

THE BIG STICK

A DREAMER'S TALES. By LORD DUNSANY. Geo. Allen & Sons. 6s.

Lord Dunsany's prose is like Baudelaire's. I can only criticise five of these tales; for the others I have not yet read forty times!

"Poltarnees" is the best tale ever written of the lure of the Sea. I wish I could think that my "Anima Lunæ" helped to inspire it.

"Bethmoora" and "The Hashish Man" are really one tale. Words really fail me here; if I quote one half sentence all who really understand English will know that this is the perfection of the sublime in its simplicity. "Away we went from that small, pale, *heinous* man."

"Pore Ole Bill" seems derived from "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell." Mixed. What could be more ridiculous? Yet I read it again and again, and the oftener I read it the keener does its fascination grip me.

And what shall I say of "The Sword and the Idol"? Only this; that it is true. Lord Dunsany has really beheld the dawn of the Iron Age, and the conquest of the King by the Priest. G. W. Foote ought to publish this tale as an atheistic pamphlet; it is the best ever written. And yet to me "The Silence of Ged" (Oh bold my Lord Dunsany!) came as a voice in the wood at midnight, when the sword-holder raises his steel against Ged. Ged neither hit nor shrank—in the end the sword was laid as an offering upon his knees.

So let the adept sit smiling through all that may befall him; then those that hate him shall wonder at his strength; in the end they shall worship him. And He, an He speak, shall by speaking save; an He yet keep silence, shall by keeping silence, bless. Amen.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE MESSAGE OF THUBA MLEEN

I

Far beyond Utnar Véhi, far beyond
The Hills of Hap,
Sits the great Emperor crowned with diamond,
Twitching the rosary in his lap—

THE BIG STICK

The rosary whose every bead well-conned
With sleek unblinking bliss
Was once the eyeball of an unborn child of his.

II

He drank the smell of living blood, that hissed
On flame-white steel.
He tittered while his mother's limbs were kissed
By the fish-hooks on the Wheel
That shredded soul and shape, more fine than mist
Is torn by the bleak wind
That blows from Kragua and the unknown lands behind.

III

As the last flesh was flicked, he wearied ; slaves
From bright Bethmoora
Sprang forward with carved bowls whose crimson craves
Green wine of hashish, black wine of datura,
Like the Yann's earlier and its latter waves !
These wines soothed well the spleen
Of the Desert's bastard brother Thuba Mleen.

IV

He drank, and eyed the slaves. " 'Mwass, Dagricho,
Xu-Xulgulura,
Saddle your mules ! " he whispered, " ride full slow
Unto Bethmoora
And bid the people of the city know
That that most ancient snake,
The Crone of Utnar Véhi, is awake."

V

Thus twisted he his dagger in the hearts
Of those two slaves
That bore him wine ; for they knew well the arts
Of Utnar Véhi—what the grey Crone craves !—
Knew how their kindred in the vines and marts
Of bright Bethmoora, thus accurst,
Would rush to the mercy of the Desert's thirst.

THE EQUINOX

VI

I would that Mānā-Yōod-Sushāi would lean
And listen, and hear
The tittering, thin-bearded, epicene,
Dwarf, fringed with fear,
Of the Desert's bastard brother Thuba Mleen !
For He would wake, and scream
Aloud the Word to annihilate the dream.

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN. By VICTOR B. NEUBURG. The Equinox 5s

Shame, Mr Neuburg ! Also fie ! and tut !
No dog-nosed and blue-faced baboon in rut
Feels as you feel ; or if he does, God's mercies
Deny him power to tell his thoughts in verses.

This is a most regrettable collection
Of songs ; they deal with unrestrained affection
Unlicensed by the Church and State ; what's worse
There's no denying they are first-rate verse.
It surely cannot be that Pan's in clover
And England's days of Sunday-school are over !

PERCY FLAGE.

THE GRACES OF INTERIOR PRAYER. FATHER POULAIN, S.J. 10s. 6d. net.
Kegan Paul.

It would be easy, and was tempting, to dismiss Father Poulain and his 650 pages with a jest—I have done harder things—for the mountains of his prejudice are difficult to approach across the abyss of his ignorance.

For example, he devotes just a paragraph to "Yogis." These persons he describes as "Hindu Buddhists" who are "Pantheists," and endeavour to produce "a state of stupefaction" in "their mental powers which are very low" and a "comatose condition" of their body, whose joints they dislocate. How well this describes such people as the Buddha and the author of the Bhagavadgita !

