



I want to get at my own weak points too, and have got one of the 'children' to work out my horoscope, under the illusion that it is that of some despr'it villain whose ill points I want to be informed about. (Note The horoscope is attached.)

I am feeling really well. There was no good in going to a quack, the remedy would be 'drop everything for three months and dont worry', so I've seriously taken myself in hand. All depends on my being able to drop everything out of my mind for an hour or two in the mornings and I am endeavouring to stick to this gun too. To give up all the time I can to this is not selfish, as it braces me for everything else. But worry is hard to drop, and what an ~~unconce~~ ? time now the self has been a dyin' !

By the way the London people have heard glowing accounts of your prosperity and absence of need of funds. I've been careful to give them the true facts, that you rub along comfortably on the whole, and that something always turns up at the pinch, but that you are still denied the large sums necessary for your Mission and propaganda.

Not a word yet about the mortgage (on Boleskine), but at any rate no refusal (to renew it) Its not a matter to decide in a minute and communication everywhere is slow. Im finishing this today, the vernal Equinox, they are celebrating it tonight in London with due rite. With every good wish, Love is the law, love under will. As ever fraternally

F.P. George M Cowie.

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25 April An XIII (1917.T)

Care Frater

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

I have received from you today the addition to the Ritual of the II Degree. Yes this is a most valuable addition to not only that ritual, but to the whole general scheme. What has most hot me where I live is ~~this~~ (The Th(erion)'s (in Greek.T) idea that the higher the office, so to speak, the less the material reward. I shall instruct that this addition is to be read at once, not merely at the first possible II Degree ceremony, but to the whole of the Lodge who have already passed the II Degree, and that repeatedly to fix it well in memory.

As we get on and the Lodge a little more than pays its expenses, there has been a sign or two of self-interest rearing its ugly head, and I have been impressing the necessity of all sticking together, and the non-importance of the personal self, or attempts at self-exaltation. This new outline of the principles of governance will clinch that nail.

I was in London nearly a fortnight at Easter and found all going well and the Lodge growing. Four new Candidates were received while I was there. Mary Davies-though I know her obvious limitations-makes an excellent Lodge Master and indeed I am chiefly to her that we owe (remainder of letter missing.)

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Undated. First four pages missing.

Fain would this warrior win to the peace! My isolation and the apparent want of help and guidance in oftentimes perplexing circumstances are often a horror, and if it were not that I know that no blunders or misunderstandings of mine are potent to change the course of destiny, or delay the good time coming, I should be in still worse case. Also I keep in mind that Nuit is powerful to protect her servants, and that however poor a servant I am I am certainly helping, and am doubtless watched and guarded. You are bound to know that as far as my own limitations let me I am doing right, and am



any way just as ready to let you see my weak points as my good. There is a way in which you have misunderstood me and which as it relates to private affairs of other people's I cannot explain in a letter.

It was rather disconcerting to find that a quiet man like me had for the first time in his life been 'shadowed'. This didn't feel like me at all, but as if I had got myself into one of Conan Doyle's stories. See what you've landed me in, all out of my appreciation of your genius in days when the last possibility that occurred to me was of getting mixed up in any political interests. I expect that the worst they could find out was that like all people I have always been a pronounced Unionist. (I don't apologise.)

But the Scotland Yard people have really been most considerate and courteous. They told Mary too that they were greatly impressed by the extremely high character I bear in Edinburgh, and by the fact that no one seemed to have a bad word to say against me. Also I am myself quite aware that no one who knows me would believe I could be mixed up in anything to help the enemy, or in anything really wrong. My character will help the good reputation of the Order. It's the best classes and the governing classes we want to reach and in London too, I find I am respected, that the Brethren really trust in me and that under my mild rule people will come in and remain with us who would be driven away by the mightier vibrations so to speak of a real Adept. Lord knows I am not mentioning this as a bid for control still further, but to satisfy you that all is well, till such time as you can return. I don't see how we can ask people to come in, under the present uncertain circumstances, hence my request to you to make things clear, so that we need not feel we are inviting people into trouble. It's a perplexing position even although I feel that things are not half as bad as they look. Certainly but for my own assurance that they are not, I should not be where I am. Do you remember the night years ago when I was doing a weary vigil in the Sanctuary and the Sanctuary Lamp burst its moorings and came down with a crash and I didn't bolt, but stuck it out? Same now, tho' it's was another startler.

A message of comfort and assurance seems to have come from you, the transmitting instrument thought it nonsense, but it was very much to the point. Are you aware at all of any telepathic communication with me? I am not putting any certainty on it. It may proceed rather from possible guardian influences round me.

A certain acquaintance of yours has called at 93 (Regent St), I am told. It may help. All is going on well. No letter from you, up to time of posting this. Love is the law, love under will. Greetings and ever fraternally

F.P. George M Cowle.

9 May An XIII (1917.T) ( ? as to whom addressed)  
Care Frater.

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

I am sending Th(erion ?) a copy of my address to the Lodge and though I would send you a duplicate. It may interest you, tho' there's not much in it, it being written under 'restriction' and adapted to those of III Degree only, as well. As I am not certain that all my letters reach Th(erion) you can send this on to him in case.

The Lodge is all right and steadily growing and in one or two ways, not yet definite enough to speak of, I am hoping for better financial prospects. We will recover from the damping down we had in January and the end of the war may be nearer than we hope.

May 10

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letter has ever gone astray before and it did not occur to me as necessary to register the letter. It was only yesterday that I realised that for some unknown reason it had not reached her, and that is confirmed by a letter this morning. I think it will turn up yet, and I am going to inquire at this end, but I had better ask you to be as good as to send me a duplicate as soon as possible. I'm vexed to give you this bag, but at the moment it seems necessary to ask it. I will find out before posting this if there's any word of the missing letter, so if none, please send on the duplicate and your petitioner will ever pray.

I hoped to write Th(erion) too but have found it impossible in time for today's mail, so will you send this on please, just to let him know that I'm alive, (a doubtful blessing as things are by no means rosy)

Love is the law, love under will. Address follows in separate envelope. I want to make sure of catching the mail with this. No word of lost letter. In vile haste but all fraternal wishes.

George M Cowie.

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26 July .? 1917.

Care Frater.

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

It's just 'care frater' now, as in happier days of old. I've been ill in body as a natural result of overstrain on my mind. Apart from your politics, the root worry is the eternal and squalid want of peace, and the unpleasantness or impossibility of details in letters that are more than censored. Goodness how long is this to go on? It is more than time for the deus ex machina.

I've taken steps towards re-construction, but owing to the absence of our solicitor have been for some time without a reply. Without money at our back however---- I should be far less worried if I could help Mary (Davies) out, but I'm barely solvent myself and see a rainy day ahead. It takes all heart and hope out of one. "Fear not for money" indeed!

This is no letter. My mind is much calmer as a result of having got some real meditation, whilst unfit for work, but it's difficult to write. I must just hope for good news of some sort and the clearing up of your political position. It's no pleasant matter for us, that- till then.

I hope S(tansfield) J(ones) will come across. There is so much he can only learn on the spot. I heard from him today and will write. Also heard from S(outh) A(frica). A reasonable letter but no actual help.

Love is the law love under will. Ever fraternally

Geo M Cowie.

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28 July - 2 Aug. XIII (1917.T)

Care Frater.

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

As you are no longer G(rand) M(aster) but my guru as of old, I preach from the text, 'by means of trials and troubles a pathway is opened unto the Light'

The extreme worry and perplexity I have been through has at least taught me that I must stand firmly on my own feet. There is no law beyond 'Do what Thou Wilt, -and the will is free. I cannot longer be kidded into doing things against my better judgement. Nobody has forsaken you and fled, except a few who don't count. We are confident in your knowledge and genius, but we do not



understand about your 'politics' and must wait. It is war time, the authorities are quite right, and we must bow to them. I did the only thing possible, and more right than you know. Any further explanation would look like an attempt at exculpation, after what you say, and I am silent.

I have written to you in a certain way, as I know my letters pass through the hands of the authorities, and I must make it clear for the sake of the others that the Lodge had no political object and that there is no reason for suspecting them of any assistance to the enemy—which would be contrary to the lines of our own Manifesto. Every kind of occult or other organisation is being ~~raised~~ suppressed or raided on the above account. I know you are working towards Universal Brotherhood, and to prevent discord later on, but I am hampered by very imperfect knowledge of what you have written and I cannot fully explain. To make ourselves look as if approving of the enemy would not merely be madness, it would be extreme bad form, and our people are not the sort to be mixed up in this even if I wished it myself. We could not even think of raising funds to bring you back, desirable as it is, when we are told you will certainly be arrested ~~on~~ if you return.

I am free to say openly that 6 or 7 years ago, when I little knew what was coming, I said I would sink or swim with you, and that holds as good as ever. I am not the proverbial rat. But it doesn't matter whether you are right or wrong, I have no will towards politics and in war time we have no use for them in the Lodge. I thought you could see this yourself, and in how impossible a position we are placed. Your own resignation is an ~~intim~~ intimation that you do.

The 'scuttle' was better than letting the Lodge collapse like the original one, so very few of the members of which would return, the present B(rethren) will return when I say the word. But it's only in the last few days that I learned that an article you wrote re Nurse Cavell and which I never saw, except that, as a bad joke I thought, you once mentioned it, is (as being shown to the B(rethren) to 'encourage' them! This won't help.

