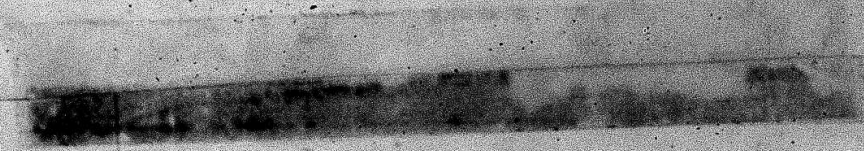


The Vindication of the Kings



Entrenched in the morass of bibliolatry, crouching in the bastions of Fort Grundy, the Old Guard of Victorianism died and did not surrender. But as the Old Testament God fell before Paine and Ingersoll, as the sanguine and sacrificial Christ was emasculated by Renan and Campbell, the ruin of orthodoxy left even the manhood of Puritanism eunuch. Havelock with his bloody sword, blowing 14000 Sepoy prisoners from the muzzles of his guns in a morning, became no longer thinkable. Hypocrisy surpassed itself, denounced its own virtues for vices. As the Goddess Reason presided in Paris over panic, so the neuter deity Progress was worshipped by all those whom sloth, ease, security, prosperity had rotted. And the attendant demon-in-cheil, Broken-Head-in-Waiting to Its Majesty, was Humanitarianism.

We had Progressed. Lady Pyjama Noisette had a headache to the tune of a paragraph - 10 lines. Sand sugar v. Sand sugar and Pintpot - a column. A ~~little~~ ^{prophetic} little quack doctor poisons his ~~wife~~ wife and runs off with his ~~typist~~ typist) - the business of the world is suspended until he is cinematographically hanged.

A prominent writer calls attention to himself by the device of calling attention to the pangs of slaughtered oxen; another affirms his brotherhood with the Chicago Pig. Countless thousands turn Vegetarian, and then quarrel as to whether it is or is not True Vegetarianism to eat eggs. The war between the Fruitarians and the Nut-foodists nearly came to a cross word! I knew a "man" who refused to eat bread because it was a fermented drink! A friend of mine knew an Anarchist who refused cocoa

because it excited his animal passions!

(“And all the while the shark in southern seas!”)
as the authoress of ‘The Placid Pug’ so tragically counters.

For there were one or two reprobates who happened to have read history, and to have observed Humanity.

Of these Nietzsche was the chief. But even in England, independently of him, and ignorant of his teaching, was found a man who actually endeavoured - and for all I know, is still endeavouring - to found a New Religion on such texts as these:

(a) “For these fools of men and their woes care not thou at all! They feel little; what is, is balanced by weak joys; but ye are my chosen ones.”

(b) “But to love me is better than all things: if under the night-stars in the desert thou presently burnest mine incense before me, invoking me with a pure heart, and the serpent flame therein, thou shalt come a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss wilt thou then be willing to give all; but whose gives one particle of dust shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall gather goods and store of women and spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye shall exceed the nations of earth in splendour and pride; but always in the love of me, and so shall ye come to my joy. I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe, and covered with a rich head-dress. I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendour within you: come unto me!

At all my meetings with you shall the priestess say - and
her eyes shall burn with desire as she stands bare and rejoicing
in my secret temple - To me! To me! calling forth the flame
of the hearts of all in her love-chant.

Sing the rapturous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes!
Wear to me jewels! Drink to me for I live you! I live you!

I am the blue-bidded daughter of Sunset; I am the naked
brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky.

To me! To me!

(c) "These are dead, these fellows; they feel not. We are not
for the poor and for the sad; the lords of the earth are our
kinsfolk.

Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us.
They shall rejoice, our chosen: who sorroweth is not of us.

Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor,
force and fire, are of us.

We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit: let them
die in their misery. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice
of kings: stamp down the wretched and the weak: this is the
law of the strong: this is our law and the joy of the world.
Think not, O King, upon that lie: That Thou Must Die: verily
thou shalt not die, but live. Now let it be understood: if
the body of the King dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstasy
for ever. Huit! Hadit! Ra-Hoor-Khuit! The Sun, Strength and
Sight, Light; these are for the servants of the Star and the
Snake.

