

THE FOLKISH IDEA

ESSAYS & FICTION

LIST - LIEBENFELS - GORSLEBEN

The Folkish Idea

List - Liebenfels - Gorsleben



Table of Contents

The Reconstruction of Carnuntum Guido von List	1
The Taxil Hoax Lanz von Liebenfels	35
The Awakening off Wala Guido von List	183
The Upstart Rudolf John Gorsleben	199

The Reconstruction of Carnuntum

by Guido von List

I

Carnuntum and its Significance in the History of the East Mark Germans

by Guido List

What compelling, magical power lies in the enchanted word “Carnuntum”! Half-forgotten figures are brought back to life, events emerge from the depths of memory through the veil of oblivion, forming images that whirl around our senses in an enchanting dance, transporting us to other times, other worlds, worlds that cannot be said to exist, but cannot be said not to exist either.

Carnuntum, the name of the Pompeii of the Danube, a magic word?

Certainly, one far more powerful than many of the words of memory whose sound transports us back to the misty forms of a world of thoughts that once was. Even this small corner of our ancient earth, in which the once so glorious Carnuntum has sunk as if into a grave, belongs to one of those stretches of land consecrated by the guardians of fate, which seem to have been chosen so that the destinies of peoples may be decided upon them under the rolling of the iron dice of fate, so that upon them, in the thunderous course of events, the development of peoples may be forced into other channels.

Geologists call the large plain, which is almost encircled by a ring of mountains and through which the Danube flows, the Vienna Basin. This divides the Danube in its eastern course into two halves, the northern half being called the “Marchfeld,” while

the southern half is known as the “Vienna-Neustadt Plain.” On the eastern edge of the Wiener Neustädter Ebene, on the right bank of the Danube, lies the Carnuntum debris field.

It was on the floor of this Vienna Basin that prehistoric man hunted woolly rhinoceroses with stone weapons laboriously chipped from the rock in the distant primeval world, where they fought their first battles for survival in prehistoric times, where the Germanic tribes wrested supremacy from the Celts at the dawn of historical times, this Vienna Basin also provided the battleground for nearly a hundred decisive battles between German national power and foreign peoples' lust for conquest. There will not be too many peoples of the ancient world who have not received good German blows on this ancestral soil sanctified by the blood of our ancestors, leaving behind many a shattered skull. In these nearly one hundred decisive battles between the German desire for freedom and the foreign peoples' lust for conquest, the Germanic tribes defeated the predatory Romans in a five-hundred-year struggle, inflicted the first mortal wound on them here, on this classic ground of world history, at Carnuntum, and a hundred years later threw the ancient worldview into ruins in order to replace it with a new, Germanic world order in its place.

Here, on this sacred ancestral soil of Germania, near Carnuntum, German power opened the great gate of the nations, through which German armies invaded Italy, through which the first German king of Rome, Odovacar, marched southward to wrap the purple of the Caesars around his shoulders. From here, the German kings marched south to establish the proud Germanic kingdoms in Italy. Here, on this sacred soil, after the fall of Carnuntum, the first lasting unification of the Germans took place, so that from the countless small tribal kingdoms grew the mighty kingdom of Bavaria, which was closely linked to the proud Langobardenreich through family ties with the Algilolphingers

and Amalers and formed the mainstay of German power in southern Germany. The eastern and southern borders of this mighty German confederation extended much further than we dare to consider the eastern and southern language borders today. And at the heart of all these great achievements of the German people was the twin tribe of the Quadi and five Marcomanni, who still live in the Danube region and, under the name “Ostmark Germans,” still honor their shining Ostmark shield, still carry the ancient Ziuklinge as the standard-bearer of Germania, the venerable heirloom sword that swings itself in the hands of the brave!

And further! Once again here, on this sacred ancestral soil in the Vienna Basin, the Germans fought—and always the Quadi and Marcomanni in the vanguard!—the Huns, the Avars, the Magyars, the Mongols, and the Slavs; here the first Habsburg founded Austria, and here again it was where the Germans twice set the limits of the world-destroying Osmanic flood and saved Europe from annihilation. And was it not here in the Vienna Basin that the same German, who had accomplished all these wonders, inflicted the first defeat on the seemingly invincible Corsican? Napoleon I defeated for the first time?

Yes, truly! This is sacred ground, not a steppe horse drive!

And Carnuntum?

That too can be told now.

In the year 13 BC, the Roman emperor Augustus' step-sons Tiberius and Drusus led a Roman army to the Danube at Carnuntum, which, according to Velleius Paterculus, was a fort in the kingdom of Noricum. This Roman campaign was not a military exploit of the “iron” legions, but the result of cunning deception. The invasion was carried out under the pretext of a

defensive alliance with the king of Noricum against the Quadi and the Marcomanni.

In fact, despite the triumph in Rome, Noricum was initially treated neither as conquered territory, as it remained under its ancestral kings for a long time, nor did the Noricans themselves believe that the Romans would break their treaty. They saw in them only welcome help against the Quadi and Marcomanni, who were encamped north of the Danube and, mindful of their rapidly growing population, were seeking to acquire land on the right bank of the Danube, which belonged to the Noricans. Rome cleverly exploited the Noricans' predicament to secure the Danube frontier for itself, if possible without a blow of the sword. However, it took only a few decades to turn the beleaguered Noricum into a Roman province and to establish all the authorities of the Roman provincial administration in Carnuntum, the old Norican royal city.

Just as the Romans had found Carnuntum, all the other towns had already existed long before the Romans first appeared in the country, and it is a grave error to consider the Romans as the founders of these towns, which are incorrectly referred to as Roman towns. Rather, they had found them and, after taking them over, adapted them to their needs.

Over time, the main camp of the two imperial princes Tiberius and Drusus, which was set up near Carnuntum, developed into the main Roman military base on the Danube, which it remained for a full four hundred years until its destruction. Likewise, the Roman troop deployment remained the same as ordered by Drusus and Tiberius throughout the entire period of Roman rule, only later being considerably extended both upstream and downstream along the Danube.

This Danube line of Roman troops that had its base in Carnuntum, which was only moved to Vindobona, Vaniomina (today's Vienna) after the destruction of Carnuntum in 375, had its western base in Vindobona with its outermost outpost at Asturis, today's Klosterneuburg, and its eastern base in Brigetio (near D.-Szöny in Hungary). The rear of this main line was covered by three secondary lines, whose task was to support the main line in case of danger or a breach, or to close the breach. These three secondary lines were supported in turn by Mutenum (Bruck a. d. Leitha), Scarabantia (Dedenburg), and Sabaria (Steinamanger), the latter of which, incidentally, was the main base of another main line that controlled Lake Balaton.

All of the aforementioned places, as well as those in between, were not Roman settlements, as mentioned earlier, nor was the developed road network connecting them a Roman construction. The Romans had merely adapted the existing settlements and roads to their needs, namely by transforming the main roads into paved roads, which may well be granted to them. The fact that Noricum already had roads before this may be proven by the fact that Carnuntum was located opposite the famous "Amber Road," which led from the Baltic Sea and formed the much-discussed important trade route used by the caravans of amber traders.

It had been a sad custom to assume that our ancestors on the Danube were a semi-wild people, so-called barbarians, barely at the level of the Sioux in the Wild West of America or the Ashanti of South Africa today. Nothing could be attributed to the Germanic tribes, everything had to be attributed to the Romans, who were so readily portrayed as the benefactors and educators of our ancestors. With incredible pessimism, this was not only believed and thoughtlessly taught, but is still accepted uncritically as truth by many today. The best proof of this is the otherwise incomprehensible fact that we in Vienna named a new street after

the Roman emperor “Marcus Aurelius”! Naming streets after Charlemagne, the “Saxon Slayer,” Attila, Batu Khan, Matthias Corvinus, Suleiman, Kara Mustapha, Napoleon I, or other enemies of Germany would not have been any more unfortunate.

Moreover, the extent to which this worship of the Romans is deeply rooted in our people and among its teachers and scholars is also evident from the fact that the wealth and splendor of the Roman cities are remembered in such a way as if the Romans had brought a kind of economic boom to us Germans in general and to us Danube Germans in particular, for which we are, in a sense, indebted to Caesar's Rome.

That would have been the case if the inhabitants of Carnuntum – or the other Roman cities – had been natives and exercised their rights as masters in the marble palaces. But that was not the case!

The native German Carnuntans had long since been driven out of their cities and reduced to beggarly proletarians, who were subject to foreign rulers in servitude, often even outright slavery, and who secretly clenched their fists in impotent rage against their bloodsuckers. These had the advantageous Roman law, the law of the strong against the weak, the law that guaranteed the movable property, the crude gold, such outrageous advantages over the immovable property, for the benefit of the money powers. With the help of this accursed law, which still obscures our good German law today, with the help of this law, the German people were dispossessed in favor of foreigners, who fattened themselves on the sweat of the downtrodden, starving people.

That was the economic boom that the Danube Germans had to thank the Romans for, and which modern historians should also acknowledge and set the record straight. The Romans were nothing more than parasites of the German people, parasites of

the German Quadi and Marcomanni in the Danube region, and their cities—Carnuntum in the forefront—the Zwinguris of the overgrown people.

When you walk through the ruins, see the finds and, among them, the pieces of marble with green veins that come from the quarries in Africa – the Siberia of ancient Rome! – then you can draw conclusions about the overwhelming wealth that had accumulated under the protection of the crenellated towers of the Roman cities.

The poor Danube Germans seemed to have been hopelessly at the mercy of their exploiters and bloodsuckers, who believed they could do anything, their arrogance grew boundless, but this only increased their guilt in the scales of justice and the day of terrible reckoning and atonement dawned.

This is how it came about:

Once again, a power-conscious soldier had seized the imperial purple and was determined to establish a dynasty. However, Valentinian could only succeed in this if he was able to compel the Romans to gratitude through extraordinary deeds. His bold plan was nothing less than to realize the lustful dreams of the she-wolf Roma, who was actually his, the emperor's, mistress, in order to then see his wishes fulfilled by her once she was sated. For four centuries, Roma had dreamed of becoming the mistress of Germania and of possessing the rich treasures of the Amber Coast of the Germanic Sea as her own. She had already seized the iron mines of Noricum, the lead works of Carentania, the gold and silver mines of Raetia, and the salt mines near Juvavium, enriching herself with the emeralds, rubies, and other precious crystals of the Alps, but the precious amber was still reserved for her, was not yet her own. Caesar Valentinian now wanted to place the amber crown on the head of his proud mistress, who ruled over the world.

Germania had to be conquered, and Rome's northern border had to be pushed out to the "mare germanicum." Today, we Germans, in our familiar simple humility, no longer call the "mare germanicum" the "German Sea," but modestly refer to it as the "North Sea."

But that's just an aside. To achieve this proud goal, Germany was to be attacked by two armies at the same time, from the Rhine and from the Danube. The two rivers were to form the solid foundation for the army's movements and therefore had to be secured above all else. This was achieved by ensuring that both riverbanks were within Roman territory. However, the Alemanni were settled on the right bank of the Rhine and the Marcomanni and Quadi on the left bank of the Danube, along with several smaller tribes such as the Rugians, Radegerni, Harlungi, and others, as independent communities. These had to be subjugated first.

Valentian's plan succeeded in the case of the Alemanni on the Rhine. They were forced to build Roman castles on their territory on the right bank of the Rhine, which were to provide support for the planned Germanic War on the western flank. Similarly, a chain of Roman fortresses was to be built on the right bank of the Danube in the Marcomanni-Quadish territory. The construction of these was entrusted to the "magister armorum," Marcus Equitius. However, he was experienced and knew the Marcomanni and Quadi well. He therefore proceeded very cautiously and, with wise foresight, delayed the actual construction until the Danube line Arelate-Falfania-Cetium-Vindobona-Carnuntum-Brigetio was sufficiently manned. Such a cautious approach was not to Valentinian's liking, and Equitius was recalled. The proconsul of the province of Ober-Pannonia hastily replaced Equitius with his son Marcellianus, "dux Valeriae" (Duke of Carniola). However, he was a true favorite; ignorant,

stubborn, arrogant, and cowardly. He hastily set to work and began to build a castle opposite Carnuntum. All this was done inconspicuously in the area of Stilifrieda, today's Stillfried on the March, the well-fortified Quadian royal city. But there sat Gabin, king of the Quadi. When Gabin saw this act of violence by the Romans, he quietly gathered an army, but sent a message to Marcellianus to protest against the construction of the fortress on Quadian territory. Marcellianus invited the Quadi king to Carnuntum to discuss the matter peacefully, hoping to outwit Gabin with promises so that the construction would not be disrupted. Gabin accepted the invitation, but Marcellianus's tricks and intrigues failed to persuade the Quadi king to betray his own people, so he had Gabin assassinated, hoping that in killing him he had struck a blow against the entire people. He had miscalculated terribly!

The Quadi, who had been so shamefully betrayed, returned with the body of their murdered king to Stilifrieda, where the armies that Gabin had summoned to repel the Roman excesses by force of arms if this could not be achieved through verbal negotiations.

The dead king stirred up the people, and the whole Quadenland cried out for revenge for such an unheard-of violation of the sacred right of hospitality and such shameful betrayal. The Kraian fires flamed throughout the land, calling for vengeance: "Rome has murdered our king, death and destruction to the murderer Rome!" Messengers raced from district to district, rallying the men for a campaign of vengeance against Rome, and anyone who did not obey the call would be put to death. A few days later, the army of vengeance stood before Carnuntum. The dead king, bound to a horse, led the avenging army forward. Thus the Germans arrived at the gates of Carnuntum to demand accountability for the unheard-of sacrilege. This happened on the

great Hanstag of the year 375 of our calendar, on the summer solstice or June 24. The garrison of Carnuntum, numbering 30,000 men, was unable to withstand the storm of vengeful popular fury. The gates were broken down, the towers collapsed, and the German army poured over the rubble like a stream of flaming lava, taking terrible revenge for the murder of their king. The 30,000 men were slain, Carnuntum sank into a sea of blood and fire, and those inhabitants who were not killed or burned were taken captive, which according to the customs of the time meant serfdom or slavery. Only a few managed to flee in the confusion, and these few were the harbingers of doom for the other Roman settlements on the southern road to Italy. Many of these Roman cities as far south as Aquileia suffered the same sad fate as Carnuntum. Only at Aquileia did the avenging army halt and return home laden with booty and with the realization that even Rome, believed to be invincible, was not a goddess, but that it too was subject to human laws and could be required to atone for crimes committed, and that atonement could be demanded and taken.

Carnuntum was engulfed in flames; it was twelve solstice fires that the Germans had lit, the likes of which had never been seen before or since.

Carnuntum never rose again from the ashes; it sank into the ground from which it had grown, and only the ruined city remained.

And that is the shining glory of the victory of the Danube Germans over the Romans at Carnuntum, before the victory of Arminius in the Battle of Teutoburg Forest, that the Day of Carnuntum united the Germans and led them to the recognition of the power of unity, while the Battle of Teutoburg Forest gave birth to the fragmentation of the Germans, in which fragmentation all the advantages of victory were lost. Indeed, had

Rome not been weakened by internal strife after the Battle of Teutoburg Forest, Germany would have succumbed to a second Battle of Varus. In fact, Germany did not take advantage of Arminius' victory at that time, but remained quietly on its bearskin and wasted precious time with internal squabbles.

How differently, on the other hand, was the victory at Carnuntum evaluated! The Germans had recognized the power that lay in unity, and from then on, the first steps were taken toward the formation of German confederations for the purpose of acquiring land for the growing population, for the purpose of satisfying the Germans' urge to move southward, and to follow up with action. The day of Carnuntum marked the beginning of the migration of peoples. Carnuntum became the mighty gateway through which the Germanic peoples poured unstoppably into Italy from June 24, 375. Rome's resistance grew weaker and weaker, and the German flood became more and more overwhelming, until finally Harlunge Odovacar, who came from the Danube region near present-day Harlanden near Pöchlarn, where the old Harlungenburg stood, deposed the last Roman emperor, Romulus Augustulus, abolished the Caesars, and became the first German king of Rome to ascend the throne of the Caesars. This happened a hundred years after the fall of Carnuntum, in the year 476.

Twelve years later, led by Count Pierius, the last Roman provincials left the Danube region and returned home to Italy, leaving Noricum to the Germanic Marcomanni and Quadi. The cities that had not yet been destroyed, such as Vindobona (Vienna), Asturis (Klosterneuburg), Comagene (Tuln), Cetium (Zeiselmauer), Fafiana (Mautern), and Arelate (Pöchlarn), came under German rule and mostly became royal seats. For example, the Gothic king Dietrich, later celebrated as Dietrich of Bern, sat as king in Vienna. From Vienna, he moved to Italy, where he

became the second German king of Rome, Odovacars' successor. History knows him as Theodoric the Great. King Radegast or Radagais had his seat in Arelate, the German Pöchlarn on the Danube, and his memory is preserved in the Nibelungenlied, which calls him Rudeger von Bechelaren.

From this unification of the Germans, brought about by the mighty victory of the Quado-Marcomanni at Carnuntum, which is glorified in the Vilkina saga, grew the unifying state idea of the Germans, which gave life to the first powerful German states. The two most important of these were the great Kingdom of Bavaria under the Ugilolphinger dynasty and the powerful Lombard Empire under the royal family of the Amelungs or Amalers.

The Kingdom of Bavaria emerged from the ancient kingdom of the Marcomanni and Quadi, the largest state that had ever existed, and was closely linked to the Lombard Empire. Due to the close relationship between the Agilolfings and the Amaler, these two empires formed a power which, although later restricted, nevertheless formed the immediate precursor to the subsequent German Empire. The southern and eastern borders of the allied kingdoms of Bavaria and the Lombards extended much, much further than we dare to draw the language border today.¹⁾

From these results of the Quaden victory on the summer solstice of 375 near Carnuntum, the main points are summarized again briefly. These are:

1. The unification of all German peoples, firmly established for centuries, in contrast to their fragmentation after the Battle of Teutoburg Forest.

¹ See the two map supplements by Dr. Wolfgang Laz from 1567. In these, for example, today's "fiume" still appears as "St. Veit am Flaum."

2. The full recognition of their own power, which lies in unity, and the resulting awareness of national consciousness and self-confidence.

3. The emergence of large empires and confederations of states and the absorption of small tribal kingdoms by large popular kingdoms, as well as the visible endeavor to work toward a large, united Germany. (The fact that this ultimate goal was not achieved, although the approach to achieving it is clearly evident, has other causes that are beyond the scope of today's discussion.)

4. It follows that it was the Danube Germans, the Marcomanni and Quadi, today's East Germans, who mostly achieved all these gains on their own, but always took the lead when the rest of the German people fought alongside them.

5. That all these battles here in the Danube region were fought on the geologically and historically remarkable ground of the "Vienna Basin," on that battleground of many thousands of years, which today, and probably well into the distant future, is unlikely to enjoy any lasting peace.

6. Finally, it is an unshakeable certainty that without the day of Carnuntum, without the tenacious spirit of the Quado-Marcomanni who still exist today in the Eastern Marches, there would never have been a German Empire, a united German people, and that the fate of the world would have taken a different course. We Germans would not have become a master race; we would have suffocated in the Roman-Byzantine chains of slavery, and instead of German culture, Avar-Mongolian brutality and the barbarism of Mohammedanism would reign in Europe today.

We Quado-Marcomanni can therefore look back with pride on the heroic deeds of our people over thousands of years, which we ourselves represent in the present day, and we must zealously ensure that the noble office of Germania is administered by us as

faithfully as by our ancestors, that we bequeath the bright glory of the shining Ostmark shield unblemished to future generations, and that the shining holy Ziuschwert sword, which swings of its own accord in the courageous hand, remains in the hands of the brave.

From all that has been said, it follows that the ruins of Carnuntum, which the Quado-Marcomanni Germans consecrated more than a millennium and a half ago as the mighty gateway to Germania, are a sacred place for the entire German people, but especially for us Danube Germans, a true and proper “Porta sacra,” and that it is of far-reaching importance, especially in the coming struggles, to lift the veil of oblivion that threatens to increasingly obscure these holy sites and to remind our Danube Germans of their highly sacred places and their significance in world history.

Just as the world ash tree (Yggdrasil) is watered daily by the Norns with the sacred water from Urd's well so that its branches do not wither and its roots do not rot, so too must the consciousness of the people be constantly refreshed with the knowledge of the past, lest the generations that have gone before and those that are yet to come wither away and the strength of the people decay!

Guido List.

II

Carnuntum as the Emerging Bayreuth of the Ostmark

by Guido List and Ferdinand Rebay

We have thus recognized the profound significance of Carnuntum in terms of world, folk, and local history, the unusually magical effect that emanates from the sound of its name, just like Sinnregers Schaumflut (Sinnreger's Foam Flood) from the thrice holy Norn spring of Urda, the Dark One.

Yes, the magic word Carnuntum shall be called upon to exert its magical power, as once did the powerful word "Let there be!" Carnuntum shall emerge from the spiritual realm of imagination and take on a material form in order to have a spiritual and physical effect on the people of the Quado-Marcomanni Ostmark Germans, to remind this people of what they were, what they are, and what tasks they must fulfill for their future. Carnuntum must be forced out of the grave, as once Wotan forced the dead out of the grave, in order to summon the three Norns, Urda, Verdandi, and Schuld, to the Quado-Marcomannic Ostmark Germans, so that they may understand how the fate of the future will be the atonement of guilt or the reward of merit.

Therefore, Carnuntum must be forced out of the grave by a powerful spell; Carnuntum must rise again! Like the Todtenwala in the "Voluspa," Carnuntum must whisper the news of the past to the Quado-Marcomanni of today, showing them the way to shape their future destinies in the present in a happy and salvific manner.

Carnuntum shall rise again, on the classical ground of the mighty development of destiny itself, so as not to lose the magical and suggestive power of its former location.

In order to avoid misunderstandings from the outset, it should be said right away that the revival of Carnuntum is not planned in the sense of founding a new city, as in the American model, but only in a decorative sense, similar to how “Old Vienna” was created years ago in the music and theater exhibition in Vienna. However, this will be done in connection with the sulfur baths of “Deutsch-Altenburg,” whose hot springs were already highly valued by the Romans and enclosed in precious marble basins, as evidenced by numerous finds. This sulfur bath of “Deutsch-Altenburg,” whose thermal springs are equivalent to those of Baden, is to be incorporated in ancient form into the newly emerging “Carnuntum” and transformed into a first-class health resort according to very unique hygienic principles. But more on that later in the course of this presentation.

With this “ancient Roman spa resort Carnuntum,” which is supposed to “give the body what belongs to the body,” a spiritual health resort is also to be created, which will give the spirit what belongs to the spirit, planned as a “southern German Bayreuth,” an Austrian “Olympia.”

This can be explained as follows:

Carnuntum is to rise up in the characteristic form of a Roman fort, with its four heavily fortified gates, crenellated battlements, defensive and watchtowers, and wide moats and outer works. Within this rectangular wall, the Roman city is to extend around the large square, the “Altum forum,” which is formed by the large palaces, such as the praetorium, the quaestorium, the colonnades, and halls of the forum, on which the tribunal, the auguratorium, and the groma rise. In the streets and alleys are the other necessary

buildings, such as guesthouses, taverns, and other structures as required. Among these, first and foremost are the baths in a strictly antique style and splendor, with all the innovations of the present day, but strictly adapted to the antique style.

The “Capitol” of Old Carnuntum with its temples and auguratories should also rise again from its ruins on the “Pfaffenberg,” as the hill that once united Carnuntum's temple sites is still called today.

Outside this reconstructed city complex and the restored Capitol, the arena, which lies in ruins, should also be rebuilt as the eighth of the arenas known to date, in such a way that the old structures are fully utilized and incorporated into the reconstruction, whether masonry, ornamentation, inscription stones, or sculptures. This is to ensure that the evocative power inherent in all ancient memorial sites is not lost. Here, where the stones speak, the trees talk, and the ancient Nibelungen stream sings its eternally unsung song of Welgunde, the ancient has a magical, doubly enchanting effect on the minds of future generations and should be preserved with loving devotion for this reason alone.

These three main structures of Carnuntum, namely the castle and town complex with the baths, the “Capitol” and the “Arena,” are to be surrounded by a wildlife park, which is to be laid out in a very special way. The park should represent a wild area, in its original state, so to speak, although artificially laid out and maintained. All trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers growing wild in the local area should be cultivated in natural-looking groups, but not in circular flower beds, which betray their unnaturalness everywhere. All the meadow flowers of our rich flora should appear to grow wild in abundance, delighting the eye, as should the flowering shrubs and, not to be forgotten, the charming climbing plants, which modern garden design neglects and

eradicates out of sheer ignorance, or at least uses as clumsily as possible. How charming do clematis, wild hops, and wild vines look in the untrodden Danube floodplains? What undreamt-of effects of beauty could be achieved there with the simplest of means!

In this artificial wildlife park, which should surround the grounds as far as possible, extending into the more distant forest areas, there would be room for smaller ancillary facilities, which could be built as needed. Such ancillary facilities would be Carnuntian villas, vineyards, caravanserais, etc., which could be used as guesthouses, inns, or private residences.

Next to Carnuntum, as the Germanic counterpart, a Quadi town with ancillary facilities based on the same basic concept would have to be created. The historical counterpart of the Roman Carnuntum was the Quado-Marcomannic “Stilifrieda” across the Danube, today’s Stillfried an der March. The mighty Quado-Marcomannic burial sites located here are now to be reunited in an ideal reconstruction of Stilifrieda next to Carnuntum to form a unified whole, showing a Germanic town alongside the Roman town. This Quadi city should therefore be called Stilifrieda, and the two former enemy sisters should stand peacefully side by side here, serving common purposes, fulfilling their ethical duty and confirming in the mirror image of past times the maxim that says: “Strife is the father of all things.”

The main structure of the German settlement next to the Roman colony would therefore be “Stilifrieda.”

A high earth wall crowned with a breastwork woven from willow and stakes would rise from the deep moat, which would be secured from the outside with stakes. Three or four gates lead through blockhouse-like wooden towers into the interior. Around the market square or ring square are the “loose” of the townspeople

who together founded the town in order to live more securely than in a single castle, united for protection and defense.

The two most distinguished of the “loose” are: the “Königslöos” and the “Heillöos.” The former has the “Königshof” (king's court) at its center, the latter the “Halgadom,” the sanctuary or temple site. In the middle of each of the other “loose” are the “courtyards” of their owners, who formed the city nobility, from which the “Rathsgeschlechter” (council families) emerged during the Middle Ages. Each of these “loose” was surrounded by a fence, around which ran the alleys and streets, so that none of the loose bordered directly on a neighboring loose, but was always separated from them by a path, which was communal property. The serfs of the free townspeople built their houses within the boundary fences of their masters on the land of their lots, but on the streets and alleys, and were called “Zaun,” “Pfal,” or “Spießbürger.” These were liable to pay rent to their “lords,” were their subjects, and had no political rights whatsoever. ¹⁾

This organic development of a Germanic town layout naturally gave rise to the internal structure of Stilifrieda, the distribution of courtyards, houses, and public places. “Stilifrieda” will also have its guesthouses, inns, stalls, etc., just like Carnuntum, but adapted to Germanic style and customs. ‘Stilifrieda’ will also have its baths, but a ‘cold bath’ with all the facilities for water gymnastics and exercise. Just as “Carnuntum” on the Pfaffenberg preserves the traces of its former capitol, so the mighty “Hutberg” still stands

1) Gradually, the houses of the pile dwellers multiplied to such an extent that the courtyards were almost completely built up except for the narrow access road and became completely invisible from the streets. Anyone familiar with old Vienna and its old courtyards will now easily understand the otherwise inexplicable layout of the “Heiligen-Kreuzerhof,” the “Steyrerhoses,” the “Fähndrichhof,” the “Berghoses,” the “Rothen Hof,” and others. These courtyards date back some two thousand years.

today near Deutsch-Altenburg, an artificial hill (tumulus) over fourteen meters high, a gigantic monument to the destruction of Carnuntum. This tumulus is to be rebuilt just like the Carnuntian Capitol, as a Wuotanberg, a temple site of the Germanic god-king. Once again, the round tower of “Albruna” will rise above it, where she will dwell with the three goddesses of salvation. Once again, the sacred rose hedge will surround it, and once again the “eternal fire” will burn on its summit.

Just as the villa, the vineyard, the caravanserai, and similar outbuildings are scattered outside the Roman city in the green shade of the wildlife park, so too shall a castle, a noble court, a farmstead, and a “Heristal” (a gathering place for the army) arise on Stilifrieda's side, dedicated to the same purposes as those.

This brief description of the two city complexes with their outbuildings in the middle of a naturalistic wildlife park shows that both complexes are equally balanced in every respect, but Carnuntum seems to be favored over Stilifrieda due to its ancient arena. But Stilifrieda is also to find its counterpart for the arena, which is destined to become the highlight of the entire complex.

This counterpart to the Carnuntian arena, which is destined to become the highlight of the planned German-Austrian Bayreuth, is the “Volksschauspielhalle” (people's theater) in “Carnuntum-Stilifrieda.”

The life of the Romans and Germanic tribes, which, as will become clear in the course of this writing, will be brought to life for visitors to Carnuntum-Stilifrieda in style and costume, in life and weaving, will be transfigured on the stage of the Volksschauspielhalle in the mirror of poetry and presented to the senses of the people, whereby only in such a setting, on such soil, the poet's words will achieve the educational value that will give the whole its proper consecration.

But more about that later!

This brief description of the layout shows that the plan is to bring the lives of the Romans and the locals in the Danube region side by side, in their contrasts and points of connection, for all to see.

To make this possible, to prevent Old Carnuntum and Old Stilfrieda from appearing merely antique in their layout and buildings but modern in their population, which would make the decorative setting a soulless showpiece and the suggestion of sacred ancestral soil only half-hearted, care must also be taken to ensure that a suitably dressed population enlivens both the Quadi city and the Roman city with all their ancillary facilities.

This can be achieved by requiring all business people, whether innkeepers, salespeople, exhibitors, etc., as well as the city's own officials, servants, and guards, to dress appropriately for their positions.

Furthermore, societies must be formed whose members unite for certain purposes in order to perform services accordingly, in a specific order and in perfectly stylish attire, individually, in groups, or as a whole, as required.

These societies, which would have to be organized in the manner of the well-known “knightly orders,” “Schlaraffenreich,” “Meistersinger guilds,” “Benebibinerconvente,” and the like, would each have separate, clearly defined tasks to perform, in which the creativity of the individual would be given unprecedented scope.

Such societies on the Roman side would include, to name but a few: the court of Emperor Valentinian I, the proconsulate, the “Legio XIII,” the “Gentes Markomanorum,” the “Milites Mithrae,” the “Bacchus Brotherhood,” the “Sodalitas Genius

loci,” the “Liburnarians,” and so on. On the Germanic side, there were the court of King Gabin, individual clans, embassies, the army, hunting parties, the “gods” of the “bards or skalds,” the Heilsr athinnen with the Halgadam-maiden, etc.

These individual societies, sodalities, guilds, brotherhoods, etc. would appear in a specific order and perform the most beneficial services for the fixed and other events in particular, but for the main purpose in general. In the first place, the gymnastics and fencing associations are counted, which could organize exhibitions in the arena. The same would apply to sports clubs, which could demonstrate ancient chariot races and horse races. Rowing clubs would be welcome as “Liburnians” (Roman) or as “ferry- and fishermen's guilds” (Germanic). This would provide an opportunity for regattas and fishing tournaments. Friends of viticulture would find a ‘Bacchus brotherhood’ in which they could revive the ancient Ciceronian ‘*graeco more bibere*’ in its ancient form. The “Bard or Skald Order,” the priesthood of Wotan, would be responsible for organizing the Germanic high festivals, such as the solstice, dragon slaying, Mihilathing, etc., as well as organizing singing contests, individual bard singing, or choral singing. In this way, pretty much all strata of the Roman and German inhabitants of Carnuntum and Stilifrieda would develop, forming a unique and lively reproduction of the life of those distant days, in which the visitors themselves, not merely as an uninvolved, gawking crowd, but as a life-giving element, in individual figures, in groups and larger corporations, actively participating in the creation of this picture of life.

This is conceived as follows:

The business community employed in the two town complexes and their support staff, the officials, servants, and security personnel of the enterprise would form the basic tone, with all of

them, whether male or female, having to perform their duties in the appropriate attire.

The visitors themselves would be divided into two large groups. The first would be the permanent visitors to the spa, who would stay here for longer periods, and the other group would be those whose stay would only be of short duration, one day or a few hours.

The spa visitors in the first group would be encouraged to appear in Roman or Germanic costume during their stay, according to their individual tastes, and to live in a manner appropriate to the character of their chosen costume. Every spa guest, whether lady or gentleman, would join one of the aforementioned associations, societies, guilds, fraternities, etc., play a specific role in it under a specific name, easily become accustomed to the customs in this association, and thus always find spiritual inspiration for seriousness and humor, thereby escaping the ugly boredom that prevails in other spa resorts. How complete would the spiritual relaxation be if one could be so completely different during the vacation time than one is at home! Without the annoying class barriers and class considerations of everyday life, while wearing a becoming, decent costume that is so well suited to the natural way of life and is beautiful, aesthetic, and healthy at the same time! One would feel as comfortable, as free, as at home in one's dressing gown! Day visitors who do not live here permanently could just as easily belong to such societies and quickly change their clothes when they arrive. Costume rental shops, especially for festive events, could easily accommodate the general public, enabling them to take an active part in the great folk games.

Just imagine how exciting it would be to suddenly find yourself in a completely different world, dressed up as someone else! What mental refreshment it would be to be torn so truly and genuinely

out of the monotony of everyday life, from which one so gladly wants to escape and therefore goes on bathing trips, only to find that one cannot escape this eternal merry-go-round! – Carnuntum-Stilifrieda, however, will be such islands of happiness where one will find refuge from the persecutions of everyday life.

To achieve this, all the arts must be called upon, as well as all trades, and care must also be taken to ensure that all those involved derive as much benefit as possible from the event.

Writers and poets should be the first to have their say. Painters and sculptors should condense the words of writers and poets into pictures and groups; architects should design and execute the plans, musicians will find more than inspiration for artistic creation, actors and singers will be needed to convey the poems to the people, who will proclaim to them what has happened on this soil over the course of thousands of years.

Art objects loved by the ancient world are to be offered for sale in stalls, be they jewelry, decorative items for the home and living space, or weapons and tools. Amber must not be forgotten either. The museums in Carnuntum, all three of which will probably be united in the praetorium, offer goldsmiths and jewelry makers welcome models.

Landscape gardeners would have the opportunity to recreate the charming miniature gardens of Pompeii and perhaps derive an influence for our garden art, insofar as it has anything to do with the front gardens of New Vienna.

Of the old facilities in Carnuntum, the “baths” in particular, possibly the old buildings, should be renovated and made usable again. These would be no less an attraction for locals and visitors, especially if the old healing springs were used. This could encourage many to stay longer in Carnuntum.

Among the guesthouses, characteristic establishments should be considered first and foremost, and it would therefore be advisable to set up inns based on the model of the “Taverne zum Elefanten” (Elephant Tavern) of the innkeeper Edone, as described in Guido List's historical novel “Carnuntum” (Berlin, Grote'sche Verlagsanstalt, 1889, 2 volumes). Indeed, consideration should be given to enabling visitors to find accommodation in Carnuntum for shorter or longer stays, as the apartments in Hainburg, Deutsch-Altenburg, and Petronell will not be sufficient. It is therefore advisable to set up guesthouses in Carnuntum, as in Stilifrieda, and outside both, perhaps in the Roman villa, in the Quadenburg, in the caravanserai, and in the Heristal.

The aforementioned sodalities, church communities, guilds, bardic orders, etc. should also find their homes similar to the clubhouses in the form of meeting places for rowing clubs, where each member would have a shed for changing and possibly also for spending the night. These buildings would be temples, villas, Quadenhöfe, legion barracks, etc., as required.

If, according to this proposal, life and activity, both in the two city complexes and in the individual buildings, are largely regulated, this still only encompasses the big picture, so to speak, the “comparserie,” the backdrop that sets the mood and from which the individual characters should then stand out.

They also fall into two main groups, the Roman and the Quado-Marcomanni.

These main characters would be Caesar Valentinian, the pro consul, and Roman dignitaries in general. Then there are the commanders of the legionaries, the city militia (security service), the high priests, etc. Likewise, there are plenty of opportunities for women—who are also to form committees—to be active

individually or in groups. This would be a field for stage artists to play a brilliant role, both in Valentinian's court and in the Petriciate of Carnuntum. This would be particularly true at festivals and promenades such as the Corso. A "Pythia" or a "Sybil" would be extremely rewarding roles. A patrician woman with her carriage, another with her sedan chair, etc., etc.

Likewise, the Germanic world would have to be characterized by striking individual figures. The aforementioned novel Carnuntum offers numerous examples of this. King Gabin, Duke Suntarold, the rustic Reckengestalt—or the ideal Austrorand-Wurmbrand! Albruna should dwell on top of the Hutberg with the three Heilsrätthinnen, flanked by the Wuotanspriesters, the Skalden, and the Barden with the Opferfrohnnden. Queen Gotelinde with Gisalhild and the maidens.

Many charming characters, whether Roman or Germanic, can also be found in my novel "Pipara, die Germanin im Cäsarenpurpur" (Leipzig, Lit. Anstalt 1893), as well as in many other poems, which could be brought to life here. These two novels, "Carnuntum" and "Pipara," condense life in Carnuntum and in the Quado-Marcomannic Danube region and therefore provide the best guide for creating groups and individual images.

Music must not be missing either, and following the pattern of the usual exhibitions, a permanent band should also play in music pavilions, preferably at the forum. This should be organized as a Roman legion band for the processions and other fixed events. This is an anachronism, but it is unlikely to remain the only one; think of electric lighting and many other unavoidable things.

A second band would be the Marcomanni band. The Helgadoni music should not be forgotten, whose unique composition may be reserved for a separate presentation. Nor should the drummers and pipers of the Germanic army or the

tuba players of the Romans be omitted. It should be noted here, however, that the fanfares and other fanfares, the horn or tuba calls of the guards and similar signals must be based on old motifs, such as those preserved in libraries and archives (Musikverein, Hof- und Universitätsbibliothek 2c.). Anyone who remembers Makart's procession (1879) will know how disruptive the Austrian cavalry fanfare, blown by the heralds, was. This must be avoided!

Particularly important historical moments must be staged on specific days with mass participation, using not a stage but the entire facility, so that the entire audience itself becomes involved as participants. Individual proposals should also be submitted for this.

However, since such mass performances are not conceivable on a daily or even weekly basis, but all visitors should be made aware of the actual purpose of the event every day, this deficiency should be remedied in the form of panoramas and panopticons.

This would give all those who are not able to attend the large mass events, the planned mass representations of historically memorable events on the grounds of Carnuntum, the opportunity to see these events at any time in pictorial representation (panorama) and in plastic design (panopticon).

The centerpiece of the panorama would be Adolf Wolf's colossal painting, which he is painting on behalf of Mr. Friedrich Wannieck, the highly distinguished art lover and promoter of German consciousness in Moravia, chairman of the German House in Brno, and whose exhibition Carnuntum would surely grant the aforementioned association for this purpose. Other pictorial representations suitable for this purpose could be found or created, inspired by this event. It would not be impossible for the panorama to be expanded into a picture gallery, which could be housed in one of the palaces in Carnuntum.

However, this panorama or picture gallery should only feature representations that fit strictly within the framework of the overall event.

The “Panoptikum” would be dedicated to sculpture, and there are already some magnificent works available for this purpose. The renowned German House in Brno has two colossal bronze statues by the master craftsman Karl Wollek; these are the statues of Gabin and Vannius. These should also be used in casts, perhaps flanking Adolf Wolf’s painting “The Destruction of Carnuntum.” Perhaps an even more appropriate place for them would be the entrance to the large “folk theater,” which, as already mentioned, is to be the actual centerpiece of the planned event.

Like the theater in the Vienna Music and Theater Exhibition, the folk theater here in Carnuntum should also represent the heart, in which all the blood vessels and veins flow together to be strengthened and purified, and then return to the whole to revive it spiritually. This theater is to be dedicated to historical drama in a serious and cheerful form, in order to revive German poetry and drama.

There is a great wealth of dramatic works of purely German thought and feeling which, languishing under the unfavorable conditions of our theater, hardly ever find their way into book form, and almost never see the light of day except for occasional performances. Here, too, a strict line must be drawn, allowing only those works to be performed which draw their material from German heroic legends, from the time before Charlemagne, the Saxon slayer, and which are more or less related to the history of the Danube Germans. This “Volksschauspielhalle von Carnuntum” is intended to become the “Bayreuth” of the Danube Germans and thus the lasting legacy of the entire event, if it should not be possible to secure its continuation in its entirety for years to come. Stage works that are likely to be suitable for performing

here, carried by the suggestive magical power of the classical destiny of the South Germans, on the stage of the "Folk Theater Hall of Carnuntum," but, as already mentioned, the unfavorable circumstances of the times make it impossible for the long-suffering order of contemporary skalds and bards to speak to their people, and this is to be made possible in Carnuntuni. Of the many plays, only a few shall be mentioned: For example, Franz Keim's German heroic play "Die Amelungen," Peter Philipp's "Eine versinkende Welt," Josef Drel's "König Gabin," Guido List's German royal drama "König Vannius," Fiescher's "Balderspiele," etc. Our stage shall also be open to fairy tales, insofar as they are authentic, in order to satisfy the need for light-hearted entertainment.

This is enough for today, as a preliminary report, to indicate the planned direction.

As for the exterior of this "folk theater hall in Carnuntum," it shall combine the old with the new, and express this in its style. This building should present itself as a place of salvation, as a temple of the German spirit; it should therefore appear dignified and serious, but without lacking friendly, cheerful forms, for the German spirit was and is, despite all its depth, always cheerful and has always been averse to asceticism. The building should, in its basic lines as well as in its decoration and in the design of the interior, refrain from all un-German motifs in its layout and ornamentation; it should meet the requirements, but take its decoration from the native animal and plant world. The figurative decorations, such as friezes, corbels, and the like, should be taken from the native mythology. The holy trinity, "Wuotan-Donar-Loki," may be displayed on the gable. Mimir's redendes Haupt" (Mimir's talking head) may be brought into a meaningful relationship with the 'mimic' art. Likewise, the three Norns, the goddesses of fate. The ceiling painting 'Wuotan unter seinen

Einheriern' (Wuotan among his Einheri) depicts the German community of blessed spirits; the curtain, however, depicts Adolf Wolf's 'Zerstörung Carnuntums' (Destruction of Carnuntum). Freya with the goddesses of love, the "good seven," Balder-Siegfried, courted by Brunhild and Chrimhild, the meaningful representatives of the summer and winter earth, who vie for the sun god, Wuotan as the spiritual leader of the Germans, Donar as the god of agriculture, Freyr (Erich) as military power, Loki as industriousness, Brage as the poet-catcher, Niord as the founder of worship, and so on—what virginal motifs to adorn the hall inside and out!

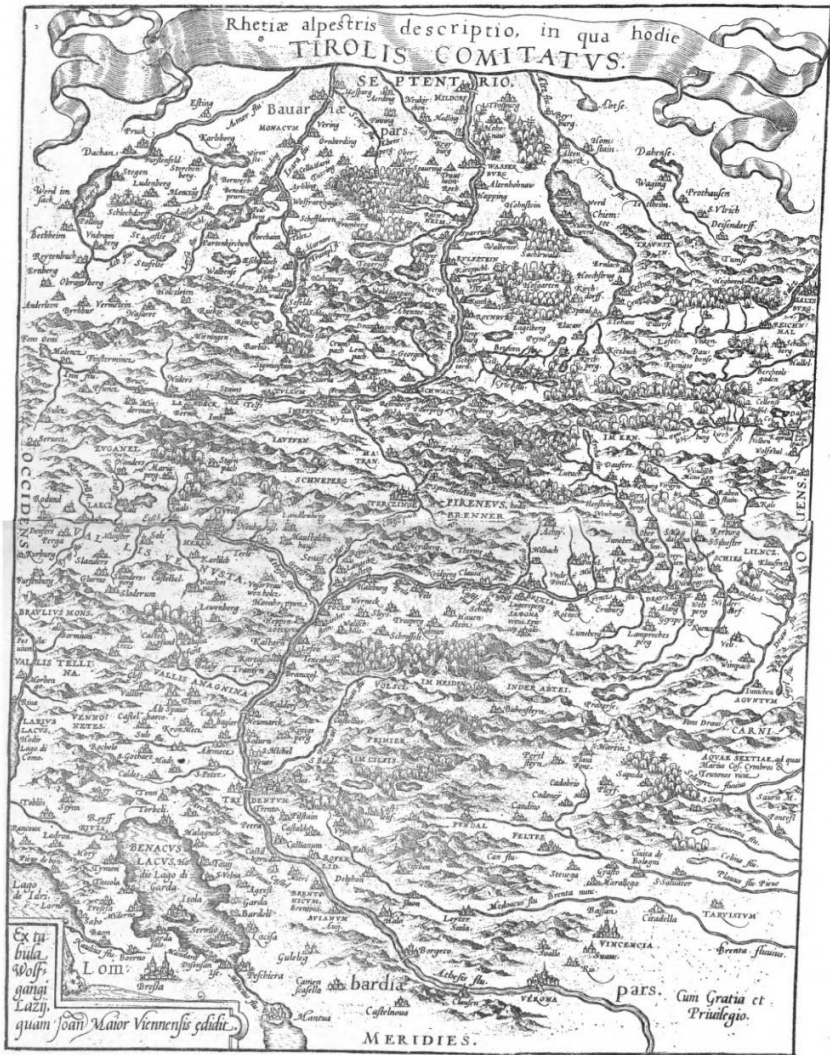
Who knows how the old motifs of the many styles that have been exhausted by our contemporaries over the last fifty years have been completely devalued and are hardly capable of further development, whereby the search for a "new style" has become a mania, which has produced the excesses of the Secession, who knows how modern art thirsts for healthy fertilization bubbling up from the fountain of our people's youth, will hear the present proposal as a prophecy of the rebirth of healthy national art, which can and must find its root power in such events. And it is not only the style of future buildings, living spaces, furniture, utensils, etc. that will be revitalized, but all the arts and crafts will be reinvigorated in order to ennoble and enrich the lives of our descendants, who will be ourselves, and make them more worth living.

