

THE ELIAS TRANSCRIPTS: THE JOURNAL OF JACKSON ELIAS

The author Elisa Louise Olney (1896-1925), better known as Jackson Elias, was an avid diarist who kept meticulous notes on her writing projects. The following is a transcript of Jackson Elias' last journal, which covers 10 October 1924 through 16 February 1925.

Elias generally started new entries on recto (right-hand) pages, leaving the facing page for notes, often of people she planned to speak with. This transcript preserves the original pagination of the journal. Although Elias did not number the pages in her journal, page numbers are included here as a reference, especially for the rare verso pages.

In a few places her entries were longer than a single page. In those cases she generally wrote on the verso and flowed over to the next recto. Such occurrences are not noted, and the text flows as a single entry. In a few cases she left a page blank in the middle of an entry or pasted in a card or text. In those cases the entry has been allowed to flow and the reproduced text follows with the correct page number noted.

Spacing of lines and approximate position on the page have been preserved where possible. Line breaks, however, have not except for when a clear break is indicated in the text.

Text that is blurred but legible enough to make a reasonable guess at is printed like this: [text?]

Text that is completely illegible is printed like this: [scribbled out] [illegible]

Only text that seems to have been purposely altered by Elias (as opposed to simple corrections) is noted in this fashion.

THE JOURNAL OF JACKSON ELIAS

If found please return to Jonah Kensington

Care of: Prospero House
Publishing

250 Lexington Ave.
3rd Floor

New York, New York
United States of America

Notes towards The History of Cults

I've destroyed all my notes except what I sent on to Jonah — I'd tell him to destroy those papers as well but he might be tempted to read them.

Can't put anyone else in danger

Done enough of that as it is.

From now on I keep only the simplest notes — keep everything in that big empty head of mine
— safer that way

I must tell what I've learned -- but how? Who would believe?

I need to know more —
But I'm afraid to try.

12 October 1924.

Have to know more. Where does he go? I know he's not going to the concessions — too dangerous.

But he leaves the International Zone. What's worth risking all that — —

Nails found him in Singapore.
so that's where I'll go.

13 October

I dreamt last night about a pyramid...a horrible nightmare.

Felt watched all day — could one of the other passengers be in on [it?]

Carlyle: how did he find all this out? Freddie told me he wasn't very bright. The woman, the one he called M'Weru —was it her? Or Penhew?

How does Houston fit in?

17 Oct.

Dreams again — — this time huge city buried under the sands.

Was looking for something, something I wrote — but I was terrified of finding it.

Freddie said Carlyle used to have bad dreams

Singapore, 22 Oct.

Singapore — and someone definitely followed me off the boat —

Saw him following me down an alley last night. Think I lost him — doesn't have a spot on the Thugees.

Disturbing though. Found a pension in the Chinese Quarter — Cantonese finally paying off. And I have the best chance of finding him here — he'll undoubtedly go to ground here.

Brady always did like China best.

25 October 1924

I think I saw him last night.

26 October.

Brady is definitely in Singapore!

I saw him yesterday at the harbor — was disguised as a Coolie but I know his walk —

I'm going to trail him tonight.

28 October.

Why doesn't he go anywhere?

What is he doing in Singapore?

29 October.

Tonight. He's leaving tonight. Saw him packing his bags.

Tonight I'll know.

~~I can't believe it no its~~ [Heavily crossed out]

Not possible .

But I saw!

I saw what [Illegible, scribbled out]

Saw her.

Vanessa

How How?

What does it all mean?

7 Nov.

On way to Cairo.

10 Nov.

I still remember what he said.

I was trying to reassure him.

Said — “I understand what you are going through.”

He looked at me — those eyes! Bottomless. Dark nothing but Darkness behind them.

“If you understood what I was going through

You’d be. MAD.”

Omar Shakhti. Inquire at the Embassy.

Faraz Najir — the Old City

It was a mistake coming here.

They're on to me and I have to move —

Paris. All; roads come from there.

My beloved Paris, I don't think you can help me

this time —

Oh God , if there's a god

What have I done?

[undated, probably 12/13 November 1924]

They nearly had me at the dock. Would have, if I had been on the ship I told the others, I was taking. Ha Ha! Ol' Jax still has a trick or two —

Longer way around — train to Jerusalem, then to Sana'a — longer overall, doubling back on the canal, but worth it.

I dreamed of the desert again — I think it was the Empty Quarter.

Nothing by sand, but I felt — expectant, like Something was about to happen — —

I think I'll need to take a closer look...

Worth doubling back after all!

Sana'a is a horrid town! Dusty, miserable. Birts [sic] not any better than Ottomans. But a little Arabic goes a long way + I got a drover to take me up into the hills.

Saw the open desert — unbelievable. Felt - like a dream - nothing I remembered but — — Still I felt like I recognized it.

My dreams are getting worse.

Ah yes. We came to a caravanssary [sic] — Camels, Bedu from all [scribble] across the desert.

An old woman - she was surprised to see a white woman in the area —

She told me that she hadn't see a white woman in five or six years — then she told me about the last time.

A party came out of the desert — three men and a woman. The leader was an Englishman — burned half to death. He ordered the Bedu around like a — well, like an English Lord.