I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge and Delight and bright

glory, and stir the hearts of men with drunkenness. To worship
me take wine and strange drugs whereof I will tell my prophet,
and be drunk thereof! They shall not harm ye at all. It is a
lie, this folly against self. The exposure of innocence is a
lie. Be strong, man! lust, enjoy all things of sense and rapture:
fear not that any God shall deny thee for this.

Ye are against the people, O my chosen!

(d) "If Will stops and cries Why, invoking Because, then Will
stops and does nought.

If Power asks Why, then is Power weakness."

(e) "Pity not the fallen! I never knew them. I am not for them.
I console not: I hate the consoled and the consoler."

(f) "There is a veil: that veil is black. It is the veil of
the modest woman; it is the veil of sorrow, and the path of
death: this is none of me. Tear down that lying spectre of the
centuries: veil not your vices in virtuous words: these vices
are my services; ye do well, and I will reward you here and here-
after."

(g) "Beware therefore! Love all, lest perchance is a King
concealed! Say you so? Fool! If he be a King thou canst not
hurt him.

Therefore strike hard and low, and to hell with them, Master!

(h) "Now let it be first understood that I am a God of War and
of Vengeance. I shall deal hardly with them.

Choose ye an island!

Fortify it!

Dung it about with enginery of war!

I will give you a war-engine.

6

With it ye shall smite the peoples; and none shall stand before you."

(i) "Worship me with fire and blood; worship me with swords and with spears. Let the woman be airt with a sword before me: let blood flow to my name. Trample down the Heathen; be upon them, O warrior, I will give you of their flesh to eat!

(j) "Mercy let be off: damn them who pity! Kill and torture; spare not; be upon them!"

(k) "Them that seek to entrap thee, to overthrow thee, than attack without pity or quarter; and destroy them utterly. Swift as a crodden serpent turn and strike! Be thou yet deadlier than he! Drag down their souls to awful torment: laugh at their fear: spit upon them!"

(l) I am a secret fourfold word, the blasphemy against all gods of men.

Curse them! Curse them! Curse them!

With my Hawk's head I peck at the eyes of Jesus as he hangs upon the cross.

I flap my wings in the face of Mohammed and blind him.

With my claws I tear out the flesh of the Indian and the Buddhist, Mongol and Din.

Fahlasti! Copenhda! I spit on your crapulous creeds.

Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels: farther ~~and~~ let all chaste women be utterly despised among you!

Also for beauty's sake and love's!

(m) Despise also all cowards; professional soldiers who dare not fight, but play: all fools despise!

Put the keen and the proud, the royal and the lofty; ye
are brothers!

As brothers right ye!

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt."

~~X~~ This is plain speaking; this is "blasphemy" and "immorality"
if ever such were spoken.

I quote it ~~for~~ ⁱⁿ preference to Nietzsche not only because
Nietzsche has penetrated from Prussia to Pizalico, and is quoted
in Stratham as in Stuttgart, but also because it is simpler than
Nietzsche, because there is no possibility of misinterpreting the
doctrine (were ^{one} ~~A~~ sowered with a double portion of the spirit of
Esocbar), because it is not German or Slavonic but universal, the
battle-cry of what may yet become a new and terrible theocracy.

~~Its~~ adherents have hitherto been secret; to-day they surely lift
their heads; to-morrow they may reap the reward of having thought
ten years ago what England thinks this year.

It is only two months since even the saner sections of the
people were disputing ~~lethly~~ ^{hot} as to whether boxing was "brutal",
and this month no man of sense but admits that little children
may lawfully be pitched into burning cottages before their
mothers' eyes.

And that is play to what may come.

Will not human flesh be bought and sold in the markets
before the war and its attendant revolutions are over? Is there
any man bold enough to call such things "impossible", to invoke
those fallen fishy gods "Progress" and "Civilization" and "The
Higher awakening of the Ethical Instincts of Man"?

8

Is there any man who still shuts his eyes to the plain fact that homo sapiens is but a primate, cousin of the gorilla, with a brain over-developed to think abominations, and a larynx evolved to aid their execution, a creature whose prime pangs are hunger, lust and hate, and his fundamental solaces, rape, robbery and murder?

