

Bel inferno. by August Strindberg translated by
Clara Field. Wm Rider and Son.

I have already had to speak to publishers
about cheap production. In this case I
must protest emphatically against the
employment of a translator who makes
a solecism nearly every time he touches Paris.

e.g. "northern railway station" for "Gare du Nord"
'Lilas Brewery' for 'Closerie des Lilas'
'St Martin's gate' for 'Porte St Martin'
'Rue de Fleuss' for 'Rue des Fleurs'
'racecourse' for some unidentified part
of the Jardin du Luxembourg
'churchyard' of Montparnasse for 'cimetière'
'exhibition of independent artists' for
'Salon des Indépendants'
'Bullier's dancing room' for 'Salon Bullier'
'Lyons Bank' for 'Crédit Lyonnais'
'St Germain des Prés' for 'St Germain des Prés'
'D = Popus' for 'D = Papas'
'Rue de Madame' for 'Rue Madame'
and so on.

The constant chemical absconditres
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French, again & again; and as often as
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Red Inferno. by August Strindberg translated by
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'Salon des Independents'
'Bullier's dancing saloon' for 'Salle Bullier'
'Lyons Bank' for 'Credit Lyonnais'
'St-Germain des Pres' for 'St Germain des Pres'
'D^r Popus' for 'D^r Papas'
'Rue de Madame' for 'Rue Madame'
and so on.

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... just in a sketch, then in
Trench, again + again; and as often as
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I have already been
about - cheap, but
must - justify - and
employment of
a telecon near

E.g. "Northern re

lidas leave

"St. Martin's"

Re de 7

recourse

"Church and

"Inhibition of

"Buller's"

"Lynn Bank

"St. Germaine

"D. 2. P. 2. 2.

"Rue de Ma

and so on

The court-mart-

one hundred

The Inferno. by August Strindberg translated by
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and so on.

The constant chemical absurdities
are perhaps Strindberg's own & may

French, again & again; and is often
not gets both wrong!

have been made intentionally, as the book
portrays the ravings of a melancholic
with delusions of persecution.

What sublime and sefulple ass calls
this Strindberg's autobiography? Strindberg
was too lazy to find his incidents in other
people's lives; ~~that~~ that is all.

and yet we find the translator note
at the end 'Strindberg never actually entered
the Roman Church' !!!

The book is a perfect ~~book~~ clinical
picture of a typical case. Chapter 1
describes the irritability, the fantastic
dreams. He imagines himself a great author,
a great chemist. He has found quinine in
sulphur; he will make gold.

In chapter 2 he begins to see omens
in simple incidents, receives 'warnings' from

stungers, finds a plot against him at his hotel, notices remarkable resemblances between his neighbours and some of his 'persecutors'.

Chapter 3 develops persecution-delusions. Roaming in the cars, electric shocks, and other physical symptoms develop.

The bedstead has knobs like those of a Leyden Jar, the spring mattress suggests induction coils. and so on - & the end!

For refuge he ~~seeks~~^{ranges} from Papus to Swedenborg, and ultimately, as his mental disease increases on him, he clutches at such straws as ^{Pélador} Annie Besant, and the Church of Rome.

In this dementia the book ends. But Strindberg did not end. He went on his cheerful and polygamous way as a peckwren.

Persons who pretend otherwise are
liars, probably hired liars.

Unless of course they are Englishmen, who
are such natural-born fools in all
matters of the soul that they not only
refuse no bribe to lie, but can hardly
be paid to see truth.

If Stendberg knew all this science, how does
it come that he thinks ~~F~~ ~~the~~ the
chemised symbols of iron? ~~and silicon?~~
Until Stendberg's life is utterly dissociated
from his art, the latter will not
be truly valued
at.

Wind along the Waste Maude Amadey
I confess to having expected a very flatulent novel.
It is with much pleasure that we take
Judge of my surprise to find
a novel of Paris as it is! The

(a rich Englishwoman)
heroina is robbed by apaches, & proceeds
to paint their leader. She then seduces him,
and joins the band.

