

OS 9

00331

FD

1 A form

2 Book Review

3 chance

All in A-1's hand. All unpublished

American period
psyche

2 (a) The American Language by H. L. Mencken

(b) Catholic Tales & Christian Songs by Dorothy Leigh Sayers

(c) The Convictions of Christopher Skiving by Harold O'Byrne

negatives

a quite white girl
with the ~~hair~~ of a

a quite white girl

with the ~~hair~~ of a

negress

- 2 (a) The American Language by H. L. Menckson
- (b) Catholic Tolon & American Maps by Dorothy deuph Sagers
- (c) The Language of American Slavery by Harold Sagers

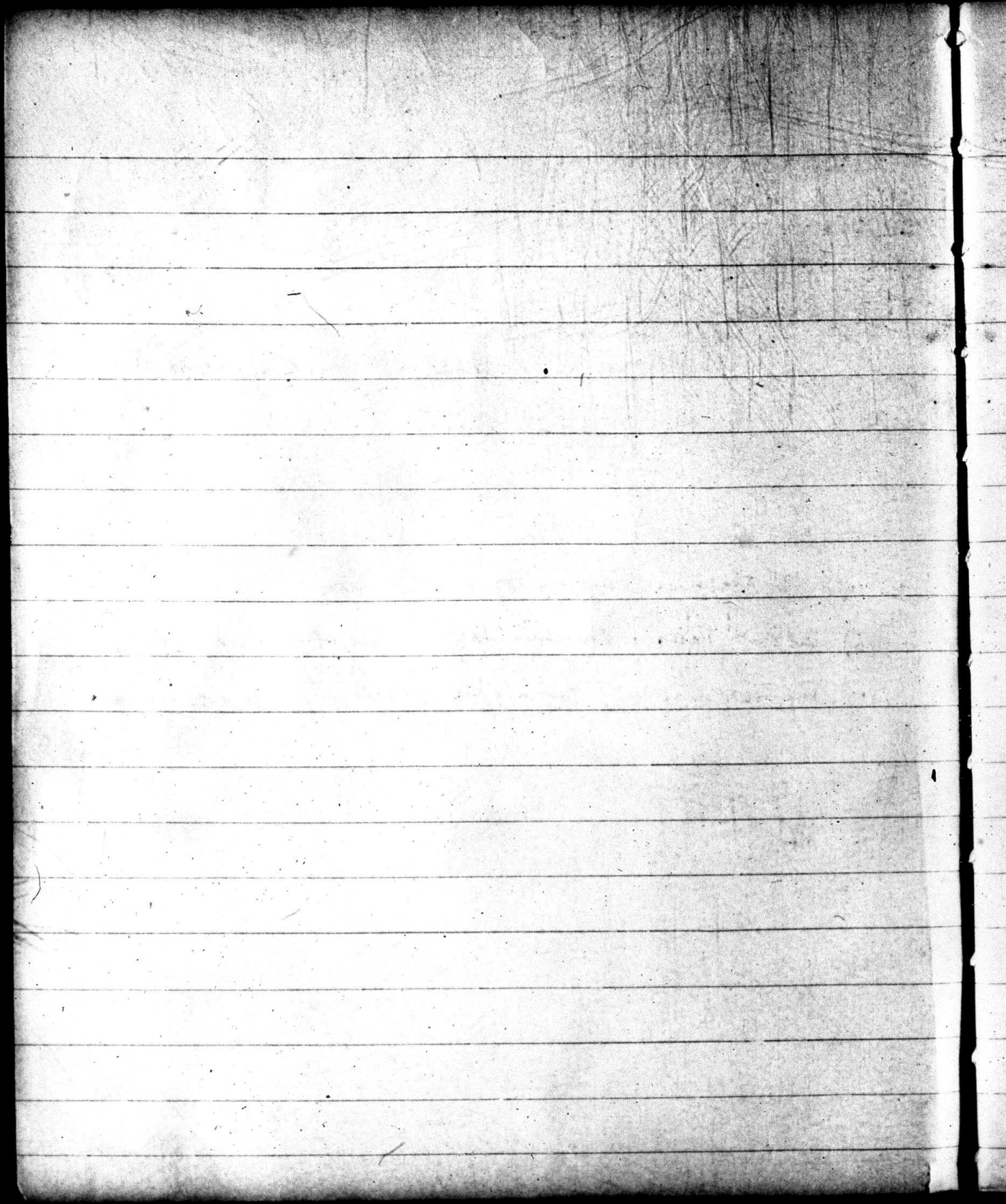
Review Journal
Sagers

see in A-17 found. see unpubl. book

1/8 form
1/2 Book Review
2 Change

12

65 9



Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r!

Oh cabbage-heads soaked in rum!

On the blank, on the Green!

It's right, right, put out the light!

Patty faces!

Oh quinces

at this time of night!

Let me draw, paint, sculpt

Your faces of pulp!

Oh pulp!

Put out the light!

Diabolically, dimly light!

[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper]

What do you know about that?

I'm a cat!

The world's my rat!

It all goes under my hat.

Thin and fat,

On my mat,

I'll faint

You all, like a saint,

until I faint.

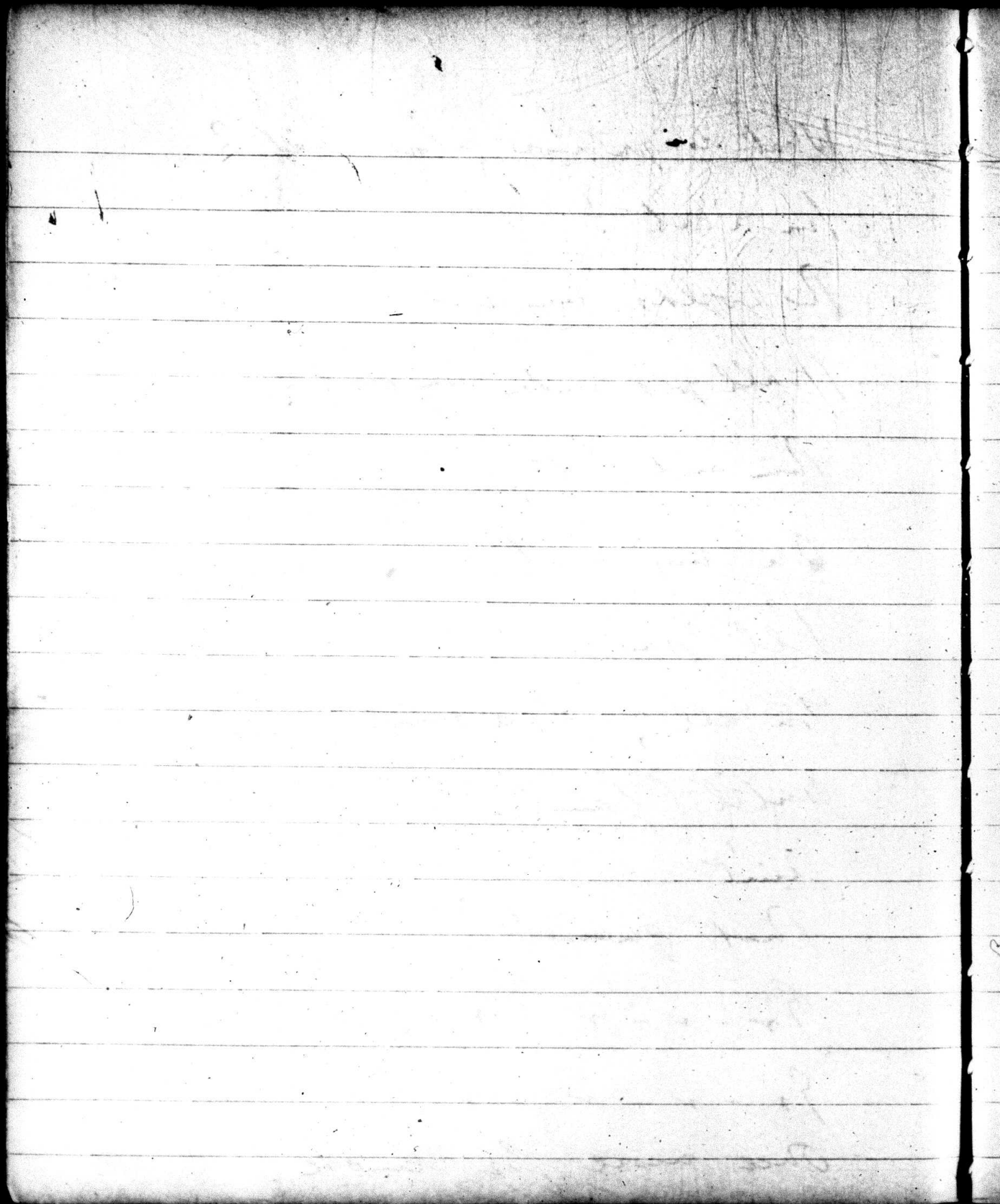
Ain't

That quaint?

Gr-r-r-r!

