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(Page 403)

BOOK 4, PART II.

BOOK 4, PART II. By Frater Perdurabo and Soror Virakam. Wieland and Co., 33, Avenue Studios, Fulham Road, S.W.

In the March Number, Part I. of Book 4 was noticed and described. Part II., price 2/- . Is twice the price (equals four sixpences) and twice as fat as Part I., and has a blue cover in place of a yellow one. It does not need a great effort to prophesy that the cover of Part III. Will be red, and that its price will be 1 bob x 4, and that it will be four times as fat as Part I., and twice as fat as Part II. This is as it should be. The "wise and prudent"—in other words, those whose Karma has brought to them sufficiency of *leisure, cash and inclination*, and those who have by some other process hitched on to this desirable trinity—will readily plank down a florin to obtain this very straightforward treatise by Frater Perdurabo and Soror Virakam upon the vital subject of Ceremonial Magick—the Magick spelt with a *k*—the real thing, the science of Life (Body, Soul and Spirit), as practiced by the wise men—*Magi*—of the past (also of the present). It is not the art of Maskelyne and Devant, or the Wizard of the North—spelt magic—but the veritable art, spelt with a *k* (which makes all the difference).

The frontispiece is a portrait of the MagicKian : "in his robe and crown, armed with wand, cup, sword, pentacle, bell, book and holy oil." He is not the sort of Macickian one meets strolling along Piccadilly; and yet it is possible that anyone of us may have encountered him in that delectable region.

As in the case of Part I., we start with some juicy "Preliminary Remarks"; for instance, we learn that "There is no limit to what theologians call '*wickedness.*' " But what an obvious statement to make! Were it not for the solid foundation of "wickedness" the trade of theology would not be flourishing as it is to-day, despite the Decay of Faith. "He (the student) is perfectly safe, so long as he sticks to—(no, dear reader, *not beer*; guess again—no, no, nothing of the kind. Give it up? Well, then)—Meditation, doing no more and no less than that which we have prescribed." This we find set out in the book,

and, briefly, is that the magician works in a *Temple*, in which is a circle within which he performs his invocations, with the aid of certain stage properties symbolizing the Universe and corresponding parts of his own constitution. These include an Altar with a gold top, graven with a suitable design, such as the Microcosm of Vitruvius (see the illustration), which once again serves to remind us that every point in the circumference of a circle is equidistant from the centre thereof. An "*Interlude*" on Nursery Rhymes is perhaps the most fascinating chapter in the book—at any rate, from the literary point of view. The sermons of Brudder Bones, which beguiled us in the days of our youth, and of Christy's Minstrels, are not to be compared with the magical interpretations of these dear old doggrels. In fact, the Interlude is worth the florin, and you get the rest of the Magick for nothing. We mean to have a gold-topped desk in the Editor's office before long, and a special Lamén for the Office Boy.

Frazer Ad Infinitum