

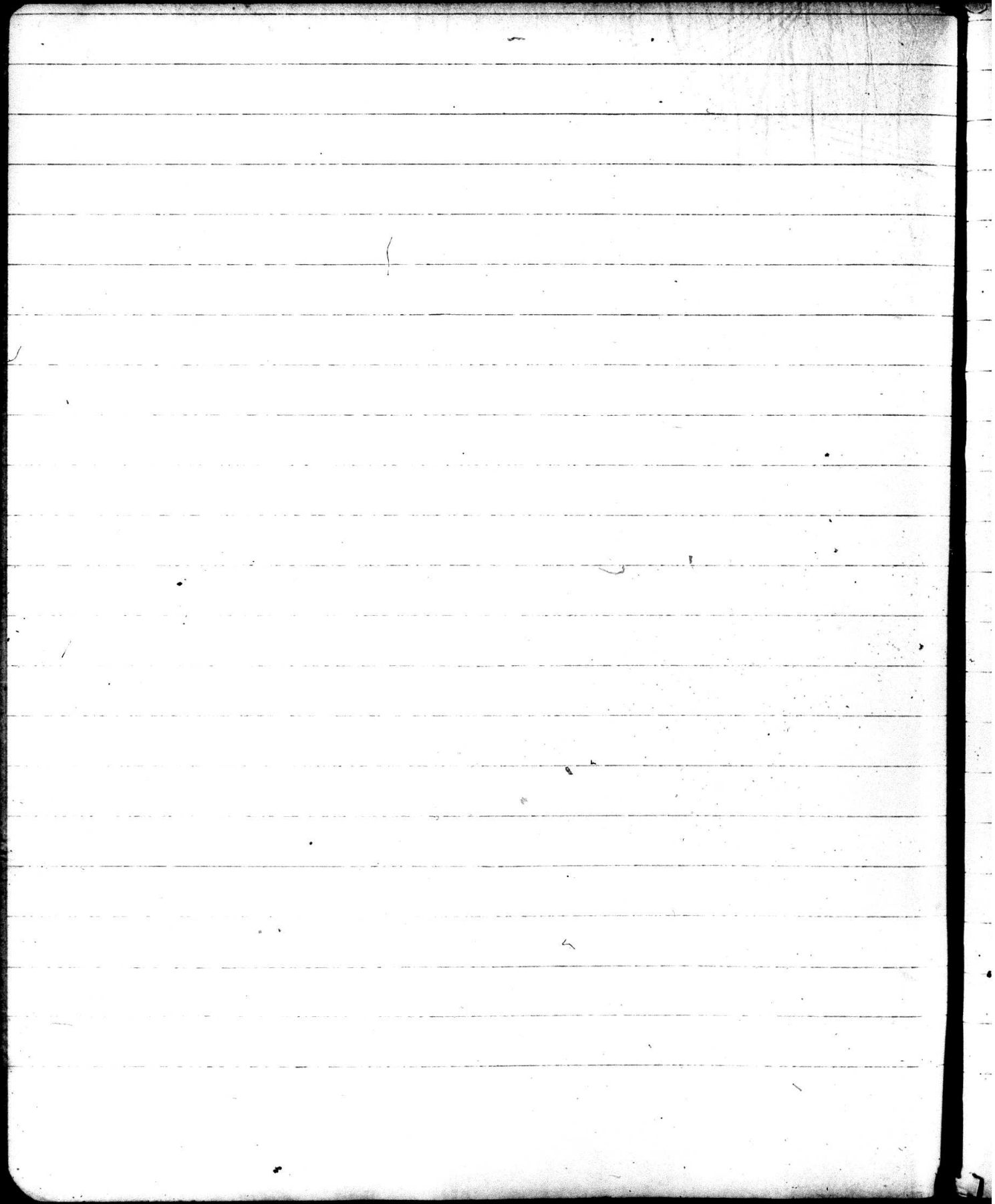
Published in the International Anti-Slavery Standard Bearer
O'Brien

Spin Terin by Alexander Crowley

On his accession to the Throne of England,
it did not escape the observant eye of
King Edward VII that the grounds of
Balmoral Castle were somewhat conspicuously
decorated with a statue of the late John
Brown.

This John Brown is to be carefully
distinguished from the Abolitionist hero of
the same name; for ~~a friend~~ we here
write of the girlie who is said to have
been mysteriously married to
the Queen of England.

