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ROSE AND ALEISTER CROWLEY'S STAY IN EGYPT IN 1904
A STUDY OF THE CAIRO WORKING
AND WHAT IT LED TO

BY
PERDURABO ST



FRATER PERDURABO, to whom this revelation was made with so many signs and wonders, was himself unconvinced. He struggled against it for years. Not until the completion of His own initiation at the end of 1909 did He understand how perfectly He was bound to carry out this work. (Indeed, it was not until his word became conterminous with Himself and His Universe that all alien ideas lost their meaning for him). Again and again He turned away from it, took it up for a few days or hours, then laid it aside. He even attempted to destroy its value, to nullify the result. Again and again the unsleeping might of the Watchers drove Him back to the work; and it was at the very moment when He thought Himself to have escaped that He found Himself fixed for ever with no possibility of again turning aside for the fraction of a second from the path.

The history of this must one day be told by a more vivid voice. Properly considered, it is a history of continuous miracle.

THE EQUINOX OF THE GODS, 1936 E.V.

Let us take a look at the motto and name 'Perdurabo'. Aleister Crowley took the motto – and magical name – of Perdurabo, which means “*I will endure unto the end*” at his Golden Dawn Neophyte (0=0) initiation on November 18th, 1898. Crowley was then twenty-three years old, or forty-six equinoxes. Its significance became very clear after he swore his oath again in the A.:A.: using its system which gave the above-mentioned Golden Dawn Neophyte Grade as Probationer Grade, 0°=0° (later 0°=0°). That Crowley more and more throughout his life came to accept that his very first motto in a unique way was the closest he could come to a wording of his most inner true will is clear to me! Further, when he chose these words and uttered them he initiated a Magical operation of infinite measure and importance far beyond his magical calling in 1898 where nobody saw the shadow of the Magus behind this! We find him significantly at the end of *Confessions* draw up a balance sheet of his work so far and concluding by saying:

*It is heartbreaking to have to write on this matter, 'So much to do, so little done.' I am overwhelmed by the multiplicity of urgent work. I need the co-operation of a whole cohort of specialists and my helplessness lies heavy on my heart, yet the word which I uttered at my first initiation, 'Perdurabo', still echoes in eternity. What may befall I know not, and I have almost ceased to care. It is enough that I should press towards the mark of my high calling, secure in the magical virtue of my oath, 'I shall endure unto the End.'*¹²¹³

I recall these lines from the second volume of *Orpheus: A Lyrical Legend* (1905 E.V.):

*Ah me! I find ye but ill counsellors.
For I will conquer. Have I spent these stores
Of will and song for nought? Hell's heart may rend,
But mine endureth even to the end.*¹²¹⁴

There were two dates in Fra. P.'s life of the utmost importance. The first was November 18th, 1898, when his Neophyte initiation took place, and the other was March 21, 1904 E.V., when he was informed of the Equinox of the Gods and his own role in the Aeon of Horus! I note that the duration between these two dates happens to be 5 years, 4 months and 3 days!¹²¹⁵ And as you probably will know this is most significant in several ways and a great sign. And as it is written:

*Strive ever to more! And if thou art truly mine – and doubt it not, an if thou art ever joyous! – death is the crown of all.*¹²¹⁶

Another date of the greatest importance in Crowley's life was May 23, 1921 E.V., where he took the oath of an Ipsissimus, 10°=1°. The duration between the day of his first initiation and that of

pp. 324-5. (Chapter Nineteen. *Hoc Id Est*, pp. 315-40.)

¹²¹³ *Confessions*, p. 923. • See also note¹²³⁴ below.

¹²¹⁴ Aleister Crowley. *Orpheus: A Lyrical Legend*. 2 vols. Boleskine, Foyers, Inverness: Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth, 1905. • Vol. II, p. 54. (*LIBER TERTIUS VEL LABORIS*, pp. 13-98.) • Also: Aleister Crowley. *The Collected Works of Aleister Crowley*. Foyers, Inverness, Scotland: Society for the Propagation Inverness, Scotland: Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth, Volume III, 1907, p. 187. (*ORPHEUS | A LYRICAL LEGEND*, pp. 124-218.)

¹²¹⁵ Including November 18th, 1898 but not March 21st, 1904 E.V.

¹²¹⁶ *Liber L vel Legis*, II, 72.

Ipsissimus is 22 years, 6 month, and 5 days, and this sounds just as a description of the twenty-second path on the Sephiroth tree situated between 6, Tiphareth, and 5, Geburah – and the letter of the path is of course the two Sephiroth ‘multiplied’, namely Lamed, 30!¹²¹⁷

In the Ab-ul-Diz Working, which took place in 1911 E.V., the name Perdurabo plays an important role especially since it is by this name that the ancient Master Ab-ul-Diz addresses Crowley. Let me say loud and clear that it is a great and most splendid name, a choice of the greatest significance. It was chosen to begin with by Aleister Crowley on his Neophyte initiation in 1898 E.V. and maintained on the Oath sworn again in the summer of 1909 E.V. by Ankh-af-nakhsu, the chosen priest & apostle of infinite space, the prince-priest the Beast!¹²¹⁸ Know also that the Ab-ul-Diz Working is the great companion of *Liber L vel Legis*, and that the Amalantrah Working¹²¹⁹ is its little companion! The Ab-ul-Diz Working may seem strange, but the Masters rejoice at it! After years of close study I now know that the surviving TS. of The Ab-ul-Diz Working, now in possession of the Caliphate O.T.O., and whose text in 1998 E.V. was published for the first time by them¹²²⁰, is faithful to its original source.¹²²¹ In *The Vision and the Voice and Other Papers*, published in the 1998 E.V., it was formally titled *Liber LX*, a number stated as being a numeration of the name Ab-ul-Diz: (7)ז + (10)י + (4)ד + (30)ל + (6)ו + (2)ב + (1)א = 60.¹²²² However, its number in my opinion shall be CDXXII, since 422 is the value of Ab-ul-Diz when spelt in Hebrew as עבולדיז: (300)ש + (10)י + (4)ד + (30)ל + (6)ו + (2)ב + (70)ע = 422, and this number has a very

