

THE STAR
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Aleister Crowley.

"La Gauloise", said the title of the card which lay before me on the table of the little Soho French restaurant. And underneath, in brackets, "Song of the Free French." But it was the author's name that attracted my attention—"par Aleistair Crowley"—and there was an address given at a big block of flats in Piccadilly. It was long since I had heard of Aleistair Crowley, though in the years following the last war he achieved a considerable notoriety in the High Court, where he was cross-examined about his alleged belief in the efficacy of "blood sacrifices" and the practice of "Black Magic". HE HATES GERMANS NOW. He brought a libel action over statements made in "Laughing Torso" etc.