

**THE LABOUR LEADER  
LONDON, ENGLAND  
24 JUNE 1910  
(page 387)**

**RECENT VERSE.**

Ambergris (Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d.) is the title of a selection from the poems of Mr. Aleister Crowley, who when he is not occupied with Hermetic Orders of Golden Dawns and other magical mysteries, contrived to write an astonishing amount of verse, which is subsequently published at process far beyond the purses of the vulgar. Mr. Crowley is a very interesting survival, combining a mediaeval imagination with a wit which is essentially *fin de siècle*. In his preface to the present volume, he says: "In response to a widely-spread lack of interest in my writings, I have consented to publish a small and unrepresentative selection from the same . . . with the fullest confidence that it will be received with exactly the same amount of acclamation as that to which I have become accustomed." At the risk of incurring the wrath of the whole Macgregor clan, we venture to think that Mr. Crowley's confidence is not misplaced. The verses, as full of colour as a painting by Matisse, are admirable as a short cut to euthanasia.