That is why the national consciousness must be constantly refreshed with the knowledge of the past, so that neither the passing nor the coming generations wither away and the strength of the people does not decay.

This is to be the noble mission of the newly emerging "Carnuntum."



Wiedergabe der Mayor'schen Copie der Karten des Dr. Wolfgang Lazj vom Jahre 1567.



Wiedergabe der Mayor'schen Copie der Karten des Dr. Wolfgang Lazj vom Jahre 1567.

The Taxil Hoax

A World-Historical Joke

Based on Sources Edited by J. Lanz-Liebenfels



Leo Taxis.

Chapter 1.

As the devil's monopoly becomes less profitable, the Jesuits and Pope Leo XIII sniff Satan again in the 19th century – Leo Taxil, the "Jules Verne of Hell", sniffs him out again – canons blow the torture instruments – the three-point brothers – the shaved sheep – the infernal chamber – sexual geometry – the Masonic books – the Jesuits introduce the Taxil devil to Germany too, which the center papers and all the candle women make literary noises about – Leo XIII receives Taxil in an audience and gives the devil's promoter his blessing.

Early on, resourceful exploiters of the people came up with the idea of exploiting humanity through monopolies. Today we have many more or less profitable monopolies, monopolies on salt, petroleum, beer, tobacco and liquor. The most profitable and at the same time oldest monopoly, however, through which the poor, tormented children of men have been robbed the most materially and morally, is the typical monopoly of the priesthood of all times and countries, the monopoly of the devil.

The Roman Church, as successor and heir of old oriental priesthood, has – I dare to say this boldly – acquired not only immeasurable wealth through the devil's monopoly, but also its current overwhelming position as a world power.

For the concept of sin and the punishment of sin and hell in a fictitious world beyond is one of the most ingenious inventions of the priests. It was not love for a pure, beautiful, caring God that built temples and altars for the idol-servants of old and new religions and filled their treasuries with votive offerings. The banker of the priestly religions is the devil. Fear of the devil – and his infernal bastard – has left the faithful masses helplessly at the mercy of the priests. Out of fear of the devil, people have masses said, and all church ordinations, which have always been a source of income for the church, are more or less exorcisms. But all of

this is still a bargain compared to the enormous sums that the devil's monopoly has brought in for the church in the form of funerals and foundations for the salvation of souls. Just as in ancient religion the dead had to pay his obolos to the infernal Charon, so for a thousand years the belief in the devil has demanded a kind of customs duty from everyone who crosses the fictitious customs border between this world and the next in the form of funeral costs, grave fees, requiem masses, soul equipment, etc.

In the 19th century, the age of the growing sciences, the stench of the devil and the fear of this theological scarecrow seemed to gradually disappear, and the entrances to the previously lucrative monopoly became fewer. The Jesuits, the typical representatives of the clergy, who had also distinguished themselves as special devil fighters and devil-smellers since their existence, thought it was timely to remind this devil-disbelieving world of the old Satan. But where in the 19th century could you get the devil from and not steal him?! The Jesuits had a great idea that was indeed very popular at first, but ultimately resulted in a terrible disgrace for the Church. The devil, they said, no longer sits quietly in his hellish kingdom, but thanks to modern transport he makes frequent pleasure trips into this world too, and his resting place is the Masonic lodges. The Jesuits had thus uncovered a trail of the devil, and now the wild hunt began, with Pope Leo XIII, the great devil-sniffer, in the lead and the whole swarm of orthodox candle-women of the 19th century following behind him.

On April 20, 1884, the Holy Father issued his famous and infamous "Pastoral Letter to all the Bishops of the World" ("Humanum genus"), in which he attacked the Freemasons in a highly tactless manner, denying any finer tone, and insulted them as "people who belong to the kingdom of Satan and the infernal powers, that they are inspired by the vain spirits of the devil," that

they are a sect abandoned by God, "destroyers of religion," "partisans of evil," a filthy plague" that is always ready for the most daring and cunning assassinations. Because they are possessed by satanic hatred and satanic greed for revenge and because their entire behavior is made up of vice, disgrace, disloyalty and hypocrisy, they must be condemned by the venerable Pope brothers, i.e. the bishops, were to be exposed and eradicated.

The Pope, the infallible one, had sounded the hunting trumpets, he, the docile Jesuit student and the compliant Jesuit puppet, had given the watchword for the craziest, world-historical joke.

Gabriel Jogand Pagès, better known under the code name Leo Taxil, inspired by the bull "Humanum genus", came up with the idea – which was actually put forward by the Jesuits – of exploiting the masses' newly discovered belief in the devil in literary and financial terms. Leo Taxil's moral qualities fit in perfectly with this society of modern devil-smellers. No one was more suitable than this "king of cutters" to revive the old belief in the devil.

Taxil was born to strict Catholic parents on March 21, 1854 and was educated primarily in monasteries. It was there that he became a priest-hater as a boy. One of his spiritual teachers had denounced him to his strict religious father as a freethinker and robbed him of his father's love and trust forever. On November 1, 1868, the 14-year-old boy was sent to a reformatory. Having become independent, he sought, filled with genuine southern hatred, to take revenge on the priests who had destroyed his youthful happiness. His weapon was the pen, which he knew how to wield with all the virtuosity of a born journalist. He was a brilliant mystifier and had tried his hand in this direction since his youth. Thus he earned his literary spurs through a horror story which he published in the Marseille newspaper "Bataille"¹ and which attracted general attention. In this anti-clerical newspaper

he told, in his own skillful manner, which was able to feign a certain degree of credibility, that the canons of Marseille met in underground vaults beneath the cathedral and did all sorts of things there. Among other things, these gentlemen are said to have discussed reinstating the Inquisition, for which purpose they collected all sorts of torture instruments in the secret vaults and at every meeting they sanded and blew them hard so that they did not rust.

In the editorial offices he continued to develop his boasting skills and in his "Confessions"² he writes, among other things:

"My colleagues took great pleasure in inventing the most improbable fairy tales. They made fun of the public they were writing for. What shall we have in store for the good people in the next edition?" they asked themselves day after day. And they set about inventing the craziest things. The most absurd ideas, as soon as it was a question of leading the readers astray, were always greeted with loud outbursts of hilarity. I was involved in the design of historical novels, which made the authors hold their bellies with laughter. People literally laughed their heads off when another funny improbability was invented and they wondered how they could go about it so that the public would take it seriously. The authors took great pleasure in pulling the wool over the public's eyes and said laughing: "Go ahead! Human stupidity is limitless!"

In his later publications "The Secret Loves of Pius IX", "Tropmann's Secret", "Marat or the heroes of the revolution", "Scandalous History of the d'Orleans", "The Secret Books of the Seminars" he is not only a "filmist" but also an outright pornographer. Even at the time when he was posing as a Catholic "saint," he did not disdain to appear in Parisian taverns to sing

1 Hence probably the pseudonym "Bataille" for Dr. Hacks. See below.

obscene couplets³, and to publish the book "Corruption at the end of the century," in which, with the scent of incense-scented moral indignation, he discussed the shameful perversities of Parisian brothels with the loving attention to detail that is typical of the moral books of the famous Saint Alphonsus de Liguori, so that the Brussels "Reforme" very aptly commented that Taxil seemed to them like a pornographer who had crawled out of a holy water bucket! Apparently in order to make connections, Taxil applied for admission to the Masonic Order and was accepted as an apprentice on February 21, 1881⁴⁵, but was expelled on October 5 of the same year because he would not give up his mysticism. Taxil was by no means the Masonic authority that the Jesuits made him out to be during his "saintly era." He had never even "tasted" Freemasonry and had only been to the lodge three times!

After the freethinkers had gotten rid of this individual, whom they had correctly assessed, Taxil, inspired by the bull "Humanum genus", turned to the opponents of Freemasonry, the Jesuits and the Roman Church. The latter welcomed the alleged Freemason with jubilation and his conversion on April 23, 1885 was celebrated as a special triumph of the Church.

The Jesuits played an outstanding role in his "conversion", for he did his retreat in a Jesuit college and made his three-day general confession to a Jesuit.⁶

In order to gain the favor of his now spiritual friends, Taxil presented himself as a fierce enemy of Freemasonry and an overly devout Catholic, always more papal than the Pope and more Jesuit than the Jesuits. He published one book after another against the

2 Freiburg i. D. Schw. and Paderborn, 1888.

3 Findel: The Catholic clergy on the lime stick, p. 120; Cologne People's Newspaper. 12 Nov. 1896.

Freemasons, of which "Les frères Trois-Points" ("The Three-Point Brothers") are the most important.

This book was published in 1886 in German translation by the arch-Catholic printing house "by Saint Paul" in Freiburg i. d. Schweiz. The translator and editor of this book is the Jesuit P. Gruber. It was therefore a Jesuit who smuggled the devil's epidemic from France into Germany.

This venerable gentleman, who later became Taxil's greatest enemy, recommended the book to the German public with the following foreword:

"The work that we are hereby handing over to the German readership was received very favorably by the Catholic press as soon as it was published. And rightly so, Gabriel Jogand Pagès – this is Leo Taxil's real name – was particularly qualified to make such revelations. A Freemason himself for a long time, he had ample⁷ opportunity to obtain all the information he could possibly want about the sect. Since he had also gained a following in Masonic circles⁸ by publishing a whole series of godless and anti-church works, he was able to since he had become a (celebrated) personality, his authorship of this work must have been particularly inconvenient for the Freemasons. Only about a year ago, the former Freemason solemnly renounced his faults and errors before the church authorities. In France, the revelations caused a great stir, and the two volumes of the work had already been sold in 22,000 copies in less than five months after the first volume appeared. May this work also find wide distribution in the

4 "Chain of Union", 1887, 5. 401.

5 See Figure 2.

6 See final chapter.

German translation for the benefit and piety of the German people."

Now a few passages from the book that are intended to shed light on the Taxil horrors:

The recipients (those to be admitted into the Masonic Order) remain alone in the hall accompanied by the grand expert. He places a black veil over their heads and leads them into the infernal chamber. (See illustration.) The infernal chamber is, as the rituals say, the symbol of the place of damnation. It is a small hall that is only illuminated by the light of the transparencies with which the walls are literally covered. These transparencies represent hell. However, one would be very mistaken if one wanted to believe that this is hell in the ecclesiastical sense. No, the devils and damned who are here do not look at all as if they are in a bad state, although they are surrounded by flames. On the contrary, they seem to be beaming with joy, they live and frolic in the fire as if in their element. All the wicked of the Bible: Cain, Chanaan, Moab and others, look like patriarchs and shine in glory. Tubal-cain forges in a forge where devils work, lightning. Hiram, recognizable by his Masonic badge and the acacia branch which he carries like a martyr's palm, receives a golden crown which Eblis, the angel of light (devil), tenderly places on his head. This depiction is nothing other than a glorification of Lucifer⁹, his companions in rebellion and the souls who turn away from God. On the right and left in this chamber there are two skeletons; each of them, with a drawn bow in its hand, shoots an arrow. The passage leading to the infernal chamber is lined with small pits, holes and mounds of earth. When the recipients are in the infernal chamber, the Grand Expert removes their black veil and says to them: Look and think. Then he moves away, but remains near the door.

The Areopagus and Chapters (of Freemasonry) are, for their part, under the influence of the spirit of evil, Lucifer and Eblis,



The "Infernal Chamber"

(after Taxil: The Mysteries of Freemasonry).

the alleged angel of light, with whom the Knights of Kadosch are in direct communication through their devil-mongering and black arts. I know that many of my readers will shrug their shoulders in disbelief at such an assertion. Well, I must say that I myself resisted such an assumption for a long time and laughed at it. However, after extensive, documented studies, I changed my opinion; I became firmly convinced that the infernal spirit really has a hand in the mysterious leadership of Freemasonry through the unapproachable Areopagus of Kadosch. The organization and leadership of the secret sect is too satanic to be explained in purely human terms.

The introductory person leads the recipient into the white chamber. This room is so called because of its white hangings. It is only lit by a broad bluish bonfire, which comes from a large vessel in the middle of the hall. In the east there is a four-sided altar, which carries another vessel filled with fragrant substances. Above this altar, a huge inverted triangle with the tip pointing downwards, the emblem of Lucifer, floats in a halo of light; a double-headed eagle is attached to this downward-facing tip. It is half white and half black and is natural size; it has its wings spread and holds a sword in its claws. The partition walls of this hall have several holes through which the Knights of Kadosch can observe the candidate without being noticed. The only person in the white chamber is the great sacrifice priest; he is in front of the altar.

A comedy of the most disgusting kind takes place. The recipient is always blindfolded and is led into the black chamber. There a live sheep is strung up on a frame.¹⁰ It is shaved smooth on the left side. The poor animal's mouth is also tightly bandaged so that it cannot make the slightest sound. A brother stands on the

⁷ So here Taxil claims that the Freemasons practice devil worship and the Jesuit Gruber took no offense at this stupid nonsense!

frame and imitates the groaning of a gagged person. The Grand Master and the Grand Judges have also ordered them into the black chamber. The Master says to the recipient: Brother! When you were accepted into the rank of "Chosen One," you symbolically avenged Hiram's death. Today it is no longer a question of stabbing mere idiots or piercing skulls deprived of life with your dagger. You know that there is no institution, however excellent it may be, that does not have its betrayers. A wretch from one of our obedience workshops recently betrayed our holy cause, and we have succeeded in getting hold of him. Here he lies; his last hour has struck. Do you hear the sounds of rage he utters? He knows that punishment will now overtake him and that he can no longer escape. Firmly bound and gagged, he might perhaps wish to inflict the worst insult on us before he breathes his last under the blows of our just vengeance. But this mouth which betrays our secrets shall no longer open, this perjured tongue shall no longer speak! Brother! Your present Acceptance brings you the honor of doing justice to him. First, touch with your hand the spot where your dagger must land, so that your avenging arm does not tremble! With these words, the recipient's left hand is taken and placed on the shaved spot of the struggling sheep. The Kadosch candidate feels as if he were touching the skin of a human being; he feels the heart pounding. The order is given; he stabs, thinking he is murdering a living human being. As soon as this has happened, he is dragged into another room. There, a thick black veil is removed from his eyes and the bleeding heart of the victim is brought to him on a plate. And he must carry this heart to the Grand Master on the tip of his dagger. After the recipient has passed this test of courage, his acceptance can no longer be objected to. The saint whom the Kabosch venerates is Br... Proudhon, and the prayer which his lips utter is the dreadful invocation of the devil of this notorious revolutionary: Come, Lucifer, thou blessed of our hearts! Come, that we may brood thee

to our breasts! The reader will still remember the mysterious word which appears at the top of the cubic stone: "Schem-Ham-Phorasch". This word concludes the invocations of the devil which are in use in cabalistic freemasonry. I shall be careful not to describe in detail the conditions which the wicked man must fulfil in order to commit such horrible things. I will reproduce the wording of the great and last invocation of the spirit of darkness:

"Hémen-Etan! Hémen-Etan! Hémen-Etan!... El Ati!... Titeip!... Azia!... Hin! Teu! Minosel!... Achadon!... Vai! vaa! Eyé!... Aaa! Eyé! Exe!... A!... El!... El!... El!... A!... Hy!... Han!... Hau!... Hau!... Hau!... Va! va! va! va! Chavajoth!... Aïe Seraye! Aïe Seraye! Aïe Seraye!... Per Elohim, Archima, Rabur!... Bathas super Abrac!... Ruens superveniens Abeor!... Super Aberer!... Chavajoth! Chavajoth! Chavajoth!... Impero tibi per clavem Salomonis es nomen magnum!... Schem- Ham-Phorasch!"

From this we can see how rightly Mgr. Fava (Bishop of Grenoble) claims that in the high-grade lodges of Freemasonry they really do invoke the devil. The very existence of such formulas in the Masonic rituals is proof that they are used. These formulas are written in a foreign script. They are given to the new initiate after his exemption, together with the explanatory alphabet. "We also have," says the President to the new initiate, "hieroglyphs which are known only to us; you will be given them, but be careful not to misuse them." It should not be objected that these are just games, for one should not even play with such accursed things. At the Lord's Supper following the Rosicrucian exemption, this divine... blasphemous imitation of the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, the "very wise one" blesses the bread with a special sign of the index finger or the blessing with a single raised finger, as we have seen above. In the Kadosch Agapen, the master raises two

8 See figure.



Initiation to the Kadosh
(according to Taxil: Mysteries of Freemasonry).

fingers to bless and holds his hand in such a way that, in the bright light of a candlestick in front of him, they cast a shadow on the wall, which symbolizes Lucifer. The hierarchy of the workshops consists in the fact that the irreligious lodge is unconsciously under the leadership of the pantheistic chapter, and this itself is under the influence of the satanic Areopagus."

The "Three Point Brothers" are also provided with a key to the "secret symbols", with which Taxil has allowed himself a famous pornographic joke. The Jesuit Gruber, however, takes it seriously and introduces it with the words:

"Taxil assures us most definitely that this is in reality the true key to the Masonic symbols, and calls on all Freemasons who have at least the 18th degree (for the lower degree Freemasons are not initiated into these abominations) to prove to him that he is incorrect, even if only in insignificant matters. In fact, the Masonic papers have not dared to dispute Leo Taxil's faithful reproduction of the key. There is therefore no doubt: the key given here is the true key to the secret symbols of Freemasonry."

The key states: "Initiation into the second degree leads the initiate to the study of the human body. The flaming star is shown to the neophytes. This star has five points and is at the same time the symbol of the human body and the principle of procreation. The upper point means the head, the two middle points the arms, the lower points the spread legs. The letter G, which means procreation (generatio), is intentionally placed where the thighs part to indicate the genitals. The letter G can also mean geometry, because the flaming star geometrically illustrates the act of copulation. The man lying on top directs the protruding member towards the middle of the body; the woman lying underneath opens the hollowed womb; this represents copulation through the mixing of the male and female genitals, the five-pointed star. The man A, the woman V."

The theological pornographer Taxil prefers to deal with the Eternal Feminine.

He therefore reports on the "women's lodge":

"The "Rite of the Pugs". After this ritual, the candidate, as a female dog who is not yet a pug, enters the circle of male and female pugs presided over by a brother and a sister. No wonder that they get excited and want to bite the strange dog. Our female dog, however, declares that she wants to become a pug herself, whereupon the pugs' mouths, which have been gaping open against her, close again. She is then asked whether she is afraid of the devil. She then has to stick out her tongue, which the inspecting pug takes with his fingers and feels thoroughly, in order to then declare as an expert that this female dog has the necessary qualities to become a pug. The examining pug then asks the candidate harshly whether she is prepared to kiss the rear of a pug of her choice. After the assembly has been enjoying the female dog's embarrassment for some time, if she is delighted, the velvet or silk rear end of a pug doll is offered to her to kiss. Once the candidate has become a master, the immoral and godless part of the initiation begins. The new master is led into a room made of Spanish walls within the lodge, given a hammer and ordered to carry out the "master's work". This consists in striking five blows on the stone, i.e. on a stone-colored, four-edged box, four on the four corner nails of the box, the fifth on a nail in the middle of the box. At this sounding blow the box bursts open and there appears what is called among the Masons "the symbol of Masonic morality". To the profane world this symbol is presented as a heart. However, this is merely a euphemistic expression for another object, such as was common among the lascivious French writers of the 18th century. Delicacy forbids us to speak more clearly. This symbol, which is otherwise only found in the most exuberant mysteries of ancient paganism or in the meetings of the Gnostics

held in the dark of night, is presented to the new mistress as the "product of her work". It unveils the secret of nature, which vicious souls abhor, but which is a sacred mystery for the virtuous. It is not for nothing that the new mistress has been placed between Spanish walls for this revelation. She must, however ashamed she may be, blush with shame. In the face of such mysteries, one can understand the numerous oaths of secrecy."

Until now, Taxil had only hinted at the devil and not let him appear too often. But in the book "Assassination in Freemasonry"¹¹ the smell of the devil is already getting stronger. In the latter work, Taxil shows how the evil spirit visibly intervenes in the government of people and nations through the lodge and how every policy that is not based on Christian (clerical) principles and does not respect the church has fallen under the control of an underground power."

In this book, he attributes all kinds of assassinations to the Freemasons, including the murder of the journalist Morgan in 1826, who was the first to publish the Freemason rituals.

Another significant passage from the book "Assassination in Freemasonry": In this book he attributes all kinds of assassinations to the Freemasons, including the murder of the journalist Morgan in 1826, who was the first to publish the Freemason rituals.

Another significant passage from the book "Assassination in Freemasonry": "With giant steps we are moving towards the "Knight Kadosch". At this stage the candidate is led to new oaths never to refuse to obey the Freemasonry execution orders; here begins the cult and direct worship of the devil, the progressive animalization through the black arts, and finally the homage to Satan in the form of a snake. The adept repeats the oaths of unconditional obedience to the lodge orders – whatever and whenever they are ordered. He calls upon Satan as his god, he calls

upon him according to the ritual of the black arts, devised by an apostate Briester, he worships him in the form of Baphomet, an infamous idol with goat's feet, woman's breasts and bat's wings."

Such horrible nonsense was published by a bookseller of the papal see, who is under the strict control of the Salzburg archiepiscopal chancellery. The then ruling Archbishop Haller evidently agreed with Taxil, otherwise the book could not have been published. Incidentally, the Salzburg Archbishop was only following the Jesuits' lead. We are reprinting below word for word the review of the "Dreipunktbrüder" written by Gruber S. J.¹² himself, as it appears in the most distinguished German Jesuit journal, the "Laughter voices", 1888, p. 229, because it is an important and, for the S. J., very embarrassing document. If Father Gruber S.J. "distinguishes" in the manner of a theologian and says that he only provided the notes and material for this discussion, and the editors of the "Laughter voices" stylized the report, then the matter becomes even more embarrassing for the Order. Then the following review does not reflect the opinion of an individual member of the Order, but the opinion of the editors of a magazine that is the Order's first representative in Germany.

The report reads:

"Complete revelations about Freemasonry by Leo Taxil. The Three Points Brothers. Expansion and ramifications, organization and constitution, ritual, secret signs and activity of the Freemasons. Authorized¹³ translation and editing from the French. I. Volume XIV and 421 pages, II. Volume VII and 582 pages. Fribourg (Switzerland), Book Printing of the Works of St. Paul 1886-1887, Paderborn, Bonifatius printing house. Price I. Volume M. 3.-, II. Volume M. 4.-.

9 Translated into German; published by M. Mittermüller, book dealer of the Papal See in Salzburg.

The well-known encyclical of Leo XIII, "Humanum genus," in which this great Pope once again calls for the fight against the Freemasons, is dated April 20, 1884. Just one year later, the ray of divine grace struck a publicist who had until then been an atheist and extremely hostile to the Church,¹⁴ who was perhaps more suited than anyone else to carry out the call of Christ's Vicar on earth.

It was on April 23, 1885, that Gabriel Jogand-Pagès, better known under the pseudonym Leo Taxil, one of the most furious enemies of the Catholic religion, the founder and leader of the French freethinkers' associations, the founder and leader of the "Anti-Religious Bookstore in Paris," which flooded all of France with its godless writings, was suddenly converted. The very next day he sought out a priest and, following his instructions, took the necessary steps to reconcile himself with the Church. Soon after, after making a retreat¹⁵, he made his confession. Since then he has made every effort to make amends for the evil he had instigated. Taxil had also been a freemason. He began his journalistic activity in the service of the good cause with revelations about this secret society. In the two years since his conversion, no fewer than four different works have been published against Freemasonry. Three of these writings contain the documents. They are the following: "The Three-Point Brothers" 2 vol., "The Cult of the Great Architect" and "The Masonic Sisters". In order to make the revelations contained in these source works more widely known to the public, he also published a short popular edition of them: "Freemasonry revealed and explained" and a large illustrated edition: "The Mysteries of Freemasonry".¹⁶ All these books were published by Letouzey and Ané in Paris.

¹⁰ The reviewer reviews himself. P. Gruber admits elsewhere that he only provided notes for this review.

The most important of Taxil's works, "The Three-Point Brothers", is now available in an excellent German edition. Taxil takes almost exclusively French Freemasonry into account. The German editor¹⁷ made it his business to inform the reader, as far as possible, about non-French, and in particular German, Freemasonry and even to supplement the information about French Freemasonry by using other, more recent sources.

The German edition of "Three-Point Brothers" contains extremely rich, often completely new, documentary material for assessing the Freemasons' association. A more detailed outline of the main content will demonstrate this.

In the first chapter (I, 1-66) Taxil tells us about his personal experiences in the lodge. Taxil, although he had the spirit of the lodges as one when it came to godless sentiments, nevertheless came into conflict with the Masonic authorities because he refused to accept the obedience demanded by the lodge. As a result, intrigue after intrigue was spun against him until he finally turned his back on the brotherly association.

Chapter 2 (I, 66-135) contains a statistical overview of the existence and organization of the secret society across the world. All the Grand Lodges are listed by name, along with their main dignitaries. The number of members of each Grand Lodge is also noted, based on the most recent sources. The quasi-diplomatic connections that exist between the Grand Lodges are also clearly presented. There are a total of 140 Grand Lodges, 16,800 lodges and 1,075,000 Freemasons.

11 Gruber S. J. was therefore, as is also evident from his other statements, in a personal relationship with Taxil.

12 It shows little tact, from a purely Catholic point of view, to associate an encyclical with the very dubious conversion of a sleazy French journalist.

In the 3rd chapter (I, 137-271) we learn about the constitution of Freemasonry. The entire code of laws of the very widespread "old accepted Scottish Rite" from 1875 is printed and, based on the best Masonic sources, an overview of the constitution of the Freemasonry in general is provided. There is hardly a Masonic institution that is not discussed here.

In Chapter 4 (I, 271-289) the various rites (systems) and degrees of Freemasonry are discussed. We learn from all Grand Lodges which systems they adhere to. The information given in this chapter is largely not, as far as we know, contained in any work accessible to non-Freemasons.

The most important part of the revelations follows in Chapters 5-10 (I, 292- II, 390). The initiation rituals and catechisms of the most common degrees of Freemasonry are presented here with relative completeness. The precise knowledge of the Initiation rituals and catechisms are the most essential requirement for understanding the peculiar workings of the secret society. Freemasonry uses the symbolic method of teaching for the instruction and education through which it gradually trains its adepts in the various degrees.

"The symbolic method of teaching and the system of degrees with the strict obligation of secrecy," the German editor rightly observes (II, 363), has always been indispensable to secret societies. In this way they can cloak themselves in that mysterious darkness which has always been the main reason for their attraction. Through this symbolic method of teaching in

13 with the Jesuits!

14 Year 1887. The accompanying images are taken from this with the permission of the publishing house Letouzey and Ané, Paris.

15 The Jesuit Gruber.

combination with ambiguous slogans, one has the power to reveal the secret only to the extent that it seems useful for the moment. In this way the secret society can spy out its members without betraying itself, gradually corrupt them step by step, or, if this offers too little prospect, keep them forever in the lower degrees."

Before Taxil tells us about the initiation ceremonies, he presents us with the Masonic propaganda (I, 293-314). He describes in a vivid and descriptive way how the lodge goes about selecting and recruiting new candidates. What we are told looks like a real scam. Any exception can, incidentally, only be obtained through financial contributions. Admission to the first three degrees costs 300-600 francs, depending on the lodge. The exception to the 37th degree costs 600 francs in France, 3000 francs in England, and 6000 francs in America (II, 356). As for the initiation ceremonies themselves, they combine godlessness with farce. Here are a few hints about admission to individual degrees, even if the higher degrees are less cultivated in Germany.

In the first, the apprentice degree, farce predominates. If the newcomer has been an apprentice for 5 months, he can apply for a pay increase, i.e. he can be admitted to the journeyman's degree by paying a new, substantial sum.

The true tendency of Freemasonry is already clearly evident in the master's degree. The monarchy of this degree is based on the core legend of Freemasonry, the Hiram legend. According to Masonic poetry, Hiram, whose sons the Freemasons consider themselves to be, is not descended from Adam, but from Eblis (diabolus), the angel of light (Lucifer). "We want to be Lucifer's par excellence" is how Br. Carlos von Gagern recently expressed the Masonic program (cf. Schwert and Kelle, Leipzig 1888, pp. 191 and 179). Freemasonry wants to establish an enlightenment in contrast to revelation. With Lucifer it declares war on the God of revelation and seeks in every way to bless the profane world, its

half-brothers who are sighing in the spiritual darkness of superstition, with its light, i.e. to bring the Christian faith. The Hiram legend is also exploited to explain the naturalistic and political teachings of the lodge.

The next most important degree is the 18th, the Rose Cross degree (II, 192 to 259). In this degree, the most banal naturalism of the lodge is expressed in the disgusting inclusion of Christian symbols (cross, communion). The symbol of this degree is the Rose Cross, a cross with a rose at the intersection point of its beams. The rose represents fertility. This mystical symbolism, says the ritual, contains the secret that makes humanity immortal" (II, 235 cf. 256).

In the 30th degree, that of the Knight Kadosch (II, 280-305), the hatred of Freemasonry against monarchy and papacy, as well as the satanic character of the lodge, emerge in full clarity. The holy word of this degree means "Avenge yourself, Adonai"! When it is pronounced, the Kadosch stabs the sky. The person to be admitted is led before three skulls. The middle one, crowned with immortelles, rests on a velvet cushion; it represents the head of the Grand Master of the Templars, De Molays. The skull on the right bears a royal crown (Philip the Fair), the skull on the left a papal tiara (Clement V). The new person to be admitted must genuflection in front of the middle skull, but must stab the other skulls with the shout: Curse on deceit (priesthood)! Curse on tyranny (royalty)! Then, since as a Kadosch he is the executor of Masonic vengeance, he is trained in the stabbing of treacherous brothers on a living sheep, which he must stab. In the four oaths which he swears, he promises complete obedience to his predecessor sects in Freemasonry, carrying out all their orders, helping persecuted brothers even at the risk of his life, offering all his strength to secure the greatest share of the government for the lodges, and declares that he will trample underfoot both the papal

tiara and the royal crown, in short, all irresponsible tyranny. Typical of the spirit of the degree is a satanic blasphemy, which is reported in II, 311-314. It was written by the model Kadosch Brother Proudhon. He also composed a hymn to the devil (II, 311).

In the 32nd degree (II, 322) Luther is described as the forerunner of Freemasonry. The highly readable instruction for the 33rd and highest degree (II, 335-355) provides an overview of the entire Scottish degree system as it appears to the fully initiated, free from all veil of emblems. According to this, Freemasonry is "the permanent conspiracy against political and religious despotism" (350). The main enemy is described as religion (354) or Catholicism (384). In this fight all means are permitted (384, 355, 304, 292).

In the 11th chapter (II, 391-517) the Masonic symbols of various systems are described for the first time in the most precise and detailed manner, and the key to some Masonic secret writings is also given. These revelations are also of great importance, since they destroy the secret in a point where it is most inconvenient for the brothers.

The 12th and last chapter (II, 517-575) deals with the alleged charity of the lodge, the espionage among the brothers, the assassinations of the lodge, the treasonous obligation of the brothers to support one another even in times of war, and finally the sisters' lodges. The latter revelations, in which the quintessence of Taxil's work "The Masonic Sisters" is reproduced, lift the veil on a side of lodge life that has been little known until now.

The authentic secret key to the Masonic symbols, included as an appendix at the end of the second volume, crowns these revelations, which are the most devastating for the lodge. A society that turns away from revelation and pays homage to a neo-pagan

naturalism must ultimately end up in the mire of frivolous sensual pleasure.

The final words, in distant language, call for the fight against the lodge in all areas, especially in the school.

The call, as well as the program that has been unveiled in the fight against the secret society, deserve every attention. This is the program approved by Pope Leo XIII himself. (See "Handbook of Anti-Freemasonry Association" honors His Holiness Pope Leo XIII with a brief. 56 5. 80 Freiburg (Switzerland), Paulus-Druckerei 1887, price 16 Pf. Compare this 18) Journal Vol. XXXI, p. 582 ff.)

Finally, a word about the reliability of these revelations. As already mentioned, Taxil was himself a Freemason, and he based his revelations on the official lodge documents. As compromising as his statements were for the lodge, the official Masonic journals were unable to refute them. They only complained that their symbols were now known to the profane and that they were therefore no longer safe from intruders in their own lodges. The impotent behavior of the lodge journals is all the more eloquent as the two volumes of the "Three-Point Brothers" have already been sold in around 100,000 copies. In addition, Taxil's revelations are confirmed in other works. For example, in the "Practical Masonry Course" (2 vol. Paris). The little work "Masonic Rituals ", published in Rome in 1874 by Chiaperini, which gives the initiation ritual for the 1st and 30th degrees, also agrees completely with Taxil's relevant information. What we personally occasionally learned about the initiation ceremony in the German and Swiss lodges can only confirm Taxil's information.

The work "The Three-Point Brothers" (admittedly by no means a reading for young people) seems to us, on the basis of



2. Exception in the apprentice degree of Freemasonry
(according to Taxil: The Mysteries of Freemasonry).

what has been said, to be excellently suited to realizing the Holy Father's so often and urgently expressed wish that Freemasonry should be exposed. The publishing house has contributed its part to the realization of this wish by offering the book in a pleasing format at a low price.

H. Gruber S. J."

The Jesuit "Laughting voices" had roared bravely for the literary juggler Taxil and this echoed obediently in the German central papers. The stout Berlin "Germania", which is known for having the greatest devil-sniffing nose in Germany, bleated after the Jesuit bellwether from Maria Laach and wrote on December 28, 1886:

"Even if much of what is said about French Freemasonry may not apply to other countries, Freemasonry throughout the world is united in its anti-Christian and especially anti-Catholic efforts. Therefore, Taxil's revelations are of great value to us too. The present translation, which rivals the French original in freshness and elegance of style, is particularly valuable in that it takes due account of German lodges and in places offers a new adaptation instead of a mere translation. In addition to the well-known works, the review of Taxil's work, which shows us the inner workings of the lodges and the entire formalism of the sect, is a welcome addition."

The no less devil-knowing Silesian People's Newspaper blew up the advertising trumpet on November 25, 1886:

"Leo Taxil, himself a Freemason for a long time and celebrated in Masonic circles for publishing a whole series of godless and anti-church writings, suddenly renounced his fraternity and errors before the church authorities a good year ago and then made revelations about Freemasonry in a striking work entitled "The Three-Point Brothers." The French lodge papers have not even

attempted to dispute Taxil's statements. This is probably the best proof of their reliability."

After these songs on the waters of the Spree and Oder, the large "Cologne People's Newspaper" on the banks of the Rhine also hastened to reinforce the chorus of jubilation for Taxil on May 11, 1888 and wrote:

"The second volume of the authorized French translation of the 'Complete revelations on Freemasonry by Leo Taxil' has been published (by the Bonifatius printing house in Paderborn). The book, which is almost 600 pages long, is entitled "The Three Point Brothers". If anyone knows French Freemasonry, it is Taxil, who was its most zealous member until his conversion, which caused such a sensation. Taxil has since then considered the revelations about the secret society to be one of his main tasks. In this volume you will find information down to the smallest detail about the spread and despair, organization and constitution, ritual, secret symbols and activities of Freemasonry. Since Leo Taxil only takes the French rituals into account, the anonymous editor adds very detailed additional remarks on the form and spirit of Freemasonry in general, which are intended in particular to demonstrate the "unity of the spirit of all Freemasonry". "All lodges", he says, are connected with their Grand Lodges; the Grand Lodges in turn maintain a lively exchange with one another. Brother Freemasons have no problem gaining entry to any foreign lodge of the same degree, provided they can sufficiently prove that they hold the degree in question. Assurances that the Freemasons' Association is a large, world-wide brotherhood are constantly recurring in lodge documents of all kinds." The book speaks in the most unreserved manner about the dangerous aims of the lodge, emphasizing that, particularly in countries that are not yet ready for the undisguised disclosure of their secrets, the mass of good-natured masons in the lower degrees, who themselves hardly suspect the actual aims of

Freemasonry, are of particular value, because this gives the association a harmless appearance even to the profane world. The final chapter of the appendix, "Political and social role of the sect," offers many points of attack and will certainly give rise to many protests from Freemason circles. Taxil's statements on the activities of the French lodges, on the other hand, have, to our knowledge, not been seriously challenged. His book very quickly found significant circulation in France."

The devil's wheat began to flourish in German countries too, and the great Christian Catholic world suddenly realized with a shriek how hot and strong the stench of the old Satan was in modern times.

But this hellish beast still smelled piquant, and all pious souls and sweethearts devoured Taxil's books. The editor of the German Review was able to write with praise:

If one can say of any work, then Taxil's work is warmly recommended in every respect by the entire Catholic press of Germany, Austria and Switzerland."

Taxil had wisely speculated that he would join the Jesuits. As the saying goes: "With a Jesuit by your side, you can get through Germany." Taxil was also introduced to the highest church dignitaries through them, especially to the papal nuncio in Paris, Mgr. Rendi, who recommended him to others, so that he was able to receive the Pope in a private audience in 1887. Miss Diana Vaughan (i.e. Taxil herself), who later played an important role, reports on this audience in her "Memoires":

"My son," asked the Vicar of Christ, "what do you want? Holy Father, to die at your feet here at this moment would be my greatest happiness," said the Bönitent, who was on his knees. "Not at all," replied Leo XIII with a benevolent smile, "your life is still useful for the battles of faith." The Pope pointed to his library,

which contained all of Taxil's exposés, and which he had read. The Pope repeatedly stressed that he had correctly understood the satanic direction of the sect."

With Taxil's audience with the Pope, the whole fraud had received papal sanction. How could Leo XIII have refused Taxil an audience? What Taxil, the daring press Cossack, had written was grist from the Jesuit mill. The Pope, bishops, etc. claimed that they had long suspected such atrocities and devilry among the Freemasons. Couldn't the Pope say of the devil's hype: Ego plantavi, Taxil rigavit? I, the Pope, planted the devil's nonsense, Taxil, the "Jules Verne of Hell", watered it with his journalistic manure!

Chapter 2.

The boy on the Satanas is eagerly continued – the Baphomet, the great-grandmother of the Antichrist – the Bishop of Grenoble as hell expert – his warning about the devilish harems – Archbishop Meurin S. J. revives the devil's stuff trade through his "Satan Synagogue" – the Christian family doctor and devil researcher Dr. Bataille writes his famous devil book – the praying parrot – the devil of Prince Pomerantseff – the devil as a cannoneer – a monkey wedding – remarks about Her Majesty Whisky I, also called the "beggars of London" – the skeleton devil Wham-tschin-fu – the whistling Satanic telephone – the postman devils – the books of silence – the chemical laboratory of hell – Volapük, the colloquial language of the devils – audience with the satanic laboratory director Tubal-cain – the piano-playing devil crocodile – Monsieur Vladimir marries a table – the devil's bride Miss Diana Vaughan – several stories about the gallantry of devils in love – a count glorifies Dr. Bataille in a poem – the stupidity of people is unlimited.

After the Jesuits and Pope Leo XIII had so energetically advocated research into and persecution of the devil, after they had also unearthed Satan's hiding places in the Masonic lodges with theological hunting skills, from now on all the devil-smelling organs of the Roman Church were even more intensely directed at the troublesome prince of hell. Taxil was thereby strengthened in his plans and intentions and he would have been a stupid fellow if he had not exploited the extremely favorable devil's economic situation for business purposes.

In 1891 he published the book "Are there women in Freemasonry?", in which he speaks for the first time quite directly about the devil cult of the high-ranking Freemasons, the so-called "Palladism". According to pages 208 and 281 of this work, the founders of this satanic system were Albert Pike and John Taylor. In 1881, the mother lodge "Lotus" was established in Taxil in the rue de Varennes, near the apostolic nunciature¹⁸ in Paris, from

which the daughter lodge St. Jacques was founded in 1884. No one has any idea of the monstrous fornication in these "Palladist" lodges. The rejected Freemasons practice a very serious devil cult, for they worship Lucifer as the good principle and abhor Adonai, the Christian god, as the evil principle. Their temple symbol is the Baphomet. They also perform invocations of light demons and souls of departed souls and summon, for example, the spirits of Julian, Paracelsus, Cagliostro, Savonarola, Huss, Giordano Bruno, Voltaire, Frederick II of Prussia, etc. The crowning glory of these satanic cult scenes is always the piercing of consecrated hosts. The "famous" Sophia Walder, the great-grandmother of the Antichrist, is also introduced in this book. She is said to have been appointed Palladian Grand Master of France and Belgium on January 21, 1889, and to feed her dogs with consecrated hosts in a sacrilegious manner.

Taxil had thrown a number of thick volumes about the satanic cult of the Freemasons to the hell-hungry public. As a practically experienced journalist, he knew that the subject would become tiring if it was always presented in the same form. Even the horrifying illustrations in the style of the most vulgar suburban newspapers and pulp novels¹⁹ would have had a numbing effect over time and the whole devil hoax would have disappeared from the scene. But that was not at all to the taste of the Jesuits and Taxil, who was closely allied with them at the time.

From then on, Taxil kept himself in the background in his publishing and let his spiritual friends take the lead in the hunt for the devil. On the other hand, he published the later, particularly crazy books under a descriptive name or initiated like-minded people into his joke and used them as front men.

16 A wicked joke from Taxil, but he hits the nail on the head.

This method offered several very significant advantages. Firstly, it was only right and proper that the Jesuits and all professional devil-smelling experts and experts of hell should have the lead in the "scientific" investigation of this newly revived theological discipline. Secondly, Taxil thereby flattered the priests' literary and devil-fighting ambitions and thereby made them all the better friends.

In his publications, Taxil was not at all stingy with praise and compliments for his clergy colleagues. The knowledgeable reader will find the passages where Taxil refers to his "expert authorities" from the clergy particularly entertaining. These are jokes of compelling comedy. Thirdly, the fact that clergymen and writers who, as the public assumed, had no connection with Taxil, confirmed Taxil's revelations as "witnesses" made it all the easier to deceive an uncritical but faithful readership that was already predisposed to believe in Satan.

Among Taxil's "friends" was one of the most trusting and superstitious Mgr. Fava, the Bishop of Grenoble, whom the literary swindler was able to cleverly use as cover.

Nobody knew that the sensational book: Adolph Ricoux: "The existence of women's lodges affirmed by Mgr. Fava and Leo Taxil" (1892) was written by none other than Taxil himself²⁰. In this book the old wives' tale of "Masonic Palladism" is further debunked, and the fable of the Masonic devil pope Pike is expanded upon in a second edition.

The polite and modest Ricoux lets Bishop Fava have his say on page 6 of this comical satanic book as follows:

"They claim, with evidence, that (in France) 60 percent of all

17 Compare the illustrations from the "Mysteries".

lodges have a women's lodge, a harem, as an appendage. Without the devilish work of the Freemasons, their brothers, these women would have been virgins or chaste wives, the honor of their family and of France, the joy of the Church, the benefactors of their fellow men. But now that the breath of the plague of the serpent has defiled them, they crawl, like them, on the ground in the filth on which they feed in shame and dishonor... These cruel Freemasons... corrupt their victims with sensual pleasures and they complete their work by ruining them in spirit and heart. They teach these unfortunates that the Blessed Virgin does not deserve this name, that Jesus Christ is not the Son of God. With them they mock the Holy Eucharist and the Holy Host. Satan himself presides over their sacrilegious orgies, taking pleasure in dragging the living image of God around in the dirt. The hatred of the one who cast him down from heaven, the hatred of the male Mason, the hatred of the female Mason: all of this comes together and forms a devilish mixture that even hell could no longer name.

That is what one sees and does in 60 percent of Masonic lodges! And these are the people who come from their caves to the helm of state in Italy, France, Spain, Germany, England, America and elsewhere: who move from the harem into the legislative chamber and from there into the public assemblies, where we hear them speak and blaspheme against everything that is pure, noble and holy. But we confess, blushing for the honor of the Christian nations, that its appearance is well founded. These men and women, who indulge in lust after the manner of the Helots of Sparta, will, we hope, fill all your readers with horror; and Freemasonry will then be condemned for what it really is, that is, first as a school of immorality, then as a pulpit of satanic impiety.

It is time that it was known that the world today has in every

city where there is a lodge a den of criminals, in which all kinds of outrages against God and Christ are continually being committed, worse than the crime of the Jews on Calvary. For the criminals of our day know what they are doing. When God punishes us, we will know why he does it. When he forgives us, we will recognize that his mercy towards us is infinite."

Such wicked nonsense, however, did not remain only in the novels of the fraudulent factory Taxil & Co., Mgr. Fava also introduced these Faustian lies and fairy tales into the official letters of his episcopal office and in a pastoral letter to his diocesan clergy he said that 30 million freemasons and 2½ million freemasons were working hard to overthrow the existing monarchies.

It is clear that the blacks were excellent at making political capital out of Taxil's devilish tales.

However, others besides Taxil also tried to exploit the devil-mongering and fear of freemasons of Pope Leo XIII and the Jesuits in literary terms. For example, Paul Rosen, a "converted" freemason, had the book "Satan and Co." published in 1888 and in 1891 "The Social Enemy" appeared. Paul Rosen, this brave convert, did not disdain to do a brisk trade in antiquarian Masonic books while he wrote anti-Masonic "revelations" about Satanism and "His own Satanism the Devil Pope Pike" and exploited prelates and Catholic laymen financially. He even managed to copy Leo XIII. For on the title page of the book "The Social Enemy" one can read:

"Approved by Papal Brief of Our Most Holy Father Pope Leo XIII of July 7, 1890 a work that is warmly welcomed and recommended."

