

**THE MORNING LEADER
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**rites of Eleusis
(New Style).**

Occultism Dressed in Classic Garb.

Weird Performance by Aleister Crowley

Of the making of books—and Bunkum—there is no end. The occult is so often mixed up with sheer clotted nonsense that it is not surprising to hear that a new tangent in mysticism, which may or may not become popular with the well-to-do idlers of London. It comes from the virile brain of Mr. Aleister Crowley, an Irishman with all the imagination and fire of Richard Brineley Sheridan and—apparently—none of his sense of humor. Between the periods of frantic “possession” in producing that tremendous and completely incomprehensible magazine, the “Equinox,” Mr. Crowley has found time to form a Sect of Seers, who, presently, are going to perform the Rites of Eleusis in a newly-erected Temple on the top of a block of flats in Victoria-st.

There was a dress rehearsal in the Temple yesterday afternoon, at which a representative of the “Morning Leader” was permitted to be present. After climbing innumerable stairs, the seeker after Truth came upon a door guarded by a flaming eye. From behind it came sounds of revelry—Persephone, Demeter, Celeus, and Demophon (for further details about these solemn folk see Smith’s Classical Dictionary) were evidently enjoying themselves. Bursts of laughter, followed by mellow cries of “Cuckoo, cuckoo!” belied the season of the year. . . . Then the door opened, and in solemn silence the High Priest of the establishment presented himself—Mr. Crowley, in a long black robe edged with gold.

“Pray enter!” said he. “We are just about to begin.”

The Temple “Properties.”

The room was extravagantly furnished and reeking with the aroma of incense. The floor was bare and polished and marked

out with a wide red circle. Triangles and circles, and all the strange Abracadabra of the True Mystic, hung around the walls; there were silver goblets on stands, supported by volumes of strange books, and upon a pedestal all to himself stood a bust, in black marble, of the High Priest himself, inscribed with the motto, "Fiat voluntas Tua." In the centre of the circle was a throne covered with a tablecloth. The High Priest vaulted upon it and sat cross-legged like a Buddha. At his feet crouched, shivering, a youth (also in, black and gold), and around the rim of the red circle sat two youths and a maiden in the most profound attitudes of concentration. The maiden was wearing a hooded robe of sea green, and she carried a shining silver star on her forehead. The two young men were cloaked in red, and both carried a flaming sword (by Clarkson) point downwards.

Weird Ritual.

The rites began—[this, by the way, was the Rite of Jupiter]—by the High Priest going off into an interesting Primary Convulsion and waving a conjurer's ivory wand.

Summon (he cried) the guests to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

(Swords (by Clarkson) clank as guests enter.)

Priest (continuing): Welcome to the Banquet of the Father of the Gods! Produce the libations! Be silent and secret.

(One of the flowing bowls goes round.)

Priest (to maiden): Mother of Mystery, what is thy position?

Maiden (sadly): On the rim of the Wheel!

Priest: Thrust out, like Plenty, from the Sun: ye are all satellites of One! Wealth and activity and peace; when will ye learn that ye must cease?

Maiden: How shall I give up Ecstasy?

Priest (in pained surprise): Phwat shines upon thy forehead? Phwat?

Maiden (still more sadly): The sign of the Rosy Cross.

(Business with cowl.)

Priest (to the squatting youths): What is thy position?

S.Y.s (together): On the rim of the Wheel.

Priest: Then seek ye the Centre!

(Youths get up and run round the rim, but some Hidden Force prevents them from getting any nearer the centre, and they keep on going round and round the mystic mulberry bush until supreme physical exhaustion ensues.)

This excerpt from the ritual of Eleusinia gives some idea of the solemn scene. The priest eventually speaks much poetry (his own), and, beating up his disciples to ecstasy, finally draws them into the centre of the circle, and all is well.

Colors of the Gods.

These rites are to be given in a series of seven in October and November at the Caxton Hall. Tickets will not be sold separately; the rent for the series is five guineas. Doors will be open at 8.30 and closed and locked at 9. Only 100 tickets will be issued, and a special note of warning is issued by Mr. Crowley:

For the Rite of Saturn you are requested to wear black or very dark blue; for Jupiter, violet; for Mars, scarlet or russet brown; for Sol, orange or white; for Venus, green or sky-blue; for Mercury, shot silk and mixed colors; for Luna, white, silver, or pale blue.

It is not recommended to confine yourself to the color mentioned, but it should form the keynote of the scheme.

The etiquette to be observed is that of the most solemn religious ceremonies. It should be particularly borne in mind that silence itself is used as a means of obtaining effects.

What the effects will be remains for an expectant public to wait and see!