

Society for the Propagation of
Religious Truth,

Boleskine, Foyers, Inverness.

THE WORKS OF MR ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Aceldama. 21s.

This booklet, of which a very few copies now remain, is an interesting example of the sensuous mysticism of a brilliant boy.

The Tale of Archais. 5s.

This edition is nearly exhausted. It is beautifully printed on hand-made paper. A fairy romance of Greece and its mythology, very suitable as a present for young people.

“‘The Tale of Archais’ describes the meeting and love of Archais, daughter of Lamia, and Charicles, and the means by which, with Aphrodite’s aid, they eventually succeeded in averting the curse of Zeus. ‘A Gentleman of the University of Cambridge’ wields a powerful pen, and much of his work is exceedingly beautiful. Unfortunately, we are unable to quote at any length, through want of space. The two stanzas appended are from the song on page 19—

‘ Ere the grape of joy is golden
With the summer and the sun,
Ere the maidens un beholden
Gather one by one,
To the vineyard comes the shower,
No sweet rain to fresh the flower,
But the thunder rain that cleaves,
Rends and ruins tender leaves.

All the subtle airs are proven
 False at dewfall, at the dawn
 Sin and sorrow, interwoven,
 Like a veil are drawn
 Over love and all delight ;
 Grey desires invade the white,
 Love and life are but a span ;
 Woe is me ! and woe is man !'

"In conclusion, as far as descriptive power and beauty of thought are concerned, we consider that the author of 'The Tale of Archais' holds the first place among the latter-day poets."—*Cambridge Magazine*.

Songs of the Spirit. 3s. 6d.

A collection of delicate lyrics, illustrative of the vague yet holy aspirations of adolescence.

"We shall be sorry if any one who cares much for verse in itself, who is curious of new tendencies in contemporary poetry, and values the articulate expression of an individuality, should miss a little book of unusual quality called 'Songs of the Spirit,' by Aleister Crowley (Kegan Paul and Co., 8vo, pp. 109, 3s. 6d.). We have read it with admiration for its intense spirituality, as well as for its technical superiorities, and with sympathy for its spontaneous reflection of certain moods—byways of poetry, no doubt, that Mr Crowley pursues almost without variation except in the movement of his rhythms, now swift as desire and now slow as remorse, with an utterance at once mysterious and vivid. Visions of temptation and of beatitude, wavering aspirations to serenity and knowledge, hymns and rhapsodies of a devout mysticity, emotional descriptions illustrating that saying of Amiel's, 'Les paysages sont des états d'âme'—such are the contents of this volume, in which we are sure of having heard an impressive and an original voice dominating diverse echoes that we hesitate whether to ascribe to literary influences or to coincidence of temperament. For there are things that suggest the names of Goethe and of Baudelaire; others, such as 'The Quest' and that strange 'Philosopher's Progress,' which begins

'That which is highest as the deep
 Is fixed, the depth as that above ;
 Death's face is as the face of Sleep ;
 And Lust is likest Love,'

share at least Blake's impenetrable simplicity of form, and their symbolism is, like his, curiously seductive, even where it seems

turned to obscurantism ; elsewhere Mr Swinburne is (if only superficially) recalled ; and 'Vespers' is by no means unworthy of Rossetti. Similar preoccupations, again, direct the muse of Mr Francis Thompson ; but the verse of 'Songs of the Spirit'—essentially intimate, introspective if you like—is also free from obvious artifice and eccentricity, it is fiery and clear-measured and easy of phrasing. We venture to quote from a poem dated 'Amsterdam' some lines exemplifying Mr Crowley's talent :—

'Let me pass out beyond the city gate
 Where I may wander by the water still,
 And see the faint few stars immaculate
 Watch their own beauty in its depth, and chill
 Their own desire within its icy stream.
 Let me move on with vacant eyes, as one
 Lost in the labyrinth of some ill dream,
 Move and move on, and never see the sun
 Lap all the mist with orange and red gold,
 Throw some lank windmill into iron shade,
 And stir the chill canal with manifold
 Lays of clear morning ; never grow afraid
 When he dips down beyond the far flat land,
 Know never more the day and night apart,
 Know not where frost has laid his iron hand,
 Save only that it fastens on my heart ;
 Save only that it grips with icy fire
 These veins no fire of hell could satiate ;
 Save only that it quenches this desire.
 Let me pass out beyond the city gate.'

We should like to give other examples, but we can only name some of those pieces that seem to us the most remarkable. Such are 'An Ill Dream,' of which the glowing imagery seizes and holds fast the vagueness of shifting impressions ; a 'Farewell of Paracelsus to Aprile,' containing some fine lyric flights ; 'The Initiation,' and 'Succubus,' a record of fearful obsessions in a metre which, in spite of a few unaccountable lapses, we think extremely effective." —*Manchester Guardian*.

