

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

By Aleister Crowley

(The Allies have been jubilant over the frankness of Maximilian Harden. It is at least matched by the frankness of Mr. Aleister Crowley, the pro-British poet. In fact, this is so well realized in England that the present article is circulated secretly in manuscript and every precaution is taken to prevent its views from becoming known to the "common people." Let us add that the editors of THE FATHERLAND do not agree with the author's final conclusions and that the article is published solely as a significant expression of British opinion. In next week's issue Mr. Crowley will conclude his brilliant exposure of British hypocrisy.)

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!"—Burns.

WE are in for one of our periodical orgies of Cant. Right (and God, of course, thank God!) struggles gallantly in its tiny way against Armed Might, Tyranny, Barbarism; the Allies pit their puny force against the hordes of Huns. Parsons preach on David and Goliath, publicists invoke Jack the Giant-Killer. The odds are always ten to one. Fortunately, one Englishman is a match for 181-3 Germans, as statistics prove.

Englishmen, even educated Englishmen, even travelled Englishmen, manage to hypnotize themselves into believing this.

In point of fact, gallant little Germany is against a world in arms. Austria has been torn for many years by internal divisions; only a part of her population is of German stock. But against Germany and this one friend are arrayed Russia, France, England, Servia, Montenegro and Japan; and every one of these nations is throwing its whole diplomatic weight into the task of getting Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Italy, Holland, Denmark and the United States of America to join in. We are only about 6 to 1 at present, and feel insecure.

My own view is simpler. We have waited for a long while to smash Germany and steal her goods. We have taken a first-class opportunity, and we shall never regret it.

II

We thank God that we are not as other men. There are no stained glass windows bright enough for us. Our haloes are top heavy.

We have quite forgotten that the Belgian is the most cruel, mean, and cowardly cur in Europe, that we have demonstrated till all was blue against him as assassin, torturer, mutilator, and cannibal. We have dined in our thousands to acclaim his disgrace. We heard of nothing but "Red Rubber;" of niggers with hands, and feet, and indeed all that was off-choppable, off-chopped; of rape, robbery, murder, anthropophagy, and so on, until even our sanest etymologists began to derive Belgium from Belial and Belphegor and other leading Lucifuges of the hierarchy of the Pit. King Cléopold, who was really a foolish kindly old gentleman with a taste in petticoats, the spit of a hundred vieux marcheurs in any Pall Mall Club, was compared to all the Roman Emperors from Caligula and Nero to Justinian and Diocletian. And now it is Gallant Little Belgium, and Les Braves Belges, and enough about heroes and martyrs to make any decent man vomit!

Anything the Belgians may have got they asked for. *Flagellum qui meruit ferat!*

III

We thank God that we are not as other men. Humph! If the French are being beaten, they have only themselves to blame. Does one expect a Leonidas from France?

Outside the sacred Mount of Parnassus, where dwell Rodin, and Anatole France, and a few more, what names does one know but names of scandal? Eiffel, and Reinach, and Dreyfus, and Henry, and du Paty de Clam, and de Lesseps, and Meyer, and Mme. Humbert, and Mme. Steinheil, and Mme. Caillaux. Since 1870 the history of France is a history of mean and mostly unin-

telligible squabble, fringed with Jesuitry and pseudo-Mason intrigue, a viler, an obscurer money-grubbery than even that of Haussmann and the Second Empire. In all the labyrinth of French group-politics is there a name unsmirched by what in any other country would be felony?

What sort of an army is it whose officers conspire wholesale against the state and have to be bought over by a Bourse-ridden republic, bribe beating bribe? What sort of a republic whose chief magistrate can be smacked publicly in the face at a race-course and not dare to retaliate, the pretenders to whose throne can allow their conspirators to culminate and at the last moment fear to show themselves, so that all their followers are thrown into prison—when a single bold push would have set them on the throne?

Calmette, the Bel-ami journalist, who by trickery and treason makes himself the greatest power in French journalism, threatens to expose the master-blackmailer, to unmask the "impregnable" frontier fortresses that are still armed with the guns of 1872; he is murdered by a woman who in England would be considered as a doubtful starter in any concourse of moderately respectable demi-mondaines—and a jury is found to declare that she did not commit the act to which she openly confesses!

England has spent about nine centuries in hating and despising France, in crying out on her for atheism and immorality and all the rest of it; Edward the Seventh, one night upon Montmartre, shwears the French are jolly good shportsh, bigod, and lo! the Angel of the Entente Cordiale. Mimi Tete-Beche is Sainte-Genievieve, and Jésus-la-Caille becomes the Saviour of Protestant England.

Is it a nation in which abortion has become a national danger that will freely give her sons to the Republic?

If so, only because the French people is not corrupted, even by their politicians.

I love the French—I will not yield precedence to Edward VII, though I prefer Montparnasse to Montmartre, and pay for my own dinner at Lapérouse's where he accepted £20,000 to dine at the Café Anglais—and I want to see them victorious and prosperous. But I shall not mistake France for Sparta.

IV

As to Russia, we have had nothing but whole-hearted abuse since 1850. Even their ridiculous fear of having their children stolen by Jews for the purposes of ritual murder—as they most fixedly believe—has been represented as religious bigotry, when it is at the worst but peasant ignorance like the belief in witchcraft.

We have received and fêted the would-be assassins of their Tsar; we have imagined Red Sunday in St. Petersburg, and fulminated against pogroms, and preached against vodka and brutal Cossacks till anyone who has ever been to Russia wants to go away quietly and die; and the next thing is that we hold up our railways and smuggle 150,000 of the brutal Cossacks aforesaid to fling them on the flank of the German armies in Normandy and Picardy. Well, no! it was only a Secret Service lie. But how dearly we all wished it true!

Have we not wept and yelled over Poland? And has not the Tsar promised autonomy to Poland once and again, and tricked?