

# THE FATHERLAND

## Fair Play for Germany and Austria-Hungary

Edited by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIREECK

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## ENGLAND ON THE BRINK OF REVOLUTION

By Aleister Crowley

*(The author of the following brilliant article is not only a revolutionary thinker but is actually a revolutionist. The New York "Times" of July 13th gives a long account of how Aleister Crowley, accompanied by several patriotic Irishmen, renounced, in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, all allegiance to England and declared the birth of the Irish Republic. In the dawning light Crowley solemnly read the new Irish Declaration of Independence.)*

YOU have all read that very interesting pendant to "Man and Superman," "The Revolutionists' Handbook," and are sure to remember how John Tanner points out that the British Constitution provides for government by revolution. Every seven years the Blues and the Buffs must have it out once more in the merry town of Eatanswill. The people, if they wish, can calmly and deliberately adopt slavery, cannibalism, and piracy as the national ethics. This is a natural enough state of affairs, for the framers of the Constitution were men actually engaged in revolutions. They were cutting beads from recalcitrant kings; even parliaments were liable to invasion by wart-nosed brewers with brains, ambition, and a faithful body of close-cropped, jack-booted, pious ruffians with long swords and more skill than scruple in using them. In order to enjoy similar effects without the trouble of resorting to these methods, the system of organized mob rule which passes in England and America for democracy was devised. As, however, people do not desire revolutions or even any sort of government, but only to be let alone to earn their living and to enjoy their lives, the practical result was imperceptible. Autocracy continued in a duller and less ambitious manner. The rulers of the country being a committee, and so having no body to kick, no soul to damn, and no mind to make up, nothing was ever done. The antagonism of parties was soon no more than a mask for secret agreement. In England, for over a hundred years, there has been no genuine party strife. Parnell was irreconcilable, and every one combined against him. No sooner did he gain the balance of power than one of the other parties conveniently split, and took it away from him. For he demanded the genuine article in revolutions; he really wanted freedom for Ireland. When he once again began to be dangerous, and further adjustments of party were inconvenient, they ingeniously forged letters to prove him to be a murderer. The weapon unfortunately recoiled, owing to the existence of an incorruptible judge upon the bench—it was generally recognized that he was a little mad! In despair, they published the adultery of the Irish leader; and the other 669 members of Parliament, most of whom were in the same boat, or one differing from it only in so slight a matter as sex, were properly horrified. Parnell had committed the Unpardonable Sin; which is, to take a serious interest in something that matters. For to do so might possibly upset the oligarchy; you never can tell; you cannot be too careful. You may flaunt a dozen girls from Daly's in the face of all Piccadilly; but you may not say a word in favor of allowing drunkenness as a ground for divorce. The Cabinet has had room for at least three avowed atheists at one time; and that Cabinet upheld the prosecution of a perfectly harmless ass for the "blasphemy" of repeating the commonplaces of the sixpenny books of the Rationalistic Press Association. As long as you are gentlemanly, and show no desire to upset anything or anybody, you can do as you please. I am personally acquainted with a literary volcano who is in constant eruption. Poems, plays, stories, essays, tumble scoriatically from his crater, and all either

conceal the most obscene jests, or openly celebrate and advocate the most abominable crimes known to the law. But he is of good family and has plenty of money; he drinks and smokes as a gentleman should; he is a very agreeable dinner companion; and he takes the most optimistic view of society, regarding it as being no less corrupt than himself. Consequently, even when his personal enemies (who are no class) take his books to the police, the guardians of morality can find no fault in that just person.

On the other hand, Frank Harris, who is considered a little dangerous, owing to his associating with people like Ben Tillett, who might conceivably throw a real bomb, has about as much liberty of speech as a dumb-waiter, and is hounded out of England on the first pretext that comes handy.

Bernard Shaw is at last taken with some seriousness; he has been discovered to be an independent thinker; and he is reported to be in danger of his life.

There is a very excellent story which illustrates the English temper. At a post not far from the firing line some soldiers are having a smoking concert. A few German prisoners are present. The officer in charge is called away for a few moments, and returns to find the sergeant-major announcing, "Our friends, 'Ans an' Fritz, will now oblige with the 'Ymn of 'Ate.'" This is admirably characteristic of (1) the absolute good-humor of the outdoor type of Briton and his incapacity to feel resentment, (2) the bomb-proof complacency which makes it incredible to him that any one should hate him.

Indeed one cannot hate this type of Englishman. Learoyd, Ortheris and Mulvaney are as lovable as any characters in fiction. The hateful, the loathsome, the despicable Englishman is not of the old aristocracy, or of the peasantry, or of the working classes except in rare cases of corruption by cheap literature; he is of the mean, petty, cheating, hypocritical tradesman type; and unfortunately it is this type that rules the country. The Norman was strong and crafty, but also true, brave and generous; in modern England he has been shouldered out of the Government. For one thing, he was himself too much like a revolutionary to please the plum-duff minds of the majority.

We must go back a little in history to see how England has dealt with her revolutionaries. With private persons the method has been always the same. The ruling class wished to be left in peace to exploit the slave class, and the slaves were so comfortable, on the whole, and so mindful of what happened to them when their masters fell out (as in the War of the Roses and the Civil War), that they were always ready to lend solid support to the party in power. As it happened, however, there have always been certain quite unassimilable elements in the Kingdoms. The Celt is utterly opposed in race, temperament, language, and disposition to the Saxon. He is a mountaineer, and has all the pride and independence which the breeze blows from the hills. For centuries he robbed the long-suffering lowlander, wealthy, cowardly, and corrupt. This state of