I have suffered sheer torture, such as a less sensitive man would not feel over the whole business. Common sense would let the whole business drop, and have a rest from worry till matters have cleared up. I have lost the illusion that you were coming back and that I was merely holding things together for your coming. My business position, on which my ability to help has depended is jeopardised, I am obliged to burn the candle at both ends, and one cannot struggle on like this for ever.

It is a constant worry that it takes 4 to 6 weeks to get a reply from you, and I have often to act instantly. It's merely putting an additional labour on me, and with the same result, to transfer things to S(tansfield) J(ones). I must write you all the same, till this tangle is clear. And I have no real will, in spite of all I have suffered, to transfer my allegiance except nominally, I ~~ss~~ sink or swim.

The worry from which I cannot escape for a day, even, has produced dyspepsia and its horrors, and it's a labour and perplexity to write at all. And the distance from London is another burden. The 'last moment of my time' has been pretty literal as well as the last shilling, and the ability to make shillings is now threatened. And there's the terrible isolation. The real difficulty is want of money and of the 'success' which is to be your proof.

I'm going through the grimmest of ordeals and trying to emerge with honour on both sides. I have taken the line that I think straight, and till I know better must stick to it. I leave it to your own comprehension to know on which side I'd rather be wrecked. I'm keeping on as well as I can, you ~~knew~~ need not shoot the man at the wheel, he's doing his best in mine-

strewn waters, for the present, hoping for the best. Its very difficult to write at all, I am so tired, with one thing and another and perplexed as to what is right or wrong. I'm less irascible though.

I am writing to Parsval (C Stansfield Jones) also, but in no hurry to transfer my allegiance which can only be in name as yet. Present circumstances are so abnormal that I must re-constitute the Lodge first. I have no reply yet, its holiday time I suppose and lawyers etc not to be hurried.

I'm just going on as well as I can and trying to brace up. Dhyana is what I really need, but it seems beyond hope now.

Love is the law, love under will. Ever fraternally  
George M Cowie.

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15 Aug XVII (1917.T)

Care Frater.

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

Yours of the 26th July to hand this week. I have only half an hour to spare for this mail, a longer letter must wait. I am for one thing buckling down steadily to business, (I have a considerable debt of gratitude to repay) and another thing really because of tribulation. I feel that with a fortnight's steadiness the long desired annihilation of the ego may come within sight. The mind now keeps automatically and without much effort (though the will has come into play) in the desired direction, and silent, and there is a feeling of success being near if I get time. I am recovering health and things are at least no worse, and if left to go the way of the Tao for a little while will recover themselves. Glad to hear of your minor success. Excuse brevity. Ever fraternally

George M Cowie.

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22 Nov XIII (1917.T)

Care Frater

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

I am sorry you are ill again. I have just received a sum of £8 odds from F.B(enet) Australia in payment of books, so its your own money. I am returning it with a request to send it direct to S(tansfield) J(ones). I had directed Windram to do the same if he had any to send, but he isn't a soft nut.

I should have told you last letter that the tenant (of Boleskine Mrs) B(rook) is dead and this may cause complications. Anyway our solicitor was notified that there will be delay in the payment of the quarter's rent due Oct 1. This means that there is not enough in his hands to meet the heavy taxes due in a month or two, and I can't help. Their payment swamped me last time and I've never been able to replace that last bit of capital. There is also a serious trouble about the mortgage (on Boleskine) - I can't go into details - You should be able to understand how serious things are here, the food problem will soon become acute. I can't go any more into details of my own private affairs in open letters, but the most I can do after paying my own taxes will be to pay the everlasting storage charges.

It would be worse than useless, it would be fatal, to try to squeeze anything out of the B(rethren). Such as care to keep on paying their dues know that it is expected, but there is no compulsion. None of them have had any notion of contributing a sixpence beyond their just dues, much less of parting with their last shilling. That literally happened in my own case last year, but its too one-sided a business to go on. In one way and another



the Lodge has cost me more than the total contributions of the members, and all lost uselessly, thanks to your 'p olitics'. There is not the rudiments even of a pimp in me, the B(rethren) would take me for that, and it would be the last goodbye. They are all perfectly aware that any one sending anything will be arrested and (I must be frank) I was thoughtfully rubbed in by the police that you were known to ruin everyone you could get hold of! which was news to most.

To make it worse the Rosy Dreamer ( ? Mary Davies. T) has taken a line of action, in an endeavour to rehabilitate herself, that, whatever the result to herself, will completely lose her the confidence of all but a very few of the B(rethren). This is so much so that I've had to abandon my intention of going up (to London) for the New Year- I can never go now except at a regular holiday time. I can't afford it anyway, but it's the uselessness that decides me. By Easter things may be better, but not if all the woe you prophesy happens.

The present situation as regards sending money is of your own creation. I thought you were human enough to take it as sport, and enjoy, rather, the grim sardonic humour of the position your unappeaceable (sic. T) passion for the Hun has landed you in. (Not that I believe in it). But please keep on this game, it's good for me, as you are only turning me into flint. I was a pap-headed pawn just so long as there was nobody but myself to get hurt by my silly vice of generosity. It's different now, you had better interfere between a wild beast-ess and her cubs as between me and people who have trusted me. They know exactly what would happen if I were pappy enough to give in to you and would think I was made of -alumen.

I know you are never left in absolute want, indeed that comes out unconsciously in your letter and I have no more visions of you living on old boots. It's all right you should want 'extras', but why not say so. Think of me putting up with 'old Flakes, pinching myself of holidays and all that, to share with you.

The livelihood of (with one exception) the male B(rethren) would, as they know, be endangered or worse, if I had acted as you wised. I'm not telling them, or they'd think it very stange, that after that, you should vcall on them for yours.

I'm sorry of course to have to write so straight to the point, but there's no avoiding it. I knew I couldn't hold out more than 3 years at the rate I have been going. It's hand to mouth now, the value of money quite altered, a new burden on me, my situation poorer and no d(amend) use anywa saving any way. It's significant that for the first time in my life I've taken a spade in my hands this month and devoted a little of my scanty leisure to breaking up a bit of ground in my garden against the spring. It is next winter the real pinch will come.

One other thing, I WILL NOT have any communication with D.L. and P.G. I said little about it, but it was the about the most mortifying interview of my life, and I swore I'd see you damned before I went again. Not but what the became civil in the end. In another way, you are trying to make me break the equivalent of a magical oath, in which my own will power is at stake.

Now proceed, call me a B.S. and send along meningitis or any other meaner meancuss thing. I set my face a flint against the beatly glint! (Trinolnitro glycerine on the brain to blast the obstinate Ego to atoms specially requested. I'm progressing however, if only you'd exercise the Fourth Dimension of the Sphinx about DROSS .

How pleasant all might be, but fō r this everlasting trouble over dross Letters are a sad bother now, my leisure (? T) is cut down so I must stop.



Ask for money again next letter-I like it! Its bad form, if you grumble at being paid in your own coin. Ill send you extracts from the poems of the great nobleman you love, and from the immortal autobiography of your fat 'protege'! Ha! does the galled Beast wince?

Remember, O its impossible to send you full details of many things, I cannot discussing (sic.T) own and other peoples affairs in open letters.

Love is the law love under WILL. Ever fraternally. Even if it does not look like it

George M Cowie.

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31. Dec 1917

Care Frater.

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

If things were as they were a year ago, nothing would give me more pleasure than to send over a good supply of books the books, even if only to reduce storage charges. As a matter of fact, however, I've not been able to supply one of the rare orders for books lately. One reason is that the only person who knows (Althea Hobbs.T) where to lay hand on things was frightened out of her wits, dumped keys and everything (nearly into your lawyer's hands) and fled. The only other person who could perhaps manage at a pinch mustnt be landed in this bug (? big.T) order. The real and vital reason however and here you force my hand, is that the police were trying to trace your property in this country. I kept silence, not to give them a clue till forced to give you a hint in my last letter.

Now there were four reasons for my prompt action in closing down (the Lodge.T) - as I hoped temporarily. (1) I to avert total loss and disaster to yourself (2) I take my guardianship of the Knowledge through the Cataclysm in dead earnest and would run no risk of its being profaned with the resulting Blame to myself. (3) Poor 'Crownmen with poppy leaves' (sic. ? Hammond.T) was in a sweat lest all the laborious and costly work should be seized on useless suspicion (4) I had to avert certain ruin and loss of livelihood from innocent people who had not the smallest notion they were in danger of being regarded as political offenders. I did all that according to my lights as man should do, and can dismiss, unmoved, the tactful and delicate hint that I am made of manure.

