

THE BIG STICK

COUNTERPARTS. Vol. XVI of THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE. An Epitome of the Work and Teaching of Thomas Lake Harris. By RESPIRO. 2s. 6d. net. A New Edition. C. W. Pearce and Co., 139, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

If we are in any way to shadow forth the Ineffable, it must be by a degradation. Every symbol is a blasphemy against the Truth that it indicates. A painter to remind us of the sunlight has no better material than dull ochre.

So we need not be surprised if the Unity of Subject and Object in Consciousness which is Samadhi, the uniting of the Bride and the Lamb which is Heaven, the uniting of the Magus and the God which is Evocation, the uniting of the Man and his Holy Guardian Angel which is the seal upon the work of the Adeptus Minor, is symbolized by the geometrical unity of the circle and the square, the arithmetical unity of the 5 and the 6, and (for more universality of comprehension) the uniting of the Lingam and the Yoni, the Cross and the Rose. For as in earth-life the sexual ecstasy is the loss of self in the Beloved, the creation of a third consciousness transcending its parents, which is again reflected into matter as a child; so, immeasurably higher, upon the Plane of Spirit, Subject and Object join to disappear, leaving a transcendent unity. This third is ecstasy and death; as below, so above.

It is then with no uncleanness of mind that all races of men have adored an ithyphallic god; to those who can never lift their eyes above the basest plane the sacrament seems filth.

Much, if not all, of the attacks upon Thomas Lake Harris and his worthy successor "Respiro" is due to this persistent misconception by prurient and degraded minds.

When a sculptor sees a block of marble he thinks "How beautiful a statue is hidden in this! I have only to knock off the chips, and it will appear!"

This being achieved, the builder comes along, and says: "I will burn this, and get lime for my mortar." There are more builders than sculptors in England.

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This is the Magic Mirror of the Soul; if you see God in everything, it is because you are God and have made the universe in your image; if you see Sex in everything, and think of Sex as something unclean, it is because you are a sexual maniac.

True, it is, of course, that the soul must not unite herself to every symbol, but only to the God which every symbol veils.

And Lake Harris is perfectly clear on the point. The "counterpart" is often impersonated, with the deadliest results. But if the Aspirant be wise and favoured, he will reject all but the true.

And I really fail to see much difference between this doctrine and our own of attaining the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, or the Hindu doctrine of becoming one with God. We may easily agree that Lake Harris made the error of thinking men pure-minded, and so used language which the gross might misinterpret; but sincere study of this book will make the truth apparent to all decent men.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

[We print this review without committing ourselves to any opinion as to how these doctrines may be interpreted in practice by the avowed followers of Harris.—ED.]

"NO. 19." By EDGAR JEPSON. Mills and Boon, Ltd.

Arthur Machen wrote fine stories, "The Great God Pan," "The White People, etc.

Edgar Jepson would have done better to cook them alone; it was a mistake to add the dash of Algernon Blackwood.

A. C.

RAINBOWS AND WITCHES. By WILL H. OGILVIE. 4th edition. 1s. Elkin Mathews.

A great deal of Mr. Ogilvie's verse rings true, an honest sensitive Scots heart in this brave world of ours. If he rarely—perhaps never—touches the summit of Parnassus, at least he is always on the ridge.

A. C.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE KABALAH. By W. WYNN WESTCOTT. John M. Watkins.

It is difficult to find words in which to praise this little book. It is most essential for the beginner. Lucid and illuminating, it is also illuminated. In particular, we are most pleased to find the correlation of the Qabalah with the philosophical doctrines of other religions; a task attempted by ourselves in

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"Berashith" and "777," perhaps not so successfully from the point of view of the beginner.

There is of course much beyond this elementary study, and the neophyte will find nothing in the book which he does not know; but the book is addressed to those who know nothing. It will supply them with a fine basis for Qabalistic research.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE PRIESTESS OF ISIS. By EDOUARD SCHURÉ. Translated by F. ROTHWELL, B.A. W. Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.

Books I and II.

I have been trying to read this book for a week, but the rapidly recurring necessity to appear on the stage of "Pan, a comedy," in the name-part, has interfered, and I have not yet finished it. But it speaks well for the book that I have not been too bored by it.

I like both Hedonia and Alcyone, for I know them; but Memnonnes seems to lack cleanliness of line, and one understands Ombricius so little that one loses interest in his fortunes.

Books III and IV.

Book III did rather cheer me. But of course one knew all along that the Eruption was to be the God from the Machine. A great pity; why not another city and a less hackneyed catastrophe? But it's as well done as possible within these limits. The translation might have been better done in one or two places—Bother! here's Hedonia coming for lunch. What a wormy worm Ombricius was!

D. CARR.

PETER THE CRUEL. By EDWARD STORER. John Lane.

This admirable story of a little-known monarch dresses once more the Middle Ages in robes of scarlet, winged and shot with a delicate impressionism. Mr. Storer wields a pen like the rod of Moses; he has struck the water of Romance from the Rock of History; such scenes have rarely been so vividly described since de Sade and Sacher-Masoch passed on to the Great Reward.

CALIGULA II.

MORAG THE SEAL. By J. W. BRODIE-INNES. Rebman. 6s.