The other men — one was an older man, with a white beard. The other was obviously an American, looked "like a soldier." The woman was withdrawn + the "soldier" kept her from the camp.

It's got to be the Carlyle Expedition — Huston, Penhew, Brady and Vanessa.

Where was Hypatia, though? How did the get to the desert? I found a trail for them leaving for [illegible] Zanzibar, but no records of them arriving in Yemen.

I laugh, though, about Penhew cooked like a lobster — — maybe their god isn't so great after all!

16 November 1924.

I spoke with the counsul of the Saudi Embassy + had had him cable Riyadh — as I suspected, no record of the Carlyles entering the Kingdom.

I could cable the British in Palestine but I know what I'll find, don't I?

They never came IO the desert.

They only came FROM the desert

How did they leave Egypt? Did they have that kind of power? Does their “god”?

How can I fight that?

Changed my mind about the canal.

Going via Istanbul + the Orient Express.

I've been stupid. So stupid.

Never should have written what I wrote about the god. At least I still have my leg — didn't break it.

Was changing platforms [crossed out] en route to Beirut when a luggage cart came crashing towards me — I managed to jump out of the way but I stumbled + twisted my ankle. The porter was an old African, coal black + cackling at me.

His eyes oh his eyes they were totally black.

"Almost got burned, didn't you miss?" he said + gave me an evil grin.

I knew. I knew who and what he was. He's toying with me.

I'm going to die.

Multis nominibus, multas formas
sed omnes tamen et erga
unus finis ...
Postulo Auxilium ...
Quoque magnus quoque acidus. Somnia haec,
... somnia quasi Carlyle est scriptor?
Hoc deputatus psychoanalyst scriptor files ...
Omnibus illis superfuerant!
Advenero, portam. Cur? ...
Itaque periculum est potentia
reale. Illi...
multa fila principio ...
Tabulae sunt in Carlyle scriptor tutum ...
Venientes ad me. Voluntas Oceano
defendistis?
Ho Ho non quitters nunc. Oportet indicet,
et fac lectoribus crede. Oportueritne
Clamo pro illis?
clamatamus simul ...

Bucharest — havent [sic] been followed. Been disguising myself as a Bulgarian woman —
bought her clothes from her back in Istanbul.

Had another dream last night.

Heard a voice shouting against the wind. I wrote it down opposite. Latin, I think, but I can't read it.

The voice, I couldn't recognize it, but it seemed familiar...

M. Édouard Gavigan

Fondation Aubrey Penhew

— Directeur

10 rue de Richlieu [sic]
Paris 2ème

il me donnera un réunion demain
à dix heure...

Paris,

Page 29
27 Nov. 1924

Seeing Gavigan tomorrow. Risky, puts me in the open, but he seems harmless enough.

28 Nov.

So strange, wandering in Paris + it not comforting me at all. I'm staying in the Latin Quarter, near the Arab district. Can hide pretty well here.

I don't dare go any of my old places — they might find me there. Walked by Polidor last night, so tempting to just go in + see if Gaston was still holding court in the corner —

But good I didn't. Last second, caught a glimpse of a man eyeing me from the corner. I just kept walking and went into full ditch procedures after that. Think I shook him.

They're getting better + I'm getting tired. I'd cry if I had the energy.

[undated, presumably 28 November 1924]

They got to Gavigan. He was polite but kept digging. I think he was scared.

Saw two arabs waiting near the pension tonight. Didn't recognize them, so kept walking. Stayed in the Métro til it closed, then took a quick glass + café at a late night place. Was freezing but didn't dare stay — they would look in all the Service Continus for me.

Wandered the Place Vendome, then across the Pont Neuf. Found a doorway to crouch in. Tomorrow I'll see if I can find a train to Normandy — to [sic] hot here in Paris.

[The streetlight's going out so cant write any more][? scrawled at end of page]

Πολλά ονόματα, πολλές μορφές,
αλλά όλο το ίδιο και προς
το ένα άκρο ...
Χρειάζεστε βοήθεια ...
Πάρα πολύ μεγάλο, πάρα πολύ άθλιο. Αυτά τα όνειρα,
όνειρα ... όπως το καρλil ;
Ελέγξτε τα αρχεία του εν λόγω ψυχαναλυτή του ...
Όλα αυτά επέζησε!
Θα ανοίξει την πύλη. Γιατί; ...
έτσι ώστε η δύναμη και ο κίνδυνος είναι
πραγματικό. Θα ...
πολλά θέματα αρχή ...
Τα βιβλία είναι σε ασφαλή καρλil του ...
Έρχεται για μένα. Θα τον ωκεανό
προστατεύσει;
Ho Ho δεν φύγω τώρα. Πρέπει να πω,
και να κάνει τους αναγνώστες Πιστέψτε. Σε περίπτωση που
Φωνάζω για αυτούς; Ας
ουρλιάζουν μαζί ...

I risked sitting in a café. Too cold to care if they catch me anymore.

Couldn't sleep well. Kept having nightmares...would wake up sweating + the chill would make me shiver...or maybe it wasn't the chill...

