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THE SPIRIT OF TRAGEDY.

Mr. Aleister Crowley is surely going to be the next idol of the people who have been worshipping Browning. Mr. Crowley has already secured quite a following in England, and it is therefore a question of only a short time when he will have people over here guessing. The New York Evening Post has already spoken of his "indubitable talent," and quotes the following as evidence of his "exceptional lyric gift":

THE SPIRIT OF TRAGEDY

Here, in the home of a friend.
Here, in the midst of a lie,
The pageant moves on to the desolate end
Under a sultry sky,
Noon is upon us, and Night,
Spreading her wings unto flight,
Visits the lands that lie far in the West.
Where the bright East is at peace on her breast;
Opposite quarters unite.
Soon is the nightfall of Destiny here:
Nature's must pass as her hour is gone by,
Only another than she is too near,
Gloom in the sky.
One who can never pass over shall sever
Links that were forged of Love's hand;
Love that was strong die away as a song,
Melt as a cable of sand.
But I am watching, with unwearied eye,
The wayfare of the tragedy.
I see the brightness of the home; I see
The grisly phantom of despair to be.
I see the miserable past redeemed,
(Intolerable as its purpose seemed,)
Redeemed by love: I see the jealous days
Pass into sunshine, and youth-beaming rays,
Quicken the soul's elixir. Let me show
How these air-castles tumble into woe.

We are ready to admit right here that Crowley is right. We can't understand what he is driving at, hence it will be idle to question his supremacy as an artist.