

The Last Straw.

(The purpose is NOT included in the original unpublished portion of A.C.'s Confessions.)

(In the hand of Norman Mudd for a dated edition by A.C.)

Since December 1914 I have thought, here and again, how best to make public my political actions in America and the motives which determined my policy. I should have settled any other such question off-hand, but I am abnormally sensitive about my loyalty to England. I hasten to explain that by loyalty I mean neither admiration, approval or anything amiable of any kind. I reserve the right to speak as severely as Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, & Scott. All this does not touch the point. I am English, and that in a very special sense, as being the prophet and poet affected by the Gods to serve her. We do not accuse Isaiah of being unpatriotic because he thunders against Israel. Isaiah's motive is mine. There does exist an essence which constitutes England, uncorrupted and incorruptible by any possible phenomenal facts. I feel myself to be an integral element of this England, and what I do I do for her sake. I may have to ^{scrub} clean her face with yellow soap, open an abscess, or extirpate a cancer. Working as I do in a world of spiritual causes altogether beyond the comprehension of common people I am liable to be misunderstood.

The essence of my adventure in America may be put in a nutshell. From August to October 1914, I had tried every means to get the Government to use me — without success.

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The essence of my adventure in America may be put in a nutshell. From August to October 1914, I had tried every means to get the Government to use me — without success.

In America chance showed me a way, for which I was peculiarly fitted, by which I might conceivably play as important a part in the war as any man living. The price of success was moral courage up to the theoretical limit. I must beggar myself of funds, friends, & honour for the time being. I doubt whether I considered this clearly beforehand; I might have freaked if I had. I do not want to claim ^{the} credit for courage. I did what I did because it lay in my way to do it. My first step was the natural reaction to the opportunity. But this at least I do claim, that when I found how toilsome my work was, what humiliations & privations it involved, I set my teeth and stuck to the job.

Now then, as to the form of my report. From time to time I sketched various statements intended for various readers. I have chosen the one which I wrote in a moment of heartbreak when, after my work had been crowned with success, I found that my two oldest friends understood me so little that they thought it their duty to urge me to justify my conduct to the world by bringing an action against the most scurrilous black-marting weekly in England. I was the conqueror because at the moment I was practically penniless, and because I hoped by submitting in silence a little longer to calumny, to make myself again useful to England in a similar capacity if certain eventualities, which I then thought not improbable should materialise.

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Outraged in my most sensitive spot, I went to the
Café Bleu at Fontainebleau, lunched, and began my
reply to Horatio Bottomley. I found myself too indignant
to write, so I went back to the house in the Rue de Nevers which
I had hired & got the Alpe of Thely to take down the sonnets
from dictation. When she wilted, her stable companion, Sister
Cyprien took her place; and so on by turns till I was
appeased, some hours later.

One circumstance conspired with another to hold up the
publication, but some two years later, intending to go to England,
I revised it, with the idea of publishing it immediately on my
arrival as a challenge to my critics. Fate once more interfered.
Bottomley's Pass lease was about to expire. The constable he had
outrun was on his heels. The blackmailer, attempting to
resist being blackmailed had found was beginning to see
one of the magical virtues of Silence. I couldn't publish an
attack on a man in the witness-box which was evidently
temporary accommodation on the way to the dock. So I held
my peace & wrote to Bottomley to tell him that I
bore no malice & hoped he would clear himself. I hope
it sometimes comforts him in penal-seclusion to remember
that one at least of the men whom he had wronged
wronged - wished him well. I wish him well no less
to-day, but alas, ^{that} he cannot be hurt by the hard things

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I happen to say. Any alteration of my pamphlet would destroy the whole spirit of the spasm, the venomous virulence of my vituperation is the asset of the essay. I showed the manuscript to poor Tommy Earp who might have been a poet if he had not been a plutocrat. He said that "The Last Straw" was the limit in its line and my judgment jumps with his. Any considered statement, any documented plea, would lack the note of intensity and genuineness which my careless spontaneity and impulsive indignation taught me. I shall therefore print the SCORPION as I wrote it. Its devil must excuse its indecorum. The savage contempt of Swift composed an indictment of human nature far exceeding the utmost ordered combination, and my "swathing blows" at my own best friend, at Bott only, obscure officers in particular, and bureaucratic blockaders, may, I hope, by their very lack of philosophical proportion or aimed animosity, demonstrate into what blind rage my normally unpeppable spirit is whirled when any man whom I consider worth writing a word on, suggests that my loyalty to England could be brought in doubt by any ~~person~~ aggregation of pretenses whose intellectual level is above that of a Woodrow Wilson himself.

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(Follows The Last Straw.)

Key to Last Straw.

- A. Hon. Everard Fielding.
- B. Theodore Reuss, grand Master (Baphomet) ad vitam
for the world of O.T.O. (Ordo Templi Orientis).
- C. Calmer: gave information about K. Comaraswami :
Viereks unemployment centres etc.
- D. Captain now Admiral Sir Guy Gaunt.
- E. 93, Regent Street, this was the O. T. O. Lodge in
England. Cowie was head in Crowley's absence.
Mary Davies lived on the premises as house-keeper etc.
- F. His mother died and he inherited.

THE LAST STRAW.

by Aleister Crowley.

This review as amended here
is included in ^{the} unpublished
edition of A.C.'s papers
Ms 270-849
of the Bodleian

"The author is evidently that rare combination of genius,
a humorist and a philosopher.....I was moved to so much
laughter that I barely escaped a convulsion."

John Bull.

"It is a hydra-headed monster, ~~this~~ London Opinion, but
we should not be at all surprised to see an almost unparalleled
event, namely, every one of those hydra-heads moving with a
single purpose, and that the denunciation of Mr. Aleister Crow-
ley and all his works.

Now this would be a remarkable achievement for a young
gentleman ^{who} only left Cambridge quite a few years ago. It re-
quires a certain amount of serious purpose to stir Public
Opinion into active opposition, and the only question is, has
Mr. Crowley a serious purpose?"