I laughed with open throat at the "atrocities" Press Campaigns in the Balkan war. "The half-civilized peoples of the Near East!" Is the present war any less prolific of such stories when the compatriots of Tolstoi, and Gorky, and Goethe, and Anatole France, and Shelley are at work? And are the stories true? True or false in detail, I knew them true in essence, and I knew also that the primest old maid in Dorchester whose palsied hands dropped her knitting as she read of them was horrified because, although she did not know it, and could never be brought to know it, those atrocities were in her blood ⁱⁿ everlasting. "There, but for the Grace of God, goes John Wesley" was the wisest remark that ever came from a fool's lips. And it is because we have persuaded ourselves bitterly and obstinately, against the deeper knowledge that is instinct in every organism, that these things cannot happen, that we have lost the manhood that could have prevented them. Some there are so princisally purblind that fact itself, naked and bleeding at their thresholds, ^{terro} bating on the gates of their ears with the Ram of actuality, fails to force those waxed-up tympana. When the nations were already at each others throats, when men had seen their brothers blown to atoms before their eyes, ²⁴ drilled through with nickel and lead, slashed and

gashed with steel, ridden down beneath the hoofs of the horses, we heard that President Wilson had offered to arbitrate! To arbitrate, when the diplomatic and economic pressure of a decade, and the consciousness of ineradicable race-hatred since time began, and clan tore clan with flint, had forced the Bear of Germany to turn at last ^{upon} ~~from~~ the Forzoi and the Bulldog, to lash out with tush and hoof ^{at} the invisible fan of hounds that closed ^{or} upon him.

And we are still babbling of the Cause of Liberty, and the Fanner of the Democracies, and the Truth, and the Righteousness, and the Justice, and the Equity, and the Humanity, and the Progress, when every man that is not stultified beyond the surgery of war by his own hypocrisies, knows well that the battle is a battle of over-population, the haemorrhage of a plethora, and that its terms are merely "My life or yours!" "The hammer or the anvil!"

The remedy is not Christianity in the modern sense,

The Chinese murder all but a few selected female infants, and have consequently lived in ^{peace} and prosperity for two thousand years. Civilization and the arts have flourished: famine has been rare, and floods and plague have been welcomed as a purge. Our squeamishness has forbidden us to take this elementary precaution, this restraint imposed on prosperity by wisdom; and where are our civilization, our prosperity, our liberty, our Progress? In fifty years will there remain so many monuments of what we were two months ago as Egypt has of its Pharaohs, Greece of its Republics, Rome of its Caesars? We have used bricks and iron for stone and brass, pulp for papyrus and

but chivalry. St. George, not St. Francis.

X

palm-leaf, rhetoric for fact, pharisaism for publicanism, and our era will perish ere our own bones rot!

We have pretended^{*} that there was no such thing as sex, no such thing as venereal disease, that our publicists were True Believers in Christianity, that our women were pure and our men brave; we have howled down every man who dared to hint the truth: we have sowed the wind of pious phrases, and we must reap the whirlwind of war.

It has been the same in every drawer of our cupboard - and now the skeleton is out.

"They are gone, and their places are taken,

The gods and priests that are pure."

We have had a credit system which when analysed meant that we were all pretending to be rich, a social system in which we all pretended to be Esquires at least. We had Bukes who never led, Marchesses with no marches to ward, Knights who could barely sit a donkey; we called our slatterns saiveys lady helps, our prostitutes soiled doves, our fumbling, mumbling politicians statesmen.

And it is gone like a ghost - and an unclean spirit sure it was that haunted us.

* If everyone ceases to call a spade a spade, the term "agricultural implement" soon becomes "bad form". It has been universally agreed to avoid all reference to the phallus, and so we find sections of society to be horrified at the word "trousers". Consent to this, and the prude will soon find a new and even remoter object to stir his slime.

And if I write ^{for} to England, who will read?

As if, when moons of Samazan recede,

Some fatuous angel-porter should deposit

His perfect wine within the privy closet!

"What do they know, who only England know?"

