

Abandoning this colloquy, the policeman walked me in the direction of Sixth Avenue. The theologian pulled me in the opposite direction. The officer of the law tugged at the club in his belt. The theologian ran to the steps in front of the brick house. I saw him lift a heavy black object. The fact that he was carrying it when I first caught sight of him tempted me into waylaying him to begin with.

'Get thee behind me, Satan!'

With those words he let it fly. As it sailed through the air I saw the object to be a family Bible. It hit the offi-

cer on the jaw as he assumed a squatting posture to facilitate the process of pounding the sidewalk with his club. Over he went into the gutter, more completely stunned this time than he was before. As the theologian lifted the ponderous volume from the mud, he addressed a parting admonition to me:

'You have had the narrowest of escapes from the most damnable of the heresies!'

Forming a sudden resolution to enter the next theological seminary I came to, I fled with the watch.

ALEXANDER HARVEY

RECOGNITION

I travelled; so the star. We neared; we saw
Each other, knew each other; in your face
Mine equal self with majesty and awe
Abode; and thus we stayed for a great space.

What was the manner of our countenance?

I saw you seated, as a great lost God
With blasphemy exulting in your glance
And horror at your lips; my soul was shod

With glory, and your body bathed in glory,
So that from out the uttermost abyss
The very darkness churned itself to hoary
And phosphor foam of agony and bliss.

The authentic seal of our majestic might
Stamped on the light in light the light of light.

ALEISTER CROWLEY