

**THE SUNDAY DISPATCH
LONDON, ENGLAND
22 JANUARY 1933
(page 2)**

**ALMOST IN CONFIDENCE
By The Marquess of Donegall**

Modern Merlin

The magic side of my week started when I dined with Mr. Aleister Crowley. If one *will* lunch with Mr. Aleister Crowley something is bound to happen. Mr. Crowley is a great expert on magic—not the Maskelyne kind but the real goat's-blood-and-church-bellOscrapings sort.

He has, of course, discovered an elixir of life which he describes as magnetized electricity. He says it is the essence of life itself. Be that as it may.

"You do not feel ten years younger," he assured me, "You *are* ten years younger."

Cheap At The Price

The first time, however, Crowley took an over-dose of his concoction, he reduced his brain to that of a schoolboy of sixteen, and could only get rid of his superfluous energy by felling trees for fifteen hours a day. However, he has now got the thing under control and is asking a modest £250,000 for it.

Well, I said, something is bound to happen when you lunch with Crowley. This time he produced a little box of black ointment.

"What is that?" I asked.

"Potted Sex Appeal," he replied, as though it were toothpaste.

A Failure In The 'Bus

Remembering my Tristan and Isolde I rubbed some behind my ears and set off to see Her Who Thinks She Matters.

I could not help noticing that people edged away from me in the 'bus. Women seemed particularly averse from me, and one was rude enough to spray eucalyptus at me.

Misunderstood

However, nothing daunted, and thinking that possibly Crowley's ointment only worked on the anointee's particular best girl, I found Her Who Thinks She Matters.

She took one sniff. Bang! Out! As I clattered down the stairs, battered and bruised, I heard something about:—

"The nerve! Coming in here with the filthiest scent of some other . . ."

So much for Potted Sex Appeal!