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Teaching Titled Beauties to Raise Evil Spirits."

**Quite Odd Diversion of English Society
Which Is Conjuring "Demons" and
Practicing the "Black Art"—But Seems
to Need a Lot More Practice.**



**Beautiful Lady Marjorie Manners, Who Is
Much Interested in the New Incantation Fad.**

London. Nov. 20.

The titled beauties of England and for that matter beauties without titles and titles without beauty, have taken up most earnestly the pursuit of the higher "black art," the conjuration of spirits evil and otherwise, the revival of ancient mysteries, such as those of Eleusis, for profanation of which beautiful Grecian Phryne was condemned to death and saved only by her advocate snatching aside her garments and dazzling her judges.

Not perhaps since the days of Cagliostro and of the beginnings of the Spiritualistic era has such a fever for occultation and weird rites that flourish best at midnight seized upon aristocratic and literary London. Perhaps the cause is the dullness of the court of George and Mary, as contrasted to the always something-doing-reign of Edward. Perhaps it is only the natural progress from mind healing, Indian Swamis, Theosophy, and ghost hunting. At any rate, as the witty Countess of Warwick said the other day, "Everybody seems to have the hearts' set on raising the devil!"

The leader of the movement is Alister [*sic*] Crowley, a distinguished English poet and litterateur. He leads a society which, in 1888, revived the old order of the Rosicrucians, that medieval society of mystics, which even up to the end of the eighteenth century had for its members all the astrologers and alchemists, and most of the great scholars, chemists, and sages. If it had remained as it was two decades ago—a staid community of enthusiasts and dreamers—there would have been no occasion now to remark upon it, save as a curious reappearance of mysticism a modern time.



**Poet Alister Crowley in a Rosicrucian Attitude. Mr. Crowley
Is the Only Member of the Order Who Can Pronounce
Correctly the Magic Word "StiBeTTChePhMeFshiSS."**

But in the last five years the society has spear amazingly, and its adherents are in every country. Within the last year the

soulful branch of the English aristocracy has embraced it, and chapters are soon to give demonstrations in the United States.

Even Sir Oliver Lodge has not been above attending various séances in a scientific effort to discover if the old incantations could really raise anything. The beautiful and eccentric Lady Marjorie Manners, the daughter of the equally eccentric Duchess of Rutland, is said to be among the foremost of the Rosicrucians.

Meetings of the Rosicrucians for the purpose of conjuration and of invoking "forbidden knowledge" have been secret until last week. Then the Eleusinian rites were performed openly in a London hall. The original rites were celebrated in ancient Greece, in honor of Demeter or Ceres, the earth mother or goddess, and to Persephone of Proserpine, her daughter, who was captured by Pluto, god of the underworld.

These modern Rosicrucians admit frankly that their purpose is to attain religious ecstasy, and to get into communication with spirits, not disembodied common spirits which on earth were plain John Jones or William Smith, but spirits that were powerful when Lilith flirted with Adam and haven't any place in a respectable Church of England heaven.

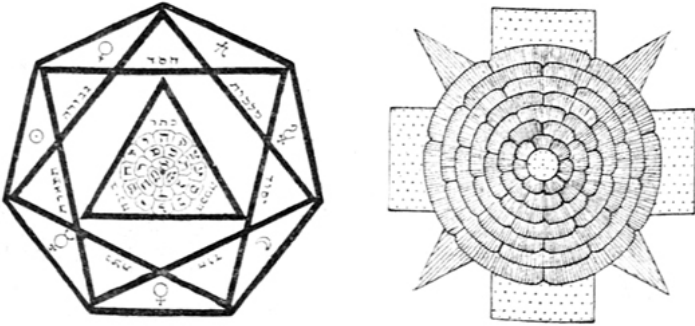
Lady Marjorie isn't certain that she has seen any spirits yet and betrays an impatience that may take her from the fold soon if her curiosity isn't gratified. Raising the spirits is hard work according to the formulae prescribed by Poet Crowley, in his book, "The Equinox," which, by the way, come down quite directly from the ancient sources. Sometimes it takes six months to raise even the semblance of one, and if the conjurator has fallen down anywhere during that time the spirit either doesn't appear or else the applicant is afflicted in a manner that makes Job's lot seem like a pleasant dream.

For instance, the new Rosicrucians are very desirous of evoking the mighty spirit Taphthartharath, who seems to have knowledge of a lot of things they would like to learn from him. An elaborate "temple" has to be prepared for the conjuration. The ceremony takes a lot of people. If they can't get Taphthartharath, he must be a very unreasonable and unaccommodating spirit.

However, when the "Temple"—and it is very awe inspiring—is prepared, the Rosicrucians begin.

The Magus of Art is usually a woman, and this is the part the titled beauties just simply love to take. She wears a white robe, yellow sash, red overmantle, indigo nemyss; upon her breast she wears a great tablet whereon is the magic seal of

Mercury; and over this “the Lamén bearing the signature of Taph on its obverse and the Lamén of a Hierophant.” She wears a dagger in her sash and a red rose on her heart; and she carries in her left hand the Ankh of Thoth—that is the old crux ansata or cross of life of the Egyptians, and in her right the Ibis wand.



Floor of the “Rosicrucian Temple,” and “Cross and Rose” Symbol, Which is “Worshipped.”

This, in the language of ‘Arry, is a neat but a bit gaudy outfit. The assistant does his best to compete. He wears a white robe with a girdle of snakeskin, a black headdress; he bears in his right hand a sword, in his left hand a magical candle, and a black chain about his neck. In commanding tones the chief Magus cries.

