

THE EQUINOX

CAPTAIN MARGARET. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Thomas Nelson. 7*d*.

I bought this book thinking to find a jolly pirate yarn. Instead, in a style recalling now Bart Kennedy now Hall Caine, the meanderings and maunderings of a crew of ill-assorted sexual degenerates.

And I wasted sevenpence on this nauseous nastiness!

THE PORCH. Vol I, No. 1. THE OVERSOUL. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
21, Cecil Court, W.C. 3*d*.

"The Porch" promises to be a delightful addition to our periodical literature. Its first number gives in clear type on a nice page the magnificent essay which we all know so well, yet of which we never tire.

The one objection to Emerson is that he thinks all men know this Oversoul. They don't. It's a few holy illuminated men of God, and I hope that this includes John M. Watkins. A. C.

Vol. I, No. 2. June. 1910. A TRUE CHRISTIAN. By JACOB BOEHME.

A most exquisite treatise on the life of the soul.

Boehme is a passive mystic, or quietist, of the very first water; he really perceives the underlying realities of Christianity, a religion which is so hidden by mounds of dirt and rubbish that it needs a very great mystic to get to the bottom of things without becoming defiled.

I hope Mr. Watkins is a true Christian.

V. B. N.

THE PORCH. Vol. I, No. 3. ON THE GOOD, OR THE ONE. By PLOTINUS.

We took up this book with avidity, thinking from the title that it was about Mr. Watkins. But no; at least not under that name.

Plotinus' method of mystic exercise is practically that of Liber XVI (A.: A.: publication in Class D), but it takes a deal of research to discover this in his dull pages. He drones on in such an exalted kind of way, don'tcherknow!

There is hardly a mystic living who wouldn't be a better man for reading Gal's Gossip now and then. I wish I had a copy here!

DORIS LESLIE ("BABY").

THINGS A FREEMASON SHOULD KNOW. By F. J. W. CROWE. G. Kenning and Son.

It is a pity that the title of this excellent manual should suggest the sexual sliminess of Sylvanus Stall, D.D., for it is a most admirable compilation, a capital handbook and *vade-mecum* which no Mason should be without. It is intensely interesting and beautifully illustrated with portraits of Masonic worthies past and present—there are no future celebrities; why the omission?—historic regalia and charitable institutions. H. K. T.

REVIEWS

DARE TO BE WISE. By JOHN MCTAGGART ELLIS MCTAGGART Doctor in Letters Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College in Cambridge, Fellow of the British Academy. Watts and Co., 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C. Price 3*d*.

Only the Price Threepence saved my reason.

"Dare to be Wise" is startling enough; but when one saw Who it was that advised it . . .

"Our object," quoth he ("our" being the "Heretics"), "is to promote discussion upon religion, philosophy, and art. . . ."

These desperate conspirators! What is the Parry-lytic Liar about to allow such things in Trinity?

"In seeking truth of all sorts many virtues are needed." This daring thinker!

"Happiness and misery have much to do with welfare." These burning words may rekindle the fires of Smithfield.

"Here we find the need of courage. For, if we are to think on these matters at all, we must accept the belief for which we have evidence, and we must reject the belief for which we have no evidence. . . . And, sometimes, this is not easy."

This unworthy right hand!

We should not think of calling this Martyr to His Convictions, this Revolutionary Thinker, an ass in a lion's skin. For asses can kick. Shall we say a sheep in wolf's clothing? For the Heretics are too clearly Sheep—probably descended from Mary's little lamb. If the Dean were to frown, they would all take to their heels, and break the record for attending chapel.

In fact, this is what happened, when he did frown! Just like the Rationalists themselves when they disowned and deserted Harry Boulter.

I am coming round to the belief that the best test of a religion is the manhood of its adherents rather than its truth. Better believe a lie than act like a coward!

And of all the pusillanimous puppies I have ever heard of, there are none to beat the undergraduates who wagged their rudimentary tails round the toothless old hound that yelped "Dare to be wise" on last 8th of December.

I hate Christianity as Socialists hate soap; but I would rather be saved

THE EQUINOX

with Livingstone and Gordon, Havelock and Nicholson, than damned with Charles Watts and

John McTaggart
Ellis McTaggart
Doctor in Letters
Fellow and Lecturer
Of Trinity College
In Cambridge, and Fellow
Of the Berritish
Ac—ad—em—y.

I wonder, by the way, whether "letters" isn't a misprint. If not, did he really qualify at the Sorbonne ?

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE ARCANE SCHOOLS. By JOHN YARKER. William Tait, 3 Wellington Park Avenue, Belfast. 12s. net.

The reader of this treatise is at first overwhelmed by the immensity of Brother Yarker's erudition. He seems to have examined and quoted every document that ever existed. It is true that he occasionally refers to people like Hargrave Jennings, A. E. Waite, and H. P. Blavatsky as if they were authorities; but whoso fishes with a net of so wide a sweep as Brother Yarker's must expect to pull in some worthless fish. This accounts for Waite's contempt of him; imagine Walford Bodie reviewing a medical book which referred to him as an authority on paralysis !

The size of the book, too, is calculated to effray: reading it has cost me many pounds in gondolas! And it is the essential impossibility of all works of this kind that artistic treatment is not to be attained.

But Brother Yarker has nobly suppressed a Spencerian tendency to ramble; he has written with insight, avoided pedantry, and made the dreary fields of archeology blossom with flowers of interest.

Accordingly, we must give him the highest praise, for he has made the best possible out of what was nearly the worst possible.

He has abundantly proved his main point, the true antiquity of some Masonic system. It is a parallel to Frazer's tracing of the history of the Slain God.

