

EXCERPTS FROM
THE FATHERLAND



Aleister Crowley

WITH INTRODUCTION AND ARTWORK BY

G. M. Kelly



KOKOPELI PUBLISHING
1996 E.V.

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These articles were prepared from photocopies of the original magazines, with the exception of “A Great Irish Poet’s Indorsement of The Fatherland” and “The Future of the Submarine” which are from typescripts prepared by G. M. Kelly from the originals.

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“The Great Irish Poet”
— *G. M. Kelly*

INTRODUCTION

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

“THE Wickedest Man In The World!”

When the yellow journalism of his day referred to Aleister Crowley in this way one can only wonder over how people could take such a trite and silly pronouncement seriously.

When they called him a traitor it was going too far.

First it must be remembered that the Germany of World War I was not the same as Nazi Germany during World War II. Second, while Crowley admired the German people he was first and foremost an Englishman and a patriot. When war broke out he volunteered his services, but his offer was refused. Finally he saw an opportunity to serve his country by doing something he was very good at: writing and leg pulling.

In his own words from pages 751 to 753 of his “autobiography,” *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley* (Hill and Wang, 1969 E. V.) A. C. explained:

“I decided on a course of action, which seemed to me the only one possible in a situation which I regarded as immensely serious. I would write for *The Fatherland*. By doing so, I should cut myself off temporarily from all my friends, from all sources of income, I should apparently dishonour a name which I considered it my destiny to make immortal, and I should have to associate on terms of friendship with people whose very physical appearance came near to reproducing in me the possibly beneficial results of crossing the Channel with a choppy sea.

“But the German propaganda was being done as well as the British propaganda ill. With a little more ascendancy over Viereck, I could spoil his game completely by doing as much mischief to Germany as the Patriot Bottomley and the other hoarse-throated fishwives of Fleet Street were doing to England. I met with more success than I had hoped.

“ . . .

“I must explain here that I had more than one string to my bow. It was really a minor part of my programme to wreck the German propaganda on the proof of *reductio ad absurdum*. I had hoped to gain the full confidence of the conspirators whom I had identified and deal with them as somebody whose name I forget dealt with Cataline; and Lord Mount Eagle or whoever it was, with Guy Faux. But nobody in British Intelligence had suffi-

cient of that quality to notice me.

“I have always been unduly optimistic about England. I know such a lot of people who are far from being fools. But war seems to deaden perception. Men who are in ordinary times quite acute become ready to assume that anyone who is waving a Union Jack and singing ‘Britannia Rules the Waves’ must be an Admiral of the Fleet. Everybody assumed that the irritating balderdash I wrote for *The Fatherland* must be the stark treason that the Germans were stupid enough to think it was.”

In short, Crowley’s crime was not treason, but rather it was that he too often expected more intelligence from society than perhaps he should have. His crime was that he underestimated the stupidity and lack of perception, heightened in times of war, of which people are capable.

Aleister Crowley loved his homeland, and if he from time to time chastised England it was only because he loved her. And if his actions during the war, so misunderstood, were perhaps unwise or in the end of dubious value, can he be blamed for this when he wanted to serve his country and his country refused his service? He did the best that he could and served his country in what seemed like the only way made possible by circumstances and the stupidity of others. Crowley knew that the absurd things he was writing would be taken seriously by the overblown ego of the German elite, but he never dreamt that such absurdities would be taken seriously by his own people.

It seemed to be Crowley’s curse.

When he was absolutely serious the majority scoffed at him and failed to pay attention to what he was saying, yet when he was so obviously pulling the collective leg of society his words were taken with a deadly serious attitude. Some of us who study Aleister Crowley’s writings with objectivity are amazed over this phenomenon, for the fault does not seem to be his.

The fault lies in the collective consciousness of our society.

Love is the law, love under will.

G. M. KELLY
 October 1996 E. V.
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A GREAT IRISH POET'S INDORSEMENT OF THE FATHERLAND

I AM an essentially moderate man. I refuse to take sides in any controversy. I observe dispassionately, sit in judgement. My own Fatherland is the Sun, and while I am traveling on this planet I never forget it. Any weight which my utterances may ever have depends upon this fact. In normal circumstances I should have found myself out of sympathy with a journal like THE FATHERLAND. But when I find that in this country one has only to say "I think sense is admirable" or "I uphold order" or "I approve foresight" to be howled at by a mob of drunken fools as a pro-German, the situation alters. I am not pro-German. I am pro-human. I have tried to save England from her fate by pointing out the elements of rottenness in her, so that she may set her house in order (a little late after she has gone out and hanged herself! but after all, I have been doing it for twenty years), and I have tried to save Germany by combatting the scurrilous press campaign against her, and by bringing out the truth about the war. I have seen THE FATHERLAND struggling indomitably and almost single-handed against the most venomous and corrupt press that ever fouled paper; and even if I hated Germany and the Germans as well as I love them — for they are human — I should still cheer on THE FATHERLAND in its plucky fight.

THE FATHERLAND, with no subsidies and precious little capital, with nothing but the brains and courage of its editor and his staff, has swept back this flood of sewer-slush so effectively that the victory is almost won. When I landed here in November last, most responsible people whom I met were violently "pro-Allies"; to-day those same people are asking for moderation in counsel, fairness in speech, equal publicity for news from both sides, and are looking forward to a reasonable settlement and an honorable peace. In short, they are pro-German.

Even President Wilson has not been uninfluenced by reason. It was only in the Evening Telegram that he kept on declaring war. In reality, he delayed deliberately the diplomatic correspondence so that the temperature of the saloon politician might revert to normal. And, planting the first seeds of a courage which may soon lead him to place an embargo on the exportation of arms, he warned England on July 17th that America had rights. It is evident that he not only reads THE FATHERLAND, but looks to it for light.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

THE FUTURE OF THE SUBMARINE

“OLD England had a nafy;
Dey had de fifteen-inch,
So many und so long dey vas
Dey tink dey hav a cinch.
De pootiest shells in all de vurld.
Dey vayed ’pout two tausend pound;
Und efery time dat Vinston shpeak
He make der vurld resound.