“Hekas, Hekas Este Bebeloi!”

“Fraters of the Order of the Rosy Cross, we are this day assembled together for the purpose of evoking into visible appearance the spirit Taphthartharath.”

Then they kneel and pray at the four points. But as the form of conjuration of Taph takes nearly two hours to finish and uses at least 10,000 words, one can give only the most extraordinary parts of this ritual.

The temple is purified with water and fire. They proceed to conjure—oh, very impressively. Apparently Taph hesitates at first, because there always follows the “stronger and more potent conjuration.” This reminds us of the witches in MacBeth—“bubble, bubble, toil and trouble——”.

The mighty Magus passes to the altar holding her dagger and sigil. Her assistant is behind her to “the east of the magical cauldron, and she casts into it at each appropriate moment the ingredient named.” These ingredients do not seem to be pleasant.

The Chief Magus cries:

"Come forth! Come forth! Come forth unto us spirit of Kohab Taphthartharath, I conjure thee! Come! Accept of us these magical sacrifices, prepared to give thee body and form.

"For the sweet scent of the mace is that which shall purify thee finally from the bondage of evil. (Throws in the mace.)

"And the flesh of the serpent is the symbol of thy body which we destroy by water and fire that it may be renewed before us. (Throws in the snake.)

"And the blood of the serpent is the symbol of the magic word of Messiah, whereby we triumph over Nahash! (Throws in the blood.)

"And the fire which flames over all (assistant lights hellbroth) is the utter power of our sacred rites!

"Come forth! Come forth! Come forth unto us, spirit of Mercury, O, Taphthartharath. I bind and conjure thee by him that sitteth forever on the throne of thy planet, the knower, the master, the all-dominating by wisdom. Thoth, the great king, lord of the upper and lower crowns."

They conjure the unhappy Taph by the name—Tahdoni.

And by "the great magic word"—it seems impossible that Taph can listen to this and not do something—here it is:

StiBeLTTChePhMeShiSS!

And then by this—ZBaTH.

After which comes a full hour more of names, but none quite so peculiar.

If Taph can stand all this and still remains obdurate, they keep right at him with what is called the "extremely powerful conjuration." This puts it on the unfortunate Taph dreadfully. Part runs like this:

"Zodecar Eca od Zodamerhnu odo kikale Imayah piape pia-moel od Va oan!

"I curse and blast thee. I consign thee unto the lowest hell of Abaddon.

"I curse thy life!

"And blast thy being!

"Down! Sink down to the depths of horror!"

And then it is really horrifying, all the things they wish to poor Taph. It seems incredible that really nice girls will talk so.

For they are really nice despite their peculiar tastes. They want the earth to suffocate Taph, and fire to torment him. They plead that "air shall not fan him, nor water cool him, but torment unspeakable, horror undying, terror unfaltering, pain un-

endurable" shall assail him. Oh, such a dreadful lot of cursing! With the queer lights flickering and all intoning these most horrible wishes one begins to feel right creepy. One wishes that Taph would appear and save himself. But one feels that if he does appear it may be equally unfortunate for those present!

If Taph Should Appear.

If Taph *should* come up and not be *too* put out at the way he has been abused, then they command him as follows:

"That thou teach unto us continually the Mysteries of the Art of the Magus, declaring unto us now in what best manner may each of us progress toward the accomplishment of the Great Work. Teach us the Mysteries of all the Hidden Arts and Sciences which are under the Dominion of Mercury."

But if Taph doesn't come—and there isn't any record that he ever has—why then the worshippers go over it all again at the next meeting night. It must make Taph feel something dreadful. And they're all, as has been said, such nice girls, too.

Has any one ever raised the spirits? Well now! Poet Crowley's book, "The Equinox," which relates at length these conjurations, tells of a very earnest seeker who for six months followed the exceedingly rigorous and ascetic course prescribed for the Rosicrucian was of seeing things. What he saw irresistibly reminds one of easier ways of seeing them—and not so ascetic. This is what he says happened:

"In bed I invoked the Fire angels and the spirits on the tablet, with names, etc., and the 6th Key. I then (as Harpocrates) entered my crystal. An angel meeting me told me among other things, that they were at war with the angels of the 30 Aethyrs to prevent the squaring of the circle. I went with him into the abodes of Fire, but I must have fallen asleep, or nearly so. Anyhow, I regained consciousness being there and half there. "I recovered and banished the spirits, but was burning all over and tossed restlessly about—very sleepy, but consumed of fire. (Note—Nothing is said here about the singular hallucination of a circumambulating bedroom.) Then I had a long dream of a woman eloping, whom I helped, and after of a man stealing my rose cross jewel from a dressing table in a hotel. I caught him, and found him a man weak beyond the natural (I could bend or flatten him at will) and then the dream seemed to lose coherency—I carried him about and found a hair brush to beat him, etc., etc. Query: Was I totally obsessed?"

You were, brother, indeed you were! But many a man could have gone you several better on that vision and not have them

six months to hatch it either.

Is it not sad to see fair young sprigs of aristocracy, budded sprigs and weathered branches seeking this Taphthartharath in the name of "StiBeLTTChePhMeShiSS" and others and talking so dreadfully when he doesn't seem to understand? It is sad. In other days it would have been sadder because they would all probably have gone the uncomfortable way of withers and wizards. In this more enlightened day they are just allowed to go ahead and talk. And so they talk. And that's quite all there is to it.