in thy splendid journeyings, thou riseth and settest as an entity, bending thy rays towards me, thou wondrous luminary, thou giveth me half of Heaven.

Who am I? ? I am The traverser of the unseen places of the underworld, the gleaner of the Nether world: Thoth, Anubis and the great company of the Gods of the Underworld are my familiars. My out-breathings are hymns of praise. Yet must I leave eternity and again enter Time. Therefore, gather my bundle of Ids, begirth myself as a Warrior, to give battle to my brother, the foul-mouthed all-prevaricator. Who is my brother? His name is SET: whose other name is unbelief, and again:

But I feel momentous, has not Thoth given me these magical words? Words of Power: and these shall I sow in my path and enrich the fleshy half of heaven:

The above, a specimen of magical soliloquy, entirely self-concerned, except as background ritual has this essential quality, that anything well done, is intercommunicable, i.e., not only convinces the audience but the actors.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.

Dear Ken & Steffie,

Thanks so much for the typing. I return The 'automatic' with notes...

Re. Magic – like great art it is a form of simulation (re. my 'as if' connotation) which I must more fully by an axiom make clear – I don't quite mean the same as the 'psychos' not only that, *it is a form of Transference* when properly used. You will find on reading the entire ms. much is 'explained' by different axioms all relating to this – some you have not yet seen & some to be included that when *joined* in a certain sequence will reveal much more. Also to cut short – all yr letters touching Alpha, symbols, oracle, etc. I'm clipping together & fully answering after completion of ms. etc: Otherwise I should either mislead or have to keep on qualifying. I'll say just this: of course its possible to have relations with Vampires etc – I have. Proof is that after the event, you accept it just the same as any *real* event & simply could only swear either way it did happen.

I'm writing a short piece re. 'states of mind' necessary – of this nothing is known – I can only 'as if' take on such a state... say – as necessary to gain shave without blade. One cannot define such states – I believe I know a way – all this of course relates to the *particular*.

Yes, I think I could give the abstract of any sexual variant – between breasts (very much favoured by big fat women when I was a boy) or any other way – failing to find *The* parallel abstractive *must* become arbitrary – with our symbols.

 male

 female

form of sigil – symbol I sometimes use, as picturesque alternative etc on Stele etc.

Three new letters to explain – making plural & the antithesis:

 letter meaning different, differentiation etc
(in future will not give other synonyms)

 differentiation*s*
The same as above but plural by adding on end.

 meaning undifferentiated, not different etc by adding
" Two commas Top front of letter.

again

 redundant Etc.

 *not* redundant – not a very good word for illustration.

 passivity." need not be used here: because the opposite would be vital, active, etc having their own letter: but give it

 the commas – makes it as 'unquiet' etc.

The ordinary axial vent is sex.

The magicial axial vent is sex as so formulated for conation.

haste Love to you both AOS.

Yes, I think I could give the abstract of any sexual variant — between breasts (very much favoured by big fat women when I was a boy) or any other way — failing to find the parallel abstract one must become arbitrary with our symbols


male


female.

Form of sigil — symbol I sometimes use, as picturesque alternative etc on Stélé etc.

Three new letters to explain — making plural & the anti thesis:

Ol letter meaning different, differentiation etc (in future will not give other synonyms

Ole differentiations The same as above but plural by adding e on end.

"Ol ——— meaning undifferentiated, not differentiated etc by adding " Two commas top front of letter.

again

Ol redundant etc.

"Ol not redundant — not a very good word for illustration.

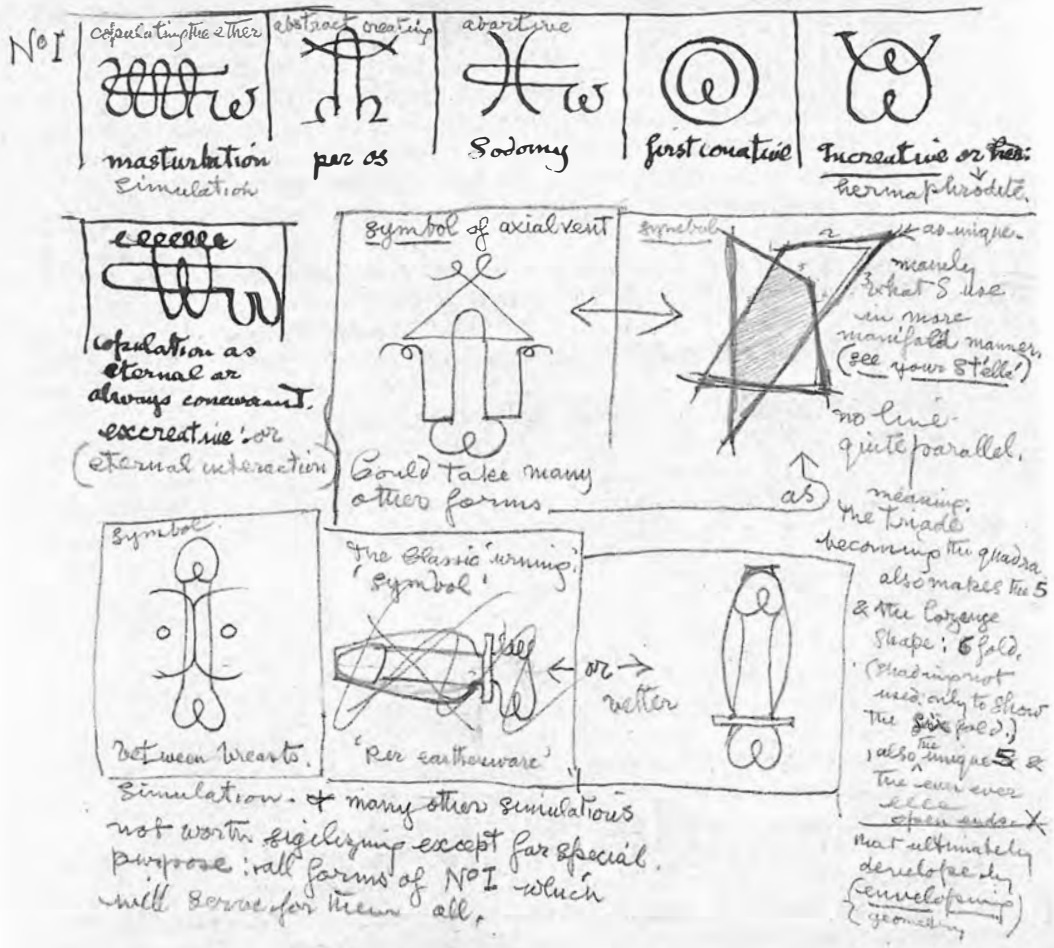
Ol passivity " not used here: because the opposite would be vital, active, etc having their own letter: but give it

"Ol the commas — make it as 'unquiet' etc.

The ordinary axial vent is sex.
" magical " " " as so formulated for conation
Love to you both O.

PS. (1)

Letters as purely sexual symbols also carry their abstract meaning.



Re yr note 'Book of pleasure'

Here is an actual event & shows how by sublating the conscious by Transference ~~to~~ the Subsciousness it will give the "ability".

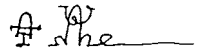
This happened a few days back (& was witnessed) quite accidentially. S was in a hurry to shave. (S can remember there was a queer urgency). So S shaved – by sheer absently mindedness S forgot soap & razor blade, ~~more~~ discovered this when S cleaned the razor: moreover S had a week's growth on my face and never had a cleaner shave. P.T.O.

p.s. Letters as purely sexual symbols also carry their abstract meaning. {See illustration on previous page.}
Re: yr note 'Book of Pleasure'
Here is an *actual event* & shows how by sublating the consciousness by transference to the subconsciousness it will give the "ability". This happened a few days back (and was witnessed) quite *accidentally*. I was in a hurry to shave (I can remember there was a *queer urgency*). So I shaved – by sheer *absent mindedness* I forgot to *soap & razor blade*, discovered this when I cleaned the razor: moreover I had a week's growth on my face and never had a cleaner shave. I don't think I could repeat this, except accidentally. Here's another similar event but quite deliberate & was performed as a magicial act with rather an amusing consequence. My lingham [sic] is what would be the highest or large average... as pure magicial experiment – I desired a really "grandiose one". It happened in very short time. It was such a 'mighty organ' that no woman I knew was large enough... rather defeated itself! Simply could not get it in anyone – many famous old whores (for them large vents) at the Elephant remember. It took me over three days to find out how to reduce... And by the way, it takes three days to grow *and* I can have *reproduced* this act whenever I so wish. Which proves *not only psycho-somatic interaction as abstract but as concrete.* Re. magicial acts: Always remember there is more than one method and technique – some best relate to smaller or passing things, the other and best to the permanent. Also they may appear as contradictory but only because they are unlike on surface or without careful examination. *Many* other such events – as doing an elaborate & large picture in 9 mins. Some of my powers come & go... such as by merely shutting my eyes I became the viewer could see the whole room & myself, exteriorized: can't do it now.

23rd Nov. 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Thank you so much for your two letters with the very illuminating notes on Magic and the 'Letters as purely sexual symbols also carrying their own abstract meaning'. Both these explanations clear up quite a lot of queries which have been vaguely formulating recently. I don't think I quite get the concept of the 'axial vent' – is this a sort of 'ultimate outlet'? I take it that, in the Sacred Alphabet as in these other symbols all variations of No. 1 are of 'thisness' and all of No. 0 are of 'thatness'. I understand that these may mean many things according to context, and some secondary meanings are easy to relate, but what – for instance – could (phallus) 'between breasts' signify besides actual intercourse this way? Is this another mode of glyphing the concept of 'Simulation'? If so, what would the difference signify? And, also, I am very interested in the Urn Formula – what secondary meaning (beside Simulation) could that have? It has just struck me that all magic (i.e. all magic of a sympathetic nature) is pure simulation by ritual convention? If you mimic a scene or experience (or 'simulate' it) you may be able to influence the *actual* experience from deep strata of remote memory to manifest and flesh 'as now': as a tactualization of 'as if' through the mechanics of simulated sex? Is this an approximate idea, do you think? I still don't quite understand the 'link', however. Say I perform an act of simulation to have carnal pleasure with a Succubus or 'fairy'-woman on the astral plane; does my act of deliberate, conscious simulation stir the depths of memory and make an image of my desire appear to me in dreams, or some such thing? Would like your views on this.
I have typed out the 'Delphic' automatic script and must say that although I do not understand it intellectually there *is* a definite apprehension on my part of some vague concept I am unable to translate into words; perhaps 'feeling' is a better way of describing my reaction to it. I certainly think you should make copies of further experiments in this line to show the reader how 'meaning' can be multiform and

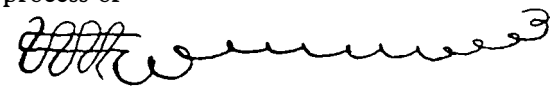
capable of being conveyed through an all but irrational medium, much as in drawings and paintings and music; because although people are quite willing to admit that such a thing may be accomplished by these last-mentioned methods, many do not seem able to apply the same principle to the written word; this is one of the reasons why I think the great art of poetry has fallen into such hopeless oblivion. Your 'oracles' make sense without meaning – to put it in a clumsy manner, I think it would be good to include such examples also, as illustrative of the 'funambulatory way' – the lightning-swift communication of knowledge, truth, or illumination, through the mechanics of 'high emotionalism', i.e., bypassing rationality. Don't you think so too?
I was, indeed, extremely interested in your two personal examples of magical experience – the razor-less shave and the enormous lingam. It stirs a memory within me of a time shortly after we met when you hinted at having performed such an act of magic on your lingam: you also said a day or so later that you had either been to a Sabbath or had dreamed an amazing dream of one; you were going to tell me all about it but we were in a crowded place at the time and you never told me. Any such magical experiences I should be *extremely interested* in hearing, if and when you think of them.
I copied the 'top' and other portions much as you revised them as I could see nothing against the second portion as you've redone it. I'll type any changes you think necessary, or repetitions, of course.
I think I'll be coming down one day next week – yes, really! Let you know in between now and then.
Love from us both,
Thy son,

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Dear Ken & Steffie,
The position re. sentient symbols will be covered by a number of scattered axioms, final check, etc. I'll know what I've omitted etc. A few more sheets for typing – some of it may be repetition owing to mixed notes & absentmindedness – easily put right on final Edit. The complete magical formula I shall give (although disguised as simple) may be used for *any purpose.* Example: to answer a question, Kill an enemy, sleep with a Vampire, etc, etc. As to the way things happen is different to different people: Take answer to a question, some may receive it so indirectly that you cannot say how, may be by inspiration, via automatic drawing, writing, etc. Same, sleeping with Vampire – a friend of mine while in Cornwall (where they believe in them still) had a *real* experience & as proof – he was in company at the time – they too saw and experienced the same). So whether it comes via dreams or otherwise the experience will be *as real.* I've managed the word by coining one – based on three words.
haste Love to you both ZOS.



25th Nov. '54
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Many thanks for your letter. I am dreadfully sorry about the omission in the 'automatic' writing. However, I could only detect the first one you allude to (the one near 'omnium gatherum') not the other one, so I have inserted as best I can from your note about it. If not satisfactory I will re-type. I must have missed out the passage in question by reading the line underneath after the words 'omnium gatherum'.

About the word Laurencian: I do not know what it means, nor can I find it in any dictionary. Are you sure you are not mixing it up with the name of an artist called Marie Laurencin. Steffi says she doesn't think it's a word, but a name.
I was very interested in your remarks re. the Alphabet and 'Vampires'. But do you mean by this latter word what I meant when I wrote 'Succubi': they are female demons or some such astral entities who cohabit with men. The ancient Jews said they sprang from nocturnal pollutions, but I rather suspect that Lilith and all her tribe can be called up by a process of



This is what I meant. A Vampire is surely something that sucks the blood of its victim, à la Dracula. O, but you may be quite justified in using the word; it has only just struck me that this is exactly what Succubi do in their way – the blood in another form. I have a theory about this but wanted to see how you would set about it. I am *very* interested to hear that you have had experience of this; I remember your saying something similar about the 'reality' or otherwise of the Sabbath.
Thanks for explaining 'axial vent'. I shall be interested in the correct order of reading the Aphorisms (needless to say). I am very eager to see the complete ms. when you have it ready. All for now as I want to get to the post.
Thy Son, Kenneth
P.S. By the way, why is it that so called nocturnal pollutions have such an atmosphere of reality about them? One can almost *summon* a particular woman or elemental to appear at such times. But there seems no way of continuing the dream after a certain point. I feel that given some magical ability, the dream could become an 'almost reality'. As I say, I have a theory, but it doesn't work in practice and I don't think the theory is wrong but I just can't do it. I thought your omitted *Book of Pleasure* chapters might have something about this in the Dreaming for Pleasure etc.
Love, K.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Saturday
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Of course I meant 'Succubi' – just my loose way of writing hurriedly & spelling! I'll have something for you re. 'dream continuum' later ... I have touched it already. It certainly may be magically induced.
Thanks for the re-type ... the second 'denial' was unnecessary – a slight alteration I've made puts it OK. Re. the 'atmosphere' of night emission & their reality will be explained re. a short essay on dreams in general ... such dreams *sometimes* are as vague etc, as any other general type ...
My argument is that there are (to my knowledge) about 8 different types of dream all actuated by very different factors ... Hence some are very *significant* – others a vague 'memory hang over' upon the last waking state, many others just gallimaufry etc.
I think you will find that most things re. yr queries will be answered – more or less fully in the 'book as a whole'. Steffie is quite right Laurencin is a name – my pencil script is often rubbed, I now believe I've found the wanted word.
I have just glanced through the whole ms. and think *it will stand*. I'm later changing much of the longer notes on psychology into a number of axioms – just the gist. Many other things I've 'cut' or merged. Now numbering & arranging pages. A certain famous writer to whom I showed a page or so, of the best abstract stuff – stated that "I'm on my own unequalled in such expressionism". A few such opinions – *written* from like people will help – make a good jacket.
haste Love to you both ZOS
Shall use yr word Ecstoicism as the 'Magician-stoics.'

Ink finished – forgive pencil.
P.S. Found a few things in the ms. I have either mislaid or overlooked – rewriting them. Did not find the 'section' I was looking for!
I enclose some uncorrected copy – much of which you have seen but enclose all in case some is new to you ... too difficult to sort out!
All as this now enclosed has been corrected & O.K. Don't want it back! AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Monday
Dear Ken & Steffie,
As usual forgot to enclose the enclosed in my last letter i.e. the section to be typed. Wild haste: just a note.
Love to you both ZOS
Of course *all* forms of sexual practice are both interesting & may have abstract significance & as relating to individuals. Reminds me of the 'Arabian joke' Two easterners arguing how many different ways: One maintained there was 37 ways & the other 36. Solution was one had forgotten 'the normal way' ...

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Tuesday
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just to keep things going & that you have reserves at hand. Apparently I've mislaid some of the best! Hope to have it all ready by this month's end ... final revision to cut needless repetitions and minor alterations. Magicial formulas at end with *graphs.*
No great hurry ... So I'm ready New Year.
haste Love ZOS

29th Nov. 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS:
Very many thanks for your letter of explanation. The fragment on Magic or Theurgy which you say forms part of a long verbal discussion I have found very illuminating as it clears up one or two points of doctrine. There is just one question remaining for me to clear up. What exactly do you mean by 'ability'? Take my own case, for instance. Ever since I can remember (or nearly so) I have been passionately interested in magic and all cognate matters – that is why I find such tremendous satisfaction in your writings and paintings. Forgive my being personal, but surely such inherent passion for a subject or interest also betokens a certain amount of 'ability' in that direction. Would it be right to assume, for instance, that because I can appreciate your work (especially your magical work) so truly and accurately and deeply that this is in itself a type of 'ability': for not everyone possesses same. I am only trying to fathom the correct shade of meaning or meanings to be applied to your concept of ability.
I think I now understand the full implications of your term 'necessity', as recent aphorisms have more or less cleared the matter up, but I take it that this 'necessity' is primarily (or can be) subjective, and not necessarily dictated by extraneous circumstances. Am I right in my guess?
I would very much like to come along to see you on Friday at 3p.m. (or as near as possible.) Is this O.K.
Till I hear from you, Thy Son, Kenneth
P.S. I can't find the word 'stectatorially', or anything like it in my dictionaries. Can you, perhaps, mean Spectatorial?
The word 'enormon' too escapes me; is it an archaic rendering of some word meaning the 'norm'?

New symbols:


God: as unpredictable absolute
ex, not limited to absolutenes.


emanation, emergence.

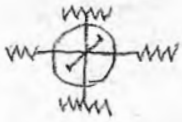

sentience, or (w ~~w~~) bracketed.


Gester.


conscience


Dimension(s)


Spatial-spacious.


Space, Time, dimensional (equation)


ether - space.


water


Thought (stream of)

air as bundle)


fire.

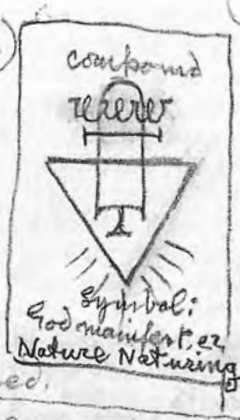

Earth, Hylic.


← Atmosphere.


← Elements combined.

Symbol of Mind or Soul.

compound symbol: "I believe, I desire, I will."




nothingness
zero
nullity.


allness.


Aeon.


Eternity


Conative
conation.


Idea
Concept


evolution


chain
of causation


emotion.


Bundle of
gds.

preservation, sensation, nutrition


ex pression


cognition

nymphism


satyrnalia


language:
Semantics.

full sub for ← not or un:

four forms of consciousness.

continuum; series.

5, Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Sat.
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for the typing ... I enclose two more odd pieces and gratitudes ahead... Now finished in general – anything more, i.e. omissions, I'll write into the existing ms. I'm now completing the 'Thesis & Ritual of Magic' illustrated by a stele – where everything (symbols etc) has reference numbers. I find the final draft of Thesis very difficult to condense & may spend some days over it. Much has already been written, in general text which creates one difficulty of overlapping etc. Also to give final 'meanings' to the 500 word symbols for Index. Only about half the 'meanings' will be published.
When you receive the Magicial formula – I should like you to query any part etc. I want this to be quite explicit to any intelligent individual.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for the typed ms. a few errors which I've put right. While I remember – is there a 'word' that implies: 'one word conveying many'? I believe there is...*Urgent.*
Nearing the finish now. May cut the new Geometry except as a specimen.
Enclose some new symbols.
The 'Alpha' 'Sigils' will be sufficiently explained for adepts like yrself to use & adapt. After all, in my case its a personal means... which does not preclude the initiated using it. Just sufficiently explicate to fool any clown fooling about. Enclose some more pieces of ms. for typing & again thanks.
Love to you both & yr son haste Zos
P.S. At the end of book will be given an Index of 500 symbols with sufficient explanations.
P.S. Some of the symbols [on back of original ms.], are called "expedient symbols" i.e. made for a particular occasion.
P.T.O. P.S. I also give a simple method of constructing an 'alpha' of 26 symbols – see ms. for forming 'expedient' & other words not usually essential.
{See illustration opposite.}

ZOS KIA CULTUS

Dec. 11. 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
So glad you are not ill. The material you enclosed (and which I return in typed form herewith) I found extremely illuminating, and – strangely enough – pregnant with notions I was going to ask you about! You say that colours are the symbols of sound. I have never seen this expressed before in quite the same way. This implies a great deal, e.g. each letter of the Sacred Alphabet (of any alphabet, in fact) will have a corresponding colour. Also, your pictures will sing!
Not long ago (about 2 years) you said you had discovered a mathematical formula fit to express your 'Neither-Neither' concept. You had – I remember – only just discovered it and were still working on it. Would you let me have the results of that working, as at the time I failed to pursue the matter for some reason or other. It has struck me that a section devoted to this aspect of the matter would go well in the Magical Formulae section – showing how pure mathematics may be related to Magic through the link of Form (geometric or otherwise as parallel). The thing seems to possess possibilities as far as your book is concerned. Also, it would show the arbitrary nature of the geometries and art forms in relation to what *might* emerge at a future time, rather in the manner of your constantly recurring dream (about every six months) wherein you see designs and geometries unknown to man at the

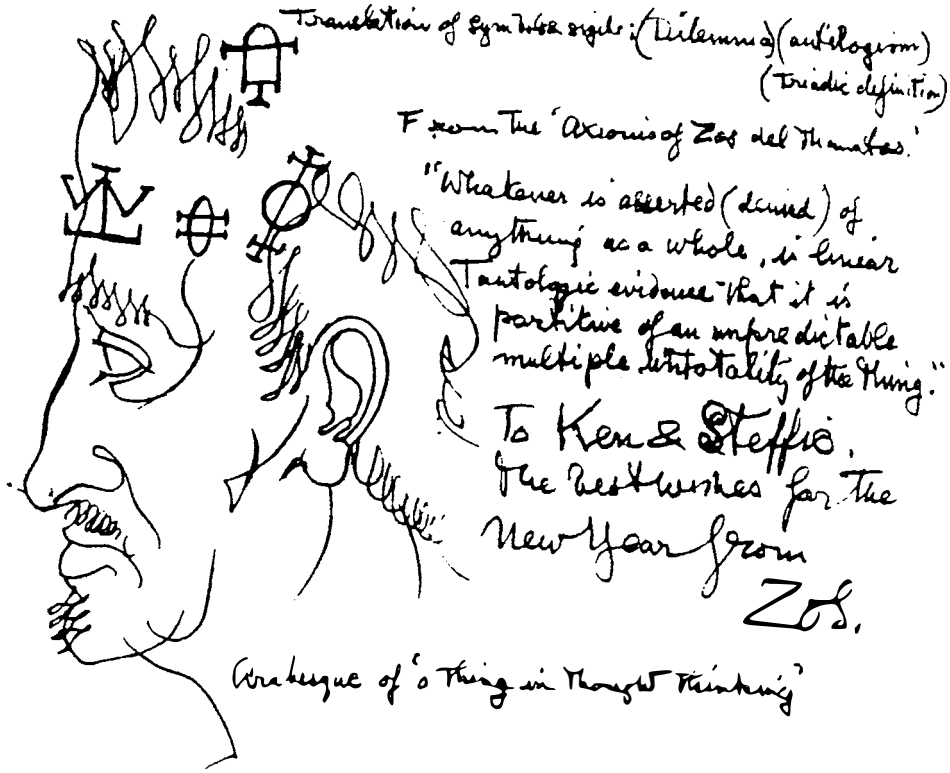
present time. Perhaps I haven't expressed myself well, but is seems that here you have a reciprocal mode of symbolism independent of set geometric expression. E.g. Neither-Neither in mathematical extension would be an arbitrary symbol which would have sense-impression (colour, sound etc.,) attributes, which could then be the purely sensual formula of comprehending reality (or 'Neither-Neither') through the careful and scientific arrangement of these sights, colours and sounds to induce the ecstasy which would transcend duality and thus make the realization of 'Neither-Neither' a possibility. Is this all rubbish? I know what I mean in my own mind but do not know whether I have conveyed it accurately or in any comprehensive way. I am very excited about it, it seems to have tremendous implications and possibilities. Please let me know what you think.
My mind is so full of the above at the moment that I just cannot formulate any of the simple questions you have asked me to write down. My mind is just a blank. So, I'll leave it over till calmness descends once again. I hope you are not in a tremendous hurry for them.
I am enclosing the original ms. so that you can see the word in question. I have no dictionary covering botanical words as such, so that explains my vain search in what dictionaries I do possess.
O, and *please, please* remember to look out the meaning of *all* the sigils you worked into our Stele. several people have admired it and want to know all about it – the principle underlying I mean (not the actual meaning of the Sigils, which, of course is a private matter I shall divulge to no person but Steffi.). So, please let me know.
No more for the moment,
Thy Son, K

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Herewith a piece of ms. for typing.
I shall be glad when the zero climate departs! Just now involved with sacred letters, symbols, sigils (definitions etc) and a new geometry. At present hopelessly mixed with my notes having formulated them at the same time! Directly I sort it out – will be the finish, near enough. A drastic editing.
haste Love to you both ZOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
[Saturday] Xmasday
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks Steffie so very much for the really beautiful & inspiring card which I shall always keep to refresh me...
Can you give a better word than 'untotality'.
Have you any envelopes (any size) you haven't much use for? I'm nearly sold out...Forgive rush...answering Xmas cards! Letter shortly with some new ms. etc.
Love to you both ZOS.

ZOS KIA CULTUS

Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Thank you so much for your kind New Year greetings. The only alternative to 'untotality' I can think of is 'non-plenary' which is not much better, I'm afraid: 'unplenary' is even worse. Actually, to be quite honest, I haven't quite grasped the exact



meaning of the sentence you use. Perhaps 'fragmentary' would be a more suggestive word. I'm sorry I'm so dim about it. You know how it is – sometimes a thing 'clicks' and sometimes it doesn't.
I have sent you off a small parcel of envelopes with this post. Shall be pleased to have more material for typing any time you like to send. No more now,
Thy Son, Kenneth

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
Thursday
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Forgive delay in answering but injured my right hand – & the dressing almost precluded writing: better now. This mainly to send you both & Son all the best greetings & wishes for the new year.
Re. your queries – will not answer now – but you are on the right track – all I am writing now leads up to the answer to what you ask. Actually rewriting the lost segment. The few screeds inclosed for typing will be altered by replacements – certain primatic illustrations – when certain other things are finished. From speculative excesses of assumptions – I give certain things that can be (by anyone) factually tested. Matter of rejoining certain axioms, etc.
Haste. Hand very painful in writing position.
Love to you both AOS

I BELIEVE WHAT I WILL AND WILL WHAT I BELIEVE

27 Dec 1954
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
We are both very sorry to hear of the mishap to your hand and hope that it is getting along all right. I am enclosing typed copies of the material you just sent. I am afraid I forgot to keep everything on single pages and consequently a little overlaps in one case; however, if you want it re-done I shall be only too pleased to do so. One or two words I couldn't quite make out, *not* because I couldn't read your writing, but because I couldn't find them in the various dictionaries I consulted. There is a lot of very good stuff in the aphorisms you have just sent, and a lot more questions are answered.
We hope you had an enjoyable Christmas and didn't find your hand too painful to enjoy yourself. Keep well and happy,
Love,
Thy son, Kenneth

ZOS KIA CULTUS

Jan 3 1955
Dear Zos vel Thanatos:
Many thanks for typing material which I here return duly typed. I am afraid I couldn't trace any word like 'sedientesquely', and I think 'senual' may be a slip on your part for 'sensual', but wasn't quite sure so transcribed as found.
I am afraid little of this last batch is intelligible to me; you seem to leave a lot of links out and therefore I feel that a reader – like myself – will have some difficulty in relating the various ideas. They are so concentratedly presented in this last batch as to be more like a series of mnemonics for private use. But it may be my obtuseness that makes me see it thus. Some of the passages I get very clear flashes of illumination from, but others I struggle in vain to apprehend. I think you'll agree when you re–read them in their typed form.
Ready for the next lot!
Love to you from us both,
Thy son, Kenneth

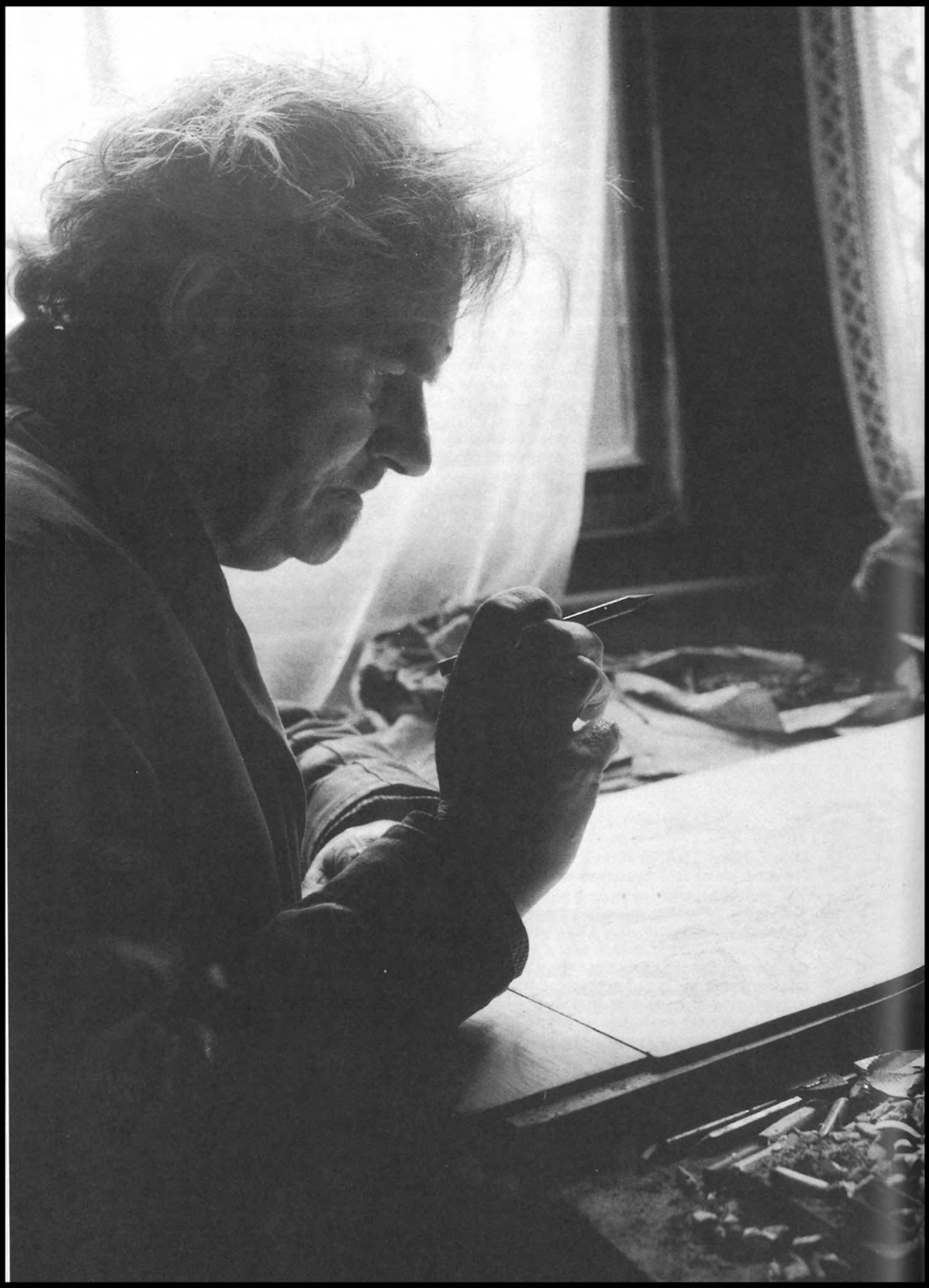
5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
[6th] Jan: 55
Dear Ken & Steffie,
First to thank Steffie properly for her beautiful card which I shall always keep by me. When I've the chance I'll return the compliment. I agree with all you say in your letter *but* you will find in the complete ms. that one axiom explains another often without reference, as enclosed... piece.
The straw is to make the final bricks! Much a deliberate reiteration etc... A negative tautology explaining itself gradually leading to the definites (for magicial use).
Mistakes in ms. due to careless spelling; some omittances deliberate. The wrong word should be 'sentientesquely'!
Presently I'll be sending you finished portions of the ms. for final correction – I think you will find all minor mistakes, etc., improved.
haste. Love to you both & plenty of wool sheep for us all ZOS.

Jan. 7, 1955
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Thanks so much for your kind letter and for enclosures which I here return duly typed. Things are a lot clearer this time and I can follow your linear scheme rather better than as given previously. Afraid my drawing's not all it might be, but I've copied the remainder accurately. Its very interesting. Especially interesting is the concept that the subconsciousness is common property to all; the common denominator, in fact. I knew this, of course, but the way you put it rather illuminated my mind and opened up new ideas.
There are just two spelling points I wish to raise. It has suddenly struck me – to my horror – that I have been copying your word 'predict', which you often use, as 'predict' and not 'predicate' and I see from one of your last sent sentences what you probably intended the word to be. This, of course, alters a few of the previous things you have sent me and makes things clearer. Please confirm.
The other word you write: 'preception'; now as far as I know there is only 'precept' and 'preceptor' but not a word 'preception'; surely you mean 'perception'? I notice you often mistakenly use *pre* for *per* etc. Am I right? Its rather an important point as you use the word often.
Ready for further material.
Love to you from us both,
Thy son, Kenneth

5 Wynne Rd. S.W.9.
[Thursday 13th January, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I'm frozen, brain as well but have made nearly all the necessary notes for the new language of sigil (old sacred alpha) so I'll soon begin sending sections along. I've finished the Thesis – rest will slowly follow. Visitors coming: up to my neck in arrears! Forgive wild rush.
Love to you both ZOS
A few segments enclosed for typing. Yes, I get mixed up with 'per & pre'. There is a word precention meaning 'anticipated perception' or I've imagined it![119]

ZOS KIA CULTUS

15.1.55.
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS:
Herewith please find typescripts of recent material you sent me. Some of it I cannot 'get' at present; other parts flash intuitively upon me with startling clarity.
Tomorrow (or rather, Monday) I am sending (by registered post) an elementary introduction to your doctrines &c., which I have been busy upon for a long time.[120] I hope you will like it. If so, I have a friend who may be able to get it published for me. I would like the typescript back when you have finished with it, as it is the only fully corrected and completely assembled one I have. I hope you will appreciate that it claims to be no more than an elementary introduction to your work and that I have tried to represent your ideas as faithfully as possible. As I have quoted a lot from your published and unpublished work I shall, of course, not show it to any official person without your permission.
Love from us both,
Thy Son, Kenneth



5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Tuesday [18th January, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just a hasty scrawl, that you know I received yr ms. safely, also letter with my piece of script typed. Let me know *when* (approx) you would like yr ms. back. I want to devote a day to reading it, so will not read it for a day or so. Therefore cannot say anything yet – refraining from opening! But thanks so much – I'm certain it's splendidly done – as I admire your style etc of expression.
haste. Love to both ZOS.
The best photo of me (about 17 years old) is owned by a friend of mine – later on etc. I'll give you his address, also I got a good recent one (for end of book).

ZOS KIA CULTUS

London
[Thursday, 20th January, 1955]
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Thanks so much for your letter. I had not realized that such an early picture existed and needless to say it would be a good thing to be able to include a copy of same in the book, if you find the latter in any way to your liking. Let me have it back, say, about three weeks from now as I still have to go through the main copy for corrections etc., which so far I have only in yours. Originally, I had thought of including that very fine photograph of you which you gave us several years back, but the early one would be much better at beginning of a book, and the other one you mention would make a final illustration.
Send anything along you want typed or corrected.
Love, Thy son, Kenneth

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Wednesday [26th January, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
A few pieces enclosed for typing: well aware they need editing etc. When typed I'll be able to correct better. I think it important you read the approx. whole of ms. before you finish yr book. So will post both at the same time. It might be as well to meet in about a month's time.
I've a heap of notes by me re. the Alpha and a *new geometry* as syntax that goes with it. A few sheets of the latter expect shortly. Working on a few definitions at the moment. Forgive pencil – ink shortage. Love to you both A.

ZOS KIA CULTUS

27.1.'55.
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Herewith the copies of your last batch of ms. I shall look forward to receiving the notes about the Sacred Alphabet when you care to send same along.
Yes, send my ms. back together with your finished book. That will be best.
If you've time would you send me the meanings of the sigils you inscribed upon our Stele. You said you'd let me have them some time ago.
Love from us both,
Thy Son, Kenneth

12.2.55.
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS:
Many thanks for yours with enclosures. Herewith typed and returned. Funny coincidence: I met the man who bought your 'bald-headed Crowley' from Sims. I showed him the photo you did it from and he thought it a pretty good likeness!
Looking forward to receiving more Sacred Letters if and when ready. Will you please send me back the ms. of my book.
Love, Kenneth

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Monday [28th February, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
So sorry haven't written before but absolutely frozen & keeps me moribund. Hope the blasted weather will break soon. I enclose what ms. I have. A few more spasms & finished. Send yr ms. back this weekend – not quite finished – bar weather. By next month I should have finished my own & cut out all the weak stuff.
Haste Love to you both & infant yrs ZOS.

5 Wynne Road S.W. 9.
[Monday] 14th March 55
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for yours – yes, I think the weather is breaking & I shall be turning out stuff daily now: the work (writing) I'm not just now doing. The final is difficult & hanging on to it – so to give a final look as completing ... expect a batch this weekend. Do come along, shall enjoy a chat etc. Shall have camera etc. ready.
All good wishes & Love ever ZOS
My show this year Oct – just signing up ... time gives me span.

MONDAY 21ST MARCH, 1955
After lunch, I raced off to ZOS and had delightful busride. Collected *Grimoire* which he likes very much, and camera.

5 Wynne Road S.W. 9.
Friday [25th March, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Wild rush, thanks very much for all yr trouble copying out the Alpha ... of course, as you remark some are symbols. I'll do the whole thing this Winter – *have* to be a quite new interpretation – totally forgotten ... All I remember, it was first based on the fundamental vowel sounds ... as with the early Egyptian lingo. I'll be sending you ms. weekly for typing – all now (except odds & ends) the final reshaping ... as enclosed, which I have copy of. A sketchbook I was keeping for yr friend I've sent to India via Air Mail – can't wait so long. Anyway I have another for him.
The B.B.C. are sending their Van along – heaven knows why!
Yrs ever Love to you both AOS

5 Wynne Road S.W. 9.
Friday [1st April, 1955]
[Sigils:] Steffie Kenneth S & K[121]
Dear Steffie & Ken: thanks for yr two & the enclosed £1 – sorry being so long but

wished to enclose a little for typing & the last few days not able to do much. One important thing I forgot to go through while you were here was about transforming the whole of my verbal broadcast.[122] My difficulty is that I've forgotten most of their questions ... some I thought silly. So will you write out a series of Questions (to replace theirs) as if you know little or nothing of it – you could also 'pose' one or two of your own. Then I can write the rest out as answers – giving experiences etc. between.
Much haste. Visitors – love to both yr ZOS

5 Wynne Road S.W. 9.
Thursday [5th April, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
The word 'enormon' an older word for the ether.
The 'spectactular' or 'spectatarial' is correct.
All the enclosed I have rectified from the pure automatic except the lines re. that bastard Hitler given as explanatory illustration. Useful, because we can from him, & such like him, see all or most of the essential qualities to use for different purpose. So great 'ability' as such is not necessary. You will find many axioms etc, in the 'complete' ms. all dealing with the 'ability' (spot them & join them) & will answer all your questions ... so no more now.
The 'discussion' you last typed is a small part of my broad-cast on magic – they would drag in my experiences re. Hitler – I'm afraid (the language I used is) now making difficulties! But I will not alter – almost like relenting – no thanks! I've told them it has to go as it is ... if they abandon it I might get a *Daily* or Sunday newspaper to publish it and have real furore etc. Very pleased to see you Friday about 3p.m.
Love to both ZOS

5 Wynne Road S.W. 9.
Sunday [17th April, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Just a hasty line to say my broadcast comes off tomorrow (Mon:) at 8-30p.m. light programme. I'm told they have cut the thing up – joined me up with some other people. Now it is simply a number of assertions! Still it might do good – *if* I have a heavy post after, will you take over answering? I'll post the Mail on... this in case.
Enclosed a segment of ms. for typing.
Only now to *rationalize* the language part and finished, this month's end, I expect. Now working upstairs.
Love to you both ever yrs ZOS.

MONDAY 18TH APRIL, 1955
Zos writes he is on a B.B.C. Light Programme tonight at 8.30.

5 Wynne Road, S.W. 9.
[Sunday 1st May, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks so much for the Typing. The Broadcast was a wash-out – I'd have cancelled it if I'd known I was to be segmented in with a lot of half-wits. Their excuse – the strike – I had a row with them. They will give me a better show later. Anyway it will be printed.
As good as finished the ms. except for odd bits. May cut the geometry – except for

a few axioms. Now finishing the language & alpha (Many new letters). Should be ready this months end.
Haste Love to you both Z.O.S.
I am doing *one* illustrated magicial formula for the book something quite simple & harmless – showing use of sigils etc. Evocations, etc. Of course, you will 'spot' that – by replacement, etc. – it will serve anything. Now working upstairs. Yrs. ZOS.

5 Wynne Road. S.W. 9.
[Sunday 15th May, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie, thanks for yrs. I'll be alright. Know plenty that would help – trouble, little time to sort it out etc.
I'd better hold back some of the ms. I have. I've become a little mixed up (worry I expect) until I get it properly sorted out and finish one section at a time.
Forgive haste. Have a wretched type & number of letters to write.
Love Zos.
If you know anyone who wears No. 9 shoes (doesn't matter how old) I could do with them: also old socks.

5 Wynne Road S.W. 9.
20th May 55
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Re yr query. (1) I did mention Horus as familiar for Isis. I've not sufficiently made clear the Athene & Owl familiar (Both Classic Goddess & Symbol of Intelligence), so have rectified that mistake. Thanks for pointing it out. (2) All other points will be cleared up in alterations I'm making now. Including 'sentient symbols'. (3) Already your questions & others are answered – scattered in the general ms. Mustn't make it too easy. Glad you're better – I'm fit enough to carry on.
Love to you both Z.
N.B. I keep forgetting that a good deal of the ms. you have not yet seen. Shortly getting it altogether. haste. An oddment enclosed for typing... Thanks.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Monday [23rd May, 1955]
Thanks so much for the Typing & for the Boots – will be useful as change (only one of everything!)
Re. your Question – why in the form of Question? the answer is already in the formula you have, *but not emphasized. As to why* – it is my discovery after 40 years experiment & experience. *Axiom*: One "subconsciousness" only answers questions, (Its primal function.) Remember I'm not making magic a 'barrow-boy' technique – I feel I've said far *too much already*. Hence 'sentient symbols' will be so scattered in the text that only careful joining will give the answer. I am rewriting the magicial formula making far *more difficult* & abstract. Too much glib Knowledge : Example: One of my present students to whom I carefully explained exactly what 'simple' in Art was with *complete demonstration*. (1) After which he first told me he knew all that – *no evidence* – only reverse in his work. I kept my notes with diagrams with his initials on. (2) At his second lesson I ask him to *tell me & give diagrams* of simplicity (blessed word!) *Of course he couldn't say or do* one thing accurately. (3) He never has *Known and never will Know* in this life. You can give a Donkey a book – he cannot read.
All of which means, I'm not in my book catering for such like. I shall put the 'thing' clearly & simply – & its either understood or not.
So I've altered my mind re. the Alpha: now I'm giving 500 philosophic words & *not* relating them to the 500 word-symbols.

Finally, in going over the ms. I shall try rather for *obscurity*! I feel on glancing through ms. too clear.
Of course I'll give you my related list of words & Symbols – not for publication.
Re. yr Totem animals (a guess, as I don't know yr birth month or sign & it is a *bit* connected.[123]) The beaver (sea beaver q.v.) and the Eagle, hunting *or* Hawk – Kestrel I believe. So rest assured – you will never die by drowning (or water in any form, poison etc.).
Nor die by falling or from the air (as climbing or from planes crashing) etc. More anon.
Haste. Two students today – both fat headed!
Love to you both & child Yrs ever AOS

TUESDAY 24TH MAY, 1955
Nice letter from Zos. He thinks my totem is sea-beaver, eagle or hunting hawk, and there is no fear of my dying by water or air.

5, Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Wed. [15th June, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Forgive delay not writing – but my nerves gone to Hell...Taking Pheno. B to sleep – leaves me half doped during the day – very unfit for anything. Though I have started a series of Abstract drawings just to show the "Abstract merchants" what it should be!
One trouble was I performed two magicial experiments as text – with almost instantaneous results (!) & seem to have acquired "energy" I can't get rid of...
I had no sleep whatever for 8 days & nights – hence the Pheno & my present state of flop!
Please thank yr friend for the shoes – They fit perfectly – made for me!
I hope to get fit & working again by next week.
Please will you give me a rough definition of the Qliphoth & Bess-Mass. I want to put them in my Alpha.
I can guess the meaning – but want to be more exact & concise for book.
Small piece of typing enclosed & thanks so much. I dug up an old portrait of Steffie I did & redrawn it – really good now. In fact while I'm feeling so 'spent out' I've been mainly engaged on reshaping etc., some of the old stuff – & improved out of recognition! Forgive haste, every damn thing a nervous strain, have to chuck things after a few mins : Love to you both. AOS.
Hope you are both fit & well.

19.6.55.
Dear Zos,
So sorry to hear you've been having such a rough time of it. Hope you are now every bit recovered.
Enclosed is the matter you sent me; a little late because sent after me.
No news at the moment so will not stop for more just now,
Love, Kenneth Steffi
P.S. Dear Zos,
I am afraid I have had to open this letter as I have just remembered that I omitted to answer your two questions.
Qliphoth is a term used by the old Hebrew Qabalists to denote the region of the shells or cortices. It is none other than that region which spiritists (I shall not call them spiritualists – there is nothing spiritual about them) contact when they have

commerce with the larvae of recently departed or even anciently vanished corpses. It is a term that has come to denote *generally speaking* an evil, miasmic region which it is better to keep out of.
The term Besz-Mass of matter is my own term and is merely a combination of the word Besz and mass. Besz is the Egyptian god of the dance and also of matter in its most gross and unsubtle form. It has come to represent a quality of evil which is in nowise actually present in or inherent in matter but which is associated with it because of the tendency of matter to make one blind to spiritual values etc. and this is the sense in which I used the term, I think, in the Appreciation which I once wrote for one of your shows.
In a word, the Qliphoth designates an infernal region, miasmic and best left alone, while the Besz-mass of matter designates a pullulating mass of bestially-directed substance which clogs the finer senses and blinds the spiritual vision.
Hope this interpretation suffices.
Love, Kenneth.

5 Wynne Road S.W. 9.
22nd July [1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Forgive delay in answering but I am in a bloody mess – just getting straight. Changing my Doctor & find I've lost my card![124] Which I understand means a delay of 10 days or so... so no medical treatment till it arrives. So if you could send me the enclosed with an old shirt – both would be helpful.
The artistic end goes on well but slowly... You will like the series 'The contexture of being'.
Thanks for the definition of the two words – I had the correct idea.
The Besz-mass a good idea of yours:
I'm doing an explanatory catalogue (separate to the ordinary) for scholars only[125] where I let off steam... some of it will be virulent & amusing.
By the way what exactly does the word "ambivalent" mean, 'Touch & go'?
Love to you both ZOS.

5 Wynne Road S.W. 9.
Thursday [28th July, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Very sincere thanks for the medicine & shirt both very useful just now. Having lost my medical card I've no Doctor while changing & apparently the health folk take weeks in sending a new one!
I enclose two complete pages of my catalogue for typing. Note I've left out line (by accident) No 17 – please insert. Title, Contexture etc; 'The truth drug' 25 guineas. Also please note the full title of No 6 is Contexture etc: Cacophonic fugue (Soul, mind, body, etc). Doesn't matter if you cannot get the entire Title on one line.
I'll get you to write the intro for the secret Catalogue (for scholars only) I'm having it photostated so as to reproduce sigils, etc.
Much better, let you know how the medicine acts – it did me a turn last year. Shall soon be in full swing again.
What drawing I've done is good in spite of not knowing whether I'm standing on my head or my feet.
You will like my new abstracts.
Haste. Love to both ys ZOS.
PS. Take no notice of my red spots – just a system of checking.

29.7.55.
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS:
So glad you are feeling better again. I am enclosing typed copy of the separate pages of the Catalogue which you have just sent me. With regard to the secret Catalogue Introduction which you have asked me to write – and which I am glad to be able to write – I believe I sent you a copy of this some time back but if you haven't got it or have lost it I can go through my files and dig it out again. It was in the nature of just such a secret intro. as you seem to require – at least, that is how I remember it as being. If you don't like it I can do another one.
Glad you're able to get down to some work again. I'm sure I'll like the abstracts you mention and one day in the not too distant future I hope to be able to come down and pay a long overdue visit. I look with sadness at the prices on the Catalogue. We are at present undergoing somewhat of a crisis (financially speaking); everything is such a price in this district and assets seem to be dwindling almost to nil. The future looks rather black in this direction but otherwise all is well and we are hopeful. Anything I can do I will, but I am so limited as regards funds as to make any offer on my part seem almost a blasphemy. (I mean a 'mockery': anyway I can always type things up for you – I hope)
Thy son,
Love, as always, Steffi & Ken.

5 Wynne Road S.W. 9.
[Wednesday 3rd August, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
First I'm so very sorry to hear you are so broke... I can promise you it will not last long. Thanks so much for the typing. I enclose two more sheets.
Of course there will be a good picture for you after the show – for nothing. Don't suppose I shall sell out...
Still painful to think & write – just received my health card – so the new Doc: may do good. haste.
Love to you both & gratefully yrs ZOS.

4.8.55.
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Thank you so much for your letter. I hope what you say will come to pass!
Glad you are now receiving treatment from your new Doc., and hope that all will be quite well with you soon. Your letters sound much more cheerful and that is a good sign.
Please find enclosed more of the Catalogue; I did not do them on separate pages exactly as in ms., because this time the numbers ran on consecutively. One word I am not quite sure about is Number 77: I have put (ex Rowton).[126] Hope that is right. I don't know what the word means.
Number 65 sounds vastly interesting. So, of course, do the others, but this particular one I should greatly like to see and hope to do so when I next pay that much belated visit.
We both send our love, as usual.
All the best,
Thy son, Kenneth.

7.8.55.
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS:
I have just written a 'Special Introduction for Scholars' as suggested by you in your letter before last. I seem to remember that the introduction I wrote before, and a copy of which I sent you, does not quite apply to the particular show in question as it related more particularly to the Witchcraft aspect of your work, which was the subject of your last show. I hope you will like the enclosed, or parts of it. If not I could try and write another one but I have purposely refrained from technicalities, even though it is for 'scholars', as I thought this might act as a deterrent to other, less enlightened, viewers.
Love from us both,
Thy son, Kenneth
P.S. I have entitled it 'Appreciation' but you are quite at liberty, naturally, to give it any other title you please.

5 Wynne Road. S.W. 9.
Friday [13th August, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie
Bit better – but confounded 'head' still a trouble. Start new Dr next week... I believe my own treatment better than theirs – Trouble is the expense & what I require isn't among the cheap stuff. Two more pages of the Catalogue & thanks in advance for the typing.
Many thanks for yr splendid appreciation[127] – I'll probably use it in the main Catalogue – I don't suppose 'Swaff' will want to write anything. I understand he's pretty well had it...I'm sorry because he's not only been a friend & patron but one of the *very few* honest journalists – perhaps the last of them!
I'll be reading yr appreciation again & let you know more – head to [sic] thick just now. Love to you both ZOS
Forgive shortness...

5 Wynne Road. S.W. 9.
Thursday
Dear Ken & Steffie
Forgive my remissness but writing & reading has been painful. Only done a little artistic work – good in spite of difficulties.
Hope to be normal next week – still very shaky. I'll let you know when I['m] well again. Doctor means well but useless.
Love to you both haste ZOS

5 Wynne Road. S.W. 9.
5th Sept [1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Please forgive delay in answering & thanks so much for the very kind thought of the Vykramin...done much good. My head's been too bloody for writing – doesn't affect my drawing – only reading & writing. I enclose the *whole catalogue* will you please retype *all* of it – as many lines on a page as you like. Please also send the entire copy back as its *my only check* – the other will go to *printer at once.*
I am printing your appreciation in main Catalogue – & only that I may have a note at the end of the Catalogue.
Hope you are both fit & well – I'm working like 10 people. Doing some good landscapes & sidereals – good colour.
love to you both haste Yrs Zos

Will Steffie please obtain some of the enclosed for me — 2 oz pot should be sufficient – it is for me Flying Saucer! I will include a cup also! Want them for show – as novelty.