¹²¹⁷ The duration between November 18, 1898 and May 23, 1921 E.V. is 22 years, 6 month, 5 days. (Including November 18 but not May 23.) I also note that the calendar used in 1898 happens to be the same as the one used in 1921 E.V.! • For the date of the Ipsissimus initiation, see: Richard Kaczynski. PERDURABO: THE LIFE OF ALEISTER CROWLEY. Tempe, AZ: New Falcon Publications, 2002, p. 322. (CHAPTER SIXTEEN; *Eccentrics in Exile*, pp. 313-35.) • See also note¹⁴⁶ above and note³⁷⁶⁹ below.

¹²¹⁸ See: *Liber L vel Legis*, I, [15].

¹²¹⁹ The Amalantrah Working – Liber DCCXXIX – which consists of the communication with the wizard Amalantrah took place in New York, January-June, 1918 E.V., and was conducted with Sorrow Achitha – Roddie Minor – et al. The incomplete MS. has been published in a version in 1993 E.V. as: *The Amalantrah Working* (Liber 729); By Aleister Crowley and Friends. Berkeley, CA: Oroboros Press, 1993. The Amalantrah Working was never published by Crowley but it is announced in the ‘References’ given in *Magick.I-IV.* as “*Liber DCCXXIX; The Amalantrah Working*” in “*The Equinox IV (3). In preparation*” (*Magick.I-IV.*, pp. 473; 794.). However, “*The Paris and Amalantrah Workings*” was announced as forthcoming by 93 Publishing, Montreal, Quebec, in 1974 E.V., but a publishing project that was aborted. The book was edited by John Symonds and Kenneth Grant, and a part of an old photo copy (“*The Amalantrah Working*”, pp. 49-131) of what appears to be a proof copy (undated) – probably created on a phototypesetting machine – in my possession shows that the book later also was planned to include the “*Ab-ul-Diz Working*” as its title states: “*The Paris, Amalantrah, Ab-UL-Diz and Cefalu Workings*”. And a four page prospectus of new books from 93 Publishing published around 1977 E.V. advertised the publication of this title – its first page, which reproduced a drawing by Crowley (a portrait of a woman) was headed “*The Paris, Amalantrah, Ab-UL-Diz, and Cefalu Workings*”. • For the 1974 E.V. announcement of the forthcoming book (“*Spring 1975*”), see: Aleister Crowley. *Magical and Philosophical Commentaries on the Book of the Law*. Edited and annotated by John Symonds and Kenneth Grant. Montréal, Québec, Canada: 93 Publishing, 1974, p. 345. • For Amalantrah &c, see: *Confessions*, pp. 832-5. • See also note⁴⁰⁸² below.

¹²²⁰ Titled “*Liber LX. The Ab-ul-Diz Working*” in: Aleister Crowley with Victor B. Neuburg & Mary Desti. *The Vision and the Voice and Other Papers*. The Equinox IV (2). York Beach, ME: Weiser, 1998, pp. 287-337. • For the Ab-ul-Diz Working, see note⁴⁰¹³ below.

¹²²¹ I.e. the original MS. created by Crowley that the mentioned TS. is a transcript of. Unfortunately, this MS. is presumed lost. The Ab-ul-Diz Working was presumably written down in one or more MS. notebooks. The TS. is believed to date from c. 1918 E.V. and was sent to Gerald J. Yorke by Charles Stansfeld Jones in 1949 E.V. • *Ibid.*, p. 428. (*Editorial Notes. Liber 60*, p. 428.)

¹²²² *Ibid.*

special reference to the book's main subject, namely *Book IV* when 22 is added – as hinted at by Ab-ul-Diz – since the number 444 is obtained in this way! Its name and number preferred by me are:

Liber CDXXII. Opus Ab-ul-Diz vel De Liber IV
(i.e. "Book CDXXII. The Ab-ul-Diz Working or On Book IV")

As said above so may especially the Ab-ul-Diz Working appear strange, and this was apparently done intentionally by the brothers. Therefore remember that the A.:A.: invites you to work, and rise, and fight that you may find not only what you hope or expect to find, but also what is hidden beyond your understanding and imagination. And blessing & worship to the prophet of the lovely Star!