Jezebel, etc. 21s. during 1904, afterwards 42s., if any remain.

Very few copies remain of this book, of which only a small private edition was issued. It is a masterpiece of antique printing, and the subject-matter is of unusual interest to all students of human nature in its moods of darker hue. A few of the poems have never been reprinted.

An Appeal to the American People. 1s.

A superb ode in favour of the Anglo-American entente.

Jephthah, etc. 7s. 6d.

The most remarkable Scriptural tragedy that has ever appeared since *Samson Agonistes*, with which it compares only too favourably. There are also a number of fine lyrics and dramatic poems in the volume.

“Mr Crowley has paced the literary stage before, not without success, though it were not much more than the success of expectation. He was hailed as a promising young man, and a follower of Swinburne. It is true that young men usually follow somebody or something; but this does not imply depreciation. It is also true that some critics appear to expect an absolutely impossible originality, and that they forget Emerson’s dictum that the greatest genius is the most indebted man. Nobody borrowed more than the Bard of Avon; yet he has been held to have achieved a tolerable reputation. Poor Brahms declared that the most exasperating people in the universe were those who listened to a new composition only with the view of noting whence the composer had derived his ideas, and who, at the conclusion, nodded to each other and whispered, ‘Beethoven,’ or ‘Mendelssohn,’ or ‘old Sebastian Bach.’ Perhaps the poet who has the name of Swinburne flung at him feels something of this, though Mr Crowley has dedicated his book to that distinguished singer. To our mind, whatever may be said of the earlier effort, ‘Songs of the Spirit,’ the present book is not distinctly Swinburnian. There is no need to compare the writer with any other, but if we had to elect we should declare for Milton; that is, Milton plus two centuries. We make no comparisons; rather does Mr Crowley appear to be in style a strong eclectic, with a due measure of the unique which represents an unfettered, unsophisticated self. He can hardly be called a minor poet; with him it is neck or nothing. He is very much in earnest, and sufficiently unorthodox even for this faithless age. Not a particularly sweet singer, but strenuous, and with a wonderful mastery of certain technical forms. He has been praised for the perfection of his rhythm, but he is not always perfect; there are lines that require slight management on the part of the reader, because they do not quite read themselves. But these are rare, and the swing of the lyrics is everywhere admirable. The chiefest fault is obscurity. To get the meaning you have to pause, and corrugate the brow, which would not matter much if you were sure that you had the thought at last, and that it was worth waiting for. It should be said that ‘The Dedication’ is a poem expressive of admiration of Swinburne,

and that the title-work is only one of many that the book contains. 'Jephthah' is, of course, a tragedy. 'The Five Kisses' comprises a series of lyrics of impassioned character, skilful technique, and real poetic frenzy, though they may, perhaps, 'prove nothing,' and puzzle the mere utilitarian. 'A Sonnet of Blasphemy' may be given as an average specimen of our poet's verse and sentiments:—

'Exalted over earth, from hell arisen,
There sits a woman, ruddy with the flame
Of men's blood spilt, and her uncleanly shame,
And the thrice-venomous vomit of her prison.

She sits as one long dead ; infernal calm,
Chill hatred, wrap her in their poisonous cold.
She careth not, but doth disdainly hold
Three scourges for man's soul, that know no balm.

They know not any cure. The first is Life,
A well of poison. Sowing dust and dung
Over men's hearts, the second scourge, above
All evil deeds, is Lying, from whose tongue
Drops Envy, wed with Hatred to sow Strife.

These twain are bitter. But the last is Love.'

There are many poems the titles of which we need not give. Nearly all seem to indicate that Mr Crowley is still in the thick of his passions ; the ferment is discernible to all who have passed that way. But there is good wine there ; he must be reckoned with. If he progresses his will become a great name. If he has arrived at his limits we shall hear no more of him. But from the power and earnestness of the book before us we are inclined to favour his chances in the future. He has shown at least the foot of Hercules."
—*Birmingham Gazette*.

The Mother's Tragedy, etc 5s.

The two dramas in this volume are of a nature to freeze the blood in the veins of the most sanguine of mankind. Also a short collection of lyrics of great beauty and horror is contained.