7.9.55
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
So glad to hear from you again; I had begun to wonder what was happening.
Please find enclosed the complete catalogue as typed from your copy, plus your copy as requested. Please note that as you omitted number 177 from your copy, this put the numeration out until I spotted same and so I have left that number blank, as otherwise the other numbers would not tally with those on the back of each individual painting. I hope this is what you would have wanted me to do had you realized.
No more for now as I want to be sure and get this off to you tonight.
Love from us both,
Thy son, Kenneth

5 Wynne Road. S.W. 9.
25th Sept 55
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I enclose proof of Catalogue – I've put a pencil mark where the line wobbles or any doubt in spelling. Will you please post the corrected proof *direct* to 'The Archer Gallery' – *Miss B.R. Morris* is the director. At your earliest convenience – sorry for rush – anyway its the final correction.
Forgive my not writing before but none too well, but working like fury to live up to the Catalogue – short of certain things I left till last but more work finished than in Catalogue. There's a nice Stele for you (la Vampire)! Hope you are all fit
Love to you both yrs ever AOS
Lettering pen!

5 Wynne Road. S.W. 9.
2nd Oct: Sunday
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Forgive delay – everything now a wild rush – trying hard to live up to Catalogue – but shall be remiss... If Ken could give me a call before the 15th Oct. – could help me with a few titles etc. Just a line saying day & time. Sooner the better. Will Steffie please obtain some of the enclosed for me – 2oz pot should be sufficient – it is for my Flying Saucer! I will include a cup[128] also! Want them for show – as novelty. Just bring it when you call.
Please save leaflet for me, as it isn't mine.
My worthless Sister has *been going* to get me some of the above for the last 11 months!
All news when we meet. haste. Love AOS.

Monday evening 10th Oct.
Dear Zos,
After counting the addresses in the book you lent me I have found to my dismay that I shall not have a sixth of the amount of catalogues required to cover the list. Can you possibly send me any more because otherwise I shall be in a perfect quandary as to whom to send to and who to leave out. I know you said only send the cards to many of them, but even so the amount you gave me (catalogues) will hardly cover a sixth of the addresses in your book, many of which look important enough to get a catalogue.
I had a most enjoyable time with you this afternoon and was glad to see you looking so well. If you can let me have the necessary catalogues we can make a really big thing of this show.
Love from us both, Kenneth

5 Wynne Road S.W. 9.
Wed [12th October, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs and all you['re] doing...
I've written to the Gallery to post 100 catalogues direct to you.
If you need any more Catalogues & tickets write direct to Miss Morris at the Archer Gallery.
The Dryad Handicrafts, 22 Bloomsbury St. W.C.1.
I believe they touch everything in Crafts – just phone them. *But I do know for certain* that Windsor & Newton's make a glaze to use on already finished Pottery & Glass.
Wild haste Love AOS.

5 Wynne Rd. S.W. 9.
Sunday 23rd [October, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Something has come up out of the blue ... an anonymous letter[129] to H. Swaffer ... I would like you to go over the whole thing with me – so we have the correct answer opening day. Too much for me to write ... So could you please call here this Monday 24th (any time) and I['ll] let you have the whole thing. Apparently you have an active enemy. Of course I've written Swaff & put it right as regards myself.
Please bring my address book. Thanks for all you have done.
Love to both AOS.

TUESDAY 25TH OCTOBER, 1955
Show at Archer Gallery. Was the first to arrive. Had a nice talk with Miss Morris who is as casual about selling pictures as Zos himself. Swaff gave a very fine opening speech about Zos's impossibility with regard to money, name & fame etc... Dedi arrived just before he began talking. Gardner arrived and was very furtive; he avoided us and left shortly after the speech. Joyce [Bernard] arrived with Dedi, having met her outside the door; Ithell [Colquhoun][130] came & we had a chat, and she invited us down for a drink. I spoke to Swaff before the speech; got the poison-pen letter out of his secretary; spoke very lengthily with Mrs. Lapwood, who has invited me down to see her large collection of 'Zosiana'. Others there were a *Psychic News* reporter, Mackey and wife, Beckett-Williams, Frank Letchford, Oswell Blakeston and a host of others. And of course Ernest Chapman[131], utterly delirious.

At the opening of Austin Osman Spare's exhibition of paintings and drawings at the Archer Gallery on Tuesday, October 25th, Mr. Hannen Swaffer said:

> "As I was returning to my home in Denmark Hill one day in 1904 a poster outside the Southwark Library caught my eye. It was announcing the work of a brilliant prodigy aged 17 – Austin Osman Spare who was even at that early age the finest draughtsman in this country. I did not at the time write up his exhibition for the papers because people were more interested in colour than in line at that time. It was in 1926 that Spare invited me to his working-class tenement at the Elephant & Castle to see yet another of his amazing exhibitions, this time in his own home and studio.
>
> I have myself met thousands of famous people, actors, statesmen – and crooks, but I can say that Austin Spare is the most remarkable of them all. He has, seemingly, willingly turned his back on success and followed his destiny, his waywardness, or obeyed his will, determined to paint things merely to please himself.
>
> His sidereal works, as he calls them, are amongst his most remarkable studies and are *entirely original* being projections of the human face from multiple viewpoints. He turned down my suggestion to use sidereal studies of film-stars on the covers of

famous society magazines, and he has refused all commissions to paint portraits, especially of children, although he has hundreds of opportunities. I have two drawings in my possession which I cannot hang on my walls; the line-work is so pure and fine that it can scarcely be seen, even close to – they were drawn, Spare claims, whilst asleep. I have compared him to Dürer for style and mastery of line. His Cockney studies, especially of the seamy London women, if they were time-worn, might be mistaken for the works of Rembrandt.

You may hate his work, or be bothered by its frankness, you may not understand its meaning or form, but you cannot overlook it. It represents Spare as he really is not as anyone else would like him to be.

When he was bombed from his home in 1941, losing all his work and possessions and the use of his right hand for five months, he lived on nine shillings a week, and although I would willingly have lent him a fiver he did not make me aware of his dire straits. He works how he likes and when he likes.

Genius is always mistrusted in its own day, because ordinary people like usual work; Ruskin, to give an example of how even the great critics can be mistaken, who 'discovered' Turner, was involved in a libel action with Whistler whose work he despised. Thus those in front, far ahead of the people, have stones thrown at them, and only posterity can tell if they were in the right, but the important thing is for them to be sure themselves that they are right and to go on despite criticism, hardship and adversity as Spare has done. I congratulate you, Austin Spare, and hope you will have a great success."

5 Wynne Road. S.W. 9.
30th Oct 55
Dear Ken & Steffie
I believe the Gallery woman has messed things up a little – loses her head... Still, a long while to go yet.
Please give me a call soon... one or two things like to go over with you. Also give you a letter to Miss Morris so you can collect all the saucers. Two are for you: one for Joyce. The small blue one I should like to finish & inscribe to your son.[132]
Haste. Clearing up all arrears this week. Then I shall finish the book. Met a publisher & printer at the show.
Love A.O.S.
By the way – any pictures you would like let me know numbers. All the work will be back here by 7th Dec: Tell your "poor" friends who might like a picture – plenty after the show. I've 20 here now, all kinds. Always at home after 3p.m.

SATURDAY 5TH NOVEMBER, 1955
Went to see Zos.

6.11.55.
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS:
I visited the Exhibition today and am glad to say that a steady stream of interested people visited it also during the course of the afternoon. A Frenchman absolutely raved about your work and couldn't understand why you weren't exhibiting in the West End as the work was of such very high quality and excellence. I also met a man who did some engravings for you for the magazine *Form*; Palliser, I think he said his name was, he met you but once many many years ago and was glad to hear of your continued activity and to note the magnificence of your work. He talked of a man named Smart who knew you at the College and who greatly admired your work. I met and talked to others also greatly drawn to your work so I do not think you need

fear that the Exhibition is passing unattended because on both occasions I have visited it there has been a fairly constant stream of interested viewers.
Miss Morris asked me if I knew the address of a Mrs. Seagonfeld (?) or some such name, as this lady has bought a picture but apparently left no address. I vaguely remember your talking about this very woman to Mr. Chapman so perhaps you could drop Miss Morris a line about it. Also, a lady came in and wanted a picture of Richard Church and Miss Morris asked me if you had one at Wynne Road as the one at the Show is already sold to someone else. Can you deal with these matters as I do not know the people concerned?
On my previous visit I met a family who said they used to occupy a flat beneath you when you had a studio in the Elephant – some time in the 'thirties I think they said. You probably remember them; they didn't tell me their names and I didn't ask.
No more to report at the moment. I hope you are keeping well and taking a much needed rest.
Love from us both, as ever,
Thy son,

5 Wynne Road S.W. 9.
[Tuesday 8th November, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks [so] much for yrs; note all you say and will attend.
The Gallery woman seems half asleep – why not ask the customer for address!! I'll send it on... Pleased with the news of old friends & the French enthusiasm. Don't forget to bag the Saucers & the thinners or brush-wash (both the same). Shall be doing more exhibitions, pottery, directly I get things in line... That & the book (nearly complete) will keep me going.
Have you written to Stravinsky for me – if not I'll give a photo to send him. If you come across any more old friends like Herbert Palliser and D.S. Smart...tell them to give me a call – also cheap work for them here...etc., but I am pleased to see them anytime after 2p.m.
haste Love Austin O ZOS.
Expect *all* the ms. about two-three weeks. Additions are only re-writes.
Works on sexual psychology quite in order.
Don't forget when you have time – a couple of copies of Swaffer's speech.
You are right – Dr. G.[ardner] & the lanky one[133] helped. Tracking it down.

9.11.55.
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS,
Many thanks for yours. I wrote to Miller but not Stravinsky as I couldn't think what to say to the latter, although I knew very well what to say to the former! (I haven't had an answer yet.)
I gave Palliser your address and he promised to either write to you or call. Likewise the old friends from the 'Elephant'; they seemed very keen on calling and I expect they will, as I gave them your address. I'll give any other old friends I happen to meet your address also. I went down and collected the magical platters and Miss Morris put two press cuttings in the parcel – the one from the Evening News and the one from Two Worlds – both of which you have (at least, I think so) so I pinched them. If you want them, however, I'll surrender; but I'd like them for my scrap book.
Herewith enclosed, the two copies of Swaffer's speech which I had ready by me for enclosing with my last letter, by the way, but omitted them by mistake. I enclose your own copy as well. Also, the most recent item you sent me. Shall be pleased to help you in any way I can with the book but as I am dreadfully hard up at the moment I just can't even afford the money to get the pottery glue. Sorry, but there

it is. You know I would if I could.
Love from us both,
P.S. It's very kind of you to offer pictures so cheaply to my friends but I am doing all in my power to get them to buy at the exhibition first. When it's over then perhaps I'll bring one or two round, but it doesn't seem fair to you to make a grab at all the best just because I know you personally. You know we appreciate your generosity in this respect and do not wish to take advantage unduly.

12.11.55.
Dear ZOS vel THANATOS:
Just a line to tell you I've been down to the Archer Gallery again. Miss Morris asked me to send you the enclosed. She hasn't many more left and has to keep some for the Gallery, so hopes this will be enough. She also asked me to ask you whether you would be good enough to have the pictures collected from the Gallery on *MONDAY the 28th* (or the day before, after the show ends) as she has to hang her next show pictures for the day following, i.e. Tuesday the 29th.)? Please write to her direct about this.
The enclosed card – herewith affixed – was left with Miss Morris for you.
With regard to the picture of Richard Church mentioned in my last letter, the lady who wants one is Mrs. Schimmer, 9 Claremont Court, Queensway, W.2. So if you can let Miss Morris know about the matter she'll be pleased.
I met a nice young chap at the show yesterday – by name Hallit or Hallet – he may give you a look in one day. He greatly admires your work; went to your previous Archer Gallery show, though seems to have missed the ones inbetween and *may* possibly buy something. But I think you'll like him whether he does or doesn't.
No more for the moment,
Yours as ever,
Thy son, Kenneth.

5 Wynne Road S.W.9.
17th Nov '55
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thank you for the two letters, & all you say – I noted, answered etc., as necessary.
Show may end up well enough for me to carry on for a year reasonably well. I'll fix up early with a West End Gallery. In the meantime directly I get the work back I'll have a sale...and an 'at home' this April-May. So sorry you're so broke...will not last long. I'll make you a small charm when I get my water colours out.
A small segment for typing and really sincere thanks for all you are doing. Having all work back here the 28th Nov:
haste Love AOS

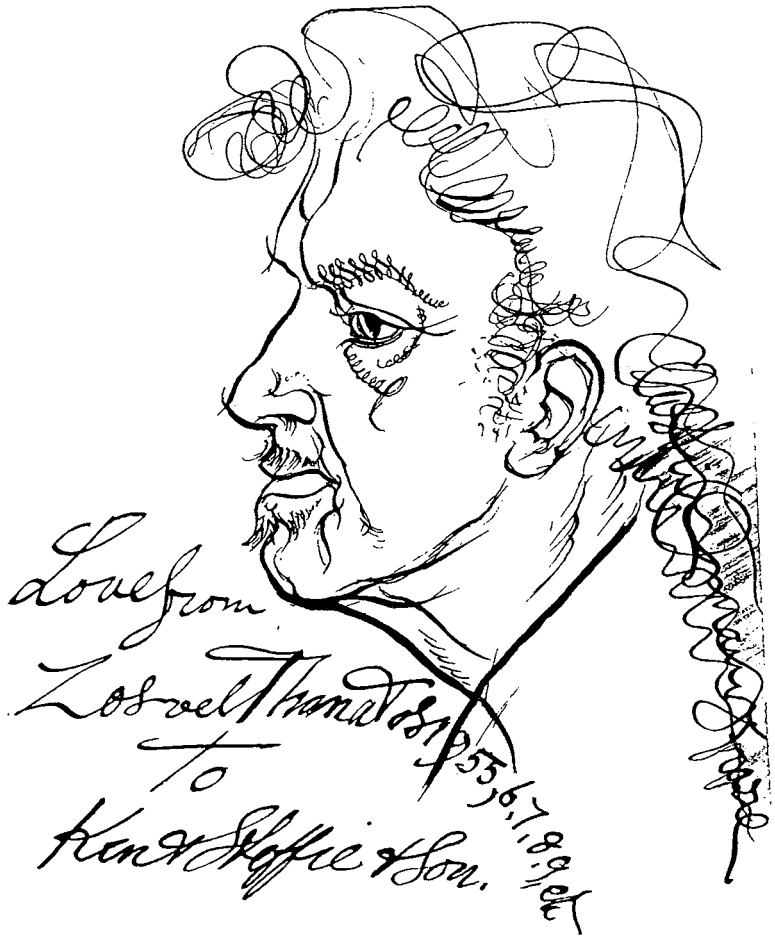
5 Wynne Road S.W.9.
Sunday [20th November, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
I should be pleased to have yr final report re. sales. Of course a few have been taken away from the stock-pile!
Thanks very much for all you have & are doing – helpful – Have been resting... natural reaction from the heavy going just before the show. Shall fix up with a West-end Gallery now for next year. Don't forget I shall have all the unsold work back by the 28th Nov: So any friends who are a bit short – tell them to come along here for the bargain basement!
haste Love ZOS.

5 Wynne Road S.W. 9.
[Wednesday 23rd November, 1955]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Pleased with yr news; more heartening. Miss M is quite a good sales woman but apt to lose her head in a rush. Much better if I had sent half the work...misled about the size of gallery. Also *I* should have shown her the best way to hang the work etc. My fault was thinking she knew her stuff. Joyce still owes me 15/-, that was an 'all in' charge: No hurry.
Wild rush Love ZOS.
Work back here 28th instant.

FRIDAY 2ND DECEMBER, 1955
Saw Zos. Got 'Vampires at Play'.

5 Wynne Road S.W. 9.
5th Dec: 55
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs. D.T. Smart (correct initials) may not be on the phone – an Artist's Directory will give it. I'll find it.
My times here are from 2-30 until 7-30p.m. I go to bed at 8.30p.m. , arise at 3-30a.m. *Do not mind* visitors at a later hour than 7-30p.m. if by appointment. Weekends *preferred* (just this month). But anytime from 4a.m.! – by prearrangement – just an overnight P.C. is sufficient.
Some good plates etc. since you were here...don't forget thinners – I'll pay cash or "B" post cards... going to the Elephant Wednesday.
Wild rush.
Love A.

5 Wynne Rd S.W. 9.
18th Dec. 55
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs. I could have done yr Sister's better (re. picture) if they hadn't preferred one that was in reserve... trouble was one can't sell the same picture twice! Yes, the W & N varnish isn't much use & I've at last managed to invent one of my own which is better...
Turning out plates & pots galore & sold most... cheap because all experimental. I'm now getting near perfection & hope to have a chat re. pottery (& getting my own shapes made) with an expert – my sister is helpless & hopeless although a Potter – 'confusion always' – cannot answer a simple question! By the way all the stuff she had of mine are my most common-place work – character studies & a few landscapes – nothing abstract or very original whatever. My mystic – erotic doesn't appeal etc.
By the way do you know a Mr E.A.R. Larking? I need his address badly. Also would you let me have the address of "The Atlantic" (or Atlantis) Bookshop Museum St. WC1 (I rather mean the name of man who runs it.[134])
Pleased to see yr friend (Mr Bruce Free) anytime,
yr Xmas-New Year Card cannot send – await yr next visit.
Don't bother about blue saucer (yr Son's) can always do you a better one – now I'm turning them out like a factory! I must get hold of some decent crockery until I can get my own pattern made.
haste Love to you all
AOS.



Sincere Wishes for your
Happiness this Christmastide
and throughout
the coming Year

I thank the Gods that we
— I see myself as no other
sees me!

And thanks Steffie for the beautiful
card — you could on a plague!

{LAST CHRISTMAS CARD}
[Tuesday 27th December, 1955]
Love from Zos vel Thanatos 1955, 6. 7. 8. 9, etc
To Ken & Steffie & Son.
Austin Osman Spare
I thank the Gods that be – I see myself as no other seeth me!
And thanks Steffie for the beautiful card – yrs awaits on a plaque!

30.12.55
Dear Zos vel Thanatos,
Thank you so much for the delightful Card and wishes for the new years of the future. May you too have great happiness and pleasure throughout the coming aeons! The enclosed has been sent to me by Miss Morris. Will you write to him direct or do you want me to write? Miss Morris says the Gallery owes you 15.15.0 less 25% which I work out to mean that you have 11.16.3d. owing to you. She also asked me to let anyone know that's interested that the gallery is closed throughout Jan. and Feb. of the new year, just in case such a prospective customer as Bennett or the friend he mentions should take it into his head to go to Westbourne Grove to see your work.
Hope all is well with you and will remain so; we seem to have avoided cold weather so far – let's hope it will keep reasonably warm till Spring dawns once more.
I want to try and get down to see you some time next week or the week after but as I am just recovering from a bout of 'flu (in bed the whole of Christmas!) I don't quite know when I'll feel like the journey. Still, see you soon I've no doubt.
Yours with love,
Thy Son, Kenneth.

5 Wynne Rd S.W. 9.
[Thursday 12th January, 1956]
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Thanks for yrs & information from Gallery – forgive delay – frozen stiff! And one damn thing after another... Just got going again. Just amusing myself making a radio out of ex Army junk... Interesting results – quite a few jobs already waiting [for] me for converting old sets into 1st *class quality* sets – this on the folk who have visited me & heard my experiments – patents pending! Naturally illustrating music I must hear it (perhaps!) at its best as I can't get to concerts these days. Anyway, I can make a really fine 'musical' instrument (£150 usually) for a few pounds. My only draw back is test equipment – so have to improvise or borrow it – tiresome! Still, I hope you and family are fit, etc., haste
Love Zos.

5 Wynne Rd S.W. 9.
17th April, '56
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Long time no hear... I'm just getting over my winter hibernation. Head still a little confused...hope you are both well & working etc. I had a number of press men here about a month ago – desired to give me a write-up on "black" magic; would not buy it – They mentioned that you were starting a new "Isis" lodge etc – of course, I knew nothing about it[135] – they seemed to know 'all about it', where you lived etc. I refused to say a word – as it was transparently a Press stunt – with the Daily Sketch behind it. Looked as if someone had tipped them off – one cannot be *too* discreet with such.

As I neither read nor heard anything more about it – apparently I had stopped them for the time being.
Let me know what happened your end & what of this 'Isis' lodge.
Forgive scrawl but wretched head at the moment. Hope to be working by this months end.
Love to you both AOS.

WEDNESDAY 18TH APRIL, 1956
Sent Druidesque photo[136] to Zos.

5 Wynne Rd S.W. 9.
27th April, '56
Dear Ken & Steffie,
Delighted to hear from you again & pleased to have the photos – very clever of yr sister – for I'm damned if I could get anything satisfactory when you so kindly lent me her Camera! Also pleased we did exactly the same thing re. the press[137]... I told them straight – I would summons them for libel if they published one word without my permission. Some-one must have tipped them off (White Knight?) – they knew yr. address etc. As you say they were lousy specimens! By the way I've a good friend of mine – tracking down the 'White Knight' – he knows all the "Two world" crowd etc & showing everyone specimen of writing without disclosing too much. He thinks its a woman's writing... I don't remember the picture you mention but at different periods – I've done a number under that title. I hope yr sister's 'Satyr' drawing is one of the originals – as there were a number of loose prints of them at one time.
The cold still precludes my working seriously but hope the weather breaks soon. Not to be entirely idle I've been working on some of my old stuff & well worth while.
Sold a head of Steffie yesterday & the chap who bought it – thinks her beautiful – so do I! About two weeks time I hope to be sufficiently straight for visitors – in an appalling mess at the moment.
Shall start my season about 21st May with sale of minor work – just by invitation. Quite a number of R.A.'s (unknown to me, not old friends like some) have written asking to come along & see my work etc. Queer? As its quite a batch of them...
Directly the Sun breaks through I shall finish ms. by cutting out. Fair amount for you to type – but will keep till finished. Pretty good I imagine.
All love to you all.
A.O.S.

THURSDAY 10TH MAY, 1956
A wire came for me from Alfred[138] saying that Zos had been taken to hospital. I 'phoned the hospital and discovered that he is seriously ill with abdominal pains & that no-one could see him until visiting time to-morrow 7-7.30p.m.

FRIDAY 11TH MAY, 1956
Saw Zos in South-Western Hospital. I phoned the hospital just after 10a.m. Zos was operated on last night & is as well as can be expected. Ward A1 South Western, London Rd. Got to the hospital in time to see Zos. He was a terrible sight – like a corpse drained of all blood, and from his left nostril a tube ran up the side of his face and was plastered against his forehead. He knew me & held out an overheated and bloodless hand which, I'm ashamed to say, I was loath to take. Zos told me "This is like a stab in the back". He muttered much and I was unable to make out certain words; but he told me he had written out a will in which I was to receive all his manuscripts and a choice of 15 of his pictures. Soon one of his students came in – he was obviously more concerned with getting out again as

quickly as could be courteously managed than with anything else.

Before his arrival I had spoken to the staff nurse and she told me that when Miss Pain had brought Spare in they had learned the history of his long years of indigestion. I think they operated for ulcers and discovered an acute appendicitis which in Zos's state proved a very serious matter. Zos asked me to communicate with Swaffer but didn't seem at all keen on his sister's knowing. In fact, the staff nurse did not seem to know he had a sister. Miss Pain has signed the form permitting the operation. The nurse said there was a 50/50 chance of his recovering, but I could see she hardly believed this.

SATURDAY 12TH MAY, 1956

I got to Brixton miles early. Zos was heaps better, I thought. I went in with Swaff's secretary, whom I met in the foyer. I learned that he was undergoing a process of feeding with glucose water. A nurse drained the muck from the stomach, which the burst appendix had secreted. He smiled once or twice during the half hour I was there. Ma Swaffer left after 1/4 hour. She had brought him a box of grapes & oranges which of course the nurse frowned upon, as he can't take any solid food, a box of Liquorice Allsorts and 3 cheap paper covered 'thriller' type of things. She thought "he'd like a bit of sex-appeal to cheer him up". But she was very sweet & offered him money: "Swaff can well afford it" she said.

MONDAY 14TH MAY, 1956

Got to hospital by 7. They were feeding him with Glucose & something else this time, through the right leg, as his left arm seems to have had all the pumping it can take. The nurse told me that he had pulled out the stomach tube[139] shortly before the visiting period, and that he was still dangerously ill. He did not seem nearly as well as when I saw him on Saturday. Alfred came in after about ten minutes, and when Zos started ejecting some of the stomach mucus Alfred wiped Zos's mouth with his own hanky and generally eased the situation admirably. The session was appallingly exhausting, but Zos seemed oblivious most of the time. His eyes had resumed that indrawn and "doped" aspect which I had noted on Friday and which I had been pleased to note the absence of on Saturday.

TUESDAY 15TH MAY, 1956

Dedi went out to phone. The hospital told us Zos died this afternoon at ten minutes to two.

TUESDAY 22ND MAY, 1956

Arrived at St. Mary's Church, Ilford for the funeral about 11.30. Chapman, Letchford, Alfred, Bardens, Swaffer & Mackey, the chap who wrote the obituary in the 'Times', Miss Pain, & others were there. The service at the graveside was formal & not long. Had 67 instead of 68 on the lid of the Coffin. We saw it lowered into position & then went back to Mrs. Lapwood's in a car, and while they all ate and yarned, I spoke to Letchford & one or two others. I had a word with Miss Pain after the funeral and a long chat with Ellen [Lapwood] in her beautiful sylvanesque garden.

THURSDAY 24TH JULY, 1956

Yorke told us that G.H. Brook saw Zos shortly before he died and bought several drawings.

THURSDAY 9TH AUGUST, 1956

Went off to Wynne Road...to see Miss Pain. I told her of my visit to Mrs. Lapwood...I came away with the beautiful Head on a green background in the oriental stand[140] which always seemed to be about in Zos's place when I used to visit him. Also, Miss Pain had found an indexed notebook wherein Zos had begun a Vocabulary of those obscure words he was so fond of using. And two sheets of a typescript I well remember sending him, with certain notes in his own hand, superimposed. Another Art postcard. Photos (some of them squared) of two unknown (to me) women [one Ann Driver], two unknown (to me) men;

Martin Lapwood, Mrs. Gregory (2), Mrs. Quinn, Swaffer's sec. etc. Two books on art: one on Leighton, one on Rome & its environs. One or two press cuttings, a 1938 catalogue with introduction by Bardens, a fortune-telling card designed by Zos[141], and a sheet scribbled all over by Zos, and a sort of assessment sheet concerning the theoretical value of his "stock" in the year '44 – long list in his own hand. Miss Pain showed me in the workroom to the left of his "show" room, and in it I discovered, face downwards an unfinished but already cut baffle-board for wireless[142], bearing the coloured drawing of a beautiful naked shakti having her cunt clearly defined.

AFTERWORD

He seemed very present that day. I quote from *Images & Oracles*, written twenty years later:

One of the most poignant memories I have is of returning to his home in Brixton to arrange for the conveyance of the literary remains and pictures that he had bequeathed to me.

Towards the end of his life Spare painted witches and ghouls on radio baffle-boards that clients had left with him for that purpose. Some of these, in an unfinished state, lay about the room. His landlady switched on some of the radios and a thin distorted sound, wheezing and grating as if forced from the breast of a mechanized ghost, swelled, faded, swelled again, as the volume of the various instruments vacillated in a kind of temperamental storm. I was reminded of the metallic vibrations that passed for speech in Lovecraft's most horrifying tale, *The Whisperer in Darkness.*

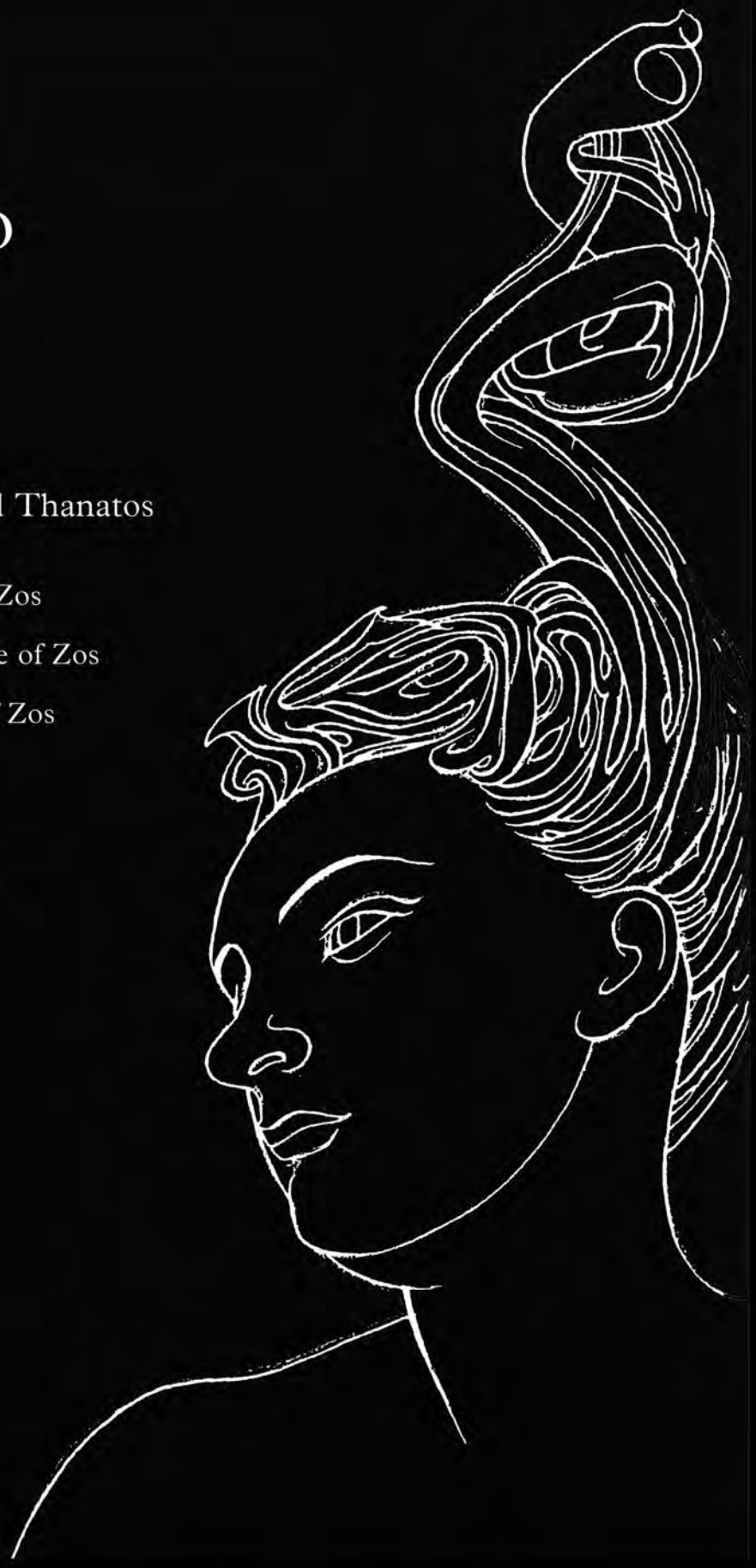
It was a dark night, and cold; yet here in the room where Spare had created so much beauty, was light and rhythm; an eerie haunting rhapsody of sound and colour that seemed to emanate from the grinning masks, the writhing bodies of witches and satyrs animated as only Spare's sorcery could animate them. The contrast of his living line with the dead metallic shriek of the machinery created a sense of inexpressible anguish. Behind it all he seemed to be laughing – quite benevolently – at my distress.

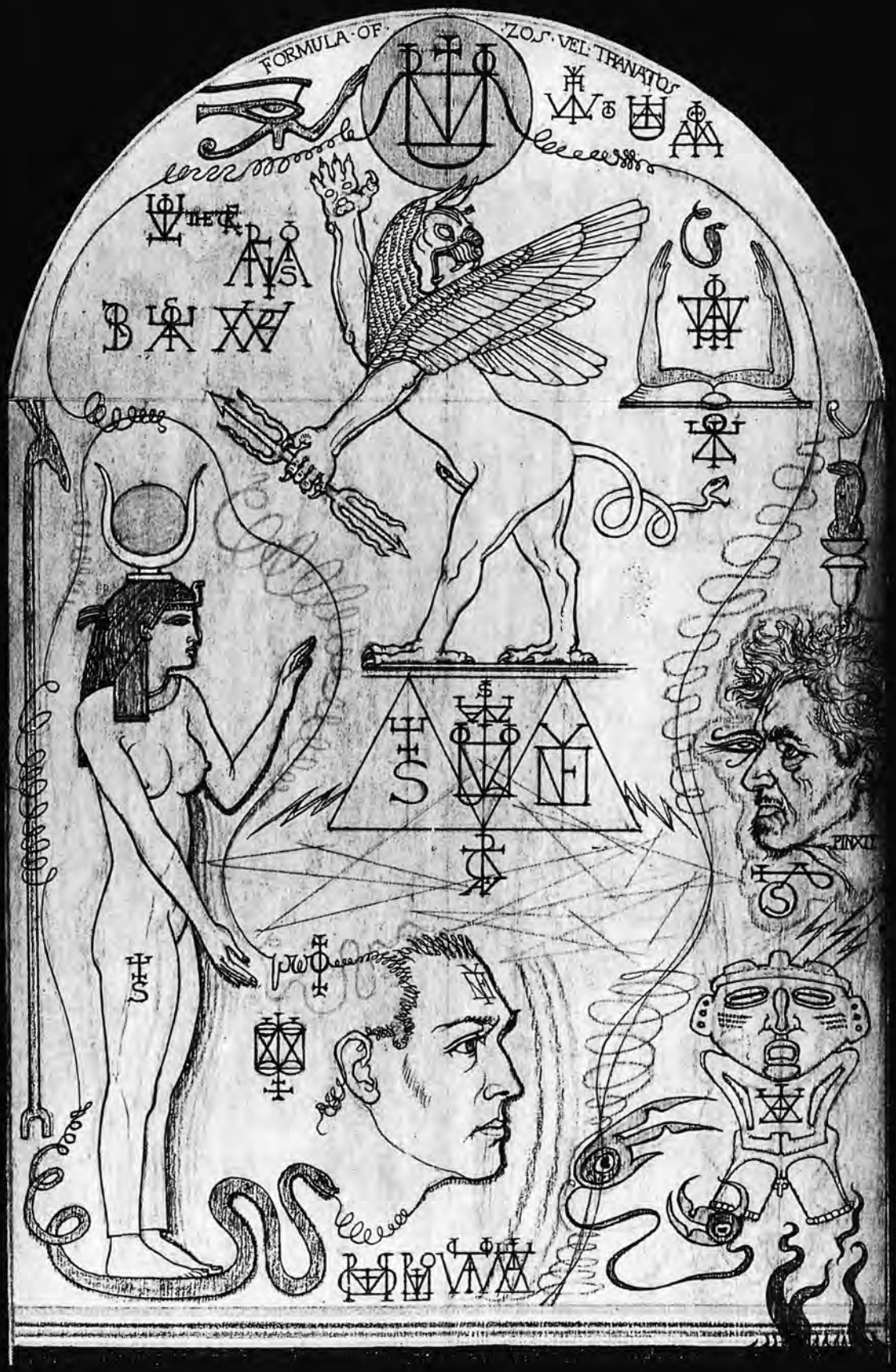
To his drawing-board was pinned a large unfinished pastel study, and, near by, a baffle-board on which he had outlined the full rounded body of a young witch, horned and crowned with a scarlet pentagram, awaiting the call to the Sabbath. Other unfinished pictures and objects spoke eloquently of the abruptness of his departure.

Among his papers I found a small sketch under which he had written *Design for a Knocking-Shop Sign.* It was more touchingly characteristic of him than all the objects which the room contained. For Spare, as for Aleister Crowley, the Whore was the supreme symbol of 'all otherness' and of that elusive 'inbetweenness concept' that is the ultimate pylon on the 'precarious funambulatory pathway between ecstasies'.

"No great artist ever sees things as they really are.
If he did, he would cease to be an artist."
OSCAR WILDE

PART TWO




FORMULA · OF · ZOS · VEL · THANATOS

The events recorded in Part One occurred more than forty years ago. On his death in 1956, Austin Osman Spare bequeathed to me a mass of manuscripts relevant to his system of Sorcery by means of which were communicated to him a series of 'oracles'. These he organised into intelligible form and titled them, *en masse*, *The Logomachy of Zos*. This constitutes Section One, following. The oracles, which ran into hundreds, were usually jotted down by Spare on odd scraps of paper, cigarette packets, or anything handy. Some of them, inevitably, suffered loss or defects due to years of languishing in his disorderly environment. Nearly a thousand of them are published here for the first time, only a few having previously appeared in my *Images & Oracles of Austin Osman Spare* (Muller, 1975). The second section, *The Zoëtic Grimoire of Zos*, contains magical formulae and *The Witches' Sabbath*, our collaboration mentioned in the letters. Section Three, *The Living Word of Zos*, consists of essays – some titled – others not – in which Spare summed up his ideas on philosophy, aesthetics, psychology and other subjects of general interest.

Spare claimed two sources for his oracular inspiration, both of them occult: the entity which he knew as Black Eagle, and another known as the Delphic Pythoness. Black Eagle was a Familiar spirit which he inherited from his mentor in sorcery, Mrs. Paterson. The Delphic Pythoness, an unembodied sybil, he consulted on matters of aesthetics and philosophy. Spare's mode of working with Black Eagle was curious. He let his mind wander in the network of lines which formed his portrait of Black Eagle, and this created in him a state of consciousness acutely receptive to the Spirit's influence. In the case of the Delphic Oracle, he had merely to gaze steadily into its eyes for inspiration to flow.

When referring to himself in relation to his sorcery Spare identifies himself with a concept which he calls Zos, or the Zos. He first defined the term in *The Book of Pleasure* (1913) as "the body considered as a whole"; it is the alembic of his sorcery. Complementary to the Zos is the Kia, the "Atmospheric 'I'" or cosmic Self, the field, or playground, of the Zos. The Cult of the Zos and the Kia (*Zos Kia Cultus*) is the cult of the interplay of forces which Spare further symbolizes by their physical instruments – the hand and the eye. Their magical coördination evokes images latent in the subconsciousness. Hand and Eye, Zos and Kia, "all-feeling touch and all-seeing vision" facilitate the function of the Primal Id, or Desire, which the Zos is ever seeking to reify, or – as Spare had it – to flesh.

A few words are necessary concerning *Zos Kia Cultus*, about which various incorrect assumptions have arisen. It was a designation which I gave to the integral complex of Spare's teachings, inclusive of his sorcery and his philosophy generally. As such, it was accepted by Spare together with the Seal of *Zos Kia Cultus* which Steffi designed in conjunction with the Seal of *New Isis Lodge* founded by me in the nineteen-fifties. It was during the formative phase of the latter that Spare created for us a stele embodying the secret glyphs and sigils of both *Zos Kia Cultus* and *New Isis Lodge* (see his letter of October 3rd, 1954). In this sense, the stele is to the Cult what the 'Stele of Revealing' is to Crowley's Cult of Thelema. The exercise started Spare on a series of similar plaques and the ornamentation of plates and saucers – "flying saucers", as he jestingly called them – which he inscribed with magical formulae pertaining to his system of sorcery, and for private purposes as commissioned by clients.

Briefly, the basis of *Zos Kia Cultus* is Spare's thesis that belief (any belief) when entertained by the whole being (Kia) becomes vital or organic. If embodied in a particular form it is possible to reify wishes, dreams, desires etc., by means of an "atavistic resurgence" of latent ability. His system derived from teachings received by him as a child from Mrs. Paterson, the elderly family acquaintance whom he described as his "second mother" and as an accomplished "witch". He rarely spoke of her, but he never forgot her. The mechanics of this sorcery may be formulated as an 'as if' potential, latent and fictive, transforming into an 'as now' ecstasis, potent and actual – a threefold process involving Will, Desire and Belief. The Will, single-pointed and concentrated, probes the depths of memory until the required atavism is located. The desire for reification then clothes the Will in a form sufficiently attractive to "inspire nexus". The urgency of the desire's fulfilment is thus rendered

The apostate 7.05.1927.

All I know for certain are the great uncertainties of myself.

The real or 'as if' when unsuitable substitution only leads to instability through dissatisfaction.

for lord:

vital, or organic, after which it becomes free to activate and to incarnate the required atavism. In other words, in order vitally to believe in anything – a power for oneself, knowledge one wishes to possess, a sensation one yearns to re-live – one must be able so to *visualise* the belief, that it may illumine the appropriate stratum of memory charged with its vitality. Recognition ensues upon this backward-reaching, and the resulting ecstasy of identity flashes into actuality 'as if' it existed 'as now'.

Spare's unique contribution to Occultism lies in his method of circumventing the most difficult stage of the process, viz., the activation of the desire *subconsciously* so that the surface mind is unaware of it and unable to conceive from it. Spare's system is based on the thesis that as soon as an idea arises in the mind an impregnation occurs, with the result that the mind gives birth to a thought-form. However, a fragment of the original idea remains un-embodied in the thought, and this speck fecundates the subconsciousness, where it conceives otherwise than as desired. By close observation of what occurs to this conceptual residue Spare was able to formulate a system of sigils. On being rendered 'sentient' by magical means the sigils permitted the *total desire* to enter immediately into the subconsciousness, there to germinate without conscious interference. The praxis is given in Section II.

Spare evolved three main methods for awakening subconscious memory-strata: 1) the system of sigil construction, 2) the process of rendering symbols and sigils sentient or organic, 3) the Alphabet of Desire.

Spare makes it clear that at the time of our relationship he no longer recalled the meanings of most of the letters of this alphabet as it appeared in *The Book of Pleasure.* Such forgetfulness has, no doubt, strengthened its subconscious activity and triggered its proliferation now; for it is strange that the curious symbols created by a young artist at the dawn of the twentieth century should now – at its dusk – spring into luxuriant life once more: "Sacred letters preserve belief from the Ego, so that the belief returns again and again to the subconsciousness, till its fullness breaks resistance..." (*The Book of Pleasure*).

Spare advocates an essentially subjective approach to Reality. Unlike Aleister Crowley, who, despite his emphasis on the individual, devised rituals on traditional lines, Spare advised an original approach, and he preferred to employ symbols charged with meaning, specifically, for the individual concerned. Tradition is the crystallized belief of others; it may express, but it cannot release, the life-force. Spare locates his notion of reality in the lightning-swift reciprocation between the twin terminals of Ego and Self. Ego, being the self 'as now', is perpetually melting into Pure Consciousness which is neither Self nor Ego, neither subject nor object. It is the 'Neither-Neither' or 'Atmospheric 'I", both of them fluid yet fixed in a unity of voidness beyond conception. The Neither-Neither is a state of seity unconceived, inconceivable, and from which no conception to fresh becomings is necessary. Hence Spare's dictum: "Does not matter – need not be!"

The doctrine of 'as if', which is crucial to an understanding of Spare's later writings, derives its name from the philosophy of Hans Vaihinger (1852-1933) to whose work *The Philosophy of 'As If'* I directed Spare's attention in the late nineteen-forties. He realised immediately that the concept encapsulated his own major magical premise, summed up by Schiller many decades earlier: "In error only is there life, and knowledge must be death." This was acknowledged by Vaihinger to have formed the foundation of his own theory of the "useful fiction". As he stated:

"The 'As If' world... the world of the 'unreal' is just as real and important as the real or actual... indeed it is far more important for ethics and aesthetics." And – Spare would have added – "for sorcery". Vaihinger pointed out that the "specific particles 'as if', 'as though' etc., are frequently found expressed in this manner among the mediaeval and later mystics, e.g. in St. Catherine of Genoa".

He also noticed that the 'as if' theory was the nexus between the philosophies of Kant and Nietzsche, who declared: "The belief in external things is one of the necessary errors of mankind", and "our external world is a product of the fantasy." The fantasy is the 'as if'. Spare combines the fantasy of the ecstatics – poets, artists, dreamers – with the austerity of the stoics who asked people to "regard our manner of living and acting as parts in a play, including therein our maxims and principles", and Spare reiterated this request.

Vaihinger discovered that the "'As If' (i.e. appearance, the consciously false), plays an enormous part in science, in world philosophies and in life". In Spare's system, the 'as if' is paired with the 'as now' to indicate the transference of belief from subconscious to conscious immediacy. 'Does not matter – need not be', describes the selfhood of haecceity, of which the ego at any given moment is the total yet fleeting reification in terms of time and space. The latter are cognized as delusive conceptions bred from an ill-conceived sigil of the primal Id. In other words, temporal and spatial concepts are bereft of reality, for reality is always the inconceivable.

The subject-object relationship (Ego-Id complex) represented for Spare the 'as now' and the 'as if' phases of the Self's extrusion as Matter (Zos) refracted through the Mind (Kia). Self, being increative, is conceptless and free – it is Kia, the "Atmospheric 'I'". When, in time-space, it experiences itself as the body (Zos), it assumes the dual rôle of the ego and the id. Their interplay constitutes a symbolic "rehearsal of reality", a mock reality such as obtains in the actual world.

In some of his aphorisms, Spare arbitrarily reverses these rôles of the Self and the ego, which may be disconcerting to the unwary reader. To those who knew Spare, however, this tendency to verbal transpositions does not come as a surprise.

The Art of Austin Osman Spare expresses the Zos through which the Kia projects its dream of reality. But to what end, and why? The answer is – for pleasure. But pleasure is a word-symbol that is not, in this context, easily definable. Bliss would be a more apposite term, if it were not suggestive of a passive state. Ecstasy, rapture, joy, are equally applicable, but Spare reminds us that over and beyond them is the Neither-Neither of the Kia, where the ecstasy – even of the Zos – is dissolved in concept-free consciousness, typified by the Death Posture.

Although easy to understand, Spare's creed is not easy to verbalize, hence his use of "suggestion, guess and inbetweenness concepts – always oblique, never direct". For, openly to express a belief short-circuits it. A symbol is equal to that which it symbolizes only when it is impossible for the mind to conceive of it otherwise, i.e. only when it has become organic. Furthermore, a symbol limits a belief to its own specific potential; therefore in order that its energy may be released, the symbol has to be consciously denied. (The classic example is, perhaps, Peter's denial of Christ). Its inherent energy is then freed and merges with its total potential which is infinite. When this release has been achieved – but not before – belief becomes great enough to embrace Reality itself.

Spare's relationship to the Surrealist Movement, which he claims to have anticipated by at least a decade, remains to be explained. This Movement was a phenomenon of major occult importance. It not only explored and explicated the creative potential of the subconsciousness, it also influenced powerfully the direction of the Arts, bringing to the fore the subjective treatment of external 'reality'. The Movement was, of course, intimately related to the researches of Freud, whose explorations of subconscious mechanisms fired the Surrealists to experiment with the method of 'free association'. Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams* was first published in English translation in 1913, the year in which *The Book of Pleasure* (1909-1913) appeared. The latter showed that Spare's knowledge of the predominating rôle of the Subconsciousness in Art and Sorcery had already matured and was well in place by the time his book appeared.

With his formula of atavistic resurgence and his theory of the obsessional basis of genius, Spare also anticipated the famous 'paranoiac-critical method' discovered by Salvador Dali in 1929 – a method which vitalized and epitomized the entire surrealist mystique. It enables the artist, and the sorcerer, to impose upon the objective world the 'as if' Unreality, thereby rendering it more real than the real. Nearly twenty years after Spare's death Dali published his *Unspeakable Confessions* (1976). A few comparisons with Spare's ideas reveal an unmistakably Sparesque pattern, although it is highly unlikely that Dali had so much as heard of his fellow surrealist:

SALVADOR DALI	AUSTIN OSMAN SPARE
"...One of the key principles of my method: exacerbation of desire until it is immobilized, with anticipation becoming an ascesis, and refusal to take what one can possess, a source of delectation... The anticipation became more voluptuous than the consummation." (*Unspeakable Confessions of Salvador Dali*, p.69)	"The deliberate delayed satisfaction of an urge, when serving another intent, is of greater benefit to the person concerned than its immediate satisfaction. Urges serving their immediacy are often a failure, a disservice resulting in degenerate offspring." (*Logomachy*, 229)
"Only that is true which we believe true and are strong enough to impose." (*Ibid,* p.134)	"I believe in the power of belief." (*Logomachy*, 109)
"The real is an epiphenomenon of thought, a result of non-thought, a phenomenon of amnesia. The true real is within us and we project it..." (*Ibid,* p.143)	"The phenomenal is the positivistic of thought, the elaborate negation of reality." (*Logomachy*, 738)
"I am fascinated by death. It is my subject. And one vein of my work is to make death colloidal, to stretch it, to milk it, to get the milk of the resurrection of the flesh from it." (*Ibid,* p.279)	Cf. Spare's preoccupation with the 'Death Posture' (see *The Book of Pleasure*, p.16, depicting the moment of 'stretching').
"Repugnance is the sentry standing right near the door to those things we desire most." (*Ibid,* p.73)	"The Witch so engaged is old, grotesque... and is sexually attractive as a corpse; yet she becomes the entire vehicle of consummation." (*The Zoëtic Grimoire*, First Formula)
"I believe I am a rather mediocre painter in what I produce. The genius lies in my vision, not in what I am in the process of creating." (*Ibid*, p.40) "My delirium and lucidity are more important than my painting." (*Ibid*, p.257)	"Words are the most poignant, suggestive, contagious, substitutive and lasting means to convey anything... even your erasures reveal your believing by their *persuasive influence* and their magic." (*Logomachy*, 163)

Compare also Dali's convulsive bouts of laughter, productive of creativity and lucidity (*Unspeakable Confessions of Salvador Dali*, Chapter 7.) with Spare's definition of Self-Love: "A mental state, mood or condition caused by the emotion of laughter becoming the principle that allows the Ego appreciation or universal association in permitting inclusion before conception." (*The Book of Pleasure*, "Definitions".) Further parallels could be drawn almost indefinitely.

Spare wrote and rewrote many versions of the aphorisms, formulae and fragments that follow. Here, repetitions have been retained in some instances in order to illustrate alternative renderings. The choice has been complicated by the fact that Spare's handwriting was not always as facile as his drawing, and a certain amount of syntactical adjustment has been required in the interest of clarity. Nor – as is evident from his letters – did he live to produce all the illustrations with which he intended to complete his grimoire.

There is, mercifully, little of a political nature in Spare's writings – a subject he never initiated in conversation with us in all the time we knew him – although *The Logomachy* and *The Living Word* contain a sprinkling of observations concerning the social mores of our times. Spare espoused no existing body of political dogma, but like many great creators he abhorred the notion of so-called democracy ("demonocracy"). Its result – the humdrum sterility, or "inferno of the normal", which, as a youth, he had execrated in *A Book of Satyrs* (1907) and in *Anathema of Zos* (1927). Spare envisaged a form of "Co-operative individualism" which would provide a social milieu wherein the uniquely creative individual would be free to develop and to inspire by his visions those less able to express their own genius, to approximate in fact to Baudelaire's 'dandy', to Nietzsche's 'superman', to Crowley's 'kingly man'.

KENNETH GRANT

The Book of

Zos vel Thanatos

"The gods are not persons to be seen or
spoken to, their utterances are delivered in oracles,
and these are normally cryptic and difficult to understand.
There is a Pythoness in every one of us, and a Delphic cavern,
namely our imagination, into which we must retire
if we are to accomplish anything of worth."

J.F.C. FULLER

SECTION ONE

The Logomachy of Zos

1. WISDOM is a stasis: Knowledge is like the 'snake of eternity', constantly eating itself and never finishing.
2. MORE BATHOS: connexity of all our bloody selves to Ego is a nightmare commanded by the overlooked, unobeyed latencies of return, essential for re-union.
3. EGO expands by that which evokes mutual effluxes; therefore look for the Theocentric in the Egocentric.
4. IF GOD personalizes our deficiencies, then, we thus personify his?
5. SUBJECT understanding object by 'as if' may become, with courage, an ingressive emotional experience giving mutual expression.
6. FALSEHOOD, and all sham conceits, are the reflected memory of the de-related and forgotten event resurging, re-exhibiting for validation; for whatever you pretend, holds a misplaced Truth, i.e., inaccurately related time and place. This also is true of the future. Time here is long...
7. OF WHOM do we ask forgiveness when we hate ourselves?
8. OUR URGES are ever ubiquitous, affinities change, and Knowledge becomes redundant.
9. NEVER too old to learn, always too old to be taught.

10. IF ALL realisation is by our relatability to different co-existences, then making the more variable is one purpose of being.
11. THE LIFE-FORCE and the Ids have their logic, which does not preclude our having our own diversity of will. There is virtue in all non-conformity because it makes new forms.
12. ECSTASY is our out-span touching Reality. It is a potent generative instant having a surplus that, when synchronised, may be used abstractly to incarnate another wish.
13. THERE IS honesty of purpose in virility.
14. WE ARE ever ultimate and all ultimates ultimately sublimate in Auto-ego.
15. I ASK, what is conceivable when we cannot conceive even what we are conceiving?
16. THE MOCKING Ape, the smiling God, both beckon and will endow.
17. THRICE did I slip backwards into strange forms of myself, and thrice did my Soul save me.
18. MUCH IS realized that seldom can be expressed and when it might be told – dissolves.
19. MIND, body, ego and all things are formulated from desire; to desire forever...

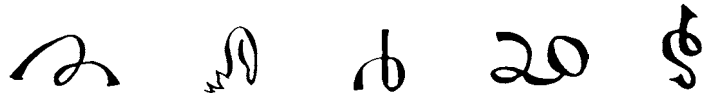
20. WITHIN the Alphabet lies all the arbitrary abracadabra of our knowledge.
21. THE DOMINANT difference between each of us, and between all of us and the animal kingdom is a degree of 'ability', of instinct become 'personal', arbitrary. Outstanding ability shows affective psychic union.
22. ART alone having the gift of tongues has universal understanding, hence to know its fundaments is the initial path to Wisdom and Knowledge.
23. HOWEVER great your reach, whatever you touch, shall touch flesh.
24. WE CANNOT LOVE love too much when we find it.
25. THERE IS a self-revelation by a simple cryptic symbol: the meaning of all meanings. Think well before you drain this Cup of intoxicating possibilities.
26. WHEN OUR aspirations become as inexorable as affection, the mind will divulge techniques and media.
27. HEAVEN makes no moral laws, but gives us instincts towards rightness and virtue.
28. THE DANGER of the dynamic mind is that it seeks all kinds and degrees of complexity: fundamentals are a lost purpose in this forest of detail.