If I could get the books packed and pay the cost of that and shipping which I cant (it might mean £20) the chances are that they would never reach you, indeed I am certain of it. I cant help it if this very letter warns the authorities to be on the look-out, as your own has probably already done. The simplest and most feasible way is for you to come across for them. On your own showing there is nothing to prevent you. Failing this, please send me a plain and non-ambiguous statement that you accept the entire responsibility for loss and confiscation should that happen, and that I am in nowise to be blamed. Arrange with a reputable publisher (? Pryse) to receive and stock the books for you. Then write to your friend in London, who can send you money etc without embargo. I will give him the particulars and a warrant. Ask him to pay the packing and shipping and arrange for the customs, sending through W H Smith etc. This I cannot do from here. All this fuss about the books, of all others, designed to make people think clearly is of course supremely silly, but that is not the real question involved, its on this account I wont be responsible. Youd have been wise to have had the whole of the stuff shipped to your side before advertising yourself as an ex-British subject. Take things sporting and if they go wrong its only poetic justice



Taking leave of a business friend for the year on Friday, I remarked that 1917 had been the most dreadful year of my life and that I was glad to see the end of it. 'I'm sorry' says he, 'but I hope next year will be (here I bowed prematurely) worse!'. A true humourist that. I'm not blaming you, it was a necessary letter, but its part of the cussedness of things that just as I get the chance of a few days of freedom from the daily grind and hope to utilise it for a season of quiet contemplation, down, as ever, with mathematical accuracy comes a bomb from you into my front trench and poisons the air for the four precious days I have. To keep the mind fixed on Adonai or Nothing, or anything whatever, is impossible, so I may as well go and dig my garden; or read novels, Latin and Greek or settled study have been nowhere since May-What's the good? The garden by the way is dead earnest. It may be a last resource yet. Christmas is over and no horror happened as per prediction, unless you regard the taking of Jerusalem as that. You probably do.

I don't think Scotland Yard could see any harm in the last 'International Good boy! And your effort at a super-Sherlock Holmes should please.

Adieu in the quiet confidence that if 1918 is not a worse year for me, it won't be for want of your trying your damndest! (Before I forget, not a book can be lifted as I'm owing half a year's storage. I will try to settle this in time, if you arrange about the shipping costs) Things in general are becoming more difficult over here and the pinch beginning to be felt. Even in N(ew)Y(ork) you'll feel it.

Love is the law, love under will. Fraternally ever

Geo M Cowie.

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13 Feb 18.

Care Frater.

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

Yours of Jan 24th. You would no doubt get my letter as soon as you had written. I have painful reason to remember that yours re the books reached me just at the ~~moment~~ end of 1917. It was answered by the first possible mail. There has been no interruption in the mails and if letters don't reach you it must be that they are confiscated. (As you have not asked to the contrary they still go c/o Cooks) I fully explained the state of affairs, it remains unchanged except for the worse, and even if I were free to go to London which I am not, I will not take action that will certainly end in the seizure and confiscation of irreplaceable stock. Its no use pretending to think that this is not so. I will no doubt hear from you in acknowledgement of the other letters. I have written several times. There is no news in especial except the possible purchase (of Boleskine. T) has come to nothing, terms too high still, presumably. I have only a certain person's word for it, but there is trouble brewing in London over your debts.

I am in no cheerful mood at present, hence this brief note, my time is so restricted now besides. I'd be only too glad to send the books were it possible. Do write me a nice letter some time, I get so worried. It needs courage just to go on living.

Fraternally . Geo M Cowie.

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11 Apr 18.

C.F. Do etc

Excuse pencil I haven't time to write a proper letter. This is only to enclose Lamb's reply which I leave to speak for itself. The sale of the house (Boleskine. T) will I think now come off. Mention any articles you think attach special value to by return. What the people don't wish to take over at

valuation could be sold. Just now is a good time.

I have managed to write to S(tansfield) J(ones) though this week. It is part of the cruel position of things that as I cannot write much about my own and other people's affairs and you don't understand what you have been doing to me, or how near collapsing I often am. There was a bad set-back for me the other day (business) and I know it was due to my failing eyesight - (just age) And what I said about landing in an asylum is no mere metaphor. Meanwhile I have just time to get this posted.

Love etc. Fraternally. G.M. Cowie.

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originals of 12 following in form 9 p. 7. 4)  
1. 1. 5 cont

Dec. 27. Cowie to Crowley.

1917.

Care Frater

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

Yours. You probably know better than myself that there is no "bluff" in the matter. There is no 'embargo' that I am aware of on anyone unconnected with the Order sending you money, and if you have had some then all the more reason to give me some peace. It is so stupid. If you were trying to do all the harm possible you could not take a better line than to make it appear as if money were your sole object.

If there was, and there is not, any money to send, I would not on any account risk landing our solicitor here into trouble. The only person I'd send money through, if ever there's any to send would be through the solicitor in London (not yours) who knows all the facts. To make certain I asked M.D. to see him and ascertain whether as her Lodge is non-existent, it would be permissible to send you any, assuming that there was. No, no money must be sent unless serious trouble is desired. What I have been trying to prevent is the total loss and confiscation of everything, ~~xxx~~ irreplaceable things, and you won't see it.

I told you long ago that the continental origin of the O.T.O. would make it impossible to work it in England and that is now evident. It now will not be allowed. If you had not gulled me into the belief "at the risk of your life" that you were etc., there would have been no Lodge. Apart from that, I can no longer put a good face on things. The mean worry about money I can no longer conceal from the Bb. and your insistence has taken away any hope of beginning again. Your sneer about the Lodge came with singular ill-grace. At least I established a Lodge that was laying a foundation for better things, that was growing rapidly, paying its own way, and would soon have been accumulating a real fund, & the members of which did not need to be lashed to work. Its downfall is due to the line you have taken. I don't believe for a moment, now, that you like the hell-predestined Hun any more than I do, and you'd be the first to laugh at me if I did the fool things you recommend.

I had to see our solicitor here last week on other matters. He had just received the quarter's rent, a quarter late. There can't be enough yet to cover the taxes, when he gets the Jan. quarter, and has paid everything, he will let me know if there is anything over, but if there is, it will have to be kept towards repairs, the late tenants daughter is willing to keep on the lease, but says the front wall is falling down and needs re-building, i.e., the wall facing the road. What I feared was that the lease would be thrown on our hands. And more than that, that W. will refuse to act any longer as agent.

You know perfectly well that every man with a fixed income like ~~man~~, now finds its purchasing power reduced by half, I have no longer any surplus to spare, have had with difficulty paid my own taxes, and if I can struggle on paying the storage charges (which really have nothing to do with the Lodge) you should be thankful. You simply haven't got a penny from the House that has not come out

A

Cowie to Crowley cont.

of my pocket. Do not ignore that. What is more irritating is that you have unwittingly shoved a spoke into Fortune's wheel. There has been a quite unsolicited and spontaneous piece of good-fortune hanging fire for months and which would have been splendid. If it now eventuates it's no good - the mischief is done.

I can only hope that your own many many promises of success will yet come to something and make you a self-supporting Beast, at least.

What I really feel and complain of is that my sole ambition is constantly frustrated. I managed in spite of all worries, to come apparently ~~near~~ very near success. But it's been vain to attempt meditation since your last letter, which has practically re-opened the whole trouble quite uselessly, and made it worse. It's not you that remembers the way of the Tao. The usual consequence follows from absence of meditation - depression, and a reaction on my bodily health. It seems a wonder that my brain has not given way under all the complicated trouble of this miserable year. I've done enough injustice to my own family in giving away so much, and its weighing on my conscience, as a fresh and unforeseen responsibility (previously mentioned) has come along.

I have just to rest as philosophically as I can on the bed I've made for myself, and face a worldly future that seems dark enough.

By the way - the Herb Dangerous no longer threatens the stability of 93. In M.D.'s enforced absence some contemptible little wild beasts got at it, and feathered their nests with bits of it, and it was also damaged by water at the time of the raids. It has fetched £4 as waste paper - quite a profitable spec! This sum will be kept against the infernal pawn charges. If these go on, they must come out of the rent, I can no longer pay them. If it hadn't been for the 'embargo' I couldn't have gone to London in the summer for want of money, and for the same reason (lack of money) I can't just now, and it would be useless.

A little tact on your part and the assumption of the vice of sympathy even if you have it not, would have helped things along, better.

I hope M.O.H. is flourishing, and yourself better in health. It beats me to explain to people why the Sole Proprietor & Patentee of the Universal Medicine should be always fatally, even seriously sick. I've just got over one of my usual colds, and feel somewhat down, with one thing and another. Meditation is always the best medicine, if I could get the time. As a matter of fact I've had to write this in the morning, in the time I'd otherwise have had. My Liberty is seriously curtailed as a result of recent events and my business position affected. If it's at all possible, I'm determined to go for a real holiday this next summer where letters and worries can't reach me and have a try - else my present incarnation will have been a failure. Let us hope 1918 E.V. will be a different sort of year, all good wishes for it. Here I must stop, though there is still much to say, & many problems as to the future. Love is the Law (remember) love under will. (Don't try to break mine, I am flint now.)

Fraternally /George M. Cowie.



*Collected 1918 only* 5

Letters from George M. Cowie to A.G.

Care Frater

*Navy Division*

Jan. 6. (1918)

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

I had scarcely got my last letter to you, posted, when along came a distressful note from M.D. The expenses for her trial in May & of defending you and the Lodge had come along, & amount to little short of £250. The solicitor, she states, has charged heavily for every interview with me, & you've driven me lately into further consultation. May can't be expected to pay this part. I must, somehow, Lord knows how, as I was driven to run up a big bill also with W. & W. Its time you were helping, instead of worrying my soul out with incessant clamour for money. It's to the good, that M.O.H. sent, at least, some human kindness & sympathy. A little practical help in this matter, setting aside generosity, would be diplomatic & would pay - I know this is not so impossible as you would make me believe.