His power of expression is extraordinary; his kite flies
but he never fails to jerk it back to earth with some touch of
ridicule or bathos which makes it still an open question
whether he will excite that life-giving animosity on the part
of Public Opinion which, as we have hinted, is only accorded
to the most dangerous thinkers."

- Florence Farr.

2

The Last Straw.

by Aleister Crowley.

Dedicated in all duty and devotion to DORA.

It is a shameful fact that in July 1914 there was an English man so dirtily degenerate - I quote the Patriot Bottomley - that he was engaged in solitary climbs among the High Alps, daring native and foreigner, professional and amateur, to follow him. He did not do this to annoy anybody; he had too often already exposed the cowardice of the so-called 'Herren' of the English Alpine Club; but he wanted to encourage the younger generation to climb alone, and to keep himself in good training for his Third Expedition to the Himalayan Mountains, which he intended to make in 1915.

In this pursuit he was interrupted by several persons of intelligence so inconceivably low that they supposed that by destroying everything of value from art right down to human life, they would obtain some advantage, of nature unstated, for some people unworthy of consideration. Everybody, Bloody Bill as much as, if no more than, his enemies, had prepared and calculated the war; and everybody had prepared insufficiently, and calculated wrong.

England possessed the only diplomatist whose brains could have momentarily interested so much as an entomologist, in Sir Edward Grey; Germany possessed the only soldier who knew the difference between a battle and a parade, in von Hindenburg - or Ludendorff - who knows or cares?

If Germany had possessed a statesman with a soul above a limpet's, or a mind above a Woodrow Wilson's, the word would have

gone forth: "Come what may, we won't touch France or Belgium. These Russian savages who have instigated the murder of the Archduke of our ally, and are on the point of beseeching Koldievlets, leave us to punish them, to execute the British policy of a century's standing, gratis." The gratis should have appealed to the nation of shopkeepers!

If England had possessed a soldier ~~more~~ more! we did, one---er---Robertson--- ~~some~~ some such name, oh, of course, Robertson could do a great deal, with a great comedian and two great billiard players to assist ~~him~~ said, "bloody ~~old~~ old ass, what does he know about war? he's only had sixty years of it, and never even had the ~~distinction~~ experience of being licked-- how different to our ~~other~~ other!"

(That sentence seems to have gone wrong & continues in a chastened spirit, with no further pretence of ~~being~~ of English grammar or syntax.)

In fine! To sum all, "my country, right or wrong": the dirty degenerate whom I shall hereafter designate by the first personal ~~pronoun~~ pronoun, had the idea that the war was a serious matter; that it was time to recite:

"The meteor flag of England
Shall yet ~~be~~ terrific burn
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return."

He thought that he had ~~ideas~~ ^{ideas} and ~~ability~~ ^{ability}, and that his country needed them.

The event indicates his ~~activity~~ ^{activity}, descending the Jungfrau by the Roththal with a bruised pencil, for which it is not ~~likely~~ ^{likely}.

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altogether fair to blame Messrs. Dowie and Marshall, Bootmakers, West Strand, London W.C., who are the best yet, and may be a pound or two on the wrong side of the ledger, which this advertisement ~~will~~ should square, our degenerate, I mean I, went to Berne and asked the British Minister how to get Home. The ~~British Minister~~ B.M., (which does not mean Blasted Mutt) did not know: he said it was impossible- there might be a train in six weeks. Would Mr. Crowley write his name in a book to reserve a seat in that phantasmagoric train? Mr. Crowley wrote it: the B.M. might be hard up one day, and get a meal - or an annuity - by selling my autograph.

(Hoist South Cone: syntax getting worse every minute.)

But he didn't wait for the train. The "British Committee"- ~~was~~ *two gentlemen who sounded like* headed by a Vaudeville Combination, Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Waggett!!! ~~!!!!!!~~-(reader please note that this essay is supported by an Alfred David- it's crazy but it's literally true!)- asked Mr. Crowley what he would do. Mr. Crowley would go to London: if there was a train, good; if not, he could walk, and ~~or~~ swim, by Jabez Wolffe (wasn't it) or charter a damn whale, by Jonah.

Luck- no, common sense! -favored him: while twenty thousand English, and thirty thousand American, millionaires were stuck in dirty Switzerland for months, because they hadn't the sense to take a train to Paris, unable to cash their drafts, and living on the charity of ~~calculating~~ thieves- I refer to the Swiss Hoteliers- he walked down to the station and took the train to Paris, as afore-said, careless whether the Grand Hotel Bubenbergh would steal his portmanteau or no. (~~They~~ *Somebody* did. This is a true story: no surprises ~~for~~ for the people who know.)

I spent a week in Paris. I was amazed at the sang froid of the people. They turned from peace to war as simply as a man turns over in his sleep. I arrived in London- I found that Bernard Shaw had told the truth. Twenty years of cheap newspapers had turned the British/~~people~~ from the most stolid to the most hysterical nation in Europe. According to them the German was a monster like a bogie in a nightmare and it was useless to struggle against him. At the same time, he was a coward who did not dare to advance unless behind ^a ~~the~~ screen of Belgian ^{an} nuns. He had no discipline, no morale, ^{for} nothing but a talent ~~to~~ rape, torture and petty theft. His first line troops had been annihilated to a man by les braves Belges, whom we had hitherto only considered as persons who cut off the hands and feet of ^{the} innocent natives of ^{the} Congo Basin.