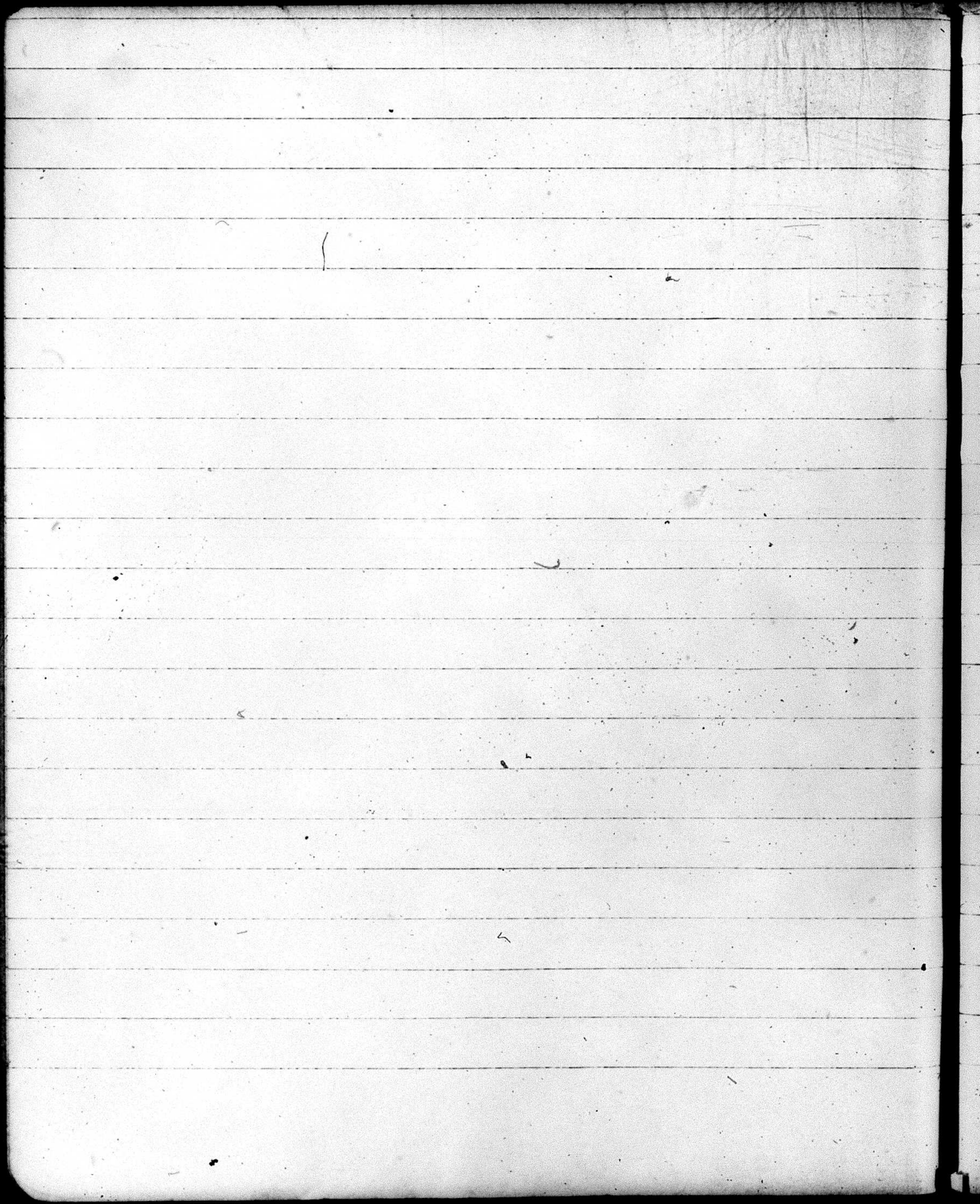
Now Edward VII had no personal
feeling about John Brown, so far as we
know; and we are not told whether
he disliked the statue, though if it
pleased Victoria, there may have



been some reason for a very hearty abhorrence.
But he expressed ~~no~~ such sentiments
as you & I might have done; he simply
ordered it to be removed to a part of
the forest where deer or grouse were
likely to be the only persons shocked.

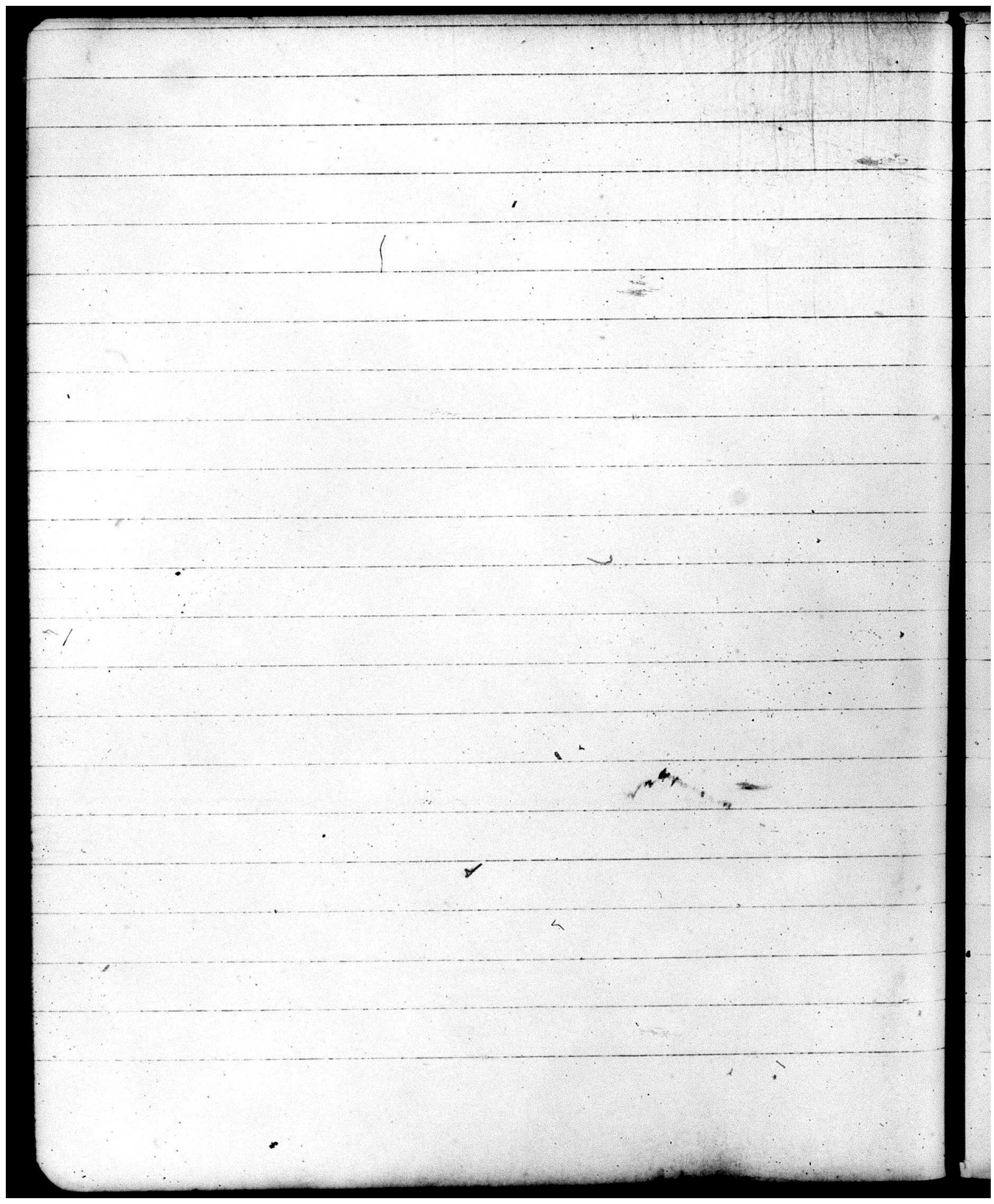
Dirt has been well defined as "matter
in the wrong place": for instance, raspberry
jam in one's hair. It may be the most
excellent raspberry jam; but so long
as it remains in one's hair, one is
annoyed by it. One quite stupidly
calls it bad names, and one
adopts divers expedients for removing
it.

