



IN THE CONTINUUM

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Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.
Love is the law, love under will.

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The College of Thelema
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COLLEGE of THELEMA



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An. LXXIX
Sept. 23, 1983 e.v.

Cari Fratres et Sorores,

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Is rape to be condoned in a Thelemic society? A recent incidence and its aftermath brings this question to our attention. Unfortunately, there is a great deal of ignorance as to the real meaning of various sentences in LIBER AL VEL LEGIS and sometimes no study of Therion's Commentaries on this has been done by some who profess to be Thelemites. For instance, in MAGICK WITHOUT TEARS and in the Commentaries, Therion states that man, as in Hebrew times, may go in unto woman as he pleases or wills to do, but that in the Thelemic age, this is now as women also will. This means that women are no longer to be considered as non-persons, as slaves or the possessions of men, to be used as sex objects as some men might wish to do. Women have their own right to the sex act. Women are "stars" as are men, in their real essence. Let me here remark that not all sex is "unto me" as Nuit demands of us. Sex could hardly be devoted to love which is the highest spiritual force and the aim of all mankind, if one of the partners is being forced to this act under the threat of injury, the pain of mutilation and/or death, actual or threatened, as is the case with the results of the rapist.

LIBER AL states in many places that love is the formula of the Universe. "But to love me is better than all things:" as in Cap. I, v. 61. And in v. 51 she says: "Also, take your fill and will of love as ye will, when, where and with whom ye will! But always unto me." In the MAGICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL COMMENTARIES ON THE BOOK OF THE LAW, Therion states:

"We are then particularly careful to deny that the object of love is the gross physiological object which happens to be Nature's excuse for it. Generation is a sacrament of the physical Rite, by which we create ourselves anew in our own image, weave in a new flesh-tapestry the Romance of our own Soul's History. But also Love is a sacrament of trans-substantiation whereby we initiate our own souls; it is the Wine of Intoxication as well as the Bread of Nourishment. "Nor is he for priest designed Who partakes only in one kind."

"We therefore heartily cherish those forms of Love in which no

question of generation arises; we use the stimulating effects of physical enthusiasm to inspire us morally and spiritually. Experience teaches that passions thus employed serve to refine and to exalt the whole being of man or woman. Nuith indicates the sole conditions: "But always unto me".

" - - -To us the essence of Love is that it is a sacrament unto Nuith, a gate of grace and a road of righteousness to Her High Palace, the abode of peerless purity whose lamps are the Stars."

"As ye will". It should be abundantly clear from the foregoing remarks that each individual has an absolute and indefeasible right to use his sexual vehicle in accordance with its own proper character and that he is responsible only to himself. But he should not injure himself and his right aforesaid; acts invasive of another individual's equal rights are implicitly self-aggressions. - - - Such acts as rape and the assault or seduction of infants, may therefore be justly regarded as offences against the Law of Liberty and repressed in the interests of that Law.

"It is also excluded from "as ye will" to compromise the liberty of another person indirectly as by taking advantage of the ignorance or good faith of another person to expose that person to the constraint of sickness, poverty, social detriment, or childbearing, unless with the well-informed and uninfluenced free will of that person."

The sentence "always unto me" also means that one is performing an act of love in any fashion, (which may or may not include sex) with the highest dedication to our own Holy Guardian Angel. "Unto Me, or rather "To Me" adds to 418 in Greek. This is a formula of the attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of the H.G.A. Rape would be an abomination for this formula as being not Love but aggression. The first step for mankind, and that which A.C. insisted on, was to do all in our power to achieve this K. and C. of the H.G.A. Every act or "ritual" must be done with this in mind. If various acts include other persons, then we would not wish to bring down curses on our heads for our own misbehaviour, as this would block the attainment of the K. and C. Further, our own interior conscience must be developed as it is the first whisperings of the H.G.A. Those who have abandoned conscience may easily abandon the Angel and bring havoc to themselves and block their own attainment for who knows how long?

Then, too, let me remind you that love takes many forms. It may be the love of the parent for a child, of an artist for the canvas, of a scientist for his research, of a musician for his sounds and his instruments, of a child for the family, and on and on. As A.C. stated above, love is an elevating force for humanity and it should not be profaned in any way.

In verse 52, Nuith continues "If this be not aright; if ye confound the space-marks, saying: They are one, or saying, They are many; if the ritual be not ever unto me; then expect the direful judgments of Ra-Hoor-Khuit!"

Ra-Hoor-Khuit is a stand-in for our own attainable states of higher consciousness, symbolized by the K. and C. of the Angel. He is also a god of war and vengeance as humanity has turned too far away from spiritual values and tries to live only in the exterior world, ignoring the whispers and phenomena of the inner or unconscious world. This pattern must be turned around. The rapist becomes this because he has not done the necessary work to understand his own unconscious forces and these forces, thus ignored, turn and devour him with war and vengeance in various forms. This aspect of Ra-Hoor-Khuit can be likened to the furies of Greek myth who persecuted and pursued those who ignored the laws of their own inner being, thus they came to grief with the wrong kind of actions and were haunted forever afterwards. The furies are the punishments we mete out for ourselves when opposing the True Will, the will to attain to the conversation of the H.G.A.

As Crowley states in his comment to this verse: "Each Star is individual, yet each is bound to the others by Law. This freedom under Law is one of the most difficult yet important doctrines of this Book. So too the ritual - our lives - must be unto Nuith; for She is the Ultimate to which we tend, the asymptote of our curve. Failure in this one-pointedness sets up the illusion of duality, which leads to excision and destruction."

He continues in this Commentary: "Whatever your sexual pre-delictions may be, you are free, by the Law of Thelema, to be the Star you are, to go your own way rejoicing. It is not indicated here in this text, though it is elsewhere implied, that only one symptom warns that you have mistaken your true Will, and that is, if you should imagine that in pursuing your way you interfere with that of another star. It may, therefore, be considered improper, as a general rule, for your sexual gratification to destroy, deform, or displease any other star. Mutual consent to the act is the condition thereof. It must, of course, be understood that such consent is not always explicit. There are cases when seduction or rape may be emancipation or initiation to another. Such acts can only be judged by their results."

But who can judge of results before the act of rape? This is not an excuse for rape, it is merely a balancing out of one opinion against another. It would take a very knowledgeable person to guess if the end result of rape would be emancipation or initiation for another - an adept, perhaps. The ordinary rapist is not this, he is, instead, the prisoner of his own suppressed rage and aggression. He is a star deformed by hate, and unless he can do something about this, he may be headed for destruction.

Thelema does not mean license, it does not mean that one can do as one pleases. It means instead, that to be a Thelemite, one must first listen to what one's own True Will may be and then one must discipline oneself to attain this state. Thelema implies that to "do what thou wilt" one must also let the other person do as he/she wills. This point can hardly be stressed enough as it is so obvious that young and ignorant Thelemites (or so they claim) spend most of their lives interfering with others in various ways.

This is the result of license, it is not Thelemic in essence. A young person interested in Thelema usually misunderstands the nature of his will. It is a long road to appreciation of this and then to carry out the will in full freedom: a gesture which is guaranteed by Thelemic principles. Often the first step is to learn that one must not interfere with others in any way, and then after that, to go about discovering what the finite will may be. If the life is lived unto Nuit in all its fullness, the Infinite Will, and means and ways to achieve this, becomes apparent.

From all this, it can be easily ascertained that the rapist does not wish to extend Thelemic freedom to others. If we have one of this type among us, why do we allow it? Should we not take vigorous steps to disallow such a person? To cast him out from our group? For such a poisonous person can poison too many others and thus we are at the mercy of such a one. If our freedoms are not vigorously defended, then we are not free. We become slaves to the aberrations of others.

Let us face it, to be free is to continually fight for our freedoms. There are too many in the world who would deprive us of this freedom and so we must act. Thelema is not a wishy-washy system which enjoins us to turn the other cheek. It is a system that is bold and strong, it is for the strong and followed correctly, it can produce adepts. Let us not wallow then, in ignorance and fear, let us develop our higher selves to the best of our ability and let us remove from our paths, those who would interfere with others.

Love is the law, love under will,

Soror Meral

HYMN TO ASTARTE.

For Deirdre

Serene are the stars and serene my soul, ablaze in the Night.
Then how shall I worship Astarte sea-born, how invoke her aright?
I am free from the fire and the foam, I have conquered the dragons
and doves;

I have gotten me Love as the gold from the furnace that melted my
loves.

Love is not bound to the body, not sparse and adrift with the mind,
Not secret with soul, though the soul seem one and alone of its kind.
The body is naught but a corpse, its growth but a name of decay,
A delirious dream of sick gods - where the Shadow hath sway.
Concocted of offal and mire, putrescent with cancer of breath,
A knot that unravels to naught, a riddle whose answer is Death?
The mind is the reek of the fume of the body's corruption, the mime
Of its magotty moods as it rots from its worm-eaten egg to its slim.
The mind hath not even a mist to excuse philosophic pretence
Of a substance; at most it distorts some few of the phantoms of
sense.

Its reason is ever astray, its ignorance straitens its span;
It ends in the mystery-night whence its clumsy creation began.
It observes, it reflects, it decides as the slave of unconscious
desires,

Knows neither the world nor itself, nor stands for an hour but it
tires.

It struts in its pageant of pride, yet at heart is aware it is vain
And its summit of proof is to prove nothing proven and itself but
insane.

The soul, ah the flame! Ah, the star! The God in us shining above
The soul, beyond being and form! Then is not the name of it Love?
Nay, darker and deeper the curse, more dread the abyss never plumbe
The horror ineffably huge, the agony not to be summed;
For the soul in itself is division, is separate, worse than its
wings

Were fledged of the essence of truth at the evil beginning of thing
When the All broke its peace with the thought of itself and the
schism began

That ended in chaos of crime in the crazy catastrophe, man.
The soul is no ghost to conjure with the spell of: "Illusion,
begone!"

It is true and hath might to endure, unassailable, travelling on,
None hinders, commands or deflects; none alters its course by a jot
Space cannot constrain it, and time the waster erodeth it not.
How should I love such a soul, my like and like me the accursed
From the hour when the Second was struck a spark from the forge of
the First?