I was more than ^{ever} convinced that ~~my two principal ingredients~~ ^{I was} ~~previously mentioned~~ were needed by my country, which is England, and to Hell with everybody. In my excitement, I had the hallucination that England needed me. I found on the contrary that the guiding stars of England needed business as usual. (Don't spill the water, it's only an earthquake.) No, England did not need men, or, well, perhaps, a hundred thousand who had never missed attendance at Sunday school, ~~that~~ always parted their hair in the middle, and had never kissed a woman. They had better be five feet ten and a half, and it didn't matter whether they could shoot, so long as they could add up accounts, and sell pink ribbons to German Jewish prostitutes. I was interrupted in my futile attempts to fight for my country as I had been interrupted in my attempts to climb the Alps, this time by an attack of phlebitis. ~~It may have been due to my braided toenail- it may have been due to my pressing too hard~~

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~~kips or the bootmaker or the bed or Peggy Marchmont suffice it~~
~~to say that I got phlebitis.~~ I lay six weeks in bed, warned that
 the slightest movement might result in sudden death and advised
 that in all probability I should never be able to climb a mountain.
 The period of my illness covered ^{most of} September and October 1914. [At
 that time any man who suggested the advisability of conscription
 was regarded as a traitor. Conscription was the very thing we were
 fighting. Austin Harrison said that we were fighting for our golf
 and our week-ends. Raymond Radclyffe said, with, as it seemed to
 me, somewhat more plausibility, that if we beat the Germans, it
 showed that the amateur was better than the professional. [From my
 sick-bed I dictated an article called, "Thorough", in allusion to
 the plan of the Earl of Strafford, in the time of Charles the
 First. I said, "Commandeer every man and every munition in the coun-
 try." I said, "This is not a continental quarrel- this is life and
 death for England. We don't want debates in the House of Commons
 or even in Earlswood Asylum. We want a dictator." No editor would
 publish it. [Every one wanted business as usual, while Europe was
 overrun by madmen, fired by commercial ambitions, as it had been
 a hundred years before, fired by the military ambitions of a man
 greater than ~~the~~ Bloody Bill. At least Napoleon stood for humanity
 and for civilization. He gave France a code of laws better than
 any since ^{that which} Manu gave to India. Wilhelm offered nothing but the Kul-
 tur of the pig-iron-brained ^{Herz} Professor, and the conception
 of woman as the Kuh of Kuche, Kirche, und Kinder. That was what
 we were fighting - not for our golf and for our week-ends. There
 has been no golf since the introduction of the Haskell ball-and if our
 week-ends are to mean nothing but "adultery with home comforts" (in

the great phrase of Frank Harris) I think Sunday a regrettable super-
erstation.

I grew tired of the heroic defence of Liège. I looked at the
map, and I couldn't reconcile it with the folds of our ragged line
of absent minded beggars. I didn't like the way in which the jour-
nalists excused our "Contemptible little army" for running away
because of the treachery of French Generals who were always being
shot at sunrise and ^{subsequently} always writing to the papers to say how much
they liked the war. My phlebitis affected merely my left leg, but
it would prevent me from parting my hair in the middle, and I never
went to Sunday school, and the fact that I was a sharpshooter and an
old artillery man didn't interest the War Office. I couldn't use my
leg- could I use my brains? [I was at dinner with an old friend,
the Honorable A.B., the brother of the Earl of C.- he mentioned
that he was in the censor's office. I said, "What about me? I have
some little reputation as a man of letters- as a critic- I am an
expert in cipher- I read and write French as well as I write Eng-
lish (and the world knows how well that is)- I have a fair acquaint-
ance with a dozen other languages, including Hindustani- my leg
will keep me out of war as effectively as Mr. Woodrow Wilson will
keep America - is there nothing I can do to serve my country as
it appears that you are serving her?"

He said, "I'm afraid ~~not~~ you can't do anything- you see I
started in the Navy- I had a year or two on a training ship before
I became a barrister - I have a locus standi. You didn't even
take honors at Cambridge, as the Patriot Bottomley will one day ~~not~~
suppose you to have done- you did not ^{even take} ~~take~~ even the ordinary degree.
You wear a short blue gown and an extremely battered mortar board.

You have an extraordinary personality - a reputation for having committed every crime from murder, barratry and arson to quaternio terminorum- You have the subtlest mind, the deepest knowledge of psychology, and the most unusual way of brushing your hair in England. I cannot hold out any hopes that any way can be found whereby you might serve your country."

He drank eight cups of coffee, he swallowed fifteen glasses of 1811 brandy, but he could not make me a naval lieutenant who had forgotten the difference between a powder monkey and a taffrail.

"You cannot serve your country."

I said, "Lord Kitchener has asked for a hundred thousand volunteers - Damn this leg, but couldn't I write or talk?"

He said, "Lord Kitchener is only bluffing. We don't want men! Liege is holding out. (This was about a month after it fell) A million and a half Russians of the steam roller brand, passed through England last night in a first-class carriage on their way to Flanders. They travelled from St. Petersburg to Archangel by a railway which has a single line, and whose rolling stock consists of three engines-one tied up with really serviceable iron wire, and the others with pieces of excellently ^{efficient} ~~serviceable~~ string- and four trucks which aren't so bad, I honestly believe. And why they disembarked all those men in Scotland and sent them through England in a first-class carriage with the blinds drawn, instead of sending them direct to Dunkirk, I don't know. But, it's strategy, or perhaps super-strategy, or maybe super-extra-double - super strategy. And we know nothing of it in the Press Bureau and it's obviously the silliest rubbish, and you have to believe it, because otherwise

someone might suggest conscription, which is contrary to the principles of true democratic monarchy. And while they are fighting in Flanders, we can play golf at Princes' because of the Russian steam-roller, and I believe that Eusapia Paladino can lift tables without toughing them, and you can't do anything to serve your country."

I said, "We can buy Holland for ten million Sterling, and if she doesn't want to, we can threaten to take her colonies."

He said, "You'd better see Sir James Morrison (I think it was) about that, but I hope we aren't such pirates."

I said, "Oughtn't we to buy Bulgaria? - a loan of five million would do the trick, and cut their line at the most vital spot."

He said, "Five million is a very great deal of money."
England
 He does not seem to have foreseen that five million was going to be a ~~practically~~ fraction of our daily expenses.