"Mr Aleister Crowley is a poet who is apparently under the obsession of an esoteric view of life and human destiny. He endeavours to grapple with the dark problems which exercised the imagination of John Ford. He views the sexual problem from the standpoint of an unconventional student of human nature. His creed is a singular mixture of belief in Osiris and in Christ. The

principal poem in his new volume is a powerful dramatic sketch ending in something like a tragic farce. The love of a man for his own mother, not according to a moral but a sexual standard, is not quite a novel idea, but Mr Crowley handles the subject in a revolting fashion, which the Greek poets avoided, owing to their keen artistic sensibility. Some passages in this drama are really very fine; and 'The Fatal Force' is also a dramatic poem of singular power, though the subject is equally horrible. There is scarcely a poem in the entire volume free from morbidity; and yet it is impossible to deny that Mr Crowley has a claim to recognition as a true poet. Most men who have thought deeply on life's problems recognise that the current religion of nearly all their fellow men is an idle mockery. The relations of men and women, as well as the constitution of states and families, are based largely on organised lies. We cannot shrink from looking behind the veil, and asking ourselves—What is life at best? Is it materialism and obscenity? or is it a sickening comedy in which nobody cares whether the consequences of his actions are injurious to others or not? Mr Crowley seems to hold that the world is reeking with rotteness—and he is, to a great extent, right. His poems, 'Mors Janua Amoris' and 'The Whore in Heaven,' will horrify the votaries of Mrs Grundy. At the same time, these daring verses contain a large share of elemental truth. But we live in a hypocritical age, and apparently the author of these extraordinary poems realises the fact, for his volume is 'privately printed.' The epilogue, 'A Death in Sicily,' is really a magnificent poem—pagan in its intensity and vividness of colouring; but the prudes who think nakedness impurity and who abjectly fear death will denounce this really gifted poet as 'immoral.'"—*Oxford Magazine*.

The Soul of Osiris. 5s.

A marvellous collection of psychological poems, illustrating the progress of a soul from corporeal to celestial beatitude.

Mr G. K. Chesterton writes a column and a quarter of praise of this book in the *Daily News*.

Carmen Sæculare. 2s. 6d.

This beautifully printed pamphlet contains lyrics of prophetic strain.

"Few things in history are more pathetic than the fate of the Anglo-Gaelic writers who are compelled to denounce their hereditary enemy, the Saxon, in his own English. While they cry destruction

upon him, they enrich his literature and breathe new life into his speech. To this school belongs the author of 'Carmen Sæculare,' a poem and a vision :—

'I would be silent. And the words obsess
My spirit. It is well.'

"In a self-imposed trance the poet prophesies the future of the nations. For England, needless to say, he has nothing but vengeance and irretrievable ruin :—

'The temple of their God is broken down ;
Yea, Mammon's shrine is cleansed ! The house of her
That cowed the world with her malignant frown,
And drove the Celt to exile and despair,
Is battered now—God's fire destroys the town ;
London admits God's air.'

"The other nations fare little better ; impartial justice is meted out to all :—

'O German Empire ! Let thy sons beware.
O piteous fallen tyranny of Spain !
Fall, Austria ! In the very day and hour.
And thou, foul oligarchy of the West.'

"One country alone receives a benison :—

'Hail ! France ! Because thy Freedom hath rebelled.'

"After the general cataclysm that is to come, the poet foresees the dawn of an era of love, justice, and peace, when the Celtic race shall be restored to their own :—

'The Reign of Darkness hath an end. Behold !
Eight stars are gathered in one fiery sign.
This is the birth-hour of the Age of Gold ;
The false gold pales before the Gold divine.
The Christ is calling to the starry fold
Of souls—Arise and Shine !'

"It is doubtful how much of this histrionic hate is genuinely sincere, but one is glad to acknowledge that amid all the delirium of revolutionary dreams there are many strong, nervous lines, and some exalted thoughts."—*Daily News*.

Tannhäuser. 7s. 6d.

A remarkable "Pilgrim's Progress" in dramatic form. This work may be regarded as the culmination of the Author's powers in lyrical and dramatic work : he has apparently said the last word possible on the subject of Regeneration, for no further book of the kind has yet issued from his prolific pen.

Berashith. 5s.

This rare pamphlet is almost exhausted. As most people know, Berashith is the first word of the Book of Genesis, and the essay contains a complete solution of the Problem of Creation, which has baffled all brains less astute and profound than our author's. The Essay has since been reprinted with added references and elucidation of some of the more abstruse propositions; this edition is therefore of interest only as an *Editio princeps*.

Ahab, etc. 5s.

A companion to "Jezebel." The present low price is due to the recent issue, and the larger number of copies issued (150). Its intrinsic interest is however profound.

