

AMBERGRIS. A Selection of Poems by ALEISTER CROWLEY.
Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6*d*. Printed by Strangeways and
sons, Great Tower Street, Cambridge Circus, W. C.

We don't like books of selections, and you can't make a nightingale out of a crow by picking out the least jarring notes.

The book is nicely bound and printed—as if that were any excuse! Mr. Crowley, however, must have been surprised to receive a bill of over Six Pounds for “author's corrections,” as the book was printed from his volume of Collected Works, and the alterations made by his were well within the dozen!

[Yes; he was surprised; it was his first—and last—experience of these strange ways.—ED.]

If poets are ever going to make themselves heard, they must find some means of breaking down the tradition that they are the easy dupes of every— [Satis.—ED.]

Just as a dishonest commercial traveller will sometimes get a job by accepting a low salary, and look for profit to falsifying the accounts of “expenses,” so— [Here; this will never do.—ED.]

We have had fine weather recently in Mesopotamia—[I dare say; but I'm getting suspicious; stop right here.—ED.] All right; don't be huffy; good-bye!

S. HOLMES.