Woke up screaming. An old Frenchwoman was shaking me. From her [sic] expression she thought I was a lunatic. Shan't disappoint her, shall we? Oh to laugh.

I had the dream again — that's why I [scribble] was ~~shriek-scream~~ wailing. I heard a voice again. this time I didn't recognize it. But when I woke all the words were burned on my memory.

I wrote them across from this page.

They're definitely greek. I haven't said a word in Greek since failing it in sixth grade, yet I could write down the words + even correct them, as if I could SEE them.

[scribble] The voice remains so familiar but so out of reach.

The woman gave me some bread + tea. I gave her a few francs + then left. She wanted me to stay but I won't risk hurting more people. Gnerous [sic] of her, but she's probably used to down on their luck Americans...

Took the Métro to Gare du Nord, but I recognized those Arabs from my pension there — don't think they saw me, though. Lucky Lucky old girl.

So the train's definitely out. Thought I might hitch a ride with a lorry north or even down to Marseille.

Gotta get out, they're hunting me.

Later.

The Louvre is good cover. Big crowds, lots of security, and the occasional bench to sit on. Think I caught a nap under a Caravaggio.

Wandered to the Egyptology section. The usual, trying to pretend Carer + company weren't English. Lots on Champillion.

L'Egypte sou le Phärohs — might be worth a look...

First chance to write in a few days. Found an old friend from the Western Front — he's put me up at his boyfriend's flat while they go to Nice. Nice chaps the bent ones usually are.

I don't dare stay much longer, but need to write. About...what I saw.

I was in the Louvre, Egypt exhibits...Pharaonic Egypt. Lots of busts of dead men, all wearing there [sic] silly headresses. [sic] Saw a few listed as being very old, so I got curious.

And then I saw them.

A bust, in black granite — maybe; card says it was "pierre inconnu".

And starting at me from behind it was a bas relief — four faces I kow [sic] very well.

Penhew
Houston
Masters
and...Vanessa.

I nearly fainted — enough that a gendarme came over. Had to fight off unconsciousness; bad enough to pass out, but making a scene even worse. But pulled it off — this co-ed's still tough — and then tried to find a curator.

Hard to find, harder to communicate in my gutter French — this guy was some Duke's kid. But at last he sniffed at me + said that OF COURSE they were sure of the dating — very well established.

The work was remarkably well preserved, yes, but indisputably from the time they claimed.

Around the time of Cheops. Before the Great Pyramid.

I might have fainted. I don't know. I don't remember the next several hours — I just suddenly found myself standing outside a café in Montmartre, sobbing my eyes out.

That's when Frank found me + took me home. Just what I needed, too — a man who would give me a bath + hold me in bed while I cried without trying to make me his whore.

God, did I just write that? Whore? What's WRONG with me.

Don't dare go out — I saw some ugly mugs on the corner.

Frank + Georges are due back tonite.

3 December

Georges brought me flowers + chocolate this morning. What a dear — he's an older man, one of those rare Frenchmen who have mastered the agelessness of French women. Attractive streak of grey hair in his otherwise black hair.

He served in the artillery — that's where he met Frank, who was an American observer. Didn't remember me, but he says all women are a delightful blur to him.

They know I'm in trouble but I haven't said why — I can't + won't.

Frank says he knows a few guys who might be able to get me out of the city. More used to smuggling people in, but he's confident the process works in reverse.

They brought their friend Jeanette over — she is a lady's dresser + she put a vegetable dye in my hair + trimmed it. Not much of a disguise but different enough that even if they see through my -real- disguise they won't recognize me.

Georges went out and bought some food in — veau blanc, cassoulet, good bread + a couple of bottles of wine. Thank God for them — I'd have cracked without them.

I have to go, though, and soon — they're closing in on me...

Frank is trying to find his friends but it's taking longer than he expected. So I'm still in their garret. Shan't say where in case someone finds this.

Don't dare go outside, they're watching all the time — I can feel it. We're all trying to hid that there's someone else in the flat so we're all on short rations.

I've got to get out. I think I have to try for London or the Republic. Then try to get across the Atlantic somehow.

No matter where I go, though, they'll find me. They can find you anywhere.

I need help.

7 December.

Georges hit on a way to let me get outside — he hired a maid for a few days so that people would get used to seeing someone coming in and out. Then I snuck outside by shimmying down a drainpipe — was touch and go, bad as that time in Nepal — dressed like the girl. So now I can spend the night outside and come back in morning.

Probably better anyway — I'm safer in the day, so should sleep then.

Paris is mysterious and silent at night though — not like New York. I hide places, or find cafés to sit at. There's an antiquarian place in the Quarter that I'm going to break into — I know Carlyle dealt with them. If I can find out what books he read maybe that will give me a lead...

أسماء كثيرة، وكثير
أشكال، ولكن كل نفس و
... نحو نهاية واحدة ... تحتاج مساعدة
كبيرة جدا

I found out where those Arab mugs are hiding out!

Decided not to go home last night — just wait outside + see if anyone was watching.

Sure enough, a couple of tough characters were keeping an eye on the place from across the street.

Waited until 10 or so + then they left. Couldn't tell if they had any relief.

But oh ho! clever Jax turns the table on them. Trailed them like I did those Dacoits in Calcutta.