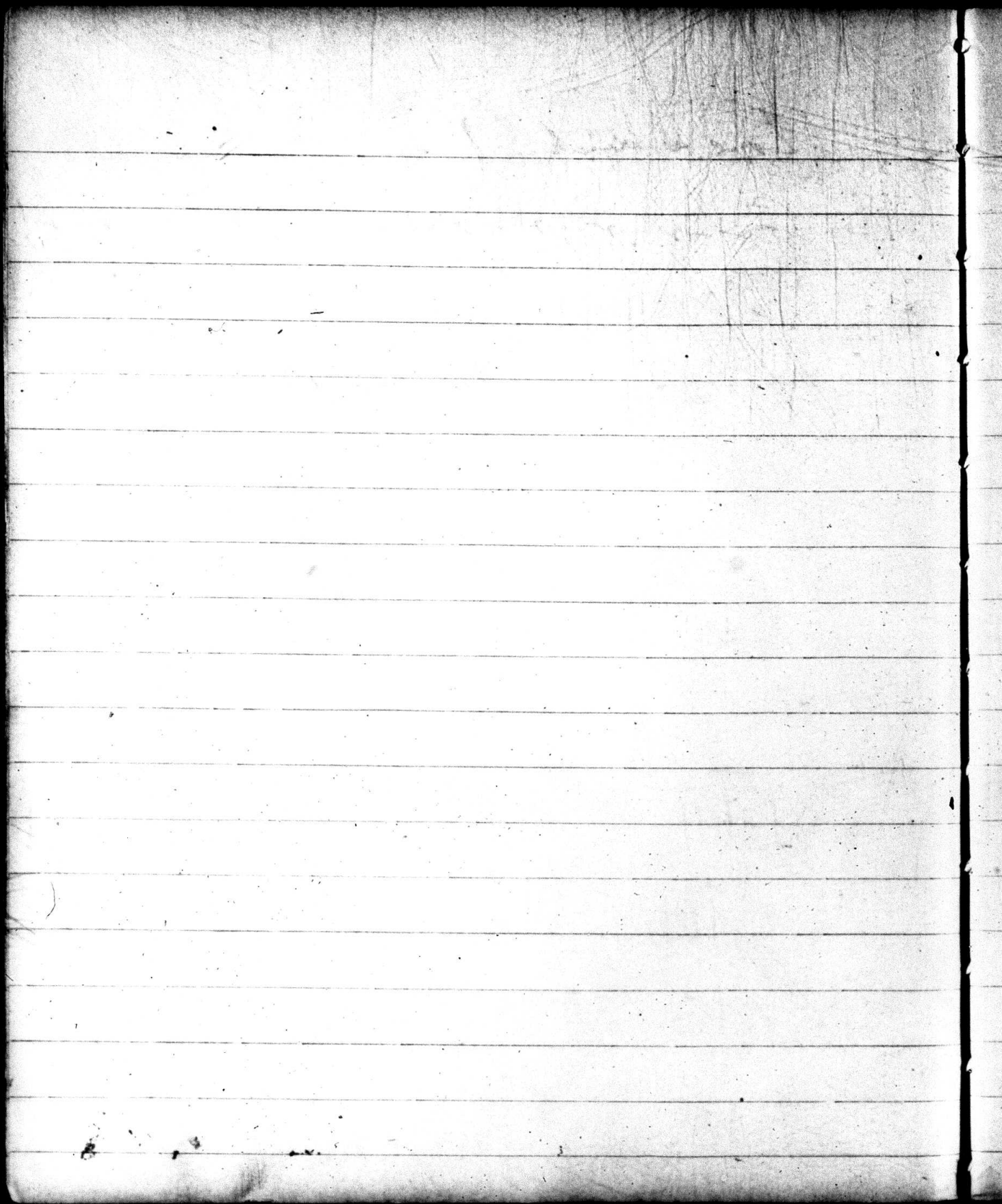
Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!

Once more for luck!



(Love a duck!)

G-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!



The American Language by Henry
L. Mencken. ^{New York.} Alfred A Knopf.

\$2.50.

The preshine of Alfred A Knopf: the
readers of The Equinox. The readers of
The Equinox: the preshine of Alfred A
Knopf. The preshine of Henry L. Mencken;
the readers of The Equinox. The readers of
The Equinox: the preshine of Henry L.
Mencken.

Just the introduction could have been
more exhibitional; however, thank
God, it isn't Freudian. For I fear

[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper]

I could not buy either of these freshias, nay,
that for an hundred, a thousand, a million,
a billion, a trillion, a quadrillion, a
quintillion, a sextillion, ^{a septillion,} an octillion,
a novillion, a decillion, an undecillion

(I'm getting doubtful - any how, restrictions
for Mr Knopf!) dollars. As Horace

says Ethen fugaces! as Lucretius
says: Praeceptivae numerantur, et
non numerantur sine illis.

Who said he came 't seeh and 't save
that which was lost'? Just the
very feller Knopf won't accept.

[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper]

anyhow, the point is that I feel sure that
Mr. Mencken, handiuncuffed as he is,
has written a masterpiece of wit and
learning. Everything leads me to believe
that "The American Language" is a
magnificent book. I ~~am convinced~~ ^{know intuitively} that
it is concise, elegant, full, candid,
eloquent, practical, accurate, witty,
learned (vide supra), profound, joyous,
pathetic, magnificent (vide supra),
excellent, noble, prophetic, didactic,
pretty bloody good. But I am deterred
from speaking more definitely by the
fact that Mr. Knopf and Mr. Mencken
can never have either plimosis or
paraphimosis, so that I cannot
get a complimentary copy. And
I cannot buy one because the

[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper]

Thought-
nonprejudiciality of New York, keeps
me so bitter poor. I think Mr. Menckler
is doing a great work, and I hope it
pays him; I think Mr. Knopf is helping
some, and I know it pays him. But
as for me and my house, we will
serve the Lord. And after all, one
can go to a place where the American
language is not spoken.
The Congregation. Amen!

~~Roosevelt by George Sylvester
Verity The Jackson Press.~~

~~There is something in the personality
of George Sylvester Verity which
arouses in the majority of our
common acquaintances all the
primitive passions of the housewife.~~

[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper]

6

There is a fully instinctive reaction as if
to sudden confrontation by a hybrid of
cockroach and paperworm. One feels
the presence of ~~one~~ a thing slimy, inver-
tebrate, ignobly
noxious, and malodorous. I cannot
explain this, though sensible of my own
identical reaction, for the instinct apart,
I rather like M^r Vereck. He is of most
pleasant address, fluent and subtle in
conversation, with an amusing point of
view, and a happy turn of expression.

It is impossible to respect his political
views, so-called; for his baseness of
cunning is too evident. A member
of the British Embassy, with whom I

was rather intimate at certain critical periods, told me that M^r Vereck must regret that his mother had no virtue, ^{otherwise} ~~so~~ that he might have sold it for a nickel. This opinion is commonly received. True it is, at least, that M^r Vereck might have been a power in the country by now, if he had had the sense to get himself in front. It could have been so easy: we were all eager to help. Didn't he see his chance, or did he deliberately blow out 'The Amble and the Flume'?

On the other hand, it is impossible not to respect his literary abilities. In prose Alexander Harvey, in poetry Edwin Markham, are his

Roosevelt's ideal was the
highway man, Vereck's the
Crown or the dip. Vereck
Roosevelt in a ^{man's} ^{hobby} Vereck
Roosevelt was ^{an} ^{amount}
Pistol to the life, Vereck
Herald Skimpole with a
dash of Fagin. Roosevelt
~~perpetrated with the Republic~~
Philistines; Vereck was
Press agent for ^{the German} ^{Bellich.}
Roosevelt was Cacaphas,
Vereck Judas. Roosevelt
was a bad silver dollar,
Vereck a forged Confederate note.
Roosevelt was a printed libel,
Vereck a rotten egg.

The only point of contact is lying
and cowardice, but Roosevelt tried
to conceal it by blustering bludgeonism;
Vereck, with equal ill-success, by
polite paradox. Roosevelt has the world's
record - three lies in three words, when he
called Thomas Paine a "dirty little
attest." Roosevelt was a successful pro-
fessional; Vereck was the ^{only} ^{one}

Roosevelt's ideal was the
 highwayman, Viereck's the
^{an man or the dip.} Viereck
^{Roosevelt was a whole bull,} Viereck
^{their} Roosevelt was Ancient
 Pistol to the life, Viereck
 Harold Skimpole with a
 dash of Fagin. Roosevelt
 perished with the ~~Republican~~
 Philistines; Viereck was
 Press agent for ^{the German} Delilah.
 Roosevelt was Caiaphas,
 Viereck Judas. Roosevelt
 was a bad silver dollar,
 Viereck a forged Confederate note.
 Roosevelt was a putrid lobster,
 Viereck a rotten egg.