If I were a young girl, I might be
exceedingly in love with some fine
staunch man. I might think him
simply perfect - and yet you might

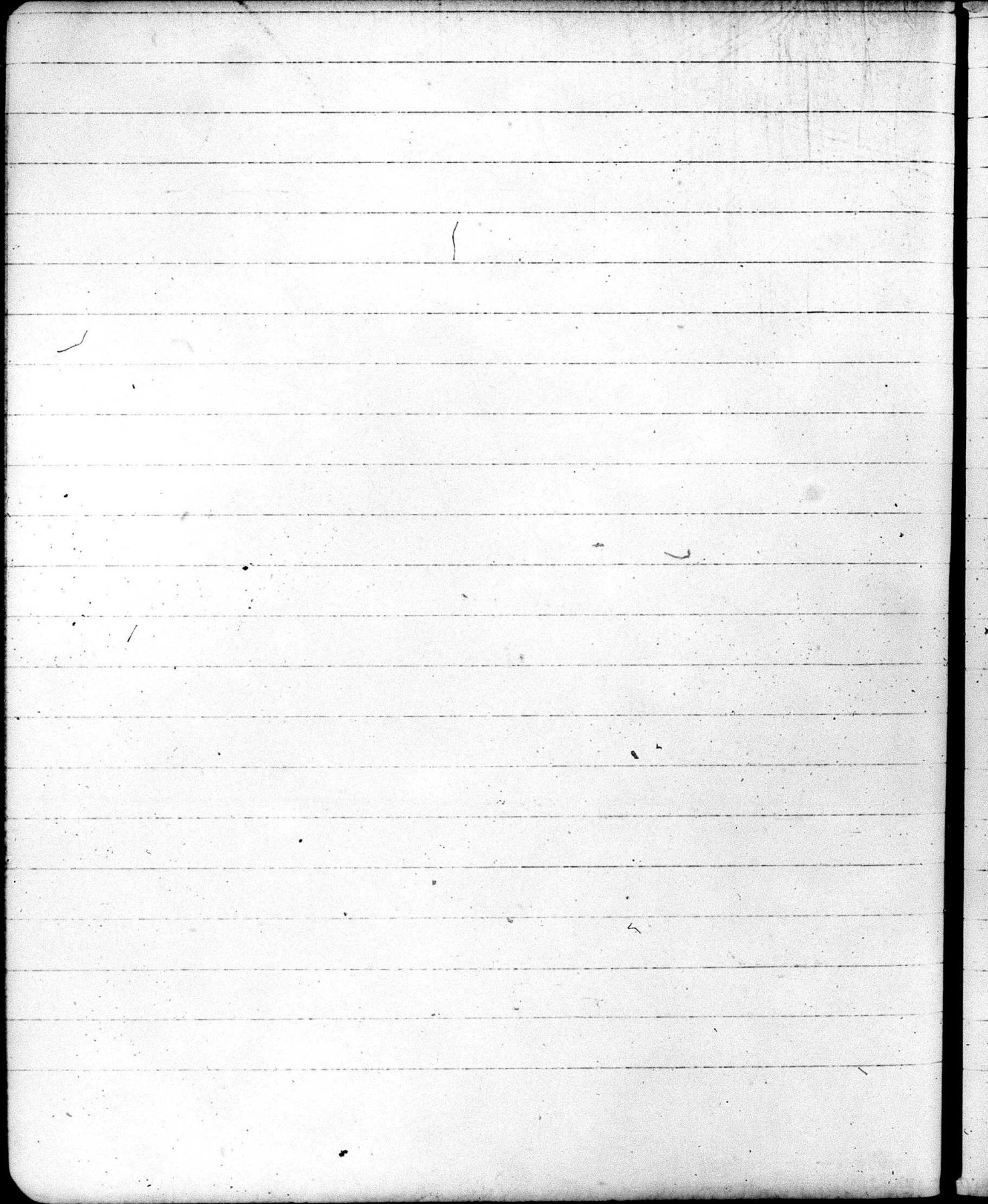


hear me speak quite sharply to him
if he chanced by some inadvertence
to be standing, with his veiled
shooting boots on, upon my face. \$20
No, I fancy, would an extension of his
process over seven centuries, varied
by a war-dance whenever I protested,
acclimatize me. ~~***~~

Whenever and wherever Irish and
English meet as equals they are
the best of friends. Their natures
are opposite, but they fit delightfully,
better, I think, than any two other
races in the world. It has been England's
salvation that she has always had
Normans or Celts for her real rulers.
There's hardly a 'Sassenach' in the
Government to-day.



Yet no Government has proved capable
of dealing with the Irish Question, for
the perfectly simple reason that its
simplicity has been misunderstood. Even
Irishmen have misunderstood it.
All sorts of nostrums have been tried;
the Land Question has been tinkered at
for generations; the experiment of this
and of that statesman - - - - and
all ends in failure, ~~and~~ It is like the
woman with the issue of blood who
had spent all her living on physicians,
and was nothing bettered but rather grew
worse. On the whole, the most
satisfactory plan - as philosophers
have pointed out - has been the
policy of rape and murder, starvation,
forced emigration, wholesale massacre.
It was considered a good joke in
my boyhood to say that if the
Irish Question could be settled



quite easily - by submerging the island
for four-and-twenty hours.

(The kind of mind that thinks that
funny is hardly like to be of much
assistance, perhaps.)

Yet the Question was and is perfectly
simple. All such protests, whatever
their appearance, meant one thing and
one thing only: "Get off my face!"

I have no patience with the
Sinner Tejer who is out of
temper, and regards the English
as monsters and devils. They
are the most charming people
in the world, & merely become

I wish to avoid rancor
and recrimination; I
wish to cover ^{England} ~~you~~ with my
Charity - which is proverbially
capable of the task. I impute
no blame. I wish to treat all that
has happened as misunderstanding.
Even ^{England} ~~you~~ admits that she has
blundered. It is really almost a
case of sheer mental deficiency.

monsters and devils when they try
to deal with Ireland.