Concerning the Latin PERDURABO, it comes from perduro, 'to last or hold out, to endure', and is the verb's first-person future tense whose meaning Crowley gave as: "*I will endure unto the end*".¹²²³ For some time I was searching for a Greek equivalent to 'perdurabo', and I discovered προσκαρτερήσω¹²²⁴, proskarterēsō, the future tense of προσκαρτερέω, proskartereō, to persist obstinately in. This search thus also gave me ΠΡΟΣΚΑΡΤΕΡΗΣΩ ΣΙΓΑ, PROSKARTERESŌ SIGA, the Greek equivalent of PERDURABO ST, 'I will endure unto the end – Hist!'¹²²⁵ Crowley wrote in "*THE CAMEL; A Discussion of the Value of "Interior Certainty"*" published in *The Occult Review* of April 1911 E.V.:

[...] *Perdurabo is sure that he will endure unto The End, that his khu will be a mighty khu for ever and ever, and that he hath indeed talked with his holy guardian angel and seen God face to face.*¹²²⁶

This could have been written in the *Book of Going Forth by Day*, or the *Book of the Dead*, by an ancient Egyptian priest! In fact it is found almost word for word in this book! Why did Crowley choose "*Perdurabo*" as his motto? Richard Kaczynski in *Perdurabo: The Life of Aleister Crowley* writes that it was from the Gospel According to Mark, 13:13¹²²⁷:

"And you will be hated by all men for My name's sake. But he who endures to the end shall be saved.

(The New King James Version)

Personally, I believe that it reflected his ambition of going all the way to the peak of initiation, but and I am quite sure that it emanated from his magical and spiritual parts and not the NT since I

¹²²³ Future, Indicative, Active, 1st singular. • On 'PERDURABO' and 'PERDURABO ST', see the chapter "*Sun's Track*" below.

¹²²⁴ For "*Perdurabo*" as the Latin translation of προσκαρτερήσω, see: *Georgio Pasore* [George Pasor]. *Manuale Græcarum vocum N. Testamenti, cui accessit Index anomalorum et difficiliorum vocabulorum, item Tractatus de Græcis N. Testamenti accentibus.* Auctore Georgio Pasore. LVGD: BATAVORVM, Ex officina Elzeviriana, MDCXXXIV (1634), p. 374. ("*Προσκαρτερῶ [...] Futur. [προσκαρτερ]ήσω Perdurabo.*")

¹²²⁵ It is also sometimes written as ΠΕΡΔΥΡΑΒΟ ΣΤ! The Π being a mere comment.

¹²²⁶ *The Occult Review; A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Investigation of Supernormal Phenomena and the Study of Psychological Problems.* Edited by Ralph Shirley. London, UK: William Rider & Son, Limited. ♦ Vol. XIII, No. 4, April 1911, p. 211. (*THE CAMEL; A Discussion of the Value of "Interior Certainty"; By Aleister Crowley*, pp. 208-13.)

¹²²⁷ *Richard Kaczynski.* PERDURABO: THE LIFE OF ALEISTER CROWLEY. Berkeley, CA: North Atlantic Books, 2010, p. 3. (*Chapter One; Birthday*, pp. 1-31.)

know that it has a much deeper meaning, something that he was not aware of in 1898. Regarding the Gospel According to Mark, the word "perdurabo" is not found in the Latin version of Mark, 13:13, which states:

*Et eritis odio omnibus propter nomen meum. Qui autem sustinuerit in finem, hic salvus erit.*¹²²⁸

The words found here are thus "sustinuerit [from sustineo, to sustain; to endure] in finem", endures to the end. Only one form of perduro, "perdurantes", is found one time in *Novum Testamentum Latine*, the Latin New Testament, in The Acts of the Apostles, 2:46: "Quotidie quoque perdurantes unanimiter", So continuing daily with one accord, and no form of perduro is found in *Vetus Testamentum Latine*, the Latin Old Testament. And finally, the προσκαρτερήσω, proskarterēsō, given above is not used in the original Greek New Testament.

After his Neophyte initiation Frater P. wrote a poem titled "Perdurabo", which he published in *Jephthah and other Mysteries Lyrical and Dramatic* in July 1899¹²²⁹:

PERDURABO.

EXILE from humankind! The snow's fresh
flakes
Are warmer than men's hearts. My mind is
wrought
Into dark shapes of solitary thought
That loves and sympathises, but awakes
No answering love or pity. What a pang
Hath this strange solitude to aggravate
The self-abasement and the blows of Fate!
No snake of hell hath so severe a fang!

I am not lower than all men – I feel
Too keenly. Yet my place is not above,
Though I have this – unalterable Love
In every fibre. I am crucified
Apart on a lone burning crag of steel,
Tortured, cast out; and yet – I shall abide.¹²³⁰

¹²²⁸ *Novum Testamentum Latine*; textum Vaticanum cum apparatu critico ex editionibus et libris manu scriptis collecto imprimendum curavit D. Eberhard Nestle. Editio nona. Stuttgart: Württembergische Bibelanstalt, 1961, SANCTVM IESV CHRISTI; EVANGELIVM SECVNDVM MARCVM 13.13, p. 124. (SANCTVM IESV CHRISTI; EVANGELIVM SECVNDVM MARCVM, pp. 84-137.)

¹²²⁹ *The Bookseller* stated that the book was published in July, 1899: *The Bookseller*. London, UK: J. Whitaker & Sons. ♦ No. CCCCCI, August 4, 1899, p. 751. ("Crowley (A.) *Jephthah and other Mysteries*, 8vo net 0 7 6 Paul, Trübner & Co")(Alphabetical List of the Principal English Publications for the Month of July, 1899, pp. 750-4.) • For the publication of *Jephthah*, see note¹²⁷² below.

¹²³⁰ Aleister Crowley. *Jephthah, and other Mysteries, Lyrical and Dramatic*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company, Ltd., 1899, p. 186.

