

# **A Boca Do Inferno Novela Policiária**

## **Fernando Pessoa's Detective Novel**

### **Based on the Investigation Conducted into Aleister Crowley's Disappearance in Portugal in 1930**

#### **PREFACE**

This book is the exact and detailed narrative of the investigation I was instructed to conduct into Aleister Crowley's presumed suicide, and certain disappearance, in Portugal. I was in Lisbon making an inquiry into matters concerned with a commercial case, when I was suddenly commissioned to interrupt that inquiry and take up this.

I carried the case of Crowley's disappearance to what I believe to be a fully successful conclusion. No fact indeed has appeared, up to the time of writing, to either confirm or refute my conclusions. But, for the reasons which form the substance of this book, I stand to my conclusions and have no shadow of fear that any fact will, or any person can, deny them.

I have written this book, after getting, with some difficulty, the due authority to do so, because I think it will not prove an uninteresting narrative in an age very rightly given to the writing and reading of detective stories. This is a detective story which has the advantage of being taken—facts, persons and investigation—out of real life.

My book and investigation will prove to be rather like Mr. Wills Crofts' detective novels than like any other detective fiction. But that is nothing against me—for what I tell is what happened—while it is to Mr. Crofts' credit for it shows that he can write detective stories which are like what life is. He is by primary profession an engineer and so can. By choice a writer of detective stories; while I am an investigator by a somewhat less pleasant, because less voluntary, choice.

This narrative might seem at first to contain few elements of interest. Yet, if we consider the central figure—a poet, a "magician" and "mystery man" who describes himself as The

Beast 666 and is described by *John Bull* as "England's Worst Man"—, we cannot say that there is anything wrong about the nucleus of the whole case: Crowley is a thousand times more interesting than even the hectic monsters of detective fiction. Whether there is any analogy with Prof. Moriarty is a different thing.

As to the case itself, the reader may think, at the outset, that it will very likely be lacking in the usual paraphernalia of detective stories—alibis, murders, international gangs and the like. If he will only read on, he will find to his surprise (as I found to my surprise) that he is wrong. And if the investigation seems at first banal, I venture to object that it is not; it is simply minute.

I have written the book in what I may call a subjective chronological way: I have set down the present facts in the order they came to my knowledge, the theories in proportion as I formed them, the new facts in the succession I got them, the conclusions when I did reach them.

I believe I have given the reader thrills. I think I have given him logic. Apart from this, I have certainly given him a direct transcription from real life. It is on all this that I base my reason for writing this book.

Barcelona, Dec. 1930.

## VARIANTS OF THE PREFACE

Since Freeman Wills Crofts broke into detective story writing with, I will not say reality, but the sense of it at least, or the sound of its passing.

This is the minutely rendered narrative of a detective investigation made in real life. As such, it cannot present the thrills, the shifts and the quickenings which belong to fiction.

Still, it concerns an interesting man (this is not the primary point in the investigation, but it is an excuse for printing it).

I am bold enough to believe that it will prove interesting for three reasons: (1) it is the exact transcription of every detail, mental and material, of a real investigation of a real mystery; (2) if it lacks the organized thrills and shifts of fiction, it is not without its own thrills and suddennesses, and it had the additional advantage of the reality of these thrills, (3) it is an example of how a patient investigation of a matter may be made, of how a matter, however simple, may involve real complexities in abundance, and how interesting an investigation can really be if it be only livened by the spiritual token of the true investigation spirit.

I would have written this book in any case, but the fact that the central figure of it is an extremely interesting man—which I did not exactly know at the outset--, a poet of extraordinary power and distinction, with the glamour of magical faculties and of their use, and the temporal glamour of being known as "a dirty degenerate", a "monster of wickedness" and "England's Worst Man", which are not expressions which any kind of us have the honour of being greeted with, makes the book, not indeed more interesting than in itself it can be, for there is no aristocracy in mystery, but more worth telling, as such things go.

To any reader who may intend to make an investigation in real life, this book offers—I say it without hesitation—a lesson in the organization of inquiry, not written, as books on success by men who do not even succeed in writing the books, but by a man who really put the principles the book rather insinuates than gives to the sheerest practical test.

Reality and fiction are each more interesting than the other. Fiction is logical, or at least it should be; reality is.

A novel sun rises every day on an unprecedented world.

My reasons for thinking that this book may be interesting are, I believe, sufficiently clear for me to be able to claim that they have no connection with vanity.

In the first place, it is an exact and detailed record of an investigation carried out in circumstances requiring an exact conjunction of investigation and reasoning. In the second place, it was not without surprises, including a big final one, and that puts it somehow on the level of the thriller, which it naturally could not reach as mere investigation. In the third place, it concerned a most interesting man, a very remarkable man, and, in some circles at least, a very well-known man.

It is the conjunction of these three circumstances that makes me consider this book worth writing. Any of the three, by itself, would not have made the writing worth while. The exact detailed report of a detective investigation would very likely prove boring, if the matter had nothing sensational in it, and the central case concerned some nonentity. The thrill-part can be beaten by any fifth-rate writer of thrills, since he invents them, but here it derives relief from being true. The fact that a remarkable man is concerned would not make the narrative interesting, if the other two elements were missing.

I have striven to make the book absolutely right "historically", that is to say, I have narrated in exact chronological sequence, and, if I have made the narrative of my investigation begin only in the second chapter, there is no breaking of the chronological investigation in this: the facts contained in the opening chapter were known to me by reading the Portuguese papers, apart from any suspicion that I was likely to be concerned in the case.

This book is detailed and (so far as it lies in me) logical narrative of the investigation which I personally conducted into the possible suicide, and certain disappearance, of Aleister Crowley in Portugal, near Lisbon, in the place on the coast called Mouth of Hell, somewhere between the 23rd. and the 25th. September 1930.

I have been associated for more years than I like to think of with investigations of the kind that are normally spoken of as "private detective" cases. They have been far less interesting than the outstanding case of Sherlock Holmes has made it probable that they should be; I, at least, have had no share of the romantic and very little of the even mildly interesting. I certainly had never had the handling, primary or secondary, of any case to which any public interest would be likely to attach.

Indeed it was a God-given thing when I had to handle something with any interest at all.

I had been in Portugal for about four months when I received the commission to enquire into the disappearance of Aleister Crowley. The letter and cigarette-case, on which the obvious presumption of suicide was based, were found on the late afternoon of the 25th. September; I received my commission, by coded telegram, on the 29th. in the morning.

It took me a week (I pride myself that it was no more) to get to the bottom of the case; it took me a fortnight after that to identify one taxi.

This book is the complete and detailed narrative of the detective investigation I was commissioned to carry out into the disappearance of Aleister Crowley in Portugal. As will be seen in the narrative, I had been for four months in Portugal, conducting inquiries into, or rather for, a commercial case, when this urgent commission was suddenly thrust upon me.

After the several trailings, trackings, reasonings and surprises—culminating in the extraordinary final one—, I was able to carry the case to what—without having, at least having yet, the proof of reality—I consider a successful conclusion. The reader will, I hope, gauge sufficiently the difficulties of the case and understand how it would have been hopelessly muddled if I had taken at their face value the facts emerging on the first round of my investigation and had not submitted them to the most minute of minute analyses, setting aside the very obvious (and, as a matter of fact, uninteresting) solution, at which many investigators would have left the problem, as the Portuguese Police did.

This book is the narrative of the detective investigation of the disappearance of Aleister Crowley in Portugal. It has the advantage of being a detective story in real life, and, as I was the investigator, I can attest to that. It has the advantage of having as a central figure one of the most interesting men of our time—that poet, magician and mystery man who calls himself "The Beast 666" and whom others have called "England's Worst Man". And, if it seems at first a rather minute and perhaps tedious narrative, removed from the thrills and changes which fiction can make for itself, I suggest to the reader that he read on: he will find more thrills than he expects, for I found more than I did expect.

The essential ingredient of the book is continuous logic of investigation, and I pride myself upon that, for that was mine. In point of comparison.

This book is written as an example of detection in real life; it is hoped that its interest lies, both on its being real life and on its detection.

If the subject matter is not more interesting that is due to the fact that it is real, and facts will not conform so easily to the nice division of chapters and the good development of plot .

Ex.

The matter, at the outset, may seem to the reader to be of very slight importance. But, as it develops, he will see that it is not. And, if the reader wants a murder and shirks anything under that, he need not feel depressed. He will get the murder in the end—I hope with as much surprise as mine was, when I stumbled upon this sudden tragic ending of what was otherwise, and apparently, merely a complex case.

## CHAPTER 1 THE DEVIL'S PATH

The railway line, which, leaving Lisbon at one point of its Southern limit, goes due West along the north bank of the Tagus, passes the small plages of the river, suburbs and, reaching at last the marvellous sand reefs of the Sun-Coast, or Estoril, finds its terminus in Cascais, 18 miles from Lisbon and practically one with Estoril.

Cascais itself is a small town which combines the attractions of a fishing village and of an aristocratic seaside resort; the latter advantage dates from the time when King Carlos used to spend there that part of the year when the summer ripens into Autumn. Due west from Cascais, and about a mile off, right on the Atlantic Coast, is a place of rocks and beauty called the Mouth of Hell (Boca do Inferno).

The place, which lies down from the road and is reached by steps, is a sort of black circus, cut in the eaten rocks, with one small entrance from the sea. The waves dash in through that small entrance and flow into fury; the Mouth of Hell, always a marvellous place, is a particularly sublime and sinister one in days of storm. It is not recommended to any one that he go down too near the edge of that black circus. Many suicides have of course taken place there.

On the left of this peculiar structure, but high up on the level of the road, there is a thin cleft in the rocks, forming a continuous narrow crevice. This place, sinister without being picturesque, is deadly, whereas the Mouth is but very dangerous. The only difference is that the sea surges into the mouth even up to the road; and here, in the Devil's Cleft it roars past down below. There have been suicides here too, but the bodies have never been even recovered.

It was on the higher bank or side of this Devil's Cleft (also less poetically named Kill-Dogs) that a letter from Aleister Crowley, conveying the intention of suicide, was found, weighed down by a metal cigarette-case in the late afternoon of the 25th. September 1930.

The purpose of this book will be to describe in full the investigation which has been conducted into the suicide, real or apparent, and the quite certain disappearance began to be known by the finding of those two objects.

## CHAPTER 2 PREPARING THE ACTION

Chapter II. Aleister Crowley.

