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**"NO AMERICAN ART."  
SAYS AN IRISH CRITIC.**

**Crowley is Poet, Mountain Climber, Buddhist—  
Man Who Smashed Oscar Wilde's Monument.**

Aleister Crowley, an Irishman, scores American art in the English Review, which is published in Paris. Like the famous essay on "Snakes in Ireland," which read, "There are no snakes in Ireland," Mr. Crowley concludes there is no "American art." Here are some extracts from a wealth of criticism:

"The astounding inspiration of American scenery fails to inspire the native.

"There is little real music, even of the simpler sort, in the Americans.

"The national hymn, 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee,' is little better than a parody on 'God Save the King.'

"The boasted inventions of the American do not exist; what they invent is notions based on the discoveries of others.

"The only bright spot in American literature is humor. Of course, humor is the most perishable of commodities.

"The only American sculptor I know is a Lithuanian living in Paris.

"The critical faculty is curiously infantine in nearly all Americans.

"In music I do not know of anything save McDowell's work which even pretends to be ambitious.

"Only one really great singer has hailed from Columbia; I speak of Jenny Lind.

"In medicine the only name that occurs is Weir-Mitchell.

"In America there is so much to do that there is no time to reflect; poetry is born in the stillness of the soul.

"Some day—when all her problems are settled—America's art will lead the world. Until then the theme is likely to overwhelm the artist.

## Recognizes Poe and Whitman.

But Mr. Crowley does find two American poets worth considering, and they are Edgar Allan Poe and Walt Whitman, and he concedes that there have been two American painters—James McNeil Whistler and John S. Sargent. But beyond that literature and art are *mil*.

The New York Times correspondent bearded Crowley in his den and got these replies to his questions:

About Music—"I have never heard of Nevin or Herbert."

About "My Country 'Tis of Thee"—"Well, it has the same tune as 'God Save the King.' " (Therefore, of course, it is a parody.)

About Inventions—"Fulton only adapted a principle already discovered. The Wrights are following the lines laid down by others. Morse only improved the telegraph system."

About Medicine—"I was not aware that Sir Bertram Dawson, the King's physician, had said that he had to go to America to learn surgery and that the Mayo brothers, of Rochester, Minn., were the finest surgeons in the world."

"When I wrote of sculpture I had forgotten about Macmonnies."

"I was not aware that Jenny Lind was born in Sweden."

## A Many-Sided Genius.

But Crowley himself was found a very interesting personality. Parisians say of him:

"He's a mountain climber; holds a lot of records in the Himalayas and Mexico."

"He's a well-known Buddhist; has been to Tibet and got initiated into all their mysteries."

"He's a leading Freemason and past master Rosicrucian."

"He's a worker of magic; holds séances and raises devils."

"He's the man who mutilated Oscar Wilde's monument at Pere-la-chaise."

Aleister Crowley is, in fact, a poet—the most prolific poet of the present day, the Times correspondent finds. He has produced a vast quantity of poetry, all of it strange, much of it wonderful, parts of it horrible and none of it popular.

In appearance he is a thick-set man of about 40, with a strong, square head and high forehead. His skull is shaven bald.

He lives in a studio in Paris, a high, bright room, decorated with magic squares, a big bronze butterfly, ice axes and al-pene-stocks, futurist paintings, old English engravings and images of pagan gods.

### **Hates England, Like America.**

He says he is an Irishman and hates England worse than poison. "I would rather be a dog than an Englishman," he cried vehemently, and has never ceased to lash with the bitterest pen in Europe the country that has refused to recognize his genius.

For America he expresses the highest admiration and affection, in spite of his harsh criticisms. He once visited the country and wrote a fervid "Hymn to the American People" as he crossed the Rockies on Independence Day, 1901.