Funny, wasn't half as scared back then.

They were good, but not that good. Took the Métro + changed lines three times to shake a tail — at least, one not as good as me.

followed them to the quarter. There's a big Arab district there, near the mosque. Found a café they were using — sat there with a bunch of rough customers drinking Turkish coffee. From the way they spoke Arabic, think they were Egyptian.

One especially ill-looking chap seemed to be in charge.

One point he took out a piece of paper + smirked at it, while showing his crew. They all laughed. I picked out part of it from the café's trash — copied it down on the previous page. Haven't had time to translate, anyway I speak Arabic much better than I read it.

Trailed the goss to a club called Le Pyramide Bleu on an alley near the rue Monge. Walked right in, so he must be a big shot or something.

Had the same dream two nights in a row.

Same one — voice shouting against the wind, words in a language other than English.

This time I recognized the language [sic] — Arabic. But what is strange is that I didn't understand them, despite being reasonably able to understand it in waking life.

Also I didn't have the same burning vision of the words afterwards.

Somehow those details fill me with foreboding.

I'm meeting Frank's contact tonight — man named Mahoney, runs a newspaper. Risky leaving the flat after dark but no choice if I ever hope to get out of Paris.

An Náisiúnaí [the Nationalist]

15, rue Béranger 3ème

Mr Mickey "Scoop" Mahoney, Ed. + Pub.

publishes in Irish + English weekly

Writing this in an Irish Pub with no closing time, courtesy of Mahoney.

He's quite a character, and if he's a newspaperman, then I really am a man named Jackson Elias.

My guess is that he's IRA; he was vague about why he was in Paris, some cock and bull about the Republic not being happy to see him again.

Says he knows some people who can get me out via London + then the Republic — but will take a couple of weeks to get ready.

Wasn't helpful at first but when I glanced at his masthead I knew he worked for Charlie. Told him about us + he became much more helpful — said he'd put some of his own outside the flat for protection!

Some nights I stay in the Louvre.

It's not too hard, if you're good at hiding.
I am.

The place is truly amazing at night — silent as a church + you can feel the weight of the centuries in the air.

Mostly I avoid the guards + explore the exhibition storage — there are things there that no one would believe if I said them.

One night I heard footsteps that I didn't recognize — thought it was a new guard but then I realized that they — it had to be two people — were searching for something — not deliberately like a guard would.

Then I heard them talking. They kept mentioning "La Américaine." Call me paranoid, but I think that's me.

They also mentioned "Le Vieux" — the old man. Seemed like there was some conflict between their boss and the Old Man (I can't help but capitalized it, that's how they talked.)

They left eventually and I hid behind an academic painting until opening time.

They're closing in.

Today I tried staking out that café in the Arab district. Been risking going out more since I had Georges trim my hair short — lets me pass as a Parisian kid. Mostly.

Not a perfect disguise but like any disguise what's most important is getting people to react to what they expect and not what they see.

Not that I think it matters much anymore.

I was sitting in a little café opposite my target — drinking Turkish coffee + trying to grunt convincingly in Egyptian Arabic whenever someone spoke to me.

An old blind man came in, passing out verses from the Koran for a few centîmes.

I've pasted the card he gave me opposite.

I glanced at it, and in a flash I recognized it — it was what the voice was saying in my dreams. But as I tried to read it and finally know what was being said — —

— I found it to be incomprehensible. Just a set of squiggles that I couldn't read. But it wasn't nonsense.

It was still Arabic. I just couldn't read it anymore.

I looked at the Old man. His eyes — they weren't milky white like most blind people.

They were a deep inky black.

I jumped up and tried to run for the door. The old man began to cackle madly at me. The other customers began to shout. I couldn't understand the ones speaking Arabic but a few spoke French. So I knew they were shouting "that's a woman! throw the whore out!"

They grabbed at me but I sprang thru the door and ran like Hell was at my heels. Maybe it was.

Don't remember much after that. Found myself in the cellar of a wine store somewhere in the 12th.

I think something terrible is going to happen.

في اسم نيويورك يار اللاتهو الطب الحلقة، وضروب

العديد من الأسماء، وأشكال كثيرة
ولكن كل نفس ونحو
... نهاية واحدة
... تحتاج مساعدة
كبيرة جدا، مروع جدا. هذه الأحلام
أحلام ... مثل كارلايل في؟
... الملفات التي تحقق النفسي في
إنجا جميع من لهم
... وأنها سوف تفتح البوابة. لماذا؟
وبالتالي فإن السلطة والخطر هو
... حقيقي. أنها
... العديد من المواضيع بداية
... الكتب هي أمنة في كارلايل
القادمة بالنسبة لي. سوف المحيط
حماية؟
، لا حو حو المقلعين الآن. يجب أن أقول
وجعل القراء يعتقدون. ينبغي
أصرخ لهم؟ دعونا
... تصرخ معا

They're dead.

I came back to the flat yesterday morning. I had been...somewhere..all night. The encounter in the café with the blind man unsettled me so much...

I went back to the flat at dawn. Heedless of anyone watching me...I came upstairs and walked into the apartment and the first thing I saw was Frank's body. His head...his head was nearly ripped off.