One must wish that Mr. Brodie-Innes' English were equal to his imagination. Again and again a lack of perfect control over his medium spoils one of the finest stories ever thought. All the glamour of the Highlands is here; all love,

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all magic—which is love—and Mr. Brodie-Innes' refinement avoids the crude detective solution of the mystery.

And that mystery is enticing and enthralling; Morag is delicious as dream or death, enticing, elusive, exquisite. One of the subtlest and truest women in literature.

Not many men have imagination so delicate and—dictame!—but Mr. Brodie-Innes writes “with authority, and not as the scribes.” Why he allows Mathers to go about saying that he is a Jesuit and a poisoner will be revealed at the Last Day. Perhaps, like us, he can't catch him. Or perhaps it is that he is contented to be a great novelist—as he is, bar the weakness of his English and an occasional touch of Early Victorian prunes-and-prismism. He has every other qualification. God bless him!

BOLESKINE.

IN THE NAME OF THE MESSIAH. By E. A. GORDON. KEISERSHA. Tokyo. N.D. N.P.

The only way to read this book is to run at it, shouting a slogan, and to stick a skean dhuibh in it somewhere and read the sentence it hits. Thus, perhaps, with perseverance and a lot of luck, one may find a coherent paragraph in the porridge of disconnected drivel, defaced with italics and capitals and inverted commas like a schoolgirl's letter.

And this is the coherent paragraph.

“There are 3 apocryphal descriptions of the man Christ Jesus. . . . All *agree* in describing Him as ‘strikingly tall,’ ‘6 ft. high,’ and with curled or wavy locks.

“This, to my mind, establishes the Identity of the Daibutsu with the curl-covered head and colossal stature.”

This, to my mind, establishes the Identity of Mrs. Gordon with Mr. J. M. Robertson.

A. C.

OLD AS THE WORLD. By J. W. BRODIE-INNES. 6s. Rebman.

A rattling good novel, with hundreds of incidents on every page, a hero and heroine who seldom talk in anything meaner than capitals, and a happy ending:

“Wherever you are, there is my kingdom,” he murmured, as he folded his beloved close against his heart.

Mr. Brodie-Innes belongs to what one may call the Exoteric Occult School

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of novelists; one feels throughout that his occultism is the result of study and not of experience. That is why I say exoteric.

Although the style of the book is comparatively undistinguished, and sometimes lapses into actual slovenliness, Mr. Brodie-Innes frequently attains beauty, and beauty of a positive and original kind. Some of his sea-pictures are quite fine. But the magic of style that renders Arthur Machen so marvellous is lacking. "Old as the World" is always interesting; it is never enthralling.

"Old as the World" is much better than "Morag the Seal," and there is a marked improvement in the style.

V. B. N.

BLACK MAGIC. By MARJORIE BOWEN. Alston Rivers. 6s.

Marjorie Bowen knows nothing of the real magic, but she has learnt the tales spread by fools about sorcerers, and fostered by them as the best possible concealments of their truth.

Of these ingredients she has brewed a magnificent hell-broth. No chapter lacks its jewelled incident, and the web that she has woven of men's passions is a flame-red tapestry stained with dark patches of murder and charred here and there with fire of hell.

Marjorie Bowen has immense skill; has she genius? How can a stranger say? So many nowadays are forced by sheer starvation into writing books that will sell—and when they have taken the devil's money, find that it is in no figure that he has their souls in pawn.

I am told that it is the ambition of W. S. Maugham to write a great play.

A. C.

THE EDUCATION OF UNCLE PAUL. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. Macmillan and Co. 6s.

I read this book on the Express Train from Eastbourne to London (change at Polegate, Lewes, Hayward's Heath, Three Bridges, Red Hill, and East Croydon—they ought to stop to set down passengers at Earlswood), and though it's a beautiful story, and I like Nixie, I must confess to being rather bored. Rather with a capital R and a *sforzando* *er*. I wanted George Macdonald's "Lilith," and Arthur Machen's "Hill of Dreams"—they have blood in them. And I was not in my library, but in a stuffy, dog-returneth-to-his-vomit-scented microbe-catcher labelled 1st Compo. Then, too, Algernon Blackwood began to remind me of Maeterlinck. There was too much bluebirdiness, and it gave me the blue devils. And then, again, though I've never read J. M. Barrie, I felt sure

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that he must be responsible for some of the oysters in the stew. And where was Sidney Blow?

Yes: it's a silly book; a book elaborately and deliberately silly; even laboriously silly with that silliness which cometh not forth but by prayer and fasting. . . .

And as I continued to read, it grew monotonously silly. Paul "slipped into the Crack" in several different ways, but there wasn't much difference in the result. I began to wonder if Mr. Blackwood has been drinking from the wisdom-fount of Ecclesiastes and Don Juan!

And oh dear! the conversations. Children don't talk bad metaphysics, nor do repatriated lumbermen. But Mr. Blackwood must dree his weird, I suppose.

And then, on a sudden, the monotony breaks up into a mixture of "La Morte Amoureuse," "Thomas Lake Harris," "The Yoke" (Mr. Hubert Wales' masterpiece), and "The Autobiography of a Flea told in a Hop, Skip, and a Jump."

