

REVIEWS

MY PSYCHIC RECOLLECTIONS. By MARY DAVIES. 2s. 6d. net. Eveleigh Nash, 36 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

JUST when I had given up hope, Mary Davies comes to make a third to myself and Geo. Washington.

For on p. 2 she says, "More than forty years ago . . . I was a girl of seven years old."

This storms the citadel of confidence, and pulls out the back teeth of the Dragon Doubt. I was therefore prepared to believe anything she might say.

And accordingly we get a simple, charming, old-fashioned motherly book, full of kindly thought and real piety; that it may have no objective value for the S.P.R. is quite unimportant for the class of readers whom it is intended to reach.

Mrs. Davies is a "professional medium"; of such I have said things which only my incapacity for invective prevented from being severe. But though (no doubt) the phenomena recorded in this book are 'non-evidential,' I do feel the sincerity of the writer. I am confident of her good faith.

DIOGENES.

TABLOID TALES. By LOUISE HEILGERS. 1s.

TO quote the preface of Horatio Bottomley, "Louise Heilgers is the only female writer of short stories of the present day."

She is in truth one of the ten million, her heart is their heart, her mind their mind, and consequently her thoughts their thoughts. She will soon be acclaimed as a popular author.

It is refreshing indeed to find somebody writing direct from the heart without in any way striving after originality.

Excepting as to their length, these stories do not in any manner resemble those of Baudelaire.

BUNCO.

THE CITY OF LIGHT. By W. L. GEORGE. Constable. 6s.

A VERY adequate and even thorough study of French bourgeois life as it really is. As a picture, it is better than anything Zola ever did, though (for the

THE EQUINOX

same reason) it lacks just that which Zola always gives—a sense of tragedy. Probably Mr. George will say (with a maiden blush) that his novel is none the worse for that ; he would deny the truth of the poet's vision—insist that the cosmos is but incoherency of heterogeneous incident.

I may, however, urge with more hope of his attention that his novel breaks off at the really interesting part. What did Suzette say? Did the family tyranny make a man of Henri? Were they married, and, if so, what came of it? I wait patiently on Mr. George; may he incline unto me and hear my cry!

A. C.

ONE OF US. By GILBERT FRANKAU. 3s. 6d.

ADMIRABLE, this *Odyssey* of emasculation. The verse is at all times facile and clever beyond all praise, though there are three or four faulty rhymes, and I cannot pass (twice) "pleeceman" and "pleece," unless they are so spelt.

The story is very typical and very tragic. An idle youth without enough guts even to go wrong. When, after infinite struggle, he gets into debt, an aunt conveniently dies and leaves him everything. After innumerable mild philanderings, not one of which brings him even within whistling distance of the *méthode du Dr. Fernandez*, he returns to the lady whose acres adjoin his own; and Mr. Frankau, with consummate art, leaves us uncertain whether he will even summon up the energy to marry her.

Smart, shallow, shoddy society in every clime is pictured admirably well; this book will be a classic, in a hundred years, for its historical interest. But it behoves somebody to write a commentary within the next twelve months, or a good third of the allusions will be for ever unintelligible.

It is one of the most readable books I have struck for a long while; alas! that so depressing a portrait should be so real. Anarchy would become the only thinkable political creed if *One of Us* represented more than a negligible and almost outworn fringe of the antimacassar of society.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

STRANGER THAN FICTION. By MARY L. LEWES. William Rider & Son.
3s. 6d. net.

ANY one who likes to read rubbish can get large quantities at a reasonable price by reading this book—but it is rather amusing rubbish.

DAVID THOMAS.

REVIEWS

THE PERFECT CEREMONIES OF CRAFT FREEMASONRY, WITH NOTES AND APPENDICES BY COLONEL R. H. FORMAN, P.G.M., A.S.F.I. George Kenning & Son.

WE extend the hand of brotherhood to Colonel Forman. While regretting to some extent the extreme lengths to which he has gone in making it quite clear to cowans and eavesdroppers exactly what happens in the Raising, and in publishing careful diagrams of the secret steps, etc., the only possible ambiguity, e.g. in the murder of H. A., being that l— t— might stand for left testicle, we think it is better so. Since English Freemasonry has become soulless formalism, let us at least perform the ceremonies with decorum!

Your reviewer is personally a staunch Tory, and cannot help preferring the "Emulation" working which long years have endeared to him.

But never will he consent to the foul hash of the 23rd Psalm (Milton's, I suppose) here still printed.

Colonel Forman shows a good deal of insight into the true meaning of Masonry, and a real understanding of the symbolism. He appears a suitable candidate for some more serious order, such as the M. ∴ M. ∴ M. ∴ or even the O.T.O.

H. K. T.

TENTERHOOKS. By ADA LEVERSON. 6s.

MRS. LEVERSON is easily the daintiest and wittiest of our younger feminine writers; but she does well to call her latest masterpiece *Tenterhooks*. Mrs. Leverson offers us a picture of an aged, wrinkled and bedizened Jewess with false hair and teeth, painted and whitewashed with kohl, rouge and chalk until there seems hardly any woman there at all. Yet not content with addiction to indiscriminate adultery and morphine, she finds pleasure in seducing young men and picking their pockets.

