

**THE NEW YORK HERALD
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**"Ecstasy" the Aim of Newest Cult
in London of the Society of the Equinox**

(Special to the Herald.)
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Mr. Aleister Crowley, poet, is the founder of a new cult, which is to initiate Londoners into the mysteries of "Ecstasy." He has already enrolled several disciples as ecstatic as himself, and any one who wishes to join the ranks of this elect may do so upon payment of a five guinea fee. The Society of the Equinox has been formed and the idea is to revive in the twentieth century the magic arts of forgotten ages, whereby you may be uplifted to intellectual planes far above the reek and murk of London.

Seances representative of the signs of the zodiac are now taking place at Caxton Hall, and the attendance on the first evening was on a scale promising enough for Mr. Crowley and his satellites. The doorkeeper was dressed as a monk, armed with a naked sword and redolent of mystery. The hall was in almost total darkness, the faint rays of an Oriental lamp serving only to heighten the gloom. Dense clouds of incense ascended from half a dozen braziers and gripped you by the throat. You stumbled about trying to find a seat, and when you did so it promptly collapsed beneath you . . .

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. . . blue for Venus and shot silk for Mercury.

There were several well known society people among the audience, and it may be that the "cult of ecstasy" will soon become the rage. Its founder asserts that the earnest student of his principles profits mentally and physically and develops capacity for intellectual enjoyment not possessed by the ordinary mortal.