

**THE NEW AGE
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REVIEW OF *THE EQUINOX*

A finely unpopular magazine, just out, is "The Equinox." It is a venture of that philosopher-errant, Mr. Aleister Crowley. It appears twice a year, at five shillings a time, and is large and luxurious. It is a "review of scientific illuminism," and also "the official organ of the A. A." I will not murmur on this too exoteric page the secret significance of "A. A." To discover it you must spend a crown. For me, who am a mystic only in my leisure hours, the chief interest of the first number of "The Equinox" is a short story by Frank Harris, "The Magic Glasses." With a due sense of responsibility, I say that this is the finest story that Frank Harris has written. It must be read. It cannot be left unread. One of the characters in it is Dante Gabriel Rossetti. When I tell you that this tale really is something that errs from the common, you may believe me. It is a morsel for persons of taste, for those do not accept the statement that the short story perished with Guy de Maupassant. If "The Equinox" can live up to this standard it will be bought by the profane.