

**THE MORNING LEADER
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ROSIKRUCIAN RITES.

**THE DREAD SECRETS OF THE
ORDER REVEALED.**

It was reported yesterday how Mr. Aleister Crowley, editor of a weird quarterly devoted to magic and mystery called "The Equinox," succeeded in the Appeal Court in getting quashed an interim injunction obtained by Comte Liddell Macgregor, of the Avenue, Beckingham.

The comte, as was stated, is head of a mystical society called the Rosicrucian Order, and he wanted the injunction to prevent Mr. Crowley publishing in his magazine a full disclosure of the ritual rites and ceremonies of the Order. Mr. Crowley has courteously supplied us with an advance copy of the number in which the disclosure is made; from which it would appear that the comte has perturbed himself unnecessarily, for there is no fear of any ordinary person being a ha'porth the wiser after reading the awful disclosure in question.

The fact is, the author's style is not fitted to be the medium for sensational disclosures. He writes like this: "My wand is surmounted by the Winged Globe, around which the twin Serpents of Egypt twine. It symbolizes the equilibrated force of the Spirit of the four elements beneath the ever-lasting wings. . . ." This information is very likely exclusive, but it does not thrill

The Vault of the Adepts.

It is true much ritual in connection with the Order is given away at length. Here, for instance, is the intellectual conversation which is said to occur between three high officials (apparently of unsound mind), called the Chief Adepts; in a place styled the Vault of the Adepts:

"Mighty Adeptus Major," says the Chief Adept, "by what sign hast thou entered the Portal?"

"By the sign of the rending asunder of the Veil," retorts the Second Adept.

"Associate Adeptus Minor," continues the Chief Adept, "by what sign hast thou closed the Portal?"

And the Third Adept answers back: "By the sign of the closing of the Veil."

Whereupon the Second Adept says "Pe," and the Third Adept adds "Resh"; to which the Second Adept rejoins "Kaph," the Third Adept very properly responding "Tau."

"The Philosophic Egg."

The curious inquirer is initiated into several bits of magic, which, while wonderful enough in their way, would considerably bore a drawing-room audience. The feat of "placing Matter within the philosophic egg," for instance, would hardly possess spectacular merits. It appears to be hard work, learning how to do these things, and at one very touchy point in the business the sweating Aspirant has to "concentrate all his intelligence in his body, lay the blade of his sword thrice on the Daäth point of his neck, and pronounce with his whole will the words: 'So help me the Lord of the Universe and my own Higher Soul.' " If the poor wretch fails he is liable to be degraded to the rank of :Lord of the Paths in the Portal in the Vault of the Adepts"—an obscure but shocking punishment.

Specimen Nonsense.

Unintentional humor characterises this little tale about "Frater I. A.," and another person referred to as "D.D.C.F." It is told how—

They had an argument about the God Shiva, the Destroyer, whom I.A. worshipped because, if one repeated his name often enough, Shiva would one day open his eye and destroy the universe, and whom D.D.C.F. feared and hated because He would one day open His eye and destroy D.D.C.F. I.A. closed the argument by assuming the position Padmasana, and repeating the Mantia: "Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva." D.D.C.F., angrier than ever, sought the sideboard, but soon returned, only to find Frater I.A. still muttering: "Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva." "Will you stop blasphemy?" cried D.D.C.F.; but the holy man only said: "Shiva,

Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva." "If you don't stop I will shoot you!" said the D.D.C.F., leveling a revolver at I.A.'s head; but I.A., being concentrated, took no notice, and continued to mutter: "Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva."

What actually befell I.A. at the hands of the not unnaturally provoked D.D.C.F. is not told: but no doubt it was something unusual, because in another part of the article we are told of a man who could be bent or flattened at will, and who was punished by being beaten with a hairbrush.