Old England had a nafy;
I dells you it cost her dear;
Dey plewed in more ash dvendy-vife
Off millions efery year;
Und vhenefer dey launch anofer ship
De English gifes a cheer,
I dinks dot so vine a nafy
Nefer sailed dis erdlich sphere.

Old England had a nafy;
Dey haf vun ‘Victory,’
Vun ‘Driumph,’ vun ‘Invincible,’
Dot sailed upon der sea.
Dey haf two hoondred ‘Dreadnought,’
Und super-Dreadnoughts ash vell;
But de bride of all der navy
Vos der prave ‘Unsinkable.’

Old England had a nafy;
Like fans der men vos rooty,
Ven out of Luxhafen der come
Vun klein’ Unterseeboote.
Und ven der nafy see him come
Dey dink of der Chudgment Day.
And ash qvick as dey can vot vos left of dem
Vos sguttling out of der vay.

Old England had a nafy.
Where ish dot navy now?
Where ish de lofely brazen cloud
Dot vos on Vinston’s prow?
Where ish de Mishstress of de seas
Dot kept dem bottled tight?
All goned away mit de torpedo —
Avay in de evigkei!”

Hans Breitman in 1915.

I

Until the war broke out, nobody was sure as to whether there was any value in the submarine. In England we enjoyed, even more than we were edified by, the spectacle of British Admirals quarrelling like schoolboys, saucing each other like lydies on the lush, and intriguing against each other like Mexican Generals, on account of the divergence of their views. For all such views were academic and speculative. The lessons of manœuvres taught nothing but the theories of the umpire. It was all guesswork.

There is a snake in Burma called Russell's Viper. It is the only animal which makes the Buddhist violate his first principle of not taking life. For it is a gamble; if you see it first, you kill it; if it sees you first, it kills you. The submarine is the Russell's Viper of the water, and the practical question was "Would it see you first?" This could not be tested until the war. Old gentlemen in Pall Mall Clubs wrote elaborately to the Times the most convincing arguments; but nobody knew, as we know now.

II

In this fog of doubt, the Admiralties could only go half speed ahead. They might be throwing their money into the sea. The frequent accidents to submarines acted as a further check on the development of the arm. If Germany devoted more time and money and thought to it, the reason was plain. It was a desperate throw. She could not beat England on the water, so she might as well try the U boats. If they failed, they failed. ("But screw your courage to the sticking-point; and we'll not fail.") Similar considerations made them spend enormous sums on Zeppelins. However, even Germany did not devote herself exclusively or even sufficiently to these new means of warfare. The conservative school had great influence, and the prestige of England was all against the innovation.

Now it is to be remembered that the present submarine is no more a fixed and perfect machine of its type than were the old high bicycle and the Wright aeroplane. The submarine of 1913 was a very ramshackle contraption. The problems had by no means been worked out, and there was no money to test new inventions. (It is not generally known that models which work perfectly may fail altogether when enlarged to full size; so that even the production of a new invention in miniature is not necessarily a good argument for taking it up.) The inventor was accordingly discouraged; he spent his time on things that promised more or less immediate return for his brains and capital. A man had to be a bit of a crank to spend his life at the solution of abstruse theoretical problems which never actualize when motor-cars and aeroplanes

were all in the public eye. Everything conspired accordingly to retard the development of the submarine.

III

Before war had broken out a month, the Hague, Cressy and Aboukir were sunk in twenty minutes by a single submarine. Naval theory sank with them. The U had come to stay — even the little, slow, limited, dangerous bad old U! Such a coup paid for fifty failures.

The Germans recognized the fact immediately, and appraised it at its proper value. When England blusteringly swore to starve Germany out, the reply was simple — the proclamation of a Reign of Terror. Jack Tar has lost his courage. Under the White Ensign or the Blue, he has neurasthenia. (Perhaps we had better design him a “Yellow Ensign” for the future.) The British navy skulks in lonely harbors behind steel nets; it hardly dares the patrol of the North Sea. The Blue Water School and the Blue Funk School have amalgamated.

In this new circumstance, that no ship is safe from sudden disaster, the advantage is wholly with the continental power. It is easy to foresee that England will be crushed, if only that advantage be pressed home.

IV

The first and most obvious duty of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz is to perfect the U boat as a weapon of destruction. Its primary function was for coast and harbor defense against warships; but its already enlarged cruising powers have enabled it to extend the definition of the word “coast” in a degree altogether unexpected.

Now comes the question: is there any limit to the possibilities of its improvement in this respect? I should not care to fix it. Now that every scientific or engineering brain can devote itself to the problem with every prospect of a reward like that of Wellington, be sure that surprises are in store.

I see a submarine with a cruising radius of 5,000 miles, and enough torpedoes to blow every ship in the British navy out of the water.

I see also a “mother submarine,” unarmed, slow-moving, but protected with double netting against hostile U’s, and loaded with relays of oil and torpedoes, putting to sea with careless courage in the face of any number of dreadnoughts, surrounded at a distance of many miles by her venomous brood of U boats.

I see also a boat fitted for fighting at long range, armed perhaps with a single 15-inch gun, gliding à fleur de l’eau, and so affording no reasonably

visible mark to the battleships which she attacks.

I see also submarine transports, flat-bottomed craft, somewhat resembling those giant ferry-boats which carry trains in their bellies, each capable of carrying a thousand men. If they could make only five knots an hour, a fleet of them could still successfully invade England.

And of course I see, as everybody else sees, that it is only necessary to multiply the U boat of even the existing type by say a hundredfold in order to starve England into submission in a single month.

V

If I have troubled to make these forecasts, which are hardly beyond the imagination of even an Englishman, it is to emphasize the fact that the day of island empires is over. If this is not so, it must be because Science is still not bankrupt, and will find a way to detect and destroy the U boat. But even if this happened, there are yet further possibilities. A ship of any kind is always a risk; this is the nature of things; it depends on the fact, which even Science is not likely to upset, that men cannot breathe as fish do. Thus the nation which depends on ships for its food supply is in a dangerous situation.

Presumably the power of offense will always be superior to that of defense, in this respect, just as a man with a basket of eggs is in peril of total loss, even if he win his fight with a man not so encumbered. The end of the matter must be that all ships will be driven from the sea, as soon as a war starts; and this means death to England.