George was trussed up in the bedroom in some horrible pose..oh his eyes, his eyes, they had been ripped from their sockets.

I couldn't let myself go. I grabbed the money George kept hidden in the tea tin and slid out down the drain pipe. Money still being there told me that they weren't robbers but assassins.

I rode the Métro all day long making correspondence after correspondence...just kept moving underground, in the darkness.

At evening I bought a ticket to the Opéra and slipped away during the overture. Hid in one of the property closets.

When the last note of the show had faded away + the last person left the building, then I let myself cry.

Sometime around 3 AM — the devil's hour — they came for me.

I don't know how they found me — but if I'm right about what they serve, then HE could do it easily — I heard loud footsteps echoing backstage and whispers in Arabic. I couldn't stay where I was, so as quiet as I could I made my break. Slipped behind the backdrops + tried to find an exit.

Not quiet enough. They heard me and came for me...I ran blindly through the hanging painted scenery...and then I was out on the stage. Behind me was a huge painting of a Sphinx — the opera was Aïda — and I froze in front of it.

Instead of a face, it only had a black, starry sky. And as I looked — — — it began to move.

I screamed. Men swarmed out from the wings. I was rooted to the spot, staring at the painting, watching one giant paw reach OUT of it ———

There was a shot. Someone screamed, and someone else shouted something.

Two men grabbed me, one on each side. I struggled, but then I heard Scoop's rough Irish growl in my ear: "Keep moving if you want to get out alive."

Two more of his men stepped out, holding shotguns, and covered us as we ran out the stage door. There was a truck idling outside and we tumbled into the back.

We drove for a few hours, mostly in circles. When dawn broke we were at an aérodrome. Scoop led me to a beat up five seat plane. A little later we were in the air.

Scoop's had some of his men following me for days. He made enough of a concession about the difficulty to assuage my pride. When they didn't see me leave the flat, they came up and found Frank + Georges.

Took them a while, but they finally picked up my trail. When they saw the Arabs breaking in to the Opéra, they called in Scoop + his boys.

The pilot is a woman, a "plucky aviatrix" — her expression — with a Southern accent. She's flying me to London. I'll lay low there with some of Scoop's English contacts until they can fly me to the Free State + from there to America.

Southampton's too dangerous, so we're flying.

Scoop won't stay. He's apologetic but there seems to be too many people in England who he would rather not meet.

They've stashed me in Limehouse. I'm a bit worried about all the different people there — there are quite a few Africans, Chinese + Indians who want me dead — but it's not the first place anybody would look for me, and I only need a few days.

I've resumed my boy disguise. Makes it easier to get around. I take a single pipe of opium every afternoon, to calm my nerves, and give me pretext for being in Limehouse. I have enough Cantonese to not get cheated, and I pay a boy to make sure I only take one pipe. I'm in a price war with the owner of the opium den, but so far I can afford it.

Tomorrow I will take a risk and go to the British Museum. I might be able to pick up on something Penhew was after. It's dangerous, but I have to do something.

Jonah, I think this journal is my letter to you. I'm hardly daring to keep any actual notes in it — just a record of what I've done. I'm sorry, Jonah, I'm sorry for exposing you to all this. I should never have tried to look into this Carlyle mess — there must be any number of rich idiots who got hooked up with a cult — why did I have to pick the one that was actually on to something?

I miss you, Jonah — I miss you, and the city, and crazy Charleston. I miss me, too, the girl who could drink all night without worrying about who was going to try and kill me in the morning.

I miss, most of all, Elisa. I miss who I was before I was Jax.

Mother, Father, I miss you most.

Soixante miles sur la mer:
une nouvelle examination de les
poissons d'Amérique du Nord.
Arronax: MARSEILLES. 1871

Le Plongeur: Guide Technique.
Ministre des Navires.

Whaling Anomalies:
Cyrus Smith: Boston, 1880.

Unpublished Recollections of a Mass-
achusetts Freedman.
Boston, 1925 (Cyrus Smith
collection, Bowdoin Coll.)

[undated, presumably 22 December 1924]

His name was Claude Pariseau, and he was visiting from Paris. As Luck would have it, he knew Sir Aubrey slightly, and was familiar with his research.

About two decades ago, Penhew began to collect everything about Prof. Pierre Arronax, survivor of the Lincoln expedition. Strange, his obsession with that rather fanciful man. Pariseau showed me some of the books he was looking at — wrote down a few at left. Also went looking for a sailor, de la Terre or something — maybe lived in Canada.

He also showed me some pictures of the artifacts Penhew was acquiring. One stuck with me: a dagger, with the handle carved like the head of an Ibis. Pariseau said it was a ceremonial dagger of Thoth, the Egyptian god; Penhew wanted it, but never got it.

For some reason I asked Pariseau about where the dagger was. He leaned back in his chair — he has the chubby physique of a French waiter and the oily manner of an arms merchant — and leafed through a catalog. “Ah, c’est bon — it is being auctioned in New York in February by a private collector. Perhaps you will like to bid?”

He grinned evilly at me and I made my departure soon after.

I had another one of those dreams last night. It felt worse somehow — louder, or closer, or more intense.