I said, "Why have we abandoned Turkey, our friends for a century? The Turk as a man is a gentleman like the best kind of Englishman. The Turkish Empire is our bulwark against Slav aggression as against Teutonic aggression. The Sultan is the spiritual head of Islam, and ours is the greatest Mohammedan Empire in the world. The young Turks are renegades to their race and to their faith- they are men without religion or country- the tools of German prostitutes. They are worse than degenerate Jews, because they had somewhere to fall from. They have been bought by the Germans at so many marks a pound, like the pigs they are. If you don't believe me, ask Claude Farrere. Why did we leave Abdul Hamid, the wisest man in Europe, to the wolves? Why, like a wounded man, in the delirium of fever, did we tear off the bandage that protected India,

indirectly, and Egypt, the garden of our waterways to India, directly ? "

He said, "The Turk is a ^{very}wicked man . He has not signed the thirty-nine articles. He is almost as bad as the Italian who worships idols and a piece of bread. I cannot see any way for you to serve your country."

It should be clearly understood that the Honorable A.B. is one of the few men of brains~~ly~~ in England. He was entirely in sympathy with my point of view throughout, but he was in an official position, and had to give me (in his best ironic style) the ~~best~~ official answers.

My hair and my leg and my Sunday School record~~like~~ conspiring to keep me out of the trenches, and my deplorable lack of stupidity ~~ly~~ disqualifying me for the Intelligence Department, I accepted an invitation to go to New York. It looked as though ~~there~~ there might be fifteen or twenty million dollars in it, and I had a feeling that my country , the richest in the world , would shortly be going , cap in hand, to the savages for cowries. I went to America by the Lusitania , on October 24, 1914, expecting to stay a fortnight and return with the sinews of war. It did not take me forty-eight hours to discover that my egg was addled. [I had taken with me the equivalent of about fifty pounds in American coinage. As luck would have it , one of the first people I met in New York, Mr. D. whom I knew as a collector of rare books, paintings and ~~sc~~ sculptures, including some of my own introuvables publications, showed an interest in the purchase of some of my unique editions and manuscripts. I arranged to stay in New York until these could

be sent over for his approval (As a matter of fact, I had understood him as offering to purchase them all outright. Money was at this time of considerable moment to me. In the upshot, he purchased between seven and eight hundred dollars worth of my goods, instead of between three and four thousand dollars worth, as I had expected, and this disappointment left me in great straits financially, as I had at that time no immediately available resources in England. New York is a place where one is continually led on to expect something to happen, and it never does - a city of glittering phantoms. [While waiting for my manuscripts and first editions to arrive, I occupied myself in observing the attitude of New Yorkers to the war. Like most tenderfoot Englishmen, I imagined at that time that New York was America. I found the rulers of New York, the "Malefactors of great wealth", inclined to favor England. Their banking connections made this inevitable. How could they make money out of Germany while the British navy held the seas? There were also many social and matrimonial links between the very biggest Berthas in New York and England. [I distinguished between the very biggest, who were few, and the multitude of the big. The honesty of the German had made him a bulwark against Yankee smartness and nearly all the magnates of the second rank were either Germans or Jews with Teuton leanings. The temper of the people was not for one second in doubt. Though the German-American or his father might have left Germany because of Prussian tyranny, he had the sentimental racial ^{hanker,} ~~anchor~~ and he had huge pride in the Empire which was begotten at Sedan. The revolutionist of '48 became the Pan German of '71, if only because his revolt from slavery was the testimony that he was a slave. [His action in h

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the war confirms this diagnosis~~ed~~ and intensifies it. The coward who fled from military service, begat the double coward, who did not even dare to vote, unless he knew himself in an immense majority. Evidence the election of Wilson, the pro-German, in 1916, and of ~~W~~ Hylan, the puppet to anti-English Tammany, two years later, while the war was actually raging. The Germans are perhaps the most ~~influential~~ ^{in the United States} influentially solid body, even in New York. They are the only people who can cook a satisf~~acti~~^{ying} meal without attempting to make 1000%

n.p. on anything. [But the most politically formidable body in New York consists of Irish Americans who run Tammany Hall and innumerable brothels~~ed~~ and gambling houses under the presiding genius of a potato, named Murphy, and a load of manure, named Hearst. These ~~I~~ Irish are immigrants with a genuine grievance against England, or the sons of such. ^{and /not impracticability} [The English stupidity, which has kept Ireland at spiritual war with England for over seven hundred years, which has given Ireland a history of saints, heroes and martyrs, instead of ~~s~~ saints, artists and merchant princes, ^{ve} ~~ha~~ driven these people by police persecution and sheer starvation ^{ve} from their holy island, ~~at~~

n.p. [Arrived in America, their ignorance, eloquence, and political genius, ^{ve} ~~ha~~ turned each one in twenty four hours, from the "Poor exiles of Erin" to "Alderman Mike, ^h ~~intro~~juicing a bill." American politics has reft from them every shred of decency. They were never much more than the peelings of rotten potatoes. They have kept the wrongs of Ireland and the wickedness of England for political cap- tal, though they care for nothing but their hides and their ~~the~~ pockets. [But great as are the Germans and the Irish in New York,

n.p. they are nothing, not a grain of dust in the balance, compared

with the Jews. In 1914, the Jews were sitting on the fence; they too cared for nothing but their hides and their pockets. England had been pretty decent to the Jew, ~~but~~ I hold no brief for England, but I ^{am} bound to say that England has produced a better brand of Jew, than countries which have treated him less gently. England had the weight of money - perhaps in 1914 and 1915 the point was arguable. But against that, the average Jew had German for his mother tongue, and he certainly had the continental point of view as opposed to the insular. [I have been obliged to emphasize this question of the Jews, because their real, if invisible, control of New York is hardly understood in Europe. It was against these people, influenced as they were bound to be, not only by the ~~German~~ Germans and the Irish, but by the bulk of the population, to whom Lafayette is little more than the name of a café, and England, the unspeakable monster whom they were brought up from childhood to curse in every phrase of the Declaration of Independence (England, whose nationals came to America and treated the Americans as lower than the sewer rats of London. I am not contesting the English point of view) that the very biggest, such as Morgan and Otto Kahn had to fight. [Rockefeller could have swung the situation, and ~~perhaps~~ ^{he} ultimately did so, as the result of a deal in oil, of which statisticians have not yet calculated the cost per gallon in human lives.]