In the morning of the 28th. September, which was a Sunday, I was urgently called to the private residence of the person with whom I was in contact over the commercial case which I had been dealing with in Lisbon for over four months. I thought something connected with the case had just cropped up; there were two minor, but important, points which might have been cleared up. It was nothing of the kind. To my surprise I was commissioned with the greatest urgency, even to dropping for the moment everything connected with the commercial case, to investigate the case of Aleister Crowley, to find out what probability there was of its being a suicide, or whether, otherwise, it was a disappearance, and, if so, of what kind.

I was vaguely aware of the case through the references in *Diário de Notícias*, and my interest had been chiefly solicited by the fact that the case, which seemed a suicide, concerned a fellow-countryman. I was also vaguely aware of who Aleister Crowley was. My first request, on being commissioned, was naturally to be informed of who precisely Aleister Crowley was, of his personal appearance, and of as many data as were available of him during his stay in Lisbon, or in Portugal. I would thus start with some preparation.

These data were given me in what I must confess to have found unexpectedly full detail. They are as follows, and they show that my commissioners were not only fully informed as to Aleister Crowley's life and antecedents, but also of his general movements in Lisbon. They did not seem however to have been concerned more than generally in his stay in Portugal. That was why my intervention was needed, that and the mystery of his disappearance.

As I am not going to reveal who my commissioners were, I may freely ass that I found the data suspiciously complete. Though I saw at once that Crowley had not actually been "tracked" in Portugal, I did see that his stay must have been either anticipated or investigated, and his general movements were quite definitely known, in so far as such things go officially.

This information interested me and at the same time depressed me. It was interesting indeed to investigate something connected with a man who was obviously a remarkable man.



No nonentity is likely to be called "England's Worst Man" or the worst man anywhere; there is always something saving in a superlative. And a man who calls himself "The Beast 666" is certainly something out of the common, whether he be the Beast 666 or even no Beast at all.

But, at the same time, there was something in this information which was not entirely pleasant. Uncommon people are interesting, but they are also uncommon; they are likely to have motives and purposes which lie outside normal psychological presumption and are therefore not easy to foresee or reckon upon. [Note: Here appears the following sentence, cut out: *An extremely superstitious person, for example, may act in a way which can be understood only when his superstitiousness is known and the nature of it too; if we are unaware of this, we may put quite a different interpretation on an act of his.*] One of the outstanding things about Crowley was that he was, or claimed to be, a magician. I know absolutely nothing about magic; and I mean by this that I do not know whether it may exist or is only an illusion, a presumption or a hoax. Apart from this, it may exist and also be any of the three things; there may be madmen and hypocrites of the magical worlds as there are madmen and hypocrites of this vaguely visible universe. But, whatever magic may be or not be, it is quite certain that the fact that a man considers himself a magician, or acts as if he so considered himself, will bring into his actions an element which is not Jones or Robinson. In other words, he will have motives and purposes—he may even have enemies and friends—on lines altogether different from common men. In dealing with a case in which he is concerned we are therefore likely to come up against facts and semi-facts which are incommensurate with common sense or normal psychological experience. My investigation of this can, while not leading me positively to admit the intentions of the "astral", does nevertheless lead me to pursue uncommon motives, strange enmities, weird non-purposes and designs.

It was the magician that put me out a little. I neither affirm nor deny the existence of magic and of magical action. I have not tested it and therefore know nothing of it; possibly I can never test and I can therefore never know anything of it. This is not the way of the spirit, but it is the way of the scientific spirit. Yet, though I affirm and deny nothing in respect of magic, I am sure that the belief in magic will certainly influence the mind of the person who holds it, instilling into it motives, purposes, avoidances and negations which normal human action

cannot fit a reason to. It was this that troubled me. Not knowing anything of magic, even as a hypothetical science or art. I could not foresee how a belief in magic might influence a man's actions, nor whether, in the course of this case, which I now saw involved a magician, I should not run up against the dead wall of my ignorance of the magician's mind.

The very simplest data troubled me under this head. What sort of mind has the man got who described himself calmly as "The Beast 666"? I have nothing apocalyptic in my nature and have no measure for this fourth dimension of the mind.

At this stage of my investigation I came up against a very curious incident which I can make nothing of, but I can see no connection between it and the case I was investigating. One evening, Crowley went, with the porter of the hotel where he was staying, to a *maison close* kept by a Frenchwoman. The reader will probably not require the lady's name and address. When he came out Crowley asked for a card of the proprietress, or the proprietress gave him a card—I have not got the thing definite. What is definite is that he asked for more cards, and indeed, took away a considerable number of cards with the address of the place. For what purpose, I cannot imagine. But, as it was not to be presumed that he was going to stick them over himself and use them as a disguise, the fact did not concern me very much. It is strange enough, however, to be put down. Anyhow, it is indisputable.

Yet there was only one thing about this incident which makes it worth mentioning in direct connection with my narrative. It gave me the definite notion that Crowley was a person not to be considered under a normal perspective. And this did trouble me a little. It is no help to an investigation to have these sort of tricks come with it. Perhaps the matter is a minor one, or some casual explanation can cover it. I can see none, but, thing apart as it is, I cannot get it off my mind. It remains a problem, and, as such, it clings.

I came afterwards to read the two volumes of the *Confessions*, and one small book called *The Stratagem*. Crowley is something more than I had thought, though my earlier thinking did not injure my investigation. He is not only a very remarkable personality, but also a writer of signal power and distinction. It is therefore natural that he should have been called strange things by unstrange papers. If Shakespeare had been living now, he would have been called, on the score of his sonnets, a "dirty degenerate", and a lewd writer, and the statement would have been true.

The strange futility, inconsecutiveness and brokenness of his life seemed indeed to indicate a man both victim of his versatility and of the restlessness always attendant on versatility, and with an inner life far overshadowing his multiple outward activities. The perversity he was credited with is a frequent outcome of self-conflict; one part of the personality is ironic towards another. The mountain-climber sneers at the poet, the magician shrugs shoulders at the mountain-climber, the practical man is spell-stopped by the poet.

The hoaxes mentioned in the Legend are most of them singularly futile and badly-handled; if they convinced anyone, that must have been a very inattentive person.

Some infirmity of will, some vacillation of purpose seems to run like a thread through the whole life of the man. Perhaps within himself he had kept to that "true will" he preaches, the outward aspect of his life is full of purposelessness and inconsecutiveness, a mixture of futility and contradiction. A gentleman and a scholar, he seems to have spent part of his life taking seriously men who, on the bare showing of this biography, were hardly to be described as either one thing or the other. A man evidently born to be famous and hated, he had achieved a will o' the wisp celebrity, praised as a poet by such excrescences of criticism as the old *English Review*, and have never been attacked by any one worth having as at least a public enemy. There is something tedious and irritating in these transcriptions from the *Sunday Express* and *John Bull*. What are these papers in the run and substance of the world? Why should a poet, a gentleman and a scholar deserve so little of Fate as to be known as "England's Worst Man" to the unskilled labourers who are the public of *John Bull*?

In the course of Stephensen's book (and who is Stephensen?) we are constantly running up against the poet A, the great something B, the remarkable painter C, and nor A nor B nor C are either known, or, where quoted, show up for being worth knowing.

If this man were to practise a hoax, then he would be sure to mishandle it, as he patently mishandled all the very shallow hoaxes he seems to have practised in the past.

I have never been commissioned to investigate a problem which opened as inauspiciously as this. To begin with, Crowley was, and, for all I knew, that might have an important bearing on the case. Then, I could not go up to the Criminal Investigation Police and ask them for information, which they would not give, and the complications might not stop at that mere nega-

tive. Neither could I begin the case by interviewing straight out the finder of the letter and the explainer of it, because, the hypothesis of a hoax having been put, they might be concerned in it, and I did not want to open a case with the basis of a lot of lies. It may be thought that lies are better than nothing, but that is not so at the outset of a case; only when some delving has been made, some facts elicited and related, are we in a position to get information even from liars, for we are then able, at least to some extent, to gauge where the lies peep out.

Yet the statements made at the Criminal Investigation Police were obviously the whole basis of the case, such as it was. I opened my investigation by trying to obtain, (a) information as to whom Gomes and Pessoa were and how likely it was or was not that they were hoaxing the Police, together or separately, (b) an indirect reproduction—a verbal copy, so to speak—of their statements. This I would supplement by getting as much information as I could about Aleister Crowley.

(What particularly troubled me was the urgent commission I had received to investigate the case, the more so that it was given me without any guiding explanation—nothing to show why I was so commissioned, nothing to indicate what possibilities had been presumed. The case being one of suicide, real or apparent, it seemed to me that the purpose of the investigation would be to determine whether it had really taken place, and, if not, what had taken place. And no doubt the main interest lay in determining the truth and the alternate hypotheses. A disappearance had certainly taken place, or suicide could not be presumed; and a disappearance could mean anything from a hoax to murder.)

- (a) suicide
- (b) disappearance
  - (1) as a pure hoax
  - (2) as a hoax for a purpose
  - (3) as a . . .
- (c) murder

The investigation was to be considered (a) as to persons, (b) as to the statements made by those persons, (c) as to facts independent of those statement.

Now as to persons, there were two things to be done: to find out the personal appearance of all people connected with this matter, for the purpose of superficial inquiry; to find out what sort of people these were, or were considered to be, for

the purpose of, to such extent as might be possible, gauging motives and actions.

Apart from whoever might be in the shade in the initial journalistic work (supposing there were one to be considered), there were only four visible persons, as yet, in the case: (1) Miss Jaeger, (2) Crowley, (3) Gomes, (4) Pessoa. I put Miss Jaeger first because she obviously was a possibly eliminable element in the case; she looked like, at most, a moral cause in it, and she seemed to have been out of the way when the essential fact, whatsoever it might have been, took place. The others are set in logical order as being: (1) the man about whom the case was, (2) the establisher of the case, (3) the complicator of it. These are the right expressions.

Since Gomes and Pessoa were apparently well-known, or known to some extent, in the literary, journalistic and therefore café world (at least in Portugal), there was no difficulty about where to get information about their appearance and (assumed) character. There would probably be no difficulty in getting to see them; descriptions of people are apt to be extremely unelucidating since everybody who speaks is over-unprecise in describing and everybody who listens is over-imaginative in interpreting. In the case of Crowley and Miss Jaeger no direct vision was possible; I would have to trust to information. I hoped they were both so remarkable in appearance, at least in some outstanding detail, as to enable me to get some value out of visual hearsay.

