

SUNDAY EXPRESS

14 April 1934

These Names Make News. Magic's "If"

Friday the 13th was an unlucky day for magician Aleister Crowley. At luncheon interval ambled off from Law Courts to his hotel, hatless but in orthodox black coat, made a heavy meal of *pilaff de langousics* and a glass of milk.

After jury's verdict against him in his libel case seemed unperturbed, quoted to me Kipling's "If":—

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same. . .
Crowley will almost certainly appeal.

Judge was Mr. Justice Swift. Ruddy with pained, casual brows. Looks like an old fashioned gentleman farmer.

Rested chin on clasped hands, spoke very slowly and clearly, indicating vehemently his disgust at the "dreadful, horrible, blasphemous, abominable stuff" to which he had to listen.

Must have longed to get away to the clean air of his house on the golf-links at Crowborough.

Two stern and matronly women were on the jury. I saw one of them smile only once, when, grey-faced, high-cheeked, glistening eyed, frizzy-haired Betty May said, in the witness-box, "I struck her—she annoyed me."

Counsel were of contrasted types:—

For Crowley: J.P. Eddy, dark, sharp, thin.

Spoke in measured level tones cross-examined Betty May for hours on end, confined himself to legal arguments in his clever closing speech.

For the publishers and printers: Malcolm Hilbery, K.C., tall, pallid.

Stood straight up. Hands in trouser-pockets, only occasional delicate gestures. Excellent elocution.

Said once, of Eddy, with superb languor: "My learned friend is nettled but not accurate."

For authoress Nina Hamnett: Martin O'Connor—one of the most famous personalities at the Bar.

Rather like an elderly, grey, cheerful weasel.

Spoke passionately, in a soft alluring brogue, pronounced
33 "torty-tree," frequently chuckled at his own debunking of
magic.