

A concerted effort! I wonder who I've been seen with? I'm sure they mean to save me from somebody. I will send them a copy of "Ancussin and Nicolette" with that passage marked about the charming people who would not leave hell for heaven on any account. There is certainly a danger in Paris, and this is the number of people who can charm away an hour. People cannot resist going out to see if anyone else is out, and they always are: or one stays at home on the chance that someone will drop in, and they always do. It is an ideal life for women, but if I had a son, he should not have my assistance to live in Paris. The American and English girls here, painters and what-not, stand it best to begin with. They plod solidly through a twelve-hour day at la vie artistique and produce enough of chrysanthemums, dreamy nymphs, and still lives of all kinds to cover the walls of all Pekin, but goodness knows where these things go to. There is even a little group of female cubists, but here, again, is mystery. I've never nowhere seed nothing afterwards. The young men who mean to work live far out, as a rule.

ALICE MORNING.

A BUBBLE'S CAREER.

Kissed into being by a waterfall,

A bubble glides and glistens down the stream

Fern-fringed in woodland solitude, where call

Birds to their mates, as, interfusing all,

Slant sunbeams strike, and swift-winged insects gleam;

While fragrant air enfolds the rugged stems

And, sighing, thrills their leafy diadems.

Lo, on the bubble's crystal hemisphere,

A convex mirror midst a green-walled world,

In varied sequence beauteous shapes appear

Of rock, reed, flower, and verdure, tier on tier,

Blue depths above and cloudbuds light-impearled,

A blazoned butterfly, a gauzy throng,

And birds that swoop or soar or skim along.

A prisoned spirit, from the bubble's core,

Perceives these wonders that its form reflects,

And yearns to grow and blossom on the shore,

Or, wing-borne, yon deep vistas to explore

Far as keen vision's questing urge directs,

Or, cloud-like, in celestial light to bask,

And, being there, not here, nought more to ask.

In vain, in vain that spirit's thirst to know

All gracious things and motions as they are;

Some while it feels the stream's resistless flow,

Its fruitless longings, all the gorgeous show

That, unresponsive, mocks it from afar;

Then strains, and bursts its fragile monad-shell,

Selfless and free in ambient air to dwell.

CHARLES E. HOOPER.

TRUE SERVICE.

Dear youth—thy noble heart athirst for power,

Even for naught but good—can you behold

Your purpose guide you where the tyrants tower

Who arm them with the shining sword of gold?

You would be rich (I know the guileful story)

Only to set your brother bondsmen free,

To work His will and give to God the glory—

So thou must evil do that good may be!

Back! ere the serpent weapon you would treasure

Buries its poisonous fangs your soul within,

Nor marvel if in riches God should measure

An equal reckoning of shame and sin.

For none achieveth by his sole endeavour

The means to the dominion which you seek;

That must be filched from those whose labour ever

Sufficeth but to keep them poor and weak.

Think not to recompense from all your gaining

(Should you still wish) the lives that you have spent:

How should you, deaf through long years of complaining,

Make white your soul with gifts and blandishment.

Dear youth, the end you seek is not high guerdoned,

Nor falls to weapons of a proud device;

You only serve the comfortless, the burdened,

In lowly penance and self-sacrifice.

HARRY REGINALD KING.

MORE CONTEMPTORARIES.

By C. E. BECHHÖFER.

(9) THE OCCULT REVIEW.

EDITORIAL.

I propose to raise in this number a point of the highest importance for all students of occultism. It is this: Was Rungum Goobah, mentioned in the wonderful Babylonian cuneiform, "The Tale of the Half-Dead," the grandson or the grandnephew of Singsong Soo, the priest of the Red Rose. Sempronius, the scholiast, in his well-known treatise, *de saponibus mollibus*, assures his readers that Rungum was really the son of Jimjam Epsilon, but Flavius Eroticus in his *in cyprinos atque criticos* seems to deny this. A more interesting point cannot be imagined, and I propose to devote half this issue to its further elucidation. . . .

The financial side of occultism is one that outside these columns is touched upon all too rarely by thinkers. When we remember that gold signified to the alchemists the human soul, we cannot disregard the possession of it as other than the possession of the symbol of the blessed Godhead which has been incarnated in man through the Holy Ghost for the glory of the spirit and the spherical harmony of the universe. Even the viewpoints of the Ghostly Self pale before its light, and the Upper and Lower Manas are struck dumb. May not then the common workman, with his inward eye panting for the mystic bliss of the eternal, so deem himself, in the words of Jesus the Nazarene, "worthy of his hire"? Though his needs be few and these not satisfied, let him remember that he possesses an Astral body in seven colours and his cravings will be mitigated and the pangs of his desire stilled! . . .

The Alchemical Society wishes to announce that owing to financial straits it will be forced to move into smaller offices. Members are also reminded that they can have their correspondences addressed to c/o the Society.

I have been asked to say that readers finding any of Mr. Marinetti's words at liberty are requested to muzzle them and return them to the owner.

RALPH SHIRLEY.

THE WAIL OF A FIERCE VAMPIRE.

The world falls from me,

Softly I dandle,

The pale moonbeams see,

The dim stars sparkle.

Thou art the world,

The moon and the stars,

The face at the window,

Venus and Mars!

Then, Lord of my Soul,

Mystic Creator, -

Help me and console,

O Eternal Curator.

MARY SMITH.

THE WONDERFUL TEACHING.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

"Lo, the mighty Prophet sate him down and spake magic words. Harken ye unto him!"

Is the toad in the Hole? For the soul has gone astray, a-whoring after strange gods. Men, indeed, there are who strive to—think! Fools are they; they know not the Teaching. They are blind and deaf and dumb and bereft of smell. But I know it. Harken! The Soul is a perfect hole, into which all things flow, fall and disappear. A nest of intertwining boxes full of impressions—*Cast them out!*—full of aspirations—*Beware; devils are about!* full of strange beliefs in existence—*Madness, it dreameth!* I know it. Harken!

Verily, even as copulating beetles in a dung-heap, as couples in a punt on the river, but without the magic ecstasy of their union with the Mystic Essence of God, so is the Soul of man when it striveth to know that which lieth without its boundaries. Life is a cheat, a dream, a bilk. Put not your trust in it. It is not. I know it. Harken!

As a sleeping man sees visions in a dream and watcheth and careth not, so indeed a wise man goeth through life, watching, and caring not. Enjoy and pay not! Take what is offered and cast the cup away ere you drink the poisonous dregs. Say, "I dream," and beware of waking. Thus may ye ever be blissful, neither joyful nor sad, neither brave nor cowardly, but ever content, seated on the sharp edge of a razor-blade. O Initiate, thus have I taught thee the Wonderful Teaching. I know it. Harken! Harken!

So I wrote with my finger in the mud beside the pavilion in the circus, and my soul was glad.

Amen, Amen.