But I prefer Mr. Verbouc to Uncle Paul, and Bella to Nixie. From the point of view of pure literature, of course.

The book then slobbers off into Gentle-Darwin-meek-and-mild Theosophy.

Victoria at last, thank God! I think I'll slip into the Crack, myself!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE LITERARY GUIDE. Messrs. Watts and Co. 2*d*. The Journeyings of Joseph.

Joseph has gone a-wandering; and, as he cannot even on the billowy waves keep his mouth shut, we are treated in the above official organ to an account of his itinerary as if he were the real original Vasco de Gama.

He reminds us rather of the Shoreditch lady who went for her first country walk, as an old song tells us:

"I've been roaming, I've been roaming
Where the meadow dew is sweet;
And I'm coming, and I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet."

For, if he brings back with him "cockle shells from distant lands" like a certain Roman Caesar, akin to the information which now gushes from his lips, his pearls will indeed be from the land of Gophir, and must I am afraid be trampled by us with other flash fudge-Parisian ware back into the gutter whence they came, the gutter of phylogenic-ontogeny.

There was no other Joseph or Josephina aboard, no "helpmeet" worthy of Him, all Potiphar's wives—by the way, a Second Joseph would have been rather a tall order for either Mrs. Potiphar or Ernst Haeckel—so the Great and Only

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One was intensely bored as he had to restrict himself to his own society. And the more he restricted himself the more bored he became, and the more bored he became the more boorish did he grow, and the ruder did he become to his fellow passengers, who evidently had not sufficient "rationalism" to believe that Erasmus Darwin was born in 1788, or that the water upon which they floated was composed of HO_2 . He wondered, "If it were they who were fools, or I myself,"—we, being mystics, don't; we know! Their conversation was "trivial chatter," so evidently it had nothing to do with ontogenic-phylogeny. The chaplain was "insufferable" twice over, and so were his prayers.

"The heavy mask of revelry was still on the faces of the men whom curiosity drew to the open rail: men in gay pyjamas and flaunting shirts, men with ends of cigarettes in their lax mouths, men whose language, up to a few hours before, had been too archaic for the dictionary. With open mouths they jostled each other to get a good view of the plunge of the white sewn outline of a man."

Now, Joseph, draw it mild; don't put the sugar in your tea with a trowel! we have seen many burials at sea, more than we should care to count, but we have never seen the corpse surrounded by "fag-ends" and a gay pyjamaed mob. Perhaps one of the passengers was on his way to the bath-room, in a Swan and Edgar "sleeping suit," when you went to have your own little peep—or have you borrowed a leaf from your former Jesuit brothers and write all this for the greater glory of God RPA?

We are travellers as well as mystics, we have been a score of journeys as long as yours and longer, right round the world twice—think of that, Jo! and all the cockle shells you could have collected! We know that the conversation "on board" is trivial, "very naughty," as a little Cape Dutch girl once said to us, "but rather nice," and that the ozone of the air and the brine of the waves make the ladies most charming on the boat deck. We are mystics and are never bored; we are mystics and are just as happy on board a Castle liner as behind Fleet Street in Johnson's Court. If we back a winner we ask our friends to come and have a "night out" with us; and if the wrong colours go by, well, we don't pawn our breeches to buy a revolver. If it were possible for boredom to descend upon us we should not say "sucks" to it, like Philpotts, but should retire into Dhyana or Samâdhi. You would call this "Self-induced-hypophylo-morphodemoniacal-auto-suggestion." Well, well, never mind! we will pass the words, we don't care a "tinker's curse" about them; it is the message we look for and not the special patents act under which the wire which conveyed it to us is registered. And if I say "hocuspocus" and down come a good dinner and a pretty girl, eat the one and don't be rude to the other—or she will run away, Joseph, she really will: and please, Josy, don't turn to me and say: You "insufferable" fool, you are not Romano's; what business have you to produce

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a "Pêche Melba"? You are not a "trivial" Mrs. Warren; what do you mean by "plumping down" before me this "little bit of fluff"?

Now don't be too bored or too serious, Joseph, be a good fellow even towards those who are unlike you, for a good heart is worth a dozen good heads and heaven only knows how many bad ones. Eat your "scoff" and enjoy it; give the girl a kiss—even if among the boats; and shake hands with the Chaplain—after all he probably agreed with you over the Boulter Case. Here surely is a link between you! Drop the "insufferable" and the "Christmas-card-curate" description of him, use your tea-spoon like an ordinary decent Christian and don't empty the sugar basin, shake hands with him, my boy, shake hands with him, and try and be a real good fellow, Joseph, a real good fellow, as well as an indifferent evolutionist!

A. QUILLER.

WITH THE ADEPTS. By FRANZ HARTMANN. William Rider and Son.