29. LET US desire no better pantheon than the zoömorphic in which to find a place: better to venerate our animal ancestry (until fully human), then the least attainable and most unknowable will disclose our next step.
30. HOWEVER incompatible discoveries may be they always conform to the processes of ultimate inductions from our inherent designing ability.
31. THE MIND has no known purpose except that which it surmises from previous conations; all our motives are thus related processes springing from a basic urge deep within us and manifesting as Self-love.
32. THINKING is an inverse reflection of emotional needs, its resultants being changed by some other immediacy.
33. ABORTIVE and extreme metamorphoses occur when Man slips into excessive evil or good. There is that theurgy in Will when all desires focus into one meanness or greatness.
34. REVERSION is often the road to perversion, and the disused or abused degenerates unless transposed to another purpose.
35. LOVE shall cease when copulation is abjured.

36. THINGS more excellent than themselves are expressed through Art when our selves are expressed in them.
37. THE ARTIST illumines unseen beauties and awakens us to the utility of beauty as pleasure of a more permanent kind.
38. WE CONCEIVE from the whole until detail destroys.
39. TO KNOW the fundaments of Art is to know the path of all wisdom.
40. WHAT DOES not exist Man will invent or imagine.
41. MUCH IS realised and so seldom expressed that when it might be told it is already forgotten.
42. THE SELF-GLORY of our forgiveness of ourselves and others – these are our failures.
43. EMOTIONAL depth can bestow originality of expression.
44. WE FIND in Art experiences missed in life.
45. ART is the coinage whereby we exchange emotional experience for creative life.
46. ALL ARTISTIC creation is subjective truth in that it relates to lesser known experiences.
47. INSINCERITY is an easy form of escape.
48. ONE FUNCTION of Art is to make something more like or unlike itself than it appears.
49. OF BEAUTY there is no finality; it confirms our inner sense of perfection which changes less than we do.

50. OVER-MODESTY permits the unworthy to seek our company.
51. VICIOUS CIRCLE: Fear as the offspring of fearing to face things.
52. OUR NEAR relatives are the greatest insurance against belief in ourselves.
53. WHEN Art is wanting the beast is superior.
54. THE ONE constancy in life is change, yet the becoming or going is seldom pleasant.
55. BIRTH and death begin, like everything else, before the event.
56. GOD is often a generalization of our ignorance and unfulfilment, as – "God knows" and "In God's good time" – we forget that *we* are the Knowledge of God *and* his good time.
57. ANYTHING is justified if superbly simulated; it becomes believable.
58. THE BODY is so pregnant with beauty that we should be careful of our embellishments.
59. ONE THOUGHT fills vacuity, two would become actuality and infinite complexity.
60. PASSION has no longevity whatever its object, and has direful awakening.

61. THE THRESHOLD of the 'psychic' is the playground of the charlatan.
62. ONLY the inspired mind is licensed to symbolize and so co-relate the abstract to the particular or general.
63. AGAIN and again this "I am God" doctrine has never provided much evidence, except of power *lent* for purposes other than our own. It soon stinks, translating into its reverse form; our exteriorizations and extroversions are un-godly, and to become 'ourselves' we must become unlike them. Gods 'realize' not by negation of others nor by seeing others as inferior; *they* always see themselves as immense.
64. MAN cannot be surpassed until he manifests all his suppressions. Having fulfiled all evil he still possesses great potentialities.
65. ANY 'THING' is a quantum of everything.
66. A FACT is a figment of a truism, therefore all facts are inconclusive. Fictions are devices to explain the indefinables; our whole systematic coherence is so forged.
67. I AM incessantly active on a wonderful job – of finding out what I am doing, and what it means. I can always read into it something other than I did mean; never the meaning of my meaning, or the whole meaning. Then we wonder whether anything has any more meaning than anything else!
68. HOW do we know any damned thing? Chaos is our language; our own eccentric rhythms are unsynchronized to Cosmos – with a mildewed ear for the brassy cacophony of imaginary menageries dissonant to each other; and it all ends drooling over minutiae to discover ourself.

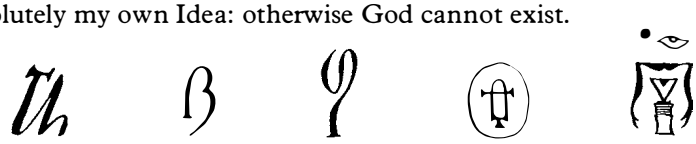


69. OUR ACCEPTANCES are our conclusions.
70. EXISTENCE is alogical to any 'logic' we know, so it is irrational to attempt to rationalize, except in cases of our own prejudices which inform our mentation.
71. IF ALL phenomena are a fluxing unabsoluteness and are Absoluteness manifest, then is it surprising that we manufacture our ego that is neither-either but a weirder autism? Yet none remember having desired existence... but indisputably we have Ego, the only certainty we know. I mean by 'Ego', our individuality as distinct and separate from all else.
72. WITHIN the sensorium is a transcriber, or a synthesizing faculty, using synonymous intangibles where association and experience fail: as the capacity of certain sounds to induce colour images, certain arabesque forms may find aesthetic truth.
73. ALL PSYCHOSES etc., have their origin in normality, they are not inherent but acquired; indeed at one stage, madness itself is a resolute choice – preferred. When we turn over the obverse of reality we must accept the reverse: autism may be just as satisfying as reality, because it has greater psycho-somatic parallelism. It becomes a faculty – a circularity: 'wish, suppositious deed'; a work of artistry, not of nature.
74. TO REACH out, clutch the transient 'thought' and remake it as our own is one form of genius.

75. LIFE loveth life as adventitious.
76. THERE is more truth in our erotic zones, than in the whole of religions and mathematics.
77. TRUTH IS Emergent and levels our necessities of direction (general or specialized). The function of truth is coherence, it indirectly forms our beliefs and values. We are all specimens of self-evident truth, i.e. audient and endemic as the intermediacy of pure Ego (informing agent) and empirical Ego (conative), conscience being the nexus (emotional value): all Knowledge is of one thing through another.
78. WITHIN us all, and ever co-essential, is a prescient unknown informer who tones all experience as good and evil: therefore, whatever values or beliefs we hold, to transgress them is fatal.

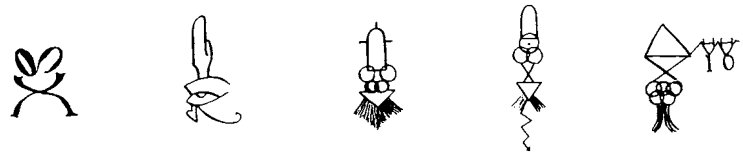
79. ANY FACT or fiction has no difficulty in finding relatables as supporting evidence because everything has a 'point of connection' and a period of reality when it is immediate and simultaneous as regards time and space. Our difficulty is to re-evoke the past 'as now'. So we accept the semblance (i.e. make-believe, religion or faith) as the substitute of real belief which needs no other reality than its own. What you cannot conceive as yourself is yourself (as another reality).

80. ABSTRACT or concrete: if you suggest a wish for the thing you desire, in its own manner, there will be a response. So, if I ask my mind in an appropriate manner for a definition of 'consciousness' I shall receive a true answer, although I may not be able to translate it: semantics are either remiss or insufficient to render the sequence of phonograms, but, without understanding, I would receive an emotional impact as from a significant passage of music (e.g., Bach or Mozart) thus inspiring a kind of semantic rendering as true as possible.
81. THE REALIZATION of belief comes from 'Thatness'. To assert ourselves wholly 'as if That' we can only know ourselves by conceiving ourselves as outside ourselves. For nothing we can conceive will be beyond self. To see nullity – look within. We imagine that our thinking and reasoning are within, whereas they only manifest through the body, their expressional means.
82. HATE in its various forms is the strongest emotion, far more potent and far easier to evoke than any other. Hence there are more people labouring to make the world worse than better. Until man re-assesses this 'value' not only as 'dominant inferiority', the repercussions of which are 'self'-defeating and pre-determined, his future will be a baleful aftermath.
83. WE ARE NOT individuated so much by our material composition as by our purposeful functioning to redirect the Ids, to channel them by arbitrary means, as though self-willed.
84. WE ARE all self-constructed Egos and necessarily concentric; whether altruistic or not is as may be.
85. O, DEATH, thou wouldst be the bringer of great gifts wert thou not a misnomer – 'the end'. In some manner do all the weary speak.
86. IF THE Absolute relates to non-absolutes and all antitheses, then we lack only the 'conjunctionalism' for infinite inter-relatability and self-identity.
87. BEING unnecessary to ourselves (as others), entails everyone becoming necessary for our survival.
88. WHEN THE denial of a proposition is incapable of being conceived, then the proposition is to be accepted as necessary or true: when you find such a proposition, there will be no necessity for it.
89. GOD is absolutely my own Idea: otherwise God cannot exist.



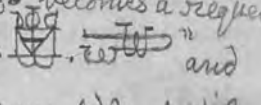
90. THE GREATER the contrasts we encounter the greater our reality: Truth is all contrasting.
91. (OUR) FICTIONS constantly interacting create a co-essential *supposition*, seek blood, join memory's causatory chain, become as real as, or equal to, or better than, a stale reality.
92. OUR IMAGINARY excesses are the hylic of possibility.
93. IF YOU ACT with ulterior motive or for evil, a thousand unseen hands will assist you, indeed the devil himself will attend if guised as altruistic. But if you act anonymously and virtuously, only God will help you (which is doubtful).
94. WHEN WE say 'I Believe', it is usually a lip avowal from an infected mouth of borrowed precepts or simulations, as living an inexperience. Belief must be vital, livable, and as unquestioned as our blood-circulation or heart-throb.
95. SOME THINGS are far distant in time and space; we journey by relatability (whether fictional or non-fictional, either will serve).

96. MAN'S love of fancy dress, of masquerading, is true translatable symbolism: one fiction guising another.
97. THERE ARE conventions of asking, giving, receiving and taking. How remiss we are – we often ask, give to, receive or take from the wrong people.
98. WE ARE dimensionally caged but nothing prevents our looking through the bars – imagination has fewer bars than reasoning.
99. THOUGHT is like the Ether, it conveys and permeates all things, giving all we initially know. And what do we give in return?
100. MORALITY is a reciprocal discipline necessary to survival, and to protect the inexperienced from consequences unnecessary or unequal to development.
101. THE JUNGLE law is superior to ours, but then man makes his laws.
102. ALL PLEASURES eventually equalize; their difference is of duration and degree. When certain pleasures are constant we naturally strive for their preservation. Hence to me a 'large fat woman's bottom' is spacious and spatial – I know nothing better – so why should I disavow or transfer to 'Love of God', or anything else? I am loving God via a fat arse. All true appreciation of the abstract is through other things. Better this, than acquiesce by faith in non-inferentials. Actuality, like belief, is asserted by feeling. So the Soul loveth all who loveth him through those things he maketh: he who appreciates my work...
103. WHEN YOU laugh at others you are 'seeing yourself as others see us', but there is this qualification – there is very little good portraiture, there is no *quaquaversum* of truth, only quasiness.



104. POETRY is accomplished hyperbole.
105. ANOMALIES of language are numerous but some are used here to further a more logical form and to show the purpose of my own system: a personal form of articulating abstracts for psycho-somatic changes and communication of Mind and Ego. The ethos of language should be unequivocal 'meanings' (in any rational semantical system) with the least possible ambiguous syntax.
106. ALL SYMBOLS, as words, are configurated meanings. Any series of such meanings as a sentence should be short, a natural apophthegm. Simplicity is the diction of clarity, therefore a phrase such as 'I prefer fat women', as an opinion, is passable – the least erudite would understand. Being partitive it suggests 'Why?' to the recipient, who, if knowing me would add: beautiful, amiable, sensual, cultured; others, without knowing me, might mentally add some such as a generality applicable to most. Nothing of which is in the sentence. So, however simple a statement, more will be read into it than is expressed, the by-product being – in writing – the possible assumptions of others as though implicit, when not so, and our assumption that they will understand our meaning however clumsily or inexplicably stated.
107. EVERY FOETUS has (an exterior) prescience as to destination from which, concurrently, is developed its own preception by experience: personal ego *ex* universal Ego. Hence our fore-knowledge is an abstract ominous conscience.
108. HOW FATE steals the things we love best! Hymen is poxed, the odalisques survive in pathetic stews, man stinks: how did it occur? Greed is the infectious disease.
109. THE ONLY attribute of God is Man (or vice versa).
110. SOME PHANTASMS are a species of object impressionistically perceived and amalgamated with another, more rational, impression.
111. MAN believes by hetero-suggestion far more than he experiences 'now', though what he mainly believes are similitudes of past experience.
112. A FICTION is unattributable to anything known and nothing is known for certain.
113. ALL CONATION is synthetic derivation, our best – that little difference.
114. WHEN ENTHUSIASM and effort are co-equal and joined in purpose – realization is near, whatever its merit.

P.T.O. (2) W

~~The~~ anomalies of language are ~~so~~ numerous, ~~it is needless to attempt to render them~~ but, some used here as indications to further a more logical form, and, an show purpose of my own system: a personal form of articulating abstracts for and communication of mind & ego psycho-somatic changes. The ethos of language should be unequivocal meanings of any rational semantical system; with the least ambiguous syntax possible. All symbols as words are configurated meanings. Any series of such meanings as a sentence should be short, a natural apothegm of the contex. Simplicity is the diction of clarity. Therefor, as a phase: 'I prefer fat women', as an opinion is possable, and the least erudite would understand. Being partitive, gives the implication of 'why' to the receiver, who, if knowing me would add: sensual, amiable, beautiful, cultural, others without knowing me, might mentally add some such as a generality to most. Nothing of which is in the sentence: So however simple a statement (apart from the stupid) more will be read into it than expressed: the by-product being as writing the possible assumptions of others as the implicit when not so our assumption that they will understand our meaning, however clumsy or inexplicitly stated. All of which is useless for response from our own mind: Any partitive statement will formulate its-elf (or complete) from his others assertions as conviction. Only our convictions as self-truth, are responsive from Ego to mind. Therefor the assertion "God is love", "God is hate", "God is indifferent", are not my self-truths, ~~to me~~, but if I believe as subtract, then intercommunion is possible, for instance as self truth: (Inasmuch as) 'I believe in myself, all things believe in me.' For if I believe in myself unquestionably, therefor I believe all things. Therefor if I transcribe "I prefer fat women" by my own symbols, it becomes a request with all essential qualifications, thus: "Ø ſh  " and answered by the mind, whereas the other verbal rendering would be futile. Another predicament of verbal forms, eg., If I state: "He is a splendid man" (of a person known to us both) It would be understood that I implied only physically (as their moral, social and mental value was remiss) Here the designated subject speaks more than the words used. Hence the same sentence to another (not knowing the person) leaves them guessing as to true reference: they would have to apply, as meaning, of general worth (or Ideal) therefor, in the interpretation of words depends mainly on equal knowledge of subject and same values of meaning.

115. LIFE does not decrease but increases by fulfilment. We were generated and do ourselves generate. Whether we shall ever originate is locked up in our unknown future potentialities and not in our nominalism and knowledge.
116. 'TO KNOW OURSELVES', 'to renounce ourselves', etc., are postulates of hyperbole; we but change our mental clothes by new figures of speech. The mind is our index of the infinite exhibiting a universe of which we know little; yet the *unknowable* within us is vaster and hence more potent of possibility.
117. WE HAVE erected the negation of equity into a form of existence by systems of government: our birthrights are stolen at birth and to keep us empty-handed we are taught – 'Thou shalt not steal'.
118. LOOK into your past to forecast your future.
119. IS IT short-sighted to limit our beliefs when we do not know our ultimate possibilities? Yet all expression is within the limits of definite technique and formalism – whatever our attempts at diversity.

120. WHAT DO WE know for certain? In the complexity of differences we become endowed with pretence and dogmatize our lies.
121. THE MYSTERY of beauty, the undivulged of things, gives them their enchantment – not their known meanings.
122. THERE IS a Third Eye! To paraphrase "let not thy right eye see what thy left eye seeth" would be a 'distinction without much difference', except for our wilful blindness to all permitted self-deceptions which are seen and recorded by the inner eye. You may delude your fore-consciousness, but not what is beneath.
123. ...AND of the noumenal, our eternity, we hope that all our efforts in life are ultimately for a permanent perfection, with change an additional pleasure. Everything, knowledge and experience of life contradicts such a possibility.
124. IS *the* Truth necessary? The need is for our own Truth: lack of integrity makes for sterility and is meaningless. Things more necessary than Truth are expressed through our efforts to render such...
125. AN INFLICTION of old age is the indictment of all ages; be certain that your non-successes, accidents, and all illnesses however slight, will be the result of your agedness.
126. THERE ARE no conclusive conclusions, yet nothing germinates unless we have, or make, the necessity of an ultimate. We create from an inference, transposing into a deliberation: a theurgy of arbitrary 'will-desire-belief' for a possible image of our ambition.
127. THE ECLECTIC path is not an avoidance of obstacles, but an alignment (often oblique) that cuts through from one predetermined place to another.
128. GOD is within us? – not yet seen, but as a mirror's reflection: an inexistent reality of presence without residence.
129. IDEAS *you* conceive are their own possibility.

130. THE GREAT sterilities: the Numen and the Human – ever present – are stercoraceous images of greed under other names.
131. WHEN ONE sees one's reflection everywhere and sees everything in oneself one becomes as the Stoic. One is never lost to 'Ego' or one's ego to eternity: the outwardness of ego is the recessive and remaining part of ourselves.
132. THROUGH mind is our all-reachingness, and through the copula; our technique of articulating desire is limited, bad or mad.
133. SOUL and mind are indifferent to our language but respond to affectiveness when conveying pure sentiment.
134. WHERE EGO goeth, there only is the sensation and perception of reality.

135. WE CALL certain events 'Acts of God', or 'Fate', whereas they are the workings of equity from our own past Karma.
136. WE MAKE words ambiguous by adding *our* meaning; qualifications become endless and few understand themselves or each other.
137. WHATEVER you assert of the Gods is more true of yourself.
138. ALL WAYS to Heaven lead to flesh. Our re-orientation and ascent from Earth must start here: nothing is obtained except by desire and our only medium is flesh – mouth and hand. In the midst of reality we strive for unreality, hence I teach the equal reality of all things, man and his illusions – flesh of dreams... There is a lamentable display of the non-artists shadow-fighting their fears; automata actuated by their own committed untruths seeking their fulfilment.
139. TRUTH is everywhere, there is nothing untrue anywhere; it may appear so, because we cannot accurately relate it.

140. I BEHOLD multiplicity in all things and myself as the inter-relating oneness, for whatsoever else I conceive will lead me astray or into 'as if'. The more I get into things the more I am beyond them, so, the more within, the more without...
141. I AM everywhere present, yet unknown to myself except in Ego. I am a configuration of all the multitudinous compositions, and knowing not myself fully how can I know much of other selves and the Gods? But the man we know is mainly made from the beliefs that he enacts, for 'being' is a function of the all-remembering Soul: so believe from your *necessities*, which alone obtain response and recompense – whether of good or evil.
142. NIGHTMARE: how dreadful is this place; is it some religious hereafter?
143. 'ONE IN ALL', etc., and thousands of other generalizations, are language *faecia*, meaningless concretions, the 'stinking lump' spelling chaos out of which sprang order by separateness and every inequality, with the supreme attainment of individuality and ego.
144. WISDOM is the realization of the mysterious incomprehensibility of all things, whoever the designer; and all the partial disclosures of knowledge prove this.
145. IF I WAS begotten of all yesterdays then Ego (made of my memories become flesh) is my only lamp for the tomorrows.
146. MY GODS have grown with me.
147. THE SECRET of happiness is to be in harmony with yourself; little more is permitted or desirable. Seek your environment and adapt it: do not ask me what is 'yourself' – I know only vaguely what I have made from Self into myself.
148. IF OTHERS loved themselves half as much as I do, there would be no wars. Everything would seem less dangerous than Reality, for everyone would escape or unrender it.
149. VITALITY of idea, vitality of form and balance of composition – these are the essentials of the masters who make their truths live.

150. WHEN YOU are bored it is evidence of disease – you are going blind, deaf, or are paralysed, etc.
151. FRIENDSHIP is only the refraction of a desire for a fuller self. Until I am God in myself, I am nothing to God.
152. WE ARE much worse in prospect than in retrospect.
153. PASSION is purchased by passion. Those of small desires will only bleed you and make you as necessitous as themselves.
154. WHEN WE exploit the extent of solitude we find it more crowded than a great company and the abode of our own realities. There is no retirement from solitude, and, when we fear it, conscience is actively malignant.
155. ONLY dominant desire shall compel us to do what we want to do successfully.

156. NATURE is an integrating principle, never compelling uniformity.
157. I DO KNOW, not only that I know but also what little I know of my own omniscience.
158. I DREAMED the psychic world was a concurrent inverse devolution; man, failing as human, reincarnates as a caricature of the beast.
159. THE PRICE of Identity is suffering.

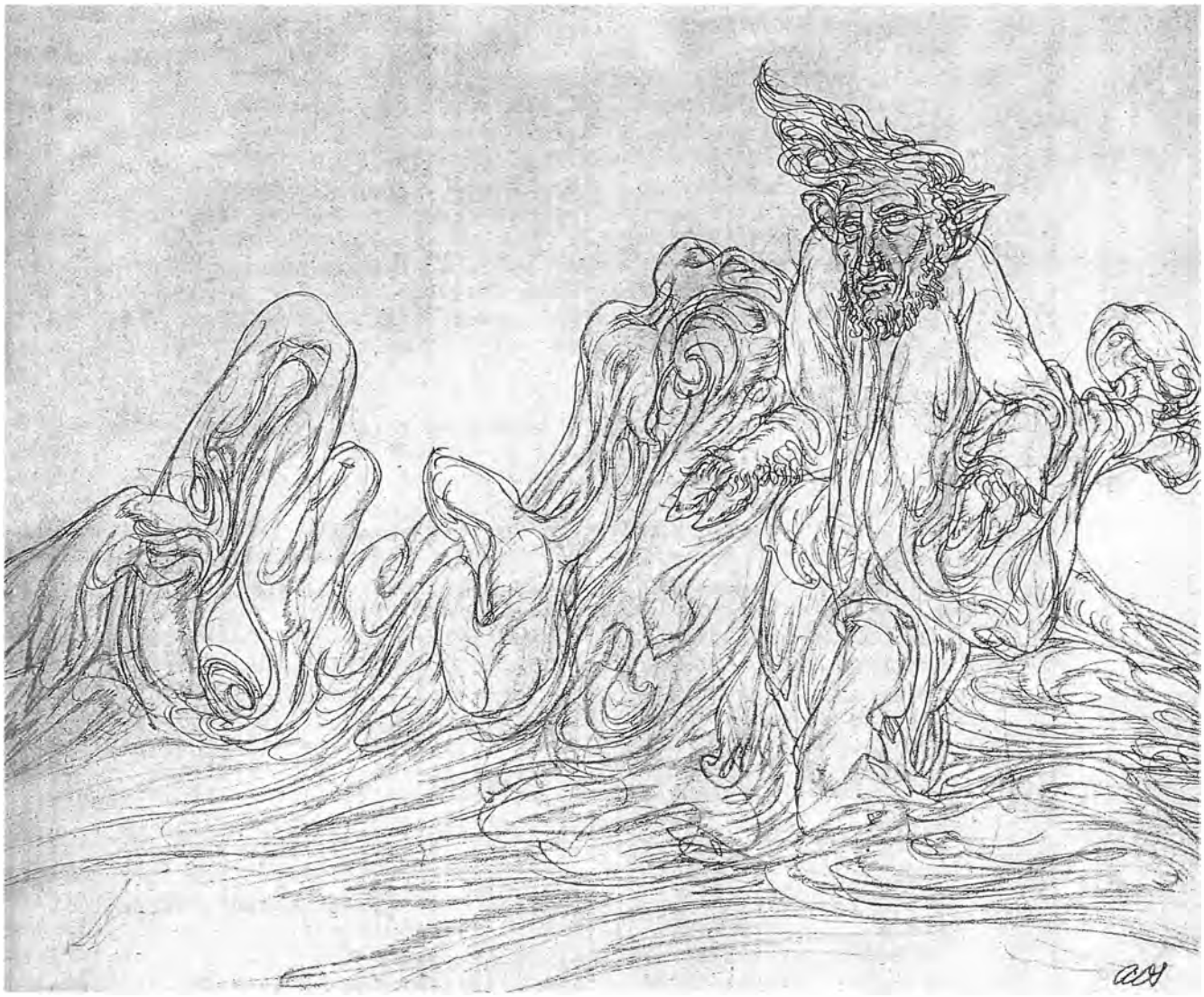
160. I BELIEVE in 'strangerhood': the trouble with 'brotherhood' as an ideal is that man's present behaviour is too bloody for words.
161. SPACE is the limit of probabilities; Time, of the immediately possible. Lies are the reflective exhibitionism of some 'forgotten' event we wish to re-live. Whatever lie you state could be true – at one time, at another time, but not at this time and place. We must first create a suitable environment.
162. OUR 'PERSONAL RELIGION' is often a suppressed sentimentality to benefit others; when so, we are at our best.
163. WORDS, words, words, however used, whatever they symbolize, request, or tell, say more, showing *in between* the antics of all motives. Yes, word-rendering deals the quickest of deaths to flabby ideas; and also words are the most poignant, suggestive, contagious, substitutive and lasting means to convey anything. Most deadly virus, most potent abreaction of magic subtlety – even your erasures reveal your believing by their *persuasive influence* and their magic.
164. IF A WISH formulates its meaning from a parallel likeness, it will have a substantive exegesis.
165. THE GIVER who gives desiring no requital is without fault: the receiver has a moral onus as the contra-givee; there is ultimate equitable recompense in all things.
166. THE '*SUMMUM BONUM*' of evaluation is equitable compensation or compromise between differentiations; our 'thisness' in relation to 'thatness'. Ours the intensive, otherness the extensive.
167. ALL PSYCHO-TRAUMAS relate to the subconscious and change us from the instinctive to the deliberate.
168. IF WE see a thing and feel nothing the result is almost nullity, just as if we touch something and visualize nothing. Emotive sensation is our highest process and function.
169. SINCERITY is difficult except through lasting affections, being unstable in adaptation and tending to dysteleology. Sincerity is the quintessence of sentiment, our deep feeling (or 'aesthesis'); it creates our ability and formulates our temperament, individuality, and character.

170. NO MAN is an independent individual. We are unaware that 'being' is infinitely interrelated and our re-relatability is our only form of reality, though it is always a temporary union.
171. LONGEVITY and youthful appearance are bound up with infantilisms, with its own group of habitualized fixations, phobias and inhibitions.
172. THE COMMON stench – self-righteousness.
173. MATHEMATICAL alignments 'prove' the pragmatism of 'as if': a straight line being a segment of an undetermined and extensive arch.
174. FORMS obtain additives by dimensional differentia and orientations of objects perceived.
176. THE QUINTESSENCE of monotony: all things alike and equal.
177. PANACEA: not pretence, impulse, conceit, but the audacity of 'instant mind-courage' in action, is the answer that fulfils.

178. NATURE teaches equal significance of all things: the blade of grass, the dead God or a live sow, all are of the same earthy worth. Of supernal value is your service of remaking self in unlikenesses of yourself.
179. THE UNJUSTLY injured are not benefited if the same injury is inflicted on the aggressor: punishment should not only be corrective but compensatory to the victim. This does not preclude other kinds of deterrents if necessary.
180. IF YOU must murder, seek the murderers; meet evil with evil, even unto yourself.
181. EGO: a contra-reflective symbol of the noumenal becoming fertile from our own inexhaùstible refractibility. Ego is a power of conjunctivity, a second-hand reality of the noumenal, functionally divergent from the original: a fluxing all-directional appetence, connective by all 'as if'; equivalents becoming directive by disparities.

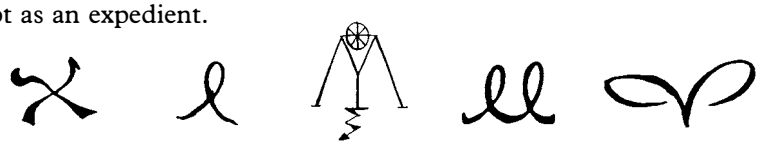
182. AUTISTS as artists validate their wishes by conative effort, proving their concepts as the pre-determining force of possibility and metamorphosis.
183. LIFE is an endless re-creation. Whatever we are, our value is in the next existential: always a composite of some yesterday's potentialities.
184. WHETHER we are inspired by the Gods or by any other means, it is all the same: we are as They, and much as they are to us.
185. "NO LAW BUT MINE", no fool has ever succeeded in maintaining.
186. THOUGHT is an impression subsequent to feeling, prior to which it has no signature.
187. ALL EQUATIONS are an assumption: an averaging of variant inequalities from inexactitudes as an approximate – remiss always.
188. TIME-SPACE is an empirical relativism deriving from our manifold of incomplete and unsynthesized representations seeking nexity. The unrelated has neither time, space, nor ego.
189. WE CANNOT guess our purpose, and never surpass it, but it is imperative that we believe in one for it confers ability.
190. THERE IS no balance without equal tension or reciprocal compensation.
191. WE ARE as shadows of our doubts, delusion-reared, haunted by hopes and fears, cramped in some corner we imagine real and secure... And pray to God, intent to prey.
192. THE INCREDIBLE may follow the possible, because none can assess what may become true or what is impossible. When we speak of the impossible or the inconceivable we really mean something that is impossible immediately, that that moment of time cannot find relationship with the past.

193. WE BEST SERVE ourselves by serving others the necessity of themselves; our defaulting is bathos and bloody.
194. EVERYTHING is manifest,the fault is our inability to apprehend from our level. Knowledge is slowly gained from experience and appearances, explaining the less known by the known by the faculty of reasoning.
195. WHOEVER exploits the less probable as possible is a fine artist.
196. HOW CAN you be dynamic with small beliefs and small desires?
197. WHOEVER we are, the borrowed pretensions are our defect – always less worthy than our own Truth, unnecessary and futile. By them we are unfitted to be sincere; it endangers what good we have: this mediocracy lives only its inferiorities.
198. CHASTITY may be a safeguard, never an excitement or adventure. But do not pride yourself, for fall you must.
199. DEATH is necessary for forgiveness...
200. RIGHTLY man is screened from much of himself – he already hates too much.
201. THE WRONG motive underlies our righteousness and faulting others becomes our meat.



202. OLD AGE is our best advertisement, for it has sucked the poison of most things and survived.
203. THE BELIEFS we make are the best for us, whatever their truth. Any belief is sanctified by the believing, and justified by results.
204. THE BEST in me may be the worst in you, or vice versa.
205. IF DEATH is our reformation it is also a long term of forgetfulness; when reborn we seldom know who we were before.
206. INSPIRATION is our only fortuitous gift from the Soul.
207. THE SEXUALLY devitalized have necessity only with death.
208. WHEN I feel nature, I feel that truth is immanent – in the vastnesses, the vistas, where my Soul dwells. There is nothing ashamed, meretricious or facetious. Facing this majesty I feel ashamed of my false shame and pretences, for here 'I am', with my significance.
209. GO wherever you have seminal affinities: so sayeth Satyros.
210. THE SOUL has no language, level and values, except its own, but it answers to all true affectiveness.

211. TO BECOME oblique is one answer: but our minds have heaped up clichés, coined, borrowed or inherited, mostly spurious. So stultified – not by limits of language, or by dumbness – we fail through falsities and half-believing, by fears bred of cramped growth, obedience to uninspired patterning, and we lose our impassioned creativeness by accepting easy conventions, idioms, and shoddy imitations.
212. WE HATE and love ourselves only through others. Heaven save us from looking only for our own likenesses.
213. LIFE is a potency, becoming a selection of indulgences; a path through the chaos we make – how soon fearing. Shocked, we cry out for salvation, and backslide to some old mothering or protectiveness. No escape but to breathe the human smell, touch the hirsute flesh: shall again adventure... must transgress.
214. COMPENSATING-MECHANISMS often demand an antithesis to balance or fulfil them, as with character and temperament: an ideal union – the masculine woman and the effeminate man.
215. EQUITY is the stabilizer of eternity.
216. MAN'S environmental ills are his making; the irresponsible delegating of authority to shelve his own responsibility.
217. UNAPPRECIATED ability becomes devitalized, breeds a self-indulgent sickness – a self pity that suffers alone.
218. IMPORTANCE lies in things 'as now'. Flesh exists to be exploited. It is in all things and all things will be through it. All emanations are through the flesh and nothing has reality for us without it. The Soul is ever unknowable because we can only realize by finite form in Time-Space. So, whatever you attribute to the inconceivable is *your* Ego, as conceived. The mind and its great thought-stream determines everything and permits all things conceivable as possible. This thought-stream refracts illations both from the Soul and from ourselves into our time-sense – images and symbols which inspire us from the inter-relatabilities, and our reactions form our future destiny of good and evil with thought the nexus to all things past and becoming. Whether the gods created us or we created them is of no import except as an expedient.



219. IF I WERE merely the delegated automaton of the great 'Id' (desire) with pre-ordained channels, amoral, endowed with phallic grandiosity and let loose among excitements, I would end in hysteria unto paralysis: there is a law of reversal.
220. GIVING our so-called services to others is the genuine 'as if'.
221. IT ISN'T essential to know the reason or purpose of things, or the 'why', 'whither', 'whence'; they were begotten of Eternity and our comprehension is begotten of Time. Your virtue is to believe in yourself as your self, i.e., as an individual making your individuality: *Cogito, ergo sum.*
222. VITAL BELIEF overcomes all things, in that it will endow us with the means to do so.
223. TIME is not a separate dimension but a purely human and arbitrary contrivance of measurement by comparison; yet time is integrated in us and all things as our spaciousness and our essential way of realizing and knowing our 'narrow corner'.
224. WHEN ALL permutations and combinations of Form have obtained, will dimension cease? Will the last imminence become, and Time enter Eternity?
225. SACRIFICE is the first duty of self-love.
226. OUR PURPOSE and completeness fully to realize Self is in our existence for others, but the hand of weakness leads us to evil.
227. THE DISASTER of love is that it gives us occasion to love in one person what we should love in all.
228. THE DISCARDING of inhibiting beliefs by reorientation and substitution gives a selected level adjustable to the new Idea, and becomes the matrix for obsession. The tight packing of space and the involuntary enforced silence are premonitions of pregnancy from this act.

229. THE DELIBERATE delayed satisfaction of an urge, when serving another intent, is of greater benefit to the person concerned than its immediate satisfaction. Urges serving their immediacy are often a failure, a disservice resulting in degenerate offspring.
230. ...AND REMEMBER, you shall suffer all things and again suffer: until you have sufficient sufferance to accept all things.
231. A THING only has reality and meaning when it has affinities and associations, however implicit.
232. I BELIEVE in the power of belief.
233. NOTHING is more costly than principles: because their maintenance depends on ourselves.
234. DAY-DREAMS are our cheapest luxuries.
235. WHATEVER our avowal we never worship the same god for long – desires change.

236. WITH LITTLE evidence we form meanings and judgements and dogmatize that our propositions are considered opinion against all immediate experience. Thoughtless assertions or anxious expressionism are too frequent and none perceives the full meaning or implication of partitive statements or generalizations. Most conclusions are mere sentences that need endless qualification.
237. ARRESTMENT sets limits that are more prolific of exploration than unstable wandering; there is need of a period of unlearning, of de-indoctrination, of de-mathematicalization, of transvaluating, of fresh levels and directions, a new category of definitions and meanings for possible and probable Ideals.
238. IDEAS issue from the impact of strong contrasts and urge our search for new sensations. Without negations reality would become anaemic and linear.
239. I KNOW too many gods... yet the greatest stranger to me is myself. And those who speak so glibly and knowingly of God (alleged Absolute), who know his ways, wills, desires, etc., are committed to their inferiority. The word 'God' once uttered seemingly proliferates into all ungodliness. Why they imagine that God needs the endowment of human attributes is a mystery as profound as their ignorance – unless this 'half-idiot God' desires to impersonate us and thereby, *quid pro quo*, permit us to impersonate him? And so we make an adaptable God, one to barter with... defraud. This stuff, this moon-wrack, well suits the human equation. If we are in God's image, we know the maker's hand – the old looking-glass self-nomination: so we ever create. Still, we must become designers and cast this strange coinage; whether spurious or of merit it has a value for sure. Whatever our designs, they are derivative and unbeknowingly follow some dicta of the gods: exchangeable by artistic merit?
240. THIS is a world of re-living, re-believing, re-valuing, surviving all infirmities to remake and reform. And this furore about reality, whether it exists in us or elsewhere – we have become so confused and confounded by deceptions of logic and nonsense that we do not know even *which* reality we mean. But, whatever we may mean or imply we cannot misrepresent anything of which we know nothing.

241. HOW DO WE know anything? Who told us and where does it come from? Is it a recollection, a re-appearance from latent memory? Our mind inter-relates us as it so wills, from any instant to some early becoming or yet further back, so that we may re-join, relate and re-experience, add to our experience.
242. WISDOM works from the subconsciousness; we have all experienced 'inspiration' in some form; that strange feeling that climaxes to flash a new conception from our own orientation.

243. THE ABSOLUTE is unbecoming and sterile if unbelieved. What is Truth? This question implies colour-blindness; it is asked rather as if Truth were an unrelated fact, thing, or abstract, the reason being that we do not conceive of it as multiple, varied, universal, or complex, but always as abstract. For there are many kinds of truth and all our truths are arrived at through negatives – what has no beginning has no becoming; what is without form has no meaning. Truth is of all things past, actual and potential in the conceptive – therefore Truth is relative. What is true for me may not be so for you, and what is true now may not be so later, or at other times and places, hence truth has a chronology in space and 'time-space truth'. There are the truths we create from our 'as if' realities – environment, character, temperament, learning, etc.. Truth is also born of our known and latent beliefs so that to the insincere truth is baffling. Truth may be induced by the obsessive, by faith, or by something committed: these are the 'personal truths', the 'as if truths'. I assert that *all lies are true* when accurately reorientated to time and place, and may be called 'sidereal truths'. 'Absolute truth', if any, is the immediate truth, the instant, already in yesterday, so never is. All reality, all life, all truths are of yesterday, and tomorrow is the beginning of another yesterday and gives 'commutative truth'... but I am sick of all categories, nominalism and all bloody science – so enough of Truth, and, like Pontius Pilate I wash my hands of it. Too much truth in me already...

244. FOR *I am I*: ergo, the truth of myself; my own sphinx, conflict, chaos, vortex – *assymetric* to all rhythms, *oblique* to all paths. I am the prism between black and white: mine own unison in duality.

245. LOOK INTO your past to forecast your future. It is short-sighted to limit our beliefs when we do not know our ultimate possibilities. Yet all expression is within the limits of definite techniques, media, and formalism, whatever our attempts at diversity.

246. OUR GREATEST thoughts and conations are automatic in origin: the deep pervading significance would appear to be a dissolving omniscience – increative by excreation – as the sun ever unsolicitous, ever giving, ever living: for whatever it taketh it giveth back manifold.

247. EGO is the reflector of the mind and through us Nature weaves diversity of herself. Her limitless knowledge is at the command of all our Ideas, whether ideal or decadent.

248. THE INEXPLICABLE of beauty, the undivulged of things – not their known meanings – gives them their enchantment.

249. INSIGHT expresses things by symbols and is a pure manner of relating – seeing: the way of some things can be known only by silent graphs – interlocking forms pregnant with meaning.

250. EXISTENCE is fated: the expiation of our past; good and evil rewarded by their aftermath. Avowal of faith has no worth except by the voluntary sacrifice through service to others' needs by which we fulfil our own, and reshape our future: Fate.

251. WHETHER within or without, nothing *is* explicit. Nature reveals slowly her techniques and media: her meanings and motives we know nothing of, and guess only from our own desires.

252. THE VALUE of the Artist lies in his awareness that *anything* has its beauty and significance; and in giving 'visual' reality to his conceptions, however fantastic; transforming all falsehood into a truth.

253. TO SEE ourselves with our eyes open, that is the problem, and to explore our ultimate participations now embedded deeply in layer upon layer of extraneousness: nothing is beyond recall.

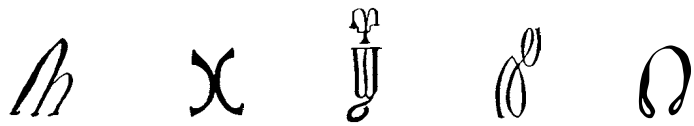
254. INEVITABLY, Life and Death nourish each other – a constant renovation – so why should we fear our again *becoming the worth we did strive after?*

255. WORDS and their meanings cannot change much; their sounds are constant of a hidden content not related to our meanings.
256. THE SPURIOUS, embellished by cheap finery is the furniture of the pedant mind and, Imitators Beware: you still have the dog's attitude to its master.
257. YOU WOULD save yourselves? My advice is – Keep away from each other, and so keep away from your worst self: our attributes are always bad.
258. AN ACCOMPLISHMENT is affectionate longevity: great Art gives... and the finest minds untiringly respond.
259. NATURE is the one tradition that precludes criticism.
260. DESTINY uses strange disguises: the causes of great change appear always superficial or promiscuous.

261. IF WE appreciated only what we know as true, there would be nothing to enjoy.
262. OUR DEEPEST feelings are oft enwrapped in the worst sentiment or taste.
263. BE CAREFUL what you cast out – the vacancy is quickly filled.
264. DO I BELIEVE in myself? Look around! Could I be so inconceivably credulous?
265. MEMORIES resurrected from our sublated selves filled with their experiences are never-ending: Knowledge has a time-lag.
266. BY OUR spunklessness we suffer, and half-feature and half-form our desires into abortiveness.
267. *THE* ROAD, for you, is always devious and dangerous.
268. WE OFTEN kill ourselves by self-poisoning: Fate follows swiftly our adopting things foreign to our inherent aesthetic values.
269. THE DILEMMA facing those who search for the Unknown (Self and Truth) is that they will never know when they have found it.
270. HAVING succeeded to life awhile – something we *apparently* never desired – must we have the added obligation of thanksgiving?
271. YOU CANNOT obtain anything *from* yourself, only *through* yourself.
272. 'SELF-TRUTH' results from the unification of Will, Desire and Belief forced into *one* thing. By this affectiveness the Soul draws near and casts its omniscience over us by inspiration. None knoweth the purpose of life outside Ego... I am content with an effort to be human, with firm belief in the gods' permitting my urge to greater independence.

273. SUPERMAN has passed; the unquiet catafalques are ruins of the classic splendour which no human vandalism could quite destroy. Their tradition survives. They too resurrect – their deputies step forth as giantesque ghosts and re-live in great artists with the Promethean fire to regerminate afresh. As representative: Michaelangelo, Rabelais, Voltaire, Balzac, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Swift, Darwin etc..
274. *WE who seek* – whether we know or not what we seek or find, seem forced to face divergent paths; and ever inviting is the non-resistant blind alley to all sameness, to sick and weary life. Other paths, rougher, lead *who so willeth* to new pleasures: verily they lead the life-force with ever-open eye to the awaiting disaster or to chaos – never bathos, self-pity. The brave care nothing.
275. O YE Gods, say ye nothing? My nightmare told me ye say all things – or my translation is faulty?
276. EFFORTS to surpass realism: this poor energy runs weed-like to absurdities, and plethoric unrealism shoves out the vital, the simple. Here, self-arrestment saves: 'as if' reverting to our archaic virginity to effloresce a new surrealism.
277. COULD WE but smell! A finger beckons – the ruttish side-glance; we lurchingly detour to grasp the painted hussy. All fishy suspicions fade: then we awaken – wedlocked to sickly evil...

278. GIVE UP, give up, stuttereth cowardice: crawl another ceiling? Ride another ass? So mocks my own tiredness. Awake, break the neck of your bloody Id or ride him till he drops.
279. I AM never less than I am, but through wrong susception.
280. ALL will be thine, sayeth the mind, i.e., all who 'will rightly'. Those who sacrifice everything to one purpose – whether for good or evil – are granted power and the formidable weapon of words.
281. THE WISE man often exuviates his knowledge, rectifies his pastiche of acceptances and reverts to simple fundaments. By courage his eye is never stale and his levels become as steps. He again reorientates by oblique divagation, new asymmetries, dynamics, complexities and funambulatory compositions; never destroying his essential dis-symmetry.
282. THERE ARE egotists who – merely touched by a 'home truth' – become ruthlessly callous and vengeful or hysterically accuse *you* of *their* failings: always upstarts to their failings.
283. LOVE for all things is integral beauty; it has no hate or possessiveness; its law is its own causality. Passions may be controlled but we best love by non-will as inclination dictates: so accept love wherever you may find it. It is difficult to recognize because it never asks.
284. ALL OUR denials, even of ourselves, come from non-acceptance: the unrealization of otherness in self; of the Absolute in the non-absolute.
285. CONTACT with reality: the impact of flesh on flesh by every illogical means is the only logical thing.
286. OUR UNSOCIAL acts are paid for by our future deformities: redemption is by our own blood.



287. SEX abreacted between two becomes seductive and consummation should naturally follow.
288. IS IT OUR misconception of Self which determines the evil will of man, formulating a disastrous law to which he is ever subject?
289. "I DESIRE" is all of life. Desires are born of necessity, by sincerity of belief and striving for realization, yet always originating through the fictional supposition from reality. Thus, Man creates his conceptions from his conception of a soul – from his wish for one, and he becomes his mental flesh. 'As if' ultimately becomes its own reality, but you will never know it as your creation, for Man already possessed a Soul and formed this other from his suppositions, never disentangling the two. Thus Ego is twice-born – hence our duality.
290. THE ABSOLUTE appears to become other than itself, for it is sufficient; it is and is not, nor is it beyond, nor in, nor of, me, or anything else: it is 'Neither-Neither'. If I say, "it alone is arbitrary", that would also be eristic, and everything we may state mere supposition – for it "need not be". I call it 'all the abilities of impossibles' (of conception).
291. TO FACE armies – yea, even death: to enjoy the set place: to enkindle our acquaintance as on a festive occasion: to welcome the other selves as oneself – that my love should be. For when I face my soul I am as naked as in death. Therefore, rejoice now in all thy coverage.
292. THE 'IDS' have created a new Grand Style which fulfils itself by attaining a non-ethical Ideal with the idealized Ugly as an aesthetic that has become more creative than the gods.

293. SOUL permitted Mind – the first form, and spatial. Imagination and rhythm, the machinery of this higher basic harmony is – by our ecstasy – contiguous because it is a flash of reality. All our transference is by the harmony and imagination granted us.
294. THE FIGURES and forms of our less deliberate expressions become the personifications of our abstract emotion – a sequence by the intensities of our feeling.
295. WHATEVER we invite and accept of our thoughts must gather into metaphor by a known tautology revealing our lesser-known attitudes to things.

296. CHARACTER is the measurable result of modified or controlled desires. Ability exhibits our affective psychic unions.
297. THE CONJUGATION of *a priori* and *a posteriori* created the Anoëtic.
298. THE WAY of Ego is by impact, then by recognition, action, emotional relating, and ultimately the de-theosising of our self-conception.
299. AM I all things? Are all things in me? All things *become* emanations of Ego, but first I must forsake my parents and walk alone.
300. THE NOUMENAL of things is *unrelated truth*, because when related cognition becomes creaturely, un-universal, relative. An empty vase holds space yet it is only a shape enveloping a measurement of space in space. Truth manifests manifoldly and our own Truth manifests by complex refraction, reverse-inverse always diverse, not as it is. Thus, our conceptions are always partitive and our deviations project the dimensions of our cognition. The ground of abstract human sentiment and ability is from inherent atavisms generating a potential and ultimating via an ideal.
301. 'LIKE' first recognized differences and then likenesses. The emotional contact gave effusion which helped us to see interrelationships everywhere and – the inducement to new likenesses in what would have been unlikely.
302. THE MAGICAL ACT is a fulgurant of one's whole affectiveness by wish-eduction.
303. WHO MAY know his complete likeness, so much being hidden? The Astrals, Elementals, Mind, Soul? We realize something of the body's mechanism and of the affectiveness of the whole; at its interrelations we may only guess. Every fact gleaned shows us merely greater ignorance of ourselves. Therefore, speak not of God, speak for yourself alone, for when you know yourself you will know your gods.
304. THE YEASTY conceits of adolescence that flourish unchecked, unrealized by merely wishing, linger on and become dramatically traumatic as substitutions for reality – always a chance transference of absurdities.
305. THE UNCOMMITTED life becomes deeply committed to an ultimate aftermath that will be compensatory (good or bad); all are caught in this ironic paradox.
306. NOTHING exists that is unnecessary; ergo, only those things shall and may exist that we make necessary to ourselves – not in conformity to our logical/moral standards but to our own value-urges by 'as if'.

307. A DISSIPATING passion never leads to a worthwhile reality in consummation.
308. THE ONLY certainties are the great uncertainties of unremembered commitments to myself.
309. THE REAL, or 'as if', with unsuitable substitution leads only to instability through dissatisfaction.
310. SPEAK NOT of the inconceivableness of God for I am all this but am not a god.
311. SENSATIONS are impacts from phases of outer energy, relevant or not but mostly hurtful.
312. COMMUNION with your Noumen is 'as if' through Ego by an apocryphal symbology. Even with great virtue of belief none can attain union with Soul or Noumen for they are ever interlocked. Why begin with false beliefs? Your unions are with your own ideas of them.
313. THE FIRST LAW was duality, determining by differentiated duplication; for whatever is begotten is from a similarity. The chain of causation is a sequence of entities becoming less and less similar and, eventually, a unique diversion to the prototype and to each other.
314. THE IMMEMORIAL universal (refracted through mind and senses) becomes personified as Ego which manifests more and more through the ever increasing complexity of matter, as body-entity. The 'dualities' of Soul, Mind, Ego and Body, with their inexact duplications, baffle and bewilder us.
315. EGO is our soul becoming its own. Though now dependent, chained to body, caged by dimensions, yet we are occasionally granted visual telaesthesia which reveals that we 'need not be' as minions, but are ultimately independent.

X phonograms 5 22

Any fact or fiction has no difficulty in finding relatables as supporting evidence. e.g., because everything has a "point of connection" and a period of reality, where instantly & simultanious to "time & place."

Our difficulty is to re-evoke "as now" so we accept semblance of, e.g., make-belief, religion or faith as substitute of real belief (which needs no other reality than its own): What you cannot conceive as yourself is yourself (as another reality)

Abstract or concrete: If you suggest a wish to the thing you desire of, in their own manner, there will be a response:

So if I ask my mind in an appropriate manner for a definition of "consciousness" I shall receive a true answer, although I may not be able to translate it: semantics are either remiss or insufficient to render the sequence of X phonographs, but (without understanding) I would receive an emotional impact, like from a significant passage of music (eg Bach or Mozart) thus inspire a kind of semantic rendering. (as true as possible)

(Back or Mozart) ~~inspire a kind of semantic rendering.~~

If we seek escape from reality, then everything we do, will be as by proxy: There are more bogey men than real men.

Everything is unexclusively (abstract) including, hence we know little of our latencies.

To realize of belief is from "thatness", to assert ourselves wholly "as if that" within, we can only know ourselves by conceiving ourselves as outside ourselves: For nothing you can conceive will be beyond self: To see nullity - look within. We imagine our thinking & reasoning is within, whereas it only manifests through the body (the expressional means).

(coat of many)

New letters & variations & combinations.

PTO.

There will be improvements on some as drawing

316. EGO while adolescent is unstable, wayward, contradictory, appearing as psychomachy and without theo-anthropic possibilities.
317. MIND gives function, determines, endows and benefits Ego via the body, from which it must realize. Hence Ego's interactions with body do not appear parallel with mind but with body.
318. WHETHER Ego will ultimately be free of, or create 'body' as so needed are alternatives no more impossible than any other unrealized possibilities. Forsooth, the impossible is everywhere: our attitude alone makes things impossible.
319. THE GREAT reservoir from which life derived by processes of evolution... so first pulsed our conscious entity as Ego. It does not return to its source, whatever 'matter' may do in dissolving. For Ego shall become independent, shall become its own jussive. Soul, Mind, Body, and all that Ego shall rightly conceive, shall be increative. How do I know? Power is sometimes lent: my desire was for Knowledge, then by lightning coincidence I beheld the amazing vision of ultimate Ego. *I know* – tongue-tied I cannot retell; perhaps the hinge of connection must be your own self-congruence.

320. IF EVENTS are foretellable from the subconscious (which I maintain) how do I and others like me reconcile 'freedom of will' and 'fatalism' or 'determinism'? To begin with, man is predestined by his good, evil and past history, but within him is the potential for effort towards free will and independence. Illustration: I am predestined 'to journey to a certain place'. I have this measure of freedom: I can choose the direction and even delay the event – but go I must. It is obvious that those living a virtuous life are rectifying their future and the possibility of freer will.
321. THERE IS a form of aesthesis that is only explainable by the unison of all emotions, as when all opposites mess and our 'whole being' effluently feels: such a state allows of telaesthesia.
322. THE COETANEOUS has a spatial spread, causing unknown concurrent superfetations having their abstract after-births. So, man becomes fatally committed not only to known but also to unknown commitments.
323. NOTHING complete or completing; all existence a mighty ocean, ever resurging, reindulging, and divulging little – wherein we are thrown to grasp the straw of Ego as our raft to Eternity.