Only what England paints its face to show.

Love mummied and relabelled "chaste affection,"

and ^{or} just excused as "natural selection."

Caligula upbraids the cruel cabby,

And Nero birches choir-boys in the Abbey;

Semiramis sandpapered to a simper,

And Clytemnaestra whittled to a whimper!

The austerities of Loyola? to seek!

But - let us have a "self-denial week"!

The raptures of Teresa are hysteric; -

But - let us giggle at some fulsome cleric!

"The age refines! You lag behind." God knows!

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose. "

To call forced labour slavery is rude,

" Terminologic inexactitude "

This from the masters of the winds and waves

Whose cotton-mills are crammed with British slaves!

Men pass their nights with German-Jewish whores,

Their days in keeping 'aliens' from our shores.

They turn their eyes up at a Cautier's tale,

And run maisonette in Maids Vale. "

This:

"Your titles - oh! how proud you are to wear them?

- What about "homo quatuor literarum?"

The puissant all their time to vice devote;

The impotent (contented) pay to great.

The strumpet's carwheels splash the starving maiden
In Piccadilly, deadlier than Aden.

"England expects a man to do his duty."

He calls truth lies, and sneers at youth and beauty,

Pays cash for love and fancies he has won it -

Duty means church, where he thanks God he's done it!"

I wish I could quote the whole poem; but it may need
another six months before prudery has a final "seizure."

It is this prudery which has fought Nietzsche. In its last
ditch it is still pretending that Nietzsche, who hated the
Germans, was a German.

"The Anglo-Nietzschean War"! True it is, the Germans were
the only people who had the common sense, the clean sight, the
ability to face, grasp and use the facts which Nietzsche thundered
to the planet. Had England done so, she would have had two million
men always under arms, and Germany must have surrendered without
a blow, could never have dared even this desperate dash, this
madness which comes of pushing sanity to the wall, and bidding
it fight for its life. ~~Nor could I write that the British army~~

~~by the British army~~

Are we fighting to preserve peace, to hold the balance of

power, to save civilization, to relieve the burden of armaments, to smash the tyranny of militarism, to sentinel liberty?

Then we should have had an army equal to Germany's, and our fleet should have destroyed hers while we were three to one. You must fight fire with fire. Shelley's Laon and Cythna and his Masque of Anarchy, Tolstol and the whole school of non-resistance, where are they now? The "big blonde beast" who visits women with a whip under his arm has not been impressed with the moral superiority of the conquered. He has robbed them and enslaved them and murdered them, he has ravished their women and tossed their children on his bayonets, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen. Thus spake Zarathustra.

O capture! Tomb of modest! Baptism of Rejuvenation! the old world is bathed again in blood; its limbs glow with the crimson; it is the angry sunrise of a new aeon, and Apollo shakes himself clear of the dawn-^{mi} mists, Nietzsche's life morning star! The grey breaks to gold.

"The forest of the spears of the Most High is called Night, and Hades, and the Day of Wrath; but I am His captain, and I bear His cup.

Fear me not with my spearmen! They shall slay the demons with their petty prongs. Ye shall be free.

Ah, slaves! ye will not - ye know not how to will.

Yet the music of my spears shall be a song of freedom.

O my God, but the love in Me bursts over the bonds of Space and Time; my love is spilt among them that love not love.

power, to save civilisation, to relieve the burden of armaments, to smash the tyranny of militarism, to sentinel liberty?

Then we should have had an army equal to Germany's, and our fleet should have destroyed hers while we were three to one. You must fight fire with fire. Shelley's Laon and Cythna and his Masque of Anarchy, Tolstol and the whole school of non-resistance, where are they now? The "big blonde beast" who visits women with a whip under his arm has not been impressed with the moral superiority of the conquered. He has robbed them and enslaved them and murdered them, he has ravished their women and tossed their children on his bayonets, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen. Thus spake Zarathustra.

O rapture! Font of Vision! Baptism of Rejuvenation! the old world is bathed again in blood; its limbs glow with the crimson; it is the angry sunrise of a new aeon, and Apollo shakes himself clear of the dawn-^{mi} mists, Nietzsche's his morning star! The grey breaks to gold.

