

**THE NEW AGE**  
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**Books and Persons.**

"In response to a widely-spread lack of interest in my writings, I have consented to publish a small unrepresentative selection from the same," says Mr. Aleister Crowley in the preface to "Ambergris" (Elkin Mathews). I surmise that one reason for the widely-spread lack of interest in Mr. Crowley's admirable verse has been the price of it. Thus "Rosa Mundi," a quarto pamphlet of seventeen pages, is sold at 16s. Perhaps I ought to say it is offered. Happily "Rosa Mundi" is included in "Ambergris," and a fine poem it is. Mr. Crowley is one of the principal poets now writing. Yet if any mandarin had to write an article on our chief living poets he would assuredly not mention Mr. Crowley. I doubt if he would mention Lord Alfred Douglas, who has, I imagine, produced immortal things. On the other hand he would not fail to speak at length about Mr. Laurence Binyon, with extracts! Why are mandarins thus?