

JF

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A NEW YORK NIGHT

I.

CHEZ SHERRY

Baudelaire says of the man who has eaten hashish that he thinks himself a god who has dined ill; but I am only eating because flambe, and already I am a god who has dined well. For I am sitting on the balcony at Sherry's, and I am one of the superior gods. Yes, this is a temple, and the maitre d'hotel is the high priest of my cult. But they do not know my secret. I have a god of my own - the God of Sunset whom the old Egyptians worshipped by his name of Tum. I am moved always to sly sacreligious jests like this by that unusual Corton. With the second bottle the world becomes visible to my eyes: I see my friends about me, every one with a quick smile, a pleasant word, a deferential bow, or a glance of secret understanding. ^{just} Majestical they sit among the napery and the silver and the crystal under the lamps, my friends respectable.

There is the dapper banker, who slips me the sufficient word of Wall Street; there the grey dowager, to whose goodwill I owe so perfect a last week of August; beyond her, with a gay crowd of sparkling girls, sits the king of fact, young, handsome, and urbane, telling a delicately witty story. At the next table is the strong, stern face, lit kindly, of the great lawyer, who plays politicians for pawns, and defies empires as a lesser man might defy cockroaches.

But mostly I am shamming; I pretend to greet the world; in truth my eyes flash furtive to a certain corner, where, like

a fairy peeping from a cornflower, amid her crepitating silk and whispering lace, laughs the rose-gold and ivory of a wine-flushed Bacchanal face, tiny and yet terrible, framed in faint flames of hair. -

Nobody knows as yet that we are engaged - - hush! I will not tell it even to myself; I will signal it in sips of Burgundy, and get her answer in champagne!

I like dining alone, for a change; I can perceive what, when I dine with others, I could only feel. The restaurant is not only a temple made with hands; it is the true temple, the universe. The stately swirl, ideally solemn and merry at once, is but a presentation in the form of art, of the birth of a nebula.

But silence! what are they about to sacrifice at my altar? It is my own dish - a truffle wrapped in red pepper and a leaf, stewed in champagne, then baked in the shortest, crispest dumpling that delight could dream; each dumpling set upon a pyramid of foie gras. Besides them is an eggshell china dish of caviar with stalks of young onions finely chopped - moistened with vodka. It is that which gives one appetite for the salad of vanilla and alligator pear!

I do not know any music like the murmur of a thousand hushed voices; I do not know any sight fairer than love and

a fairy peeping from a cornflower, amid her crepitating silk and whispering lace, laughs the rose-gold and ivory of a wine-flushed saccharal face, tiny and yet terrible, framed in faint flames of hair.

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I do not know any music like the murmur of a thousand hushed voices; I do not know any sight fairer than love and

friendship - the flowers of philosophy - incarnate among men and women. And here I see them at the culmination. All harshness, all distress, all things that mar the measure, these no longer exist for us who dine. Without, the wind may howl, and fearful things of darkness menace our joy: does not the blackness, the cold of space, encompass every star and every system?

Do not be melancholy; have you not heard the tale of the philosopher who made the experiment of intoxicating himself with ether, and after a little while said solemnly "NOTHINGNESS with twinkles." Then, after applying himself yet a little to the vial of madness, raised his venerable head, lofty with the purity and passion that informed it, to remark "Nothingness with twinkles - BUT WHAT TWINKLES!"

That (for I have finished the salad) is my identical state: nothing else is worth a word; bring the profiteroles and chocolate! The frozen cream within, a core of coolness; the spongy sweetness that engirdles it, the boiling chocolate sauce splashed over it - it is like the purity of love that masks itself in sweetness, strength, and passion.

But love is not the end of life; beyond it is true worship, symbolized by coffee that makes vigilant, cognac that intoxicates, and the cigar that carries these in acquiescence of peace.

No, do not think, blasphemer, that I have dined! I have been god and worshipper, not in one temple only, but in every temple, of the universe. I have passed from the abyss to the abyss, and sounded every lyre of heaven, and heard its far-off fallen echo on every drum of hell. I have seen the great make one with the small, and known how that which is below is like that which is above. The aeons have roared past, and the angels of the aeons sounded their silver trumpets in mine ears; they have summoned me to no mortal banquet, but to the sacrament of nectar and amrosia in the shade of the All-silence.