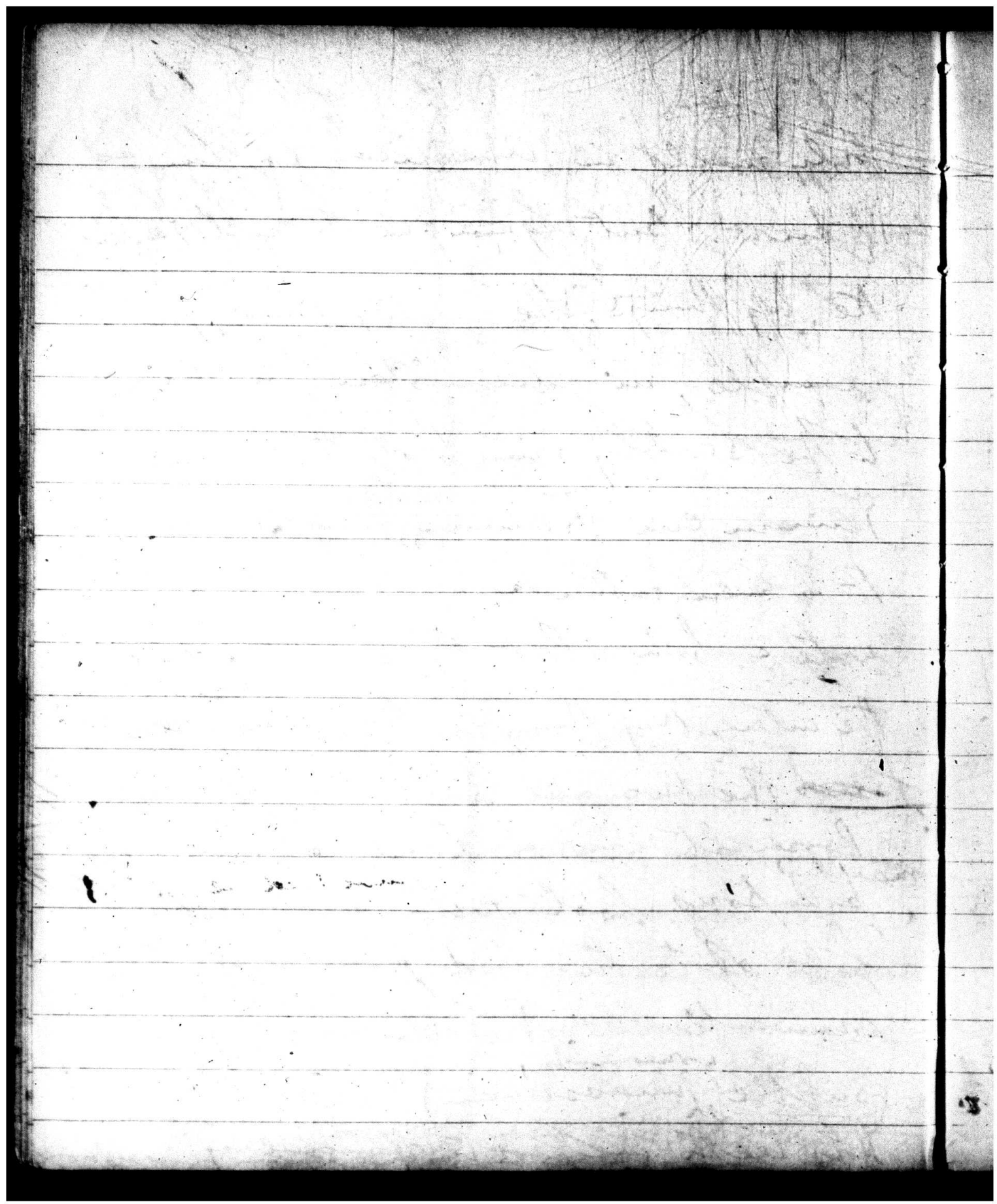
The only point of contact - is - lying
 and cowardice, but Roosevelt tried
 to conceal it by ^{plus} being heady and
 Viereck with equal success, by
 polite parades Roosevelt - by the walk
 record - three lies in three words, when he
 called Thomas Paine a "dirty little
 string" Roosevelt was a successful pro-
 duker in the...

only rivals in America so far as
I know. But, again, he doesn't go for
the big things. He wastes time, for
example, in administering a kick
to the scabby rump of that foul
German em ~~Herrman~~ Hagedorn.

It is even rather a redundancy to
write a book about Roosevelt. ~~But~~

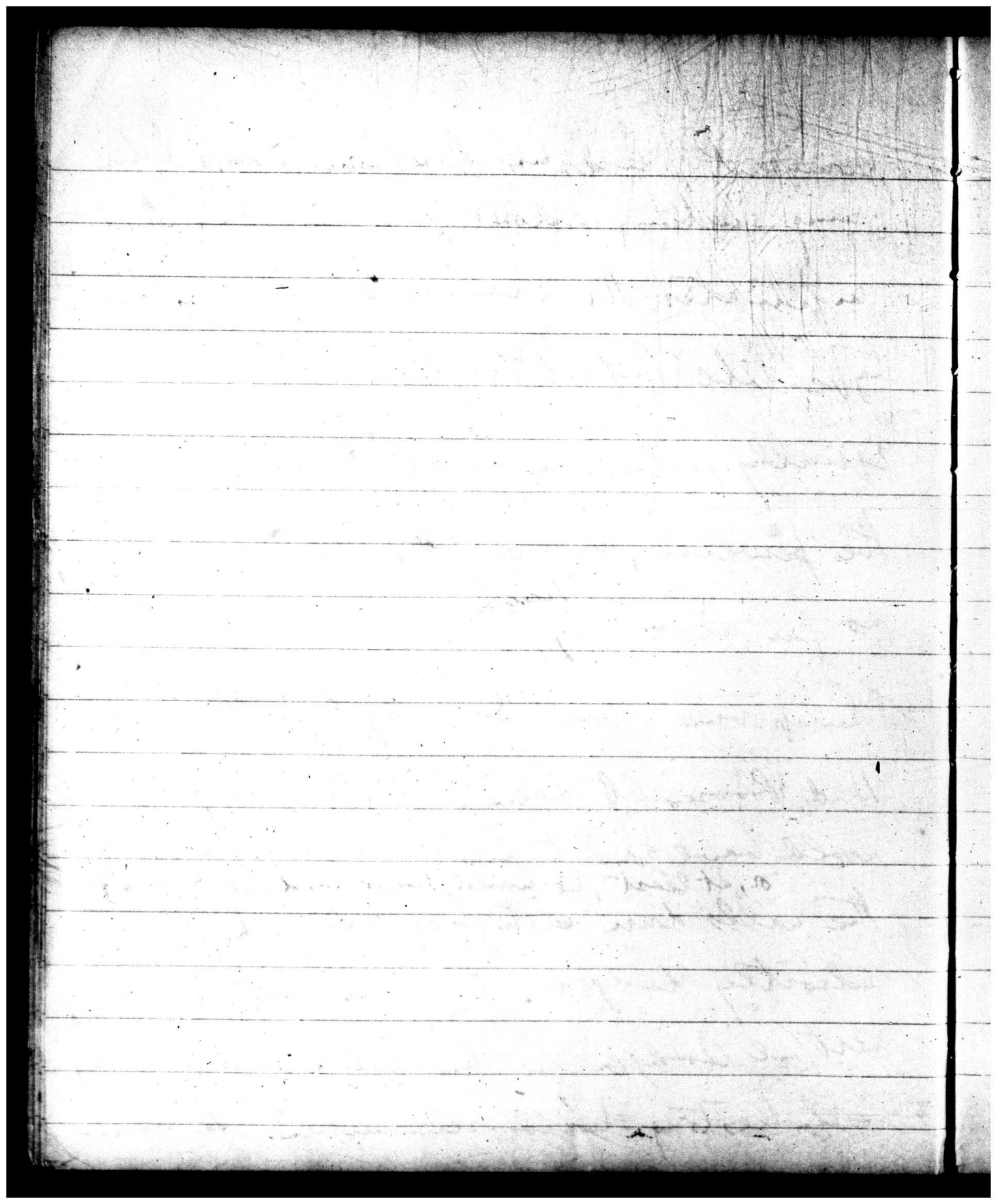
The interesting thing is that ~~they~~ ^{to} ~~are~~
~~and~~ the two are perfect antitheses.

Roosevelt was a loud, fatuous,
^{manly} pompous fool with a mouth
full of teeth and ^{well-}poared-bottom
commonplaces. Veitch is soft-spoken,
subtle, ^{womanish,} unassuming and clever.
His teeth are not offensively



prominent, and his Bottom coars like
any sucking - dove. It is this that
infuriates the common street-walker
type like Robert Hughes; for Vereck,
Equally perhaps a prostitute, is yet
the perverse, insolent, impudens type,
as far above the ^{hack} pamphlet as Nastasia
Philipovna above Bill Sykes' Nancy.

Had Roosevelt been pro-German, he
would have gone to prison and shaven
the walls down with his roar; Vereck
^{or, at least, he would have said he would;}
adroitly dodged. Not hero and martyr;
artful Dodger he has title in history
- if history should remember. He had



a chance unique; he could have
continued to claim his Hohenzollern
blood, instead of denying it when it
became dangerous, and leaving some
critics of cynics to surmise that
Adèle Vereck had an accident in
a cab half-a-century or so ago.
He could have defied the Morgan gang,
organized German America, killed
million stars, started civil war,
if necessary, and had a very good
chance of keeping America out of
war, instead of leaving Mr. Wilson
to do so. all he kept out of anything
was himself out of power, and
propaganda funds out of propaganda.