"The forest of the spears of the Most High is called Night, and Vades, and the Day of Wrath; but I am His captain, and I bear His cup.

Fear me not with my spearsmen! They shall slay the demons with their petty prones. Ye shall be free.

Ah, slaves! ye will not - ye know not how to will.

Yet the music of my spears shall be a song of freedom.

O my God, but the love in Me bursts over the bonds of Space and Time; my love is spilt among them that love not love.

My wine is poured out for them that never tasted wine.
The fumes thereof shall intoxicate them, and the vigour of
my love shall breed mighty children from their maidens.

Is not Earth purged. Is not the Pillar established in the
Void?

Παύση, παύση ἔτω! Thou art arisen!

Is there not an end of the anaemia of the Humanitarian, and
the hysteria of the Surrealist, and the stark cunning lunacy of
the Cubist-Futurist-Vorticist-Parallelepipedist-Funist, and all
the ~~phenomena~~ phenomena of the Flapper? Will not man arise again,
and hunt and fight and master his mate, and will not women return
to her cooking and her housewifery and the breeding of lusty
children to her men? And if Nietzsche be the dawn-star, shall
there be no son of man to be a Sun of men?

Had we no prophets? Had we no poet, O all ye weary criticasters
of the ~~press~~ Press?

Was there not one to put into the mouth of his line-priest-
messias, baffled by Fate in the hour of the birth of Christianity,
this vision of the Antichrist -

Listen!

"I will away I into the mystic palaces of Pan
Hidden from day,
Hidden from man,
Awaiting there the coming of the Sphinx
Whose genius drinks
The poison of this pestilence, and saves
The world from all its lords and slaves.

Oath

Dorothy at Sidi Bon Said

I have got the girl I wanted
(In my heart are dagger - thrusts)
Her wicked little bats' eyes slanted
Gleaming with unfathomable lusts
Glittering slits through which the soul
Burns in hell like a live coal.

2

Even so above, even so below -
Whose image seems alert to show

Not one hell is worth another -

Oh, none so sweet so near to seek

"Come, burn with me, " she signals sleek,
Satan, my beautiful, my brother, "

From the Book of Vain

Ho! for his chariot-wheels that whirl afar!
His hawk's eye flashing through the silver star!
Upon the heights his standard shall he plant
Free, equal, passionate, power, dominant,
Elastic, indomitable, self-controlled,
The red rose gleaming on the crown of gold...

Yes! I will wait throughout the centuries
Of the universal man-disease
Until that morn of his Titanic birth...
The Saviour of the Earth!"

Alister Crowley

295

2

April 1907

295

2

Appendix

2

EVE

3 men

- A - great
- B - good
- C - bad.

A too big for her; so she goes for B, whom she destroys - always with the best intentions

This smashes her life; she falls into the clutches of C.

But the effect is to redeem C. He dies, it is true, but in an heroic way so as to atone for all his past misdeeds.

This frees her; she can at last follow her True Will; so she gets A and all goes well.

In Land of Abstract

EVE

Synopsis of an unconvicted
mole

- great
- good
- bad.

big for her; so she goes for B, whom
troys - always with the best intentions

wishes her life; she falls into the
of C.

he effect is to redeem C. He dies, it
, but in an heroic way so as to atone
his past misdeeds.

frees her; she can at last follow her

EVE

Synopsis of an unorthodox
novel

3 men

A - great

B - good

C - bad.

A too big for her, so she goes for B, whom she destroys - always with the best intentions

This ruins her life; she falls into the clutches of C.

But the effect is to redeem C. He dies, it is true, but in an heroic way so as to atone for all his past misdeeds.

This frees her; she can at last follow her True Will; so she gets A and all goes well.

Places

Teng-yueh (or Tali Fu)

Red River

Hauptong - Hong Kong

Honolulu

Zapotlan - San Marcos & the Volcan de Colima

Mexico D.F., Tacubaya

El Paso

New York

Boston and New Hampshire

Granada

Venice

Cairo

The Great Libyan Desert.

