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**MUMBO JUMBO REQUIEM.**

London, Sunday—Strange, wild words from his own writings on magic were the requiem for Aleister Crowley, self-styled “worst man in the world,” who was cremated at Brighton this afternoon.

An odd little group of Crowley’s disciples, including five well-dressed women and half a dozen long-haired young men, stared dry-eyed as the black and blue embossed silver-handled coffin passed slowly into the furnace.

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

Crowley’s cremation was in keeping with his mysterious life. The little group of adherents to his “mystic arts and sciences” had already gathered in the chapel when the hearse arrived.

There was no religious service, but tall, grave Louis Wilkinson, in a powerful voice, read for 20 minutes from Crowley’s own book “Magick in Theory and Practice,” reiterating the phrase on which 72-year-old Crowley founded his life and creed: “There’s no law beyond, Do what thou wilt!”

All mourners were pledged to secrecy about the “magick” rites.