If you have never been to "The Shakespeare" or "The Elephant and Castle" please go; for, for the same price that you would pay for this book you will be able to obtain at either a good seat. Go there when they are playing "The Sorrows of Satan," and you will have no need to be "With the Adepts" of Franz Hartmann. Besides, if you are not amused by the play the back of the programme will surely never fail you. There you will learn the proximity of the nearest "Rag Shop" where old bones, scrap iron, india rubber and waste paper may be sold; and should you, like us, be so unfortunate as to possess a copy of this story, may with a little persuasion induce the ragman to relieve you of it. Besides, it will also tell you where you can obtain "Sausage and mash" for two pence—and who would not prefer so occult a dish to a "bun-worry" with Sisters Helen and Leila?

From page one to one hundred and eighty this is all warranted pure, like the white and pink sugar mice on a Christmas tree—quite wholesome for little children.

Not only can you meet the Adepts but the Adepts' "lady friends"; you might be in Bloomsbury, but no such luck. Polite conversation takes place upon "advanced occultism," which strongly reminds us of the pink and paunchy puddings of Cadogan Court. The lady adepts are bashful and shy, but always very proper. The Monastery might be in Lower Tooting. The hero asks silly questions so as to give the Adept the requisite opportunities of making sillier answers. "I was rather reluctant to leave the presence of the ladies . . . the ladies permitted me to retire." Outside bottles full of this sort of occult Potassium Bromide, this novelette is eminently suited as a moral sedative for young girls when they reach sixteen or thereabouts and are beginning to wonder how they got into this funny world.

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THE DEVIL: "Let us giggle."

THEODORUS: "Hush, you have committed a horrible black magical act, you have slept with" . . .

LEILA [*a creamy girl*]: "Good heavens, Sir, I faint; call a policeman."

THEODORUS: "Become acquainted with the Queen of the nymphs." . . .

SISTER HELEN [*nursing expert*]: "A douche, smelling salts, eau de Cologne, quinine . . .!"

THEODORUS: "From the abode of . . . Brotherhood you are expelled [*sobs*], to the British Museum you must go [*snuffles*], and read [*pause*] 'The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians'!"

THE DEVIL: "Tut, tut. . . . Dear Sisters, the train has stopped, we are at Streatham Hill—let us get out."
ALICIA DE GRUYS.

ON THE LOOSE. By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH. Publishing Office of THE EQUINOX, 124 Victoria Street, S.W. 1s. net.

The author of the Man-Cover is well-known to the readers of THE EQUINOX. His charm lays principally in the independence of his thought, the delicacy of his touch, in his spirit of pure joy, in his most holy childishness. He shows certainly a great lack of literary experience, an accumulation of various contradictory feelings which seem to fight one another for the conquest of his spirit. The scientific training of our order will give him that Mastery over self which alone can bring forth the full blossom of his rich imagination. There is every reason for us to expect much of Mr. Raffalovich. Is he not a Gemini man, with Jupiter and Saturn culminating? Somewhat Neronian, probably, as will be seen in his work.

We recommend especially the reading of the two sketches entitled "Demeter" and "A Spring Meeting," and we look forward to any future work of the author. There is more in his work than is met at first glance. Let him forget that he writes for English readers and subscribers to libraries!

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

HISTORY OF CHEMISTRY. By SIR EDWARD THORPE. Watts and Co. Vol. ii.

As excellent as vol. i. What is Sir Edward doing amongst this brainy goody lot?
H₂S.

HISTORY OF OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM. By ARCHIBALD DUFF, D.D. Watts and Co. 1s. net.

An interesting little volume, as complete as can be expected for 146 pages. Duff, D.D., does not understand the Qabalah. We can assure him it is not a "fancied philosophy wherein everything was in reality brand new," as Zunz

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says. He does not understand it, but he is not alone in this. Few understand the Qabalah; and therefore few talk sense about the Pentateuch. We recommend Duff, D.D., to study "A Note on Genesis" in vol. i, No. 2, THE EQUINOX, after which if he still considers it "fancied" we shall be ready to discuss it with him.

B. RASHITH.

THE SACRED SPORTS OF SIVA. Printed at the Hindu Mission Press. Annas 8.

The editor in his preface does not see the objection to Gods and especially to Siva holding sports, neither do we. But you must play square, even if you are a God; it is not cricket to slay the whole of the opposing eleven each time you are bowled. But perhaps Siva had a reputation to keep up; we'll ask Kali.

VISHNU.

RITUAL, FAITH, AND MORALS. By F. H. PERRYCOSTE. Watts and Co.

If you should be so depraved as to desire to become a rationalistic author, you must buy a pair of scissors, some stickphast, and a parcel of odd vols. at Hodgson's, containing: Buckle, Draper, Gibbon, Lecky, an old dictionary or two of quotations and some of the Christian Fathers. The process then is easy; it consists in cutting these to pieces and in sticking them together in all possible combinations, and publishing each combination under a different name.

For fifteen years Mr. Perrycoste has been snipping hard, and the above work consists only of Chapters III and IV of one volume of a series of volumes. We are charitable enough to hope that Mr. Perrycoste may be spared to produce the rest, so long as we are spared reviewing them.

ELIAS ASHMOLE.

THE ANCIENT CONSTITUTIONAL CHARGES OF THE GUILD FREE MASONS. By JOHN YARKER. William Tait, 2s. 6d. net.

This is a most learned work; the author holds Solomon only knows how many exalted degrees; but besides the title-page there is much of interest to Masons in this little volume. Some of the ancient charges are quite amusing.

