

Mr Crowley has some doubtful phrases, but most of his verse is clear and moderate. Here is his picture of Naboth :—

‘The beast. A gray deceitful man,
 With twisted mouth the beard would hide,
 Evil yet strong ; the scurril clan
 Exaggerate for its greed and pride,
 The scum of Israel ! At one look
 I read my foe as in a book.

The beast. He grovelled in the dust.
 I heard the teeth grind as he bowed
 His forehead to the earth. Still just,
 Still patient, passionless, and proud,
 I ruled my heavy wrath. I passed
 That hidden insult, spake at last.’

The other pieces include a grandiose sonnet on Rodin’s statue of Balzac ; ‘Melusine,’ in which mannerisms and affectations predominate ; and ‘The Dream,’ a smooth piece of verse that leaves no very strong impression. There are an introduction and an epilogue in verse by Count Vladimir Svareff.”—*Manchester Guardian*.

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