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THE RETURN OF A TRAITOR.

A Foul and Blasphemous Propagandist.

Aleister Crowley—a man of good family and imposing presence first came before our notice many years ago as the author of certain books distinguished by their wild, erotic, blasphemous and disgusting imagery. Later, our attention was drawn to him as the promoter of a "mission" designed to attract weak-minded people of both sexes to the teachings of mediæval alchemist and magicians, with the additional attraction of barbaric and licentious orgies conducted, amidst' clouds of incense, in a darkened room.

Soon after war broke out, Crowley added to his crimes against religion and morality that of treason. Rather than cleanse his degenerate soul from the bestial filth in which he had so long wallowed by fighting for his country, he chose to fly to America, where he devoted his prostituted talents to the vilification of his country and his King. Let some of the mildest of this man's published words testify to his complete abandonment of whatever decent sentiments and principles he may once have possessed.

"England must be divided up between the Continental Powers," he wrote. "She must be a mere province, or better still, colonies of her neighbours, France and Germany. Count Reventlow has found the word for the situation; that word is 'vampire!' . . . 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 the charred remains run through with the stake.

"We asked then if such a foul renegade could be permitted to return to the country he had spurned and insulted. We appealed to the Home Office and the Foreign Office to take steps to prevent the pestiferous feet of so blatant a traitor ever treading these shores again.

Yet he has been permitted to return—the man who could write in the Chicago *Open Court* words such as these:—

“Obscene dwarfs like George V., pot-bellied *bourgeoisie* like Poincaré, could only become heroic by virtue of some Rabelais’ magic-wand . . . But Wilhelm II. Is the genius of his people . . . He seems omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent, the very Angel of God, terrible and beautiful, sent to save the Fatherland from savage foes.”

It is almost incredible that a man who has uttered such blasphemous treason should be permitted once more to tread the soil of England.

We will not enlarge upon the nauseating authority of Crowley’s laudation of the ex-Kaiser, whose recent nuptial extravagances at Doorn have excited the contemptuous laughter of all civilized people; but cannot resist repeating another of his impious, pro-German lucubrations:—

“There is the Emperor, pale and stern, like Christ, as he arose from Gethsemane and walked forth to meet his fate. . . . Hail, Saviour of the World, that, clad in golden armour, with the helm of holiness, wieldest the sword!”

Of such stuff is Aleister Crowley made. Conscious of his evil-doing, he has, in the course of his career, adopted many *aliases*, including Skelatt, Svareff, Rosenkrentz, Baphomet, Kimalchto, and “Lord Boleskine.”

Elusive as he is, he must be brought to book. The times are too critical to allow so noxious a creature the liberty to work his wicked will.