I began, and, indeed, concluded this investigation with one signal disadvantage. All through it I had no very clear notion of Aleister Crowley's individuality, character and achievements. I had a vague idea he had been attacked in the press, but no definite remembrance of the precise nature of the accusations. What I do know now I have derived, I confess, from the little the Portuguese papers could form about him. Even the article in *Notícias Ilustrado*, which gives rather more information, only appeared on the 4th. October, on the very eve of the completion of my investigation—when, as a matter of fact, the important part of it was already completed.

To this readers who are fully acquainted with what the English and American press has said about Crowley this may be something of a surprise, but . . .

**(AUTHOR'S VARIANT)**  
**CHAPTER 2**  
**PREPARING THE ACTION**

When I was commissioned to take over this case, the terms on which I was so commissioned were that I should investigate "what had really taken place in respect of Aleister Crowley". This and no more. I had nothing to guide me as to what presumption underlay this question or inquiry. The problem began with the commission itself.

Considering, however, that a case of disappearance, unless it be not a case at all, the hypothesis to be considered are initially related to disappearance.

Facts, in respect of the case, could be classed under three heads, according to the degree of reservation with which they should be noted.

The first class is that of the official facts, the second that of the facts made in statement but which no one would be likely to lie about unless he were mad or a fool, the third the facts which might or might not be true, under prior examination of the probable validity of the person testifying to them.

First class does not include the statements by the International Police.

My first task was obviously to ascertain something about the man whose suicide or disappearance I was going to investigate.

I wish to explain at the outset within what terribly narrow limits I was compelled to work. I could not go to the Portuguese police; I could not go to the English Embassy or Consulate, for I was in Lisbon under a false passport of another nation. I could not avail myself of the investigation which I soon found was being carried out concomitantly with mine by some other British detective, for he was almost certainly an official one. I had to work by myself, by direct unaided contact with facts and central persons, basing myself only on my knowledge of Portuguese and on such spiritual aid as I might derive from the memory of Freeman Wills Crofts, who, in prophetic regard for one of his unknown readers, had already had at least two of his criminals arrested here in Portugal.

## CHAPTER III/IV THE CASE BEGAN / ALEISTER CROWLEY IN PORTUGAL

In the evening of the 25th. September, one of the sub-editors of the chief Portuguese illustrated newspaper, *Noticias Ilustrado*, found, in a place on the coast of Portugal, near Lisbon, called the Mouth of Hell (Boca do Inferno), an ungummed envelope containing a letter and weighed down by an empty cigarette-case with Egyptian figures. As the finder provedly goes frequently to Cascais, which is the place due West of Lisbon at the extreme limit of which the Mouth of Hell is situated, there was nothing particularly strange in the finding, the more so that anyone who goes to Cascais is frequently drawn to wandering out to the Mouth of Hell.

The letter and cigarette-case were found on the edge of a deep cleft in the rocks on the left hand side of the Mouth of Hell itself. The finder naturally thought of suicide, the more so that the place would be particularly well chosen for the purpose, no afterthought being possible once anyone has dropped himself down that place, nor indeed any recovery of the body being considered as possible, since, by the peculiar structure of the place, anyone falling down there is never washed back again. This has several times happened, and, since suicides seem to derive some anticipated pleasure from never being found again, the place is an accepted suicidal region.

The envelope was addressed to Miss Hanni L. Jaeger, with the addition, in English, "Please forward". This the finder, not knowing English, did not understand. Still less did he understand the letter, which was as follows:

He did, however, seize the one concrete point he could fasten on: the envelope and paper bore the imprint of the Hotel de l'Europe in Lisbon. He returned to Lisbon at once and called at the Hotel. He began by asking whether that lady lived there. He was told that she had been there in the company of a gentleman called Edward A. Crowley.

As a journalist, the finder had heard of Aleister Crowley and he says that he wondered whether there were any connection between him and the Edward A. Crowley who had presumably written the letter. After some investigation, he found that probably they were one and the same person; this mystified him, since he had never heard of Aleister Crowley coming to

Portugal or staying there, and he had expected he should have heard.

He considered, however, that the presumption of the identity of the writer of the letter and Aleister Crowley was enough to make the matter of journalistic importance; so he took the letter and cigarette-case to the foremost Portuguese daily, the Lisbon *Diário de Notícias* and the find was at once recorded and set up. The Press, Censors, however, held up the news item, and it did not appear till the 27th. On that day, and after the journalistic position had been taken, the finder took the cigarette-case and the letter to the Criminal Investigation Police.

Complete identification of the letter and envelope was shortly afterwards obtained from Mr. Fernando Pessoa, who seems to have been the one person who had been in frequent contact with Aleister Crowley since his arrival in Portugal. It was further brought out that Crowley had been much troubled and worried by the disappearance of Miss Jaeger, which took place on the 17th. September; the Police had been asked to find her on the 18th., but up to the 27th. there had been no results of this investigation. This naturally led to a definite presumption of suicide.

At this point, however, issues began to be conflicting. There was evidence, though not definite one, that Crowley had been twice seen in Lisbon on the 24th. At the same time, the International Police said that he had passed the frontier on the evening of the 23rd. The astrological date of the letter (and it is a known fact, whether it be put down to superstition or otherwise, that astrologers—and Crowley was one—do not misdate letters in star-symbols, whatever they may do with normal dates) seemed to indicate that it had been written after 6.36 p.m. of the 23rd., which is the exact minute when the Sun enters Libra.

It further came out that Crowley intended to go to Sintra by the 11.5 quick train on the 23rd. but there is no sign of his having been in Sintra. Neither is there any sign of his having bought a ticket for, or having taken, the Sud-Express, which leaves 25 minutes after the Sintra train; and the Sud-Express is the train which passes the frontier at the time the International Police took down Crowley's name as having passed it.

A special investigation was undertaken from the 1st. October onwards by a detective sent by a foreign agency, commission it is not known by whom. He succeeded in discovering that the man who had passed the frontier on the 23rd., with Crowley's passport, was not Crowley at all, though he had tak-



en Crowley's luggage—or, at least, the trunks themselves with him, just as he had taken his passport. This man was already known to the agency in question: he is a rather international person known to those who seem to be his intimates as Howard or Cole, or Howard Cole, though he has often entered and gone out of Portugal under a passport/passports of which bear neither of the name nor the two together. This man bought a ticket for the Sud-Express a little after 10 a.m. on the 23rd. at the agency of the Wagon Lits; he gave his own name, after some trouble, and actually gave his address as "Hotel de l'Europe" where nobody is shown to have been staying under that name, though there is no saying . . .

On the morning of the 27th. September 1930, the Lisbon *Diário de Notícias*, which is in every respect the foremost daily paper in Portugal, published in a prominent position, a news-item of which the following is an exact translation.

[This portion missing]

In conformity with the final note, the finder of the letter and cigarette-case, Senhor Augusto Ferreira Gomes, went that very day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, to the Criminal Investigation Police, before whose interim Director Dr. Alexandrino de Albuquerque, he laid his double find and made the statement in respect of it. Shortly after, Senhor Fernando Pessoa, who seems to have been (or to have thought himself) the person who saw most of Aleister Crowley in Lisbon, appeared at the Criminal Investigation Police to examine, so as to identify them or not, the letter and cigarette-case. He did identify the cigarette-case as having seen it in Crowley's hands and the handwriting, style and nature of the letter as undeniably the same man's. He then volunteered a statement, made unofficially and in conversation with the Head of the Criminal Investigation Police, as to his connection with Crowley and the possibilities arising out of the finding of the two objects at the place where they were found. In the course of this statement he casually said that he had last spoken to Crowley on the morning of the 23rd., but that he had last seen him (twice) without speaking to him on the 24th. To this Dr. Albuquerque with some surprise that the International Police record, which he had before him, gave Crowley as having passed the Spanish frontier, at Vilar Formoso, in the evening of the 23rd., meaning therefore that he had gone out either on the Media Carriage of the Oporto Express, or in the Sud-Express, of that day. Pessoa replied that, if that

was certain, then he had made a mistake and had not seen Crowley, but only some one like him, on the 24th. (He added, on a further visit to Dr. Albuquerque, on the 1st. October, that he had every reason to believe he had really seen Crowley on the 24th., because the porter of the Hotel de l'Europe, whom he had spoken to on the 25th., had informed him that Crowley had gone the day before to Estoril with a friend, and one of the places where Pessoa saw, or thought he saw, Crowley was opposite the railway station of the Estoril line, which, be it explained, is not the line on which the Oporto and the Sud-Express run. A further statement, of which he heard only later, that an employee of Cook's Agency remembered Crowley coming in on the 23rd. just before they were closing for lunch seems to dispel, indeed, the possibility of Crowley having passed the frontier on the evening of the 23rd. Closing hour for lunch at Cook's as mostly in Lisbon, is 12 p.m., and the two trains, on which Crowley could have passed the Vilar Formoso frontier leave Lisbon, respectively, at 8.25 and 11.30 a.m.). All this will be more clearly stated in Pessoa's evidence, given in full further on. For the time being, what I wish to do is to give an accurate conspectus of the main points of evidence.

On examining Crowley's letter, Pessoa put it to Dr. Albuquerque that it presented another argument, though not a very usual one, for doubting the evidence of the International Police. The letter was dated in astrological symbols: Sun in Libra. Now, Pessoa said, referring to an Ephemeris he had brought on the hypothesis that the letter was very likely dated, as generally (he said) Crowley's were, in astrological symbols, the Sun entered Libra at 6.36 p.m. on the evening of the 23rd., and no astrologer ever dates to misdate letters in symbols of the stars.

This position, though strange, is in itself a cogent one, and it really impressed Dr. Albuquerque far more than the impression, to the exactness of which Pessoa confessed he could not swear, of having seen Crowley twice on the 24th. The cumulative evidence of the hotel and Cook's assistant had not emerged yet at this stage, the first because Pessoa omitted to mention it, the second because he presumably did not yet know it.

