

THE EXPEDITION TO CHOGO RI.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE expedition roughly described in the following pages was intended, first, to capture for amateur climbers the last of the mountain records of the world; second, to vindicate humanity from the charge of being unable to climb above 23,000 feet. A failure it was; but interesting enough.



Besides Eckenstein and myself there were four new members: Knowles, an Englishman, who had rowed in the first boat for First Trinity, and was consequently, although a stranger to me, the best companion I could have wished. The others were foreigners; two of them were Austrians; Dr. Heinrich Pfannl, a judge; and Dr. Victor Wesseley, a barrister; the last member was Dr. J. Jacot-Guillalmod, a Swiss doctor. With regard to the Austrians, perhaps the less said the better. It will be

sufficient if I mention that Pfannl, superb climber as he was, was totally incapable of realising the magnitude of the task we had set out to perform. He kept himself in the pink of athletic condition from the very start! On the 30th March I entered a prophecy in my pocket-book that if he collapsed it would be complete. However he continued to train. After a 15-mile march he would have a little tiffin, and then go off in the afternoon up the mountain side to keep himself in condition! On the 14th July he got ill; on the 15th he was worse; on the 16th the doctor fetched him down; on the 19th he was delicious; found himself with the illusion of triple personality, one of himself being in the form of a mountain, and anxious to kill him. During the 19th and 20th he was under morphia, and on the 21st he was taken down on a sleigh. As to Wesseley— But enough of the Austrians!

In the Swiss doctor, however, we found an excellent companion and a medical adviser of sound good sense.



THE PARTY.

From a mountain point of view, he was sadly lacking in experience, but he was certainly worth his place in the party, and more, for his constant cheerfulness and the fun we could always have with him. He did not mind being laughed at at all. He was not only good for our own harmony, but kept the natives in a good temper, and prevented them from desponding quite as much, or more, than the rest of us could do. They even invented a proverb: "Jahan Doctor Sahib tahaan tamasha," "Wherever the Doctor Sahib is, there is amusement." Of all his tireless

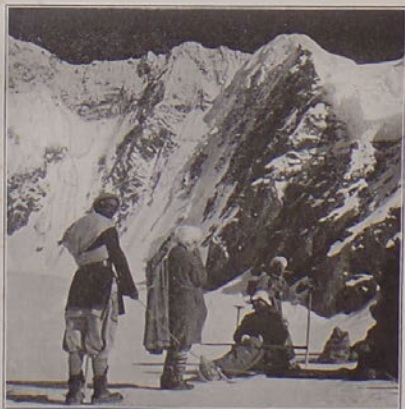
kindness to me I cannot speak sufficiently highly. Owing to various circumstances, I was thrown a great deal into his company.

On the 24th March we got out at Rawal Pindi, and were held up there, owing to the non-arrival of our luggage.



THE BRIDGE AT SIMAGAR.

The Lime Tree Hotel was quite full, but they gave us tents outside, where we were very comfortable. The next morning I went shopping with Knowles, and we took the opportunity of discussing the finances of the expedition. As to



A SLEIGH RIDE.

this, I will only say that, had I known previously what the arrangements were, I should have entirely declined to have anything to do with the affair. One word of advice to anyone who intends going on an expedition with other Europeans. Either he has to pay everything and treat the others in every respect as servants, or the expenses to the last farthing ought to be shared equally by every member. If you pay more than your share, or less than your share, you are in an equivocal position; and if you pay for a man and yet treat him as an equal, the very fact that he is your guest prevents you speaking your mind. Nothing is more difficult after all than to lay down conditions which are not liable to misinterpretation. A good deal of the income of British lawyers depends on the difficulties which are met with in this respect by even the skilled legal draftsmen employed by the Houses of Parliament. But I suppose it is a ring!