But why is there no life in any of our Slain God rituals? It is for us to restore them by the Word and the Grip.

For us, who have the inner knowledge, inherited or won, it remains to restore the true rites of Attis, Adonis, Osiris, of Set, Serapis, Mithras, and Abel.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE EQUINOX

SHELLEY. By FRANCIS THOMPSON. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. GEORGE WYNDHAM. Burns and Oates.

We would rather not refer to the Rt. Hon. George Wyndham in a paper of this character. Let us deal with Francis Thompson.

Had he no friend to burn this manuscript? To save him from blackening his own memory in this way? We were content to give him his appointed niche in the temple, that of a delicate, forceful spirit, if rarely capable of cosmic expansion. We did not look for eagle-flights; we thought of him as a wild goose sweeping from Tibet upon the poppy-fields of Yunnan. But the prose of a poet reveals the man in him, as his poetry reveals the god; and Francis Thompson the man is a pitiful thing enough. It is the wounded earthworm cursing the harrow; the snipe blaspheming the lark. Shelley was a fine, pure, healthy man whose soul was habitually one with the Infinite Universe; Thompson was a wretch whose body was poisoned by drugs, whose mind by superstition. Francis Thompson was so much in love with his miserable self that he could not bear the thought of its extinction; Shelley was glad to die if thereby one rose could bloom the redder.

This essay is disgusting; we were all trying to forget Francis Thompson, to remember his songs; and here we have his putrid corpse indecently disinterred and thrust under our noses.

The worst of it all is the very perfection of the wrappings. What a poet Thompson might have been if he had never heard of Christ or opium; if he had revelled in Venice with its courtesans of ruddy hair, swan gracefulness, and tiger soul! Instead, he sold matches in the streets of London; from which abyss a church meant warmth, light, incense, music, and a pageant of hope.

To-day, as in the days of Nero, Christianity is no more than the slum-born shriek of the degenerate and undersized starvelings that inhabit the Inferno of Industrialism.

So also Thompson, impotent from abuse of opium, reviles Shelley and Byron for virility. "O che sciagura essere senza cogl"—

Dirt, dogma, drugs! What wonder and what hope lies in the soul of man if from such ingredients can be distilled such wine as "The dream tryst?" Requiescat in pace. Let the flowers grow on Thompson's grave; let none exhume the body!

A. QUILLER, JR.

THE EQUINOX

HOW TO KEEP FIT. By C. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. W. Rider and Sons. 1s. net.

There is a deal of sound sense in this little manual. The author castigates faddists, though to my mind not severely enough. However, I suppose that in this mealy-mouthed age the truth is not printable.

It is a little amusing, though, to see how he tries to make his commonsense fit into his Christianity.

It is the Puritan theory that theological sin, which means everything you like, is bad for you, that is responsible, according to statistics, for 79·403% of all the misery in England.

I suppose the bulk of the rest is due to having to review the outfall of the R.P.A. A. C.

THE LITERARY GUIDE. March-September, 1910.

We regret that the R.P.A. disliked our reviews of their sewerage. The said reviews were, however, written by one of the most prominent members of their own body. Rather like Epaminondas and the Cretans!

Anyhow, the "Guide" has wittily retorted on us that our reviews are "valueless." What a sparkler! What a crusher! A. C.

BHAKTI-YOGA. (Udvodhan Series.) By SWAMI VIVEKĀNANDA. 12 Gopal Chandra Neogi's Lane, Baghbazar, Calcutta. 8 annas.

If Swami VivekĀnanda was not a great Yogi he was at least a very great expounder of Yoga doctrines. It is impossible here to convey to the reader a just estimate of the extreme value of this book. But we can say that this is the best work on the Bhakti-Yoga yet written. Union through devotion is Bhakti-Yoga, and union with Isvara or the Higher Self is the highest form this union can take—"man will be seen no more as man, but only as God; the animal will be seen no more as an animal, but as God; even the tiger will no more be seen a tiger, but as a manifestation of God" . . . "love knows no bargaining . . . love knows no reward . . . love knows no fear . . . love knows no rival . . ." for "there are no men in this world but that One Man, and that is He, the Beloved."

In this excellent series can also be obtained Raja Yoga, one rupee; Karma Yoga, twelve annas; and Jnana Yoga, one rupee, which is worth knowing considering that the English edition of this last-mentioned work is priced at eleven shillings. J. F. C. F.

[Yet we find VivekĀnanda, at the end of his life, complaining, in a private letter to a friend, that his reputation for holiness prevented him from going "on the bust." Poor silly devil!—ED.]

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S
THE EQUINOX

More at <https://keepsilence.org/the-equinox>

This work made possible by donations from:

Ordo Templi Orientis

AMeTh Lodge
London UK

Horizon Lodge
Seattle WA

Nicholaus Gentry

Michael Effertz

Stewart Lundy

סְתוּר

IAO131

Connor Smith

Scott Kenney

John MacDonald

Lutz Lemke

Fr. I.V.I.V.I.

Keith Cantú

Alan Willms

Mark Todd

Adam Vavrick

Vinicius de Mesquita

Michael Schuessler

Mark Dalton

Dean Ellis

Kjetil Fjell

Lilith Vala Xara

Abigail I. Habdas

Tony Iannotti

Jay Lee

Robin Bohumil

Enatheleme & Egeira

Giovanni Iannotti, Ph.D.

Collegium ad Lux et Nox

Arcanum Coronam

Igor Bagmanov

Amber Baker

crescente mutatio.

James Strain

Shaun Dewfall

Eris Concordia

If you would like to contribute please visit:
<https://keepsilence.org/the-equinox/donate.html>