

**POETRY AND DRAMA
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REVIEW OF *THE BOOK OF LIES*

Creation and destruction of gods has been for centuries mankind's favourite religious mania and philosophical exercise. *The Book of Lies* is a witty, instructive and wholly admirable collection of paradoxes in themselves contradictory, summing up and illustrating various experiments in god-making. *Frater Perdurabo*, however, has not written a philosophical or mystical treatise; on the contrary, his book leaves one with a feeling of intense exhilaration and clearheadedness. The book cannot be judged by the mere reading of excerpts; nor can it be read straight through. Indeed if one is really desirous to appreciate its subtleties, this should not be attempted before 12 p.m. To be carried about and discussed at leisure, to annoy, repel, stimulate, puzzle and interest, are evidently some few of its functions. Stupendously idiotic and amazingly clear, it is at the same time the quintessence of paradox and simplicity itself; yet when all this is said one is still far from the core, for just when one thinks to have discovered it, one finds that many obvious beauties of thought and expression have been overlooked, others misinterpreted. Sometimes one is even doubtful if the author himself could translate into definite terms the exact meaning of his aphorisms and paradoxes without detracting from the value of the book as artistic expression of his personality. This is, however, an individual appreciation. *The Book of Lies* will be interpreted differently by each reader and judged accordingly.