The British rule in India has been
a miracle of beneficence, under
the most appalling difficulties of
climate, race, language, and religion.
I have spent long enough in India to
know that. But India is not

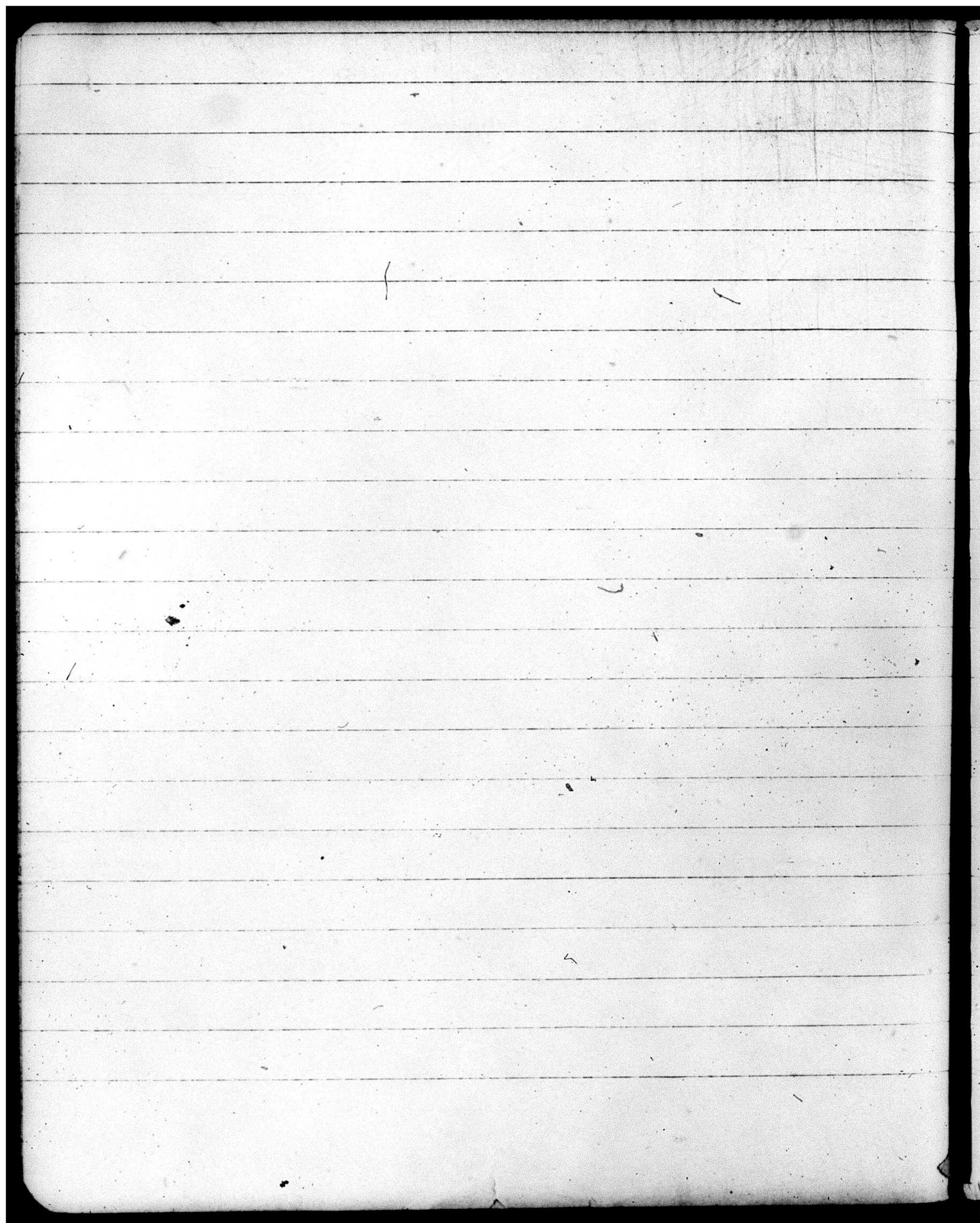
Ireland; for some unnamable reason,
England always does the wrong

