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**GOSSIP FROM LONDON.**

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)  
LONDON, Sept. 20.

Mysticism is fashionable at present, and the latest prophet is Mr. Aleister Crowley, an Irishman with a fair share of good looks, a fine voice, and considerable imagination. He has formed a sect of seers, and the rites of Eleusis will be solemnly performed for the elect—with long purses—when the Temple is sufficiently advertised. Mr. Crowley says that only 100 tickets at £5/5—for the season—will be issued, but, of course, it is possible that he will relent, and finally issue another 100, or even 1,000. The temple, situated at the top of a block of flats in Westminster, is gorgeously furnished, and its polished floor has a space in the centre in which is a wide scarlet circle. A throne is set up for the high priest in this circle, and here he sits, Buddha-wise, wrapped in a long black, gold-bordered robe, a black hat on his head, worked with a golden sun (of the type small boys make of newspapers), is set with the wide part back and front. Mr. Crowley certainly has an eye for effect, for his handsome face, upheld on his palms, as he sits gazing into space, is far more striking in these weird garments than it would be under straw hat and above a tweed suit. Around his throne, when the rites are being practised, stand youths and maidens draped in sea-green, silver, blue, or purple, and wearing silver stars on their foreheads. Their part demands fixed concentration on the innermost, and they stare stolidly at their toes. A ritual has been prepared which is totally incomprehensible to the uninitiated. Here is a sample:—Priest, in a deep mellow tone, with just a lingering touch of the brogue in it, "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?" Response from a Maiden Satellite.—"How should I give up Ecstasy?" Nothing has been said about the necessity for sacrificing ecstasy, but this does not matter; the High Priest repeats a few verses, evidently home-made, and then a kind of ring of roses game ensues, in which the satellites run round

and round the throne, till they are giddy and exhausted, then they sink on the floor, and Mr. Crowley performs an incantation. In the book of ritual appears this warning, "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 or mixed colours; for Luna, white, silver, or pale blue. It is not necessary to confine yourself to the colour mentioned, but it should form the keynote of the scheme. The etiquette to be observed is to be the most solemn religious service."

The whole thing seems too ludicrous to be treated seriously; but Mr. Crowley is evidently a business man and is merely meeting a demand for sensation which is cloyed with fortune-telling and clairvoyance. If his tickets are readily bought he will have little need to advertise, and no more will be heard of him. The elect, with their five guineas apiece will flock to the temple clad in green, mixed colours, violet, or orange, and Eleusis, and Mr. Crowley will be satisfied.