In 1905 E.V. the poem appeared in volume one of his *Collected Works* and here a note to its title rendered its meaning as "I shall endure to the end."¹²³¹ I note that Crowley in *Magick in Theory and Practice* wrote "I will endure unto the end!"¹²³², the same translation as given by him in his commentary to *The Book of Lies*¹²³³, and, as mentioned, in *Confessions* "I shall endure unto the End."¹²³⁴ The poem was in 1913 E.V. selected by the English writer and mystic Aelfrida Catherine Wetenhall Graham, née Tillyard (1883-1959), for the anthology *Cambridge Poets 1900-1913* as one of ten poems by "Aleister Crowley, Trinity".¹²³⁵ The book, which had an introduction by the King Edward VII, also had seven poems by Crowley's friend and pupil Victor Benjamin Neuburg (1883-1940), who matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge in 1906 E.V.¹²³⁶ Regarding the anthology, I notice that the weekly magazine published at Crowley's old university *The Cambridge Magazine* in January 1914 E.V. had the following small piece:

¹²³¹ Aleister Crowley. *The Collected Works of Aleister Crowley*. Foyers, Inverness, Scotland: Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth, Volume I, 1905, p. 118. (*Mysteries: Lyrical and Dramatic*. 1898, pp. 90-128.)

¹²³² *The Master Therion* [Aleister Crowley]. *Magick in Theory and Practice* (Being Part III of Book 4); By The Master Therion. 4 vols. (Sections). Printed: Paris, France: Privately printed at The Lecram Press, nd [1929/30]. Distributed in wrappers: [London, UK: Mandrake Press Ltd., 1930]. ♦ Section I [Vol. I.], p. 64. (*Chapter VIII; Of Equilibrium, and of the General and Particular Method of Preparation of the Furniture of the Temple and of the Instruments of Art., II*, pp. 62-5.)

¹²³³ Aleister Crowley. Liber CCCXXXIII. *The Book of Lies*. Which is Also Falsely Called BREAKS, The Wanderings or Falsifications of the One Thought of Frater Perdurabo (Aleister Crowley) Which Thought is Itself Untrue. A Reprint with an additional commentary to each chapter. [Editors: Karl J. Germer and Gerald Yorke.] Ilfracombe, Devon, UK: The Haydn Press, 1962, p. 25. (ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Ζ; THE DINOSAURS – COMMENTARY (Z), pp. 24-5.)

¹²³⁴ *Confessions*, p. 923. ♦ See note¹²¹³ above.

¹²³⁵ *Cambridge Poets 1900-1913; An Anthology*. Chosen by Aelfrida Tillyard. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons Ltd., 1913, p. 66. (Aleister Crowley, pp. 46-66.)(*Bibliography; Aleister Crowley, Trinity*, pp. 222-4.) ♦ The book was advertised in the back of the tenth number of *The Equinox*, September 1913 E.V. ♦ [Aleister Crowley, et al.] *The Equinox*. Vol. I., No. X. London: Wieland & Co., September MCMXIII O.S. (1913 E.V.), p. [249]. (Advertisement: "Cambridge Poets 1900-1913; An Anthology; Chosen by Aelfrida Tillyard", p. [249]) ♦ The same number of *The Equinox* also had a review by "A. C. Hobbs" of Tillyard's volume of sonnets *To Malise And Other Poems* [Aelfrida Tillyard (Mrs. Constantine Graham). *To Malise And Other Poems*. Cambridge, UK: W. Heffer and Sons Ltd., 1910] ♦ *Ibid.*, p. 232. (*The Big Stick*, pp. [225]-33.) ♦ For *Cambridge Poets 1900-1913; An Anthology*, see also note¹⁸³⁶ below.

¹²³⁶ *Cambridge Poets 1900-1913; An Anthology*. Chosen by Aelfrida Tillyard. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons Ltd., 1913, pp. 147-56. (Victor B. Neuburg, pp. 147-56.)(*Bibliography; Victor Neuburg, Trinity*, p. 225.) ♦ The Cambridge University Calendar For The Year 1906-1907. Cambridge, UK: Deighton Bell and Co., 1906, p. 1011. ("Neuburg, Victor Benjamin")(Trinity College; Undergraduates, pp. 1007-13.)

A SHORT DIALOGUE

BETWEEN TWO CAMBRIDGE POETS (1900—1913).

SCENE, K.P.

1st Cambridge Poet (1900—1913):

Alas! Alas! they treat me foully,
They bind my works with those of Crowley.

2nd Cambridge Poet (1900—1913):

I too am scorned and outcast wholly,
My verse is next to that of Crowley.

Both Cambridge Poets (1900—1913):

Pronounce him either $\left. \begin{smallmatrix} \text{ow-} \\ \text{o-} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ or $\left. \begin{smallmatrix} \text{o-} \\ \text{ow-} \end{smallmatrix} \right\}$ ly,
He is a dubious bard is Crowley.

(Exeunt in complete agreement.)