This is life. Most English and I suppose
all American women go to Paris in order
to frigate freely with the lower classes.
When I was first in Paris for any length of
time, the rage was all ^{protestant} for bicyclists.
These pallid heroes, after panting round
the vélodrome for God knows how many hours,
would fall from their racers into the
arms of the stalwart vampires who had
swooned them.

The best-known of England's heroic widows
to-day at that time kept a tame but
half-witted giant with an enormous
black beard; the whole of his body was,
I was told, as insubstantial as a bear!

A daughter of the nobility contented
herself with more lyric loves than

These.

A well-to-do girl from Calcutta practised sheer promiscuity; an exquisitely beautiful woman of the middle classes did worse, and actually married a most hideous dwarf.

To-day things are very much the same.

A very celebrated dancer from America never goes on the stage without previously dragging a stranger - a man from the street, a stage carpenter, it matters nothing - to her dressing-room. One of the best known ^{woman} art critics haunts the lowest hotels of the Bd St Germain in search of adventure; a very distinguished poetess of the nobility supports a burly negro from North Africa; one of our brightest ^{in music} artists ~~of the balls~~ roams Paris every midnight in search of stray milliner's apprentices.

The English and American women in

when only 89 turning up she gathered 110 dancers from the street and made

when only 89 turning up, & 115 gathered from the street and made out their diplomas while the others waited.

The Dime, solidly, stupidly dumb, diabolic
curses when their magnificent "American
Sculptors" are late; the peace of the Avenue
Charles Floquet is broken by the wild-beast-
howls of the harlot haridams who, driven
from Chicago and Denver by the police,
despair of finding such products as
prairie air and cow-punching can alone
supply.

I could say more, much more, indeed; but
my only object is to justify the ways
of Maude Ammerley to the British
Public.

Her story moreover is exceedingly well
told, up to the point of the hero's death.
The sequel appears to me somewhat
strained, artificial, and boring; ^{an anticlimax -}

real
artificial
and
of

the
-ing -

1. Cars
man
Heads
Put
inches.

when only 89 turning up, she gathered 11 strangers from the street and made out their diplomas while the others waited?

The Drive, solidly, especially in
cases when their ~~magnificence~~
suspects "are late"; the peace
Charles Herget is broken by
hands of the least hand,
from Chicago and Denver
a pair of finding such
praise in and con-
fidence.

I could say more, much more
my only object is to give fifty
of Wendt Hammerley & the Boston
Public.

The long answer is needless to be told, at the point of the line.

The sequel appears true for
Staniel, artificial, and

when only 89 turning up, & 115 gathered out their diplomas while the others waited.

The Dime, solidly, stupidly drunk, diabolic
curses when their magnificent "American
Sculptors" are late; the peace of the Avenue
Charles Floquet is broken by the wild-beast-
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(At the least, I would rather she had carried out the vendetta
by killing the son as her lover had killed the father.)
I suppose it is the publisher again.

"Yes, what a nice story! Now if you'll
add 40,000 words of dialogue about
love and make the story end happily
perhaps we might do something."

A publisher offered to take my 'Crettdorne'
if I'd 'pad it to 150,000 words'!

~~Even a soi-disant literary magazine
(I name no names) had the impudence to
tell Frank Harris (of all people) to cut
his stories about, and alter the incidents.
That ~~the~~ ^{it} should try and cheat him out
of 15 shillings, was only to be expected
& it was the ^{the} ~~mind~~ ^{mind} that made the
Lie of the Short Story bear the cheque up
and fling it in the face of the
smoking tailor's dummy that.~~

~~He~~ who knows what petticoat commerce
has set in the editorial arm-chair.

When the same gang tried it on me, I
merely replied that to alter my work
to suit their editor ^{could be} ~~was~~ to accommodate
my mind to his - the Atlantic Ocean
into an egg-cup, and the egg in that
cup added!

Well, Maude Amersley, ^{même} ~~chut~~, you're
a very lucky child to get your novels
published in this rotten country, and
if the homage and devotion of a colleague
who has no such luck can serve you,
command it!