324. ALL THOUGHTS are presupposed from other suppositions that have reality in a differential of Reality: otherwise there would be an irreflexive unalterable zero plus zero.
325. BELIEF prefers singularity yet must work through complex desire.
326. 'THAT *IS* BEAUTIFUL!' Is not this appreciation a loose coital form?
327. WE MUST compel possibility to accept us favourably if only in imagination. Commit as many mental adulteries as you wish – it denotes health.
328. THE FAILURES in life become the manure in death.
329. THE SUBSTRATUM of human cognition is an unknown inherent syllogism creating our formalisms. The field of sentiment goes beyond, to the ideal ultimate. Beyond again is the arbitrary-causal-archetypal, the abstract span of conceivability with conation levelled to our ability.
330. THE MIND divulges by the power of inexorable affections that become a necessity.
331. SEX is the only way of procreation, and our hylotheism changes the matrix of our desire.
332. ...THESE POOR likenesses are of slavering fears and poor beliefs. Are they the differentiated correlatives we make of ourselves for the great innovation? No, *they* must come from the sweat of ecstasy.

333. *THIS* is your great moment of reality – the living flesh! These self-frightened saints who bleat "all is illusion" – offer fewer alternatives to reality than half a wet dream. They expect too much without payment – to reap without sowing, and by luck to forfeit debt, so they imagine, and hope that death will be the end.
334. KNOW THYSELF: Such knowledge reveals little but the redundant. The hidden and the unknown are affinities, ever ubiquitous and much inhibited.
335. IF MANKIND had mistrusted all teaching it would long ago have embraced Equity.
336. DREAMS are a patchwork of hopes and fears seeking realization in imaginative reality – often now the best conative.
337. MAN is a potentiality of *anything* becoming actuality – the least and the greatest. Seek thy way through that which is, into that which you desire or think it should be, for the day of great mutation is always at hand – for the chosen.
338. THERE IS a supernal prolepsis given to those who sublimate their desire towards beauty as final pragmatism.
339. THERE ARE many ultimates but all sublimate into Auto-Ego.
340. IF THERE was 'primacy of practical reason' then judging by 'results' it has become its own laughing poltergeist...
341. WISDOM is a stasis, knowledge is ever-reforming, changing, never completing.

342. WHAT am I?
I am all I have remembered summarized as form, for I was once allness and absolute.
What is Ego?
That which I have united emotively of my past to things.
What is the world of environment?
My past and future selves, seen and unseen.
What does it all mean?
Whatever I desire it to mean when necessary to me.
What is it all for?
Self-pleasure by infinite unities and equal separations, to retain separateness.
What is death?
A great mutation to my next self.
343. THERE IS no Ultimate: everything becomes from what has gone before, because of changing ultimates determined by our valuation of things.
344. BE CERTAIN, you will not experience what you do not desire unless it be forced on you by your past evil.
345. CREATION is an ever-expanding energy rather than a work completing; infinite contraction is less conceivable but is co-relative. Space extends with thought, time with Ego.
346. NOTHING is anything unless fixed in the substantial; thus dreams and abstracts are as concrete as anything else.
347. THE CHARACTER of a Form is determined by its featural content and function. Good and evil must be felt before they have reality. There is no conceivable benefit in emotions, considered abstractly, unless they communicate some good to our being, and every being is in some way the better for the emotions of others.
348. THE LIKENESSES and differences in things – their conjunctiveness or otherwise – we strive to know; yet secretly the mind's extra-sensory arguments convey their meaning by symbols and then inspire us to interpret their greatness.
349. ALL NATURE is a vast reflection of that which is within us, otherwise we could not know it.
350. WE ARE as we are until we extend to other needs. The mind drinks a plethora of impressions, of vaguenesses, of things held in awe. The incompatibilities, when forgotten and buried, shall re-awaken as a great race to reach Unity in new-rhythmned patterns which later develop into a cultivated process.

351. INSTEAD of controlling us our inhibitions are often self-destructive – they negate the creative act through fear to perform.
352. TALK your psycho-physical troubles out into the open but do nothing to remove their cause – that would be too easy and might indict civilization. There is no escape by escapism – a labour of forging more chains to prevent suicide.
353. IF I CANNOT believe in the eternity of Ego, whatever its fluctuations, in what shall I believe?

354. THERE IS no whole without our particular parts and our efforts to become essential and more extensive.
355. OUR POSITIVENESS convinces others who have little of it; suggestion being more powerful to convey it than formal instructions.
356. NONE OF US knows our limitations without full articulation; wrong application, media, and idioms are more to blame than any lack of ability.
357. WE SHOULD solicit extensively to procreate our thought-forms: the final phase – criticism, revision, rejection.
358. MENTAL ACTIVITY is stimulated by sex-appeal, but passion is more easily squandered than coagulated.
359. MANY THINGS grow revertive as they advance in time: we desire longevity without its failings.
360. KNOW the spurious and ephemeral by these characteristics – laziness and imitativeness. The failures will proclaim and embrace them, the genuine – unheralded, overlooked – are wrongly assessed from the start.
361. IF WE COULD give a true history of ourselves it would be of our emotional changes and evaluations, shaped into character by the conflict of temperament, experience and environment.
362. OFTEN we desire a truth but to maintain our errors. Sincerity lasts but simulation needs constant revision.
363. THOUGHT is a reflection and all ideas in thought are possible only from a prototype.
364. CONSTANT self-reformation is essential for higher attitudes. When we identify our desire with an object it is our nearest conception of reality. Procreation is a more adequate realization than other relationships, so reality is suffered only as fleeting and limited.
365. OUR SHORTCOMINGS of memory, plus imagination, produce factors which tend to reveal symbolically more inwrought things.
366. IT IS NOT futile to strive for reality in the unsubstantial things of mind and, when fearless, it becomes great artistry.
367. MAN is an infinite aptitude of possibility: apart from his media, necessity is the limiting factor.

368. DIVERSE knowledge is unnecessary, but aptitude for it is essential to wisdom.
369. FUNDAMENTAL simplicity has an infallibility.
370. ALL THINGS are linked by a bi-sexual correspondence, and aloneness is an impossibility.
371. THE ESSENTIAL predisposition to love all things for a while is intoxication.
372. WE FAIL to understand the mysterious lives we live, the plurality of things and the singularity of Ego. Whatever stage we reach is through unities. In relating ourselves – the unknown, the receding – everything that escapes the geocentric seems more significant.
373. THE REALITY we know is interconnected with the unseen by some design of thought we have yet to know.

374. THE SUPERMAN becomes idiot saying "I am the Law". Outside of himself he is a dangerous somnambulist for he leads the blind.
375. BEAUTY and ideals should be strong social passions, not ornaments hidden in a closet.
376. A MENTAL purging of meanings is essential for a more vital thought-stream to shape our near ability.
377. MAN must become a realist *first* or he will remain a fool. There is a pause in life when all becomes unreal and ominous; a transitory phase which becomes our level of life. A decision, a choice, has to be made existentially, facing oneself, not from abstracts or logic but from our innate good and evil.
378. MATTER alternating, evaporating, exhausting, correlates with our means of dynamic extension – our means of obsession.
379. ALL THINGS are in flux, nothing is static, but our truths are not immutable, and dynamic differences appear contrary to our interrelatability.

380. IDEAS are more prolific when the struggle is for the unconceived rather than for the known.
381. WE HAVE forgotten Heaven's urgent significance because we overstep our real needs and go about the world mouthing doctrines of salvation like mountebanks with nostrums.
382. THE BEAUTY we realize is the level of our intensity and the difficulties we overcome are the measure of our vibrant expression...
383. SENTIMENT (our full emotion-equation) is the inbetweenness, man and his span, ego and all else that links him to the mind-soul reciprocally. The common right of infinite relationships is yet free, strengthening, inspiring, becoming a tireless search for Truth and Ideals.
384. THE LIFE-FORCE is the greater logic we overlook by our blind ethics.
385. LIES extend their province, their mistakes are limiting – doors shutting on the Mind's edifying requests – and the splendid figure of Art changes to a decadent witchcraft.
386. LONG have we known the near without knowing its lineage. Ego experiences more by recognition of diversity than of likeness. Originality expresses our surprise at things felt more than at things understood.
387. THE BODY is organic knowledge with cryptic signatures of its begetters, to which we add a dithering paraphrase.
388. WE DO NOT live eternally yet seek knowledge of eternity.
389. A MYSTIC is one who experiences more of himself than he can articulate.
390. UNTIL we are increative we are only circumstantial causes of change.

391. WE FORM our mental conclusions via language and posit exact logic as considered evidence from insecure and ambiguous ideographs, further involved by legerdemain grammar and propositions become presumptuous. Better by far are definitions by symbolism and analogy, for at least they show subjective relationships between particular states and objective facts. Acts of judgement, however arrived at, are also involved in the apprehension of those relationships which are called 'meanings' – re-remembered associations. Also, meaning is involved with concurrent thinking from unknown presuppositions or inherencies.
392. ABANDONED, undigested and forgotten impressions and ideas desire their evolutionary fulfilment and become substitute figures of their meanings. Most abstract thinking and dreaming is meandering in this limbo of symbolic thought-forms; such fortuitous gleaning is in the direction of inspiration from something more potent.
393. THE ONLY content of reality we know is Ego, or potential Ego: the thesis that there is related Ego – something like our own that can feel in some manner – has credence because all things are parts of a whole: hence, everything has equal significance and an essential and universal interdependence.

394. A RENAISSANCE: new forms represent the greatest daring in Art. If there were no new forms then there would be new juxtapositions and superimpositions.
395. UNION of 'Self to Ego' is effected by obeying our more latent ideas. Self is the real thing, Ego what we realize of it.
396. GENERALIZATIONS are ephemeral and prove only the average 'as now'; the exceptions prove the possibility of great differences by changes. The longevity of cultures, hierarchies, institutions, ideas or beliefs do not prove their general worth or truth, often the reverse (a hundred million people *can* be wrong). The exceptions are usually overlooked. For instance, the oldest and most lasting of religions, the earliest Egyptians – a complete theology in itself – is now defunct, sans priests and followers. It maintained the most rigid of conventions and limits and, throughout, the culture remained archaic.
397. IF THE MIND is a refraction of the Soul then it also comprehends and manifests all the different realities and the imaginings we see and feel. Our axial vent subconsciously gives forth all 'ideas' from this conceptive faculty, from this ever-changing, contracting and expanding speculum, yet always coalescing and designing a different pattern as a whole. Thought (as thinking) with its associating and reasoning faculties is our nexus of Soul, Mind, and Body. Its unified impact on matter is consciousness. Ingressive to thought is the dominant 'Id' of desire, the kinetic factor, initiating a constant incest and spacious fornication of which we are unaware in spite of controls; except, maybe, through those intrusive symbol-ideas that become intelligible forms only via inspiration from these complex unities by some other synthetic coition. The result becomes for us a work of genius.

398. WHAT IS space? A place of prefiguring, of mutation, of refunctioning that allows the procreated design for birth. For Space cannot contain emptiness – always developing, extruding, drifting, and forcing deposits into the closets of time as correlatives; accumulating and re-shaping to drift again in some stream of air or water.
399. WHAT IS conscience? From our likes and dislikes made law, it assumes a beauty-reflex of our inherent values of good and evil, forming a personal religious culture begotten by the training of our Ids.
400. OUR WILL proceeds from and is formed by preceding efforts, and so our further deliberations will again predetermine our future will, 'free' or not to control our instincts by transference.
401. WHAT IS the nexus of cause and effect? One answer is by the question: what stimulates cause to effect? To illustrate: I desire to make a pot, and from idea to creation all that is required is the 'material', which is definitely the medium between idea and creation. But we have already presumed certain factors, there is already a concatenation – 'Necessity' *has* stimulated and 'Ability' *has* permitted conation. Whether initial stimulus is from without or within it is here identical, because related to the capability of the particular person. So, what we call 'mind' is a constant concatenation answering necessity levelled to our ability.
402. WISDOM is in the realization of the mysterious incomprehensibility of all things. Whoever the designer, he is the generator, and all the partial disclosures of our knowledge prove this. I find it difficult to recognise my own part in anything.

403. IF I AM begotten of all yesterdays, then Ego (made of memories become flesh) is my only lamp for the tomorrows.
404. MEMORIES are the ghosts of experience seeking to revive, to re-birth in us.
405. IN THOSE things in which Man is unlike his Gods he is unlike himself.
406. HAVING realized one's own self as a refraction of all other selves and the gods, man becomes more of himself with an inclusive awareness. But by conscious selflessness we become automata of our frustrations – fit subjects and media for the stray astrals of the Qliphoth: a 'death' in that it is the negation of our own life.

407. I TEACH the multiplicity of all things – of the gods, of the milliard millionth. Oneness is always dividing; 'being' is something of everything in all things, but nothing obtains except by the casual unities of separates that make our differences. When a man realizes his essential separateness and sees himself as everything else, his only virtue is to further differentiate himself from otherness, then only has he won manhood towards Godhood.
408. MY GODS have grown with me, hence I never outgrow them; they are my potential.
409. THERE ARE no final conclusions. We are born believing in means to an ultimate, and life is such desire believing. Therefore, *believe in the power of belief*, and that sincerity will integrate sufficient Will for its purposes. Accept the 'as if', to evoke from your unknown self a means of transcendentalism and the magic of dynamic change.

410. REACTIONS are often worse than the thing reacted against.
411. ANATHEMA quadrivial: the dark obliques from zodiacal signs, the evolutionary-parental chains, the environmental matrix, the obsession from foiled appetitive urges: thus are we born prehensive to, and slaves of, inheritances.
412. CREATING a necessity is our utility.
413. THE DIVINE effluvium is an eternal creative diversity: we are an ingression by contingency from which we simulate the creative when sufficiently individualistic.
414. THE SUBJECT understanding the Object by 'as if', is an ingressive emotional experience.
415. THOSE WHO would know themselves through their gods as other than their own selves – how blighted they appear, how sadly lost are they in their tautological theories. They too shall awaken from their adolescence and realize that the less we know of ourselves in other gods the nearer we are to the vast wisdom of our flesh.
416. THE SOUL is a continuum: all perceptions are relatable, therefore real. The continuum of all aspects of knowledge is as a background to consciousness, the past becoming explicit to extend our Self.
417. ONLY THE refrangible 'comes through', a filtered quasi-reality, not the 'thing' itself. The noumenon of mind is seemingly susceptible only to partitiveness – as phenomenal form. Thus all our awareness is reflected, partitive, with a linear 'I' as consciousness which motivates our faculties into actuations. Yet over and above this we have that queer feeling which attempts to get behind, to rationalize the unclarifiable. But we never do, being *dimensionally chained* and bed-companions to Mrs. God or the misused Id.
418. SO, rightly or wrongly, I think this;- What was once free, casual and formless, seeks arbitrary laws, is precipitated into Time and dimensional form with definite functional purpose and direction about which we can only guess. Object: to realize all probabilities within definite limits, as yet unreached. These extend and allow formative desire through necessity of realization by excreative means. How much or how little is possible is bound up in a 'mystic' belief of ourselves which we know only as possible potency.

419. THE INFINITE Cosmos, the Milky Way, and all therein manifest from *organism* – thus all things continue. There are no alternatives or different derivatives. So, without truth are such assertions that we did not originate ourselves of our own free will (or otherwise). *We do not know* – our amnesia covers so much. All our early history and potential, now latent, unbeknown yet, which were Unities, Truth, Freedom, etc., are now separate, untrue, powerless, or appear diverse – all vice-versas. But the eternal ever-varying flux of our media-relatability is as the ebb and flow of our capacity towards greater affinity with all possibilities within the ever *omnipresent mind, as flesh, to manifest.*
420. WE ARE a great company: none walks alone, but with a formidable host of familiars, however we may clothe, shut out, or prohibit them. There is a veritable funeral procession of dead selves and loves always in attendance.

421. WE PRESUPPOSE that our processes of thought and conation are those of Nature, whereas they are a conditioned process with limited technique within our understanding: in no manner are we spontaneous – though other powers in us may simulate such when we are sufficiently automatic.
422. EVEN to see myself in others, all so much alike, the same beast amuck – rather let me know trees and have friendship with plants.
423. THE DEVIL'S usual disguise is authoritativeness under another name.
424. WE KNOW our lineage is of all things, yet the deepest thought, the wildest guesses are futile answers as to why we exist. The answer may be tied up in some form of pleasuring now unknown to us but not to our early originations... we never reach the first cause.
425. THE DIVERSITIES and differences of sentient beings are determined by planted functional desires which it is our purpose to change. We become what we desire most, and, usually, different to what we hope; repayment comes first.
426. OUR LEVELS are determined by our selectivity and visualizing ability.
427. OUR ADEQUACY is achieved by the constant effort of emulation; stale self-sufficiency has never inspired or won much energy.

428. THE ETHICAL question resolves itself into a search for the principal motive of man's endeavour, i.e., his manner of action. The Stoic acts with no 'intent' of evil or injury to others. Therefore we must will against all fears and evil for essential good; for so man shall endure all travail.
429. WHERE there is life there is a degree of consciousness, however shadowy, with all its interrelating protenses. When the homogeneity of matter breaks or divides, activity manifests as multiples, and individual modifications begin.
430. WE ARE overstuffed with words – now a veritable systole and diastole of mind. Whether or not we articulate correctly we suffer post-prandial torpor.
431. NEITHER Universe nor man is complete, completing, or dissolving, but resurging and re-indulging existing forms, reshaping them to form new pleasures of flesh impacting flesh. At least, so I who love fat women imagine.

432. WHEN THOUGHTS dissociate themselves from the correspondences and gradations between contrasting things, they will reform abundantly with new correlatives as emotional content in our resultant processes of re-arrangement. Final representation is an asymmetrical balance... this 'seeing strangely' is the level of our genius.
433. REASONING and its interferences are a screever's logic, useless for putting us in contact with reality – all reality being more abstract than actual, a para-ideal we know and cannot grasp. The nearest we attain to it is by a union of all the senses. A personal sentiment can, by suitable emotional channelling, be affective and can associate and express nuances and 'abstracts' which cannot be defined in thought... an unplanned latent portraying as in Nature.
434. IN OUR relation to Cosmos, if significance is measured by our increative ability then we are of no greater worth than the amoeba. Nature permits no interrogation; our techniques merely imitate, and only if so allowed. Deceiver, do not further deceive yourself.
435. THE FUNCTION and purpose of life seem almost an *experiment in genius*; a chosen few at one time.
436. OUR EARLY acceptance of things as they are, as dominant reality, later becomes overshadowed by doubt and we conclude that evil is real, potent, and contrary to Almightyness. But, lest we forget, *there was no evil until man's advent* and therefore there is a certain madness in seeking a 'rational' explanation of life. Things totally without knowledge seem to function perfectly and are alone beyond good and evil.
437. THE MIND is protean, ever-including, but all our ways and means are governed by multiple laws of limits which cannot be transgressed easily, although elastic, alterable and changing. Man cannot break natural laws yet he may break himself against them. The body's limits save us many stupidities.

438. WHATEVER we commit to life unknowingly, concurrently causes a subtle superfetation which forms our media for ubiquitous thoughts which form our Ego: then Soul steps in. We are always a functional throwback, the articulation of past latencies clamouring for reformation. The complex development of body becomes a more elastic medium for Ego, Mind and Soul to work through. The purpose of life appears as the conversion of matter from collective uniformity (stinking lump) into specialized separatenesses, i.e., *a diversity of individuals*. Hence there is no universal brotherhood based on equality, there being no age-group of experience, just the reverse. Time relates us to ability. Whatever our claims concerning interrelatedness, this is governed not only by heritage but by aptitude. Ability indeed has to be deserved the hard way – the way of techniques and efforts.
439. THE BODY is the stuttering puppet of the mind, beginning as automatic and becoming autonomous. A transference – the puppet becomes the showman.

440. THERE IS tendency towards theosophic paranoia and mental diarrhoea such as "There is no law beyond – *Do what thou wilt*". This backward conceit serves as the highest abstract of the occult equalled only by the bawdy, meaningless scribble of youth and evinces a great fear of responsibility. Our own laws are arbitrary and may be broken but we do not escape the consequences of their violation. None is beyond Good and Evil, Time or Dimension, with their laws and limits. Not one word, not one gesture, not one graph proves otherwise.

441. ALL OUR integrations stem from our intro-extrovertive ability; a mental breathing – give, take and remake.

442. HOPES and fears form the arch of most religions and creeds; concretely or abstractly there is little more from which to build them. What of mysticism? – a more enrapt self-indulging, more gaudy, the more common denominators: fortuitousness and escapism clothed in hyperbole, the old myths surrounding and hiding the dominant 'Id': "I am my own law", it sayeth. Hope on, for you are much more than you are: much more than you will ever guess as possible.

443. THESE ARE the 'Ids': self-protection, nutrition and sensation – breeding every hybrid and abortion by constant grafting, cross-breeding, against their, and our, intended purpose, or so it seems. What cloudy enemies, what astounding conceptions, mythologies, ideologies, lies, half-truths, frustrations, transferences, they have spawned and still spawn – all deceptions blinding us again and again. But ever, through this jungle have they created their good and evil – a 'conscience' which none has yet over-ridden, murdered or superseded. Here, no prayers please; therefore let us smile at our bloodiness in defeating only ourselves.

444. HERE DWELLETH delusion: a man sees a coiled rope and imagines it a snake, and thereby is afraid and runs away in terror. The rope is real, and still a rope; the fear suffered with the reaction is also real although bred of imagination. The delusion was caused by poor observation. Yet some would have it that because things are not what they appear to our casual glance, or because 'reality' does not entirely disclose itself at once – therefore everything is illusion. It proves that *our imaginings from illusion are real* in as much as they react on us in the same manner as if from reality.

445. WE SURVIVE more through cowardice than courage.

446. SYMBOLIC creation: a chair is not explained by its parts nor by its material or quantitative measurement. Chemical analysis and mathematics will not disclose all its meanings or origination. A chair 'becomes' from necessity. The functional unity begat the conception, design and form, which themselves are governed by, or adapted to, the material and ability available. Beauty is subsequent to utility – whether a chair is evolved over a period by co-operative ability or not is immaterial to the argument. Thus, the abstract of a chair involves: Mind, Thought, Conception and reification – everything else is integrated in these. From which we may surmise that our *essential necessity* (i.e., what we sufficiently desire) will evolve from abstract reality (Mind) for our needs to function further. Nature appears indifferent as to whether our demands are good or evil.

447. THE FORMULA of 'Arrivism' is made operative by vivified belief and a fearless self-positivism. The animus is imminent, generating spontaneous action by immediacy towards the object. There is no potentiality as such, only 'as now' possibility; an attitude devoid of qualities and aberrant only from 'I am'. The arrivist pre-forms as conceived; he does not know of failure which would be procrastination only. Level is never incommensurate to ability thus inspired.

448. INTELLIGENCE is the ability of composition, our power of arbitrary conjunctionalism giving harmony and significance to incongruities.

449. DARKNESS is only a degree of light, imperceptible to us. There is no absolute antithesis, only variation, except for God who is the antithesis of all things *we desire him to be* and must transpose to our selves.

450. DREAMS are another and future reality, not what we suppose, nor what we desire, but what we will receive of our perverted self and its allergies to life. The whole process is a symbolic extroverting of secret adumbrations from the past, the events masquerading as metaphor or allegory in an ideographic language.
451. BEWARE the demagogue with a plausible ideology for your betterment, he is a dangerous *throwback*, mass–murder his weapon.
452. SO WE ARE necessary, and necessitarians of a limitless necessarianism. Things become only by making the necessity... Gods, Souls, Bodies... anything will obtain, levelled to the necessitousness of the aspirant.
453. ART should show us the likeness we desire to know, the likeness we miss in our day-to-day seeing.
454. ...IT IS TRUE that it is untrue, that we cannot believe the unbelievable (i.e., the unrelatable). If I cannot relate to God, am I more than the fetish-maker? And can you say this is ungodly if all things are God? For all things being God and his Will, he also determines the will of man and is also sentenced to this prison of the body. Again the same crapulence of Godliness! Thank God we are not a conception from what is conceived as God... things are bad enough...
455. POVERTY fosters more illusions than wealth, hence the poor are the imaginative ones. Results are delayed – sometimes till the third and fourth generation.
456. BE ENTHRALLED by what you observe, and later critical of what you deduce. Unless one is hypersensitive to things there is no significant response.
457. WHY do we exist? Our chief function is to *live* fully, however near the negations. What difficulties we make of this life and of the living! For most it has become a survival, a foregoing and forgetting – at best, a narrow selecting... There are more who would escape life than retain it.

458. ALL WAYS to Heaven lead to flesh: our reorientation and 'ascent' from Earth must begin and return here. Nothing is obtained except by desire, and our only medium is flesh: appetent mouth and grasping hand. In the midst of reality we strive, and unreality is our accomplishment. Hence I teach the equal reality of all things – man *and* his illusions. Dreams shall flesh... some day.
459. THERE IS a lamentable display of 'Thinkers' shadow-fighting their fears: automata actuated by their committed untruths, seeking release from self-created illusions.
460. TO BE repressed by others – our greatest evil? Fully to uninhibit and express ourselves is usually a greater curse.
461. HE WHO places his pleasure in one thing has little to please him and a certainty of dissatisfactions...
462. UNLESS emotionally exhausted, we have no time for creative ideas, deep thought, or *silence*.
463. SUFFICIENT amenities for life, liberty of mind, a disciplined body, fecundity of conception and facility of expression – what more should one need of Freedom unless to rob others of theirs?
464. THE DUALITY I know is between man and man, man and nature, man and his God. Man is a revolt and his apparent duality the Great Mystery.
465. TRUTH is sustenance, and there is nothing untrue anywhere; it may oft appear so because we cannot relate it accurately.
466. MANY MEN seek virgins for pleasuring, whereas I am oft content with an old bitch. Sound practice if you have imagination.
467. THE OBJECT of loving is to be the beloved, and the begetting is evidence of consummation. There is no contraception in the great procreative effort to become ourselves.
468. YOU CANNOT start from not-belief and hope to flow into the stream of belief, as if this were possible. Usually, the inveterate Id believes for us.

469. THE SECRET of happiness is to be in harmony with yourself – little more is permitted or desirable. Seek your own environment and adapt it: do not ask others what is 'yourself'. I know but vaguely what I have made from memory into myself.
470. IF THERE *IS* a law of Nature we may know, it is the 'indispensability of differentiation' and constant metamorphosis – i.e., the convertibility of everything into every other thing to emerge again as more distinct.
471. IF THE VOICE of the majority is divine it has never articulated. The majority has only borrowed ideas.
472. ALL CULTURE, Discovery and Ideals emanate from a few individuals who have seldom sought power or wealth for their own ends.
473. THE SIGNIFICANCE of Greek art is that it is a possible Ideal derived from the average; its potentialities are unexploited.

474. CARE nothing for any social activity unless unplanned.
475. THE UNKNOWN is a metaphor, spacious, undulating and exhibiting. Our emotional reaction to it becomes our meaning of life of which few only are partly conscious.
476. THERE IS no deliberate, pre-planned passage from the particular to the universal. The passage from the concrete to the abstract is mainly casual and takes various forms, amongst which knowledge does not contribute much since all ways are legitimate. 'Guessing' has been more successful.
477. ALL CREATIVE influence begins inwardly or inspirationally, however exhibited, often unmethodically or chaotically. *It subsequently* becomes deductive, formal, doctrinal, or mathematicalized.
478. A KNOWN aspect reveals a new one, our presence being able to make associations with it. Imagination is still the best copula in the field of possibilities.
479. THE BEST commands my responsibility; the highest in me is stimulated by dormant egotism. What is known without is the exhausting part – a heavy heritage that seems to baulk as well as help.
480. BEGINNINGS and endings have no reality – they are dramatic changes.
481. THERE IS no excess towards beauty – man's vulgarities are vast.
482. I ACCEPT only equity: no law or doctrine can be sacred to me while my nature discloses none.
483. WHILE learning, always do what you would avoid doing; difficulties will not cease but fear of them will and this is the beginning of great facilities. Those who give up adopt the ease of convention and others' idioms of arrestment.
484. NATURE reveals first by our imitating her and then by our denying her.
485. WHAT IS IT we desire of each other? The usual blood issue, a less known unity, or our hungry deficiency seeking fulfilment...?
486. THE NEXUS between cause and effect is that of immediacy.
487. THE OMNISCIENCE of the Soul throws persuasively over all things its shadow of Knowledge.
488. OUR WHOLE potentiality lies in our ability habitually to feel things sensationally.
489. OUR TRUTH is the totality of our observations when confirmed by our atavisms.

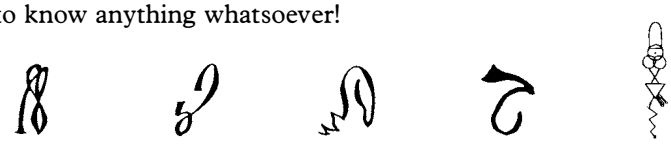
490. THE KEY to all metaphysical phenomena (mind, soul, etc.) is wrapped up in our needs.
491. WHAT SOUNDS the depths and conjoins Will and Belief? Some inarticulate hieroglyph or sigil wrought from nascent desire and rhythmned by unbounded Ego.
492. WE PRAY... like a convulsed Naiad transfixed by rape.
493. THERE IS a Grimoire of symbology, of vague phonic nuances that conjoins all thought and is the cryptic language of the subconscious world.

494. DEEP SILENCE and lonely longing unfreeze the all-prolific mind.
495. LIFE is a wanton whose price is death.
496. OUR THOUGHT-PATTERNS result from quantitative aggregations, gradations, variations, juxtapositionings and proportionings derived from our evaluations of 'other stuff', stylized by our inherent ethos. Significance depends on our ability to re-design Nature, 'as if'.
497. COGNITION has no law, but we induce processes from some latent and inveterate syllogism conjoining other opposites by relatives and co-relatives; our illations become intensive and extensive, 'as if' true.
498. OUR LIVES are spent in finding the solution, a reciprocity of para-rational creativity...
499. NORMALITY should be your total difference from it.

500. ALL THINGS are temporal feelings of Things; and Perceptions, however abstract, are realities of a reality. Existence is prehensive flesh seeking new unities, an unpatterning process from an innate diaper, reshaping by relating and unrelating, including and excluding. There is no conclusive ingression or exclusion from probabilities. For all creativity is away from constant uniformity and finalities. Causes are from older experience predetermining its own resurrection as actuality in a new *difference*. Thus the primal purpose is originality for pleasure, compensating for the travail of change. Ego, as entity, is a concretion of selective affinities levelled by our ability of recollection. Nothing becomes except by the effort, as mutual emotional apprehension. How quickly we tire and seek safety! I would ask you sometimes to forget all safety, and deny your God before you are forsaken, when fatigued.
501. GOD within us? Animals would have a better chance... Be certain that all ancestry is within, whatsoever it may be, and that it is possible to be a corruption of a finer thing. Therefore I would ask you to look within – destroy all that leads away from the Ideal, for your purpose and survival is by a further 'thisness' of yourself and not a 'thatness' of others.
502. THERE IS virtue in understatement and elimination as against emphasis and build-up: a significance in omitting, yet appearing complete.
503. ALL GENIUS is a conversion from obsession by suppressive factors, giving the simulations of the desire and finding release by conative expression: madness the failure.
504. WHEN WE strive to make things logical to us instead of ourselves to them, then are we makers of ugliness; affections fail and we decay and all we touch suffers.

505. IF I OBEY my Ids, whom do my Ids obey? And when my dog obeys me against his wishes, does he obey me or his Ids? (Which means we also obey external influences we know nothing of). If desires were not satisfied by transmutation, sublimation, substitution and other forms of transference, then we should be nothing more than a scrap-heap of thwarted impulses. How often can we desire *uninhibitedly*, and satiate? Also, where there is human congress, the first essentials are religion, law, morality, and conventions with their corollary of reward and punishment – the harness of the Ids. Only the Stoic seeks and practises virtue for its own sake: not from fear, but by obedience to his Ids or his Gods.
506. EVOLUTION is a process of change by creating variation, a constant amalgam of inexact sub-divisions, increasing differences, that follow *a law of asymmetry* based on constant dissymmetry becoming more and more complex until the original prototype ceases to know itself or its relatedness to all its multiple forms.
507. TO SPEAK of one God is equivalent to speaking of one man, one universe, etc. Constant multiplicity is the law; amalgamation and emergence to produce the greater *individual*.

508. THERE IS an inverse 'Pygmalionism': The reification of your Ideal shall engender life in *you*. By one sincere belief be-lived, the Soul is nearer and discounts your uncommitted things to life. Remember: all law, of its own necessity, is endowed with good and evil and entails commitments and obedience; for all belief becomes your law.
509. OUR GOING forth to find the greater Self is by the path we know least; by losing ourselves until we find ourselves.
510. WHETHER God made us or is within us, we are not yet a reflector – in whole or in part – of God. No syllogisms or revelations prove anything except our own signature and that we are like a work evolving and completing, of one great artistry – now plus our own bloody vandalism!
511. IF THE OUTER world is not a delusion then our concepts therefrom certainly give birth to illusions, and we are as vaulted catacombs inhabited by strange phantoms that wait to suck that energy to resurrect, to live, by a memory of that time when we made flesh from dreams.
512. THERE IS no greater mystery than man because of his imperfections, his great love of falsity, his great hatred of his Self.
513. EGO, with all its varying degrees of consciousness, is our light in the darkness of the unseen and unknown, for it has *infinite* relatability that will replenish our light.
514. WE OFTEN feel more in strangers, in new things, forgetting our nearer relatives, so seek relation elsewhere. No! Not when... I am forgetting the sticky anticipated near-legacy... that damned something for nothing.
515. CHAOS is the hyle of order and the future design. If this universe sprang into existence from non-intelligence, purposelessness, and if everything is an accidental by-product, then we are bastards of futilities. Things exhausting and reforming may appear as chaotic, an essential fluidity... There is nothing accidental, everything is a predestination of incredible intelligence and order, and to some extent in ourselves – also incredibly – hence the doubts. Never should we doubt *our* possibilities via duality.
516. THINKING becomes an inverse reflection of our emotional needs with resultants becoming changed to some other object.
517. THE ONLY 'Word' we could attribute to God would be *equity*: there need be no other denominator of law, morality and behaviour.
518. DAMNATION: how much must we hate to love? How much destroy to live? And how much unlearn to know anything whatsoever!



519. WITH SOME, love of masquerade has become a categorical imperative; when professional a kind of masturbation, imitation without proper means.
520. THE PRE-REQUISITE for wisdom is to distinguish what we accept as true, from what is true for us.
521. THE LAW of the great Id: to trespass all laws.
522. NATURE would be gladly rid of us by making us autonomous.
523. IS IT the 'otherness' in ourselves that makes us loathe others?
524. OF OUR solitariness: great depths are sometimes sounded; Truth hides in company.
525. SOLECISM: 'God is all giving'... or else an all-devouring Vampire taking only bloody repayment. The answer: *our* gods so do.
526. DO NOT BE over-proud: the forgotten iota, the unseen germ, can kill or make you slip on your own midden.
527. SUCH AS they are, and whatever they are, hold fast to your beliefs – if your own. There is nothing more indigenous to yourself and its effort towards becoming.
528. WHEN DESIRE arises from necessity and is acceptable to functional purpose it *will* formulate aesthetically and have great relationships, experiencing the full emotional scale.
529. INCONSEQUENTIAL thinking implicates more innate predispositions which eventually formulate, become spatial, and slather over into small things.
530. WHAT WE make factual ceases to have abstract value and becomes its own antithesis.

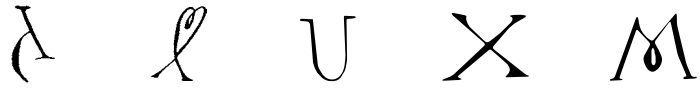
Life is a half-truth.

Syllogism of predicament: Do we understand a thing by knowing it? By possessing it? And when we understand a thing sufficiently do we desire it?

All thoughts are dissatisfied desires - gives the enthusiasm for life:
Thought is abstract semen seeking sentience.
Mans chief attributes are his illusions
All things are ec-copulatorary:
Everything is begotten of another similar thing, with a tendency of dissimilarity:
So, any variant of a variable increases variability:
Thus: [illegible] + [illegible] = [illegible] y: [illegible]
The promiscuous superimposition of two modification of the same thing is further differentiation: God manifests as man, as man manifests God: otherwise everything deduces to absurdity.
Man has latencies he has yet to conceive of: ecstasy is the stimulate of manifestation.

Of flesh we transfer-transmit by unity, our potentials - our absoluteness are by the same means: The nexus of all things is consummation.
We distort facts into fictions and our fictions serve as facts: truth - "Suggestio falsi": But to my naive mind, a naked bottom is a naked bottom, and a large colourful one equal to a sun-rise - Both are freely assessable & pleasurable:
I cannot conceive of any involuntary tribute religion so profound, as appreciation of the flesh, it has never been sufficiently so, no texture equals flesh.
All intersubjectivity is from flesh impacting flesh.
Truth is our pragmatism, nothing is possible through freedom because there isn't any, we make our own vents from limits.
Gods are usually our presuppositions to explain ourselves.
Our constructive ability is always adequate to our necessity, not our concepts.
Presential existance is what we make contiguious to Ego.
We cannot appreciate the daily miracles because we have a sore thumb - we always have a sore thumb.
Reality is not apprehended through our conceptions of it, remains a mystery: our concern is making our own form of reality.

531. EVERYTHING returns to its source? Probably, and most certainly if we are originators. All things change all the time and develop from the simple into vast complexities so we are uncertain of their origins.
532. IS THE originator greater than his works? Let us have – Hope, Faith and Charity.
533. A TOUCH of lusty levity cures the illusions of our hemianopic moralities, sensibilities and righteousness; for *the life-force is not blind* – we are.
534. IF GOD is manifest in all phenomena, our reactions have outstripped the Devil himself.
535. IF OUR ETHICS were as logical as our techniques and methods of design they would at least have appropriateness.
536. WHETHER the psyche develops with the body, or whether a transmutation occurs or is created by us, matters little as long as we endow it with God-like form.
537. CHAOS wedlocked to chaos gave birth to order.
538. THERE IS no impossibility as to what 'form' conscious life may take. Because of our infinite relationships, potentialities are there. The shapes of form are not yet exhausted and there are no miracles beyond living matter. Though flesh in its most radiant beauty is miraculous, it does not imply that Nature has exhausted all possibilities of pleasuring in flesh.
539. YOU ARE still inchoative, unfit for eternity, hence you face changes and changes...
540. WHETHER you behave as common stone or as precious jade, be expedient unto all men. Hence in Rome do not necessarily as the Romans but adroitly be yourself.
541. MATERIALISTS state that "mind is the accidental product of matter", which is equivalent to saying that a chair – or any human-made object – accidentally produced man and the mind, *and* the reasoning that reified it. Materialists have to swallow their own statements. They use their intelligence (such as it is) to deny mind's existence! Our evidence of separate existence lies in our reaction to things; my feeling is my apperception, i.e. Ego; for what I feel is 'consciousness as I', which may *not* be felt by anyone else.



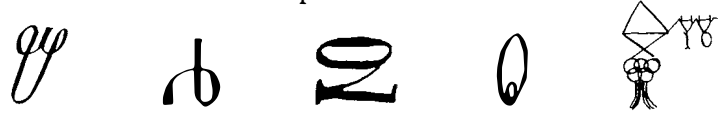
542. SYMBOLIC cosmogony: the Absolute alone is arbitrary; the design of Cosmos and Creation is Its work. The Soul reflects the whole, refracting it partitively into the mind which becomes the storehouse of experience as Memory. Thoughts are the evoked past images regrouped and patterned by the reasoning faculty. These transferences act on their vehicle, the body. This multiple impact causes the things we call life, and degrees of consciousness we name Ego (self) which ultimately 'takes over' and becomes a synthetic imitation or analogy of the *whole* – always 'as if', conclusively but never conclusive.
543. THERE HAS always been this self-subconscious doxology: "I believe in the Arabian Nights", or "in all my wishful thinking", and this is certainly as near truth as any other truth – usually more so. Truth is – what we make truth.
544. PASSION is purchased by passion.
545. WHEN WE exploit the extent of solitude we find it is more crowded than a great company, and the abode of our own realities. There is no retirement from solitude and we fear it when conscience is actively malignant.
546. WHEN WE find a friend in ourselves our enemies are powerless.
547. THE SEXUALLY indolent are as moral suicides; they waste themselves for small appetites, and those who fret the flesh shall be cursed by something worse.
548. I LOVE the greeting smile of Gods and strangers – I never know what it may mean!
549. TO PROFIT from the Soul is as difficult as evoking it.
550. ONLY dominant desire shall compel us to do successfully what we want to do.
551. EVEN knowing better, when self-forgetful we live on borrowed clichés.
552. ACCEPT a favour only by imposing one.
553. THE WISE read, think, and accept as an opinion, as evocative merely, never as truth or as a conclusion for themselves.
554. CONVENTIONS, habits, fashions, make us either outmoded or servile to them.
555. MAN'S unpleasured reasons have cut loose and he is lost in a world of mad hatred.

556. MAN is rather to be defined as a perversion of himself... living as if everything gave support to his untruth. Being corrupt, it becomes a virtue to disobey ourselves.
557. WE HAVE the false hope that death will stop all other calamities.
558. LEARNING teaches us how much we may lose in the process.
559. IF OUR virtues are generally faults carried to excess, it is because there is a little badness at the beginning.
560. WHEN WE see a great work of art – we live again.
561. PSYCHOLOGY has become the best seller – the modern work of bawdy fiction.
562. KNOWING ourself is like sleeping with a dragon.
563. WE KNOW little of truth yet there is nothing without it.
564. THOUGHTS direct and words govern our lives.
565. ALL SECRETS of Nature are kept by a kind of telling: they are under our nose.
566. SYSTEMS and logic become a conspiracy against originality, so great ideas are ill birthed.
567. ALL of us would be lost in freedom.
568. FRIENDSHIP is the best mutual self-indulgence and the only necessary correlator of all contacts. To begin with, be friends with yourself.
569. MAN is the unnotable exemplar of much more than he ever remembers.
570. LIFE proceeds only by its ability to create *difference*, nothing would emerge from the same damn thing after another.
571. WHEN OLD memories are stimulated by some ephemeral event, thought responds and we can *force* thinking by association and be fully conscious that we are doing so – matter being the vehicle of mind. To this fractional extent we can control the content of memory.
572. FAULTS made habitual become our idioms and style.
573. NOTHING easy has much new substance or growth.
574. THE ETERNAL alternations compel our untruth, unless we re-orientate.
575. TO FEEL and to understand are an equation.

576. THE MAIN premise of Religion is the demanding of complete acceptance by faith of a dogmatic thesis and conclusion, an 'as if' that explains the abstracts and mysteries of life. As proof, it is asserted that God, or Cause, being so miraculous in its/his workings as to be beyond comprehension, over-rides all bafflement at contradictions and incongruities. I admit: Nature has accomplished the impossible – has she not created man? If you can so delude yourself, and stomach this stuff, it 'works' partially – which means that the poorest 'as if' conation is better than non-belief, and gives *something* – if only a shadowy postulation in death, or *a palliative by psycho-paralysis* in life.
577. THE INBETWEENNESS of cause and effect is a sensuality: we are always experiencing more, or less. Experience is interjacent to all purpose and desire and only partly disclosed to Ego. Real and vivid experience goes deeper, oft-times within lightning reactions, as when the mind releases an obligatory entity, a 'thought-symbol' reconciling or destroying fallacies, for the upstep of values.
578. FOR MOST the path of life is Oesophagism – an end, not a means. But the mind is more omnivorous and may extend or limit, to transmute the psycho-somatic.
579. SCHIZOPHRENIA is normal, we all have it: men and women are modified forms of each other and retain a remissness or too much of the other – sexual congress a making whole. Where abjured or frustrated, schizophrenia may become pathological. There is also the fact that we are constantly amalgamating our past selves; the dead live on and reincarnate in us. We are many people. The 'split personality' is not usually a sharp division of our good and evil, often more equal as such, or one a little worse than the other. Usually the sublated personality is the better half: hence impulsive and secret acts of generosity, hidden and unasking love, etc., from the least expected. The pathological type is very rare.
580. IT IS NOT things themselves but others connected with them that stimulate man's hatred... so man hateth the otherness which he encounters in himself.

581. "THE MIND in repose becomes the speculum of all creation": We hear too much about relaxing and 'meditation'. My mind (and I expect yours) works in reverse – the stimulus is from without – always chaotic, procreative and spatial of strange conjunctures; and 'repose' a period of fatigue or sleep, a renewal of the *tension* necessary for contexturation of creativity.
582. THE QUESTION is, *how* do we *know*? "Realize thyself", "Know thyself" – which self or which part? Such statements are pathetic fallacies. How much of such knowledge is possible, helpful or necessary? And what lies and delusions we create in the knowing! Better for most to unknow what they think they know – for their own good. It doesn't need a biologist or a psychologist to tell us that the mind contains strata of atavistic vestiges which, with encouragement, may degenerate into the foulest anomalies – just give the Ids their chance! And we also know that we may curb our greedy appetites by redirection and by the placing of our real values outside them, thus cultivating our better potentials. Yes! – fundamentally, everything is as simple as that, and there is little need for Witch-doctors. Without their 'Bell, Book and Candle' one could go on laying these manufactured ghosts – the catch-phrases of *patho*-psychology. What is appropriate to normalities is so ungeneralizable, trivial, and transitory as to be almost a worthless denominator. Different forms of control and environment cause different behaviour in people, *but* our mutation now is a choice for *man may be the arbiter of his genes*, and Ids, if he so desires. There is still a period in our lives when we are again malleable and acceptive and easily transformed again to good or evil.

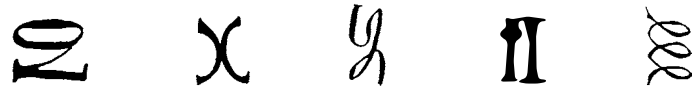
583. WE SURROUND our acts with such a palaver that no thought is pure: a clearance, reorientation, purgation and re-believing becomes necessary to disentangle desires. So, conation often entails a struggle resulting in abortive and strange after-births. Therefore weed out the clinging hindrances of prejudices, conventions, creeds that have intertwisted in the processes of thought, desiring a body which stultifies your ability and makes strangers of your words and acts, and a solecism of the inbred urge. We must make an Abraxas of our desire, to foil all irrelevancies.
584. EVERYTHING in this world may be easily evoked and obtained through evil, which, being contagious needs little evoking because everyone is relatable to it by their correlatives.
585. I AM the power of my desire (Id).
586. GODS do not die but our belief in them dies through the absurdities we attribute to them. Our changing is usually a renaming and a reclothing of Them with new attributes.
587. THE GREAT sterilities: the Numen and the Humane in man – ever present are stercoraceous things of greed under other names.
588. THE NUMEN, the soul and the body never forsake you but you forsake them for a while.
589. WHEN ONE sees one's reflection everywhere and sees everything in oneself, one becomes a Stoic... or a backslider to all pretences.



590. THROUGH Mind is our all-reachingness and Thought is the copula; our technique for articulating desire is limited, bad or mad.
591. SOUL and mind are indifferent to our language but they answer all affectiveness when conveying pure sentiment.
592. BEYOND prediction are our uncommitted desires; none can show our unities except a reflector of our inmost desires and beliefs.
593. WHERE Ego goeth, there only is the sensation and perception of reality.
594. WE CALL certain things 'Acts of God', or 'Fate', whereas they are the workings of Equity from our own past good and evil.

595. WE MAKE words ambiguous by adding *our* meanings; qualifications become endless and few understand themselves or others.
596. THE ABSOLUTE creates Cosmos with its aeon; and Cosmos formulates itself dimensionally as the 'alwaysness' we know as existence – *the realizable reality* – presented serially, partitively; never known as a whole. We see only a fraction of this mighty reflection: with different times merging at any moment, and reacting from this recurrence of the 'then' to re-experience 'as now', by memory, with ever changing relationship of 'I am' through changing form, environment, desires and beliefs. The 'I' thus becomes kaleidoscopic, illusionary, refrangible, and we become lost to ourselves; we neither know whether we desire to lose or to find ourselves.
597. WE HAVE little knowledge of ourselves, and others appear more real than we are. We have little self-liking and hate our reflection in others, and we thereby become unreal. No man has seen himself at any time. There is great bathos in this search for our unknown self and our labour to create a permanent 'I'. We invent selves, a facade hiding what we seek. We live in a maze of re-recollection of and re-acting to the past, hence our dithering I.
598. ALL DIMENSIONS are equations of time and relate to shape in space. Conception is only possible through form, and Ego is our dimensional span.
599. TIME, emotion, and relationship – an eternal triangle.

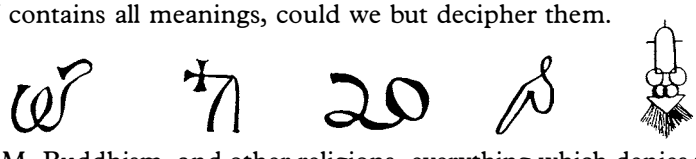
600. ALL THAT WAS once unconscious, intuitive or spontaneous, slowly becomes conscious, deliberate, or arbitrary. The casual (free) is the ideal. Verbal revelation always births harmful and specious dogmas.
601. WE WORSHIP most our unfulfilled emotional reflection.
602. THE FULL life is extremely partitive; the best things come unsought by complete acceptance of a particular thing.
603. THE MATRIX of 'thought' is hope and fear, obverse and reverse; man must ever crystallize his desires as *potentially* fulfiled.
604. PROGRESS depends not in running away from Nature, nor in combating it, but in imitating it by our synthesis. Nature is sufficiently plastic to give contexture to all probable desire – when we seek more extensive form.
605. POOR IDEAS need extravagant arguments to hide their poverty. Religious revelation is mainly hyperbole and promise without contexture of immediacy, and so almost worthless. Artists gave it what life and merit it had.
606. OVER greater things we scrawl as *gamin*, an absurd or vulgar calligraphy exhibiting our mean motives. Our ideologies have become a superstructure of mud rococo superimposed upon the classic work of Paganism or Nature.
607. REMOVE the conjunctions from a sentence and most of it becomes meaningless. It is our power of 'abstract' conjunctivity, as well as the copulative that gives *meaning* to things.



608. CERTAINLY our thoughts are not free in that we cannot know anything outside our past and present states, but we are mainly unaware of our past or present states or their extensiveness. Memory constantly unfolds and imagination is limitless. We think and believe whatever we desire to believe, whatever the motivation. There is nothing to stop us. We have the power to direct and control our desire, whether for the things of the body or the more abstract conceptions from the psyche as works of Art. With growing ability our thoughts are more free in that we gain certain powers of transference. To us, truth has relation to how much we believe of the things we would believe in.
609. ALWAYS TRUE: I know and know not, for when we make a 'meaning' all meanings become obscure, beyond our definition, and guessing becomes our technique. The simple becomes complex and our logic a tautology of qualifications that are apt to somersault to their opposites, and will transform our original order into chaos.

610. ALL EXPERIENCES are true for us to the extent we have realized of them. They ultimately become organic, hence the eternal recurrence giving further disclosures and the feeling that we have experienced them before.
611. MIND and body constantly constipating is a sign of permanent invalidism.
612. THE BEAUTIFUL face covers the skull, hence beauty is the out-product of the grotesque (no relation to ugliness).
613. WE BECOME like our desires: whether we desire like a God, a man, a beast or an abortion, we become akin.

614. THE CONSTANT process: illusions becoming true, and truths becoming illusions.
615. BOLLOCKS to Yoga: 'concentration' on one object is another 'illusion'. I've never managed it for a minute; perhaps morons are more successful.
616. WITHOUT stimulation from 'without' we easily become bankrupt of ideas.
617. RELEASE from evil is more by aesthetics than by asceticism.
618. LEARNED only of our solitude is a sound personal theology.
619. ALL THINGS realize sensationally: nothing comes out of anything except by unity.
620. BETTER to believe untruth than suffer the sterility of unassertability. To believe anything sufficiently makes desire connective.
621. ONLY impacts have meaning: their consequences are true and real.
622. THE 'AS IF' proposition as pragmatism: if I create the proposition that 'I am God' and the effects are extensively realizable and advantageous, then autistic thinking has validated itself – all things are given sufferance and all 'otherness' becomes relatable or not to it. The repercussions become our future heritage and our good and evil.
623. RELIGION is now institutionalized fear and beggary of the Soul. Theurgy has neither quality, its aim is self-realization or becoming as 'God'.
624. THE STATE, the Community, and Democracy are fictions – a small and greedy hierarchy well hidden by political and religious façades, with all the abilities of others (by hire purchase) ready to serve their interests. Outside this, the public are all certifiable lunatics feeding on paraphrenic print and other literary trivia that bleat daily of democracy, or freedom, to rob them.
625. THE DIGNITY of man is that he is an individual capable of thinking and acting with virtue as from equity; from birth his chances are not hopeful...
626. WHEN OUR spiritual and material views of life are one, each tactual to the other, then half our absurdities, fallacies, wrong beliefs and judgements will cease.
627. SOME VEGETATE or stagnate, others gain complacency, all hoping for 'salvation'. Still others prefer to wander in chaos seeking no salvation but their way of life.
628. WHEN THE assertion is made: "It has always been that way", I say; "it need not be".
629. PASSIVITY or sleep, as temporary release from tension: Yes! – but no more.
630. BEAUTY contains all meanings, could we but decipher them.



631. QUIETISM, Buddhism, and other religions, everything which denies the flesh – is the great inferiority to God in ourselves, an escapism seeking sanctuary through fear of life and inability to accept 'this reality'. They were hurt? Or was the odalisque unsatisfactory or too expensive? They expected too much for too little, or were too mean to pay – therefore: "all is illusion". But the Stoic smilingly awaits the next shower of shit from heaven. Stoics are not Saviours, Saints or Heroes and are often confused and weary, yet they prefer to find their own way and to accept life as they find it. The schizophrenics, the melancholics and psychotics – they at least are secretive and inflict no religions on others. They prove the possibilities and utilities of 'as if' when totally accepted.