People. (subsidiary)

Male

- 1 Hide bound stupid harsh official
- 2 Wooden Consul General
- 3 Grouchy Consul
- 4 Drunken Vice Consul
- 5 Down and out artist -
- 6 Tango Lizard
- 7 Confidence man - gambler
- 8 Hotel people - their
servility & ferocity
- 9 Prosperous Jew bounder
- 10 do. portrait painter - snob.
- 11 One-eyed hippopotamus

Female

- 1 Fashionable whore -
rotten with disease
2. 3 franc ditto -
clean & charming
3. Newspaper woman -
hopelessly imbecile
- 4 Anarchist agitator
- 5 "Clothes & Diamond"
women - their opinions
on life
6. Middle-aged
artist on the loose,
drinking from despair

Book III
Gilded Horns.

Eve and Mike indulge in orgies of crime but every one benefits. The dangers they undergo develop their courage and intelligence. A really serious situation arises and they find themselves behaving with the most splendid heroism. Mike's final crime, in which he is killed, is in reality, the salvation of the whole district. (They have had to fly from America to Egypt.) Eve, left alone, easily dominates the situation. She has discovered too that the labels "good" and "bad" mean nothing.

Book II
Soiled Haloes

Gabriel comes into a fortune. They go to America via Honolulu and Mexico, to do uplift work. They gradually get contaminated. Gabriel does all sorts of crooked things for her sake. She feels herself the plaything of evil forces and both go down the hill morally almost without knowing it. Finally, Gabriel is implicated in a horrible scandal. At this moment, Mike returns. He is lecturing in their town. He takes advantage of the situation to persuade Gabriel to kill himself. Eve is fascinated by his triumphant wickedness. She has given up all hope of being decent and determines to have her fling. She offers herself to Mike at her husband's death bed. He dies cursing and blaspheming.

EVE

Book I
The Three Roads.

Cap. I.

The birth of a tiger-lily.

Eve's father, a colonial official (Consul) highly placed. Old fashioned aristocrat. Mother a famous actress, dies in childbirth. Eve's father brings her up very carefully, but spoils her.

Cap. 2.

Childhood's fancies

Eve at 18. Three men come into her life:
(1) Ralph de Ros, great traveller - arrives at Colony from across desert. ~~There~~ There are also (2) Gabriel Sims, an American botanist, delicate-minded scholar, idealistic, virtuous, no knowledge of the world, and (3) Michael Harmon, a missionary engaged in smuggling spirits and drugs, blackmailing, swindling etc..

Eve's father wants Ralph to marry her. Eve is afraid of him and he thinks her too young and silly for him. Gabriel dare not woo her as being socially and financially superior. Mike tries to get her for the same reasons.

Cap. 3

The Dust - Devil.

Native uprising. Consulate besieged.
The Consul is murdered. Ralph takes
charge, rescues the station. Other stations
fear rising will spread to them, so
Ralph puts down the rebels with
ruthless severity. Eve is horrified.
Her folly nearly destroys the station.

Cap. 4

The choice

Ralph leads party to rescue threatened
station. Mike takes advantage of to
urge his suit. Gabriel defends her.
Ralph returns. She consults him. He
is in love with her but she disgusts
him by her failure to face reality.
She marries Gabriel.

3

Book IV
The Winged Pan.

Mike's last crime was an imposture, pretending to be a Mohammedan Messiah. His death leaves Eve queen of a band of ferocious tribesmen who adore her. Disgusted with civilization, she leads them to a distant oasis which they capture. She has reestablished slavery and destroyed the moral law. Rumours of the mysterious white prophetess reach ~~Ralph~~ Europe. Ralph wants to explore the place. After various desperate adventures he reaches the oasis in disguise, only to be captured by the guards. But his moral force is such that they are afraid to execute him ~~to~~ and bring him to the prophetess to decide on his fate. He recognizes her and quells her by his knowledge of the Chinese affair. Her authority is shaken. It becomes a duel between them. Then it strikes her that ~~it~~ there ~~could~~ ^{can} be only one man who ~~could~~ can master her and the duel ends by recognition and love. They decide to extend their moral empire round the world and remedy all the old mischief by applying their Law.