The remedy is, however, simple. England must abandon her career of piracy and plunder. She must return to the good old days when she could feed herself and clothe herself; and she must learn to live in peace with all men. She has always persecuted her men of science in the name of the parody of religion with which she cloaks her infamies; and they have their revenge.

Let her restore the old worship; let her resume the pastoral and agricultural life; let her patriarchs execute justice and mercy; well and good. But no more industrialism-slavery; no more swindling oligarchy; no more smile-and-dagger diplomacy; no more gentleman-burglar world-power.

The Unterseeboot has changed all that.

SKELETONS IN THE CABINET

By an Englishman

M*R. ASQUITH.* — A clever, plodding lawyer, driven by his wife to ambition and alcohol.

Mr. Bonar Law. — A merchant, with no talents of the statesman or even of the parliamentarian. Put into the leadership of the Opposition because the wolves who had pulled down Balfour would otherwise have sprung at each other's throats and completed the ruin of the Tories.

Mr. Balfour. — "Bloody Balfour," a weak, amiable dilettante; toyed with philosophy "so far as a gentleman could." Without a spark of sympathy or imagination; tried to govern Ireland by a system of organized murder: hence his nickname. An admirable parliamentarian, he got too old for his job, and was superseded some years ago. His appointment to the Admiralty must be due to jealousy of America's record in that direction!

Mr. Lloyd George. — Demagogue and attorney. The object of the bitterest hatred of any man in England; but knows so much of the graft of his colleagues that he cannot be shelved.

Sir G. Buchmaster. — An honest man of talent and ability, who owes his advancement to the quarrels of his colleagues.

Sir John Simon. — A clever nonentity.

Mr. Long. — Typical of the old-fashioned stupid, obstinate Tory.

Mr. Chamberlain. — Like Herbert Gladstone, the insignificant son of a brilliant father. Wears his father's eyeglass and orchid: but the resemblance stops there.

Arthur Henderson. — A nonentity made leader of the Labour Party to compose the violences of the real leaders. Outside Parliament, no one in England knows his name.

Lord Lansdowne. — Another pig-headed fossil. His family influence has kept him adrift on calm waters.

Lord Curzon. — The buffoon who made himself the laughing-stock of India, and lost it (as will shortly appear) for England.

Lord Kitchener. — Would be all right if left alone. The only man who is

thoroughly trusted by the great mass of the people.

Lord Selbourne. — A cipher. Career due entirely to nepotism.

Mr. Birrell. — A “literary gent” with a turn of quiet humor. Turns awkward questions with a good-natured jest. Will be killed one day by somebody in earnest.

Mr. McKenna. — The most incompetent minister that ever held a portfolio. A creature of weak violence. Owes position to relatives, as usual.

Sir E. Grey. — One of the cleverest and least scrupulous diplomatists that ever lived. May have overreached himself.

Mr. McKinnon Wood. — A mere official, painstaking enough.

Mr. Churchill. — A theatrical genius. Will not remain long on the shelf.

Mr. Runciman. — A mediocrity, useful as a sound, steady make-weight.

Lord Crewe. — A good enough minister where no initiative is required.

Mr. Harcourt. — All collars and cuffs. A conceited puppy. A pitiful continuation of the great Harcourt serial.

BEHIND THE FRONT

Impressions of a Tourist in Western Europe.

IT would serve no useful purpose to tell just how I reached France. The interest begins on one's arrival.

The France one knew of old is not so changed until one approaches Paris, except for the immense numbers of English raw recruits. The government has very sensibly turned over empty barracks to the British military authorities. There everything is in order — not lodging only, but parade-grounds and all other necessaries; in addition many non-commissioned officers of the French army past fighting age are being used to instruct the young English officers in their duties. There are also many bilingual English civilians employed in various capacities. The new Tommy Atkins is being taught a fair amount of elementary French, and especially the principles of their drill. He is also learning to know the general characteristics of the countryside. Evidently the British expect to be fighting on French soil for the next year or two. This being granted, one must admit that the arrangement is intelligent. I was told that when these troops are comparatively in shape, they are drafted back to England for regimentation, equipment and drafting to various points. With the exception of the few old sergeants, of whom mention is made above, there are practically no French troops visible in any of the country through which I passed, and even the unfit have been called up, unless actually disabled, and are being employed on work of secondary importance such as guarding railroads and bridges.

The feeling among the people of all classes is distinctly good. There is, of course the most intense hatred for the enemy — which in England hardly exists, as will be explained later — but with it goes a certain smiling confidence, like a prize-fighter in the 19th round of a winning mill. Their heads are bloody, but unbowed, as Henley might have said. Every one believes that the undoubted fact of the check on the charming instance of the Gallic spirit. Père Boncier, who had kept a “gargotte” for forty years, just off the Faubourg Montmartre, was sent a piece of German war bread by his son. There must have been enchantment in the loaf; the old man had the idea of his life. He bundled off to the Government and contracted for the whole supply of German bread that might be captured. Now “tout Paris” goes to feed at the horrible little restaurant in order to gloat over the misery of the wicked Bosche! It is very childish and very Parisian.

I only remained in Paris long enough to see a few old friends, and inquire

how fate was treating them and theirs. My real goal was England; the contradictory accounts of the spirit of the people, and of what had actually happened in the Zeppelin raids, had excited my curiosity to the highest point.

So I took the long odds, and went over to London. As luck would have it, I missed a big raid by twenty-four hours. The moment was ideal; every one was full of the subject. British insularity, by the way, is completely abrogated; one talks to one's fellow-passenger in a railroad car as if he were one's long-lost brother. Everyone is madly eager for every scrap of news, false or true; it is one of several unexpected results of the censorship. Nobody knows what is happening; official reports may or may not be true; they are certainly doctored. When one thinks of the great outcry that was made in the beginning of the war against Wolff's Bureau, which was supposed to be disseminating false news, the joke is apparent. The Germans have acquired a reputation for truth-telling, if for nothing else. All their claims have proved true in the long run. And though even now the average Englishman will not admit it except in his most secret chamber, he has a subconscious feeling that it is so, which manifests itself in intense disquiet and distrust.