Fie! you can surely show us a prettier picture than that. Why not return to your earlier manner? Not necessarily the manner of *An Idyll in Bloomsbury*, but you might advantageously find material in Brixton or Bayswater.

FELIX.

THE MASTER MASON'S HANDBOOK. By BRO. FRED. J. W. CROWE, P.M. 328, 2806; Member Lodge "Quatuor Coronati" 2076, P. Prov. G. Org., Devon, etc., with an Introduction by BRO. W. J. HUGHAN, P.G.D. England. Geo. Kenning & Son. 1s. 6d.

A USEFUL guide in the practical details of Freemasonry. On the subject of the serious study of the Order, however, Bro. Crowe is rather pathetic. He refers us to learned Bro. This, and illumined Bro. That, and instructed Bro. Tother; but orthodox Freemasonry has apparently not yet any adherent who

THE EQUINOX

could pass the first standard in a Masonic Board School. *E. g.* on the apron of the 18° the Monogram of the Eternal is misspelt—blasphemously misspelt. Any Yid from Houndsditch could correct it. And on the M.W.S. jewel, Jeheshua is usually spelt with a Resh!

There was a fair Maid of Bombay
Who was put in an awkward situation, the nature of which
it is unnecessary to discuss,
By the mate of a lugger,
An ignorant Sovereign Prince of Rose Croix
Who always spelt Jeheshua with a Resh.

Prate not of scholarship, Bro. Crowe!

Such ignorance, when combined with the Satanic Pride to which the possession of an apron with blue silk and silver tassels, value three half-bull! naturally predisposes mankind, leads to presumption, bigotry and intolerance. So we find Bro. Crowe asserting that all other degrees than his own are "spurious and worthless." Go slow, Bro. Crowe!

The intelligence of Freemasons may be guessed by the level at which they rate that of cowans and eavesdroppers. They print their secret rituals for any one to buy; so far, so good, why shouldn't they? But they print initials and finals of "missing words" which no single reader of *Pearson's Weekly* could miss.

"Advance a short step with your l—t f—t," would not have baffled Edgar Allan Poe!

They are even such b—f—s—(will they decipher this?—it stands for "bright fellows")—that when by accident they do baffle you—

"Gives him the P—e, C—w, and S—,"—they print it full in another place, but in the same connection—"The Pickaxe, Crow, and Shovel."

No, Bro. Crowe! Whoa, Bro. Crowe! (Blow Bro. Crowe! Ed.)

But for all Masons who wish to know the mysteries of how to address a V.W. P. Pres. Brd. G. Pur., and the order of precedence of a Past Assistant Grand Director of Ceremonies, this is the Book.

K. S. I.

POEMS DRAMATIC AND LYRICAL. By CLIFFORD BAX. Daniel. 4s. 6d.

JUST the book of verse we should have expected from C. W. Daniel—the feeble, fluent, derived expression of a decadent and frail personality.

Mr. Bax is a pupil of Victor B. Neuburg, so far as form goes; but oh! what a lot he has to learn!

ST. MAURICE E. KULM.

REVIEWS

PREHISTORIC PARABLES. By WILSON BELL. Milner & Co. 1s.

IN *Prehistoric Parables*, Mr. Bell, with consummate skill, carries the reader back to the Carboniferous Period. He does not trouble himself about scientific facts, but he gives most adequate descriptions, often beautiful, of that happy age.

It is a quaint conceit of his to write the parable in prehistoric times, and the moral in the twentieth century.

I regret that the book is illustrated. The artist's conceptions are far below those of the author, which has a tendency to deter rather than help the reader.

There is a slight journalistic touch in the style, but there is much too much in this book to allow it to trouble you.

Read it, and know Thyself.

E. LE ROUX.

LYRA NIGERIÆ: A BOOK OF VERSES ILLUSTRATIVE OF LIFE IN NIGERIA.

By ADAMU (E. C. ADAMS). FISHER UNWIN. 3s. 6d. net.

NO sentimental drivel in this little book, but songs sung by a man whose heart beats high and feels the good red blood tingling through his veins—who loves the scorching sun he curses, and the acrid country which gives him his splendid outlook upon life.

In Articulo Mortis is a volume of philosophy in itself, and should be circulated by the Religious Tract Society to all men, married or unmarried, in West Africa.

A complaint could be made that this book is too reminiscent of Kipling; perhaps it is; but then again, perhaps the author has never read Kipling.

The following, from "The Leper," is characteristic—

" Here through the live-long day I wait,
Allah! Allah!
In the shadows flung by the city gate,
Allah! Allah!
My fingers have gone and my toes as well,
And the leprous spots on my body swell,
But Allah Eternal does all things well.
Allah! Allah! Akbar!"

BUNCO.

THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS OF JIM CROW. J. & J. BENNETT. 1s.

THE best of this book is that it reads well. I thought a priori (*a*) it read very well weekly; in a lump it will bore; (*b*) it only read well weekly because of its pornographic or Prudential surroundings. But, lo! it is most excellent.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S
THE EQUINOX

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

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