

Bel inferno. by August Strindberg translated by  
Clara Field. Wm Rider and Son.

I have already had to speak to publishers  
about cheap production. In this case I  
must protest emphatically against the  
employment of a translator who makes  
a solecism nearly every time he touches Paris.

e.g. "northern railway station" for "Gare du Nord"  
'Lilas Brewery' for 'Closerie des Lilas'  
'St-Martin's gate' for 'Porte St Martin'  
'Rue de Fleuss' for 'Rue des Fleurs'  
'racecourse' for some unidentified part  
of the Jardin du Luxembourg  
'churchyard' of Montparnasse for 'cimetière'  
'exhibition of independent artists' for  
'Salon des Indépendants'  
'Bullier's dancing room' for 'Salon Bullier'  
'Lyons Bank' for 'Crédit Lyonnais'  
'St-Germain des Prés' for 'St Germain des Prés'  
'D = Popus' for 'D = Papas'  
'Rue de Madame' for 'Rue Madame'  
and so on.

The constant chemical absconditres  
are perhaps Strindberg's own & may

French, again & again; and as often as  
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Red Inferno. by August Strindberg translated by  
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'churchyard' of Montparnasse for 'cemetery'  
'exhibition of independent artists' for  
'Salon des Independents'  
'Bullier's dancing salon' for 'Paul Bullier'  
'Lyons Bank' for 'Credit Lyonnais'  
'St-Germaine des Pres' for 'St Germain des Pres'  
'D<sup>r</sup> Popus' for 'D<sup>r</sup> Papas'  
'Rue de Madame' for 'Rue Madame'  
and so on.

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... just in a sketch, then an  
Trench, again + again; and as often as  
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I have already been  
about - cheap, but  
must - justify - and  
employment of  
a telecon near

E.g. "Northern re

lidas leave

'St-Mynting'

*Phae de*

'reconcise

'Church and

'inhibition of

'Buller's

'Lynx Bant

'St-Germaine

'D<sup>2</sup> Popus

'Rue de Ma

The courtment-

one hundred



The Inferno. by August Strindberg translated by  
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have been made intentionally, as the book  
portrays the ravings of a melancholic  
with delusions of persecution.

What sublime and sefulple ass calls  
this Strindberg's autobiography? Strindberg  
was too lazy to find his incidents in other  
people's lives; ~~that~~ that is all.

and yet we find the translator note  
at the end 'Strindberg never actually entered  
the Roman Church' !!!

The book is a perfect ~~book~~ clinical  
picture of a typical case. Chapter 1  
describes the irritability, the fantastic  
dreams. He imagines himself a great author,  
a great chemist. He has found quinine in  
sulphur; he will make gold.

In chapter 2 he begins to see omens  
in simple incidents, receives 'warnings' from



stungers, finds a plot against him at his hotel, notices remarkable resemblances between his neighbours and some of his 'persecutors'.

Chapter 3 develops persecution-delusions. Roaming in the cars, electric shocks, and other physical symptoms develop.

The bedstead has knobs like those of a Leyden Jar, the spring mattress suggests induction coils. and so on - & the end!

For refuge he ~~seeks~~<sup>ranges</sup> from Papus to Swedenborg, and ultimately, as his mental disease increases on him, he clutches at such straws as <sup>Pélador</sup> Annie Besant, and the Church of Rome.

In this dementia the book ends. But Strindberg did not end. He went on his cheerful and polygamous way as a peckwren.



Persons who pretend otherwise are  
liars, probably hired liars.

Unless of course they are Englishmen, who  
are such natural-born fools in all  
matters of the soul that they not only  
refuse no bribe to lie, but can hardly  
be paid to see truth.

If Stendberg knew all this science, how does  
it come that he thinks ~~F~~ ~~the~~ the  
chemised symbols of iron? ~~and silicon?~~  
Until Stendberg's life is utterly dissociated  
from his art, the latter will not  
be truly valued  
at.

Wind along the Waste Maude Amadey  
I confess to having expected a very flatulent novel.  
It is with much pleasure that we take  
Judge of my surprise to find  
a novel of Paris as it is! The



(a rich Englishwoman)  
heroina is robbed by apaches, & proceeds  
to paint their leader. She then seduces him,  
and joins the band.