A very brief inquiry showed me that America meant to make money out of the war. That meant that she would export food and munitions to the Allies, since our navy maintained the blockade against the Central Powers. It was, however, quite a little while before it dawned upon my dull brain that we were going to ~~imagine~~ ^{have} ourselves to depend upon America for these necessities - that our

industrialism had so sapped the economy of our resources, that civilization was going to seek salvation at the hands of the ~~barbarians~~ barbarians. ^{This was} the fatal error, pregnant with catastrophe, which was phthisis to Greece and creeping paralysis to Rome, the corruption which has been to China as a carcinoma ^{destroying her civilization} within a quarter of a century, despite five thousand years of religious, philosophical, social, moral, and political health, ^{The same delusion} and which will gangrene England within the lifetime of most men of military age unless she turns to realize that gold is ~~dead~~ ^{gangrene}, that her poets and her scholars are her soul, that the great gate of Trinity and Tom Tower are better worth preserving than almost anything else except the Fleet, and ^{that} that the Avon and the Thames are sacred, not because they are highways of commerce, but because their banks bore Shakespeare and Boudicca.

In America, then, I began to understand that the problem of American policy was, for the moment, one of caste. The "very biggest" remembered that George Washington was an Englishman, ~~tyrannized~~ tyrannized over by a Hanoverian usurper of the throne of England; a German whose sense of his own dignity was expressed by his desiring to be called Farmer George, and ~~who~~ ^{the} English poet, Shelly, called ^{him} "an old, blind, mad, despised and dying king," about whom ~~the~~ there was nothing kingly but his filched ^{the} crown and sceptre, baubles as much fetish as the mace of the rotten rump of Praise-God, ~~bones~~ ^{bones}, inherited from a puppet grandfa^{ther} ~~ther~~ king by the grace of a Parliament in despair, its hands tied by the absurd laws of legitimacy on the right and the Damocles sword of a papistical Scot on the left. ^{that} George Washington was an Englishman, who was ~~tired~~ tired of Verboten and Bezahlen, and intended to exercise the im-

memorial right of Englishmen from Harold, in his death agony at ~~the~~ Hastings, and the barons at Runymede to Hampden, Monk, the seven bishops and Prince Charles/ Edward Stuart; the right to life, ~~the~~ liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; also, as I said before, the right to tell everybody to go to Hell even before the time appointed by divine Providence. [What should the German and the Jew know of all this? As for the Irishman, among his bogs and moors, he cares for atmosphere, courtesy, sauntship and potatoes. In New York he wants to get even with his Oppressors, by police tyranny, the ~~the~~ financial vampirism of his roulette and baccarat hells, and the pathological operation of his sporting houses.

America is a democracy- worse- it is an ochlocracy- it is not merely the people, but the mob, that rules. At least its masters pretend sometimes even to ~~the~~ themselves that the mob rules. The ~~the~~ stench of the unwashed is the incense of the God of political power; the blood upon his altar is furnished by the ~~slaves of the white~~ slaves who rule the ~~the~~ police and ^{the} political bullies, who think ~~the~~ themselves their masters. In America, no man, however strong, however wise, I had almost said, however rich, dare go against the wind of popular barbarism. [The friends of England had to excuse themselves by pleading inane rubbish about treaties, despite Belgium's proved treachery to the very covenant which assured its independence. They had to plead the necessity of doing business- ~~the~~ they understood that the current of popular opinion was indifference and aloofness with a dreadful undertow of sentiment, which even when not actively pro-German, was bitterly and enviously anti-English, such as Doctor Ayanda Kent ~~Coenaracaway detests and fears a white man.~~

It is impossible to explain to ~~the~~ Europeans the moral

cowardice which is practically universal in America. No editor will print an independent article. The use of the word Jew is impossible in print because the Jews believe, I will not say with how much justification, that the term is bitterly opprobrious, ^{to bring} the word "an obscenity or as" virgin may be construed as an insult to Catholics. To say that any one is ill or dead, is an attack on Christian Science. [Americans - in the mass - are the lowest savages on earth. There is nothing there but totem and taboo, and they sacrifice human victims, when they can find any body ill advised enough to visit them, with an enthusiasm which I am sure was never ^{equalled} ~~met~~ in the South Sea Islands. Such people, let me say with more anatomical correctness, such mammals, are the prey of fear, the slaves of superstition. [But they had wheat and cattle and trinitrotolmol and gas and steel and coal. Labour ~~which~~ had been crying like a starved child for employment. ^{its} ~~these~~ despair menaced the money lords with revolution. To supply the Allies with food and munitions solved ^{America's} ~~their~~ problems beautifully for the moment, at least on paper. [To stop that supply meant bad business temporarily for the United States, but it meant the gratitude of Germany. Germany was the best customer- ten per cent of Americans were Germans- Germany had smashed the British at Mons, the French everywhere, save at Verdun, apart from the rally on the Marne, which, ~~in~~ in America seemed no such victory as history will ultimately record of it. The flower of the Russian army had been engulfed at Tannenburg by the slow maelstrom of the ~~marshes~~ marshes. General Janvier and Marèchal Février were not on the ~~active~~ active list in summer.