The Londoner is not really so concerned with the results of the raids on London as he might reasonably be. He is haunted by the fear of something worse which he does not know. He is afraid about the Navy. For all he knows, the big dockyards may have been destroyed, and half the ships put out of action.

However, the damage in London itself is bad enough. Liverpool Street Station was wrecked in one raid; an attempt on Ludgate Hill Station resulted in the gutting of a block just south of St. Paul's and one high explosive bomb missed the station by a few yards only, and destroyed dozens of small shops. The attack on Charing Cross was not very successful; indeed, a bomb missed Bernard Shaw's house by about fifty yards; too cruel had they hit it! But the worst damage was in the Hoxton district. I did not see it myself, but my secretary happens to live quite close, and had been up all night watching the assault and the resulting fires when she came to meet me. There appears to have been a high wind blowing; the houses — it is a district of mean streets — caught fire and the brigade was unable to cope with the conflagration. There is a gutted patch of London five or six blocks wide, and the best part of half a mile in length. Hundreds, probably thousands, must have perished. It is not clear why this district should have been selected for attack; it seems probable that the Zeppelins had lost their bearings.

The effect on London was not great; Hoxton was a place which it was the truest kindness to destroy!

Part II

FOR some reason or other in their last Zeppelin raid on London the Germans appear to have decided to make the damage as widespread as possible, instead of concentrating it in one quarter. A house close to my lawyer's office in Chancery Lane was entirely destroyed, and the *Morning Post* Building and several banks were seriously damaged. There is good hope that a certain building was destroyed which contains the only evidence of my owing somebody 5,000 pounds. Further afield there was a great deal of damage to the docks, and still more to Woolwich Arsenal. Owing to the capital importance of the position the greatest secrecy was observed about it. I took special pains to inquire on this point, and though, of course, it was impossible to gain access to the arsenal itself, the immense amount of mourning in the districts where the workmen live indicated that many men must have been killed. An anti-aircraft battery at Enfield was destroyed, and it was rumored that the small arms factory there had been hit. A great deal of damage was done at Croydon, especially at its suburb Addiscombe, where my aunt lives. Unfortunately, her house was not hit; otherwise I should not have to trouble to write this article. Count Zeppelin is respectfully requested to try again. The exact address is Eton Lodge, Outram Road.

Much more important than any material damage is the general effect of the war upon the morale of the people. As a professional psychologist I regarded it as my special task to investigate this. I am compelled to say that I found a good deal of difficulty in dealing with my friends, who completely failed to understand my attitude in the war. It will hardly be believed, but I was actually called upon to prove that I was the only patriotic Englishman alive. I had to quote the Bible to them, "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." If I had been at the Foreign Office, as I ought to have been, there would have been no war at all. England would have stayed out, and insisted on France staying out. Germany would have been left a free hand to deal with Russia. This policy would have been in accord with that of every English statesman since 1830. England backed the wrong horse. Similarly, most of my subsequent remarks, which have excited such disapproval, were said (subsequently, but not so well) by Lloyd George and other responsible people. Strongly, however, as I urged these points, I cannot pretend that I convinced my friends. It is the stupidity of England which is losing this war for her. However, they were too busy hating the government to care much what I said. I do not think that I have ever seen such intensity of black, impotent, speechless rage, as

one and all displayed. There was a subconscious feeling that the whole thing was a ghastly blunder, and that the details matched the ensemble. None of the known politicians was trusted; such hope as existed was based on outsiders like Lord Derby. The eternal squabbles of the cabinet and the press aroused infinite disgust. During the whole of my visit the *Daily Mail* was attacking the government with an animus which went altogether beyond the bounds of criticism. It was evidently based on personal hatred and ambition. Every one felt this, loathed the situation, and was reduced to a nervous wreck by the feeling that it was impossible to do anything.

There was also a terrible quarrel about the recruiting. Furious campaigns were being waged about the sex problem: "Should married men be called out?"

There was also a deadly fear that the impossible would happen, that England was really being beaten. Unless one has lived in England for a long time, it is impossible to realize how the conviction that England is invincible is part of the national consciousness. It is for this reason that the alarmists have never obtained a hearing. Even people like Lord Roberts, who were respected as experts on every other point, and who would have been listened to attentively if they had laid down the law in any other fashion, were reviled and contemned in the most decided manner whenever they suggested that England might be in danger. The Boer war itself was always thought of as a little war. The issue was never doubtful in the mind of any one in England. Even now, such confidence as exists is largely due to the systematic way in which disasters have been minimized. Mons, Antwerp, Loos, Neuve Chapelle, the Dardanelles even, are looked upon with the same sort of annoyance as would occur in America, if the trusted third baseman of the Red Sox dropped a catch. It is still not conceivable that England may really be smashed. And yet, there lurks in the mind of every man the unspoken fear that "der Tag" may really have arrived. There is something of Belshazzar's Feast about every dinner party.

I think the slow-riding dogged courage of the English was sapped by Victorianism. It exists, but only in certain limited classes. Too many people are living on their nerves. There is a sort of nightmare effect very largely distributed. The military situation will be discussed, until it is almost discussed away; but just as complacency begins, the thought suddenly arrives: But what about the government? What about the workingman? And the scaffoldings are knocked away from under the optimist. Victorianism had made every one so discontented, so miserable that there does not seem so much to fight for. No doubt the greatest errors were made in the original advertising

campaign, with its wheedling and its insults. It rubbed the Englishman up in exactly the wrong way. Advertising is a tradesman's dodge; and England being a nation of shopkeepers, every one knew that it was cheating. Had there been a government in the country at the beginning of the war to seize the reins of power, declare conscription immediately, and shoot down unhesitatingly any one who objected, there would have been no trouble. Every one would have said: This is the spirit of Cromwell and of Wellington. But all the people in power were temporizers, men of words, vote-catchers, nearly all of them lawyers by profession. In any crisis the only man who can do anything is some rough, practical personality. The very qualities which bring a man to the front in ordinary times are those which make him useless in an emergency. The history of every nation is full of such examples, and, of course, from the nature of the case, it is impossible in times of peace to arrange for a supply of such men to be on tap.

