

THE LIVERPOOL ECHO
LIVERPOOL, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND
13 NOVEMBER 1931
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Paris Night and Day.

The Sorcerer Again.

The Bohemians up at Montparnasse treat themselves to a new subject for conversation by spreading the rumour at intervals that Alastair [*sic*] Crowley, the notorious sorcerer, is back in his old haunts. Two years ago this mysterious person was politely told by the police to find some other place of abode than Paris. And he thus hurriedly departed. From that moment we have had a series of equally baseless rumours as to his return. He was reported to be in Hollywood, in Moscow, and in Cicero. One story had him lecturing at Cornell on ethics and eugenics.

At any rate, Montparnasse cannot forget this romantic figure, who used to stroll to the Dome or the Conpole in kilts or plus-fours, his entire head clean-shaven save for a single waxed forelock, describe by himself as "the mark of Buddha." Sometimes he called it his "cling-clong," and he was in the habit of dyeing it pink or saffron, to explain his mood.

Crowley was a cheerful individual, who would say to all comers: "I am a practising magician." At his studio parties he would turn on green lights, murmur a few incantations, and then perform a series of feats that never failed to entertain. There was nothing like it anywhere else in Montparnasse. He is also a painter, and at present he is exhibiting his work in Berlin.