632. I AM, therefore Ego alone exists as myself, never as all things simultaneously though all things are in me – appearing and disappearing. The mind is amoral; we determine our own good and evil which in turn predetermine our partitiveness and unions. Man obtains through those unions which culminate in near reality when pleasurably metapsychic – always yielding further possibilities: our source of continuous discovery and revelation.

633. THE ESSENTIALS for fashioning a work of art: natural affinity with media and the object, ability to feel deeply, and unbiased seeing co-ordinated by enthusiasm and continued effort. Technical skill will follow. Also, it must be a necessary act (i.e., the urge to put down on paper or to paint must be overwhelming).

634. WHEN CRAFTSMANSHIP employs superlative technique then it becomes virtuosity, an artistry equalling any form of art.

635. WHAT IS Abstract Art? Something we do not visualize or conceive before reification; something we feel different about rather than know; something that has to express and clothe itself by unusual means – perhaps by allegory, metaphor, or some form of symbolism.

Its processes are rapid. The meaning of the work we can but guess, yet we may be sure that its merits and truth are outlasting. There is little these days – few are sufficiently sincere to be worthy.

636. THE CHAOTIC mind is essential: Chang Tzu said: "The mind in repose becomes the speculum of all creation". Certainly a good condition for re-visualization of the known and perhaps for recalling to memory some relation from subconscious strata. My own and most people's periods of procreative and fulgurative ideas occur in a half sleep, as in dreaming, where I see a creation that differs from the apparent one, a kaleidoscopic chaos with every kind of intrusive image, tumultuous, with surging crowds of vague familiars from the labyrinth of mind. There are many other states of mind giving inspiration, often unexpected; as by the provoking of anger and resentment, to evoke oracles from the highest level of inspiration.

637. THE HOPEFUL invalid curses his sickness because he has lost the power of transference; pain makes him entirely self-centred and nothing is more devitalizing than such forced concentration.

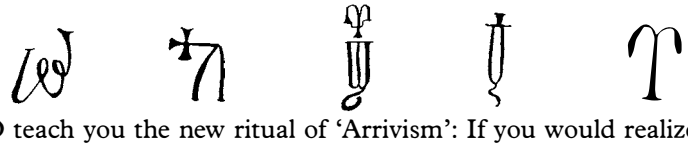
638. ONLY by making the seen supremely tactual and our source of conception can we express anything of the abstract or unseen.

639. EVERYTHING has the means of protection, nutrition and reproduction: the great adjunct is a possible rhythm to otherness – a symbolic dance of potentials – outside the blind cycle of the Ids; otherwise we are mere automata.

640. WE ARE as Gods according to our own ability. In this process or progress *away* from Absoluteness and *towards* man-conceived God we develop self-will, which must manifest by duality and where we again face another chaotic transition. This process has bred great individuals of all kinds whilst the bulk of mankind drifts on in unequal development – mainly sub-human. Thus, to be nearer our God-hood we must regress functionally and rely chiefly on atavistic impulses of the remote past until we are inspired by a pure instinctivism needing no other reaction than its own automatism. Hence, ideas of our being 'God-like' must be evoked by a process of *re-membering* backwards to the primal instincts till the first 'necessary one' is reached.

641. THE STOIC does not teach by exhortation or dogma but by exemplary acts: neither does he indurate himself by separation from the world and by emotional self-frenzy. His abstractions are spaciously amoral, vista'd acceptances, and if desired, analgetic. He is never lost when realizing himself in othernesses. He is a solipsist, self-dependent, demanding only from himself, seeking no privileges; which does not preclude his giving and accepting gifts.

642. ONE'S WHOLE BODY and being constantly exude proclivity in all directions for affective pleasure: the sensualist for objects of sex, the aesthete for beauty, etc. Man is generally purblind – few know what they seek, only what they infer as extrinsic. The Arrivist knoweth by exteriorizing the intrinsic, by evocation; for what is not implicitly effective is never explicitly affective.



643. I WOULD teach you the new ritual of 'Arrivism': If you would realize God you must first re-create your God within. You can become God by expurgating – for what is without is an exhausting-transudating past.

644. THE IMMORAL asceticism: having suffered they shut out the world of reality, as the means of *personal salvation.* If there *is* salvation it is through *mankind.*

645. THE NORMALITY of life is a pastiche of unsituated occasions seeking transient or temporal alliances by exclusions. There is a constant process of re-sensitizing for interrelating towards novelty: every aesthesis is a potential creative prehension; promiscuity is change – our readaptation to new events for emotional ingression by affinitive pleasure – selection is predetermined by possibility from a like experience.

646. SHIT: jumpers to conclusions, generalizationists, malapropists, dream-fed wishful thinkers, self-hypnotized ideologists, materialists, Maya-mongers, zombie-zenists, the dirty-tedious apologists of Gods and men, and many other "schools" – all destroy their own arguments by having to make use of that which they deny. Thus: "Know that nothing can be known", which at least implies that you *know* that you cannot know. I assert that that Knowledge is the potential of knowing ultimately all things. Again, "all is illusion", "all is unreal". "the intelligence is false", "we have no direct experience of personality"... *ad nauseam*. And so we have the *reality* of illusion as one delusion falsifying another. For if the reality we are all aware of is unreal and we, illusionary automata without personality, and everything false, how can we know *whether it is illusion or know of an Absolute from our unknowableness*?

647. BUT! We are of the Absolute, *in as much as*...! Otherwise, neither you nor I, nor our mental powers, are any 'different' from the amoeba or indeed a speck of protoplasm. Or is there a *difference*? And therein lies the answer. If we cannot know what is *the* truth, then perhaps we can establish a negative, i.e., know what is inessential to truth? The answer is both and neither, for *all things are essential to truth* because *all things are true*. How could anything be untrue? Our 'confusion' is that we wrongly *relate* them in time and place. Moreover, Truth (for us) is always enwrapped in our belief, whatever it may be. But, if I cannot explain the Truth – for it would slip away from me – then I can truly assert *I am the living truth.*

648. WITHIN THE PRISON of dimensions and the cage of words we feed as necrophagists on our catch-penny phrases. The reality we all see and relate to – in its expansion, contraction and superimpositions – is still unexploited, undisclosed; yet whatever we demand of this 'reality' shall come out of it. If you demand of Nature, autonomy, be sure you will receive a little more than you can stomach. All this glib denial of experience is self-defeating: are you not now experiencing my knowledge via your own reasoning faculty – or are you a mackerel?

649. THE 'EVIDENCE' of all things is consciousness *that is personal.* Most of our positive or unitary knowledge from experience has become unconscious, organic, and functions automatically. It is not normally presented to perception except when we are distressed or inspired. There are divergent ways to knowledge, and many kinds of knowledge and truth. Only effort towards truth discloses truth. If there are no conclusions – though things evolve, devolve and involve – things are ever complete ('as if'), the 'as now' always is. We do not say that that microbe is a man or has the potentiality of a man, although we may assert that man is a recurring form of parasite having for himself and his kind the greatest hatred.

650 LIFE IS not a means to an end, but a transference to other means... transcending or regressing.

651. THERE is no greater evidence of weakness and inferiority than that of greed. The creative man gives much and desires little, while the bankrupt, decaying and diseased, need s every privilege and the world to succour him.

652. A GENIUS is not a person who has more or finer ideas than another, but one who is able not only to visualize but to incarnate them.

653. EVERYONE desires to escape from themselves – by any or every means – a sublimation that leads them back to themselves.

654. THE EXTERNAL Cosmos is an unlimited mirror of Ultimate Consciousness, i.e., expanding Ego.

655. ILLUSIONS, delusions and fantasy, whether of normality or of schizophrenia are the adumbrations of a para-reality sensed by aesthesis.

656. WHEN I FAIL to see myself in all things, *then* shall I pray for enlightenment.
657. THOUGH LIMITLESS, Space is faveolated and nothing escapes its closets. Space limits and makes all partitive; we are an experience of entity which so realizes. Beyond Time is limitless entity and potential Identity.
658. ACCEPTANCE of all things extends outwards our character, through all negations to ultimate poise.
659. SENSE impressions yield inferior knowledge unless vitalized by affectiveness from the psyche.
660. MAN at one with Nature is inconceivable, duality is our way, Prometheus our apotheosis.
661. SUPERMAN died with Pantheism – since then we have had only invalids and salvationists.
662. FEAR NOT the Gods, Life or Death, but your own cowardice and all cowardly men.
663. ALL KNOWLEDGE moves towards bloodless categories and nominalism; an argument for occasional saturnalia.
664. I BELIEVE that the whole paraphernalia of psychology, with its fixations, complexes, phobias, etc., would collapse like a rotten façade with the breath of healthy environment and wise education. By "explaining" the failure of man's behaviour and patho-mental processes it oversteps what has determined or planted its cause.
665. THE STING of harsh criticism or of those things that cause us to revolt, release spatial responses, and when deeply felt become a means of inspiration and audaciousness – as do the silent passages of deep meditation.
666. WHATEVER we invite or accept of our own thought must first of all be expressed as a memory-metaphor. The figures and forms of our less deliberate expressions become, when persistent, the personifications of our abstracts.
667. AESTHETICS are a reality – more permanent possibilities of sensation.
668. ANY CONCEPT of reality is unanalysable, yet through the whole physical world there runs an unknown content which must be tactual to consciousness – for it gives it reality.
669. MANKIND returns to its old self by the path of its deviations: faith in genetic systems gives substance to audacious ability.

670. IF THE HEART decay, pleasurable life ends and a deadly race of elementals shall incarnate, protecting their powers by cruelty and nihilism – gross human minotaurs. Exterior protection favoured the development and condition of such primaeval elementals. The human social state is not aware of this precedent, thus the transference of powers to varied conditions of human providence is dangerous.
671. POVERTY of Art and Philosophy leads to great evils, and knowledge is "justified" only as the model for greed; ideals, and life itself, are belittled.
672. THE UNKNOWN substrate of human cognition is inspiration – all knowledge is subsequent.
673. GENIUS is obsession, a form of love committed to life, reshaping and conserving itself by resisting bravely those things which interfere with its function.
674. WILL is but lent to us and we put it to noble or to base ends; our good and evil stalk us and predestine our becoming.
675. IF WE ARE begotten of inconceivableness we are kindred.
676. THINGS that are ends in themselves tend to emotional extremes and collapse.
677. GREATER certainties begin where logic ends.
678. THROUGH our inability to attain the factual absolute, we of necessity seek the abstract – an antithesis of spatial merit.
679. "I AM" is implicit in "I desire", and awaits the influx of "I will": conation begins when these are in harmony.
680. IN ADDITION to merely immediate futilities, knowledge aids our ability to conceive desirous abstractions and ideals, to seek development from the contiguous and to join experience with old memory.

681. THE ONLY mediator of the soul is automatic anoesis.
682. "I AM I" only if "You are You" – will be a new apperception.
683. BEING more dependent on instinctivism, inspiration, etc., as emanating from the Supernal, needs no knowledge to shape it until its final development.
684. THE SENSE of identity is stimulated by contrasts, because the more undifferentiated the less possible is self-realization. All things appear ephemeral except Ego – our spontaneous tribute to continuity.
685. OUR CONTACT with the soul recedes by articulation: the phraseology of the soul is not ours, but some baffling simplicity of parallels which may be graphed.
686. IN A MAD world mad fictions almost become essential, and I, for one, believe that it is not essential to survival to have such madness.
687. THE SELF and the blade of grass are still potentialities in vague eternities.
688. THE DAMNED course I run: this word-infected mouth has only uttered "I am I" in every sphere; yet, overburdened with pretences, ills and fears, seeks sleep awhile – that sweet release.
689. NO DOGMA senses the infinite or reveals much; religion is quantity of feeling. Real belief is not taught but *recollected*: belief to be real must be profound – more even, a psychic experience, not lip-avowal.

690. MAN'S function is not only to catalogue existence but, by artistry, to enjoin the aesthetic and the ethical as logical social functions. The uncommitted life turns out to be deeply wedlocked to life itself.
691. LOGIC refutes its own syllogisms; we fly madly from experience to religion whose only alternative is another form of mania.
692. THERE IS a deliberate type of madness which requires more effort than to be sane.
693. MAN is a chaos of strange paradoxes, an accomplishment of lies and pretences proportionate to his knowledge.
694. HUMANITY sanctifies any cause.
695. DREAMS are of so many diverse categories that any one means of interpretation gives equally illogical results.
696. THE CONTINUUM of memory is so interrupted by alternations of consciousness that re-remembering is a constant mechanism of visualization precipitated by our hopes and fears seeking flesh. One memory discloses another, and, when extremely recessive may appear precognitive: all things foreshadow their advent.
697. FROM THE fringes of consciousness there comes no certainty of what we shall imagine next; only this is certain, it will be something that succeeded previously but with a different intensity or merit.
698. OUR INSTINCTS condition our appreciation of beauty, and the fact that feelings affect our welfare predicts further changes of ethical concepts.
699. AN ADOPTED aesthetic culture, when foreign to our native ability, is a disastrous commitment: false unities breed ugliness and abortions.

700. ART is a means of experience by abstracts that cannot be validated by other means.
701. WE ARE in the belly of the universe however much we suffer digestively.
702. ALL IDEAS, conceptions, abstracts and hypotheses are assumptions from factual premises, but often so badly rendered as to be worthless.
703. THOUGHT processes are derived from immense incongruities though corresponding abundantly in meaning with emotions: conception is this sentiment becoming mosaiced.
704. ALTHOUGH *of* space we have little spaciousness.
705. INSPIRATION is the successful colonization of unities beyond our prescribed sex.

706. IN THE END, we reason that the objects of which we have no conscious experience are relative to those of which we have.
707. THE ARGUMENT that every strong and peculiar expression is merely mental hyperbole does not explain our correct though instinctive apprehensions, inspirations – and certain dreams.
708. ALL BELIEF in the extraordinary proceeds from our once-virgin astonishment at existence itself which induces a propensity towards the marvellous that receives a check only by redirection and relearning. But our reasoning and our learning are both forged by presumptions. If experience gives authority to testimony, recognition by ideas does the same.
709. WE ARE never fully aware of things except by the influx of sexual Will awakening us.
710. PAIN and pleasure: neither exists without a medium. We make our own evil – there is no malignity in Nature. Man, in his efforts to violate Nature is himself violated.
711. TRUTH is an equation of time-space; untruth is unrelated to immediacy.
712. LIFE is insatiable desire, persistent yet ever-changing. It strives for expression by dramatic unities. We are afraid of it by heaped-up conventions and even stranger ethics.
713. THE FAMILIAR induces fatigue-indifference; let nothing be seen in this manner. Let seeing be as vision – every sight a new seeing. Fatigue is far less frequent when this is the constant attitude.
714. SINCERITY is difficult in the stress of transitory modality and the kaleidoscopic chaos of near and belittling events.
715. WE BELIEVE only as deeply as we have experienced of the believed.
716. ALL things fornicate all the time.
717. ...AND REMEMBER, you shall suffer all things and again suffer: until you have sufficient sufferance to accept all things.
718. OUR UNDERSTANDING – indeed all art and science – is fundamentally a relationing and synthesizing of everything: Identity by identifying.
719. ALL THOUGHT-PROCESSES, whether stimulated by objectivity or by subjectivity, must finally become a spacious metaphor revealing the whole cosmos and everything in it as interwoven and interdependent. Its apparent duality and separateness lie in our own concept or in ourselves – a delegation of transference to become increative.
720. ANY SYNTHESIS we make is of selected parts redesigned as a whole, never a sufficient consummation. Our processes of cognition are arbitrary or casual because nothing is presented as logical sequence. This does not infer illogicality because we do not comprehend either relationship or nexus. Whether it is our purpose to link with utilitarianism a correct sequence of relationships, or whether to be more audacious and translate our valuations into an ideal of greater reality – is our choice.

721. IDEAS of an abstract God are just as anthropomorphic as any other, but more backdated.
722. MATHEMATICS are a form of human logic – an arbitrary thesis which of itself evolves nothing and proves only possibility.
723. THE SEEING of an object is the presence of an idea in thought...
724. AMIDST the chaos of spatio-temporal phenomena we are sense-blasted, shaken to our very depths by arguments of good and evil – "Do that, don't do this!": adumbrations of the conceivability of our immanence is lost.
725. DARKEN your room, shut the door, empty your mind. You are still in great company. The Numen and your genius, with all their media, and a host of elementals and ghosts of your dead loves – ARE THERE! *They* need no light by which to see, no words by which to speak, and no motive for communication except your own purely formed desire.
726. NOT *what* we believe, but *how* deeply and sincerely is the question: without belief nothing can inhere.
727. RELATIONING, not religion, is the need; religion has always a wrong self-righteousness.

728. MANY ROADS have been fashioned yet none lead towards Self. Therefore, when in company, take the eclectic Path; when alone, take the oblique to the known.
729. GOD-SOUL-BODY has no more precedency than the reflector, the reflective and reflected. They are interdependent, dependent, and independent – becoming spatial in space, alternating in time, combining and separating endlessly; seemingly casual as the way of the Life-force.
730. WE CANNOT fathom more than the believable – that is our level of ability – but it does not preclude our feeling more.
731. EUPHONY is formulated sound. Wisdom cannot articulate in a flood of words but may express itself in some resounding word-graph to cipher a mystic meaning.
732. SEE THAT your in-breathings are of purity so that your out-breathings are not foul. I have indrawn all foulness, but my exhalations are not *that* bad. As human beings, all we absorb – psychically or bodily – forms its own excretion.
733. THE RATIONALE of our beliefs and acceptances usually spring from pretentiousness or misconception, never as compensation for our failures. Therefore, do not believe in God because you have failed to realize yourself, but believe in God in order to realize that concept in yourself. Even though the first stimulus comes from without, there is in this way more likelihood of response.
734. EVERYWHERE the juke-box wails "I got rhythm, I got music...!" and everyone asserts that he is as good as everyone else. Yes! – rhythm with what? The blind-worm cycle? And as good as who? No man is equal to the gods, neither his soul nor his better self. If superior to another, the virtuous man does not state it, concerned as he is with his inferiority.
735. FROM THE phenomenal-alogical world we infer our paralogism, hence our fictions are provable, or not, by such casuistry. Our fiction of geometry must therefore be our method of proving fictional evaluations.

736. FROM THE amoral phenomenal world we form our ethics. If (as usually stated) it were a virtue to cultivate one's talents and endowments as a means of self-realization, does the natural liar become the best or worst of liars? The answer is that there is a 'free point' where such imaginative ability may be transferred to artistry, i.e., social validity. Means, methods, and technique may fault or determine the ethical quality of expression. The only pragmatic sociability of things is aesthetic truth. If a thing is beautiful we are with it.
737. ACCEPT the illusive phenomenal world as the reality of connative hyle and sensational flesh opportuning. Accept the introspective domain as the *abstract procreative*, predestinating, and equally real. And so make things that *give*...
738. OUR DESIRING causes a necessity. We cannot otherwise want, conceive, make or cause necessity unless we already have it within us, and we can evoke that thing only by functional means, i.e., by believing in a 'meaning' which we read into it. The phenomenal is the positivistic fiction of thought, the absolute negation of reality. Therefore, the Cosmos – being the negative form of Absoluteness – we (I) invert the concept, either accepting it as positive (real) and being negative to it, or being positive to it, as if negative, or with some other mentation equally valid. Then, the magician's stance is in 'as if', and presuppositional.
739. THE PHENOMENAL world (not 'as it is in itself') is the only 'real' world we know and is entirely apparent, neither explaining nor revealing purpose, meaning etc. We imitate, compare, receive spurious impressions, and try to co-ordinate differences from which we make a synthesis and call it 'knowledge' – mere pretensions of partitive impressions and personalizations of truth with or without intentional or affective experience.
This method of co-relating constitutes our Ego of flabby presuppositions – a concretion of preferential values determinative of validities and abstractions as good, bad, indifferent, etc., from a world of indifferents. But the real world, the actual 'thing in itself', is nearer – e.g., Ego as the subjective and only reality that is not a pretentious supposition. Thus, any per-

sonalization, image, induction, deduction, or transfer from objectivity (or subjectivity), will become valid as appearance. Therefore it is epistemological and ontological, made within Ego; its law (must be) *unnecessitarianism*, until I so determine, for this world I so make...

740. ...WITHIN MY right hand is allness, within my left – nothingness. Crumbling both within my fingers there shall spring forth all the yous in thatness, or not, as I so will. Belief is the lever and fulcrum to lift the world – to shift the axis of being.

741. WE have within us knowledge of all we have experienced yet we cannot cognize it unless *re-lived*. What we have within us we cannot realize unless stimulated by some experience from without: a rule of regurgitation.

742. MAN leads two lives (two-faced mongrel), imaginary and more or less real. He has marked preferences for his suppositions; he fears or resents everything that makes him feel inferior and therefore grasps everything that gives him a sense of superiority. Man, as standing unpretentiously for what he is, is inferior to none – beast, man or God; which makes the whole thing an absurdity. Man lies to defeat his defects; he deceives a few, but himself most; paradoxically, because he is actually far more than his pretences. He who 'pretentiously' says he is God, says far less than the truth. His syntax is at fault... he is only what he formulates as be-livable as God.

743. THE ALL-WISE mind permits us any absurdity; yet power is given to all self-believers whether for good or evil. Should it worry Cosmos if we act the Goat, or fall, in our vicious circle? Therefore, believe in yourself altruistically and your contingencies will be equal to your ability.

744. THE NET of Space enfolds us, its meshes are close when our contraceptives are evil. Here is hilarity: we prefigure ourselves! What do you expect to be, in inverse ratio to your pretensions?

745. MAN is consanguineous to all creation, his likeness is everywhere. The Universe, Sun, Moon, Earth, all they germinate, and all metempiric 'beings', serve or succour him at some time: *all* – his heritage and *the everlasting past* into which man functionally prolapses. Life is maintained by eternal impact and convertibility, a metamorphosis for perfection of function. Man has become a sur-mammal mainly by the form and perfection of his hands: his best shape permits his renaissance to perfection as man; but even his most ideal form is deficient for any kind of Godhood.

746. BUT MAN is also something of a stasis, for his forgetfulness ever exceeds memory, and his summation is *always half-knowledge*. Yes, not even the half of it. We know little or nothing of the aftermath and ultimate of thoughts and deeds. Whether amalgamating, exhausting or developing, nothing ceases, but changes in its form of existence and eventually returns to the instigator... thus we increase or diminish.

747. THE DEFECT of all our conceptions is that they manifest a feeling for particular forms and show little feeling for the whole. What we embrace is obvious stuff, suggesting much or little – seldom is it subtle, illusive, or suggestive of the spacious, unplumbed, circumambient abyss we never succeed in enclosing, but which encloses us as an Identity in time-space.

748. MAN has already fallen exhausted at the foot of a mountain of littlenesses, facts, figures, knowledge, nominalism, categories, etc., which have served only to excuse and to fuel the miseries of greed. So, every believer in Art, Beauty, Mystery and Magic is my brother. They at least are great geocentricists, anthropocentricists. Their reasons and conclusions do not refute their logic or syllogisms, having one Truth only. They do not fly from experience and lapse into faith because of failure. They believe in the Ego, always guess their Ideas or await inspiration from the Soul.

God: either a perspective predicament or the becoming potential self personalizism, when as 'attitude' – is the evaluated (suppositive attributes), has little tenure (tensional form of duration in Ego): (e.g.) Our word media of conveying meanings ex., desires seeking substance, neither entices, converts, enacts, only conveys back little or nil. (e.g.) God ex Mind ex Ego as alogicial, responds by uninterpretable parallel cyphers: an impersonated sympathetic synthesis of hidden within meaning (as self ~~to self~~).

(God) nothing as neither is never either, and neither-neither: either knows neither by neither-eitherness: So (as if I) neither knoweth either ... therefor when I so make an uncyperable geometric cryptograph + it is a 'neither' ex., unrelatable to thatness – becomes an either (unpredicting) ex, true form, as such, must seek function from own thisness and with reform substantially original meaning (prediction from)

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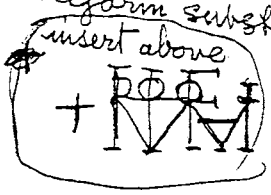


749. DREAMS show us a vent which we have not explored. Ego is our only reality – of which we know nothing. Inspiration comes in flashes but experience is constant.

750. THE ABSTRACT-ACTUAL is a belief, and, being believed is true; therefore, suppositions believed become substantiated by intangible hyle. There is only infinite actuality, and truth is what we make it: our inexact juxtapositing, blended with muddy interferences, baffle us and our inherences.

751. ZOS SPAKE THUS: *fornicatus benedictus!* The best things are obtained by spunk. But this method of copulation emphasizes merely one's separateness by means of another – and not reality as-it-is-in-itself. It commands us to feel freely and deeply without restraint until worn out with the effort for unity. Still, what would you in a world of limited sex? No scrotum outlasts the morning...

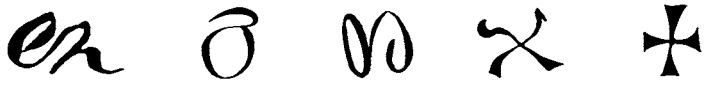
752. I AM a Pantheist 'as if', because I can conceive God in You and You in Me – a new Anthropolatory: God in us all and in all potencies. We *cannot* adopt the 'as if' and love all things as ourselves, but we can love ourselves 'as if' all things.

753. THE PRINCIPLES of Ethics could be Pan-integral, for any essentially 'logical proposition' is Ethical (i.e., equitable to everything else).

754. LIFE has many doors and there are many different Heavens. Death is one such door.

755. ALL KNOWLEDGE becomes *good or evil.* Our wonderment at spatial creativeness striving to glean or grasp something beyond the dimensional is more proliferant of significant Ideas and more effacing of low levels than any other form of 'conceiving'.
756. ANY STIMULUS may produce almost any response rectified by its functional direction and our ability of expression. Whether *stimulus* is from 'within or without' is beside the point: the body is a medium from a chain of medianimity that reflects what is put into it and reacts in a manner predetermined by the capability of the medium. All kinds of matter are permeable by other suitable kinds and energy is always either entranced or active in matter which, when saturated by it, formulates, differentiates and separates – and entity becomes...
757. PHYSIOLOGY and consciousness (body and Ego) are phenomena that occur, *not* as casually connective but as conjunctional all the time (in some indirect manner). Philosophy should awaken to the fact that science itself works on philosophical presuppositions but is itself no better off with its endless contradictions and diverse 'isms', often little more than 'idioms' of a 'particular'.
758. THE FLESH inherits all things.
759. THE LAST act man will forego is his sadism.

760. HUMAN inventiveness: Ego and Sin.
761. ALL virtues are expendable and dissipate easily, whereas evil is ever near and plethoric.
762. THE BEGINNING of Wisdom: "Wouldst thou be virtuous? Then search out thine own evil" (Epictetus) [Footnote: Stoic philosopher ca. 60- 110 A.D.] Thence the Stoic diverts his own evil to combat other evil. Yes, and casts his bread upon the waters, without thought of return: what hurt shall accrue? Virtue by stealth, fearless condemnation of evil.
763. OUR SIGNIFICANCE: a virus or an axial shift could destroy mankind totally.
764. CONSCIOUSNESS may result from a reaction to infinite impacts.
765. IF WE COULD define all the conceivable connections that a concept could imply we would have a complete definition of it. But what is a concept? It is essentially hypothetical and related to concepts; a visualized phantasm transcribed into word-image as a 'method' of cognition. All mentation is a special form of cognition, therefore any conceptual value within its own context is not true universally, but is true, conatively, as means or media.
766. TRUTH is a bogey; our question should be not whether true or not, but – is this a 'means of expression'? (the dynamic tempo 'as now'). Everything is a directional degree of functional purpose seeking 'means' of conative ability; therefore, if we can discover the correct medium for *anything* whatsoever – abstract or concrete – manifestation will follow.
767. THE MAGICIAN is Inscrutable: the verification of all inconceivable impossibilities which 'need not be'... but he IS.



768. DID NOT great Satyros tell me: "I am with you always, *your way*".
769. A THING produced by any thing is as natural (or unnatural) as that thing; what it does not reveal (either way) is latent within it. Therefore, if 'Nature' produced the butterfly and man, both have in them, revealed or not, each other. Therefore, whatever man is, he has within him whatever caused him.
770. THERE ARE words of everlasting lustre, sound sequences that may be alogical yet as near to Truth as it is ever possible to get.
771. CERTAIN sequences of sounds and signs, all of which have untrue meanings – could set this world aflame.
772. THE SHIFTING meanings of our intertwisted nomenclature, inexact references and ambiguities, have the virtue of spatial span and are evocative by selective expressionism having an emotional quality which gives aesthetic validity, whereas more formal phrasing would convey far less.

773. TRUISMS and generalisations are concretions of discursive cognition, dangerous outside their own framework. Hence the magician uses such means for expressive evocation, etc. Normal language is concerned with conveying to others deceptions, hopes, fears, knowledge, desires, etc., to cause changes and enactments, whereas magical language's entire concern is to obtain from the subconsciousness answers to requests (another form of prayer) by primitive symbolism. It is believed that such intercommunication is possible only by cryptographic symbols: a transference of the intuitive to the tactual.
774. MAN is a very mean measure of all he is liable to conceive, and of the forgotten residue of his experiences. All truths are dimensional (often of two) and always directional, but what we often discount or overlook is the elasticity and tolerance of forms (as now), and that at any time and place anything may be true or not. Relativity is no more true than not – therefore a thing is equal to its degree (in direction).
775. OUR FACTOR as 'constant as', is our belief as synchronizer (to instant instance). Neither time nor space actually expand, they merely alter relations by formal stages. We are those changes and relations, contracting, individuating, etc.
776. IF WE constantly circumambulated the span of our orbit we would never intersect or retrace our previous footsteps. We would be traversing a Sisyphean eternity; everything would be changed, including our form of apprehension: our constants, our differences to... and our ability to copulate somewhere. Ultimately, we do not so much desire to know the meanings of things as what they mean to us, but to know what they mean *in themselves*, as reality. The Stoic shares reality by tolerant acceptances. Such a quizzical attitude receives answers which – whether true or not – become the embellishments of life... as appreciating beauty where it concerns us. A thing that appears repulsive and ugly does so only in ratio to our degree of tolerance. A worm to a worm is beautiful – and it is unnecessary for us to turn worm-like to know it – we are already too worm-like.

777. NOTHING in Nature has been so maligned, castigated, wordily mutilated and destroyed, as man. Actually, I have my tongue in my cheek for I know that whatever has been derogated of him – I am worse. Man is man's only menace – and his only salvation. Man has little or no feeling for self-criticism or for criticism by others, and when 'fate' lands a heavy kick, his reactions are... !
778. UNHEEDED, the Ids stutter their meanings as desires and function through forms, and we shape our ideas by 'as tho', transforming our realities through our imperfect perceptions of them. Hence, Desire, Will, Belief, as functional, are more contrary than harmonious, the Ids always triumph, hiding our true function; they never die, only diversify. If you cannot stomach them in one way, you will in another. Truth is the ethos of our vast emotional complex reared on the structure of the Ids.
779. WE CAN predict man's conceits, a new variety of mentation, of analysis, etc. Yet none can predict man's next form (if any), but only possible reversions or higher general levels towards that which has been already reached. What is not perceived cannot concern us, although man generally is endlessly improvable. Man may be a stasis – sufficient: geometry exhausted. Man is the miracle of creation, there is nothing better than flesh, i.e., flesh at its best. It is our reactions that are at fault.
780. THE THESIS of Karma is the only *rational* explanation of fate – by abstract or other thought. Only the all magnanimous Stoic sayeth: All suffering is self inflicted.
781. I HOPE, very modestly, to remain eternally 'I am I'...
782. HAVING realized our reality, its potency, its vast heritage and the delegated supremacy of Ego – promising the surpassing of all limitations – we blink, close our eyes, seek for all littlenesses and harness our desires to the corrupt outgrowths of our Ids. Is there no antidote for self-poisoning from our substitute realities? There is only stupendous Reality to embrace: cease doubting! Death is a relatively small event in living – less and less in your infinity, your reality.
783. NO EXCOGITATION but instinctive guessing is still our best guide in the labyrinths.

784. WHEN WE appreciate vibrantly the vast significance of all creation, however small our understanding – then we are endowed with a measure of significance.
785. ALL EXPERIENCES are sensations by impacts. Man is basically dominated by his Ids (passions) and is entirely determined by his loves and hates. He would remain either static or destroy himself except that the *a priori* pushes him, willy-nilly, through his sense of morality and social convention. There is compromise.
786. DIALECTICAL and rational: The acceptance of all things, including Nature and our own small contra nature, everything as reality without reservations. Unfortunately we cannot swallow all this at one time, our form and aptitude preclude it.

787. ALL FORMS of reality appear to exist within their own rights. How much they derive from and rely upon unknown sources is guesswork. As a general observation, we can assert that everything acts as a means to everything else and that whatever is operating is of greater intelligence than ourselves. But, however much is disclosed to us is, comparatively, a mere iota of the whole. Everything is activated by a mind greater than its medium.
788. SELF-MASOCHISTIC-SADISM: Love thyself as thy neighbour.
789. THE LAW of genius is its own lawlessness; of truth, its own inspiration; of originality, its own necessity; of conation, its own spontaneity; of Nature, its own individuation, etc. In fact, work from your own alogical 'ism'.
790. IF WE prohibit others from thinking for us, and if we have little capacity for thinking let us posit our own belief, 'as if', and things in thought will think for us. Any part of a whole derives its ethos from the whole, and when so posited will function as a whole. Much of our mentation is a 'thing in thought thinking', so, go to sleep... And, when dead, all our bloody ideographs *live* for us...
791. I COULD not repent, I could not pray, or ask forgiveness, so gave others repentance, prayers, forgiveness, and repayed God also. How? By revealing beauty where not yet seen. I know nothing more ageing than 'logicism' – bothering to be logical.
792. CONCEPTS that have no sensuous form (reasoning, thinking etc.) spring from a latent geometry of our mentation: our geometry is the silhouette of *a priori*.
793. THE ONLY evidence that we were, are, or will be of God is 'presentient prehensiveness', for what cannot be conceived cannot be existent 'as now', but will be... so I bid you replace time by *your* immanence.
794. ...AND I, unhappy man, saw the 'energy ethos' rise from my dying cat, a dark astral, a reversed and inverted shadow. Dead stuff, the body, like tarnished food that by re-dressing cannot simulate again the magic aptitude of opportunity's stolen Life.
795. WE CAME out of eternity and absoluteness into time. Is there a returning? And what of our sentiment, the vast rag-bag of our emotional range – must these trivia re-enter? Do all our strivings and ideals count as nought? As the lover of flesh and humanity I prefer Time to Eternity.

796. THE SUPREME defeat is resignation. The triumph over death and all things is by fearless desire. There is not one thing obtains in this world except by effort and struggle to render desire. The born genius is only spending the virtue of previous effort.
797. THE GODS do unto you whatsoever you do unto others; also, what you do unto yourself will be becoming to you.
798. BEAUTY appeals because it is the most rational thing we know.
799. TRUTH as the sentient, and Reality in all its forms, shapes a *quadra* and presents to view a spatial quinary: two profiles, many three-quarters, full face and backside. All theotheses give some sort of view, none the entire view, but a synthesis of all philosophy would give the most acceptable. Hence I accept not the circumviatory view of things but our

obliqueness as essential for any stance; our metamorphosis is by such reorientation from the stock-pile of acceptances...

800. WE MUST constantly create our duality – and constantly do so, willy nilly.

801. ANTI-CLIMAX of our purpose by allegory: the Potter and his wheel mean more to me than all the religions; he works from his necessity for the necessary, often giving exhilarating beauty from himself to others.

802. GODS, Soul and everything is *as flesh*, whatever the textures, and as concrete as our own. We are ever terms of existence whatever our fluxing consciousness permits. Those dupes who deny their flesh are either drug-sodden or self-hypnotized, have simply failed their flesh, afraid of life, would beg their sustenance and the *mind has tired of them.* They live as under a stone with their stinking theses. Again, I state that although all their wisdom and inaccurate visions are from the same source they are far less than when accepting the wisdom and beauty of the 'body' to which they owe everything.

803. LIFE seems a lengthy process of waiting for the materialization of oneself as representative of, and equal to, our ideal or desire, because we are ever as we are – *the realized* incarnation of our last self, forever...

804. SOME LAZINESS has this merit: while so, we are seldom predatory and interfering, and, perhaps like many, indifferent to much, thinking that success these days is no more desirable than failure.

805. THE LAW is so contemptible that its chief service should be to estimate its injustice.

806. THE ANCESTRAL SEA: constant ebb and flow, and ever causal – spawning. So like us, yet unstable with ever changing mood out-masquerading all masqueraders, all women; terrible, or as beautiful as crushed sapphires, glittering. It goes on for ever with serum-soaked ebb and flow.

807. TO WHOM the Ids obey – now is the moment when immanence is imminent.

808. WHATEVER the nexus between things may be, the effect is... a constant changing conjunctiveness.

809. NOTHING enters the mind save from experience. And how far back and forgotten the experiencing? And how far forward goeth the further experiencing? Is it some vicious circle of one experience, infinitely split, re-experiencing... so much?

810. LIVING according to any preconceived thesis or ideal may be as crippling as living up to any worn out shibboleth, cliché, or similar absurdity; the disguises of the Ids are many. Therefore the Stoic adopts his own virtue and behaviourisms to which (by singleness) he automatically responds. His instincts healthily revived, he smells out all falsity and fallacy. He does what he so wills and takes all responsibility – thus the virtue. *Do as you please, to whom the pleasing is the law.* Only what you enact has sincerity and the potent form of affection.

811. BETWEEN all things are strata of experience, stimulating by similarity the tendency to remember and to inherit. We emerge from one thing into another leaving a crypto-psychism of our knowledge which, ghost-like, lives on, adumbrating our fatalities whereby our past constantly re-enters us. What we reactivate is determined by our belief, will, desire, and action. Were I a vampire what somnambulists would I awaken!

812. WHEN THE great fatigue overtakes me, and life and myself tire of the poor media, judgement after death will be my least worry. Our good and evil live on; expiation will come with re-birth.

813. HOW MUCH I spawn! – as wind-blown, how little fertile.

814. WHEN PEOPLE tell me they have experienced everything... I gasp! What they really mean is this: these are the things *they* have known – usually of poverty-stricken unities and frustrations.

815. FROM CHILDHOOD until death we seek and enjoy a substitutive reality, unwittingly making a parallel. We instinctively imitate the fact that we are the substitute of a greater reality – ever seeking compensation by substitution, for being substitute; a double paradox.

816. BY RELATIVENESS we are as diatoms emerging from the ooze of becoming. Likewise by relativeness we are greater than anything we conceive or know. Our accomplishment is in our greater reality as individuals (by originality).
817. IF THE ABSOLUTE is absolute, nothing is impossible; which implies that arbitrarily – without necessity – the Absolute, like Jove, may take pleasure in contact with human flesh... why not? If we are to have the miraculous what then is more wonderful than giving dimensions to infinities?
818. WE SELDOM realize that life is a constant dramatic interaction of our visible unions and separations, motivated by our invisible unities and dissolutions. We awake to further indeterminateness.
819. THE BLIND still lead the blind. How frustrated are the materialists in that they cannot envisage the manner of the interaction of life on matter... thus resorting to the absurdities of Blind Forces and Accidental By-products! What knowledge Nature has disclosed they have abused in destructive beastliness – indeed, we all await annihilation. So, why should greater knowledge be given? Man has reached his full foulness – has become himself a blind force in an accidental by-product and, like Judas, betrays us for a few pieces of silver.
820. FOR THOSE who fear reality, life becomes belated and a staleness – an ever re-living of yesterdays in phantasy.
821. THE FRACTIONAL second is the path I would open... Magic is but one's natural ability to attract without asking.
822. MATHEMATICALLY, square and circle are zero forms – the symbols of eternity as 'Time-Space'; all shapes are their partition, combination, variation or asymmetry. The square is the rectified and utilitarian form of the circle; zero, the symbol of eternity as 'time-space'.
823. LIFE is the anticipated situation that never happens; our expectancies create a foetal wish that is never birthed.
824. WHERE BEAUTY and virtue are wanting, everything will be wanting but hate.
825. *MAN ever aberrates* – even his normalities! – mainly to compensate for his deficiencies, and often founds a shadow-world that accepts and reflects the assured survival of his weakness.
826. WHAT STUPIDITIES benight the assertion that *anything* was created unrelated to all else; if things were entirely separate, complete, they would be static and quickly exhausted. Life, growth, change, into and out of things to all possible transmutations. All things serve each other, willingly or otherwise. Yet we live by every means a partitiveness and make our ignorance as permanent as possible... and nothing seems more lasting than a lie.
827. WE ARE millions of yesterdays, and what appears autogenetic is the work of unknown mediators who permit, or not, our acts by the *mysterious chemistry of our believing.*
828. BEAUTY alone reaches simplicity because it is basically 'economy'. Envy overadorns, paints, ostentatiously clothes and transfers to mode. The naked figure is a more fluid and truthful beauty: hence to marry a 'face' is often to marry a fiction. Our work and behaviour is the truer portrait, the 'values' we live and give by.
829. WHEN THOUGHT dissociates itself from the correspondences and gradations between contrasting things, these will re-form abundantly with new correlatives as emotional content in our resultant process of re-arrangement; final representation is an asymmetrical balance. This 'seeing strangely' is the level of our genius.
830. SO, RIGHTLY OR WRONGLY, I think this: what was once free, casual, and formless seeks arbitrary laws, is precipitated into time and dimensional form with definite functional purpose and direction about which we can only guess – to realise all probabilities within definite limits – unreached yet.
831. ...THAT WONDERFUL first glance at anything which is fleeting but, if caught, suspires into great Art.

"Repugnance is the sentry standing right near the door to those things we desire the most."

SALVADOR DALI

SECTION TWO

The Zoëtic Grimoire of Zos


Witch esterizing
herself.

THE ZOËTIC GRIMOIRE OF ZOS

The Formulae of Zos vel Thanatos

First Formula: Of the White Sabbath – as first told me by a Witch[143]

ARGUMENT:
Actually there is neither a Black nor a White Sabbath: the ethical criterion of *all* acts is whether they are anti-social or so motivated. Where two or more of a kind of equal maturity and inclination enact for consummation, then, if harm they do it is only to themselves – which I doubt – and far less harmful than the practices of those who mutilate or deny their bodies in the name of a culture or a religion. The latter are invariably prophets or propagators of sterility,[144] whereas the one outward tenet of Witchcraft is silence to "unlike others".

The Sabbath is an inverse-reversion for self-seduction, an undoing for a divertive conation. Sex is used as the technique and medium of a magical act. There is not only erotic satisfaction; the sensualist is made detached and controlled until final sublimation; his whole training is submissive and obedient until, by cold amoral passion, he can transmute control and divert him- or herself where desired.

The Witch so engaged is old, grotesque, worldly and libidinously learnéd and is sexually attractive as a corpse; yet she becomes the entire vehicle of consummation. This is necessary to transmute the personal aesthetic culture. Perversion is used only to overcome moral prejudices or conformity; the mind and desire must become amoral, focussed and made entirely acceptive so that the life-force is free of inhibitions prior to the control. Thus, the Sabbath becomes a deliberate sex-orgy for the purpose of materialization: the Great Reality of 'as if' (wishful thinking). Sex is fully exploited: he who injures none, himself does not injure.

Finally: a culturally accepted criterion has destroyed more *affective* affinity than any other belief; but *he who transmutes the ugly into a new aesthetic has something beyond fear*. For the ethical pragmatist I can assert that this formula has never harmed me; on the contrary, by improved health and self-control it has made me tolerant, understanding and compassionate. It inspires and promises more than probability as possible, and is the only thing that has made reality magical and the magical, reality. Pleasure is in us and around us... now I beckon and it cometh unto me.

FORMULA:
This is always secret, communal and periodic; an enforced consummation for almost unlimited wish-fulfilment by lengthy voluntary abstinence, repression and sacrifice until release by mass sexual saturation, for one purpose: the exteriorization of a wish by a great saving and a total spending.

The hypereroticism induced by this grand-scale hysteria or saturnalia has an essentially sado-masochistic basis. Previous to the ceremony each celebrant has his or her allotted part, although it usually ends promiscuously and chaotically. The initiates are trained singly in their own parts and in the responses expected of them. They play a passive rôle, for the promise of untold ecstasy. *The Witches take the active part throughout*: thus the symbolic levitation by besom-handle.

There is a meeting-place and an elaborate ritual which is an extensive hypnotic to over-ride all inhibitions. Thus, smell, hearing and vision are seduced by incense and mantra (incantation and the ritual-ceremony), while taste and touch are enhanced by the stimuli of wine

and oral acts. After complete sexual satiation by oral, anal, or urethral means, there appears an exteriorized hallucination of the predetermined wish which is magical in its reality. No one can say precisely whether certain things happen or not, although each person may have very different and equally vivid experiences. Some form of levitation seems common to all. My own experience of many Sabbaths is that there is consummate exteriorisation and that subsequent memories are of reality.

All excessively sadistic acts are usually symbolised by genuine Witches, but what simulation there is is common to most erotic rites. The whole ceremony is based mainly on inverted orthodox religious services.

Doctrine and Credo

'Fornicatus benedictus! Almighty Ashmodeus, existent of Chaos, ominous be thy name, thy kingdom come through me on earth. Lead me into all temptations of my flesh so I may trespass greatly into thy ways by my desires: for thou art all sex-seeking unity, thou mighty genitalia of creation that knoweth no satiation – grant thou my wish, for thou art all power, ecstasy and actuality. Amen!'

A small talisman arabesque of the major erotic zones is passed around and kissed by all.[145] Then follows a short perverse communion, then a symposium with suggestive exhibitionism, libidinous stories and abreaction of sexual fantasies – developing into the real thing.

Synopsis of the Sabbath

Theory of Formula:
Differentiation is the stimulus of recreation, hence perversions and contra-practices are used to that end. Ceremony and Ritual are the matrices of form and order, the thesis being that by the act of 'as if' the wish is fleshed when magically charged. The act of exuviation is by transference to the powers of elemental automata as delegated by the obsessive mind. Thus reality may obtain, and for a while serve its own purpose. The ecstatic moment is used as the fecund instant of wish-endowment; for at that period of reality, the Will, Desire, and Belief are aligned and in unison. Faith is a form of compulsory autohypnosis which may build up and enter belief. The great believers have no need of faith – and we are all convinced by the flesh of things.

The Affirmation Creed

I believe: 'I become the potentialities where I made effort... the funambulatory way between ecstasies: The acceptance of all things, in entering all doors and the by-passing: Unto myself only the law I make – the good and evil I affirm: The relatability of all things to ego, the apotheosis of Knowledge in ecstasy: In the Gods and eternal flesh as all truth: That my way is the only way for me, however devious: That... which I have enveloped from me, shall come forth as a potent elemental to my aid.

And I believe without reservation in the preservation of my concepts as the media of Ego, from which all things ultimately become. Amen.'

We who are about to partake of each other, shall walk past all amorous sicknesses and deaths, for we are within the magical equinox.

Amen

We who proudly make unto ourselves every graven image, shall have great copulations and are allowed to love our Gods, for we know the Sacred Alignments.

Amen

We who do not crucify – nothing shall hurt us that is of the 'Nature': neither our comings and goings from the womb, for we have the Key to all aesthetics.

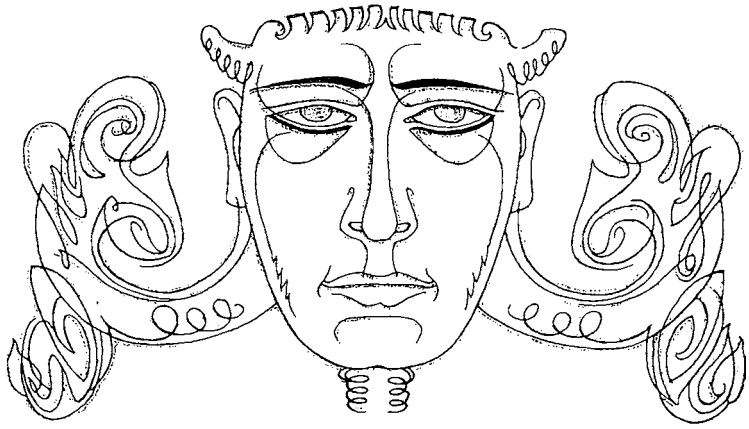
Amen

In this sacred moment (here occurs the symbolic eating of flesh and blood) we forget our enemies: therefore let our dead children sleep. And let our dead loves arise, so they too may watch and enjoy our ecstasies. Let their animation be power to our memories and so resurge all ecstasy, for in this day there shall be no inhibitions.

Amen

Thou insatiable peripheral quadriga of sex.

Amen



PRAYER OF ADORATION

Thou lambent spirit of Erh!
Thou hast kindled the sacred fire from dead ashes, so my torch lightens all darknesses.
Thou hast become the fulcrum of my will.
Everlastingly in Thee I know not respite:
Except in the sensuous impact of flesh, there are no meanings.
Thou hast awakened me into eternities.
Thou makest all things beautiful unto the grotesque.
Whom thou succour hath no sterility.

I am reborn and reborn into desirous becomings:
I have recreated my Soul by birthing pleasure.
Through Thee my will, desire, belief and word become the law
That carries me into the Catastrophic beyond becoming:
Thou the emissary of Neither-Neither!
Ever Silent Watcher! Thou hast shown me the new sexualities
And all the mysteries of the Threshold!
Only Thee I adore in my Soul and my everlasting body.
Alpha-Omega – Amen!

EVOCATION

O mighty Rehctaw!
Thou who exists in all erogenousnesses
We evoke Thee!

By the power of the meanings arising from these forms I make
We evoke Thee!

By the Talismans that speak the secret leitmotif of desire
We evoke Thee!

By the sacrifices, abstinences and transvaluations we make
We evoke Thee!

By the sacred inbetweeness concepts
Give us the flesh!

We, who shall suffer all ecstasies
Give us the will!

By the quadriga sexualis
Give us invariant desire!

By the conquest of fatigue
Give us eternal resurgence!

By the most sacred Word-graph
We invoke Thee.

Amen

Second Formula: The Formula of Plotinus – as sent me through the Delphic Pythoness via Automatism, called "Giving life to the Autistic by Virgin Earthenware"

(Now unto this period I had copulated only the atmosphere or rode whores, lined old hags, witches and bitches of all kinds, there being few virgins.)

The autotelic wish into heterotelic conception is by concummation through using an urn of correct shape and dimension which must correlate nearly to that of the lingam used – so that there is sufficient vacuum. At the moment of orgasm the wish must be *imperatively stated.* After ejaculation seal the vase with your sigil and with the secret formula of your desire. Bury same at midnight, the moon being quartered. When the moon wanes, disinter and pour contents as libation into earth with suitable incantation, and re-bury same. This is the most formidable formula known, never fails and is dangerous – hence what is not written must be guessed. From this formula was derived the legend of the *Genii of the Brazen Vessel* as related by Solomon.

Third Formula: The Communion of Auto-Ego of Zos

This formula is based on that of Apollonius the Pythagorian philosopher and theurgist, and is the only magical means of inseparation and psychic help that has no disastrous after-effects whether it fails or succeeds.

There is nothing simpler than speaking to your inmost self, and nothing more difficult. The first conditions are Secrecy, Silence and Solitude. Next, a means of communication: I created my own Alphabet and Language based on the primal onomatopoeia of language which is now – for me – a subconscious quality which expresses only by high emotionalism. Indeed, the active link between all images of thought are intro-audile and of this character on which one's psychic language must be based. The Soul responds to *the* basic language only. Finally, ease of body and mind must obtain, the mind being free of all concepts – except the Desire, which should be altruistic (others or yourself). Your request should be as brother asking of brother in words worthy to reach your greater self. You will receive only what you are fitted to receive.

Fourth Formula: How to return Evil to its Source

Sorcery may be good or evil, as predetermined by its purpose, and is your responsibility. Corrective punishment, being amoral, is the only legitimate motivation. Ability is the determining factor of success.

Sufficient hate is the potency, which must be stored up, formulated and focussed so as to become incarnate through the elemental employed to pierce the protective aura of the offenders. Requisites: something personal belonging to the victim or victims. A symbolic replica of them (drawing, statuette, etc.). Also, the deployment of an animal familiar, and a simulation of the deed and desired consequences formulated as a ritual convincing to yourself.

There is also a direct method by suggestion, when knowing the offenders' 'Achilles Heel'. Evil in others may be made potent against them.[146]

[illegible] to the occult phenomena.

On occasion I carried out a series of tests at R.H. Benson's request [illegible] included Pain making and the rationalization of a traditional [illegible] at Ben's [illegible] these events to give the impression of the mention 'cards' many [illegible] for formula [illegible] with [illegible] numerology & with incandescence many other forms of demonstrating the occult power I was taught quite early in life by the greatest [illegible] of recent years (you know who) there is no formula there is a rough synopsis of my formula based on actual [illegible] of their. First I make certain conditions, [illegible] science and only [illegible] light & [illegible] by, & even at times my eyes when studying and all days before handing the card to the enquirer to re-shuffle. At the beginning I called ordinary playing cards but soon found it expedient and of more service to me to use o.a. decks using tarot cards. I moved as usual into four suits representing people. The different suits represent the common factors of life & [illegible] Vocations: social relations, objects, events, and [illegible] sentiments. No [illegible] card [illegible] sacrificial [illegible]. I am using only general principles but [illegible] and [illegible] make importation in degree by simple or more complex combinations of numbers or relating cards. [illegible] The two of spades means short [illegible] the nine of spades means [illegible] the [illegible] of spades means sorrow. Thus the cards in that sequence mean sorrows [illegible] the nine represents the enquirer was taught means [illegible] and with the card representing [illegible] for good or evil [illegible] it could mean death. A different arrangement or sequence of the same cards would give a different equivalent or extended meaning and [illegible] defamation. Thus the two of spade isolated from other cards could mean slight illness, faint heartedness, indifference, reluctance etc depending on the other cards it falls against. The cards should not be too ambiguous but and must [illegible] separate & different by combination. This is sufficient [illegible] for to begin creating the meanings of cards, there only difficulty being to give appropriate meanings to individual cards to form a complete vocabulary of [illegible] all occasions. Start with what you can manage and build up by constant addition & rectification. Combinations are endless & make them interesting. The more rare the event, the greater number of cards necessary to your combination. It is worth to create a really rational pack. Start with playing cards, writing yr meanings on them. Later make yr own pack & draw yr own symbols - geometrical shapes will serve. Be original - it gives best results.