Be wary, though, & never stir a step
from your own ground. You have for the
first time in English got French
slang correct; but you clearly don't

know India, and some terrible old
bore has planted the worst and feeblest
form of a very stale ~~the~~ cobra story
on your innocence.

There are several mistakes in these few
pages - climate & natural history in
particular.

Figure to yourself that this bit of the book
reads to me ^{almost} as Trilby reads to you!

Cro-cro.

The Yellow Vlet
a subterfuge ~~of~~ ⁱⁿ fumes.
King Crowley of Bronchitis-town
To Bernard Smith of great renown
To set his shaven soul at ease
These laryngeal lymphatics.

Where ~~Digitals~~ ^{Digitals} roam among
The Endothelias, and on the tongue
Follicular papillae weave
Their lustful looks, and rosy eve
Sheds her soft toenails as she swings
Her brilliant body into Spring's
Refell a woe - and here the band
~~Plays on~~ ^{Plays on} this sacred plexus with the yard
Played, and the Annuncites of Song
Blew their skull spirals loud and long.

On of Cassiopeal first
The grave of Hippocampus cursed,
Blanch ~~Oxyrhynchus~~! who would dare

To camp in Berenice's Hair
^{where vesper fingers anurous}
^{Smoke propolis bedonjons}
What time the trusted ibex mans

The parallax of double stars,
And the pale hate of Vega flares,
And swart Typhloitis next unbares
His glaive, ^{ere} ~~and~~ Granuloma gnashed
Her teeth, and on its shoulder gashed
- That shoulder that had slugged unmoved
Through Os Inimicatum loved!

What happened after who can say?
I wandered sadly by the bay
And saw ammon' steamers wet
Like drawers of scarlet flannel
I watched the mermaids as they loosed
Their lids as night might be seduced,
While earnest starfish strove to cram
The strange lore of the pentagram.

In brief, it was a busy morn.

I took the Poets' Club in scorn.

How, with the banded friend in pen

That rase me into one pound ten,

With that too finite reservoir,

How ~~can~~^{could} I sing this abbatoir?

Nay! let me first unloose myie hands

In the ~~fold~~_{dun} blood of Mildred Sandys! $\frac{1}{2}$

~~And to the gods~~

The Son of a servant August Thursday

W^m Rider & Sons

~~This is a story~~ Why not "The Soul of
a servant?" The 'hero' is a sort of
Scandinavian Newbury. He is always being
'bullied' & treated with 'injustice' however
kind people are to him. Here are two cases
accurately taken from the book but rendered in dialogue.
In class.

Master. What do you know of Gustavus Adolphus
Boy (with gloomy pride that he knows all
about G.A.) R-r-r-r-r.

Master. Come now, surely you ^{don't mind telling us} ~~remember~~ something
about him!

Boy. (struggles madly by this senseless torture)
I know all about Gustavus Adolphus.

Master. Well, that's splendid. Let's see now,
who was he?

Boy. (beyond him self) Tyrant!

Monster! Brute! White slaver!

Man - con - ce!

In the family circle.

~~John~~. (to his brother) Now, Albert, I should like
you to take some flowers to Mother
for a present.

Albert. all right. (They enter shop).

~~John~~. Here's the money.

Albert. all right. (They reach home)

~~John~~. Now you go in all by yourself
and say "Here are some flowers for you,
mother" I will wait outside.
all right.

Albert (within) Here are some flowers for
you, mother!

Mother. Oh thank you, Albert, how beautiful!

