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**Are You Foolish? Then Start a New
Religion In London: Do Not Delay**



**The mysterious goddess whose violin gives
musical impetus to new religious cult.**

This is the silly season in the World's Capital, and here are some of the ways people there are seeking "Ecstasy" and other things.

You are in search of Ecstasy. Who is not? When your state of mind is ecstatic, you are enraptured. Exaltation is yours. You experience a diminished consciousness and a joy that is not of earth.

So—on with the adventure!—You climb interminable stairs—a bad start. You arrive at the top landing, wiping the sweat

from your brow and wondering why London landlords don't put in elevators.

A door opens silently. You are received by a gentleman in a white robe and carrying a drawn sword. Be not afraid: the sword is not a short-cut to ecstasy.

The room is dark, but a dull-red light shines upon an altar. There are several gentlemen standing about, some in white robes, some in red, some in somber black.

A few carry swords. Never mind why. You wouldn't understand.

A robed brother is reciting. It is something about "the banishing ritual of the Pentagram." Get that. A commanding voice from somewhere.

"Purify the Temple with water."

It is done—with a sprinkling can. Again the commanding voice.

"Consecrate the Temple with fire."

It is done—with a torch.

Enters Aleister Crowley, poet. Aleister is good, but Crowley jars. The poet ought to change his name or quit the game. Who wants to follow a Crowley—or, for that matter, a Simpkins or a Snodgrass—when one is on the trail of ecstasy.

Crowley is habited in black. Accompanied by the brethren, he leads the "Mystic Circumambulation." That is, they walk three times around the altar, very slowly, chanting gibberish.

Others beside yourself are onlookers. One by one, you are beckoned to join the Mystic Circumambulation.

"Bring, now," says the poet, "the cup of Libation."

A black-robed brother glides away and vanishes in shadow to reappear a moment later, bearing in his hands a gold bowl filled with a sweet-scented wine. You drink in turn. A stalwart brother strides into the center of the circle and proclaims "The Twelfefold Certitude of God"; then passionately invokes Artemis by the Greater Ritual of the Hexagram. The poet reads the "Song of Orpheus" from the Argonauts.

Thirsty work. Once more the cup of Libation goes 'round. You begin to feel that Ecstasy would be a cinch if only the cup were larger.

A draped figure. You wonder where it came from. It is there, before you. The draperies are not black, but blue-black. By the dim light from the altar you see it is the figure of a lady, a very pretty lady, in bare feet. She moves slowly, noiselessly over the floor. She carries a violin.

The poet meets her and escorts her to the throne; then reclines at her feet. From this reclining position he recites in a solemn and reverent voice Swinburne's first chorus from "Atalanta," beginning, "When the hounds of Spring."

A Great Violinist.

And again you invoke Artemis, apparently without success.

"Frater Omnia Vincam," commands Crowley, "dance the dance of Syrinx and Pan in honor of our Lady Artemis."

It's a little puzzling. The lady isn't Artemis really but Miss Leila Waddell, a violinist of wonderful promise who won so much praise in Australia and New Zealand that she has come to London determined to take the capital of the world by storm.

Frater Omnia Vincam, who, like Crowley, writes poetry when he isn't pursuing Ecstasy, advances to the middle of the floor, where he performs a really beautiful dance which he continues until he falls exhausted.

Crowley, standing over the prostrate brother-poet, makes supplication to the enthroned goddess in original verse. A dead silence ensues.

Apparently the goddess is touched. She plays—plays with feeling and passion, like a master. Ecstasy evades you. The music halts abruptly, and the goddess' head drops upon her breast.

Once more she takes up the violin and plays "Abend Lieb," and the sounds that spring from the quivering strings are like a human voice of wondrous purity—singing and sighing in tenderest cadences.

In the face of Crowley, in the face of Frater Omnia Vincam, in the faces of the brethren shines an expression of unearthly joy.

This—this—is Ecstasy!

Having got what you came for, you are dismissed by Crowley in these words.

"By the power in me invested I declare the Temple closed."

The brethren call themselves the A. A. No one outside the cult knows what the A. A. is or stands for.

Crowley calls it the "New Religion." This is not a good name. It suggests the mundane. One speaks of the newest thing in safety razors, but one does not speak of the newest thing in religions.

Crowley is the inventor of it. He does not call himself a prophet, or a second Messiah, or anything of the sort. He's the

inventor. His main idea is to plant in the Occident the Eastern Transcendental Buddhism under the guise of Ceremonial Magic. He believes that the human mind is most easily raised to ecstasy by beauty, mystery and ceremony.