

write hundreds of volumes about. The achievement is so incredible that one must read to believe; but once one reads, one cannot help believing it was done. It is there; in two hundred and eight chapters, his whole wisdom — or his whole folly! . . .

No man is prophet in his own land and among his own people. "Who is this," they say, "that he should preach to us? Did we not see him making chairs in Nazareth?" Also, the herd (generally instigated by their shepherds!) have always resented pioneers and innovators. Crowley was called "the wickedest man in the world" by Englishmen in his own England. He wandered over the whole globe and found only opprobrium everywhere.

Where shall this roving prophet find a rest? What land is there that did not see his birth? What religion is there that his "Word" does not attack? May Crowley find rest among Christians, he who prided himself on being The Beast 666, the oldest terror of Christianity? Can he find it among Buddhists, he who said that the essence of life is not sorrow, but joy? Might he find it among Jews, he who called Jahveh a petty and bloodthirsty demon? Among Mohammedans, he who believed himself prophet, and a greater than Mohammed?

It is perhaps necessary that there shall be a new land, and a new earth; that the old one shall cease its agony of centuries in a last gigantic convulsion, and utterly expire in a flaming holocaust; it shall perhaps be needed that mankind, like the phoenix, be reborn of its own ashes to find a new world, a brave new world, where this man feared, insulted, persecuted and scorned shall at last find honor, shall at last find love, shall at last find rest.

Do you have moral courage? Do you have intellectual honesty? Are you not utterly bent spiritually under the yoke, succulent beast, lamb of the fold of the slaves of the slave gods? In short, is there manhood in you yet?

Then open this book, if you will, and meet the wickedest man in the world. Meet Aleister Crowley.

COVER BY LADY FRIEDA HARRIS