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With the LONG BOW

Pre-Adamic Asininity Revived.

A late mystic, Aleister Crowley, has formed a Sect of Seers who are performing a bunk called the Rites of Eleusis in a temple on top of a block of flats in Victoria street, London.

The Gool Killer hired by the London Leader found the room extravagantly furnished and reeking with incense. The floor was polished and marked out with a wide red circle. Triangles and circles, and other Abracadabra hung around the walls; there were silver goblets on stands, supported by volumes of strange books. In the center of the circle was a throne covered with a tablecloth. The High Priest vaulted upon it and sat cross-legged. Around the rim of the red circle sat two youths and a maiden in the most profound attitudes of concentration. The rites began when Crowley threw a fit. Then they continued in this fashion:

Priest—Summon the guests to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

(Swords clank as guests enter.)

Priest—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! Wealth and activity and peace; when will ye learn that ye must cease?

Maiden—How should 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 Center!

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

When you think of it, this was doubtless the kind of hokus-pokus that went on in antiquity probably through uncounted centuries. Aren't you glad to live in a century where you can go to a telephone and call up the official Fool Kicker to write up the story? Good ridicule is well worth paying for—but as a rule it doesn't get enough.