This is life. Most English and I suppose  
all American women go to Paris in order  
to frigate freely with the lower classes.  
When I was first in Paris for any length of  
time, the rage was all <sup>protestant</sup> for bicyclists.  
These pallid heroes, after panting round  
the vélodrome for God knows how many hours,  
would fall from their racers into the  
arms of the stalwart vampires who had  
swooned them.

The best-known of England's heroic widows  
to-day at that time kept a tame but  
half-witted giant with an enormous  
black beard; the whole of his body was,  
I was told, as insubstantial as a bear!

A daughter of the nobility contented  
herself with more lyric loves than



These.

A well-to-do girl from Calcutta practised sheer promiscuity; an exquisitely beautiful woman of the middle classes did worse, and actually married a most hideous dwarf.

To-day things are very much the same.

A very celebrated dancer from America never goes on the stage without previously dragging a stranger - a man from the street, a stage carpenter, it matters nothing - to her dressing-room. One of the best known <sup>woman</sup> art critics haunts the lowest hotels of the Bd St Germain in search of adventure; a very distinguished poetess of the nobility supports a burly negro from North Africa; one of our brightest <sup>in music</sup> artists ~~of the balls~~ roams Paris every midnight in search of stray milliner's apprentices.

The English and American women in

when only 89 turning up she gathered 110 dancers from the street and made



when only 89 turning up, & 115 gathered from the street and made out their diplomas while the others waited.

The Dime, solidly, stupidly dumb, diabolic  
curses when their magnificent "American  
Sculptors" are late; the peace of the Avenue  
Charles Floquet is broken by the wild-beast-  
howls of the harlot haridams who, driven  
from Chicago and Denver by the police,  
despair of finding such products as  
prairie air and cow-punching can alone  
supply.

I could say more, much more, indeed; but  
my only object is to justify the ways  
of Maude Ammerley to the British  
Public.

Her story moreover is exceedingly well  
told, up to the point of the hero's death.  
The sequel appears to me somewhat <sup>an anticlimax</sup> -  
strained, artificial, and boring.



real  
artificial  
and  
of

the  
-ing -

1. Cars  
man  
Heads  
Put  
inches.

when only 89 turning up, she gathered 11 strangers from the street and made out their diplomas while the others waited?

The Drive, solidly, especially in  
cases when their magnificence  
suspends "one late"; the peace  
Charles Foyet is broken by  
hands of the least handstands  
from Chicago and Denver  
a pair of finding such pro-  
pense air and con-  
fidence.

I could say more, much more  
my only object is to justify  
of Handel & Mendelssohn to the  
Public.

The long answer is needless to be told, up to the point of the de-

The sequel appears true for  
Staniel, artificial, and



when only 89 turning up, I was by the ex-  
process, 11 strangers from the street and made  
out their diplomas while the others waited.

The Dine, solidly, stupidly drunk, diabolic  
curses when their magnificent "American  
Sculptors" are late; the peace of the Avenue  
Charles Floquet is broken by the wild-beast-  
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(At the least, I would rather she had carried out the vendetta  
by killing the son as her lover had killed the father.)  
I suppose it is the publisher again.

"Yes, what a nice story! Now if you'll  
add 40,000 words of dialogue about  
love and make the story end happily  
perhaps we might do something."

A publisher offered to take my 'Crettdorne'  
if I'd 'pad it to 150,000 words'!

~~Even a soi-disant literary magazine  
(I name no names) had the impudence to  
tell Frank Harris (of all people) to cut  
his stories about, and alter the incidents.  
That ~~the~~ <sup>it</sup> should try and cheat him out  
of 15 shillings, was only to be expected  
& it was the ~~most~~ <sup>did not mind that</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>mind that</sup> made the  
Lion of the South Story tear the cheque up  
and fling it in the face of the  
smug, tailors' dummy that.~~



~~He~~ who knows what petticoat commerce  
has set in the editorial arm-chair.

When the same gang tried it on me, I  
merely replied that to alter my work  
to suit their editor <sup>could be</sup> ~~was~~ to accommodate  
my mind to his - the Atlantic Ocean  
into an egg-cup, and the egg in that  
cup added!

Well, Maude Amersley, <sup>même</sup> ~~chut~~, you're  
a very lucky child to get your novels  
published in this rotten country, and  
if the homage and devotion of a colleague  
who has no such luck can serve you,  
command it!

