

**DAILY PEOPLE**  
**14 NOVEMBER 1910**

**REVOLTING NEW RELIGION**

**Taken up by English Swells in Search  
of a Fresh Sensation.**

London, Nov. 9.—A startling “new religion” seems to have broken out here among the cloyed habitués of the resorts of fashion. The gruesome and disgusting orgies of the new cult of wealth are graphically described by an investigation for one of the London radical magazines.

“By special favor, or good fortune, or both,” he says, “I was able to get free admission into the chamber of mysteries, which others less fortunate than I could not enter without paying in advance a fee of \$25. In the corridor there stood none other than Aleister Crowley himself—a man of fine physique and with all the appearance of an actor—in a long white garment, which reminded one of a cassock one moment and a Roman tunic the next, although undoubtedly it was neither the one nor the other. He vanished as mysteriously as he had appeared. Then there came among us, for a few brief seconds, a woman, young, with strong features set in a deathly pale face. Someone said, ‘That is Leila Waddell. She plays violin and takes the chief part in the mystic séance.

“A few of my own sex, in evening frocks, some looking as though they were strangers in the place, were enquiring for the dressing room, and were informed there was only one such room, used by both sexes. A figure in a brown, monk-like frock, with face completely hidden by a cowl, passed among us, handing around typewritten sheets explanatory of the performance, and then it was time to visit the mystic chamber.

“The room was in semi-darkness, a bluish light hanging from the ceiling at the far end, a heavy smell of incense pervading the air, while the solemn stillness and hushed voices helped to enhance the weirdness of the place. I was taken to the front row, and a large cushion was given to me to sit on. There were evidently no rules as to the pose one should adopt, for during the evening I saw some very Bohemian attitudes. To say the least, the cushions were not conducive to comfort, but those people behind me fared worse still. They sat on low wicker and bamboo footstools; several of these gave way dur-

ing the performance, letting the unsuspecting occupants down, and not too gently! Presently the door was closed and locked, the low blue light fell pale and mystical upon a male figure sitting behind a cauldron, with a drum between his knees; he beat the drum with his hands, paused, and then resumed the beating, and from a small door behind him entered a number of male and female figures, ten or twelve, clothed some in white, some in brown. He ceased to beat the drum, and one of the male figures then performed the 'vanishing ritual of the Pentagon,' which is designed to keep away evil influences. He then lighted a fire in the cauldron, and, crouching behind, recited. Next, he joined with the brethren in an endeavor to rouse someone whom they called the 'Master of the Temple.' I could not refrain from a feeling of envy at his ability to slumber through such a din! They failed to wake him, and the same brother appealed to the 'Mother of Heaven.' She appeared in the person of Lelia Waddell, played an invocation, and the 'Master of the Temple' was at last aroused. I was not surprised!

"He came forward, crouched behind the cauldron, and recited a most blood-curdling composition, filled with horrible allusions to 'the stony stare of dead men's eyes,' etc., etc. After all, one couldn't blame him for getting angry at being disturbed, I suppose. However, suddenly he lifted what looked like a tin of Nestlé's milk, and pouring the contents on the flame, extinguished the fire, declared that 'there is no God,' that everybody was free to do just as he or she liked, and left the audience in utter darkness! Not the slightest ray of light entered the room, and the atmosphere seemed heavier and more oppressive than ever. There was a sound as of people moving quietly about, which added to the uncanniness. How long this lasted I do not know but all of a sudden an arm was placed round my neck, and a moustache pressed to my cheek—someone had kissed me!

"The next moment the blue light appeared. The mystical figures were moving before me, and I watched, fascinated. The presence of a traitor among them was suspected, and a man clad in white, sword in hand, sought this traitor among the crouching figures. What a weird picture it was! With an unearthly scream he sprang upon one of the male figures, and, dragging him forth, 'slew' him before our eyes. After this there was more violin music, and a wild barbaric dance in the misty, smoky blue light. One little scene that chilled my blood occurred when the lights were extinguished. In the utter darkness, and after a long pause, in which one could hear one's own

heart beat, a male voice, a terrible voice, called out: 'My brethren, are the dead men fed?' 'Yea verily, the dead men are fed,' came the reply. 'My brethren, upon what have the dead men fed?' 'Upon the corpses of their children' was the horrible answer. I had had enough, and was heartily glad when it was all over."

To such lengths will the idle rulers of industry go to achieve a new thrill for their jaded appetites.