thing at the wrong time. I think of
the inebriety of the Piggott

forgeries! The whole story is
simply incredible. Even G. K. Chesterton,

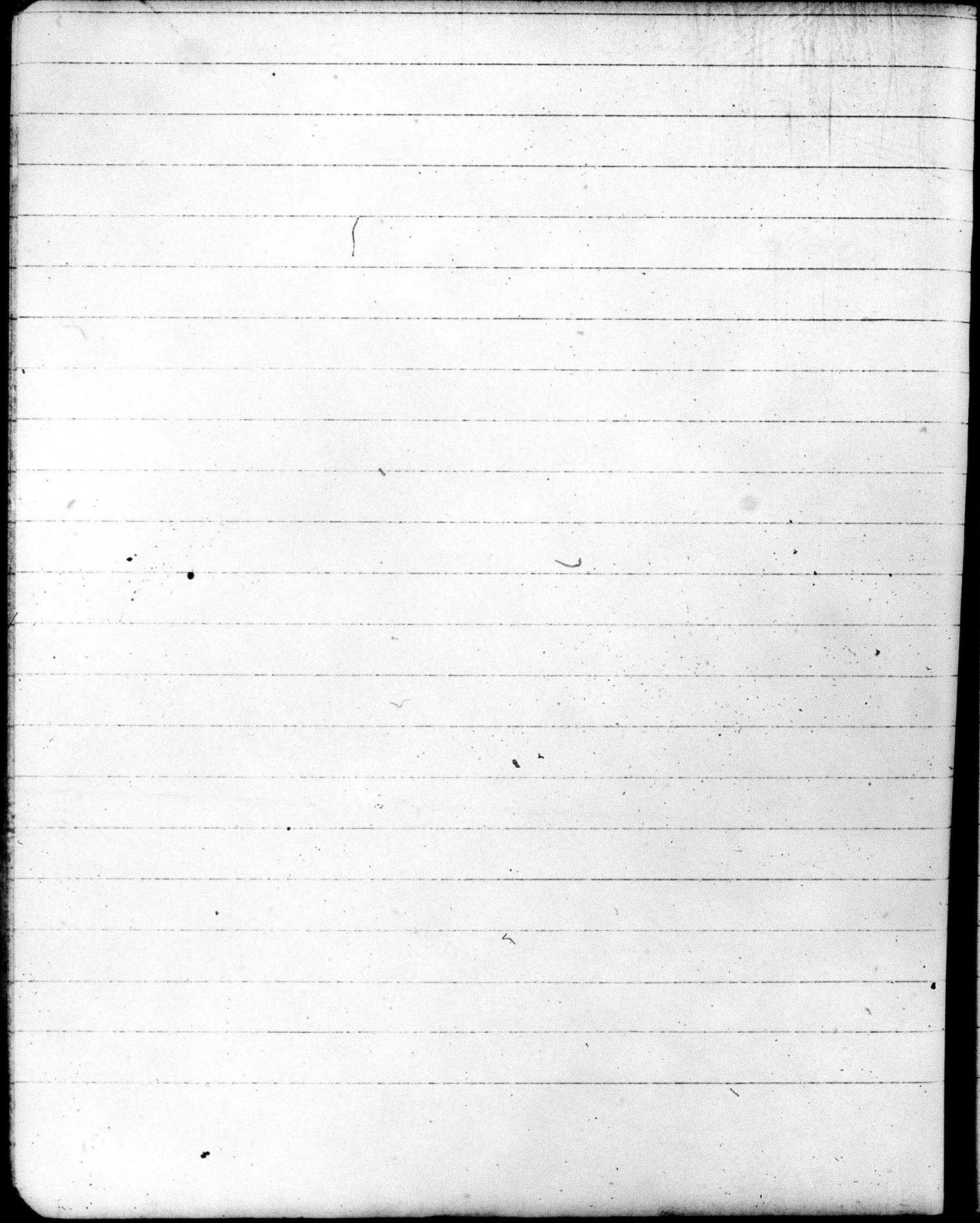
writing a formal apologia for England, can
only urge that the outrages
which he parallels with those

deliberately



alleged ~~acts~~ of the Germans in
Belgium - were committed not
by England, but by England's
Prussian Soldiers!!!

Even pro-Ally Americans were
shocked into ^{indignation} senselessness by the
appalling barbarism of murdering
the revolutionists of Easter 1916; and
when, not content with hanging Sir
Roger Casement, who was, at the
very worst, an unbalanced crank
of impracticable idealisms, they
proceeded to defile his memory by
circulating - in secret, so that no man
could challenge and refute it - an
alleged diary attributing to him

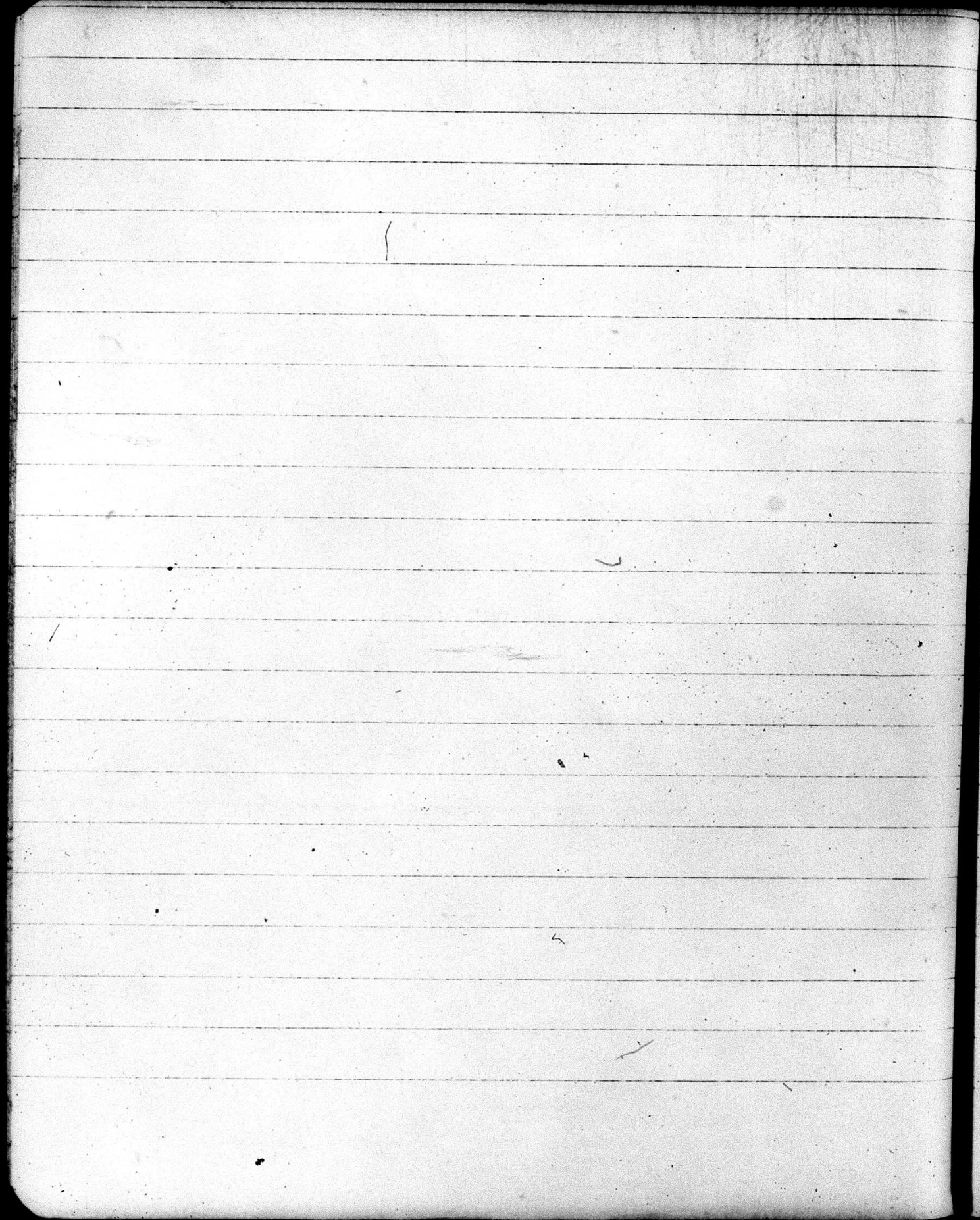


just that very vice for which their
own gang at Dublin Castle, ~~about~~
stole the Crown Jewels, were notorious.
The men who we simply considered that
the last trace of reason
or of common sense had left the
authorities for ever.