If I am exhausted, it is not with wine, but with ineffable rapture - for it is almost kin to suffering, this delight wherein one is lost and overwhelmed. The chariots of eternity and the horsemen thereof, O my Father! They course upon my soul; they trample my humanity; they leave me crushed and bleeding, so that, radiant and immortal, my pure, my passionate, my imperishable, impenetrable soul may seize the sceptre and acclaim itself imperial, heir of its celestial halidom, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, a unit conscious of its identity with all, a concentration of knowledge, being, and bliss armed against change and sorrow and illusion.....

(The check please.)

It is the psychological moment to go on to the Russian ballet.

Aleister Crowley

Key

A

NEW YORK NIGHTS

THE BALLET RUBEE

- (DANCE)
- (THE BULENSPIEGEL)
- (LES SPECTRES DE LA PUSE)
- (SCHNEIDERMAN)

The hunt is up. Colour shall chase colour through
 the rainbow of the spectrum, ^{upon} each eye, from eye to
 octave. The great hound love shall leap from the Russian
 leash, his deep and dreadful bark awakening to alarm the fear
 of innocence as the lips tremble upon the waters of the
 scold-upland pool. Earth shall lark like a deer and the
 rushes, leap to spring in jutting tibia. The hunt is up.

Earth will to face and consequence. Let us be
 sure to take of every, that lie under beneath the KHMless
 language of old Casan. There lie mountains and fantastic
 kingdoms, where she is stretched her magic against creatures of
 nightmare, there love hangs all interlaced of the sad sym-
 phonic vision, and there the essence of riddle, and the
 dark of a jagged overhead, and the giant polyphonic,
 staid like a battle of crocodiles, and swamped like volcanoes
 in eruption through the history of that silence that grows
 staid thoughts, weighed down with the growth of perpetual
 rock of the sea. Stronger than any, this outburst of happiness

A

NEW YORK EIGHT

THE GREAT BARR

THE GREAT BARR
THE GREAT BARR
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The Colour shall consist

upon

of the following colours
The Colour shall consist
of the following colours
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19
A
NEW YORK NIGHTS

THE BALLIST RUSSE

(RADIO)

(THE BULINERIEGEL)

(LE SIBOTRE DE LA POSE)

(SOMMERHAGE)

The hunt is up. Colour shall chase colour through
the rainbow of the spectrum, sound upon sound from octave to
octave. The great hound love shall leap from the broken
leash, his deep and dreadful bark awakening to alarm the deer
of innocence as she dips her muzzle upon the waters of the
wooded placid pool. Death shall lurk like a bear amid the
rushes, leap in ambush, jutting tuba. The hunt is up.

Let us his
measure
of the lands of Feery, that lie deeper beneath the HXHXlose
laughter of old Oscar. There lie monstrous and fantastic
kingdoms, where he matches her magic against creatures of
nightmare, there love dances all waterfalls of the sad sym-
phonic confusion, and there the silence of ripple, and the
dash of steel goes overhead unheeded, while giant polyps, and
awful little bottles of crocodiles, and volcano-like volcanoes
in eruption stir to the mystery of that allance that traces
sterile thoughts, weighed down by the press of perpetual
work of the sea. (stronger than steel) this anticipation of happiness

and horror! Yet like a dream the present vanishes. Oblivion
unrolls its fatal veil - look! we are in a market place, a smiling
mouth of plenty with the crowning brows of liberty castles beetling
over it. Who is that mocker that intrudes upon the simple
folk that throng the streets? Who, masked in mockery, flouts
their staid worth or their heavenly happiness? Who is it
that calls forth the spirit of perverse glee, conspires with
youth against time, and raises the banner of anarchy in the house
of order? We see fatality in every impish gesture, each prank is
played upon a precipice-edge, for there, chronic indolence,
is the stern angel of retribution, the weight of the world's woe
incarnate in that hooded man that stands apart, nor needs his
silence for all the extravagance of the others; he knows his
hour has come. And as he witnesses the steady advance of the
soldiers, the firing of the salute, without a pang, with
calm equanimity in our own tragic destiny, we, ephemeral jesters
with trivial jests, go. There, is the great hollow;
the rick creek; the smoking spire in mid-air under the
lucid orison of the great, new lanterns. About him stand
the official brotherhood like vultures - and the lines of
delight revolve with moon-like lamps swung high by heavy men
and animals. He starts - the green, takes as a terrible
stroke - and sinks into a death lethargy.

