

THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER
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Standing By

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Warlock

Last time we saw that eminent Satanist, the late Aleister Crowley—self-labelled “the wickedest man in the world,” but how did he know?—we remembered from a Medieval treatise that the devil does not reward his buddies very well.

It was a soft spring dusk of 1930 outside the Dôme on the Boulevard Montparnasse, and all the Bohemians were taking their *apéritif*, especially those from Golders Green and Pooskabunkie, Mo. The Satanist looked shoddy, shuffling, and depressed, though still practising his well-known piercing-eye trick, to no effect whatsoever. He seemed to have lost all that evil *panache* which once ravished Bloomsbury, by all accounts. A little later he published a mystical novel of exhausting dullness, of which we noted one extract only:

Cyril’s tone transformed his asinine utterance into something so Sybilline, Oracular, Delphic, Cumæan, that his interlocutor almost trembled . . .

Exactly like the Black Magician himself, in fact. Many fools trembled before Mr. Crowley in his prime. Nevertheless we maintain he got a far rawer deal from the Master of Witches than Faust, for he was allowed to decline into total obscurity.