[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper]

Great opportunities seldom come twice;
but I think that if Mr. Vereck would
cease to be an opportunist, which may
be defined as a man who misses
opportunities, and strictly meditate
the Mangleless Muse, he might yet
be great in art, because he has a
line on the eternal verities; his
mistake is in trying to juggle with
them. This book on Roosevelt is a
gem of a spirit; and it may it have
been a thunderbolt.

Walter Crowley

It also means folk of the Celtic Church,
and their 'Jesus' is the 'Great Fool' of the
Celtic Myths, the Parsifal of Wagner,
who in Greek lore is Bacchus Diphneus,
the silly drunken God-Man-Woman, in
Chinese Philosophy the True Man of the Tao,
in the Tarot 'The Fool'. His burden is a
cluster of grapes or a wineskin, his staff
is the Bahalingam, and ^{and crocodiles} Tigers, caraco lions.
In Egypt he is Huprates, The Babe; he is I.

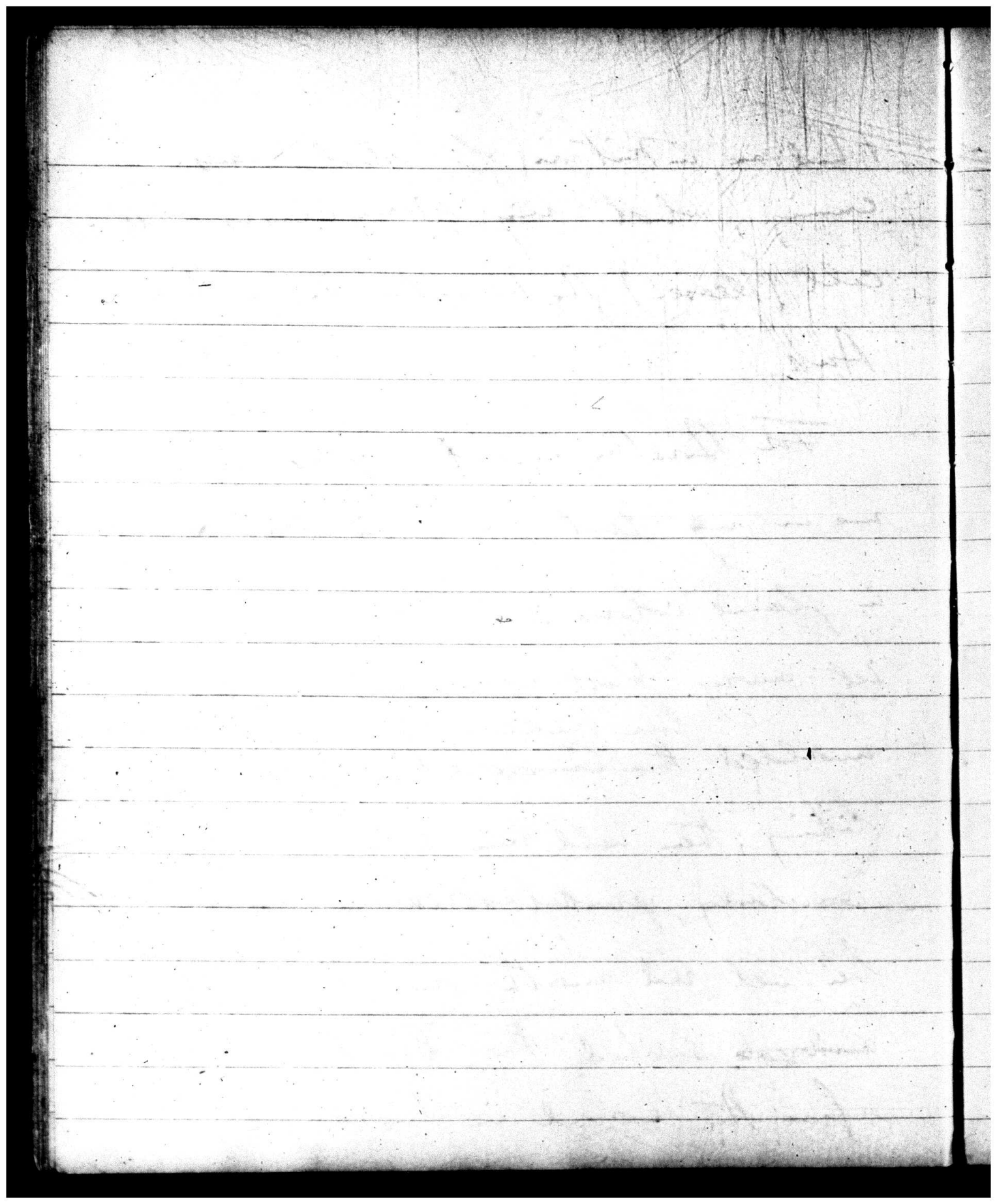
Catholic Tales and Christian Songs. by
Dorothy Leigh Sayers. Oxford
B. H. Blackwell 3s. net. New York:
Robert M. McBride & Co.

I picked up this beautifully
printed book with avid love. At
the first glance I saw Christmas
spelt N-O-W-E-L-L; I like
Christians who do that, because of
NO EL. I also took it as an omen
that on the cover design the Ouriga
above one arm of the crucifix
was upside down, as if it were
written: Not otherwise shall be the
end of him (Alpha and Omega are
by shape Phallus and Kteis, the Beginning
and the End of all things.)

[Faint, illegible handwriting on lined paper]

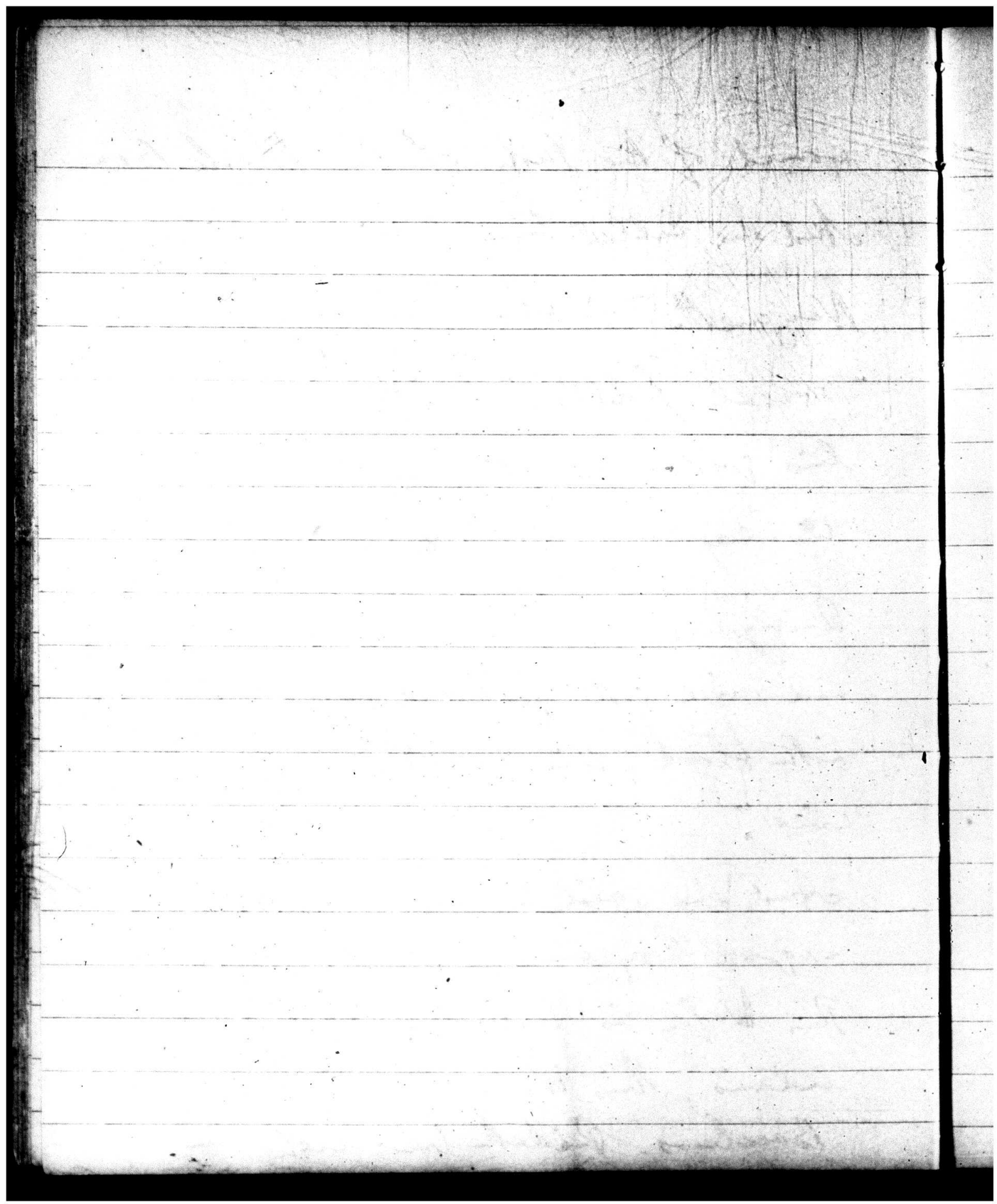
I had an intuition of what was
coming, what my Evangelists will
call (please!) The Temptation on Mount
Aub.