What a ring fence is Romanism against not merely truth but information !

We then examine Father Poulain on the scientific side. How does levitation of the Saints takes place ?

"The simplest explanation, and that most in conformity with the order of Providence, consists in saying : Since the angels have power to move corporeal bodies, God makes use of their ministry, so as to avoid intervening Himself without necessity."

THE BIG STICK

(This is not the translator's blundering, though perhaps much more may be hoped from a lady who says that "Socrates remained for twenty-four hours lost in thought in the camp that Potidæa was besieging." It was Potidæa's way of doing her back hair that made her so generally admired.)

No ; this is the real Poulain, 50 per cent. above proof.

I am sorry for this hobble-skirted Atalanta. He must not study mystic facts ; all he is allowed to do is to arrange, invent, delete as may suit dogma. He is obliged to accept the nymphomaniac nun Gertrude, and treat her blasphemous maunderings with reverence, or ascribe some peculiarly foul outburst to an "early temptation." He must accept every orthodox levitation, and explain it by weight-lifting competitions among the angels ; he must deny every heterodox levitation, or explain it by demonic power. And as one's bitterest enemies are always one's nearest relations, so his bitterest polemics are against the Quietists who are absolutely indistinguishable from the orthodox, and in favour at Rome until the intrigues of the beasts of blood of the Society of Jesus destroyed Molinos. Father Poulain even repeats the Catholic Truths about Molinos's confession. But Father Poulain is a Jesuit.

At this stage a reviewer wants to get up and stamp such people into pulp. But the hour is not yet, though Ferrer's blood adds its cry to that of his fellow-martyrs. Rather let us consider the good points in Father Poulain's poultice.

He understands the mysticism of his own system fairly well, and his book forms a most useful document in comparative Occultism. A. C.

ALCHEMY, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By H. STANLEY REDGRAVE. Wm Rider & Son. 4s. 6d.

A most admirable treatise on the little-understood and misunderstood science of Alchemy. More, the only treatise. Clarity and good sense mark every line. A book entirely essential to anyone who wishes to study the subject, and to understand, (1) how the alchemists conceived of hierarchical monism, (2) how they preserved mysticism, (3) how they made chemistry possible.

The book is a complete refutation alike of the Pooh-Pooh and the Holy Timmie schools of critics. LEO VIRIDIS.

LOTUS LEAVES. BY ALICE L. HEAD. Elkin Mathews.

I really enjoyed these charming poems.

Now, you know, I don't often say a thing like that ! ALICE L. FOOTE.

AN ADVENTURE. Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d. net. Anonymous.

This little book appears to be the production of an extremely clever young man.

THE EQUINOX

But he should have taken more pains to make the literary style of "Miss Morrison" different from that of "Miss Lamond"; and he should have shown the MS. to a lady. The most improbable event recorded is this: one of two modern ladies, walking at Versailles, sees a woman dressed in the clothes of the period of Louis XVI.—and makes no remark!

I don't think!

S. HOLMES.

The Porch. Vol. I. No. 5. JOHN G. GICHTEL (Extracts).

Outside 21 Cecil Court I don't suppose one could find a holier man than John G. Gichtel.

He writes like a Magister Templi, does John G.; and does indeed communicate a little that may be of use to an Adeptus of any kind. But there is nothing for naughty Neophytes, or for poor putrid Probationers. Why doesn't Mr Watkins issue easy simple straightforward instructions, like the EQUINOX?

PROBATIONER.

Ib. No. 6. THE SEVEN VALLEYS. By FARIDUDDIN ATTAR. 3d.

A man of good repute who loved God saw Majnun sifting earth in the middle of the road, and said to him: "Oh Majnun! What art thou seeking thus?" "I seek Laylah." "Can a pearl so pure be found in that dust?" "I seek Laylah everywhere, in the hope of finding her one day somewhere."

This was my toil, and the reward is mine.

Of such gems the volume is full.

A. C.

Ib. No. 7. A SERMON FOR WHIT SUNDAY. By JOHN TAULER.

Awful good, but awful dull. Mr Crowley's "Pentecost" is much livelier.

H. G.

SPIRITISM AND INSANITY. By Dr MARCEL VIOLET. Swan, Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

The worst type of cocksure medical dogmatism rendered into pitifully Frenchified English. This is (I am told) not the fault of the translator, but of Dr Violet's arrogance. Good English is not good enough for him. It sounds to me like incipient G.P.I.