On the 1st. October, having to ask Dr. Albuquerque's permission to reply to a telegram he had received from abroad, asking for particulars of Crowley's disappearance, Pessoa heard from the temporary Head of Criminal Investigation Police that no solution had been arrived at in the case, but that the Police would not definitely believe in suicide until the appearance of

the body positively demonstrated that. It was thus clear that Criminal Investigation Police had altogether abandoned the evidence of the International Police, that it was no longer definitely proved to them that Crowley passed the frontier on the evening of the 23rd. This is very easily explained. When the trains pass the frontier, passports are handed out in bulk and the names taken down by the International Police without (except in special cases) comparing the photo on the passport with the bearer of it. No comparison of the sort had been made in this case; there was therefore no evidence at all that Crowley, apart from his passport, had passed that frontier on that day. The Police admitted the possibility that he may not have passed the frontier at all; they also admitted the alternative possibility that he may have passed and come back in some unchecked way. To pass the frontier unchecked is so easy, it has so often been done in the case of political refugees, that nothing could be presumed on the case.

But if the issue was not clear on this point, neither was it satisfactory on the other score. The appearance of the body might have been expected, if suicide had taken place, if it were not for the fact that the cleft at Boca do Inferno, on the brink of which the letter was found, is a place which notoriously does not give back its dead. It would be easier (though it is difficult enough) for a body to come back if a man were drowned at the Boca do Inferno itself, which is to the right of the cleft, than at that terrible place. If he had committed suicide, Crowley had chosen one of the best places in the world to disappear for ever, even as a dead body.

The only part of the problem for which some solution was found was quite a side-line. On the 27th. September, the International Police record of Miss Jaeger gave her as having entered the country on the 2nd. September (which will be seen to be quite right) but there was no indication that she had left it. On that day of the 28th., however, the Harbour Police informed that that lady had left on board the *S.S. Werra*, on the 20th. September, for Bremen. The Harbour Police added that she had gone out with an American passport, and the investigation revealed that she had been at the American Consulate, from which she had obtained financial aid for her voyage. The International Police gave her as having entered with a German passport. This, in itself, does not amount to much: two passports are not a rarity, especially when one is an American one. Why the German one should have been used to enter, and the American to leave, the country, is a different thing, but it is al-

ready a sign of how, in this case, the most trivial things are confused. Anyhow, Miss Jaeger is only incidental, or appears to be, in the case. The point is what happened to Crowley; how Miss Jaeger was concerned in it would not emerge at the outset at least.

I shall give a conspectus of the case as officially known—to the public and to the police.

[end of I.C.]

I was afterwards informed, by the very people who commissioned me to investigate this case, in its issue of the 15th. October, the *Oxford Mail* had inserted the following item, which I received as an outing.

This may be nothing, but it impressed me, I admit, so fully does it conform to one of the hypothesis I had formulated. I have no opinion, one way or another, as to mediumship and its results. What I have read on the matter, which has not been very much, has always appeared to me to be prejudices on one side or the other side. But it did strike me as strange and curious that, having definitely come to the conclusion that Crowley was surrounded by enemies and had evaded their pursuit by establishing a double false clue, a medium should have sensed—I think that is the events be the right one or not. I still think it is not.

This spirit message was confirmed—independently, so it seems—by one received in Lisbon itself. I was told that at a *séance* in Lisbon, a medium suddenly received a message that “a Master” (this is a strange expression, but there is no other translation of the Portuguese “um Mestre”) had been put down a deep well near the sea. A “deep well” is not an exact representation of any place in the Mouth of Hell, and here the Portuguese medium seems to have been more at sea (or less) than the English one. The Mouth of Hell is a definite cleft, the resemblance of which to a well is not close except if narrowness is the essential point.

To begin with, I had no definite assurance that the letter was Crowley's. The fact that it had been identified, as written by him, or as his handwriting, by Pessoa, might mean one thing or another quite different thing, according to what Pessoa's role was really in all this matter.

My task was therefore:

(1) to obtain, if possible, the definite assurance that the letter was genuinely Crowley's, and that the cigarette-case was his. The latter was of less importance; so long as the letter

was his, the cigarette-case need not be; it might have been borrowed, just to weigh down the letter in a plausible way. It is true that, if it could be proved that the cigarette-case was somebody else's, that would be a definite link between Crowley and that person, or an otherwise significant fact.

(2) to obtain, as closely as possible, a notion of the character and personality of (a) Crowley himself, (b) the two persons, Gomes and Pessoa, who had hitherto been the only apparent figures in the problem, apart from Crowley himself.

(3) to obtain, as closely as possible, a notion of what they had said to Dr. Albuquerque, or of what they assuredly would be saying to their friends and acquaintances, whether that were exactly or not what they had said to the Police.

Obviously the first task was to determine (as far as possible) the psychology of the people involved in this. If, for instance, it were ascertained that Pessoa, who identified the letter as genuine, was incapable of lying on a point of the sort, where verification would not be difficult, by comparison with other letters written by Crowley—then the letter would be taken by me as genuine even without setting eyes upon it; for either Pessoa had no prior knowledge of it, and had identified it honestly and frankly, or he had, and he identified it because he knew quite well that it was genuine.

Now from the very photograph, the cigarette-case showed as one of the sort that are commonly bought at Zanzibar and other East African coast places. Considering that Pessoa was educated in South Africa, and lived there a long time, it occurred to me . . . . But it was not unlikely, too, that Crowley may have possessed such an article.

M/H—Chapter II. At this stage of logical preparation there are no facts except the substantial one of disappearance. We will get to the others in due mental time.

I used the evening of the 28th., not only because, being a Sunday, no practical investigation was possible, but also because some plan must be formed before practical investigation is begun, in getting what may be called the abstract idea of the case and of its logical possibilities.

The outstanding point was that it was not known, at least at the moment, where Crowley was or whether he was living or dead. Substantially, then, the case was one of disappearance, with the possibilities lying under such a head.

Now, from the abstract logical standpoint, disappearance may mean one of three things: (1) disappearance pure and simple, (2) suicide, (3) murder. Let the reader not concern

himself with what has been said in the preceding chapter; let him do as I did, and as should be done, and take the case right from the logical beginning. Those are, under logic, the three hypothesis under the primary fact of disappearance.

Of the three hypothesis, the first is logically divisible. Disappearance may mean three things: It may mean (a) what I may call involuntary disappearance; I may go out innocently into the country, without telling anybody, and I may be missed and considered "missing", without any intention on my part of hiding or disappearing, or any intention on others' part of making anything out of my disappearance. It may mean (b) a purposed disappearance with no more than a superficial intention behind it: a man may disappear just to be quiet or alone, or a man may disappear to establish a mystery and create publicity about himself. It may mean (c) a disappearance with a definite and deep motive, such as flight from justice, hiding from enemies, or seclusion for some ulterior reason of the same general nature.

These, then, were the possibilities, of every sort, which the case contained.

Now as to the facts. Assuming that the outline given in the papers was not inexact—it was not likely to be very much so at least in *Diário de Notícias*, which connected with the matter from the inside—, the facts, properly such, were these: (1) Gomes had told the Police he had found (that need not mean that he did find) a letter and a cigarette-case, which he handed in, in the early evening of the 25th. September, in the place which has already been mentioned; (2) it was his intention to take the find (double find) to the Police, for that is expressively stated in the first news-item. (3) Pessoa went spontaneously to the Police to make statements and identify the find (he certainly did go spontaneously because he appeared just after Gomes, and so could not have been summoned there), (4) Pessoa identified the letter as certainly written by Crowley and the cigarette-case as Crowley (this need not mean that they actually were or that he actually thought they were).

I gave the late evening of the 28th. to a cafe investigation, among acquaintances of acquaintances, about Gomes and Pessoa. Information about Gomes was easily got, for he is a regular cafe elemental. I also saw him, in highly Southern physical illustration of the words I did not hear him say. So I got the notion of his appearance and the opinion on him at one stroke of the combined senses.

Augusto Ferreira Gomes is about 40 years old (he is really 38), is a short and thin man with dark hair intensely meaning to get grey, sallow in complexion, with a marked stoop, animated in expression and gesture and decidedly pleasant and human in his ways. This my careful eyes elicited as they photographed him slowly. I also noticed, when he went away, his highly favourable characteristic of not wearing a hat. The heart of the identifier is warm at these highly visible eccentricities.

In the opinion of those who knew him, or said they did, he is a fairly clever man, given to joke about everything, competent in his way as a journalist, and unimportant.

Fernando Pessoa had, it appears, uncaféed himself years ago. He was less directly known among the talking fauna. Opinion about him was unanimous in considering him as extremely clever, but opinions ranged from granting him extreme cleverness to considering him a great genius. Everybody knew he had been educated in England (he was really educated in South Africa) and that he spoke English as he did Portuguese.

Though generally liked, his aloofness, his indifference to popularity, put a certain brake on the likeability he seemed to have.

I completed my investigation that night by going to the one man I knew in Lisbon who might help me out over Crowley. He did help. He did not know Crowley, had never seen him and. . .

It was very easy to get the information because everybody was, or had been, talking about the matter, and the persons concerned in it had been abundantly discussed.

He, apart from being aloof, is a shy and retiring person, living, according to some authority my direct informer cited, practically like a hermit. As this did not seem to me quite compatible with a hoaxing spirit, I tried to get things clearer. It appears that by hoaxing spirit they meant the writing of incomprehensible—which probably means only strange—poems. This was easy to understand. In the arts, *omne ignotum pro stulto*.

Then I brought things closer to the case. I myself asked how could a man of the sort go direct to the police and hoax them face to face. "That's the trouble", my informer replied. "No one supposes he would have the impudence to do that, but how else can they explain things if he didn't? This I very easily resolved into its logical elements: those primitive minds, fed on coffee and gossip, could not fit any explanation to the case and they chose the simplest worst one though they confessed to its falsity. This sort of reasoning is not confined to the discussion of letters and cigarette-cases; it seems a particular privi-

lege of emancipated mankind. "Gomes says he found the letter, Pessoa knew the man, Gomes is Pessoa's friend, Pessoa writes strange poems (which we will call hoaxes) Gomes makes constant jokes, (which we will also call hoaxes), therefore they both hoaxed the police, though admitting one has not the foolhardiness, and the other neither that nor the impudence, to do it. Thus men think. There is a Providence in it, else what would become of the politicians?"

I finally ascertained that Pessoa used to go every day to Cafe Arcada, right down near the Tagus, not for conversation but for coffee, and that he did foreign correspondence for at least two offices, which, being of well-known business men, I easily got the address of.