As to the trading classes, they express the utmost patriotism, but it is of a rather peculiar kind. It has struck them that the war is doing them immense harm, and they know full well that a peace concluded now would complete their ruin. So they are unanimous for a fight to a finish. They would go themselves if they were not so busy; in the meanwhile, they are volubly indignant with the working classes for not going. In point of fact, the need is no longer men or money or munitions; it is morale. The British Tommy will only follow a gentleman; and most of these have been used up, or belong to the stage-door class. The soldiers' trade has been too long despised in England; it has been fine to be an officer, but to know anything about soldiering has been disgraceful. Those who took their profession seriously have been hazed in the messes. Result: plenty to follow, and none to lead. You can make a very fair private in six months; but a non-com. or a subaltern cannot be turned out in two years, especially with no elder men to instruct them. So the new armies are composed of keen eager men, muddled over until they are perfectly sick of the incompetence of their superiors. They are also disgusted to death at the utter hopelessness of the strategists. The Flanders' proposition was intelligible; but the Dardanelles' folly has made much discontent. Wounded men are full of gristly tales of that disaster; no food, no ammunition, no shelter, no hospitals, "no ruddy nothing," as one Sergeant told me. They were flung out, like shooting so much rubbish, on the shore. Further, they are annoyed at the limitations of the fleet. The average man seems to have thought that the whole peninsula could be blown away by a few hours' bombardment.

The working classes as a whole are far more really patriotic than the bour-

geois. But socialism and self-interest have rotted them far more than in Germany, where the party is on paper far stronger. The murmur of the English slave is silent. I talked with many of the revolution. All would welcome any change, but none had any idea of constructive revolt. And at heart I think nobody cared. They were too dull with suffering. Many, however, were whining personal woes, usually something about three and eightpence farthing which they would have if there were a God in heaven or justice on earth. Thousands have enlisted because it seemed at least a quick way out, or offered a sort of chance. But there is nowhere a particle of real enthusiasm in the soul; how can there be, when poverty and puritanism have whittled away the soul for three generations? Can you imagine a British workman going to the Nibelung-ring, as the German does in his millions?

And the wretched treatment that he has been getting all these years of peace and "prosperity" is only accentuated by the war. The big promises are not being kept; he is too ready to find it out; and if anybody would suggest a real remedy, however mad, he would try it. While waiting, he is glad, on the whole, to get peppered.

LIFTING THE MASK FROM ENGLAND

THINGS are by no means pleasant, either between the Allies themselves or even between the heterogeneous components of "Kitchener's Kippers." The English despise and distrust the French; the old story about the rout of Mons being caused by the non-appearance of two French armies is still current. The reason of it is variously given as treachery resulting in the shooting of two French generals, failure to receive orders, and various other causes. But the feeling remains that the French did fail to support them, however it may have happened. And as the British expedition was pretty well wiped out, one can understand the soreness of the feeling. On the French side is the deep-seated, inherited distrust of "perfidious Albion." Every Frenchman knows instinctively that if a moment should ever arrive when it would be to England's interest to quit or change sides, she would not hesitate for a moment.

There is also infinite jealousy between British and Colonial troops. The Colonials are contemptuous of discipline and "boiled collars," and each man fancies himself a hero. The British retaliate by contempt of the provincialisms of the Colonials. But worse than all this is the absolute conviction of Scotch, Irish and Welsh troops, as well as of all the Colonial troops, that they are deliberately sacrificed in battle, in order to spare the English regiments. History, of course, abounds in instances where this has been done. In some cases Celtic regiments have been deliberately shelled by their own artillery. You cannot expect men to fight if they suspect this sort of thing. The feeling in South Wales among the miners against conscription is almost entirely due to the idea that the Government would be very pleased if their numbers were reduced by 50 per cent. or so. The feeling in Ireland is, of course, well known. It is this absence of solidarity in the nation, or rather nations, which has been the eternal stumbling-block. This more than any other is the reason that conscription has become necessary.

Another reason for the unpopularity of the service was the complete incompetence and even carelessness shown by the Government in the early days of the war, with regard to providing creature comforts for the men. The usual red tape has also been employed to a devastating extent in the drawing of allowances. Women who can hardly read and write have been bombarded with forms which would puzzle a college professor, and expected to fill them out satisfactorily. The restrictions on drink have caused even greater trouble. Similar remarks apply to the questions of sexual morality. It is no good to appeal to people on the ground that they are high-spirited patriots, possess-

ing all the virtues, when at the same time you are treating them as if they were the lowest criminals, wallowing in every possible vice.

During my stay I was naturally the centre of a great deal of interest, as having spent so long in America. Every one was anxious to know the real attitude of the American public toward the war. I explained that the national characteristics had not in any way been altered by the Atlantic. The Anglo-Saxon was all volubility, sentimentality, and slop. Snobbishness, hypocrisy, and money-bags were the three persons in his trinity. The Irish were jubilant, feeling that the hour of revenge for their long martyrdom had struck at last; but were content to wait and work in the dark for a little longer. The Teutons (I continued) said little. If one judged from the volumes of talk one would imagine that nine Americans in ten hated Germany. But the Teuton, realizing that acrimonious conversation does no particular damage, keeps his breath to cool his porridge. I said I regarded it as certain that America could not openly enter the war without political disruption, possibly of a very violent character. The more thoughtful of those who discussed the matter with me seemed to regard these considerations as an excuse for President Wilson. There was also the argument that America was helping the Allies more by staying out, than she could do by going in. But everywhere I met the same ingrained assumption that there were no two sides to the question; and those who, being incapable of anything but the most superficial thought, reacted simply to facts without consideration of what they might imply, merely overflowed with vulgar abuse.