TARR, M.B.

DIVORCE PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY. E. S. P. HAYNES.

Divorce Law Reform Union. 1s.

These papers are learned and acute, but also wise and broad-minded.

Mr Haynes' suggestions go about as far as practical politics allow. Polygyny Monogamy is the natural state of the Briton, and we cannot sweep it away to please a few idealistic cranks. And marriage is a matter too serious to be treated as Houdini treats handcuffs, popping in and out at will. On the other hand,

THE BIG STICK

everybody is not a Houdini, and we must help the weaker brethren. No life should be irrevocably accurst. Marriage bonds should be bonds of roses; and if the roses fade, they should be thrown away.

As for me, I feel at present like a cross between Galahad and St Paul. Henry VIII. is but a memory.

MOHAMMED (dated from his suspended coffin).

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL. By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH. The Equinox.
3s. 6d.

This admirable study of a modern temperament, a thoughtful and generous mind at sea in the whirl of these new forces, so difficult to understand at all, so impossible to rate at their real value is a monument of our late colleague's earlier manner.

The book is almost as abstract as Kant, more abstract than Erewhon. Mr Raffalovich when he wrote this had not that lightning flash, the concentration of infinite light into a single lucid symbol, which distinguishes his later work.

The light is calm and cool. If I had to compare this book to another, I should select one of Jane Austen's; and if it is pointed out that I have never read any of Jane Austen's, I can retort that neither have I read "The History of a Soul."

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

PSYCHISM. By M. HUME. Walter Scott. 2s. 6d.

Mrs Hume is a female M h S . . . r. She begins by a long hypothesis full of big words whose meaning she shows no sign of understanding, though the sentence "Lunatics abound" can hardly be denied. The body of the book is made up of rambling statements (unsupported by any sort of evidence) of psychic powers that she possesses, the least of which, if substantiated, would be sufficient to overturn the entire universe; and still more Starry are the "inspirational" poems which disconnectedly impregnate the other rubbish.

"Nay, take her up gently,
Dry thou her tears,
Wind thine arm round her,
Soothe thou her fears."

This seems as obviously borrowed from Hood as her great male analogue borrows from any book that he has been reading recently.

"Nature's law rules supreme
Because it is God's.
He framed it,
It must be,
And men are his 'lords.'"

THE EQUINOX

At this point, as Mrs Hume observes, "the strong man reeled in his anguish."
N. W.

THE HUMAN CHORD. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. Macmillan & Co.

If we were right in suggesting as we did in September, that Mr Edgar Jepson had stolen fire from Mr Blackwood, we must now admit that Mr Blackwood has got more than even. For the "Human Chord" has a plot so like that of No. 19 that we can hardly help thinking that Mr Blackwood must have been studying the methods of William Somerset Maugham, Esq., M.D. In both books we have a lonely place, and a strong man of the magician type, and the beautiful young lady, and the nice young gentleman, who agree after a little experience that it is much better to give up any aspiration higher than that of checking race suicide. Even the incidents in the "Human Chord" suggest "No. 19." The horrible creature coming out of the dark is very like Mr Blackwood's personified sounds, and the final smash-up is of very much the same type. Mr Blackwood's other sources are the Qabalah, which he appears to have taken from the preface to Mathers, and if he had only added to his library a shilling handbook on sound, he would have avoided some of the more absurd blunders. The distinguishing difference between "No. 19" and the "Human Chord," is that Edgar Jepson is a first-rate story-teller, while Algernon Blackwood is suffering from indigestion brought on by a surfeit of ill-cooked Theosophy. The theories spring up and choke the narrative, and it becometh unfruitful. GEORGOS.

THE DEUCE AND ALL. By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH. Published by the EQUINOX. Price 3s. 6d. and 1s. net.

I can find no words of any known language strong and emphatic enough to express my admiration of this extraordinary volume. Twelve tales! The twelve Pointed Star of Genius! An introduction that is a Revelation! Magical knowledge thrown away! Psychology never at fault! Truly the Book to read again and again.

But, mind you, do not let it fall into the hands of elderly people. *They would never die.*
GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

POEMS. By VICTOR RATCLIFFE. Cambridge, 1910.

The title of this little volume is misleading. CANTAB.

BRACKEN. By JOHN TREVENA. Alston Rivers. 6s. net

This is a very fine study of west country life. Jaspar Ramridge is a schoolmaster, and can see nothing but discipline.

