

**WHAT'S ON
WEEK ENDING 14 NOVEMBER 1908**

Odde Volumes.

"THE BOMB."

This is the best novel I have ever read.

The English is clear and powerful—a two-edged sword of light.

The passion is pure and Titanic; one is thrilled through with its elemental splendour.

The book is a defence of the Chicago Anarchists: these brave men will live in history when of the vile city by Lake Michigan naught else is left but the shame of the tyrants and the fame of Louis Luizg.

Yesterday we praised tyrannicide when one man slew one despot. To-day we must praise the Anarchist; for our tyrant, Demos, is many-headed. This book is, in truth, a masterpiece; so intense is the impression that one almost asks, "Is this a novel, or a confession? Did not Frank Harris perhaps throw the bomb? At least, he has thrown one now. The explosive is many times more powerful than that used by Schnaubelt—and we hope that even the Briton may be reached through the mattresses of shoddy thought with which he has covered his lewd nakedness.

We are *really very annoyed* with Mr. Frank Harris, though. He has given us a bare half-dozen books. There must be plenty more where these came from; we have a right to them, and we mean to enforce that right.

I quote his own words: "The first bomb is an accident: two shew purpose; a third and fourth—are terrifying! . . . I know the fat tradesman; they will be hiding under their beds,"

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

[*The Bomb*, by Frank Harris. John Long. 6s.]