

THE NEW AGE
6 JULY 1911

RECENT VERSE.

"The Triumph of Pan." By Victor Neuburg. (The Equinox.)

Mr. Neuburg is a follower of Mr. Aleister Crowley, and has all his master's really notable fluidity and fecundity of expression. In his choice of topics he is somewhat more circumspect than Mr. Crowley. He gives us little of that boring stuff that is usually termed "strong meat," but in the matter of wind, spray, Pan mouths, hair, throats, Osiris, stars, hermaphrodites, fauns, and obscene gods he is a faithful disciple. His dedicatory poem (printed in red ink) is the one that fascinates me most. It is a tender little lyric, delicate, iridescent, fragrant as a summer dawn. I take the liberty of quoting it in full:—

Omari tessala marax,
Tessala dodi phornepax.
Amri radara poliax
 Armana piliu.
Amri radara piliu son';
Mari narya barbiton
Madara anaphax sarpedon
 Andara hriliu

I am not quite sure that the apostrophe in "son'" can be regarded as legitimate, and I have an uneasy suspicion the "hriliu" has been dragged in owing to the difficulty (which we have all experienced) of finding a rhyme to "piliu." But, looked at as a whole, this little poem could scarcely have been bettered.