How should I love such a soul, though fierce and afar I may range
In my passionate pilgrimage, Love, for Love is the Will toward chance
Love is a lust and a prayer and the soul of its act as its word

Is of them that were Two to make One and to seal the Event with
a Third.

Oh, Love, Astarte sea-born, Oh Star blue bright in the West,
I invoke thee, thy priest in the shrine that is built of my blood
in my breast!

Since thou art in me and of me, since thou art the heart of my heart,
The soul of my soul, nay, the skin of my skin, not a being apart,
I am thou, I accept the intent, acquiesce in the nature implied;
If change be the purpose of Love, I am launched and afloat on the
tide.

I accept every phantom of Mind, vain dreams in fatuity curled;
I accept the corruption of Body, delight to bring Death to the world.
In measureless madness I bask, I gloat upon carrion flesh.
I wallow with God in the mire, and of mire I create Him afresh.
There is naught, nor shall be, that my love cannot gnaw with
insatiate tooth:

I will wring forth the Truth from the lies as I once found the lies
in the Truth.

Astarte, I know thee for rotten as others have seen thee for pure;
I tear off the mask that smiled false on the slaves who would have
them endure.

But Thou and Thy masks are but one, Thy corruption the Essence of
Thee,

It is all of the nature of things, their virtue whereby they may be.
So therefore I hail Thee divine, All-one with the substance of Truth;
Mine age holds thee naked, the hem of whose garment bewildered my
youth.

My soul being thus with thy soul, shall not soul win at last to the
wit

That its changeless perfection is death, itself the assassin of it?
Love under will is the law; all that exists, from the dust
To the Gods, is but jetsam of Love, cast up by the tide of Her lust.
So I hail thee, Astarte, and hymn thee in brothel and temple the
same,

Who art seed of all change, being Love, by Corruption Thine innermost
Name!

I know Thy device to deceive Thy servants Thine image that hailed
How none, being mortal, might learn Thy name, or behold Thee unveiled.
For Thy secret is this, that immortals are crowned with the virtue
to die;

And I, oh Astarte, bear death in my body - Of ye am I.

Aleister Crowley



DEATH

Voices slanting out of the past
In whisper of rustling paper mouldy
And crumbling and the beloved voices
Of those I loved echo still
Within my heart.

All my emotions are wrung and tears hang
Behind dry eyelids. Oh, those of you
I loved and shall not hear again!
My friends whom I loved and love still
Even though apart.

My friends, your echo through the letters
That lie within this box amid faint odor
Of aged paper still rings out strongly
Knelling departure and death
And tears my heart.

Oh, my loved ones, is this now my pain
That I must so control and contain
My depth of feeling while you lived
That scarce emotion wrinkled my brow
And so stilled my heart?

That now you are gone in death
I needs must regret that I did not
More strongly clasp you in my arms,
More warmth in handshake I did not express,
Nor laid bare my heart.

How I love you still and reminder strikes
When these papers I cull and rustle:
And as they have power to evoke you
I am reminded of your voices and your ways
And I cry, "Why apart?"

Cruel death, that brings with it a train
Of regrets and tears and voices stilled
Out of reality, even though they echo now
Within me. Cruel death to leave me with pain
That clutches my heart.

When I too am gone, I shall join you
In that far land beyond mortal being.
But until then my young life must run its course
Even though years of parting still continue
And tears me apart.

Meral - 1982

The only point clean for the defense was the medical evidence, which put the time of death some two hours later than the departure of Robinson. This coincided with a temporary failure of the electric current all through the hotel. Ffoulkes suggested that the old man, who had drunk a good deal of wine, had gone to take a bath before retiring, seen the knife, remembered his old skill as an amateur juggler, ample testimony of which was forthcoming, and started to play at catching the knife. The light had gone out while he was throwing; he had dodged maladroitly, and the blade had chanced to catch him between the shoulders.

The opposite theory was that Robinson had returned to fetch his cigarette-case, which was in fact found in the room by the police, passed the floor clerk and slipped into the suite in the short spell of darkness, seen his opportunity and seized it, making off before the light was restored. He had not been able to give a satisfactory account of his movements. His story was that he had left Marsden early on account of a severe headache, and had wandered about the streets trying to obtain relief; on the other hand, no one in the hotel would swear to having seen him after his ostensible departure. The floor clerk had testified to a considerable commotion just at the time of the failure of the electric supply; she had heard noises apparently in several rooms; but this might well have been the normal confusion caused by the sudden darkness.

Flynn had been of the utmost service to Ffoulkes in the case. He had performed a weekly miracle in avoiding a spell of prison for contempt of court; for every week he had returned to the charge. There were long articles on miscarriages of justice; others on the weakness of circumstantial evidence where no strong motive was evident; others again on strange accidental deaths. He quoted the case of Professor Milnes Marshall, who slipped and fell while setting up his camera in Deep Ghyll on Scawfell. He was on a gentle slope of snow, yet he made no effort to recover himself, and rolled over and over to the edge of a precipice, at whose foot he was found dead, smashed to a pulp. This happened in full view of several other climbers. This accident was contrasted to that of Arthur Wellman on the Trifhorn. He fell eight hundred feet, and yet only hurt himself by cutting his leg slightly with his ice axe.

A hundred such parallels were at the service of Flynn, and he hammered them into the head of the public week by week, while scrupulously avoiding any reference to Marsden. As the courts had no idea, officially, of the line of the defense, they could say nothing. But Flynn moulded the opinion of the public soundly and shrewdly, and in the end the jury had acquitted Robinson after a bare quarter of an hour's deliberation.

Ffoulkes' guests had complimented him on the ingenuity of his theory of an accident, but the lawyer had not been pleased. "That

was a frill," he had replied: "the real defense was Absence of Motive. Grant the police their theory of Robinson's movements; put the knife in his hand, and a certain get-away - which he had not got, mind you; the light might have come on a second - but allow everything, and then ask yourselves: "Why should he stab the man?" There was no quarrel; his marriage with Miss Marsden was not opposed; on the contrary he risked that marriage by a mix-up of this sort; yet we are to suppose that he did it on the mere chance that there would be no fuss, and that his fiancée would have twelve thousand a year instead of four. Why, a sane man would hardly kill a rabbit on such motive!"

But now the guests were gone; Ffoulkes and Flynn lit fresh cigars, and settled down for an honest talk. At the elbow of each stood a bottle of the Green Seal '63, one of the soundest wines that ever came out of Oporto. For some time they smoked in silence.

"This is a capital wine, Dick," said Flynn presently.

"Ah, cher ami, it is only ten years older than we are. We are getting to the port and portly stage of life."

"Well, there are thrills left. This has been a great case."

"Yes, I'm glad you stayed. I thought you might care to hear about it."

"Hear about it!"

"Yes, there were interesting features."

"But we need hardly recapitulate."

"Oh, I don't mean what came out at the trial."

"No?. . . I suppose nothing ever does come out at a trial!"

"Just as nothing ever gets into the newspapers."

"All right. Spit it out. I suppose Robinson did it, for a start."

"Of course. There was an accident in it, but one of a different kind. When the elevator put him out on Marsden's floor, he was amazed to recognize an old flame in that very prepossessing floor clerk, Maud Duval. They had been members of some kind of a devil-worship club, and one of their games was cocaine. Robinson's a perfect fiend, by the way; we had to smuggle the stuff

in to him all the time he was in prison, or he'd gone crazy. Well, the old passion lit like tinder. They had lost each other somehow - you know how such things happen - both had made desperate efforts to renew the link, but in vain. So he told her his plans in ten words. Her answer was equally sweet and to the point. "Kill the old man - I'll cover your tracks; marry the old girl; and meet me at our old trysting-place at midnight a year from today. We'll find a way to be rid of her. Don't risk another word till then." Great and successful criminals have always this faculty of firmness of character and promptitude of decision. The rest of the story is short. The knife incident was intentional; for Robinson had brought no weapon. He left the hotel openly at nine-thirty; came in again by the bar entrance, went unnoticed to the mezzanine floor, and thence to Marsden's floor, thus avoiding the notice of the main office. The failure of the electricity had nothing to do with it - happened twenty minutes later. He walked in, killed the old man, and left as he had come. Pretty bold? Only cocaine. So now he's off to marry old Miss Marsden's money."

"I begin to see some sort of motive! Maud is what they call "some peach" across the Straits of America."

"Yes; a perfect devil, with the face of a baby, and the manners of the jeune fille bien élevée. Just such a woman as you are a man, Jack, you old scoundrel."

"Many thanks. I think your own morals - in this case - have been a trifle open to criticism. I suppose it's your fifteen years of law."

"No; it's being under the influence of dear old Jack, with his fifteen years of journalism!"

"Stop rotting! I'm a bit staggered, you know, straight. Let's have another bottle of port."

Ffoulkes went to the buttery, and returned with a couple. For ten minutes neither spoke.

"I've a damned funny feeling," said Flynn at last. "Do you remember the night we put the iodide of nitrogen in the Doctor's nighties?"

"By the soft leather of this chair, I do!"

"Yes; we caught it! But it's the spirit, not the flesh, which goads me now. I've loved skating around the judges, these last weeks. The best thing in life is the feeling of escape. It's the one real thrill. Perhaps that's why I've always been so keen

on solitary climbing and big game shooting."

"I always preferred fishing. My thrill comes from proving my intellectual stamina or subtlety." There was a pause.

"What do you think of murder, anyhow?" suddenly blurted out the journalist.

"The most serious crime, except high treason, known to the English law."

"True, O wise judge! But what is it morally?"

"An art, according to that ass Wilde."

"When I write an essay on it, I shall treat it as a sport. And between you and me, that is why I have never written one."

"Why?"

"Why, old intellectual stamina and subtlety, because if I ever do take it up, I don't want some fool to fix me up with a motive. But after your story of tonight, I don't mind telling you; if I'm caught, I'll brief you! Observe, O man of motives, the analysis. Man is no longer killed for food, except in distant countries, or in rare emergencies such as shipwreck."

