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Cat. 9

P.O.

1. A poem
2. Book Reviews
3. Chance

All in A.C's hand. All unpublished

American period

P.S. Yorke

2. (a) The American language by H. L. Mencken
(b) Catholic Tales & Christian Songs by Dorothy Leigh Sayers
(c) The Convictions of Christopher Sterling by Harold Begbie

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[illegible]

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

Oh cabbage-heads soaked in rum!

On the blunk, on the bum!

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

Putty faces!

Oh grimaces

at this time of night!

Let me draw, paint, sculp

your faces of pulp!

Oh pulp!

Put out the light!

Diabolically, divinely tight!

What do you know about that?
I'm a cat!
The world's my rat!
It all goes under my hat.
Rim and fat,
On my mat,
I'll paint
You all, like a saint,
Until I faint.
Ain't
That quaint?
Gr-r-r-r!
Gr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!
Once more for luck!

(Love a duck!)

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

The American Language by Henry L. Mencken. Newest. Alfred A Knopf.

$2.50.

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

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

I could not buy either of these freshness, nay,
not 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 - anyhow, restratives
for Mr Knopf!) dollars. As Horace
says Eheu fugaces! as Lucretius
says: Praeceptis mutantur, et
nos mutamur sine illis.
Who said he came 't seek and t save
that which was lost'? Just the
very feller Knopf won't accept.

anyhow, the point is that I feel sure that Mr Menchen, bandiumcapped 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 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 debarred from speaking more definitely by the fact that Mr Knopf and Mr Menchen can neither have either phimosis or paraphimosis, so that I cannot get a complimentary copy. And I cannot buy one because the

nonpraeputiality of New York, keeps me so bitter poor. I think Mr Meacham 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 Viereck The Jackson Press.

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

There is a fearfully instinctive reaction as if to sudden confrontation by a big bird of cockroach and tapeworm. One feels the presence of ~~one~~ a thing slimy, invertebrate, ignobly ~~noxious~~, and malodorous. I cannot explain this, though sensible of my own identical reaction, for, the instinct apart, I rather like Mr 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 cowering is too evident. A member of the British Embassy, with whom I

was rather intimate at certain critical periods, told me that Mr Vierech must regret that his mother had no virtue, otherwise he might have sold it for a nickel. This opinion is commonly received. True it is, at least, that Mr Vierech might have been a power in the country by now, if he had had the sense to get himself in prison. It would have been so easy: we were all eager to help. Didn't he see his chance, or did he deliberately blow out 'the Candle and the Flame'?

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 highwayman, Vereck's the cowardly man on the ship. Vereck, Roosevelt's inferior, was a Pistol to the life, Vereck threw a shuffle with a dash of Fagin. Roosevelt penned with the republicans Phil's Times; Vereck was the semi-press agent for a Delilah. Roosevelt was Caiaphas, Vereck Judas. Roosevelt was a bad silver clerk, Vereck a hyped capitalist. Roosevelt was a petit larceny Vereck a rotten egg.

The only point of contact is in lying and cowardice, but Roosevelt tried to conceal it by blustering bluffing manliness; 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 atheist." Roosevelt was a successful fraudulent; Vereck starts the [illegible]

Roosevelt's ideal was the highwayman, Viereck's the con man or the dip. Roosevelt was a whose bully, Viereck a sneak. Roosevelt was a ancient Pistol to the life, Viereck Harold Skimpole with a dash of Fagin. Roosevelt penned with the ~~Republican~~ Philistines; Viereck was the German Press agent for Belial. Roosevelt was Caiaphas, Viereck Judas. Roosevelt was a bad silver dollar, Viereck a forged Confederate note. Roosevelt was a painted lobster, Viereck a rotten egg.

The only point of contact is Lying and scandalice, but Roosevelt tried to conceal it by blustering bluffing manliness, Viereck with signal sleekness, by polite pandar. Roosevelt laughed well, recent - three lies in three words, when he called Thomas Paine a "dirty little atheist" Roosevelt was a cowardly bully; Viereck a fawning sycophant.

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 fool German cur Hermann Hagedorn. It is even rather a condescension to write a book about Roosevelt. ~~that~~ The interesting thing is that ~~they are~~ ~~such~~ the two are perfect antitheses. Roosevelt was a loud, fatuous, manly, pompous fool with a mouth full of teeth and well-roared-bottom commonplaces. Veiller is soft-spoken, subtle, womanish, unassuming and clever. His teeth are not offensively

prominent, and his Bottom coos like any sucking-dove. It is this that insinuates the common street-walker type like Rupert Hughes; for Viereck, Equally fetches a prostitute, is yet the perverse, involuted, ingenious type, as far above the hack annalist as Nastasia Philipovna above Bill Sykes' Nancy. Had Roosevelt been pro-German, he would have gone to Potsdam and shaken the walls down with his roar; or, at least, he would have said he would; Viereck adroitly dodged. Not hero and martyr; artful Dodger be his 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 eugenics to surmise that Adèle Viereck had an accident in a cab half-a-century or so ago. He could have defied the Morgan gang, organized German America, twelve million strong, 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 pocket, and propaganda funds out of propaganda.