They capped it, however, by sending
over "Bloody Balfour" - so that the
President could simply not avoid
asking "What are you going to do
about Ireland?" The reply is the
"all-Irish Convention" It is to
laugh.

Redmond and Company were
discredited once and for all when
they agreed to the ~~of~~ hanging up of
the Home Rule Act.

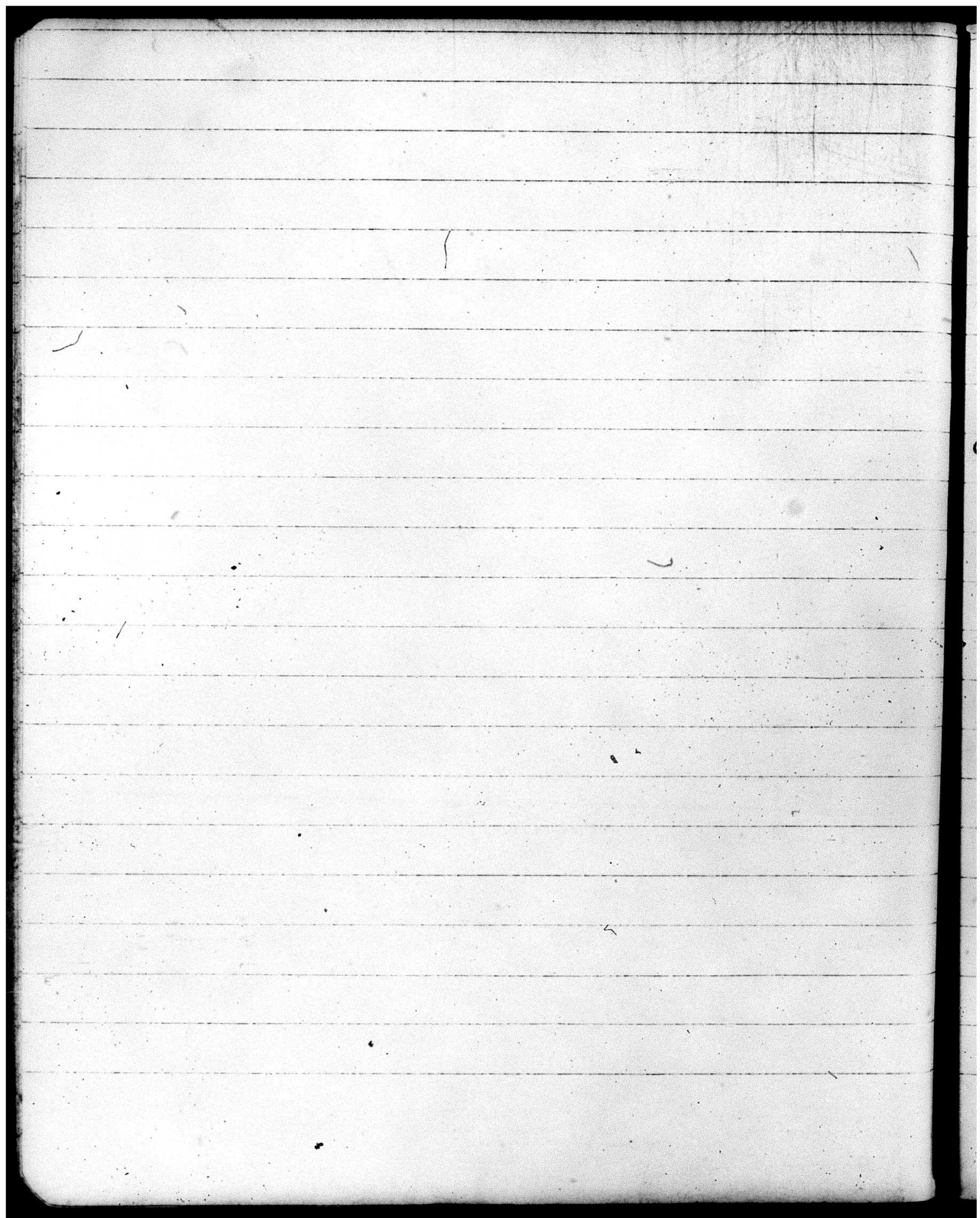
The party is dead as matter;



its' sheep's bleat and its' sheep's
brains and its' sheep's shepherders
have not saved it. Ireland is
Sinn Féin, eleven men - twelve,
maybe more.

Will we come to the Convention?
What - talk again? We only want
one thing of England: "Get off my
face".

The moment we are an independent
republic like Canada or Australia
or the South African Union there
can be no further grievance. "We
may fight among ourselves?" Well,
that's our business, not yours.

