

**THE MORNING POST  
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**TWO PLAYS.**

The Argonauts. By Aleister Crowley. Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth. Boleskine, Foyers, Inverness.

Mr. Crowley considers "The Argonauts" to consist of five acts, we should have said of five plays, dealing with the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece. Each begins with page 1, and is dedicated to a fresh batch of persons on the occasion of some event in the author's life. The handsomest dedication is the last. It runs, "To Commonsense and to the Qabalists (*sic*), Clergymen, Peers, Alchemists, Subalterns, Sorcerers, Thieves, Necromancers, Missionaries, Lunatics, Doctors and Rosicrucian Prostitutes among whom I have lived (being in England), on the occasion of my going away." Without admitting that residence in England is any excuse for so large a circle of acquaintance we may hope he will be happier at Boleskine, Foyers, Inverness. Inverness is, we believe, particularly free from Rosicrucians. Boleskine is, moreover, the headquarters of the Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth, which publishes the book, and may have insisted, as a condition of publication, that the characters should show some knowledge of Scripture. We wonder that while they were about it they did not strike out the advertisement of a book that the author has edited, entitled "Alice: an Adultery," of which though out of print, a few copies may be had of the author at the famine price of a guinea. In the play itself all is modesty. Medea is as "severely proper" as Mrs. Kenwig herself. There is, indeed, more modesty than poetry. As early as page 5, the first of the five pages so numbered, we have the semi-chorus of Iolchian men complaining:

"Surely, O friends, at last 'tis clear  
The man was mad indeed!  
Such nonsense we did never hear  
As this prophetic screed."

This is the right butter woman's rank to market. We think, too, that the men are rather hard on the prophet, whose talk seems to us neither better nor worse than that of some of the

others. The best that can be said for the play is that it contains a few striking phrases and some happy lines, while some of the lyrics, after the manner of Swinburne, are almost too good for parodies. The play is to be commended to those only who have a sense of humour.