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**CAVIAR.**

**By Princess Alexandra Kropotkin.**

**Portrait of a Sinister (?) Influence.**

That man Aleister Crowley is in the news again. He's a large, corpulent, Chinese-idolish looking gent with one long sprout of hair growing all alone out of the top of his otherwise denuded cranium. For his alleged dabbling in the forbidden mysteries of magic—black magic—he has been called the worst man in the world. That tickles him. Actually he is harmless but very, very odd.

When I knew him in Paris he went around always with a drawfish individual whose name was Professor Mudd. What a pair! I have no idea what Mudd's claim to distinction might have been; he didn't need one, in fact—his appearance together with Crowley was unique enough.

Crowley used to drop ether on lumps of sugar, then eat and go into a trance. Trouble was never far behind him. Policemen didn't approve of his writings. They took him seriously, as a sinister influence, in Italy and England.

At present he is suing somebody, or being sued by somebody—I forget which. It makes no difference. Litigation and conversation are his busiest activities.