

masterpiece; all the joyous torture of the damned in a phrase.

Dear lady, when this flask of perfume comes from the bookseller, you shall tire your hair, and paint your face, and gild your nails; you shall anoint yourself with the witch-ointment, and in the rosy twilight touch with a flame the pastilles of musk and ambergris. Then you lie upon the leopard's skin before the fire of sandalwood and read, and read.

And you shall know strange devils; even, it may be, strange gods.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.