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DIARY OF A DRUG FIEND

Drug-taking, to judge from *The Diary of a Drug Fiend* (by Aleister Crowley. Collins. 7s. 6d.) seems singularly uninteresting. But, then, I happen most emphatically to dislike losing control over my mental faculties, and the great attraction of drugs appears to be the creation in the mind of a false suggestion of wonderful power and pleasure—until the virtue goes out of them and they produce no effect whatever, save a restless craving, unless doses are taken regularly.

The one excuse for writing such a book as this is that it should hold out some hope to the victims of this vice; and this Aleister Crowley does, describing the theories, way of living, and scenery of a spot to which the hero-villain and heroine-villain go, to be brought back to sanity by the discovery of their true work in life.

It is not a pleasing book, but Mr. Crowley invites anyone interested in the system of training he describes to communicate with him. Doubtless there must be many victims, and relatives of victims, of this and other crazes who will accept his invitation.