

No man in our times was slandered more during his life, nor as much after his death, as the late Aleister Crowley. In an age that has seen some of the most hated names in history, Crowley was officially and publicly called "the wickedest man in the world."

The wildest rumors (some so fantastic they would be funny if they weren't vicious) were started and kept circulating wherever he passed. Revered institutions dogged the steps of this self-styled "Antichrist" and made sure that, wherever he found a friend, this friend should at once be told, by sources anxious for his soul's welfare, that Crowley was a satanist (whatever that may mean! . . .), a pervert, a traitor, a murderer, a drug-addict, a madman.

This litany of his qualifications did not stop with his death. Books and articles have since been written about him. The mildest that can be said about most of them is that they are inaccurate. The rumors also keep going, now often about "Crowley's followers." These are suspected by some very respectable entities, which ought to know better, to be a front for Communist propaganda (!). In some "occult" organizations it is believed that Thelemites slay and eat little children as a religious rite . . . Regular bogeymen, we!

But what were actually the teachings and doctrines of this man, and what are the rites of these "followers", that so much care is taken to discredit? The world is full of madmen and perverts; why single out this particular wretch and his dupes? Why slander Crowley, why stone him, why smear him, why expose him on the age-old pillory of human fear, bigotry and stupidity? Why all the commotion? *What did this man have to say that was so terrible?*

You will find in this book the essence of all Aleister Crowley ever had to say about magic, mysticism, psychology, philosophy, the world, God and man. (And woman!) No one has ever denied that he was the foremost occult scholar of our days. His knowledge was as encyclopaedic as it was clear, accurate and without pretence. Each chapter of this book fills no more than one page; each chapter contains the quintessence of what lesser men would