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POETRY.

Ambergris, A Selection from the Poems of Aleister Crowley.  
(London: Elkin Mathews.) 3s. 6d. net.

We are disappointed with this book. Mr. Crowley is well known—to a few people. A book has been written about him; and he has seen fit to include a *farouche* portrait of himself in this selection from his verse. Frankly, we are disappointed with his portrait and his poetry. None of it is first rate. We must admit that throughout we get an impression that the verse does not fairly represent the author. There is more power in it than poetry. There are some good things. "The Goad," written simply and directly, is distinctly powerful, and some of his songs are charming. But those who met a daring mountaineer and brilliant talker in one of the higher Alpine resorts ten years ago will have expected more than this. Mr. Crowley says the selection is unrepresentative. We hope it is: and indeed (to part from him kindly) we are convinced it is. We have been judging Mr. Crowley as we imagine he would wish to be judged—by the highest standard. We do not think him a good poet, but he is certainly not a minor poet.