Let no one curse cafes, those "cases of noises uselessness" (as the Portuguese poet Álvaro de Campos, who happen to be one of Pessoa's "heteronymous" personalities, once said). In the future course of this investigation of mine, I never got information so quickly as in this true oasis, noisy but not useless, which I was to find, in the beginning of the very real desert of my quest.

Well, *sans literature*, I had found out everything except (1) Pessoa's personal appearance, (2) Miss Jaeger's personal appearance. Miss Jaeger's moral appearance would be harder to find, but, I presumed, it would very likely not be needed.

Now it seems that Pessoa suspected my visit and my person. Two days afterwards he turned up pseudo-casually at the British Consulate where he knows some people and, by the dint of some considerably serpentine questioning, got out of them the notion that I was not what I should be. The funny part of the matter is that, probably because they knew that there was an official British detective on the matter (as I myself soon found out there was), their uneasy conscience took my poor cloud for his Juno, and gave me away without knowing of my existence. Still, no harm came of that, which is fortunate, for Pessoa's counter-detection did not come to my knowledge till much later. I shall now say, *Plaudite*. This first part of my investigation was completed in less than 24 hours from the hour I received my commission to investigate.



**VARIANTS OF CHAPTER III/IV**  
**THE CASE BEGINS**  
**ALEISTER CROWLEY**  
**IN PORTUGAL**

The first thing was to get a clear vision of the case as a logical problem; on that clear vision, or division, of the problem the practical investigation would be based.

The primary possibility is suicide. But suicide cannot be proved until death is first proved, and death cannot be proved without the appearance of the corpse. On the other hand, suicide cannot be disproved until the living man actually appears.

The alternative possibility is disappearance without suicide. This involves three possibilities: (1) a hoax, (2) a plan—that is to say, a hoax with some merious purpose, as against a simple hoax for advertisement--, (3) murder.

The data for investigation are: (1) as to objects, the letter and the cigarette-case, (2) as to facts, the finding of these at the Boca do Inferno by Ferreira Gomes, (3) as to persons known: Crowley, Miss Jaeger, Pessoa, Gomes; unknown: some possible connection between Crowley and Gomes other than Pessoa, some possible traveler on the Oporto Express Medina Carriage, or the Sud-Express, on the 23rd. September, other than Crowley.

At the time of opening the investigation neither thing had happened, nor has either happened up to the time of writing this. There was a report that the body had been found. It might have been false, or true and suppressed for some reason.

Let us take first the objects. I was not able to discover any one, other than Pessoa, who could identify the cigarette-case as Crowley's; but the fact is that Crowley was above all a pipe and cigar-smoker, and a pouch and a cigar-case were the container he was commonly seen with. When Miss Jaeger was in Lisbon, or at least visibly in Lisbon, he sometimes used a small cigarette-case which, as it seemed a lady's one, was probably hers. It is therefore useless to deny, in principle, Pessoa's identification of the cigarette-case.

Of the authenticity of the letter as written by Crowley there can, however, be no possible doubt. It would require the supremest of forgers to imitate the handwriting, the style, the symbols and everything known characteristic of the man. Since therefore we are bound to accept the letter as genuine, there is

no objection to accepting the cigarette-case as genuinely Crowley's too. And, at any rate, it is the letter, and not the cigarette-case, that matters. An error as to the cigarette-case would not materially affect the problem.

## CHAPTER 5 VERIFYING A MISTIFICATION

The case seems to present, rationally considered, the following possible solutions: (1) suicide, (2) a planned hoax with a definite purpose.

The one central and indisputable fact is that Crowley's letter is genuine. It is a part of this indisputable fact that the letter is definitely written to give an idea (true or false) of suicide, and of suicide at the very place where the letter was found or said to have been found. If therefore we have to set apart the idea of suicide, we have to consider the idea of a hoax simulating suicide, and to admit that, since Crowley wrote the letter carrying this idea, he was a party to the hoax.

We may set aside such hypothesis as a hoax made by the Portuguese journalist, or by him in connection with someone other than Crowley. We may also set aside the supposition that a hoax pure and simple was intended. Crowley is a clever man, Gomes is a clever man; the intermediary (if there be one) need not be one, for the execution did not lie with him. Now the presentation of the case is not clever at all. As a hoax planned by Gomes or by anyone, Crowley or another, in connection with him, the hoax would be an extremely foolish and unworking one.

If, however, we consider suicide or hoax with an ulterior purpose—possibly a grave purpose—, we shall have some reason not to despair of our logic. For suicide the very state of the suicidal mind precludes logical planning—need not include it at all. (?) And a purposeful hoax, we shall have, in the very details which prove it that, some notion of its nature.

While, therefore, we cannot exclude suicide, we shall consider it as non-proven until the body turns up, or some overwhelming evidence proving the act sets in. And, while suicide is non-proven, we shall take up the investigation of the problem on the working supposition that it is a hoax for a definite purpose. The investigation will involve, incidentally, the examination of the hoax as a hoax pure and simple, improbable as that is. The case is treated as a hoax; what hoax, we shall see if it is proved.

In any hypothesis of a hoax, since every such hypothesis involves collusion with Crowley, it is inexplicable that Crowley's passport should have been shown in the frontier, or that Crowley or someone else should have gone out of the country in

such a way as to have to show that passport (there are ways of going out without making that so conspicuous. The hypothesis that Crowley did not know that the names on passports would be taken on the frontier is untenable, both because Crowley was an extensive traveler and certainly knew that well, and, even if not an extensive traveler, he would have inquired and anyone would have informed him of that. The passing of the frontier with the passport was therefore presumably a deliberate act; in other words, it was quite intended that the International Police should register Crowley's passage in the frontier on the 23rd.

The further hypothesis that Crowley might have staged the suicide and then deliberately given it the lie by leaving his name at the frontier could mean only one thing—that he has got someone to stage the suicide and then deliberately set about compromising that person. But as the only person who could be compromised in the case is the finder, and Crowley did not know Gomes, the hypothesis, in itself, somewhat strained, drops to the ground.

The lines of investigation were therefore: (1) to find Crowley's body, (alternatively, (2) to find Crowley himself, (3) to find out with certainty who passed the frontier on the 23rd. September, (4) to find out when the letter and cigarette-case were left at the Boca do Inferno, and who put them there, (5) to find out whether a link, other than Pessoa, could be found between Crowley and Gomes.

Not being a magician, and therefore not able to order Crowley's body, if it were in the sea, to come back and show itself, I could not follow the first line; either the sea would give back its dead, or it would not, and, on all counts and opinions, if there is one place in the world where the sea does not give back its dead it is the Cleft of Matacães, in the Boca do Inferno. In the Boca itself matters are better in this respect.

Not being in the, or any, official police, I could hardly look for Crowley in any efficient way, and, anyhow, the investigation would be perfectly futile until strong presumption against suicide were established. Obviously the first point to be dealt with was therefore the ascertainment of who had been the passenger on the Sud-Express who passed the frontier on the evening of the 23rd. with Crowley's passport. If it would be definitely ascertained that it was indeed Crowley, something would have been gained, though the first two points would remain as they were, since Crowley himself could have gone out of the country openly on the 23rd. and come back on the next day, or even on

the very day, and that would leave the possibility of suicide exactly where it stood, and the possibility of disappearance without suicide exactly as it stood.

The fourth and fifth points are purely accessory. Ascertainment of the time when and person who put the letter and cigarette-case on the edge of the Matacáes would only be of use if such ascertainment were quite definite—that is to say, if the exact time, and, still more important, the definite person, actually seen by somebody else, were determined. Ascertainment of a possible link between Crowley and Gomes, other than Pessoa, might or might not be of use; it might indicate a possibility of hoax, but the hoax would first have to be definitely established.

## CHAPTER 5 VARIANTS

A reader of detective stories may bungle a plan in real life, but he will not bungle the plan itself, which he make sin the seclusion of his brain. An agent may fail him, but he will not choose a patently wrong agent. Now this is exactly what Pessoa would have done if he had chosen as the proper person to carry through a hoax a man known both as a close friend of his, as a fit person for a hoax and as a journalist. He would have chosen anyone before him.

If a hoax, then (a) the hoax was not exclusively Crowley's, for it would have been more impulsively and less consecutively carried out, (b) it was not Pessoa's for he would have chosen a better agent than Gomes; it could therefore be only (a) some other man's, connecting Crowley with Gomes, but either not known as Gomes' friend or, if so known, keeping in the background and therefore unsuspected, (b) some other man's working by himself and without Gomes aid, the finding of the letter by Gomes being either a chance episode, or something worked up to without Gomes' knowledge or consent.

Setting therefore aside a provisionally the two tragic hypothesis—suicide and murder--, the first because there was too much appearance of a hoax or simulation to admit suicide as a *prima facie* case, the second because there is no primary case for it in the face of an authentic letter from the "victim" from which suicide was to be presumed, I determined to investigate the following hypothesis, as nearest to probability: (a) a hoax, made by Crowley and Gomes, connected by some person other than Pessoa; (b) a hoax carried out by some person other than Pessoa, not connected with Gomes. My first investigations were therefore to be: (a) was there someone other than Pessoa who would form an equally good but more logical link between Crowley and Gomes (b) was Gomes' visit to the Mouth of Hell sufficiently explainable on the score of something other than the definite purpose of "finding" the letter?

It is possible to consider the hoax as a double one—that is to say, as hoax with a purpose on Crowley's side, as a pure hoax, used as journalism, by the journalists in it. In this case, the journalists' role need not concern us: they found a good stunt and used it—that is all, or the most. It is the intentions of the primary hoaxer (if he be one) that can interest us.

## TESTING FOR A HOAX

The arguments against a hoax are, (1) that Gomes did not know Crowley.

## CHAPTERS 6 AND 7 THE UNEXPECTED ALIBI / MR. COLE

Now this man, who bought the ticket at the Wagon Lits, first made some trouble—a mere suspicious putting of questions—about why give names? Do you give the names to the police, and the like questions. Then he deliberately gave his name as "Cole", which he spelt out, and his address as "Hotel de l'Europe". He was accompanied, and it seemed somewhat unwillingly (since he tried to speak as far as possible so the other man might not hear) by a Jewish business man who was in Portugal, and whose name—since I am convinced it has no bearing on the matter—I naturally need not give.