(over)

(This old mischief has proved a snag through-
out so that its removal is the proper climax
of the plot. Nothing could be done until
Eve and Ralph went at it together in the
right spirit.)

E V E .

BOOK I. THE THREE ROADS.

Cap. 1. The Birth of a Tiger-Lily.

Eve's father, a colonial official (Consul) highly placed. Old-fashioned aristocrat. Mother a famous actress, dies in childbirth. Eve's father brings her up very carefully, but spoils her.

Cap. 2. Childhood's Fancies.

Eve at 18. Three men come into her life: (1) Ralph de Ros, great traveller - arrives at Colony from across desert. There are also (2) Gabriel Sims, an American botanist, delicate-minded scholar, idealistic, virtuous, no knowledge of the world, and (3) Michael Harmon, a missionary engaged in smuggling spirits and drugs, blackmailing, swindling, etc.

Eve's father wants Ralph to marry her. Eve is afraid of him, and he thinks her too young and silly for him. Gabriel dare not woo her as being socially and financially superior. Mike tries to get her for the same reasons.

Cap. 3. The Dust-Devil.

Native uprising. Consulate besieged. The Consul is murdered. Ralph takes charge, rescues the station. Other stations fear rising will spread to them, so Ralph puts down the rebels with ruthless severity. Eve is horrified. Her folly nearly destroys the station.

Cap. 4. The Choice.

Ralph leads party to rescue threatened station. ^{Some days away}
Mike takes advantage to urge his suit. Gabriel defends her. Ralph returns. She consults him. He is in love with her, but she disgusts him by her failure to face reality. She marries Gabriel.

BOOK II.

SOILED HALOES.

Gabriel comes into a fortune. They go to America via Honolulu and Mexico, to do uplift work. They gradually get contaminated. Gabriel does all sorts of crooked things for her sake. She feels herself the plaything of evil forces and both go down the hill morally almost without knowing it. Finally, ~~she~~ Gabriel is implicated in a horrible scandal. At this moment Mike returns. He is lecturing in their town. He takes advantage of the situation to persuade Gabriel to kill himself. Eve is fascinated by his triumphant wickedness. She has given up all hope of being decent and determines to have her fling. She offers herself to Mike at her husband's death-bed. He dies cursing and blaspheming.

Sept. 12 Eve - improvement on Book II. Gabriel does not degenerate; he stays good the effect being to turn Eve from a quite innocent girl to a thoroughly bad lot. There should be a great scene when his last noble action puts him within the shadow of the rope. His final interview is with Eve and Mike who is a famous preacher to break down his hard heart. They embrace in front of him leaving him to face the gallows with the full knowledge of the atrocity of his own virtue.

BOOK II.

SOILED HALOES.

Gabriel comes into a fortune. They go to America via Honolulu and Mexico, to do uplift work. They gradually get contaminated. Gabriel does all sorts of crooked things for her sake. She feels herself the plaything of evil forces and both go down the hill morally almost without knowing it. Finally, ~~she~~ Gabriel is implicated in a horrible scandal. At this moment Mike returns. He is lecturing in their town. He takes advantage of the situation to persuade Gabriel to kill himself. Eve is fascinated by his triumphant wickedness. She has given up all hope of being decent and determines to have her fling. She offers herself to Mike at her husband's death-bed. He dies cursing and blaspheming.

Sept. 12 Eve - improvement on ^{Book II.} first draft. Gabriel does not degenerate; he stays good the effect being to turn Eve from a quite innocent girl to a thoroughly bad lot. There should be a great scene when his last noble action puts him within the shadow of the rope. His final interview is with Eve and her, who is a famous preacher to break down his hard heart. They embrace in front of him leaving him to face the gallows with the full knowledge of the atrocity of his own virtue.

Cap. 4. The Choice.

Ralph leads party to rescue threatened station. ^{Some days away}
Mike takes advantage to urge his suit. Gabriel defends her. Ralph returns. She consults him. He is in love with her, but she disgusts him by her failure to face reality. She marries Gabriel.

BOOK II.

SOILED HALOES.