Remember your friend B.G. gave the Lodge a very different account of your circumstances to what you give me, and I believe made the Bb. suspicious of my account of your difficulties. I've been made to feel black shame this week especially, & to slink out of the way, not having a sixpence in the War Loan or being able to put anything in, whilst even my housekeeper (who went work for what I used to pay her) is rushing off to the Tank to put a pound in.

1917 ended with a characteristic piece of bad, though not disastrous, luck - I was under the illusion that my Rider's debenture would come due this month. As you have ignored repeated requests to return it I could not refer to it for confirmation & wrote to ask if it were payable this year. No, the terms are that 3 debentures are drawn for repayment each year, & mine was not amongst the latest. - I did not know this before & it seems to hang it up indefinitely. I know you haven't lost or misused the document, as I get the interest all right & am expecting some every day this month. In case you ~~are~~ have lost it, I had to admit that the document is not in my possession, but has not been transferred to anyone & is not to be accepted unless from myself. You should now return it however. I can't seal it, tried to, at the time I was helping you so freely, but no go, the only way would be that I might get a friend to buy it if I were in a desperate emergency, & there is every prospect of that. Meanwhile the interest is useful & has often turned a corner for me these last 3 years. However the only other plank left, has had to go & this is the last. In case of accident &c, & the now chronic legal expenses, which you are adding to, most exasperatingly. I'm up a tree.

I shall avoid it as long as possible, but I may be driven to make you pay your own storage charges out of the rent, & put all in W. & W's hands.

I have done my best to keep out of letters anything that would injure you & confirm the police anew that its only money that is the object of the Lodge, & to head you off from shouting for it. Nothing could have a worse effect. As you wont come over and have things explained, I have no resource but to write plainly. It is

time we had that Council of Three to restrain you from degrading the Sacred Knowledge in appearance to the level of a confidence trick, & I am inclined to take steps towards this.

It is quite right that there should be an organisation to provide you with funds & save you <sup>from</sup> wasting time in writing piffle but why should not that object be open and above-board. It is reasonable; I have always said that the weak point of your manifestos is their appeal to cupidity, like the "we'll teach you to make £5 a week" advertisements. I believe and still believe that you had something up your sleeve, as ought to be the case, to back all this up. And it is now time to show it. At present I can put no face on things, or feel at all dignified. Bar my house, there is nothing (visibly) solid behind the manifesto.

By insisting so, on money, from the rent of the House you are merely giving the appearance that it is your own, & its gift a sham & one risking its loss. I said as little as I could about that visit to your solicitors. You assured me in 1915 when I protested about that mean business of the studio & of your having tried to "do me in" that you were much hurt, that you were straight & that all would be put right when your mother died. I know nothing but it is a fair inference, at least, that you have had hundreds in anticipation, whilst trying to make me believe you were living on old boots. By not being straight, you have let me waste a lot of money in attempting to pay debts which I had no idea till this year ran into five figures, or I'd have seen the uselessness of it. All has been based on the story you told me about Cremers. I believed you were suffering from ~~innocent~~ (word illeg.) misfortune, & would recover yourself long before this time, though I couldn't understand why no attempt was made to make her disgorge. I accepted your version without question, but a very different side of the story came out when I was in London in June. It makes me wonder what was in your mind when you came here & ate salt with me in May 1914. To do you justice you have had a lot more from me than you ever asked for, but if you boast of having made a 'cuckoo' of the "soft old fellow" what does it amount to? You got hold of a man of the type who won't take something and give nothing. The Knowledge (such as I've got) seemed worth paying for, even at the price I've paid; I realised the importance of your mission & ~~what~~ what a difficult task it was, & have helped you to the limit of my ability. If I am a fool, well, its better to be a generous fool than a me an cuss. The Law is good. Do what you will, & I see nothing in that to justify the idea that the noblest type of man is the mean cuss. If I'm a cuckoo, well I can retort that you are in the position of having taken money for what you assert you gave without knowledge & price. It's a matter of indifference to me what you've done with the price. There's been nothing visible from it in the way of the Work, however.

Your stories of distress, not sleeping in a bed, & so on, have made me feel compassion lately, but compassion that you should still think (after the Dennes Lamb) visit) that you are gilling (we.) a gaby. No, you were I am sure that original Beast of a boy who cried "Wolf!" too often. If a letter comes along to say you are fatally dead, I now only smile and say, "good dodge to get bogus



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Cowie to A.C. cont.

funeral X's out of me" - It isn't any good, now, and a straight man can't be driven by crooked methods let alone ye canna take the breeks aff a Hieandman - You try to, nevertheless. I don't lie awake o' nights and weep because I've lost money. The material loss I can dismiss with a contemptuous cuss, but it's a different matter that you are robbing me of my own chance of attainment. It is useless to try to keep my mind calmly on the One Object when every week or other comes a letter to cut my mind into fiddle strings with sordid worry. I was like putty in your hands so long as I believed in your good faith in material matters as well as in the Knowledge. But you've lost your power over my impressionable & over-confiding nature. It's plain you are trying to break my will. It's the greatest sin you say, to interfere with the Will of another, is this humbug, too?

Come on! be a sporting Beast, not the kind of animal who gets out of pits by inviting some ~~666er~~ confiding creature to come in & taste the waters of Liberty how good they are! and climbs out over his shoulders. I'm writing a new Aesop revised according to the new ethics. There's that silly story of Androcles for instance. The real facts were that that fool of an Androcles tried to extract a thorn from the Beast's paws, and the animal sobbed "Brother!". But when they met again in the circus at Ephesus, it was not paws but claws that day and it was The Crowning Joy of the Beast's life to go for Andrew Cockles like one o'clock and gobble the supremely silly critter up. Moral .....?

Well, I know that things are not always what they seem, that an apparent ~~will~~ is often real good (this war, e.g.). What I state is how things seem at present, and try to get you to drop useless humbug. It was stupid to gull a man who didn't need to be gulled into helping you. Don't break your helpers, you haven't over many. Unless you're straight, you'll find it an easier job to extract the Greek Qabalah from J.M. than certain things from me. Clear? You should note that it means instant dismissal for me, after what has happened, if I help in any matter of publishing. This is like writing you to come on and try to break me, but lo! I am smooth and hard as flint (thanks to yourself) the Horror will get no hold, and I was looking forward to some things.

I don't believe you read my screeds, no matter, I've got this off my flinty chest, and must now conclude these recriminations. Keep in mind that Love is the law, love under will.

Ever fraternally

(signed) George M. Cowie

14 Glenisla Gardens  
Edinburgh

7

Cowie to A.C. cont.

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Ever fraternally

(signed) George M. Cowie

14 Glenisla Gardens  
Edinburgh



~~Letter from one (Cowie.c.) who followed in the footsteps of the~~  
~~'Master'!~~ 8

Jan 1915.

Care Frater

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

Same here. Yours re debenture. Most emphatically NO. Everything has limits, and if you want me ever willingly to lift a finger for yourself personally again & unless you want me to believe that friendship & sacrifice (of more than money) are merely things to be made fun of, you will send the apology that ought naturally to accompany such a letter.

I can only put the charitable conclusion on it that you thought it would be a good way to get money without exposing me to the certain disaster that would follow sending any. But its too ridiculous to have done this on the exact date you thought the other dog would be trotting along with a nice juicy bone, and you wanted to have a bust with it. That is what it amounts to. In a week Aesop has ceased to be my Vade Mecum. His imagination pales before yours.

This is not a Lodge or other matter, its between man and man. That security which fortunately I could not seal when I tried to, 2 or 3 years ago, now seems my last plank in deep waters and you calmly try to annex it. Not sleeping in a bed seems to come rather expensive! Take to regular habits again. Now with all the good will in the world I could not go to the attorney (there is only one channel) with this story. And if I did, I'd certainly not be helped to gull myself further - no, its impossible. There are private and family matters of my own which are a fresh drain on my already reduced income as I've told you and am driven to rub into you, which deprives me of the right to fool away any more capital, when I am well aware you are under no real necessity for it. The time has come whether I will or no, to make a firm stand, and over and above that I'm not going to bring trouble and worse on all the Bb. here, and every one connected with me merely to gratify your appetite for what you DESPISE.

Its manifest that you are not doing your own duty, you are enjoined not to worry about money, and to do things with business way. There's been no sign to speak of, of business way and simply disgusting worry about money.

I am a B.S. I suppose? (Same to you and many of them!) But all the shock and disappointment & horror of the last years have been perhaps worth while if they happen to have awakened at last my own Will & that is not to be a mean cuss. (Send on the meningitis).

It was a poor and dastardly revenge to make me fall on my back on a snow covered slide and injure my .... (word illeg.c.)  
As I've lost faith in yours, I had better label the accusation as JOKE. This is my revenge. Its an extra cold January and for the first time this house has suffered from burst water pipes.

Its a bad impasse about the books, I had a legal opinion, and was told they'd certainly never been allowed to leave the country, what with the many declarations &c to be filled up!

