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**"Ecstasy" the Aim of Newest Cult in  
London of the Society of the Equinox.**



(Special Dispatch.) London, Saturday.

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 the 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.

Séances 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.

### **FLEES FROM THE HALL.**

Exclamations the reverse of ecstatic were audible, and one man became so nervous that he picked himself up and fled from the hall followed by the protesting sword bearer. Out of the blackness came a voice reciting poetry, punctuated with the thud of bare feet prancing on the floor.

Dim white figures appeared bearing glimmering red lamps and marching in a circle, stamping heavily, without any regard for time. This was supposed to represent the processional march of ancient priests, but as an artistic performance it left a good deal to be desired. The poetry was very vivid and sonorous.

A female figure draped in white played a violin solo with a good deal of effect, after which the invisible high priest again poured forth poetry and the same eerie dance recommenced. Before the ceremony was half over half the audience had been unseated and had retired to the more solid benches around the wall.

Why such flimsy little stools had been provided, instead of the usual chairs, remains a mystery. In going to the rescue of one unfortunate woman struggling on the floor the armed monk evidently lost control of his sword, and a sudden yell testified to the keenness of its point. In the tense darkness it was a trifle uncomfortable to know that the weapon was somewhere in your neighborhood, and whenever its owner came near there was a general scramble for safety.

### **CALLS LIKE A NIGHTMARE.**

The performance on the stage was not half as diverting as the impromptu performance in the auditorium. The gist of the sermon by Mr. Crowley at this first séance, under the auspices

of Saturn was that life is a nightmare, with nothing beyond it save oblivion.

A peculiar feature of these ceremonies in honor of the various zodiacal deities is that you are requested to wear different colors for the different séances—black or dark blue for Saturn, violet for Jupiter, scarlet or brown for Mars, green or sky 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.