

T.P.'s WEEKLY
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REVIEW OF *THE EQUINOX*, VOLUME I, NUMBER 7

Of the many periodicals just off the beaten track, "The Equinox" is certainly the most remarkable, both from the points of view of contents and format. It is a portly quarto, well printed and illustrated, and varying between three hundred and five hundred pages per number. The early numbers were published at five shillings, but owing to the increased cost of production, this price has been altered until it has reached half a guinea with the latest number. With this number also the original editor of "The Equinox," Mr. Aleister Crowley, retires, but from an announcement made in the preface, I gather that this strangely exotic personality will continue to inspire the policy of future issues. At a first glance much of the matter in "The Equinox" is quite incomprehensible to the average reader, and probably its producers would agree with me if I said it did not invite average readers to the feast of occultism set forth in each issue. The publication is described as "The official organ of the A.:A.:," and further, that it is "the review of scientific illuminism," and its pages blossom very often into wondrous cabalistic devices, hieroglyphics, symbols, and sentences printed in the strange and beautiful characters of Sanscrit and Hebrew. Although there is an air of mystery about many of the articles which one feels could only be understood after long training in magic and the occult, in every number there are tales and poems which all lovers of literature can appreciate. And whatever may be the ultimate aim of the promoters of "The Equinox," there is little doubt that they have succeeded in producing a periodical organ of rare distinction and merit. The current number contains, among much other interesting matter, a lithographic reproduction by Auguste Clot of the sketch portrait of Mr. Crowley, by Augustus John.