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over it. Who is that mocker that intrudes upon the simple
folk that throng the streets? Who, masked in mockery, flouts
their staid worth or their heavenly happiness? Who is it
that calls forth the spirit of perverse glee, conspires with
youth against time, and raises the banner of anarchy in the house
of order? We see fatality in every impish gesture, each prank is
played upon a precipice-edge, for there, chronic indolence,
is the stern angel of retribution, the weight of the world's woe
incarnate in that hooded man that stands apart, nor needs his
silence for all the extravagance of the others; he knows his
hour has come. And as he witnesses the steady advance of the
colliery, the firm steps of the catastrophe, without a pang, with
a serene equanimity in our own tragic destiny, we, ephemeral jesters
with eternal jests. So there, is the great yellow;
the rick creek; the smoking spire in mid-air under the
lucid Orion of the evening stars' lanterns. About him stand
the mythical brotherhood like valtures - and the lines of
delight revolve with moon-like lamps swung high by heavy men
and animals. He starts - the dream takes on a terrible
shape - a rat - a pink into a black labyrinth.

and horror! Yet like a dream the pageant vanishes. Oblivion
unrolls its fatal veil - look! we are in a market place, a smiling
mouth of plenty with the crowning broods of liberty eagles beesting
over it. Who is that mocker that intrudes upon the simple
folk that throng the streets? Who, washed in mockery, flouts
their staid worth or their harmless happiness? Who is it
that calls forth the spirit of perverse glee, conspiring with
youth against time, and raises the banner of anarchy in the house
of order? We see fatality in every angry gesture, each prank is
played upon a precipice-edge, for there, chronic and minister,
is the stern angel of retribution, the weight of the world's woe
incarnate in that hooded man that stands apart, now wreath his
silence for all the extravagance of the scene; he knows his
hour has come. And as he witnesses the steady stride of the
colony, the first step of the catastrophe. With a pang, even
as he gazes in our own tragic destiny, we, ephemeral jesters
with fatal jests. So, there, is the great fallow;
the rick break; the smoking spire in mid-air under the
lucid crimson of the great sun's lantern. About him stand
the faithful brotherhood like vultures - and the dance of
delight reveals with moon-pale leaps swung high by angry men
and malignant - the great, shales of a terrible
shades of red - we sink into a deeper lethargy. It is

maiden's robe of white and blue. Against the mighty open
 doors she stands, awake and dreaming, while on the balcony
 the night is tinted by roses, souls of sunset incarnate in
 the world of flowers. At her throat is one red rose; she
 plucks it forth. She sinks into a chair, she sleeps; she
 dreams. The spirit of the rose bewitches her; her heart's
 love translates itself in flesh. Even so sunrise shall its
 blood upon the snow of the Jungfrau. To her dream-lover breaks
 into her cleavage, drenches through every part of her heart.
 Every gesture is a caress. Life flows in her limbs; her
 carriage has from measure to measure - to beyond measure. For
 all is lost and won; her limbs relax; the dream is over; sleep
 claims her last allegiance. Ah! she cannot so forget.
 The dream is gone, she must awaken. Alas! She only
 clings to a crimson rose, a soul incarnate, null, incapable!
 Quick! let me live, let me live, let me not endure the melancholy
 of my dissolution. The too wide dreaming; life must be real,
 must be lived - or - or? The anguish and the passion of our
 soul are part of the illusion & are to be with our hearts; flowers
 are full-blown in our imagination and are such. This is a
 corruption of our will as something as an artist, as terrible
 as the passion-gone of the artist, and as terrible in dissolution.

The Orient submerges us. The green and red of love and war,
the vivid blue of passion star-strewn, and arches opening
on the wings of death. And death indeed shall issue thence
in gusty guise of lust, black-lipped and silver-sandalled.

