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BOOK REVIEWS

"The Diary Of A Drug Fiend", by Aleister Crowley, published by E. P. Dutton, and Co., New York.

Mr. Crowley may not have written more than one, but we are sure that he has written at least one of those books which most of us know nothing about; we have in mind a little volume entitled, "Goetia", having to do with that sort of magic, which ordinary magicians have not the power to practice. Mr. Crowley, being Irish, and therefore bubbling with fun, has written what he is pleased to call a "terrible", also—and mark this, a "true" story. And then he has permitted his winsome little heroine to explain as follows (to her big brave hero, of course); "No", she said, with a strange smile, "We've helped him as much as he's helped us—helped him to do his will. The secret of his power is that he doesn't exist for himself. His force flows through him unhindered. You have been yourself till this morning when you forgot yourself, forgot who you were, didn't know who kissed you and brought you your breakfast."

Cleverly concealed, but not too carefully, is the point which our author makes. If he is not really a member of the Ancient White Lodge, he really deserves to be!