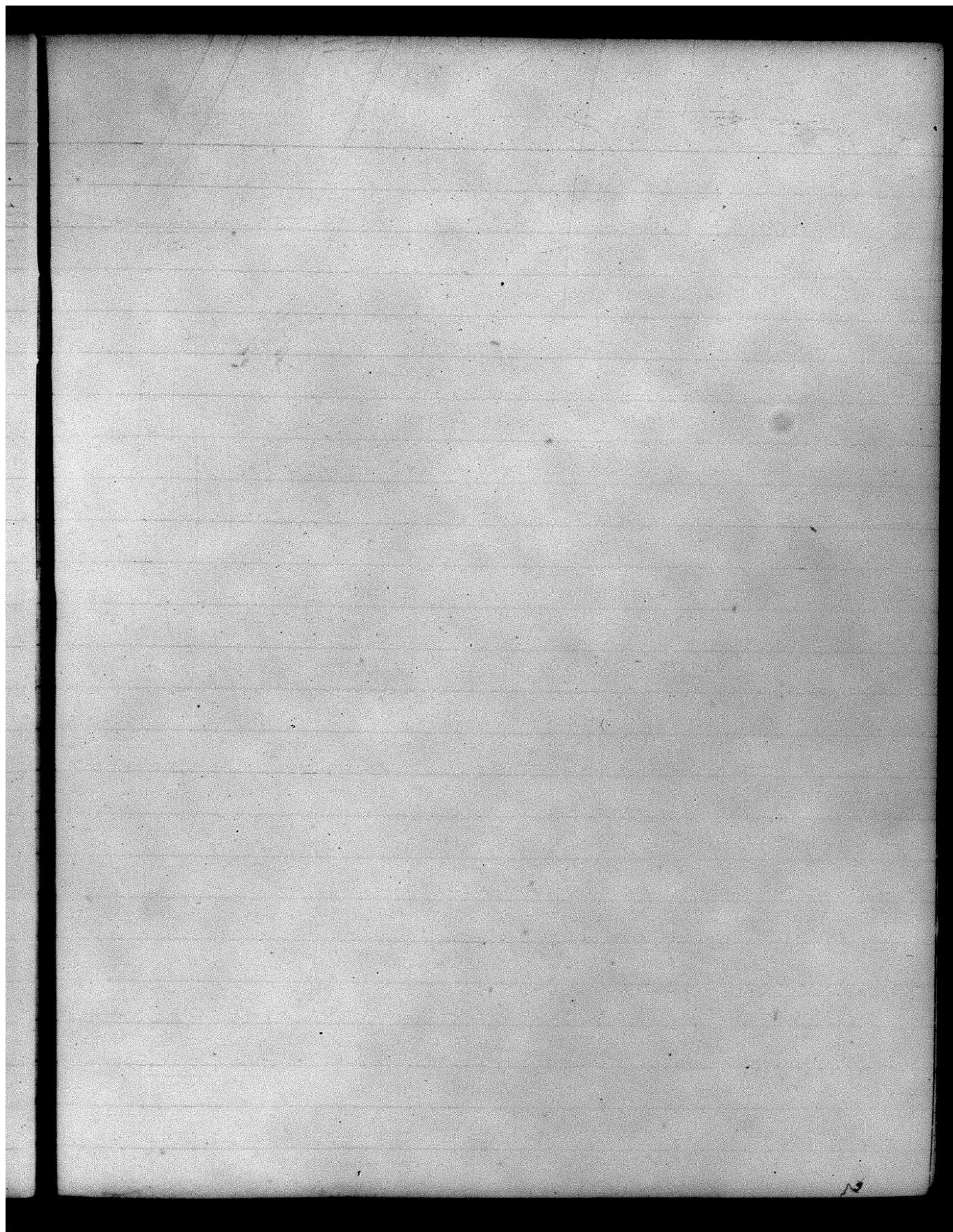
Father. Very kindly thought of, my son!

John. Oh! the black blind hideous
horrible injustice of it all!

(with conviction) There is no God!

As the book consists of little else
but episodes of this kind, it

will be seen that the entertained attention
The judicious reader need never flag.
at.



Master Crowley

33 Avenue Studios

SKansky 12

The flame dances

I am alone in an abyss of sand
Giant mountains jay the sky on every hand
To westward ~~above me~~ is the Sun in whose heart
Yeans herself takes an immortal part
And eastward, gleaming from that textless dome
Comes the presentiment of the full moon
There is no wind abroad in this clear air
Frost keys the spirit to exulting prayer
Vreft in my burning, patient as a star,
I wait my lover by the lonely hear.
Each moment worthy of a choral name
Each like a spark impatient to be flame
Yet each inwoven to a period
Of which the name can be but Love-of-God.

The flame dances.