"He is only killed nowadays for one of two motives, gain or revenge."

"Add love."

"That's psychopathic."

"Well, we're all psychopaths; it's only a term of endearment in common use among doctors."

"Get on!"

"But there's the greatest motive of all- adventure. We've standardized life too much; and those of us who love life are more and more driven to seek adventure in crime."

"Or journalism."

"Which is only one of the meaner crimes. But you needn't talk; the practice of law is the nearest thing we have to man-hunting."

"I suppose that's true."

"Of course it's true. But it's a mere pheasant-shoot, with all your police for beaters. The game hasn't a chance. No. The motiveless murderer has the true spirit of sport; to kill a man is more dangerous than to follow a wounded gaur into the jungle. The anarchist goes after the biggest game of all; but he's not a sportsman; he has a genuine grievance."

"Your essay on murder will make some very pleasant reading."

"But doesn't it attract you too, with your passion to prove your mental superiority to others? Think of the joy of baffling the stupid police, fooling the detectives with false clues, triumphantly proving yourself innocent when you know you are guilty!"

"Are you tempting me? You always did, you know."

"Anyhow, you always fell!"

"Cher ami, for that alone I could forgive you everything!"

"Sarcastic to the last!"

"You have me to thank that we usually escaped the consequences!"

"Pride, my poor friend!"

"Truth, comrade in misfortune!"

"No. Seriously. I'm crazy tonight, and I really am going to tempt you. Don't prove it's my fault, blame your own good port, and also certain qualities in your own story of the Marsden case. One or two little remarks of yours on the subject of Miss Maud Duval - ."

"I knew something would come of that."

"Yes, that's my weak point. I'm absurdly feminine in vanity and love of power over - a friend."

"Now I'm warned; so fire ahead. What's the proposal?"

"Oh, I haven't thought of that yet!"

"You big baby!"

"Yes, it's my bedtime; I'll roll home, I think."

"No, don't go. Let's sober up on coffee, and the '48 brandy."

"It's a damned extraordinary thing that a little brandy makes you drunk, and a lot of it straightens you out again."

"It's Providence!"

"Then call upon it in the time of trouble!"

Ffoulkes went in search of the apparatus. Jack rose lazily and went to the window; he threw it open and the cold damp air came in with a rush. It was infinitely pleasurable, the touch on his heated, wine-flushed face.

He stood there for perhaps ten minutes. A voice recalled him to himself.

"Café noir, Gamiani!"

He started as if he had been shot. Ffoulkes, in an embroidered dressing gown of black silk, was seated on cushions on the floor, gravely pouring Turkish coffee from a shining pot of hammered brass.

At one side of him was a great silver hookah, its bowl already covered by a coal from the fire.

Jack took a second dressing-gown that had been thrown across his chair, and rapidly made himself at ease. Then he seated himself opposite to his friend; bowed deeply, with joined hands upon his forehead, and said with mock solemnity: "Be pleased to say thy pleasure, O most puissant king!"

"Let Scherazade recount the mirific tale of the Two Thousand and Second Night, wherein it is narrated how the wicked journalist tempted the good lawyer in the matter of murder regarded as a pastime and as a debating society!"

"Hearing and obedience! But I must have oh! such a lot of this coffee before I get wound up!"

As it happened, it was two hours before Jack deigned to speak. "To use the phrase of Abdullah El Haji i-Shiraz," he began, "I remove the silken tube of the rose-perfumed hugga from my mouth. When King Brahmadata reigned in Benares, there were two brothers named Chuckerbutty Lal and Har Ramkrishna. For short we shall call them Pork and Beans. Now Pork, who was a poet and a devil of a fine fellow, was tempted by the reprobate Beans, a lawyer, whose only quality was low cunning, to join him in a wager. And these were the terms thereof. During the season of the monsoon each was to go away from Benares to a far country, and there he was, feloniously and of his malice aforethought, to kill and murder a liege of the Sultan of that land. And when they returned, they were to compare their stories. It was agreed that such murder would be a real murder in the legal sense - an act for which they would be assuredly hanged if they were caught; and also that it would be contrary to the spirit of sport to lay false trails deliberately,

and so put in peril the life of some innocent person, not being the game desired to fill the bag. But it must be an undoubted murder, with no possibility of suicide or accident. The murder, moreover, must be of a purely adventurous nature, not a crime inspired by greed or animosity. The idea was to prove that it would be perfectly safe, since there would be no motive to draw suspicion upon them. Yet if either were suspected of the mamelukes, the Sbirri, the janissaries, or the proggins, he should take refuge with the other; but - mark this, O king! - for being so clumsy he should pay to him a camel-load of gold, which in our money is one thousand pounds. Is it a bet?"

Ffoulkes extended his hand. "It's a bet."

"You're really game?"

"Dying oath."

"Dying oath. And now, O king, for I perceive that you are weary, hie thee to thy chaste couch, and thy faithful slave shall doss it on the sofa."

In the morning Ffoulkes said, over the breakfast-table. "About that bet." "It's on?" cried Flynn in alarm. "Oh, yes! Only - er - I suppose I need about another seven or eight years of law; I stipulate that - what is thrown away - shall be as worthless as possible." "Certainly" said Flynn. "I'm going to Ostend." "Good for you. Newspaper accounts shall be evidence; but send me the whole paper, and mark another passage, not the one referring to the bet."

"O intellectual subtlety and stamina!"

"Have some more coffee?"

"Thanks."

An hour later each, in his appointed lighthouse, was indicating the sure path of virtue and justice to the admiring English.

II.

The Trinity sittings were over. Sir Richard Ffoulkes - for the king's birthday had not left him without honor - was contemplating his wig and gown with disgust. On the table before him was a large leather book, containing many colored flies; and he had just assured himself that his seventeen-foot split cane was in good order. In fact, he had been boyish enough to test the check on his Hardy reel by practicing casts out of the window, to the alarm of the sparrows. It was the common routine for him on the brink of a holiday, but it never lost its freshness.

Then there came back to him the realization that this was to be no ordinary holiday. He was pledged to do murder.

He went over to the mirror, and studied his face steadily. He was perfectly calm; no trace of excitement showed in his keen features. "I have always thought," he mused; "that the crises of life are usually determined by accident. It is not possible to foresee events with mathematical accuracy, and in big things it is the small things that count. Hence the cleverest criminal may always make some slip and the clumsiest escape by a piece of luck. Let me never forget the story of the officer at Gibraltar who, focussing a new field-glass, chanced to pick up a shepherd in the very act of crime. On the other hand, how many men have got clear away through stupid people disturbing or destroying the clues: from Jack the Ripper downwards! But it is the motive that counts. Where that does not exist, the strongest clues lead nowhere. For our surest faith is that men's actions are founded upon reason or upon desire. Hence the utter impossibility of guarding against lunatics or anarchists. I should hardly believe the evidence of my senses in such a case as this: Suppose the Master of the Rolls dropped in to see me, and in the course of a perfectly sound conversation, broke up my fishing-rod without explanation or apology, and when questioned, calmly denied that he had done so. Who would believe my story? Hence I think that I could walk into the Strand, shoot a perfect stranger in the crowd, and throw away the gun, with no danger of being caught, provided only that the gun could not be traced to me. The evidence of those who saw me fire would be torn to pieces in cross-examination; they could even be made to disbelieve their own eyes.

"From this I draw these conclusions as to the proper conditions for my murder: First, there must be no conceivable reason for the act; second, there must be no way of tracing the weapon to my possession. I need not trouble to hide my traces, except in obvious matters like blood; for it is exceedingly stupid to attempt to prove a false alibi. In fact, there is no bigger booby-trap for a criminal, (pace the indignant ghost of Mr. Weller, Senior.)

"My plan is therefore a simple one; I have only to get hold of a weapon without detection and use it upon an inoffensive stranger at any time when there happens to be nobody looking - though this is not so important."

He returned to his fishing tackle. "It's rather a big bet, though," he added; "there's more than a thousand pounds to it. I think I will be pretty careful over details. Practice may not be quite so simple as theory!"

However, the first part of his programme turned out to be delightfully easy. It was his custom to train during the holiday by taking long walks, on his way to the lake or river where he fished. He detested motor-cars. As luck would have it, during

the first week, as he tramped a lonely road, his eye was caught by an object lying on the ground. It was a heavy motor spanner, evidently left behind by some chauffeur who had had a breakdown. His mind instantly grasped the situation. There was no one in sight. The spanner was already rusted, had lain there some days. Any of a hundred people might have picked it up. It could never be traced to him. He had never possessed such a tool in his life; besides, the pattern was common. He thrust it quickly into his pocket. When he got home, he packed it away carefully in his traveling cashbox, a solid steel affair for which there was but one key, which never left his chain. "Now," said he, "the problem is to find the inoffensive stranger. I had better leave Scotland. Every one in Scotland is offensive. Also, in the matter of motive, our common humanity urges us all to kill Scotchmen. So goodbye, land o'cakes!"

Further meditations were in this key following; since he was to kill with the spanner, certain precautions must be taken. It must be a very clean kill with no outcry or struggle. At the end of his cogitations, he decided that the victim had better be asleep. His legally trained mind had snapped its last link with the idea of adventure or sport; his motto was "safety first." His attitude to his projected crime was simply that of preparing a brief; he wished to meet every contingency; the atrocity of his proceedings was invisible to his intellectuality. Reason is perfectly amoral.

It was on his way from Edinburgh to London that the brilliant idea occurred to him. He would kill old Miss Marsden! She was now Mrs. Robinson by the way, for she had testified to the faith that was in her by marrying her protégé directly after his acquittal. Ffoulkes knew the house well; he had stayed there several days while working up the case. It was a lonely place and the old lady was a fresh-air fiend and slept on the veranda, winter and summer. She was perfectly friendly, had paid most liberally for the defense. Everything was in his favor. Even if Ezra happened to see the murder committed, his tongue was tied; indeed, he stood the strongest chance of being arrested for it himself. The servants slept far away from the veranda, at the other end of the old rambling house; there were no neighbours and no dogs. His presence in the vicinity would excite no remark, for there was good dry-fly fishing in the streams. He would rent a cottage in the district for the second half of his holiday, walk over the downs, five miles or so, nothing to him, one moonless night, do the job and walk back. A thousand to one that no one would know that he had ever left his cottage.