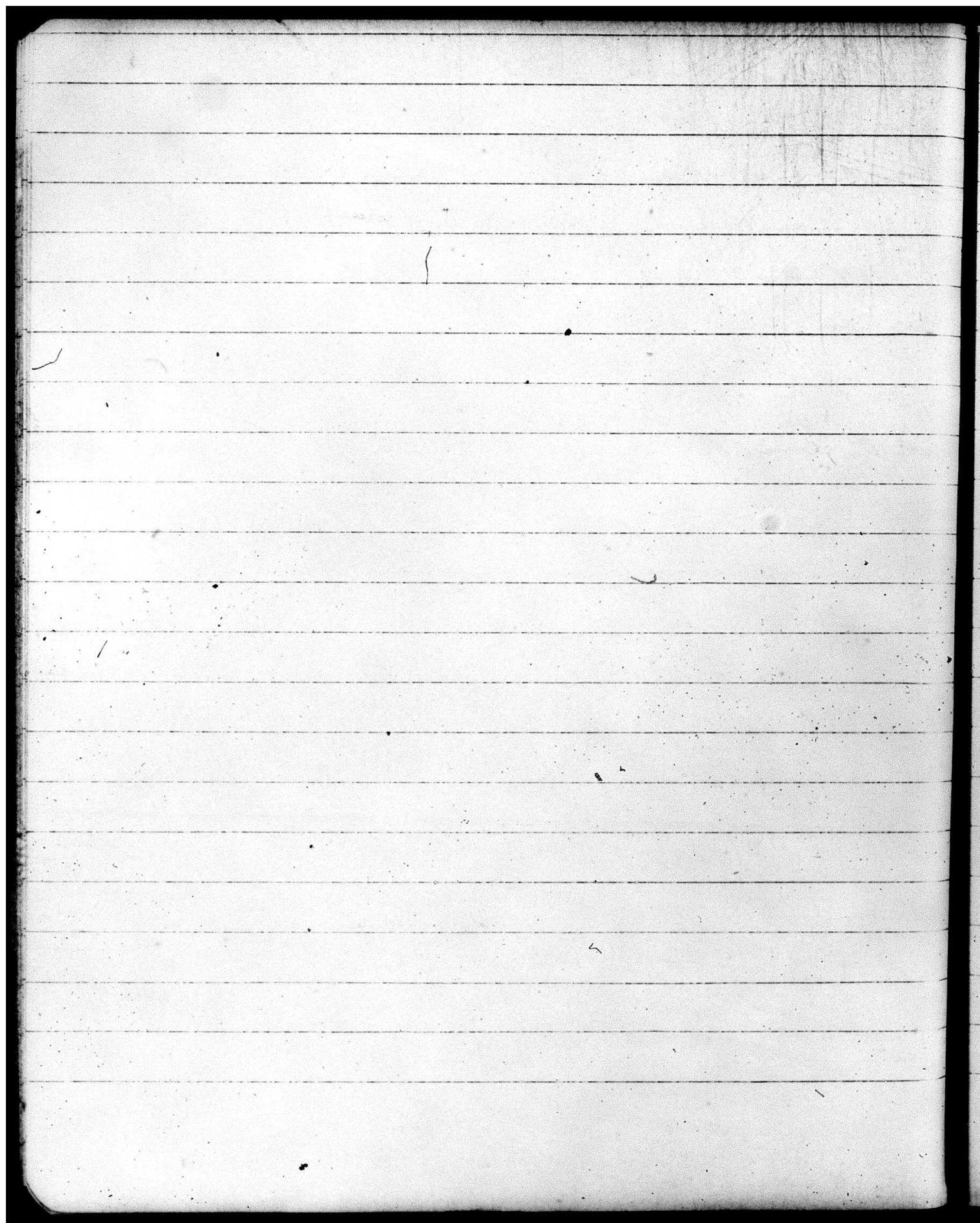


(Besides, it's a pleasure)

Until that day of Freedom we can do nothing whatever but fight for it. We have had seven centuries of England on our face, and we are desperate. We will use every means; all's fair in love and war.

Quote the genius of Paine: "I don't want you to lend me money; I don't want you to ~~dress the state of the matter~~ protect my commerce; I don't want you to assist me to overcome my own digestive troubles; I want you to get off my face."

When that day of Freedom dawns, the situation will change like a dream. Free Ireland will see - with one glance at the map - that she

