

**THE DELMARVIA STAR**  
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**BOOKWORM**

The most sensational book which we have read in many a long day—a far more sensational book than “Jurgen” ever dreamed of being—is Aleister Crowley’s “The Diary of a Drug Fiend” (Dutton). We are told that England went wild and London papers even carried seven-column heads about the book. Nor was this strange. It is no small charge which he makes against his countrymen when he says that they are becoming a nation of drug addicts, and that among the upper classes one of the chief subjects of conversation has become where drugs can be obtained. The story deals with the details of “the cocaine honeymoon” and “the heroin honeymoon.” It has also a sensational account of the depths to which the desire for the drugs will lead two people normally of good character and refined tastes. Finally he shows—or seeks to show—how the drugs may be used beneficially. Aleister Crowley himself has led a very strange life. He is still a man with many volumes to his credit. In 1900 he explored Mexico without guides. Two years later he spent many months in China. In 1906 he crossed China on foot. In 1910 his drama, “The Rites of Eleusis” made a success in London, but he did not tarry there long, and he was next heard of in the heart of the Sahara. He has sat for days under the Indian sun as a naked yogi, begging his rice. He has alternately shocked and delighted his audiences. He wrote a big work on the occult, “Equinox.” He wrote “The Sword of Song” in which he attacked all established things—and followed it a short while later with a book of devotional hymns. He is a great friend of the painter Augustus John, who has done some remarkable sketches of him.