I. A. W. ¹²³⁷

It is signed "I. A. W. ", which probably stands for the young poet Iolo Aneurin Williams (1890-1962). The later journalist, author, art historian, and Liberal Party politician, was admitted to King's College, Cambridge, in 1910 E.V., and he had five poems printed in the anthology – the poets 'next' to Crowley in the anthology were the English poet Frances Crofts Cornford, née Darwin (1886-1960), who was raised in Cambridge and educated privately, and the English poet, author and engineer (Henry) Norman Davey (1888-1949), who went to Clare College.¹²³⁸ The anthology, which was published on November 8, 1913 E.V.¹²³⁹, had been reviewed in *The Cambridge Magazine* in the beginning of December 1913 E.V. by the Australian-born British classical scholar and Oxford professor Gilbert Murray (1866-1957), who had stated:

*The extra ten years between, say, twenty-five and thirty-five, are apt to be very important in the formation of a poet's mind and style, and the Cambridge collection has a very rich fund of poetry to draw upon in such names as Rupert Brooke, J. E. Flecker, Aleister Crowley, H. O. Meredith and Harold Monro. It also gains from its inclusion of women.*¹²⁴⁰

However, the monthly *The Literary World And Reader* stated in a review of the book in January 1914 E.V.:

¹²³⁷ The Cambridge Magazine; Edited by Members of Cambridge University. Cambridge and London, UK: The Cambridge Magazine. ♦ Vol. III, No. 12, Saturday, January 31, 1914, p. 302. (*A Short dialogue Between Two Cambridge Poets (1900-1913) Scene, K.P.*, p. 302.)

¹²³⁸ Cambridge Poets 1900-1913; An Anthology. Chosen by Aelfrida Tillyard. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons Ltd., 1913, pp. 208-11. (Iolo Aneurin Williams, *King's*, pp. 208-11.); pp. 41-5. (Frances Cornford (née Darwin), pp. 41-5.); pp. 67-72. (Norman Davey, *Clare*, pp. 67-72.)

¹²³⁹ The Cambridge Magazine; Edited by Members of Cambridge University. Cambridge and London, UK: The Cambridge Magazine. ♦ Vol. III, No. 5, Saturday, November 8, 1913, p. 109. (*Poetry in Cambridge; An Announcement*, p. 302.)

¹²⁴⁰ Ibid. ♦ Vol. III, No. 9, Saturday, December 6, 1913, p. 221. (*Cambridge Poets, 1900-1913; By Professor Gilbert Murray*, p. 221.)

[...] it is difficult to see why the work of Mr. Aleister Crowley and of the anthologist herself should have been allotted so much space.¹²⁴¹

Later, in 1995 E.V., the British poet and author Graham Chainey (1946-) wrote about the poet Aleister Crowley and Cambridge in his book *A Literary History of Cambridge*:

*Crowley's continuing influence at Cambridge as a poet is measured by the disproportionate space given to him in Aelfrida Tillyard's anthology Cambridge Poetry 1900-1913.*¹²⁴²

The Birmingham Daily Post reviewed the anthology, January 30, 1914 E.V., and they had little admiration for Crowley's poetry apart from "Perdurabo" about which they wrote "a Promethean grandeur which elsewhere we seek vainly":

*From Mr. Aleister Crowley's seven-and-thirty strange and mystical books the editor has selected some twenty pages of poetry which we have contemplated with considerable astonishment, but little admiration, although we recognise in the sonnet "Perdurabo" a Promethean grandeur which elsewhere we seek vainly.*¹²⁴³

Crowley's contribution to the anthology was in fact considered positively by several magazines, and the monthly *The Educational Times, And Journal of the College of Preceptors* wrote, among other things, in a review of the *Cambridge Poets 1900-1913* in February 1914 E.V.:

*Of the writers represented here, perhaps the most promise is shown by Rupert Brooke and James Elroy Flecker, but praise is due also to the work of John Alford, Frances Darwin Cornford, Aleister Crowley, Dermot Freyer, and Victor B. Neuburg.*¹²⁴⁴

and in the end of May *T. P.'s Weekly* mentioned the anthology and also noted the poet "Alastair [sic] Crowley":

*This anthology brings to its net all poets presented to the world by the University during the years named; among whom may be named Rupert Brooke, Frances Cornford, Alastair [sic] Crowley, Harold Monro, and J. C. Squire.*¹²⁴⁵

¹²⁴¹ The Literary World And Reader; A Monthly Review of Current Literature. London, UK: James Clarke & Co. ♦ Vol. LXXX, No. 1947, New Series. January, 1914, p. 11. (Review of "*Cambridge Poets, 1900-1913. Chosen by Aelfrida Tillyard. (Cambridge: Heffer, 5s. net.)*" | *Oxford Poetry, 1910-1913. Edited by G. D. H. C., G. P. D., and W. E. V. (Oxford: Blackwell, 3s. 6d.)*)(UNIVERSITY POETS, pp. 11-12.) ♦ For another negative mentioning of Crowley's poetry in a review of the anthology in *The New Age*, December 25, 1913 E.V., see note³¹⁹⁹ below.

¹²⁴² Graham Chainey. *A Literary History of Cambridge*. Revised Edition. Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1995, p. 201. (18; *Edwardian excursions*, pp. 197-206.)

¹²⁴³ Birmingham Daily Post. Birmingham, West Midlands, England: Birmingham Daily Post. ♦ Friday, January 30, 1914, p. 4. (Review of "*CAMBRIDGE POETS, 1900-1913. An Anthology Chosen by Aelfrida Tillyard. (Heffer.) 5s. net.*") (REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS, p. 4.)

¹²⁴⁴ The Educational Times, and Journal of College of Preceptors. London, UK: Francis Hodgson. ♦ Vol. LXVII, New Series, No. 634, February 2, 1914, p. 87. (Review of "*Cambridge Poets, 1900-1913. Chosen by Aelfrida Tillyard. (Pp. 215. 5s. net. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons.)*")(GENERAL NOTICES – ENGLISH, p. 87.)