This time the voice was screaming, in Chinese — not sure if was Mandarin or another dialect. Again I almost could recognize the voice.

and I almost understood what it said.

It left me really rattled. When I went to smoke a pipe, I told the boy to take the day off.

Don't know how much I smoked. I hope it was only two. I suppose I was pretty delirious. But I seem to remember — remember talking with the owner in fluent Mandarin. His eyes were wide not just with the drug, but surprise.

When he woke me up later, he said something to me in Chinese. I shook my head. I thought I was just groggy from the pipe. I tried to say so.

Then I realized. I couldn't speak Chinese anymore: Not the Mandarin I studied at Miskatonic, or the Cantonese I picked up crossing the Pacific.

The owner was surprised, then shrugged. Powerful drug, he said in halting English. He was surprised how well I had spoken before.

He showed me something. Something I had written down. And even though I couldn't understand it anymore, I recognized it —

. it was what the voice was saying in my dream.

And it was signed, signed in the characters my professor taught me. I can still write them — I have that last irony.

I can still sign my name.

傑克遜埃利亞斯

Christmas morning over the Irish Sea.

I met my pilot again last night. She had just flown over from Paris — she's in some kind of air show there.

We took off and flew South, as if we were making for the channel. After about an hour, she said "I guess my compass just broke" and turned west.

I asked her later if the compass really was broken and she said it was — she had to be able to back up her claims if anyone took a close look. I guess I looked worried but she said she used to fly by the stars when she was running moonshine for her father.

The sun rose behind us a little while ago. Christmas has never meant much to me, I guess; in the orphanage it never got me off of dishwashing duty.

But as we fly, I can't help but think about all those people behind and ahead of us — all those people sitting down alone or with their families, and none of them are aware of what is happening — that unimaginable forces are trying to destroy everything they think of as important.

And I envy them. I'm alone here, trapped in the cold and dark cosmic indifference. I can't even feel scared anymore. I know that what I've learned will destroy me. And there's no avoiding that.

Everything is just going through the motions.

A Boxing day gift for Jax!

I remember where I saw that dagger, the one Penhew wanted!

It was in one of the cult books I read, about some supposed sorcerer up in Providence 200 years ago.

In any case, I remember the reference — it was about the forms the Witches' Black Man used to take and mentioned that Thoth was one of them.

And it said that some special weapons, with his image on them, had the power to destroy him.

Maybe not forever — but it's something!

So there was a mad dash once we landed in Cork for Queenstown and the harbor. Scoop had wired ahead and reserved me a ticket under the name of Victoria Coolidge — his little joke. (He made me pay him in advance, with a rather stunning markup; almost the last of the money you wired me, Jonah.

We're a day out from Halifax but I'm strangely agitated. I'd like to think it's because I can't take my pipe anymore, but that doesn't fool even me.

I don't think I'm going on to New York right away — I have some leads to check on in Canada.

Last night I was walking on deck when I saw a shadow fall across my feet. I looked up and saw — oh it was horrid...

A great serpent, hanging in the air, one huge wing turning lazily and not seeming to hold it up at all. The wind shifted and I was assaulted by a gruesome stench.

It was sweeping along the side of the ship. I saw it coming near my cabin, and I panicked.

I ran to a lifeboat, jumped in, and lowered the davits. I hit the water hard and nearly swamped in the ship's wake. I watched it steam away, the evil serpent keeping pace.

I rocked under the stars. The wind was cold, so cold. I tried to use the oars but my hands soon blistered and I fell into a swoon.

Around three AM I saw a ship steaming towards me. I found a flare under the bench + signalled it. Was a tramp, the Ivory Wind sailing out of Dakar. The crew was an ill-looking lot; they didn't say much to me. Probably most didn't speak English.

We made landfall around 8 AM. I went down to the steamer that was supposed to carry me to New York — was going to see if I could somehow still get a ticket. To my surprise, they had a cabin ready for me. The porter was surprised at my astonishment — Miss, he said, you brought your baggage onboard yourself, this morning.

I pretended to be hung over and tipped him a shilling. Then I took my overnight bag and bought a ticket for Quebec City.

I'm writing this in the saloon of that steamer. I can't figure it out. Is the conspiracy deep enough to hire a double for me? They already have shown they can use magic. Or...did I dream the whole thing? Have I lapsed into hallucination? Am I mad?

Oh, but that horrid, livid body...how could I imagine that?

E. d. I. Terre

15 Old Ince Street
Québec City.

Quebec. The Sailor's Home gave me a lead, so I'm calling on Eduard de la Terre today.

— — — — —

What a story. I can't tell it to you, Jonah. It's the most dangerous thing I've ever heard.

If what he says is true. He was convincing. And he gave me some leads — Cyrus Smith's family in Cambridge. The deckplans of the Lincoln must be somewhere in the national archives. Maybe there were some leads in the Maritime museums in London or Paris.

That's the most I can give you, Jonah, if you need to try and follow me. When I'm gone.

Beware the Old Man.

I think I'm somewhere in Vermont.

I think it's New Year — my watch stopped after that night on the boat.

I don't dare travel by any normal methods anymore. I know a bit about how rumrunners cross the border — enough to pick a spot near where they would cross, and let them draw out the treasury Agents. That and an anonymous phone call somebody made.