I found one man, however, who appeared fairly well acquainted with the real situation in America. "The whole affair," he said to me, "is evidently politics and graft. Wilson does not mean to get into trouble at any price, because he knows that it would mean his political ruin. He sends these idiotic notes to us and the Germans, merely in the hope of catching votes. The fatuity of his whole proceeding is obvious. Neither we nor Germany are foolish enough to take any notice of him. The old dog has no teeth; and if he had, he would not dare bite. Why do not the Teutons avoid these tedious diplomatic exchanges by painting their torpedoes in plain letters: 'Peace on Earth, Good-will towards Men,' 'I should hate to be misunderstood,' 'With the compliments of the season,' 'To show our affection for America,' and re-christen the U-boats 'Oscar III,' 'IV,' and so on? What the Yankees do not understand is, that this little scrap with Germany is only a family quarrel. We are mostly of the same blood, our royalties are closely related, our languages are cognate, our interests are not particularly conflicting. We shall very soon kiss and make friends and proceed to recoup ourselves — by taking over North

and South America as going concerns. Wilson's blundering diplomacy has given both of us every excuse for making war when it suits our convenience. The British and German Navy are both entirely unimpaired, neither of us have lost a single capital ship, and if necessary we could send over an invading force, not of a few hundred thousand men, as their alarmists diffidently suggest, but of just as many million as might be necessary to reduce the whole continent to the status of a conquered province. In any case, that is the only natural state for them. They have lost all idea of liberty. Look at their Blue Laws and their Lizzie Laws. Look at how they permit themselves to be exploited by people with no moral or social superiority, but merely greater skill in robbery. Look at the way in which they endure our impudence, which is far greater than any Germany has given them. Trust me, we'll make another India of the U. S. A." The ignorance and bad taste of these remarks are positively alarming, when one considers that the man who uttered them has an international reputation as a thinker. Evidently the war has been too much for his poor mind.

I had only been about ten days in London when my psychological studies were definitely interrupted in a manner wholly unexpected. I asked an old friend named Carruthers to join me in a chop at the Club, and we had reached the coffee (fortunately) before the waiter appeared and informed me that a gentleman was waiting to see me on business. I guessed that the blow had fallen, and went out as a sheep to slaughter. I was right. A very polite individual introduced himself as Inspector Simpson; but instead of placing gyves upon my wrists, he merely hoped that I was well, and could he have the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation with me? I was, of course, only too delighted. He then said that the Government was not at all angry with me; they did not wish to prosecute me, oh dear, no, far from us be any such thought! I realized for the fifteen-hundred-and-forty-first time in my life the inestimable value of family connections and close friends in high places. I told him, however, as in duty bound, that I should glory in suffering for the truth. He reminded me that this was England, and that the truth would never appear. I had no further remarks to make. Well, I said, "What can I do for you? If you don't want to prosecute me — what is it? Do you want to make me Foreign Secretary? You might do worse. I would have the boys out of the trenches by Easter. It only needs a little give and take, a little common-sense." No, he said, the position was this: Averse as they were to any public scandal, the press would certainly get wind of my presence in London, and embarrass the Government by insisting upon making a fuss. He therefore proposed to call for me in his automobile at eight o'clock the following morning and

wish me Godspeed.

I asked him whether he could not postpone the journey for twenty-four hours, as I had some very important business to settle with my lawyer the following morning. His paws retracted for a moment, exhibiting the claws beneath, still in a half hidden way. He was very sorry, he said, but his orders were formal. He was sure that I would not put him to the inconvenience of getting them changed. There was such a lot of red tape about these trifles. . . . I knew what he meant, and agreed. So I excused myself to my guest, took a taxi down to my lawyer's home in the country, and spent the night settling up my business. In the morning Simpson took me down to Tilbury in his car, and put me on to a transport, one of six. There must have been fifteen to twenty thousand men aboard. Our little flotilla steamed out of the Thames, and the following morning I was put off on to a fishing smack which took me into Flushing. I was terribly puzzled at the time, to know what on earth these ships were doing sailing north. But the mystery is now clear, from information received. It appears that there are still so many spies in such places as Calais and Dover, that they do not care to send transports through the Channel, as their presence is sure to be reported to the enemy; they therefore send them around the north of Scotland into the Atlantic where their destination could not be spied upon.

As for me, I went to stay with a good friend of mine near Amsterdam, where I was joined by someone from Berlin who had a special desire to hear my news, and communicate his own. A small and selected part of the very interesting conversation which I had with him may form the subject of another paper. He went back after three days, and as for me, once more I concealed myself and sailed for the Land of the Free by the *Ryndam*, where my knowledge of English was increased by the personal instruction of Father Neptune as to the meaning of the term seasickness.

DELENDA EST BRITANNIA

(Being a prologue and epilogue to “The Vampire of the Continent”)

(In previous issues of THE FATHERLAND we have commented upon Count Ernst zu Reventlow’s masterpiece, “The Vampire of the Continent.” Our comments represented the opinion of Americans on this remarkable work. We herewith publish Aleister Crowley’s analysis of the book. Mr. Crowley is an Irishman, a member of Cambridge University and a poet of fine distinction. Frederic Harrison, Editor of the “English Review,” stated some time ago that Mr. Crowley was the first metrical artist in the English language since Swinburne.)

COUNT ERNST ZU REVENTLOW’S extraordinarily lucid and cogent work on historic English policy has one fault from the point of view of the philosopher — he does not begin his history early enough, or derive the piracy of England from necessity. Will the distinguished publicist pardon us if we attempt to fill the gap?

It is notorious that mountaineers are necessarily brigands. In their rocky fastnesses wheat will not grow, sheep will not grow fat. They are condemned to rough cereals like oats, to small and stringy sheep and goats. The dwellers of the plain care nothing for the products of the mountain, and will not surrender their goods except by force. The highlander consequently becomes a cateran or brigand. The mountain districts of every country in the world — Scotland, Spain, India, China, or America — prove the correctness of the theory.

A similar proposition may be made with regard to islanders, as opposed to continental powers. The natural first industry of islands is fishing, in itself a piratical occupation. Just as mountaineers become hardy and desperate through the necessity of battling with the elemental forces of nature, so do fishermen. And when continental settlements begin to ship their merchandise by sea, they soon excite the envy of the fishermen, whose hardihood and desperate poverty emboldens them to become pirates.

IN course of time the continental powers find it necessary to build a navy, to wreck these nests of pirates in self-protection, and the usual result is, that the island is annexed to the continent, and its people properly policed, become tranquil, they may even be turned into excellent citizens, since they possess the material of courage and energy in that degree which originally started them on their piratical career.

