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THE WORST MAN IN BRITAIN.



"The Beast" in his royal robes—and as he looks in London to-day.

An exhibition of most unpleasant pictures will be on view in London shortly. They are the sinister works of Aleister Crowley, a self-confessed super-degenerate who since we exposed him years ago, has been keeping very much in the background.

Dope-fiend, devil-doctor and disciple of "black magic," he is back again in England, after having been deported from many countries.

Crowley, although he can only be interviewed by appointment, has since his arrival in London been using three addresses—at Yeoman House, Haymarket, S.W.; at All Souls' Place, W.; and at Park Mansions, Knightsbridge, S.W.

Degrading pictures

We have before us as we write photographic copies of some of the "works of art" which Crowley intends to hang for the pleasure of the degenerates and the dupes.

There are grotesque impressions of women for which he would be lynched in certain parts of the Empire.

His own face—the face of "Beast 666," as he calls himself—is prominently featured, bloated and coarse.

Our present warning is all the more real and urgent since we know that Crowley, for once in a way, is financially embarrassed.

Crowley knows only one way of making money—the corruption of manhood and womanhood.

We will not again stress in detail his record.

Our readers will recollect our many exposures of his "black magic," his dope carnivals, of how he was banished from France and Italy, of how he was driven from his free love "temple" in Sicily.

Mystic writings

But we consider it our duty to expose this new Crowley menace—the "art" exhibition; not so much the exhibition itself, but the incidentals that will, if not prevented, surround it.

When Crowley is engaged in his despicable business, as he is now, scores are in peril.

Young undergraduates and impressionable women are particularly at his mercy.

His insatiable greed will bleed from them every penny of their money if they are seduced by his wiles.

His methods of approach range from the anonymous distribution of pseudo-mystic manuscripts to the inclusion in his published works of subtly-worded invitation to his readers to communicate with him secretly.

It is no secret to us that while in hiding at Serriat el Kitob, La Marsa, Tunis, recently, Crowley was in communication with certain young men in England who had been brought to his notice as likely dupes.

They had shown interest in his book "The Diary of a Drug Fiend," and Crowley, under the cloak of kindly advice as a drug-expert, contrived cunningly to encourage them to study his doctrines.

Common fee-snatcher

As what we might call a "mail-order magician," Crowley in cases like this, forwards to novices a "Form of Acceptance."

In this the would-be initiate to his rotten rigmarole of vice has to swear that he or she will "devote myself to carrying out by all means in my power the plan of the Master for helping mankind."

The method of helping mankind advocated reeks of debauchery, and Crowley carefully advises that the recipients of his form should exercise the greatest caution.

The immaculate Crowley, as a matter of fact, reveals himself as nothing but a common fee-snatcher. He proves himself the most expensive vendor of dirt in the world.

His follow-up letters to those who have been snared by his wily "Form of Acceptance" advise that they should place themselves entirely in his hands.

They will go away into the desert, he says, and there, "living as hermits," wrest the secrets from nature.

Threatened

But a discreet enquiry is made as to how much money his new "disciples" will be able to bring with them into the desert.

Should they then hesitate, Crowley has a recipe. He writes suggesting that "Occult Guards" are at work, and adds a sinister caution of secrecy such as in this letter (one of many) we have before us:

"If I were you I would not let it be known that you are in any way assisting me. You might draw on yourself all sorts of persecutions. Keep everything a secret until I see you.

"Then we can agree upon the lines to follow. I hate to give advice like this, but we live in a world where people are mad. Everyone is judged by prejudice. Hysteria has replaced Isio.

He even goes so far as to advise his potential victims to beware of women—this cad who has made himself famous the world over.

And then his trump-card is the remark that he himself—he the "Master"—is pressed for money.

His enemies, he says, have succeeded in curtailing his literary earnings. He is "prohibited by oath" from making any profits from his "magical work," and hence he is a martyr in the great cause.

What a terrible hole for a Messiah to be in, to be sure!



When Crowley "went into the desert with the devil."

Knighted himself

A mere £200, he says, would clear his immediate liabilities.

His trustees would guarantee the payment of interest, and he himself would be willing to make a new will in favour of the lender.

"I am strongly advised to go to New York," he writes, "but it would be quite useless for me to do this unless my wardrobe were completely renewed, which, with the cost of the journey and some reserves for living over there until business was completed should be estimated at some £500."

"I have not a single thing fit to wear," he moans pathetically.

In further letters he modestly remarks that "I should like to take a loan of 10,000 to 15,000 dollars . . . The matter is urgent." Doubtless he would.

Such invitations for assistance have been extensively circulated, not only by Crowley himself, but by his "disciples," who are saturated with Crowley's odious doctrines.

In one of his letters which we have seen he signs himself "Sir Aleister Crowley," and the information was elicited from a "disciple" that he thus styles himself because he is a "Knight of the Holy Grail and uses the title when residing in the countries where that order is officially recognised by the Government."

When expected victims exhibit no tendencies to yield, Crowley shows his teeth.

"Expect the most devastating punishment," he storms at one unfortunate delinquent, while to another he writes that "the Magical Law having been broken the dread consequences must be taken."

"Remember M.," he adds, mentioning the name of a woman once in his toils, "and beware lest a similar fate befall you."

Whitewash

Traitors, says Crowley, are dealt with "much more effectively." People who have offended him are found in three places, "prisons, lunatic asylums and cemeteries."

We need hardly stress the danger of Crowley's subtle flat-tery linked with threats upon the weak-minded and the sensation seekers.

Will his exhibition be used as a peg on which to hang more fee-snatching appeals? Unless action is taken to ban the forthcoming show of disturbing "art works," Crowley will doubtless find other dupes.

An amazing attempt to whitewash the rogue is made in the circular announcing his "confessions."

"He is a scholar," it says, "and a gentleman—a poet, a mystic, a big-game hunter, a chemist, a chess-player.

"He has climbed Beachy Head, the Alps, the Himalayas and the Mexican volcanoes.

"He has walked across the Sahara and across Spain and China on foot. He had lived as a Yogi in an Indian village, as a laird in Scotland, and as a Bohemian in London, Paris and New York."

Nothing good

More accurately, we might say, he has lived all over the world as the world's worst degenerate.

He is a living plague-spot on the name British, and we trust that, even if the law cannot intervene, this timely warning will save many from his clutches in his latest insidious campaign in this country.