On this plan he acted. The only additional precautions suggested themselves to him on the spot; he cultivated the vicar assiduously; playing chess with him every evening; and he feigned a considerable devotion to that worthy gentleman's only daughter. It will be well,

he thought, to seem to have my mind well occupied with the pleasures of a simpler chase. Further, the villagers would see nothing in a lover taking long walks by nights, in case he were seen leaving the cottage or returning to it.

A last refinement shot across his mental horizon when he began to calculate the time of the new moon. She would be just a week old on the anniversary of the Marsden murder. That would be the night for the job; the clever-clever novelist-detectives would fabricate a mystery of revenge in connection with the date. Ezra too, would be away to meet Maud. There was, of course, a possibility that poignancy of memory would keep the old lady awake on that particular night; but he must chance that.

Things turned out for him even better than he had hoped. Three nights before the proposed crime, the vicar mentioned casually that he had met young Robinson - "the charming lad whom you defended so brilliantly" - motoring to London - called away suddenly on business. He expected to be back in a week or ten days. No, Mrs. Robinson was not with him; "she is slightly ailing, poor lady, it appears."

When the great night came Ffoulkes made his master-stroke by proposing to the vicar's daughter. He was obviously accepted and the young people, after dinner, went gaily arm-in-arm through the village and received the congratulations of the few belated travelers in that early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise corner of the planet. But Ffoulkes had the spanner in his pocket and after bestowing his fiancée at the vicarage, went, deviously at first, then swiftly and directly, over the downs. Luck followed him to the last; he found his victim fast asleep. A single blow of the spanner, which he had wrapped in a paper bag to deaden the sound, smashed in the skull; he made his way home without being seen or heard by anybody.

Two days later he wrote to Flynn, with a cutting from the local paper.

"My dear Jack, here's a terrible sequel to the Marsden murder. It is now clear that there is some family feud connected with the fatal date. Probably an affair going back a generation. Shocking, indeed, even to a hardened lawyer like myself; but you see how right I was to insist that there must have been a strong motive for Marsden's murder. Shall we ever know the truth? It sounds like an Arabian Nights' tale."

A month later he returned to London; he had had no answer from Flynn and supposed him to be still away on his holiday.

There were no arrests and no clues in the matter of Mrs. Robinson. The spanner, which Ffoulkes had dropped by the veranda, merely to suggest a tramp who might conceivably have been a chauffeur gone to the bad. But the mystery was deepened by an amazing development; her husband had disappeared completely. There was no question of

his complicity in the crime; for on the previous evening he had dined with the British Vice-Consul in Marseilles; and it was physically impossible for him to have returned in time to commit the murder.

The obvious deduction was that whoever hated the Marsdens had included him in the schedule.

"Well," soliloquized Ffoulkes in his chamber, "at least I shall not lose that thousand pounds. But now I've got to edge away from Miss Bread-and-Butter-and-Kisses. Ugh!"

III.

When you have dined at Basso's, which is the summit of human felicity, you should avoid too sharp a declension to this vale of tears by taking a stroll along the quays to the old quarter on the west of the Bassin. There you will find streets almost worthy to rank with Fishmarket at Cairo, and decidedly superior to even the best that Hong Kong or Honolulu or New Orleans can produce. In particular, there is an archway called by initiates the Gate of Hell for it forms an entrance to this highly fascinating and exceedingly disreputable district.

Under this archway, on the night of the exploit of Sir Richard Ffoulkes, stood a young man, quietly dressed in the English style, though with a trifling tendency to over-indulgence in jewelry.

He glanced at a watch upon his wrist; ten minutes before midnight. He then took a little bottle from his pocket after a quick inspection of the vicinity. From the bottle he shook a few grains of powder on the back of his hand, and drew them into his nostrils. Next came a moment's indecision; then swinging his cane, he walked briskly out of the archway, and paced up and down a strange little square of green, set there as if somehow hallowed by great memories. After a little while he returned to the archway. This time it was tenanted. A girl stood there. She was dressed in plain black with the extreme of modesty and refinement; but the piquancy and vitality of her face and the lustre and passion of her eyes, redeemed the picture from banality.

There was a long look of recognition; the girl reached out both arms. The man took them in his own. For a minute they stood, feeding on each other, prolonging the delicious torture of restraint. Then slowly they drew together and their mouths met in an abandoned kiss.

It would have puzzled them to say how long the embrace lasted; but at its truce they saw that they were not alone. Close to them stood another man, tall, elegant, slim, almost feminine in figure, as he certainly was in the extremity of the fashion which tailored

him. Nor was there wanting a touch of rouge and powder on his cheeks. His thin, white hand was lifted to his nostrils and the lovers perceived that he was taking advantage of the darkness to indulge in cocaine.

The newcomer spoke in silken tones. "Forgive me," he said in softest French, "but it gave me pleasure to be near you. I saw monsieur here a few moments ago and I knew that he was one of the elect. And mademoiselle, too? May I have the honor?"

The girl smiled. "Among friends," she murmured charmingly and raised the back of her hand towards him. He saluted it with his lips and then shook out a generous supply of crystal poison from a snuff-box in amber and emeralds that dated from the great days of Louis XIV.

The girl turned her eyes full upon him, almost ardently. "I haven't touched it," she said, "for ever so long. By the way, excuse me, won't you, but aren't we all English?"

"I am," said the exquisite. "I'm an actor on a holiday. Won't you come to my rooms? It's only a garret, or little better, but I have plenty of the Snow of Heaven and we could have a wonderful night." "Let's go!" said the girl, pressing her lover's arm. He hesitated a moment. "Three's company," urged the other, "when they all understand."

"It would be perfect," chimed the girl, "and it would suit us - in other ways," she added darkly. "Yes, the scheme has points," admitted the younger man; "thanks very much. We'll come. What's your name? Mine's Herbert Aynes. This lady - we'll call her Mab, if you don't mind. There's an injured husband in the offing, you know; that's one reason why we have to be careful." "Certainly, prudence before all things; but I've no troubles; call me Francis Ridley." They linked arms and strolled gaily along the main street of the quarter, enchanted by the color and the chiaroscuro, by the hoarse cries in all strange tongues that greeted them on every side, even by the weird odors - for when people are lit by love and adventure and cocaine, there is no place of this whole universe which is not sheer delight. Presently, however, they branched off under Ridley's direction and began to climb the steep streets on their right. A minute later they entered an ancient doorway and after three flights of stairs found Ridley's dovecote.

It was a charming room, furnished as if for a woman, with all bright colors and daintiness. On one side of the room was a divan, smothered in cushions; on the other a hammock of scarlet cords hung from the rafters. Ridley went to the window and closed the shutters. "Madame est chez elle!" he announced gallantly. "What a wonderful place!" laughed the girl. "However did you find it?"

"Oh, it used to be a house of assignation."

"Used to be!"

And this time all three laughed in unison.

IV.

The reopening of the courts found Ffoulkès enormously pre-occupied. For the past two years several influential newspapers had been accusing Ministers of the Crown of the grossest kind of robbery. They had bought and sold stock, it was alleged, manipulating the prices by using their positions to announce that the government had or had not decided to make contracts with the companies involved and subsequently denying the rumors when they had taken their profits. The attack had been so persistent that the accused ministers had been forced to desperate measures. They had started a prearranged libel action against a newspaper in Paris for reprinting one of these articles; but people still asked why they did not prosecute one of the sheets that were attacking them in London. Unhappily, not one of these was to be bought; each, carefully sounded, announced its intention to fight; and redoubled its venom.

It was at last decided to attempt a criminal prosecution of the weakest of its enemies, a paper edited by a man personally unpopular; and to bring every kind of indirect pressure upon the courts to secure a conviction.

Of course the law officers of the Crown were unavailable for the prosecution; and the choice of a leader had fallen, at the last moment, when their own counsel suddenly declined to go on with the case and returned the briefs, upon Ffoulkes.

He had thus only a month to assimilate what really required six; but if he won, he could be sure of office next time a Liberal Government was in power.

So he worked day and night, seeing nobody but the solicitors and witnesses employed on the case.

He had no news of Flynn but a telegram from Berlin, saying that he would be back in a month and that there was "nothing to report as yet." This amused Ffoulkes hugely; it would be great if Flynn failed to bring off his murder. However, he had no time for trifles like murder these days; he had to get a conviction for criminal libel; nothing else mattered.

But when the case came actually into court he saw it to be hopeless. His opening was masterly; it occupied two days; but on the second day he sent word to his clients during the lunch hour that it was no good to go on and that he felt forced to take the measures previously agreed upon. These were simple; near the conclusion of the speech he managed to blunder into disclosing a flaw

in the procedure so obvious that the judge could not possibly overlook it. His lordship interrupted: "I am afraid, Sir Richard, that you have no case. If you will refer to Jones vs. The Looking Glass, you will see that it has been expressly laid down that -" An elaborate legal argument followed, but the judge was inexorable. "You must redraw your plea, Sir Richard. The case is dismissed."

The docile organs of the government consoled with the great counsel for losing an "already won case" on a technicality; but Ffoulkes was sorry he had ever touched it. He would go to the club and play a game of chess. Flynn would be there later; he had returned to London that morning, and telegraphed his friend to make it a dinner and the Empire.

In the lounge of the club was only one little old man, who was known as a mathematician of great eminence, with a touch of the crank. He had recently finished a pamphlet to prove that the ancients had some knowledge of fourth-dimensional mathematics, that their statement of such problems as the duplication of the cube implied an apprehension of some medium in which incommensurables became tractable. He was especially strong on Euclid's parallel postulate, which has not only been unproved, but proved unprovable. He was also a deep student of Freemasonry, whose arcana furnished him with further arguments on the same thesis.