Be wary, though, & never stir a step  
from your own ground. You have for the  
first time in English got French  
slang correct; but you clearly don't



know India, and some terrible old  
bore has planted the worst and feeblest  
form of a very stale ~~the~~ cobra story  
on your innocence.

There are several mistakes in these few  
pages - climate & natural history in  
particular.

Try me to yourself that this bit of the book  
reads to me <sup>almost</sup> as Trilby reads to you!

Cro-cro.



The Yellow Vinct  
a subterfuge ~~of~~ <sup>in</sup> fignues.  
King Crowley of Bronchitis-town  
To Bernard Smith of great renown  
To set his shaven soul at ease  
These laryngeal lymphatics.

Where ~~Digitals~~ <sup>Digitals</sup> roams among  
The Endothelias, and on the tongue  
Follicular papillae weave  
Their lustful looks, and rosy eve  
Sheds her soft toenails as she swings  
Her brilliant body into Spring's  
Refell a woe - and here the band  
~~Plays~~ <sup>Plays</sup> this sacred plexus with the yard  
Planged, and the Annuncites of Song  
Blew their skull spirals loud and long.

---

On of Cassiopeal first  
The grave of Hippocampus cursed,  
Blanch ~~Ophrychops~~! who would dare



To camp in Berenice's Hair  
<sup>where vesper fingers anurous</sup>  
<sup>Smoke propolis bedonjons</sup>  
What time the trusted ibex mans

The parallax of double stars,  
And the pale hate of Vega flares,  
And swart Typhloitis next unbares  
His glaive, <sup>ere</sup> ~~and~~ Granuloma gnashed  
Her teeth, and on its shoulder gashed  
- That shoulder that had slugged unmoved  
Through Os Inimicatum loved!

What happened after who can say?  
I wandered sadly by the bay  
And saw anemone's sheenness wet  
Like drawers of scarlet flannel  
I watched the mermaids as they loosed  
Their lids as aught might be seduced,  
While earnest starfish strove to cram  
The strange lore of the pentagram.



In brief, it was a busy morn.

I took the Poets' Club in scorn.

How, with the banded friend in pen

That rase me into one pound ten,

With that too finite reservoir,

How ~~can~~<sup>could</sup> I sing this abbatoir?

Nay! let me first unbind myie hands

In the ~~fold~~<sub>dun</sub> blood of Mildred Sandys! <sup>1/2</sup>

~~And to the gods~~



The Son of a servant August Thursday

W<sup>m</sup> Rider & Sons

~~This is a story~~ Why not "The Soul of  
a servant?" The 'hero' is a sort of  
Scandinavian Newbury. He is always being  
'bullied' & treated with 'injustice' however  
kind people are to him. Here are two cases  
accurately taken from the book but rendered in dialogue.  
In class.

Master. What do you know of Gustavus Adolphus  
Boy (with gloomy pride that he knows all  
about G.A.) R-r-r-r-r.

Master. Come now, surely you <sup>don't mind telling us</sup> ~~remember~~ something  
about him!

Boy. (struggles madly by his senseless torture)  
I know all about Gustavus Adolphus.

Master. Well, that's splendid. Let's see now,  
who was he?

Boy. (beyond him self) Tyrant!

Monster! Brute! White slaver!

Man - con - ce!



In the family circle.

~~John~~. (to his brother) Now, Albert, I should like  
you to take some flowers to Mother  
for a present.

Albert. all right. (They enter shop).

~~John~~. Here's the money.

Albert. all right. (They reach home)

~~John~~. Now you go in all by yourself  
and say "Here are some flowers for you,  
mother" I will wait outside.  
all right.

Albert (within) Here are some flowers for  
you, mother!

Mother. Oh thank you, Albert, how beautiful!

Father. Very kindly thought of, my son!

John. Oh! the black blind hideous  
horrible injustice of it all!

