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Deeply as I respect the talent and admire the industry of writers, I cannot help feeling that Mr. Charles Richard Cammell's memoir of ALEISTER CROWLEY THE MAN; THE MAGE; THE POET (Richards Press. 15s.), must have been easier to write than it now is to read. To begin with, Mr. Cammell was not only a friend of this strange man, but an admirer, and one who, if he did not accept all his blacker fantasies, is still capable of thinking that Crowley's boast of being the greatest living English poet was not far from the truth. During Crowley's lifetime I held other views, and see little here, but pity, to make me modify them.