

**JOHN BULL**  
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**King of Depravity Arrives.**

*The impudence of Aleister Crowley whose hideous malpractices we have recently exposed knows no bounds. In spite of the fact that we left no room for doubt as to his real character and urged the police to take action against him he has had the audacity to return to London where he is at present. Here is a chance for the authorities to end his licentious career without having to go through the arduous and tiresome procedure of securing his extradition from Sicily.*

Aleister Crowley, the monster of depravity, whose secret orgies and malpractices in his rock-bound Abbey of Cefalu, Sicily, we have exposed in our columns, has excelled himself in a feat of cynical audacity. We have called for his extradition from Sicily so that he might be put on trial in this country. With impudent indifference to police vigilance, and to the indignation of the public, he has recently come secretly to England, like a thief in the night, and is at present walking about the streets of London.

A month before he came he sent in advance a notorious woman who acts as an agent for him, and whose business is to find suitable victims for the "Master"—young people with artistic and erotic temperaments, and a substantial supply of money. This woman met Crowley on his arrival in London last week, and has been about with him since.

In spite of his air of bravado, he is feeling very nervous about the position. Since the brilliant young Oxford man, Love-day, died in the den of infamy at Cefalu, the undergraduates of Oxford have been on their guard. Some of them recently held a meeting and decided to send a deputation to Sicily, so that they might find out for themselves what had become of one of their associates—whose name we hold—who is missing, and who was known to have gone suddenly to Sicily.

Crowley is here, nevertheless. Unabashed, he is still endeavouring to find victims at the Universities. We earnestly warn young people who may be brought in contact with him to be on

their guard. We extend the same warning to the artistic colony in Chelsea, where he is also seeking recruits.

Owing to *John Bull's* discovery of his secret visit, it is probable that his game will be spaded, and that he will immediately retreat to his Sicilian home. His reception this time, again owing to our exposures, has lacked the enthusiasm his acquaintances showed for him on the last occasion. That was in the autumn, when he gave a lecture on "Free Love," at a house in Cleveland Gardens, Bayswater, W., the home of a person who describes herself as a woman of title. Crowley slept in this house, and spent some nights at a Turkish Bath.

This woman, who is well known in artistic circles, has a young daughter—who has acted as a model for a world-famous sculptor—and the quality of her maternal instincts may be judged from the fact that she allowed her to be brought in contact with so great a monster of insidious depravity as this degenerate and worn-out debauchee, Aleister Crowley.

At Crowley's "lecture," in Cleveland Gardens, a large number of well-known people in the artistic world were present by invitation. Some of them were most indignant at what he did and said, and have given a wide berth since to the people concerned.

Crowley, dressed in a short kilt, walked up and down on a raised platform in the drawing-room, murmuring mystic balderdash about "Free Love," explaining how the natural element in conjugal affection was superfluous in those who had been educated to enjoy the beauties ' of physical form and allurements, which are irrespective of sex and particularly resplendent in the young.

Crowley explained also how the emotions could be heightened by the taking of drugs in a way that did no bodily harm to the takers.

One of those present was Mr. J. Menai, the well-known interpreter, of Regent's Park, N.W. He was horrified by the whole atmosphere of this seance, and, learning that the hostess contemplated paying a visit to Sicily, he and another man, one of the best-known figures in the Art world, succeeded—through her daughter—in dissuading her from going.

It was on the occasion of Crowley's' last visit that he met and persuaded young Loveday to go out to Sicily. They used to call occasionally at a restaurant in Soho, where Crowley was almost worshipped by foolish and impressionable young people who were among the frequenters of this place.

Amongst the worshippers was Loveday, who was hopelessly infatuated by this plausible humbug and mystic. He spoke of him as though he were divine, and declared that there was no such fascinating personality in the world. Mr. Melini, who had known Crowley for years in both America and France, tried to open the eyes of Loveday as to the true and abominable character of Crowley. Loveday became very violent, and threatened Mr. Melini with assault for having dared to attack the character of "The Master."

Mr. Melini warned him that if he went, he would either be back in England, broken and disillusioned, in a month—or *that he would be dead*. The poor lad was actually dead within the month, probably from an overdose of drugs.

Tragedies have always accompanied Crowley in his activities, which have extended to many capitals of the world. In New York he pursued his usual course of associating with young men from the Universities, and financed himself on the money of women who fell victims to his mysterious fascination.

Not long ago in Paris he met a gentleman friend from London to whom he explained he was feeling "queer," and wanted close and intimate sympathy. The friend, who knew his man, declined to go home with him. Crowley spent one evening with a young and handsome boy, whom he took round to the lowest cabarets and night resorts of Paris. When he was satiated with vicious enjoyments, he discarded the lad after thanking him for the sympathetic comfort his company had given him.

While he was living in his London "Temple," he devoted his to orgies which are his specialty. It was frequented by several young women who were expert at the business of getting money from men, and who poured this money into the lap of their god, as a willing sacrifice to Crowley, the "Master."

He has apparently never any difficulty in obtaining financial assistance from women of this class. There is a little colony of them at Palermo, in Sicily, whose pleasure it is to do whatever Crowley orders them. Sometimes it is to take part in the orgies at the Temple, and to prepare and administer the drugs for the feeble-minded boys who have been lured to that place of horror. Sometimes it is to go into the town, and return with the financial resources which are the wages of their sin.

It is only under the influence of drugs that young men of decent feeling, no matter how much infatuated, could stand the terrible things staged for them under the direction of "The Beast." Little boys and girls are brought into these orgies and taught to indulge in shameless revels to stimulate the jaded appetites of the onlookers.

Crowley does not always meet with in his overtures. Another well-known artist, whose name we hold, has recently been pestered with a series of letters from Crowley begging-him to go to Sicily. He, however, is one of those whose eyes have been opened, and nothing would induce him to go, or to have anything further to do with this appalling person

We believe that the purpose of Crowley's visit to London this time, which he had hoped to keep secret, but which we now expose, was to go to Oxford and Cambridge to get in touch with likely young men whom he could seduce into visiting him at his Sicilian Temple and so-called Abbey. He is himself now an exhausted and debilitated figure, reduced to the contemplation of vices in which he can no longer actively participate.

That does not make him any less dangerous. The police now know that he is in this country. They know his many aliases. They know his record and practices. They know his aims and objects. It is their duty to see that he is circumvented.

The most dangerous man in the world of depravity must not be allowed a free hand in the machinations of evil.