

THE SEEKER **circa 1907**

Review of *The Star in the West*

Years ago, the saintly Novalis called Baruch de Spinoza "that God-intoxicated Man." What would he have said had he lived to-day, and looked upon the face of Aleister Crowley, that glory revealed to us by the genius of Captain J. F. C. Fuller?

Crowley has been reproached in some thoughtless or malicious quarters for his ignorance or tolerance of evil. But is this not because the holiness of his life and thought keeps him so close to his divine Master that he can only see good in all he gazes on? It is the eagle, ever steadfastly beholding the sun, that swoops down upon carrion, and thanks God for the meal. It is the purblind race of miserable men that turn fastidiously from wholesome and natural food.

However this may be, it is undoubtedly no easy task to follow the royal bird in his dazzling flight through illimitable aethyr. Yet the attempt will avail us much; even if we can rise only some few feet above the ground, we may say, "something attempted, something done." And as we grow bolder, we shall be more at ease in the new element, or even, like the sparrow on the eagle's back, equal the splendid soaring of our princely pioneer.

For those to whom much of Crowley is obscure, no better lamp can be found than this brilliant book of Captain Fuller.