"Mr Aleister Crowley's previous work has been eccentric, and at the best he has done more to provoke curiosity than to give confidence. Now he chooses to handicap himself by printing his poems in a type that must inevitably impose restrictions upon many readers, and we think that the diction, usually admirably simple, of the principal piece in 'Ahab and Other Poems' (Chiswick Press, pp. 34, 5s. net) suffers from any interruption of the fluency of its rhythms. Mr Crowley has amplified the Biblical narrative, and, with an obvious revolt of sympathy, has given to the savage figure of Ahab something of the nobility of reason that rebels against the tyranny of his fate. There is a modern self-consciousness in this tragic, brooding monologue:—

'I see him, a fantastic ghost,
 The vineyard smiling white and plain,
 And hiding ever innermost
 The little shadow on his brain;
 I laugh again with mirthless glee,
 As knowing also I am he.
 A fool in gorgeous attire!
 An ox decked bravely for his doom!
 So step I to the great desire.
 Sweet winds upon the gathering gloom
 Bend like a mother, as I go,
 Foreknowing, to my overthrow.'

Mr Crowley has some doubtful phrases, but most of his verse is clear and moderate. Here is his picture of Naboth :—

‘The beast. A gray deceitful man,
 With twisted mouth the beard would hide,
 Evil yet strong ; the scurril clan
 Exaggerate for its greed and pride,
 The scum of Israel ! At one look
 I read my foe as in a book.

The beast. He grovelled in the dust.
 I heard the teeth grind as he bowed
 His forehead to the earth. Still just,
 Still patient, passionless, and proud,
 I ruled my heavy wrath. I passed
 That hidden insult, spake at last.’

The other pieces include a grandiose sonnet on Rodin's statue of Balzac ; ‘Melusine,’ in which mannerisms and affectations predominate ; and ‘The Dream,’ a smooth piece of verse that leaves no very strong impression. There are an introduction and an epilogue in verse by Count Vladimir Svareff.”—*Manchester Guardian*.

RECENTLY ISSUED OR IN THE PRESS.

The God-Eater. 2s. 6d.

A satirical drama, teaching that whatever may be the foundation of a religion, we must judge it rather by its present state.

The Sword of Song. 10s.

The “Sword of Song” is a masterpiece of learning and satire. In light and quaint or graceful verse all philosophical systems are discussed and dismissed, all religions in turn are condemned or laughed out of court, from Mohammedanism to Christian Science, and the great Agnostic conclusion stated and proved. The second part of the book, written in prose, deals with possible means of research, so that we may progress from the unsatisfactory state of a sceptic to a real knowledge, founded on scientific method and basis, of the spiritual facts of the Universe.

For its humour and poetry this unique volume appeals to all classes of the community. It is enriched with notes on all subjects, of interest extreme, and the printing is in red and black on beautiful paper. It is offered at cost price, in order to clear the first five editions in a month or so, to leave room for the popular editions at a still lower price, printed in a simpler form, and considerably condensed and abridged, this because much of the contents is of a very abstruse character, not suited for the mass of the people.

You are particularly requested to subscribe to this work, if you wish well to the principle of honest religion. A scheme is already on foot to distribute the work to millions of our suffering fellow-creatures gratis. We hope to furnish every free library, every workman's club, every hotel, every reading-room, in every English-speaking country in the world, with a copy of this marvellous volume.

The Star and the Garter. 1s.

A popular edition of the greatest love-poem of modern times. The private edition of this wonderful poem sold out before publication, and there is not a single copy to be had at any price whatever.

The Argonauts. 5s.

This drama of Ancient Greece contains no controversial matter, unless the amusing attack on Rudyard Kipling in Act 2 be counted as such. It is just a masterpiece of ripe scholarship and fine poetic feeling, while some of the lyrical choruses, particularly in Act 4, are unsurpassed in their line. A charming gift for a school boy, who might thus be led to pursue with more ardour researches in the original into the history of the Heroes endeared to him by its perusal.

Why Jesus Wept. 21s.

An exposure of the vile results of the existing social system, and a satire on at least one of the conventionally-approved remedies.

We are also pleased to announce, under the able editorship of Mr Crowley, the following masterpieces of ancient and modern literature :—

Alice, an Adultery. 2 IS.

This great psychological study of the passion of love is by a deceased but distinguished author of the Western World. No woman should be without a copy: this is awkward, for there are but a very few copies left of the original 100 printed on China paper. The price has been doubled from the subscription price of 10s. 6d.

Mr Marcel Schwob, the great French scholar, critic, and poet, writes, "A little masterpiece."

The Goetia of the Lemegeton of King Solomon. 2 IS.

This interesting old relic of mediæval magic, with over 150 sigils, etc., is annotated, translated, edited, printed, in the best possible manner. It is the only book of its kind in which rational criticism has been combined with unimpeachable scholarship and a profound knowledge of Ceremonial Magic, as practised to-day in the Secret Houses of Adepts.

The S.P.R.T. hold the whole editions of all these books, and guarantee that no copy will ever be sold by them at any lower price than those now advertised. Also, A number of these volumes in rare states—

Japanese and Real Vellum, China and India Paper.

*Also of some other volumes, privately issued.
In all forty-eight items, of which a list may
be obtained on application.*