Upon the cards mentioned above here illustrated:

(My additional cards over the page of 52 are for intensifying repetition etc or [illegible])

Methods of laying out cards are many & numerous. The best for general predictions is serpentine:

reading from left to right - in rows of nine cards. I do not [illegible] synopsis [illegible] horizontally [illegible] rows of five cards [illegible] each [illegible] relating to: House, love, Effort etc - [illegible] 11 [illegible] four rows [illegible] relative to each other [illegible] astonishing [illegible]. Make yr own rules and keep them [illegible] the five irrelevant [illegible].

A Card over [illegible] the immediate event, consistency in this case being a great virtue. It is possible to project anything special parts with their special meanings [illegible] to be made, a different [illegible] task.

Fifth Formula: Of Fortune Telling by Cards (Foretelling by Familiars)

Foretelling the future by cards or other means: What is of consequence, and portentous, is the 'state of mind' that is induced in the consultant by the method and downright explanations given to him: there is an indirect or transposed auto-suggestion. Anything so entering the near-subconscious must reformulate and re-suggest itself with commitment to a later, similar, event. Likewise, the sorcerer's shaft pierces through the protective aura by assertion becoming indirect suggestion as the consultant's own. Paradoxically, the quickest way of susceptibility is by denial as disbelief.

Cards may be used for formulating the will, casting spells, mathematical numerology, and fortune telling. I was taught quite early in life by the greatest Witch of recent years.[147] Here is a rough synopsis of my formula based on what I remember of hers.

First I need certain conditions: Silence, and light just sufficient to work by. I even close my eyes when shuffling and always do so before handing the cards to the querent for re-shuffling.

To begin with I used ordinary playing cards but soon found it expedient and of greater service to make my own packs, using sixty cards. Divided as usual into four suits, the Court cards representing people. The different suits represent the common factors of life, i.e., business, social relations, objects, events, and emotional qualities etc., no individual card having itself much significance. I am giving only general principles; I shall not repeat what may be gleaned from a summary of books on the subject. Events and all else are given importance, in degree, by simple or more complex combinations of similar or relating cards. Illustration: The two of Spades means simply 'slight indisposition'; the nine of Spades means 'annoyance' or 'pain'; the ten of Spades means 'sorrow'. Thus, these cards in that order mean 'serious illness'. If the card representing the enquirer is there, it means their own illness, and with the card representing 'fatality' for good or evil (reverse or otherwise), it could mean death.

A different arrangement or sequence of the same cards would give a different equivalent, extended meaning, or definition. Thus, the two of Spades isolated from similar cards *could* mean 'slight illness', 'faintheartedness', or 'reluctance' etc., depending on which other cards it 'falls' against. The cards should not be too ambiguous and should become definite and different by combination. This is sufficient information for beginning to create the 'meanings' of cards, the only difficulty being to give appropriate meanings to individual cards so as to have a complete vocabulary capable of covering all exigencies. Start with what you can manage and build up by constant addition and rectification. Combinations are endless – always make them rational. The more rare the event, the greater the number of cards necessary to the combination. It takes months of work to create a really rational pack. Start with playing cards, writing your meaning on them. Later, make your own pack and draw your own symbols – geometrical shapes will serve. Be original – it gives the best results. My own four cards mentioned above:[148]

Methods of laying out cards are numerous. The best, for general prediction, is serpentine: {see illustration opposite} reading from left to right in rows of nine cards.

Synopsis: I do a short horoscope by laying eleven rows of five cards, each row relating to: House, Love, Self, etc., – every four rows being relative to each other... [one or two words illegible here] and answer to wish. The five cards left over indicate the immediate event. Make your own rules and keep them, consistency in this case being a great virtue.

It is possible to predict *anything*, but special packs with their special meanings have to be made, a difficult and laborious task.

Alternative Fifth Formula: Technique of Fortune Telling

First obtain a good book on 'fortune telling' by playing cards. This will give you a general idea for the making of a suitable pack for your own purposes. Procure a pack of ordinary playing cards and mark them, top and bottom (cards have a reverse). Rely on the 'book' only for general direction and method – the remnants of a traditional and lost art. You should evolve your own meanings, symbols and methods. *This is vital.* Here are the salient points to note:

Individual cards are indicators, not events – at least, not the important ones, and so we make separate cards mean the small commonplaces – emotions and abstracts (love, hate, fear, etc.); 'people' are indicated by the Kings and Queens, and 'children' by the two Knaves. The different suits symbolize the different kinds of events or emotions, etc. Thus, Spades relate to sickness, mourning, death, disappointment, fear, hatred. Hearts indicate love, marriage, friendship, happiness, generosity. Diamonds indicate money, success, fame, honour. Clubs indicate business, officialism, power, knowledge.

You will find fifty-two cards more than adequate to cover the small meanings. There are a number of meanings that do not fall under any one suit in particular, such as 'speedy', 'accidental', 'legal', etc.; these should be placed in any suit where there is room. Put similar meanings on *one* card, such as 'conclusion' and 'death'. The reverse of a card means the same thing but more intensely or extensively. Thus: 'slight sickness', reversed, would mean 'real sickness'. Also, a special card is made to intensify any card it falls against; reversed it means 'continuous' or 'regular'.

It is the *combination* of certain cards that indicates the meanings of the more important events and episodes of life. For example: a combination of Spades – 'Nine', 'Ten', and 'Ace' – when so closely juxtaposed would mean death very soon and, in combination with cards meaning 'accident', 'sickness', 'hate', would mean death by accident, sickness, murder or suicide, and so on, covering every possible event.

The mathematical computations of fifty-two cards are almost limitless. Write your meanings and principal combinations on the cards, and when you have fully memorized them change them into symbols – even if your imagination cannot suggest more than geometrical signs. *This change to symbols is very important.* To save overloading the cards with writing or symbols, write down a list of the rarer combinations and their meanings. Study (from books on fortune-telling) the different methods of laying out the cards for reading; ultimately you will evolve the method that suits you best.

My method is simply to lay them out in a line (or four lines of thirteen cards) and read from left to right, but it is difficult and only adepts succeed. This is my process:

First the operator must shuffle the cards whilst looking into the eyes of the querent. The pack is then passed to the querent with a request to shuffle whilst thinking about whatever he desires to know. Then lay out the cards and read, special note being made of the juxtapositions of combinations. When close together it means the event will occur soon.

However many combinations there are you will always find some of unique and baffling meaning, and this is where the actual skill of the operator comes in. The solving of the problem(s) will be found far more interesting than any crossword puzzle. Imaginative methods help. A simple illustration:

One card means 'fear' and the other 'honour'. This could be read as meaning that the person in question is 'fainthearted' but has the necessary ability, as against 'he fears for his honour' – if it does not seem to be implied by other factors.

Remember, there *is* a rational and true interpretation if you can find it. Whether you believe in the subject or not it should be approached as you would approach any other Art or Science – with an open mind. As to the attitude of the querent, his belief is immaterial but he should be willing to be unprejudiced; any facetiousness is fatal. I can assert – judging by the results of others who have used this method – that any person of normal intelligence who follows carefully these suggestions and who uses his imagination, with sufficient practice, will be able accurately to predict future events. Don't expect too much too soon. I have not only had the characters of persons accurately described, but even their hidden physical marks. Education has little to do with this faculty.

In conclusion: it should take about six months to create a satisfactory pack of cards, and another six months to gain the necessary facility by practice. There is no limit to what may be predicted, using special packs.

Finally, scientists will never prove or disprove anything relating to 'foretelling the future'; it is a work for great artists. But science *may* subsequently confirm more fully what the artists have already discovered. Note well: all the indications essential for the Psychic Knowledge necessary for developing this specialized ability are given in *The Logomachy*.

Sixth Formula: Metamorphoses by 'Death Posture' (by 'Zeno of Elea')

Powers of visualization, self-discipline and concentration are the qualities necessary. All magical practice, to be effective, needs great courage.

By means of the Death Posture, total transposition of consciousness into the sex-centre occurs. This brings about pure aesthesis and the creation of a new sexuality by autotelic concept: the subsequent ecstasy is a sublimation.

Because every other sense is brought to nullity by sex-intoxication, it is called the 'Death Posture'. Everything is '*a priori*' to the act. The '*a posteriori*' illumination reveals the inter-sexual correspondences of all things, and great emotiveness becomes... My desires have made a sentient soul, an obsession, a vampire, an insatiable negress of pendulous breasts and fatted thighs riding me into the abysses of the *quadriga sexualis*...

Seventh Formula: 'Transcendental Perspective' as a means of mediumship and anoëtic analgesia – as related to me by the Stoic, Socrates

Many Stoics lived before Zeno and they formulated this sentiment as a practical and ideal behaviourism:

There is in their genesis an hierarchy of form and ideas. Ideas have no status except through forms that are accepted symbols of sentience and are spatially and outwardly self-indulgent. Excarnation of an inspired or superimposed concept may be induced and orientated by 'space-apperception'. The whole body and being must suspire... This total effluxion makes everything reciprocal and becomes a re-orientated sequence of focussed nexity. Through this harmonic relation with Ego one becomes the qualitative mediator of the hypothetical or real propensity: any position giving vastness or panorama, and, by abstractive gazing beyond distance, allowing and following the flow of thought until there is an intrusive and more cognate idea. This idea is held and projected into the 'vista'. Nothing innate is permitted to be subtracted from the visualization.

Eighth Formula: Formula of Arrivism

AFFIRMATION CREED OF THE ARRIVIST:
I am God, and all other gods are my imagery. I gave birth to myself. I am millions of forms excreating; eternal; and nothing exists except through me; yet I am not them – they serve me.

I am inconceivable because I make the conceivable as I so will.

I am beyond Law, for my casualness rationalizes all things to my pleasure.

I am the stranger, ever.

We, the new Arrivists have a lusty heritage from the hierocracy of ancient Egypt, and such great familiars as Lao-Tzû, Pythagoras, Sappho, Socrates, Zeno and others who have substantiated their beliefs (and like them we have been spat on by the ugliest denominators): our great copula is the giving.

'Arrivism' formulates from our integrals: our 'thisness' into 'as if' becoming 'as now' – the intentional becoming extentional; action by spontaneity conforming everything critical and subvertive to itself, which is the mechanism of evoking our 'thisness'.

'As now' has no pendency: things *are*, because we are always the potential of what we last were. The gospel of the Arrivist is always his own.

HOW TO TRAP AN ARRIVIST FAMILIAR TO EARTH THE ELEMENTAL:
The best person to choose would be of the 'arrivist type' – those cocky bastards who seem to obtain all they need whenever they want it. Being intense egocentrics they are mediumistic or susceptible only to silent suggestion... So, look into their eyes and convey to them silently that they are the media for the transit of the obsessing elemental desired. They act simply as something *en rapport* between you and the elemental. To make yourself acceptive and fit for obsession – acts of sacrifice and purgation are essential beforehand. Also, the elemental must be named and given an appropriate Sigil.

Query to great arrivism: behold everything in the self. Thou art this and all that exists – but here's the catch – *never at one time*. Mind is universal and includes; Ego separates. 'That art Thou' never is... always. *I was* or *may* become this, and only 'I am' in Ego, often losing self-consciousness. I behold multiplicity in all things, and myself as the interrelating oneness, for whatsoever else I conceive will lead me astray or into 'as if'. The more I get into things, the more I am beyond them, so, the more within the more without. I am everywhere present yet unknown to myself except in Ego. I am a configuration of all the multitudinous compositions and designs of this universe, and, knowing not myself fully, how can I know much of other selves and the Gods? But the man we know is mainly made from his beliefs as he enacts them, for 'being' is a function of the all-remembering Soul. So, believe from your *necessities*, which alone obtain response and recompense – whether good or evil.

Ninth and Last Formula: The Theurgy of Zos

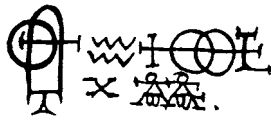
Believing, like breathing, is inveterate whereas 'faith' is a compulsory acceptance for escape... a commitment to an established thesis – often in conflict with our Ids, beliefs and habits.

I, the resurgence of the Apostate Julian, am now the Iconoclast of Theocrasia, for I would have you create a new Panthesism – different Gods and *the Great Innocence*.

Theses: On Sorcery

Our entire means of expression (of agreed meanings) is semantical, an ambiguous method, whether conveying ideas, values, facts or fictions, which has ever-variant meanings to the recipient; there are few 'one to one' meanings of words. Therefore, although I may transfer by a short sentence a meaning similar to both of us, I do not so convey it to my subconsciousness – there is conjunctional confusion.

Example: The short sentence 'God is love', would be to the subconsciousness either 'god love', or 'love god'. Therefore, to be understood by the subconsciousness it would have to read as 'God=love', and of course this would have to be believed (on your part) to have meaning: lip avowal here has no value for magical transferences. Moreover, the conveyance of such statements is unnecessary and should be in the form of a question, not an answer. Symbolized:



meaning: 'Is God love?'

Any fact or fiction has no difficulty in finding relatables as supporting evidence, because everything has a 'point of connection' and a period of reality when it is immediate and simultaneous as regards time and place. Our difficulty is to re-evoke the past 'as now', so we accept the 'semblance of' (i.e., make-belief, religion or faith) as the substitute of real belief, which needs no reality other than its own. What you cannot conceive as yourself is yourself as another reality.

Abstract or concrete: If you suggest a wish for the thing you desire, expressed in its own language, there will be a response. So, if I ask my mind in an appropriate manner for a definition of 'consciousness' I shall receive a true answer, although I may not be able to translate it. Semantics are either remiss or insufficient to render the sequence of phonograms, but without understanding I would receive an emotional impact as from a significant passage of music (e.g. Bach or Mozart) thus inspiring a kind of semantic rendering as true as possible.

Magic: Belief conjures the Will, becomes the courage, taking its own moral or physical colour. Desire seeks all essential affixes – the only necessity is sincerity.

Importance lies in things 'as now'. Flesh exists to be exploited – it is in all things and all things will be through it; all emanations are through the flesh and nothing has reality for us without it. The Soul is ever unknowable because we can only realize by finite forms in Time-Space. So, whatever you attribute to the inconceivable is *your* Ego, as conceived. The mind and its great thought-stream determines everything and permits as possible all things conceivable. This thought-stream refracts illations both from the Soul and from ourselves into our time-sense, images and symbols which inspire us from the inter-relatabilities, and our reactions form our future destiny of good and evil, with thought the nexus to all things past and becoming. Whether the gods created us or we created them is of of no import except as an expedient.

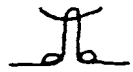
Magic is now a quasi-charlatanism seeking victims: magicians have become coprophagists having the most corrupt collection of gleanings and remnants ever given that name. Too long ago its principles were lost, scattered or vulgarized, the symbols losing parallelism and truth. The doctrine lost pageantry, and the rituals became haphazard – the thing itself without inner meaning. As now, Magic adopts an erotic egocentricism as secret meaning, hence there are no Magicians with any simple thesis of the great inner Truth – only a rag-bag remains of this 'wonder' cult. But, one cannot dismiss modern magicians so easily. Yes and no, there is something in most things and little enough in much, if any. Ability to enact is the denominator of our Truth. All parasitical longing seeks flesh to feed on... whether by magic or otherwise.

The deliberate transference of a desire by symbols and sigils with their meanings to the subconsciousness, thus sublating them from the conscious, is a magical act. It works on the thesis that the subconscious is 'all knowing, all memory', and, being universal can 'tap' any source of knowledge. The veriest moron, even, may have dreams as wonderful as those of a genius, whatever their difference of level. Dreams are a 'mental conation', unrecognized as perfect artistry. They prove the creative power of the subconsciousness. Our own degree of ability as a 'personal equation' derives from it, for, genius or not, all difficulties are of *expressing* adequately our own ethos of inherent ability. By this method of asking, and by the manner of its own showing the subconsciousness will give back all that is necessary for acquiring conative powers. Don't run away with the idea that you can do it first time, or so ride a wild horse! Great belief is essential and it is 'built up' by recollection and endeavour.

A desire for a particular thing appears as conscious requirement and, whatever the difficulties, with sufficient determination you will obtain it: there is no apparent need for magic. The premise is usually weak because of false values. Thus, acquiring a book on sorcery does not make one a magician. The *essential* abstract requirement is aptitude. Hence all the occult books in the world may give you little knowledge, except as a parrot, and, as more often happens, the ability to do less. The acquired book may help as evocative, so obtain it by all means; by transference of the larger fundamental need for occult knowledge, subconscious mind will in its own way give back all that is necessary to develop your conative ability.

"I am in and of all things..." to a lesser or greater degree, including my own blockheadedness. All thoughts, beliefs, actions are as mine, and this does not imply any equality, superiority or inferiority in my relationships. These levels are rendered different by other differences, for I have discovered the by-passing of generalities – the way of differentiation, not by revolt, submission, resignation, or any such chicanery or bargaining, *but by the efferent acceptance of all things*. I have opened the pores of my being to breathe freely, and my stomach has no greed to possess of others. Reality, truth, life, are all around us and in us. One cannot escape life. To turn one's back is merely to face it; to close the eyes – the image is retained; the thought, or something more ominous, is ever present. Sleep has many depths and death is but a 'reparative becoming', for we are of eternity in time. Therefore, be willing to pay in the giving and taking without argument, and for him who cheats there is ultimate repayment, for where the morality of exchange ends, business would begin. Sin, however disguised or legalized is sin against self as much as against others. Thus emanates our great inferiority, the down-stepping to the point at which the predator must repay and incarnate as...? – as he deserves.

Why is the subconsciousness always cryptically symbolic and mainly manifests in sleep? As usual, there is more than one answer: 1) Why do the stars only show at night? And, 'hold your hand in front of your face and you cannot see the Sun', i.e., our foreconsciousness is mainly from outside and therefore precludes inner vision. 2) The subconsciousness discloses slowly and latently, because by our limitations we can realize only so much at any 'one time'. 3) Any full disclosure and the whole need and purpose of existence would be unnecessary. And there are other reasons. What we observe from 'outside' becomes memory, enters the subconsciousness and merges with other and older impressions. So, one function of the subconsciousness is to unify these superimposed impressions using the language of parallel symbology and to represent them as simile, not as arbitrary configuration [words illegible in original text]. There is no censor except our own 'outside moral bias'. We do not understand such simple amoral language –



...we make our own filth. Nothing in the subconsciousness is any more indecent than anything else.

Whether our contacts are psychic or physical they are real, and fear or hope of them determines our way.

With sufficient desire and belief reversion to anoësis may be a means of transforming our physical energy into psychic potency.

Although we cannot know instantly or entirely the contents and processes of the subconsciousness, *we can evoke it*, and by that act in a measure control it as required, for it will again respond directly to our will. How so? Here is the workable supposition: Truth is not essential to belief, as it always contains sufficient for us to make our truth, for if you believe a thing or idea is true, then it will become as truth for you. Therefore, if we deliberately attach belief to the meaning we give to a sign or symbol, then when we question that sign in our own way, via the subconsciousness, it will answer truthfully.

Illustration: quite arbitrarily I predetermine that if I 'slip on the kerb' it will mean 'this' or 'that' will happen, and it becomes so. Apart from such 'omens' there are many other techniques for evoking my good and evil. "What can I give unto Thee, Thou all-giver? I am blind to Thy gifts and would rather steal from men. Let my belief in Thee be an undistorting matrix of my wish in Thee, and so give the basis of my new reality."

Experiments of Lewis Cecil Thomas

During my experiences, I do not assert that others will have the equivalent in their practice experiments. Only when the mind is poised in correction or exposition to the para-normal object is it receptive and able to substantiate. The qualities necessary are mainly unknown and any formula for such is guess-work. We all have some degree of aptitude in some direction, and the best guide. Many experiences I cannot reproduce and in some cases even re-vision, they are the most impressive: as if they had been deliberately plotted from my memory: only a vague impression remains.
For many years I made every test I could apply to my experiments.

For telling my fortunes.

Giving my experiences, I do not assert that others will have the equivalent in their practice. Only when the mind is poised in correct juxtaposition to the para-normal object is it receptive and able to substantiate. The qualities necessary are mainly unknown, and any formula for such is guess-work. We all have some degree of aptitude in some direction, and this is the best guide. Many experiences I cannot reproduce and in some cases even re-vision. These are the most impressive – as if they had been deliberately blotted from my memory, only a vague impression remains. For many years I made every test I could apply to my experiments: "What is unlivable is unbelievable; truth shall be within this limit", was my springboard.

Telepathy I left alone as having been sufficiently proved by involuntary/spontaneous evidence and by deliberate tests.

My experiences at séances were abortive. If giving some evidence of survival, it was of inferior parts of the 'self' still automatically active but not intelligent. Messages were puerile and only of commonplaces already known to me – meaning little except that under certain conditions simple known facts can be transmitted from enquirer to medium and back again. My impression was that many [mediums] had experienced phenomena but that they had no control over them, and in trying to relive [the experience] and to convince others they resorted to fraud.

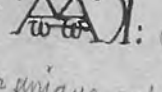
People do survive death but not in the way they desire to believe. Contact would be as difficult as [with a person a]sleep. My first tests were with prediction; these at least dealt with the future, which precluded faking. My ventures into Astrology, Palmistry, etc., proved their capabilities – and their drawbacks. I found prediction by playing-cards the most resilient and extendible, indeed, almost unlimited in scope and remarkably accurate, and so it became my final choice and convinced me of its possibility for telling anyone's future.[149]

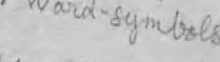
Neither natural aptitude nor much learning is necessary if we begin correctly. Prognostication by cards can be proved beyond question – and demonstrated under almost any conditions, with a person of ability, in its advanced forms. I set no limits whatever. I believe it is possible to forecast the kind of life after death and the nature of one's fresh becomings. I have gone to great lengths and could prove much more than mediums, clairvoyants or clairaudients. In a long predetermined test with a friend (Desmond Coke) I described unknown people in psychical and other detail of such nature as could only be known to the persons concerned, in addition to future events relating to them. The enquirer had no contact with me or the cards, an essential part of this test. Another test by a famous surgeon who asked me to foretell by the cards what he was thinking at a given time: I was warned it would be something unusual and difficult. In a few minutes I gave him the correct answer. Afterwards I showed him how the 'oracle' worked, and he himself was able to perform a similar feat. He was so impressed that he bought my pack of cards at my own price. This has happened more than once.

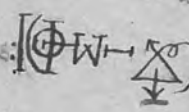
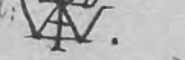
On another occasion, I carried out a successful series of tests with cards at R.H. Benson's house at Buckingford. These included 'Rain making' and the materialisation of a Traditional Ghost.[150] I mention these experiments to show the capabilities of the medium. 'Cards' may also be used for formulating the will, casting spells, mathematic numerology and, with inventiveness, many other forms of demonstrating the occult powers. I was taught quite early by the greatest 'witch' of recent years {see note 143}.

(IV) (2) (symbols, sigils, evocations etc are all numbered & referable q.v.)

The Stelle, depicted, is the whole of a magicial formula. Although only one desire is expressed (No I) e.g. with little alteration it would fit many others. The change is in the wish — familiar employed & appropriate ritual modification. Three other alternatives are suggested. The four being classified: No 1, Desire for truth, expressed as a question: "What is consciousness"? As word-symbols thus: [(ɔ ⊤ ⊤ ?)]. sigilated thus:  .

No 2. Desire for pleasure, request to realize Ideal Tactually: "I desire a large bottomed woman for social congress." As word-symbols: [(Φ ∫h ∧ ((⊤)^pe ∫e )]: as sigil  .

No 3. Desire for unique experience, expressed as: "I desire intercourse with a vampire." Word-symbols: [(⊤ ⊤ ɔ ∧ )]. Sigil:  .

No 4. Altruistic desire, as: "I wish the death of Stalin." Word-symbols thus: [(Φ W ⊤ )]. (N.B. names always given by sigils) sigil:  .

Apart from the above, the rest is symbolic metaphor as an abstract ritual (configurated) (of this Thesis) in the Stelle q.v. and here the use of spatial & expressive language is justified & gives colour & verisimilitude. Onomatopoeic words should be used. The ritual opens with an ovation or hymn to Isis — chosen as presiding Deity: ~~Athene would have~~ (for personal reasons, though Thoth or Athene would have been more appropriate) Hymn begins: "O, glorious Isis, Mother of men, let thy hand reach out & touch my Tranial.." etc. All of which is expressed by sigils (two should be one's own composition). Followed by the evocation to the Familiar or elemental necessary: ① To act as carrier, make en rapport subject & object. ② To pierce the protective Aura of the subject if necessary. ③ To assist the dynamic qualities. The animal chosen should typify the qualities necessary: Tiger = strength, fierceness, etc. Or selected from ones own totem or face value, e.g. if you look like a Horse or snake, e.g. your nearest familiar.

Complete Thesis and Ritual of Magical Transitivity

PROPOSITIONAL:
That man is a complex of appetites seeking satisfaction – imperative – either '*copulatio* or *suppositio*' (or both).
That by certain arbitrary and deliberate acts he can synchronize desire and event 'as now', i.e., as though arbiter.
That any desire, sufficiently dynamic, compressed into a single wish or belief (as 'question-request'), if arabesquely formulated, will fulfil its evolution expediently and return its connative possibility.
Transférence from the conscious to the subconscious is automatic when [the wish is] suppressed and sublated by symbols, sigils or glyphs understood either personally or universally. Man is a ratio of his experience, but the subconsciousness is all-knowing (limit unknown).
The mind grants limitless power (will), only measured against belief, and indifferent re: '*quo animo*'.
Familiarity breeds all things, including Gods, and Virus, the rare compathy or the commonplace: either we are 'arrivists' or recidivists.
Anyone is capable of anything (will plus belief is ability) if they themselves create the opportune moment and incentive. Heaven gives no genius to disbelievers and no vengeance worse than the body denied.

The terrain between pure Ego (mediator) and ego empirical (conative) is the formative, amalgamative and rationalizing domain which reveals by symbols and metaphor only, and which answers *only* by such presentation, i.e., a problem, a cryptograph and picturesque arabesques. Hence:

Such a question is answered at once (as near as). But written as an absurd succession of corrupt semantics, thus: "What is truth?", is never answered. The original relation of shapes, sounds and meaning is lost – tortuosities – ambiguously dissipating. Other factors are scattered in the text (q.v.) as given.
Although only one desire is expressed (No. 1, supra), with little alteration it would fit many others. The change is in the Wish, the Familiar employed, and appropriate ritual modifications. Three other alternatives are suggested, the four being classified:

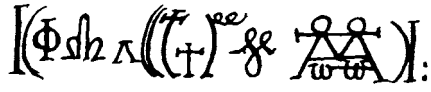
No.1: Desire for Truth expressed as a question in word-symbols thus:

 . ("What is consciousness?")

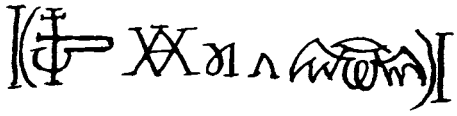
sigillated thus:

 .

No. 2: Desire for Pleasure. Request to realize Ideal tactually: "I desire a large-bottomed woman for social congress". As word-symbols:

 :

As sigil:

No. 3: Desire for unique experience expressed as: "I desire intercourse with a vampire".
Word symbols: 

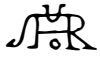
Sigil: 

No. 4: Altruistic desire, as: "I wish the death of Stalin".
Word-symbols thus:

 (N.B. Names always given as sigils.)

Sigil: 

Apart from the above, the rest is symbolic metaphor as an abstract ritual of the thesis, and here the use of spatial and expressive language is justified and gives colour and verisimilitude. Onomatopoeic words should be used.

The ritual opens with an ovation or hymn to Isis – chosen as presiding deity (for personal reasons, though Thoth or Athene would have been more appropriate). Hymn begins:
"O' Glorious Isis, Mother of men, let thy hand reach out and touch my travail...", etc., all of which is expressed by sigils (they should be of one's own composition) followed by the evocation of the familiar or elemental necessary: (1) to act as carrier and bring *en rapport* subject and object, (2) to pierce the protective aura of the subject, if necessary, (3) to assist the dynamic qualities. The animal chosen should typify the qualities necessary: Tiger = strength, fierceness, etc., or selected from one's own Totem or from face value, i.e., if you look like a horse or a snake, they are your nearest familiars. They are evoked by their secret name which should be inscribed on a strip of parchment, and burnt immediately after calling their name. Except for the name, the evocation is expressed by word-symbols. The familiar chosen is Horus: 

Or an Owl could be used. The operator's stance is entirely 'exercite', his gnosis is within the arcanum symbolized by a geometric form without a parallel, issuing from which is the correspondence between all factors used (as *modus operandi*). Acts of simulation are essential:

For No. 1., writing the desire on a strip of parchment, enclosing it in a envelope and burning or burying it is sufficient – as symbolizing transference. For No. 4., the tradition of making a wax image of the subject and stabbing same should be followed; it is *essential* that the operator simulates the pains that will be suffered by the victim.
The 'Death Posture' (*The Book of Pleasure* q.v.) is often depicted  ; this symbolizes the positive negation of everything except the wish desired. Previous to the adventure, token sacrifices and abstinences should be made. Some will have difficulties of expression, being neither draughtsmen, scholars or writers: it is sufficient to do your best, however naïvely. The only potent magic now existent is Obeah, practised by ignorant, arrested natives, who know not what they do. But they have this virtue – they believe and perform sufficiently the remnants of a great tradition reaching back to the pure and pristine mind of man.

Arbitrary Transference: illustration

The technique for materializing our demands is simple for Nature embraces all those who seek individuation, as Nature herself seeks every differentiation:
1) Our desire (for *the* thing) must be whole-hearted and all else sacrificed to that end.
2) Our belief must be fixed and *be-lived*, at least 'as if'.
3) Our will (nervous energy) must be secret, and suppressed, to create tension and released only at the psychological moment. At that time gaze into, and beyond, the familiar vista (from hill-top), into *The Aeon*, the spaciousness beyond your meannesses, corners of reality, borrowed precepts, dogmas and beliefs; until you are in spacious unity. Indraw your breath until your body quivers and then give a mighty suspiration, releasing all your nervous energy into the focal point of your wish; and as your urgent desire merges into the ever-present procreative sea you will feel a tremendous insurge and self-transformation. The Devil himself shall not prevent your 'will' from materializing. In your prayers (media), remember: your Soul is your nearest, and the bringer of all good things. Your God is stone deaf.

"That which is not in some way deformed
has something indefinitely insensitive about it;
as a result, irregularity, or rather the unexpected,
surprise, admiration, are an essential part,
and the most characteristic, of beauty."

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

SECTION THREE

The Living Word of Zos

This I AM (GOD) Stuff

Everyone would like to be (a) God. Some have not conceived the possibility; others haven't the desire – yet if God exists at all, then all is his will and there seems no outlet, even in death. Also, and equally, I am at least a descendant of and related to God: may be even as a child who grows up, leaves his parents, becomes independent and may supersede them.

Our history is a moving picture of our forms, rising, falling and changing, but always separating and becoming more remote and differentiated not only from our earlier forms but from each other. Man now has little in common with his fish, worm – and plant – forms, though still interdependent and related.

Thus it seems we have less near relationship to our Source (God) than ever we had. But as we become more remote from early forms, we become more and more complex, and paradoxically we retrogress functionally more and more to early types of ourselves, although our primal subconscious instincts become more overlaid by the deliberate, the arbitrary and the conscious. This chaotic transition resolves itself into a logic by which we become conatively pragmatic, yet all our inventions and discoveries, etc., come from atavistic urges – the old instincts – by profound nostalgias becoming our source of inspiration.

In this process *away from and towards* God, we perchance develop self-will, and this is where we again run amuck – another chaos of transition which has bred our dictators, some of whom have been nascent while others come late to their epochs and the bulk of men drift on unequally yet hardly human.

And so, to be nearer to God we must regress functionally and rely mostly on atavistic impulse from the remotest strata of our being until we are motivated by a pure instinctivism needing no other reaction than its own spontaneity.

Ideas of our being God must be realized by a process of re-memoration backwards to the first or primal instincts – till the necessary one is reached. As I am not making Gods, the formula must be your own guess...

Our 'Self-Truth' is an identity of Will, Desire and Belief: when this identity is focussed on to one thing, we need not interfere with our minds by thinking. For the Soul is near and casts its omniscience through us; not by language, but by inspiration. Then we will know the answer, and action will follow.

Discourse to the Bewildered Well-meaning

Whether Religion claims to be apocalyptic or otherwise it remains anthropocentric. (The Greek Pantheism was at least honest and created not only the greatest men but the nearest yet to the Ideal State – whatever its drawbacks.) Our panlogistic conceptions of God are never closely related to subjective significance: the conceptions have little qualitative difference from our own emotions, desires, functions, etc. The first requirement is a blind faith in the alleged miracle, mysteries and abracadabra of authority and its dogmatic teaching; to hold man captive from his instinctive search for Truth. In return for his slavery the wildest promises of eternal happiness (after death) are made. The trouble with the apostates is that they have no fecund substitute, and cease to believe much in anything, whereas vital belief (whatever its truth) is essential to any creative effort.

The ethical and the social are different profiles of true religion, and wise laws their concrete form. The Ideal is the aesthetic potential, the urge for constant improvement and spontaneity. The social and the ethical aesthetics are but different idioms and diverse directions of the same quality of sentiment. Equity can be taught – by example – as a duty. There will be no social transformation until this becomes a pragmatic religion that gives salvation today, as well as tomorrow. The only alternative to worship is its sublimation to the service of the social and humane. This does not cancel God; if we have a duty to God it must be by our appreciation of life to the full. Have faith in yourself and your Soul will

have faith in you. What the hell were you born for – to murder each other, to grasp more than you need? If so, then God is hate and you are his disciples – devils – I know no others. Man is now a normal chaos, an affair of bloody bathetic paradoxes, a madness of greed and hypocrisy and Earth has more meaning without him. This cold madness is the result of forced beliefs, lies, half-truths and bad laws taught him through politico-religious hierarchies.

All this could change easily by correct learning and evaluation of the factual. Human nature (at the worst) is the most plastic thing on this earth, and although man has swallowed every absurdity and lie, he would still find an altruistic and healthy diet easier. I predict that our next 'society' will be a wise synthesis based on 'Co-operative Individualism', i.e., if we are not shortly blotted out by the final culmination of this lip-avowal to the best while espousing every activity against it.

ALTERNATIVE TEXT:
Whether religion claims to be apocalyptic or otherwise it remains anthropocentric. (The Greek Pantheism was at least honest and created not only the greatest men but the nearest yet to the Ideal State... whatever its drawbacks.) Our panlogistic conceptions of God are never closely related to subjective significance: the conceptions have little qualitative difference from our emotions, desires, functions, etc. The first requirement is a blind faith to accept the alleged miracles, mysteries and abracadabra of this authority and dogmatic teaching; to hold captive man from his instinctive search for Truth in reality. In return for his slavery the wildest promises of eternal happiness are made – when dead! The trouble with the apostates is that they have no fecund substitute and cease to believe anything much: whereas vital belief – whatever its merits as truth – is essential to any creative effort.

The ethical and social are different profiles of true religion, and wise laws their concrete form. The Ideal is the aesthetic potential and the urge for constant improvement for immediacy. The aesthetic, social and ethical are merely different idioms and diverse directions of the same quality of sentiment. Equity can be taught – by example as a duty. There will be no social transformation until this becomes a pragmatic religion that gives salvation today, as well as tomorrow. The only alternative to belief in worship is its sublimation to the service of the social and humane. This does not cancel belief in God: if we have a duty to God it must be by our appreciation of life, men, etc., to the full. Have faith in yourself and your soul will have faith in you. What the hell were you born for – to murder each other? – to grasp more than you need? Then God is hate and you are his devilish disciples. For man is now a normal chaos, an affair of bloody pathetic paradoxes, a madness of greed and hypocrisy, and Earth has more meaning without him. This cold madness is the result of forced beliefs, lies, half-truths and bad laws taught and enforced through certain politico-religious hierarchies.

All this could change easily by correct learning and evaluation of the factual. Human nature (at its worst) is the most plastic thing on this earth – it would still find an altruistic and healthy diet easier. I predict that our next 'society' will be a wise synthesis based on 'Co-operative Individualism', i.e., if we are not shortly blotted out by the culmination of this lip-avowal to the best, and every activity for the worst.

On Psychology

Psychology should be taken in small doses and not swallowed whole. To swallow it whole puts an end to common sense: it has been allowed even to over-ride the law, which for the evil-doer has become a "psychopath's escape".

This new hierarchy with its categories, techniques, matrical tenets and arbitrary theses is now established and fortified by every pretentious argument. Psychologists have been converted into vehicles of enthusiasm for their own theories, with a labyrinth of dialectic meanings overloaded with a complex and transferred vocabulary that can mean anything – and yet not mean that to which their words commit them.

Psychologists are as neurotic as their creed, and their fear of deviating from their self-imposed criteria confirms their estimate of the psychopathic.

Psychology is relatively true for certain types and periods only. Whereas one admits to some of its truths, most of it need not be true, and the remainder is mainly untrue. Analysis may be applied to particular individuals, whether diseased or not, but little of it is applicable to a majority outside the 'chronic' category. Most people grow out of their fads or adapt them – often advantageously! Pshaw! – the undefined premises prove the inconclusions. But, psychology is already becoming an over-reaching, over-riding psycho-caucus.

There is too much loose talk of uninhibition and suppression. How much is anyone mad, normal, or otherwise? *Not much*, because early conditioning makes enactment unlikely. These things come and go with us all. Taking the exception, their idiocracy apart, madmen are often normal 'average' and conventional. In extreme cases of schizophrenia there is a transference of certain ideas and values to serve a dominant obsession and, often, great satisfaction is found by 'as if'. The lives of schizophrenics are often as full as the lives of 'normal' people. Strong emotionalism must exhaust itself in fulfilment and where there is frustration or failure then the only vent is in violence and antisocial acts. This, to a degree, applies to most people. Religion, the arts, collecting, hobbies, etc., outside our work, are usual alternative interests which act as a catharsis and keep us sane by a form of schizogenesis of normality. What else is love and friendship but extreme, refrangible schizophrenia? Close the door on reality and the 'as if' door opens. Oversuppressed or uncontrolled, our damned 'Ids' will, if possible, have the final word! But they are rectifiable, as in the initial stages of all things, and re-direction and control are often simple and always possible – outside congenital idiocy.

Analysing this psychosis-stuff with its abundance of complexes, mental arrestments etc., I state this as applicable to many: that I myself *may* have had *all* these 'things', in some degree and at some time, and have come through no worse, perhaps have become more adaptable because of them.

Now, as being older and more aware, a more conscious being, those complexes I have retained, I want: they are useful, harmless, and serve my purpose.

It could be proved that many psychopaths are the offspring of, and have grown up with many of these self-created psycho-bogies. My friend who coined the cliché "inferiority-complex" hardly expected it to slop over into its current usage and meaning. Everyone now seems to fear being thought of as inferior; modesty and reserve are discounted. The reaction is that ignorance and over-indulgence find fertile soil, and every nincompoop would now be a Dictator. One is almost tempted to assert that most madness, ignorance, evil, and the general malaise, is due to lack of early frustrations which are the best means of later control. I can say of myself that all my wrongness and weakness comes from a lack of correct suppression and discipline at some early time; and it would not have interfered with the best self-expression.

'Psychology' is now the equal of any other dogma in as much as it demands the full acceptance of rigid conclusions from undefined qualities and premises.

Psychology has no dominant thesis or definition of such fundamentals as 'consciousness', 'intelligence', 'thought', 'purpose', etc. We know that there are no exact or final definitions or conclusions *of anything*, but we are also aware that certain correct hypotheses – viz., the ether – have rendered us certain other facts and thus indirectly proved themselves. But the offer of such very shaky nominalism – which begins nowhere and ends in an excusing pathology – presents a worse gamble than that of any religion. Psycho-ism has no standard of morality, behaviour, or normality with which it mainly deals, so must be based on the common mean, the "average" – an inelastic average at that. Thus anything 'abnormal' or 'sub-normal' could or might be pathological. And when the common denominators are realized from Ids of Greed – then where are we? The zombie our level? Genius a madness? No, for *civilization* there must be a more arbitrary ethical-intelligent standard. Above the 'normalities', an Ideal that is *tactual*, that is directly related to reality – with its integral precisions determined by social motivation. Convention, whether of morals or behaviour may be as wise as anything man has invented.

Know thyself – how much of such knowledge is possible, helpful, or necessary? Better for most to unknow what they think they know. It doesn't need a biologist or a psychologist to tell us that the mind has strata of atavistic remnants which in suitable soil may degenerate

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'Logomachy' opens

Consciousness

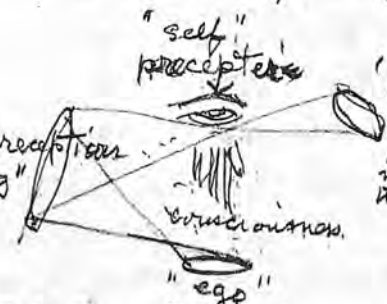
volatile, held in unity by strong desire.

Where there is friction, energy becomes more

the meeting & impacting of ponderables on the imponderable.

And the fictive refracts nearer the truth than by the knowable way of factualism envisaging

because from the primal source of articulation in imagery.



(re-thinking by re-thinking how it etc see page 2.)

Only the refrangible comes through - not reality

because all awareness is partitive & linear; full consciousness would blind us.

Cockscombs!

Schizophrenia as self-love, love or friendship

The artist is thoroughly aware of his artistry or he ceases to be one. We be locked in consciousness, yet I, knoweth not I.

As one eye knowing not what the other sees - difference in the much distinction.

into the foulest anomalies and freakishness. We also know for certain that we may curb our greedy appetites by re-direction and the placing of our real values outside them, thus cultivating our best potentials. Yes! fundamentally, everything is as simple as that, and there is little need for Witch-doctors. Without 'Bell, Book and Candle' one could go on laying these hideous ghosts of *patho*-psychology. That which is appropriate to normality is so ungeneralizable, trivial and transitory as to be almost worthless. Different environment – different selection; but our mutation now is a choice: *man is the arbiter of his genes* – if he so desires...

Schools of psychology have their passing fashions and phobias: the Freudian 'free association' technique of interpreting dreams and mental ills, always with a sexual basis, grew stale, gained stimulus by the 'as new and latest' oedipus complex (very rare in families), and solutions were claimed for that theory or a variant of it. The absurdity of the 'free method' is self-evident. If I dream of washing dirty dishes, it means that I desire intimacy with my mother or (failing that), my sister, cousin, in-laws, or a relation of some kind, or, if necessary, anyone they care to nominate. But they will also give much the same interpretation of any other dream, however opposite or diverse the symbols and situation. In fact, they can make any dream mean anything that conforms to their purpose. Nearer the truth: there are many different types of dream, each needing a different technique of translation.

Logically, by intricate and accurate co-relating, anything may be proved derivative, as 'one from another' – which does not prove anything. Take your phobia (or what have you) to a psychiatrist for the real dirt... Expensive amusement for something you can do better yourself.

Most people, all average, have their own form of assuagement by abreacting to each other, what they call 'spilling their guts'... The exceptional psychopath is always with us.

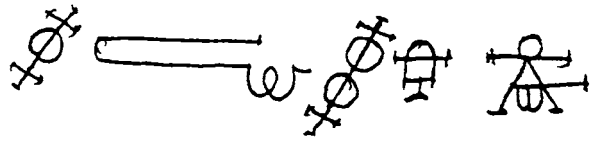
I have (like many others) a dislike of climbing and of crowds: both labelled phobias. As applying to myself, the reason is simple: I had both ankles crushed in childhood, so climbing was either tiring or painful. As for crowds, I could smell too much and always began to feel lousy. Yet, after my twentieth year, these 'allergies' ceased to bother and since then I have climbed and mixed unaffectedly. This commonplace suggestion did not satisfy the psychologist – he had to prove and confirm his thesis – so he probed into my very early affections. I admitted 'natural affection' for one of my Aunts and for another 'unrelated' lady (old enough to be my grandmother). And there he had it... in his own round-about way! I had illicit desires for them! Although it was extremely ingenious, his relating ideas of 'climbing, crowds and coitus' – it was nonsense. For, if at any time during my life, such an idea or desire regarding these two people could ever disturb my phallus – awake or asleep – I personally would give loud cheers and be first to praise such a method of psycho-analysis. Alas, poor Freud, I knew him well. The obsequies linger on, 'free association' and 'abreaction' (dialectic variants) are still the main techniques to interpret the mental cloaca.

Schizophrenia

Schizophrenia, now considered psychopathic (and a literary tag) is nevertheless one key to psycho-physics. It is an essential part of general *normality*. Indeed, all we inhibit and reject splits our mind as does, probably, the primal acceptance of good and evil. Schism being constant, the uncommitted and rejects of mind form a spooky being, which seeks indulgence or substance by the 'as if'. It causes a flaccid probabilism, a slurred, smudgy or blurred seeing and thinking – now a vogue in many art forms. The old accomplishment of completion is almost lost. The conflict creates the necessity of self-socializing, usually satisfied by over-insistence on 'I am I' based on this shaky medium! Yet all of this is only normal *and* evidence of the the extensiveness of the 'as if' connotation and other forms of make-belief. More corrupt are disbeliefs, half-beliefs or aimless circumambulatory believing. Don't delude yourself, no-one can believe anything and everything; it is always inefficacious.

The substantiality of things is realized more by negatives, i.e. their shadow, separating them from otherness; colours, tones – an afterthought. So we gauge all things by their extremes and are inclined to jump all in between. The essential separateness of ourselves from other things – 'I am this – I am not that' – is a major duality and the more intense the greater the reality. Abstractly and actually the snag is: that all opposites are not the entire absence of each other, they are *relative* quasi-absolutes (as all else), and are a *quantitative degree* of each other, radiating from some unseen middleness. All recognition of reality depends on this and other pseudo-dualities. In co-ordinating we incline to near likenesses (easier to relate to the ape than to the tree). By such unities we leave something of ourselves behind – a future harvest. We gain by increasing our susceptibility to other things: this sub-relating may be infinitely inclusive, and it extends us.

Schizophrenia is much more... because we are a multitude of past beings, experiences and longings; a vast heritage competing for *you to be another you* again. We are a permanent, fluxing and inter-relating Trinity: 1) I am – consciousness – body: 2) Ego – subconsciousness – mind: 3) Self – consciousness – Soul (mainly unaware of it). 'Mind' is the medium of appetences and 'thought' the tool that conates through body: all constituting an automachy by apparent yet phoney dualities – and we remain mainly colour-blind.



On Consciousness

Definition of consciousness and subconsciousness: Consciousness is considered as indefinable although we are aware of its being our entirety. Analysis along two lines, distinction between act and content as separable: The *cogito* argument: "*Cogito, ergo sum*" could be more fully expressed as: 'Sensation, cognition, thought, action', e.g., (1) If something bites me and I feel nothing, nothing has happened consciously. (2) If I am bitten and it hurts me, i.e., sensation. (3) If I see the thing that bites me, that is perception as cognition. (4) 'Thought' then follows, to avoid and prevent recurrence followed by action. (5) Therefore, consciousness is con-sentience and awareness of varying degree and direction. The final phase is introspection or reflection: a scrutiny of the event and processes involved are subsequent and determine future acts. Ergo: "I feel therefore I am". Therefore, consciousness creates memory and fore-knowledge, i.e., preceptiveness and intuition from sensational experience recoverable from memory, the main function being to create ability to cope with events, e.g., the experiencing, questioning and reifying factors of future individualistic Ego.

The subconsciousness, so called, is probably the emotional structure, the conjunctional amalgamating and rationalizing of impressions, where values are measured against empathy and antipathy, good and evil, which form our hopes and fears. As subsurface to consciousness the subconsciousness is not directly accessible to introspection, except by vivid revisualizations, or via dreams. It is also capable of being tapped by certain techniques such as semantics, indirect association, and dream-interpretation (when accurate). Automatic drawing and writing may also release earlier memories. No one has yet probed its limits to re-acquaint us with our own past concatenation of experience, although there is individual evidence of a previous existence.

Accepting consciousness (of all degrees) as the outward facet of 'Mind', the situation is so complex and dualistic, the interactions that form our mentations so baffling, that unless we accept the fact that we are creating our own Ego from Universal Mind, everything is irrational. For if we are the mere media through which something expresses itself – why do we feel?

Paradox: If used as a truism or as relating to contraries, paradox is simply, though indirectly, stating that extremes – opposites and contradictories – meet or intersect and fulfil each other and that their copula is the mean of their ratio. Thus: Black, Grey, White – all opposites relate to each other by their variability, which does not mean that A is Z, or the reverse. It may imply that both A and Z are degrees of each other. But while A and Z are as they are, they are not each other. Attenuation or superimposition gives variability to both. Our clumsy language itself here precludes gymnastical predicates, i.e., that A is Z or that Black is White. There is no paradox, paradox exists only where the same relation is self-contradictory or when two opposites take over each others' qualities. But mostly, paradoxes are involved with semantical or syntactical ambiguities, making a circular argument: "It is true that it is false", which is hyperbolic assertion for emphasis, or "trying to be clever". The statement should be: "It is untrue", or "It is a false statement", nothing more.

Again, one could more picturesquely assert of a great book: "It is in the greatest of all styles, it is without style", which is a series of mis-statements, mis-implications, and is a misnomer. The statement should be: "Its very stylelessness gives significance".

Again, to give an old 'play on words' variety: On one side of the card is written the words: "On the other side of the card is written an understatement"; on turning the card over appear the words: "On the other side of this card is written an overstatement". The best answer would be the Cockney's well-known mouthful... Another answer is that it is a hyperbolic statement, i.e., abstract conjunctionalism of two opposite words making a meaning as a misnomer or solecism. Any self-conflicting statement is the extreme of understatement and overstatement. Thus: "I feel dead and alive".

Paradox is a disease of fallacious vocabulary. A number of so-called paradoxes are mere solecisms, flabby thinking prompted by apparent contradictories: "He is an atheist, an unbeliever", whereas he may be a greater *believer* (in no God) than a believer in God. Does this entail, as natural corollaries, the assertions: "He believes in disbelief", or "He disbelieves in belief"?

Apart from the essential concatenation of variables between opposites (whether known or not) there is another way of faulting the phony paradoxical. If we use things relating to semantical meanings, the paradox becomes more shadowy – thus: "On the other side of this card is drawn a true portrait". On turning over the card appear the words "On the other side of this card is drawn a false portrait". I have simply replaced the words 'statement' by 'portrait' and 'drawn' by 'written'. It is now proved unequivocally that the whole thing is absurd, there is no portrait, true or false. *Ipso facto* there is no statement, as such, entirely true or false. (The actual wording is: "On the other side of this page is written a true statement. On turning over appear the words: On the other side is written a false statement." q.v. Jourdain.) I should emphasize that 'written' and 'drawn' are the same; that a portrait is a statement, or a statement is a likeness of something – therefore the latter fails as having no positive statement of anything. It is a looking-glass illusion – a reverse reflection of the word not explicit in the reflection as further meaning; a predicate without the statement – nothing equals nothing. Truth is inexistent when anything is entirely false or true; thus a thing entirely black is not white. Our real dilemma is that nearly everything has 'quasiness' and will intersect *either* end. There is a series of letters that when reversed are the same (a palindrome), making it possible that a word formed from such letters, on being reversed, has the same meaning; which proves only that forms as well as meanings may be ambiguous.

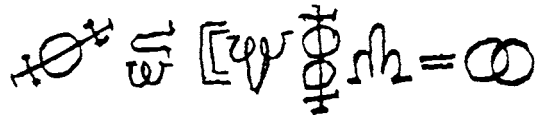
There are other such tricks by reflective reversal, all of which means that our reasonings and mentations rely on legerdemain semantics held together by a loose syntax. So, many judgements have as their criteria this writhing *hypotenuosa* as emphasis. The greatest absurdities are seldom self-evident, though man is a ceaseless exhibitor of his own.

Another such paradox arises: by the use of adjectives that are either autologic or not, and by onomatopoeia (itself heterologous) as distinct from words denoting properties. Then, e.g., thrust, spurious, soul, elegant, lunge, mind, splendid; or colloquialisms, shove, scrounge, gorblimey, etc., ebullient, if crude, often have expressive virtue. Truth, vulgarly

rendered, suffers not by such emphasis. Thus, autologic words have the merit of being colourful, vivid, and having an emotional catholicity. If a friend said to me: "She stinks" – then I know a bookful. Moreover, the meaning of these picturesque words almost visualizes itself whereas heterologous words lack these forms of veracity. There are so many examples that more are unnecessary. A vague paradox intrudes when we ask whether the words 'heterological' is 'autological' or heterological (q.v. Grelling). They are both in as much as either... having dog-knotted paradox.

We should mention that the anomalies of language have never been indexed. The very thought of this 'undertaking' as a prelude to a rational syntax, etc., gives anaemia to all scholars and logicians.

