

A Great Irish Poet's Indorsement of the Fatherland

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I AM an essentially moderate man. I refuse to take sides in any controversy. I observe dispassionately, sit in judgment. 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, fair-

ness 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.