

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL
8 September 1931

**Did Crowley, Writer, Magician, Cultist,
Commit or Fake Suicide to Sell Books?.**

**Plotted to Dazzle World With Death Fraud;
Told Another Writer in Paris.**

"Do what thou wilt is the whole of the law."

How many thousands of gullible people have listened and been fascinated by this and other fine sounding phrases from the lips of Aleister Crowley.

He presents probably the strangest figure in English letters. Among modern writers he is in a class by himself. Poet, with almost a genius for putting on paper the haunting word, whom even the staid Athenium has listed as among the great ones of this century.

Novelist of bizarre trend. Author of books of magic which English magistrates have ordered burned and American police have destroyed. Writer of an autobiography ranking as among the strangest of this type of work. Mountain climber of note who thrice assailed Kangchenjunga. Leader of strange religious cult that brought him banishment from the United States, Italy and France. A world wanderer and a man of mystery. All these things has been Aleister Crowley, writes Francis Dickie in the Boston Globe.

ALMOST A SUICIDE.

But that night in 1929 when I first met him upon the Boulevard Montparnasse in Paris, I knew nothing of this man, though great was his notoriety and widely spread. We started across the boulevard from the Café du Donne to Le Select. Suddenly Crowley stepped right in the path of a big touring car traveling at high speed. But French drivers are amazingly dexterous. In the nick of time the chauffeur swerved the car. The flange of the wheels grazed the curb, the car rocked, steadied, went on while a string of curses from the driver floated back momentarily upon our ears. Crowley heaved a vast sigh.

"You see, they won't hit me. I've tried it 20 times this last

week, and they always miss me." There was dreadful resignation in his voice.

"I wish I were dead," he went on, "and then perhaps my books would be in demand, and men would call me great."

We entered the Select.

TO CREATE A MARKET.

He wore a brick red coat, plus fours to match and a golfing cap that shrieked its yellow brightness to heaven. When he took it off he revealed a closely cropped head of black hair with a bald streak running across it like a furrow.

He made to me the most amazing proposition, the strangest I have had in 20 years as a newspaper man.

"You see," he went on, "I am rather well known in England and America. A number of my books have been published. At present I have a thousand copies stored away in London. My books are fairly scarce and are listed at good prices in the catalogs of the booksellers.

"But a man's books always increase in value after he is dead. Now if it could be made to appear that I had died, or committed suicide under mysterious circumstances, my books would leap up in value. That is what I propose to do, and I want an experienced newspaper man to write up this disappearance and spread it to all the papers possible.

"Then I will have the thousand copies of my books offered to various old book dealers."

"YET NO ONE SAW ME."

Crowley as a young man inherited a large fortune and at an early age took up the study of black magic. Astounding as it may seem, black magic has a large number of followers in this twentieth century.

While in Paris early in 1919 he took me to see a moving picture show based on a book by Somerset Maugham called "The Magician of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2, COLUMN 2)