Cuthbert Orton is a schoolboy, and can see nothing but revolt against that discipline.

THE BIG STICK

Neither grows up. So when they start to create, the boy produces a creature of naked emotion and no more; the man a creature of naked intellect and no more. The first is an animal, the second a devil.

This is our own doctrine; but never have I seen it better expressed.

It is not the province of man to create, but to beget. The father of the girl who is in turn obsessed by Orton and Ramridge is a perfect ass; but he made a very good job once in his life.

Let this admirable book be a warning to all those who seek magical power, or to teach pupils.

If you obtain magical powers, as is easy, you can only use it to destroy both yourself and your victims, unless by a greater miracle than the magic itself. If you seek to teach, your pupils are almost sure to misunderstand.

The alternative is to initiate; and this can only be done by those who are no longer men or magicians.

Let me congratulate Mr Trevena upon a most enthralling and instructive book. O. H.

THE WHIRLPOOL. By ETHEL ARCHER. The Equinox. 1s. net.

I can add nothing to the appreciation which I have written for preface to this volume, which all should read. ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Look at the cover, and shudder!

In this masterpiece of illustration dwells the very soul of the book,—the virgin emaciated with insatiable passion; the verminous, illicit night-bird of a prehistoric age (the only conceivable steed for such an one!); the turbid waters of imagery; the lurid sky to which tentacular arms appeal to loves too luscious for this world,—are all embodied in this simple design. The artist has seized the loathsome horror of the book,—I feared even to sign it.

Look at the cover and shudder; then read it if you dare!

E. J. WIELAND

The obscurer phases of love, the more mystic side of passion, have never been more enchantingly delineated than they are by Ethel Archer, in this delightfully vicious book.

Terrible in its naïveté, astounding in its revelations, "The Whirlpool" is the complete morbid expression of that infinite disease of the spirit spoken of in Thelema.

For my own personal opinion I refer readers to my exquisite introductory sonnet to the volume. VICTOR.

The first thing one wishes to know on completing this extraordinary volume is:—What is the author's definition of Art? Some say that the definition of Art is to please; I say Art is artifice; Phil May said something which conveys nothing

THE EQUINOX

if translated into Latin, and is unprintable in English. If the author holds Phil May's opinion she has, of course, every right to continue printing such books; if, however, her idea of Art is to please, then Ethel Archer's idea of pleasure is as warped as her nature.

To the Philistine Public this book will have but one use—it contains just sufficient paper to set the drawing-room fire agoing in event of returning home after the domestics have retired to rest. Those, however, who appreciate good verse, will find just sufficient warmth therein to read it though the fire be out.

BUNCO.

Especially after a last glance at the wonderful cover, I think that *The World's Pool of Sound* suggests itself as an alternative title to this thin volume. Thin but bony—nor could sweeter marrow be found elsewhere. The volume has, I am afraid, an unfortunate horoscope, owing no doubt to some affliction in Virgo, with no correspondingly strong influence from the house of Taurus. Let us leave it at that.

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

Babes of the Abyss! behold Form without Soul! Of womanhood (philosophical Weininger-womanhood!) Ethel Archer is the supreme expression. She is passion à rebours; *Là-bas* in excelsis. One can imagine her writhing away from even the infamies and hysterics of Canon Docre; or, having won her broomstick, declining to go to the Sabbath. Hers is the glass fruit of Murano, with its tinkling bells; hers that obscene chastity which blasphemes love and holds the candle to vice. Hers is the prudery and respectability which can pass through all fires unscorched, unwarmed. Hers is the soul of the real succuba, as that was before man idealised it away into a vampire of voluptuousness.

Miss Archer (God help her!) is still young; her verse halts and her technique is faulty; it is amateurish. But she only needs a little hard work and experience to produce the vilest ravings that ever foamed upon the fleshless lips of a lost soul.

Unless that work redeems her. For she is as idle as she is vicious. The book is a masterpiece of horror, in its way; every one should read it and shudder.

LAURA GRAHAME.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE!

ETHEL ARCHER.

THE BIG STICK

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, etc. BERNARD SHAW. Constable. 6s.

The preface to the first of these plays is a pointless hotchpotch of ignorant balderdash, the eavesdropping of a doctor's flunkey translated to a suburban layman. Sometimes it hits the mark; the law of chance provides for this event.