¹²⁴⁵ T. P.'s Weekly. London, UK: T. P.'s Weekly. ♦ Vol. XXIII, No. 603, Friday, May 29, 1914, p. 689. ("*Cambridge Poets; 1900-1913, chosen by Aelfrida Tillyard. (Heffer, Cambridge, 5s. net.)*")(The Song-Debt of the Nightingale – Neglect

Regarding the dialogue in *The Cambridge Magazine* quoted above, Crowley's *In Residence: The Don's Guide to Cambridge* (1904 E.V.) had been received by the Cambridge University magazine *The Granta* with the following salutation:

Oh, Crowley, name for future fame!
(Do you pronounce it Croully?)
Whate'er the worth of this your mirth
It reads a trifle foully.
Cast before swine these pearls of thine,
O, great Aleister Crölley
"Granta" to-day, not strange to say,
Repudiates them wholly.¹²⁴⁶

Crowley had in the "Ballade of Cambridge Papers" in *In Residence* written:

The *Granta* with a throbbing breast
Watches, with eager passion fed,
The track, the field, the statesman's nest,² ["² The Union !!!"]
The wicket and the river bed.
The evildoer comes to dread
Its scathing scorn, its charges true.
It makes the heart as dull as lead
Dance until everything is blue.¹²⁴⁷

The editor of the *Granta* at that time was Arthur Charlewood Turner (1881-1918), a son of the Bishop of Islington, the Rt. Rev. Charles Henry Turner, D.D. (1842-1923).¹²⁴⁸ A. C. Turner had in June 1900 been admitted as a pensioner at Trinity College. Later he became the founder of the Anglican Fellowship, a society representing all schools of thought within the English Church!¹²⁴⁹

of the Sparrow – *The Best Anthologies*, p. 689.)

¹²⁴⁶ Quoted in: P. R. Stephensen. *The Legend of Aleister Crowley; Being a Study of the Documentary Evidence Relating to a Campaign of Personal Vilification Unparalleled in Literary History*. London, UK: Mandrake Press Limited, 1930, p. 36. (Chapter Two. *Early Period, 1896-1907; Undergraduate Verse (1896-7)*, pp 36-8.)

¹²⁴⁷ *In Residence: The Don's Guide to Cambridge*; By Aleister Crowley. Cambridge, UK: Elijah Johnson, 1904, p. 27. (BALLADE OF CAMBRIDGE PAPERS, pp. 27-8.)

¹²⁴⁸ For his editorship, see: *The Granta and Its Contributors; 1889-1914*. Compiled by F. A. Rice With an Introduction by A. A. Milne. London, UK: Constable and Company Limited, 1924, pp. 39-40. (VIII; *Between Two Dramatists (1901-1905)*, pp. 36-41.)

¹²⁴⁹ See: Lily Dougall. *God's Way With Man: An Exploration of the Method the Divine Working suggested by the Facts of History and Science*. London, UK: Student Christian Movement, 1924, p. 14. (LILY DOUGALL; *A Biographical Note By Canon Streeter*, pp. 11-23.)

Review of *Cambridge Poets, 1900-1913* and *Ambergris*, which appeared in *The Bookfellow*; *The Australasian Review* in March 1914 E.V.

REVIEWS.

CAMBRIDGE POETS, 1900-1913

W. Heffer and Sons; 5s. net.

THIS is a good anthology made by Aelfrida Tillyard and introduced by Sir A. Quiller-Couch—who in his youth was a charming writer of stories and is now beginning to be an elegant elderly academic husk. He begins with excuses of which there is no need: his tenor is logically bad.

Introduced Irrelevantly

Every introduction is to state a fact or vouch a merit: or why introduce? "Mr. Smith—Mrs. Jones" is sufficient: these occur: make your opinion. For convenience, some labels are useful sometimes. Adequate orientation enables you not to waste architectural conversation on a medical man. In practical New Zealand they brush aside futilities to reach the core of truth. "Has he got any money?" That's talking.

Or, if you can tell Mrs. Jones that Mr. Smith, like the real hero of Mrs. Barclay's last semi-religious romance, has the habit of luring new wives to Switzerland and pushing them over a precipice, you justify the introduction at once. Ladies who went to Mrs. Jarley's waxworks show certainly brooded longest over Jasper Packlemerton, of atrocious memory, who courted and married nineteen wives and murdered them all by tickling the soles of their feet as they were sleeping in the consciousness of innocence and virtue.

But to belittle Mr. Smith with apology; telling Mrs. Jones there are so many Smiths but never too many, since she must have the lot to find the likely ones: that is abominable. And Sir A. Quiller-Couch does that in three pages; the more poetasters, the more poets, says he. It is a thesis for argument, here out of place.

The Place of the Lyric

For the rest, Sir A. Quiller-Couch protests against the domination of the lyric in modern English verse; and on this head he makes apt remarks misapplied. The doctrine of the escape to the universal is not a novel truth; yet it is true that a poet realises his self by losing it, purges the personal out of his discovery, and brings the universal back in a new embodiment which all men can realise. The point missed is that the poet does this without effort: he does it with a lyric cry: when he labours to do it he creates the long objective forms of drama and epic which Sir A. Quiller-Couch extols. These have their own non-poetical merits: they can only be the limbs and outward flourishes of poetry.