"That no Fellow go into town in the night time without a Fellow to bear witness that he hath been in honest company" seems, however, a bit rough on the girls.

F.

PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY. By J. A. FARRAR. Watts and Co. 6d.

A good book which makes us wish we had been born before Christ.

A. Q.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC. Published at the Offices of M. A. P. 6d.

At one time I was acquainted with many of our London demi-mondaines, and many a charming girl and good-hearted woman had I the pleasure of meet-

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ing—and clean-minded withal. To say that all end in the Lock or the river is to say that you know nothing about the subject; for many marry, as Mayhew points out; in fact, Mayhew, in his classic "London Labour and the London Poor" is the only author I know—always excepting Charles Drysdale—who in any way saw the modern London hetaira as she really is. Drysdale in his courageous work, "The Elements of Social Science," also points out that the life of the ordinary prostitute is a very much healthier one than that of the average factory girl. The authoress of this work seems to understand this in a way, for in spite of "the awful degradation" which she harps upon, she contradicts herself by writing: "I may here remark that the girls I come in contact with, if they marry happily, make excellent wives" (p. 66).

The cure for the present degradation associated with prostitution is a common-sense one—one of not supposing that we are good and others are bad, of carting away our own manure before writing to the sanitary inspector about other people's dung, and to cease hatching mysteries between the sheets of our family four-poster.

If unions were sanctioned outside the marriage bond, even if such unions were only of an ephemeral nature, there would be no necessity to procure young girls, for natural love-making would take the place of state-fostered abduction. The root of the evil lies neither in the inherent lust of man after woman, which is natural, or of woman after gold, which shows her business-like capabilities; but in the unhealthy point of view adopted by the general public. There is nothing more disgusting in the act of generation, or even in the pleasures associated with it, than there is in alimentation, with its particular enjoyments. Dessert is quite a superfluous course after a good meal, and yet it is not considered degrading to eat it; and so, as it is not considered a crime to eat for the pleasure of eating, neither should it publicly (privately of course it is not) be considered a crime if unions take place without offspring resulting. This double-faced attitude must have the bottom knocked out of it as well as the front; it must utterly perish. From the natural, that is, the common-sense point of view, there are no such things as moral or immoral unions, for all nature demands is healthy parents and healthy children, healthy pleasures and healthy pains. The Church, the Chapel, and the Registry Office must go; for, so long as they remain, prostitution will spell degradation, and marriage falsehood and hypocrisy. Chaos will not result when Virtue weds with Vice, for what is possible to the savage is possible for us, and the children will be looked after better than ever. Once teach our children the nobility of love, and the pimp, the pander, and the purr-minded presbyter will simply be starved out. Continue to foster the present unhealthy aspect with its "unfortunate," its "fallen," its "awful," its "degradation" and its "doom," and, in spite of a million Vigilance Society men on every

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railway platform in the Kingdom, the White Slave Traffic will continue to flourish the more it is persecuted, and become more criminal and degrading than ever.

Money is not the basis of this so-called evil, as suggested, and public indignation will not work a cure any more than public indignation against the Metropolitan Water Board will stop people drinking water. We must cease globe-polishing virtue and sand-papering vice. Away with our moral Monkey Brand and our ethical Sapolio, and back to a little genuine common-sense elbow-grease.

When a girl ceases sowing her "wild oats" and can enter any phase of life without being spat upon and "chucked out," degradation will cease. And when such women as are *born* prostitutes are utilized by the State for the benefit of men who are not monogamists by nature, procuring will vanish. But, if these women be so used, it behoves the nation to care for these talented girls, just as she cares, or should care, for her soldiers; and when the time was expired, she should pension them off, and award them a long service and good-conduct medal should they deserve it.

This is a clean-minded book so far as it goes. We have no humbugging Horton, D.D., swooning at the thought of lace, frills, and a pretty ankle. But the remedies suggested are worse than the disease. Exalt the courtesan to her proper place, bracket her name with sweetheart, wife and mother, names which are rightly dear to us, and you will find a tender heart beneath the scarlet dress, and a charming lovable woman in spite of public opprobrium. Neglect this, and all other propositions of reform spell—Muck! A. QUILLER.

I like the legislation proposed by the blackguards of "vigilance"; who, never having met a gentleman, think that everybody is an avaricious scoundrel—though sometimes in another line of business. And this attack by M.A.P. on its trade rivals in the filth-purveying business (for all journalism is filth—must we exclude this White Slave "copy" from the indictment and class it as literature?) is only what is to be expected.

Anyhow, even our Government is hardly likely to pass the suggested Act, which thoughtfully provides that you may be arrested without a warrant for offering your umbrella in a shower to a strange lady, and makes it felony to raise your hat in the street.

I once had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Coote, well-groomed in ultra-respectable broadcloth, and flaunting Three Virtues in his button-hole. I looked for some others in his heart, but drew blank. If he had any others, too, I suppose he would have worn the appropriate ribbons.

The truth about Coote-Comstock crapulence is this. Manx Cats subscribe to the Society for the Suppression of Persian Cats. These funds go to support

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a lot of holy souteneurs in idleness—and they find it pays to foam at the mouth from time to time against the other souteneurs who live on poor prostitutes instead of wealthy virgins.