It's quiet up here, in the woods. So far I've been able to follow the back roads, only had to hike cross country a few times.

The dark doesn't scare me anymore. I'm afraid of the things in it, but not the dark itself.

When I was 15, Henry took me camping overnight once, up in the Hills above Arkham. Most people were too superstitious to spend the night there, but not Henry. I asked him why.

He was quiet for a long time. Then he stirred the embers of our fire. The coals lighting up his good, lined face. His beard looked red, like he was a younger man.

"I'm not afraid, Elisa — sorry, Jax — because for good or bad I've learned to [sic] much about the world for the simple fears of people to frighten me. The things that frighten me are things so powerful that I couldn't stop them. So I feel quite safe. As safe as I ever feel.

"In a lot of ways you're like your father...like me. Thomas was a young man who searched for knowledge, much like I did. For him, what he learned...eventually destroyed him. My fate has been different. Whether it's more fortunate...I don't think I'm qualified to say."

Ah, Henry, you're my father if anyone is — not Thomas, who followed his obsessions even if they cost him everything. Not Charlie, who I could never decide wanted me to be his niece, his mistress, or the dam to his whelps.

No, it's you Henry, who is too modest to ever claim the title. It's you who saved me. I love you.

Jonah, when this ends, please keep Henry out of it. He'll try to solve it, and he'll get himself killed.

I didn't walk the whole way down to Boston, of course. In the morning I found a car parked in front of a sleeping farm house. I'm too far gone to be embarrassed that I stole it and drove to Brattleboro. Left a note and \$20 inside. With the last of my money I got a ticket to Boston.

Slept most of the way, but was still awake enough to get off before we reached the city and take a transfer to the trolleys. If you're clever and willing to wait, you can ride all the way into town on transfers.

When I got to the hotel in Cambridge, I waited in the lobby for Henry. Ragged as I was, I thought the hotel dick would give me the bum's rush, but I saw Henry before too long. He was astonished to see me and had that curious expression I associate only with him — pride at my continued resourcefulness, happiness at seeing me, and worry about me.

He put me up in a room, and I took the longest bath of my life. While I slept, I had that dream again. The voice shouting in the wind. This time I remembered more — the sting of sand blowing in my face, an awful smell in the air, and a roaring, rushing sound that I could hear even over the wind.

When I woke, I wrote down what I heard. Then I cried. Because it's gone, all gone: my beloved French. The sound, the feel of it in my mouth. The look of it on a page of Zola or Flaubert.

They are peeling me away.

Beaucoup de noms, de nombreux
formes, mais tout de même et
vers une extrémité ... Besoin d'aide ...
Trop grand, trop horrible. ces
rêves ... rêves comme Carlyle?
Vérifiez que le psychanalyste
les fichiers ... Tous ont survécu!

Ils vont ouvrir la porte. Pourquoi? ... si
la puissance et le danger est réel.
Ils ... de nombreux débutants fils ...
Les livres sont en Carlyle
coffre-fort ... Venir me chercher. Est-ce que l'
océan protéger? Ho Ho pas renonceurs
maintenant. Doit dire, et que les lecteurs
Croire. Dois-je crier à l'
eux? Nous allons crier ensemble ...

I'm afraid I got rather horribly drunk for the last few days. Henry understood, although it saddened him to see me like that.

What a fool was I. That was probably the last time I'll ever...

Stop, old girl. Buck up. You still have things to do.

Henry wired Charlie for me. He won't come — he and that wife of his never leave Florida anymore — but he'll help. He has a few specialists to move me from safe place to safe place, and the resources to track down my last leads.

It's the endgame. Can't win, bes we all can do is a stalemate.

Maybe that will be worth a Queen sacrifice.

The groundwork is set for my return to New York. I've started to send out telegrams to the people I'll need. Addison volunteered right away — he's changed so much.

I'm laying down a nest of false leads. I think they know me well enough that I will have to come back to New York — that I will force the confrontation — but the Old Girl still has a few tricks left in her bag.

This is it, the last rush. I won't be seeing you, Jonah. I don't think you will ever read this.

I hope you don't, even if it means I'll never thank you for all you've done. It was all my own doing, Jonah. I was my father's daughter.

We're going to swing all the way south to the Bahamas, and then take a train to someplace close to NY.

Charlie wanted me to visit him, but it's too obvious.

3 February 1925.

I sit on the beach every evening. The sea frightens me — I know too much about it, now. The boy brings me maryjane to smoke, when I miss my pipe.

The sunsets are beautiful, and I know they don't mean a thing.

God, if there is a god other than theirs, give me back one thing.

Give me back my sunsets.

We're laying low in Philadelphia. Funny how once I thought I would die here and could only live if I got to New York.

Now I think I will die when I get there.

The timing has to be just right. I have to get to the auction. Charlie gave me some money, but what if it's not enough?

I have to have that dagger!

Meanwhile, I'm trying to stirr [sic] things up. They know I'm protected here, so I can risk it.

I'm trying to track down Carlyle's Black Woman. Her trail is stone cold.

He sent me a telegram. It's worked. I'll be seeing him in less than two weeks.

