

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΝΓ

TROUBLE WITH TWINS

Holy, holy, holy, unto Five Hundred and Fifty Five times holy be OUR LADY of the STARS !

Holy, holy, holy, unto One Hundred and Fifty Six times holy be OUR LADY that rideth upon THE BEAST !

Holy, holy, holy, unto the Number of Times Necessary and Appropriate be OUR LADY Isis in Her Millions-of-Names, All-Mother, Genetrix-Meretrix !

Yet holier than all These to me is LAYLAH, night and death ; for Her do I blaspheme alike the finite and The Infinite.

So wrote not FRATER PERDURABO, but the Imp Crowley in his Name.

For forgery let him suffer Penal Servitude for Seven Years ; or at least let him do Pranayama all the way home—home? nay ! but to the house of the harlot whom he loveth not. For it is LAYLAH that he loveth .

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And yet who knoweth which is Crowley, and which is FRATER PERDURABO?