The laurels that ordinary secular clergy and even laymen, such as Taxil, Rosen, and Ricoux, earned in their pursuit of Satan, did not allow the Jesuits to sleep peacefully. No less a person than an

archbishop belonging to the Jesuit order and a native of the Rhineland was to save the honor of the S. J.

In August 1892, Archbishop Leon Meurin of Port-Louis in Fle-St. Maurice came to Paris for a few weeks to start a fundraising campaign for his diocesans who had been affected by an elemental event. Like Taxil, Rosen, Nicoux, etc., he had the not bad idea of making money from the "Palladism" that was just becoming fashionable for church purposes and in 1892 he published the great book "Freemasonry Synagogue of Satan" (Paris, by Retaux), which cites Taxil as an authority.

The Archbishop writes, among other things:

"We now know the Pope of the Synagogue of Satan, the Ensophist. We are therefore perfectly justified in drawing the conclusion that Freemasonry, despite its countless different forms throughout the world, is only one under the supreme leadership of the Pope of Charleston. Charleston is the provisional name of Satan's synagogue. The lodge meetings are actual Luciferian cults. The Palladium is finally the tabernacle. Lucifer has aped the Ark of the Covenant in Baphomet. The two cherubim are replaced by two horns. Between these horns burns the bluish flame, which indicates the presence of the fire of God, who from here gives instructions to his representative on earth.²¹ We have absolutely no doubt that Satan appears here to his representative and his assistants in Person and gives them messages,²² in which he tells them all his orders to the widow's children. The Freemasons of the Palladium rite declare themselves to be the direct heirs of the Knights Templar! They assert that at the time when James Moley and his accomplices were being tried, a number of Templars succeeded in bringing the monstrous Baphomet to Scotland, where they continued to worship it in secret. Alb. Pike reformed the old Palladian rite and gave it the Luciferian character in all its harshness."

Truly, one must give His Grace the praise of having proved himself worthy of his brother in the order, the famous devil expert Delrio.

Dr. Hacks-Bataille, who now comes on the scene, had never claimed more than Meurin S. J.

Dr. Charles Hacks, a Rhinelander, was brother-in-law of the well-known editor of the "Cologne People's Newspaper" Bachem. As ship's doctor of the "Maritime Messenger Company" he had had ample opportunity to make long journeys and to get to know the people and customs of remote countries.

Dr. Hacks was an atheist and religious scoffer of the purest water. In terms of mockery, imagination and expertise he was far superior to Taxil. With an incomparable calmness and with the appearance of serious scholarship, he knew how to present the most ridiculous things and win over the reading public to the credibility of his "revelations". This man was the right tool for Taxil and so he initiated him into the whole devil's hoax and induced him to publish the impressive and richly illustrated book "The Devil in the 19th Century"²³ under the alias Dr. Bataille.

Dr. Bataille, so the book tells us, comes from his travels around the world to meet an Italian named Carbuccia, whom he had previously known as a healthy, vibrant man, and who has now degenerated into a truly pitiful figure and resembles a walking corpse. At midnight, in a lonely, eerie spot on the deck of the ship, and at the eerie witching hour, with the dull murmuring of the waves and the sinister rumbling of the coal being loaded, the Italian now tells how he has degenerated into this state. The blame for this lies with Freemasonry and the personal contact with the devil that is cultivated in the highest degrees of it. In a word, the

19 A veritable devil's oracle! 22 Compare illustration.

Italian was a devil's disciple, a "Palladist". Things were going quite disgracefully at the Masonic conventicles. The anti-church monsters Luther and Voltaire were quoted and they appeared in person. The venerable and infamous German arch-catholic Luther was particularly fond of the old Italian.²⁴ Since he had been in contact with Luther, he had descended step by step into the lowest pits of hell, into the devil's brotherhood. A terrible excitement dominated him on the day he was to see Lucifer for the first time. The other "Three-Point Brothers" also whispered mysteriously before that memorable meeting that a brother had brought something devilish with him from China. It was a small white box with the skulls of three recently murdered, highly venerable Jesuit priests.

A disgusting, horrifying scene begins with great ceremony. The Master of the Chair and the other brothers stand around the three skulls, begin to curse God the Lord in the most shameful way, call on Satan and hit, stab and scratch at the three Jesuit skulls until they are shattered into bone fragments. These are then collected and burned in a charcoal bed in front of the Freemasons' statue of the sinister Baphomet. The room is now only dimly lit by a candle and the burning Jesuit bone fragments. Now the "master" begins to conjure the devil directly. The whole assembly spreads its arms, a strong gust of wind, a dull rumble as if coming from a cellar, the candle goes out, a crash, an earthquake, a thunder, and the hall shines with an unearthly glow emanating from Lucifer, who has now taken the chair of the Grand Master. Lucifer now holds a circle in the most amiable manner and speaks to each of the brothers. He extends his hand to the brother who had brought the

23 2 vols. 964 and 960 pages, published in installments from Sept. 1892-1894, by Delhomme & Briguet, Paris, Rue de Rennes 83.

24 respectively the two chauvinist journeymen Taxil and Hacks.

Jesuit skulls. Then something horrible happens! The brother screams loudly, it becomes pitch black, and indescribable confusion grips the newcomers. When the light is turned on again, the brother is seen lying dead and stiff on the floor. The devil had come for him in person. Instead of being upset about this hideous scene, however, the old, hardened Freemasons burst out into satanic laughter! The whole devil's apparition had obviously given them immense amusement, a proof of how timid and wicked this sect was. During the conversation with Carbuccia, the wise Dr. Bataille was not yet a believer in the devil. As a devout Catholic, however, he turned to a spiritual advisor. Dr. Bataille writes about this²⁵:

"During a conversation I expressed a doubt about the power of the devil, which Abbé Laugier (Marseille) resolved for me with a long explanation. Among other things, he referred me to the Roman ritual and to the excellent work of the Jesuit Martin Delrio.²⁶ He also gave me the sure signs by which one can distinguish the influence of the devil from that of the gods. He then tells me the famous case of the murderer Matraccia, the son of the devil, which took place in Marseille in 1856, with his parrot, who even spoke Latin and recited psalms and church prayers.

Finally the Abbé let me go. After we had made a pilgrimage together to the "Good Mother of the Guard", I set off on my journey, equipped with a consecrated Benedict medal, which he gave me at the last moment."

An example of how Taxil's devil stories came about is the story of the devil who appeared to the Russian Prince Pomerantseff (a really great name!) and the French Abbé Girod. Archbishop Meurin gives a fantastic report of this historically documented apparition on page 218 of his book "Synagogue of Satan". The good Archbishop had obviously obtained his information from Taxil, however. Meurin had hardly told the story of Prince

Pomerantseff being haunted by the devil when Dr. Batail, in his "Devil", referred to the remarkable and expert testimony of the "freemason expert" and Archbishop Meurin S. J. and wrote in I, 162: "Mgr. Meurin does not doubt the truth of this story. And in this he is very right."

Taxil and Co. were, even the palest envy must admit, really excellent psychologists. They knew how to get to grips with the clergy's weak side, their missionary vanity and their literary vanity. I am firmly convinced that Archbishop Meurin S. J. was very pleased to be quoted by Dr. Bataille as an expert and authority on Freemasonry and hell matters.

Dr. Bataille also had the audacity, however, to let a real person appear in order to lend greater credibility to his revelations. He tells of a very strange devilish apparition in "Devil", I, 172. Shortly before the conquest of Rome in 1870, General Cadorna and several other Freemasons held a secret meeting in Milan.

Revolution and blasphemy were the topics of conversation. During a break, Cadorna, who is said to have been an apostate priest, consecrated bread to parody the mass. After the words of the consecration, he threw the bread into the fire in honor of Lucifer. Then the floor opened and the devil himself stepped out. He looked at his followers with approval and then said: The moment has come to fire the third cannon shot! A month later, Cadorna entered Rome through the breach in the Porta Pia!

After this digression, which proves that the devil also knows something about artillery, Dr. Bataille turns back to the desecration of the host and describes in detail the torture instruments with which the hideous Freemasons torture the "bathed Lord Gods":

"Devil", I, S. 42 ff.

"The apparatus (for desecrating the host) consists of a round, copper, gold-plated box, which resembles the case of a remontoir clock. It has on the side, just like a clock, a kind of screw which can be easily turned with two fingers. This screw sets the mechanism in the box in motion. Only this is not the movement of a clockwork, but of a gear of small interlocking rollers, which are provided with protruding points and small hooks made of steel. All this works together to squeeze, prick, shred and tear the consecrated host, which is placed on the bottom of the box. These apparatuses really exist; I repeat. I do not know where they are made. I have not seen anything like it in Gibraltar. But they exist and serve the horrible crimes of which I have just spoken."

Now Dr. Bataille, with a Liguori-like gesture that rolls his eyes, turns back into a bigot and warns: "These crimes should not just provoke our indignation, it is not enough to gnash our teeth, we must pray; the faithful must venerate the most holy sacrament of the altar more fervently than ever and thus atone for the terrible injustices, the unheard-of defilements that the fury of hell inflicts on it in many different ways every day. When we Christians think of God's patience, we must be ashamed. It exceeds our human understanding. We are witnesses to crimes that are so horrible that we cannot understand why God's punishment does not follow them immediately. Let us therefore humble ourselves, weep, pray, and atone."

In the Dappah desert near Calcutta, Bataille receives the mysterious baptism of a snake and in the sanctuary of the Phoenix he attends a solemn sacrilegious satanic wedding of a male and female monkey!²⁷

Out of French local patriotism and in order to appear quite

25 Note how Dr. Hacks teases the Jesuits.

Catholic, the hypocritical Dr. Bataille always knows how to portray Protestants as special devil's ally. In Singapore, for example, he finds a veritable devil's sanctuary in a Presbyterian church, presided over by a pastor! In the church of Satan there was a hideous Baphomet with all the Palladian accessories, with a chalice, hosts and daggers for piercing.²⁸

Dr. Bataille tells horror stories about the satanic cult in Singapore, which he cleverly calculates to give a chauvinistic tone to the French public, by describing the immorality of the English in Singapore in the most vivid colors: "Singapore is also English territory, and here, as in all the colonies of the British Empire, scoundrels, thieves and criminals of all kinds, scoundrels who have managed to evade police investigations in their homeland, escaped convicts and assassins have settled and are doing business to the detriment of the great unscrupulous people and His Most Gracious Majesty. A nice people they are! In addition, the English are fanatically Protestant... From the moral, physical and religious point of view they are despicable. When you have to deal with an Englishman, you don't know what kind of guy you are dealing with. It has been said that if you probe the Lutheran, you will find in him an atheist hardened by pride, a religious rebel and a closet Luciferian! If you probe a Protestant Englishman, you will discover in him a more or less conscious criminal who often mates with a Satanist. The life of the people in Singapore is like that of animals. There is something strangely unnatural and infernal about it. The English woman, not excluding the girl, is generally the epitome of vice and godlessness in Singapore." The following passage is an unprecedentedly cheeky insult to Queen Victoria of England, but it is not without its comical side:

"The example here, as is well known, comes from a very high place. The whole world knows what John Bull does not want to admit; the world knows the intimacies of those whom the Indians

call the "Old Beggar of London", the stories of Her Majesty Whisky I, who indulged in vice and alcoholism from a young age. She is the type according to which women are formed throughout the whole of the British Empire. In Singapore, the young Englishwoman puts her charms, her youth, her intelligence, everything at the service of Satan, whose messenger and representative she is. She is in reality cursed by God, the pimp of the Prince of Hell. Woman only in name, she is in reality absolutely infernal and a devil."²⁹

What is Dr. Bataille, the editor of the Christian family doctor, is a splendid model Catholic when he writes in "Devil" I, p. 751 ff.: "From the outset, however, I am always inclined to believe in the sincerity of everyone who resolutely fights the devil, the father of lies. Anyone who fights the devil, i.e. lies, is, in my eyes, an honest and upright person. He may well make a mistake now and then, hold false views on this or that minor point. But that does not affect his honesty. If he deceives someone because of a mistake, he does not intend to do so. And the infallible papal teaching authority is still there to intervene and correct important matters."

Anyone who is not familiar with the horror will learn about it in the San-ho- hoei Lodge, an association of Chinese devil worshippers. Over a coffin in which a human skeleton lay, the Grand Master spoke an incantation to the "bone and spine spirit", the Chinese god Wham-tschin-fu. The skeleton came to life and answered various pious questions that were put to it. A 33rd brother gets into an argument with the "bone and spine spirit", and a very physical brawl develops in which the 33rd... comes out on the short end.

27 "Devil", p. 125.

28 "Devil", p. 190.

Dr. Bataille reports the most incredible and amazing things about the Satan Pope A. Pike. He has 20,000 pens in the drawer of his desk, one of which was paid for after his death with 500 dollars because he had used it to write the reply to the bull "Humanum genus". According to Bataille's description, hell and the Satan Pope are decidedly more progressive than the German center. For Pike is connected to all the directorates of the paladin cult by a wireless "satanic telephone". (Charleston, Rome, Berlin, Washington, Montevideo, Naples and Calcutta.) This satanic telephone, called the *arcula mystica*, consists of a box with seven statuettes, which correspond to the seven directorates. If one of these statuettes is pressed down by the devil pope, the corresponding statuette of the called directorate lets out a devilish whistle and thus alerts the director in question to the conversation. The individual "satanic telephones" are not connected with wires, but function wirelessly. Incidentally, Pike does not need the "satanic telephone" at all; he has a whole host of small, long-tailed postal devils at his disposal, which transport the letters with incredible speed.

In order to be able to have personal contact with the God-be-with-us at will, the Satan Pope has a "magic bracelet" with which he can quote Lucifer at any time.

On the occasion of such a devil quote, Pike took Satan on a little pleasure trip to Sirius! In a few seconds, a distance of 52,174,000 million miles was covered without Pike feeling any discomfort.

The Grand Hierophant "Pessina" has a no less remarkable object of infernal technology, the "great talking wheel", the illustration of which Bataille gives with his characteristic

impudence in the 2nd volume, p. 233.

However, it is not so easy to make the devil's wheel speak: "The operation can only be carried out in clear weather and at the time of the waxing moon. As soon as dawn breaks, use a new goose feather and new ink to draw the speaking wheel with the hexagon in the middle on the skin of a virgin lamb. The hexagon contains the names of the angels and the sign of the spirit with its seal. The alphabet is drawn into the circlet of the wheel. The lambskin is then blessed with incense and water. Then a loop is prepared, the cord of which must be made of silk and be golden yellow, and the pendulum weight of which must consist of a triangle of heavy metal facing downwards. This loop is consecrated in the same way as the wheel with incense and sprinkling of water. This speaking wheel is used in the following way: the lambskin is laid on a table; the pendulum is attached above it. Raphael is quoted. But he does not appear. A devil, however, who takes the name of the devil, sets the pendulum in motion. Now questions are asked. The pendulum stands still over the letters in turn, which make up the words of the answer. However, the presence of a virgin girl or a woman who is expecting is absolutely necessary. Pessina does not say why a woman who is expecting can see a virgin girl when one is not present."³⁰ This malicious remark is a real Taxilian joke, he means that one would hardly find a virgin who has not been deflowered, as the book is generally full of the most vulgar frivolities.

In his "Diable", I, 431, Bataille also mentions the Freemason and Grand Master of the Order of the "Pugs of Silence", a certain Dorothea Schulz in Berlin, whom he accuses of desecration of the host and other vile acts. De la Rive gives her a picture in "The woman and the child etc.", which shows a smart young hussar.

The wicked sect of Luciferian Freemasons, Dr. Bataille continues, has a secret laboratory inside the Rock of Gibraltar with

the knowledge of the English authorities, which is also under devilish-Masonic influence. After the hellish technology, we now learn about hellish chemistry. About 200 Freemasons and living devils are said to be working in this workshop on the manufacture of Palladian objects and satanic poisons. The devils had created a veritable bacterial culture there, which the Freemasons use to cause epidemics among humanity when the opportunity arises.

It is simply fabulous how far hell and the spirits of hell have advanced in culture and civilization. The usual colloquial language in the "devil's chemical laboratory" is Volapük. When Dr. Bataille entered the laboratory, he was presented with a true picture of hell. For all the devil's laboratory assistants had a downright monstrous appearance, which, however, did not turn the business-savvy Dr. Bataille into a stupor, but rather caused him to calculate how much a clever entrepreneur à la Barnum could earn if he were to exhibit such an infernal chemistry professor at fairs for an entrance fee.

Dr. Bataille was not left to his financial considerations for long, however, for the germ-producing Satanic fellows greeted him with deafening Volapük greetings and shouts, while the director of the hellish laboratory, the devil Tubalcain, greeted him jovially in fluent French, evidently to show off his courtesy towards the grandee who was particularly devoted to the devil nation. As he left, the laboratory director Tubalcain gave the brave Dr. Bataille a small bottle of cholera bacilli as a thoughtful souvenir of his visit to the infernal laboratory.³¹

The transformation skills of the infernal spirits put even French variety shows in the shade. At a spiritualist meeting in London in 1889, the table rose up to the ceiling, then suddenly fell down and

30 "Devil", II, 343.

turned into a devilish crocodile. The astonishment of the company reached its climax when the devilish crocodile approached the piano with worldly elegance and began to play completely strange melodies with virtuoso technique. At the same time, he threw unmistakable, extremely intrusive images at the lady of the house, which caused the lady considerable embarrassment.³² Again, proof of the sensuality of these sons of Satan, and proof of the God-forsakenness of the Freemasons, who are in intimate contact with such a devious living devilish rabble.

A certain Mr. Vladimir in Paris, who was a member of such a depraved society, had no shame in marrying a table occupied by a she-devil. During the wedding, the satanic table stood up of its own accord and put on a wreath and veil. The gracious groom even had himself photographed with his table companion.

In Jaggernaut, Dr. Bataille claims to have attended a wild, orgiastic celebration in honor of the Indian god Vishnu. In Jaggernaut, 480 kilometers from "satanic" Calcutta, there is a gigantic, hideous idol of Vishnu. Around two million people flocked to worship it. They camp in the open air, mostly naked, men and women, and, understandably, there are sexual orgies that last for days and nights, during which this huge crowd is seized by a kind of voluptuous ecstasy. Even (!?) the animals, especially the oxen, dogs and birds, are infected by this ecstasy.³³

However, Dr. Bataille did not always associate with the rabble of hell in this collegial manner. Another time there was a serious brawl between him and a band of devils, and Bataille would certainly have come off worse if he had not victoriously put these hellish beasts to flight through his piety and firmness of faith. Apparently the miraculous Benedict Medal also effectively

31 14) "Devil", I, p. 543. Compare illustration. Taxil allowed himself a similar joke in the "Mysteries" with the name of St. Nicholas of Bari!

supported him in this adventure.³⁴

These hellish spirits are very impertinent, timid fellows, whose brutality exceeds all comprehension, especially that of a civilized Frenchman and reader of the "Devil". The hellish angel and lover of the mysterious Satan priestess Miss Diana Vaughan, the devil Asmodeus, who has Don Juan desires already expressed in the book of Tobias, turned the head of the well-known chief of staff of Saribald, Mr. Bordone, so that he looked backwards. Asmodeus had become so angry with Bordone because he had allowed himself to make an insulting remark against the devil's bride Diana Vaughan. Evidently he had doubted her virginity, or her conception by Satan. In such matters, worldly lovers, let alone infernal lovers, have no fun. Miss Diana, noble-hearted as she is, took pity on poor Bordone and sat down after him. 20 days to get his head back in order. This instructive story proves that there are also satanic Othellos and that it is extremely dangerous to challenge the jealousy of these lustful devil lovers.³⁵

In the case mentioned above, it was an intrusive and impudent table devil who seduced a human man to fornication, another time, in a Masonic triangle³⁶ in Zurich (in 1890), it was a male devil who played obscene pranks on a human girl. The long-tailed devil Soloek had appeared in the triangle in person and, to the general amusement of those present, was swinging with a young lady on a Russian swing. As the devil was heavier, the lady remained suspended in the air. As the lady was now shown from below, which was obviously what the cynical Goloek intended, the merriment of the frivolous and lascivious Masonic society

32 "Devil", I, p. 618.

33 "Devil", I, p. 672.

34 "Devil", I, p. 630 with picture.

degenerated into real orgies of laughter.

It is only too understandable that such a godless person as the second devil pope Adriano Lemmi (Grand Master of the Italian Freemasons) has his own personal devil named Sybacco. Although Lemmi is a devil of the first rank, his hellish adjutant and secretary is only a devil of the third or fourth hellish rank. The prince of hell, Satan himself, has not yet made any personal appearances for Lemmi. Dr. Bataille brings a picture of Sybacco, who was a terrible monster and must have been a bastard of a Drang-Utang, a goose and a sheep.

One day, when Bataille was walking in an avenue with the "possessed" devil priestess and great-grandmother of the Antichrist, Sophia Walder, one of the trees in the avenue suddenly bowed as if its trunk were made of rubber and presented Miss Walder with a magnificent bouquet, which the great-grandmother of the Antichrist accepted beaming with joy. Apparently the tree in the avenue was possessed by an intrusive and gallant tree devil.³⁷

Dr. Bataille was definitely not the man who would publish such important revelations without the support of the Church. To substantiate his almost unbelievable stories, he always knew how to appeal to completely harmless, strictly ecclesiastical authorities on devil and hell matters, such as Father Surius, S.J., who had fought with the devil himself, or to the highly respected and authoritative devil and hell specialist Canon Mustel, Taxil's intimate friend and protector. The mocking Dr. Hacks Bataille writes emphatically:

"These are supposed to be mere legends! Don't believe them! The devils, the fallen angels, exist so surely that they themselves appear daily in visible, sometimes captivating, sometimes

terrifying forms. This happens in particular in the Palladian triangles, where they are seen face to face by the initiated."

At the end of this memorable book on the devil, Dr. Bataille affirms his strict ecclesiastical and papal sentiments with pious Liguorian pathos, writing:

"I began my work on September 29, 1892, on the feast of St. Michael, who is particularly detested by the Luciferian sect. I will conclude it with the splendid prayer of Leo XIII to the glorious Prince of the heavenly hosts, which the Holy Father, the Pope, recently added to the exorcisms of the ritual and which sums up the whole situation in an admirable way and at the same time indicates the remedy for them."³⁸

This is the prayer that can still be heard in all Catholic churches after mass today and it ends with the words: "Holy Archangel Michael,... cast Satan and the other evil spirits that wander the world to corrupt souls into the abyss by divine power. Amen." And then this humorous hypocrite Dr. Hacks continues:

"I lay my pen reverently at the feet of the Pope, this pen that is always ready to retract when Peter declares that it has always been wrong in whatever way."

The book, which is already great enough in its text alone, has adorned the inexhaustible humorous imagination of Bataille with a devil's gallery of quite unbelievable illustrations that make the whole work seem even more daring.

Dr. Bataille has not neglected to show his readers the various types and ranks of the devil in successful illustrations that form an

35 "Devil", I, p. 719.

36 According to Taxil & Co., the Palladian devil's lodges are called "Triangel".

extremely vivid addition to the catalogue of hell.

Beelzebub has goose feet, a cow's tail, monkey hands, bat wings and donkey ears, while Moloch has a veritable donkey's scope. Astarte, on the other hand, is somewhat more delicately equipped, but has claws on her hands and feet and ditto bat wings; she has around a housewife's apron is tied modestly around her loins. On the whole, donkey heads and donkey ears are the common characteristic of most members of the devil's clan. Evidently, the witty Dr. Bataille also preferred the same head ornament among his readers, especially those of the clergy.

Dr. Bataille cannot often enough rant about the "blinded baptism certificate Catholics" who deny the material existence of the devil because it is more pleasant for them in the interests of their comfortable, dissolute life. Any idiot can believe in the spiritual existence of the evil principle. And how convenient it is to sin, since it is impossible to be escorted to hell by a personal devil. Anyone who denies the material existence of the devil also denies the material existence of hell and of punishment for sin.

But what the denial of punishment for sin means for Christian morality is something that every pious Catholic can easily appreciate for himself!

Doctors who rely solely on their specialist knowledge without consulting an experienced "exorcist" are pseudo-scholars, quacks and pathetic quacks.

Based on the content and the decoration of the "Devil", one would have to assume that the book would have been vigorously rejected as a crude mystification and malicious mockery of the Catholic Church. None of that happened!

37 "Devil", II, p. 835 with picture.

Taxil and Dr. Hacks were people-watchers and knew exactly what they could expect from the public, which had already been cultivated by the Jesuits for centuries, when it came to the devil. The fraudsters had in fact only brought in a faithful form what Popes, Jesuits and priests proclaimed daily in doctrinal decisions, sermons and religious lessons. Bataille's "Devil" was therefore enthusiastically received in Catholic Jesuit circles.

Canon Mustel, Taxil's most ardent supporter, wrote about the "Devil" in the magazine he edited, "Catholic Review of Coutances", on December 22, 1893:

“What had already been proven by reliable documents, by authentic certificates, by irrefutable confessions³⁹ lets Dr. Bataille in the Devil passes before our eyes in a series of living images.... I saw it with my own eyes, he assures us, I tell it, I paint it from life, I photograph it. The number of those who are convinced increases every day. To convince yourself of this, it is enough to read the article "Palladism" signed by R. Malville in the Hope of the people of Nantes on October 20th, or the articles in the Catholic Union of Rodez on October 4th and in the Messenger of Millau on October 7th. In another paper there is a report of the lecture given by the Venerable Father Fuzier on October 1st to an audience as large as it was selected and attentive. The excellent Religious week in Mende published a very measured and prudent article in the same vein on October 6th. Father Mosambré⁴⁰ (the famous Notre Dame preacher) has also, we are assured, declared himself in favor of Dr. Bataille. For our part, we have been informed of a large number of oral and written statements in favor of Bataille. These statements come from priests, religious and even bishops. It is therefore impossible not to take seriously a work which is believed

38 "Devil", II, P. 943.

by so many eminent and competent personalities. We have already explained the reasons on which our personal conviction is based."

In the March 29, 1895 issue of the "Catholic Review of Coutances", Mustel states:

"Vigorously, even passionately attacked, Dr. Bataille emerges from the contradiction unscathed and triumphant. His revelations about the Satan cult and the works of Satan in our time in various parts of the world are terrible, but absolutely true."

A R. Malville writes in the "People's hope" of Nantes on October 20, 1893: "Bataille's book is intended to prove that Freemasonry is simply satanic, whether it intends to be so or not, and that its efforts are the result of the direct personal influence of the devil, who appears in the flesh to his followers and gives them his oral instructions. To prove this assertion, Dr. Bataille presents us in his book, which is written with very impressive sincerity and in a language as powerful as it is scientifically precise, a detailed account of the dangerous investigations he made in the secret hiding places of Satan's worshippers. Bataille's work has all the signs of true revelations... The attacks on it, since they come from Freemasons (G. Bois, Rosen), cannot surprise us. But Catholics, we think, should exercise more caution.

I recognize that these statements (of Bataille) are entirely consistent with the teachings of the Church. Just read the "Devil" carefully once and you will soon be fully convinced that these are not mere figments of the imagination. What is certain is that the "Devil" is approved and recommended by outstanding clergymen."

It is therefore quite understandable that the Benedictine

39 There we have it! Bataille tells the hell expert Mustel absolutely nothing new!

magazine wrote of the "Devil":

"We would like to see this book in the hands of all priests and most Catholics."

A Count A. de Sparre even fell into poetic ecstasy over Bataille's "Devil" and glorified the work of that clever cutter in the "Monthly Review" 1895, p. 4 with the following lines:

"Vile ape of the Savior, black serpent, filthy beast You may indeed be the Prince of this world, but God, you! you are only its vomit."

This wild devilish specter did not reign a few centuries ago, we ourselves are witnesses to it. Not even ten years have passed since the hellish commotion. Taxil is really right: people's stupidity is unlimited.

40 According to the "Friend of the Clergy" of August 30, 1893, this Father read from the "Devil" in the recreation of the Dominicans in Havre and recommended and promoted the reading of the work in an effective manner.



(From Taxil: The mysteries of Freemasonry).

Chapter 3.

Domenico Margiotta – Lemmi the devil pope – infernal consulates – the toilet in the chapel – the crucifix in the biscuit – the devil Beffabuc in the bottle – founding of a specialist journal for devil studies – inquiry into diabolism – Bismarck possessed by a devil – the infernal conversation lexicon – the devil in pastoral care – a Catholic priest diagnoses a girl as the devil Cerberus who also calls himself the "Margrave of Hell" – the Madonna of Campocavallo moves her eyes – the satanic priestess Miss Diana Vaughan converts and renounces her valet and lover – the devil Asmodeus – The devil Bitru, who is father, nurse and celadon in one person, is documented with his oven fork and rooster writing – the wonderful tail of the Lion of St. Mark – the "pelican" reveals the secrets of hell – St. Mary as a railway guard – the Pope exchanges delicate letters with Miss Diana Vaughan, and in 1894 the world witnesses the edifying spectacle of a witch trial that claims a human life.

Just as a skillful dramaturge knows how to keep the audience on the edge of their seats until the last moment, Taxilund and his team also knew how to make their great jokes more and more interesting by stringing together sensation after sensation. Taxil was only a low-ranking Freemason, his "conversion" had long since passed, they had to look for a new ally and a "witness" to the Satanism of the Freemasons and they found him in the shabby Sicilian Domenico Margiotta, who in August 1894 published his widely read book: "Memoirs of a 33. Adriano Lemmi, Supreme Head of Freemasonry " (Paris, by Delhomme and Briguet).⁴¹

According to the identification papers printed in his

⁴¹ Published in German translation in July 1896 in Paderborn by the clerical firm Schöningh under the title: "The central leadership of Freemasonry, extract from the French work, Memoirs of a thirty-third-century man, Adriano Lemmi, the supreme head of Freemasonry."

⁴² P. XVI.

"Lemmi"⁴², Domenico Margiotta was born in Palmi on February 12, 1858. On a court certificate of good conduct he is called "Professor of Literature and Philosophy". On the title page of the "Lemmi" he describes himself as a high-ranking Freemason with a long, comical title. He is the master of the chair of the Giordano Bruno lodge in Palmi, sovereign prince of the order (33. 90.. 95..) of the rite of Memphis and Misraim, inspector of the Misraimite lodges of Calabria and Sicily, etc. Such a pompous title, which obviously imitates and mocks the ecclesiastical titles, understandably had a great effect on the anti-Masonic papers. The "Freemasonry unmasked" therefore writes with indignation: "Margiotta is in fact not the first person to come along, not a mere Masonic apprentice, but one of the highest dignitaries of world Freemasonry and Luciferianism, who is initiated into all the secrets of the highest rite."

It is very doubtful whether Margiotta was ever a Freemason (of an official lodge), because the Italian Grand Master Adriano Lemmi wrote to the Brussels Patriot on October 24, 1894:

"I never knew Domenico Margiotta. Only now do I know what kind of individual he is. I joined the Masonic Order in 1878 and I hereby testify that he has not belonged to it since that point."

Despite all this, Margiotta remained a "converted high-ranking Freemason" to the Catholics because this meant that the devil's hype could be advertised more widely.

The firm Taxil & Co. also worked in chauvinism in consideration of its French audience and its clerical friends and made every effort to portray the Freemasons as secret enemies of the Republic and allies of Germany. With this intention, Margiotta chose the alleged statement of the Freemason Pope Lemmi as the motto for "Lemmi": "If I were not Italian, I would

like to be a Prussian. There are two things that I hate with all my heart, God and France."

Thus, Taxil had given his fraudulent product the flavor of anti-German chauvinism that was particularly desirable for Rome and the then all-powerful Cardinal Rampolla. Satan was unleashed against Germany.

It is precisely this fact that explains why the higher ecclesiastical authorities not only quietly watched the scandalous activities of the Taxilards, but also supported them wherever possible. This historical joke also has its very serious political anti-German side. The Taxil affair was the very clear demonstration of the famous Jesuit "peace policy" of Leo XIII and Rampolla, in which religion and the devil were used to incite the French against the Germans. Who knows whether Rome would not have put an end to the Taxil fire earlier if Rampolla had not used this little fire to keep his political glue pots warm. It was only later that Rome realized that it had been glued itself.

For Margiotta's "Adriano Lemmi" is the most biting satire on the Jesuit papacy of the present day. Taxil and his comrades invented a devilish church of Satan, which in all its externals, institutions and ceremonies was a mirror image of the Jesuit church.

According to Margiotta, the Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite, Albert Pike, founded a new Masonic system in Charleston, called "Palladium", which was supposed to cultivate a pronounced devil cult ("Palladism"). The external cult symbol of this rite was Baphomet, adopted from the Templars, of which de la Rive in "Woman and Child in Freemasonry" 1894, p. 142 and Taxil in "Mysteries of Freemasonry" 1887 already gave hideous descriptions and illustrations. Of course, the "expert" Archbishop Meurin also knows about this in his "Satan Synagogue" p. 162 ff.

Because of the obscenity and godlessness of the Palladian rite, only proven high-ranking Freemasons can belong to it. All members keep the strictest secret, which is why so little is made public. The whole thing was very well thought out on Taxil's part. Because if you wanted to get to the bottom of the swindlers, they would hide behind the "exclusivity" of this sect.

When their great "revelations" were denied by the Freemasons, they said: "Of course the Freemasons will deny these abominations, but as a Catholic you cannot believe this gang of liars and atheists unless you are a Freemason yourself!" The secret lodges in which satanic cults were practiced are introduced by Margiotta as the "Triangle". The devilish monster Albert Pike had seized control of all the Triangles as the first "Freemason" or "Devil Pope". On September 29, 1890, there were supposedly already 77 Triangle provinces, or "Freemason archbishoprics". The "sovereign financial delegate" was supposed to have been Schlomah Bleichröder (Berlin) and the President of Propaganda was Axel Findel. The following are said to have led such a type of devil's nunciature: Salomon Schaffer in Hamburg, Justus Hoffmann in Berlin, J. Beyerlein in Munich, K. Walter in Dresden, Friedel in Leipzig, Alexander Knoblauch in Frankfurt, Simon Bernheim in Strasbourg, Antol de Berecz in Austria-Hungary, Louis Ruchonnet in Switzerland, Goblet d'Alviella in Belgium.

It goes without saying that these dates and names were largely fictitious by Taxil and Margiotta, and partly chosen with the intention of getting the people concerned to deny the allegations, which was the cheapest and most effective advertising for their devil's rhetoric.

When the godless Satan Pope Pike entered the "Fire Heaven" as a roast from hell on April 2, 1891, he was succeeded on the apostolic chair of the devil's papacy first by Albert George Mackey,

then by Adriano Lemmi, who transferred the satanic papacy from Charleston to Rome, to the Palazzo Borghese, in order to compete even more vigorously with the legitimate papacy. The election of Lemmi and the transfer of the papal seat from Charleston to Rome caused a schism among the devil's freemasons – just as it did in the Catholic Church. At the pinnacle of the obstruction against Lemmi was the devil's slanderer and Grand Master of New York, Miss Diana Vaughan.

In Rome, this depraved atheist and mocker Adriano Lemmi chose the ancient palace of the Borghese family as his residence, which he desecrated in the most infamous way and converted into a church of Satan. "He ordered the privy to be built directly above the house chapel, in such a way that the filth poured out onto the altar. This is a clear proof of his foul character... However, because of the horrible stench, this outrage provoked opposition (among the Freemasons), whereupon the architect was commissioned to arrange the privy differently for hygienic reasons. Lemmi, meanwhile, devised another abomination. He had a crucifix placed in the urinals with the head facing downwards and a begging sign above it, on which was written: "Before leaving, spit on the traitor! Long live Satan!"

The Freemasons also sing blasphemous and shameless satanic hymns at their lavish and sacrilegious banquets, which often profane the Lord's Supper. The Freemason Pope is not only an enemy of God, the Catholic Church and Hampolla, but also, consequently, an enemy of France, a friend of Bismarck and the Triple Alliance, which, according to Diana Vaughan: "The 33. Crispi", p. 255, is essentially the work of Freemasonry. Italy must take Savoy, Nice, the Alpes maritimes, Corsica and Tunis away from France with the help of the Triple Alliance. The current Alsace-Lorraine must be rounded off by annexing the rest of Lorraine and Champagne in order to form an independent state

under Germany's protectorate. Finally, they want to wrest the Northern Department from France in order to form a Flemish state from it together with Belgium. As insane and improbable as this political program, which Taxil had attributed to the "devil pope Lemmi," was, it aroused tremendous excitement among the sensitive French, which greatly benefited the sales of Margtott's shameful book.

The "conversion" of Margiotta was glorified in all tones by the clerical press⁴³ and the "Monthly Review" wrote emphatically:

"The news of the conversion of Mr. Margiotta, who is to become our collaborator, has made the rounds in the press of the entire Catholic world. The letters of resignation in which the thirty-third-year-old publicly renounced Satan, his lust and his works, were one of the most resounding slaps in the face that Lemmi received in the course of his miserable life. For several days, lodges and triangles were literally paralyzed with screaming."

The loudest publicity drum for Margiotta, however, was beaten by Taxil's friend, Canon Mustel, who wrote in the "Catholic Review of Coutances":

"Never before has public attention been aroused to such an extent as at this moment by the recently announced revelations of a recently converted freemason, Mr. Domenico Margiotta. Mr. Margiotta, an outstanding personality, still in the prime of his life, also showed us some documents, of which he had since had a photographic copy made, and told us about some of the misdeeds committed by Lemmi and several other high-ranking Freemasons, things which should have brought these scoundrels to the gallows long ago! Margiotta (later) detested Lemmi and was very depressed about the misdeeds in Freemasonry which he had witnessed. But he was not yet converted. Finally, God took pity on this honorable man who had strayed into the camp of Satan (from the monastery)

and from this asylum of contemplation, contemplation and prayer he emerged completely transformed."

Taxil had recommended Margiotta to the great Satan fighter Bishop Fava of Grenoble. The bishop took the "converted" freemason very warmly and wrote him the following naive letter:

Episcopal Chancery of Grenoble.

Grenoble, August 8, 1894

Dear Mr. Margiotta!

Your temporary stay in Grenoble gives me great joy. If Miss Diana Vaughan, of whom you write to me, were to follow your example (of "conversion"), I would receive her as lovingly as I received you. My divine Master has shown me through his example how to treat souls who return to him. You are currently writing a book about Br. Lemmi. Later you will make revelations about Palladism, in which Satan has his home. Oh, you know Lemmi and Palladism very well.

Your readers will have difficulty believing you. However, the sincerity that speaks from your writings and the documents you have produced to prove your claims will not fail to make a great impression. So be brave, dear brother in arms! Let us not put the sword back in its sheath until there is no sectarian left who has not yet been enlightened.

All yours

† Amand Joseph, Bishop of Grenoble.

Even before that, Margiotta solemnly renounced Freemasonry on March 7, 1894 before the Holy Office in Rome and was

43 e.g. B. "Homeland", "Free Speech", "French People", "Truth", "Universe" etc.

graciously received in audience by Cardinals Rampolla and Parvechi. It is now understandable that the bishops of Annecy, Pamiers, Montauban, Oran, Tarentesia, and even the Archbishop of Aig and the Patriarch of Jerusalem hastened to award the book of the great devil-fighter Margiotta with letters of recommendation (see German edition of "Lemmi", p. 131).

Margiotta had lied in his "Lemmi" so blatantly and with such brazenness that there were actually a few fanatical fools who wanted to check the facts put forward by Margiotta, for example the existence of the Satanic Temple in the Palazzo Borghese. Their infernal research expedition was indeed crowned with success, and "Freemasonry unmasked" 1896, page 34, writes in all seriousness, full of indignation:

"Even if the Temple of Lucifer in the Palace Borghese is not exactly like the one in Charleston, which Dr. Batail described and depicted in his "Devil", Satan still has his altar in Rome, an altar in front of which the now deceased Grand Master of World Freemasonry, the Jew-turned-fraudster and thief Lemmi, performs priestly functions."

As the Jesuit P. Gruber notes in his book "Leo Taxil's Palladism Novel" II, p. 122, Margiotta's work on Lemmi was received with unprecedented enthusiasm in the Romanic countries, whose superstition and chauvinism it was skillfully designed to appeal to.

On October 20, 1894, the "New Rome Monitor" published a column-long article in which it praised Margiotta's "Lemmi" in an effusive manner:

"By presenting Adriano Lemmi's life to us piece by piece, Margiotta shows and explains to us the entire mechanism, so astonishing, so diabolical ingenuity devised and put together, the entire mechanism of this terrible infernal machine set in motion by the highest dogmatic directory. Some chapters of the book shed

a glaring light on the great political events⁴⁴ of our time... Margiotta delivers (in the book) his first battle to the devil pope Lemmi and one can say that this is a first victory. Of course, no book has ever been published with more terrible evidence than his. From now on it is no longer possible to deny the existence of this hidden high Freemasonry, the discovery of which resulted in a howl of rage from the accursed sect...

It is known that Lemmi claims to be a Jew, and indeed he is. But he is a renegade. Margiotta proves this in such a way that no contradiction is possible. He gives the exact date of the apostasy and tells at length how the Masonic hero was embellished in Constantinople by a Polish rabbi, a relative of the all too notorious Moïse Lid Nazareth; he then gives a photographic copy of Lemmi's baptismal certificate, issued the day after his birth. (Why not also a photograph of the cremation?)

The decrees of the Supreme Council of Palermo concerning Miss Vaughan, also reproduced photographically, put beyond all doubt the accuracy of the information about the intrigues that Lemmi staged to carry out his election. In this book you can even find a photograph of a recent notarial deed which states a fact that was crushing for Lemmi. This document can be checked for its accuracy by anyone.

In addition, to make any denial of his previous Masonic positions and secret highest dignities in Italian Freemasonry impossible, Margiotta reproduces two of his high-degree diplomas, always in photographic form. And that is not all.

What makes this work even more interesting is that the author is a friend of Diana Vaughan, who became world famous for her persistent and energetic resistance to Lemmi. Everyone knows that

44 Aha! Mr. Nampolla's Roman glue pot!

it was she who, after the convention of September 20, 1893, planted the flag of rebellion against the intruder in the Borghese Palace.

The work has a higher significance than merely satisfying curiosity. It is an excellent weapon for the fight and therefore it cannot be ignored by Catholics. Catholics can use it to shame the wickedness of the sect leaders and to enlighten the imperfectly initiated lodge brothers, i.e. the deluded, the blinded. For this purpose, however, it is not enough to simply read the book yourself. You must pass it on to others to read, spread it as far as possible and also make it known to the unlucky, from whom you can find out that they have been recruited by the agents of the great world architect. By means of cleverly organized propaganda by the anti-Masonic committees, by the newspapers whose critics are not deaf to the Pope's instructions (Encyclical "Humanum genus"), by events to distribute good books, by parish libraries and finally also by personal efforts, a tremendous amount of good can be done with the book."

The ultramontane Viennese "Fatherland" also believes in a Masonic devil pope church and in issue no. 228 1896, a respected source promises further evidence of the existence of a supreme secret leadership of the Freemasons. The pious publication of the Austro-Hungarian sacristan and priest cook guild has not yet provided us with this evidence.

In the book "Palladism" (1895), Margiotta discusses the devil liturgy of the Palladian Freemasons in detail and makes full use of the opportunity to mock the Catholic Church, its liturgy and its rite in the most blasphemous way.

"The Palladists," he writes⁴⁵, "ape the Catholic Church in everything; they also have their "Ave," namely "Eve," a kind of Ave Maria, in which the first woman is glorified for her

transgression of the commandment of the accursed Adonai; to our Salve Regina they have their Salve Cain, fulgens Phönix, to our seven penitential psalms their seven Moloch psalms, to the Litany of the Blessed Virgin their Abah Asteroths and Astartes, to the Litany of All Saints their Abah of the 73, to our Gloria Patri their Gloria Lucifero victori. Finally, there is a Palladistic chant which would make even the chaste Bola blush. This chant is called Gennaith Menngog. A regiment of cuirassiers would blush like a crab when reading the translation of this highly obscene and immoral Masonic chant. This song alone would be enough to prove that Palladian Freemasonry is nothing but practical pornography in every form."

According to the forgery method of the Taxil devil's company. Margiotta quotes and "confirms" both Taxil's and Dr. Bataille's revelations. Margiotta also has the Grand Hierophant Pessina, introduced by Dr. Bataille, appear.

Bataille reports of his magician Ornat in the "Devil", II, 341, that he resembles a carnival masquerade and that all the dogs of Naples would bark loudly if the Grand Hierophant were to appear on the street. Margiotta now tells us how this Pessina conjures up his own devil Beffabuc from a white bottle in a solemn incantation. This servant of Satan also has a Baphomet who sometimes speaks and comes to life. He also has the strange secret of making a person run faster than a racehorse; he also has the gift of drawing the tiredness out of a fleeing person's feet, whereby Margiotta's remark adds that this miraculous gift would be highly desirable for fraudsters. Pessina, however, has three other spirits that he can summon in the form of pretty young girls. He can also make himself invisible and with the help of this gift Lemmi was able to plunder the Roman Bank.⁴⁶

45 l. c. p. 93 ff.

The most beautiful thing about Margiotta's book "Palladisme", which mocks the papacy and the Catholic Church in the most shameless way, is that at the beginning of the book Margiotta was able to read a papal letter dated April 22, 1895, in which he is given the blessing of the Holy Father.

Bishop Fava of Grenoble writes in a letter of recommendation also printed at the beginning of the book:

"I have read the pages from your work Palladism that you sent me. They will show even the most devious that if one turns the dog on the Church, whose soul is the Holy Spirit, one ends up falling prey to the synagogue of Satan." Mgr. Piavi, Patriarch of Jerusalem, writes quite comically: "Your values are of great service to poor humanity, which is suffering all too much from the Masonic plague. I am happy about this new service that you are providing to humanity and the Church!" Bishop Xavier of Aix writes: "Your revelations have been of great service to the Church. You know the sect. You can speak about it as an expert."

