

Europe, however, the moral code is not indiscriminately applied. Genius is not compelled to wear the cloak of ready-made morals. There is a certain poet abroad; he is very famous. I will not mention his name. Everybody knew that he was equally in love with his wife and with an actress of great reputation. Society respected his peculiar temperament, and invariably asked either the wife or the mistress when he was invited. The mistress lived with him in town; the wife shared his country seat. It happened some years ago that both women about the same time whispered the tenderest secret into his ear. That, I believe, is the way they put it in novels. When at last the fatal day had dawned, the poet is said to have traveled hither and thither between his two abodes, to comfort both women in their hour of need. Berlin laughed, and forgave.

Margarete Beutler, a woman of distinguished poetical gifts,

frankly announced in an autobiographical sketch that she was temperamentally unfitted for permanent wedlock; and Gabriele Reuter, a Hypatia of letters, boldly advertised the birth of her extra-marital child. Both women command the respect of even respectability abroad. Europe has accepted still stranger erotic vagaries from genius. Not because she approves of sexual irregularity, but because she attaches no exaggerated importance to purely personal physiological functions. Brain counts for more than conventional morals. Aphrodite's reputation in Greece was deplorable, but she nevertheless remained a goddess. Mercury was a thief, but divine honors were not therefore withheld. Those in whom the divine spark glows and burns, must be forgiven many frailties that would be unpardonable in mortals not so inspired. Their genius, in turn, casts the glamour of romance over the squalid facts of existence.

FOUR POEMS

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

Sekhet.

Eatest thou me, O Sekhet, cat of the Sun?
 O thou that hast eaten up the Apep-snake!
 O thou that hath passed the pylons one by one
 Till the nineteenth God came wallowing in thy wake!
 Thou hast whispered me the wonder unknown of them
 That I am Amoun, that I am Mentu, that I am Khem!

Thou hast eaten the snake, O Sekhet, cat of the Sun!
 Thou hast led me about the earth in a wizard walk;
 Thou hast loved me at every pylon, one by one,
 Thou hast — hast thou armed me, Sekhet, against the hawk?
 I am winged and erect and naked for thee, my Lord.
 Have I any shield, have I any helm, have I any sword?

Thou hast eaten the snake, O Sekhet, cat of the Sun!
 Shall I be strong to strike at the black hawk's throat?
 Shall we tread on the Sebek-crocodiles, one by one?
 On the Nile, the Nile of the Gods, shall we sail in our boat?
 Yea, we are strong, we are strong, we shall conquer them!
 For I am Amoun, for I am Mentu, for I am Khem!

Triumph.

I have walked warily warily long enough
 In the valley of the Shadow of Life,
 Distrusting the false moons of Love,
 Many a mistress — never a wife!
 I have gone armed with spear and shield
 Horsed on the stallion of the sun;
 I slew false knights on many a field
 — Crown me at last, Hilarion!

I have walked masterfully enough
 In the valley of the Shadow of Death,
 Now on mine eyes the sun of Love
 — True Love — breathes once the Kiss of Breath.
 I am come through the gate of God
 Clothed in the mantle of the Sun;
 In thine abyss, in thine abode
 Hold me at last, Hilarion!

Lent.

Thou pulse of purple in God's heart
 Monotonous and musical,
 Hilarion, to live apart
 Is not to live at all.

Together we may work and play,
 Always thy mood a match for mine;
 Apart, ghoul-night haunts phantom-day;
 We only pule and pine.

Love twists his tendrils on our limbs.
 Now Carnival is turned to Lent,
 We that harped holy and happy hymns
 Awake the lute's lament.

O love, endure the iron hours.
 "Love under Will" shall bear us on
 To Easter, and the world of flowers —
 Our world, Hilarion.

A Vision of the Eucharist.

I stood upon the mountain at the dawn;
 The snows were iridescent at my feet;
 My soul leapt forth immaculate to greet
 The sunrise; thence all life and sense were drawn
 Into the vision. Limpid on the dawn
 The fount of Godhead flowed — how subtly sweet
 That distillation of the Paraclete!
 I drank; the angel flowered in the faun.

Transfigured from the struggle to success,
 I was abolished in mine happiness.
 I find no word — in all my words! — but one.
 Supreme arcanum of the Rose and Rood,
 Sublime acceptance of the Greatest Good,
 Only one word — thy name — Hilarion!