^{I saw,} ~~we see,~~ then, in America, bewilderment and conflict; but the generous sort, the educated sort, rare like currants in a

prison suet pudding, were for us. As for the business sort, the calculating sort, is not the dollar God, and does not God ^{fight for} back the general ^{who had} with the preponderance of artillery? The question for them was whether the Germans had really sunk the Lion and the Tiger and the audacious. As for the baser sort, yet baser if you can dive so deep in fascial mire, they were blind taenias who sucked ~~at the~~ advantage from some excrement. But they had instinctive hatred of anything so noble as the Englishman, the ^{race} ~~man~~ whose gentlefolk dare to dispute the palm of proper conduct with the high caste Chinaman.

n.p. [In America, the German lives next door to everybody else, ^{Most of them are} ~~usually~~ ^{self-effacing,} ~~ingenuous~~ ^{incisive} ~~incisive~~, kind, obliging, honest, sentimental, harmless, ^{with} ~~with~~ ^{He has a passionate} love for music, in a country so degraded that otherwise it ~~it~~ knows no distinction between man and beast, except on Western ~~of~~ farms, where the law obliges shepherds and herdsmen to go afield in pairs lest miscegenation produce a race of sheep or cattlemen more singular than ^{the} mulatto! ^{The German is everywhere} ~~and he is~~ welcome, and his opinion, always reliable in the business which is religion, carries weight with ~~all~~ all.

A stranger to this planet, landing in New York in November 1914, when I landed, might at first have been impressed—I'm ~~supposing~~ supposing him to be a complete stranger and unprovided with the powers of reflection—by the posters announcing the awful slaughter in a single battle of several million more Germans than existed since Vercingetorix. The Allies, who were subsequently hyphenated with only too good reason, as the All-lies, ^{having} ~~having~~ advanced ^{daily} in the neighborhood of some place of which no one ^{had} ever heard before, a distance of thirty seven yards, two feet and eight and a quarter inches. If of an inquiring disposition, he would go into the columns

of small print, he would discover that the Germans in some equally mysterious sector had advanced forty-seven yards, one foot, three and five-eighths inches. I apologize- the Germans had not advanced.

The Allies had retired that distance for strategic reasons, according to the plan evolved by the superhuman subtlety of that ~~in-~~ intelligent intelligence beyond all intelligences that are beyond

the empyrean of the intelligent one who is more intelligent than the intelligence which is beyond all intelligence, General French,

ill-disposed critics whom we had always ignorantly supposed to be a stupid fat old cavalryman, a good deal too fond of his glass *and - other things*. [This observer might

n.p. have failed altogether to learn that the Germans were at Warsaw or at Brest-Litovsk. ^{vs} Or, if they were there, it was on a visit or as a prisoner. Or else it was the strategy, almost comparable with that of the aforesaid General French, of the never-I-hope-here ~~and~~

after-to-be-mentioned Grand Duke Nicholas. *story* And we now go on to a Sunday Supplement about his intrigue with a dancer, in the course of which he drinks some horrible ~~sweet~~ sweet champagne out of her shoe.

n.p. endowed If the observer, aforesaid, had been miraculously ~~informed~~ ~~doubt~~ with some of the power of reflection aforesaid, he might have wondered why ~~Victorians~~ armies kept on surrendering; why exhausted landsturners, toothless and dottering, kept on capturing hundreds of square miles of valuable territory every few days; why the Crown Prince was killed so often and in so many places at once; why (in short) the world did not come to an end with the precision and regularity expected of it by all newspaper readers with a proper respect for the venal and drink-sodden editors who are responsible, if one may so abuse the word, for the interminable prostitutes' nightmares which are printed on the haemorrhoidogeneous pulp which they call an enlightened press.

An intelligent stranger, even if he had not all that superfluity of intelligence duly accorded in a previous paragraph to our soldier-genius-machine - ~~god~~ ~~and~~ ~~matter~~ - ~~fellow-countryman~~ ~~Mar-~~

~~shall~~, Marshall Lord French, would not only read the newspapers,

H ^{go into} ^{from conversation} he would find out what the people, who had always been reading

the newspapers, thought, with such vestiges of mind as the con-

stant perusal aforesaid, might have permitted to those of unusual intellectual stamina. He would have discovered that these persons

said: "It is all rubbish-we know it quite well- Germany has won the

war- it is only a question of time." ^{He might have asked:} ~~If he had then asked~~ "What

are you going to do about it? What of ravished Belgium? What of

violated treaties and the forcible conversion of nuns ~~from home-~~

~~country~~ to an appreciation of the duty of repairing the losses

caused ^{to the} owners of factory slaves by the war?" ~~he would have re-~~

plied, "Don't be an ass, have a dry Martini- safety first- if you

want to fight, go to Europe, - if you want to talk war, go to Hell-

this place is neutral." If you had insisted "Do about it", he would

have said: "I'm going to sell my goods at the best prices I can

get, to anyone who I think can pay for them. ^{And} I'm going to take

the greatest care in the world that the criminal insanity of Europe

(I don't know who's right and who's wrong, but I suspect our tra-

ditional enemy, England, to be at the bottom of it) does not ~~spread~~

spread to the land of the free and the home of the brave."

There was horse sense in that attitude, ~~even if~~ ^{to a ro-}

^{it seemed ignoble. But then I am} ~~romantic~~ young poet like myself, liable to shout with joy, not only

at the sunrise like Beethoven ^(Dirty Hun) ^{who} knew no music, but at the

great simple words of the dying speech of John of Gaunt, of Dib-

din, of Thomson, of Campbell. ~~and even~~ of their imitator on the

^{I can even glow at some lines}

n.p.

The typical answer would have been:

banjo, Kipling, who wished to sing of England's sea, but never got nearer than her sands, with a pink collar and a corked face, ^{For} ~~but~~

he yet now and again touches the heart with a thrill, as those who ~~strive~~ strive after great things, who touch a truth (however vulgarly)

^{2/2} ~~must sometimes do, since even the most platitudes must have some note or other of however false, unless it seemed ignoble.~~ I could

not blame a man who had left kin and country, who had turned his back on civilization, who had trampled Greece, Rome and his own Fatherland, that he might root in the mire for dollars with the other ~~swine~~ swine, if he continued to shove his snout into the midden. The problem for me was how to make pork of him, cold pork, if necessary, that I might save my country- my country which had found no way for me to serve her.