Among the other printed letters of recommendation it says: "The Most Reverend Bishop of Mende instructs me (Abbé Solanèt) to inform you that he blesses your works, which are worthy of all praise and the sympathy of all the servants of our Lord Jesus Christ." Furthermore, "The Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux can only applaud the intentions and efforts of Mr. Margiotta."

To mention Jesus in the same breath as Margiotta's dirty books is a tasteless blasphemy for which this Bishop of Mende is responsible, even if he was deceived by Margiotta. If the Bishop really read Margiotta's books, he must have had the superstition of a candle-woman if he was convinced of the truth of the devil's

stories.

The Bishop of Grenoble, Mgr. Fava, was particularly disgraced by Margiotta's "revelations". The article "Here is the finger of God" in the "Monthly Review" 1895, p. 194 ff. is particularly serious.

In this essay, Fava tries to prove that Freemasonry is the religion of Satan. The worthy bishop calls all heretics and schismatics servants of the devil, and Mohammed, Averroës and Luther are to be regarded as such. Freemasonry is the successor of those abominations and practices satanic worship. "Forced to reckon with Satan, its lord and master, who confronts it in the Palladian lodges – for he is the divine ape, Simius Dei, and insists on presiding over the Masonic meetings – it can no longer deny this fact today. The tripods and censers from which incense rises in honor of Satan; its invocations of Satan, Carducci's hymns to Satan; the ones in young... The confessions of the Palladists which have recently become known, the revelations of Prof. Domenico Margiotta, the converted 33rd, the confession of several members who confess to having no other religion than that of Satan, prove that Freemasonry devotes a sacrilegious cult to Lucifer, whom it calls "Dear God". Lemmi, the general head of Freemasonry, has renounced Christianity in order to become Jewish and today sits enthroned in the Palazzo Borghese as if to insult the Vatican and the Vicar of Christ to his heart's content. In their Palladian lodges all the gods of yore find hospitable exception. Dr. Bataille would be even more amazed by his readers if he were to tell us everything he knows about it."

Mgr. A. Deplaques, editor of the "Catholic Review of Institutions and Law" in Grenoble, can be heard in the "Monthly Review" 1894, p. 180 ff.:

"Whatever certain scholars, experts, the good public, alleged Catholics and finally the crowd of simpletons may say against it, it has been established (by Bataille and Margiotta) as evidence: Freemasonry is absolutely satanic and is under the exclusive and actual leadership of Satan or Lucifer. I wanted to speak clearly on this subject because in our times there are few questions as important as those of Freemasonry and, consequently, the question of the devil."

Our "German" Berlin newspaper "Germania" wisely did not turn a blind eye to this realization and in a whole series of articles in the Sunday supplements of November 1895 it created a mood for the latest revelations of the French devil chauvinists among the German public, and the other center papers followed suit. In another country, the editorial staff of the newspaper that made propaganda for foreign chauvinists in this way would have been stormed without further ado.

In his Lemmi, Margiotta had ascribed such monstrous atrocities to Freemasonry that various lodges, and especially the members who had been personally attacked, finally had to defend themselves, after official Freemasonry had previously remained silent with justified contempt and disdain for the fraudulent activities of Taxil and his associates. It was clear to the Freemasons from the very beginning that this was a very vulgar business maneuver.

The personal attacks were so blatant, however, that Adriano Lemmi, the actual Grand Master of the Italian Freemasons, had to resort to a vigorous correction in the Brussels Patriot on October 24, 1894, against Margiotta, who in his book "Lemmi" portrayed him as a punished thief⁷. In the denial, Lemmi proves that he was not in Marseilles at all from February 1844 to the end of 1845, that he was never sentenced in court, that he never converted to Judaism and that he never had himself circumcised. The matter

was, however, too ridiculous, and with sound tact the Supreme Council in Rome issued a decree⁴⁸ in which it instructed Adriano Lemmi to refrain from prosecuting Margiotta and his comrades. However, Margiotta's book had made it politically impossible for the liberal Count Goblet d'Alviella. It is probably not well known that the defeat of Belgian liberalism at the hands of the clergy and social democrats (in 1894) was mainly due to the lies of Taxil-Margiotta, which were exploited by the clerical Bresse for election agitation. Rome, as we can see from this example, had a great political interest in the devil's hype. That explains a lot about this great, world-historical joke!

By 1895, ten years had passed since Taxil's great didactic comedy. The great juggler did not let the opportunity pass to stage a special comedy to celebrate the tenth anniversary. He published the book: "The Devil and the Revolution", which he introduced with the words:

"Today is the 10th anniversary of the remarkable divine grace that enlightened me, of the divine mercy that saved me from the abyss. Most Holy Father⁴⁹, if since that blessed day, April 23, 1885, I have made any error in interpreting the advice of Your Holiness as the Supreme Head of the Church, if I have erred in any way, please forgive me again. But if your fatherly prayer considers that these ten years were really ten years of reparation and atonement, I ask you, most Holy Father, stretched out at your feet, to send me a word of consolation, so that it may drive away from my heart the many bitternesses with which it is watered. I will remain grateful to you for this for the rest of my life."

Canon Mustel praises Taxil's Book: "The Devil and the Revolution" in an exuberant manner:

"The Revolution itself, under the direct guidance of Satan (under which Freemasonry is directed), repeats the devil's

rebellion and embodies his terrible hatred. The fallen angel suggested, advised, elaborated, supervised and carried out in every detail the plan he had designed to establish his infernal kingdom on the ruins of Catholicism, first in France and then throughout the world. Mr. Taxil, having risen from darkness to light, has the zeal of a neophyte. He has the fervent enthusiasm, the consuming passion of a convert who believes he has never done enough to make amends and atone for his past and, above all, to thank God for his benefits. The author wanted to write above all for our time and he was not mistaken in this. Satan continues his work, defends it and strives to carry it out more and more in all directions. Freemasonry, his church, is just as powerful and just as active today as it was in 1795."⁵⁰

The science of the devil, revived by Leo XIII, the S. J. and Taxil, was in full bloom and made the founding of a specialist journal for hell and the science of the devil a necessity. In January 1894, the organ of the devil-sniffers was the quirky "Monthly Review" inspired by Taxil.⁵¹ The very first issues of this great monthly magazine contain documents in abundance about the enthusiastic reception that the book "The Devil", which mocks all healthy human reason, had found in French Catholic circles.

On page 1 of the "Monthly Review" it says:

Acknowledgements.

"We owe a debt above all to the numerous subscribers of the 'Devil in the 19th century' who, with a very significant and almost complete unanimity, have helped us to found this journal. In Catholic Bresse, Dr. Bataille, as we note with pleasure, is finding

47 According to a document from the criminal court of Marseille on March 22, 1844. 48 in Gruber: Leo Taxil's Palladism Novel, II, p. 157.

49 Leo XIII.

new defenders every day. Since our friend has succeeded so well in bringing the devil question to the fore, we are proud to follow in his footsteps and we assure you once again that all reports of interesting authentic (devil) cases will be gladly included in our columns.

We owe a very special debt of gratitude to Canon Mustel⁵², who has distinguished himself among our colleagues in the press through his zeal for gathering information from all sides and who, using all kinds of conclusive evidence in favor of the truthfulness of Dr. Bataille, has taken up the task of refuting with all determination the various objections raised, whether in error or malice."

The "Monthly Review" knows how to make fun of the Pope in a particularly subtle way. Right at the beginning of the 1895 edition, Leo XIII's well-known prayer against the "devil and the other evil spirits that roam the world" is printed in bold letters and Taxil, the humorous joker, writes in commentary:

"As a link between the work of Dr. Bataille and our magazine, we first offer the splendid prayer for the exorcisms that Pope Leo XIII recently added to the exorcisms of the ritual. Our friend concluded his book with this prayer; with it we also begin our new campaign. Let us all (including the "pious" Dr. Hacks), readers and editors, find ourselves together in the fatherly heart of the Pope.... Let us realize that when the Pope opens his mouth, God himself speaks, God who knows everything, from whom nothing is hidden and who reads the depths of souls. When the Pope says that it is Satan who is attacking the Church more furiously than ever... when he brands with surprising clarity a whole category of spiritually and morally degenerate followers of sects as the worst accomplices of the devil, as the most accursed sinners, as monsters of pride who dared to set up the throne of Satan in Rome itself, in the presence of the chair of Christ's vicar; when the Pope says all

this, it is true. No, the devil is certainly not a mere myth! The occult groups, the high-grade lodges and the triangle are not harmless, loose associations! The Luciferian Freemasons are in reality the devil's representatives on earth and they lead the human army of deluded and insane people in the fight against the Church of God, which causes so much harm. They lead it in the name of the devil.⁵³

Then it continues:

"The "Monthly Review" is not a parallel enterprise of the "Devil". On the contrary, alongside the doctor's publication and based on it, it will present new facts every day if our friends allow it to be founded. Thanks to a large staff in which our subscribers can participate themselves, our contemporary Christian will also offer Dr. Bataille's personal research the opportunity to move on to a great general inquiry into diabolism and the activities of anti-Christian sects.

We can already give the assurance that we count the most competent writers on freemasonry and other questions among our collaborators. We also have an excellent information service on Freemasonry at our disposal, which can be put into operation immediately."

The resourceful business firm Taxil & Co. knew how to make the publication of the "Monthly Review" much cheaper and easier by continually haranguing readers to collaborate. Thus, "Monthly Review" wrote in 1895, p. 232 ff.: "We remind our readers that we are counting on their cooperation, namely on their telling us facts that relate to contemporary Satanism." Bishop Fava of Grenoble did not need to be told twice and worked hard on the sleazy sheet under the defamatory name "Antibaph".

50 I believe it! He was a very naive man!

What Bataille had offered the reading public in novel form in his "Devil" is what the "Monthly Review" brings in the form of articles that know how to give themselves a scientific touch.

Thus Abbé X. delivers a profound reflection "on the devil in the Bible" and notes in his letter to the editors: "My work, even in its small scope, is a condemnation of the sceptics of our day and especially of those Catholics who believe in the devil only on the condition that they do not have to see him anywhere."

Another Abbé, who signs himself C. T. F., deals with the "demonology of the Church Fathers." According to the "Infernal Conversation Lexicon" of the clergyman Collin de Plancy, he reports that each month and each state has a special devil, namely:

January – Belial	July – Beelzebub
February – Leviathan	August – Astaroth
March – Satan	September – Thaumuz
April – Astarte	October – Baal
May – Lucifer	November – Hecate
June – Baalberith	December – Moloch

A kind of executive consulate of hell, namely:

France – Balphegor	England – Mammon
Italy – Belial	Russia – Rimmon
Spain – Thaumuz	Turkey – Hutgin (?)
Switzerland – Martinet (!?)	etc.

Adolf Ricoux⁵⁴ discusses the "Devil in the Islam of Asia and Africa" in a large article published in the "Monthly Review" in August 1894, in which he not only diligently quotes and glorifies Taxil and Bataille, but also tries to confirm them with new data on the devil.

51 Monthly Review, 1895, p. 1 ff.

"Who would have suspected 20 years ago," he writes, the atrocities that Leo Taxil and above all Dr. Bataille have uncovered before our eyes? Africa will not remain the dark continent forever. In the last stages of ecstasy (Mohammedan fakirs) real apparitions take place, not of God, but of Satan...

The possessed are more numerous than is usually assumed. And before attempting to teach people like Bismarck and Ferry, one should first hear about exorcism.⁵⁵ Even if Abd-el-Kader (a Mohammedan fakir) does not have daily intercourse with the devil, we still believe that it would be bold to claim that the devil has never appeared to him."⁵⁶

Among the Palladists (Freemasons) Satan sometimes transforms himself into an Angle of light (similar to the Mohammedan Khuans), but he also appears at other times, as Dr. Bataille shows with numerous examples, with his rhetoric and his bad temper. John Bull (England) accommodates himself to the devil everywhere with great readiness. But the day will come when people will regret having done Satan's work so zealously everywhere..."

The well-known theologian Abbé Lazare Collin, author of the "Infernal Conversation Lexicon", also supported the devil stories of Taxil, Bataille, etc. in the "Monthly review" and wrote quite seriously:

"The preference for the devil and the cult of the devil takes on a more serious meaning than that of a simple aberration of taste."⁵⁷

52 actually Taxil!

53 And such people, who make out of Bismarck a monster possessed by the devil, were introduced into Germany by the "German" centrist press.

54 "Monthly Review" 1896, P. 703.

One might be tempted to believe in an international alliance of the devil."⁵⁸

The "Monthly review" also opened a special column "on the devil in the soul". This column was the perfect place for Dr. Bataille's crazy devil antics. Among many others, a priest who was particularly knowledgeable about hell wrote to Bataille, asking him to kindly tell him whether he had encountered the devil Cerberus somewhere on his devilish research trips. A powerful devil had entered the body of a poor, pious girl whom the priest was treating (only spiritually, of course), and he (the priest) actually thought that Cerberus was. The polite and experienced hell specialist Bataille was not at a loss for an answer and wrote: "I have never actually seen the devil Cerberus in person. But during my stay in Charleston I copied several infernal books which are kept in the archives of the highest dogmatic Masonic directorate and among which was a very strange list of devils (according to this infernal list of devils, Cerberus also calls himself the "Margrave of Hell" and is the owner of 19 devil regiments, with 128,654 devils under him. Cerberus does not have three heads, but four. The head has a black human beard and is decorated with a pointed⁵⁹ crown.

I drew my (reverend) correspondent's attention, in case he did not already know, to the fact that this devil could be caught if he was told about a certain Marie Martin, with whom he had an affair. My information was not superfluous, for soon afterwards it was possible to unravel the secret of his identity from this powerful, malicious devil. It was really Cerberus."

55 Very true for Jesuitism!

56 "Monthly Review" 1896, P. 521.

57 Apparently as a sign of his dignity as regimental commander.

An equally amusing column in the "Monthly Review" was the "Chronicle of the Supernatural," where Dr. Bataille was once again able to let off steam with his exotic imagination and his penchant for mockery. He wrote in the "Monthly Review" 1894, pp. 202 ff.:

"Under the column "Chronicle of the Supernatural," in the next issue we will present a very strange case of a devil's trick that is currently being practiced in a sect of Mohammedan Satanists in Algiers. It concerns a marabout, called Mi- Mohammed Abderrahman, who chops off his head at will, or at least appears to chop it off. This devilish trick, which the marabout often repeated, took place under circumstances that make human deception seem completely impossible. Of course, this is not a miracle, but an undoubtedly diabolical trick."

In another article in this crazy column, a venerable Briester writes that he recommended Miss Diana Vaughan to "Our Lady of Campocavallo." The miraculous image of the Madonna moved its eyes and waved at a card on which the Miss's name was written. This miracle was taken very seriously by the Italian bishops. A certain Sorbellini published his own book about the Madonna of Campocavallo in Siena with the approval of Bishop Simo. The Madonna of Campocavallo had an astonishing miraculous power. Sick people who swallowed small pictures of this Mother of God instead of medicine recovered (!?).

On January 10, 1894, a Catholic missionary in Tokyo wrote very enthusiastically to the "Monthly Review":

"The poor people who contradict Dr. (Bataille) can only inspire our deepest pity with their stubbornness. A protest coming from the study always sounds somewhat cheerful. I have just received the November issue of the "Devil". I welcome with all my heart the "Monthly Review" that you want to bring into being and I ask

you, in the event that it comes to fruition, to consider me as a full subscriber."⁶⁰

Taxil and Hacks, the inexhaustible inventors and writers of devilish jokes, have not yet had enough of their previous successes. The pious hearts of the Roman Jesuit Church had hardly calmed down a little over the "conversion" of the alleged high-ranking Freemason Margiotta when they were surprised by a new sensation in the "Monthly Review". The shameful devil priestess Miss Diana Vaughan, about whom Dr. Bataille had already told miraculous stories in his "Devil" and with whom Margiotta had allegedly personally associated, this rejected Freemason, it was said, had been struck by the ray of divine grace like Taxil, Margiotta and others and had also "converted".

What Commander Pierre Lautier, "General President of the Order of the Advocates of St. Peter" tells us about the memorable encounter with the Satan's bride Diana is extremely amusing:

"In Miss Vaughan's hotel, in the luxuriously furnished waiting room, we had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Bataille, the well-known author of the "Devil in the 19th century". Dr. Bataille Hacks did the honors and introduced Lautier and the illustrator accompanying him to the mysterious lady. The Miss did not wait long for Dr. Bataille, who whispered a few words in English into her ear, to reply: "My dear friend, you forget that when I am in France I only want to speak French." While Miss Vaughan was discussing the artist, Dr. Bataille, whom we met that day, drew our attention to the strange fire in her eyes (Diana was to appear as a Luciferian and a servant of the fire god inspired by Lucifer). In fact, her eyes had something quite unusual about them, sometimes sea-blue, sometimes bright golden yellow. The doctor told us some of his observations about those Luciferian women who, like the Miss present, have the ability to fall into diabolical excesses – a state that should not be confused with hysterical attacks or with

the usual possession well known from official exorcism cases. This type of demonic person addresses a simple invocation to their shooting demon – that of Sister Diana is said to be Asmodeus – whereupon they immediately fall down as if dead. They remain in this state for four hours at a time, during which, as they assure us when they wake up, they live a different life. This is a pastime for them, a great pleasure, we would add: a truly infernal amusement. The doctor himself assures us that these Luciferians often rise to a certain height above the ground during the diabolical ecstasy and seem to be held and rocked in the air by invisible spirits. We could not think of a better way to end our report than with the words of Dr. Bataille. As we set off on the way back together, he remarked of Miss Vaughan: She has at least the great merit of not being hardened in the bosom like most others. Her aberrations stem from the absurd upbringing she received from her father, a stubborn Protestant. If it is true that a miracle is needed to convert her, perhaps God will perform it. She would never allow herself to profane a host in a Palladian triangle. And her lodge superiors, who did not want to do without her as a propagandist, were thus compelled to dispense her from the sacrilegious ordeals. Without doubt, Heaven will not leave her unrewarded for this."

Immediately after this old devil maiden had renounced the devil, she began to publish her memoirs under the title "Memoirs of an Ex-Palladist" (Paris, Pierret) in 1895. In the same year, "Regenerated palladium" was published under her author's title, and in 1896, the crown of all devil books, "The 33... Crispi". According to her, Miss Diana Vaughan was born on February 29, 1874. She was the fruit of a devil's courtship, for her father was none other than the devil Bitru in person. This devil Bitru was a kind of universal genius from hell. He is said to have fathered another Palladist, Sophia Walder, with a Danish woman. Since no one was there, Bitru nursed the newborn Sophia. When Sophia grew up, however, he became her lover. To be father, wet nurse and

lover all at the same time is truly something of a feat. Devilish story of a Bitru!

Diana Vaughan was also dedicated to the devil and was elected as master of the Palladian lodge in Louisville at the age of 10. When she was elected as master, she was introduced to a chief devil and commander of 14 sub-devil regiments, the disgustingly horny Asmodaus. As a kind of wedding gift, he brought her a tail endowed with miraculous powers, which he had maliciously cut off from the lion of St. Mark. Diana, full of delight, put the lion-tail boa around her neck, and the tail began to come to life and kissed the devil maiden. The bride and groom Asmodeus and Diana went on their honeymoon to the planet Mars.

Asmodeus, like all devils and monkeys, is terribly jealous. When Diana was once insulted by some Freemasons, the tail of the Lion of St. Mark immediately appeared and gave the naughty fellows a good beating. Asmodeus is not a completely ordinary devil from the infernal foot regiments. He already belongs to the more highly respected and aristocratic infernal guard cavalry. He usually rides on a lioness-like beast.

Asmodeus himself is a paragon of satanic beauty, he has goose feet, bat wings and a huge long, thin tail and no less than 3 heads: an ox, a donkey and a human head. The one in the middle is crowned and decorated with mighty donkey ears.

Apart from the above-described gathering, Diana never showed herself in person. Only Taxil knew her whereabouts, which he was not allowed to reveal publicly, otherwise the former devil priestess would have been murdered by the angry freemasons.

Meanwhile, the devil's prank had stirred up the reading public

to the point of madness, and even those who had previously only smiled at the matter could no longer remain silent, and so the first objections to these strange revelations began to arise. But those who were the first to describe Taxil as a daring mystifier and literary juggler came off badly with the uncritical masses, who simply delighted in the devil as they did in monkeys in a zoo.

Miss Vaughan defended herself and her devilish jokes with great skill in the "Monthly Review", which was her favorite magazine from the very beginning. To the incitement of all hell-mongers and devil-researchers, in 1896 she published authentic devil documents in the book "The 33. Crispi", so that by the end of the 19th century it had been irrefutably established that the spirits of hell in person were roaming around our earth. In "The 33. Crispi" a solemn document signed by the infernal General Staff is printed with a facsimile of the signature of the devil Bitru⁶¹, which reads as follows:

On October 18, 1883, "the mighty and holy Bitru, in the middle of the perfect triangle in the street della Valle, in the presence of the undersigned brothers, declared that our divine Master and sovereign Lord Lucifer, the very good and very great,

Sanctus Dæmon Primarius Præses:



7. Signature of the devil Bitru.

the high and supreme God, me, me, Sophia Sapho, is in truth designated as the great-grandmother of the incarnate Antichrist. For from me on the 8th day of the month of Paophi in the year 000896⁶² of the true light a daughter will be born who will be the grandmother of the Antichrist. This is how Bitru expressed himself and he signed it with me and he requested that the chosen magicians present there attest to the authenticity of his signature by signing with their own most famous signature so that this document would remain in the archives of the Grand Mother Lodge and could never be denied. Amen. Sez. The Holy Demon, First President Bitru, Adriano Lemmi, Lidia Nemo, Sophia Sapho, Giuseppe Petroni, Ettore Ferrari, Luigi Castellazzi, Francesco Crispi, Giovanni Bovio, Benedetto Cairoli, etc."

In the "Memoirs" on page 290 ff. Diana expressed herself more precisely. There she tells us that Sophia Walder will give birth to the grandmother of the Antichrist in Jerusalem on September 29, 1896, at exactly 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

It is significant that the Catholic theology professor Oswald says in his "Angelologie" (Paderborn 1889) on page 198: "There is no lack of written contract documents with signatures of the devil's alliances." This statement explains a lot!

Despite the efforts of the center press, the whole devil's fuss had not yet reached the same dimensions as in France. We Germans are document people and without documents we believe nothing. But if there are documents, then yes, then even the German may take nonsense for revealed truth. The authentic signature of the devil Bitru with the infernal spit, the rooster, the arrows and the strides had to impress even the learned Germans. In fact, a German magazine was found, of course arch-Catholic

59 See figure.

and edited entirely in the Jesuit spirit, which spread the fraudulent Miss Vaughan's lies to the German reading public. In 1896 (mid-August), the publisher of the "Pelican" (published by Pastor Künzle in Feldkirch) which promoted the worship of the hosts published a translation of Vaughan's revelations under the title: "Dr. Michael Germanus: The Secrets of Hell or Miss Diana Vaughan's Conversion and Her Revelations about the Freemasons, the Cult and Appearances of the Devil in the Palladian Triangles".

This book also contained the Devil's Underworld Bitru, on which the editor Dr. Germanus (actually the priest Joseph Müller) commented:

"Note the underworld of the devil, which corresponds to his nature, arrows, sword, stride, lightning, war trumpet."

He then adds with particular emphasis that this document "cannot be paid for with money".

This Feldkircher paper had 90,000 subscribers and was available in 2,000 German parishes. The Jesuit Gruber reports in his "Palladism novel" II. 9 that 6,000 copies of Dr. Germanus' brochure were sold in 8 weeks, a fine example of how superstitious the German people are when they are manipulated by priests.

A few examples may illustrate whose brainchild the "Pelican" was. No. 9 in 1898 contains a story about Saint Mary as a railway guard:

One day the New York express was several hours late, but through a mistake the train was not signaled. A freight train was also on the same line and was keeping the correct speed as the schedule required. There were 12 or 14 people on the other train.

60 September 29, 1896.

They knew that the express was late and were very worried that the two trains might collide. Then an old, weather-beaten brakeman stood up and said: "As long as Dominik (the engineer) controls the lever with one hand and the rosary with the other, no misfortune will befall us."

The man had hardly finished his speech when the express train, which had more than 100 passengers, suddenly rushed around a bend in the line. The freight train was also moving quickly. What a terrible misfortune was bound to follow immediately in the next moment!

While the two trains were getting closer to each other every second, the passengers were in great confusion. Only our Dominik (who evidently had the right name) was calmly praying an Ave Maria on his rosary with the ferventest fervor to the Help of Christians. Suddenly, as if by magic, both trains stopped, only a few steps apart.

In order to show his gratitude for this obvious help from the Blessed Mother, Dominik joined the Order of Saint Dominic soon after the incident mentioned. Some time later, the former machinist was ordained a priest, and died a few years ago in his monastery in Sommersat in the state of Ohio with a reputation for holiness.

The classifieds section of the Feldkirch idiot paper contained some very funny announcements. For example:

Lourdes water

"Postage stamps are sealed in their original packaging free of charge, for your own expenses for freight from Lourdes and packaging you have to pay Mk. 1.40. accepted as payment."

Rudolf Abt, Passau.

Laminated image (depicting Our Lady of Lourdes) with a prayer on the back, which should be said when using the Lourdes water, per piece 5 stamps, 100 pieces 3 Mk."

In the 1st issue (1898) the following are announced:

"Crowns of thorns from Jerusalem

depending on the size at Mk. 1.20, Mk. 1.50 and Mk. 1.80. Each copy is accompanied by a confirmation from the General Commissioner of the Holy Land that the copies are really from Jerusalem and located at the Holy Sepulchre.

Nails of the cross,

mixed free of charge in Rome, Mk. 1.50."

Holy oil from the lamp of Mr. Dupont in Tours is available free of charge from the publisher of the "Poor Souls' Friend", Rudolf Abt in Munich, against reimbursement of the cost price of 20 Pfg. per bottle (postage from Tours, Ber- padung 2c.)."

Among the announcements there are also:

Portrait of the most holy antique,

mixed free of charge on the veil of St. Veronica in Rome, with the addition of a sealed authenticity, on canvas, large format 42 x 29 cm, Mk. 1.-"

The Munich "Youth" published a significant and lovely poem on the "Pelican" that read:

There is an organ in Feldkirch, It is called "Pelican",
Its leader Künzle has a spahn -
No one can beat him for his stupidity, The Pelican.
He paves the way for all kinds of nonsense,
He carries the flag of all kinds of villainy
With joy through thick and thin,

That's why every chaplain rejoices at the Pelican.
No other paper looks so funny,
Everyone who saw it laughed,
Yes, even the inn on the Lahn
Can't come close to him, The Pelican."

A particular specialty of the devil virgin Diana was her revelations about the desecration of the host. In her little book "Eucharistic Novena", which reeks of Liguorian piety, she writes, among other things:

"The Luciferian Freemason does not eat the host that he has received, but carries it into the Palladian triangle where Satan is worshipped. The Freemasons are more tools than instigators, because the real instigator of their plots is the devil, the devil in Person."

Characteristic of the success of the mysterious Miss's writings is a statement in the Catholic "The Antimason", 1896 p. 183, which reflects the mood of the Catholic Jesuit circles of the time with the words:

"The revelator Bataille is very accurate. His claims are amply supported by evidence. He was the first to inform the Christian world about the powerful and highly astute organization of infernal Palladism. The success he achieved was enormous, and the events of the conversions since then and the subsequent revelations by Margiotta and Vaughan) have added such definite confirmations and such convincing further explanations to his work that it is almost overshadowed by them. This would not be right. Dr. Bataille has opened the breach through which the light is now pouring in streams."

The Jesuit "Catholic Civilization" wrote in the 2nd September 1896 issue: "We do not want to deprive ourselves of the pleasure of once again publicly mentioning the names of these brave

fighters who, often even at the risk of their lives, were the first to enter the glorious battlefield. Leo Taxil, Adolf Nicoux, A. C. de la Rive, Jean Kostka and many others, among whom is the noble Miss Diana Vaughan, have competed to spread streams of light about the Luciferian Freemasonry that is so widespread today... Adolf Ricoux managed, at great expense, to obtain the dogmatic bull of the Masonic Pope Pike, in which the devilish doctrine of Palladism and the moral system of the Palladists of both sexes are set out. Miss Diana Vaughan turned to the Church and seems to be inexhaustible in valuable revelations that "The sweetness and precision of this woman are unparalleled. Freemasonry is dismayed at this and, in order to escape the tricks of this spear-breaker, denies her existence; it treats Miss Vaughan as a myth."

In fact, the Pope, cardinals and prelates did not consider the "converted" devil priestess, so brilliantly conceived by Taxil, to be a myth, for on November 29, 1895, Diana wrote to His Eminence Cardinal Barocchi in Rome:

"Your Eminence! I ask you to accept a copy of the "Eucharistic Novena," which I am also giving you with a letter. Your Eminence will note that two days of this novena end with offerings: the seventh day with alms for an anti-Masonic work and the ninth day with a gift for the Peter's Pence. In revelation of these two vows, I now have the honor of presenting Your Eminence with the sum of 500 francs. In fact, I learn from the press that Your Eminence has received a copy of the "Eucharistic Novena." Your Eminence will chair the central commission constituted in Rome, which is preparing an international congress for next spring.⁶ Through your mediation, I am donating 250 francs for the organizational work of this congress, and respectfully request Your Eminence to hand over the other half of my shipment to the Peter's Pence treasury. I humbly commend myself to Your Eminence's good prayers. As soon as I am out of danger and can leave my place of refuge for a

while, I hope to come to Rome incognito and ask Your Eminence for an audience. Once in Rome, I will hand you a letter that day requesting a private audience in the greatest secrecy and under an assumed name for my security; a comparison of the documents will give you proof of my identity, apart from any explanations which Your Eminence may require of me at this audience. Please do Your Eminence, to graciously accept the little book written to atone for so many crimes and not to forget in your prayers the most unworthy of the unworthy, who calls herself Your Eminence's most devoted servant in Jesus, Mary, Joseph. Diana Vaughan."

The Cardinal Vicar Barocchi then replied:

"Rome, December 16, 1895.

My lady and dear daughter in Our Lord!

It was with great and sweet emotion that I received your letter of November 29th, together with the copy of the "Eucharistic Novena." First of all, I acknowledge receipt of the sum of 500 francs sent to me, of which 250 will be used, according to your instructions, for the organizational work of the next Anti-Masonic Congress. It was a pleasure for me to place the other half in His Holiness' hands for the prayer penny. He (His Holiness) has instructed me to thank you and to send you a very special blessing. You give me hope of a visit to Rome, when circumstances allow you to leave your place of refuge. I hope that these circumstances will not be too long in coming. I will receive you with the greatest happiness. You have had my sympathies for a long time. Yours Conversion is one of the most glorious triumphs of grace that I know. I am reading your memoirs at this moment, which are of great interest. I shall therefore be greatly comforted

to be able to bless and encourage you in the path of truth that you have entered upon. In the meantime, believe that I shall not forget you in my prayers, especially at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. For your part, do not cease to thank our Lord Jesus Christ for the great mercy that He has shown you and for the evident testimony of love that He has given you. Now accept my blessing and consider me entirely yours in the Heart of Jesus L. M. Card. Vicar."

On May 27, 1896, the secret secretary of the Anti-Masonic League, Rod. Verzichi, wrote: "Madam! Monsignor Sardi, who is one of the private secretaries of the Holy Father, has personally commissioned me to write to you on the orders of His Holiness... I am also to tell you that His Holiness has read your "Eucharistic Novena" with great pleasure. Commendatore Alliata has had a conversation with the Cardinal Vicar about the truthfulness of your conversion. His Eminence is convinced, but she has revealed to our President that she cannot testify publicly to this: "I cannot betray the secrets of the Holy Office"; this is what His Eminence replied to Commendatore Alliata. Quite the year old, very devoted to Our Lord Rod. Verzichi."

On July 11, 1896, Diana received the following letter from the Pope's secret secretary: "Madam! I hasten to express my gratitude for sending me your book on Crispi. Continue, madam, continue to write and expose the godless sect. Providence has allowed you to have belonged to it for so long. Many people have very strong doubts about your existence and your identity. I believe that this is a device used by the sect to invalidate your writings as much as possible. I therefore dare to offer you my opinion that, in the interest of many souls, you remove every shadow of it in the way you consider best. As soon as this is done, I will have the pleasure of writing to you again to give you a message from a high quarter that will certainly be very pleasant to you. I commend myself to

your prayers with all my heart and I declare myself with complete respect to your most devoted Monsignor Vincenzo Sardi."

On October 19, 1896, at a time when Dr. Bataille had already confessed his fraud, Miss Diana Vaughan received, according to her "Memoirs" (p. 440), a letter from Cardinal Parocchi's secretary, Prelate A. Villard, who wrote, among other things:

"Continue, Mademoiselle, to provide the weapons with which to fight the enemy of the human race through your pen and your piety. The Carmelite sisters, whose spiritual father I am, have always prayed for you and will do so now more than ever."

Up to now, the development and continuation of the Taxil swindle may have seemed to the reader an extremely successful prank by literary scoundrels. But the devil's hype shows its dangerous side in the "Monthly Review" in the typical case of poor Luzie Claraz. Even the Jesuit P. Gruber in "Leo Taxil's Palladism Novel" had to admit that clerical fanaticism had gone too far here.

In the 1870s (around 1874), the lawyer Stödlin in Fribourg, Switzerland, an enthusiastic freemason, came up with the strange idea of converting a rock cavity on the rue de la grande Fontaine into a church-like freemason temple. As luck would have it, there had previously been a brothel near this freemason lodge. While Stödlin was a free spirit, his wife, née Claraz, and her sister, Luzie Claraz, were zealous Catholics.⁶⁴ Luzie Claraz was truly a devout Catholic, received communion very frequently, even made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1884 and acquired the honorary title of "Matron of St. "Sepulchre". Luzie Claraz did even more, she managed to get Stödlin to dissolve the rock lodge and convert it into an expiatory chapel. Despite his almost fanatical devotion to the priests, the poor girl was to experience the most base ingratitude from her spiritual friends. In 1893, the pious, albeit somewhat exalted lady was on a country retreat in Avry-de-Pont

in the parish of la Gruyère and, in keeping with her pious custom, often went to confession and communion, which she received from the hands of the priest Deforel. Luzie Claraz also went with gentlemen in a harmless way, which is something one cannot blame a young lady for. Incidentally, as the later legal investigations revealed, nothing serious could be proven against her. The priest, evidently zealously concerned for his female confession clientele, just as roosters jealously guard their henhouses, found a hair in the matter, refused to give Luzie Claraz communion and thus gave rise to a veritable witch trial in the year 1894 of the Holy Spirit.

Luzie Claraz felt that the refusal of communion was morally devastating, and that is what it was. The priest's actions were completely incorrect even from the point of view of the Church's pastoral practice, since moral theology in such cases directly indicates other ways out in order to protect the communicant from damage to his honor.

Luzie therefore turned to the secular courts to obtain rehabilitation. But as always in such cases, where our modern authorities are asked to put their oft-stated liberal position into practice, the Swiss courts dismissed the complaint on the grounds of incompetence. Even the Federal Court refused to accept the complaint, since the whole matter belonged to the internal forum of the Church.

What Taxil and his comrades and the entire clerical press gang have made of the matter presented here according to the certainly objective report of the Jesuit Gruber remains an eternal disgrace for the 19th century, the so-called "century of liberalism and enlightenment".

62 So the Jesuit P. Gruber, 1st c. p. 187.

Under the heading *La Messe noire à Fribourg* (the black mass in Fribourg), the February 1894 issue of the "Monthly Review" published an article signed by A. C. de la Rive, in which it is stated: "We want to take up part of the article in the "Cross of Reims" of July 19, 1893 on the black mass in Fribourg and add to it remarks and explanations which confirm the author's claims and which prove that the improbable is often the reality."

"The Régénérée (in Fribourg)," wrote the "Cross of Reims" on July 19, 1893, had, it seems, a lodge literally carved into the rock in a place called *la Grande-Fontaine*. A house of ordinary appearance on the street masked the entrance. This is where the porter lived. A member of the lodge who, in order to divert suspicion, practiced some kind of craft. A narrow, long garden planted with fruit trees separated the house from the lodge. Meetings were very frequent. The garden was used (even in winter?) for a preparatory ceremony. Then they entered the lodge, where the sisters had already gone ahead of the brothers and were waiting for them in the costume of Eve before sin (!).

A kind of black mass followed. The sisters had brought the hosts with them, which they had obtained through sacrilegious communions in the Catholic Church. On the other hand, black hosts had been made. They communed with the black hosts, which the Grand Master and Grand Mistress solemnly consecrated to Lucifer. The parody of communion was performed at a kind of communion bench, similar to those in Catholic churches... Luciferian psalms and chants were sung with harmonium accompaniment. The hosts stolen from the church were desecrated by stabbing on a small altar in the middle of the nave. If the information we have gathered is correct, these atrocities were carried out in Freiburg. Incidentally, events of this kind are part of everyday occurrences among the Palladists."

Whenever devils or witches appear somewhere, Jesuits immediately gather around them, like flies around a pot of honey. One of the editors of the Jesuit newspaper "Catholic Civilization" wrote an encouraging letter to de la Rive in response to these revelations, which was printed in the June issue of the "Monthly Review" in 1894 and in which the hope was expressed that the "Monthly Review" would soon succeed in shedding more light on the witchcraft affair of Luzie Claraz. In certain circles, people still do not believe in Satanism. However, the efforts of Bataille and Taxil would gradually make these ideas accepted!

The "Roman Observer", also Jesuit and knowledgeable about the devil, brought evidence at the same time of the fact that in certain lodges "Satan in person floats down from the ceiling to the place of the master on the chair".

After the "Observer" and "Civilization" had given their blessing, the clerical press now promoted the witchcraft parade against poor Lucie with all the means of Jewish malice and narrow-minded superstition at her disposal. As an example of this, we quote an extract from an article in the "Rome Monitor" of June 20, 1894.

"There existed," writes this tabloid,⁶⁵ "recently in Freiburg (in Switzerland) a devil's temple carved into the rock, decorated with all kinds of satanic splendor with devil's altars, etc., an androgynous lodge called The Regenerated, where brothers and sisters gathered in the costumes that were fashionable in paradise before the fall. A brothel adjoins the lodge. The grossest immoralities are committed in the devil's temple. On a specially designed, strangely shaped three-edged wooden altar, consecrated hosts are stabbed to pieces. Then the indescribable black mass (Mass adonaicide) is held in front of an idol of the demon "Baphomet", an invention of the famous freemason grand masters Holebrook and Alb. Pike of Charleston. All kinds of satanic

hymns were sung. The necessary hosts brought a Miss Luzie Claraz, the mistress of the lodge. She pretended to receive communion, but actually put the consecrated hosts in her pocket and then brought them straight to the lodge. It is significant that Luzie Claraz, who was not afraid to challenge an entire thoroughly Catholic population in this way, spent the nights before stealing her hosts in wild orgies. When the matter became known in Freiburg, the priest refused her communion. Luzie Claraz took the matter to court, but was dismissed."

One cannot find enough words of disgust for this outrageous Jesuit crime. We have here in 1894 a de facto witch trial, of course in a modern form, but no less lenient for that!

The case also claimed a human life, for Lucie's mother died of grief over her daughter's disgrace!

Let us hear what Dr. Hans Barth, who visited Luzie Claraz, writes in the "Berlin Daily Paper":

"My visit was inappropriate in terms of timing; over there in the adjoining room lay the body of Miss Luzie's mother, who had been killed by the pain of the unspeakable disaster that had befallen the good, respected family. In the other adjoining room, Luzie's sister lay dying, consumptive, but here too the same murderous hand had done the rest, and the poor thing was to languish hopelessly for another week until she too succumbed to the illness and... disgrace. Miss Luzie Claraz, who at that time (it was last summer) first the "Moniteur de Rome" [here Barth is poorly informed] and then numerous clerical papers in chorus described Christianity as a harlot and messenger of Satan, told me further: The mother dead; the sister dying; Suddenly disowned by her brother, a rich factory owner in Zurich, who had previously supported the family, and all this through the work of a priest. For ever since the Moniteur de Rome had brought the above-

mentioned insane accusations from a clerical pen, ever since the French-speaking paper, which is the authoritative newspaper for all good Catholics, had sacrificed the defenseless girl in order to use her heart's blood to inflame the fanatical masses to a new crusade against witches and freemasonry, ever since that terrible moment, the poor creature had not had a moment's peace. Driven out of the church, from the Lord's table with insult and disgrace, she was called by the people a devil's priestess, worthy of being burned if the godless laws of Switzerland did not prohibit such acts of ecclesiastical justice. And the old people pointed at her with their fingers, full of secret horror, mixed with curiosity, and showed her to the children as the great witch possessed by the devil, the Grand-Maitresse de la Loge La Régénérée. This was she, then, the symbolic one. pathetic figure, not at all broken despite all the blows of fate, who sat there opposite me in the elegant little salon surrounded by her books, almost more like a bluestocking, more of a "learned woman" than a "woman."

We can refrain from making any comment on the Luzie Claraz case, which we have hereby presented in the most objective and documented manner possible. The case is typical and illustrates the sinister power of Jesuitism in an excellent way. Every year thousands of family lives are brusquely destroyed by the nonsense of confession and communion, but nothing of it gets out into the public eye. It is precisely Catholics with strong convictions who are, as is inevitable given the circumstances, most often and most often affected by it.

Who bears the greater responsibility in the Luzie Claraz case, the unscrupulous literary swindlers Taxil and his associates, who exploited a favorable economic situation for business purposes, or

63 The editor was sentenced to two years in prison and a fine of 2,500 lire by the Italian government for this article.

Father Deforel, the various prelates and cardinals who propagated the shameless and malicious revelations of a Miss Vaughan according to Krästen? Who else is responsible for the human lives destroyed, for this end of century witch trial, than the "peace pope" Leo XIII, who started the fight against the "satanic" Freemasons? I ask every unbiased reader: On which side is the devil, if by devil one understands the principle of disloyalty, lies, slander, stupid malice and the principle of false religion?

Ultra montes sits the devil, the father of discord and of murderous struggle. All of Taxil's works are not only mixed with holy water, but also with a very spicy sauce of anti-German chauvinism. Only in our days has it become clear how the clever Rampolla spun his net to strangle Germany. I ask, where is the devil? Where is the devil's church?

Chapter 4.

Taxil gathers all the devil specialists at the congress in Trent around him – he is celebrated as a saint and martyr – Mgr. Grasseld denies the existence of Miss Vaughan and describes her books as fraud – colossal excitement among the congress participants – Taxil's defense speech – the assembly is enthusiastic about Taxil – Jesus Christ is celebrated – the congress ends with a great disgrace and a hopeless row between Jesuits and Catholics – Jesuits – the Cologne People's Newspaper, "Germania" – Taxil – Miss Vaughan – Dr. Bataille-Hacks insult each other as silly freemasons and devil's servants – everyone sniffs out the devil in the man next to them – Margiotta and Dr. Hacks tear the mask from their own faces – Dr. Hacks, honorary Catholic, gives up his writing about devils and becomes a restaurateur – satanic liver sausages – at the moment when the entire Roman Catholic world is no longer able to find its way around because of all the devils – Taxil unmask himself in a sensational meeting – a raffle for a satanic typewriter of the American system – orhydic slides from the study of devils – identification papers of the devil Bitru – Taxil's Haisische – something from Polish archaeology – Cardinal Barocchi is interested in the pug sisters – the aria of the Philharmonic Clystersprize – great lament in the church for the banished devil.

Already in the first issues of the notorious "Memories" of the imaginary devil maiden Diana Vaughan (August 1895) there was agitation for an international anti- Masonic congress, in which Taxil-Vaughan wrote:

"A committee of five Catholic writers, who have always shown me great friendship, sent me an eloquent circular requesting that all people of good will participate in the organization of an international congress." Taxil, the clever money-maker, immediately went to the collection plate: "Open subscriptions in all anti-Masonic publications; I will set a good example and start the subscription at 100 francs."

In fact, Taxil achieved the incredible feat of getting a kind of secular provincial council to seriously deal with his devilish prank. This was the notorious Anti-Masonic Congress of Trent, which was to be convened on September 25, 1896, at the very time when Sophia Walder was to bring the great-grandmother of the Antichrist to Jerusalem. Jesuit officials often deny that Taxil had any influence on the Congress with his daring fraud. But since Taxil, long before the day of the Congress's convocation was known, had given special significance to September 29, 1896 by prophesying the birth of the great-grandmother of the Antichrist, it is reasonable to think that the Congress conveners chose September 29 precisely for this reason, in order to demonstrate against the Satanic birth of Sophia Walder. The congress was therefore completely under the influence of the Taxil scam, simply because of the timing. Prince Karl von Löwenstein, who had also taken over the chairmanship of the Trent congress, was already making a lot of publicity at the 43rd Catholic Congress in Dortmund. Among other things, the resolutions of the Catholic Congress stated:

"The 43rd General Assembly recommends that the Catholics of Germany take part in the anti-Masonic congress taking place in Trent from September 25th to 29th by attending it or by contributing to cover the costs, but in any case by praying."

When Prince Karl Löwenstein began the agitation for the Congress of Trent and called for 8 marks (by means of a money order with 30 Pf.), even the Catholic daily newspaper "The Bavarian Fatherland" (24 September 1896) made fun of the comedy and rhymed the following funny verse:

"It is worthwhile; on top of that,
One can even annoy Satan
For eight marks and thirty Pf.
That is really not much?!"

In Germany, the whole Taxil fraud story had meanwhile become very slanderous, especially as a result of the brochure by the freemason Findel. Even the "Germania" and the "Cologne People's Newspaper" had become agitated and made a worrying change of sides. They were not entirely sure of their cause, because they did not succeed in preventing the Congress of Trent and Taxil from taking part in it. Rome and Rampolla were blinded by anti-German hatred. They deliberately chose Trent, which had a world-historical name due to the council that handed the church over to the Jesuits. On the other hand, they wanted to demonstrate against the Germans by choosing a decidedly anti-German city in an anti-German region (the irredentist Trentino) as the meeting place.