But where the island, while retaining in the full its insular characteristics, is large enough and strong enough to develop into a sovereign state, the sporadic piracies of its aborigines become incorporated in the policy of the

nation. A nucleus is formed, usually upon the banks of some great river, and the central authority is not slow to perceive that the welfare of its increasing population depends upon sea-power. The history of all island nations illustrates this view. Islands form the natural stronghold of every lawless race. However extended a sea coast may be, it may yet be turned; if a hinterland exists, the pirates can be suppressed by overland attack. Thus we see that the Vikings soon lost their power, the Danish ships of war were ultimately conquered, not upon the sea, but by attacks upon their base. Venice was destroyed from the rear. The sea power of Holland fell, not so much because of British victories on the North Sea, but because the country itself was unable to resist internal pressure. We know how easily England herself was turned out of France; and to this day she has never been able to make good her footing in any country requiring an army to defend it. India is practically an island, owing to the impossibility of invasion from the north. Yet India has always been understood by England as her weak point. Egypt, by reason of deserts, is almost an island, yet there again is a weak point. Canada is politically an island, owing to the inveterate pacificism of the inhabitants of the United States. Gibraltar is only joined to the main land by a bare and narrow neck, which can easily be swept by the gunfire from the rocks. But since the range of modern artillery has increased so greatly that Gibraltar can be shelled from the hills beyond Algeciras, it has been recognized by military authorities that the fortress is indefensible, and proposals have actually been made to abandon it. We can see England's new fear of Spain in her policy towards that country, in her haste to place an English princess in the arms of the successor of Charles V. Further east we find Malta, an island — Aden, insulated by many miles of the most inhospitable desert in the world — Ceylon, the navel base of India, an island — Penang, an island — Singapore, an island — Hongkong, an island. When England obtained possession of Weihai-wei she was compelled to abandon it without a struggle after a few years. Similarly the English outposts in the Pacific and in the West Indies are all islands. British Honduras can hardly be called a British colony at all, the conditions there are very exceptional.

TO turn to other island powers, history shows us the same picture. All successful Corsairs have been invulnerable by land. The islands of the Mediterranean have always been strongholds of pirates. The situation of Japan in the east is singularly like that of England in the west. Rome only beat Carthage after the destruction of her sea-power, by dint of using her command of the Mediterranean to land an army in Africa and attack Carthage by land. The power of Spain was not destroyed by the dispersion of the Armada,

but by her disasters in the Netherlands.

From all this we perceive easily that England is not at all to be blamed for her piracies. Her situation compelled it. We must further remember that not only were the original inhabitants of Great Britain of a predatory disposition, but the invaders who conquered England in part and mingled with the inhabitants were all sea-rovers: the Norsemen, the Danes, the so-called Saxons, and the Normans, were all brigands who were being pushed off the continent because their ravages had become intolerable to civilized people. It is therefore criminally unthinking in us to blame England for her policy of piracy. She is of necessity a pirate, by situation and by heredity. It would be equally absurd to blame the crocodile or the tiger. Even England's hypocrisy must not shock us. It must be regarded in the light of a tribute paid to continental virtue. . . . Perhaps we might even be optimistic enough to suggest that it represents the beginning of a conscience. This much being conceded, we must no longer regard England with detestation and contempt. To do so is unreasonable, and therefore immoral. We must not shed crocodile tears over the crocodile. But on the other hand, we cannot tolerate the crocodile. We need to cross the river, in the pursuit of our peaceful avocations, and we must find the weak spot in the armor of the crocodile and give him to our handmaidens for a play! This weak spot is evidently to be found in Ireland. When Ireland becomes a sovereign, independent state, a good deal will have been done. But this is not nearly enough.

THOSE politicians who are so soft-hearted, or soft-headed, that they talk of peace with England must be utterly blind to the lessons of history and geography. "Britannia est delenda" should be the one motto of every continental politician. Does not France understand that the strangle hold of 1814 has only become the embrace of 1914 that it may turn again into a strangle hold in 2014? Count zu Reventlow is admirable beyond words in his demonstration that England has never been bound by blood or sentiment or honor, but only by business considerations. England is already considering at this moment whether it would not be better to throw over France and come to an agreement with Germany. The only thing that restrains her is her fear of the German fleet. Such political insight as I am proud to share with Count zu Reventlow declares that any peace concluded between England and any other nation is a Judas kiss.

There is only one solution to the problem of English piracy: the sovereignty of England must be destroyed once and for all. England herself has understood this with admirable, if devilish, clarity. It is for this reason that she has not only destroyed the sovereignty of Ireland, but deliberately rav-

aged and depopulated it. She must be made to swallow a dose of her own medicine. England must be divided up between the continental powers. She must be a mere province, or, better still, colony of her neighbors, France and Germany.

Peace with England, at this time would be a crime against humanity. The British fleet is unassailable; in spite of German valor it has remained practically intact. While this is so, England, at any moment, without giving any other reason but moral indignation (which is her principal industry and never likely to run short), can throttle the whole world. Those who talk of peace at this time must therefore be unhesitatingly suppressed. No matter what may be our sufferings and sacrifices, we must go on to the end. We must die, that humanity may live.

NOW, there is only one way to destroy the power of England: the country must be conquered. And before it is conquered it must be invaded, or starved into surrender, such surrender to involve the destruction, or handing over, of her whole fleet. Now, before England can either be starved or invaded, her fleet must be either destroyed or rendered impotent. There is only one way to do this: it is by ruthless prosecution of submarine warfare. While England's fleet exists, trade with America could always be stopped, when it suited British policy to do so. The only thing for Germany to do is to concentrate the whole of her intelligence and power upon the building and manning of submarines, in such numbers, and of such excellence, that England is starved, and her fleet destroyed. If it takes ten years — or a hundred years — it must be done. From the broadest standpoint of humanity, nothing else is really worth doing.

Let Germany make peace with France and Russia — if we *must* talk peace. Let her give up, if necessary, the territory which it has cost so much blood and treasure to take and hold. Let her do this, that she may be able to concentrate her whole power against the vampire.

Count zu Reventlow has found the word of the situation: that word “vampire.” Let him look therefore to tradition. It is not enough to kill a vampire in the ordinary way. Holy water must be used, and holy herbs. It must be severed, limb from limb, its heart torn out, and a charred stake thrust through it. If one precaution is omitted, the vampire lives again, to prey upon the innocent and the just. *Britannia est delenda.*

(“*The Vampire of the Continent*” may be procured through *The Fatherland*, price \$1.35 postpaid, per copy.)

