

**DAILY MAIL
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5 Women Mourn 'Worst Man'

'HYMN TO PAN' CHANT IN CHAPEL

Brighton. Friday.

In the cold light of a December afternoon and oddly-assorted little group of people, a score in number, including five well-dressed women and half a dozen long-haired young men, sat in the undenominational chapel at Brighton Corporation cemetery today.

With one exception they stared dry-eyed as the black-blue embossed, silver-handled coffin of Edward Alexander (he called himself Aleister) Crowley, self-styled "the Worst Man in the World," passed slowly through the tiny gates into the furnace.

One pretty young married woman from Leicester, exquisitely dressed in a magnificent fur, dashed forward from her place to place a bunch of pink carnations on the moving coffin.

Aleister Crowley's cremation was in keeping with his mysterious life.

'Magick' book

A little group of adherents to his "mystic arts and sciences" had already gathered in the chapel when the hearse and two cabs arrived from Hastings, where he died in a boarding-house at the age of 72.

From the taxis stepped three or four elderly, serious-faced men, two women, one in a blue-white fur coat, the other in an ocelot fur, and a small boy clutching his mother's hand.

There was no religious service. Mourners stood silently as tall, grave Mr. Louis Wilkinson, a writer under the name of Louis Marlow, opened a large volume and, in a powerful voice, recited extracts from Crowley's own book, "Magick, in Theory and Practice."

These, I was told later, included "Io Pan" (a hymn to Pan), Collects from the Gnostic Mass, and an Anthem.

There was also an excerpt from "The Book of the Law," which he wrote at the dictation of a supernatural being.

Secrecy Vow

For 20 minutes the loud, clear voice rolled through the tiny chapel—"There is no law beyond 'Do what thou whilst'—this shall be the whole of the law."

The mourners stood dry-eyed and silent except for an occasional murmured "Pan, Pan!" and the audible sobs of a tall woman, whose hair was covered in a gay silk scarf.

Afterwards the mourners lit their cigarettes, talked quietly among themselves, and gradually drifted towards the light and warmth of the town.

All were pledged to secrecy about the "magick" rites. Even the undertaker and the mortuary attendant could not explain them.

Mr. Wilkinson explained: "I am not a disciple of Crowley, just a very old friend." He had read the extracts from his writings at his friend's special request.