See power - ^{burned} xxixxi on my beauty, smiling and complaisant;
A recent inattention, of kind, beware of it! But but things
are from that heart beauty, it will bite! This happiness is
but thin and evanescent and reflection, its prize is vigilance.
Trust not the guard; they are corrupt; return not thy back
upon them; that say they love thee; they can strike up between
the skirts of the heart, the only path to moment. What
awful things are done in the heart. I have seen them
of all sorts and kinds. I have seen them in the heart
like a black, deadly, low, burning, death, the heart, all kinds
nothing more. u

enormous

... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

passionately killed, like the face of a brave man under the
surgon's knife; for in its heart she knotted the torment of
the backless writhing in duration, and among them, were
suffering like this, the ~~eyes~~ ^{Eyes} of Ivan the Terrible as he struck
down his only son to death; I only hear over the frozen steppes,
tumultuous and inevitable, the joy of the arrival of Moscow.



Missivek Charles

passionately killed, like the face of a brave man under the
surgon's knife; for in its heart she knotted the torment of
the battle, writhing in agonies, and among them, were
such like this, the ~~eyes~~ ^{Eyes} of Ivan the Terrible as he struck
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A NEW YORK NIGHT

III.

AUX BEAUX-ARTS

Enough of the madness of Moscow - let us go find the fascination of France! Is there no cafe hard by, with marble tables, where one may compass the Eleusian mystery of absinthe? Yes; there will be women with scarred lives and faces, like the fair soil of France herself, pitted with howitzer-craters until the surface is desert and volcanic as the moon's.

Deep melancholy seizes on my soul as I drop the icy water upon my sugar, and watch the dull green iridesce to opal. To me the art is hieratic; it is as if I symbolized the wonder of the world, how the waters of death were made sweet by the dissolution of the crystals of the mind, and the stagnant green of life made rainbow by the pearl-pure glory of resurrection.

Ah, but madness lurks in the draught. Indeed, is it not so? Is not all life a species of intoxication or insanity? Is not our consciousness a dim and distorted reflexion of some half-faded glory? Come, let us therefore drink! When we are sober the universe is a pointless puzzle, a stale, silly jest, a word of ordure, a denegation of all sense. To drink may kindle in us some true sanity, some power to comprehend the universe; we may find some clue to lead us to the labyrinth's heart (does a Minotaur wait to devour us?) or we may see at last,

seated in the centre of the webs of our lives, some spider "that taketh hold with her hands, and is in King's palaces", the cunning and indefatigable creator of it all.

- Ah! there at least is a poor fly. See the tired eyes of yonder girl! She looks like a gambler after a long spell of bad luck. How pluckily she plays! Oh yes! she wins often enough - but she does not realize how terrible is the invisible percentage of the bank. Secret and persistent, life takes its toll of all of us; we buy our most precious treasures far too dear. My uncle added twenty thousand to his "wealth" last week in Wall Street - the anxiety aged him half a year. A fool's game! Better, maybe, with the saint, to give up all, to abide, the spirit tranquil, the soul fixed in constant meditation upon eternal things!

Decidedly, absinthe is a most melancholy beverage! I seem to remember having been extraordinarily happy all the evening - now I could swear it was some other life, so long ago it seems.

The trouble is that I am not content with my blond baby Lulu. I am haunted by those Irish lips and eyes of Margaret, their infinite sadness, and the passion that burns beneath the veil of her modesty. Her russet hair is a perfect foil for her grey eyes. She is autumnal in her fullness and solemnity; she is more seductive than the spring-tide air of Lulu, with her

chirping! I am suddenly grown old and serious; the world appears a piteous masque; and Margaret is both passion and compassion. Lulu does not understand sorrow. The wounded body of my dear France is nothing to her; to Margaret it is sacred beyond all ~~HEHE~~ speech. This absinthe is like the eyes of Margaret, gray-green; and therein lie turmoil and bitterness as well as glory and intoxication. If Lulu were here, she would clasp her baby hands, and call me her clever boy; Margaret would find no words. Oh, the silence of these grey-green eyes! Thus, did she come to me - we talked rapidly of foolish things because we did not dare to invoke silence. Then our minds revolted; voice would not come - and we took each other without a word.

Lulu - we prattled each other into an engagement - the froth of a week-end in the country! We had to find something to do. And now - well, outside the Avenue Lulu doesn't exist - while Margaret pervades the universe; she is, for me, its meaning and its soul.