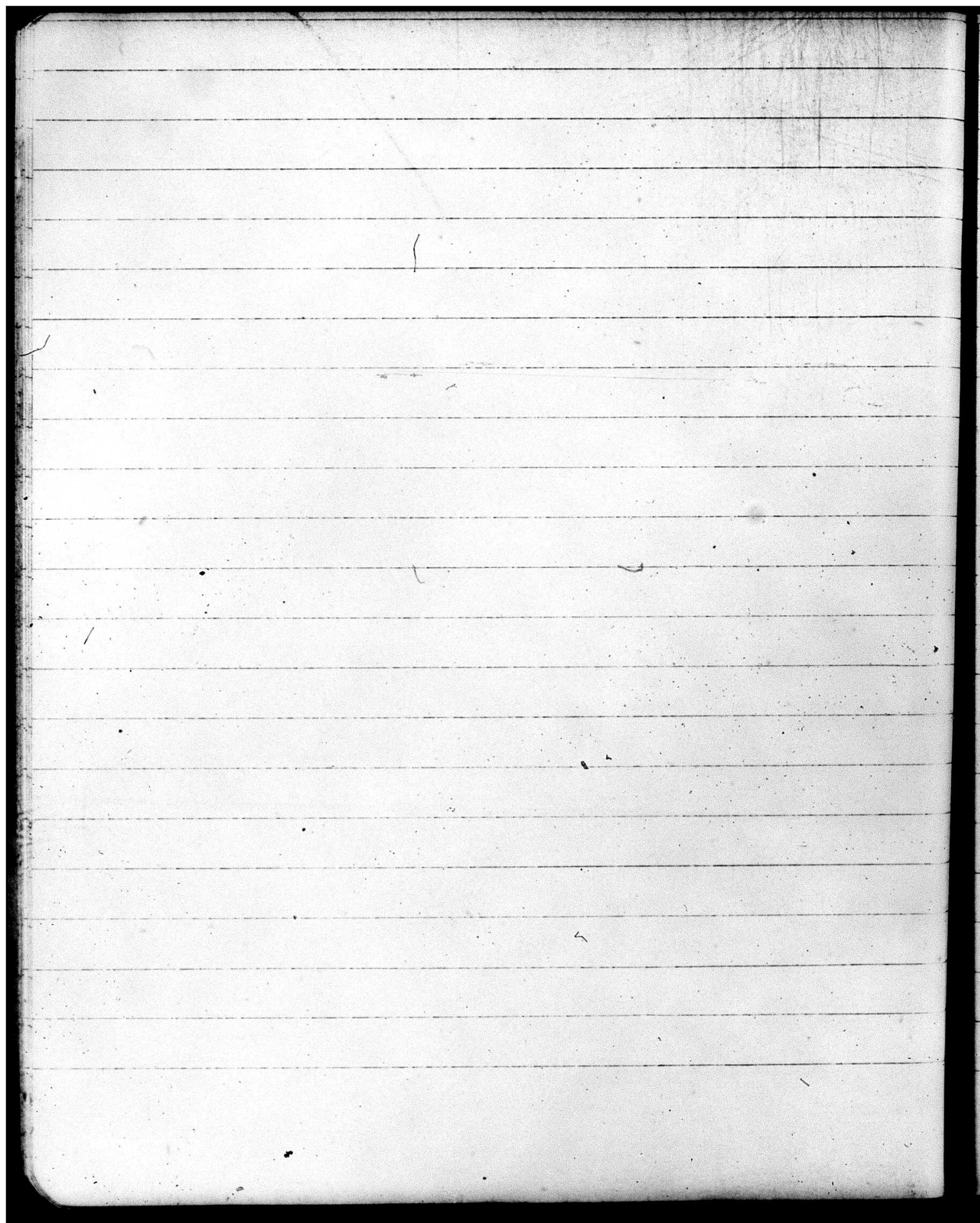


can have only one friend, one ally
- England. We are intermarried
with the English quite inextricably.
The attempt to revive Gaelic is quite on
a par with the German reaction
towards Gothic type - does any
sane Louis Frazier expect his
American cousins to learn Erse?

I, for one, am ~~not~~ ready to
fight on England's side to-day,
against any foe but Ireland.

Why should we be foes? It is lunacy,
it is against nature.

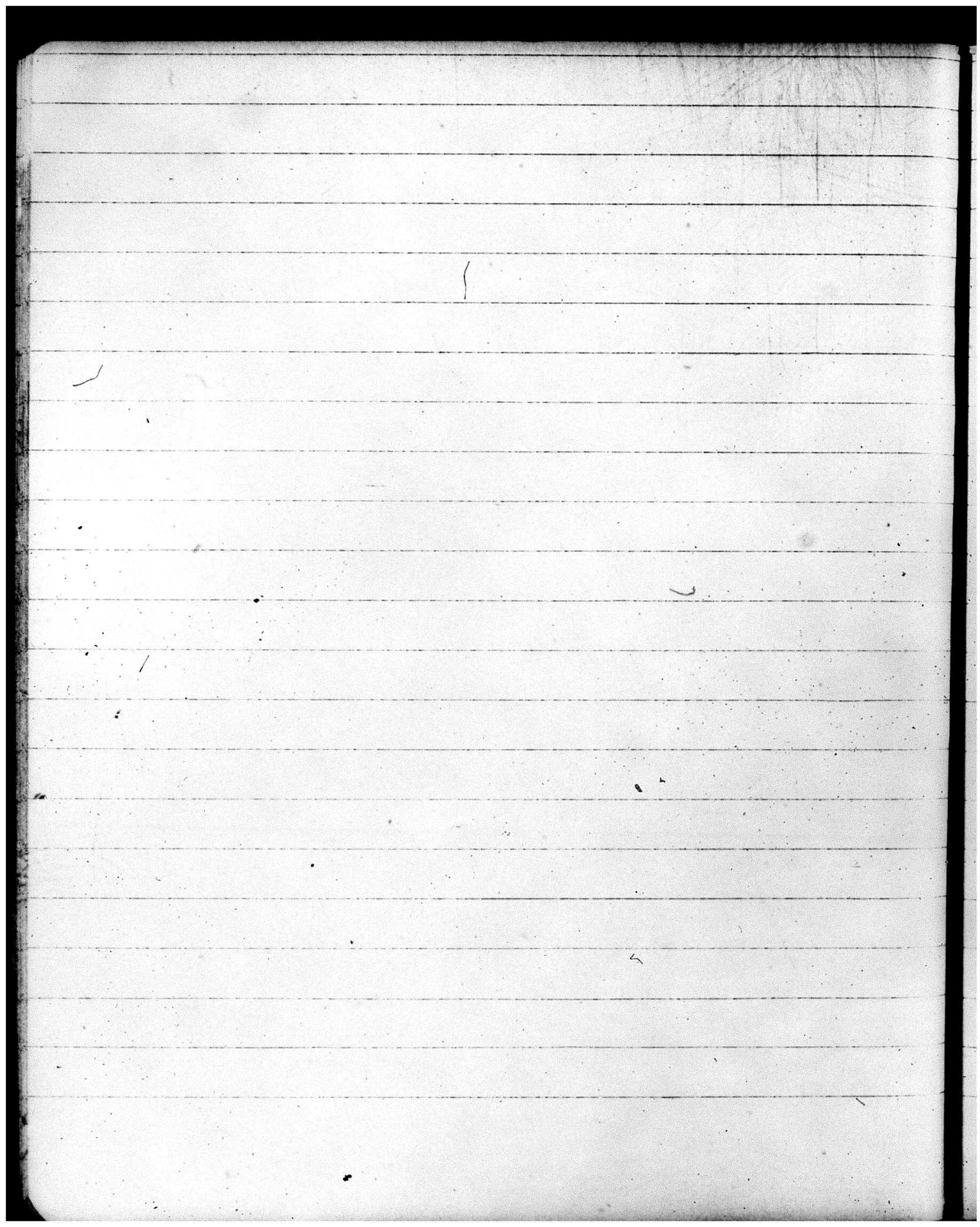
Get off my face! Let me
get up, and I'll fight side
by side with you. I'll lead
you armies to victory, as in



the past; I'll replace your dunny
officers with men of brains. I have
imagination, courage, wisdom - everything
you lack - and it's all at your
service. But I can do nothing
while you are standing in my face.

Cannot England try the
experiment, at least? Things
cannot well be worse - and yet
they grow worse inevitably with
the induration ~~and efflux~~ of time.

Once a republic, shall we not
help ^{our sister} France? What grudge have
we against you but the one grudge?
We do not wish to annex Lancashire;
in fact, God forbid! We shall not
try to stave you with submarines; on
the contrary, we can help each



other with good. But we'll treat (13
as friends and equals; Britons
have not a monopoly of 'never will
be slaves.'

You are so stupid in all that
concerns Ireland that I fear you
may not see that I am not uttering
a pious wish, but stating an
apodictic proposition, declaring
the inexorable logic of events.

But after all, ^{even} if our republic
doesn't work as I say it will, and
know it will, would you be
worse off than you are now? and
Smelyne can tell better, am I am
- - - Oh do get off my face!

