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REVIEW OF *THE SOUL OF OSIRIS*

Mr. Crowley is a disciple of Swinburne, Rossetti and Symons—especially Symons. The burden of his song is "desire." He appears to be one of those anæmic creatures who find an embrace unsatisfactory unless accompanied by bites. "All my limbs were bloody with your mouth." This may be mayhem, but is it poetry? This occurs in "The Gate of the Sanctuary" and "The Holy Place" to "The Holy of Holies," we shall, of course, escape this sort of thing. Shall we? Not if the author knows himself. For even here we have "libertine touches of small fingers," and a "beloved mouth that beats and bleeds." Beyond this "Holy of Holies" comes an epilogue; and this is all there is of it: "The epilogue is SILENCE." Paresis, more likely!