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Hinc Illæ Lachrymæ

Mr. Crowley's latest volume is not only private printed, but seems intended to be privately read. While those who can appreciate his peculiarities may peruse it with many an unholy chuckle, it is a work which, as far as pious innocence is concerned, should be kept strictly under lock and key. As on one page the date of the author's birth is followed by the text which forms the title of the book, the insinuation is as obvious as it is heterodox. The strange mingling of ribaldry, indecency, poetry, and wit could be perpetrated by no one but Mr. Crowley; and certainly no other author would issue, under his own name, such a ruthless violation of the conventionalities. It is possible that electric shocks of this nature may prove beneficial in some cases; but the display of Mr. Crowley's rampant virility does not always take a commendable turn, and many readers will regret that his genius is given so loose a rein. We may add that, on the score of good taste, the manner in which he advertises his wares is to be deprecated.