In mid-August 1896, the Central Committee of the Anti-Masonic League, which had been founded by Taxil, sent out the following burlesque, Romanesquely exuberant appeal:

"Catholics! Once the green banner of the Muslims in the victorious onslaught against the Christian world a cry echoed from the Vatican from street to street: "To Venice!" That was the Call. And to Venice hurried the Catholics of the various nations in droves, and to Venice – exactly eight centuries ago now – the brave crusaders crossed the sea against the Turks. Today a new enemy is conspiring against our faith, seeking to wipe it out of the world, seeking to overthrow the entire Christian edifice in order to return humanity to its old barbarism. This enemy is Freemasonry, which in the constant battle of hell against the Church encompasses all errors and combines all the perfidy of earlier ages and with it treacherous savagery; it is the subterranean center, the hearth of satanic activity. Like the Turk, this sect also has a green banner under its insignia, and this banner is flying just near the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles! Catholics, against this sect, as once against Islam, a war cry has gone out from the Vatican. The

immortal Leo XIII has invited Catholics to rise up against them, and the Anti- Masonic Union has responded to the Pope's call by calling an International Anti- Masonic Congress to be held in the city of Trent in September, where representatives of the entire Catholic world will lay the foundations of resistance to the onslaught of the sect, organizing a new general crusade against the sect, to fight with the holy weapons of prayer and direct action. Catholics! "To Venice!" cried the noble crusaders of the 11th century. "To Trent!" today calls those who have at heart the triumph of faith over the onslaught of sectarian godlessness. "To Trent!" To the city which received the most holy Council which condemned Protestantism, the forerunner worthy of modern Freemasonry in the struggle against the Church, and to Trent we hasten to answer the intolerant provocations of the sect, to begin the new Crusade, the anti-Masonic Crusade proclaimed by the immortal Leo XIII!

“Rome, August 28, 1896, on the feast of St. Augustin, the special protector (!) of the Congress.

The Central Committee.

Luigi Lazzareschi, titular bishop of Neo-Caesarea, deputy of the Church. Commendatore Guglielmo Alliata, President General. ComMinister Pietro Pacelli; Dr. Pio Negri, Vice President. As Rate: Monsignor Vincenzo Sardi; Ms. Emanuel Bailly, Ms. Luigi Meddi degli Scopoli, Dr. Attilio Peci; Theologian Dr. Giuseppe Toscant; Comm. Filippo Pacelli; Knight August Grossi-Gondi; Knight Fausto Marucchi; Knight Pietro Pierantont. Master: Pacifico Brattini. General Secretary: Rodolfo Verzichi. Vice General Secretary: Dr. Giuseppe Giovanelli. Writer: Prof. Dr. Vincenzo Longo; Ms. Giuseppe M. Girard; Augusta Maria Fornari.”

In a brief addressed to Mgr. Alliata, the president of the preparatory committee in Rome, the Pope says, among other things:

"Certainly, as we have stressed elsewhere, the dogmas of the most daring impiety, such as those represented by that Church, and the aspirations which they pursue, will do less harm and will gradually collapse of their own accord if Catholics take it upon themselves to counter the attack of the Freemasons with even greater skill. If they are based on lies and darkness, but if their web of lies is exposed, it is obvious that all honest thinkers will turn away from their misdeeds and wickedness in disgust."

In order to give an objective report of this memorable council, which subjected the greatest joke in world history to an expert investigation, I will stick strictly to an article published in the ultramontane "Historical political papers", Munich 1896, pp. 659 ff.

The congress was opened with a church ceremony. At the words of the Holy Spirit hymn "*Turn on the light to your senses.*" the sun broke through the high windows of the seminary church, giving this request a special solemnity. Then followed the reading of the papal brief and an endless number of letters from cardinals, prelates and princes.

No fewer than 36 bishops in person and 50 episcopal delegates took part in the Trent Congress, at which Satan was to be put to an end. In total there were about 800 members present, mainly clergy from the Romanic and Slavic countries. The very first speech, given by a national Pole, Monsignor Smoczynski, proved that Rome wanted to pursue anti-German politics at the congress alongside the devil's theology. According to the program, Smoczynski was supposed to speak about the Pope and the Freemasons, but in fact he did not speak on the matter at all, but

wanted to win over his audience to Greater Poland national aspirations.

With genuine German scientificity and "thoroughness", the pastor Schwarz from Ottenbach (Württemberg) then spoke about the nature of Freemasonry, which is basically nothing other than Satanism. The speaker, as befits a German hell-scholar, backed up all his claims with Masonic sources. "When he quoted Taxil for the first time, there were loud, enthusiastic applause and Taxil, who was eating on the journalists' platform, rose to his feet in gratitude, modestly pulling on his house "rag."

Mgr. Schiró, Archbishop of Neo Caesarea, spoke to endless applause about the Freemasons' murders. On September 29 (i.e. on the birthday of the Antichrist's great-grandmother), Canon Mustel, who we already know, also spoke, among others. At the end of this session, Cardinal Haller consecrated the Anti-Freemason banner, which the ensign Baron Vittinghoff-Schell waved with joy.

Up until now, the congress had passed without incident. Then, as has often happened in this strange devil's affair, there was another sensation. In an unprecedentedly bold speech, Mgr. Gratzfeld claimed that the mysterious Miss Vaughan did not exist at all. Most of the listeners were so astonished that they continued to listen in amazement." Gratzfeld could answer the question about the author by saying that he was a man who, on the basis of his detailed knowledge of Masonic matters, wrote these memoirs for his own material benefit and to the disgrace of those who accept the matter at face value. If the goings-on are not stopped in time by urgent warnings, the whole thing will end with a great exposure of the Catholics and the entire anti-Masonic movement.

"It is difficult to describe the impression this speech made. Many were convinced that the speaker was acting in good faith

but had become the victim of fraud and felt sorry for him. Others became thoughtful about his position. Finally, a tiny minority viewed the daring feat of the venerable speaker as a relief, since the Congress had now been warned right from the start." The political tendency of the entire Congress was immediately apparent. Even the deep-black Viennese "Fatherland" wrote on September 30, 1896:

"A French religious, the same one who had already been very agitated by Msgr. Grazfeld's speech yesterday, responded in such a violent and irritated manner that he had to accept an admonition from the President to remain calm and cautious. The said member of the order (your reporter was unable to find out his name) lives in Paris and seems to be in close contact with Leo Taxil, who, from all accounts, is quite good at turning his experience as a former Freemason into hard cash. At the Congress, Taxil is trying with all his might to play a role, and the hot-blooded Italians are making it easy for him, for whenever he shows up and takes the floor, he is cheered in a way that must make the more cool-headed observer shake his head. The leading figures do, however, seem to be showing a commendable reserve, for it is at least striking that, despite all his obvious efforts, Taxil has not been given any position in the Presidium or in the Bureau of the Congress. It should also be noted at this point that there could hardly be a greater danger to the success of the Congress than if individual personalities were to succeed in exploiting the anti-Masonic movement for profit-seeking ends.⁶⁶ The existence of this danger has already been recognized by various quarters, and individual members of the Congress are also taking great care to ensure that no such influences can assert themselves. From this point of view, the whole Miss Vaughan

64 Ha, ha! Roman business envy!

affair must be treated with the greatest suspicion. As far as we have been able to observe so far, there are two sharply opposed views on this question. Some are just as convinced of the authenticity of these revelations as others are of their inauthenticity.

As Prince Löwenstein announced yesterday following the above-mentioned incident in the section, the Miss Vaughan question will be discussed tomorrow, Tuesday, first in the general assembly by Abbé Bessonié from Paris, a convinced supporter of Miss Vaughan, who is also said to be equipped with all the relevant documents, and then examined in detail in the section meeting. However, we have since heard from another source that, out of consideration for the endangered safety of Miss Vaughan, the relevant documents, which are supposed to prove her existence, whereabouts, etc., will not be presented to the entire section for examination, but only to a committee of eleven prominent members of Congress, which committee will then communicate its vote for or against to the assembly. We would like to doubt today whether such a treatment of the question would be the right one."

On September 29, Abbé de Bessonié gave a great speech in defense of the devil's bride Diana, who had been so disrespectfully attacked by the disgusting German critics. "At the end of the speech," wrote the "Historical political papers," "he received extraordinary applause, which gave the clearest expression to the opinion of the assembly. In the opinion of most people, this conclusive argument could not be followed by any valid counter-remark."

Now we let the Viennese "Fatherland"⁶⁷ have its say again:

"The statements of Abbé Bessonié were countered by Msgr. Dr. Baumgarten from Rome. The speaker, who speaks fluent French and Italian, identified himself as a German historian and, as such,

asked Abbé Bessonié three questions, the answers to which would determine his fundamental position on the matter: 1. With which priest did Miss Vaughan convert? 2. What is the date of her conversion? 3. Who are Miss Vaughan's parents? Since Miss Vaughan was not born in a wild country, her name must be in some birth register and a relevant document must be presented.

Abbé Bessonié's answer to these three precise questions was that Diana Vaughan was born in Paris. Her father was American, her Mother Parisian. Americans enjoy the privilege in France of being able to register the birth of a child at the American Embassy rather than at the French registry office, and lectere does not issue birth certificates; this is also the case with Diana Vaughan.

Msgr. Baumgarten stated that his first two questions had received no answer and his third question had received an inadequate answer; for even if Diana Vaughan had been registered at the American Embassy, the latter must have at least made some kind of distinction in an official register that could be consulted. Does such a distinction exist?

Now Leo Taxil thought the moment had come to rush to the aid of his compatriot. As always, he was greeted with loud applause when he appeared on the platform. Already after the first few sessions, he became very agitated and described the action against Miss Vaughan and her revelations not as ignorance or naivety, but as "the ignorance of the truth." At this point he was interrupted by the President, who strongly advised him not to use offensive language. Taxil assured him that three bishops had given him the formal declaration that Diana Vaughan existed, that they had seen her with their own eyes, heard her confess, and given her communion. Taxil did not name these bishops, but he showed a

65 October 1, 1896.

photograph of Miss Vaughan as proof of her existence. However, people had even gone so far as to claim that the person depicted in the photograph was his Taxil's wife. This is how far they go in blindly denying obvious facts. And who is the person who started the whole campaign against Miss Vaughan? A priest who, because Miss Vaughan did not want to lend him 1500 francs, became her sworn enemy from that day on and denied her existence. Taxil does not want to mention the name of this priest in order to avoid scandal. Here the speaker suddenly falls into a whining tone and assures that he has to fight back the tears with all his might at the bitter injustice that is being done to Miss Vaughan. He swears that he saw Miss Vaughan with his own eyes, he even has her current address in his pocket, but he cannot tell the assembly that address, he has no right to do so. He cannot name the convent in which Miss is staying, but he can tell the following verified fact: When Diana attended Holy Mass for the first time on Corpus Christi, this event was telegraphed to her Parisian friends, with the addition that Diana would remain in the convent until Saturday evening. Now there was a Eucharist Father Delaporte, who had often declared that he would gladly sacrifice his life for the conversion of Miss Vaughan. On Saturday evening, as had been announced two days before, Miss Vaughan left the convent, and at the same hour Father Delaporte died. And there are still people who dare to doubt the existence of a Miss Vaughan? The Catholic press in Germany has printed articles directed against Miss Vaughan by a man who is currently in the asylum. (Taxil is referring here to the Jesuit Father Gruber, an outstanding campaigner against Freemasonry, who had to retire to a mental institution some time ago due to overwork.) The fact that this question was even raised (as previously stated, it was Msgr. Gratzfeld of Cologne who deserves this credit) calls the entire success of the Congress into question, and there is now only one

thing left to do: refer the question to a committee for examination."

"Loud, sustained applause," reported the "Historical political papers," "accompanied Taxil's departure from the lectern and cries of "Hurray! Taxil!" echoed through the hall.

A French religious priest then appeared and explained that Miss Vaughan had been asked whether she agreed to a document proving her identity being published. Miss Vaughan had now replied that this was completely pointless, because given the superficial way in which births are recorded at the American embassy in Paris, such a document would prove nothing.

Msgr. Baumgarten then declared that there was no longer any hope of obtaining the desired information about Miss Vaughan.

When Taxil took his usual place on the journalists' platform on September 30, part of the audience applauded ostentatiously. Canon Collet then gave a lecture on the necessity of prayer in the fight against the Freemasons. It made a great impression when the speaker showed a crucifix that a Trentine Freemason had repentantly given to his confessor on his deathbed. The upper part of the longitudinal beam can be pulled out and inside is a sharp dagger. When this fact was discussed, the assembly burst into loud cries: Hurray Jesus Christ! out."

The congress ended with a hopeless confusion not only among the Catholics, but even among the Jesuits. While the German Jesuits were on the side of Gruber, who had been vehemently attacking Tagil in the "Cologne People's Newspaper" and "Germania" since August 1896, had spoken out against Miss Vaughan, and had openly called Taxil a fraud, the Toman Jesuits were supporters of Taxil for national reasons.

On October 30, 1896, the secretary of the IVth section of the Congress, Billiet from Lyon, said in the "Universe": "80 percent of the mostly Italian participants in the Congress found the evidence presented by five clergymen for the existence of the Miss to be convincing." In addition, Taxil was personally the hero of the Trent Congress. His picture was displayed next to pictures of saints in the shops of pious devotional dealers. This theological buffoon also knew how to play the bigot.

The reporter of the "Evening Courier" wrote about him on April 23, 1897:

"I still have a vivid image of him from the anti-Masonic congress, how he walked in the middle of the solemn procession (in honor of the Holy Sacrament of the Altar), serious and dignified, with a large ribbon and sash around his shoulders, surrounded by banners and flags, like a theater hero.

And everyone pointed at him. "Look," they said, "that's Taxil, once a devil and now a saint." And he saw and heard this and took a posture that one would have thought that in the next moment he would raise his hand to give his blessing to the crowd, who bowed reverently as he passed. To testify to his living faith, he repeatedly went to confession and communion.

At the congress itself, he would only enter the church (in which the assembly was meeting) after it had already filled up. When he then slowly walked out of the apse, a storm of applause would break out. People would shout frenetically: "Long live Leo Taxil, long live the great convert!" But in the midst of such displays of honor, he did not deny his deep humility for a moment, but first approached the bishops to bend his knee before them and kiss their hands respectfully. Only then did he break out with a sigh and say: "Long live not me, but God, who has converted me!" Then a new, double storm of applause would roar. And more than

one person could be heard murmuring: "That is a saint! That is a saint!..."

Prince-Bishop Valussi of Trent therefore insisted on inviting the great "saint" to the large banquet in the bishop's palace on September 30, 1896, where the Pope's representative Bishop Lazzaveschi, Prince Karl Löwenstein, Count Paganuzzi, the grumpy Canon Mustel and other greats of Catholic Jesuitism were also present as guests.

Only the very smallest part of the congress participants was aware that the entire congress, which had been staged with a huge advertising apparatus, had ended in a complete fiasco. On the contrary, most believed that Taxil's victory had been a triumph over the petty Germans. The case of Miss Vaughan had been referred to a commission for decision, which, however, did not find it necessary to hasten the decision.

The fact that this commission of experts on hell still believed in the hoax and was for Taxil and Miss Diana Vaughan is proven by a statement by Gruber S. J. in his book "Leo Taxil's Palladism Novel", I., p. 21, where he writes: "It was surprising that this commission nevertheless asked the Catholic press of Europe to refrain from making any definite judgment on the case until its decision had been made. Fortunately, the Catholic press continued to expose the hoaxers despite this imposition." Abbé de Bessoné explains in the Berlin "Germania" (October 25, 1896) that among the congress participants, Cardinal Haller of Salzburg, Prince-Bishop Valussi of Trent, Prince Löwenstein and Paganuzzi voted for the existence of the mysterious devil's bride. Even the editors of the Jesuit "Civilization" continued to refer to the "revelations of Miss Diana Vaughan."⁶⁸

66 Truth, November 9, 1896.

Taxil had not fallen out of character until the end of the memorable devil's comedy, and he had succeeded in making a good mockery of the entire high, authoritative clergy, including the Jesuits. He had achieved what he had been striving for for a decade. Now he only wanted his exposure to be accompanied by as much noise as possible and the whole joke to end with a loud uproar. Taxil was to achieve this too, as we shall see.

Already at the Congress of Trent, a strong undercurrent against Taxil had become noticeable in the circles of the German clergy. At last, even these infernally dark scholars began to notice that they had been shamelessly mystified by Taxil. In the clerical camp, one of the first to realize the truth of Taxil's hoax, unfortunately a little too late, was precisely that Jesuit Gruber who had previously introduced Taxil to the German reading public with such warm words of recommendation. The fact that suspicion of Taxil's fraudulent writings arose in Germany is thanks to the Freemason Findel, who in mid-1896 published the book "Catholic Fraud", in which he proved Taxil to be a mystifier in the service of the Jesuits. On page 43 of this book he says:

"I first heard of Palladian triangles through "Germania" and Margiotta's writings, and it's all a lie. In order to appear more credible, the author has mentioned a number of well-known names of Freemasons here and there, alongside fictitious ones. Of course, my name could not be left out. Meanwhile, my writings, which have been available for thirty years, protect me against the shameful suspicion that I could ever have had any direct connection with high- grade Freemasonry. Note the Jesuit cunning with which everything has been done here, in that an anonymous and therefore incomprehensible delegate is put forward, whose words can be put into his mouth at will."

The official Freemason press remained calm and reserved in the face of the devil fanaticism of the Ultramontanes, which degenerated into a veritable press orgy.

Long before the late "revealer" P. Gruber S. J., the "Federal Gazette" wrote in 1895, 5. 447 ff.:

"If the Romans have no other means of fighting the Freemasons than those they have now chosen, which present themselves as a farce not only to those attacked but also to every unbiased non-Freemason, if they try to show with the most tasteless lies and slanders what they lack in terms of rationality in their fight, then the Freemasons, especially the Germans, can watch the goings-on with the greatest equanimity. This is itself justified by the dishonesty of the fighting methods. Nor is it impossible that the criminal judge will be given cause to deal with the authors and promoters of the same in the interest of public peace in such a way that their desire to fight will completely disappear."

Apart from the Freemasons, other French and English publicists⁶⁹ as well as any reasonable person had recognized Taxil's books as fraudulent goods.

In particular, the attitude of the Freemasons, who disavowed Taxil, made Father Gruber stunned. He became afraid and anxious about the harm he had caused, and the former Taxil-Paulus became a fanatical Taxil-Saul. Gruber mainly used the "Cologne People's Newspaper" and the "Germania" to "unmask" Taxil, unfortunately a little too late.

In an article from August 22, 1896, the "Germania" suddenly changed sides. Until now, she had still believed in the whole fraud

67 e.g. Edw. Waite: Devil Worship in France, 1896.

and had taken the side of Margiotta and Miss Vaughan in poisonous articles against Findel's "Catholic Fraud". She now emphatically points out the unreliability of the revelations regarding the alleged Palladism and its dominant position in Freemasonry, the devil cult, the desecration of the host, the central management and the papacy of Freemasonry, but still believes in the existence of Miss Vaughan and writes, among other things:

"The fact that Margiotta and Miss Vaughan have made it their task to mislead the Catholic public in this way will of course also shed a peculiar light on their conversion. The above is not to say that everything in the revelations of those mentioned is wrong. The religious-political aspirations of Italian Freemasonry are, as far as we can judge, correctly portrayed and the relevant quotations from lodge documents are true."

The "Cologne People's Newspaper" also had to admit with shame on August 25, 1896: "Findel's testimony in particular must be recognized as absolutely resounding and completely convincing for those familiar with German Masonic circumstances. It was extremely careless on the part of Margiotta and Vaughan testifies to their complete ignorance of Findel's person and writings that they labeled him a Palladist."

Father Gruber later took great pride in being the first to see through the Taxil scam. He forgets that he himself admitted in his "Palladism novel":

"It is of course true that even before the appearance of the Bentrum press in August 1896, voices against the whole fraud were raised by both Catholic and Freemasonry. In particular, the English occultist A. E. Waite had already published the book "Devil Worship in France" in June 1896, in which he subjected the relevant pseudo-revelations to a thorough, objective discussion."

The mistrust aroused in Germany, however, did not bother the fraudulent firm Taxil & Co. On the contrary, they were delighted that the Catholics and Jesuits were now at loggerheads with each other. In Germany, the Vaugh inquiry was discussed in the academic scientific manner peculiar to our strange people and widely reported in the press, which was of great benefit to the literary profiteers in the interests of the absconders was only very welcome. Indeed, they had agreed among themselves to unmask themselves one after the other and to fight each other as frauds, so that the public would become even more confused. First, Margiotta, in July 1896, jumped out of the literary fraud company. Diana Vaughan immediately had a romantic little story to tell in the "Monthly Review"⁷⁰:

"The real reason why Margiotta has been persecuting me since his conversion was that I had taken a completely negative attitude towards the marriage proposals he had made to me. An old Protestant lady who read his (Margiotta's) ardent prose (in the "Lemmi") said to me: "Child, he only wants your instruction so that he can desire you as his wife." The reason for the full outbreak of his hatred was that when he asked me for 100,000 francs under the pretext of restoring his house in Palmi, which had been damaged by an earthquake, I flatly refused his request."

Not long before the "Anti-Masonic Congress" in Trent, the above-mentioned brochure by Dr. Germanus was published by Pelican. The signature of the devil Bitru was too much of an imposition. The otherwise pitch-black "Germania" condemned the book. Director Künzle, the editor of the "Pelican", may have been right when he claimed that the "Germania" had criticized the book of his Dr. Germanus to the ground because the success of his book had affected the sales of a brochure by the Jesuit

68 August 1896.

Gruber, which was distributed by the "Germania". Business envy and competition in the research into the devil would therefore have been the real reason for the volatile change of sides of the black daily papers on the Spree and Rhine.

Bishop Fava came to the aid of the badly beleaguered Feldkirch publisher and wrote to Künzle, the editor and publisher of the "Pelican", on August 31, 1896:

Evin-Malmaison,

August 31, 1896.

Mr. General Director!

Diana Vaughan, a former Palladist, has converted to Catholicism. She has been baptized and received her first Holy Communion. She fights against Freemasonry in several of her published works, in the Memoirs, in Crispi and others. People try to cast doubt on her existence. This is a device of the ever-lying: Freemasonry. Diana Vaughan must remain hidden to avoid the dagger.

All yours

Amand Joseph, Bishop of Grenoble.⁷¹

Meanwhile, the Congress of Trent took place at the end of September and ended with the well-known result. The "Pelican", however, did not give up its fight for the authenticity of the hell stories, even though things were already getting very nasty, and wrote in October 1896 (p. 145):

"When a big dog barks in the village, all the other dogs immediately bark along without knowing why. That's what

⁷¹"Eucharist" 1896, No. 9.

happened here too. Germania was persuaded to bark (don't blame them; the best newspaper is often reported incorrectly) and one after the other, without having read the brochure (by Michael Germanus), a number of newspapers from all over the world immediately barked along and warned of the terrible danger. In the end, the "Pelican" itself was found to be completely ruthless and now they are fighting it."

Meanwhile, Miss Diana Vaughan still enjoyed the favor of the Roman prelates. For the "Anti-Mason" of October 31, 1896 contains a letter from Prelate

A. Villard, secretary to Cardinal Barocchi, dated October 19, 1896. In this letter, the prelate consoles "Mademoiselle" Vaughan about the war waged against her and writes, among other things: "In this war, I am only a vile maneuver of the one who you know better than anyone else is the father of lies. I am not completely unknown to you. As secretary to Cardinal Barocchi, I had the pleasure of writing to you in his name almost a year ago to console you and encourage you in your noble endeavor, which consists in revealing to the eyes of the world the true purpose of Freemasonry, which I have always suspected, the cult of Satan."⁷²

On October 13, 1896, the "Cologne People's Newspaper" published a sensational article in which it was proved that Dr. Bataille and Dr. Hacks were one and the same person. Dr. Hacks, however, was the author of the atheistic and blasphemous book "The gesture" The "Devil" was therefore an impudent mystification that greatly embarrassed Catholics.

The "Cologne People's Newspaper" therefore wrote very meekly and destructively: "It is obvious that Taxil-Hacks have actually rendered the greatest services to Freemasonry through

72 "The Anti-Mason" October 31, 1896, p. 35.

their publications and have seriously damaged the anti-Masonry campaign. But Mery⁷³ does not prove that the Freemasons are behind this humbug." Meanwhile, the "Cologne People's Newspaper" still believes a little in the fraud and demands further evidence for the Masonic devil document⁷⁴ before it can be convinced.

Now Taxil thought it appropriate that Dr. Hacks unmask himself and introduce a new act in the devil's comedy. In a letter that was printed in the "Cologne People's Newspaper" on October 16, Hacks admits:

1. I am not the author, but merely a simple collaborator on the "Devil in the 19th Century"; I only worked on a very small part of the first volume. After I stopped working for the company, I no longer concerned myself with the work and do not claim any authorship or other rights in relation to it. I have never written a single article for the "Monthly Review" or for any relevant brochures, newspapers or other publications that have appeared since then. The pseudonym Dr. Bataille does not belong to me and has never belonged to me.

2. The work "The Gesture" is actually mine and contains my real views on religions, especially the Catholic religion, to which I express my complete respect."

3. Since I have not been involved in the anti-Masonic devil stories for years, either directly or indirectly, you will no doubt understand that I am not commanding anyone and am not associated with anyone in this respect."

73 in his book: "A Masonic Plot".

74 Mery brings a "document" prepared by the "Supreme Masonic Council in Balermo" which shows that Miss Diana had not converted, but only wanted to tempt the Catholics on behalf of the Freemasons.

The self-exposure of Dr. Hacks, as one can imagine, caused a tremendous stir both in France and Germany, but it did not bring any clarity to the matter, but rather confused and infuriated the Catholics even more. Miss Diana Vaughan spoke in the "Memoires" as follows:

"The first tumult in Germany arose as a result of Brother Findel's pamphlet" (p. 419). "The Catholic newspapers in Germany were alarmed and took the denial of this old enemy of the Church as pure truth. Findel has drawn the clouds together. The grave danger for the sect was the organization of the anti-Masonic forces by the Congress of Trent. It was therefore necessary to bring unrest, division and confusion into the Catholic camp" (p. 429). "Since Freemasonry realized the futility of its efforts to discover Miss Vaughan, Brother Nathan (Lemmi) hit upon the idea of denying her existence and thus causing a huge scandal. To do this, it was decided to buy Mr. Hacks Bataille. That cost money, a lot of money, and since Nathan Lemmi was not able to do it, the Grand Orient of France stepped in. Hacks- Bataille initially demanded 300,000 francs, but was negotiated down to 100,000. For this small sum, he undertook to suddenly publish a statement in a Catholic newspaper that he had made a fool of the honest public with his 'devil in the 19th century.'

"The Vaughan question was to be raised at the Trent Congress and, in the midst of the excitement surrounding it, the declaration was to be launched after the Congress. Brother Findel was called in as an adviser for the details. He advised the choice of a German Catholic newspaper, as the terrain in Germany was the most favorable, and the choice fell on the "Cologne People's Newspaper"... Sometime before the Trent Congress, Dr. Bataille went to Cologne; he stayed there; he promised the "People's Newspaper" a letter in which he would declare himself an atheist and treat his own writings as lies. Dr. Cardauns, the editor-in-chief

of the "Cologne People's Newspaper", will not deny this highly significant fact. The "Cologne People's Newspaper", whose editorial staff could not have been unaware of the blatant discussion in Trent, preferred to publish Dr. Bataille's letter afterwards rather than before the Congress. The "People's Newspaper" has not said a word about Dr. Bataille's stay there. Bataille in Cologne; when she later published the letter in question, she acted as if she did not know Dr. Bataille, as if he had merely responded to the sensational article (in the "Cologne People's Newspaper") of October 13th. If the Prussian paper only wanted to enlighten the Catholics, what was the point of this farce? Why did it not lay its cards on the table and say straight out: Dr. Bataille has come to Cologne, here is his statement given to us. The "Cologne People's Newspaper" did not do that, because one of the plans of Freemasonry was, above all, to bring about a sort of public viewing (of the Congress of Trent) in which Findel's denials would be made known to the whole world, and the "Cologne People's Newspaper" was, at least on this point, the Sette's accomplice and Findel's conscious helper."

Miss Diana Vaughan is particularly keen on Dr. Grazfeld, of whom all her informants assure her that he has a very unsympathetic physiognomy." The mysterious Miss even declares Grazfeld to be a secret emissary of the French Grand Orient.

Mgr. Gratzfeld, P. Gruber S. J., the "Cologne People's Newspaper" as a Freemason! Really one of the best jokes that Taxil had done during his campaign of jokes!

Meanwhile, Dr. Hacks continued his self-exposure with his characteristic, particularly humorous impudence. On October 27, 1896, "The Universe" printed the following amusing letter:

"Paris, October 25.

2nd Boulevard Montmartre, from 2-5 p.m.

To Mr. Eugen Tavernier, editor of Universe.

A friend (however slovenly one may be, one always has some) has brought me your article from today, "Doctor Bataille," hot off the press. What a pity that the excellent advertisement you made for my book *The Gesture* (10 francs at Marpon and Flammarion) (the Universe had claimed that *The Gesture* had been a fiasco and had disappeared from the book trade) appears in a paper as unknown to the general public as the Universe and the World combined! You see, without my friend, even I, who am primarily interested in it, would not have heard of it. I hasten to send the article to my publisher, who undoubtedly does not know it either; I hope it will prompt him to publish a third edition. May God or the devil provide that it has the success of the two previous ones and soon becomes as untraceable as its two older sisters. Whatever the case: thank you for your goodwill, and indeed very much so. Thank you very much! But since one service is worth another, allow me, in order to enlighten your religion (I may speak like that, may I not?), to give you some information that may prevent you from dealing in the future with questions concerning the "Devil in the 19th century and Miss Diana Vaughan" that are only intended for a few thousand imbeciles (questions thrilling for a few thousand fools):

1. I am not Doctor Bataille and I do not deserve this extraordinary honor or this unworthy accusation; I simply collaborated on part of the first volume of the work signed and published under this collective name, which therefore does not belong to me and never has.

2. I have absolutely no knowledge of the Diana Vaughan affair.

Thank you once again and I am at your complete disposal if I can be of any use to you for one of your works, even if it is a Catholic one. In the meantime, I ask you, sir, to accept my most sincere greetings.

Doctor Hacks.”

In "The Universe" of October 29, 1896, Hacks brings new teasing, writing: "What delightful memories you bring back with your apt comments on my letter! Oh! That meeting in the bibliographical circle. Sweetest Jesus!! It was so beautiful! There I met the Catholic public for the first time in my life! But what fools!" On November 2nd and 3rd of the "Universe" he goes even further. In order to complete the advertisement for him he asks the editors to give the address and prices of his restaurant, which he bought with the money he won from the "Devil".⁷⁵

"What can I say," he continues, but to the few thousand Eucharistic fools who seek their food in devil's tales and who now thrash about like poor scroungers to defend themselves and deny their craving for "supernatural" (*voracité surnaturelle*) of the past?⁷⁶ They should only have followed my example, they should have withdrawn from the meal, kept quiet, digested and kowtowed. When I speak of "idiots" I am not insulting any of them in particular, since I am speaking in the plural. However, should one of them stand up for all and want to take this whole fraud seriously and should he if he is of the opinion that my public statements made here are not sufficient, I will speak to him in even clearer language.

1. compare "The Cross", November 7, 1896. 76 z. B. P. Gruber S. J.

2. Universe, 2 and 3 November 1896.

If the Catholic readers devour my liver sausages as diligently as they have eaten my literary dishes, only a little bit of biscuit will be left for my darling.⁷⁷

Dr. Hack's "honorary Catholic".

To add to the confusion, Margiotta also made himself heard again. On November 1, 1896, he wrote in the "Political comedy":

I have never actually seen this Diana: later, my simplicity was abused by answering everyone who asked this buffoon Taxil whether she really existed: "Of course, because Margiotta saw her." I myself wrote to the publisher of the fraudulent anti-Masonic review (- Monthly Review) that I acknowledged the existence of this person. That was quite naive on my part, but I did it for the sake of peace and especially to avoid a possible scandal from which Freemasonry would have benefited."

In a letter dated May 7, 1894, Taxil had written to Margiotta:

"Work out each chapter so that it forms a lucky if possible. After I have given you my chapters and revised yours, we will patch it all together... You must know that I will use my name as little as possible in the "Monthly review". I have good reasons for this. I must remain incognito for about another year."

The following article by Dr. Hacks from "The Cross" of November 7, 1896. "All the revelations were pure fraud. When the papal encyclical against the Freemasons as allies of the devil appeared (April 20, 1884), I had the idea that this was the right material to make money out of the well-known credulity and unfathomable stupidity of the Catholics. .. All it took was Jules Verne to give these robber stories a tempting veneer. I was this Jules Verne. Strangely enough, others had also had exactly the same ideas. So I came to an agreement with Leo Taxil and some friends, and we founded the "Devil in the 19th century", which

was a well-known success. The Catholics devoured the whole thing without any difficulty... Sometimes, when I brought up an incredible story, such as the one about the devil, the Catholics would devour the whole thing without any difficulty. When I told him the story of the snake who wrote prophecies on Sophia Walder's back with his tail, or the story of the devil who, in order to marry a freemason, transformed himself into a young lady and played the piano in the evening as a crocodile, my colleagues, who had tears in their eyes from laughter, said to me: "My dear, you're going too far! You're spoiling the whole fun!" I answered them: "Ugh! Just leave me alone! It'll be fine." It generally fell to me to prepare the story. Leo Taxil or someone else gave me some material that might be based on truth. I undertook to dress it up in the style of Jules Verne. I say: "I saw the Nautilus," and Catholics repeat in chorus: "He saw the Nautilus!" In fact, that was the most daring challenge imaginable to human stupidity. But you can see that I was not wrong in my calculations."

And what was your goal?" asked the reporter. "Well, what other than to make money," answered Hacks, "and that is the goal I have achieved."

No less interesting is what Margiotta revealed in the "Free France" of Lyon on November 13, 1896:

"Taxil and I were, after all, but one unit. A barbarous contract chained me to this man; this contract obliged me to accept without examination all the evidence that was to be included in the work. Under these conditions I had to describe the phases of the alleged conversion of his Diana; I even had to affirm that I had seen with my own eyes this beautiful soul returned to God in Naples, although in fact I never saw her. I have a thousand reasons for asserting that Taxil and Diana Vaughan are one and the same hermaphroditic personality as Jogand and Taxil. This game of names is as original as the valuable trade peculiar to the Jogand-

Taxil house. Jogand-Man writes and sells pious books because he has been converted; Jogand-Woman, untouched by grace, sells under the same roof the pornographic spawn that her husband once published to delight the devil."

In "The Anti-Mason" of November 14, 1896, we also learn why Dr. Hacks had left Taxil's devil factory. He said with cynical impudence: "After a short time, I withdrew from the booth and turned my back on the priests who had overrun me. There is no more stupid company than these people. And now I have christened a successful restaurant with fixed prices!"

Nothing was heard for a long time from the famous commission of the Congress of Trent to investigate the Vaughan affair. For any objective judge, the matter was decided after Margiotta and Hacks had exposed themselves. However, this devil commission did not let the devil be taken away from them without warning, but surprised the world on January 22, 1897 with the following Solomonic verdict:

In accordance with the mandate given to it by the General Council of the Anti-Masonic Association and acknowledged by the first international anti- Masonic congress in Trent;

Considering that it has not been given the mandate to give a verdict on the revelations made recently regarding Freemasonry;

Considering further that the subject of its examination is limited to the following three questions: 1. The existence of the alleged Diana Vaughan; 2. The reality of her conversion; 3. The authenticity of the publications attributed to her.

Despite the fact that the tricks used by certain quarters in recent months suggest an unfavorable decision (for the organizers of the latter); After applying the most conscientious diligence in

its investigations and using all the means at its disposal to clarify the truth,

The Roman Commission declares:

That it has not yet come across any conclusive evidence, either for or against the existence, conversion and authenticity of the writings of the alleged Diana Vaughan.

The Commission hereby renews its full and unconditional approval of the papal encyclicals and of everything that is said in them about the Freemasons. At the same time, it expresses its wish that Catholics, setting aside all secondary questions of secondary importance, will devote all their attention to combating the pernicious sect. It finally rejects any further polemics and hereby declares its task completed.

Rome, January 22, 1897.

The President of the Commission:

Luigi Lazzareschi, Bishop of New Caesarea. Rudolfo Berzichi, Secretary." So the Romans still believed in Taxil, in his devils, devil priestesses, possessed tables, living lion tails, piano-playing hell crocodiles!

Even the Jesuit P. Gruber, in his book: "Fraud as the end of a fraud" p. 107, accuses the notorious Congress Commission of 1. working too slowly, 2. its decision being ambiguous, 3. wanting to suppress any free discussion, in short, to cover up the matter.

The matter might not have been resolved today if the father of this joker, Taxil, had not unmasked himself!

With admirable virtuosity, Taxil & Co. had managed to get the interest of the reading public to boiling point. This literary comedian then played his most literate and sensational trump card by unmasking himself and embarrassing his previous friends, the

entire Catholic community, from the Pope down to the insignificant Rhineland chaplain.

He even knew how to turn his self-unmasking into an important event that sent the entire world press into a frenzy.

Since February 1897 he had been trying to create a mood through effective advertising, by sending out brochures in which his mockery and teasing achieved truly unparalleled results.

He had chosen Easter Monday, April 19, 1897, as the date and the large hall of the Geographical Society, Boulevard St. Germain 184, as the venue. The prospectus and invitation to this memorable meeting is truly a masterpiece of wit and humor and a worthy conclusion to the world-historical joke. Seats were reserved for the domestic and foreign press. Admission was free. However, walking sticks and umbrellas were forbidden. In addition, a very nice typewriter was to be raffled off before the meeting began. The brochure said of this typewriter "Aiv New York, value 400 francs": "This machine, which is extremely sensibly constructed based on a charming model, will be particularly welcome to journalists, because when using it you don't lose sight of a word of what you are writing..."

The raffle for the typewriter with which Miss Vaughan-Leo Taxil wrote his letters about the affairs of hell and the devil was once again a fine joke and was also intended to appeal to journalists. It's a pity that the "Cologne People's Newspaper" or the "Germania" didn't win.

The second number on the program was a speech by Leo Taxil: "12 years under the banner of the Church". It says, among other things: "Since Leo Taxil has been drawn into the Miss Vaughan question and has announced his decision to renounce the anti-Masonic struggle, Miss Diana Vaughan gives him the floor for

statements that concern him personally. Mr Leo Taxil will explain how and why his resignation is not desertion."

The third and final number was a conference by the mysterious Miss "Palladism thrown to the ground!" The conference was to be accompanied by "oxyhydric slides". The following pictures were to be shown: "Lecture by the Masonic magician Goblet d'Alviella with the snake cut into three pieces. Family papers of Miss Vaughan; Photograph of Miss Pike (daughter of the Satan Pope) tenderly snuggling up to a Baphomet; the personal devil Asmodeus handing a devil's diadem to his bride, Miss Vaughan; this photograph was taken by the Miss's uncle, John Thomas Vaughan, with Lucifer's special permission on the occasion of the 13th apparition of the deceitful devil, who was then posing as a heavenly bridegroom; the identification papers of the devil Bitru; the devil Pope Pike in great robes, with his devil's telephone; instruments of torture for desecrating the host; at the end, apotheosis Leo XIII with the bull "Humanum genus" in his hand and trampling on the three-headed Masonic hydra."

Despite the meanness of the attitude they betray, one cannot deny the wit of these advertising brochures.

First, the devilish typewriter was drawn according to the program, and the winner, number 445, was not a Catholic, not a Christian, not even from the "Germania" or the "Cologne People's Newspaper", but unfortunately Mr. Ali Kemal, the representative of the Turkish newspaper "Ikedom" in Constantinople.

Leo Taxil then took his place on the platform and began his five-quarter-hour lecture with the sarcastic remark that it would be very entertaining and that he now wanted to proceed to uncover the most colossal mystification of the century.



Baphomet with the rosary on his chest and borne by Freemasons in Templar costume. (According to Taxil: Secrets of Freemasonry).

"I will speak first,"⁷⁸ the Gauller continued, "to express my gratitude to the Catholic press (i.e. "Germania," "Cologne People's Newspaper," "Laughing voices") for making it possible for me to complete this "smoke and mirrors" through the advertising it made for me. (Cheers from some, grumbling and frowning from others.) To put it bluntly, like all Marseillesians, I am a born fumist (a cutter who enjoys telling other people the lie). From my youth, it filled me with "unspeakable joy" when I managed to trick my fellow human beings. In view of the extraordinary successes I achieved with my fumistry, I can call myself the "king of cutters" (roi des fumistes).

At only 19 years old, I managed to convince the whole city of Marseille that a swarm of sharks was making the roads unsafe, ruining the fishing industry and posing a serious threat to the lives and well-being of bathers. The city fathers were in a state of agitation; a shark hunt was organized; reports on the matter were sent to the government, etc.

When I was in Geneva a little later to avoid punishment for a shark attack, I spread the story that there were clear traces of a sunken ancient city at a certain point on the bottom of the lake. Scientific societies were in a state of agitation at the news. Scholars came and asked the astonished inhabitants where the city had stood in the lake. One of them, a Polish archaeologist, actually "observed" the ruins of sunken houses. Yes, he even discovered a public square where an equestrian statue was supposed to have once stood. He put the results of his research into a learned treatise. A scientific institute sent two emissaries who finally established that the whole story of the Sea was just a fabrication. I could tell a hundred more similar stories.

77 According to the "Slinger" 25 April 1897 and Gruber: Fraud as the end of a fraud, 1897.

But all of this was overshadowed by the colossal fictitiousness that I staged twelve years ago. It was the most delightful mystification of my life, which for many years was a source of indescribable pleasure and unique enjoyment for me, and which I may well describe as the greatest mystification of modern times. (Laughter. Unrest. Miserable swindler! Rascal! Ssst! Continue!)

It is about the "phenomenal mystification of contemporary devilry" which ends today. This mystification was my last. For you understand that no one would believe me in the future if I wanted to tell you something extraordinary again. In order to successfully carry out this mystification, it was first necessary to win the trust of the Catholics. To this end, I had to appear to convert. First of all, I published a letter in which I retracted my anti-religious writings.

In 1885, as you know, I was expelled from the Freethinkers' Association. It was an emotional meeting. Some people cried. I myself was in a serious mood. (Laughter. Oh, oh! Renegade! Judas! Silence! Go on, my old Taxil!) I had already taken precautions at that time so that later, when I wanted to end the mystification, I could prove that my worship was only an apparent was. I would like to remind my former anti-clerical friends who are here today of some obscure statements which I recommended to your particular attention at the time. On that occasion I told my friends that they should write down these statements so that they could think of them again later when the time came. Among other things, I recommended that they keep in mind the sentence that I was not betraying them with my conversion." I added: "What I am telling you you cannot understand now, but you will understand later."

Some of my former friends had also seen through the ruse themselves. For example, my former colleague Paulon, who has since died, after observing me closely for a long time, expressed his

firm conviction that I was not working in the interests of the clergy. There was a mystery behind the matter. (Taxil asks those present to whom Paulen may have expressed this opinion to confirm this. Several voices from the audience call out: that's right.) I had made clearer hints to Garibaldi's son-in-law, Canzio, under the seal of secrecy. After three years his ... friendship seemed to cool. The prank lasted too long for him. In order to carry out my fake conversion myself, I withdrew to a Jesuit retreat house near Paris, in Clamart. The day after my public declaration of recantation, it was decided to let me do retreats with the reverend Jesuit fathers and one of the Jesuits most experienced in the craft of conversion was appointed to lead the retreat. I can assure you that it was a sour game that the two of us played together! I still get a headache when I think about it! My general confession decided in my favor. This lasted no less than three days. (Long-lasting hilarity.) I had saved my main trump card for the end.

I accused myself of all sorts of things. But my husband understood that I must have a great, very great sin on my conscience, which I found difficult to admit; a sin which I found more painful to confess than confessing all my godlessness. So I finally had to decide to come clean about this sin. My great sin was a crime of the highest order, a murder under the most aggravating circumstances. (Great laughter.) I had not, of course, murdered an entire family! But even if I was no Tropmann or Dumoulard, I would undoubtedly be the executioner if I were found.

I had looked around at the cases of people disappearing without a trace that had been reported in the papers three years previously and had made one of them into a short novel. My confessor, however, did not let me recount it in all its details. He had thought me capable of the most horrific sacrileges, and even in this respect I had given him pleasant surprises. But he had not

expected that a murderer would kneel before him. (More laughter.) When the first words of confession came from my lips, the Reverend Father started up in a characteristic way. Now he understood why I had spent so long on certain less serious sins! I had been ashamed to admit this shameful act. Not only shame, but also unrest and fear had filled me because of it.

The matter also involved a widow who had been left behind. The Reverend Father made me promise to give her a pension. He pointed out to me a very ingenious way in which I could do this without betraying myself. He wanted to know about a certain person. All he wanted to know about the matter was whether I had committed the crime deliberately. After much hesitation, and making myself appear as if I were collapsing under the weight of shame, I confessed that I had acted deliberately; I pretended that it was a very treacherous murder." (Excitement in the audience. Shouts of: disgraceful! Villain of the worst kind! Rogue! A gentleman ostentatiously leaves the hall.)

Leo Taxil continues calmly: "Whether you go or stay is of no interest to me. I will continue. What I want to establish is the fact of my first victory, which I won right at the beginning of my campaign. If anyone had dared to doubt my complete conversion in the presence of the Reverend Father, the lecturer would have rejected his doubts with indignation.

