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"Magick."

The prospect of hearing Mr Crowley speaking on "Magick" attracted a big gathering to the Foyle Literary Luncheon at the Grosvenor to-day. I doubt, however, if the subject was any less mysterious after being expounded by the eccentric poet, traveller, and writer, who at one time lived near Inverness in Boleskine House. Most of us were left pleasantly bewildered by his discourse, which assured us that the magic of to-day was the science of to-morrow, and that to right our present troubles we needed the prophets of old.

Drastic Measures.

It was at Boleskine, I am told, that Mr Crowley did one of the extraordinary things to which he is addicted. To his annoyance a road ran through this estate, and to ensure peace he erected a large sign at each end of the grounds with the words "Beware of the Woolloo Moolloo. Every effort is made to keep this fierce beast under restraint. Between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. it is let loose for exercise." At different times Mr Crowley has espoused most unpopular causes. He has travelled on foot through China and among the slopes of the Himalayas, and written poetry and books on magic. Sir Dennison Ross, the Director of the School of Oriental Studies, presided at the luncheon, and Mr J. D. Beresford also spoke.