What conclusions are to be drawn from this strange transaction? The first thing that is certain about it is that the stranger who hesitated over names was not Crowley himself, not only because Crowley was at the precise time the ticket was taken at the Café Arcada, about twenty minutes walk away, but also because the direct evidence, given to me in person, by the chance companion of the buyer of the ticket definitely confirms it. It is strange, however, that the chance companion does not know the name of the buyer of the ticket; there is a vague chance that he does and does not feel inclined to give it, either from motives of common decency or from motives of a less altruistic sort. That the two men are not intimately acquainted, but only met by chance in Lisbon is definitely ascertained.

We come now to some points which the direct evidence of the Jewish gentleman cannot cover. At the precise time the ticket for the Sud-Express was being bought, Crowley was in the Café Arcada; but not only that—he took deliberate care, while there, to establish an inexpugnable alibi, by referring on three or more occasions to the time and by putting questions about the Sintra time-table—rather a strange thing since he had already told Pessoa he was leaving for Sintra by the 11.5. So clearly was the alibi established that Pessoa (whom I had questioned humourously on this matter by an intermediary person he could not suspect) positively knows that he and Crowley arrived at the Café a little before 10 o'clock and left it, and parted, at exactly 10.25. Now the Wagons-Lits ticket was bought at just after 10-10.5 or, at most 10.10. It comes right into the middle hour of the alibi. The questions about the Sintra trains were, it appears, simply devised to get the waiters into conversation, and so it happens that they too somehow



heard references to the time and can testify, independently of Pessoa, as to the presence of Crowley at the Café Arcada "between 10 and 10.30.", which is all the alibi requires.

Now why did the ticket buyer give his name as Cole and his address as "Hotel de l'Europe"? Only one hypothesis covers the facts. He obviously wished to give his name as Crowley and the Hotel address. But he either suspected that Crowley (as a traveler) might be known at the Wagon Lits and the name might therefore sound strange to the clerk as coming from him, or he thought his companion might overhear the name and afterwards connect matters. So he gave a name as nearly resembling Crowley as possible, without really seeming to—a name anyone might afterwards suppose to have taken down wrongly for Crowley, and, to make matters sure, he gave Crowley's correct Lisbon hotel address.

It is obvious that the Jewish gentleman who accompanied the ticket buyer might have thought it strange that his companion should give a false name, but he would not bother very much about it, that not being his concern. Yet if he overheard the name and the name were Crowley, some very definite suspicions might afterwards arise in his mind, when the Crowley disappearance took place, or became known. As a matter of fact, I have it from the Jewish gentleman that he overheard by chance the somewhat hesitating remarks about the necessity of giving or not giving names; but he had "moved down the counter" when the name and address were actually given, and he heard no syllable of them. Such, at least, is his affirmation.

It has been possible to track, in a somewhat interrupted manner, the ticket buyer. He wandered about the centre of the city for some time and about 11 o'clock, or a little after, walked into the Rossio Station and entered the Sud-Express—about half an hour ahead of time. Shortly afterwards, his Jewish friend, or casual companion, entered the train and gave him some English books he had promised to lend him for the voyage. The Jewish gentleman came out again at once. And the ticket buyer, with Crowley's luggage, outwardly considered, and Crowley's passport, went on, at 11.30, towards the frontier.

The Assistant-Manager, who sold the tickets himself, and quite clearly remembered the buyer and the occasion, owing first to the fact that the buyer and his companion were the only persons in the place and, second, to the circumstance of the queer questions about names, could give the time of purchase of the ticket almost to the exact minute. He had just come into the office, from home, when the buyer and his companion ap-

peared. He arrived at the office at ten o'clock sharp, or at most, five minutes before or after that. The ticket had therefore been bought on the 23rd. September at between 10 and 10.10 a.m. Reference to the copy-slip of the ticket gave the date without any possibility or doubt; the peculiar circumstances alluded to, which had driven the facts into the Assistant-Manager's memory, gave the hour, within five minutes, also without any possibility of doubt.

It was, then, a clear thing that Crowley had bought a ticket for the Sud-Express.

First doubt—talking in French; (no error possible)

Second doubt—Pessoa's check-suit (possible error)

Test by finding where Pessoa was—Arcada.

Great surprise at Arcada—Crowley there two at the time.

I took as the primary point of my investigation thenceforward to ascertain what fact underlay the conflicting evidence of the International Police, in saying that Crowley had passed the frontier in the evening of the 23rd. and of Pessoa, saying that he had twice seen, or apparently seen, the same Crowley on the 24th.

The validity of either evidence had first to be tested. I began with Pessoa, as the nearest. The first supposition was that the statement that he had seen Crowley twice on the 24th. was either a sort of duplicated hallucination or a deliberate and impudent lie. But all information I got about Pessoa was contrary to accepting him as either particularly liable to delusion and still less an impudent liar, or as one carrying his impudence to the point of hoaxing the police with those lies. Then, once he had spoken to the police, he put his statement as a tentative one; the drift of his statement, as above, is that he is convinced he saw Crowley yet does not wish to insist upon it since the International Police makes a contrary statement. This is the attitude neither of the deliberate impudent liar, who abandons his initial statement, once it is controverted, with better grace. It seems, on the face of it, the statement of a man who is convinced of what he saw, but does not wish to press it against people who imply the impossibility of his having seen it.

I then transferred my attention to the statement made by the International Police. Its validity as evidence broke down at once. I found that when the international trains pass the frontier, the work of checking passports is "simplified" by handling them all out together—by a guard or someone of the sort--, taking the names and handing them back. The passports are

not checked, in point of their photographs, with the people who carry them. Obviously, then, the statement of the International Police amounted to this: that someone had passed the frontier with Crowley's passport. That, on the face of it, is not a sufficient rebuttal of the counter-statement that Crowley had been twice seen in Lisbon on the day after.

Provisionally, therefore, and both on a psychological and an evidential basis, Pessoa's statement could be accepted. The next test was then to be this: did Crowley leave Portugal on the 23rd., by the Vilar Formoso frontier, or did he not? As his passport left, was it he who carried it?

The first point to determine was the train which had carried the traveler with Crowley's passport. This was easily ascertained. It was the Sud-Express. Whoever had carried the passport must have bought a ticket for the Sud-Express in Lisbon.

Tickets for the Sud-Express are bought, either directly by the traveler, or by some travel agency, from the Wagons-Lits Office in Lisbon, at Rua do Carmo. A test at the Wagons-Lits Office, which had to be carried out very carefully, gave at once the required results, and enabled me to dispense with the weary investigation of other agencies.

At a little (a few minutes) after 10 a.m. on the 23rd. a man closely resembling Crowley, as far as common descriptions go, who, furthermore, was accompanied by another man, whose description might, rather more doubtfully, have fitted Pessoa, bought a ticket for the Sud-Express, for Paris, and, after asking whether it was really necessary to give his name, and whether the name was given to the Police, and other similarly abnormal questions, bought the ticket, and gave the name as "Cole" and his address as "Hotel de l'Europe, Lisbon". This was so near to expectation that only a very strange coincidence could explain the resemblance.

Anyone who has ever conducted investigations in real life, and has had to test witnesses, is ever up against the normal human inaccuracy. A facile investigator would at once have considered the case as, in a certain sense, closed; he would have concluded that, in a normal, open way, Crowley and Pessoa had gone to the Wagons-Lits, that Crowley had bought his ticket, giving, for some unknown reason, a false name but a right address, and presumably taken the Sud-Express.

It will occur at once that there might have been an error of hearing in putting down "Cole" for "Crowley", but the assistant who sold the ticket is positive that the buyer of it *spelt out* his

name, slowly and deliberately, and that therefore, in so far as that name is concerned there is no possibility of error.

Fortunately, when this part of the investigation was conducted, I was not very far from the 23rd. September. Inaccurate as all testimony generally is, I was not here up against the added inaccuracy of distance in time. My first test was to investigate who, at all resembling Crowley, had left on the Sud-Express of the 23rd. This was (considering circumstances) not very difficult. I found that Crowley, or someone closely resembling him, had left, indeed, on that train, and that Crowley's luggage—two suit cases and a little iron box—had been taken on the train by the same man. This dispensed from checking at the hotel whether the luggage had been taken out—not a satisfactory [...] for a private detective. I further found that, while on the train, which he had got into about 11 a.m., that is to say, half an hour before it left, the traveler had been visited by a man exactly corresponding to the description given at the Wagon-Lits of the companion of the ticket-buyer. But here a vigilant and observant guard, who had been carrying luggage into the train and had placed in, for another passenger (a Portuguese), in the same compartment as the presumable Crowley went in, was able at once to elucidate and to confound me. He had happened to observe the man who visited the presumable Crowley on the train, and his description did not conform to Pessoa's except in the unsatisfactory details of height and spectacles. The additional clear detail, of which he was sure, of a light check suit threw suspicion off Pessoa who was not wearing on that day, as I ascertained, not, as I further found, even possesses, a suit of the sort.

This might, of course, be a mistake, but one further detail the porter remembered was quite disheartening. The Crowley form passenger and the visitor spoke constantly in French, the visitor ending with a "bon voyage" as he left. Now this is quite unlike anything likely to take place between Crowley and Pessoa, who spoke English always and would certainly not choose French as an occult means of communication in public in a country where so many people speak French and few speak English. (At the Wagon-Lits they did not remember in what language the two men had spoken).

Howsoever it might be, I decided to take Pessoa as my next object and test where he might have been during the morning of the 23rd. September, or, at least, at the hours of buying the tickets and at about 11.15. which was the time when the visitor went to the train.

I met with unexpected and bewildering success. I found that Crowley and Pessoa had been that morning for some time at the Café Arcada, at Terreiro do Paco, and this café is about twenty minutes walk from the Wagons-Lits office and about 25 from the Railway Station. It was also possible to determine, with almost weird exactness, at what time they had been there. They had come in a little before 10 a.m. and had left at 10.30, or a little before. This was the joint and definite testimony of the manager and three waiters at the Café Arcada, and they know Pessoa very well, since he goes there every day, and they also knew Crowley, who had been there a few times before with Pessoa, on one occasion with Miss Jaeger.

It struck me as particularly strange that there should be such certainty about the time, but this was easily explained. When the papers reported Crowley's disappearance, Pessoa naturally spoke about the matter with the manager and waiters of the café

And this, at only four days distance from the 23rd., fixed their exact memory of the hours.

Having found that Pessoa frequently went, especially in the morning to Café Arcada, I tested that café first. I was overwhelmed by the bewildering success which I got.