ENGLAND'S BLIND SPOT

FIVE years ago any Englishman who felt in need of indulging the more diabolical type of national pride had only to cross a strip of water, very choppy most of the time, but well worth crossing. He could then hear the most sincere of fulsome flattery about the Machiavellianism of "perfidious Albion." Any travelling Germans, Russians, or Italians who happened to overhear could be relied upon to swell the chorus of approval; growl as it was, it sounded like divinest music in British ears. For its refrain was that the Englishman was the most devilishly clever diplomat in the world. He was the Mephistopheles of politics. If the continent had had the Anglo-Saxon trick of following its opponents in fiction, the British spy would have been to it what the German spy, the Japanese spy, the Mexican spy are to our modern movie fans.

This estimate was a good one. England, with minuscule resources, has always managed to outmaneuver the cleverest enemies, against incredible odds. The policies of Elizabeth, of Cromwell, of Pitt stood as the David-Goliath victories of all time. There is no parallel in history. Greece resisted Persia by superior valour; Rome grew by conquest and assimilation; England's Empire, alone, is the creation of sheer statecraft.

But just as Herod in his pride was doomed to be slain by the smallest of all God's creatures, so England. Infernally clever as she is in all other respects, in one point she is more stupid than one could think possible. That nation is Ireland. It is not a story of one foolish minister; it is a tale of seven hundred years of consistent imbecility. King after king broke his shins by stumbling against the Irish bog-oak; Richard II. lost his crown, and plunged England into a century of civil war, over his Irish wars. Statesman after statesman lost his reputation and his head, over Ireland; general after general buried his fame there. The Stuarts foundered there, even they; but for Strafford and the Irish tangle, Charles I. would have been "Beloved"; and Cromwell, astute and unscrupulous as he was, could do nothing in the Green Isle but massacre. Since his time the British policy has been one of frank extermination. 125 years ago the population of Ireland was greater than that of the United States; the ratio is now as 4 to 100.

THE English deliberately laid Ireland waste by land laws which made agriculture economically impossible, so as to force an emigration; in the Black Year the relief ships were held upon technicalities that the people might starve. One can buy an estate of many thousand acres with a fine house

in Ireland for five to ten thousand dollars. It was a commonplace of my boyhood to say that the Irish question could be settled easily by putting the island under water for 24 hours.

The official English apologist of these best years, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, has shown up an indictment of British rule in Ireland which makes the alleged German atrocities in Belgium read like harmless practical jokes, and he excuses England by saying that it was not "England, but only England's hired Prussian soldiers" that were responsible. The British are sometimes almost too ingenious!

Now all this trouble is only a trouble of temperament. It is a profound misunderstanding. I — *moi qui vous parle* — can trace back my Irish blood on the father's side to the Egyptians, my English blood on the mother's side to the Phoenicians; so I understand where the mischief lies. Vigorously pro-Ally as I am in the present juncture, I cannot place the whole blame of the recent revolution in Ireland upon the Irish.

ON July 3, 1915, I proclaimed the Independence of Ireland at the foot of the Statue of Liberty. But I did not intend to interpret that "independence" as "dependence on Germany!" The German temperament is surely the one thing more antagonistic to the Irish than the English temperament. There is no sense of what a German would call order in the Irish mind; all Irishmen have genius in its worst form! Hence it was utterly ridiculous of the English to try to prove that the martyrs of last Easter were "bribed by the Germans." For one thing, you can't bribe people whose action, if successful, gives them control of the wealth of a whole country, whose failure dooms them to the gallows. But British stupidity never hesitated. While all America, even violently pro-Ally America, was vomiting with horror and disgust at the murders of Pearse, Conolly, Skeffington and the rest, she calmly proceeded to vilify her victims. She did not even have the sense to see that the mere date of the Revolution — Holy Week — would inevitably link Pearse in the Catholic mind with the hero of the "World's Tragedy," and so make his name a rallying-cry of anti-English sentiment for the lifetime of Christianity.

Not content with hanging Casement in cold blood, though every one even in England knew him for a harmless idealist with a touch of the crank in him, she branded him by secret slander — not daring to publish the alleged evidence against him — as "immoral" in a particular sense which to all informed memories merely recalled the theft of the Crown Jewels of Dublin Castle by the servants of the crown.

TO attribute what the French call "*le vice anglais*" to Casement was too funny. If they had laughed, it would not have been so bad; but they

kept the veil of hypocrisy upon their faces, not knowing what word some rude little boy had written there.

For an Englishman not only "never knows when he is beaten"; he also never knows when he is found out. It is difficult to say how far this may be an advantage; but he has lied so long that he now lies in all sincerity; he has lost the sense of what truth is.

Therefore I do not say that the English were not sincere in their denunciation of those lofty souls who heard the clarion call of my Declaration of Independence, and sprang to arms. The tragedy of it is that they were. They had not imagination enough to put themselves in the place of any Home Rule Irishman. Let us give a sketch of the history of the movement.

1. It goes on rather hopelessly for 50 years or so after the treacherous destruction of Graham's Parliament.

2. Parnell takes hold, and forces the government to offer a measure. The government splits rather than pass it.

3. Parnell renews his efforts. This time, despite his own fill, the bill goes through the Commons. The Lords throw it out.

4. Another rally. The veto of the Lords is destroyed, principally in order to pass Home Rule.

5. The bill passes. Sir Edward Carson revolts, drills men, runs guns, with the Government and the army for his accomplices. England, even the anti-Home-Rule section, is aghast.

6. The King signs the bill. General relief; "Oh well, that's done with, thank God! It's law now; *but we needn't enforce it, need we?*"

But now? Yes: even now a frank acceptance of the Law of England might save England. Let Dublin Castle be abolished; perhaps no other act would be necessary. Ulster and Rebel Cork have learnt to understand each other in the last two years, to some extent. Home Rule is now possible as never before. At least a fair trial would be evidence of England's good intentions.

Or is her Blind Spot "a spot that is always barred"? Oh William Schwenck Gilbert!



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