This old man, whose name was Simon Iff, challenged Ffoulkes to a game of chess. To the surprise of the lawyer, who was a very strong amateur, he was beaten thrice in very short games. Iff then took off a knight, and won a fourth game as easily as before. "It's no good, sir," said Ffoulkes; "I see you are in the master class." "Not a bit of it," replied the old man, "Lasker can beat me as easily as I beat you. He really knows chess; I only know you. I can gauge your intellect; it is limited in certain directions. I had a lost game against you most of the time; but you did not make the winning continuations and I knew that you wouldn't and couldn't."

"Let me tell you something, if you'll forgive a senior for prosing. There are two ways to play chess. One is a man against a man; the other is a man against a chess-board. It's the difference between match and medal play at golf. Observe; if I know that you are going to play the Philidor defense to the King's Knight's opening, I do not risk being forced into the Petroff, which I dislike. But in playing an unknown quantity, I must analyze every position like a problem, and guard against all possibilities. It takes a great genius and a lifetime's devotion to play the latter game. But so long as I can read your motive in a move, so long I can content myself with guarding that one line. Should you make a move whose object I cannot see, I am compelled to take a fresh view of the board, and analyze the position as if I were called upon to adjudicate an unfinished game."

"That's exceedingly interesting. It bears rather on my game, law."

"I was about to venture a remark upon that point. I was fortunate enough to be present at the trial of Ezra Robinson and I cannot compliment you too highly on the excellence of your defense. But, as you will be the first to admit, his acquittal was no solution of the question, "Who killed Marsden?" Still less does it tell us who killed Mrs. Robinson exactly one year later."

"Do you know the solution?"

"No; but I can show you on what lines to attack the mystery."

"I wish you would."

"I may be tedious."

"Impossible. You have beaten me so abominably at chess that I am all on fire to learn more from watching the working of your intellect."

"Intellect is our weakest weapon. This world is run upon 'inflexible intellectual girders,' as Zoroaster put it, but it was the 'will of the Father,' as he also explained, which laid down those laws which we call laws of nature, but as Kant has shown, are really no more than the laws of our own minds. The universe is a phenomenon of love under will, a mystic and poetic creation, and the intellect only stands to it as mere scansion does to poetry."

"It is at least a charming theory."

"It works, Sir Richard. Let us apply our frail powers to this Marsden mystery. Let us take the second murder first, because it is apparently the more abstruse. We have no clues and no motives to mislead us. True, Robinson had a strong interest in his wife's death - yet not only does he prove an alibi, but he vanishes for ever! If, as we might imagine, he had hired a knave to do the job, he would have kept in sight, pretended decent grief, and so on. Of course, as has been suggested, he may himself have come to some sudden end; but if that be so, it is a marvelous coincidence indeed. No! We are forced to believe him guiltless of this second murder at least. Consequently, having eliminated the only person with a motive, we are thrown back upon the master's way of playing chess, pure analysis. (Notice how Tchigorin handicapped himself by his fancy for that second move, queen to king's second, and Steinitz by his pawn to queen's third in the Ruy Lopez. Their opponents got a line on them at once, and saved themselves infinite trouble.) Pardon the digression. Now then, let us look at this second murder again. What is the most striking fact about it? This, that it was committed by a person with a complete contradiction in his mind. He is so astute that he leaves no clue of any sort; there has not even been any arrest. If he did the first murder also, it shows that he is capable of turning the same trick twice. In short, we see a

man of first-class mind, or rather intellect, for we must assume a lack of moral sense. A man, in fact, with a mind like your own; for since this afternoon's exploit, I imagine you will not claim to be scrupulous."

"You saw through the trick?"

"Naturally; you knew you had no case, so you preferred to lose on a foul, and claim a moral victory."

"Good for you!"

"Well, this same first-rate intellect is in another respect so feeble that the man takes pleasure, or finds satisfaction, in arranging his crime on a significant date. He must be the sort of man that takes precautions against witches on Walpurgis Night!"

"Jove, that's a good point. Never struck me!"

"Well frankly, it doesn't strike me now. There are men with such blind spots, no doubt; but it is easier for me to think that the murderer, with plenty of nights to choose from, chose that one in particular with the idea of leading people astray - of playing on their sense of romance and mystery - of exploiting their love of imaginative detective stories!"

"If so, the point is once more in favor of his intellect."

"Exactly. But now we are going to narrow the circle. Who is there in whose mind the date of the first murder was so vivid that such a stratagem would occur to him?"

"Well, there are many. Myself, for example!"

Iff began to set up the pieces for another game.

"We must eliminate you," he said, after a few moments of silence, "you lawyers forget your cases as soon as they are over."

"Besides, I had no possible motive."

"Oh, that is nothing in the case. You are a rich man and would never do a murder for greed; you are a cold-blooded man and would never kill for revenge or jealousy; and these things place you apart from the common run of men. Still, I believe such as you perfectly capable of murder; there are seven deadly sins, not two; why should you not kill, for example, from some motive like pride?"

"I take pride in aiding the administration of justice. My ambition is a Parliamentary career."

"Come," said Iff, "all this is a digression; we had better play

chess. Let me try at Blackburne's odds!" Iff won the game. "You know," he said as Ffoulkes overturned his king in sign of surrender, "whoever killed Mrs. Robinson, if I read his type of mind aright, has left his queen en prise, after all. There is a very nasty gap in the defenses. He killed the woman from no common motive; he has therefore always to be on his guard against equally uncommon men. Suppose Capablanca dropped into the club and challenged me to a game, how should I feel if I had any pride in beating you? There may be some one hunting him who is as superior intellectually to him as he is to the police. And there's a worse threat: he probably took the precaution of killing the old woman in her sleep. He could have no conscience, no remorse. But he would have experience in his own person that such monsters as himself were at large; therefore, I ask you, how does he know, every night, that some one will not kill him in his sleep?"

Ffoulkes called the waiter and asked Iff to join him in a drink. "No thank you," returned the old man, "Playing chess is the only type of pleasure I dare permit myself."

At this moment Flynn came into the club and greeted both men warmly. Iff had written many a glowing essay for the Irishman's review. He wanted both to dine with him, but once again Iff declined, pleading another engagement. After a few moments chat he walked off leaving the two old friends together.

They dined at the club and pointedly confined the conversation to the libel case and politics in general. With their second cigars, Flynn rose. "Come round to Mount Street" he said, "I've a lot to tell you." So they strolled off in the bright autumn weather to the maisonette where Flynn lived.

V.

They made themselves at ease on the big Chesterfield. It was a strange room, a symphony of green. The walls were covered with panels of green silk; the floor was covered with a great green carpet from Algeria; the upholstery was of green morocco; the ceiling was washed in delicate eau-de-Nil with designs by Gauguin and the lamps were shaded by soft tissues of emerald. Even the drinks were of the same color: Chartreuse, the original shipping, and crème de menthe and absinthe. Flynn's man brought cigarettes and cigars in a box of malachite and set them down with the spirits. Flynn dismissed him for the night.

"Well," said Jack, when the man had gone, "I see you got away with it all right."

"I had a scare this afternoon. Old Iff made rings round me at chess and then proceeded to develop a theory of the - exploit - that was so near the truth that I thought for half a moment that he had guessed something. Luckily, he's just an old crank in everybody's eyes; but, by Jove, he can play chess!"

"Iff's one of the biggest minds in England; but the second-raters always win in London."

"Well, what about your end of the bet?"

"Oh, there's no news yet. But they'll find the bodies next week when my tenancy of the place expires."

"Bodies!"

"Two. You see, I went after your friend Ezra Robinson and the fair Duval. I knew from you of the appointment on the anniversary of the murder, but not the place; so I had him shadowed from the day of the bet. I took a room in the old quarter of Marseilles, when I found that he had stopped there. I got myself up as Francis Ridley, whom you may remember in certain amateur theatricals.

"I got them along to make a night of it and filled them up with cocaine, while I too - mostly borax. Then when we got to the stage of exhaustion and collapse, I unslung a convenient hammock that hung in the room and told them what I meant to do. And then I hanged them by the neck until they were dead and may the Lord have mercy on their souls! Next day I crossed to Algiers, went down to El Kantara and shot moufflon - I'm having a fine head mounted especially for you - then I came back through Italy and Germany. That's all!"

"I say," cried Ffoulkes, shocked, "that's hardly in the spirit of the bet, old man. I don't see any moral turpitude involved!"

"You wretched hypocrite," retorted Flynn, "it was deliberate murder by both French and English law. I don't see what you can want more than that. You ought to be ashamed of yourself with your legal mind!"

But the lawyer was not satisfied. He began to argue and ultimately turned the discussion into what was as near a quarrel as such old friends could ever contemplate. In fact, Ffoulkes saw the danger and went home at an unusually early hour.

Flynn dismissed the matter from his mind and passed the night in composing sonnets in French to the honor of the green goddess - absinthe.

VI.

A month later. Flynn had been unusually busy and saw little of his friends. Twice he dined with Ffoulkes but the latter was more moody and irritable than ever. He had lost three important cases and seemed altogether out of luck. His looks reflected his worry as much as his manners. Flynn asked him to come to Paris for a week's rest; he refused; Flynn went alone.

Returning to London, he called at the chambers in Lincoln's Inn. They were shut up. He went on to the club, hoping for news.

Almost the first man he saw was an old college friend, a judge, the very man to have the latest tidings. Probably Ffoulkes had been in court that day.

"Hush! it's terrible," said the judge and drew Flynn into a corner of the lounge. "They had to take him away yesterday. He had persecution mania, a hopeless form, I'm afraid. Hadn't slept for a month. Said he was afraid of being murdered in his sleep! These things are too bad to talk about; I'm going home. Brace up!" The judge rose and went; but when Flynn came out of the stupor into which the intelligence had thrown him, he found Iff seated at his side.

"You've heard? Isn't it awful?"

"No," replied Iff, "not more so than the fact that two and two make four. Which in a sense is awful indeed, and according as you are for or against the tendency of the universe, is encouraging or terrifying. But it is fatal and inexorable. Perhaps to say that is to say enough!"