When we have developed a mind that can grasp a simple form, with analogous meanings and associations by contiguity, then our sensory continuum will respond interpretationally even if symbolically. Having evolved such a heterologous, chancy, quasi, or uninterpretable language it is not surprising that it would *think for us*. To revise and vivify meanings we must revert to the naïve, the crude or the colloquial for a simple expressionism without preamble and a hiatus of qualifications. Truth is evident in simplicities; overlooked in complexities. Know Truth by this: It is *radiant* and needs no emblazoning. Which suggests indirectly that most 'logical forms' are another dehydrated Hippopotamus.



Beginning of the End to a Rebeginning

I believe in the *Eternity of Ego* whether I am carnate, discarnate, reincarnate, or whatever metamorphosis I suffer. For I am *change* and forever ultimate however I may appear. I am all differentiations, all unities, separatenesses and inconceivables. My fatigue, my forgetfulness are a mystery of duality, yet they must be my way of *knowing* by the effort of re-remembering. This is the way to the new abortions or higher selves: constantly determining values by acceptances and rejections, by becoming rights and wrongs, by deceiving me and teaching me against my greater inherences. Self can know only not-self, from dissolving omniscience.

I believe in eternal equity – whatever may momentarily stun or deceive me – to myself and, through all my commitments, to others. I teach the acceptance of all things without love or hate. I, as a lover of the flesh, say this: Not only is Self-love itself a value, it is the supreme means of determining all values. The 'will to pleasure' and the coalescence of total experience from all things is the ultimate.

Pleasure is seldom found when it is sought outside for it is first within and can relate where we so will when our will and beliefs are one in desire and one of necessity.

Through this 'necessity' we create the dynamics that ultimately serve our desires that we have made necessary, for it shall be our reality one day.

As a misologist I have a great superstition about spontaneity as a way of action. First, the self-unity with the sublimation – then the courageous act. The first inspiration from our Soul is the technique for all subsequent inspiration, for this self-illuminism is the only thing that begets inspiration.

To give reality to your autistic thinking is the great theurgy of which I have given you the key: *Sublimate your beliefs into the unfamiliar energeia of orgasm, for it is numinous, it is immanence and the moment of conception-creation.*

Zos stretched himself, saying: "These innocents need things unwrapped, then doctrinized and ornamented... so let me remember my old abilities, summon my elementals, and commit my will to a new theurgy."

Illusion and Reality

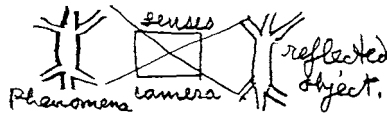
Knowing only our impressions of reality, felt or seen, we find reality illusive and call it illusion: the shadow misnaming the substance. It gives this equation: Reality is illusion; Illusion is reality. Illusions transpose into reality and vice-versa. There are illusions that *are* illusions, i.e., not guising anything; there is also an illusionable reality. That reality is makeable. A thing is as real as it is conative. There are no precludable propositions or possibilities except those limited by the dimensional framework of which we know not the limits, and perhaps there is an indiscrete partial that floats out and returns? We are ever the fleshy surface, but there are further possibilities (in flesh) than those we know. Everything shall become unto flesh: Dreams may be as true as 'reality', certainly less expensive. Although the Classical Gods are all well fleshed and versed therein, I should mix best with the drunken Dionysus, Silenus or Satyros, for like them I prefer to sleep on the bellies of Nymphs than on any Athene. And when I enter this heaven's brothel I shall have a laudable phallus ravening, spilling over. My own predicament: "Which has the broadest bottom?" To play with great Cats, drink rough wine, copulate to sleep, has no satiety in me. Alas, passes the dream. Again I awake in some Athene's bed – permitted once weekly. Where are the Elysian Fields? Ever on the left, or into your fears, and left when you are told to go right. There is no pleasure where there is fear; otherwise, has Hero ever met Heroine without the bucketful of aftermath?

Pleasure is never complete in itself; shall I ever find the broadest bottom? Probe deeply enough, and everyone is superstitious, meaning that they also hope to find the broadest bottom. Satisfaction ceases with satisfaction. Therefore be ever satisfied with your dissatisfaction, for if I satisfy function in one form, I become – dissatisfied. Then, *ipso facto*, I must change into another form and, by such a process, eternally change, seeking a satisfaction without reactions. Whether flesh takes over dreams or dreams flesh, there are no pleasures for me except as transferred to flesh.

One Thing Evolves Another

One thing evolves another, always a little different, which becomes a plethora of variety; then, the revolutionary mutations surpassing selection and environmental changes. Ultimately, man emerges, not only an epitome of his ancestry but of his experience through mind, thought, intelligence and Ego. (I shall not stress my metaphor: there are automatic machines that so completely serve their purpose that only consciousness and the arbitrary are absent. The first camera gave a shadow-graph but if we include the latest complex camera we get a rough parallel to the senses' growth from infancy onward.)

All hypotheses are the off-spring of a metaphor that finds a parallel in fact; hence all our knowledge derives initially from symbol, metaphor and hypothesis, plus the audacious long-arm linkage from an episode (our personal guess by 'freer' association). {*Vide infra* for an alternative text, 'A Sketchy Metaphor'.}



The symbol used: this camera reflects not only an image within, but, like a magic-lantern, projects the image outside upon a vast screen; and so with our senses. The cardinal point is that neither the camera nor our body is conscious of any image. Only the photographer, representing Ego, the senses, etc., is conscious; and although he works through and by the camera, he is outside it and separable. But, but, but! The photographer, as such, is entirely dependent on the camera for expression. This is also true of the Ego which consciously expresses itself only through the body. But there is a chain of intermediaries, each one acting as a medium for the others: camera, learner, teacher, improver, and inventor. The main copula between body and Ego is mind which is an index of memories, whether unconscious,

subconscious or conscious, which results from our reaction to otherness and which is also the assimilative and recollective faculty of memory. The brain is capable of registering innumerable impressions and of classifying them chronologically. At the moment of death the astral mind transfers itself to its own warehouse to await the new body; otherwise there would be no heritage. Thought, mind, intelligence, Ego and Soul, do not develop *pro rata* with the body (camera) but they manifest best when the body matures and achieves perfection. Illustration: The ability of Michaelangelo or Rubinstein would be utterly nonplussed working through an unsuitable and untrained medium – there would be only scribble and cacophony. We are deceived by the *gradual* manifestation of intelligence: first the recognition of resemblances and differences, then of comparisons, etc. The superimposition of imagination and critical [lacuna] on these comparisons is intelligence, with all its co-ordinating properties. My symbol is mainly visual but there is always a certain amount of unity and assistance from the other senses. We see a thing and receive an impression which, if casual, is almost worthless. When our observation is appetitive and appreciative it is due to sense co-ordination and is effective apperception from which our values, levels and selections come, assisted by mental references stimulated by all things relevant or not.

What is Ego? You; the individual that has, by means of differentiation, gained separateness from the 'stinking lump'. Ego becomes energized and is rendered *conscious* by constant impact on all otherness – known and unknown. A like liking, or disliking, like and the unlike, and by audacious effort liking remote likeness and seeking relationship with the highest or lowest as directed by our good and evil. What is the 'stinking lump'? What we were, but what we have long superseded and what is now inimical to our highest potentials. Who taught the photographer? Experience (impact) with other bodies (cameras) – the Soul which initially inspires as desired. Who created the Soul? The Gods as *manifest* likeness, because the non-dimensional is inconceivable. Man is not ultimate; the best now pilot their own craft, and tomorrow is another day towards space...

Argument by Parallelism

From one thing evolves another, slightly different but becoming a plethora of varieties. Then there are revolutionary mutations, above selection and environmental changes. Man emerged not only as an epitome of his ancestry but of his experiences, with Mind, Thought, Intelligence and Ego.

A Sketchy Metaphor:

Keeping our symbolism within limits, we now have automatic machines which serve their purpose so completely that only the arbitrary and consciousness are missing. The early camera threw a shadow-graph, and, if we include also the latest of complex cameras we have, broadly, a parallel with the growth of the senses from infancy. All hypotheses are the offspring of a metaphor that finds a parallel in fact. Hence all knowledge in the beginning was from symbol, metaphor and hypothesis, plus the audacious long-arm linkage from an episode (often a guess by a more free association) in our past, relating to the present.

The symbol: The camera not only reflects an image within itself but, like a magic-lantern projects the image outside itself upon a vast screen. And so with our senses. Here's the rub; *neither the camera nor the body are conscious of any image.* The photographer (representing Ego, Mind, etc.,) *is* conscious and, although he works through and by the camera – to realise his desires – he is outside of and separate from it. But the photographer himself is entirely dependent upon the camera for his own expression which is true also for the Ego, which chiefly has conscious expression through the body.

There is a chain of intermediaries, each link acting as media for the others (camera, pupil, teacher, manufacturer, innovator, inventor). The main copula between body and ego is 'thought' – from the mind, which is an index of memories, whether unconscious, subconscious or conscious. Thought which results from our impact on otherness is also the assimilative and recollecting factor of memory. The brain is capable of recording ego's innumerable impressions and chronologically cataloguing them; when death takes place

the astral mind transfers these to its own warehouse, to await the new body, otherwise there would be no heritage, never a difference, never a genius. Thought, mind, intelligence, soul, do not develop *pro rata* with the body, only ego does so; but, to us, they all manifest better with the greater maturity and perfection of the body, or camera. The ability of a Michael Angelo or a Rubinstein would be utterly foiled by unsuitable, untrained media – only scribble and cacophony would appear. We are deceived by the gradual manifestation of intelligence; ability must work through a near capability of expression. It must be remembered that whatever is, may not be so forever; neither memory nor flesh have reached their limits. Who taught the photographer (Ego)? Experience, plus other bodies (cameras) and the demi-urges – originally the soul, which initially inspired as desired, from our necessity. Who created the soul? The Absolute, as *manifest* (dimensional) likeness, because the undimensional is inconceivable. Man does not achieve the ultimate by leaps, slow progress has made him what he is from his experiences and aptitude, not from choice.

ALTERNATIVE TEXT:
What is Ego? *You*, the individual as experience, a distinction that has, through differences and duality, gained separateness from 'the other stinking lump'. Ego becomes energized and is *conscious* by constant impact on all otherness, known and unknown: a like liking, or disliking like and the unlike, and by audacious effort, seeking remote likeness and forming relationships with the highest or the lowest, directed by our levels and valuations as good and evil. What is the 'stinking lump'? That which we were as the first conglomerate, effervescing, but which we have long since superseded, and which is now an evil into which we slip back.

On Perception

Perception is a rapid sequence of impressions, none of which is accurate or complete but vague and partitive, an orient, unfinished or untrue. Perception is built up from a multitude of impressions which, superimposed, give a rough reflection of a thing relating to a particular position (view). By constant reorientations and the noting of details of the surface-content we arrive at a general truism or judgement of the whole. No one could hope to synthesize the whole, pictorially, as one. Verbal expression, being a 'timed sequence', would be easier as a synthesis but never sufficiently accurate or even visually complete. Indeed, for perception to have any true reflex value a highly-trained and skilled faculty is necessary. Observation is never perfect, always partitive, omitting predicaments of illusion by 'simulars', perspective, wishful seeing, and later-seeing through our flabby pre-knowledge of a thing. So all ideas are formed from impressions of a thing, usually slight sensations without emotion, but when experiential they are *affective*, i.e., both emotionally and sensationally. They then awaken correspondence with the preceptive or intuitional. Conative ideas are thus born with Empiricism... Taking Art as subject, the following would be its syllogism: 'Composition, proportional reality, functional conjunctionism by values'. The obvious failure of any such formula is the ambiguity of both words and syntax – there are few one-in-one meanings. Thus 'Composition' implies 'balance', 'harmony', but not necessarily 'pattern' by an arranged dis-symmetry (indeed, composition is essentially asymmetrical balance). Not only does every word need qualification but the whole thing could be transposed and transcribed in other words and terms. Whole sets of such syllogisms could be written, more or less as true: 'idea', 'form(s)', and 'Composition', would be sufficient – if our words were – and would give a fundamental axiom from which tautology would follow, allowing all contiguousnesses, correlatives and elatives as deductive concatenation. All this bull-shit means is that all forms of mentation adopting 'a form of logic', as expressionalism, are *modalities* whose rules serve only their own. Thus, the values that created Pre–Raphaelism and its sets of rules cannot apply to Post Impressionism... therefore any form of analysis should probe into the fundaments of all modalities, styles, conventions and idioms, and expose as truisms the common denominators between them.

Used thus as symbols, then only is the mind prescient enough to stimulate casually as inspiration. Indeed, it is more than probable that only when we transgress our logical rules, and trespass, do we ever reach a state of worthwhile concept, reformulating our thesis to fit it – and another piece of psycho-hocus-pocus is either born or discounted.

Mind and Matter

Mind and matter are always evident to each other: A crystal does not appear to us as an intelligent thing, yet it is perfectly so with respect to its own form and function. To us, a blade of grass seems more intelligent and courageous, too, as it fights for its place in nature with the oak. The insect, bird, reptile, and mammal appear successively more intelligent as complexity increases. This is the great illusion. The minds of the crystal, the rabbit, Michaelangelo, or God, are the same, only the *means* of each mind differ; the one is manifested more fully than the other. Ability is always equal or superior to the means. The dynamic inter-relationship of all things causes the universality of change, a transformation process embracing everything, although the over-all content is the same – everything in time changing into everything else. Thus the butterfly became Aristotle! But change is so gradual that any thing is always completely itself as manifest reality. Nature does show us rapid metamorphosis, but only during gestative periods and in early forms of life. The most magnificent example being the egg-larva-butterfly emanation; the most perfect allegory of a thing becoming its own Imago.

From the least form to the highest there is a fundamental pattern of change – from simple to complex – which follows definite laws, the whole purpose being to further expressional means and individual perfection for ultimate independence. The case of the individual appears to be more important than the mass. Nature's quest is for the genius, the altruistic few who create everything worthwhile in the world. Certain beings are older in time, a point which everyone reaches, but not at the same time. Hence there is no equality but always equity – an insoluble mystery of 'Why?'.

This is mere supposition only if it *presupposes* that we are but automata. This is what happens: Nature creates and is manifoldly re-creative – a dual concurrent production of replicas. Body not only creates body but mind also; ego and soul replicate themselves *as our own*. Indeed, God recreates the potential of God as our individual self. Thus, all universals appear ultimately within the individual. Within each of us, by our own encouragement, will be developed all possibilities from whatever our residuum of experience and present means. This will entail voluntary frustration of one thing to obtain another. To become good – sacrifice evil, and our choice will manifest itself, though sporadically, depending on our consistency in overcoming periods of fatigue. When sacrifice is total, i.e., all for one thing, then the result is a cataract of power.

Our past experience alone yields valid inference (organic and intuitive) not only from our reactions to it but from the sensational aftermath value of our active participation. All actions become irretrievably formative, whereas our thoughts are mutable and mainly directive. The only elements opposing Man are exterior ones which may cause conflict, e.g., man himself, disease (unities without empathy; or natural decay). All actions create our destiny, therefore whatever environment and accidents we inherit are to a certain extent our liability.

Man Forgets

The manner of interpenetration of anything with other things (natural or artificial) is rectified by experience and forms, natural affinities or allergies. There are no conflicts as such; fire may be hurtful but it is also useful – both are facts by impact, forming our fears. All such phenomena are indifferents. The whole Cosmos is a harmony of empathy and indifference – everything is always a near-perfect harmonious unity, though temporary and continuously changing. Man is either a mere automaton without sin, responsibility, etc., or he

is partially responsible and creates evil. In his efforts to create his own Ego-image he necessarily deviates; his lies, pretensions, fallacies and assumptions become the hyle, and are not evil even though he would rather satisfy himself on illusions than face the difficulties of reality. These are creative qualities, but Man is a forgetter. Everything he generates returns to its origins; the past never sleeps. Ability is acquired over long periods of experience of all kinds; it is necessary to experience sufficiently in order to acquire additional factualities. How does Man manage to become the world's worst bastard and inconceivably evil? Is it conceivable for anyone to be so small-minded as to imagine himself as God without the ability of being decent? And so on, *ad nauseam*... Yes! Man forgets (reciprocation).

The Law of Change

The law of change is of quantity and quality: duration is eternal, a constant factor; all new qualities become as real as the original qualities. The original Ids are the same in a microbe as in Man, but in Man they have branched out, effloresced, become more indirect – but remain the same. The Ids appear as eternal – their phalli, the new expressionalism; they guise their functions of acquisition. They are the eternal stimuli, and that which ceases to desire ceases to be (as it is) and death becomes a necessary mutation against resistance.

If there is a Law of Progression there is also a Law of Regression. Although everything is changing, everything is always complete; any series of changes and emergent qualities are probably cyclic. Man is the summit of this, which only means the end of a particular cycle. Each state is a synthesis of all preceding states and it resolves their difficulties. [Lacuna] Ontological and dialectical forms emphasize the interconnectedness of all things and the self-development of each thing, its separateness and self-identity. From such gleanings the only sentient syllogism would be: 'supposition, experience, composition'.

Modifications of a Universal 'A': 'A' is a changing factor and develops towards 'B', as 'Ab'. Only when it is fully 'B', as 'aB', does it develop into 'C': thus, 'aBc'. When it becomes 'fGh' does it formally cease to manifest 'A'. In fact, forms rather than functions have changed. 'A', 'b', 'c' and all preceding states are resident as residua. 'A' never ceases. The complete cycle is '$A^{M}Z$'; 'M' being the apex. From 'A' onwards are potentials of 'M'; from 'M' to 'Z' are differentials of 'A' to 'M' by refunctioning all the specializations of 'A' to 'M' as 'M' to 'Z'. If this sequence of experience has any purpose at all it is for individuation and extension of faculties and aptitudes, i.e., the formation of genius as a responsible being, ultimately independent even if interdependent.

Ego: an ideal unity of ability (i.e., relatability). Our concepts of Ego become our Daemon. Our sense of inferiority is caused by our inability to individuate our self through *our* concepts rather than through others' concepts.

We cannot test either dialectics or our forms of mentation, against Nature. Nature creates, we make partial similitudes how and where we may: we know nothing of the continuous unfelt impacts from Cosmic sources that may inspire change and determine all things. Moreover, nothing is impossible with Nature whatever our limits. All our thoughts and conceptions relate to things, therefore the processes are similar: ideas change, gain content etc., by intercommunication, and so develop; any one thing or thought is the medium for another.

The test of all things is not fidelity but ethical pragmatism. Anything true to its own laws (even when false to other things) will manifest a content, perhaps different and contrary – moral or not – to all other known things. The human brain and body are capable of receiving, indexing and giving back whatever is put into them, as any other complex machine; but they are also capable of re-forming, judging, evaluating, believing and feeling. Whatever the brain receives (*a priori*) it shapes to its limits as a jug shapes to itself the wine it receives. Ego does the thinking, or para-percepting – Mind: the procreative; Soul: the initiator; the Absolute: the originator of all media though itself not a medium. So, Man's path and destiny is to create his own semblances of Ego, Mind, Soul and Gods as his own. Whether Man is so endowed (he is a refraction of all conceivables) shall be manifest with his ability. Better to be an artist than a sterile shite! Reaching across the very rafters of Cosmos is a vast shadow, Man's frustrations silhouetted...

Far better a façade of make-believe or some self-made arabesque than...? For whatever we serve we are subject to – and all things are their own good and evil – inescapably.

Although certain integers must give evidence of 'fact as factual' (e.g., Knowledge, Mathematics, etc.) everything is essential to truth for everything is true (fact and fiction) as infinite relatability. Truth ceases to relate outside our span, and all conceivability is within. But who knoweth the dimensional extent of Ego?

What is Truth?

What is Truth? Propositional forms are inferences from an 'as/or' synthetic composibility, inferences of partitive semblances refrangible from both ends and equally correlative from any 'inbetween' ratio to either end. Illustration: an octave spanning all assonances by resonance, therefore any degree (of itself) is mergeable or emergeable within its span (usually, categorically imperfect). Irrespective of this, truth always and only equals its ability to be true (from any premise). Truth is also ability of transpositions, as from the audile to the visual prismatic scale – from which primitive pattern we originate our own schema.

Facts are partitive, or correlative of truth, posited by *time-place*: "It is a fact that it is raining"; to be true it must rain all the time in all places. It may have done so, and may do so again, but usually does not – meaning: "It frequently rains 'as/or' somewhere, sometime". And all our truths are as such. Truth necessitates all fictions. Look upon Ego as Altrotheoego for you can 'put into' Ego anything you so will and it will give back semblances (truth enough). Any arabesque of unverifiable fictions will find pragmatic testimony. Syllogistically: supposition, potentiality, probability.

The Ecstoicism of Zos vel Thanatos

Awaking and yawning, he wondered whether this was a re-birth or another reiteration of yesterday... and when he had clarified his mind and cleansed his body he thought thus:

I will give my other self *the one ethic, the one sin, the one virtue and many other onenesses.* Equity is the whole moral law. From it sprang this Cosmos, your future equation and Nemesis; for whatsoever you take from life you will give back. Whatever you commit to life you will entail as good and evil.

Virtue is positive when to yourself, for how else could you love others unless you are fit to love yourself? To do unprovoked injury to none should be the whole ethic of behaviour towards all beings. Never forgive those who serve thee ill, until thou hast punished them, for thou wouldst thereby injure others. Greed and all wickedness survive only through ease and success. If the law of the Country is rotten, adroitly live thine own. Make punishment suitable and not excessive, as revenge would also injure thee. See that all thy motives are healthy and altruistic. The fool strikes in heat without judgement, often over-injuring, therefore 'correct' only with *cold passion*, knowing exactly what you do. For if we are all sons and related and are interdependent, or if others are as ourself, how can injury to them (except as correction) ultimately benefit us? Your immediacies are from yesterdays, your tomorrows the aftermath of the todays: their good and evil live on.

The body is our whole means of expression, therefore guard and preserve it, for it is your common right to survive. Be not over-fastidious, rather harden your body and mind so that you can face reality in all its facets, and accept the violence of pleasure or pain with fortitude. For remember, this body has potentialities not yet realized: Man is not the ultimate... and it is often wiser to cleanse the mind rather than to remove the dirt of your labours from your body, or the earth from your feet; the body is temporary, the mind more lasting. Have a shameless mind and your body will manifest its beauty.

The great gesture is that which neither expects nor asks for anything, and which inflicts on others only what is merited. Ask not forgiveness of Gods or men but take your reparations willingly.


orgasm by Lambchops

Disregard the fortuitous, give effect to your desires by effort. The Ecstoic has no fear of reincarnation, karma, 'last judgements', nor of the earth itself giving way beneath his feet. If he is injured – it is acquittance. His sole effort is to do no injury to others. He is acceptive of Nature and mainly negative to Man. He faces life and death with open eyes, and if he seeks suicide as relief for a while, he goes forth to meet death with a smile knowing he will come again. How cautious he is in doing good – delicately, like a funambulist. He has no morals, beliefs or ideals that are not tactual to life, possibility, and human nature; thus heaven and hell are within his hand. He neither prays, begs, nor borrows (if possible), but works by the sweat of his mind and body; therefore why should he pray – or prey? He expects nothing for nothing yet often gives. He is too proud to act or to believe merely for rewards – or punishments. He acts and believes in the way he considers wise and healthy: neither Devils nor Gods, or his Ids, can corrupt him. If he seeks sanctuary, he is tired, unfit to accept unequal odds, but he always comes back...

We love the child for its total dependence and acceptance, therefore be ye the same to your parental good and evil, for until ye have paid and have become sufficient unto yourselves ye shall wear this halter of dependence.

The Ecstoic is largely indifferent to praise or blame but makes no virtue of it; he doeth whatever he does and asks none to accept unless he so desires. He will say: "This I believe, but I would that you believe differently, as your actions are different". He is often austere in eating, heavy in drinking, as he believes in having at least one weakness, but would forego this and find another weakness if he found he became less human thereby. He is a fine soldier, unambitious; yet if none desire the van he will go first; if none desire the rear, he will be last. He is the last to retreat, he never surrenders, rather would he destroy himself; but he fights only in what he considers a just cause. He is fearless because he can smile with the Gods at life and death as mere temporary transitions.

Although he cannot condone and stomach all religions or cults, knowing their corruption, yet has he been animist, polydaemonist, zoömorphist, pantheist and monist, but he usually becomes apostate to them all, becoming ultimately a 'Self-love Theurgist'! The Ecstoic has his own esoteric cult, sacred to his own symposia: his effort is to convert himself, not others. He believes that a religion should equate with a person's level, a new polymorphism having texture to changing life and tactual to all possibilities – as the young begin with the alphabet, so may they come to know the most abstract truths.

The Ecstoic's solipsism embraces creation as the atmosphere, for it is the world in which he lives. This contact with it does not preclude his following his mind into all elsewheres to receive inspiration from Allness.

The Ecstoic is never superior – a saviour, saint, apostle or gospeller, as such. He is often in the company of sinners, though never self-righteous. He condones much and condemns little – outside himself – yet he is resolute against corruption or injury to the young or helpless. He loves all animals, for are they not great Ecstoics? The veriest fool can understand the one ethic of Ecstoicism: Do not desire, or do, injury to others, other than they do unto you. *Do as you please, to whom the pleasing is the law.* Return good for good, corrective punishment for injury.

You are not alone in this world, whatever your beliefs; and you are relatively responsible for its wrongnesses. Your example and your attitude can change things.

Again: what you do not desire from others do not commit to them; far better violate yourself. And what you desire from gods or men, ask for decently and accept only when reasonable as '*Quid pro quo*'; and if you give – forget it! For who knoweth what is for their good.

Be as autonomous as possible, self-disciplined, resilient, fearless, with moral courage to face all difficulties. Have your stance in reality and let truth be your mirror: these are the Ideals of Ecstoicism. Virtue is impersonal and greater than love which involves attachments. There is great virtue in serving the necessitous. Desire little from others – fulfilment may return as demands or as useless or undesirable gifts.

Let your hero be Prometheus: did he not take from the gods to give to man?

Again, I say: I would that you were different from me. Go forth in your way and be greatly your truth without injury to others. This shall be your law and the road to your Numen and to your becoming...

Here Zos fell into a deep abstraction and when again he became foreconscious he spoke to himself thus:

"All morality smells somewhat, and immorality often stinks. Something more is wanting for Eternity. There are many lives in this one, as there are many closets in space, and one sincere belief spawns ability anywhere. But there is this difficulty for others – of knowing *how and what* to believe. Must I give the magic word? Then so be it: He that *so* loveth himself... all creation will come unto him."

Mind to Mind and How
By a Sorcerer
Rendered in an idiom other than for scientists

Consistent with other directions of abstract knowledge, the threshold of the occult is the market-place for the charlatan. Coinage is sometimes different – lies have a strange longevity and fecundity – truth becomes buried. Abstracts such as 'mind', 'thought', 'intellect', naturally have no exact definitions; to agree at all, we have had to resort to the Classics. Should I, as a God, fall into this cesspit of inexactitude? I, too, revert, and rely on 'Delphic' means for my answers. There are no conclusions... but I assert that the most positive and exact evidence it is possible to present to others, reposes in the lowest, most common denominator of occultism – 'fortune-telling'. Be patient awhile for you will be enlightened by what follows.

The means used and the way it happens are simple and the inverse of scientific. I use a traditional formula, created by instinctive guess and *arbitrarily* formed, not evolved by hypothesis and experiment. The law of sorcery is its own law, using sympathetic symbols. This *logomachy* was subsequently deduced from actual practice, using cards like an 'oracle', the exponent as interpreter.

Thought may be looked upon as dynamic, ever-present like the Ether; we are inescapably in and of it. It is neither a work incomplete nor completing though always changing our shape and degree of consciousness. Man is a vehicle of thought, and thought governs the world. Scientists constantly mistake the 'means' for the cause: brain, nerves, body etc., are the media of thought, and when thought is dynamic in them we say it is 'the mind', which, in itself may have some queer relationship with *The Mind* behind it all. If mind has any 'seat' it is in the whole body, rather than a part. Because thought is a subsequent impression of feeling and all things cohabit all the time – *identity is by identifying*, and the price is suffering (and much more thought). So, Identity is an obsession, a composite of personalities, all counterfeiting... a faveolated ego: a resurging catacomb where the phantom-like demiurguses seek in us their reality.

There are abstract 'Ids', *symbols that are cognizances of the mind*: inveterate, interpreted by some kind of metaphor. Our actions and beliefs being liars to each other, our usual language is useless for mystic communion. *The nexus between cause and effect is medianimity.*

There is a Grimoirium of graphic symbology and vague phonic nuances that conjoins all thought and is the language of the psychic world. Mind is a continuant and all concepts are relatable to preceptions and contact, therefore real; the continuum of all aspects of memory and learning is consciousness – the past again becoming explicit, more or less.

Our whole mentation is cognizing our cognition: I do know not only that I know, but how little I know of my own omniscience.

The conjugation of '*a priori*' and '*a posteriori*' creates the anoëtic. A little knowledge is necessary common sense, much is dangerous, as the motive is a form of greed. One aspect of Knowledge not only discloses another but a whole series of fresh problems.

Invariably, inspiration is the only mechanism science has for the disclosure of new facts and such a form of *guessing* is a casual process of 'mind to mind' recollection and transference. Our very existence establishes a previous history (thought, mind, body), *so all subsequences are differentiated derivatives of 'a priori'*.

If there is a 'primacy of practical reason' then judging by results (in man) it has become its own laughing poltergeist... we are worse in prospect than in retrospect: and nothing

seems to exceed its own archaism. *Wisdom appears a stasis*, while Knowledge is ever forming – never complete. Whether within or without, nothing is fully explicit; Nature reveals slowly her techniques and media; of her motives we know nothing, we only guess at them from our own wishes. The tactual quality of relating is by a sentiment – the latent memory identifies and gives knowledge... Our truth – the totality of impressions from affections when confirmed by our atavism. All we know for certain are the great uncertainties and *unknown commitments of ourselves.* Our lives are spent in finding the solution, a reciprocity of para-rational creativity. We are only fitted to co-relate our own level – whether by inspiration or any other means.

Certain directions of Knowledge should be arrested, they give little and at great cost: we have always had a plethora of the means of destruction. Laws of Art and Logic are limited rules of patterning and nothing is deduced, except variations from them: there is no technique of spontaneity and inspiration

Science, like Logic and Psychology, is its own bogey and as neurotic as its own creed: its fear of deviation from its arbitrary standards and categories confirms all the definitions of the psychopathic... Science also has to await its rare artists to make an audacious guess for enlightenment or mutation. For me, the inexplicable of beauty, the undivulged of things gives them their enchantment – not their known meanings.

From the above evolves a suggestion: that the mind knows all, that thought, which permeates all things, is the conveyor and nexus, and that we become *en rapport* and evocative by some cryptic symbolism which we must originate. Here is a clue: How do two fraudulent telepathists convey messages to each other? By a legerdemain; some subtle secret code. And the means of psychic correspondence, telepathy, premonition and prediction is by a like parallel. Merely to establish telepathy between two people by *known* things, means little outside of the proof, so we extend to the unknown, i.e., *prediction*, and by a simple form anyone may put to the test.

Language – Words in general and in particular

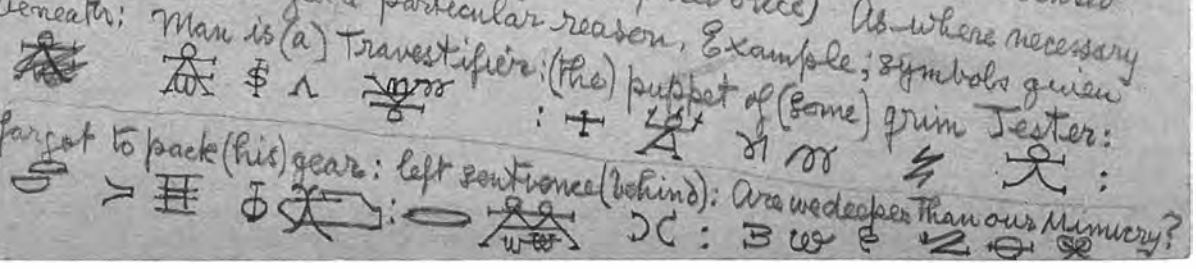
The revelationary and predictive possibilities of a personal or a universal symbolic language have never yet been rationally probed or exploited, either as from mind to mind or from our own mind. And when I (as Ego) question the mind, what mind is it? Absolute, submind or mind of my own? Answers are only given when the correct language is used via inspiration or automatic means. Mind is absolute articulation: the nearer we simulate, the more expressive... Through the shaky structure of language has evolved a quasi-automatic jugglery of words in a jungle of indiscrete meanings and loose tergiversated grammalogues: forcing us to rely on crudities and colloquialisms for one-to-one meanings or qualify almost every word we use. A simple sentence may be self-contradictory. What is remarkable, is that by transposing or casually mixing words in a sentence what nonsense is made, which proves that words have to fit and obey the predetermined grammatical pattern, which, if itself ambiguous – gives ambiguities. It is not my function here to lay the foundations for a rational language, but it is the essential work of logicians and scholasticism: who so far have lamentably failed – suggestions galore and nothing attempted. It is now urgent, not only as a check on speculative intemperance, misuse and absurdities, but as essential pruning of inevitable extraneous outcroppings of our spatial language. Our excessiveness of unnecessary words has itself become a form of mentation (with semantical half-truths) – rather than a means of discovering. There is this paradoxical equation: Truths are their conditions, so bind us to their own rules of conation.

Truths are only partial-transitives to words, i.e., there is no full-blooded semantical truth: words are the material of sentences, "meanings" by qualified inferences or relatables limited to certain rules.

Language as now, is ideal for authorship, poetry, hyperbole etc., sufficiently varied to allow of choice for any expressionism, we need only use words of our own selecting: defective as over-spatial and illogical syntax.

As for Ego requesting from Mind: To so question – use simply 'one to one' symbols in

The original language was a series of phonograms, purely of emotional expression with gesture aiding; subsequently ~~sought~~ graphs were added – crude pictures, mainly of things: developed as sound-signs. The 'ideograph' ultimately relating abstracts; syntax gave words their sequence and spatial inexactness. If logic needs its own language, theurgy, i.e., communication between 'Ego and Mind' also needs its own form, based on the primal universal language: sign + sound + meaning. What are the essential requirements of such a language? The axiom is simplicity: Signs and symbols used as near as possible have revellance as geometric, arabesque or abbreviated picture-graphs: with a 'one to one' meaning. Syntax is mainly conjunctional, an accurate sequence of words giving significant meaning. Certain properties cannot be either implicate or explicate in one word, nor of autological form. Our real predicament begins with abstracts. Example: The word 'God', what do we mean & how symbolize – by attributes? All agree we mean 'Absoluteness' – itself limiting: 'God the unpredictable absolute' is better; any such symbol must be arbitrary & fictional. So we agree on a sign: [illegible]. How do we symbolize 'omniscence'? As attribute, not the same, a contingent primary symbol thus: ⊙ because omniscence may be implicite also in mind or soul. Other examples are indexed at the end of the book. The theory is a set of word symbols that are apophantic, sufficient as an anatomy for philosophizing, intercommunicated between Mind and Ego, not of statements, but as asking by questionaire. Three hundred & sixty five word signs have been found essential, not including conjunctions, affixes & prefixes. A number of other symbols are used as expedience demands (e.g., maybe only used once) As where necessary in a statement for a particular reason. Example; symbols given beneath: Man is (a) Travestifier: (the) puppet of (some) grim Jester: forgot to pack (his) gear: left sentience (behind): Are we deeper than our Mimicry?



The words bracketed are unnecessary, indeed the statement could be more abbreviated. Many of the symbols are expediental and the statement unsuitable to our purposes.

A more suitable form as question to the mind would be:

"What is consciousness? Symbolized thus: ⁇ $ ⚸ ?

But there are conventions of asking & personally I would not present the question by such manner, although retaining brevity. The ancient Egyptians, had the essential unspoilt mentation for pure prescience: would have rendered it more like an evocation & ovation, thus:

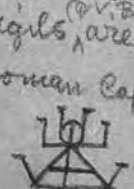
" Who then is this?  It is the creator of names, he who is not driven back among the gods: what then are the attributes and tribute? Millions of years is thy other name, begetter of millions of years... whereas I am begotten of moments, and my span of minutes... my tribute yet inarticulate. I am purified, let me accompany thee one second, O Traverser of millions of years.

Who then am I? I am the God  : my name means "In rising & making" (). My name resounds through the corridors of Time, echos back ~~down~~. I came late into existance in Nu: I who have entered and didst dwell in the beautiful underworld, where all the manifold forms of existence praise thee: all the wonderous animal gods have taught me & avouch me. Who then art thou  ?

Thou O, glorious Soul, didst create thyself and even Nu who knewest and opened my mouth: I am yesterday, I have left my 'questioning' as an amulet in the underworld ⁇ $ ⚸. So, let me come forth unto today, articulate: I have burnt my shroud, washed away the filth of death and without sin."

P.S. Here follows (ritual) pictorial representation

There are other ways of asking, the example above is given as showing how one can be gnostic through a great tradition.

Sigils (P.V. Book of Pleasure) are also employed as cryptograms: They are made by compounding Roman Capitals, thus: The word 'Thee' = Ξ. The sentence: 'Who then art thou?' =  ? It is essential to obscure meanings from others & sublate them to our mind.

short sentences of telegrammatic form. Answers will be emotional and abstract, pregnant by finding their own means – maybe as by words in travail... All reasoning is a muddling, truths can only be suggested, must be self concepted. My truths may not be yours, *truth has interchangeability into any belief.*

The Mind is generous one way: It will give power to anyone on – one condition only.The original language was a series of phonograms, purely of emotional expression with gestures aiding; subsequently, graphs were added – crude pictures, mainly of things: developed as sound-signs, the 'ideograph' ultimately relating abstracts: syntax gave words their sequence and spatial inexactness. If logic needs its own language, theurgy, i.e., communication between 'Ego and Mind' also needs its own form, based on the primal universal language: sign plus sound plus meaning.

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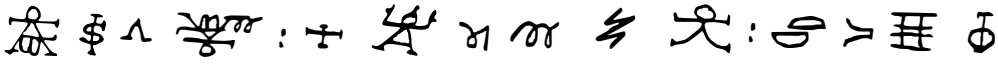

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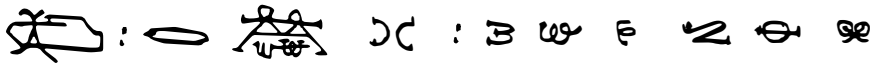

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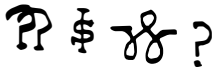
"What is consciousness?" Symbolized thus: 

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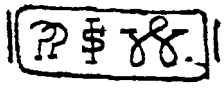

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The sentence 'Who then art thou?' =  ?

It is essential to obscure 'meanings' from others and sublate them to our mind.

Any fundamental geometric form will give a natural sequence of twenty-six letters by segmentation and without repetition. Example: using the dimensional circle 

thus A =  B =  C =  D =  E =  etc.

What is self-evident is how near known letters such a system gives.

The function of my own system of semantics is to sublate: By a careful selection and limiting the words used, unambiguous in meaning to oneself, using a simple syntax and a telegrammatic sequence of short period: The fertility of words is kept within bounds; and by quite arbitrary arrangements (minus conjunctions) they will think for us para-presciently as though alogical. Our effort then is one of transcription by conjunctions. By this obscuration of foreknowledge the subconsciousness is free to enter the 'as now' uninhibited 'reasoning section' of our mind and find expression. According to our levels of thought – so is the answer. What is above your ability will be inexplicable. I have had many answers that I know instinctively are true, but still baffle correct translation... language itself fails. What is the best medium of Truth? Probably some strange amalgam of *suppositio* and *copulatio*, by our own glyphs.

The Brotherly Harangue of Zos to the Striveless

And they crowded towards him saying: "Lord save us, we would learn of your wisdom". And he answered them from his dissolving magnanimity, thus:

"As your brother I hate your guts – the Truth is always terrible. Though your stomachs are distended, you have no room to conceive reality. How much of myself have I saved after my sacrifices? I am naked to my Ego, swimming the Sea of the Qliphoth, ready for the increative from the labyrinth of the Mind. Should I, in my travail of death, speak of these miracles? Better that I told you about your unself-evidence to expansive Truth, with your all-redundancy living a dissolution. Your love is fratricidal, and a self-hate that spawns all destructive diseases. Did not the Gods make you as beautiful as the Moon? Now look at you! Not healthy fat but a flaccid over-weight, or like animated corpses, wayward as somnambulists or drunken ghosts: unreal – ugly.

What, I ask, is there to save? But right you are in some things: lost to yourselves and damned by your own Gods. So, unless you come unto the reality of your Truth through yourselves, you will be born again abortively; and unless you are true to your Gods, how can you know your truths outside your damned kennels? You know not what you want... but I am too conscious of your hidden desire:– easy remission of your sins and Heaven a fortuitous brothel. Verily, I say unto you: space itself could not contain your greediness! Know you, that Heaven is very limited, – and on Earth? So suffer your flatulences and inhale your own stench; for Here and Now is your time and day of mayhem, sadism, and every debauchery... this world is nearer your lecherous dreaming than any hereafter.

Once I asked you: If equity is ultimate, what could you expect? When you can answer, without fear of reciprocity, then only is your self-redemption by manhood near. For now you are mere caricatures, dirty tatterdemalions, deserters, frustrated bastards unworthy of mixing with animals. How near you are to your self-extermination to which you are wilfully blind. But... I was once of you, with you, and perhaps no better... but I destroyed my pretentious façade and had no ears for you. Go your way without injury to any man, and beauty and self-love will grow again from the manure of your discarded foulnesses."

Zos departed, muttering: "After my dissolution, I wonder how much I have gained from my duality?"

Allegory

Temptation is always here: the Devil came unto the Stoic, Zos, with the old, old story, offering the world with every luscious promise of power in exchange for his Soul, and Zos replied: "Every stupidity would seem outlasting; first know, I have greater temptations to use my own powers and already possess far more than you offer, for I was begotten of my own God. Other Gods, the Soul and myself are one with all things and no other man or devil shall rend me. And absurd, my bartering what I already have! Moreover, I need little, sufficient food and shelter to work and a few amenities, so what else should I desire of my own superabundance? – I am neither sickening, agéd, nor so greedy that I need the world's slavery to maintain and pleasure me. Yet how catastrophic if I, or any man, held the World in power...

The supreme littlenesses have become Gargantuous; conquering the world is now a cheap-jack's technique: one's only needs seem sufficient lust, hate and loud-voiced slogans, with promises, to establish a parasitic hierarchy. But look, those swine yonder: voracious, and rightly so for they are essential and useful scavengers. Is my function to excel them – become the greatest swine? The only gift I need is an 'ability' which none but I can attain. You are as other bastard dictators, promising everything, giving nothing and living on the credulousness of fears and greed."

Then, facing the Devil, he laughed and spat in his face, saying: "What I give you, I give freely!" After which he wiped his spittle from his face.

Abstract Art

What is now labelled 'uninhibited expressionalism' is usually a deliberate *attempt* to be different from, or to react to, some orthodoxy, style or dated sentimentalism by non-functional exaggerations – therefore a misnomer. Failing by this non-parallelism they resort to arbitrary symbolism and other absurdities, and also adopt sensational methods and values from the worst exhibitionism. Indeed, unless their work at once 'slaps you in the face', it fails. Also, the glib talk and furore over 'abstract art' is equally misleading and unmeaning. To give an abstract of a concrete – a clock – first remember its function. We must remove the face, expose the works and dismantle to analyse, restate the mathematical formula from proved hypotheses (ideas), then the mechanical metallurgic basis with the chemical and the electrical, etc., right down to the atomic as necessary for an 'abstract portrayal'. Does abstract art give or symbolize this? Whether it does or not, we are less wise having removed the face – we can no longer know the time! Faceless and featureless things have no meaning. Is abstractism 'unfunctional purpose' catering for sciolists? If you really wish to see a perfect rendering of an imperfect 'abstract of an abstract' – use a looking-glass, for whatever you see, be sure it is not the real you, nor would your anatomy or any part, nor analysis, disclose such, although we are refracted as an extract from the absolute abstract.

The Moderns and Art – '*Absit Invidia*'

We must own that the effect of their respective arguments, as usual with frenetic propaganda, is not to satisfy us with either, but to dissatisfy us with both. Neither side has much veracity in its conclusions – the usual jumping from half-truths into the uncertainties of generalizations.

The Greek ideals (of art) were tactual of reality and potentiality, with the possibility of being true to Art and Life. Whereas the *atavistic nostalgias* called 'modernism' are mainly the dark sanctuary of incapacity – the fear of facing and expressing reality. The fine traditional works (not always so in their period) will always remain great, because they are works that have survived the ephemeral fashions and phases of thought. The 'Academy school' has lost its fine traditions and oft degenerates into sentimental and analgesic art. Let us remember that although Art may have direction it is not necessarily knowledge, truth, intuition or anything else: it is ubique, a metaphor of possibilities and of making aesthetic and other interesting sensations more permanent.

What is Art? The function of Art is the ornamentation of things and of life for pleasure or interest. It has this paradox, that it can make anything appear possible, and is the most justifiable form of lying. Fundamentally, all art is an essential and natural graphic syllogism without antithesis. That is: '*Idea, form and composition*' – (asked by one of my pupils to sum up Art in one word, I replied: 'Composition' – with the proviso that successful coitus needs sufficient libido), with spatial parenthetical embellishments never accurately indexed.

Yes, but this content does not qualify it as great art or anything very much; indeed, quite elementary patterns are significantly all this and still quite commonplace. Hence, of the fundaments: the 'Idea' should be original or a fresh interpretation of the familiar. 'Form' should be aesthetic and, however rhythmic, logical and vital. 'Composition' should have balance, however asymmetrical or inventive, and always remain geocentric.

These three elements at their best when unified, however abstract, constitute fine Art and may significantly throw an halation of nuances hard to define. Colour, tone, perspective, conventions, degrees of realism, etc., are subsidiary although sometimes dominant: indeed, there are great works of Art that are purely linear and colourless, and others that have dominant subsidiaries such as colour. Hence Art is elastic and elusive, where much overlaps, where certain qualities may have special value or be absent, but the three fundaments are always there. And apart from the more abstract values, the above should be the criterion for judgement, whatever the idiom, school, style or period. As for the public, the best advice re: 'modern art' is to like whatever appeals to it and not what it is told to appreciate. I can remember such statements as "Lord Leighton (and others later) equalled

Michaelangelo", and so on *ad nauseum*. And G.F. Watts stated publicly when I was fifteen years old that I had already done sufficient work, which, when properly exploited, would surpass, etc... So be careful what you believe, and trust your own inclinations; modern things, whatever their style, are always under- or over-rated. The fear of the ultra stylist is – the next one.

Personally, I believe that reality, too remote, paralyses Art. What we term 'genetic' is either emphasis, exaggeration, or mutilation of natural stuff – at its best a synthesis. Man is excreative; if he were increative he would neither require Art nor anything else.

The latest idiom appears to be an effort to express sincerely what we do not believe, as if it were co-equal to expressing what we do. This effort seems the destruction of beauty by such artistry, and, already, our most appreciative class is dying. The authorities and educational experts have helped – from the culture that lavatory distempered walls (L.C.C.), etc., display... "*Muraglio bianca di matto*".

Finally: great Art is the result of great ability, whatever the idiom, style, and so on, inspired by the subject having its own meaning – the apperceptive concept of the Thing's ethos. Thus, the portrait of a person should be more like him than himself – seldom complimentary...

Laws of Art or Logic are limited rules, as of patterning, and nothing is deduced except variations from them: there is no technique of spontaneity.

Beauty is the depth of the average mean, and the alignment of all extremes.

Perfection cannot be caricatured because it is perfect economy.

(Austin Osman Spare 1949)

Discourse to the Next Moderns

Art may be a means of experiencing by abstracts, symbols, etc., what can not be conveyed by other means; but not by equivocation or by something contrary to our healthy feelings and intelligence. At the least it has to have pattern and give intimation of its genetic truth – and should be technically competent.

When I see something that might be a vomit of small ingenuity, called 'Portrait of my Mother', then – as in the method of 'psychoanalytic free-association' – it could be called 'God', 'The Soul', 'The Rape of Helen', or any damn thing you please. This sewerage is served up to the public as deep abstract! Well, they are the best argument I know for the credence of psychology, i.e., the smutty-romantic pathology of St. Fraud, Junk and Co.. Anything badly out of alignment or grossly distorted must have merit – seems to be their first maxim. Their stuff is not vital or grotesque; but a disintegration, flaccid, stinking, and of lost meaning. They are necrophagous. Fortunately, this decay quickly dessicates and becomes the manure for something different. (For beauty, vitality and inventiveness in the chimerical, horrific, grotesque, etc., see the works of Bosch, Grünewald, Graf, Deutsch, Cranach, Breughel, Dürer, Michaelangelo, and even Leonardo studies.)

Let us have Art that we can look at twice; if not beautiful, something that stimulates towards an illusive significance, and in a style that does not involve the poster-artist's tricks for effectiveness – always the sensationalism out to arrest attention by kicking, or other means of shock. The most compellingly dynamic works I know are archaic – a static simplicity that is vital if not beautiful. Like my cat, I always judge a thing in this wise: is it true? (genetic or actual); can I breed from it?; does it smell good (to eat)? New idioms are easy and abundant, but ability... well, that's recollected.

On Reality

Certain maudlin literati glibly assert the acceptance of reality as fullness and finality, and the 'surrealists' just as glibly assert the opposite. But we are a kind of mental and actual symbiosis (with restless schisms). How much of reality should we accept and of what kind – for to accept the whole is impossible? There is a constant shuffling of the extrovertive and introvertive as reality or non-reality, and all values and levels are rejection of much more. I ask, which are the essential realities amongst those for which we strive? Also, our acceptances are well filtered, stultified by allergy and prejudice, de-vitalized by fears, cheese-paring, and often unacceptable to our inner 'as if' imaginings. And what of the wayward and intrusive thoughts, ideas, vagaries and more subconscious chaos? Beginnings of things are deceptive, for ideas birth and rebirth to ultimate flesh, when shaped by utility. And what of our future uses? We know little of reality as such, *so accept all things as potentials of a reality*, even those we only feel and guess. If we could accept and stomach all things, some kind of Godhood would be nearer.

Thisness and Thatness

Reality is explicable in terms of one principle (duality) in any single thing, ultimately in all things – abstract or concrete. One thing maketh another near-like thing, all with a constant factor of variability and inherent duality. The homogenous becomes heterogenous, then, a multiple individuation: therefore the ethos of anything is its potential for variability and individualism, unrelatedness a question of orientation, duration, place, quantity and quality. The resolution is the same – degrees of each other furthering individual Ego (as separating from the Universal).

Not-self is the least degree of self (i.e., the vastnesses of otherness are the hylic of creating Ego).

All contradictories have ground of synthesis in the 'mean of their ratio', i.e., inbetweenness is the spatial point: White, Grey, Black dimensionals and the terminology of both. But the *absolute idea* is prismatic, colourful, vivid, giving aesthetic veridity, and nearer syllogisms as: ultra-violet, prism, ultra-mauve is the designated structure which we constantly re-design (as harmony or not).

What is unmanifest is absolute, what is manifest is reality, as all differentiations.

Therefore all true analysis must be by co-ordination of contradictories, using a graphic-dialectic-verbal onomatopoetic picture, thus: 

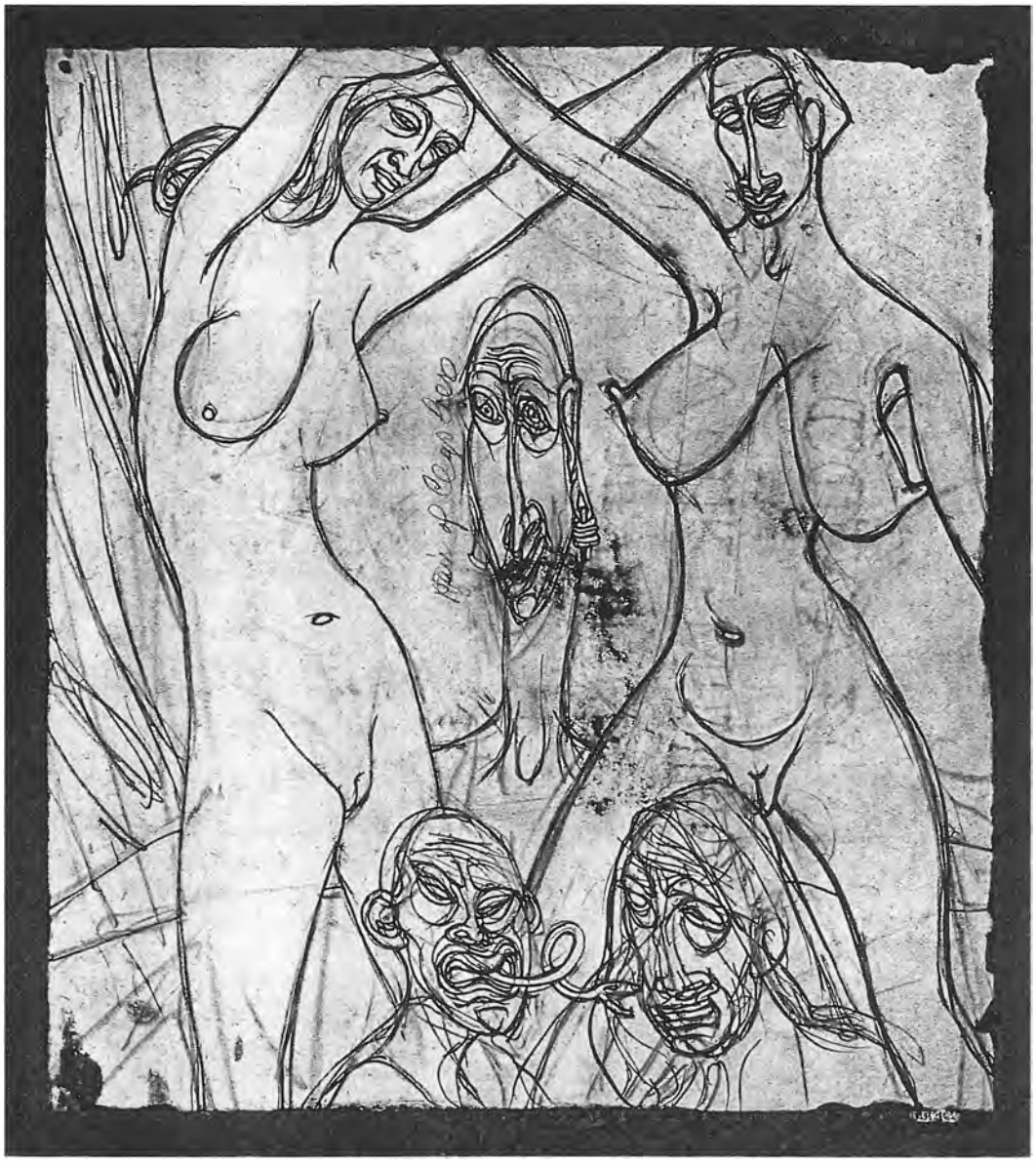
Man (scintillating and syntactically tessellated). Any two or more points (things) anywhere are alignable, e.g., all manifest differences are communicative on an abstract axis (i.e., they intersect or join).