For Dorothy Light Sayers came to
me in my tent, a fair but wench
in flame coloured tuffeta, loose robes
set awry. With deft fingers she
moulded her Redeemer
~~the Crucified One~~ to her
liking; then held him to her wildly,
wantonly, phantastically, while with
her wet red mouth she glutiously
~~and~~ sucked the blood that oozed
from the wound in his side, the



wound of the fush of the Black Boar.
And she called him "Wizand-Man for
Nayacetta" "Christ the bony outlaw"
"rascal fiddler" "with music in
his golden mouth and lang later in
his eyes." She hailed him as "Christy
Diogysus, --- Eumed with the Thorn
and wine; His feet and hands are red
with blood, His mouth is red with
wine."

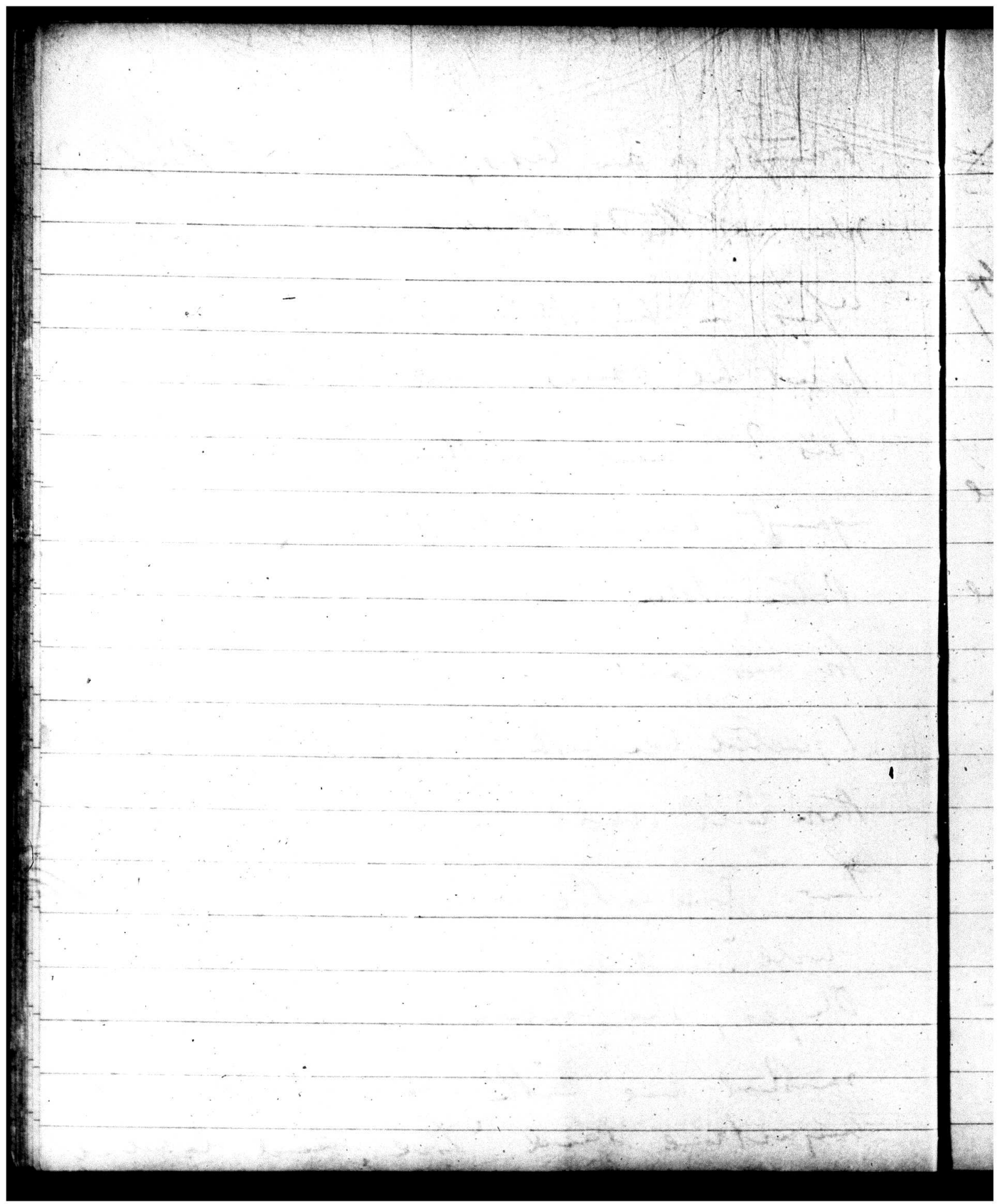
And she said to me "Writ you be
a good boy and hear a Mass?
This Wafer is but the Bread of
Adonis, His Wine the Blood of
Bacchus. Rideh he not in



triumph on an Ass, the ass of Piapus?
Was not the Bull of Mettras, Sliva,
Apis in his stall upon Howell?
Is not he osiris, and his mother
his? I haven't written a 'Sacrament'
against Ecclesiastics, and shown
Peter, John and Paul throwing dice
for his coat?

I greeted her with courtesy; "So what
then will shall be the whole of the
Law. Love is the Law, love under
will."

"O yes," she exclaimed gleefully, and
kissed me with kisses "as Saint
Augustine said 'Love, and do what



them will?" I gave her wine; she
drank it in great gulps, and sang the
Song of Pope Innocent the Third: "Fac
me crucis inebriari Et cruce
Felli" "Stunk, the fair halet
huddled me, when I expected a
rebuttal, she only said "If bodies
delight thee, praise God for them."

Presumably we fell to talking, and
she said "If thou I am pantheist,
ambrosian, mystic, ~~and~~ sorceress,
will not you really love me?"

I protested -- "ah," says she
"love me, love my Jesus! I'm not
the Son of Man but also of the Witches'

" This is the End of the Oxford Movement;
They appealed unto history, and unto
history have they had to go. Cambridge
in the person of Mr. Frazer, took them."

" I admit the Pagan Christ; but since I go so
far, won't you in the interest of philosophical
unity, agree to call them all workings
of the true Christ " - That was the original
fraud; history repeating itself. In the
interests of p. u., I call all the Sun, Who
is in sober scientific truth Creator,
Preserver, Destroyer, Redeemer, of all
in His system " 'It's more practical to
call Him 'Jesus', since so many already
believe." "Keeping the world safe for
democracy; counting bone heads." "But
it's such a lovely human story." "Part
of it is; but

Sabbath?" and I answered, teasing:

~~But~~ there are no unpleasant associations with the names of Mithras, Adonis, Jupiter, Astarte." "Oh yes, there are!" she cried, "but the glamour of the classics has covered them."

"Were there Punitans under Priapus?"

"Punitans are not Christians; they're Protestant heathens! Of course the name of Christ is as foul a word as anything in a Punitan mouth."

"But they have copyrighted the title!" "Quite against the laws of copyright!" She had an