The play is even worse rubbish.

Follows a dull, dirty, stupid, prolix, foolish farrago about marriage. "By George!" cried Somerset, "three days of you have transformed me into an ancient Roman!" Bernard Shaw is the nearest approach to the redoubtable Zero that seems possible. I have had doubts about marriage, and troubles in marriage; but Shaw has made me feel partly like St Paul and partly like Queen Victoria.

But there is no need to take Shaw seriously. He has lived so long as cock-of-the-walk of his mattoid dunghill of sexless and parasexual degenerates that he has lost sight of the world altogether. Probably a sewer-rat thinks that fresh air smells nasty. Nor, one may add, is much consideration due to a person so ignorant as to write "dumbfoundered" for "dumfoundered" and "laudatores temporis acti." "Til" for "till" is doubtless only a foolish faddism intended to irritate, like the Old Philadelphia Lady in the *New York Herald*, but he has not her sense of humour.

There is some ground, though, for hoping that the "Doctor's Dilemma" and "Getting Married" merely mark the temporary eclipse of a great mind. For the remarks on the Censor are quite informed and sensible, and Blanco Posnet is really quite good. The characters are human and living—a welcome change indeed from the dogmatic dummies of the other two plays. A. C.

CAGLIOSTRO. BY W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE. Chapman & Hall. 15s.

I have a prejudice against memoirs of a century ago. They are usually pornographic tittle-tattle, absolutely pointless, the favourite reading of a Colonel Glumley. One expects to see them in a still-life whose other ingredients are birches tied up with blue ribbons, and imitations of the Inimitable.

What, then, was my pleasure in finding this study of Cagliostro a well-written and profoundly interesting book!

The main problem of Cagliostro's identity is discussed with marvellous power and fascination.

Mr Trowbridge's review of eighteenth-century occultism is strikingly sane and intelligent. Knowing nothing of the causes *à priori*, he has judged by the effects, and these have not betrayed him. Indeed, had Mr Trowbridge sworn secrecy to the modern Illuminati, I am afraid that he might have his s . . . l

THE EQUINOX

s . . n across, and his b . . . s exposed to the s g r . . s of the s . . n before now!

I think Mr Trowbridge is too ready to assume that the initiations of Egyptian Masonry were ridiculous. On what documents does he base his description? It is always open to a Mason to reply to an "exposure" that those who tell don't know, and those who know don't tell. My own small knowledge of the matter assures me that the accounts given on pp. 111 and 112, 120 and 121 are entirely foreign to that knowledge, and à priori most unlikely. It is incredible that one to whom so many impressive rites were accessible should found his system on tomfoolery.

I wish Mr Trowbridge could have found time to study intimately for a month the life of a modern master.

As it is, the most natural phenomena perturb him. The periodical disappearances of his hero annoy the historian; yet this is the first condition of the life of a Magus, like the disappearance of salmon from rivers. Unless one went back to the sea pretty often, those silver scales would blacken.

Many other matters, too, would have suggested their own explanation. However, the historian's native wit has gone very far to supply him with motives for Cagliostro. What puzzles fools, whether they be Jewish, Russian, French, or naturalised Englishmen, in estimating the actions of an adept, is this; they have not the smallest notion of what he loves, or even of what he sees. Cagliostro is fortunate in finding a student with good sense and perspicacity. It is only a step from Cagliostro's vindication (successfully accomplished in this book) to his triumph. Mr Trowbridge will come one day to see that his high mission was not a failure, recognise that Dumas is the most illuminated of historians as well as the most fascinating of novelists.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE WAY OF THE SOUL, a legend in line and verse. BY WILLIAM T. HORTON. Wm. Rider & Son. 6s.

A little while ago I begged the Deity to forbid that William T. Horton should become vocal. My prayer was not heard.

Again, William T. Horton begged the Deity not to let the Equinox review his book.

His prayer has not been heard.

Enough to shake anybody's faith!

There is a most illuminated foreword by Ralph Shirley, a thing I could wish to have written myself.

And now for the Reverse of the Medal.

The principal subject of illustration is a series of accordion-pleated cliffs

THE BIG STICK

made of Sunlight Soap, waters made of vermicelli, suns indicated by circles drawn with a compass surrounded by lines drawn with a very unsteady hand to represent rays—surely a ruler would have been neater?—moons cut out of cardboard probably by his little sister, trees rather well done as they are accurately copied from Morris & Co., flaming swords like fly-switches, roses and stars and the rest, all conceived and executed with inconceivable coarseness, banality, and an absolute lack of any sense of beauty on the one hand, and technical skill on the other. Such drawing would be rejected by the vulgarest comic papers; the best examples do not reach the standard of Ally Sloper, though the feeling approximates to that journal's at its nadir.