By the way, send me, please your authorised rendering into French of the two formulae "Do &c"

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally

Geo. M. Cowie.

cont. as Ps.



Cowie to Crowley. PS. to previous letter

It is well for me that I am far enough on to be untroubled by doubts as to the genuineness of the basis of the Knowledge of the Order, or as to your eventual success. But your present line is so calculated to retard and wreck things, as indeed you have partially done, that it has even come into my head as conceivable that you may have taken on the O.T.O. in order to bust it up from within as in the case of the G.D. If things are to go in a serious and "business" way there must be a Grand Council of some sort of the higher members in order to protect things. Your letter to me, if produced would rouse awkward questions as to your rights, as affecting the general interest. Windram, for instance, is no soft mark & would not stand this sort of thing. When he wrote last he complained bitterly of the absence of anything like business organization. It's not for me to reproach you, as, if anything, I possess even less business faculty. I may do very well when there's really no money and no figuring required. But when success comes (it doesn't seem in the hurry you've so often predicted) and there really are figures to be dealt with, then I do a bunk towards a G.M.R. in the wilds of Kamchatka or anywhere --- Mind that!

By the way, I've picked up "by accident" a wrinkle or two. In the absence of ~~instructions~~ instruments its convenient to be able to construct at a pinch, and instantly a regular hexagon, pentagon, &c. There are methods by which this can be done I find, with faultless accuracy by simple folds in a piece of paper. Do you know the method? I assume so, but can send details. I was familiar with the evolution of the cube from the Latin cross, but did not know that a Greek cross can be divided into 4 pieces and rearranged as a square. The cuts, curiously, form a swastika. There are other points which taken altogether suggest a Paper of Qabalistic importance. It's no new reflection, of course, that geometry reveals the existence of laws, which even in the absence of matter and a Universe are as self existent and immutable as the Self-Existent-One. Immutable as the law that if you systematically live by lies, the victim at last takes everything you say as the contrary, and even if you merely send the information that you are not made of we will not pursue the subject, but I score One.

I have also discovered that to my kind of mind there's no better subject of concentration than the abstract point produced by the intersection of say two imaginary arcs of circles. The other factor required is an Immutable Will. It has been a temptation of late, to chuck everything in despair, and forego the result of the long labours of years. But fortunately the impulse to med: is so strong as to be independent of volition, and is indeed a torture when time and peace are lacking. Do what you will is all very well, but I neglected to develop a WILL, & I'm doing that now (as you may have noticed!)



Eustace Miles to Geo.M Cowie.

Oct. 31st 1916

Dear Mr. Cowie,

Thanks ever so much for the great trouble you are taking, and for the papers, which I will read most carefully. It is very kind indeed of you.

I am glad to hear with regard to the ceremonies and the words.

We will meet in January and talk things over.

I look forward to this meeting very much indeed.

I will ask questions then, and, if I may, by letter before then.

I see a good deal of the meaning of the L.L. After your letter, which reached me this morning, I should like, with your permission, to keep the L.L. book a little longer. I will send it, registered, to you in a few days.

It is really delightful to have a book so beautifully printed & got up, as, indeed, all such books should be.

Later in the week I will read all the papers again, and all your interesting letters.

Certainly send me 50 copies, and I will distribute them by degrees wisely.

I quite agree with regard to the sexual matter, and it is true. I have just written about the importance of fixing the attention on the divine energy rather than on any misuse of it.

Now, with regard to pity, for a long time I have felt exactly as the L.L. advises or orders.

I have felt that pity as distinct from help was a mistake. Professor Elmer Gates, of Washington, supplies one reason - namely, that pity is one of the feelings that poisons the system literally with a chemical poison, as he has proved, and wastes its energy, & depresses the system altogether. I am writing a book on "Respectable Sins", and the wrong kind of pity and sympathy is among them. He who pities takes on the trouble of the other person, and to do this is only justifiable where one can destroy the trouble by taking it on, as some people can. They are, however, so few that they can be left out of the general question altogether. Pity is unnecessary when actual help can be given.

Akin to this is the word mistranslated "Comforter", an English word which, in early times, of course, meant Strengthenener. Strengthening makes comfort unnecessary. Comforting does not include strength; it is rather telling a person to submit to something unpleasant than telling him to be up and doing something useful. I believe the Greek word meant something stronger than strengthener - namely, Inspirer, and alluded to the power that urged men on. Demosthenes used the word when he tried to urge on the Athenians to rise up and fight against Philip.

The great point is that, just as help makes pity unnecessary, & so inspiration and urging makes comfort unnecessary.

All kind wishes from/ Yours very sincerely/ Eustace Miles.

(Note: Special efforts were made to interest E.M. in C. but E.M. was warned. See other matter overleaf. "L.L." referred to is one of A.C.'s books.)



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Cowie-Miles. cont.

Note. (in the hand of Cowie)

Previous to the last letter, a short note came (I have mislaid it) saying that he had decided he must not take up anything new till he'd got through with something else in 6 months time. "Do &c" says I. Also, he was returning my copy of L.L. I lent him, seemed a bit frightened. Meanwhile a letter crossed, which I wrote on Sunday, giving him the interpretation, so to say, of some points.

This has evidently made him reconsider.

I like his letters. He has plenty of sense. I wonder if you wouldn't like to write him personally. He'd take it as a compliment. It's simple to say that one of your lieutenants sent on his letters, and you were struck by the superlative superlativeness &c. He'd be a valuable recruit.

~~(Above: private note from Cowie to A.C. re E.M. cooling off.)~~

(note: fragemt of letter from Miles *to Cowie*.)

As an example, two of the people who have swindled me are quite high up in ordinary masonry; they ought never to have been admitted into it at all. I trusted them partly because they were masons.

By the way, one of them was one of the most unscrupulous hounds that I ever met, though an extremely clever man: and it was in his rooms that I first saw a copy of "The Equinox"!

I wonder if you would let me know which would be the best volume of "The Equinox" to start with, and whom I could pay for it?

That is very interesting about stainless silence, and the different periods.

I quite agree with what you say about Max Heindel. His work is useful as regards the evolution of the different ages, and of the World, but there is very little that is practical in his book. The main contribution of Steiner seems to be that we must keep our conscious mind awake all the time. I have seen so many instances of people who have let themselves go to powers that they do not understand; if they are good powers it is all right; if they are bad powers, it is all wrong! And I have seen many others fail because they have put curiosity first. I have one example of a person who began without any idea of money-making, and simply with the idea of helping, and she did splendidly for a time; then came the idea of money-making, and I think she went mad.

With every kind thought once again,/I am,/ Yours very sincerely/  
Eustace Miles.



Miles-Cowie cont.

22, Ridgmount Gardens,  
Gower Street, W.C.  
Oct. 24th 1916

Dear Mr. Cowie,

I have been thinking over your kind letter and the papers very carefully; and I thought I would explain, so as to make things clear, that I object very much to having to learn words. I don't mind mastering ideas, and I don't mind doing things that help people in my own little way; but I have to refuse to master the wordings of ceremonies; and I cannot give up much time to ceremonies. The only way in which I could join the movement would be to qualify by service - such as my services.

The more I read of your principles, the more I like them. They start with a perfectly sound foundation; they are not revolutionary in a violent sense; and they cannot hurt anyone.

Yours very sincerely/E. Miles.

(by G.M.Cowie to A.C's O.T.O. Lodge in London 1916)

Right Trust and Well-beloved Brethren.

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

In the name of our Grand Master, I greet you, in the name of the Prophet of the Lovely Star, I salute you, in the Holy Names I give you joy.

By the lips, not I say, of the least of you, but the youngest of you, these these --

First, wit ye well, Brethren mine, that yet another of the prophecies of in our Holy Book has been accomplished, and that in marvellous wise. For not he whose hand wrote the Book could conceivably have foreseen the manner of the accomplishment; and that accomplishment is proof yet again of the foreknowledge absolute foreknowledge on the part of the Great Angel who dictated the Book. The matter concerneth us not closely as yet, -- the fact is but sent to be placed amongst our Archives, and I know not if I am expected to tell you the details or not. All in due time, however.

Since the day we opened this Lodge last year and I touched lightly on the fact that we were suffering for the sake of that (sic) the generations to follow us may be free and happy, living in a cleaner light, more than one of us has passed through sorrow and pain. The Master himself still is hidden in a mask of sorrow. But ye remember that all the sorrows are but shadows, they pass and are done, but there is that which remains.

Heavy indeed is the shadow on the world around us. 'Tis but that the Sun may shile the brighter on it, hereafter, these are the days when the star called Wormwood has fallen to Earth and men are afflicted. Yet it is but a necessary cleansing of the Earth from the evils of the aeon that has fled.

Note that within a year of the open publication of the Book of the Law, the world-ear flamed forth. The Lord of the Aeon had indeed taken his seat on the Throne of the East. He has come with a sharp sword to slay, not so much men, as the deadly evil that has been in them, and his kisses shall yet be warm on our lips.

One of the characteristics of the Saxon mind has always been, I suppose that it seemeth it a monstrous and horrible thing that other minds should differ from it in its religious beliefs. Words no doubt failed & failed the worshipper of Woden when such a scandal arose as that one should forsake Woden for Jesus Christ. The fact that the Anglo-Saxon of to-day holds several hundred varying interpretations of the word of Jesus Christ has not altered that characteristic.

