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**BOOKS.**

**FICTION.**

The Diary of a Drug Fiend. By Aleister Crowley. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

The return of Aleister Crowley—one of our few living poets—has been signalized by a ferocious attack from a “brother” artist on the score of morality—which philosophically is an amusing commentary on the lack of humour in this post-war epoch of “Puritanism,” which, presumably, the critic in question represents. Crowley has done most silly things in a curiously wayward life—but enough of the sinner. In this account of drugs he shows up the pathological condition produced by drug-taking and gives a pretty hideous picture of the fate of the drug fiend. There is some good writing, as might be expected, and whilst there is nothing in the book to justify a Crowley “crusade,” indeed the moral effect of his exposure is to the good, as a warning. As a picture of drug life, it is a mad document.