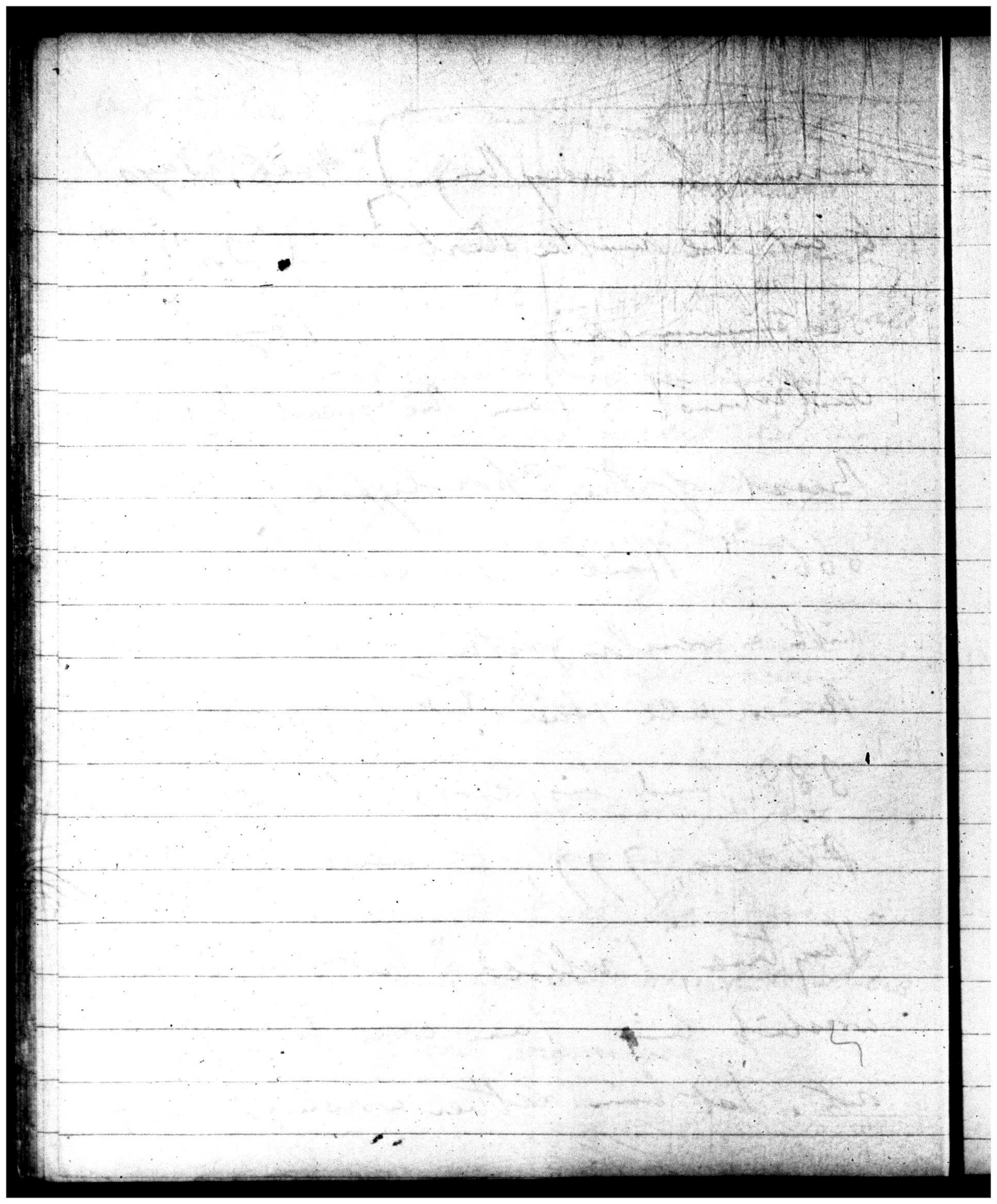
But the Sun is not a malignant deity to be propitiated with cruel and barbarous rites; all that came from a misunderstanding of the course of nature. We are of the Sun, should radiate by virtue of our intense combustion as He does; and if rites be needed, let us celebrate His splendour by the ecstasy He has bestowed upon us through Wine Woman, and Song!" "But in the Jesus story we have the Good Wine of Cana; and John for good Greek measure we have John and Mandleyon; and as for song - — — "Eli, Eli lama-sabachani!" I cried wretchedly; "you cultivate suffering" "are not sadism and masochism part of the Sun's play?" You can't win an argument where there are no fixed premisses.

answer for everything } "Well," says!
to cut the matter short - ("Don't!"

she murmured) - - - "I am the
antichrist: I am the Great Wild
Beast of the Apocalypse; I am

666." "Hail!" she cried wildly,
with a worship gesture "Hail! I see
him all Hail!" "I see Christ
888, and his cross Staves, the
Phallus, 777, to unite you?"

"Very true," I replied, "but I will not
worship him. I am come to cast him
out. Let him rather worship me;



said, and
/ come later. "Indeed you do" she
reddened with fierce joy; "it was
magnificent, and it was war!"

"Thank you, Polly!" "Thank you, you,
you, a thousand times!" "Oh -
and well. But his 888 is only
Mercury; my 888 is the Sun"
"But Christ is the Sun too; oh,
can't you see it, you are Christ!"

"No; Christ is a Dying and Res-
rising Sun; my Sun is the Eternal"
"Suns ultimately die" "Yes, but
for practical worship we consider

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/ come later. "Indeed you do" she
reddened with fierce joy, "it was
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"Thank you, Polly!" "Thank you, you,
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only periods comparable to our lives"

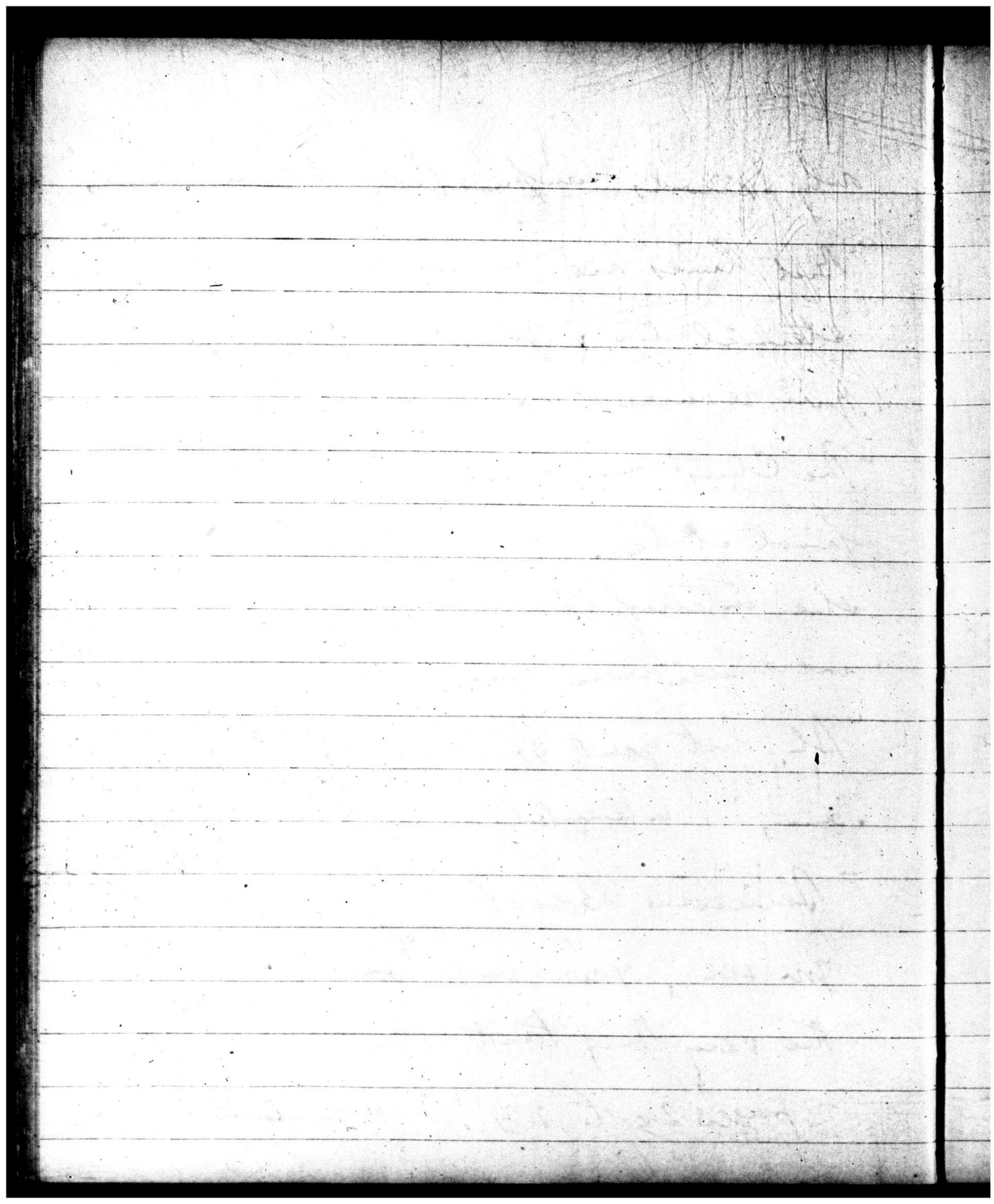
"But lives are recurrent - lives are eternal too. Why not celebrate your resurrection in a new body?"

"The Christian resurrection is to a final state. - - - " "Once - and well!" she interrupted mockingly. "But we never were mortal" (what on.

"Ah, but you're splitting hairs - - - " "I am," I interrupted in my turn.

"Delicious Beast! I love you. Don't you see, your hate for Christ is the very thing that shall save you

- pages 20 to 23? " ~~What at all?~~



~~start to issue a book~~ "I don't hate
what when was; but there's a Bogy
to chase. 'Houlding now and loam
with cross, Between us and the
Sunlight sunny The plume of
a Christless Cross, shadowing the
sheltered heads of kings and
making with its morning shade the
souls of homeless men afraid!"

"My Beast! My Big Beast! 'Tis true;
you too have given countless
incarnations of suffering to help
humanity. You are the Christ,
the Son of the Living God! All

The Temptation was over
Angels came and ministered to me

These things will I give thee, if thou
wilt fall down and worship him!"

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" I cried
laughingly. "It could be weller."

"Exactly; that is the real
trouble, for all your Alpha and
your Ass! Also, I happen to be
vowed not to bend the knee in
supplication to you or to another."

"ay! Christ said that. Erect the
Cross" "Inevitable! all right!
and ~~say~~, Dolly, darling, I do like
your poetry." "So, except on that
point of ~~be~~ poetry, we shall

These things will I give thee, if thou
wilt fall down and worship him!"

