

**JAZZ: A FLIPPANT MAGAZINE  
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**JUST ABOUT TWO OLD FRIENDS**

The correspondence columns of a newspaper are generally the dullest reading of all. There is *Pater Familias* who wants to know what the youth of the country are coming to, *Mother of Thirteen* who wants Marie Stopes's scalp, *Pro Bono Publicas* and all the thousand and one idiots whose only value is as a space filler to a weary editor. Yesterday, however, the Chicago Tribune's correspondence column was enlivened by the appearance of a limerick from our old friend Aleister Crowley. It was a terrible effort, hardly the sort of thing one expects from that quarter, it was a relief, however, to us to hear that he is still alive.

The last time we heard of him, The Sunday Express were after his scalp. The murder and White Slave Traffic season was almost dead, the Editor was at his wits end for his weekly dose of *Erotica*, it almost seemed that a million or so respectable English families would have to look elsewhere for a Sunday after lunch Aphrodisiac, when Lo and behold they found Crowley somewhere in Sicily running a home for Dope Fiends on somewhat unusual lines. Harrowing pen pictures were drawn of Sadic Orgies, and the Black Mass experts were brought out to write their usual bestial epics. Whether it affected friend Crowley or no, we have no idea, we do, however, distinctly remember getting a quid for the first edition of his book "The Diary of a Dope Fiend" just after the first of the sensational articles has appeared.

And now he's in Paris, we hope he's writing another book. The one mentioned above is a wonderful work and well worth reading for the poem on Morphia in itself. Let's have the truth about the Abbey now, who the hell cares for the Daily Express over here.

Talking of books, have you read Frank Harris's latest effort "My Life and Loves." It is nearly two years old now, but as it had a multitude of troubles at its birth, few copies have got round. Frank must be on the windy side of 70 now, according to his book he started in on the fair sex at about 18, not to mention the affairs he had as a small boy with a girl of 12 during a choir practice and later a French Governess, and as he

seems to have kept going at a good pace right through his life, he hasn't exactly wasted his odd seventy years. As Frank Harris literature the book is bad, as pornography it's mildly amusing, especially his story about the lady with the cinder sifting movement.