If we were wise enough, poetry would come in a word: it comes to the poet without one word. All diction is dilution of emotion. From three quatrains, we shall, we can, by-and-by attain to a thirteen word Japanese-Australian poem:

*"Daisies are dancing
To the dawn on the hill-tops:
—O vision of Spring!"*

—and thence to "jewels five-words long." At present we admit the necessity of a setting, and the advantage of a melodious gesture in "the stretched forefinger."

There is no objection to an expanse of epic sky; but it is the lyric star that shines for the essence of poetry.

An Anthology of Beauty

Mrs. Tillyard's collection is a better selection of recent English verse: it has been weighed and chosen well, and has all beauties except the finest. The fine comes in glows and flashes. Nearly every voice has caught a tone of the thrilling flute: broken notes are uttered. Wildest and strongest is Aleister Crowley, here already prized: if he had not been caught by university and city he might have been a great poet: he has such force that he may be a good one still, omitting the verbal and excessive. At present he wants simplicity. In the book are found his good things: not, we think, the better (which we illustrate upon another page).

Inevitably we lose feeling in fragmentary citation. From E. D. Andrade;

The sun's out: skies are clearest—
The year's young: kiss me, dearest—
We are fools, but we will prove
Not too foolish now to love.

Martin D. Armstrong:

The king cried "Bring me colour, the heart's wine."

From Rupert Brooke, rightly praised for his charm and sympathy (if those were all) a whole beautiful poem:

DAY THAT I HAVE LOVED.

Tenderly, day that I have loved, I close your eyes,
And smooth your quiet brow, and fold your thin, dead hands.
The grey veils of the half-light deepen; colour dies.
I bear you, a light burden, to the shrouded sands,

Where lies your waiting boat, by wreaths of the sea's making
Mist-garlanded, with all grey weeds of the water crowned.
There you'll be laid, past fear of sleep or hope of waking;
And over the unmoving sea, without a sound,

Faint hands will row you outward, out beyond our sight,
Us with stretched arms and empty eyes on the far-gleaming
And marble sand—
Beyond the shifting cold twilight,
Further than laughter goes, or tears,
Further than dreaming,

There'll be no port, no dawn-lit islands! But the drear
Waste darkening, and, at length, flame ultimate on the deep.
Oh, the last fire—and you, unkissed, unbefriended there!
Oh, the lone way's red ending, and we not there to weep!

(We found you pale and quiet, and strangely crowned with flowers,
Lovely and secret as a child. You came with us,
Came happily, hand in hand with the young dancing hours,
High on the downs at dawn!) Void now and tenebrous,

The grey sands curve before me—
From the inland meadows,
Fragrant of June and clover, floats the dark, and fills
The hollow sea's dead face with little creeping shadows,
And the white silence brims the hollow of the hills.

Close in the nest is folded every weary wing,
Hushed all the joyful voices; and we, who hold you dear,
Eastward we turn, and homeward, alone, remembering . . .
Day that I loved, day that I loved, the Night is here!

J. E. Flecker has highly conceived "The Golden Journey to Samarkand": with a little more knowledge and pains the flaws of execution could be removed:

Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells
When shadows pass gigantic on the sand,
And softly through the silence beat the bells
Along the golden road to Samarkand.

A MERCHANT.

We travel not for trafficking alone:
By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned:
For lust of knowing what should not be known
We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN.
Open the gate O watchman of the night!

THE WATCHMAN.
Ho, travellers, I open. For what land
Leave you the dim-moon city of delight?

THE MERCHANTS (with a shout).
We make the golden journey to Samarkand.
(The Caravan passes through the gate.)

THE WATCHMAN (consoling the women).
What would ye, ladies? It was ever thus.
Men are unwise and curiously planned.

A WOMAN.

They have their dreams, and do not think of us.

VOICES OF THE CARAVAN (in the distance, singing).
We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

From Aelfrida Tillyard, for an Irish poet:

My eyes are blue with gazing on thy deeps,
My hair is rippled with thy wind, O sea,
My lullaby thy song that never sleeps,
As thou art limitless, so am I free.
O sea, O mountains, make my song to be
Mist of the mountains, foam of the sea.

From Olwen Ward—the best thing in the book:

SONG.

Love with light step passes,
And returns not ever—
As wind among the grasses,
As wind upon a river.

The grasses lean and listen
Where the wind has beckoned,
Stoop and sway and glisten
For a fleeting second.

Only one, in token
Of that light-foot lover,
Only one is broken
And the rest recover.

So love comes and passes,
As the wind comes, shaking
Lightly many grasses,
And one only breaking.

There are many attractive spectacular verses. This volume of *Cambridge Poets* is worth buying and cherishing.

(SUPPLEMENTARY)

A Recaptured Review

You may call these stanzas "Wedded":

The roses of the world are sad,
The water-lilies pale,
Because my lover takes her lad
Beneath the moonlight veil.
No flower may bloom this happy hour—
Unless my Alice be the flower.

So silent are the thrush, the lark!
The nightingale's at rest,
Because my lover loves the dark,
And has me in her breast.
No song this happy night be heard!—
Unless my Alice be the bird.

The sea that roared around the house
Is fallen from alarms,
Because my lover calls me spouse,
And takes me to her arms.
This night no sound of breakers be!—
Unless my Alice be the sea.

Of man and maid in all the world
Is stilled the swift caress,
Because my lover has me curled
In her own loveliness.
No kiss be such a night as this!—
Unless my Alice be the kiss. . .