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" I cried
laughingly. "It would be wellers."

"Exactly; that is the real
trouble, for all your Alpha and
your Ass! Also, I happen to be
vowed not to bend the knee in
supplication to you or to another."

"ay! Christ said that. Erect the
Cross" "horrible! all right!"

and ~~say~~, Dolly, darling, I do like
your poetry. "So, except on that
point of ~~be~~ poetry, we shall

In poetry she works true miracles.
"So let us drink at Christmas time to
all that dwell by Great Tom chime!"
I can hear the bells tumbling -
all the way from Great St Mary's.
Then, damn it, I have simply got to
quote the Carol whole.

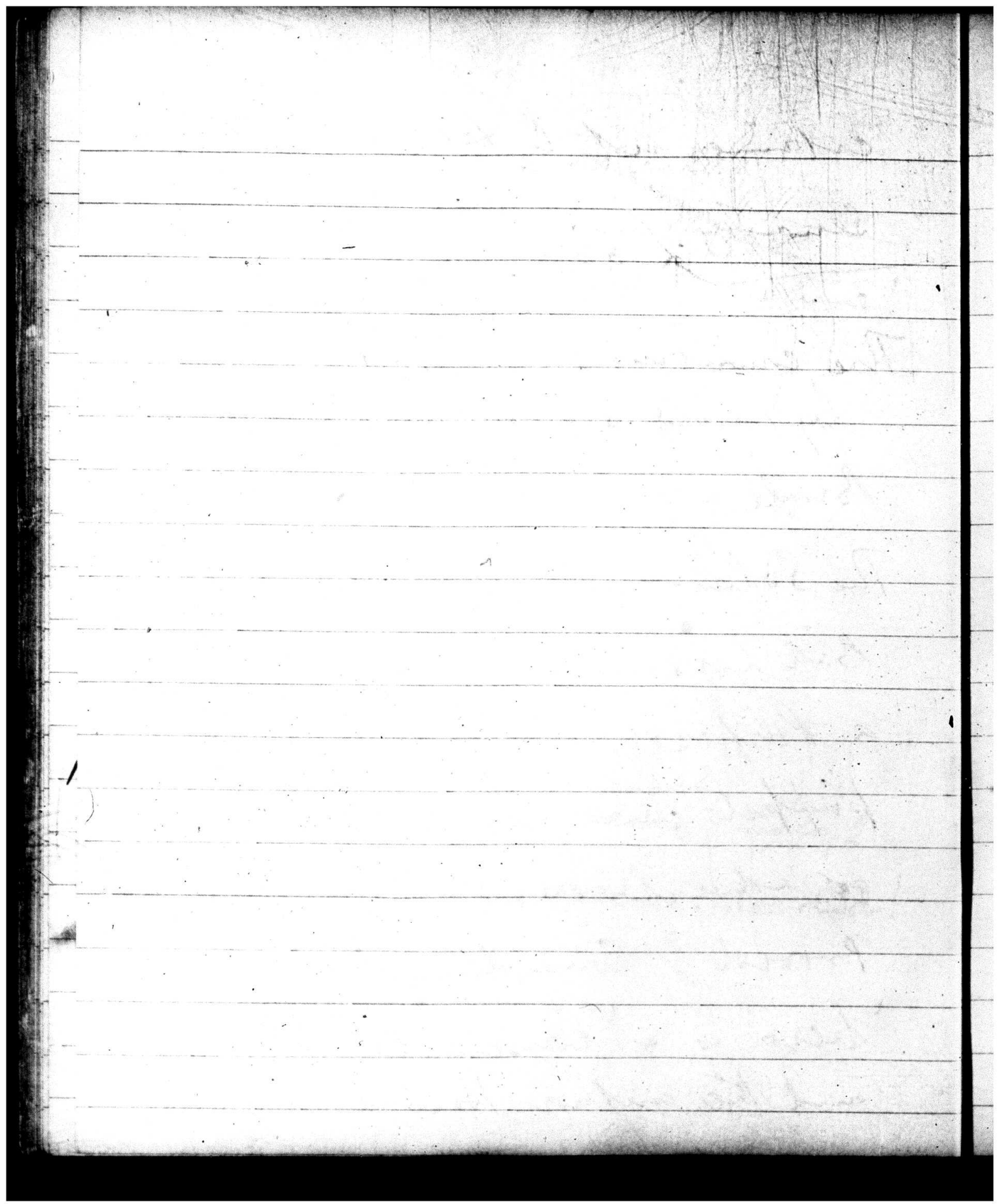
Bells!

Compare that with Poe's ^{trisel} ~~double~~ jingle,
the worst thing any great man ever did!

~~criticism not to take each other
seriously. 666.~~

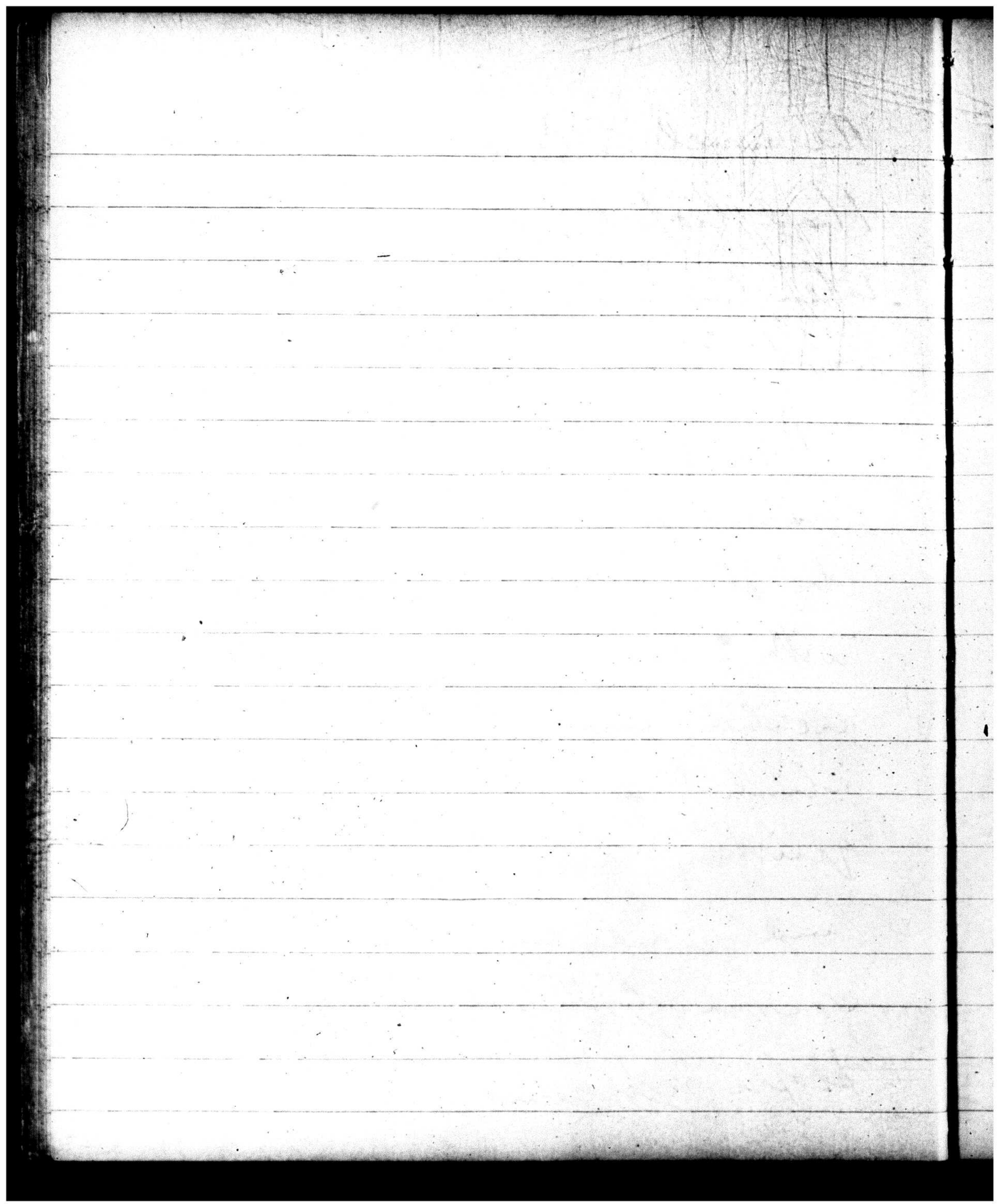
The convictions of Christopher Sterling
by Harold Begbie Robert M Mc
Bride also

The Sodom-Apple in the desert of
Bad Literature is the Novel with
a Purpose. It means wooden
puppets; every one does his stunts,
as advertised, and something is
Proved. Considering that the
'hero' is a 'conscientious objector'
and the author Harold Begbie,