Now, how much of me is ~~HEHE~~ mood, and how much of mood is absinthe? A Bronx cocktail might have reminded me of Lulu, and reversed my English! But then, a Bronx is the drink of the ^{ck} children and the tired business man, while absinthe is the noble, maddening, murderous drink of Gautier and van Gogh!

My heart's love lies in Paris with these tables of marble.

this informality, this Pan-pipe shrillness of staccato conversation, not with the shallow suavity of Sherry's. I have found better friends and warmer hearts among the battered veterans of life than among those who have made it their first care to be nothing, their second to know nothing, and their third neither to do nor suffer anything.

Yes, I am melancholy. It is my nature. I have suffered enough. I have made myself suffer, delighting alike in giving and receiving pain. Let me pass then from this café, with its memories of spiritual Verduns. It is just the time to go to the Follies. They will chase away the blues.....

Aleister Crowley

A New York Night.

Broadway.

I came into Broadway at 45th Street; a few minutes had to pass before my midnight assassination with Fun. So I moved idly in the multitude, and gave the mood of ^{the moment} to taste to the tongue of my grave soul, my too clear-seeing soul. I saw these people form^aiduous and feeble; all that they lacked of ^{at} aptness was order. On them all was the great load of humanity. Each bore his soul like an old soldier with an ever-aching wound. In every eye I saw the fearful hunger which is the ^{for} heritage of man. Some needed economic independence; Some needed love; and fate had slowly doled out mere bits of money and pleasure. Some, glutted with those false meats, drunk on those vain delusions, thought themselves happy- they why so restless, so intense? Surely if there be happiness, its symbol must be peace. And this street--:

It is like a mining camp; the ^{tautology} ~~foundry~~ flashing lights, the rotten planking of ~~the~~ ^{the} Broadway full of deep holes where ^{the} stagnant pools reflect the glare, the ^{constant} ~~common~~ ^{traffic} shouting, the coarse appeal of ^{charity} ~~sanctity~~, ^{the selfish ministry of} ~~the~~ trade, cheap imitation jewelry, cheap imitation women-- Stop! where is Rita Gonzales? She was a real woman; ^{she was} a woman of gold! So simple, so innocent, so gay, yet so profoundly passionate-- I would envy de Quincey his leisure ^{and} ~~of~~ ^{on} his opinion, that I might haunt ^{stern} ~~essentially~~ this street where ^{just} I saw her, dawn of two ^{the eternal curse} ~~miraculous~~ months, where last I saw her before ~~my~~ ^{she} drew her away from me, hiding her under the empurpled robe of silence. I cannot ever weep. Such is our life; under the silence of ^{our} ~~in-~~cessable night we jostle and splash to artificial lights and

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It is like a mining camp; the ^{tawdry} foundry flashing lights, the rotten ⁿplanking of ~~the~~ ^{to} Broadway full of deep holes where ^{gna}stagnant pools reflect the glare, the ^{insane traffic} ~~common~~, the ^{or}valgarity and shouting, the coarse appeal of ^{charity} ~~candor~~, ^{the apostle ministry of} ~~shouting~~ trade, cheap imitation, ¹jewelry, cheap imitation women-- Stop! where is ²Rita ^{she was} Gonzales? She was a real woman; a woman of gold! So

to the tongue of my grave soul, my too clear-seeing soul. I saw these people form^aidacious and ^{at} feeble; all that they lacked of apt^s was order. On them all was the great load of humanity. Each bore his soul like an old soldier with an ever-ack^{ing} wound. In every eye I saw the fearful hunger which is the ^{heri} b^{er}itage of man. Some needed economic inde^{pendence}; Some needed love; and fate had slowly doled out mere bits of money and pleasure. Some, glutted with those false meats, drunk on those vain delusions, thought themselves happy- they why so restless, so intent? Surely if there be happiness, its symbol must be peace. And this street--!