And we shall seem to him a doubtful set of people in that we use the Egyptian names of these external and immutable principles we call gods. The Gnostics knew what they meant by the name of Jesus Christ, the Very Son of Very God, indeed and in truth; the average Christian has no glimmering of it.

The eternal Principles always are, always have been. In the Beginning the Word was God and God was the Word and still is. Nuit has ever been, and Hadit at the heart of Her, but now one God reigns and another rests



and Ra Hoor Khuit is Lord of the present Aeon.

And to the average Anglo-Saxon mind, it will seem a terrible scandal that we are offering him a cleaner system of merita morals, a loftier ideal of ethics, a reasonable and perfectly understandable religion, the core and pith of all religion—a religion fit for a Man—yes, fit for the Princes of Earth.

Let life that is lost in the dullard dreams of the senses go!  
Life by the soul fair-coloured, thy valiant trumpets blow.

For this crime! we shall suffer, no doubt, it is ever the fate of pioneers, but the suffering is but small, and the reward great.

Yet see with what majesty the enduring Anglo-Saxon fights. "Early doors for the Hippodrome!" shout our men as they leap from the trenches; not a very exalted battle cry perhaps, but history has shewn no finer.

Now, to my children who have sent me so many messages of trust and affection, I love not to see any shadow on you. It is indeed my human weakness that I would protect you, perchance at the cost of greater things from apparent evil. But there is one shadow over you which comforts me, for it is like the shade and protection of a great rock in a weary land. You are under the Shadow of the Wings.

I, who speak these words am nothing. & I am most selfish, timorous, and idle, Yet I am under the Shadow of the Wings". And again, all of us are under, ~~not~~ the shadow, but the luminous radiance of the Body of Nuit, her soft feet hurting not the little flowers.

How simple it is to escape from sorrow. It is but the getting away from self. We are like a prisoner who seeing himself as in a cell of stone, makes no effort to break out, not knowing that the seeming stones are but painted paper. He has but to push a finger through, and he is free. But, to our complex minds, the piercing of the paper is no easy matter, as we know. We know that the cell is but illusion, that there is no real I to suffer, but the illusion persists, therefore we suffer.

Well, short of this, here are some words belonging however to the past aeon, that as it chanced, helped me at a trying time, "We accept evils".—that is the hero's and the wise man's motto. That is, we accept apparent evil, as really a form of good, an expression of the love of the gods. If we knew what they were doing, and what we gain by it, we should love the sorrow and the pain.

The Master has penetrated ~~the~~ to the secret of Sorrow. One day, we too shall understand. Meanwhile for us the thing to do, is to keep on loving and trusting.

Enough about Sorrow. Let our motto be "Respite Finem"—Regard the End. You have placed yourselves amongst the Chosen Ones and shall share the unutterable joy hereafter.

You are of those who have read The Book, and have not passed into the desolate land of Barren Words. You shall have help to bear the cup of gladness to the weary folk of this old grey land, and redeem it from the shadow of the Sorrowful Face. Our law, is it not joy?

You have the Book, and the Law of Thelema, it would be impertinence to comment further.

We here, are but a small and feeble folk as yet, but we have helped in the laying of the foundations for our own country's share in the realisation of the great and splendid ideal of Universal Brotherhood, soon to be no more longer a dream. We have made a small Utopia of our own, have we not? Nay, a miniature Abbey of Thelema. It was not a bad rule, that of that imagined Abbey, for if one likes doing a thing, it is pretty sure to be a good thing. But our Law goes deeper, do what you have willed to do, knowing it to be right and good, and let no man make you afraid. I know the harmony that prevails amongst you, keep on standing by and supporting each other, as good Masons, indeed, ever do. And, in words that I quote rather for our pleasure in the beauty of them, than what they are specially meant for us - Let us be "gathered together in a glowing heart, as Ra that gathereth his clouds about him at eventide into a molten sea of joy, and the snake that is the crown of Ra bindeth them about with the golden girdle of the death kisses."

Behold how poor a robe, this of mine would be, but for the purple patches from the Books of Thelema!

'Tis an offence against the golden law that one should put on airs of holiness, or be a prig. I bethink me Brothers, that likewise it is an offence to be a bore. Therefore let this suffice; I have delivered unto you some few words, and we have exchanged the tokens, as it were. I have given you the greetings in the name of our absent Rex Supremus as he would wish me to do. To him we owe all.

The Benediction of the Most High be upon you, the Shadow of the Wings may it guard you, Glory and Honour to Nuit, to Hadit, to Ra Hoor Khuit - Blessing and honour and worship to the Prophet of the Lovely Star, mystic, foursquare, wonderful.

Love is the law, love under will.

AUM.

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(From an original draft in the possession of G.J.Yorke)

Cowie to Francis Bennet

21 March 1916.

To the very Illustrious Sir Knight Francis Bennet VLI Degree.

Very Illustrious Sir Knight

Do as (sic) thou wilt. shall be the whole of the Law.

(This formula should be made use of in all letters to any one whatever).

The Grand Master is at present in America. Letters addressed to London pass through my hands and I opened yours of the 27th Jan. received Mar 21. I have now sent it on to him.

I think it well to let you know of the receipt thereof, and as it will interest you and will save time I enclose a copy of the Manifesto of the New Law. Instructions as to this, had, I think, better reach you through Sir James Windram.

I am writing to him this week, & shall mention that I have sent you a copy & shall ~~tell~~ ask him to communicate further instructions.

~~'Pastoral'~~

I also enclose a copy of a ~~'pateral'~~ letter which I am sending out to all Bb in this country - This is for Bb only, to inform them of the welfare of the G. M.. The printed 'Message' is for every one.

Saluting you, I am, in the Bonds of the Order, fraternally yours

George M Cowie VII<sup>b</sup>

G(rand) T(reasurer) G(eneral)

O = O A..A..

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Draft of original  
Cowle to Francis Bennet (Original-in possession of G.J.Yorke)

21 March 1916

To the very illustrious S<sup>rs</sup> K<sup>rs</sup>

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O = O V V V V  
C (Laud) J (Lauder) C (Lauder)

Dear Mr Cowle,

With reference to the notice of the object of the meeting...

...the object of the meeting is to discuss the question of the...  
to which it is the object of the meeting to discuss the question of the...  
I also understand that the object of the meeting is to discuss the question of the...

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17

Cowie to A.C. From an original draft in pencil in possession of  
G.J.Yorke

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Wed 27. (? 1916)

Re draft lease of Boleskine-Dennes referred me to Williamson & Watt to prepare it in Scottish form.

I was hampered by the fact that the final instructions were made by you, & I never heard the result as to e.g. the proposal to let us have the use of Boleskine occasionally, in the tenants absence.

To guide me as to terms I had Dr M Leslie's letter of offer, & a letter from Mrs Brookes lawyers asking the draft lease to be prepared. It seemed from that that you had agreed to make certain repairs to the house, & it being impossible to refer to you for precise details, I have therefor agreed that we repair the ceilings & inside, after an estimate being prepared - the rest seems all right, tenant bound to keep the place in habitable order & so on, rent £150, lease 5 years.

I have been expecting every day this & last week to hear from Dennes, but up to this morning nothing has come to hand, and I must write as I cannot help feeling anxious to get the whole thing signed & sealed & off my mind.

I had the draft prepared many days ago & sent by W.W. & Co to Dennes. Previously I sent it to Mother (Leila Waddel.T) to look over, in case she knew the details or saw anything to take exception to, as I think it all right, & that you may be easy about it.

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I never wrote you such a screed before! or such a collection of stray sheets. Its not only that there are things of importance to inform you about, but I'm also taking the chance of having been able to write at leisure, to air my views on certain points, - & probably get steam-rolled for them.

I may as well go on, & make another point or two clear. I daresay you understand well enough that I am not hampered by any doubts as to the reality of your Knowledge or the importance of the future, or of your Mission. With regard to Liber, egis, the simple & obvious commonsense, alone of the new Law would have convinced me had I needed it. It will one day abolish half or more of the misery of the world. The adjurations to you to become a Hun I dont know (presumably a page is missing her.T) wouldnt

The apostles of the Latest Law of Do-as-you-would-like-to-be-done-by are not achieving any splendid success, so far, though one is always apprehensive that by some filthy trick they will get the upper hand for a while. A people who have said goodbye to Honour, Chivalry, & Art, whose fighting creed is to hit below the belt preferably, are quite outside of Thelema & I dont believe you if you tell me they are not.

Itsnot that - am horrified at mere War, or moved at the spectacle of od death by battalions, its the baseness, the meanness, the low motives that prevent sympathy for any of the better qualities of the Huns. They know how to fight and how to die, but so do our own men, & better, & there's no foul fighting with them.

Certain passages in Liber Legis are hard, but as I understand them they they are in no wise are intended to glorify mere bullying or rapacity. The evident purpose is to produce a fitter & more virile race by the merciless mercy of stamping out the unfit to live. We have come to the pass where that everything possible is done to keep alive the most unfit, & nothing to improve conditions for the fit. I cannot walk down the Bridges without seeing scores of poor wretches whom it would be kindness & mercy to send painlessly out of existence.

