

**T.P.'S WEEKLY
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THE LETTER BOX

The Poetry of Patriotism.

Sir,—I have seen your article "The Poetry of Patriotism." There is no such thing. No self-respecting poet would foul his pen with allusions to petty topical trivialities like the war. The poet's throne is in eternity; clouds and thick darkness are under his feet. He may sing, as Homer, Virgil, and many another, the ancient wars of his folk, but he never sways to the passions of his generation. They sway to him.

Did Chaucer, who wrote in the climax of the Crusading spirit, do this yellow work? Did Shakespeare pen a single line about the defeat of the Spanish Armada? Had Milton, the poet, a word to say about the triumph of the cause which he so voluminously defended in [illegible]? Byron and Shelley wrote a little about war, but their enthusiasm was not in any way national. Yet these lived in the Napoleonic wars, and if they attacked any country, it was their own.

Keats, the purest poet of them all, never so far forgot himself. It is only when we [illegible] to penny-a-liners like Sir Walter Scott, and Alfred, Lord Tennyson, that we get "patriotic poetry," which, as I previously remarked, is an oxymoron.—Yours, etc.

Aleister Crowley.

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