

creation, they fight without gloves. Earth has challenged them, and they accept.

Dreams! Ah yes, dreams that take body, dreams that materialise, dreams that stay on, dreams that defy time! Old tombs with mummies intact. Old ruins that point upward from their base in the sod. Prehistoric revelations of the Ancient Soul. Earth has challenged man, and he tosses her his glove. He snorts across her oceans, master of them. He tunnels into her mountains, or flies over them. He wrenches her continents apart, and measures and weighs her moon. He blends the waters of two seas at Panama, and mines gold from the icy regions of Alaska. The time is coming when he will harness the waves of the sea for power and make headway on the blue bosom of the air.

Dreams! Earth is the preserver of dreams, the guilty instigator of dreams, the very courtesan of those scandals that create dreams. She is the Lilith of the poet, the favourite of the harem, and that which is born of her will remain for an æon, perishing only when she herself seeks the rest and glory of Devachan.

THE PSEUDO-OCCULTIST

[FROM AHA! BY ALEISTER CROWLEY]

THE tallest peaks most straitly hide
With clouds their holy heads. Divide
The planes! Be ever as you can
A simple honest gentleman!
Body and manners be at ease,
Not bloat with blazoned sanctities!
Who fights as fights the soldier-saint?
And see the artist-adept paint!
Weak are those souls that fear the stress
Of earth upon their holiness!
They fast, they eat fantastic food,
They prate of beans and brotherhood,
Wear sandals, and long hair, and spats,
And think that makes them Arahats!
How shall man still his spirit storm?
Rational Dress and Food Reform!!