I did not care whether my country were right or wrong, I could see both sides. Bloody Bill was not more certain than I was that the triple Entente had been the master stroke of Edward the Seventh, ^{Edward VII, in his way,} the greatest statesman in the world since Richelieu, ^{Ray} ~~and~~ I think, as great as or greater than he, to judge at least by the results obtained. I could see as clearly as Sir Edward Grey or the Patriot Bottonley, that German honesty, industry and patience ~~th~~ threatened English supremacy. ^{But} for my modesty, I might even claim that I saw clearer than the Patriot Bottonley, who issued a poster, "To hell with Servia," and a violent article to match, the ^{2/2} ~~week~~ week before the war. [If I had been a Martian, I might have thought Germany ill-treated. I might have seen her as a nation in the full flower of youth, expanding by the sheer force of what we commonly call virtue, ~~and~~ I might have sympathized with her in her passionate efforts to develop herself as against the persistent Machiavellianism of the executors of the will of Peter the Great, the purely selfish

and sentimental Vendetta of a Déroutée, and the aristocratically insolent pretention of England to bear the white man's burden alone and brook no rival. In fact, as ~~a poet~~ a philosopher, I could take no other ~~stand~~ view. [But in me, there is something deeper than ~~poetry~~ philosophy- it may be baser- it may be utterly irrational- it may be an animal instinct like that of a rat in his hole- but I have it. And if it was a rat who wrote, "Come the three quarters of the world in arms, and we shall shock them, naught shall make us rue if England to itself do rest her true," I am content to be a brother rat. I am celebrated for my immorality, and part of it is this: that no matter ~~what~~ ^{for} 'right' or 'wrong', I am not going to have "Eintritt verboten" posted over the great ~~white~~ gate of Trinity College, Cambridge, with a Prussian sentry to enforce it while I have a drop of blood in my body. ~~which has run in the veins of free born Englishmen for these three hundred years.~~ [The Patriot Bottomley is in error, I pray that he may pardon me ^{if I indicate it. It} ~~is~~ his kindness to me which seeks to flatter me unduly when he says that I took honours from Cambridge. Posterity will understand, on the contrary, that Cambridge has taken ^{fresh} honours from me. Nay, Patriot though thou be, Horatio, it is human to err. Homer and Jupiter have been known to nod. The Patriot Bottomley makes a worthy third to these. But I did not even take the ^{Pall} ~~ordinary~~ degree at Cambridge. I am an undergraduate of Trinity College- but I am a life member of that college -so much so, that when the Junior Dean attempted to prevent me from exercising my right to walk in its courts, I confronted him at the door of the chapel, and called him a coward and a liar on his face. To rebuke the authority of one's college is a distasteful duty; one too often imposed upon the modern undergraduate. But there is in me Roman virtue, and I never shrink from a moral obligation.

1. p. [I found myself, then, in New York, awaiting the arrival of my books and manuscripts, an event, unfortunately, as I then thought, long delayed. ^{S.} I bethought me whether I could not, irrationally, im-

2. p. morally, unphilosophically, with a lame leg but with all my ^{heart} and brain, serve England. [I was furious at the ~~British~~ stupidity of the British propaganda. It was worse in America than it had been in Eng-

3. p. land. At its best, it was exaggeration and sheer falsehood, so transparent that Woodrow Wilson himself, to say nothing of a legion of Italian bootblacks, saw through it. [As for the German propaganda it was hardly noticeable. Was it that ^{they} did not understand the im-

4. p. portance of America in the Wilhelmstrasse? Was it that they had the good sense to rely upon the stupidity of the English apologists to defeat itself? [I had a considerable opinion of the intelligence of Germans, dating from the time in my boyhood ^{when} Helmholtz was the great name in Physics; Haeckel, in biology; ~~Nordens~~ ^{Nordens}, in history;

~~Goethe~~, in poetry; Bach, Beethoven and Wagner in music- when one might say that the whole of organic chemistry had been developed in Germany. I had further to remember that the German social system was considered by nearly all thinking Englishmen as a sublime model. ^{when} German thought and action had been made immortal by Carlyle.

~~when their treatment~~ of social economy had been slavishly adopted by Lloyd George in the insurance Act. ~~when~~ ^{Great} lawyers like Lord Haldane and talented errand boys like H.G. Wells mingled their voices,

(of course, in the latter case with a somewhat noticeable cockney accent) to extol the Greatness of Germany, and to hold her up as a pattern to all good Englishmen. I reflected that Bismarck was not ~~exactly~~ exactly a fool in politics, that Von Moltke had been hardly an amateur in the art of war. I had read Von Bernhardi with admiration, ~~both~~ both for his intellectual ability and his moral simplicity. ^I ~~did~~ did

not argue whether or no he came from Italian stock. Nietzsche was to me almost an avatar of ^hTe^h, the god of wisdom; and, whether or no ^hhe was a Polish Jew, Germany had possessed sufficient intelligence to profit ^yby the thwackings that he gave her. Yes, I ^{was} almost convinced that the German Directorate had decided to allow British hypocrisy and stupidity to win their battles for them by making themselves absurd and obscene in the eyes of all sensible people.