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It is like a mining camp; the ^{taudry}foundry flashing lights, the rotten plankⁿing of ~~the~~ ^{to}Broadway full of deep holes where ^{the}stagnant pools reflect the glare, the ^{and traffic}common shouting, the coarse appeal of ^{charity} ~~the~~ ^{the selfish ministry of}cheap imitation jewelry, cheap imitation women-- Stop! where is Rita Gon^zales? She was a real woman; ^{she was}a woman of gold! So simple, so innocent, so gay, yet so profoundly passionate-- I would envy de Quincey his leisure ^{and} ^{can}of his opinion, that I might haunt ^{etern} ~~eternally~~ this street where ^{just} I saw her, dawn of two ^{miraculous} months, where last I saw her before ^{the eternal curse} ~~she~~ drew her away from me, hiding her under the empurpled robe of silence. I cannot ever weep. Such is our life; under the silence of in-^{our} ~~our~~ ^{conceivable} night we jostle and splash to artificial lights and

sounds; we struggle and show, going no whiter^h, not understanding anything, not even that when all is said naught may remain but the silence of inexorable^r night.

I am not moved by social inequality; the rich man in his furs, the poor man drawing his work coat about him^h, the successful prostitute, the staying^{TV} artist, fat props of drama, shrill haters of society, ~~bourgeois~~^{bourgeois} and parasite and worker - high and low, all are so terribly equal in the eyes of inexorable night. Even on earth there is not so much to choose between the lots of fate; weigh Franz Joseph 68 years an Emperor against that old woman selling notions on the c^hob. Who can measure the ways of Fate?

And Fate ^{is} seems - to me - to-night - on Broadway. The idea of purpose, of intelligence, in the universe, becomes incredible: if I be wrong, then it proves that I at least have no intelligence - the Cretan paradox^x!

It is strange how few of the passers-by have any business. Some are going to or from some place of amusement or refreshment; but most are merely flies, drawn by the dazzle. They do not know why they are there. I too feel something of the fascination; or why do I linger? May it be that once - when ~~she~~^{Time} was new^{in each} - the light, the company of men, even strange men, were symbols of safety? Are we still half-brutes, ~~laughed~~^{haunted} by old growling instincts no longer reasonable, no longer intelligible? ~~Yes~~: It seems as if it might be so; for ~~have~~^{all} are ~~old~~ the primitive passions peering from these animal faces. Civilization? I look for lofty brow, for grave calm eyes, for ~~st~~^tightened mouth and strongly-j~~aw~~^{ut}ting jaw. I see only greed and cunning and brutality and lust - and that awful

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X.

sounds; we struggle and show, going no whiter^h, not understanding anything, not even that when all is said naught may remain but the silence of inexorable^r night.

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hunger of the half-human soul, struggling to grow, and at ^{TV} being
by reason that its ^Tbother the body hates it. 'Oh folly - oh
suicidal race! These men and women do not even understand that
they are destroying their bodies also when they neglect their
souls!

"What do you want to be in life?"

"What do you want to do in life?"

On Broadway the only answer begins - I want to have -----

What can one get? Food, drink, women, property, money -
and then more money. So soon it ~~takes~~, this game! Death is
certainly the friend of those whose orbit is no wider than this.
Weariness would annihilate them as disease does not: what else
have they ~~involved~~?

We teach them to read - and what do they read? Music -
and for what do they clamour? Science - and how do they use it
but to destroy each other and themselves? Was it not better in
the 'dark ages' of humanity?

One light has dazzled us, destroyed us, ~~moths~~ in the flame!
Oh men, you were right, perhaps, to kill you ^Tgreat ones!

Now you have spared us; you have let us give all power ~~into~~
your hands - you will not accept our greater gifts, love under
will, freedom and peace - Virtue, and wisdom, and ~~multiscent~~
truth!

Ah! the adepts were wrong who lifted the bar of silence
from inexorable ~~right~~ - they but ~~involved~~ the ^{of} use of knowledge
without understanding, whose name is madness, whose badge is
universal suicide. And yet how else may man attain ?

We must go on -

And to what?

XI.

but we must compel the acceptance of new aims, involve
light- then knowledge, the light of love and will -----

En avant, mes enfants!

V ←

Ziegfeld too stupid "second butcher's shop" or
I drift to 40th & 8th Ave. Cuban Frank

L.B. Amsterdam Ave - the man slyped.

The alley - attack & defence

Taxi to Grand Eastside Poverty Brooklyn Bridge

Chinatown - the start

Suddenly sick of everything - home to

bed Roddie & Walter

Reminded for Δ

Tel call: should be at office till 3 PM.

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Ziegfeld too stupid "second butcher's shop" or
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Clinton - the Start

Suddenly sick of everything - home to

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