Take my own case, I agree that it would have been the kinder thing to have let me die after the disease had done its work. Life had been good on the whole, & the latter part of it worth having lived for, but that does not follow in every case. Alas one cannot help feeling that it would be nothing to weep for if most parts of London were & our big cities were levelled to the ground never to rise again under such inhuman conditions. But dear God don't let the dogs of Russians be the ministers of this - a few good honest cut-throats of Montenegrins would be preferable.

One comfort is that whatever happens we have put up a good (& fair) fight to begin with, & even the Government has for the most part shown good sense and there has been less (or no) muddling through.

The disquieting thing is the apathy shown about ending the war swiftly by every man rising as one - there's a pitiful spectacle at Parkside, a big room of young fellows (a few of whom have been trained) content to sit docketting tickets, when they might at least be living a manly out-of-door life, & no concern about bread. All is not well with a nation like that.

(Here the draft ends. T)

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A Louis 60 ?

When we first opened in Sept: at 93, S.L. wisely called the attention of the authorities to our rooms, and they duly sent an inspector, who happened to be himself a Mason and who saw that all was on the level and the square. I am informed that the military authorities sent again, yesterday to inquire if a certain literary gent. was the Head Priest of the Order, as his literary efforts were not appreciated in this country

? to A.C.  
21 Apr 1917

M..M..M..  
93 Regent Street. W.1

Most Holy and Reverend Father

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

Ever grateful thanks for loving enquiries. Yes I think now the turn has come in Wills condition (? the writer's husband G.J.Y.) of Health & he is back again in his place in L(odge). Something which dear Sir G (Cowie, G.J.Y.) did has evidently silenced the opposittonopposers & we go on uninterrupted again & in exceeding joy and Holiness. We have become a veritable Utopia, a family seeking to aid each other by the "Glad New Law" given through you. "Ever blessed be Thy Name". I expect you will have heard all concerning our labours etc. One day my secratary (?) will send you through Father George (Cowie) full details of the first year's work not concluded till June. We have in addition to contributing £10 to Father G paid all bills, purchased many necessaries and have fair balance in hand for ensuing Year.

To say we are progressing all-round will sound quite modest when you see what we have done, few weeks indeed that we have not met either for working or for Instruction or rehearsal independent of Lodges of Instruction or rehearsal we have held 25 Lodges. The Summons to L(odge) are sent out regularly by W A.C.H. as per enclosed. The V(ernal) Eq(uinox) was a great suprise, we celebrated it as soon as possible after the hours. Then the visit of a fortnights duration of Father G (Cowie) a S.G.I.F (?) and D.G. Master was a great time. We received him this time as he should be recelbed, his address on his reception was a great illumination and the tenderness of his Love exoressed in it for all Bb delighted & Benediction in your name full of Majesty- & ? too soon came the end of his visit- & his Ave Aqua (sic) Vala (sic), made each of us weep. We had arranged the Throne so that he sat in your Chair & I as W.M. lower so that from him & sloping on to myself & thence to the Altar with Banner & swords & the Temple brilliantly lighted, the night was grand, he left under Arch of steel, of course the lack of space is now Beg(inning) to limit us, but I've strong hopes a sis(ter) will with me take a house detached from anything like offices soon - Most likely the same sis(ter) who has made Father G (Cowie) happy about the Holy House. Its pathetic to see him of late struggling with first one difficulty & then another & then yet even with his physical tribulation (He was stone deaf, G.J.Y.) he is wonderful he is so badly off for cash, now ( ? None) I think, so he is proud that we are able as a L(odge) to contribute. I wish all the Branches (?) would do likewise.

During his visit we had 3 Initiations & an affiliation of a Master from Rugby - we now have only 21 Degree all the others are raised, as a L(odge) we number 21 (9 M & 11 F) with 3 waiting Initiation, and the room is quite full its only 18. by 16 with a very small ante-room, for office, but of course I allow the use of both my rooms below for unrobing &c) & to use as a sort of open Lodge - but for this I dont know how we could have had such happy times. We never take out for banquet but in turn the sisters provide sandwiches & coffee. I've also stored all the moulds of Eq(uinox) in my place for you. I should think over a ton of it from Ballantynes etc. When they gave up business, "Althea" goes faithfully to Uncles & is a very good girl.



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There is one Sister who is splendid at Reciting & is a born Magician you saw her once when you were ill, I brought her out; These are very hungry Children, they care for food & it takes me all my time (of course I do 'nowt' without Father Georges (Cowie) consent) to give them meat (?) to sustain. It has put me on metals such as never before; but I love them and the work & Thee. The officers are good, & if ever prevented any one of the III degree are able now to take their place.

Whilst Father G (Cowie) was with us, we performed only in recitation the Mystery Ship, & read & studied the 8th Aether (sic), & several have begun serious work, but there is so much to do etc. I could spend all my time in it but that may yet come, if you so bless me my Father. Thus occupied has been a privilege & has saved from depression during these dark days. You will be glad with me our dear boy is back in S.A. safe & well & has distinguished himself, been specially mentioned in dispatches by Gen Smuts, I long to see him, & for this am glad there is now signs of Will living to once more embrace "the child of his bowels".

Speaking of S.A. reminds me, we hear now and again from Bro: Braidwood whom we had made welcome whilst in England & also we hear from Bro S(tansfield) J(ones) I ought to say His Excellency & I sometimes get feelings or visions of him here, & once in a vision & voice I heard myself saying "Come Bro & my home shall be yours. Come & help us". Is there anything in this? We never meet but I hear you and see you & realise your blessing. How is dear M(other) O(f) H(eaven) (Leila Waddell, G.J.Y.). Couldnt she write a line to us. How you will smile at some of the essays on "The Law of L(iberty)". Others are good. We go in for studies in Hebrew, Astrology, Egyptology, & our own work as earnestly (?) as any children ever did, M.H.M.S. I am feeling now I need a little more knowledge, feeling as if I have digested well digested good things

(Remainder of letter is missing). Original in possession of G.J.Y.



(From originals in possession of G.J.Yorke)

Althea to G.M.Cowie

28 Sept 1916.

88 Albion Road. N.

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

Dear Mr Cowie.

I am sending you the two typed copies of the Address, but keeping the original for the time being - because Mrs Davies needs a copy of it for the Lodge. If you only want one copy, would you very kindly return the other? But if you want two, then I will type it out again, from the original, and then send the latter back to you. There is no charge for these 2 copies, because I did them myself. The copying office actually had the face to return the MS saying they had no time after all to do it - so I took it with me to my Afternoon Lair and borrowed a machine. I am seeing about the V(oice) of the S(ilence) and hope you will not be kept waiting long before it is ready. I have also been trying to arrange for a visit to the Depository to hunt out for the papers A.C. wants. Nothing could be done for a day or two however as the place was still understaffed, owing, I find, to the fact that the inside men occasionally have to do the work of the outside men as well, so they are compelled to shut up the Depository at unexpected moments. However I will see after it all right as soon as ever possible. The photos, too, I am keeping in mind. Mrs Davis has had to prepare 2 lectures this week and needed my help for that, & various other incidental things that had to be done. She is so good and fair, I feel I must not fail her when urgency arises and with only the mornings free, Mr C's little commissions will unavoidably suffer somewhat. I know you realize this, but Mr C(rowley), I am sure, anticipates results by return of post, and much as it grieves me, it cannot always be - but will you assure him that I am trying to "remove mountains" all the time, and I never forget the wicked Grandmother (or Godmother) - I remember, it's "Stepmother" - Goodbye for the time, and with all good wishes

Yours fraternally

Althea.

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Althea.

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Cowie to A.O.

20 Sept 1916.

93 Regent Street.

A Petition to His Most Sacred Majesty the Supreme and Holy King  
ruling in Iona, Ireland and all the Britains.  
Most Holy, Most Illuminated, Most Illustrious and Most Worshipful  
Father.

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

In pursuance of your instructions I opened the sealed packet  
IX degree which has been in my charge these two years and more. I  
found therein two MSS, neither of which I recognised as Book 7

I read your letter again, to make sure certain of my instructions and these being explicit, and as I had necessarily read portions here and there, I decided that I ought to read it through, tho' I could see in the outset that nothing connected with the various 'pictures' etc. It was not till I had gone to bed that it occurred to me that perhaps a document I was not entitled to see had got into the wrong envelope?

If that be so, I can only affirm, as before, on my magical honour and under the former oaths that this knowledge is as safe with me, and as inviolable as the former.

There was such a sudden and unexplained gap between this and the VII degree knowledge, and AGAPE (in Greek. T) being mentioned as a distinct book, I was very anxious to see Bro (tho' Hammond's copy, as I could not make any copy till certain if his was the same or not.

a I could not get it till yesterday, it is now in my possession, and as good method of studying it will be to write it out 3 times, I propose to make one copy here, and two others from that, after I reach home. It is a pity however that it is not the perfected one you mention. I have only seen sufficient to recognise that the secret is not on the surface, and that detached passages or even the whole would convey no real knowledge to an outsider. (AGAPE).

Of course I am now in possession of a much better understanding of the real dignity of Our Order, for nothing. I salute you, and in the Bonds of the same am fraternally yours

G.M. Cowie. VII degree.