"Explain what you mean."

"A little while ago," replied the old mystic, "he came here to play chess with me - you remember you were there, the day of your return. Well, I mastered his mind; I saw its limitations; I mapped its roads; I measured its heights and depths; I calculated its reactions. I beat him easily, at odds. We then began to talk of the Marsden mystery and I analyzed the mind of the man who killed Mrs. Robinson - a mind like his own. I showed that the coincidence of dates was probably a deliberate false trail. I then asked who would be likely to think of such a point, who would have vivid reason to think of that date. I was speaking in perfectly general terms; no suspicion of him had crossed my mind. He instantly suggested himself. I knew how he played chess; so I knew that he must have had himself in view subconsciously; that he must be trying to put me off the scent by boldness. It was just the same type of tactics as choosing the anniversary of the first murder. From that instant I knew that he was guilty.

"A moment later he confirmed me. I suggested that a man like himself might kill for such a motive as pride; and he replied that he took pride in the administration of justice. Now after that libel action and coming from such a man, the English hypocrisy, which might have been natural in a lesser man, was a complete confession. Therefore I determined to punish him. I knew there was only one way; to work upon his mind along its own lines. So I said to him: Suppose the murderer realizes that there are intellects superior to his own? And - how will he sleep, knowing that there are people who will murder others in their sleep without reasonable

cause? You know the answer. I suppose that I am in a sense the murderer of his reason."

Flynn said nothing; but his eyes were streaming; he had loved Dick Ffoulkes dearly and a thousand memories were urgent in his heart and mind. Iff seemed not to notice it.

"But the murderer of Marsden is still a mystery. Ffoulkes can hardly have done that."

Flynn sat up and laughed wildly. "I'll tell you all about that," he cried. "Ezra Robinson did it with the help of the floor clerk. They were to meet on the anniversary of the murder. I tracked them down and I hanged them with these hands." He stretched them out in a gesture of agony. The old man took them in his.

"Boy!", he said, " - for you will never grow up - you have perhaps erred in some ways - ways which I find excusable - but you need never lose a night's sleep over this business."

"Ah!" cried Jack, "but it was I who tempted my friend - it was a moment of absolute madness, and now I have lost him!:"

"We are all punished," said the old man solemnly, "exactly where we have offended and in the measure thereof."

Aleister Crowley

From "The International" September, 1917

A Vision of the Eucharist.

I stood upon the mountain at the dawn;
The snows were iridescent at my feet;
My soul leapt forth immaculate to greet
The sunrise; thence all life and sense were drawn
Into the vision. Limpid on the dawn
The fount of Godhead flowed - how subtly sweet
That distillation of the Paraclete!
I drank; the angel flowered in the faun.

Transfigured from the struggle to success,
I was abolished in mine happiness.
I find no word - in all my words! - but one.
Supreme arcanum of the Rose and Rood,
Sublime acceptance of the Greatest Good,
Only one word - thy name - Hilarion!

Aleister Crowley

from "The International" , February, 1918

QABALIST'S CORNER

Some meanings for the Number 506

ShWR - Hebrew word which means Ox or bull and equates with the zodiacal sign, Taurus.

AShRH - Asherah. The Phoenician goddess of prosperity.
(From Godwin's, "Qabalistic Encyclopedia")

Th	400	"They shall worship thy name - - "
Y	10	Liber AL, Cap. II, Verse 78
N	50	
A	1	"We may take 'thy name' as 'the Sun', for Qabal-
M	40	istic reasons; the verse need not imply the estab-
E	5	lishment of a new cult with myself as Demigod.
	<u>506</u>	(Help!) But they shall worship the group of
		ideas connected with the Sun and the magical formula
		of the number 418, explained elsewhere."
		A.C. from Magical and Philosophical Commentaries
		On The Book of the Law." (M & P, C on AL)

8	Cheth	8
80	Pe	80
418	Cheth (This is 418, spelt in full)	8
<u>506</u>		<u>96</u> = A name of GOD

96 is also Alhin אלהיך a Chaldee form of ALHIM

8	=	Atu VII	7
80	=	Atu XVI	16
418	=	Atu VII	7
		<u>30</u>	= Lamed, Atu 8, "Justice" See the word AL

506 = 5 + 6 = 11, the number of ABRAHADABRA and the Great Work.
See further M & P C on AL

H	5	See LIBER PYRAMIDOS for a use of this name.
O	70	(I.T.C., Vol. II, No. 12)
O	70	
R	200	
A	1	
P	80	
(E)		
P	<u>80</u>	
	<u>506</u>	

The primes of $2 \times 11 \times 23 = 506$

JANE WOLFE

The Sword
Hollywood

Jane arrived in New York that October 11 of 1927, weary from her long bout with sickness. She stayed with Max and Leota Schneider, who had been in contact with Aleister for some time. Max had contributed money from time to time and then would revolt and pledge no more. Karl Germer often got very irritated with Max over this attitude since Karl himself had a difficult time of it to raise money for Aleister. At one time Karl complained that he was living on .67¢ a day in New York and was sending all his extra cash to Aleister. Money was always a problem but it was Karl who saw that To Mega Therion must have it so that the work could go on and the books could be published. It was Karl who raised it in one way or another, his own or the money of others whom he could interest in the Work.

Cora Eaton was anxious to meet Jane as she had heard much about her from Karl. When Jane had been in Tunis with Aleister and Dorothy, Karl and his wife Marie had visited and at that time a good friendship was started. When Karl returned to the States, he had gotten a Mexican divorce from Marie and now he was busy trying to get Cora Eaton to donate money for Aleister. He thought that the best way to do this was to marry her. Karl did not really fall in love with anyone, as he explained much later, but some women fell madly in love with him, and this was the case with Cora. Jane met with Karl and Cora. She must have seemed a very knowledgeable and sophisticated person to have had those years in Cefalu and the years as A.C.'s secretary in Tunis and Paris to Cora, who had heard so much about Aleister but had never met him. Then too, there was an air of spirituality and aristocracy about Jane. She knew, too, that one must be extremely tolerant of others - it was a part of the training that she had received in Cefalu. They had all been taught to mind their own business, to leave the other fellow alone to find his or her own will and way of going and that this was very necessary if one was to do one's will in an efficient fashion.

After this short stay in New York, Jane traveled home to Mary K. and her mother. For a long time Mary K. had been sending money to Jane and had paid for her trip home. Mary K. had experience as a Red Cross nurse in France and she too, when the war was over, was broken in health. She had been a nurse all her life and this enabled her to earn enough money to support her mother and Jane. Later Jane had this to say:

"In Paris, Spring of 1927, I revolted and deliberately committed an act of violence. In broken health I returned to the States and went with mother and sister at 4351 Kingswell Ave., in October of 1927. I used to say a going back to the womb, Prison would be a better term; and my agony of soul would have resulted

in hysteria and depression had not Wilfred come into my life a few months after my return."

Wilfred Talbot Smith was born in England, an illegitimate child, and as a result of this, spent a miserable childhood, especially in school, where a certain type of English sadist seems to reign. His education was extremely poor but he managed to get to Canada. He had been interested in the Ordo Templi Orientis for quite some time, and about 1917, in Kamloops, he had started a Lodge in a garage just off an alley. His members had to climb up a ladder and up through the floor to get to the Lodge meetings. This was somewhat remarkable as Wilfred was working among loggers and did not have an outstanding position in the community. He was connected to the O.T.O. under Reuss, which was also the connection for Achad, or Charles Stansfeld Jones. When these two began their work, they did not have the Crowley rituals nor the work printed for the O.T.O. in the BLUE EQUINOX as these were to be done much later. They were working by the old German form of ritual and teachings.

Wilfred later worked with Achad in Vancouver and it was here that the conversion was done to the Thelemic type of ritual and teachings with LIBER AL as the center of their work. The story about money was the same in Vancouver and often Wilfred and Jones would pay the fees of the Minerval members for them. But they too were able to send money to Aleister, especially when he was in America, as the diaries of Aleister clearly show. Wilfred was able to meet A.C. just once. He said later of this meeting that A.C. had asked him about the wand and when Wilfred explained how to cut it, how to make the knife to cut it, how to clean it up and all the rest of the physical work, A.C. just laughed contemptuously. It was only much later in life that Wilfred would read BOOK 4 and learn that the wand was the Will and that its symbolism was more than a piece of wood.

When in Los Angeles, Wilfred was working in the office for the Gas Company and held this type of work until he retired. His spelling and punctuation and sentence structure were very poor and A.C. scoffed at this. Jane did what she could to type letters for Wilfred, correcting wherever she could, sometimes with Wilfred's objections ringing in her ears.

Wilfred had the pale English skin, his mouth was wide, his stature short. He was also balding at the time Jane met him, and to her his eyes seemed too pale. There was always something of a priest about him and in later years some of his friends liked to speculate that he had come from some Egyptian priest incarnation as he looked so much like one of this race.

Wilfred owned a car and liked to drive very much. He took Jane to many places where they invariably met some charming people but no one who was in the least remotely interested in Thelema. It was hard sledding for Jane to notice how little interest there was in any work having to do with the development of the will

and spiritual development. She thought that people were very much afraid to know anything about the workings of the unconscious, and that they fled this knowledge by covering up their discomfort and confusions with amusements and distractions. They liked to be drugged by radio and other types of entertainment.

Jane wrote of Wilfred: "I needed him, yes; he also needed me. I helped clean his mind of the Jones image and hangover by talking, talking, talking Crowley, Crowley's actions, Crowley's methods, etc.

"Wilfred cast for Jane a Yi divination - 50, The Caldron. This led to a long talk. During the course of this talk Wilfred said: "You know, I believe were it not for me you would no longer be in the Work."

This made Jane think deeply: "I also made a discovery about myself as a result of this statement. I have been told I agree with people at the time, then afterward repudiate my stand. Now, when Wilfred made this statement I remained silent, as though agreeing. Or, it may be I said something like "I wonder?", or whatever.

