

# Which things are an Allegory.

An unpublished story  
by  
Aleister Crowley.

The little black demon sat in his corner and grinned.

Outside the toads held ghastly revel over that thing, that thing unholy, that lay in the shadow of the old cathedral, that thing so lately a living loving creature and now blackened, swollen, and already a rotten corpse. And it lay in the shadow of the old cathedral and the little black demon sat in his corner in the red light of a dying fire and smacked it's fleshless lips and grimaced and aped and gibbered and grinned. And then it laughed out loud and shrunk back frightened at its own hellish mirth. And the thick black London fog shut all the mystery in with a horrid pall.

There came the morning, if we call it morning, when the black only fades to an orange hue, a sickly yellow hue, the hue of the dead, and even under the shadow of the cathedral there came a man in blue. And the thing was found. And men came stealing through the mid-day murk and bore it through crowded streets, the streets were men smile with black hate beneath the mask, the streets were no honest man can live, no pure women eke out her daily bread, where the Devil is crowned King under his best loved named - the name of Gold. And the liars that minister to thirst for news broke through all rule and told the truth about this thing. And they called it Murder. As if Murder were new in London, where every young life's hope is stamped out under the golden hoof of Mammon - not once a day, nor twice. And lo! the orange is become black again and the streets in the city are deserted. And the little black demon gibbered in his corner and laughed and now arose and went out. And he grinned hideously on his dear sisters as he hastened through the Hay market and marked the putrefaction beneath their paint and the Death beneath their dye. And he chuckled as he passed his dear brothers and saw them stagger through the bye-ways. Ha! how he gloated. And now he is in an alley bleak and lone and the fog is thicker and darker than before. And silently he dances - yes!, he dances now - he is so glad! down the streets and calls a woman to him that stands in the shadow. And she comes and he leaps on her and licks her with that black tongue that foams with a foul sweat. And she falls still in the shadow. And he licks and still licks with that black tongue and the clothes rot from her as it touches them. And he licks and still licks while the corpse swells to a black putrid mass three times the size God made it, sprinkled with leprous patches of a dead white. And he has finished, and the toads crawl out and sit upon her and hold a ghastly revel. And the black fog is over all. And the little black devil was in his corner and still sat and gibbered.

And this happened day by day, and the people were afraid.

And the liars wrote many lies and gave much advice so quaintly worded by their art that nothing or anything might be understood by it. And the little black devil sat in his corner still and grinned.

And then after seven days nothing more happened. And the liars forgot and wrote news lies about other things. And so the world went on.

Now there was a man in this city who was much honoured. For his name was noble and his money measureless. But he had no character and less virtue. So for these qualities he was much esteemed. And he new also a women whose name was not noble, who had no money, but whose character and virtue were even as his.

And the generous world thought that the last good thing might outweigh the other two for she, with it, could borrow a noble name and gain much money also. And this indeed she did, and was much esteemed of all men. But the women hated her. Now for a long time she held this noble man in thrall, but he (having no virtue of any sort) grew tired of her. And his friends said "Get rid of this woman, but shabbily, so that you may be the more esteemed of all men and all shall be well". For the men of London think that, by reason of the fog, the Eye of God seeth not the deeds that are done in London. And so he went and took another woman to him. But she, the first, went to her Father and did consult. And he, from the flames everlasting, bid her be of good cheer. And the room was dark and the woman grew cold and shrank now into a corpse, nor was any breath left in her. And her heart sprang out and arose and went into the outer room. And that black corpse that lay in the shadow of St. Pauls' had been the rival of her, and was now and again some other child of hate, and again even for seven days. And after seven days the heart came back and entered again into her and the life came into her again and she arose and went out and so lived on.

Now it came to pass that the year passed by until the day before the anniversary of the first day of this. And she was merry at supper and grew drunken. And, being maddened, she passed out into the street, and began to rave in the market place and tore her clothes. And the man in blue came to her and took her.

For the men of London do all drink and the women also. But they say outwardly that it is a horrid thing and so appoint a punishment for the poor who are drunken in the street. But for the rich the man in blue procureth a cab that he may be driven home. And this man in blue that met the woman knew that she was not rich and so forced her to come with him. And the morning came and she was brought before him who was to judge her. But he was late, having been himself drunken the night before and having had a headache in consequence. But at last he come and spake loud and virtuously, even giving a long moral lecture on the vice of drink. But while he yet spake, the woman grew cold and shrank up and now there was no life left in her, even as before. And the liars wrote much of this. But her heart had sprung out as before.

And the liars wrote much of this. But her heart had sprung out as before and went about with its black tongue, licking and slaying.

And the liars wrote much of this also. And so seven days passed and the woman was buried. And over her they signed the Cross. And the noble man knew that it was she and over her grave he raised a cross of marble. And at the end of seven days the little black devil ceased his gibbering and came and sought her. But he found her not, for when he came to the grave he might not pass the cross. So he wandered up and down in unclean places and sought rest and found it not. And he went to the Patriarch of the fallen of London. And he was sad for, said he, this child of mine is grown to my will and there is

nothing left for me to do. I am not needed here. "Let us flee" said the little black demon gibbering and grimacing again "let us flee away even to the nearest place we may". "Yes", howled that old Patriarch lashing a forked tail with a horrid thud "let us out of this fog". For the thick black fog still hung down over all the city. "Let us to the nearest place where he may find some good we may corrupt". And they arose and went through the black streets and away and away. And they fled very far.