

THE NEW AGE
8 OCTOBER 1914

English Review.

Nothing remains for me to say of the orthodox poetry the war has provoked. The worst has been said and the worst is true. In the "English Review" Mr. Aleister Crowley addresses an Ode to America, from which one would suppose that that sordid continent has become for Mr. Crowley one of Swinburne's idealized girl harlots. Did anybody ever hear such language as this addressed to a continent of Yankees intent on capturing German trade in South America while England holds up German shipping at her own cost?

O child of freedom, thou art very fair!
Thou hast white roses on thy eager breast;
The scent of all the South is in thy hair;
Thy lips are fragrant—

No. I cannot bring myself to copy out more of the patchouli.