I should like, too, to ask Mr. Coote a rather curious question.

We were talking about paternity. His then secretary, Mr. Hewston, had given me to understand that the Vigilance Society made a practice of paying (on behalf of and at the expense of the fathers) allowances to the mothers of illegitimate children, of caring for the mothers, helping them to get work, and eventually marrying them to honest fellows of their own class.

This seemed too sensible to be true. Mr. Hewston's honest heart had led him to misunderstand.

Mr. Coote indignantly corrected this view of the Society's work. They never did that sort of thing, he said, *except in a few very special cases.*

Now I want to know about these very special cases. Are they by any chance those in which the fathers are reputable and pious persons, highly esteemed for their Evangelicalism and philanthropy? . . .

There have been some ill-disposed persons who were not ashamed to assert that some of the methods of Vigilance Societies reminded them of blackmail.

Is there another side to the medal?

A. QUILLER, JR.

THE CANON. An Exposition of the Pagan Mysteries perpetuated in the Cabala as the rule of all the arts. Elkin Mathews.

This is a very extraordinary book, and it should be a fair "eye-opener" to such as consider the Qabalah a fanciful concatenation of numbers, words, and names. Also it may come as rather a rude shock to some of our "fancied" knowalls, our "cocksureites," who are under the delusion that knowledge was born with their grandmothers, and has now reached perfection in themselves, for it proves conclusively enough by actual measurements of existing monuments and records that the ancients, hundreds of years ago, were perfectly well acquainted with what we are pleased in our swollenheadiness to call "the discoveries of modern science."

Every ancient temple was built on a definite symbolic design and was not a haphazard erection of brick and mortar dependent on *£ s. d.* On the contrary, it closely followed the measurements of the body of Christ or of a Man which it was supposed to represent.

The three great canonical numbers are 2,368 (IESOUS CHRISTOS), 1,480 (CHRISTOS) and 888 (IESOUS), Numerous other numbers also occur but most hinge on these three. Here is an example. 888, 1,480 and 2,368 are to each other in the ratio of 3, 5 and 8. 358 is numerically equal to Messiah, and $358\frac{1}{2} \times 6 = 2,151$ which is again a symbol of the Hebrew Messiah. Alpha

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and Omega=2,152; and a hexagon described round a circle having a circumference of 2,151 has a perimeter of 2,368. 2,151 also is the sum of 1,480 (Christos) and 671 (Thora the Bride). A vesica 358 broad is 620 long, and 620 is the value of Kether, etc., etc. (see p. 124).

This book is a veritable model of industry and research, but in spite of an excellent index, an index in the ordinary sense is almost out of place in a work of so complicated a character as this; what is really needed is a table of the numerical correspondences, similar in type to those we have already published in our 777. Then at a glance the student can see the various numerical values and what they refer to.

J. F. C. F.

KANT'S ETHICS AND SCHOPENHAUER'S CRITICISM. By M. KELLY. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 2s. 6d.

Last year we had the pleasure of reviewing Major Kelly's "Kant's Philosophy as Rectified by Schopenhauer," and we hope that if in the future further volumes are to appear, and if they are as interesting as the present one, we may "continue the motion."

Kant's categories are in type similar to the Sephiroth of the Qabalah emanations from an unknown "x" sign or God, and whether this sign is called "à priori," "autonomy" or "categorical affirmative" matters no whit. Kant's ethics are futile, and to an intellect like Schopenhauer's absolutely childish. Kant never could understand "morality" because he never transcended the reason, practically, or even theoretically. If there is a moral law in the Formative World it is probably the line of least resistance. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and fixed laws of heteronomy and of autonomy are absurd, and if Kant had once transcended the Reason he would have had direct experience of this fact. On p. 126 Schopenhauer sets him right as follows:

"The essence of the world is will. . . . The only way of salvation is by negation of the will, or by self-denial and renunciation. . . ."

And again:

". . . life is the attainment of self-consciousness, in order that the will may acquire a right knowledge of its own nature. . . ." (p. 157).

"Evil and pleasure are but different manifestations of the one will to live" (p. 177).

"The tormentor and the tormented are one." . . . "Therefore what is good for one person may be just the opposite for another . . . all suffering is nothing but unfulfilled or crossed willing" (pp. 178-182).

"When a man has so far got rid of this veil that it no longer causes an egoistical distinction between his own person and that of another, he will recognize his innermost and true self in all beings, regard their endless suffering

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as his own, and so appropriate to himself the pain of the whole world" (p. 184).

Here the "true-self" is the Higher Self, Atman or Augoeides, unity with which is what we have called the Great Work of the A.: A.:

When a soldier turns philosopher we always expect good work, and Major Kelly has not failed us; and to all such as would understand Kant as well as Schopenhauer's great work, "The World as Will and Idea"—of which an excellent English translation is published by Messrs. Paul, Trench, Trübner, we heartily recommend this masterful little volume. F.

THE SIGNS AND SYMBOLS OF PRIMORDIAL MAN. By ALBERT CHURCHWARD.

Swan Sonnenschein. 25s. net.

