

# THE PARIS-MIDI

Paris, France

16 April 1929

(page 1)

## SIR ALEISTER CROWLEY WILL BE EXPELLED FROM FRANCE TOMORROW

*It's the epilogue of a curious tale of German espionage in the United States during the war*

That's decided. Next Wednesday they're expelling Sir Aleister Crowley. One of the most picturesque and mysterious figures of the contemporary international landscape, this English baronet, who lives in Paris's avenue Suffren, is, in effect, the world's most celebrated mage. He's crossed China on foot, he's tried and almost succeeded in conquering the Himalayas; he's been received in Tibet by sacred lamas. . . . American newspapers reproach him for having burnt women alive and having drunk the blood of young infants. This, Sir Aleister Crowley denies. His native government reproaches him only for having been, during the war, one of Germany's most active agents in America, and the French police reproach him for his intimate relations with a too celebrated child of Spain and several other chaps. This, Sir Aleister Crowley disputes. For him, Magic alone is important.

—She raises the soul above these petty contingencies, he asserts.

*The baronet, to defend himself told us . . .*

One of us has visited Sir Aleister Crowley. Bedridden with an infirmity, our last interview was yesterday. An extraordinary figure emerges from the white sheets. The height of his face is that of an Asiatic illuminate. The eyes jump from their sockets. The bulk of the figure is of childlike softness, with a tender feminine mouth.

—They want to expel me. I protest. Besides, I am ill, very ill. They'd have to transport me. . . . They've already seen out my fiancée—a Nicaraguan divorced from a Frenchman—Mme Ferrari de Miramar, as well as my secretary, Israel Regardie, a twen-

ty-one-year-old American, and already a master of Kabbalah. . .

—What are they accusing you of?

—Of being a spy. They understand nothing. Yes, to be exact, I very actively participated in German counterespionage in America during the war, but I was in accord with the Naval Intelligence Service of my own country! I've counterbalanced, by my influence, the formidable German organization that hit the USA from 1914 to 1917. I was myself close to the Germans, and particularly encouraged the ambassador Von Bernsdorf to support an Irish revolution. In doing so I was obliged to publish violent articles against my own country in *The Fatherland*. That's how on 3 January 1917 I suggested England become a German colony. That's also how I wrote in your language, the "Call to French good sense" where I proclaimed that England toyed with her ally and toiled to extract the maximum profit from the conflagration

—I remember. This article had a formidable resonance. You've counselled a separate peace to us. Weren't you going a bit far in . . . your game? And a bit strong?

—I had to do it to gain the confidence of the Germans. I had my goal. . . .

### ***America-Germany "Intelligence Service"***

—This goal?

—to get German submarines to sink the still neutral American ships.

—What! I don't understand!

—Yes, by this means the Americans were obliged to enter the war on our side. I was, besides, always in accord with Captain Gaunt, chief of the Intelligence service in America. Today, Gaunt is lord-admiral and I have telegraphed him to send me a letter to exonerate me with respect to your government.

—You've lived in France for how long?

—For twenty-six years. But I traveled. Lived in Paris without interruption for the past six years.

—There must have been a new factor then, recently?

—Not at all. It was promised that no more would any sanction be held against me over facts of war. But there've been stories of private life and incomprehension of my magical rites. That's another story. . . .

Because Sir Aleister Crowley has a lot more surprising things to recount, we've given him leave to speak; we leave to him responsibility for his affirmations.