

OCCULT REVIEW MARCH 1913

NOTES OF THE MONTH

The Equinox, I note with interest, continues its dramatic career, though it has changed its address to 33, Avenue Studios, 78, Fulham Road, S. Kensington, and Mr. Crowley, *alias* Frater Perdurabo, still goes on with his invocations to the Magical Powers with the unpronounceable names, who apparently come, attracted by the incense-laden air, and go off again without troubling further about him. At any rate, in his invocations he makes some very definite requests to them to obtain powers over the running streams, the fire, etc., etc., which, even from a commercial standpoint, should prove useful to him if he were really able to acquire them.

Mr. Crowley holds a sort of Gregorian service every Sunday at 9 o'clock, and those who like to come and join the mystic circle and listen meanwhile to high-sounding invocation, and also, by the way, to a very first-class violin performance, should take the train to S. Kensington Station and turn down Fulham Road. It is not more than five minutes' walk, and there is nothing really dangerous behind the formidable-looking iron gates through which one has to pass. No. 33 is on the right-hand side, and the scent of the incense will serve as a useful clue to the locality. The service commences (at least, I think it commences, for my senses were somewhat dulled by the potent fumes) with an invocation to Mercury, by his various names of Hermes, Thoth, Odin, and perhaps there were one or two others. I suggested that they ought to have a fresh god to start with every Sunday, but I am told that Hermes is the only one that will serve the purpose, as he is the messenger of the gods, and therefore, presumably, also the usherer-in of Mr. Crowley's magical acquaintances on a higher plane. The service would be impressive if one could only convince oneself of the presence, or indeed of the existence, of the Forces invoked. Probably Mr. Crowley has stable information on this head, but to the outsider, especially to the sceptical outsider, without adequate information, it is difficult to realize. The studio where the service is held is a very lofty one, which, in view of the density of the atmosphere, is just as well. There are four little sentry-boxes, in each corner (they look just like sentry-boxes; but

of course they might be mummy-cases or anything else). There is also a fine brazen image of Buddha, bought, I am told, in Bond Street. The central point of the service is the Mass of the Phoenix. This mass is too much like other masses, Christian masses, for instance, for me to regard it as otherwise than somewhat profane. I am, however, bound to admit that the first mass was not a Christian mass, and that one is not therefore called on to assume that other masses are parodies of that. Mr. Crowley strikes a bell, sets the incense aflame, and eats up something during the performance—it may be a sacrificial wafer; if so, I must express my disapproval. On the other hand, he may be doing nothing worse than munching a piece of bread and butter, like the Mad Hatter in *Alice in Wonderland*. When I was present the room was very cold—considerably under 60°—which was unfortunate, as I can never get the true religious feeling below this temperature. I understand, however, that this difficulty is likely to be rectified in future. The population of London has not so far rushed to Mr. Crowley's services, but possibly the above brief notice will change all that.