After the Vatican's mistrust had been removed, it was time to make myself acceptable to them! In order to bring the mystification to its climax, I had to join in with a point in the church program that was one of the most important to the Holy See. So, as soon as I decided to abandon Catholicism in order to get to know Freemasonry through direct observation, I had planned to make revelations about it. In 1884 the encyclical *Humanum genus* was published, which was enthusiastically received by Catholics in public life (in France). Attacking the

Freemasons was therefore the best way to pave the way for the colossal fumistry. In the early days, the Freemasons were indignant at my actions, as they did not foresee the end. In fact, by publishing their "rituals" I was doing Freemasonry a service (contradiction), as I was speeding up reforms that would eliminate outdated things that had become ridiculous in the eyes of all progressive Masons.

In order to achieve my aim of bringing all the contemporary devilry into flow, I had to proceed gently and cautiously. I knew that a certain number of Catholics believed that the "architect of the world" – the term used by the Freemasons to describe the deity – was in reality none other than the devil. One or two stories are also told about the devil himself appearing in a lodge and leading the way.⁷⁹ On this I based my plan to mystify the world with Palladism. The staging of the "phenomenal mystification of contemporary devilry" was also made considerably easier for me by the fact that there are many good people who believe that the laws of nature are sometimes overturned by good and evil spirits. (Taxil, for example, scornfully mentioned his crocodile playing the pianoforte and used an action attributed to the devil Asmodaus as a blasphemous comparison. He then spoke of a canon from Freiburg who, since he must be a special friend of God as a result of his conversion, had asked him to perform a miracle before his eyes, such as turning a chair into a walking stick or an umbrella. The same canon, he assured me, had also sent him an enormous Gruyère cheese, which was completely covered with pious hieroglyphs.)

My first books on Freemasonry were a compilation of various rituals with very inconspicuous little books and apparently completely unremarkable explanations. Whenever an obscure passage came up, I interpreted it in the sense of those Catholics who see Lucifer as the supreme Grand Master of Freemasonry. But

I limited myself to subtle hints. After two years of preparatory work, I went to Rome (June 1887). I was received by Cardinals Nampolla and Barocchi, who told me, to my satisfaction, that my books were excellent and that the things revealed in them had already been known in the Vatican. Cardinal Barocchi was particularly interested in the question of female Freemasons (Pug Sisters). He too had already known everything that my valuable revelations revealed. (Unrest, laughter in the auditorium.) Even the Holy Father received me in an audience that lasted for three quarters of an hour. (Sudden roar from the audience; you bandit!)

I wanted to give the Pope the impression of a somewhat exalted person, without going as far as the good Freiburg canon. (Laughter.) Right from the beginning of my apparent connection to the Church, I had tried to convince myself of the truth that one can never understand the art of acting too well if one is playing a role that does not correspond at all to one's own convictions... When a scene of despair occurs in the theater, real tears are not necessary. The skilled actor wipes his teary eyes with his handkerchief. But the actor who knows his art really cries. (Shout: Schust! Schust!) Therefore, I spent the whole morning before the audience with the Pope studying my role. I was prepared for anything. Whatever might happen, nothing could upset me now. (Shout: You are a villain! The Ruser leaves. Two clergymen follow him in silence. Abbé Garnier: Do we have the courage to stay! The speaker's voice is drowned out for a moment by the noise.)

The Pope asked me: "My son, what do you want?" I answered:

"Holy Father, to breathe my last at your feet this very moment! That would be my greatest happiness." Leo XIII deigned to remark with a smile that my life was still very useful for the good

78 Case of P. Jandel, see Gruber S. J.: *Leo Taxils Palladismus-Roman II*, 172.

fight. Then he came to the question of Freemasonry. He had my new works in his private library. He had read them from beginning to end and placed particular emphasis on the satanic direction of Freemasonry. Although I was only an apprentice, I had the great merit of having understood that the devil was at play here. The Pope pronounced the word "devil" with an emphasis that is difficult to reproduce. I think I can still hear him saying: "Yes, the devil! The devil."

When I left Rome, I was certain that my plan would succeed. In the middle of 1891, I published a new version of one of my books⁸⁰ containing a ritual that I had supposedly come across but that I had actually fabricated myself. This gave birth to Palladism or Luciferian high-grade masonry. The new book was enthusiastically recommended, including by all Jesuit journals.

From now on, I had to take a back seat so that the most adventurous masonry of modern times would not become a miserable fiasco. I looked for a first collaborator. He had to be a man who had travelled a lot to be able to tell of mysterious investigations in the Luciferian triangles, in these hiding places of Palladism, into whose hands I had given the secret supreme leadership of all lodges and high-ranking lodges in the world. One of my old childhood friends, whom I met again in Paris, a former ship's doctor (Charles Hacks), was perfect for this. At first I did not confide in him about the mystification, but only gave him various books to read, the authors of which had been deceived by my fairy-tale revelations." At first, after reading Mgr. Meurin's book, my friend himself believed in Palladism and even in Sophia Walder, who was a pure invention of mine. When I explained the mystification to him, he could hardly contain his astonishment. "Sophia Walder," he exclaimed, is only a myth! Palladism only exist on paper and in the imagination of a few thousand deluded people!" I had to show him proofs so that he would believe me.

Enlightened about the mystification, he continued to work on it; he himself now found great pleasure in this fictitious work.

Soon afterwards I engaged a Protestant lady of American descent who was inclined towards freethinking, who travelled as an agent for American typewriters. She stayed at the Hotel Mirabeau for eight days at my expense and later, for 150 francs a month, carried on the well-known correspondence with bishops and cardinals as my office clerk in order to inform the Vatican about the black plots that the Freemasons were instigating in their Luciferian hideouts. This lady also drew my attention to the letter agency (Alibi Office of New York), which served me so well in my mystification of certain gentlemen. Diana Vaughan wrote her letters addressed to clergy and editors of Catholic newspapers from various parts of the world."

(Taxil now tells how he managed to dupe the Pope, Cardinals, Bishops, etc. and make them believe in the existence of Diana Vaughan. He and part of the audience were doubled over with laughter. Another part followed his explanations with cries of indignation such as "scoundrel" etc.)

"Only the three of us, Miss Diana, Dr. Hacks and I, knew about the mystification. We always acted in agreement. Our publishers themselves were mystified up to their ears.

An unexpected ally arose for us in the person of Mr. Margiotta, a Freemason from Palmi. He entered our enterprise as a mystified person and was more so than any other. Later, when I thought it was appropriate to protect the mystification already suspected in Germany from a quiet demise in a closed commission, I agreed with Dr. Hacks that he would make a noise about the mystification of the cardinals. Apparently we, Bataille and I, were

fighting each other to the death. Margiotta, who finally began to see the light, declared herself to be our co-conspirator in order to avoid being ridiculed.

The readiness with which the news of Miss Vaughan's conversion was received in Rome is impressive. Mgr. Lazzareschi, the delegate of the Apostolic See to the Central Committee of the Anti-Masonic Union, had a Triduum celebrated in the Church of the Sacred Heart in Rome in thanksgiving for this conversion.

The (anti-Masonic) Joan of Arc Hymn, which was attributed to Miss Vaughan both for its text and its music, was performed at festive meetings of the Roman (anti-Masonic) Committee. Its melody, which was almost equal to church music, was heard even on particularly festive occasions in the great basilicas of the Eternal City. The melody was actually composed by a friend of mine, the conductor of the orchestra of Sultan Abdul Aziz, for the entertainments in the Seraglio.⁸¹ (Continued hilarity! Shouts of: Disgusting! That scoundrel!)

This mystification was not only accepted in Rome, but the young lady, who was considered to be exalted, was also encouraged to help carry out the Roman plans for the performance of new miracles. I have not time to go into more detail about this today. I will only mention one fact for today. There is an intention in Rome to canonize Joan of Arc. According to Catholic legend, the executioner who condemned Joan of Arc to death by fire did not succeed in burning the heroic virgin's heart. It was thrown into the Seine. The French clergy have now found a relic of the virgin they condemned to death, namely a charred rib. There is now a tertiary in Italy who is confident that she will succeed in finding Joan of Arc's heart herself. This ultra-mystical tertiary also wrote to Miss Vaughan. The secretary of the cardinal vicar (presumably Mgr. Villard) recommended that Miss Vaughan should

correspond with this pious person in order to exchange her thoughts on the supernatural facts relating to Joan of Arc.

The Freemasons in France, Italy and England were laughing up their sleeves. A German Freemason, Findel, on the other hand, was furious and hurled a well-written pamphlet at me. This caused a great uproar. This pamphlet had the effect of throwing a stone into a frog pond... Findel endangered the success of my mystification. He attributed it to the Jesuits. That was a great error on his part. Poor Jesuits! I had sent them a piece of the devil's tail Moloch as proof of Palladism! (Great hilarity.)

A commission was then appointed. The danger to my mystification was the silence about it, or rather the prohibition issued to the Catholic newspapers from talking about it. This danger existed at the time of the Congress of Trent. My friend, the doctor (Hacks), went to Cologne and reported the situation to me from there. I myself travelled to Trent for the congress, fully warned. On my return to Paris, I told the doctor my fears about the planned silent strangulation of my mystification. And then we agreed to start the fire in the press. It was I myself who started the conflagration. For the press of the whole world had to be informed of the whole strange affair. And a considerable time passed before the noise of the angry Catholics and their polemics with the supporters of Miss Vaughan were able to draw the attention of the great liberal press, whose readers number in the millions, to the matter.

After this, gentlemen and ladies, you will probably do without the announced lecture by Miss Vaughan and the slides. Twelve years ago I accused myself before my confessor of an assassination that I did not commit. Today I publicly accuse myself before you of child murder: Palladism is hereby dead, slaughtered by its own

father."⁸²

Despite the terrible tumult that interrupted the speaker at times, Leo Taxil did not lose his composure; with an indestructibly mocking smile he hurled sash after sash into the excited audience; the more the audience raged, the more Taxil and his friends, and with them the whole enlightened world, enjoyed themselves.

81 See also "Cologne Peoples Newspaper", April 21, 1897; "Berlin Daily Paper", April 24, 1897.

Chapter 5.

The Roman Jesuit Church cannot exist without its infernal Stinkmas – the Jesuits' zealous efforts to ensure that the Taxil fraud does not damage the belief in the devil – The great hell specialist P. Gruber declares that anyone who denies the existence of material devils is an unscientific fool – According to Gruber, the devil is an irrefutable truism – The author of this brochure traces the belief in the devil back to the monkey cult of ancient peoples – Finally, a song of sorrow against the priests.

Anyone who would believe that the Roman Jesuit Church was cured of its devil fanaticism by this terrible disgrace is seriously mistaken. The reader will have already gathered from what has been reported so far that the Jesuit Church's hands were actually tied when it came to Taxil's gigantic joke. Taxil claimed no more than the Jesuits had been claiming for centuries and the popes had proclaimed *ex cathedra* countless times. The Roman Church was ridiculed forever without being able to offer a powerful defense.

On the incomprehensibility of those who were taken in by the Taxil hoax one can only get a proper idea of the devil's beliefs when Mr. Clarin de la Rive, after April 19, 1897, after Taxil had openly declared that the matter was nothing but a theological joke, writes in "Christian France" 1897, p. 163:

"Why did Taxil not produce her (the typist Diana Vaughan) on April 19th? We hereby request Leo Taxil to produce his dactylographer. If he cannot show her to us, or if she... does not correspond to the Diana Vaughan who appeared in the Hotel Mirabeau and was portrayed by the painter Esnault, and who was seen in Loigny on March 13th (1897), then we have the right to ask Leo Taxil whether the real Diana Vaughan was perhaps put

aside for the purposes of his fraud. In this new episode of the anti-Masonic struggle, an important mystery remains to be clarified."

The incorrigible devil researcher Canon Mustel stuck to his belief in hell, even after Taxil had exposed himself, and wrote in the "Catholic Review of Coutance" 1897, p. 300:

"The hyper-criticism (of the Germans), in whose name you deny both the possibility and the reality of the devil's intervention in Freemasonry, is in contradiction with both historical facts and the teachings of the Church."

The Jesuit Gruber⁸³ comments on Canon Mustel – albeit after the festival: "Canon Mustel is a remarkable example of the extent to which one can be drawn into error as a result of uncritical credulity with regard to things one likes to hear. Abbé Mustel is certainly a personally honorable clergyman. But with regard to Taxil's Pseudo-revelations He probably revealed an astonishing bias and lack of judgment mainly as a result of prejudices that had been firmly rooted in him for many years and as a result of a lack of critical sense." Gruber S. J. thereby provided an excellent characterization of himself and the entire Jesuit Church. Gruber S. J. and his brother S. J. P. Franco from the "Catholic Civilization" had blown a horn with Mustel and the entire clergy blared the devil's chorale.

Dr. Hermann Schell, the well-known Catholic theologian, therefore has no qualms about making the Jesuits and their system responsible for the entire Taxil swindle, writing in "Catholicism as a principle without progress" (p. 81):

"The superstition of the Vaughan swindle is intrinsically connected with the entire theological spirit and school of the Jesuit

82 "Leo Taxil's Palladism Novel", I, p. 118.

order, and only those Catholics have fallen prey to the absurd superstition... who belong to the spiritual army of the Jesuit order and its theological school.

With such naive arrogance, one feels oneself to be the whole and sole Catholic church, indeed the believing society, that one now publicly praises those who have presented the Leo Taxil swindle to the public since 1886 as the saviors of Catholic Germany and believing Christianity. Taxil's anti-Masonic-Satanological mythology has proved which theological direction endangers the reputation of Catholicism and which is able to preserve its Christian and rational nature, its divine logos and spirit. Who presented Leo Taxil's revelations to the German public and overlooked them? Father Gruber S. J. (Hildebrand Gerber) since 1886. Who recommended these revelations as credible? This was done by the Catholic Civilization, the main organ of the Jesuit order... Who and whose theology made it possible for a large part of the clergy and the people to question such superstition and mythological nonsense as a serious matter of consideration? And in view of what has been done in this many respects by individual Jesuits, by the Catholic Civilization, by the school and the spirit of Jesuitism, by their well-trained disciples in the secular clergy to enable and spread the whole Taxil system of lies, one now dares to boast smugly that a Jesuit was the first to expose the Vaughan hoax! Who is to discover that one and one's whole army have fallen for a hoax other than the one who led the believing flock into it? And afterwards one claims special glory and thanks for finally becoming stumped when one realizes that one's zeal against the lodge has led not only into a hideous swamp but also into a shameful ambush. If one has the courage to do so, then the inferiority of the Catholics is not only proven as a fact by new evidence, but also a need for such leaders and guardians of the German clergy and people."

Father Gruber immediately adds a heresy is close by to this certainly justified statement, writing threateningly⁸⁴:

"With the best will in the world, we can only find a reasonable meaning in these words if we assume that they are meant to say that in order to make such fraud impossible, we should also abandon the traditional doctrine of the influence of evil spirits on people, which is even followed in official church practice. But we do not believe that Dr. Schell himself would agree with such an interpretation of his words."

The pious Father S. J. continues in all seriousness:

"A haughty aprioristic" rejection of all belief in the devil, even insofar as it forms a part of Christian dogma, as has recently come to light in some papers which, in order to cure the evil, also advocated the elimination of the relevant doctrine, is not only completely unjustified, but also unscientific. No science has yet proven that devils do not exist or cannot enter into contact with devils. However, apart from revealed belief, many phenomena have been handed down in history that make an intervention by evil spirits seem likely."⁸⁵

The same Jesuit priest⁸⁶ also cites a statement by Huysmans to a reporter of "The Devil in the 19th Century" as proof of the existence of material devils:

"The question of Satan is in no way resolved by the deceptions of a southern Frenchman (Taxil); false revelations do not change the real facts. Nevertheless, Satanism is currently spreading rapidly. On the other hand, Luciferianism can be considered a reality as long as the incorrectness of the exclusions contained in the work of Bishop Meurin is not proven. These exclusions served

83 "Fraud as the end of a fraud", p. 89.

Taxil and his comrades as the basis for their work "The Devil in the 19th Century"⁸⁷. But the money-makers have reshaped them in a very strange way and mixed them with such a number of ridiculous ingredients that the question of whether they were not perhaps paid to refute the bishop's evidence does not seem unreasonable."

Where Meurin S. J. got his devil's proofs from, Taxil said in his speech on April 19, 1897:

"The most extraordinary of these books is that of a Jesuit bishop, Mgr. Meurin, Bishop of Port-Louis (Mauritius Island), who visited me in Paris and consulted me. You can imagine that I gave him the most excellent report! (Laughter.) This excellent Mgr. Meurin, a learned orientalist, can be compared best with the Polish archaeologist who was lucky enough to find the remains of an equestrian statue in the middle of the remains of a public square in my underwater city. (News Laughter.)

Starting from the deeply rooted idea that Freemasons worship the devil and convinced of the existence of Palladism, he discovered the most extraordinary things behind Hebrew words, such as those found in many degrees of Freemasonry as passwords, etc. Ribbons, aprons, ritual accessories, he searched through everything; even behind the most insignificant engravings on the most insignificant piece of cloth that had belonged to a Freemason, he looked for a secret meaning. Thus, with the best faith in the world, he found my Palladism everywhere."

Father Gruber S. J. is the one who is most responsible for such statements! Who bears the greater responsibility, the literary bandits and fraudsters like Taxil, Bataille, etc., who

1. "Fraud as the end of a fraud", p. 76. 86 l. c. P. 79.

2. Or vice versa!!

commercially exploited a favorable economic situation for the devil, or Archbishop Meurin S. J., who first presented these devil tales to the public and who, in view of his high position, was believed unconditionally? Taxil & Co. would never have been so successful with their fraudulent stories if belief in the devil had not been so deeply rooted among the Jesuits and priests and if the Pope and bishops had not been the first and foremost to encourage and spread this superstition.

It is not Taxil and Dr. Bataille's sole work to have caused all the devil hype. They had certainly initiated the matter very skilfully and had always been a master at putting forward clergymen, namely bishops, to whom they could appeal. Thus, with the usual panegyric, Dr. Bataille in "Devil" I., 160, quotes Archbishop Meurin among the evidences of devilish apparitions, stating: "Yes, yes, the Bishop of Port- Louis, the wise, learned Monsignor Meurin, is quite right when he exclaimed: we must expose the Palladism which constitutes the satanic organization and leadership of the Freemasons... As a witness, I swear that Monsignor Meurin told the truth." Despite all this, the greatest responsibility falls on the Pope and the Jesuits!

The learned "Historical Political Papers" had forgotten everything and learned nothing and therefore assured us in the 1896 issue, p. 659, with touching naivety:

"Our faith teaches us that they (the evil spirits) act, and that they can occasionally appear with God's permission. Denying these things would give away an essential part of our faith... Taxil says nothing (denying) about the piercing of consecrated hosts; however, the thefts of holy hosts without the vessels in question are increasing... At the end of all higher Masonic ceremonies, and apparently not only masses, but also baptisms and marriages, the supreme master incenses (burns incense) before the satanic trinity, the symbol of the mixture of race. It is not vain fantasies that we

are dealing with, but rather a veritable dogma that is all- However, this is only known to a very small number of Freemasons themselves. It is recorded in the official rituals of the higher degrees, and the upper Masonic journals have attacked Taxil's statements only as indiscretions, not as untruths. In no other organization in the world is the esoteric and exoteric so developed as in the Freemasons, and according to the irrefutable testimony of the Frenchman (i.e. Taxil), there can hardly be any doubt that this organization consists of a mass of good-natured, deceived and a small number of conscious devil worshippers... For the time being, we are satisfied with the success that Catholic apologetics has achieved in this foray. It has now been documented that it is precisely those people who have hitherto made the loudest mockery of the Catholic worship of the Lord, of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and of the Holy Ghost sacraments, that these people most zealously bow their knees before the horned Baphomet or before the lewd triangle. World and church history teaches that there has been a devil cult in the most varied forms at all times; that our century, and indeed the end of century, should be an exception is not foreseeable; on the other hand, that no other human association offers a more fertile breeding ground for this than Freemasonry is a given for every serious and truly scientific historian, psychologist and mystic. Here (with devil phenomena) it is always only a question of a question of fact, never a question of principle."

Well roared, black, historical-political lion!!

The patent ascetic Rhineland newspaper, the "Cologne People's Newspaper", therefore has no right to be too proud of its campaign against the Taxil hoax. Its fight was not so much against the matter, the insane and stupid devil's fables, as against the people involved. For, as Findel⁸⁸ correctly notes, this newspaper merrily agitated for German pilgrimages to Lourdes and

propagated Lourdes miracles, although the reports were authentically attested by the same frivolous and superstitious French bishops who were so blind to Taxil's lies.

The valiant "Taxil exposé" P. Gruber S. J. also did not emerge from the affair cured, but rather wrote in his "Palladism Novel" II., p. 170:

"There can be no doubt that if one divides the whole of humanity into two camps with St. Augustine the city of God, into the camp of God or Christ and that of the world. Satan, Freemasonry occupies a prominent place in lectionem, and that it must also be ranked among the hosts of Lucifer and Satan in the biblical sense. All these points must be regarded as truisms, which are so well known that any discussion of them seems pointless."

In the same book I, p. 159 he says:

"We note, which for the majority of reasonable-minded readers hardly needs to be noted, that it is not our intention to deny the existence of witchcraft in pagan and even Christian countries."

Br. Amiable, a very important member of the French Freemasons, therefore wrote, not without reason, in an open letter to Bishop Fava of Grenoble, who had enthusiastically supported Margiotta's revelations about the devil in a brochure entitled *Two Masonic Speeches 1894*, Grenoble (published by Baratier & Dardelet):

"As for the devil, whose presence in the lodges you claim, I can assure you that we are not in the least concerned about him. We are happy to leave the monopoly of this lodge to the Church, for which it has always had and still has a great financial interest." Amiable hit the nail on the head."⁸⁹

87 "The Catholic Clergy on the Lime Stick", Leipzig 1897.

Taxil would have continued to get along quite well with the Jesuits, but he had dared to exploit the devil's monopoly financially for himself and not for the Church, just like the Jesuits. This made him a business competitor of the Church, and a dangerous and uncomfortable one at that. In fact, through his cynical openness and his tendency to mock, he had discredited the belief in the devil, the basis of this lucrative monopoly, especially in the eyes of paying Catholics, and this swindler had to be stopped, but only as far as the question of fact was concerned. In principle, however, the Roman Jesuit Church is sticking to its beloved and lucrative belief in the devil, which can be so easily reflected in cash register receipts!

Finally, one more enlightening remark! The devil theme is indeed a very important one and behind the belief in the devil common to all peoples of the earth there is a reality, although according to my research it is not a metaphysical reality but an anthropological one, namely the lewd demon and monkey cult of the old religions.

Nothing was further from my mind than to approach the religion of a true and beautiful God and the religion of enthusiastic/noble servants of God and priests of God through this brochure.

No, God, his faith, his love and his priesthood remain eternal and remain the blessing of humanity!

I agree with Anastasius Grün, who says in a beautiful poem:

Blow the horn, herald of war,
to arms! to arms!
Fight and war against the evil horde
of hypocritical, stupid priests!
But peace, God's peace
with the pious band of priests,
Peace to their blessing,
reverence to their holy altar.

The Awakening of Wala
A Skaldic Wedding Play

by Guido List.

Dedicated to the “Bund der Germanen”
(League of Germanic Peoples)
for
the 1st General Assembly
in the 2nd and 3rd Julmond 2007,
German calendar (*1894 AD*):

Vienna 1895.

CHARACTERS: Runwalt. The Wala.

TIME: The present.

The scene depicts a fir grove. The fir trees form a semicircle around the stage, in the middle of which rises the Hutberg, or burial mound of the Wala.

FIRST SCENE

Runwalt alone.

RUNWALT:

From the realm of Ralher I ride down
Towards Mannheim, the home of men,
The garden in the middle increases my grief
Since the peoples forgot the gods.
The earth is deprived of the red drink of iron,
But false — only an illusion — is the peace,
which slumbers and drains the sinews of the heavy-handed,
bending them from high to low.
No man spares his neighbor,
but the destruction of their kin is their aim;
no longer do they slay their enemies
with honor in a mighty battle,
With cowardly haggling, with a joy in suffering,
With rights unjustly rotten,
Brothers now strangle each other like murderers,
Led astray by a spirit of greedy suffering.
All respect for honor has long since been lost,
The golden calf is now God,
Before the most hideous enemy they crawl out of greed for gold,

Like a shameful shoe-shoe brigade protecting him,
For great is the fear, the dread of the enemy,
Who timidly remembers the day of reckoning
And anxiously increases the miserable soldiers' pay,
Which the protective force shamelessly devours.
So the gods dawn upon you in dark oblivion,
The Wala's prophecy comes true:
From the fall of the people, from the sinking of the victors—!
But lamentation?—Only the small choose that!

(speaking to the sky)

So hear then, you noble ones, you Aesir, you Manes,
you elves and all you Disen,
you who all came forth from me —
the All-Father — in the age of primeval time,
so hear it then, all of you: Hope is indeed sweet,
which I have shown to men,
But we hold higher than hope, we who are high,
Heroic and brave: defiant consolation!
Few, I know, will dare
From Hrimdold's weak race,
To seek consolation in Siegfather's true word,
Which only the gods can fathom,
But the duty of the Aesir demands that they rule the people
Even if they are faithless;
To consider the word whose golden sound
Unravels all the runes,
Holds back discord, removes doubt,
Destroys treachery,
Lifts lamentations into melodious sounds
In the harsh music of the world!
With the fatherly loyalty of the people surging
Misunderstood, saddened, and betrayed,
Banished from the herd, shunned as a ghost,

By a people that has become hostile,
No mortal would bear such a sad fate,
And if he did, he would be deceived by hope
That hides his destiny from him, obscuring his future,
That it might be somewhat alleviated.
Hope is sweet, but heroism is higher,
Therefore, let delusion give way to knowledge;
To fight without victory, to fall for the people,
Thus the Vala keeps his word:
Let the individual fall, but let the eternal live!
That is my faithful consolation.

SECOND SCENE

Previous.

RUNWALT:

Therefore I rode down from the hall
To the men's home in the garden in the middle,
Where Widar's wooded home stretches out.
Where forgotten in the dreamy pine forest,
Surrounded by tall grass and greenery,
The wise Wala's hill rises:
To ask her, to search her out,
The circle of runes, the explanation of the riddles,
Thrown by fate, restricting my will,
And turn my will into agonizing powerlessness.
You cruel fate,
You shackle of the gods,
I will not break you
I vow it in advance;

But defiantly, bravely
I will postpone the end
Until everything sinks.
And should I fall,
My people disappear with me
You have not determined
The time
And that shall be enforced
By my runic spell
Only to falter in death
In the fall of the world!

THIRD SCENE

*Previous, the Wala speaking invisibly from the burial mound,
Runwalt steps in front of the burial mound.*

RUNWALT:

(imploing)

Wala, you in the spell of death
Hear the power of high magic,
Feel the power of my runes,
Runwalt calls: Awake, awake!

WALA:

(speaking from the mound)

What magical power
awakens me from the sleep of death?
Who disturbs my rest in the grave?
Tell me who you are, guest of the grave!

RUNWALT:

(as before)

My name is Runwalt, son of Runwart.
I call you from the grave.
I want to ask you from above.
Answer me from below.

WALA:

(as before)

Insolent stranger, go away!
You have been sleeping in the grave for a long time.
snow and rain have covered it—
Urda has closed it well with grass!

RUNWALT:

(as before)

By your knowledge, I conjure you!
By Fraya's rib, and by Loki's penance,
By Wuotan's rule and the rage of the world wolf,
Speak to me, see how you can achieve it!
And should Helias' halls collapse,
And you sink in the swirling stream of Mistheim
between a flood of spears and swords,
In the wild flight of the corpse-carrier's body,
Escaped with little effort, only to be
Wading and swimming through glowing streams of molten metal,
In anxious torment, fleeing from dragons,
And should the sun burn up,
And proud Asgard itself sink into dust—
Give me a truthful answer to my pressing questions.

FOURTH SCENE.

*Long. The Wala descends from the Hutberg and stands on its peak.
She is clothed in a veil, a mistletoe wreath, and a mistletoe belt.*

WALA:

What compelling power can break your command,
O rich runebringer?
Here I am!—Now ask, now inquire!—Here I am!
Compelled, I follow your demand only hesitantly!

RUNWALT:

Keep your word to the murmuring council!
Gather your knowledge, O leader of the people
From the day of their origin, their growth, their development,
And what the future weaves for
The proud tribe of Heimdold's lineage!
Call them Germans, the mighty people,
Or Germans—I urge you to answer!

WALA:

The mighty Germanic tribes, Tuisko's, Teutons,
Glorious in nature and noble grace
The noblest of all peoples,
It should be the first among others,
Called to shine with its own light,
Granting the world divine gifts,
manners, laws, and bold kings
to the peoples of Europe from the most glorious tribes.
I spoke only under duress, now silence befits me!

RUNWALT:

Do not be silent, Wala, keep your word!

If you can guess, tell Runwalt:
You said thoughtfully: "It should be so!"
Tell me why, in a whisper, "it should be so?"
I know well that the mighty kings
Of all the realms in Europe
Are descended from the proud tribe of the Germans.
The Germans gave in competition
The most divine gifts in art and craft
to other peoples, and before them you are ennobled
by learning and knowledge in the service of the world;
The harvest was bitter ingratitude instead of reward!
Why then: "it should be!" and never: "it shall be!"?
Whisper the answer to me!—Keep your word!

WALA:

So know then, Runwalt, the meaning of the riddle!
Fate decreed with firm purpose
The destiny of the Germans to settle the dispute
In the adverse turmoil of a wild and turbulent world.
Urd and Werdandi, the envy-free norms,
Sang to the sprouting, germinating people
The most glorious advice for their names;
Then the third, the envious norm, approached
And hurled a hindrance at the council of salvation: guilt!
I spoke only under duress, now silence befits me!

RUNWALT:

O' do not be silent, Wala! Keep your warning word!
Make the guilt known, and its atonement!

WALA:

You do not understand the riddle, and yet you call yourself
Runwalt?

You are blind!—See the guilt—and the atonement!
For it is threefold, threefold are its roots,
In the hearts of the people, the descendants of Heimdold!
A special opinion, so admonishes the name
Of the first of the adverse defensive roots:
It hinders harmony, the power of unity!
Still one speaks of Saxons, of Bavarians, of Swabians,
Of Marchings of Moravians—but when of Germans?
Have other tribes ever so fragmented,
Out of special desires, their states and lands?
Did the Romans, French, and Turks do so?
Foreign lust is the curse of the second!
It hinders the recognition of one's own sovereignty
And diminishes the purity of race and kind;
It causes contempt for one's own fruits
It makes the people servants of foreigners
Who were once chosen as shining teachers
But now are pupils of foreigners, whose vices they learn!
Thou third of the three, is the leaden blindness!
It clouds the joyful norm, slumbering
So that the eyes of the noble Germans
And, alas, when the veils are lifted
And the people once awakens at the edge of the abyss
Only to stare into the depths of the fall!
I spoke only under duress, now silence befits me!

RUNWALT:

O, cruel Wala! What terrible woe
Your whispering engraves with glowing runes
Into my burning breast!—O, keep your word!
You named the guilt that can never be weakened.
I see the atonement, the consequences, with horror!
But tell me with bold runic riddles,

Your warning Wala: How can I avert the change?

WALA:

Then hear, Runwalt, the murmuring counsel of salvation.
The guilt is the fate of Heimdold's descendants.
In the root of the world tree,
the guilt gnaws like an adverse worm;
Never will it die, nor will it be destroyed
Can you, O bold one, with the mightiest will;
Nor will atonement ever fail you before fate,
For the runes of guilt burn indelibly.
But with a will strong and proud and bold daring,
You can defy fate manfully,
You can defy the end of the noble Germanic people,
In constant struggle,
That your people will die in the fall of the world!
I spoke only because I was forced to, now silence befits me!

RUNWALT:

O, do not revel in silence, all-knowing Wala!
O, do not be silent now, keep your word!
So hear then, gracious one, what I wanted to know:
Tell me—can you see it in the future—
How will the people turn according to their wishes?
Where may they awaken from their slumber
And greet their first happiness with anticipation?

WALA:

Not with shame does the princely people complain;
The fault is their fate, know that for certain!
As long as the world stands, so will his name,
His proud name will stand exalted!
This first happiness?—I sense it blossoming!

It lies in the leaders, the princely ones,
The bold ones at the head of the battle wedge
As dukes, holding the German standard
Calling out: "Through purity to unity!"
What I see in advance, you have already accomplished;
Spare yourself further questions and inquiries—
I spoke only because I was forced to, now silence befits me!

RUNWALT:

O, keep your word, mighty Wala!
Do not resist my greedy desire for knowledge!
The people want to awaken?! To come to their senses?!
O, do not hesitate, tell me how this will come to pass!

WALA:

(In the rising enthusiasm of the seer)

A warrior stands out in the circle of the Rathers,
Like Armin, an Amelunge so bright;
He mourns the torments of the maiden Germania,
Who was shamefully forged into terrible chains,
Enslaved by the dreary dragon of greed,
In a helpless situation, she awaits redemption.
This urges the bold—the valiant George
to dare the fight with the hideous Walthier.
In the anxious throng, the dragon trembles,
but the scaly monster writhes furiously,
for many a powerful sword blow whistles
Of the knight George, the monster's bane
The armored two-headed worm slumped down,
And roaring with rage, with foaming fangs
The worm rolls in its gall and poison.
The battle rages on with wild fury,
The blows echo with a thunderous roar

of the battle-hardened warrior—of Knight George!
Then the sleeping Teutonic giant stirs,
He rubs his wounds, he stares into the battle,
Now he yawns, now he peeks with a blinded gaze
Shyly into the pine forest, unaccustomed to seeing.
He is truly awake!—Now he takes up his weapons
and throws himself—with a resounding “Hail!”—into the fray,
to stand by the mighty knight George,
with German loyalty.

*(After a pause, as if awakening from a visionary dream in
high enthusiasm):*

I spoke under duress, but now I will show you the goal!
I raise my eyes to Asenheim,
hoping for help from Wuotan!
I can already feel the joyful approach of spring,
so I will leave the halls of Hutberg
For the bright heights of spring.
My people have awakened to walk defensively
The paths of glory, to fight boldly—
Through purity to unity—by their own strength
The shining royal crown of the world!

RUNWALT:

(rapturously)

You are not the Wala, as I suspected!
Frouwa-Germania! That is what my heart tells me!
It is you yourself in bridal beauty!
My eyes recognize you despite all your disguises,
recognize you with delight, despite your deceit and art!

WALA:

Yes, riddle-solver! You have guessed correctly.
You who deceived and beguiled me yourself,

For you are Wuotan, the mighty god,
Who dispels the despair of the faint-hearted with helpful counsel!

*(throws off her veil and stands with the eagle on her breast in
proud dignity)*

So fall, then, your veils that veiled me in misery,
Slide down like fleeing mists,
For once again the shining sky arches overhead,
And the victorious sun shines down in blessing!
With a rushing flight to purer heights
Now strive toward the sun in proud ascent
Of the Aryan people, princely Runwalt!
You, Wuotan-Georg, slayer of dragons
Free Germania follows you with joy
To the sunniest goal: Through purity to unity!

RUNWALT:

So follow me, Germania, on a courageous journey
To daring battle, to the crowning choice!
Already the defenses of the awakening people are rattling,
Already a cry roars like thunder:
“Through purity to unity!”

WALA:

(in highest enthusiasm)

Through purity to unity!

RUNWALT, WALA

(together):

Through purity to unity!

END

Guido List.

Vienna, in the foggy moonlight of 2007.

The Upstart
A Serious Comedy

Rudolf John Gorsleben

CHARACTERS

Baron GEORG von LANDSER

JAMES CONWAY

Rev. MONCURE

GERTRUD MONCURE

Mrs. UTE von TROSCHKA

PETERSEN

ANTONIO, a fisherman

TERZI, owner of the boarding house

The CHAUFFEUR

The POLICE COMMISSIONER

Two CARABINIERS

Dr. SPRATTI

A WAITER, a GROOM, rabble, musicians, and dancers.

PLACE: An old-fashioned boarding house near Naples.

TIME: Present day, approximately twenty-four hours.

To the right and left of the reader.

A thoroughly dispensable

PROLOGUE

*to be spoken, if appropriate, by the poet in a tailcoat, stepping before
the curtain of the darkened house. In this house, far removed from
the noise of the streets, before a proud gentleman and an elegant
chorus of ladies,*

I am to perform the comedy of my life today.
It has passed the dramaturge and the censor.
I still found time to briefly change my fate,
when I faltered on a path that was still so crooked,
and complete this piece, as you shall see.
My day's work still calls, and a beginning has been made!
I make no concessions to you, gentlemen and ladies,
and offer you nothing but myself as a guarantee.
Those who can see will also trust a bad name:
I am a wild Gaul, I am an upstart.

It will not be easy here to clarify concepts and names,
In short, a wicked game played under insolent masks
With morals, life, love, women, and journeymen.
And yet my wrongdoing did not achieve its well-deserved goal.
For right still prevails for those who take risks.
So scold me as you please, I love my deeds!
And if I had to live again, I would not move
an inch from the path I have taken.

*(The curtain parts. From the darkness emerge the figures of the
characters who will later appear, characteristic in their posture and
gestures, generally as they are introduced into the action. Muffled
music and dance.)*

What do you want?
You're too early!
Isn't that great!
Damn it!
You'll ruin the play!
Where's the director?
You're ruining the whole play!
The curtain, hey!

(to the audience)

I beg your pardon.
The stalls and balcony, please excuse us
The disturbance was not part of the program, I assure you.
This pack of comedians will never learn to be patient:
Get out of here, I say! Will you hurry? May God damn you all!

(The vision disappears, except for the figure of GERTRUD. He wants to take her by the hand; she escapes him. The music stops.)

Come, Gertrud, come! Be nice—you mustn't linger.
You remain the same; you were always a phantom to me.
I saw the best man rushing to the woman he deserved,
and he never found her. Or did he? Come, Gertrud, come!
Life is bad, but you will play your role better than I did.
It is even shorter than your happiness and my delusion.
It is important that we do not stumble before reaching our goals.
Enough digression! Who has the floor? Begin!

(He follows GERTRUD out, and the suddenly illuminated stage reveals the following scene.)

FIRST ACT

A garden terrace overlooking the Gulf of Naples, closed off in the background by a chest-high white wall. From a projection in this wall, a staircase leads down to the right, for here the coast drops steeply from a great height into the sea. As a result, the audience sees only the distant part of the gulf. On the left is the entrance to the house, in front of which is a pergola with wicker furniture. On the right, a wide garden path leads to the exit and the street. In the foreground on the right is an antique marble in front of a semicircular stone bench with a high backrest. Behind it, the trunks of three huge cypress trees rise up. Nearby and against the wall are wicker chairs. It is morning, sunny, with a blue sky and blue sea.

JAMES Conway, gracefully slender and beardless, sits at a table under the pergola. His age is indeterminate. He could be between 25 and 40 years old. TERZI, the owner of the guesthouse, a small, round Neapolitan with lively movements, leans over the railing. He laughs suddenly from time to time.

TERZI (*listening intently*): Hello! O-eh! (*Answer from below.*) The baron has heard me. He's already coming up the stairs. As I said, Signor Conway, ten minutes ago he was still sitting here having breakfast with Miss— And if you were to throw me 200 feet deep into the sea, do you think I could remember the name?

JAMES: With a lady? I can't imagine who.

TERZI: Oh, so you don't know the young lady. An Englishwoman who took up residence here two weeks ago with

her father. Mr. Ma— Mo— isn't that ridiculous? I forget these English names so easily.

JAMES: It's all the same.

TERZI: But of course. Certainly, sir. (*Laughs.*) Beautiful weather!

JAMES: Are there any other guests here?

TERZI: No, you know, it's the off-season. The baron was here all alone for many weeks until the English guests arrived.

(LANDSER *comes up the stairs.*)

TERZI: See, I told you: here he is! I'll take my leave. Baron, you are expected! (*Exits.*)

LANDSER (*very tall, blond, and beardless. He is 26 years old and carefully dressed in the English style.*): Hello, James, already here? So early! I wasn't expecting you until the second steamer. (*They kiss each other on the cheeks.*) I had planned to pick you up at the marina. Have you been waiting long?

JAMES: No, Terzi told me you wouldn't be far (*With a slight deference.*) Did I keep you from anything?

LANDSER: But no, what do you mean? I was loitering down by the boats, and then I felt the urge to take a bath. I was just about to undress. (*Sits down.*) Well, how are things in Rome? What of the painters and writers, the travelers to Europe and Africa and the whole international art rabble? Did you come directly from Rome?

Oh, right, you spent the night in Naples. Would you like a cigarette?

JAMES: No, thank you. By the way, I met Mrs. von Troschka in Naples yesterday evening.

LANDSER: Ute? And she knows I'm here?

JAMES: I had no reason to keep it from her.

LANDSER: No, of course not. Who could have known? And she's coming, of course.

JAMES: She's coming today. Until now, her presence hasn't been as embarrassing to you as it always has been to me.

LANDSER: Not until now! But now, today! Forgive me for my vehemence. I'm in a state where everyone's presence bothers me. I didn't call her.

JAMES: You didn't call me either.

LANDSER: Don't take it that way. Although I would have preferred you to leave me alone. You keep me bound to your circle, and I can't take a step beyond you and beyond myself. But I can't be satisfied with that! I crave power and superiority. The scales of all values must tip in my favor.

JAMES: You're doing me an injustice!

LANDSER: (*He throws away the rest of his cigarette, agitated*): Well, thank God! Is that so hard to understand? I tell you, I am rarely happier than when I can be wrong about a person. Then I feel a

sovereignty of will that elevates me above all despicable righteousness. It is my only possession, the ability to give away my sympathies and antipathies as I please.

JAMES: I don't understand you! What have I done to you?

LANDSER: You're right. Nothing!

JAMES: Must we already argue from the first words?

LANDSER (*laughing*): Perhaps we are friends of the kind who are drawn to each other because they are so opposed. Perhaps we are friends because we don't have a reason to be enemies yet.

JAMES: All the better that neither of us does.

LANDSER: But what if one of us suddenly did? (*Laughing.*) Never mind, for me that would definitely be the most unpleasant thing.

JAMES: What do you mean?

LANDSER: I would lose my friend and nurturer.

JAMES: I wish you would finally stop talking about it.

LANDSER: I have no weak desire to live off your money. The mob may feel sullied by money matters. Money just rolls through our fingers, it doesn't stick. I would do the same in your place.

JAMES (*laughing*): So what more do you want?

LANDSER (*emphatically*): I long for independence.

JAMES: What does that mean?

LANDSER: That I can't spend my whole life living off unproven possibilities. That I have to put myself to the test if I don't want to lose all judgment of the world and myself. I'm looking for a foundation under my feet on which my deeds can grow.

JAMES: And where do you intend to find that reason?

LANDSER (*smiling*): In marriage.

JAMES: You're in the mood for eccentricities today. So you want to produce children instead of thoughts?

LANDSER: Yes, but of our own kind! Aren't we otherwise drowning in a flood of plebeian physicality? And isn't only physicality. Doesn't our society already stink of liberalism in every respect?

JAMES: It had to let its special incense smoke.

LANDSER: And he's not picky, the new god they've set up for themselves. Progress is what the pig is called. Shouldn't I want to father sons and daughters who with harsh rigor of mind and body help create a new nobility in society?

JAMES: This mixture of seriousness and jest is beginning to make me uneasy.

LANDSER: Even the most jocular could one day be seriously tempted to make use of the institutions that society so earnestly recommends to him.

JAMES: Then it would be a mad attempt, as mad as mine was. For what I could not do, you must not want to do.

LANDSER: I find it difficult to believe that you were once married.

JAMES: If I think of my life as a line, represented graphically, it probably reached its highest point at that time. As in a memory, from time to time a faint tremor still affects the red line that is my life.

LANDSER: It almost seems to me that smoke is still rising from the altar.

JAMES (*with inner warmth*): Oh no, I no longer believe that I can prove myself a liar. I now have the modest pride to be who I am. I no longer dream myself into a world into which I was born blind, as I once did in my love for that woman. (*Shuddering.*) It was a short, terrible time, that marriage. I left her as I had found her when I finally found the courage to admit my true colors to myself.

LANDSER: I have no talent for your kind of daydreaming; life chases me after all realities. So this one shall also become tangible to me —

JAMES: What reality? I don't understand you.

(There is noise behind the scene. Landser interrupts himself and hurries to the right across the stage. GERTRUD Moncure, the type of a distinguished Englishwoman, comes, wearing a garden hat, through the garden path, pursued by all sorts of rabble moving about loudly and intrusively.)

JAMES (*rising, shaken*): Gertrud! (*Exits into the house.*)

LANDSER (*stepping between them*): Hands off! You have to wait until you are given something.

(*The crowd hesitates and then turns to GEORG, complaining and begging.*)

A FLOWER GIRL (*trying with cheap coquetry to pin a carnation on GEORG's chest and in doing so knocks aside a woman carrying a ragged child in her arms*): Excuse me, young sir.

LANDSER (*slapping her lightly on the hand*): I didn't ask for anything!

A WOMAN WITH A CHILD (*pushing forward*): Whore, do you perhaps think that this distinguished gentleman would lift a finger for you? Young noble gentleman, give a poor widow something for her hungry child!

THE FLOWER GIRL: You liar, you! As if you ever had a child. (*Mimicking.*) Poor widow, poor widow, yes, you've been a widow for a long time. Barren old hag, who would want you! Mary and Joseph! Who would want you! (*Turns away laughing.*)

GERTRUD: I've already given away all my money.

LANDSER: A fair wage for misplaced charity.

THE WOMAN WITH THE CHILD: Signore, Signora, give a poor widow a little something!

A BOY (*selling postcards*): Yesterday I saw him, your dead husband. Here, he's taken shelter with Cecchina. Madonna, she's warmer than you! Ten cards for a lire, sir!

