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Thoughts on Things

Material and Immaterial

By RALPH W. WHEELOCK.

If ever you find you are getting too gay and cheerful and want a veritable extinguisher of joy, just take about two fingers of the following quintessence of gloom, for which Aleister Crowley is responsible, before going to bed:

THE SPIRIT OF TRAGEDY.

Here, in the home of a friend,
Here, in the mist of a lie,
The pageant moves on to the desolate end
Under a sultry sky.
Noon is upon us, and Night,
Spreading her wings unto flight,
Visits the lands that lie far in the West,
Where the bright East is at peace on her breast;
Opposite quarters unite.
Soon is the nightfall of Destiny here;
Nature's must pass as her hour is gone by.
Only another than she is too near,
Gloom in the sky.
One who can never pass over shall sever
Links that were forged of Love's hand;
Love that was strong die away as a song,
Melt as a cable of sand.