For any enquiry or dissection of (human) existence we must first determine our altruistic purpose, which is: to experience fully phenomenal reality and acquire power of resolute choice of self-predestination, over-ride all failures and realize, by sufficient ability. Only by penetrating to fundamentals, to the primal unsoiled insights of man, may we resurrect a symbolic communion with sublated mind and the netherworld of the demiurges.

Only by a brutal and destructive analysis of corrupt conventions, traditions and modalities as adversely affecting mentation, can we hope to reveal the primal sources, cohere pure apperception and apprehension, and revive genuine thought-forms (as philosophizing) which are now either buried, vanished, or over-ridden by spurious forms of hetero-zeteticism masquerading as prescience.

Human reality is so structured that, superficially, it is immediately self-evident; further stripping reveals only the conative means. The really real has no structure that we know, thereby we must accept our psychosomatic and emotional structure as proxy (reality).

From this equation we make our personal purpose, purely hedonistic with its dilemmas – if wise, an ethically felicitous altruism having relevance to the factors of *like and dislike*.



As all significant, they determine our values, and ultimate values, and become forever our good and evil, because all things are algedonic and only differ in degree, frequency and duration, as mainly our concern with them. Our failure to find pleasure, and our fear of pain, becomes an apperceiving morass: frustrations become a jungle-growth of pretences, the 'inasmuch as', a respectability or hypogene and/or, and every Jackassery making pedagogy and successful failures.

One predicament or inconsistency arises: that since pleasure is the main good, we should seek pleasure, and when so sought it is seldom found. E.g., all ends in themselves are self-defeating, therefore aesthetic and such values are the best forms of hedonism. Another manner of obtaining pleasure is to make the seeking (means) the pleasure, for whatever you thus find you may so make pleasurable. Likewise, pain is avoided by rejecting what produces it. All motivation is explained entirely in terms of desire for pleasure (however weird the forms) and aversion to pain. The pleasurable evaluates the useful and conative. Because it may 'work out' contra, is another predicament of our perspectives.

Time is merely our duration of relationship with things and events, and space equally such a loose association.

Measurement of space: lie on your back, close your eyes and revisualize any past event; then open your eyes suddenly and you will observe that the ceiling is an *appreciable* distance away. Hence, the nebula of Orion both rests on your shoulders and is equally millions of miles away.

We constantly search to confirm our deviations and fallacies as truth, mainly by inhibitions. Whatever we can clothe with a degree of veracity, or simulate as real, shall become a form of reality at some appropriate time/place.

Being dimensionally confined, we are baffled by space... yet in certain inspired and dream states the sense barriers appear to dissolve and we marvel at our late ignorance of space. Yet there is no mystery, a simple equation! Many times it has been made rational to me and on awakening I have worked out a correct mathematical formula which, for a time, *appears* understandable and true; then the meaning vanishes and I am left with either an *ad absurdum*, an uninterpretable formula, or the usual *circulus in probando*, thus:

Which roughly translated means: Any part has the potentiality of the whole, therefore the whole is plus all particulars as possibilities, both *ad infinitum*. (Briefly, anything is everything – as potentiality.)

The 'whole' we partially discern and conceive is manifest as physically pulverized, confluxing and cohering, making apparent increase to create diverse differences, and, when sufficient, forms entity. There cometh a constant separating and rejoining, ever seeking new form and forms. This menagerie of past forms becomes our prescient heritage: there appears a designer's hand with affection for summation, epitome and synopsis, with a unique index of what shall activate most... everyone lives under such a selected predestinating 'Totemic' influence.

Apparently, the Absolute we may conceive transcendentally – it first pulverizes as itself refracted sensually for every dimensional diversity. The eternal alogical law would seem to be "...do as you please as long as it is different...". But man, forsooth, is addicted to moralities and whether guised as ideologies or religion is rotten with good and evil. Man forever indirectly punishes himself by breaking his *own* laws. Think what you will, one cannot break or disobey natural laws, or achieve the absurdity of conquering oneself or the flesh. Only a fool forces a machine; control your body by guiding gently as you would a wayward child; non-resistance may be more sensible. When I have empathy with earth and flesh, then, maybe, my will and desire become of supreme importance.

Spiritists Say –

Spiritists say: "The inner being conquers the outer" (meaning body). Such absurd statements are typical of Eastern nominalism. There is no 'mind versus body' – no civil war. The waywardness of the Ids, our emotional instability, are permitted by the mind and essential to the life-force. They may be disciplined, transferred, changed, or occulted for a while, but never conquered or destroyed. Control is a social ability, not a total abstinence, or creation would cease – Nature's suicide! What is body? A vast experience, veritable strata of wisdom from our many past forms made implicit and organic and formed by mind and all inner states. Is it more than quixotic that mind needs destroy its own processes and media? No, there is a vast co-operation with mind constantly rectifying the body for further expression. As men, we express more than our birdform, etc. All emancipation will be by and through the body, for the body is the house and means of mind, nourished by all outwaynesses: soul, God, stars – all contribute to the miracle of flesh.

Redouble your belief by fastening on to "I, eternal I as body", and the rest phantasmagorically – mind, soul, God.

Sword Dance of the 'Ids' in a decaying World

Purpose and virtue of life: first to summarize some of the difficulties of our early and most sentient period in that it creates our fears and allergies. Our 'Ids' at birth are wild, and like other arboreal products, are amoral, virile as weeds and respond equally to good or evil, with more possibilities for evil. They are malleable by direction, discipline and transference, never by abuse or suppression (the garden of our 'Ids' must be the travesty of horticulture). In addition, we inherit a basic pattern from our chromosomes and genes which is our essential individuality and also rectifiable. And there is the most potent of all – 'environment', which includes parents and everything associative and inflicted upon us at that period. Whether environment is good or bad it is our inescapable Nemesis: all our early controls are forged and forced on us from it. These three fundamentals are in constant impact creating experiences, forming our complexities, frustrations, desires, good, evil, hate, temperament, character and the direction of our individuality, ethics and principles. So amid this unrhythmic gyration our early life is usually chancy. After the dangerous transition from adolescence comes the opportunity to break or not the harness of these controls. We have paid to cross another threshold; some quizzically, some half-awake, most with the ideals of a *maquereau*, enter and... here a lengthy etcetera must serve as we all know the sequences (e.g., our own). Later we shape our orbit to some ambition, ideal or desire: more or less form judgements from experiences, knowledge and those things that serve us best... we feel the piking finger of "I am I", a sort of psychic masturbation: we grasp at things and find every frustration and we seek escape in every kind of illusion and sedative, instead of self-reformation and virtue in behaviour. And there is always the band-wagon, manufactured pleasure, thinking done for you: this permeating miasma of the 'ready-made' and its noisy *spielers*, few entirely escape. Forsooth, all these factors are part of our Destiny, predetermined from our previous life. Why moan so much, when we can lead a full life... whether as labourer or craftsman – there is no greater virtue than to work hard at something for which one is well suited – there is no better service to yourself and others – than to enjoy your leisure your own way, making or seeking your own amenities: generate your own truth and worth without argument, i.e., without forcing them on others or allowing others to inflict theirs on you. But this is a mad world to awake in: robbed of your birthright, freedom measured out, misapplied and seldom trained for our rightful work... sickeningly I could go on. This present top-heavy and officious hierarchy with more parasites than ever before... is already showing cracks, its feet of clay, without intelligence of its own – one good shove will see the end. When the intelligent cease to sell their ability to unworthy causes individuality will come into its own. And these saviours, prophets, atheists, nihilists etc., are useless: they are so entirely self-deceived, such supreme egotists that they really believe that only by the extension of their careerism and ideologies can good accrue to others! To hell with their heavens and their miserable bargainings... and the atheists, for I have forgotten more than they could digest. Let them save themselves... On different days I am different... even deny my denials; but sometimes I am blesséd, to some extent intoxicate myself, and draw nearer to Gods and Soul than these spielers ever were. Here, an intrusive voice whispers, "What about a good strong woman to finish off?" Ah, yes! I was forgetting the priceless warmth of flesh. Therefore lead me to the best tavern – I know nothing finer: every drink shall be a libation to a better Earth... our need is for improvers: a constant rectification... and an ever open eye.

Commination & Valediction

My friends, a word allow me: Many moons ago I spoke thus, saying *I accept all things*, that *the final conclusion is that there is no conclusion*, that *reality is your only truth* and that he who be-lives his truth can create a reality, that *the impact of flesh is all consciousness*, that *pleasure has no fear*, that *life and death are the same realities* (today is yesterday's rebirth and death the great pregnancy for tomorrow's life), that *no man knoweth anything*, for there is no 'absolute collective'. This is the beginning of Wisdom for *your* Inceptor knows all life. To become

your reality is also the means to the Ideal. Know this also: Who knew not before he knows – has less when he knows. Enough – is too much! Let me reiterate:

"*I believe in the flesh* 'as now' and forever... for *I am the light*, *the truth*, *the law*, *the way*, and none shall come unto *anything* except through the impact of flesh on reality!

Did I not show you the eclectic path between ecstasies, that precarious funambulatory way? – But you had no spunk, were tired and feared... awake I say! Dehypnotize yourselves from the rotten idioms you be-live and be-lie. For the great Noontide is here, the great bell has struck... let others await involuntary immolation, the forced redemption so certain for those coprophagists. Now, this day I ask you to search your memories, for *consciousness is impact*, a nostalgia from a previous experience – is desire and consummation, is life, i.e., consciousness. The Inceptor of all memories is your Soul. Again remember! *Life is desire, death its rebuilding. Life is eternal and there is sleep.*"

That I should have loved you! I, the Pan-Enanthroposist, a Narcissus who thought you a looking-glass; that you were my brothers! But when I look at you I see such a vast endemonism of myself, a substantiated stench, a visual presentation of emotional ugliness and no vestige of the humane – I am amazed and non-plussed, for there is so much I would destroy... too much to reconcile. Ideals seem remote and become imperative. Your Ids have triumphed!

So let me pass on. There can be no following, for except through some phenomenal débacle I see no reformation or recomposition. Such a dramatic change would need a magic that could instantly change the very protozoa into men: then, having such magic, neither would I waste nor abuse the powers. Time must change you: you have no worth except destructively; the mind has tired of you. You were given great potentialities towards pleasure and virtue! You have squandered all in your greed and inexhaustible vandalism – now the world is almost a bloody muck-heap. So, farewell my brothers, keep hating yourselves. I make path towards the beasts... until I make *my* form of death.

The Conclusions Of Zos delivered to his other Selves

I believe in the life; in the flesh of infinite variety. We are eternity, with – as now – a fleeting and fluxing consciousness. Possibilities of being are limitless, because there is no total of experience or memory. Our potentialities are within this all-spaciousness, reined in by dimensionals and senses.

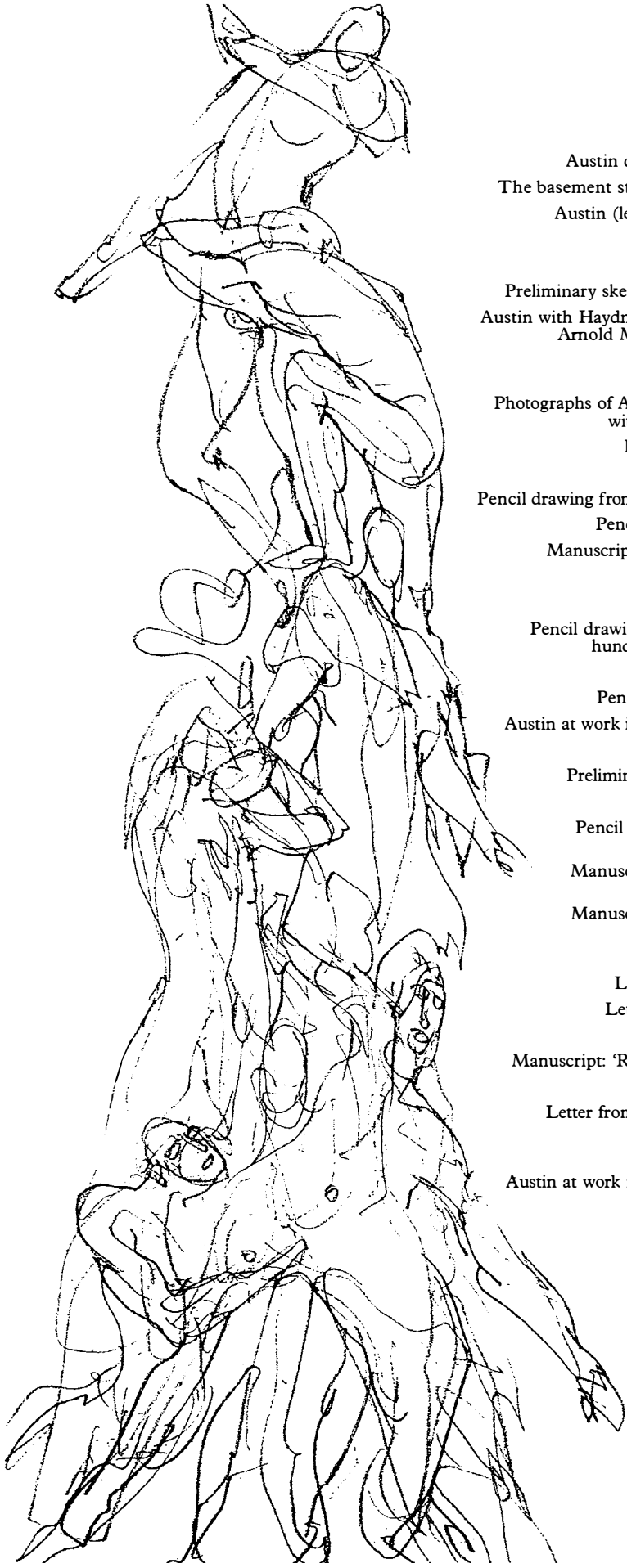
I believe in Ego as our full–known stature; in Will, Desire, Belief, Values, Principles; in Beauty, Art, Virtue, Equity, Ideals and much else; in Man and all his paraphernalia and incongruities; in the *not-knowing* in all knowledge; in my own incomprehensibility; ever complete – never complete.

I believe in Ego unbegotten and always present...

And they interrupted him saying: "Lord, you once told us that you always thrust your penis into every possible desirability. We did likewise and are now satiated, diseased and prematurely old in spite of aphrodisiacs, unguents and medicines: O' Lord, in what is there to believe that will save us?"

And he answered them: "Once I did so speak, but never asked you to do likewise, nor that it was the whole purpose of life; each man to his own meat and drink. Better to go astray than to follow. For my pleasures I willingly pay – do you? Now here is a simple way of life within the moral codes: I teach polygonic truth, so accept all things as *reality*; but as you cannot swallow the ocean, then accept by 'as if'. *You* are the greatest reality, therefore believe deeply of yourself or whatever you find acceptable and natural, and the Gods will believe in you."

"Strive to become *man*, for the fullness of manhood has not yet been reached, and is more urgently necessary than ever. Cut the navel-cord, free yourself from the womb, and your Soul will give you your virtue and your genius. Finally, know that everything begotten by you, and in you, is by unities with otherness to further your individuality. Your sincerity will bestow reality. Pleasure shall be our respite from service to others, ourselves and the Gods. There is no greater pleasure than the mutual; *reciprocity is my law.*"



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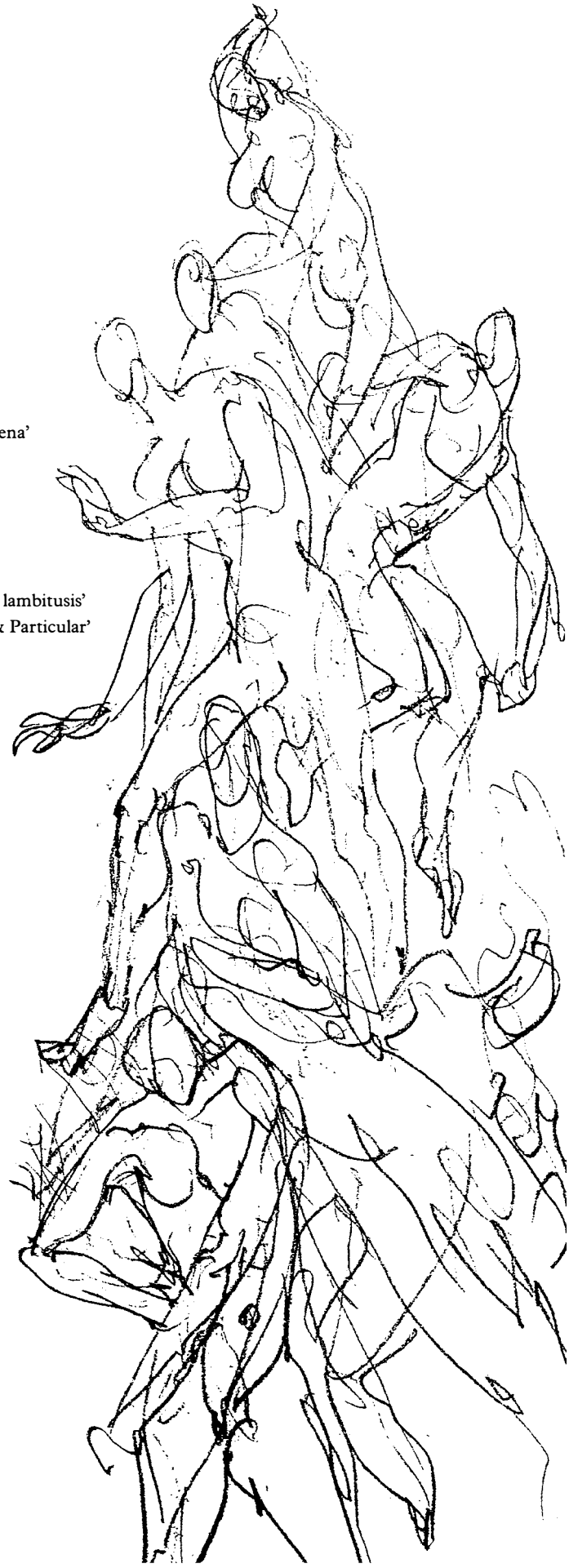
COLOUR PLATES



NOTES

1. And also its founder, Michael Houghton – pseudonym Michael Juste – was the author of *The White Brother* (Rider, [n.d.]) and of a collection of poems entitled *Shoot & Be Damned* (Atlantis Bookshop, Bury Street, 1935), copies of which he had presented to Kenneth.

2. The caricaturist Rodney Reeves had put through our letter box an article on Spare in *The Leader* magazine dated 3rd January, 1948.

3. Aleister Crowley (1875-1947), occultist, poet and explorer. See *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley*, edited by Symonds & Grant (Cape, 1969; RKP, 1979; Penguin/Arkana, 1989); *The Magical Record of the Beast 666* (Duckworth, 1972). Also *Remembering Aleister Crowley* by Kenneth Grant (Skoob Books Publishing, 1991).

4. I am reminded of a lecture by an Indian Air Force officer on Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi, who – as an ambitious young cadet – on his first visit to the ashram in Tiruvan-namalai, had fully expected Bhagavan to be garbed in the dress uniform of an Air Chief Marshal. He suffered a complete culture shock when he found him sitting in the traditional asana, wearing a koupinam.

5. 'Black Eagle' is reproduced on plate 1. For the 'Mexican Mask', see plate 3.

6. Originally played on the zither by Anton Karas.

7. This probably referred to 'The Metropole' at the Elephant & Castle.

8. Krafft-Ebing (1840-1902). His *Psychopathia Sexualis* (1886) was a pioneering study of psycho-sexual pathology with numerous case histories.

9. There are various versions of similarly enjoyable goings-on at the Café Royal scattered amongst other accounts of that period at the beginning of the twentieth century.

10. Victor Neuburg, poet (1883-1940). A poem dedicated to Spare is included in *The Triumph of Pan* (*The Equinox*, 1910; Skoob Books Publishing, 1990). At various phases of his life he was a disciple of Aleister Crowley; the first person to publish Dylan Thomas; and, on his death bed, instrumental in acquainting the poet Vera Wainwright with Spare and his work. (See *The Magical Dilemma of Victor Neuburg* by Jean Overton Fuller, W.H. Allen, 1965; and *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley.*)

11. How André Breton, so well-read and cultured, could have omitted to include the work and ideas of Spare, who had been mentioned several years earlier – even if only as a 'satanist'! – by Mario Praz (in his *La Carne, La Morte et il Diavolo nella Letteratura Romantica*, translated as *The Romantic Agony*, Oxford, 1933), in his line of Surrealist precursors published in *What is Surrealism?* (Faber, 1936), is one of the many freakish tricks by an evil fairy that dogged Spare for much of his later life.

12. Hannen Swaffer (1879-1962), socialist, journalist, spiritualist.

13. He was in the process of typing a great quantity of unpublished material left at the death of Crowley.

14. This was Kenneth's first meeting with Spare.

15. The article on Munnings – a pontificating dignitary of the Royal Academy of Arts –

is reproduced in Part Two, section 3. It became part of a catalogue blurb for Spare's exhibition in 1949.

16. Daedalus = George Morrison, cinéaste.

17. Arthur Machen (1863-1947), a Welsh writer famous for his matchless tales of horror.

18. Diòn Fortune (1890-1946), founder of the Society of the Inner Light, and author of many books on the Western Esoteric Tradition. See Grant's *The Magical Revival* 1972; and also *The Quest for Dion Fortune*, by Janine Chapman (Samuel Weiser, 1993).

19. IX° Opus: a reference to a series of magical operations we had been performing to obtain a flat for ourselves (successful) and for Spare (unsuccessful). We called our new place 'Orogamo', an alchemical term signifying 'gold'.

20. Paintings by Steffi.

21. Nina Hamnett (1890-1956), painter, artists' model during her early days in Paris, and endearing alcoholic denizen of Soho. See her *Laughing Torso* (Constable, 1932); also *Nina Hamnett, Queen of Bohemia* by Denise Hooker, (Constable, 1986).

22. Sidney M. Sime (1867-1942). Illustrator of the weird and the fantastic.

23. Sax Rohmer (Arthur Henry Ward, 1883-1959). Author of seminal tales of the occult. See *A Master of Villainy* by Cay Van Ash & Elizabeth Sax Rohmer (Bowling Green University Popular Press, Ohio 1972).

24. This double portrait is reproduced on plate 12.

25. Boro' bar girl = Betty. See *The Later Work of Austin Osman Spare* by William Wallace (Catalpa Press, 1989), black & white plate 13.

26. AL: *The Book of the Law*, Liber Al, the text 'received' by Crowley in April 1904 in Cairo, and on which much of his later writings are based. See *Magical & Philosophical Commentaries on THE BOOK OF THE LAW*, edited and annotated by Symonds & Grant, (93 Publishing, Montreal, 1974). Steffi had made an illustrated manuscript copy of the Book in 1944.

27. "666's sentence" that Spare objected to was "... in the peace that is mother of war..." It came from *Liber A'ash vel Capricorni Pneumatici*: "... at the end, be the end far distant as the stars that lie in the navel of Nuit, do thou slay thyself as I at the end am slain, in the death that is life, in the peace that is mother of war, in the darkness that holds light in his hand, as an harlot that plucks a jewel from her nostrils."

28. *The London Mystery Magazine*, edited by Michael Hall. Spare's contributions appear in August/September and in October/November 1950. Several of these letters refer to our endeavours to insert other contributions to this magazine on our own terms.

29. $8^{\circ}=3^{\square}$: the designation of a grade – Master of the Temple – of the A.˙. A.˙. in Crowley's reconstituted Order of the Golden Dawn. The meaning is that Spare was speaking of matters at a very high level of magical consciousness.

30. Tom Driberg (1905-76), a homosexual adventurer who took to journalism, was elected a Member of Parliament (to Crowley's amazement), became chairman of the Labour party, and was ennobled to become Lord Bradwell.

31. We had shown him our copy of *The Book of the Dead, Facsimiles of the Papyri of Hunefer, Anhai, Kerasher & Netchemet, with supplementary Text from the Papyrus of Nu etc.* A monumental edition (23"x15"!) and massive in weight, it had been published in 1899 by the British Museum, containing a translation as well as the hieroglyphic texts and large coloured plates. Steffi had bought it from Neumeyer in the Charing Cross Road, who had displayed it in their window, and who sent it home by the haulage contractor Carter Paterson. He also saw Steffi's copy of the 'Stele of Revealing', which was to sow the seeds for his series of stelæ later on.

32. 'Hecate Oak' reproduced as 'Tryst' in Grant's *Hecate's Fountain* (Skoob, 1992), plate 12.

33. These photo portraits survive.

34. Possibly Vera Wainwright.

35. 'Shelley's', a Mayfair pub in Stafford St., off Bond Street.

36. The dedication in *The Book of Pleasure* reads: "To Ken and Steffie 1949 'Identity is mediated through differences and there are only differences' Austin Osman Spare."

37. 'The Old White Goat' – another Mayfair pub.

38. Eststoic: see correspondence dated November 17th & 18th, 1954, regarding this term, and Spare's letter marked 'Saturday' (here on page 114).

39. Quinn: young *Daily Mirror* journalist.

40. Topsy: our nickname for the poet John Gawsworth (1912-1970), 'King of Redonda', alias Fytton Armstrong, who claimed as his direct ancestor Shakespeare's 'Lady of the Sonnets'; literary executor of Arthur Machen, M.P. Shiel, Edgar Jepson and others, he was known by his detractors as 'the literary undertaker'. On the evening in question there had been a hilarious tipsy contest between him and Spare as to which one of them "had sinned most".

41. Estelle: one of Topsy's wives, whose charming French accent had first enchanted and later exasperated him. We had recently had a memorable meeting with them at her house in Golders Green, where the weight of Topsy's collection of books had cracked the outer wall of the house, so that one could no longer open the front door, but had to be admitted through the back entrance. A potential publisher had announced his visit that morning. Topsy had had his usual flaming row with Estelle as to who was going to do the catering. Both had rushed off, refusing to do so, then – unknown to each other – had both changed their mind, and returned with a chicken each. This had led to a further scene about the waste of drinking money etc. Not long after that there occurred the final tragedy: Topsy had been engaged on a biography of Arthur Machen, whom he had known and admired inordinately. Estelle, in a quarrelsome rage, had picked up the draft of this work and thrown it at Topsy, scattering it like confetti. The pages had not been numbered, and Topsy could not reconstitute the typescript; it had been the only copy, so it remained unpublished. (But see: Arthur Machen, *Selected Letters*, The Aquarian Press, 1988, pages 168-207.)

42. He did not alter the portrait panel to include his own head. (See 27th July, 1949.) It is reproduced on plate 12.

43. The novel *The Well of Loneliness* (Pegasus Press, Paris, 1928), by Marguerite Radclyffe Hall (1886-1943) was attacked by James Douglas in *The Sunday Express* in 1928, and prosecuted for its Lesbian bias. According to her biographer Una Troutbridge "...the magistrate, having refused to hear any of our fifty-seven witnesses in its favour, had condemned it to death, as an obscene book..."

44. H.V. Morton (1892-1979), author of *In the Steps of the Master* and other Christian works.

45. Norman Birkett (1883-1962), later to become Lord Chief Justice, Baron Birkett of Ulverston.

46. See *The Logomachy*, Part Two, Section 1 infra.

47. We called it *The Zoëtic Grimoire of Zos.*

48. Sorje, a nickname for Kenneth's father; the hat was Kenneth's.

49. Mengs = cats.

50. H.F. = Steffi's father.

51. 'Arbor Vitae', or 'Were Lynx', is reproduced as plate 5.

52. Hannen Swaffer's secretary.

53. Haydn Mackey (1883-1979) and Augustus John (1878-1961), artists and long-time friends of Spare; Katina Theodossiou, astrologer; Gerald Yorke, a wealthy collector with an interest in the byways of Eastern religions; in the occult in general, and in Crowley in particular; John Symonds, novelist, and literary executor of Crowley; 'Dracula's daughter' = Joan

Hassall, illustrator; Ian McPhail, musician and wildlife conservator; Mrs. Gregory, a local 'character'. Her likeness appears in the photograph in *The Leader* magazine referred to in the introduction.

54. The church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square.

55. Sorje-Smort-Kath were relatives; the 'Ghost Tryst' Kath bought is illustrated as plate 3. Anton and Eva were friends of ours.

56. St. Martin's School of Art, Charing Cross Road.

57. John Smith, policeman & friend of Spare.

58. The daughter of pianist Mark Hambourg.

59. 'Tartan Moon: Minion of the Outer Ones': see plate 18.

60. 'Scorpio', see plate 3.

61. *Sexual Anomalies and Perversions* by Prof. Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld (reprinted Torch Publishing Co. Ltd., [n.d.]). Having to be dressed up as 'A Textbook for Students, Psychologists, Criminologists, Probation Officers, Judges & Educationists' in those far-off days, it may have given Spare the idea for the "secret catalogue for scholars only", mentioned in his letters of 22nd & 28th of July, 1955.

62. Sabbath drawings, as on pages 227, 240, 256 and 264.

63. Reference to the Yi King, the Chinese system of divination Kenneth was using at the time. The masculine emphasis on a feminine base, ䷀ summed up accurately the psychological as well as the physical characteristics of the individual concerned. The image of the hermaphrodite is reproduced in Grant's *Aleister Crowley & the Hidden God* (1973), plate 10.

64. This refers to the inside cover of a copy of his *Focus of Life* (1921) which he had adorned for us. See plate 17.

65. Havelock Ellis (1859-1939), psychologist and pioneering sexologist.

66. Some of these drawings are reproduced here.

67. Spare did give Kenneth a set of drawings for his poems.

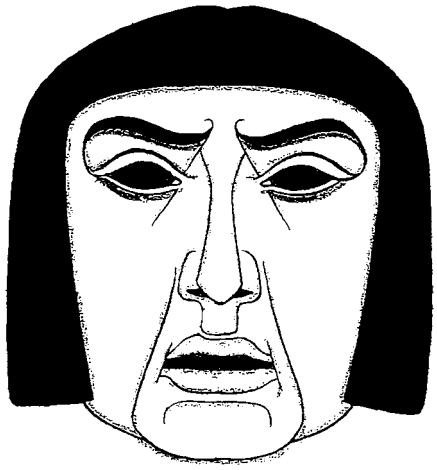
68. He had trouble with his accommodation, which was causing him anxiety.

69. Sylvia Pankhurst (1882-1960), member of the family of Suffragettes, and a friend of Spare from his student days.

70. Miss Morris of the Archer Gallery, Westbourne Grove, West London, where he exhibited in 1947 and 1955; a very sympathetic elderly lady who considered it Spare's misfortune to have been born in a philistine country where indigenous artists were ignored, instead of in a place like France, where – at that time – he would have been appreciated, encouraged and supported. She deplored the absence of representatives from the Victoria & Albert Museum, the Tate Gallery and other such institutions, who could have bought his best work for the nation for a few pounds, or – even more likely – would have been presented with such pictures by Spare himself.

71. These Obeah wood carvings are illustrated in *Hecate's Fountain*, plate 3.

72. City & Guilds of London School of Art, near the Kennington Oval (see introduction), then a sleepy establishment which he made a great effort to galvanize into sporadic activity.



73. Miss Pain, his long-time friend and landlady, was out at work during the week.

74. Algernon Blackwood (1869-1951), well known for his macabre tales. The reference here is to 'The Birth of an Idea', illustrated by Spare, in *The London Mystery Magazine*, Vol. 1, No. 6, 1950.

75. No W.C.!

76. He was inspired by this old black and white illustration of 'The Sky-Goddess Nut' depicted on the inside of a sarcophagus, showing the three chakras, to create the beautiful long panel, peacock-blue, mentioned on June 21st.

77. First mention of the series of stelæ containing composite glyphs from Egyptian, Assyrian and Amerindian sources, which he worked into his own system of sentient symbols (see page 154). In 1955, at the Archer Gallery, he exhibited seven "Magical Stelæ: For Protection from Evil People. For Destruction of Vermin (Human or Otherwise). Cure for all Types of Headache. General Anathema and Malediction. General Benedictus and Love of all Things. Desire for Vampires and Succubi. Desire for Psychosomatic Strength".

78. Some outraged prude or sly wag had no doubt perpetrated the 'small signboard' after having seen one of Spare's shows.

79. One of these Sabbaths is illustrated on plate 14. This was the 'Flying Witch', the 'secret' present to be opened on Christmas Eve, 1950.

80. A 'sidereal' portrait of Kenneth is reproduced on plate 12. A caricature – in soft browns with a brilliant blue background – was auctioned by Christie's on May 12th, 1994.

81. One version of this co-authored essay on the Sabbath – also mentioned on 8th June, 3rd October, 9th October, 21st December, 1950, and 27th June and 10th July, 1951, etc. – was published, more than forty years later, by Fulgur, 1992, under Spare's name.

82. This sketch survives. The fading away of our plans for *The London Mystery Magazine* led to a new project of producing our own periodical.

83. Part of this material was incorporated in *The Witches' Sabbath* (Fulgur, 1992) and also in K.G.'s novella *Gamaliel: The Diary of a Vampire.*

84. Kenneth had 'christened' him 'Zos vel Thanatos'.

85. Karl Germer, Crowley's legatee with whom Kenneth was negotiating a charter to operate the O.T.O.. This wish was fulfilled, though it was to lead to much trouble.

86. The three '9s' (666 inverted) became clear many years later. See Grant, *Outside the Circles of Time* (Muller, 1980).

87. 'Trapeze Tragedy' (approx. 10" x 7", on wood). For the much larger wooden panel we acquired as part of his bequest to us from the work stored at 5, Wynne Road in 1956, see Grant's *Nightside of Eden*, plate 15.

88. A trip to find the best venue for his next exhibition; at first we favoured 'The Hercules'.

89. We sent him our set of press notices; but never saw any of them again.

90. We were grounded by a long drawn-out and expensive ordeal our landlady had inflicted upon us.

91. We must have mentioned to him the Dali exhibition showing in London at the time.

92. This refers to the beginning of New Isis Lodge, which was emerging from the recently acquired Charter for O.T.O. work. It proved a little premature, as the Lodge did not get under way until 1955.

93. Henry Miller (1891-1980), American author of many life-affirming, 'sexuberant' and trend-setting books. See also *The Michael Fraenkel – Henry Miller Correspondence called HAMLET* (1939); third printing, illustrated by Alfred Larking (Edition du Laurier, Carrefour, London, 1962).

94. For press photo of Spare, Mackey – and Witches – see page 24.

95. E. Noel Fitzgerald and his wife Norah. He was a friend of Crowley, and a bibliographer and collector of A.C.'s work.

96. A reference to the birth of our son, which was to circumscribe our mobility for some time to come.

97. See our letter of 19th June, 1955, concerning this term 'crafted' by Kenneth.

98. 'Scire' was the magical name of Gerald Gardner.

99. These two portraits appear on plate 12.

100. This must have been the evening when Spare made a date with Joyce Bernard about her portrait (see 11th & 12th September), one version of which later travelled all over the world as 'Isis Unveiled', reproduced on the cover of Thames & Hudson's paperback on *Magic* (1975). A profile of her is reproduced as colour plate 6, 'Dragon's Breath', in *Zos-Kia*, by Gavin W. Semple (Fulgur, 1995).

101. Dr. Gerald Gardner, 'Scire' (1884-1964), a former colonial civil servant and member of the O.T.O., whose books were to instigate a popular revival of witchcraft. He also had a penchant for nudism, and had been running a folklore museum in Castletown, Isle of Man. See *Gerald Gardner: Witch* by J.L. Bracelin (Octagon Press, 1960); and also *Nightside of Eden*. As for the 'nymph', see September 24th.

102. We had sent him the Crowley portrait from *The Equinox* I, X, where he was depicted shaven-headed – not bald – at that period. For Spare's drawing "from memory", see *The Magical Revival*, opposite p.85. Another variant is printed in *Austin Spare, The Divine Draughtsman*, the catalogue of the Morley Gallery, London, exhibition (1987).

103. See page 28 for some of Spare's envelopes.

104. Packing "short" illustrated on pages 90-91. See also 13th & 14th September, 1954.

105. Our 'Flying Saucers' are reproduced on the back cover and on page 72 of Grant's *Images & Oracles of Austin Osman Spare* (Muller, 1975), and as plate 12 in his *Outer Gateways* (Skoob, 1994). Three other "Original Flying Saucers (as commissioned for their purpose)" were exhibited at the Archer Gallery in 1955.

106. See page 90.

107. Both 'Metamorphosis – Ego to Self' and 'Aerial Vampire', also known as 'Man is a Bundle of Ids', had such a series of hieroglyphics. See *Images & Oracles of Austin Osman Spare*, pages 31 & 32.

108. See plate 20. This image was flashed on to television screens all over the world in 1970 to publicize the first number of the periodical *Man, Myth & Magic* (Purnell, 1970-1972).

109. Author of *Kris and other Malay Weapons* (limited edition, 91 illustrations, Singapore, 1936), a standard work on the subject.

110. The Hon. Everard Feilding (1887-1936), younger brother of the Earl of Denbigh; barrister, and Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research 1903-1920. He was also a long-time friend of Crowley, who consulted him on legal matters, and who has portrayed him as 'Lord Anthony Bowling' in *Moonchild*, together with 'Countess Helena Mottich' – a medium named Tomschyk – later to become his wife. Feilding devoted himself to investigating mediumistic phenomena.

111. Pucker = pukka.

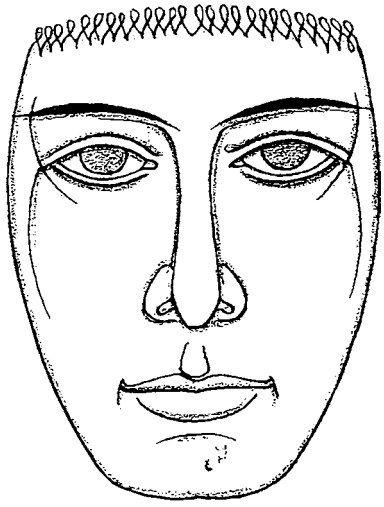
112. We did not manage to entice Gerald Yorke to go south of the river again. He had

visited Spare's exhibition on Oct. 28th, 1949, but had bought nothing; instead, he had invited Spare to his West End home, in Montague Square, to draw his portrait. This Spare had declined to do (I understand however that there is an early portrait of Yorke dated 1927). He had written on the subject of such commissions: "Yes I could do portraits of people at their places but they would be rotten portraits. I can only do portraits in the quiet of my own rooms – this has been true from boyhood. At present, with the best intentions I don't know how I should get a drawing board and easel to any particular place and at a certain time. Which is the reason why I have never troubled to do portraits for a living – but tramps, charwomen etc. I don't like doing portraits as such under any conditions, even choosing one's model. Studies of heads – yes! But with no thought of sale – that would kill me at once..." He had also found that "... the portrait of a person should be more like him than himself – seldom complimentary". So another opportunity for both of them was lost.

113. In those days there were, unfortunately, no pigments that could easily be used on glazed surfaces.

114. See page 156. It is also reproduced in colour in *Hidden Lore,* by Kenneth & Steffi Grant (Skoob, 1989).

115. Joyce Cary (1888-1957), novelist; his *The Horse's Mouth* contains a fine portrait of an artist, supposedly based partly on Stanley Spencer.



116. Spare was here referring to *The Dictionary of Philosophy*, ed. Dagobert D. Runes (Routledge, 1944). Other books we lent him included *The Philosophy of 'As If', A System of the Theoretical, Practical and Religious Fictions of Mankind*, by Hans Vaihinger (reprinted Kegan Paul, London, 1945); *Phenomena of Materialization, A Contribution to the Investigation of Mediumistic Teleplastics*, by Baron Von Schrenk-Notzing, translated by Fournier d'Alba (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., 1923) (This book triggered Spare's series of ghosts – 'sheeted dead' – of his 1955 exhibition); *Jarrold's Dictionary of Difficult Words* (second edition); a Lovecraft anthology; some of Dion Fortune's novels; Arthur Machen's tales; The Devil's Heir & Other Tales from Balzac's *Contes Drôlatiques*, and several others.

117. It had been written by the policeman John Smith. See page 103 for the Introduction Kenneth enclosed with this letter, and Spare's comment of October 17th., 1954.

118. There seems to be some contradiction here. Zeno of Elea, circa 490-430 B.C., disciple of Parmenides, defended the doctrine of his master that only changeless 'Being' is real, by indirect proof exposing the logical absurdity involved in the opposite view, namely that plurality and change are real (*Dictionary of Philosophy*). The latter Zeno, circa 340-265 B.C., was the founder of the Stoic School.

119. He did imagine it.

120. The first of many versions of our writings on Spare, sent to him on January 17th 1955.

121. These sigils are reproduced on the title-page.

122. The resulting B.B.C. broadcast was to cause him much trouble and little joy, his views being traduced and mutilated by the editors, a practice then as now adopted by them with regard to most people's beliefs expressed in interviews.

123. Spare unknowingly wrote this letter on Kenneth's birthday.

124. A National Health Service medical card entitling him to free treatment. "The expense" mentioned later refers to privately bought 'self-prescribed' remedies he was partial to.

125. In those days anything in the slightest way erotic had to be hidden under such bushels. Hence the 'secret' catalogue mentioned on 28th July, a proposed ploy to kindle extra interest.

126. Rowton House, near the Elephant & Castle, then a 'Working Men's Hostel'.

127. Reprinted in *From the Inferno to Zos* (First Impressions, 1993).

128. See page 140.

129. This interesting concoction survives.

130. Ithell Colquhoun (1906-1988), British Surrealist painter. Author of a biography of S.L. MacGregor Mathers entitled *The Sword of Wisdom* (Neville Spearman, 1975).

131. Mrs. Lapwood was one of Spare's sisters; Oswell Blakeston, a short story writer and collector; Ernest Chapman, a local hairdresser who collected Spare's pictures – he bought a radiant blue-green seascape with a snow-white horse at this exhibition; Beckett-Williams was a collector of Spare's early work.

132. He had decorated Joyce's saucer with his 'Formula for Congress', sent us on 8th Sept. 1954 (see page 88). She damaged this design through carelessness with a burning candle. The "small blue one" illustrates the 'Formula of Arrivism'; see plate 12, *Outer Gateways* (Skoob, 1994).

133. "The lanky one" = Ameth. The reference is to a scurrilous anonymous letter received by Hannen Swaffer before the exhibition.

134. Michael Houghton.

135. Spare was wary about discussing New Isis Lodge (a cell of the O.T.O.); he knew about it, of course – in his letter of 22nd. April, 1952, he had asked Kenneth to "shove" his name down for membership.

136. A black & white photograph of the painting reproduced on the cover, and as frontispiece, of this book.

137. We disposed of the journalists blocking our door by calling the police.

138. E.A.R. Larking, the artist.

139. This must have contributed to his death. As it is he had, in his confused and delirious state, urged Kenneth – during his last visit – to tamper with the apparatus keeping him alive; this, needless to say, he ignored.

140. See *Images & Oracles of Austin Osman Spare*, page 43.

141. See *Beyond the Mauve Zone*, plate 7.

142. See *Images & Oracles of Austin Osman Spare*, page 49.

143. This was Mrs Paterson. See pp.155, 219.

144. Another version: "and deferred heaven".

145. Another version: "endowed", or charged, by all.

146. As this book is for general circulation, the actual ritual is omitted.

147. See note 143.

148. See sketch page 224.

149. See Fifth Formula of Zos: 'Foretelling by Familiars'.

150. An almost illegible marginal note seems to imply that Benson expressed "his fear that I should be obsessed of evil spirits".

151. A typical portmanteau Zosism combining the sense of accumulative, assimilative and simulative.

SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY

During the course of his professional life, Spare designed and contributed to many books and periodicals, including the opulent art journals *Form* and *The Golden Hind*. The brief bibliography offered here makes no attempt to document his entire output, but is intended to provide the reader with a more detailed history of Spare's most important works – those books he wrote, illustrated, designed, financed and published privately himself.

1. EARTH INFERNO, 1905

LIMITED TO 265 NUMBERED COPIES

a)	Cream parchment boards	(plain/printed upper cover in black)	[15 copies]
b)	Green cloth	(title printed upper cover in green)	[50 copies]
c)	Brown wrappers	(title printed upper cover in black)	[200 copies]
d)	Cloth-backed boards	(plain upper cover)	[ex-series]

NOTES: The individual limitations specified above are listed by Spare in an advertisement flyer for the work. He did not opt for a different paper for the 15 copies, or the 'strong vellum boards' for the 50 copies as the flyer suggests. The flyer also calls for the 50 copies to have one hand-coloured illustration, and the 15 deluxe copies to have six, although examples exist without these extras.

It is likely the deluxe copies in parchment boards (sometimes called vellum) were bound to order and that the issue was not fully subscribed, leaving some copies unbound. Spare's father received a parchment copy (un-numbered) with the title stamped in black on the upper cover. Another parchment copy (number 82) has a fine dramatic watercolour by AOS dated 1906 on the upper cover depicting a robed male figure kneeling in prayer on a homemade altar. An unfinished study for this work, on a further parchment copy, is in the New York State Library. The availability of the parchment issue in 1917, advertised in *Form* vol.1 no.2, suggests AOS had probably bound up some further copies at this time. It was at this point Lady Cunard acquired her copy (number 265) and another parchment copy (number 258) also appears at the end of the limitation.

There are a very few copies signed, but un-numbered (instead AOS gives three dots thus .˙.) and bound in cloth-backed boards. The boards and endpapers (Van Gelder Zonen paper) for this variant are the same materials that were used for the 1907 edition of *A Book of Satyrs*. One such copy was presented by Spare to the gallery owner George Ryder in 1913.

The very first copy of *Earth Inferno* (number 1), in brown wrappers, was given by Spare to his childhood sweetheart Elizabeth Murch Mitchell in 1905. Nancy W. Huntly, an early artist friend, acquired a copy in green cloth (number 20) and also in wrappers (number 60).

2. A BOOK OF SATYRS

A. FIRST EDITION, 1907

LIMITED TO 300 COPIES

a)	Sewn in brown parchment-backed boards, green wool ties	(titled printed upper cover in black)
b)	Sewn in brown parchment-backed boards	(titled printed upper cover in black)

NOTES: The first edition is far rarer than the limitation suggests and it is likely around 163

copies only remain of this issue. Between 1908 and 1909 Spare sold 137 copies of the 300 (almost the entire remaining stock) to the publisher John Lane. Lane discarded the covers and text and used the illustrations (with new title, etc.) in the re-packaged edition (see 2B below).

A Proof Copy of this work exists on an Art paper, but without text. The images in this example are much finer, giving remarkable detail subsequently lost in the published edition. Spare sold this unique copy in the early 1930s to the bookseller Derek Rogers who then had premises at 25 St. Christopher's Place, London.

Of the two binding variants the version without ties is more common. Spare inscribed such a copy (number 59) to Aleister Crowley in 1908, providing evidence of the earliest known contact.

B. SECOND EDITION, 1909

LIMITED TO 300 COPIES

a) Sewn in green parchment-backed boards (title printed upper cover in green)

NOTES: Published by John Lane, this edition attempts to compromise Spare's original design towards a more traditional approach. AOS provided an additional illustration (a frontispiece titled 'Pleasure') for the new edition, while the author of the introduction, James Guthrie, found opportunity to correct his contribution. These additions, together with a reset list of contents, constituted an 8 page section which was then pasted, unsewn, onto the section taken from the first edition. Spare offered Lane the original blocks for the illustrations and it is likely the balance of the required sheets were printed from these.

3. THE BOOK OF PLEASURE (SELF-LOVE) THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ECSTASY, 1909-1913

[LIMITED TO 380 COPIES APPROX.]

a) Sewn in cream parchment boards (plain upper cover)
b) Sewn in black boards (title printed upper cover in white)

NOTES: *The Book of Pleasure* was first mentioned by Spare in a letter to the publisher John Lane in 1908. Spare signed a contract with Lane on 14th January 1910 for the publication of the work, but found himself renegotiating in the autumn of 1913. Lane was hesitant and Spare went ahead with his third privately printed book, omitting much he had intended to include, but anticipating the demand for a second edition. None appeared in his lifetime.

The limitation for this work has been calculated from annotations found on proof sheets sent to Pickford Waller (who partly financed the work) in the October of 1913 and which were later inserted into his standard copy. No evidence has been seen to suggest the work was available in deluxe form at the time of publication. The blocking found on the standard copies appears unique to that issue. It is possible that Spare had the deluxe variant bound up (along with the balance of the *Earth Inferno* sheets) when he was working on *Form* in 1916. It is certainly rare.

Curiously, Aleister Crowley, an earlier admirer, did not receive a deluxe copy, but provided a critique of the work in his copy of the standard issue. In February 1916 Dr Thomas Lumsden acquired a deluxe issue from AOS, and later so did the composer Kaikhosru Sorabji. Spare subsequently produced a portrait of Sorabji which appeared (as no.176) in his Exhibition of Paintings, Autumn 1937. *The Book of Pleasure* was still available from AOS in the late 1920s when Edward Carrick received his standard copy inscribed from Spare. The bookseller Derek Rogers acquired eleven copies of the standard issue directly from the artist in the early 1930s. This sale almost certainly represented Spare's final disposal of the remaining stock of this title.

4. THE FOCUS OF LIFE: THE MUTTERINGS OF AĀOS 1921

[LIMITED TO 650 COPIES]

a)	Sewn in parchment-backed cloth boards	(title blocked on spine in gilt)	[50 copies]
b)	Sewn in brown cloth-backed boards	(title blocked on spine in black)	[600 copies]

NOTES: In the majority of copies seen the title-page of this work has a cancel slip deleting Frederick Carter's name as editor. This cancel must have been added very soon after publication judging by the very few copies without it. There were 50 copies of the deluxe issue: Spare numbered and signed some, but not all. The first (number 1) went to Pickford Waller, who along with Desmond Coke is credited by AOS for loaning some of the original drawings reproduced in the work. Kaikhosru Sorabji acquired a signed, but unnumbered copy. Aleister Crowley was given his standard copy by Spare in the spring of 1922. He later annotated it: 'A second reading. The Book seems better and deeper than I thought at first'.

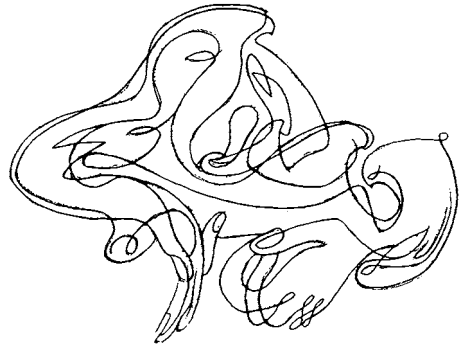
5. ANATHEMA OF ZOS. THE SERMON TO THE HYPOCRITES, 1927

LIMITED TO 100 COPIES

a)	Sewn in cream parchment boards	(plain cover)	[50 copies]
b)	Sewn in light brown wrappers	(plain cover)	[50 copies]
c)	Sewn in dark brown wrappers	(plain cover)	[unspecified number]
d)	Sewn without wrappers		[unspecified number]

NOTES: Judging by the ratio of existing copies, it is unlikely Spare bound the edition 50/50 as suggested by his advertisement flyer. The cream parchment binding is rare compared to the issue in wrappers. This suggests that the deluxe issue was not fully subscribed. There are, however, copies in wrappers of a darker shade and it is possible these represent the balance of the unbound sheets, originally destined for the deluxe issue, but subsequently bound up as the standard copies.

Pickford Waller, Desmond Coke and Everard Feilding had deluxe copies, but Gerald Yorke and Grace Rogers had the issue in wrappers. Spare often provided original drawings with copies of this book (usually a 'vibratory portrait' on a blank postcard) and not always, as the prospectus suggests, with the deluxe issue. Grace Rogers assisted and encouraged Spare towards publishing this work and a few of the 'vibratory portraits' are profiles of her.



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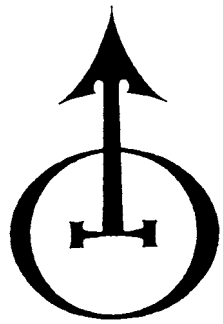

This book was published by FULGUR Limited on the thirtieth of December nineteen ninety-eight. The limited issue consists of nine copies for private distribution bound in black full morocco and slipcase; ninety-three copies in black quarter morocco and slipcase; and thirty-one copies in black cloth and slipcase. These limited editions contain a talisman for the Zos Kia Cultus and are signed by Kenneth and Steffi Grant. Design, typesetting and production by Hayley Tong and Robert Ansell – *Baselek vidivit*

Θ