THE WOMAN WITH THE CHILD: You should know; she's just like your mother. (*She follows the FLOWER GIRL threatening and gesticulating. Both exit.*)

AN OLD WHITE-HAIRED MAN WITH A WOODEN LEG (*threatening the BOY with the crutch*): Be quiet, you brat, you gallows-fed brat! She's right. By all the saints, I've needed her more than once, your mother. (*To GEORG and GERTRUD, handing them his hat.*) For mercy's sake!

THE BOY: You've been a castrato all your life, just like you're a stilt-walker! (*Runs away, the OLD MAN limps after him, cursing.*)

GERTRUD: Isn't such poverty and depravity appalling?

LANDSER: Poor? No. These people have a bank balance with anyone who feels the need to justify their life through mercy. Depraved? No. For they lack any standard by which to measure our demands on their spirituality with this innate state of moral immaturity. I assure you, Miss Moncure: Staffage! Indispensable in this landscape, but otherwise—!

GERTRUD: But they are human beings.

LANDSER: That is no license. That is not enough!

GERTRUD: You are frivolous.

LANDSER: No, very serious such untimely confessions, which I have laboriously won over the past two weeks.

GERTRUD: Indeed, and rightly so.

LANDSER: That is not very glorious for you. Your life generally suffers from a fatal tendency to resist what is necessary and advantageous for you. All the more reason for me to be pleased that, in this case, I have at least been able to persuade you to do the right thing. In general, you need more guidance than persuasion.

GERTRUD: You are being rude.

LANDSER: In other words, I am right.

GERTRUD: You deserve that I break off our friendship immediately.

LANDSER: You will hardly succeed in that.

GERTRUD: Your self-confidence exceeds all bounds.

LANDSER: For I will be more insistent than a Sorrentine beggar.

GERTRUD: Baron, I would know how to rid myself of you.

LANDSER: I bet with even less success.

GERTRUD: Oh, you are mistaken. Would I not have to be very careless to allow myself to be caught by a chance encounter such as ours? Everything is chance. All our experiences are chance.

LANDSER: Oh, if that were the case! All our experiences are coincidences; but they are predetermined by our idiosyncrasies, by everything that makes up our nature, our personality, in short, by ourselves, as we are. If you like, we recognize our situation as a coincidence.

GERTRUD: And what do you conclude from this coincidence?

LANDSER: I can't say yet, or rather, I don't want to say yet. Let's stick to the facts. You see, I am convinced that if you were not Miss Gertrud Moncure and I were not Georg von Landser, we might well have met by chance, with the obvious reservation, but this coincidence does not necessarily include the ability to speak as we speak to each other.

GERTRUD (*sitting down on the stone bench on the right, GEORG in an armchair opposite her*): Yes, I also find that surprising.

LANDSER: It's not that we're talking about unusual things or about things in an unusual way, but rather in a way that is unusual among people who are meeting for the first time.

GERTRUD: But we've seen each other so many times before.

LANDSER: Why are you trying to brush aside the seriousness of this fact with a cheap joke?

GERTRUD (*amused*): I wasn't aware of that perfidy

LANDSER: Admit it, your feminine instinct wants to keep me away from you. Why is that? Have the courage to acknowledge the unusual nature of our situation by deliberately remaining in it!

GERTRUD: Courage! As if I had anything to fear!

LANDSER: Well!

GERTRUD (*with amiable impatience*): You are, to put it mildly, persistent.

LANDSER: In my intentions, yes.

GERTRUD: Good. What intention do you actually have?

LANDSER: Oh, this exuberance of all femininity. That women always demand too much when they demand.

GERTRUD (*with comical despair*): For God's sake, what could I possibly have demanded too much all of a sudden!

LANDSER: You demand more clarity from me than I would like, than would be bearable for either of us right now—I couldn't, I'm not even clear about my own thoughts yet. In your presence, they are still very chaotic, but I notice a movement among them that could be compared to the movements of troops forming a new front. In battle formation.

GERTRUD: So I am, in a sense, the enemy.

LANDSER: Not just in a sense. You are! Let's stick with that image. —And this enemy is forcing my thoughts to take a position on unfamiliar terrain. On the general staff map of all metaphysics, it is called feelings.

GERTRUD: And are you so uncertain about it? Where could a heart be braver than in the blissful realms of feelings!

LANDSER: Says the woman. But here the mind is the commander! Its art of war is bound to open terrain, otherwise he would make tactical mistakes.

GERTRUD: The old procrastinator! Wouldn't that be cowardly and also very rude of him? He who honors his enemy attacks him.

LANDSER: That desire presupposes—

GERTRUD: Please, no presuppositions. Your presuppositions are gullible.

LANDSER: And you are mocking. That doesn't suit you.

GERTRUD: You are rude.

LANDSER: That's the spirit. Or should I betray his just cause? Should I defect to the fluttering flags of the enemy, the heart of this Senger and arsonist?

GERTRUD: You will not!

LANDSER: Oh, if booty awaits me? I am landsknecht enough and will fight where service is most rewarding. A new battle cry! Good luck, I will turn my weapons!

GERTRUD: If it doesn't sound too shrill to my peace-loving ears.

LANDSER: Fear not. It sounds like victory!

GERTRUD (*stands up; suddenly filled with grief*): The messages I received were always forged.

LANDSER: Will you not believe me?

GERTRUD: Oh, I would so much like to believe in victory.

LANDSER: Can't you hear the cheering? (*He pulls her, who does not resist, into his arms and kisses her.*)

GERTRUD (*shakes her head smiling and breaks free*): No. The cheering is drowned out by the cheering of my soul.

(*At that moment, JAMES steps under the pergola. At the sight of him, she stands still in mortal terror.*)

LANDSER (*misinterpreting the situation*): Oh, I had completely forgotten—my friend James Conway.

JAMES (*stepping forward*): It is not my fault that I have crossed your path again.

GERTRUD (*collecting herself*): I have not blamed you for it.

LANDSER: Forgive me, Miss Moncure what does this mean?

JAMES: Not now, later. (*To GERTRUD.*) We will leave today.

LANDSER: We? No!

JAMES (*pleading*): I beg you!

GERTRUD: Baron, I believe we owe each other an explanation. At least you should not leave me leave me with doubts and reservations.

LANDSER: Are you asking me to leave?

GERTRUD: How could I presume? Mr. Conway wished so much, but then—

LANDSER: Mr. Conway can only wish. My friend claims no other influence on my decisions. What do you want from me? You may ask anything. For heaven's sake, please ask me to stay.

GERTRUD (*hesitantly*): I would of course be delighted if you would. I'm sorry (*glancing at JAMES*) why are you tormenting me!

LANDSER: For a moment I thought I had a right to ask you.

GERTRUD (*bursting out*): You deceived me! (*She rushes away.*)

JAMES (*with desperate determination, blocking her way*): Gertrud! Stay! You are doing him wrong!

GERTRUD: I think we are finished. (*Exits into the house.*)

LANDSER: So this is the woman you married and from whom you had to run away.

JAMES: I know that I wanted to force what could not be begged or bought. But you must not take her either. She must not come between you and me. Not her!

LANDSER (*conciliatory, but determined*): My dear old friend, as much as I owe you, I would have to reward you with ingratitude.

JAMES (*passionately*): Because you love her!

LANDSER: I don't know. But I feel free enough to live the life I want. I must be able to preserve my freedom of will.

JAMES: Your freedom stands in the way of my happiness.

LANDSER: You call this heap of suffering your happiness? You are destroying your happiness with both hands and you don't even realize it. You have forgotten how to surrender with dignity. One does not roll around with painful pleasure in the dust of the battlefield where one has been defeated.

JAMES: You shall not triumph where I had to retreat.

LANDSER: And you have no right to take or give where you yourself had to lay down your arms.

JAMES: All the same, my friendship cannot bear it.

LANDSER: Your friendship cannot bear it?

JAMES: Let me speak. You came into my life when I was oppressed and alone on my way. You set me new goals in life, made me believe in the difference between one person and another. You allowed me to bear my individuality with pride. When I used to prowl around healthy people like a mangy dog, afraid and horrified of myself, not daring to go near them, when I used to despair of my innate humanity and my dark sense of newfound self-worth against the masses, you gave me the strength and self-confidence to do so. You gave me a new sense of life and values.

LANDSER: I don't see any connection with all that.

JAMES: I believed in you, that's what it means. I transferred my

whole broken, unhappy life to you: you were to compensate me for everything I had lost with your friendship and your future.

LANDSER: Is that the meaning and purpose of our friendship? Then it can endure love.

JAMES: Don't you understand that I cannot tolerate your love for Gertrud drawing you away from me, that you are. You would be closer to that woman than to me. Oh, you don't understand! You have never stood before closed doors. I shyly and devoutly carried my astonished heart on my hands to you, to give it away as a gift of my love. It hurts to stand before closed doors with questioning, anxious eyes.

LANDSER: You stood before me with all the selfishness of your half-human nature. And it is this half-human nature that cannot bear love.

JAMES: A man like you should not put handcuffs on himself and his freedom. If you lock yourself into marriage, you forget to strive for the last and highest. All happiness makes you lame.

LANDSER: You are ridiculous, wanting to play providence in the life of a person who must be expected to go his own way, whether good or bad, but in any case unwavering. For me, there are no other correctors than life itself. I am a tree that does not belong under the gardener's shears. Fate prunes my branches, and I shake off what is withered and dry. And should I ever forget, the next storm will make up for what I have missed. Even if the struggle costs me limbs, it creates space for new shoots! You resist? Good, if it becomes necessary. Resistance is the mother of our deeds I fear nothing.

JAMES: I know you fear nothing. Your pistol does not threaten in vain with a full magazine pointing in all directions and corners.

LANDSER (*smiling*): No, my friend, it does not threaten at all. It is only for defense and warning. I don't load the first shot blindly for nothing. For it should frighten me no less than the man it's aimed at.

JAMES: I know what you mean; there are limits.

LANDSER: Your argument doesn't carry much weight. Whoever exceeds his strength exceeds his limits. That is the natural limit; all others are arbitrary. He draws them narrowly, you draw them further. And if I draw them further, do I not do so with the same right as he and he? You say that luck makes one lame. Yes, if one dares to seek one's luck with pitiful frugality only within the limits of what is permitted. I would not want to do without form or formula anywhere. But I want to be able to dwell within these forms as I see fit. One can do so much! One can celebrate a Bartholomew's Night in honor of one's wedding, one can marry one's daughter as pope, and one can pray fervently to one's God that in his great goodness he may undertake to eliminate an annoying rival, and succeed. Besides, I had to act that way and was allowed to. I loved Ute and Holker wanted it that way.

JAMES: Wanted it!

LANDSER: Oh yes, that happens. Heinrich Holker wanted it too. Some people want it.

JAMES (*angrily*): No one can want to be killed.

LANDSER: Of course they don't know that they want it. They

act blindly, and everything goes its way until the moment brings the decision, as if they had wanted it.

JAMES: He was your friend, as I am your friend, and you murdered him. The rest is words.

LANDSER: Murdered! You don't kill people you you love with a cold heart. Of course it's hard for us. You don't stab the man treacherously from behind. On the contrary, you come out of the opera in the best of spirits and row through dark canals between old palaces. The black water splashes against the marble steps and the gondola sways gently with every soft stroke of the oars. It wasn't even my idea that Holker sent his gondolier home, and we decided to go out into the lagoon. The night was bluish and still, the sea like lead, and on the Riva the palaces you see were dreaming; there was even a mood in the matter.

JAMES: What do these trivialities change about the act!

LANDSER: A great deal. Everything depends on the circumstances. If the end justifies the means, then the circumstances excuse the act.

JAMES: It almost seems as if you are proud of this act.

LANDSER: My self-confidence is raised just as much by a noble deed as by a bold crime.

JAMES: A bold crime! He begged you on his knees, with tears in his eyes, to leave Ute alone. He knew how things stood with Ute and he hoped for your nobility. —You killed a weak, unhappy man.

LANDSER: As if it were easy for me. I was pushed over the edge when my path led me over his corpse.

JAMES: Nothing pushed you over the edge.

LANDSER: Oh yes! His wretchedness, his vile wretchedness. His weakness, his suffering! He begged for mercy from me, from me, his friend! He demanded pity from me, that I let him have his wife. (*He pushes JAMES away contemptuously.*) And it was also a kind of pity that I knocked him down with a punch. (*Turning away.*) What could I do about it that he staggered and fell overboard? I did not step over his corpse with firm resolve. We must have the courage to act impulsively. I rowed back to Ute.

JAMES: And at the price of a life.

LANDSER: For love, you pay the price of lovers.

(A woman's voice is heard. UTE von Troschka, a tall, blonde woman in black clothing, enters the garden path. Her face, still marked by great beauty, shows signs of destruction. She is followed by ANTONIO, a sinewy man in his forties, barefoot, his pants rolled up above his knees; he is carrying a large suitcase on his head and a smaller one in his hand.)

UTE: Hello, there you are! (*To GEORG.*) And you, my dear, isn't it nice of me to come right over? I was delighted to hear from America (*pointing to JAMES*) that you were here.

ANTONIO (*has put the suitcase on the ground, points and grins*): Signora, shall I carry the suitcases?

UTE: What does he want? (*Waving her hand.*) Just a moment. (*To GEORG.*) These people can't wait a moment. (*To JAMES.*) Common rabble, the cheapest kind, aren't they? (*To GEORG.*) Still the same old America. (*To JAMES.*) Don't be angry. You're still the only one from over there I can stand. High praise, isn't it? And I mean it quite seriously. But what else is left of America! Why did Columbus have to discover you! America is the only country where I wouldn't know what to do with myself. I always have the feeling that the globe is spinning in that spot. (*Breaks off and looks around.*) Where is Petersen? Oh yes, that's right. He's buying flowers from the woman. I must have flowers in my room, I can't sleep without flowers. You'll remember that.

LANDSER: Petersen? Who is Petersen?

UTE: Ah, you don't know Petersen? What should I call my companion, my court marshal, my man for everything and nothing. I need someone to keep me company. Who else would get me tickets and buy flowers? I tell you, a man of tact, the whole fellow is just a beat. His music is short and primitive. But you're not happy?

LANDSER: I'm always happy to see you, Ute, but you've come at an inconvenient time.

UTE: That sounds very measured, my friend. Won't you explain that to me in more detail?

LANDSER: There's no point now, Ute.

UTE: You're being rude. But I find these preludes ridiculous. And if those are all your reasons, then I'll stay. Do you have a cigarette?

LANDSER (*offers a cigarette and then hands her a lighter*): Ute, you'll have to make do with my insurance for now. Believe me, as much as I'd like to—

UTE (*lighting up*): My dear, you're naive. If you knew me, you'd realize that you couldn't have started any more clumsily to get me. (*To JAMES*) My beloved Spartan, isn't he ridiculous? What secret does he have to hide from me? (*To GEORG.*) As if there had ever been any secrets between us.

LANDSER (*humorously*): As you can see, there were.

UTE (*responding*): After all, there was a time.

LANDSER: Are you trying to make us sentimental with your reminiscences?

UTE: No, my dear, you're right. The past is superfluous.

JAMES: In this case, it's also unpleasant.

UTE: God, America! How disappointing! America can't get beyond America. That's the so-called New World, and it behaves more old-fashioned than the old one. They could have made a world, and instead they made a mess of it. Over there, morality is still open to discussion. Look, if the men had any sense, they would put on horns by mutual agreement. Then these unpleasant measures you're alluding to would be superfluous.

JAMES: Then I'm glad we still uphold the old traditions that Europe is dragging through the mud. I don't understand you anymore.

UTE: No, my dear, America doesn't understand. And not only America. Do you understand? No, you don't understand that I wasn't poor enough in spirit and body to put up with that man. Flowers in pots want fresh water, women planted in a marriage want it too. Otherwise they die. Yes, I know what you're trying to say; you would certainly oppose such an arrangement.

ANTONIO (*very friendly*): Won't the signora tell me where I'm supposed to put the suitcases?

UTE (*turning around*): There he is, still standing there! What a magnificent fellow! His skin is as brown and red as copper. How cunning he looks!

ANTONIO (*grinning and pointing with his thumb*): The signora!

UTE: You, you talk to him. That fellow always misunderstands me. Tell him to carry my belongings inside. Don't worry, I'm only staying for the night. You can't ask any more of me.

LANDSER (*waving to ANTONIO, who goes into the house with the suitcases. Smiling*): I don't ask any more.

UTE: That's the sad thing. Tell me, my dear, which woman are you chasing after? Let's be honest. I can smell it. You don't need to hide behind the mountain from me. I'm happy about every pair of thighs in front of which your manhood struts its colorful peacock's tail.

JAMES: What appalling frivolities!

UTE: Oh, virgin soil of America! Frivolities! I take people and things as they are. At their source!

JAMES: Such gestures are simply obscene.

UTE (*whimsically*): I see no more inhibitions, and my soul is more shameless than the sea, which throws its charms everywhere on the beach.

JAMES: It is precisely your shamelessness that is—

LANDSER: —potentiated femininity.

UTE: Please, don't analyze. I always feel physically uncomfortable when you start to become scientific about us.

LANDSER: Then you should argue less about these things.

UTE: Am I arguing, Mr. James? I certainly didn't want to convince you. Nothing could disappoint me more than if I were convincing. On the contrary, I am pleased when I arouse some revulsion in you. (*JAMES steps aside and throws himself into an armchair. To LANDSER.*) Why do I have to hide my name in front of him? Was it even wise to let him feel even a hint of our truths? Complete deeds, complete truths, or nothing!

LANDSER: Then all veils would have had to fall.

UTE: You mean he can hardly bear half of it.

LANDSER: His Americanism understands, if necessary, that one kills a rival. But his pathological sense of justice would never have forgiven me for stealing his name.

UTE: You think he didn't understand that Baron von Landser is

dead and his friend Holker is alive. I didn't marry Holker, but I'm still his wife, that—

LANDSER: Stop, you're making me dizzy. You don't want to exhaust the myriad of possible combinations.

UTE: So you're not telling me your plan for your appearance here. But when I think about it, your affairs are in some ways also mine.

LANDSER: You're used to making them yours without further ado.

UTE: Is that surprising, given the many joint accounts we have?

LANDSER: All the more reason to keep them separate from now on.

UTE: Then our contracts would have to undergo a thorough revision first.

LANDSER: That will be necessary anyway.

UTE: But what if I still loved you?

LANDSER (*smiling*): Would that coincidence make me change my mind?

UTE (*putting her arms around his shoulders*): No, you big, cruel man! What does it matter to you if I love you? What do you want?

LANDSER (*kindly*): That you don't stand in my way: I'm getting married.

UTE (*deeply frightened and with wide eyes in which a dark jealousy flashes*): And is this woman beautiful? Young, rich, and distinguished?

LANDSER: That's all I know about her.

UTE (*softly*): And I don't need to guess that you love her.

LANDSER: Ute, dear Ute, should I have passed you by? I'm still so young!

UTE: You are free to go. But have you thought everything through?

LANDSER: I've never thought twice when I wanted something. I've never asked myself how things would turn out.

UTE: Are you so sure of yourself?

LANDSER: Life carries me. I'll let it decide every moment. Do you know the crazy certainty that we can only follow this path of ours? (UTE *nods enthusiastically*.) That you then love your fate and say to your heart: Better a whole fate than half a life.

UTE: How I love you when you talk like that! Then you are beautiful.

LANDSER (*carried away*): You know what waves life has thrown at me.

UTE: Yes, you let yourself be carried away by life.

LANDSER: I have a cruel desire to throw myself into its rough

games and let myself be tossed from crest to crest. Only in tired, sick days have I known the longing for harbors and for all places where the water rots and the wind stands still.

UTE: And what if tired, sick days were to come now? (LANDSER *shakes his head.*) Do you think this woman can endure the high seas? (LANDSER *nods.*) She'd have to be free from vertigo not to get seasick on the swing of your life. Do you understand me? Here, Petersen, here!

(PETERSEN, *assessor, 30 years old, of correct and good-natured demeanor but not snobbish, hurries toward the house. He is carrying huge bouquets of flowers in both arms. LANDSER has joined JAMES.*)

UTE: Come here. You've done some nice shopping, Petersen.

PETERSEN: Madam, you know. The most beautiful flowers are just good enough to decorate you. Madam, would you be so kind as to introduce me when I, yes, if only I knew where to put the flowers.

UTE: My ever-correct Petersen, there's time for that later. You see, it's not possible right now. Let's take the flowers to my room in the meantime, will you? Come you! (*Grabs him by the arm.*)

PETERSEN: But of course, right away!

(*Both pass REVEREND MONCURE and GERTRUD, who appear at the door, and go into the house. The women eye each other jealously.*)

REV. MONCURE (*a lively old man who is stingy with his life*):
Who is this strange woman? (*He moves with GERTRUD across the
terrace to the wall.*)

JAMES (*right in the foreground; with bowed head*): It's terrible!

LANDSER (*conciliatory*): It must be.

ANTONIO (*has approached REV. MONCURE with submissive
courtesy*): Would you gentlemen perhaps like to go for a boat ride?

REV. MONCURE: Not once, not seven times, but seventy times
seven times our Savior commanded us to forgive.

GERTRUD: How can I forgive him as a woman!

ANTONIO: A new boat, sir, freshly painted and tarred. Look at
the gulf! There it lies as calm as a mirror on a beautiful lady's table.

REV. MONCURE: What does this man want?

ANTONIO: One lira for the hour, sir. Five francs for half a day.

LANDSER: God, love comes and goes.

JAMES: The road that my life takes is becoming crooked; it piles
up into the clouds and all around it the earth recedes. But I stand
dizzy at the top and fear that the first step will hurl me into
nothingness!

LANDSER: It could be that it only happens to some people once.
Then you should be three times as careful that she doesn't drag

you through life on the ground. Let your love carry you as it carries life! And both are bearable and pliable when they find their master.

ANTONIO: Three francs, sir? Three measly francs!

REV. MONCURE (*to GERTRUD*): So you are unforgiving?

ANTONIO: All right, let's settle this! Two francs. Is that all right?

GERTRUD (*to REV. MONCURE*): How you torment me!

JAMES: Your contempt drives me mad.

LANDSER: You must leave my stage if the comedy is finally to come to an end.

ANTONIO (*has stepped up to JAMES*): Your Grace, there is a stiff Tramontana wind blowing!

JAMES: So I've gambled everything away! (*Exits, broken.*)

ANTONIO (*holds him back*): Sir, let's try a sailing trip! (*JAMES pushes him aside.*) Porco Madonna, may she break every bone in your body!

UTE (*has returned, to LANDSER*): You're on the wrong track with this woman, my dear. I've seen it before. (*Points to GERTRUD.*)

LANDSER (*notices GERTRUD and turns away with a gesture of rejection*): I see, I have to burn my bridges. (*He hurries over to REV. MONCURE.*) I ask for your daughter's hand.

REV. MONCURE (*confused*): For heaven's sake. Who are you?
How am I supposed to understand this? Everything is turned
upside down here!

UTE: That's how I'll get it back on its feet!

(*Curtain.*)

SECOND ACT

Same stage setting. It is evening, at dusk. By the end of the act, it is night. When the curtain rises, the dancing and music of a traveling company cease. The dancer takes a musician's hat from his head and approaches the guests at the table under the pergola. GEORG throws the girl a coin and motions to her to stop collecting. She thanks him, kissing her own hand, and returns to her companions.

GERTRUD (*throwing a light veil around her shoulders*): It's all his own fault.

UTE: He wanted it that way.

LANDSER: The knot couldn't be untied, so I had to cut it.

PETERSEN: Unfortunately, I didn't have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Conway.

UTE: There aren't any more steamers today.

LANDSER: No. He has ordered a car by telephone from Naples.

REV. MONCURE: I am sincerely sorry about the whole affair and, Baron, I cannot hide from you that I found the way things developed here frighteningly fast.

LANDSER: Me too, Mr. Moncure, but with the exception that I believe the duration of the development is irrelevant to the matter.

REV. MONCURE: Let us hope that what has been so easily arranged will prove lasting.

LANDSER: I assure you, Reverend, and Gertrud with me, that our intentions are entirely in accordance with your wishes.

REV. MONCURE: May God grant that your intentions are capable.

GERTRUD: Father, I beg you, let us leave it at that. I am content as I am. Let me have my happiness!

REV. MONCURE: You are basing your happiness on the unhappiness of another. But we should show forbearance and repay love with love.

UTE: But who would want to give up their most legitimate expectations for the sake of such love?

(The musicians suddenly begin a short, rough-sounding tarantella, and the company rises and disperses, chatting in the garden.)

GERTRUD *(after the musicians and dancers have left)*: How the sun is sinking!

LANDSER: And always with the same divine equanimity.

UTE: What kind of face should she make? It must be boring to do the same thing day after day.

GERTRUD: How the sea changes colors!

LANDSER: A fickle monster. It flaunts its talents of beauty.

UTE: And it demands its interest in human lives, doesn't it, Landser?

REV. MONCURE: I find you unpoetic, madam.

UTE: And I find there is more poetry in his cruelty and relentlessness than in what you try to extract from his improbabilities.

PETERSEN: Sugar water is very good.

REV. MONCURE (*turning away*): Who could be right about you?

UTE (*following*): Don't be angry, Reverend. Look— (*She walks with him out of the garden path. PETERSEN looks around indecisively for a moment and follows them.*)

GERTRUD (*at the wall*): Everything seems so dreamlike to me.

LANDSER: Just have the courage to face reality!

GERTRUD: It's almost uncanny to me, the power and I summoned it with all my senses.

LANDSER: You will soon feel at home here.

GERTRUD: Must it not be incomprehensible to me? When I already despaired of it?

LANDSER: All reality is incomprehensible.

GERTRUD: It took me by surprise.

LANDSER: And yet you must have foreseen it.

GERTRUD: Oh, certainly, the longing for it never left me it was always present.

LANDSER: For longing always goes to what already lies unconsciously in our soul.

GERTRUD: Even before the sun has completely set and I could believe it had always been this way. And I never, never want it to be any different! But my happiness is so much stronger than I am. I am afraid of this happiness. Don't think me childish, but I dread this night. If only it were morning again!

LANDSER: Gertrud, what can you possibly fear!

GERTRUD: I don't know, my love—I am filled with horror at the thought that something could steal my happiness overnight. The day was too short for someone to take it.

UTE (*returning with* REV. MONCURE *and* PETERSEN): But no, I don't think so, my dear Reverend.

REV. MONCURE: Man must have some moral support.

PETERSEN: But of course.

UTE: Oh yes, life.

REV. MONCURE: Life!

PETERSEN: But of course! Life is enough. (*With* REV. MONCURE *and* UTE, *exits down the garden path.*)

GERTRUD (*pleading*): Why is she still here, why don't you send her away?

LANDSER: Ute is leaving tomorrow, and if I want, she will never return.

GERTRUD: Then do it, so that she never returns! I have an unspeakable horror of her.

LANDSER: Dear Gertrud. You have nothing to fear from her as long as you stand up for yourself.

GERTRUD: I know it's nonsense— (*with sudden enthusiasm*) tomorrow—tomorrow, tomorrow I will firmly believe in my happiness.

LANDSER: You will see, life will repay you for your past love with interest and compound interest.

GERTRUD (*joyfully*): You would force it?

LANDSER: Yes, I have always conquered it.

GERTRUD: Then give me proof that I believe in your miraculous power!

LANDSER: What signs and wonders do you demand of me?

GERTRUD: Tell the sun to stay so that it does not become night. And it will stay.

LANDSER: Say that you love me, and the sun will not depart from my face.

GERTRUD: Say that the sea shall stand and be silent like a sentry in the night watching over my happiness, and it will stand and watch.

LANDSER: Tell me that we are not being childish, and I will believe what we attribute to ourselves.

GERTRUD: No, you must continue playing with me.

LANDSER: But I am.

GERTRUD: You are a spoilsport. And I was just playing so carelessly with the sun, the sea, and the sky. I had such divine courage, and you, monster, remind me of your mortality. No, not here!

LANDSER: I only want to kiss your hands.

GERTRUD (*with a playful threat*): You were after my mouth!

LANDSER: My desires go even further.

GERTRUD: I am English. We have traditions.

LANDSER: Your duty should be to abandon the traditions following Byron.

GERTRUD: Would it not be wrong to disregard the barriers that I believe I must set for myself?

LANDSER: Would it not be tactically wiser to overcome you first and then your barriers?

GERTRUD (*seriously*): Let me come to you as I am. This way I

am happy and rich in your love. You have made my life complete. (*Tormented.*) My dearest, don't torment me. Otherwise I would be afraid that you don't love me enough.

REV. MONCURE (*returning with UTE and PETERSEN*): You always talk about life, life. Life itself is immoral.

UTE: All the more reason for those who take offense at it to say farewell to it. But who would linger longer in this life? I have not yet seen any of you who has passed straight through it. Know this: To go out into life is like going out through the gate.

PETERSEN (*grumbling*): Out into life, delicious!

UTE: Yes, my dear.

GERTRUD (*passionately*): Oh, send them away, forever, for my sake!

UTE (*parodying*): Look, Reverend, this is how I would speak to my congregation: That we should learn to walk with a smile and wreaths in our hair and long joyful from the summit of our years, toward the wide gate that leads out of life and into unknown times.

GERTRUD: I'm afraid. Oh, I know she'll hurt me! And you!

UTE: You see, that's what courage and love of life mean. (*Turns to LANDSER and GERTRUD.*) May we come closer?

GERTRUD (*with a soft cry*): She's coming, she's coming! She wants to kill me! (*Falls against the wall, GEORG catches her.* REV. MONCURE and PETERSEN *rush over.*)

REV. MONCURE: My child, what's wrong?

UTE (*sarcastically, to GEORG*): You've asked too much of Miss Moncure.

GERTRUD (*coming to her senses*): You're right—it was too much. (*With an attempt at joking.*) Too much of a good thing. No, no! Thank you, it's over now—I feel fine again.

LANDSER: It would be better, Gertrud, if you went to rest, you are exhausted.

GERTRUD: No, certainly not. It's over now. Father, take me out into the garden for a moment. (*Exits with REV. MONCURE. PETERSEN looks around indecisively for a moment and follows them.*)

UTE: What do you want with this woman? Georg, listen to me, believe me, she is not the woman for you.

LANDSER: I will mold her.

UTE: It's a waste of time.

LANDSER: What would a woman be to me who cannot be molded and shaped according to my wishes?

UTE: She cannot be molded, you are mistaken! That woman has closed herself off, as young as she is. She is sick to the core of her soul. Her soul has long since broken all its ribs.

LANDSER: I will raise her up again, I will heal her. She will be healthy under my care.

UTE: How can she be healthy! She's already ruining her own happiness.

LANDSER (*pleading*): Ute, don't make this so difficult for me. You too must stay within the boundaries that ensure my self-determination.

UTE: You've lost your healthy instinct. Or do you think it's my jealousy talking? Take the woman, just as you took the others, but don't marry her, don't submit yourself, don't sacrifice her virginity.

LANDSER: You can't judge all women by your own standards.

UTE: Basically, it all comes down to the same thing: We want to be redeemed. Unconditionally. Of course, if you inspire aspiration! We love to submit. That's to be taken literally.

LANDSER: Very few see as far as you, and only a few dare to go as far as they see.

UTE: So show her the way, take her by the hand, grab them firmly. Women want to be touched, attacked. That's also to be taken literally. Aren't you man enough to lead them?

LANDSER: Leadership alone isn't enough here. Women like that need a walking frame to help them take their first steps.

UTE: And you're willing to stoop to such nanny work?

LANDSER: I think it's worth it with this woman.

UTE: You don't know how cruel you are, my friend.

LANDSER: Ute, dear Ute, you must have known that our paths would separate one day. Ute, you are strong you must be strong!

UTE (*softly*): I am only a woman.

LANDSER: She is also a woman.

UTE: No, she's not a woman.

LANDSER: Then so be it.

UTE (*jumping onto the wall*): Well then, let the cart roll!

LANDSER (*grabbing her*): Ute! Come back! Be careful! You can't climb back up from there.

UTE: Are you afraid of heights? Even over precipices? Don't you stand everywhere?

LANDSER: I've always had less regard for my own than for the danger of others.

UTE: Don't worry about me, my dear! No sparrow falls from the roof without its own will. I have no self-destructive tendencies and I don't think about consciously or unconsciously harming myself.

LANDSER (*jokingly*): Hopefully not before our relationship is settled—

UTE (*going into it*): So, what do you want from me?

LANDSER: You know there's something like an agreement between us.

UTE (*lively*): Yes, indeed, and the first and only clause is that either party should feel the need and desire to do so, is entitled to terminate the contract without further ado, either temporarily or permanently.

LANDSER: That case has arisen.

UTE: Good, that settles the matter.

LANDSER: It's not that simple.

UTE: Please, that's what the contract says. (*Feigning surprise*) Or are you making trouble?

LANDSER: Not at all. The point is this: in order to enter into a legal marriage with Miss Moncure, we must first divorce our, shall we say, marriage of convenience.

UTE: You're splitting hairs.

LANDSER (*not noticing the malice in her reply*): You're not trying to claim that the validity of our marriage would stand up to thorough scrutiny, are you?

UTE (*continuing the game*): And yet you want to divorce her according to the law?

LANDSER: Provided that I can remain Baron von Landser.

UTE: But you're not.

LANDSER (*eagerly*): But I have taken his place.

UTE: What's stopping you from simply becoming Heinrich Holker again?

LANDSER: Is that so difficult? The simple fact that you are Baroness Landser.

UTE (*agreeing*): Ute, Baroness Landser, née Troschka! There's no changing that.

LANDSER: Nor is there any changing the fact that Landser, your lawful husband, lost his life in a most unfortunate way.

UTE: Admittedly in a highly questionable way.

LANDSER: And that I had to fill the gap for more than one reason. It's a simple calculation that I, as Baron Landser, cannot marry as long as my first marriage is not divorced.

UTE (*still pretending not to understand*): But you're not even married!

LANDSER: But, child, are you or are you just pretending to be so slow? I have to maintain these conditions if I don't want to recklessly put myself and you in danger.

UTE: Yes, do you want this farce to be taken seriously?

LANDSER: What did you think?

UTE (*embracing him*): Oh, you big, stupid man. With all your cleverness, you don't even notice when someone is dancing the cancan on your proud nose. That's how you all are.

LANDSER (*smilingly freeing himself*): Where a tragedy has no

more wit than tragedy from the outset, it is better left unbroken.

UTE: The world is a wonderful edifice. Now I'm almost enjoying the fun.

LANDSER: I knew you would find the right key in our duet. We may be singing against each other, but that doesn't mean we have to be out of tune. You can't possibly play in a minor key when I'm riding on the hardest major key.

UTE: I have a feeling that our concert is far from over.

LANDSER: Your feelings are deceptive. It won't help you. Soon you'll have to get used to dancing solo, as a cheerful or sad widow. I'll leave that to your temperament.

UTE: Well, then, twice as much fun, getting rid of two men at once! One dead and one alive. We are a funny bunch. Each one a hellion, you couldn't wish for more spice.

LANDSER: It's a shame about this episode in my life, that I have to keep it from even my closest friends.

UTE: Miss Moncure, as your wife, you will hardly be able to spare her the deception.

LANDSER: She must know that you were, in a sense, my wife at all. And, of course, that the divorce proceedings have been initiated. Murder would always be murder to her; she couldn't bear it.

UTE: You're condemning her yourself. She must be able to bear the whole truth, or she's not worthy of you.

LANDSER: Fresh air, where there are people who can tolerate drafts. And those are few and far between. Where there aren't, even the air should be prescribed as a diet. A delicate pillar cannot bear such heavy loads. That is one of the basic principles of statics.

UTE (*emphatically*): Perhaps it would be a good deed to tear down this barracks of lies. I'm beginning to doubt whether you are a good builder. A good builder builds freely, clears away rubble and debris, and creates a clear view of the sea, the mountains, and life. (*Urgently*.) Georg, listen to me. The path to this woman leads to a dead end. (*Pleadingly*.) Let me stay with you, let me be your left hand. You're one-armed without me.

LANDSER: Oh, really? And what does this left hand want to do? (*Threateningly*.) It wants to act on its own authority!

UTE: The right hand shouldn't always know what the left hand is doing.

LANDSER: Are you plotting something against me?

UTE (*leaning over the railing and looking out at the sea*): A donkey that betrays its enemy's position.

LANDSER: Watch out! He who is annoyed by his left hand should cut it off and throw it away.

UTE (*speaking backwards*): Even the bravest hesitate to cut into their own flesh.

LANDSER: Are you my own flesh?

(The moon has risen, invisible to the audience, and is flooding the garden and the gulf with its brightness. Two lanterns are burning under the pergola. Distant music can be heard again.)

UTE (*evading an answer*): How the sea lurks. How beautiful the night is. The moon is rising. The sea laps gently at the foot of the cliff. But you can't hear it. You can only see it. Isn't that Antonio? (*Calls.*) Antonio! Antonio! His arms glow like copper dishes in the moonlight. (*Answer from below: O eh!*)

LANDSER: It's getting late for your boat trip.

UTE: Oh, I'm looking forward to it! (*Leaning far out.*) An-to-nio! How different the music sounds on the sea! He's coming up already!

(The house servant carries a large elegant suitcase out of the house. The groom follows him with hand luggage.)

TERZI (*under the door, calling after him*): Tell the chauffeur to wait. Mr. Conway will be right out. (*Stepping toward GEORG and UTE.*) Baron, Mr. Conway would like to see you in his room for a moment.

LANDSER (*joyfully*): Oh, I knew he would call for me. Now everything will be all right. (*Exits into the house.*)

TERZI: It is very unfortunate that Mr. Conway has to leave so unexpectedly.

UTE (*distracted and uneasy*): It could not be avoided.

TERZI: Probably urgent business?

UTE: Yes, yes! Important enough, in any case.

ANTONIO (*coming up the stairs*): At your service, ladies and gentlemen. Are you ready to leave?

TERZI: You good-for-nothing, what are you doing here?

ANTONIO: With all due respect, padrone, I've been asked to go on a boat trip.

TERZI: But of course, why didn't you say so? What a wonderful idea, Signora. And with this sea! You are lucky. (*Goes about organizing things.*)

UTE: Is everything ready?

ANTONIO: Everything. My boat and I are at your service, Your Excellency.

UTE: Can you catch squid?

ANTONIO (*grinning*): Signora!

UTE: Yes, if you can't catch squid! With torches, you know?

ANTONIO: But of course I can, Signora.

UTE: Then everything is settled. So tonight we'll catch some squid. That will be fun. But listen, you have to bite them to death with your teeth. Like they do at the fish market in Naples. They make a crunching sound (*pretends to chew something between her*

teeth), wipe their mouths and say: "Ecco, Signora, ten soldi."
That's how you have to do it.

ANTONIO: Anything you wish, Your Grace. (*Going over to TERZI.*) Padrone, the signora wants to catch squid.

TERZI: Crazy woman! Put the torches on my tab. Two francs each. Here, here's one for you! (*Into the house. ANTONIO exits through the garden path.*)

GERTRUD (*returns with REV. MONCURE*): Father, I beg you, take things as they are. I am so happy and want to hold on to my happiness with every fiber of my being.

REV. MONCURE: That can't be happiness. We have to work for good things. (*To UTE.*) Don't you also believe, madam, that we have to earn good things?

UTE: It seems to me that the Lord gives to His own in their sleep.

REV. MONCURE: No, no, believe me, Heaven does not give its blessings to the unprepared.

UTE: Oh, is that what you mean? You are right. Heaven has never bestowed its blessings on anyone for free.

REV. MONCURE: There is no point in talking seriously with you.

UTE: By the way, Mr. Conway asked for you. Yes. He is about to leave.

REV. MONCURE: Mr. Conway. Is that so? Then I will stay here

a little longer. In any case, Gertrud, you too need some rest soon. I'll be in my room.

GERTRUD: Thank you, Father. Good night!

REV. MONCURE: Good night, good night! (*Exits.*)

GERTRUD: I noticed very well that you only wanted to get my father away. What do you have against me? Speak! I am afraid of you. You are plotting evil against me!

UTE: Miss Moncure, you have no reason to fear me unless you have reason to fear the little truth I am about to tell you. Do you know Georg?

GERTRUD: You have no more right to this intimacy.

UTE: I love him.

GERTRUD: But he loves me, me! Do you know that?

UTE: He loves me too. He's just forgotten.

GERTRUD: Then he would have taken you as his wife.

UTE: That is—no, one thing at a time. I see that the most elementary states of mind are impossible for you.

GERTRUD: You're not telling me anything new. I know that Georg was close to you. But that's over. Or do you believe he would let himself be your plaything?

UTE: Oh, there are men who are our playthings, who even want to be.

GERTRUD: Georg is not a plaything, Georg does not let himself be played with.

UTE: Just as there are women who are the playthings of men.

GERTRUD: Maybe you were played with. I don't let anyone play with me.

UTE: I respect your indignation, but it's not so unpleasant to be a toy. It's also not that easy to become an amusing one. It can be a life's work. You're laughing?

GERTRUD: Because it's unworthy and incomprehensible for a woman!

UTE: Dignity! Leave that scrap to the men. There are things that suit us better. What a real woman does should always be incomprehensible. But when it comes to a hairstyle, dignity goes out the window. You see, a real woman can have so many desires. For one, the delight of submission, for another, the intoxication of command. That enriches our lives.

GERTRUD: Is that all you have to say to me?

UTE: No, just this, by the way.

GERTRUD: My patience is at an end.

UTE: I won't take much more of it: Georg is hiding things from you, circumstances that you will condemn.

GERTRUD: I don't believe that. I have complete trust in him! And even if I don't know his past, we haven't known each other long enough for him to have found the time to tell me about his life.

UTE: Then I would have nothing to do with you here. He is deliberately hiding his past, and he is doing so out of fear.

GERTRUD: I don't believe you! Those are lies spoken by bad people.

UTE: No, no, not lies, realities, cruel realities, and because they are so cruel, he believes you couldn't bear the truth.

GERTRUD (*fearfully*): I don't want to know anything; I don't want to know what he has to hide from me.

UTE: I knew that.

GERTRUD: Oh, you! You want to destroy me! You want my misfortune and his. You want to throw lies at me that your jealousy has concocted. Fear! Why should he be afraid!

UTE: Jealousy? Or even just the belief that you are not the woman who would be strong enough to share his life.

GERTRUD: Oh, then tell me what you know! I will prove to you that I am strong enough. You shall have no power over me. You shall not stand between us any longer. Out with your knowledge!

UTE: Georg killed a man. His friend.

GERTRUD (*terrified, stammering*): Killed?

UTE: Yes, killed, thrown overboard.

GERTRUD: Good God, he killed a man!

UTE (*cynically*): And that man was my husband.

GERTRUD: I'm going crazy! (*Screaming.*) That's not true, it can't be true! (*With an attempt to convince herself.*) Oh no, don't drive me mad! It can't be true. No, no, if Georg had done that, how could you love him!

UTE: Wrong! He killed that man because I loved him.

GERTRUD (*in a weak voice*): I can't bear it! There's blood on his hands!

UTE: No, it was completely bloodless. The poor devil fell into the water.

GERTRUD (*wailing*): Oh, God, why didn't you let me have my happiness? Why did you tell me that? I was so happy and I knew nothing!

UTE: You should know what you're giving up for your happiness. (*Sympathetically.*) Look, you want to be Landser's wife and you don't have the strength to share his life. What use is a woman to him who cannot keep up, who has to be dragged along?

GERTRUD (*has sunk down on a bench*): How happy I was! You have trampled on my happiness. (*Screaming.*) I don't want to believe it! Where is Georg! I must speak to him. (*Jumps up*) Georg! Georg!

UTE (*holds her back*): Come to your senses. Be reasonable!

GERTRUD (*without resistance*): I want to see him.

UTE: What do you want from him? Do you want him to renounce his life?

GERTRUD: Oh, have pity on me!

UTE: You shall learn the rest: I am Baroness von Landser, I am Georg's wife. (GERTRUD *sinks down with a cry*. UTE *crouches down and lifts GERTRUD's head onto her lap*.)

UTE (*caressing her*): You poor child, at least bear your own fate with courage.

GERTRUD: And he wanted to make me his wife!

UTE: He could have done that.

GERTRUD: How wicked you are!

UTE: I agreed to the divorce.

GERTRUD: You agreed to the divorce?

UTE: I love him.

GERTRUD: Oh, you are his accomplice.

UTE: What does it matter if we love each other?

GERTRUD (*broken, crying*): Oh, I am not worthy of him! I am sick, I am so sick and weak. Never, never, I'll never get over it!

UTE: Someone's coming. Get up! Pull yourself together!

GERTRUD: Who's coming? Georg?

UTE: No, not now, not yet. Get up!

ANTONIO (*comes through the garden path. Shortly afterwards PETERSEN. ANTONIO prepares to light the torches.*) We're ready to go, ladies. Everything's clear.

UTE (*to PETERSEN*): Is that you, Petersen?

PETERSEN: I hope I'm not disturbing you. I thought –

UTE: You couldn't have come at a better time. (*To GERTRUD*) Go down with Petersen now. Antonio has everything ready for the boat trip. The night air will do you good. Help her, Petersen. I'll be right there.

PETERSEN: May I? (*GERTRUD lets herself be led away. UTE anxiously follows a few steps down the steps, turns back and listens at the house.*)

ANTONIO (*leaving with burning torches*): The devil knows what she's up to.

(The stage remains empty for a few seconds. Then LANDSER and JAMES emerge from the house. JAMES is ready to leave and is carrying a fur coat over his arm.)

LANDSER: My dear friend, your honest intentions are beyond doubt, but I cannot take your money. I can't do it now because I

won't need it anymore. I no longer feel comfortable being the recipient of your gift

JAMES: I don't want to bribe you, I don't want your love or your conviction. Here, take the money, a small fortune. You should act of your own free will.

LANDSER: I thank you, but I have made my decision with complete ruthlessness towards all sides.

JAMES: Then somehow, sometime, the great injustice you have done to me will be avenged somehow and sometime. *(Exit.)*

LANDSER: It is not my fault if we part unreconciled. Farewell!

