

**THE OBSERVER**  
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**DIARY OF A DRUG FIEND**

"I got another packet and put it in my mouth. He went wild and clutched me by the hair, and forced open my jaws with his finger and thumb. I struggled and kicked and scratched, but he was too strong. He got it out and put it in his own mouth. Then he hit me in the face as I sat." This extract is from the diary of a young woman who has the cocaine habit. As she starts by chanting "O thou fragrance of sweet flowers, that art wafted over blue fields of air! I adore thee, Evoe! I adore thee, I.A.O.!" there seems a slight falling off in her style—which only goes to bear out the argument of the whole and to show that these good drugs, as masters, do not exactly improve our manners, whatever they may do as servants. Mr. Crowley suddenly leaves these slightly disgusting surroundings, and removes his young people to a wondrous place of treatment mainly by addresses and incantation. He declares that the place exists on this carnal globe, and is willing to act as an intermediary should any reader habitually breakfast on heroin and desire to return to bacon and eggs. There is a certain compelling power about the descriptions of degradation. They have a truer ring than the ultra-fantastic patches—although these are credible enough as a rough translation into the speech of every day from a language only heard and understood under frightful and inhuman, if ecstatic conditions.