20/22 Feb 1917 e.v.  
Care Father.

14 Glenisla Gardens. Edinburgh.

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

That business of the mortgage (on Boleskine House. T) is now settled and in a way un hoped for in the past. Same interest as before pro tem. The credit for this is due in the first place to Mary (44 Ma (? May.) 2 - Davis. T). It must be regarded as strictly a business transaction. The interest is part of her income, next to one of our sisters - Mrs Donald - who is co's. It must be regarded as a strictly business transaction. The interest is part of her income so I have impressed on the lawyers that the interest (4%) is to be a first charge on the property. As mentioned before, I had arranged with them - to simplify things in the event of accident misfortune to myself -



that they will receive the rent, pay all the charges on the property, and remit to me, only the net proceeds quarterly. This is to guard against another great grasshopper act. It's unfortunate that all the heavy charges ~~esee~~ come on just in midwinter.

The B Proestess is still wrapt in mystery. I hope the matter of her reception can be delayed till we hear of you can throw any light on the scene. The latest is that she is perhaps as it seems to me, a wooden headed puppet moved by Kennedy - who is in London I am told - that would account for her knowledge, which is rather impressed me, of certain private matters. I will know more when May (? Mary) is here. She has not too much time for writing, and only mentioned in a hurried way that there is some book out, against us, and containing all our rituals. Kennedy I believe was in possession of these. She also mentions that K. is acting along with some one she refers to as B.C. I don't recognise the initials. I will add, *infra*, if I have any further information before mail time.

Both Mary and her husband will be here on Thu. for a week. He is too much of an invalid just now to be left behind. It is difficult to exaggerate all that we, and I personally, owe to Mary (Davis. T). Without her, I could have done nothing in London, and she has made real sacrifices. Practically every new member has been brought in by her, besides, and the membership is steadily growing. H Q is perhaps growing on rather milk and watery lines, but for a start, that is all for the best, as attracting a very large class of the B(ritish) P(ublic) - by which I don't mean the Buddhist P. - It is unavoidable in these times that the feminine element should be so strong, can't be helped.

I'll be disappointed if the devotee of the great gawd Budd. turns out a myth as regards ability to help. I had had rosy visions of a D.G.S.G. who could put her hands into her breeches (this is almost literal) pockets when it was desirable, and make all serene. The vain Seeker of Free Serenity appears to be going to be disappointed again. Let's hope not.

The atmosphere to me still has an unpleasant cerulean tinge, but I hope to manage a Nairne ( ? banknote. T) next week - out of my own breeches. Anything else, even from sales, is impossible. Living expenses keep going up - and you will find it the same over there - and I can hardly get down to greater simplicity, so my surplus income is always diminishing. Nothing to do but to sit tight and hope for funerals! Though, really, I'd feel quite all right, if only assured that you were making enough to live in comfort at least, and pay a printer or two.

By bragging about my recovered health, I landed myself with another cold last week, but having taken it in time, I have shaken it off. By the way I got a letter last week from Sierra Leone, posted 16th May 1916. It had been directed to Glenside Road, Edinburgh. Another letter a week or two before, informed me that the Lodge had been duly established under S(outh) A(frica). Fortunately there was not the usual request for books or properties. I understand that the typing of V(oice) of S(ilence) is now completed and only lacking the finishing

(remainder missing).

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17 April 1917.

Care taker

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

About my last action in London was to arrange, personally, with W.H. Smith and Sons for the dispatch of the parcel of our literature to Ascona. So this is off my mind at last. Also, I saw H(ammond) and at his own house, and to better advantage than ever before. But of exactly how he stands, I have no clearer conception, nor when if ever, he will be ready for the concluding chapters. Mary (? May) says he has got mixed up with the Rosicrucian Society, and is threatening to join them. This wouldn't be good for his health, if he let anything be seen, but I am too certain of his fidelity to you, to worry about that. He has removed to a pleasanter part of London (Highbury) and seems more prosperous.

I had not time to read the Mass carefully till Sunday. I then inferred your purpose in sending it, as we have no Temple, and the whole is too exalted for our present class of Bb. I will send it across this week, with a letter, as, though you do not explicitly say it, I know what you mean; your letter was waiting my arrival home. The enclosure for Windram I have read, and am sending on. The devotee of Budd was never admitted, smelt too strong of fraud. She's in Bond Str, I'm told, with Mary D-Este - D'E(ste ?).

The book against us is + fear only one more of Mary's rosy dreams. I've heard no more of it. Sorry for you. (I have greatly to be on my guard against Mary's quite unconscious exaggerations, and check them when possible.

(remainder missing.)

(Sept 1916)

(Undated fragment, being last two pages of a letter)

Very well, tho! I'm no reincarnation of George Washington! I can't tell alie and say, yes, the McA's are gentlemen and doing quite right. NO. One dislikes them in the same way one dislikes unpleasant insects, and that's that. There isn't any real malice in me in this really. Where I've been guilty is in bad etiquette towards my own Order. Never mind, it's but another who loves you and is doing his honest best for the Order. I won't be quite comfortable now, till you've wiped the blood off my nose and given me your blessing and as brothers we fought.

To-day I went with Althea to the depository, but couldn't get at the stuff at all, for the things you wanted. She will try again, but it's missed this mail. I found she hadn't done a line of V(oice) of Silence Commentary, as although I hardly know how to pay for it, I've told her to send it to a typist at once and I'll send you your copy pretty soon.

I'm afraid Althea isn't really much use to M(ary) D(avis) who is keeping her on, more for the general benefit than her own. She's a good soul, Mary, and I'm very fond of her. Bro D is a most useful man in Lodge. I wish I were more clear as to Hammond's status, he was VI degree in the list given me. I've always addressed him as such. I've just been told he says he is VII degree, and if so should have taken his share, as such. I came because I knew of no other VII degree in London.



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By the way, you wont of course regret having let me read the IX degree. I have not had time to study it all but the effect of these MSS and the New Manifesto has been to enable me to realise in a way I could not before, the tremendous importance and dignity of the O.T.O. secrets, and to add to my own personal sense of such an ass still, as not to love Miss McCarthy.

Must stop as its nearly mail time. Forgive.

Yours in the Bonds of the Order

Fraternally

F.P.

As Brothers fight we

Love is the Law, Love under Will

(Undated scrap).

for the VII degree. His cosmos, I now see, is chiefly Ego, and I have now no compunction in unloading high-sounding tosh on him - as a blind. He may even question you about my mental condition for having taken to quoting A. W(aite)'s poetry!

As to his queries about finance, I have simply said that expenditure is not in mine, but in unchallengeable hands. Just a gentle way of telling him to mind his own business. Of course he has no idea how bad things have been really been: but as an awful example of what the VII degree implies - to scare him - I told him the interesting fact that I've come to the end of the year with 1/8 d as my bank balance and money borrowed to tide me over this week. Of course there is my salary coming due and the Moleskine cheque, so I don't need to send you a symbolical sixpence. A little scaring about money will do him good and a request for personal help from himself would do more still.

(undated fragment)

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The recent 'restriction' has been a bad set-back, and has scared those who know, but it will pass, and my last injunction was to 'carry on'.

Th(erion)'s last letter to me, has helped to explain and justify things. Unfortunately, it appears to have escaped the usual examination and copying which I know letters are subjected to, a pity, as it would help to remove the restriction. You will notice that I am beginning to use the 'word of sin' less, as I feel that we are in less less danger of being misunderstood.

But for a time, and until we are cleared, I dare not send Th(erion) any money. It would risk the Lodge altogether, we were told we should be closed down, and I cannot risk getting a lot of innocent people into serious trouble besides. It will come all right yet, and once



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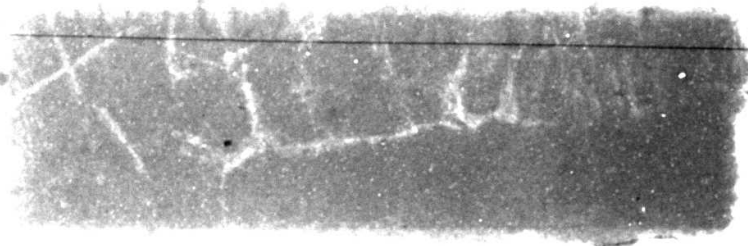
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the war is over, I feel sure that the Hodge will grow like a mushroom- especially if we had a little manure in the shape of gold. If only A.C. could capture a dollar maniac or two.

You remember I thought it right to send you a copy of a letter I had to send to B(outh/ Africa) - just by way of information for you as to details of financial govt. etc- As you may have expected, it rather raised Cain for me, and seemed to get me black looks---

(Remainder Missing.)



F Bennet to A.C. on the back of a 'Preliminary Pledge Form for his I.O.O.F. Temple of the M..M..M.. at 140 Sydney-StreetElizabeth Street, Sydney.

I have been out of the body many times recently. And once I saw you and another man and a woman, it was real no dream but a conscious experience.

I intend to make the O.T.O. (and A..A.. when I can start with it) the biggest thing in Australia. I want to start a book depot in Sydney for the sale of the Equinox etc. I shall get some people shortly who will help me to do this.

F B.

(Note. Date 1916 or 1917)  
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