I don't know if it will help. But maybe I'll learn something.

And I hope it will be enough, in my last moments, to know something. Understand that, Old Man. Worth it.

Dear Jonah,

I am sorry for all the trouble I caused. You were a good editor, and a good friend. I'm sorry I didn't deliver that last book, especially after I told you it would make us rich.

I was wrong about that. And so many things. I never meant to hurt you, and so many others.

Whatever notes I left you in a publishable form, please sell. But never use anything from the last year. Burn it all, every last scrap — if I could, I would.

And if my notebook comes into your hands, don't read it, or allow anyone else to.

Tell Henry and Velma that I love them,. do your best to convince Velma. Tell Henry — tell him he was the father I needed, the father I always wanted.

Let him think that I broke my health traveling. Or I drank myself to death. Anything but the truth.

If you have to bury me, Jonah, Make it simple. Write to Charles, he'll take care of it all.

I didn't deserve you, Jonah. But I'll always be grateful.

With deepest respect and affection,

JACKSON ELIAS

(posted separately)

[left blank]

I had the dream. I still don't understand the words.

But I recognized the language.

English.

I need a pipe. I need to get drunk, or high on something.

God help me. Someone help me.

I finally recognized the voice.

It's mine.

Many names, many forms
but all the same and towards one
end —

Need help —

Too big, too ghastly. These dreams —
Dreams like Carlyle's?

Check that psychoanalyst's files —

All of them survived!

They'll open the gate. Why? —

So the power and the danger is real. They —
many threads beginning —

The books are in Carlyle's safe —

Coming for me. Will the oceans protect? —
Ho ho, no quitters now. Must tell and make readers believe. Should I scream for them?
— Let's all SCREAM TOGETHER...

Elias' journal breaks off abruptly at this point. She made no other entries before her coma and untimely death.

We can only speculate on Elias' mental state during the period she kept this journal. However, it appears to have become very disordered. Her claims of a rather singular linguistic aphasia are unusual, and were received skeptically by several neurologists. Other incidents (most especially the incident which she claims occurred off the coast of Halifax, Nova Scotia but also the curious entries about spending nights in the Louvre or the Opéra) show signs of paranoid fantasization.

The editors consulted several experts in Latin, Arabic, Greek and French. All agree that the texts Elias encountered in those languages — the words she claimed to hear in her dreams — were all translations of varying qualities of the passage written on the last page of her journal. The full text of the Arabic entry contains an unusual anomaly: in the place of the traditional opening ("In the name of Allah, the great, the merciful") is instead "In the name of niyarlat-hoteb the vicious, the cruel." The origin of this expression is unknown and may have stemmed from Elias' imagination.

Elias was known to be moderately proficient in Arabic and some Chinese dialects including Mandarin. According to her editor, Mr. Jonah Kensington, she was "able to get around in" Bengali and Hindi.

The "chop" she used as her "signature" in Chinese characters was amateurish — something a beginning student might attempt in order to learn the sounds associated with the characters.

She spoke French reasonably well and in her journal took care to use French spelling even of words that have become more common in English. There are several unusual lapses in her spelling and grammar, however, most notably in her description of the Egyptian exhibit at the Louvre, which should properly be *L'Egypte sous les Pharaons*. Given the unusual linguistic aphasia she claimed to be suffering from, these lapses — coming near times of great psychological stress — may be significant.

She spoke no Greek or Latin, so far as we can determine.

There is no record of a real person named Pierre Arronax. A character of the same name appears in Jules Verne's *Vingt mille lieues sous la mer*.

Cyrus Smith was an engineer native to Massachusetts. He served in the Union Army during the Civil War, and with the War Department until 1869.

There is no Claude Pariseau teaching at any university in Paris. A Jacques Parizeau, however, recently took a leave of absence from the Sorbonne.

The Dagger of Thoth is currently in the collection of Mr. Roland Blakely of London and New York

City.

Elisa Louise Olney, who wrote under the name of Jackson Elias, was buried on 23 February 1925 in New York City.

TIMELINE

1924-10-10: Elias in Shanghai, resolves to follow Brady to Singapore.

1924-10-22: Elias arrives Singapore.

1924-10-26: Elias confirms Brady is in Singapore.

1924-10-29: Elias meets Brady and Vanessa.

1924-11-10: Elias arrives in Cairo.

1924-11-14: Elias reaches Sana'a.

1924-11-27: Elias in Paris.

1924-11-28: Meets Eduard Gavigan.

1924-12-12: Meets Scoop Mahoney.

1924-12-20: In Limehouse.

1924-12-22: Meets "Claude Pariseau".

1924-12-24: Leaves for the Irish Free State.

1924-12-26: Departs for New York by way of Halifax.

1924-12-29: Meets "Eduard de la Terre" in Quebec City.

1925-1-1: Enters United States.

1925-1-2: In Boston.

1925-1-15: Goes underground.

1925-2-3: In Bahamas.

1925-2-5: In Philadelphia.

1925-2-16: Returns to New York.

1925-2-17: Attacked in hotel room in Midtown.

1925-2-18: Kidnapped from hospital.

1925-2-20: Body discovered in Long Island Sound.