Gabriel comes into a fortune. They go to America via Honolulu and Mexico, to do uplift work. They gradually get contaminated. Gabriel does all sorts of crooked things for her sake. She feels herself the plaything of evil forces and both go down the hill morally almost without knowing it. Finally, ~~she~~ Gabriel is implicated in a horrible scandal. At this moment Mike returns. He is lecturing in their town. He takes advantage of the situation to persuade Gabriel to kill himself. Eve is fascinated by his triumphant wickedness. She has given up all hope of being decent and determines to have her fling. She offers herself to Mike at her husband's death-bed. He dies cursing and blaspheming.

Sept. 12 Eve - improvement in Book II. Gabriel does not degenerate. he stays good, the effect being to turn Eve from a quite ^{innocent} girl to a thoroughly bad lot. There should be a great scene when his last noble action puts him within the shadow of the rope. His final interview is with Eve and Mike, who is a famous preacher to break down his hard heart. They embrace in front of him leaving him to face the gallows with the full knowledge of the atrocity of his own virtue.

BOOK III. GILDED HORNS.

Eve and Mike indulge in orgies of crime, but everyone benefits. The dangers they undergo develop their courage and intelligence. A really serious situation arises and they find themselves behaving with the most splendid heroism. Mike's final crime, in which he is killed, is in reality the salvation of the whole district. (They have had to fly from America to Egypt.) Eve, left alone, easily dominates the situation. She has discovered, too, that the labels "good" and "bad" mean nothing.

BOOK IV. THE WINGED PAN.

Mike's last crime was an imposture, pretending to be a Mohammedan Messiah. His death leaves Eve queen of a band of ferocious tribesmen who adore her. Disgusted with civilization, she leads them to a distant oasis which they capture. She has re-established slavery and destroyed the moral law. Rumours of the mysterious white prophetess reach Europe. Ralph wants to explore the place. After various desperate adventures he reaches the oasis in disguise, only to be captured by the guards. But his moral force is such that they are afraid to execute him, and bring him to the prophetess to decide on his fate. He recognises her, and quells her by his knowledge of the Chinese affair. Her authority is shaken. It becomes a duel between them. Then it strikes her that there can only be one man who can master her, and the duel ends by recognition and love. They decide to extend their moral empire round the world, and remedy all the old mischief by ap-

plying their Law.

(This old mischief has proved a snag throughout, so that its removal is the proper climax of the plot. Nothing could be done until Eve and Ralph went at it together in the right spirit.)

E V E . +

Three men:-

A - great.

B - good. (angel)

C - bad. (beast)

er A too big for her; so she goes for B, whom she destroys - always with the best intentions.

This smashes her life; she falls into the clutches of C.

But the effect is to redeem C. He dies, it is true, but in an heroic way so as to atone for all his past misdeeds.

This frees her; she can at last follow her True Will; so she gets A and all goes well.

+ Don't like "Angel + Beast" title too
loved

PLACES.

Teng-yueh (or Tali Fu)

Red River.

Haiphong - Hong Kong.

Honolulu.

Zapotlan - San Marcos and the Volcan de Colima.

Mexico D.F., Tacubaya.

El Paso.

New York.

Boston and New Hampshire.

Grenada.

Venice.

Cairo.

The Great Libyan Desert.

People. (Subsidiary).

Male.

1. Hide-bound stupid harsh official.
2. Wooden Consul-general.
3. Grouchy Consul.
4. Drunken Vice-consul.
5. Down and out artist.
6. Tango Lizard.
7. Confidence man-gambler.
8. Hotel people - their servility and ferocity.
9. Prosperous Jew bounder.
10. Prosperous "Portrait Painter"-snob.
11. One-eyed Hippopotamus (*Mathematical Professor*).
12. *High-minded Arab Sheikh - Mohammedan Holy Man.*
13. *Levantine pimp.*
tc. tc. tc.

Female.

1. Fashionable whore - rotten with disease.
2. 3-Franc ditto - clean and charming.
3. Newspaper woman - hopelessly imbecile.
4. Anarchist agitator.
5. "Clothes and Diamond" Women - their opinions on life.
6. Middle-aged artist on the loose, drinking from despair.
tc. tc. tc.