One day, I think early in 1915, I was seated on the top of what the American purist calls a stage, and we, a bus. This vehicle was proceeding (or attempting to proceed) up Fifth Ave^{ue}, which is a sort of ditch lined with diamonds and over-rouged stenographers, all at a price totally disproportionate to the value of the article. I was not interested in these objects of merchandise- I was occupied by my own vanity. Somebody in England had sent me Press cuttings which described me as the greatest poet, philosopher, mountaineer, magician, degenerate, and saint of all time, and I was thinking that, as in the case of the Queen of Sheba when she visited King Solomon, ^othat ^othat half had not been told. [I was aroused from this mood of mingled gratification and disappointment by a tap on the shoulder. A voice asked to excuse its intrusion ^{It's over} and explained that, seeing me reading cuttings with the superscription of a London firm, ^{he} ~~it~~ assumed me to be at least English speaking, in a city where Yiddish was the language of romance) and ^uIf so, was I in favor of a square deal for Germany and Austria? I replied that I was. ^uI have often ~~wondered~~ thought how much nicer Germans and Austrians would be ^uif they were cut up into little squares, and made into soup. [I did not reveal to my interlocutor this interpretation of my reply, for at my initiation I was taught to be cautious. He, with ^{he} a frank bonhomie of the Irishman, told me that his name was O'Brien, that he had to

get of ~~it~~ at 37th. Street, but that if I would accept his card, he would be pleased to hold further conversation with me at his office. Like Jurgin in the masterpiece of James Branch Cabell, I am willing to taste any drink once, and I may incidentally remind my admirers that, if the drink should be Courvoisier over fifty years old, I will go on till something breaks and do good work all the time. So I went to see Mr. O'Brien.

Mr. O'Brien was not in. I think I never saw him again. But I discovered that his office was the office of a paper called *The Fatherland*, appearing weekly. To my surprise, they ^{inmates} seemed to know all about me; and, in the absence of Mr. O'Brien, they produced the most extraordinary little half rat, half rabbit, if I am any zoologist at all, whose name is Bernard Rethy. I looked at this specimen of the handiwork of the creator with somewhat mixed feelings, gradually sagging towards a pessimistic atheism, especially when I learned that, like anyone in New York, who can string together a dozen words without sound or sense, he was a shining light of the Poetry Society. *(But he is quite a nice boy.)*

I must admit that I did not know how to talk to him, and with all the quickness of his Jewish apprehension, he decided that I was meat for his master, for whom he sent by means of the complicated manual gestures, which form the true language of Jews and, ~~face~~ Professor Garner, of the other anthropoids. To my surprise, this master of his recognized me, and came forward with extended hands, bulging eyes and the kind of mouth which seems to have been an unfortunate afterthought. The name of this person was George Sylvester Viereck.

I have a decided admiration of sorts for this individual. He has the extraordinary faculty of ^{an instinctive} ~~awakening~~ ^{in most people} a repulsion similar to that which many people feel with regard to a toad. He is mean and

regardly to an extent psychologically almost unfathomable; but his cowardice is so protected by cunning that he is able to execute a desperate purpose. I may ~~sure~~ rouse a storm of execration for saying so, but I believe him to be fundamentally one of the bravest of brave men. He runs away all the time, but he never forgets to "fight another day." At one time he boasted that he was the grandson of the First German Emperor, by an actress, Adèle Viereck. The statement wounded America in its two worst places. It asserted superiority and defied propriety. Viereck has tried to live down his boast, but I believe that in his heart of hearts, he fortified himself by saying secretly,

"I am not of dregs like Americans." His manners are pleasant, too much so to be a gentleman's. He is homosexual and conscious of this inferiority, which makes him timid. This is accentuated by a nervous temperament. He has a remarkable gift for epigrammatic phrases, a strong sense of rhythm, and a great critical ability, which is marked by his opportunism. His "Confessions of a Barbarian" is probably the cleverest book ever written by an American about Europe, ~~and~~ Some of his poems are so simple and direct that ^{if} they ~~miss~~ miss sublimity, which may or may not be the case, the blame is to be laid to the disastrous Jewish trait of conscious cleverness which came so near to shipwreck the greatness of Heine.

He recalled himself to my recollection, by saying that he had met me in the office of Mr. Austin Harrison, the editor of the English Review. It has been a lifelong rule of mine to take no notice of my contemporaries. My companions are the great men of antiquity, and my children those of posterity. I did not remember him, but as it has been another lifelong rule of mine to be polite, even to poets, I feigned ^{the} recognition and enthusiasm which I judged appropriate.

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11.2 eleven of the clock in the night of August 28th

The vindication of Nietzsche

of the 1914th year of the Christian Era. We are all wondering whether the German wireless news is true, whether the handful of British which was all we had to bring at the mouths of Germany had been not only 'slightly pinned' as our own communique's admitted but incircled and annihilated as the wireless German service was gloating.

True or untrue, why should we ever have been passed through this Moloch-pinnacle of anxiety?

~~the cause is British cant and hypocrisy, and the cause~~
itself
the War was British cant and hypocrisy, the stranger, the pathetic, the craven determination to admit no fact for truth, ^{the resolve} which all the men of science and all the poets of the reign of Queen Victoria did so little to shake. The demonstrations of Darwin and the sonorities of Swinburne reached only the thinking classes, if one may use so plural a noun for the remnant that refused to bow the knee to the Baal of Respectability and the Golden Calf of Commercialism.

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The vindication of Nietzsche

all wondering whether the German wireless news is true, whether the handful of British which was all we had to fling at the millions of Germany had been not only 'slightly pinned' as our own communiques admitted but encircled and annihilated as the wireless German service was gloating.

True or untrue, why should we ever have been passed through this Moloch-furnace of anxiety?

~~the cause is British cant and hypocrisy, the stranger, the pathetic,~~
~~itself~~
the War was British cant and hypocrisy, the stranger, the pathetic, the craven determination to admit no fact for truth, ^{the resolve} which all the men of science and all the poets of the reign of Queen Victoria did so little to shake. The demonstrations of Darwin and the sonorities of Swinburne reached only the thinking classes, if one may use so plural a noun for the remnant that refused to bow the knee to the Baal of Respectability and the Golden Calf of Commercialism.

The Vindicator of Knowledge