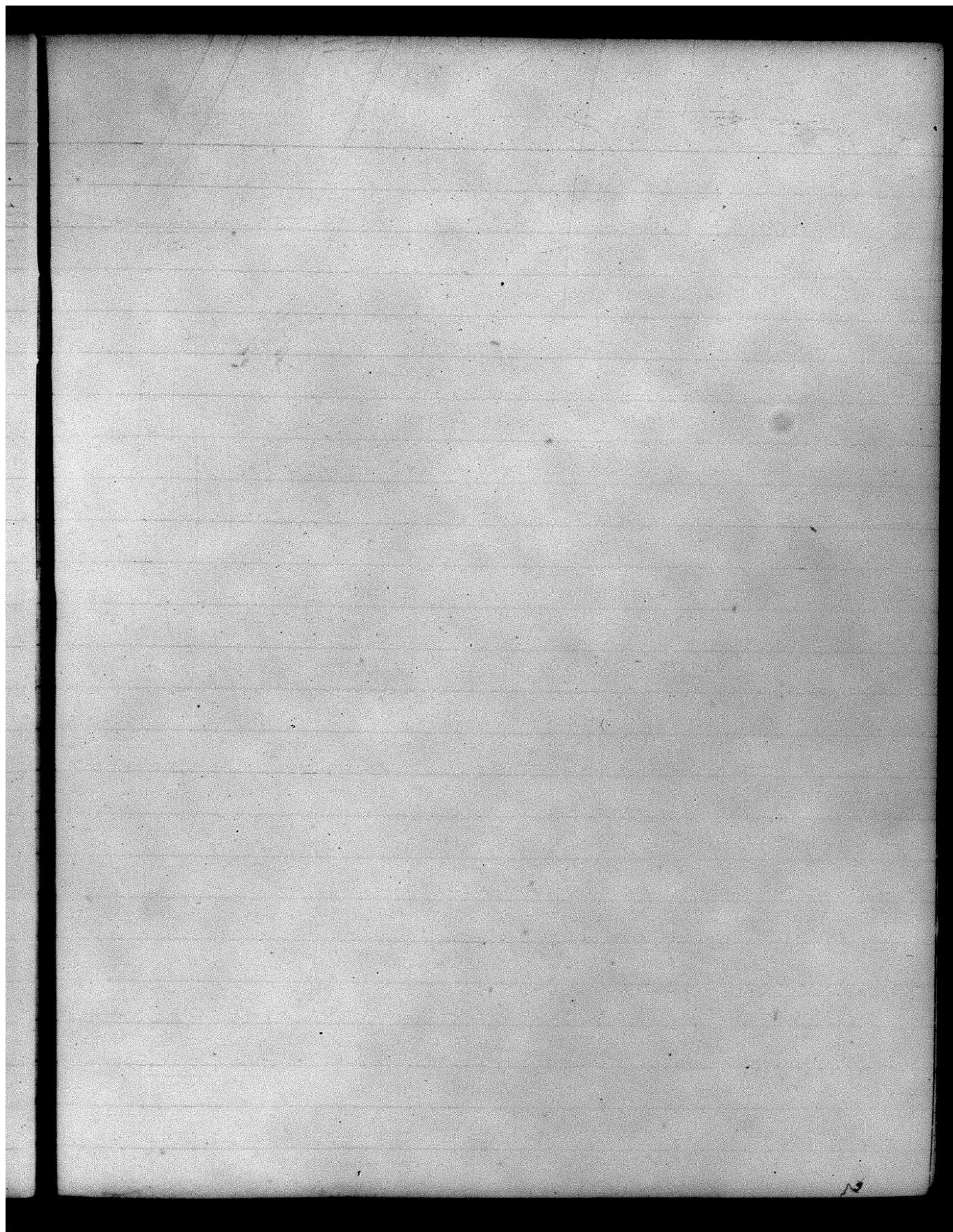
(with conviction) There is no God!

As the book consists of little else  
but episodes of this kind, it



will be seen that the entertained attention  
The judicious reader need never flag.  
at.







Master Crowley

33 Avenue Studios

SKansky 12



The flame dances

I am alone in an abyss of sand  
Giant mountains jay the sky on every hand  
To westward ~~above me~~ is the Sun in whose heart  
Years herself takes an immortal part  
And eastward, gleaming from that textless dome  
Comes the presentiment of the full moon  
There is no wind abroad in this clear air  
Frost keys the spirit to exulting prayer  
Vreft in my burning, patient as a star,  
I wait my lover by the lonely hear.  
Each moment worthy of a choral name  
Each like a spark impatient to be flame  
Yet each inwoven to a period  
Of which the name can be but Love-of-God.

The flame dances.