"Without denying this accusation, I must also say that I have not thought out things to know just where I stand, what I really believe, etc. As, for instance, in this case when I may have seemed to agree, I was as a matter of fact inquiring of myself, to know if this statement was correct.

"I know this un-thought-out state has a lot to do with my indecision at the moment people speak. Later, having had the matter brought to me thus, my mind turns it over and sometimes arrives at a decision quite diverse from what I seemed to accept at the time. This slowness is due to the fact that I do not talk out things with others and so elucidate myself to myself, as most people do."

Aleister wrote explaining what was going on in very short letters. At the bottom of one he scribbled "Come back soon!" It was some months before he wrote that he was resigned to her absence and that she might not return. For one thing, he had never really realized how much her health had suffered and with his usual insouciance, he had quite forgotten that one needed money to travel and neither he nor Jane had any of this beyond what was needed for survival. To Jane, it was a source of irritation that Mary K. was paying for her dental and doctor bills and for her support.

She applied for work in her old studio but things did not develop very well in this area. She had one day of work and later she managed a month as a secretary in a dance studio. Still later she managed to get on a W.P.A. project with sewing for part of every day. Jane could not manage a full day of work due to the state of her health.

Most of the time she cared for their mother while Mary K. was away at work and also found great delight in working in their small

garden. Here she managed to bury many disappointments in the earth, in the physical labour. Mary K. also loved this work and since she also had much to trouble her, she remarked that she had buried many of these troubles in the ground at Kingswell Ave. Their house was behind another in the back of the lot, but it afforded them a good deal of privacy from the passersby in the street. It was a small house, with only four rooms. Their mother occupied one of the bedrooms as she was often ill. Jane and Mary K. had the other bedroom together. Of course there was absolutely no privacy for Jane, no chance to work at rituals or even to study or to do much typing as their mother was quite a talker and would have her own way. Mary K. liked to talk also in a similar fashion and would often repeat herself over and over, which drove Jane quite batty.

Jane and Wilfred had been meeting for a year when Jane wrote: "His locquaciousness gets on my nerves at times horribly. That and a strident voice and pedagogic style are more than I can stand at times and I just get irritable. Also, his coming around here 3 or 4 times a week, just to talk, talk, talk - or so it seems to me - seems such a waste of time and energy. Ugh!" She thought his poor education, his cocky ways, his manner of being oversure of himself to make up for his small stature, quite trying.

But May of 1929 was interesting in that they both met Jacobi, who was interested in Thelema and Aleister gave his consent to an O.T.O. in Hollywood to be done with Jane's help. The object was to be to raise money for the support of Aleister.

Jane had been corresponding with Karl Germer since 1925 but now his letters contained more than business and he treated Jane as a beloved friend and co-worker in Thelema. He married Cora that same year in June and began to use all the money he could get out of her for A.C. publications and support. By 1930 they had travelled to Europe, had stayed with Aleister for a short while and then had bankrolled the exhibition of A.C. paintings in Germany. Karl saw his work as this, that A.C. must be published, that Thelema must be put across by this work and by the distribution of A.C.'s publications. Since he had much business experience, he did well at this job considering the low funds during much of the time.

Not only did the friendship with Jacobi flower, so that they often had dinner together and talked about Thelema almost continuously, but Jane began to take voice lessons from Regina Kahl. This lady lived with her sister and husband on Carlton Way, near Jane's residence. Jane found that she was Regina's confidante for her most intimate emotions and feelings and wrote: "She has been using me as an outlet for her explosive, strong emotions. She reminds me of a broad, deep, turbulent river, some times muddy, some times clear, some times flowing calmly and peacefully. She is able to bear burdens, too.

Regina was a powerful personality. She seemed rather top-

heavy in build, with all her weight seeming to be above the waist, with a large chest and developed shoulders. Slim hips and legs seemed to be almost not enough to bear this weight and powerful appearance. Her black hair swooped back from her face in an electric manner. It was heavy in texture and didn't need curling but only a good hair-cut to keep it looking manageable. Regina had spent her life singing - in opera and elsewhere but now her voice was no longer quite so good, she was older and there was much strain. She had been a mezzo soprano so was not the type of person to take leading roles in opera. When Jane met her, she still sang occasionally for special events but she mostly gave voice lessons to interested persons.

By 1930 Jane and Wilfred had an affair even though Jane found that he was not satisfactory for her needs. But she was mindful of the way she had failed in Cefalu when Therion ordered her to go out and have many affairs. She knew she needed to get over some of the Victorian attitudes to sex and to balance off her nature. She kept careful notes of their workings and in these notes there was often disappointment with Wilfred. She was not really in love with him, the whole affair was more like work than anything else.

This was all changed when Wilfred met Regina and her sister Leona. He thought he could really impress these two ladies and even though Leona was married, he made a pass at her as well as at Regina. Leona seemed to enjoy this attention as her husband had not quite suited her for some time.

Regina joined the A.A.A. and Leona soon followed, not wanting to be left out of things. Wilfred gave Leona a lot of reading to do but Jane knew that this woman could not be reached intellectually and said so. Lee was given some rituals to do and jealousy was soon making plenty of waves between the sisters.

As a result of all this Jane wrote to Aleister about Regina's troubled emotions: "Her one desire at the time was to get to you, as she felt you would be the only one to understand, as Smith could not grasp all her re-actions, and this seemed to distress her beyond endurance. Lack of funds held her here; she pulled through magnificently and has graciously given me the credit for getting her back to the wheel. I say "pulled through magnificently" because the ordeal has left her submissive. The charming, affable, lovable prima donna is still here, but the "boss" got a terrific wallop."

At this news, Aleister wrote quite a few letters telling Jane to send "Vagina" to Germany. She was no doubt just what he needed.

Then disaster struck again with A.C.'s finances. He wrote: "Here things go from worse to worse. I shall be in the street within a few days unless a miracle happens. Just as I was getting into touch with really big people here --

It is Germer's fault - we had enough money to scrape along for

the year and he went and gambled it away in stocks - on the advice of a bum astrologer!!!

"Can you beat it?

"We may pull through yet - if I can only make my new connections quick enough; before I smash for food. If you could do the impossible and cube \$200, it might just come in time to enable me to weather the storm. I'm really worried, for once! Sorry I can't find courage to write a proper letter - but do tell me all the news; it cheers me, anyhow.

"Love to Vagina and the rest."

93 93/93 666

But no one in California could raise that much money, a few dollars was all that they could do. A.C. wrote for Jane to meet Count Hamon, as he was a IV^O O.T.O. member. He said this man was in Hollywood. This too, came to nothing. A.C. said Jane was always having new spiritual rebirths but the group there was of no use to him. He called them "my useless babies".

Jane joined a women's group and got elected president. She found that this would be good training.

In Germany, Soror I.W.E. (Martha Kuntzel) was translating A.C.'s works into German. She wrote Jane about doing 777, MAGICK IN THEORY AND PRACTICE, LIBER ALEPH and others. She wrote about Dr. Krum-Heller wanting to do a lecture on Therion's "Confessions" and that she was also working on this. She noted that she was 68 in 1930 and that Jane should write to Mr. Yorke for the Holy Books that she needed. But this correspondence ends here though I.W.E. was closely associated with Aleister for many years, either working with him personally on the translations or writing to him about this work. I.W.E. was a dedicated Thelemite and Therion recognised her as an 8^O = 3^O A..A.. She was to be quite a friend to Karl and to Cora, and had proven to be very helpful to Alostrael.

A Mrs. Walker had finally done a job that no one else could do, remarked Aleister in one of his notes. She had gotten Ninette into the work house with two of her youngest children and the Abbey at Cefalu was now defunct.

Again Aleister wrote early in 1932

"I am just well enough to write. The \$100. just saved us. But how we are to live through the month or to get a new place when we move from here on March 1, I dunno.

"It's a strange thing, both Eckenstein and Allan Bennet martyrs to spasmodic asthma and now I get it too. (It's not so common.) But I'm worse off from all this privation, complications! The G.W. has been a wonder, pulled me round with infinite skill and care.

Only I'll have more really dangerous attacks if I'm not looked after really well at least until the warm weather comes.

"Germer went completely insane. He went bust through crazy gambling on the stock markets - sent Cora to his family in Leipzig - picked up a whore that he thought he could live on - we agreed, hoping she would cure his sex-mania. She couldn't - he suddenly wrote us the filthiest abuse - S.W.*is prosecuting him criminally - he writes the worst lies about us to everybody - take no notice of him - we'll write you the length of his sentence. Sending Smith his dossier.

: "Very weak, so break off."

93 93/93 666"

This was not the only blow, for Russell (Genesthai) had gone completely wild in forming a Choronzon Club, Headquarters in Daath, and had written some very silly letters to Aleister about this. It was thought that he could at least have furthered the cause of the O.T.O. and the A.A.A. instead of setting himself up as a person who could found a new religion or belief. A.C. asked Jane to speak to him and see if she couldn't get him to be sensible, but no, this was not possible and in due time, A.C. wrote a general letter to everyone in both Orders that Russell was no longer a member of any of the Thelemic Orders.

In February of 1932 Jane wrote in her diary: "In February I had an inner realization that there is something for me at home - at Kingswell Ave. Something of great importance. It changed my attitude toward Carlton Way. I discovered at last my own spiritual legs and learned to stand alone. I have cut the umbilical cord! Regina lost her grip on me and I have been lengthening the time between visits.

"On the first of April of this year, the house at Carlton way was sold and Regina received a notice to move. In my interest in a new house for her a building began to form in my mind, with its occupant a slender, gray haired woman of refinement. I think it means the new home for Regina. The picture grew stronger and stronger in my mind until I realized the two-story house with its occupant is of moment to me and not to Regina."

