

## **Intoxicate Yourself**

by Charles Baudelaire  
translated by Aleister Crowley

*Originally published in the December  
1915 edition of Vanity Fair.*

One must always be drunk.

Everything lies in that; it is the only question worth considering. In order not to feel the horrible burden of time which breaks your shoulders and bows you down to earth, you must intoxicate yourself without truce—but with what?

With wine, poetry, art? As you will; but intoxicate yourself.

And if sometimes upon the steps of a palace, or upon the green grass of a moat, or in the sad solitude of your own room, you awake—intoxication already diminished or disappeared—ask of the wind, of the wave, of the star, of the bird, of the clock, of all that flies, of all that groans, of all that rolls, of all that sings, of all that speaks—ask, what time is it? And the wind, the wave, the star, the bird, the clock, will answer you, "It is time to intoxicate yourself." In order to escape from the slavish martyrdom of time, intoxicate yourself; unceasingly intoxicate yourself; with wine, or poetry, or art—as you will.