

But need I say more ? These few verses, briefly  
and with more restraint that I feel able to use, sum  
up my thesis.

A SLIM GILT SOUL.\*

Few men are given, 'twixt heaven and hell,  
To play one part supremely well.  
On all time's tablets there are few  
Who make a first-rate show of two,  
While those who perfectly play three  
We knew not, until you were he.

For what were lovelier on the lawn  
Than you, pearl-naked to the dawn,  
Wrapped in a scarlet dressing-gown  
Not thirty miles from London town,  
The "observed of all observers"—save  
That Scotland Yard, serene and suave,  
When trouble came, went tramping by ;  
Closed one, and winked the other eye.

How pleasantly you must have smiled :  
"I left them, and I left them wild" :  
Though certainly they had abhorred  
The task of locking up a lord.  
For a more tragic rôle you played  
Your master neatly who betrayed.  
His shame and torture turned your leer  
To a snarl, your drab's smile to a sneer ;  
Quickened, when afterwards your help  
He needed, to a currish yelp.

Now—so the wheel of Fortune whirls !—  
Your kindly love for little girls  
And ardour for the fine old faith  
Makes all that past a wisp, a wraith.  
You patronise our Sunday schools,  
Pronounce on Grammar's darkest rules,  
Rebuke bad taste, irreverence,  
Heresy, humbug, and pretence.  
Your tepid verses come like boons  
To cheer Suburban afternoons ;  
While Asquith, were he only wise,  
Would bid a Board of Morals rise ;  
Sure no one like yourself can be  
Past-Master in Virginité.

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