The first thing one has to do is to compose oneself in a comfortable position, for this book is large and weighs I don't know how many pounds; the next to remember that the author has an axe to grind, or at least has constituted himself leading counsel for his client Egypt, and in a learned and most convincing argument not only proves the undoubted antiquity of his client's claim, but that it was from Egypt, or rather Central Africa, that the human race originated, and that it is to Egyptian symbolism, and more particularly to the Ritual of the Dead, that we must go if we would rightly understand the temples, rites, ceremonies, and customs of mankind past and present. From Egypt they came and to Egypt must we go.

The book is in every sense a great book, and, by the way, it forms an excellent seventh volume to Gerald Massey's monumental work. Brother Wynne Westcott is very rightly condemned as displaying a peculiarly acute ignorance of both Freemasonry and Egyptology, and further on so is that chattering journalist, Mr. Andrew Lang—the Paul Carus of the British Isles.

Dr. Churchward is a Freemason of a very high degree, but yet not high enough to understand that secrets that need safeguarding are no secrets at all. "L. H." for left hand is excusable because it saves printers' ink; but "these need no explanation to R.A.M.'s" etc., etc., is ridiculous because R.A.M.'s need not be told about it, and if you are not going to divulge this frightful secret about a "Tau" why bother to say so? Remember that "an indicible arcanum is an arcanum which *cannot* be revealed," even by a R.A.M.! The Hebrew throughout is very faulty; either Dr. Churchward knows none, or else the proofs have been sadly neglected. But now let us turn to the subject over which he must have spent years of labour.

Man he traces back to the Pygmies of Central Africa, these or beings very like them hundreds of thousands of years ago emigrated all over the world—they were Paleolithic man, and whether these ape-like little beings had a Mythos

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or not would appear to be doubtful, but the next great exodus, that of Neolithic man, carried with it the Stellar Mythos,—that of the Seven Stars and the Pole Star, and the varied quarters to which these primitive men travelled is carefully indicated on the map at the end of the book. Though it may seem strange that they crossed vast oceans, it must be borne in mind that the configurations of the globe have changed since those remote periods; besides, primitive man did get about the world in a most extraordinary way, as such islands as Madagascar and Easter Island prove. The inhabitants of the former are Polynesian and not African, of the later, seemingly Melanesian, judging by their skulls, and the Solomon Islands, the nearest Melanesian islands to Easter Island, are thousands of miles away. Ducie Island, the nearest island to Easter Island, is many hundred miles away, and the coast of South America is no less than 2,300 miles distant. And yet in this tiny island we find proofs of very high civilization, and it is curious that Dr. Churchward has not mentioned the numerous hieroglyphics found there concerning which a very full account is given in the Smithsonian Reports of 1889. After these came another exodus, carrying with it the Lunar and Solar Mythos, and Horus became under varying names the supreme world-god, and his four sons, or emanations, the four quarters.

It is impossible here to enter into the numerous entrancing speculations that Dr. Churchward draws, or to give any adequate idea of the vast number of proofs that he marshals to convince us—they are quite bewildering. In fact, they completely reverse our conception of polytheism; for it is we who are the idolators, and not our ancestors; it is we who sacrifice to many gods, and not those little Bushmen who felt and saw and lived with the One Great Spirit. Let us therefore mention that the chief points, a few out of a score, that have struck us are—The Custom of the Mark Sacred Stone; the universality of Horus worship; the startling identity of hieroglyphics, all over the world, with the Egyptian; and the symbolism of the Great Pyramid, and its use as a Temple of Initiation.

A few others, however, do not understand. On p. 80 Dr. Churchward traces the "Bull Roarer" back to Egypt. But we can find no proofs of these ever having been used there. In Australia, as he states, they were used, and so also in New Zealand and New Guinea and over most of Europe; in Sussex, country boys to this day use them as toys. Again, the Egyptian throwing-stick (p. 67) is not a boomerang at all; it was made of thick rounded wood and will not return when thrown. It is as perfectly distinct from the Australian weapon as the Australian is from the throwing-clubs of Fiji. The double triangle symbol (?) is so common in the Pacific Islands that it is to be found on nearly every club and utensil; in some cases it represents figures of men with bent knees and arms akimbo. There are many combinations of it. In small details the author fails,

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he is so keen to find proof of Egyptian antiquity in everything. On p. 228 he quotes as an example of original sign-language that he "watched with interest our bluejackets leaning over the side of a man-of-war talking to one another" by means of their hands and fingers. Of course what they are really doing is semaphore signalling without flags after the official signalling with flags has ceased.

