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REVIEW OF *THE ARGONAUTS*

We do not think that Mr. Aleister Crowley was well advised in choosing for his poetical drama a subject so hackneyed as the *Quest of the Golden Fleece*, or that he has handled it more successfully than did William Morris in his epic, *The Life and Death of Jason*. *The Argonauts* less resembles a classical Greek play than one of Seneca's rhetorical tragedies. The experiment itself was at best an unpromising one, seeing that the *Atlanta in Calydon* is the only instance in which an English poet has produced a drama at once Hellenic in form and spirit. The influence of Mr. Swinburne is obvious in:

“O happy of mortals,
O frontier of fear,
The impassable portals!
Ye heavens, give ear.
Our song shall be rolled in the praise of the fold, and its
glory be told where the heavenly fold rejoices to
hold the stars in its sphere.”

Though Mr. Swinburne would have shunned as cacophonous the fivefold iteration of a single rhyme in an overgrown line. The lyric speeches of Orpheus are sometimes of exquisite beauty:

“Light pearly glimmering through dim gulf and hollow,
Below the foam-kissed lips of the sea;
Light shines from all the sky and up to me
From the amber floors of sand: Light calls Apollo!
The shafts of fire fledged of the eagle follow
The crested surf, and strike the shore and flee
Far from green cover, nymph-enchanted lea,
Fountain, and plume them white as the sea-swallow,
And turn and quiver in the ocean seeming
The glances of a maiden kissed, or dreaming.”