ARTHUR IN THE AREA AGAIN!

Oh, Allah be obeyed!
How infernally they played!
I remember that they called themselves the Waites.

W. S. Gilbert.

MR. WAITE is at the area door again! It is not altogether unphilosophical to judge a man by the company he keeps, and I have reluctantly decided to dismiss Mr. Waite. He must consider himself no longer my disciple. It has been a painful step, more painful even than when I was obliged to expel him in 1900 from the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. For he shows himself this last time in a quite impossible avatar —that of a Satanic colporteur eating rabbit pie in the kitchens of South Ealing.

I have before me a "Special Catalogue of Occult Books," published by a gentleman giving the name of Foulsham, which I hope shortly to see in "Punch" under the heading "MORE COMMERCIAL CANDOUR."

Item No. 1 is a "talisman." "The key to unlock the mysteries of the Universe." We hear that "charms and talismans ensure success." "This talisman is worn to bring Health, Happiness, and Success," a combination which I regard as remarkably cheap at 4*s.* 3*d.* post free.

But if you haven't got 4*s.* 3*d.*, or are less ambitious, you

may still get a Parchment Talisman for wearing on the breast, from the Great Book by Rabbi Solomon with silk bag and cord for 1*s.* 3*d.* There are several; one for honour and riches, one for health, one for "Success in Hazard (betting—cards—games of chance)" which looks to me like cheating, one for Success in Trade, and then a set of three to which I call the particular attention of Professor von Krafft-Ebbing and Sir Charles Mathews. They are:

For Man's Love.
For Woman's Love.
For Love of Opposite Sex.

At the other end the catalogue turns from the psychopath to the servant-girl. All about the mystic meaning of moles, "love signs," and birthmarks, together with works on obstetrics (home-made), cure of Epilepsy, Worms, falling hair, and consumption, Old Moore's gazing Crystals, "Ye Witches Fortune-Telling Cards," and the rest of the rag-bag.

The ham of this exquisite sandwich is Mr. Waite's "Book of Black Magic and of Pacts" as was, "Book of Ceremonial Magic" as is. But for this *clientèle* of Mr. Foulsham the title is simply "The Book of Magic, including Black Magic, the rites and mysteries of Goethic (*sic!*) Theurgy, Sorcery, and Infernal Necromancy." Rather tempting for the people who wear talismans "for agricultural prosperity"!

I say fearlessly that this advertisement is a crude appeal to the vilest passions of the most wretched of humanity, to the people who would really love to bewitch their neighbour's cow. It is no reply to this charge to point out that the book is absolutely harmless. It is sold on the pretext that it is

poison: if Locusta cheats her clients she is no less infamous: rather more.

If Mr. Waite thought to escape my eagle eye by omitting his name, this note will undeceive him; I repeat that I can no longer consider him as one of my disciples; and if he continues to adopt my ideas and phrases, and to republish them as his own, I shall really be obliged to do something hardly distinguishable from taking public notice of the fact.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S

THE EQUINOX

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