I did not mention that there are numerous attempts to represent divine, angelic, and human forms; the subject is beyond my power of expression.

As it is, I can only beg my readers to buy this book, for these drawings must be seen to be believed. And even then? Their existence is incompatible with that of God.

The only other way to save my credit is to quote (without comment; I am only human) the "verse"; it is better than the drawings, but it will give an idea of what William T. Horton really can do.

Isis-Osiris, Lo! on Thy throne
Two-in-One, apart, alone,
Breathe on us of Thy might;
Ruler of Love and Light
Isis-Osiris on Thy golden throne
Two-in-One, apart, alone.

The Future hid,
The Soul, in Love,
Goes where 'tis bid
By Love above.

Within a cold and barren land,
Whereon, at times, a moon doth shine
A tree of Life doth upright stand,
Close by a gap, near a deep mine.

I know that over there,
Behind the crescent moon,
There waits for me somewhere,
One I shall meet full soon.

THE EQUINOX

Thy heart shall weary
And thy Soul shall cry,
Till thou findest me,
Thy Bride from on high.

Star of my Hope to thee I call
Upon the way I stumbling fall
Shine thou upon my weary soul
Disperse the clouds that o'er me roll.

I faint for thee with dear desire
My heart with longing oft doth tire
To thee I climb—ah! shine on me
Disclose thyself, revealed be.

Why hidest thou from me thy face?
Come forth, thy hand in mine, Sweet, place;
I stand where many coss roads meet
Oh! guide and guard my faltering feet.

Within it's Crystal House the Soul,
Made perfect, sits enthroned in joy,
Around it all Earth's clouds may roll,
But nought can harm it, or annoy.

Isis, Mother of all the gods,
By Thee th' aspiring Soul doth rise;
No more on Earth it blindly plods
But, Spirit-freed, mounts to the skies.

The late Leonard Smithers once told me an anecdote, for whose truth I do not vouch.

William T. Horton was walking across a moor (I think it was Clapham Common) at night to be an architect, when he heard a voice,

“ Turn again, Hor-ton,
Ar-tist of Lon-don ! ”

He turned. But I don't agree with Leonard Smithers' comment that William T. Horton could have made a good architect; I prefer the sober judgment of Ethel Archer that he might have been trained to be a bricklayer.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE BIG STICK

NEW EVIDENCES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By J. ARTHUR HILL. Wm. Rider & Son.

A very interesting record, written fairly and conceived clearly. There is absolutely none of the sentimentality which degrades 99.9 per cent. of Spiritistic "research."

I must confess that "Watson" does not impress me. He is too terribly correct in his facts. To admit the supernormal hypothesis here would be to betray all good sense. However unlikely it may appear, Watson must have known the facts.

For otherwise, if he can describe and name some fifteen relatives of "F. K.," he ought—in the course of a lifetime—to do as much for many others. But he doesn't.

The argument is this. Suppose my aeroplane does just manage to leave the ground for a few yards, one can explain it away. But if I fly from London to New York, I show such power that it is reasonable to insist on my flying at least a few miles to order.

I challenge Watson to give me the name of one relative of a stranger that I bring him.

The cross-correspondences are more satisfactory. But the hypothesis of spirits is quite unnecessary.

If we admit, as any Pantheist would admit, that subliminal Mrs Verrall is identical with or in communication with subliminal Mrs Piper, there is no mystery left, no suggestion of Myers to pit against the blank failure of the sealed letter test. Further, I distrust "Mrs Holland." I cannot believe that any one is so imbecile as not to solve the Hodgson cipher at a single glance. But a grande hystérique forging the script might pretend to be unable to decipher it.

I have seen more fraud from the vanity of amateurs than from the cupidity of professionals. So, in the end, to this record as to all others, I enter the Scotch verdict.

A. C.

THE ALTAR IN THE WILDERNESS. By ETHELBERT JOHNSON. William Rider & Son.

A charming little book, a book of understanding. But this one thing he does not understand, that He who should come hath indeed come. "For we have seen His Star in the West, and are come to worship Him."

L. T.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S

THE EQUINOX

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