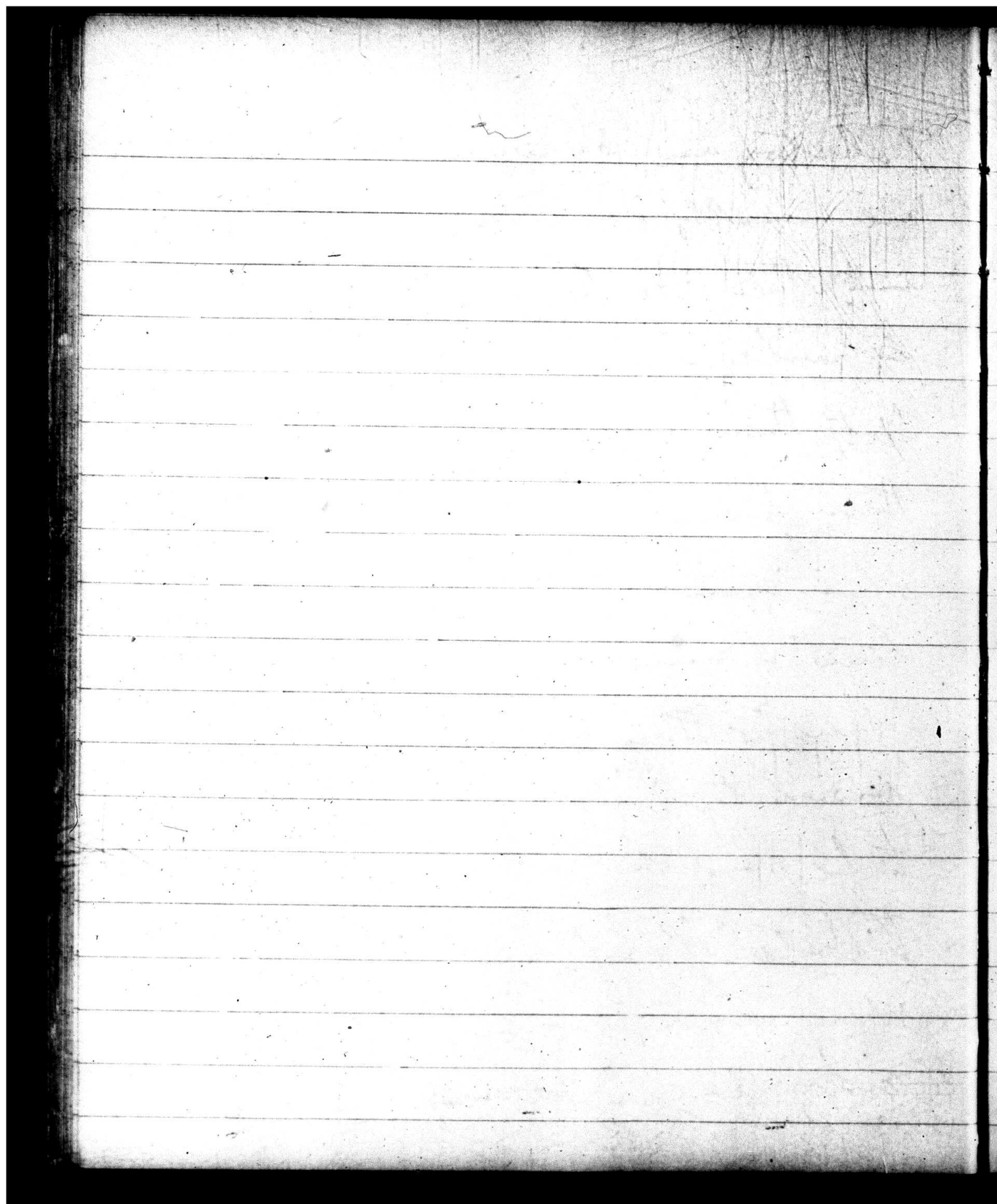


The novel is less nauseating than I had hoped. I say hoped, for I have eaten too many blackberries and I want to eat some more.

There are those who think that conscientious objectors should be shot quickly, painlessly, and with antiseptic precautions. They are like ~~warts~~ suspicious warts, which had better be excised quickly, lest they take to growing and prove cancerous. I am in favour of this policy, for these people represent the emasculate,

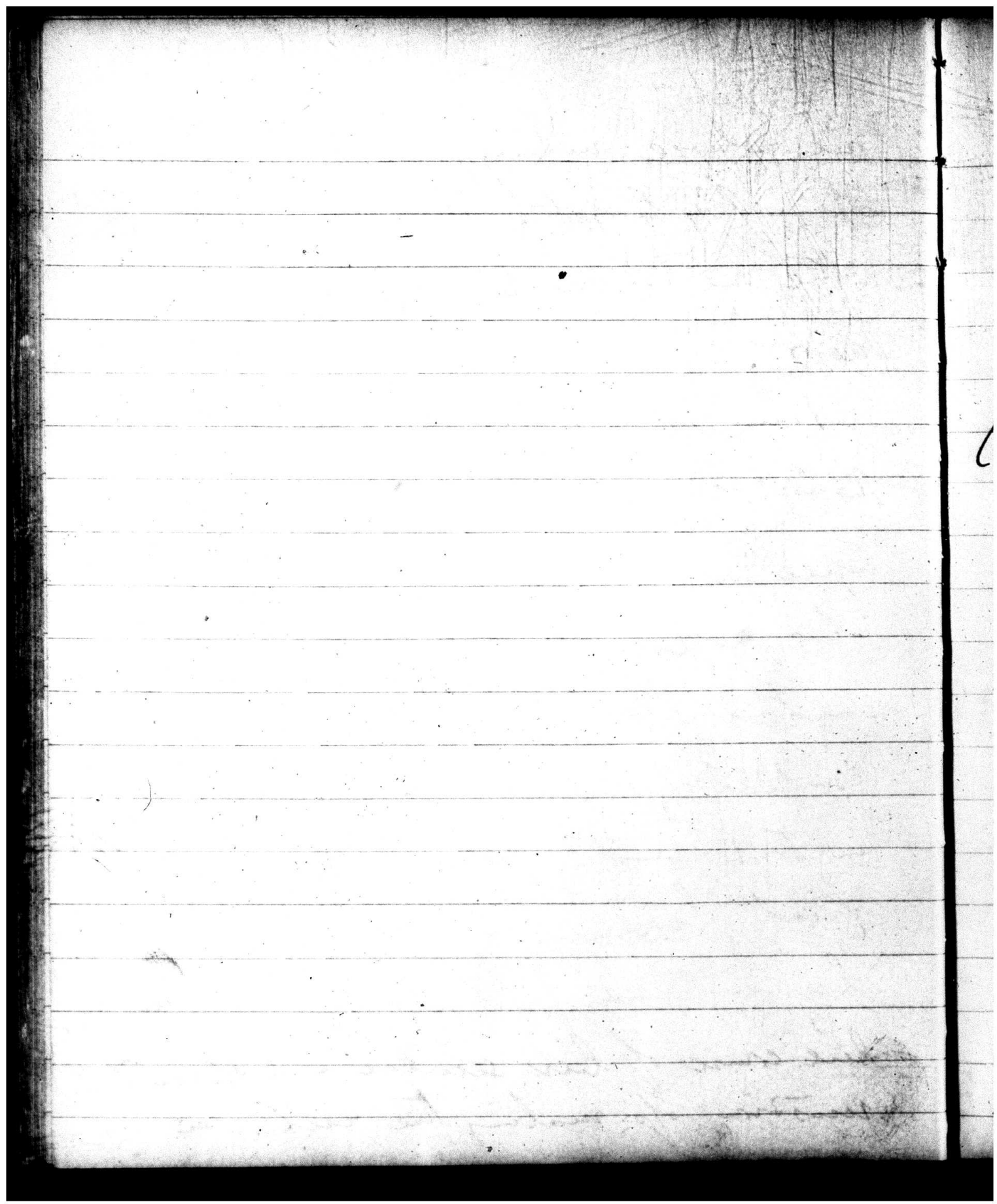


Tolstoyan, Shavian Jesus. They
are usually vegetarians, Puritans,
and other vile things. They have a
definite sheep-ideal for humanity.
Yet their logic is bad; did not
their passive-resister - master say:
If a man compel thee to go with
him a mile, go with him twain.
Where is their excuse for un-
morality? 'Jesus' ordered tribute
to be paid to Caesar; why not the
tribute of life? Why shrink?
Why wince, cringe, yowl? This
mongrel-cur ~~idea of~~ 'Jesus' is the



one whose manny lude I am not
specially to get. This vermin 'Jesus'
is the one I mean to nail to my barn-
door.

I am not at all in sympathy with
the torturing of these people. I cannot
agree with those cruel Machiavellis
who propose to deport them to the
United States, with the idea of
completing the social disruption
in that country, which is the next
great barbarism marked down
by England for destruction, in
due course of her secular and splendid
mission of making the earth a



decent place to live in. Not that
such deportation would torture them;
there are plenty of people there saying
'I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier'
(No, a salesman!) But there are
some ~~decent~~ fine Americans & not
yet driven out by Prohibition, and
it wouldn't be fair to them. Come on,
boys, let's get out ^{& have a drink} and send over
the objectors to fraternize with
the Bolshewiki - I use the word
in its accepted sense of 'rank
tout'.

Alister Crowley