

THE WHIRLPOOL. By ETHEL ARCHER. The Equinox. 1s. net.

I can add nothing to the appreciation which I have written for preface to this volume, which all should read.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Babes of the Abyss! behold Form without Soul! Of womanhood (philosophical Weininger-womanhood!) Ether Archer is the supreme expression. She is passion à rebours; Là-bas in excelsis. One can imagine her writhing away from even the infamies and hysterics of Canon Doctre; or, having won her broomstick, declining to go to the Sabbath. Hers is the glass fruit of Murano, with its tinkling bells; hers that obscene chastity which blasphemes love and holds the candle to vice. Hers is the prudery and respectability which can pass through all fires unscorched, unwarmed. Hers is the soul of the real succuba, as that was before man idealised it away into a vampire of voluptuousness.

Miss Archer (God help her!) is still young; her verse halts and her technique is faulty; it is amateurish. But she only needs a little hard work and experience to produce the vilest ravings that ever foamed upon the fleshless lips of a lost soul. Unless that work redeems her. For she is as idle as she is vicious. The book is a masterpiece of horror, in its way; every one should read it and shudder.

LAURA GRAHAME.