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**BLACK MAGIC DENIED.**

**FORMER SPY'S EXPLOITS.**

**ORDERED TO QUIT PARIS.**

An Englishman, against whom there are accusations of having practised black magic and of offences against decency, has been ordered to quit Paris. He is Edward Alexander Crowley, and caused some stir in London years ago. Born in Leamington 53 years ago and educated at Malvern and Trinity College, Cambridge, his profession was that of a poet and a writer on Buddhism. He had he said, published books for over thirty years, and lived by authorship and on invested money.

A strange wandering life he led. He travelled through China on foot, and almost succeeded in ascending the Himalayas, and was received at Tibet by the sacred lamas.

During the war he went to America and participated in German counter-espionage, but he declares that he lent himself to this role in agreement with the British Naval Intelligence Service, and that by the influence he exercised he succeeded in counter-balancing the formidable German organisation which existed in the United States.

"I had no difficulty in ingratiating myself with the New York Irishmen," he said, "for my name, which was that of many of them, served as a passport. I discussed with Bernsdorff, the German Ambassador, the possibility of an Irish revolution, and to further this idea I wrote violent articles in the German paper in New York, "Das Vaterland," and suggested that England should become a German colony. "But I did these things in order to win the confidence of the Germans. The object I had in view was to make the German submarines sink American ships, and so compel America to enter the war. I was well in with the chief of the American Naval Intelligence Service, and I have sent him a telegram begging him to send me a letter, which I shall forward to the French Government."

When he was pressed to give the reasons why the police had ordered him to leave France, Crowley said that he knew none. There have been allegations that he had organised parties in his flat, that black magic was practised there, and that he was guilty of offences against morality.

He admits that he has written a great deal about magic.

"There is no accusation against me," he declared. "My sweetheart was expelled. She was told that a service was being rendered to her by separating her from me. When she demanded what it was the French authorities had against me they suggested that I was a trafficker in cocaine. This is ridiculous. Afterwards they said: "It is not that. Perhaps that is not true. It is something else. The real reason is too terrible."

"I have lived in Paris for seven years. I have led a peaceable life, writing during the day, and playing chess at my club in the evenings. I was notified on March 9, that I would have to leave. When the police came here they were muted by a coffee mill, and whether it was a machine for cocaine.

"My case can be likened to Dreyfus. The French authorities have obliged to give reasons for the action they have taken against me, and I recall they have given none. The British Embassy has left my case severely and has absolutely refused to help me. "There was a suggestion that those who helped me might be expelled. I am insisting on an open inquiry in which witnesses can be produced and be prepared to make accusations at me. My case is in the hands of Boncour, the Socialist deputy minister. I believe that an attempt has been made to hush up the business."

Crowley's literary work include a compilation of Baudelaire and a volume of sonnets on Rodin, illustrated by representations of the sculptor's principal works.

At one time he was a well-known in Montparnasse, where he had been known as a master of the occult. Numerous articles about him appeared in the French Press. A writer who knew him well at one time said that he claimed to see through the thickest walls and that he could dislodge himself from his body.

Mr. Crowley came into prominence in London in 1911, when his picture was painted by Augustus John. He was attacked as the head of an "abbey" in Sicily, where degenerate rites were said to be carried on. He is the author of "The Diary of a Drug Fiend" and other books on the occult.