Not wishing to conduct in person this part of the investigation, I had it conducted by careful proxy by a waiter of another café, a clever man and a sharp-witted one. He came to me the next morning and reported in full his conversation with two of the three waiters of Café Arcada. They remembered the case quite well because they not only knew Pessoa very well—he did indeed go every day to the Café, especially in the morning-- , but they knew Crowley too, since he had been there three times: once with Pessoa and a young and fair (in two senses) lady, another time just a moment, waiting for Pessoa, who came in five minutes afterwards; lastly, on the morning of the 23rd. September, when he had come in with Pessoa and had stayed there with him for nearly three-quarters of an hour. They remembered this quite well because they had afterwards (on the 27th.) talked over the matter with Pessoa. This, just a few days after the event, had got them quite fixed and certain about the exact day and the exact hour the more so that Crowley made twice allusion to the time. He also asked if there were a time-table of Sintra trains. Crowley had taken a double lemonade (or lemon squash) and Pessoa one coffee on this last visit to the Café.

This was quite interesting information. And I ended by asking my informer what the time was when the two men were at the Café. That, he explained, was duly known. They came in about a quarter to ten and left at half past ten.

At this wholly unexpected information I think I must have stared myself out at my informer.

"That must be wrong", I said. "Either the time is wrong or the day is wrong."

But my informer explained that he had worked right on my instructions and that he was absolutely convinced of the whole truth of the matter.

I asked him to speak to the waiter again. He did. He returned with a full conspectus. He spoke to the two waiters, to a third waiter—an old man and the one who had actually attended the two men—and even to the Manager of the Café. The information was absolutely right;—there could be no collusion or false information. It was a certain fact that between something like a quarter to ten to about half-past ten in the morning of the 23rd. September, an absolutely identifiable Pessoa and an equally identifiable Crowley had been at the Café Arcada. In other words, and according to four witnesses, they had been at the Café Arcada exactly at the time (considering between that of their arrival at the Café and that of their leaving it) when the ticket for the Sud-Express was being bought, in rather strange circumstances, at the agency of the Wagons-Lits. The matter so bewildered me that I was unable to work that day, until, in the early evening, I had shaken my passing impression.

I was up against an unexplainable alibi. If I had wanted to come into a detective story, I had got my wish, and wish in overplus. I was completely bewildered; and it seemed to my disjointed mind that I was up against a definite magical fact. I did not keep the hypothesis, but it certainly passed by me and looked me in the face.

They had not left the café, or the table they were sitting at, all the time; all the time they were in close view of one of the waiters, who was writing out the menu, sitting at the corner table adjacent to theirs. It was of this waiter that Crowley had asked, through Pessoa, about the Sintra time-table. Not only had. . .

"Half past ten," Pessoa had said. "Call João (that was their waiter). I have to go." And the waiter noted[?] it was half past ten. So the hour of leaving his friend; and Crowley and Pessoa had certainly sat two yards from the waiter during a considerable period of certainly not less than a half-hour.

Now, as it is positively ascertained that the Sud-Express passenger was not Crowley, it becomes necessary to try to follow Crowley's (and perhaps Pessoa's) movement since they parted at that exact 10.25 a.m. at the door of the Café Arcada. Pessoa, fortunately, can be very easily tracked in this case even after several days intervened. He went straight (or seems to have gone straight) from the Café Arcada door to an office in Rua da Madalena, where he does foreign correspondence, and stayed there, at that work, until noon. So we get rid of him.

Crowley was a harder proposition, and it took me considerable time and trouble to get anything like a notion of his movements, the more so that I was working at a distinct week's distance. My first definite find was a negative one. He had told Pessoa—so at least Pessoa says—that he was going from Café Arcada on to Cook's, where the foreign mail would not be in before 10.30, and that he was going on to the 11.5 train to Sintra. He did not go to Cook's: that was my first find, and the negative one.

The Sintra train business was rather more difficult, especially for one working unofficially and having to work without raising any suspicion. I could not go to the rail company and examine tickets, or otherwise get authoritative information. I had only one chance: the Sintra trains, at the hour this one left, are almost empty. It is the down trains that are fairly full until midday. (i.e., the trains to town.)

I might at least get some passenger or some ticket-porter to remember Crowley's presence. Since there was no doubt that it was not Crowley who had gone out of the country with Crowley's luggage and passport, there seemed to be, at first, no reason why Crowley should not have indeed gone to Sintra. I was unfortunate everywhere, I was not able to pick up any passenger who had travelled to Sintra on that train; I was naturally unable to check tickets bought for Sintra, and no one at Sintra, into which foreigners, and tens of Englishmen like Crowley in build and features, could particularly remember the man I was after.

It struck me that, since Crowley had had his official luggage carried to the station, there might be something curious there about his possible alternative luggage. So the investigation would have to be carried out among the luggage porters—a rather easier and wholly unofficial proceeding. I set to work on this—I set to work on this, indeed as a parallel line to the ticket and passenger investigation—and I struck gold on the 3rd. of October. One of the luggage porters—not station but unofficial

porters—had carried out of the station on a day which seemed very much to be the twenty-third September, and at an hour which was quite certainly about 11 o'clock in the morning, two suit cases—a large and a smaller one (the same items as Crowley's official luggage and therefore able to contain the same contents)—and had deposited these two items in a taxi, in which, after paying him lavishly, the stranger, whose resemblance to Crowley was, from his description, unequivocal, had driven away down the slope towards some unknown destination. There was one peculiar characteristic about the two suitcases: they were both quite new. On this the porter was positive, and, luggage not being frequently new, it is not likely he should have been mistaken. The luggage was not only new, he said, but unlabeled (except for two common tags on the handles).

I got from him a description of the taxi and of the manner of using it. The taxi was always waiting, though the porter could not say that Crowley had come in it or not. He certainly had no preliminary conversation with the driver in the porter's presence.



## VARIANTS OF CHAPTERS 6 AND 7

My brain reeled within itself and I had a violent objective intuition of the sudden stupidity of my face and stare.

"But that's impossible!" I wailed. "You must be wrong. The day is wrong of the hour is wrong. That can't be at all!"

My informer fell into a minor stupor in return. I did not explain but insisted on the falsity of his information. He, however, held to it, yet, in face of my stubborn perplexity, promised he would repeat his investigation and get either the absolute assurance or the assurance that he could give none.

I was so perplexed and overwhelmed that I could do nothing more that day. I seemed to have an intuition that the impossible statement was right. I was unable to set it aside. I was also unable to set anything else aside.

My informer's very entrance beamed triumph upon me in the evening, when he returned. "It was quite right, what I told you", he said. Then he went into details.

He had, so it seems, interviewed, with rather more openness than was exactly desired, not only again the two waiters, but the third waiter and the manager of the Café.

Then, obeying what might have been a criminally silly impulse, he went straight from the café to the office where Pessoa was and asked to see him. The constant references to Pessoa at the café seem to have itched him into an irrepressible wish to speak to Pessoa and get over with it all.

Of course—as in every case of this sort—he found Pessoa in and was very nicely received by him. Pessoa confirmed in detail every point of the information he had obtained from the café, and he added definitely the information really required. "I met Crowley, by appointment, at Cook's at a quarter to ten, we went out at once to Café Arcada, where we must have arrived, considering the distance, not later than ten to ten; we stayed there till exactly ten twenty-five, when Crowley went one way and I another. Crowley said he was going to Cook's to see if there were any mail for him, and afterwards to the Sintra train; I went to an office in Rua da Madalena and stayed there till half past twelve".

Pessoa received him very well and, when he said the information he wanted and was beginning to get up a rigmarole about belonging to the police or something of the sort, cut him short by saying he was quite ready to give him any information he could, without asking who he was or what he wanted it for.

It was obvious to me that Crowley and Pessoa had been at the Café either immediately before or just after the ticket was bought. There is about a quarter of an hour's walking distance between the Wagons-Lits agency and Café Arcada, and it is not natural they should have taken a taxi. It had been stated that they had arrived or left in one.

As they had parted when they left, it was further obvious that (unless they had met again, and this was rather improbable, for they would have met shortly after) that they had come from the Wagons-Lits agency.

So I asked my informer if he had indeed ascertained the exact hour when the two men had been at the Café. He was pleased to say that he had ascertained it within very exact limits.

"They came into the Café at about a quarter to ten, and they left it at half-past ten."

. . . . .

"But that is quite impossible!" I said.

I was up against an absolutely unexplainable alibi. And it did cross my mind, with a hesitating thrill, that I was possibly up against magic.

At last I was meeting magic.

## CHAPTER 8 THE CROWLEY / COLE DUALITY

Well considering the whole thing carefully, there were certainly some elements to render possible an investigation—The light-coloured check suit and the French conversation on the train came back to me. I had rejected the first as an error of vision or recollection: the second I had taken as right but, since Crowley and Pessoa both speak French, as having some meaning to be ascertained; or, at any rate, explainable in some way or another. Now, in the face of the alibi, I was brought back to have a little more belief in the light check suit.

It was evident that the alibi was valid for the purchase of the ticket; it was not valid for the departure and the visit in the train.

Again, the identification at the Café Arcada was absolute; the persons were known and the hour had been—for several reasons—exactly ascertained. It was certain, then, that it was not Crowley who had bought the ticket at the Wagons-Lits agency, and that it was not Pessoa who had been there.

This, however, did not mean that Crowley had not left on the train and that it was not Pessoa who had visited him there and wished him "bon voyage". The alibi was valid for the purchase of the ticket; the ticket might have been purchased for Crowley by somebody else, and Crowley might, after all, have left on the Sud-Express.

A man closely resembling Crowley had got out of the train at Carcavelos on the ---- p.m. of the 24th. Now this corresponds exactly to Pessoa's having seen Crowley near the Estoril Line Station in Lisbon at 3 p.m. on the 24th., for the train which leaves the Cais do Sodré Station at [...] reaches Carcavelos at the time indicated. The man resembling Crowley, or who was indeed Crowley, was not known at Carcavelos, where this is a sort of large British colony, the place being one of the Eastern Telegraph Company's stations. And he had come out of the train with another man, perhaps younger (this does not describe Pessoa, who is thirteen years younger) and both went away together, the thin man bought a pack of cigarettes at [...] near the station; the two men then went off together.