Regina's sister and her husband, Clarence, had already moved away and Regina had been living in the house alone for awhile. By May, Regina and Wilfred had decided to share quarters and found a good house at 1746 Winona Blvd., Hollywood. This house had 5 bedrooms on the second floor, one of which was quite small, but the others of a very decent size. There was also one bedroom on the ground floor, which Wilfred occupied, and a screen porch off of this. Beside it was the dining room and on the North side of the house was the kitchen and back porch. A living room, hall and

* Scarlet woman - Marie de Miramar, at the time Mrs. Crowley.

music room ran across the West or front side of the house. It was altogether a very good house for the numbers of people to either live in it, or attend parties there. Regina was very good at attracting people and speaking openly about Thelema to those who were just acquaintances. Her interest in this subject was as vital and vivid as had been her career in opera. Wilfred was very pleased with this development and began making plans for presenting the Gnostic Catholic Mass and initiations in the O.T.O.

There was a very good attic space above the second floor and here work was begun to finish off the floor, enclose the walls and ceiling and make the dais of three steps. These things were done a little at a time when supplies could be bought, usually when someone had a paycheck. Wilfred and Regina tried to be very frugal with these developments, but Aleister was always fuming about the need for money. He complained bitterly in his short notes about his privations and why didn't they do something and come up with some large sums? Wilfred's reply was that if they didn't develop the place for the Mass and for the O.T.O., how were they to attract people who could pitch in and contribute towards Aleister's needs? By themselves, they couldn't do much for extra money as very little was to be earned beyond their living expenses among the three of them.

Leota Schneider joined the household and soon after, Max and their son Roland was there too. Jacobi lived only about six miles away and he was quite enthusiastic. He learned the part of the Deacon for the Mass. Max made the crown of silver gilt, with the head of the Uraeus serpent in front. Robes were sewn, chairs borrowed or bought and all the other furniture needed was supplied in some way. There was even an old fashioned organ which was pumped with air by the feet before it would give off sounds. By March 19 of 1933 the first public presentation of the Mass was given and from now on, it was to be held every Sunday evening at 8:00 p.m. with only a few breaks in the schedule.

That same year, Jane's mother died of stroke in July and now Jane was free to join the household. She and Mary K. moved in by September and then a Mr. John Bamber joined as well. By November, Jane and Regina were giving classes on Thelemic subjects which met twice monthly. In the past two years Jane had been president of a book review club and of the Observer's Club, where she often spoke on current events. She gained a good deal of confidence through this public speaking and found that her classes in Thelema went very well and were well liked by the people who attended the Mass on Sundays. Wilfred always spoke on Sunday evening, too, but Jane reported to A.C. that his speech was "very halting and also too technical and abstract for the mobs. I come very much nearer to earth than he, yet he thought I used a couple of expressions beyond the grasp of the audience."

Plans were made to have Aleister come to California and lecture in the United States, but these did not materialize. There was never enough money for this or for the publications, let alone enough to support A.C. Agape Lodge never gave up this dream, though

and would consider it from time to time when things seemed to be going well enough.

There was trouble with Max; Wilfred complained that he resented paying his dues or making donations. He seemed to lie around all day without making much effort and he disliked it when anyone corrected his boy, Roland. Soon a major quarrel took place between the two men and Max moved out. Though attempts were made to patch things up, it soon became an impossible task.

Jane was now free to begin her ritual work in the attic Temple and this she started with enthusiasm. Her first was "The Bornless One" and following this was some three months on LIBER ASTARTE, which she dedicated to V.O.V.N. (Wilfred). Then there were 78 days on Thoth to study the Tarot in particular. She kept careful notes in her diaries about the results of this work.

In the last two years, Jane had been keeping up her efforts to again work in the movie studios. She had even hoped that they would put on the play, "Mortadello" by Crowley and had presented this to the studio with a resumé. But in time they discovered that she had quite a connection to Crowley and they black-listed her. She was never again able to work in the movies.

One of her hopes was to found a Thelemic school but in the days when these enthusiasms were paramount, there was very little interest in Thelema as who had ever heard of it? Even the lectures and classes that she and Regina gave were very small and poorly attended.

She wrote to Aleister about taking a pupil in the A.∴A.∴ and feared this was not possible as she must still be a Probationer. He wrote back that she had been a Neophyte "God knows how many years ago! In any case DO things." Also in the same letter: "You had better reconcile Smith and Schneider. All this mutual suspicion and mistrust are needless and most harmful." And: "I think Smith and Vagina need social tact and dignity; you could help them in this."

Jane reported to 666: "I approached both Smith and Schneider - fruitlessly. You have Smith's letter. Max is equally obdurate about returning to the fold. He wants to share in the social activities, come to the Mass, but will in no way work with Smith. He is suffering considerably from isolation and frustration and I hope will some day achieve some flexibility. Leota has about decided that calling on him as she has insisted on doing right along, is a mistake and a detriment to Max. But she has a tender heart, also a guilty conscience, feeling she failed both Max and Roland during her years with them and some times wonders if it is not her job to go back to them. At present, anyway, she is safe from that as Bamber has a firm grip and fills her horizon."

In 1934 the Church of Thelema was incorporated. Aleister complained about the appellation of Church and wanted to know why

this business was not done under the name of the O.T.O. Wilfred and Jacobi explained to him about the tax advantages that went with the title of Church both in the U.S. and in California. He then grudgingly accepted the term. The Constitution as written up in the BLUE EQUINOX was used in the incorporation papers and the O.T.O. was now an official body in the State of California. Jane was secretary and also helped with the financial accounts. She wrote thus:

"Sept. 21, 1935, the ORDO TEMPLI ORIENTIS was started in the United States of America by putting on the reception degree of Minerval on the sands some distance out from Playa Del Rey, Calif.

"Before leaving for the "desert", Brother Smith gave a short talk on the history of the Order, its antiquity, and mentioned some of the Great Ones who had gained their wisdom through Its formulae and gave in return weight and dignity to It. He reminded the candidates of the solemnity of the occasion and pointed them towards the importance of the step they were taking."

There were already five initiates of the Order as this had been done earlier. These were Jane, Wilfred, Regina, Max and Jacobi. That night they initiated seven more and at the end of the evening Wilfred announced that the name of the Lodge would be Agapae. In Greek, this has the meaning of brotherly love. The group met every month and each time Wilfred did his best to train the members in the meanings of the work, of the rituals, how to understand LIBER AL VEL LEGIS, what it meant to be a brother and all related subjects.

The next year, there was some sort of peace between Wilfred and Max and the latter joined in with Jane in giving twice monthly lessons on Thelemic subjects. They did not charge for these lessons but only hoped to attract more people into the Lodge. A few more joined, but not all attended the classes.

Crowley had a great deal of difficulty to get LIBER AL VEL LEGIS published in a small paper edition and asked them all to raise about \$300. for this. They appealed to all and sundry and were able to send half this sum and a little later, to send the rest of it. But A.C. was not really satisfied with the slow development of these matters and continually asked that they all do more. He was especially hard on Jane, thinking that she could certainly take better charge, raise more money, etc.

But now disaster struck: Jane wrote in her diary:

" We have just received a blow!

"Last night Wilfred received a long-distance phone call from San Bernardino saying the firm were investigating Jacobi for belonging to an immoral Order and living openly with a woman. (Marguerite gave up her apartment and moved into Jacobi's apartment with him "until she could find a place.") The speaker also said Jacobi was in danger of losing his job. Wilfred immediately telephoned these items to Jake, that he could be forearmed. The

result is Jake is scared and has decided to give up the Order."

Aug. 16. "Jake called this a.m., saying he remembered his pledge. (I put my trust in myself in all cases of need) and decided to weather the storm, job or no job. He also did the Deacon's role in the Mass tonight."

Aug. 20 Regina saw Jake tonight, out at Eagle Rock. He would scarcely speak to her, said he wanted to be left alone, that he was through with us all and did not want us to approach him in any way.

"On Monday afternoon he spoke with Macbeth, head of the Gas Company on the suggestion of Wilfred and when Smith phoned him that evening, he said Macbeth "knew plenty". But Jake has not told us of the conversation, what was said, etc., and has in addition sent all the account books, etc., to Max, of all things!

"Why can he be so panicky!

A week later she noted that Jacobi had married Marguerite. It is possible that his former wife, whom he had recently divorced in Mexico, was at the bottom of the trouble.

As it was, they had lost Leota and Bamber the previous year due to the same type of trouble. Leota had gotten a Mexican divorce from Max and had married Bamber. The two then lost interest in the O.T.O.

Then next came a letter to Wilfred from Baphomet challenging his loyalty and financial integrity with the probability of suspension. This had everyone flabbergasted and puzzled as they could not understand why this should happen. There was a good deal of discussion on the event and Jane wrote a letter to 666 on Wilfred's behalf.

Oct. 3, 1936 e.v.

"Most Holy, Most Illuminated and Most Worshipful Father:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Your communication of September 16th to Brother Wilfred T. Smith leaves me dumbfounded and I cannot but write you the facts as I see them.

1. Administration of finances.

Although I have seen the ledger (I signed all cheques with Jacobi) I did not examine it thoroughly. Here I can but repeat what Jacobi, who set up the book told me: namely, that it was arranged to save Wilfred income tax - if that means anything. However, I feel sure Wilfred can straighten out any misunderstanding

here, if he is given the facts on which the accusation is based, for his honesty and loyalty are unquestionable.

2. Commercial considerations.

I would like to go on record as branding this information a base falsehood. More: a malicious lie.

No, we did not know "all this had been reported" to you. (May I know your informant?) And I do not know to what letter of mine you refer, unless it be that of June 1. And if so, what has that letter to do with the matter?

We have worked hard and uninterruptedly - Smith, Regina and myself- these past years to establish Thelema and the O.T.O. - this matter is Smith's life's blood. Since Jacobi's departure, the Lodge, of course, is marking time due to lack of man power; but please believe me when I say that neither the Order nor the Mass would survive the withdrawal of Smith.

Love is the law, love under will
Yours in the bonds of the Order".

The informant turned out to be Max, who had misread the account book and had sent it on to A.C. with entirely erroneous remarks. Nor could Aleister know what was going on, since he had not taken the trouble to enquire.

But the damage was done, there were no more Lodge meetings as all of the students either left or were taking their instructional lessons from Max. However, the Mass was still given every Sunday night and Regina and Jane both landed jobs as night school teachers in dramatics and speech.

To be continued.