In spite of these small over-eagernesses, this book is a revolutionary volume, a work that should stimulate argument and comment; and we hope that it will induce others to collect and discover the secrets of the past before they are devoured by our Minotaurean Civilization. It is a melancholy fact that though amongst the rudest of rude savages secrets have been kept and great systems maintained for hundreds of thousands of years, the "clever" children of the present with all their arts and crafts are only destroyers of the past. We defame antiquity, annihilate those who still venerate it—mentally we destroy their minds with a corrupt and idolatrous Christianity, a veritable haggis of guts and blood, and their bodies with gunpowder and loathsome diseases. In a few years all will have gone; but (say you?) all will be saved, stored in our libraries and museums. But, we answer, even these in a few centuries will be dust and ashes; the very paper of this book which we are reviewing, beautiful though it be, will, like a girl's beauty, vanish before forty years are past. Our inventions are our curse, they are our destruction. What was coagulated in the minds of barbarians for thousands and tens of thousands of years we shall have destroyed utterly, utterly, in as many days and nights. Civilization has driven her plough over Stellar and Solar mythology, wantonly, and at haphazard, and in their place she has cultivated the Unknowable and Andrew Lang!

If the Utilitarian progress in the next few years as he has in the last, soon we shall have some socialistic fellah depriving the world of its last great monuments, and building labourers' cottages out of the stones and bricks of the Pyramids, because they are so very much more useful. "Solve" is the cry to-day; the Sabbath finger of the Goat points upwards, yet on the clouds of darkness does it scrawl a sigil of light. A new God stirs in the Womb of its Mother; we can see his form, dim and red, in the cavern of Time. Dare we pronounce his name? Yea! It is Horus, Horus the Child, reborn Amsu the Good Shepherd, who will lead us out of the sheepish stupidity of to-day. How many understand this mystery? Perhaps none save those who have seen and subscribed to the Law of Thelema.

J. F. C. F.

THE LOST VALLEY. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. Nash. 6s.

It is the penalty of factitious success that the need of fuel increases like the dose of a drug-fiend. Instead of clothing his wit with silk from the loom of life

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and embroidering it with gold thread drawn from the observation of things around him, the slave of popularity wears it threadbare. Morphia won't replace bread after the first month or so!

Now we see Mr. Blackwood and Nemesis. He gets a reputation by marketing his tiny scrap of knowledge of the Inner World; the public cries out for more, and the poor wage-slave, bankrupt in invention, does his best to fake—and fails.

It is the male equivalent of the harlot who has drifted from Piccadilly to Waterloo Bridge Road.

So here we see him, the shy smile changed to the open coarse appeal, the tawdry apparatus of his craft seen for what it is—rabbit-skin ermine!—and himself unmistakably the fifth-rate writer, like Baudelaire's "Old Mountebank"—surely no more pitiful—tumbling for no kindlier laugh than that of contempt. (And he might have been so fine!)

This is why success must in the nature of things spoil everybody. Make a hit with one arrow; you must never dare to do more than change the colour of the feathers—till your quiver is empty.

And how empty is Mr. Blackwood's! When it comes to a father hating his twin sons because (why?) he wanted one son very badly, going mad, and after his death turning the two into one in spite of a clergyman's reading aloud of Job—

Well, hang it, Mr. Blackwood, the woman has the best of it yet. It is a very foolish girl who cannot hold her own for ten years. But you who have been writing hardly half the time are only fit for the Literary Lock Hospital.

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON, *Natu Minimus*.

AMBERGRIS. A Selection of Poems by ALEISTER CROWLEY. Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. Printed by Strangeways and Sons, Great Tower Street, Cambridge Circus, W.C.

We don't like books of selections, and you can't make a nightingale out of a crow by picking out the least jarring notes.

The book is nicely bound and printed—as if that were any excuse! Mr. Crowley, however, must have been surprised to receive a bill of over Six Pounds for "author's corrections," as the book was printed from his volume of Collected Works, and the alterations made by him were well within the dozen!

[Yes; he was surprised; it was his first—and last—experience of these strange ways.—ED.]

If poets are ever going to make themselves heard, they must find some means of breaking down the tradition that they are the easy dupes of every — [Satis.—ED.]

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Just as a dishonest commercial traveller will sometimes get a job by accepting a low salary, and look for profit to falsifying the accounts of "expenses," so — [Here; this will never do.—ED.]

We have had fine weather recently in Mesopotamia— [I dare say; but I'm getting suspicious; stop right here.—ED.] All right; don't be huffy; good-bye!
S. HOLMES.

SECRET REMEDIES. British Medical Association, 429, Strand, W.C. 1s.

Every person who has the welfare of the people at heart should buy this book for free distribution among the poor.

The major portion of the Press (which lives corruptly on the advertisements of the scoundrels exposed in this book, knaves who sell ginger at the price of gold) has done its best to boycott the book.

The public—the helpless, ignorant section of it—spends nigh 2½ millions sterling every year on these quack nostrums.

We must safeguard them. We must register all "patent" remedies, insist on the ingredients and their cost being printed clearly on each box, and appoint a committee with funds at its disposal from the Treasury to recompense adequately and generously anyone who really should discover a cure for human affliction.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer need not worry about his third of a million yearly from the stamp duty. No country ever yet lost money by driving out its bloodsuckers, and saving its citizens from the penalties of ignorance.

A. C.

THE MAGNETIC MIRROR. By DR. CAROLUS REX. 1s.

This little work is very skilfully written; it is intended to induce members of the higher grades of the Universal Order of B.: F.: to pay "Dr." "Carolus" "Rex" sums of from Two to Twenty Guineas for "Magic Mirrors," which we hope are worth as many pence.

PROFESSOR JACOBUS IMPERATOR.