This night—O, never dawn shall crest
The world of waking,
Because my lover has my breast
On her for dawn and spring.
This night shall never be withdrawn—
Unless my Alice be the dawn.

The excerpt is from *Ambergris*, a selection from the poems of Aleister Crowley (Elkin Mathews)—the most interesting volume of new English verse seen in 1910. Crowley was met years ago in "The English Critical Review," and has occurred here and there since, seeming always extraordinary. He is extraordinary—in his work, in the

fine portrait prefixed to his work, and in his preface, which runs thus:

In response to a widely-spread lack of interest in my writings, I have consented to publish a small and unrepresentative selection from the same. With characteristic cunning I have not included any poems published later than the Third Volume of my Collected Works.

The selection has been made by a committee of seven competent persons, sitting separately. Only those poems have been included which obtained a majority vote.

This volume, thus ostentatiously democratic, is therefore now submitted to the British public with the fullest confidence that it will be received with exactly the same amount of acclamation as that to which I have become accustomed.

The little volume of 200 pages, at 3s. 6d., is commended as a pleasure to every amateur of poetry. If you would have more, the author flaunts his opulence in two pages of final advertisement where twenty-eight published items are offered in Japanese vellum wrappers and in green camel's hair wrappers, and in blue wrappers and orange wrappers, at £2 2s. each, or less—a poetical bargain counter. *Rosa Inferni*, for instance, in 8pp. royal 4to, and an orange wrapper, costs only 16s.—or 2s. per page; although a lithograph from a water-colour by Rodin is added.

The Art of Aleister Crowley

Crowley is a devotee of Rodin, and deserves to be. One does not remember any verse so plastic as some of the earlier pages of *Ambergris*. Crowley writes shapes, beautiful shapes, beautiful coloured shapes like chryselephantine statuettes. Readers of verse know that there is ear-poetry and eye-poetry—poetry that sounds well and looks ill, and poetry that looks well and sounds ill. Crowley makes an unusual appeal both to eye and to ear. His ivory shapes go singing themselves golden tunes. In particular he has a gift of good beginnings: he attacks:

Rain, rain, in May. The river sadly flows. . .

Sing, happy nightingale sing;
Past is the season of weeping . . .

In middle music of Apollo's corn
She stood, the reaper, challeng'g a kiss. . .

She fades as starlight on the stream,
As dewfall in the dell. . .

If form were all! Crowley fails in emotion: his verse does not yield the ecstasy that adds the last drop to the brimming vase: he is always evident, never ineffable. Nor, although original, is he highly, compellingly original; he does not lead us to unfooted fields of dream; at most he finds a new path in the familiar territory. Yet to call him "minor" is injustice; he has the voice, though

not the great imagination; and his skill, with lines and rhymes, words and phrases, is more than craft. He is not "minor" because he has a pulse and a pinion; he does not flutter, he soars. Soars best when closest earth; his abstractions are empty: he needs the living model to inspire his art. Then, with a puff from swollen Eros:

One kiss, like snow, to slip,
Cool fragrance from thy lip
To melt on mine;
One kiss, a white-sail ship
To laugh and leap and dip
Her brows divine;
One kiss, a starbeam faint
With love of a sweet saint,
Stolen like a sacrament
In the night's shrine!

One kiss, like moonlight cold
Lighting with floral gold
The lake's low tune;
One kiss, one flower to fold,
On its own calyx rolled
At night in June!
One kiss, like dewfall drawn
A veil o'er leaf and lawn—
Mix night, and noon, and dawn,
Dew, flower, and moon!

A Plastic Harmonist

Crowley has travelled and writes harmonious stanzas for Hawaii, for Egypt, even for Hongkong. Perhaps after Verhaeren (for we catch an echo here and there) he cries:

To sea! Before us leap the waves;
The wild white combers follow,
Invoke, ye melancholy slaves,
The morning of Apollo!

Or:

The spears of the night at her onset
Are lords of the day for a while,
The magical green of the sunset
The magical blue of the Nile.
Afloat are the gales
In our slumberous sails
On the beautiful breast of the Nile.

A little precious, Crowley must not be deemed to pose, despite his preface: it is often the excess of exulting vitality that it called a pose by timid little people. Admit, though, that this excess here and there arouses the Comic Spirit, as when the poet reviles his Muse in face of his Lady:

Ye unavailing eagle-flights of song!
O wife, these do thee wrong.

Thou knowest how I was blind;
How for mere minutes thy pure presence
Was nought; was ill-defined;
A smudge across the mind,
Drivelling in its brutal essence,
Hog-wallowing in poetry,
Incapable of thee.

Yet, a few lines below:

O, thou, didst thou regret?
Wast thou asleep as I?
Didst thou not love me yet?
For, know! The moon is not the moon until
She hath the knowledge to fulfil
Her music, till she know herself the moon.

There are many such Shakespearian touches in Crowley, and not so many Shakespearian lapses. If you stress the lapses, he gives a line for maltreatment:

Smite, but I must sing on. . .

What a motto for our Austral bards, ifay!

Accept Crowley or refuse him, he brings his own atmosphere, captivates you, and finally captures: there is such a tide of life in him, though it does not rise through the finest poetic brain (nor did Shakespeare's tide). And for closing, let the Star-Goddess sing a stanza of Orpheus dead—and risen—

For brighter from age unto age
The weary old world shall renew
Its life at the lips of the sage,
Its love at the lips of the dew.
With kisses and tears
The return of the years
Is sure as the starlight is true.