

SLUGS ON STRAWBERRIES

“ Self-abuse is no recommendation.” Possibly, but the abuse of journalism is. For this reason I reprint only adverse criticisms, not specifying the paper whence they are drawn : the breed of slug would interest only the expert : and I do not write for him.

“ Mannerism and affectations predominate.”

“ Leaves no very strong impression.”

“ Drivel.”

“ A most unsatisfactory performance.”

“ The book is not one that can be recommended to the young.”

“ A vein of skepticism and licentiousness.”

“ Heaven forbid.”

“ Absurdity.”

“ Cryptic type.”

“ Tends to turgidity.”

“ A coming poet.”

“ You have to pause, and corrugate the brow.”

“ There is no need to compare the writer with any other ; but if we had to elect (? select) we should declare for Milton.”

“ The roar of an idol-breaker who is in danger of breaking his own head.”

“ Not altogether unworthy of Mr Swinburne’s earlier muse.”

“ Most offensive remarks.”

“ Wordy, never deep or simple.”

“ Excessively smart and clever.”

“ Sins against good taste.”

“ A young man.”

“ A riot of words without much thought at the back of them.”

“ A bad lapse of judgment.”

“ More sensual than sensuous.”

“ We do not like ‘ dawning ’ and ‘ frondage ’.

“ Full of large patriotic ideas.”

“ Confused and clamorous.”

“ Rampantly melodramatic.”

“Vapourish.”

“His scholarship is evident.”

“Splendid nonsense.”

“A dictionary let loose.”

“Poor pieces and many faults.”

“Share Blake’s impenetrable simplicity of form.”

“Suggest the names of Goethe and of Baudelaire.”

“By no means unworthy of Rosetti.”

“Similar preoccupations direct the muse of Mr Francis Thompson.”

“Mr Crowley’s talent.”

“Crowley and Michelet.”

“Vicious scorn of all the world.”

“Influence of Edgar Allen Poe.”

“Bathos and Banality.”

“The writer may improve.”

“Youthful affectations.”

“Windy stuff.”

“The grammar is shaky.”

“In the Shelleyan vein.”

“The boyish production of a lad with a very musical ear.”

“Incoheret.”

“Childish rubbish.”

“Beautiful with wide margins and rough edges.”

“A somewhat treacly prose aberration.”

“Butter-woman’s method.”

“The unclean is flaunted before our eyes.”

“Quite unsuitable for the perusal of the white maidens of England.”

“Ambitious verse.”

“Cannot the rose and the lily bloom side by side ?”

“A book of wandering cries.”

“Not unworthy of the author of ‘Adonais.’”

“Not a very pretty story.”

“Not good taste.”

“Earliest and worst manner of Keats . . . one looks in vain for even a fitful glow of the poetry which makes it possible—once in a lifetime—to read to an end of Keat’s (*sic*) ‘prentice work.”

“Echoes of Keats, Mr Swinburne, Tennyson, and sometimes Mr Gilbert.”

“ Has sought expression for the highest form of bodily love and as clear and free from the pollution of sensuality as ‘ Songs of the Spirit ’ are free from morbidity and *decadence*.

“ Very excited verse.”

“ Redolent of blood and God and kisses, sharp swords, lilies and fire.”

“ Cambridge among whose sons apparently Mr Crowley is to be numbered . . . better poets than him.” (*Sic!* This slug I must identify ; it is the *Cambridge Review*, the organ of the Cambridge Don !!)

**Jephthah and
Other
Mysteries.** This is a book of verse by a Mr
Crowley and I cannot conceive
why some of it has been printed.
Therein is one of the mysteries. (Kegan Paul &
Co., p.

But. But how different is ‘ Soldierin ’
by J.A.N. There are the true
drum-beat, the true fife-note, the
tightening of the tension of the fighting hour.

“ It is strange that anybody with an ear for poetry could tolerate the last line.”

“ A hero worshipper.”

“ Mr W. B. Yeats and the author of ‘ The Soul of Osiris.’ ”

“ A clotted mass of willful emotional symbols.”

“ A kind of middle-class Swinburne at second hand . . . a windbag foaming at the mouth . . . the morbid unpleasantness of Mr Crowley’s taste . . . a drama of incest, crudely and violently treated. Some of the shorter poems are worse.”

“ A sinister rival to the mutoscope.”

“ Veils a morbidly exaggerated Catholicism under an ultra-Egyptian passion for death.”

“ A lack of virility.”

“ The usual lunar influence was not abated by the sun’s interposition (*sic*).”

“ Akin to . . . Vivon and Verlaine.”

“ Tempestuous verse.”

“ This histrionic hate.”

“ Wearisome recurrence of ‘ shameless eyes.’ ”

“ This fearfully prophetic poem.”

“ The poser of insanity.”

“ The poet always knows what he is saying.”

“ His uncompromising completeness.”

“ Bizarre and turgid.”

“ At once verbose and dry.”

“ The manner of Swinburne mingled with that of Browning.”

“ This volume demands emphatic protest from all lovers of literature and decency . . . the suggestive exposition of the obscene.” . . . etc. *ad nauseam*.

And all this may be found

in the

WORKS OF ALEISTER CROWLEY

Which are as follows :

ACELDAMA. [Out of print.
SONGS OF THE SPIRIT.
THE TALE OF ARCHAIS.
JEPHTHAH AND OTHER MYSTERIES, &c.
JEZEBEL AND OTHER POEMS. [Out of print. Mostly reprinted in "The Soul of
Osiris."
AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.
THE MOTHER'S TRAGEDY, &c. (*Privately Printed.*)
CARMEN SAECULARE.
THE SOUL OF OSIRIS.
TANNHÄUSER.

[Of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.,
Dryden House, 43 Gerrard Street, W.

Also

BERASHITH. [Out of print. Reprinted in "The Sword of Song."
SUMMA SPES. [Out of print.
AHAB. [Of the Chiswick Press, Took's Court, E.C.
(As Editor) ALICE [Out of print.
(As Editor) THE GOETIA OF THE LEMEGETON OF KING SOLOMON
THE ARGONAUTS.
THE SWORD OF SONG.
THE GOD-EATER. [Of Chas. Watts, 17 Johnson's Court, E.C.

In preparation

THE LOVER'S ALPHABET.