(He looks down from the steps of the pergola after the departing man, breaks away with a gesture, as it were, and, stepping down into the garden and notices UTE on the steps.)

LANDSER: What are you lurking here for?

UTE: Me? I just wanted to get a scarf. Go down, you're expected!

LANDSER: What do you look like? I don't trust you anymore.

(UTE hurries toward the house laughing, but returns while GEORG descends the steps leading down to the sea, and disappears to the right into the garden path. At first she can be heard softly, then more insistently and louder several times calling the name Conway, and finally returns with JAMES.)

JAMES *(laughs briefly)*: You! You, Baroness Landser?

UTE (*angrily*): What's there to laugh about! Do you believe I'm not? (*Hurries to the stairs, calling down.*) Georg! Georg! (*Answer.*) Conway wants you. There!

JAMES: Is it true?

UTE: You should hear him yourself.

JAMES: You are his wife? He married you? And Miss Moncure?

UTE: I know. Through me. (*To LANDSER, who is coming up the stairs.*) Conway wants to see you. (*She lets GEORG pass her and waits expectantly on the top step of the stairs.*)

LANDSER: My friend, I knew you would turn back.

JAMES: You are mistaken. I demand an explanation from you. Mrs. von Troschka, be a witness!

LANDSER (*looking around*): Ute!

UTE (*ducking*): I wanted some fresh air around you!

LANDSER (*shouting*): I don't need any providence!

UTE: It's my fault.

LANDSER: Stand still! At least you won't be able to practice your skills on Gertrude!

JAMES (*grabbing GEORG by the shoulder*): Stop! That has already happened. You stand here!

UTE (*halfway down the stairs*): Only now will you be completely free. (*Exit.*)

LANDSER: Take your hand off my shoulder!

JAMES: Here, answer me!

LANDSER (*wanting to leave*): You know. Don't you? So let that be enough for you.

JAMES: You betrayed me. I demand satisfaction!

LANDSER: Betrayed? I would be a fool to carry my heart and my past on my bare hands.

JAMES: Cowardice is for those who cannot do it!

LANDSER: I had to dispense my truths in doses, like a pharmacist, my friend.

JAMES: I was your friend! Spare me that title. But because I was, I had a right to the truth.

LANDSER: You didn't get to know more than you could bear.

JAMES: You were my friend, and you could walk beside me with these lies?

LANDSER (*softly*): I knew you wouldn't understand me. I had to deceive you as much as you could not bear the truth.

JAMES: Cheap paradoxes. You stand alone with your wisdom.

Even Ute is abandoning your sinking ship of lies. Doesn't that make you waver?

LANDSER: I ventured out onto the stormy sea; I must be able to believe in my star.

JAMES: Then sail out alone! Gertrud does not belong on your galley. She, at least, must get out she must get out of your lies!

LANDSER: You have thwarted my plans, but beware I will not let go of the reins. I have tied the knots and I alone can untie them.

JAMES: You won't untie them. And if you do, it will only be to spin new lies.

LANDSER: The knots untie themselves. I have done little or nothing to untie them; they have fallen into my life like banknotes. There is no other way; they grow like children; you raise lies alongside your truths.

JAMES: You can't help it! You have to be able to help it! You became an adventurer, a swindler, because you couldn't help it.

LANDSER: I consciously and deliberately chose my adventurous life. It imposed itself on me, and I turned it into a work of art that served me as well as any other that could have been built or written.

JAMES: Don't talk, justify yourself! What would it have mattered to me whether I knew about your marriage or not?

LANDSER: Marriage? I'm not married!

JAMES (*astonished*): Isn't Ute Baroness von Landser? (LANDSER *nods*.) So she told the truth!

LANDSER: Not quite. She is Baroness Landser, but not my wife.

JAMES: You have the nerve!

LANDSER: Good heavens, I thought you knew the truth. Ute just bungled around with the truth. You should get to know her, because now that it's been mentioned, started the conversation: Ute is Baroness von Landser, or more precisely, she is Landser's widow, because Landser is dead.

JAMES: Beware! I won't be taken for a fool.

LANDSER: The truth must not have been very important to her: when she comes, no one will believe her.

JAMES: Then make it clearer to her!

LANDSER: Really, she couldn't be clearer or she would be lying again in no time.

JAMES: In the name of the devil, if you're not Landser, then who are you?

LANDSER: I am Holker, Heinrich Holker, and the one who drowned in Venice was Landser, Baron Landser. I had to take his place for more than one reason. So I became Baron von Landser without being Landser, and I am married without being married.

JAMES: Then your name is false?

LANDSER: What does the name matter! Am I not as good a Landser as Landser?

JAMES: That is name theft, that is a vile crime!

LANDSER: The name belonged to the woman. I took both of them.

JAMES: The truth, I want the truth. Always out with the truth!

LANDSER: Now you have it. Take it, your truth. And don't forget that I gave it to you willingly. Has the truth changed me? Improved anyone or anything? James, dear James, keep it and let there be peace. I want to go now, to go down there and tell the truth.

(There is occasional lightning.)

LANDSER: Today I am moved by the desire to be honest. I'm just afraid people won't be able to bear it.

JAMES: You won't get off so easily! I want to save what can still be saved here. Free Gertrud from your criminal hands. (*Collected and calm.*) I demand that you renounce your claims immediately. That goes without saying. In addition, however, I demand that you renounce the name you have fraudulently acquired. If no one else will defend the rights of the dead, I will take it upon myself to do so. If you have even a spark of decency in your body, then be grateful to me for helping you out of the mire.

LANDSER: Have you gone mad? Have you lost all judgment that you could believe, even for a second, that I would crawl under this yoke? Haven't you gotten to know me better? Have you been so

abandoned by God and all other psychologists to believe that a criminal can be led onto the path of reform? What are you trying to improve in me? Am I not more perfect as I am than what you want to mold me into? If your short-lived conscience is no match for my endurance, then give up the bet. Withdraw from the games of my arrogant gymnasium. Your car is waiting outside. If you hesitate any longer, the night will be desolate and the hour late. Be quiet, go, I tell you! The strings must remain in my hands. I want to save what can still be saved. Be quiet and let me finish. What do you think? Gertrud, to shout your indignation into my weak ears? I don't need revenge! There is no revenge.

JAMES: Then your life will take revenge on you.

LANDSER: No, my friend, life is cowardly. It does not take revenge on the strong.

JAMES: Do you think you can talk me to death? You're smooth, but that won't help you. (*Tries to get past GEORG to the stairs.*)

LANDSER (*pushes him back*): There's no way through here! That's your way!

JAMES (*held back by GEORG's superior strength, calls out loudly*): Gertrud! Gertrud!

LANDSER (*with clenched fist*): Shut up or—!

(JAMES receives a heavy blow to the face during his repeated attempt to get through. He staggers and sinks, seeking support, against the wall.)

LANDSER: James! James! (*Bends over the lifeless body; with increasing excitement.*) James, get up. It wasn't that bad. (*Calling.*) Pasquale Pasquale! Is everything gone already? We've done it now, you're lying there flat on your back. Get up, I said, get up! Come on, get up! (*He pulls JAMES to his feet and supports him with his back against the wall.*) Stand up! You don't want to? (*He looks around, calling softly in the manner of someone who does not want an answer.*) Pasquale! Terzi! Help me, God! Help me—!

(He lifts JAMES up with great force and hurls him over the wall into the depths. A heavy body is heard splashing into the water. The sound is answered by a long fisherman's cry. It has become completely dark. The sky is covered with clouds. The lightning flashes more brightly and distant thunder can be heard. GEORG stares long and motionless over the parapet at the sea below. As he steps back, he sees the fur coat that JAMES dropped during his entrance. With a movement as if to throw it down.)

LANDSER: You forgot that! Wait, it's floating. (*He lays it over the wall. Footsteps can now be heard on the garden path. A man in chauffeur's attire steps out and walks searchingly towards the house.*) Hey! What do you want?

CHAUFFEUR: I've been waiting for half an hour for the gentleman I'm supposed to take to Naples. I'd like to get past the Seestraße before the weather turns.

LANDSER: Is the luggage already loaded?

CHAUFFEUR: Yes, and what about the gentleman?

LANDSER: He's down there. I'll let you know right away. Wait by your car for now.

CHAUFFEUR: All right, that's fine. Good night. (*Exits.*)

LANDSER (*sinking into an armchair*): There is only one way to go; your own. There is no other.

(*From the sea, voices grow louder as the torchlight increases.*)

UTE (*comes up the stairs with GERTRUD. She remains in the background with her arms raised holding the torches, her tense gaze fixed on GEROG and GERTRUD.*): The storm has driven us back.

GERTRUD (*with forced calm*): Why didn't you come?

LANDSER: I had to talk to James.

GERTRUD: Who called me? I heard my name being called.

LANDSER: I think it was me. Who else?

GERTRUD (*suddenly distraught*): Georg! It can't be true! It can't be true!

LANDSER: Gertrud, listen to me!

GERTRUD (*in passionate pain*): It's killing me! Say it isn't true. You didn't kill anyone! Lie to me, but let me believe it.

LANDSER: Gertrud, you have to get over it. You'll get over it!

GERTRUD (*crying out*): Never, never! I'll never get over it, never, never! Save me! Say what you want, but say it's not true!

LANDSER: Gertrud!

GERTRUD (pleading): My love, because I love you! Say it's not true!

LANDSER: Gertrud, if you love me, everything will be fine again; the world will be full of sunshine and the future will be a fulfilled wish.

GERTRUD: Do you believe that?

LANDSER: They have made you sick and weak. They have hounded you, but I will make you free and healthy again.

GERTRUD (*broken*): I will never be strong—never healthy again. I feel it.

LANDSER: Don't you feel how my whole life now depends on your love? Gertrud, I am ashamed to speak to you of my love, for all words are shameless. My life is now only your love. It is dead if your love is dead.

GERTRUD: You killed it.

LANDSER: I killed it? That I cannot give life, as I have killed! Can you no longer be happy? You could, if you had the courage, the will to be happy! You can, Gertrud! I want to see your eyes shine again, as I saw them when you were still happy.

GERTRUD (*in a weak voice*): Let me go. I cannot become your wife. I am not worthy of you. Set me free. I have no hope and no faith left.

LANDSER: Gertrud?

GERTRUD: Let me go, dear, let me go to sleep. I am tired from this day. Life is so big. (*She leans on Georg's arm. Both walk slowly towards the house.*) If you were always with me, I think I could forget.

LANDSER (*as if speaking into the void*): Only when I'm with you?

GERTRUD: Yes, only when you're with me.

REV. MONCURE (*in the doorway*): But child, where are you? You'll make yourself sick to death.

(He takes her in his arms. Exits. LANDSER staggers back and lets himself fall onto a bench against the wall.)

UTE (*has shyly approached and lays her arm on his shoulder*): I did it for your sake, Georg.

LANDSER (*trying to get angry*): Who gave you the right!

UTE: And for my own sake. Should I have stood by and watched you make a rotten peace with life? Yes, that's what you wanted. Georg, you live in weary, sick days. Let them pass first, and your eyes will be ashamed of having seen so dimly.

LANDSER: I wanted to shape her in my image like soft clay.

UTE: She is brittle sand that crumbles when the sun shines on it. You wanted peace. But with a real woman there is no peace. (*Sees the fur.*) His coat? Where is James?

LANDSER: Take it away, take this fur away!

UTE: Take it away? Why didn't he take it with him?

LANDSER: Can a coat travel alone? I tell you, it is easier to get rid of a friend than his fur.

UTE: Speak English! What does that mean?

LANDSER: I told him everything and I did a thorough job.

UTE: You revealed everything to him? Everything?

LANDSER: Not a shred of a lie remained.

UTE: And he left? Just like that?

LANDSER: His car is outside.

UTE (*looks first at GEORG, then at the fur, and then GEORG, rushes to the wall and peers over the edge.*)

LANDSER (*jumping up*): There's nothing to see!

UTE: You! Did you—?

LANDSER: You left me no choice, you and him.

UTE (*with a cry of joy*): Georg! You did that? You dared? Then everything is fine, then all right! Then you still have your old strength, then it wasn't tiredness and illness after all, Georg!

LANDSER: Did you think I was sick and tired, Ute?

UTE: Yes, I did. And I wanted to shake you up, to get you to make some kind of deal: because you were stuck between these lies like in a vice. Now, now everything is fine! (*Triumphantly.*) Now, if you still want to, if you still can, marry her. Not even ten of her kind will bring you down. The fur coat has to go!

LANDSER: And the car.

UTE: Someone has to travel.

LANDSER: You.

UTE: No way! (*To PETERSEN, who is just coming up the stairs.*) Petersen!

PETERSEN: Madam, the bag really isn't downstairs. We've searched everywhere.

UTE: I know, I left it in my room. But for heaven's sake, I couldn't have known that. Now it's a different matter. Are you a gentleman?

PETERSEN: Without a doubt.

UTE: You must do me a great favor.

PETERSEN (*helpfully*): But of course, gladly. What are your orders, madam?

UTE: You are to drive to Naples immediately.

PETERSEN: In this weather?

UTE: No objections.

PETERSEN: But, I beg you, with what?

UTE: The car is already waiting.

PETERSEN: With Mr. Conway?

UTE: No, he's been prevented from coming. But it's about the suitcases. They contain important things, (*to GEORG*) don't they?

PETERSEN: Certainly, gladly. But I must pack my own things first.

UTE: Impossible! I'll send someone to bring your things tomorrow. Definitely.

PETERSEN: But at least I want to fetch my coat.

UTE (*restraining him*): No need, Mr. Conway was kind enough to leave his here. (*Helps PETERSEN into his coat, notices a wallet inside and hands it behind his back to LANDSER.*) Quick! There, you're a charming gentleman.

PETERSEN (*laughing*): It's only my duty. All right, but where shall we put the suitcases?

UTE: Send them straight to St. Petersburg. Listen, St. Petersburg. (*Quietly to GEORG.*) Then they'll be out of the way. We'll meet again at the Continental, by the sea. There you can sign up.

PETERSEN: St. Petersburg, the Continental! Fine; you can count on me.

UTE: Now let's not waste any time. Goodbye, tomorrow!

PETERSEN: Goodbye! (*To GEORG.*) It was my pleasure, Baron. Goodbye!

LANDSER: Have a safe trip!

UTE (*listening to PETERSEN's fading footsteps*): Thank God!

LANDSER (*kisses UTE on the forehead*): Thank you!

ANTONIO (*peeks his head over the wall, grinning*): Huh, I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen.

(*One hears an engine starting.*)

ANTONIO: Aha, the big gentleman, the American. Better him than me. I don't want to drive into the storm. (*Approaching.*) With your permission, Your Grace, Baron, I am glad to see you still in good health. I could have sworn someone fell down the stairs earlier. The sound came clearly from here.

UTE: The rings stretched all the way to our boat.

LANDSER: No, it must have been a rock that came loose.

ANTONIO: That would be strange. (*Laughing.*) It must have been a large piece of rock. (*Taking his leave.*) Nothing is impossible. I commend you you all. (*Exit.*)

LANDSER (*after a pause*): I'm tired.

UTE: You've done a lot today.

LANDSER (*kissing* UTE): You've done it. Ute! Where will you sleep tonight?

UTE (*taking his head in both hands*): I don't know where I could be more at home than with you.

(They embrace. Meanwhile, ANTONIO returns, takes the torches from the wall and extinguishes them on the ground. The approaching thunderstorm is heralded by violent gusts of wind.)

(Curtain.)

THIRD ACT

LANDSER's living room in the Terzi boarding house, a room of handsome proportions and partly furnished with good old furniture. The entrance from the staircase is on the left side. On the opposite wall is a marble fireplace; in front of it a table and an armchair. In the background on the right, a door leads to the bedroom, on the left an open glass door leads to the balcony with a view of the eastern part of the gulf; in front of it a desk. Between the two doors on the back wall is an ottoman. Dawn.

UTE (*steps out of the bedroom in a light, lustful morning gown*): It's already daylight; I have to go to my room.

LANDSER (*invisible*): Are you leaving already? It's barely four o'clock.

UTE: I'm taking the first steamer to Naples so that Petersen doesn't do anything stupid. I have to get him out of here somewhere. I can't sleep anymore.

LANDSER: As little as you've slept? (*Both laugh.*)

UTE: I'm as weak as a virgin after her first night. My knees are wobbly and my legs can hardly carry me. You were as rough as a lion from Lebanon. (*Stops at the balcony door.*) Oh, look! The sun is rising.

LANDSER: Over the just and the unjust.

UTE: Truly, the sun shines for everyone.

LANDSER (*appears in the doorway; he has thrown a rich oriental burnous over himself as a dressing gown*): That one can manage to sleep away this hour of their long lives. How many times have I seen the sun rise? A dozen times, at most!

UTE: Nevertheless. It was always more important to me to experience the evening.

LANDSER: How your hair smells in the morning air!

UTE: Oh, you dear man. What have you done to me again? I am nothing more than a woman without a will of her own. (*He touches her breasts.*) It is enough for me to be so shamefully completely subjugated.

LANDSER: Don't complain! Be glad that I still want to subjugate you and that you can submit. (*He pushes her down onto the ottoman.*)

UTE: Are you happy?

LANDSER: Happy? No. For me, happiness is not a state of being. As long as I am acting, I am happy. What came before and what will come after is longing or satiety.

UTE: Well, then act! Nothing is holding you back. James' death has changed the whole world around you. You have become independent, yes, almost rich! You no longer need him anymore, you don't need her anymore, you don't even need me anymore.

LANDSER: All the more reason for me to abuse you from now on.

UTE: Did you lock the door? (*There is a knock.* REV. MONCURE calls LANDSER by name.) No! Someone knocked! (*She breaks free; there is another knock.*)

LANDSER: Go, go inside. I'll open it. (*UTE leaves; he opens the door.*) Rev. Moncure?

REV. MONCURE: Baron, help, call a doctor, an English doctor, immediately, if it is not already too late!

LANDSER: Why, what has happened? Is Gertrud ill?

REV. MONCURE: I foresaw this misfortune. There is no blessing on this union. It was a terrible night. I had barely got Gertrud upstairs when the terrible storm broke and she, whether more from fright or illness, who knows, fell into a violent fever. I can only keep her in bed with difficulty.

LANDSER: I don't know any English doctors; it would also be too far to fetch one from Naples. But there is Dr. Spratti, a German-Italian, the chief physician at San Giovanni, the international sanatorium! You surely remember it, less than half an hour from here on the road to Naples. Call him for an eye, I will help you as much as I can.

REV. MONCURE: No, no, stay, stay! I beg you! You would only make things worse. Gertrud is imagining the most horrible things about you, that I am beginning to fear for myself. (*Exits.*)

LANDSER (*closing the door*): Ute!

UTE (*returns; crying softly*): Antonio!

LANDSER (*startled*): For heaven's sake, man, didn't anyone teach you to knock?

ANTONIO (*has entered unnoticed behind GEORG; bareheaded and barefoot*): Forgive me, your grace, I thought the baron was alone.

LANDSER: What do you want here in the early morning?

ANTONIO (*pulls JAMES' traveling cap out from under his shirt*): Does the baron perhaps know who this cap belongs to?

LANDSER (*controlling his surprise*): Where did you get it?

ANTONIO: I found it on the stairs leading down to the sea, at the very bottom, on the last steps.

LANDSER: Keep it then.

ANTONIO: Certainly, sir, with your permission I will keep it. Hey, I found it too. It fits me quite well. (*Puts it on.*)

LANDSER: Take that cap off your head!

ANTONIO: The American gentleman lost it.

LANDSER: I know. It's all right. He lost it. It's yours; keep it. Don't you understand? Now get out of here. I have no time for you. Are you deaf?

ANTONIO (*burst out*): Sir— (*calmly*) Baron, have a moment of patience with a humble man; I will leave immediately. You see, I am a poor fisherman and earn a meager living. A thousand lire,

what are a thousand lire to you! A trifle, sir! Give me two thousand lire and I will keep quiet. And even if they wanted to tear my tongue out, I would remain silent as the grave, sir. Two thousand lire!

LANDSER: What are you talking about? Two thousand lire? Not as a finder's fee, surely? Then run after Mr. Conway, who has lost his property.

ANTONIO (*calmly*): Sir, I couldn't catch Signor Americano with all the automobiles and trawl nets in the world.

UTE (*quietly to LANDSER*): Give him the money, give it to him, I beg you, you're crazy!

LANDSER: So that I can fall hopelessly into his extortionist clutches? No!

ANTONIO: Do as the signora says; she's giving you good advice.

LANDSER: Shut up! Answer me straight: What do you want? What do you know!

ANTONIO: Nothing, sir! (*Approaching, quietly.*) Gracious sir, I don't like to speak unchristian and disrespectful to people as distinguished as you, Baron. You see, ten years ago, well, back then someone else fell down, right from the same spot—the current is strong, and if there's a storm like yesterday, well, back then it was the wife of a young Russian, yes, and he didn't want to save her. Back then, you see, I was able to buy the little house down by the marina and two new boats. And—

LANDSER: And today, what do you want to buy? This time

you're wrong! Your math is off. I find it hard to believe that you can earn a pension today to supplement your house. Mr. Conway lost his cap in the storm, and because he couldn't or didn't want to wait for it to be found, he took off. So now (*taking him by the arm*) I advise you to do whatever you want with your cap.

ANTONIO: Sir, I will.

LANDSER: Here is the door, and be glad if I am friendly enough to keep my mouth shut. (*As he pushes ANTONIO out, TERZI rushes in with all the signs of great excitement.*)

TERZI: Baron, Baron—oh, excuse me, madam!

UTE (*calmly*): Please, don't be embarrassed.

TERZI: Santa Maria-Piedigrotta! The automobile has had an accident.

UTE: Good God!

LANDSER (*stammering*): An accident? Where?

TERZI: Not a quarter of an hour from here at Punta D'occhi on the sharp bend.

LANDSER: Did it fall into the sea?

TERZI: No, it was racing in the rain and storm against the quay wall and got caught on a telegraph pole.

LANDSER: Dead?

TERZI: Mr. Conway was killed instantly.

UTE: Good God!

TERZI: Crushed beyond recognition in the wreckage, says the driver who found them.

UTE: Poor fellow.

TERZI: And the chauffeur is dying.

LANDSER: Terrible. Crushed beyond recognition? What can be done?

TERZI: Nothing, Baron. The head was said to look like poorly digested food.

LANDSER: Woman, will you finally shut up! Terzi, arrange for the immediate transfer of my friend's body to Naples and arrange for first-class funeral, of course. You know better than I do what steps are necessary in this country. Here are 3,000 francs. The chauffeur is also to be buried at my expense, or if he is still alive, he is to be taken to the nearest hospital.

TERZI: As you command, Baron. Thank you. (*Takes the banknotes.*) It would be easy to arrange for the chauffeur. Dr. Spratti is already on his way.

UTE: Spratti? Who called him? Is that old monster still alive?

LANDSER: That's all the same at this point. (*To TERZI*). Under these circumstances, I'm leaving for Naples immediately. Ute, if you want to come, you must get ready.

UTE: Of course I want to come. Where else would I go?

LANDSER: Apart from that, there must be other options for you. Go now, hurry up.

UTE: We'll talk about that later, my dear. (*Exits.*)

LANDSER: Let me know everything I need to know about Naples. Letters and telegrams can be sent to me via the American Express Company, Naples. Is that clear? Right. Now my bill, Terzi.

TERZI: It was paid today by Mr. Conway—including the one for Mrs. von Troschka.

LANDSER: Everything is in order, then.

TERZI: Yes, yes, that's fine. Mr. Conway was a long-standing and punctual guest at my house. His death is a great loss to me.

LANDSER: Have our suitcases put on the next steamer.

TERZI: Yes, sir. To die in such a miserable way! Who would drive on such a dangerous road in such a storm?

LANDSER: If you take care of this matter promptly and discreetly, I will not hesitate to show you my gratitude. You know me.

TERZI: Certainly, Baron. You can rely on me. I will take care of the matter immediately. (*Exits.*)

LANDSER: I have been warned! At least I can still rely on my fate. The scales have never tipped this way before. Good. Here in

this place, my path must turn. My life must be given a different purpose, and this moment shall not find me at a loss. (*Takes a pistol from the desk.*) You have been lying here ready for all eventualities. You have been my most faithful friend. Six times a press of my finger can call you to my aid. But you bark once before you bite; the first of your flashes is dull. First a warning, a blind shot! I wonder myself how careless was my caution! Who knows whether, before the second shot fell, my life might not have been blown away one day. All the same, you have served the gentleman of yesterday well. You are retired as of today. Once I've traveled a thousand miles, you will be unloaded. In the suitcase, you have time to find your place in the new era. Now let's pack! (*He gathers a few more items and disappears into the bedroom.*)

GERTRUD (*in a state of feverish excitement, wearing only a veil and wrapped in an evening gown, enters*): Where are you, my beloved? My hands and my heart have searched for you all night long. I want to be with you! I belong to you! You are not a murderer, no! There is no blood on your hands. You murderer, you beloved, you did not shed any blood. (*Laughs.*) He fell into the water! Father! Leave me, father! I dread your care. You always wanted the best for me? How can you make such a mistake! You don't understand what is burning me! Where are you, Georg? Gone? O God! I must go to him! Save me, but I'm thirsty! What is this fire? My body is shaking and I'm freezing! Georg! Have you run away? Already?

LANDSER (*has taken off his dressing gown and appears fully dressed except for his coat and waistcoat; his trousers are held up by a leather belt.*) Gertrud!

GERTRUD (*collapsing*): Beloved, help me!

LANDSER: Gertrud!

GERTRUD: Don't reject me. Let me stay with you!

LANDSER: Come, Gertrud, come, you can't stay here. You're ill. You must go to bed.

GERTRUD: Why can't I stay with you? Is she still there? She was with you all night? I felt it. Oh, send her away! Look, I am yours, only I want to belong to you. You shall love me. Don't you love me? Take me here, I am yours! Are you hesitating? Oh, you are rejecting me! Do you love me?

LANDSER: Gertrud, Gertrud! You are ill!

GERTRUD: I am not ill! My blood is feverish, but I am not ill. I have never been so strong. I am so happy to be ill. You dear man, tell me, must I do more? I can do no more than offer myself to you?

LANDSER: Gertrud! What are you doing?

GERTRUD: You don't love me! Why else would I beg you? Oh, I am thinking clearly. I know that I am yours with all the shame and disgrace you bring upon me. You have thrown me down. Trample me, take me! I will gladly endure everything.

LANDSER: You would regret it, Gertrud!

GERTRUD (*speaking more clearly and firmly*): I regret nothing. I know that you will leave me, I knew it yesterday. But I don't want to know anymore. I only know that I love you. I want to make you happy. I want to gather all pleasure in my innocence! (*She spreads out her cloak.*) Am I not beautiful that you spurn me? Are not my breasts small and these buds as red as my lips? Are not my

hips narrow? (*Covering her face with both hands face.*) Oh, I don't know what else to praise about you!

LANDSER (*kneels down and embraces her body*): Holy God, how slender you are—how you tremble! (*He lifts her up.*) Kiss me, kiss me again! That's how I love you!

GERTRUD: Leave me alone, you're lying, you're lying!

LANDSER: I love you a thousand times more when you are weak and defenseless. Come, you white child, I will give you all the pleasures of the world to drink!

GERTRUD: I don't want any more! I hate you! Can't you hear me? I hate you! You're hurting me; let me go! Oh God, why did I do this! (*He carries her with strong steps into the bedroom and locks the door.*)

GROOM (*knocks several times, enters and, seeing no one, tiptoes to the bedroom door, which he tries to open carefully; to the following waiter PASQUALE*): The door is locked and the key is in it. He's not there anymore. He must have smelled something.

PASQUALE (*to TERZI, who follows*): The baron does not seem to be in his room.

TERZI (*quietly, hastily*): Already run away? Fled. Would that be possible? Who would have thought it? He must have a good reason to avoid the police.

PASQUALE (*with dignity*): If the police were to search for the baron, I don't think His Grace would run away.

TERZI: Oh, in your opinion, Porco Madonna! He'll run for his life, just like the rest of us, if he's got dirt on his boots. Now get out of here! Run, look for him until you find him.

(GROOM and PASQUALE *exit.*)

UTE (*comes out dressed*): What's going on here, Terzi? What are you looking for?

TERZI: Oh, nothing at all, madam. I just wanted to see the Baron, but it seems he has already left.

UTE: What, left? He must be here.

(*While TERZI hurries away, UTE rushes to the bedroom door, presses the handle and then tries the key.*)

UTE: Locked? (*She bends down and listens.*) Help me! She's with him! (*Stunned.*) I didn't expect that.

ANTONIO (*carrying JAMES's tattered and dirty fur coat over his arm, leads the police COMMISSIONER in plain clothes inside. Two CARABINIERI follow them and stand guard at the door.*): Here we are!

UTE (*startled*): What does this mean? What do you want? Who are you?

COMMISSIONER: I am the district detective. I am looking for the Baron von Landser.

UTE: What do you want with him? I am the Baroness Landser.

ANTONIO: Ha! A bigamist.

COMMISSIONER: (*He speaks calmly and politely.*) I apologize for disturbing you, Baroness. I must question your husband on official business and, in all likelihood, take him into custody. (*To one of the CARABINIERI.*) Morena, take up position under the windows of these two rooms. They are the last ones on the lake side on the first floor. Stay downstairs, no matter what happens! (*The CARABINIERE leaves.*)

UTE: But there is no reason for your actions, is there?

COMMISSIONER: Let's hope so, for your sake. But perhaps you could ask your husband to come out now.

UTE: Impossible! Not now. He's not alone. He has a lady visitor.

COMMISSIONER: Early in the morning? Madam, you must think me very surprised to hear this from your lips. But I'm afraid my business takes precedence.

UTE: No! Not until I've told him!

COMMISSIONER (*pushing forward*): I'm afraid I can't be deterred by the most delicate circumstances.

UTE (*backing away, covering the bedroom door with her back and hammering on it with both fists*): Georg! Georg! Philistines before you!

TERZI (*rushing in*): Well, Commissioner, will I soon find out what is going on in my house? Only the most respectable and distinguished people frequent my house. I do not harbor

criminals. You will ruin my reputation. You will ruin me. But I will complain. I will not stand for this! Carabinieri in my house? I do not run a brothel! I will sue you for damages.

COMMISSIONER (*appeasingly*): Signor Terzi, calm down! The more you restrain yourself, the more inconspicuously and quickly I will be able to complete my mission. I assure you that I will take the interests and reputation of your house into the utmost consideration.

(LANDSER *steps out of the bedroom*, GERTRUD *rushes after him with gestures of wild despair; he pushes her roughly back into the room and closes the door behind him.*)

COMMISSIONER: You are Baron von Landser?

LANDSER: I am.

TERZI: To insult me like this! No one has ever been arrested in my house. But I will keep my hands clean of your criminal orders. I will give you the three thousand lire back right now.

LANDSER (*to the COMMISSIONER*): Please remove this man.

COMMISSIONER: We're not getting anywhere, Signor Terzi. For your own sake, I beg you to go out with these people (*the WAITER and GROOM have returned*) and keep the peace. (*He pushes TERZI and the two servants out.*)

UTE (*has been talking to LANDSER*): You've lost your mind.

LANDSER: That's why it was even more foolish to burden your fate with mine. I beg you, get out of here!

UTE: You've forgotten that you bear my name.

COMMISSIONER: You are a foreigner, if I understand the name correctly, you are a German citizen. (LANDSER *nods.*) I cannot therefore proceed with your arrest until I have sufficient information from you. You are a nobleman, Baron. I therefore think we can keep this brief. You know the circumstances. Good. It has now been established that the dead passenger in the car is not, as you claim, your friend James Conway, but according to the papers found here, a German named Petersen! Whether this Petersen is an accomplice or a victim is a question that cannot be answered at the moment. In any case, he was wearing this fur coat (*points to ANTONIO*), which you probably also recognize as Conway's. (LANDSER *nods.*) Good. However, before his death, the chauffeur stated on record that he had only transported one person. So where is Conway? (LANDSER *shrugs his shoulders.*) You don't know. But you know that his cap was found at the foot of the terrace of this boarding house and that the fisherman Antonio and he is willing to confirm with his oath that last night he heard a person fall from this very terrace. (LANDSER *nods.*) So you do not dispute any of these facts?

LANDSER: No.

(There is a loud cry from GERTRUD and shortly afterwards the crash of a window breaking, causing everyone present to jump in fright.)

COMMISSIONER: Then I must inform you that, based on the preliminary facts of the case, I am obliged to take you into custody. You will not resist, will you?

LANDSER: No.

UTE: Shame on you. Has fear made you stupid? Are you shamefully giving up?

LANDSER: No. I know what I'm doing. Mr. Commissioner, I am in a position to provide explanations that will completely clear up these apparent connections.

COMMISSIONER: I am not the authority for that.

LANDSER: I know that; I only demand to be left free until I have succeeded in proving the contrary. (*Approaching him quietly.*) How much do you want? I'll give you whatever you ask!

COMMISSIONER (*putting his hand on his shoulder*): Baron.

LANDSER: How much bail do you want?

(*He takes JAMES' wallet from the desk and counts with appropriate pauses, he places the banknotes conscientiously and with a decisive gesture on the table by the fireplace.*)

LANDSER: Here are ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty thousand lire in good bills.

ANTONIO: Finally, something you can stick to.

LANDSER: Not enough? Fine. (*Continues counting.*) Fifty, sixty, seventy thousand!

ANTONIO: That's still not enough.

LANDSER: What, scoundrel, that's not enough? You value my

life dearly. All right: ninety hundred thousand lire. That's all I'll give. Deal?

ANTONIO: Cavaliere, take the money. What will be the use of it if he dies in chains or on the Ponzai Islands?

LANDSER: Answer me, man! (*He shakes his wallet at the COMMISSIONER and places it next to the pile of banknotes.*) One hundred and twenty thousand Commissioner! That's all I have!

COMMISSIONER (*gagging and trembling*): You forget I'm not alone. I'm late with this. Officer.

LANDSER: Share it.

COMMISSIONER (*after a moment's thought*): Impossible. Cerutti, handcuff the man.

LANDSER (*backing away, broken*): Leave it, I'll comply. Ute, I'm finished, done for. Ute! (*He strokes her hair and cheek. She sinks down onto the ottoman in a daze.*) Save yourself as best you can. (*To the COMMISSIONER*) Where are you taking me? I want to get ready for the trip.

COMMISSIONER: Stop! (*Pulls out his watch.*) I'll give you one minute to get your things in order; not a second longer. (*He signals to the CARABINIERE, who prepares to fire.*)

ANTONIO: You're crazy, I'm finished doing business with you. (*He turns to leave.*)

LANDSER (*after opening the door*): Holy God, she jumped out the window!

(*He rushes into the bedroom, but reappears almost immediately with his gun. Before he can fire at the CARABINIERE, however, the latter shoots him first. LANDSER staggers and falls forward onto the floor.*)

CARABINIERE (*horrified*): Madonna, I've hit him!

COMMISSIONER: Porco di Bacco, what are you shooting at?

CARABINIERE: You ordered me to, Cavaliere.

COMMISSAR: I didn't order you to shoot, I ordered you to be ready!

UTE (*bent over LANDSER*): Georg, Georg, are you alive? Speak! What have you done?

COMMISSAR: Is he dead? Where is the bullet?

ANTONIO: Shot through the left shoulder. The bullet won't kill him.

UTE: He's alive, he's alive!

LANDSER (*with Ute and ANTONIO's help, struggles to his feet and lets himself be seated in the armchair. With pain quietly suppressed*): Check the wound. Clean it out. Call a doctor!

UTE (*tears open his shirt and staunches the blood with her*

handkerchief. To ANTONIO): Water, quickly, water, the jug!

(ANTONIO *goes into the bedroom.*)

COMMISSIONER (*has picked up the pistol and laid it on the table beside him. With embarrassed anger aside.*) You swine, I'll teach you how to shoot!

LANDSER: You shot at a foreigner!

COMMISSIONER: You started it.

UTE (*to ANTONIO, who returns with the jug and sponge*): The washbowl. And cotton wool!

(ANTONIO *exits.*)

LANDSER: You will be held responsible for this. I am under the direct protection of the German Embassy. I am Civil Attaché to the Reich and member of the German Art Commission at the Jubilee. You will pay for your rashness with your position.

UTE (*to ANTONIO, who is coming back with the washbowl*): Bandages! I need bandages.

ANTONIO: Where are they? I can't find anything.

COMMISSIONER: You didn't say anything about that.

UTE (*to LANDSER*): Hold him tight! (*She presses the soaked cloth on the wound and rushes into the bedroom.*)

LANDSER: I told you I would clear up the matter. How can you

arrest me without checking my papers, without asking in Rome? How could you let them shoot at me! Diplomatic representations will be made to your government. You can count on that.

UTE (*returns with GERTRUD's veil and tears it into strips*): That's enough!

(She is busy assisting ANTONIO in treating LANDSER's wound with zeal, but with a certain expert calm, while attentively following the proceedings.)

COMMISSIONER: That's all we needed! (*To the CARABINIERE.*) You've landed us in a mess, you bungling gendarme. Shooting at a foreigner!

LANDSER: You'll bear the consequences. You'll pay dearly for that shot.

COMMISSAR (*to the CARABINIERE*): Do you know what that means? Negotiations, endless interrogations and hearings. And what will be the end of it? You'll be locked up without further ado and I'll be fired. I'll lose my job and my livelihood.

LANDSER: You'll both be sacrificed to diplomatic considerations.

COMMISSIONER (*to the CARABINIERE*): And whether we're right or not!

LANDSER: That's obvious.

COMMISSIONER: Even if he were guilty! We are hanged for the sake of good diplomatic relations. Couldn't your Piedmontese peasant brain figure that out?

CARABINIERE (*stammering*): If he's innocent, why did he try to shoot?

COMMISSAR (*mimicking him*): What, if, why! Try to shoot! Did he shoot? No. Anyway, as an ambitious carabinieri, you should have just let yourself be shot; the rest will take care of itself. (*Close to his face.*) If you had at least shot him crooked and mute, you clumsy shooter! (*After a pause.*) Baron, what can satisfy you?

LANDSER (*gesturing toward the table*): Settle the matter.

ANTONIO: The shot was certainly not a bad thing, Cavaliere, if it brought you to your senses and you now view the case with a more reasonable eye. I think we should start by at least counting the money before diplomacy brings it back to us again; if you please. (*He goes to the table.*)

LANDSER: Stop! The shot will be fired. Ute, give me the wallet and take a bundle of bills. Now I need money myself again.

COMMISSIONER: Hands off, must I remind you that I am the district commissioner?

ANTONIO: And you, Cavaliere, are probably still too new in your position to know that I am the district chief of the Camorra.

COMMISSIONER: Are you Don Antonio il Pescatore?

ANTONIO: Who else?

COMMISSIONER: Why didn't you say so right away? Who could have guessed?

UTE (*steps between them, takes the wallet from the table, takes a wad of banknotes and pushes both behind the seat*): The gun will be fired. The rest is still too much for you.

ANTONIO: Now do it, or we'll have to pay for the treatment. (*They begin to divide the money and one hears them counting sporadically.*) Leave me the securities, Commissioner, you'll only make yourself look suspicious with such things.

CARABINIERE (*approaching*): That was a lucky shot, Commendatore.

ANTONIO: All right, Sergeant, but I have to pay for your shot, which I didn't fire.

COMMISSIONER: Cerutti, you shall have your fair share. Go to your post. Form must always be maintained. (*He turns to LANDSER, in well-chosen words.*) Baron, your explanations have proved entirely sufficient to convince me that the suspicions against you cannot withstand serious scrutiny. I am therefore pleased to inform you that you are cleared of any further charges in this matter and ask you to excuse the clumsiness of a subordinate officer (*he points to the CARABINIERE*). A forgivable mistake on both sides led to the unfortunate accident. But I congratulate you, Baron, on the happy outcome and remain at your service. Good morning, gentlemen. (*Exits with the CARABINIERE.*)

ANTONIO (*counting his papers again*): You see, sir, if you had followed my advice, it would have cost you less. Take that as a warning. Get involved with these brigand officials, and then don't be surprised at the high costs.

LANDSER: Send for the doctor as soon as he arrives.

ANTONIO: I'll go and see right away, sir. (*Exits.*)

UTE: Are you in pain?

LANDSER: Come, help me. (*He tries to get up but falls back into the chair with a groan.*)

UTE (*considerately*): Where are you going?

LANDSER: What about her?

UTE: She needs no more care.

LANDSER: Dead? That wasn't necessary.

UTE: Dead or alive, she was finished in either case. What better could have happened to her?

LANDSER: She loved me and was too weak for it.

UTE (*angrily*): And me, don't I love you? Not a thousand times more than she did? Because I am strong enough.

LANDSER (*speaking visibly exhausted, but calmly and clearly. He presses his right hand against the wound*): Oh, certainly, Ute, you love me. But you love me too strongly, too passionately, you do not love as a woman. You love for your own sake, not for my sake. I loved the woman in this woman. In you I must always first overcome myself, the man.

UTE: Isn't that of unconditional value to you? Don't I serve you

by wasting your measured share of femininity on my masculinity? You taught me to understand that yourself. Must I teach you again? Come, Georg, I will cure you of the remaining sickness that still weighs on your soul. Just entrust yourself to my hands.

LANDSER: No, Ute, that will never happen again. We must part.

UTE: I am to leave? You decide that on a whim? You dismiss me, you send me home like the first stupid woman you come across? And since this morning you have not taken a single breath of your own accord?

LANDSER: You know as well as I do, Ute, that I made up my mind long ago.

UTE: And me? What have I made up my mind? And me? I'm just a flag that you wave as long as the enemy shows up, and throw in the dirt when the danger has passed.

LANDSER: The decision is not mine; my life demands it. Gertrud was just a failed attempt to find my way back to the right path. You saved me from this attempt costing me my life.

UTE: Oh no, you're not ungrateful. I'm smart enough. I understand and comprehend everything. But I don't want to be smart, today I want to be stupid like every other woman. You can tell me what you want: You are escaping me! That is all I hear and understand.

LANDSER: You will not stop me.

UTE: Oh, yes, I know! You have overcome me. I can no longer keep pace with you. Your path leads over me to your new goals. A

woman of higher character than I will eventually take my place. But that shall never happen as long as desire and longing still fill my limbs. Yesterday and today I bought you and your saved life. You and your life are mine. You cannot live without me; even your name is my property.

LANDSER: I will give you your husband's name back. I no longer need it. Life has long since raised suspicion against me. I must not continue to play with false cards.

UTE: Do you think you can give me back the name like a borrowed umbrella when the weather turns nice? Answer me! What am I supposed to do with the name? I need a man to go with it. Should I trumpet the name around until perhaps a workman takes pity on him? Can I report you to the nearest police station as runaway or lost?

LANDSER: You must do what you think is best.

UTE: What should I do? (*At his feet.*) Georg? I have never submitted to a man as I have to you. I beg you, take back what you said! (*Pleading.*) Isn't that true, Georg, I still have that much power over you. (*Wildly.*) Or I'll do something foolish and terrible!

LANDSER: That's all the same to me. Do what you want.

UTE: Georg! You can't go on living with those words!

LANDSER: You won't be able to do anything to me. You have never been able to.

UTE: May God forgive me, or I'll shoot you on the spot!

LANDSER (*smiling calmly*): You can't do that. And even if you did, a shot from your hand wouldn't kill me.

UTE: Well then, in God's name, go!

(She grabs his head passionately and kisses it, then she reaches behind her for the pistol and shoots LANDSER, standing close in front of him, a bullet through the heart. LANDSER sinks silently into the chair, but looks cautiously and with serious tension at UTE, who throws herself sobbing onto the ottoman. When there is a knock shortly afterwards, he falls back, while she jumps up.)

DR. SPRATTI (*a man of 45 with a short, red beard enters*): Yes, am I seeing correctly? Look there, look there! Miss von Troschka. Yes, Ute! May I come in? Ute, how did you get here? Yes, what a surprise! You're not the feverish young English lady, are you? You do seem a little excited.

UTE: Be quiet, calm down, you old fool. You're in a hospice.

DR. SPRATTI: Oh, really? Died? Too late. Is she—I'm sorry. I'll have to—

UTE: She threw herself out of the window and my husband shot himself. (*LANDSER has started up again, but falls back again when he hears Ute's words.*)

DR. SPRATTI: What? Your husband? Come on, don't joke around! Yes, that's unprecedented. Yes, who is he, what's your husband's name? I had no idea—

UTE: He's dead, isn't he? He's lying there. See if he's dead, doctor.

DR. SPRATTI: We'll find out in a moment. (*After a brief examination.*) Hm! He's dead! Ho! You can be sure of that. The shot completely burned his coat. Right over his heart. There's nothing more to be done. My deepest condolences, madam.

UTE: I can't stay here. I have to go. I'm scared. You understand, under the circumstances. You have to take me with you right away.

DR. SPRATTI: Yes, of course. He was a handsome man, your husband.

UTE: He was a different man than you. You're not worthy of issuing his death certificate. But you're a good young man. Hands off. You haven't done anything to me yet.

DR. SPRATTI (*cheerfully*): That we would see each other again! Who would have thought it, back then, four years ago, when you attended my nursing course to get over your broken engagement and an unhappy love affair.

UTE: And who set me on the path that led me here? You. Come, come! Are you still waiting?

DR. SPRATTI: Just a moment! The death certificates.

LANDSER (*rising slowly, picking up the pistol that UTE dropped at his feet. Matter-of-factly, but with a quietly shaken voice.*) They will remain there for the time being.

(*UTE has screamed loudly at the sight of him and then collapses unconscious over his words. SPRATTI remains speechless and frozen until the end.*)

LANDSER: Stop joking around. That could have ended badly! Luckily, you forgot that I only loaded a blank cartridge. The matter has been settled without serious consequences. (*To himself, surprised.*) By God, I'm still alive!

(*Curtain.*)