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 Manifolds Muse, he might yet be great in art, ~~because~~ He has a line on the eternal verities; his mistake is in trying to jiggle with them. This book on Roosevelt is a jeu d'esprit; and it may it have been a thunderbolt.

Aleister 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 Diphues, the silly timbrel 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 vineskin, his staff is the Bakalinagam, and Tigers and Crocodiles caress him. In Egypt he is Hoppcrates, 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 NU EL. A I also took it as an omen that on the cover design the Omega 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.)

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

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

wound of the tusk of the Black Boar.
And she called him "Wizard-Man from
Nazareth" "Christ the bonny outlaw"
"rascal fiddler" "with music in
his golden mouth and laughter in
his eyes". She hailed him as "Christus
Dionysus, --- Crowned with the thorn
and vine; His feet and hands are red
with blood, His mouth is red with
wine".

And she said to me "Won't you be
a good boy and have a Mass?
This Wafer is but the Bread of
Adonis, this Wine the Blood of
Bacchus. Rideth he not in

triumph on an Ass, the Ass of Priapus?
Was not the Bull of Mithras, Shiva,
Apis in his stall upon Nowell?
Is not he Osiris, and his mother
Isis? Haven't I written a 'Sacrament'
against Ecclesiastics, and shown
Peter, John and Paul throwing dice
for his coat?
I greeted her with courtesy: "Do what
thou wilt shall be the whole of the
Law. Love is the law, love under
will".
"Oh yes," she exclaimed gleefully, and
smothered me with kisses "as Saint
Augustine said 'Love, and do what

thou wilt?" I gave her wine; she drank it in great gulps, and sang the song of Pope Innocent the Third: "Fac me cruce inebriari Et cruore Filii" 'Stella, the fair harlot kindled me, when I exhibited a rebuke, she only said "If bodies delight thee, praise God for them." Presently we fell to talking, and she said "If then I am pantheist, antinomian, mystic, ~~it~~ sorceress, will not you really love me?" I protested — "Ah." says she "Love me, love my terms! Is not the Son of Man God 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 Christs; but since I go so far, won't you in the interest of philosophical unity, agree to call them all mockeries of the true Christ" "That was the original fraud; history repeating itself. In the interests of p.u., I call all the Sons, 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:

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

"Were there Puritans under Priapus?"

"Puritans are not Christians; they're Protestant heathen! Of course the name of Christ is as foul a word as any other in a Puritan 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~~ Mandleyn; and as for song — " "Eli, Eli lama sabacthani!" I cried ruthlessly; "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 I 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 wanton gesture "Hail! Sire Prince all Hail!" "Isn't Christ 888, and his cross Stauros, 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!" "Well—
and well." But his 888 is only
Mercury; my 666 is the Sun"
"But Christ is the Sun too; oh,
can't you see it, you are Christ!"
"No; Christ is a Dying and Re-rising
Sun; my Sun is the Eternal"
"Suns ultimately die" "Yes, but
for practical worship we consider

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

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 a
"Ah, but you're splitting hairs —" "I
am," I interrupted in my turn.
"Delicious Beast! I love you. Don't
you see, your hate of Christ is
the very thing that shall save you
— pages 20 to 23?" ~~"Actually, I am~~

~~short t issue a book~~ "I don't know
what where was; but there's a Bogey
to chase. Moulding now and hoar
with moss, Between us and the
sunlight swings the phantom of
a Christless Cross, shadowing the
sheltered heads of kings And
making with its mouldy shade the
souls of homeless men afraid!"
"My Beast! My Big Beast! It's 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 longingly. "It would be useless."
"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. Exact the Cross" "Incorrigible! all right! and ~~say~~, Dolly, darling, I do like your poetry." So, except on that point of ~~the~~ poetry, we shall

these things will I give thee, if thou
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Cross" "Incorrigible! all right!
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point of ~~the~~ 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.
Hear, damn it, I have simply got to
quote the Carol whole.

Bells!
Compare that with Poe's tinsel jingle!
the worst thing any great man ever did!

certainly not to take each other seriously. £ 666.

The convictions of Christopher Sterling by Harold Begbie Robert M McBride & Co

The Sodom-Apple in the desert of Bad Literature is the Novel with a Purpose. It means wooden puppets; every one does his strut, 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 ~~wart~~ suspicious warts, which had better be excised quickly, lest they take to growing and prove cancerous. I am in favor 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 mule-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 mangy hide 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 the 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 singing '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 church, and send over the objectors to fraternize with the Bolsheviki - I use the word in its accepted sense of 'rank tout'.

Aleister Crowley