So this was the conclusion. There were four people mixed up (I do not mean in collusion) in this case: Crowley, a man resembling Crowley, Pessoa and a man unknown, older than Pessoa and whom only my presupposition that, since one must

have been Crowley the other must have been Pessoa, had led me to identify with Pessoa. It was quite certain that Crowley and Pessoa had been at Café Arcada on the 23rd. September between 9.50 and 10.25 In the morning. It was quite certain that pseudo-Crowley and the unknown had been at an hour within that same time at the agency of the Wagons-Lits. It was certain that either Crowley or pseudo-Crowley had left on the Sud-Express of the 23rd., at 11.30, taking Crowley's luggage and his passport. It was certain this traveler had been visited in the train by the Unknown had spoken to him for some minutes (in French) and that the Unknown had then left. It was, finally, certain that on the next day wither Crowley or pseudo-Crowley had been seen to get down at the Carcavelos station at [...] p.m., with the Unknown.

The problem was therefore simply this: was it Crowley or pseudo-Crowley who had left on the Sud-Express? Was it Crowley or pseudo-Crowley who had been seen the next day at Carcavelos with the Unknown man? The one who had left on the Sud-Express was obviously not the one who had been seen next day at Carcavelos, unless, having passed the frontier in the evening of the day before, he had come back into the country with almost incredible rapidity. That, at any rate, might be investigated to some extent, by ascertaining whether the passengers for Paris on that Sud-Express had all reached their destination.

Now Pessoa had twice thought he had seen Crowley on the 24th., when he would not suppose it likely he would have seen him, since he thought him at Sintra. The likelihood was therefore that it was Crowley who had gone on to Paris. This meant a triangular collusion between Crowley, pseudo-Crowley and the Unknown, since (a) it is obvious that the simultaneity of the purchase of the ticket and Crowley's alibi had been arranged, (b) the Unknown, who had been seen with pseudo-Crowley in the Wagons-Lits and the train, had been seen with at Carcavelos.

Could I really get this closer? It was then that I remembered that it had not occurred to me to put one very simple question to the people at Carcavelos who had informed—the language in which the two men had talked. Everyone at Carcavelos knows the sound of English, and most people in Portugal know the sound of French. I went back to Carcavelos in the morning of the [...] just to put this question. Yet my voyage was worth it. The two men were speaking English and (to the trained ear of the understanding witness) they "talked English

like Englishmen". Not much perhaps, but something, since languages have musics of their own; and quite certainly enough in one sense. The men had conversed in English.

Unless therefore there was something enlightening, not yet visible, in the talking in French at Railway Station, the more probable hypothesis was that Crowley had remained in Portugal, and had sent another man, with his luggage and passport, out towards France.

This episode of the luggage absolutely clears the air. It was certainly Crowley who stayed; he wanted to . . . . .

I was now certain that Pessoa had indeed seen Crowley twice on the 24th. Though he had never seen him clearly, and, each time, from the back, yet he was sufficiently acquainted with Crowley to have on his visual memory those particulars of gait and walk which are so difficult to duplicate or mistake.

I was fairly clear now on the fact that Pessoa had not been in collusion with anyone in this case for any reason. I decided therefore to go straight to him and get direct information. It was refreshing, after all this subterranean work, to breathe a little the air of direct conversation.

## CHAPTER 8 — VARIANTS

This, then was what must have happened: a ticket for the Sud-Express has been bought in the morning of the 23rd. by the man we will call Cole for lack of a name; the ticket was bought when Crowley was in another place, but a name and address were given which might easily be supposed to be Crowley's. In other words Crowley knew himself to be tracked and he had his ticket bought by someone else while he was visibly elsewhere, so his trackers might not have a notion of the buying of the ticket. But, should they, they would have a notion that it was he who had bought it, since the nearly-false name and the right hotel address would lead them to think of that.

Then he went to the Station to see if he was tracked. If he was not, he would take the ticket from Cole and leave. If he found he was, he would disappear somehow and let the other man go on ahead with his luggage. And he would do this only if he knew that the trackers were on the trail of the other man is the supposition that it was he. He actually entered the train and had his luggage put into it. Then he found he was indeed tracked; he came out again and the other man, who had probably entered the train already, remained there and went on. So did the particular tracker who . . .

## M / H. CHAPTER (?) "A STUDY IN COMPLEXITY"

"There is one point," I said, "which, though it does not really concern this matter directly, nevertheless interests me very much. Are you of opinion that Crowley was, or is, a prominent or a marked individuality?"

"Certainly", Pessoa said; "a little more than that. He is something more than a distinguished personality.

"He is something more than that. He is quite a remarkable man.

"How, then, do you explain his relative absurdity? He can hardly be said to be celebrated except in a very small circle, which, in terms of the case, does not mean celebrity, and, outside that, he is known to a limited newspaper public in about the same manner as a not over-famous international crook would be. How do you explain this?"

"It is very easily explained. He alone is responsible for that, owing to an inferiority which is directly derived from what is superior in him. Fame, or celebrity, is by its very nature superficial, and the qualities that go to make it must be superficial in themselves. This does not mean that all famous men are superficials, so to speak, but it does mean that it is not their deep qualities, mental or moral, which have led them into fame. They owe their fame, however justified by their higher qualities, to qualities lower than those. A man must either cheapen his fundamental genius, if he have one, or set up a current outside that fundamental genius, to have any hold on what is called the, or a, public.

"Now any form of deep life—deep thought, deep emotion, even deep will—is corrosive of the inferior forms of action.

"It has always made me despair of human psychological instincts that it should have been thought strange that Shakespeare neglected his works so much, and, as Pope said, 'grew immortal in his own despite'. This is exactly what the exact psychologist would have expected. A man with Shakespeare's extraordinary capacity for deep and varied emotion is naturally castrated for action, or, at least, for the action which corresponds to those qualities. He may be an excellent commercial traveler, or an excellent theatrical producer, or an excellent something which is not the reduction to will of his own deep emotions, but something put on outside, like a dress.

It requires a strong man to be two men. The danger, for a man of this kind, lies in trying to be untrue to his duality so that the higher self, since it cannot control the lower and pervade it, should at least escape being controlled and pervaded by it. The problem is a more difficult one that can be imagined by those not subject to this temptation, which may be called that of setting someone on a height and showing him all the Kingdom of the Christ. It requires a strong man to be two real men. The danger, for a man of this kind, lies in trying to be untrue to his duality. The two minds must be kept distinct, so that the higher self suffer no contagion from the lower. As, however, the dual man is nevertheless one man, there is always the danger that the lower self may corrupt the higher and invade it with phantoms and accidents of its nature.

Suppose a man has a mind removed from the dirt and friction of reality, but that he has a life, or a temperament, which brings him down unto them. He will create a dual life, and, so long as he really lives a dual life, he will be safe within himself. But if he lets his lower and false person invade the higher to some extent, he will be thus far lost. This type of perdition is very clearly represented in the case of H.G. Wells. This man had strange imaginative qualities, and, at the same time, an incapacity for coherent art and for detachment from the stillness and reality and of its lotus, fame.

It will be called hypocrisy, but it is really better to be a hypocrite than to be a slave.

He has now fallen so low that he has said that. . . . This is not an aesthetic theory at all; it is the inner Wells' acceptance of the outer Wells' mastership, the acceptance of his artistic incapacity to form wholes as a sort of mystic intellectual virtue. The moment the man thought that he was dead.

It is very easy to fall into this slough of our most successful selves. The regular sin is to let these accidents of our lower self drift into the ideas by which our higher self is expressed to itself and to others. As you see, I am short-sighted. What would you think of me if I put to you the following thesis as a philosophical argument?—The Universe is a succession of interpenetrating phenomena, so that all experience is a confusion of things, a mist of reality, the human quality which best gives the universe as that will be the highest human quality; the one quality which renders the universe actual to us as a mist and an uncertainty is shortsightedness; therefore shortsightedness is highest quality possible in mankind. You need laugh. There are many philosophies in the world which have no better basis.



I often wonder how many there are which have not a similar basis.

"Must I understand then that you think Crowley has let himself be submerged, in some way or another, along these lines? 'I have not said that...'

"Then why did you say it?", I asked.

"There is a timidity of the outer world, a strange hesitation in putting our real selves in contact with it. So gradually we become two—an inner man, locked up in his deep feelings and thoughts, and, to use somewhat excessive language, withdrawn from manifestation, and an outer man, made by circumstances and occasions, who, if such circumstances and occasions happen to be opposed to his inner nature, will be, not only two men, but two mutually opposed men. Absolutely sanctity and real villainy may exist in the same man; firmness and in consequence may live side by side in him; the highest nobility and the most ignoble meanness may be sisters in him. That is why I not only do not wonder that Shakespeare should have been a particularly uninteresting person in his private life, or that he should have ended his life as a money-lender; I positively should have expected that, even if it had been made visible by historic fact. The Baconian thesis rests on an immense psychological error—the incapacity of seeing that the greater a man is, the smaller he is, and that there can be no outer harmony unless there is very little to harmonize.

"The temperamental habit of deep emotion, whether it be particularly magical, or particularly anything else—leads us naturally to a vague sense of the worthlessness of things, of the futility of effort, of the . . .

I will give you my own self as an example. I have always thought deeply.

"It becomes possible to act only when the action does not concern anything fundamental in us, when it is only a reflection from the surface world. A man like Crowley presents an insoluble problem for people for whom all problems should by natural right be insoluble. He is presented to the world, simultaneously, as a profound occultist and magician and as a sort of mountebank. I neither affirm nor deny either presumption. But their conjunction is perfectly possible. I should be considerably surprised if he had been a great practical success, a man known like Wells or Shaw, who are, in the truth and foundation of things, far more shallow and superficial than Crowley.

## CHAPTER 9 CASE CLOSED

M/H. (early chapter).

My investigation at Cascais in general, and the Boca do Inferno in particular, took me the whole second half of that day. I spoke with every conceivable person who might have visited the Boca, but, obviously, this covered only what may be called normal visiting hours. If someone had been there at break of dawn, or late at night, there was very little chance of getting witnesses of his presence.

It was a fortunate circumstance that I found a family, staying at Cascais during the late summer and early autumn months, and regularly so doing every year for some years past, who are in the habit of taking one, and sometimes more than one, daily walk to the Boca, sometimes all of them, sometimes only two or three. These people, in differing groups, had been at the Boca do Inferno several times in the days covering the 23rd. to the 27th., as also on days one side and the other which did not concern me. They were very helpful and, with aids of mine for their latent memories, were indeed able to give me some information. This information I amalgamated with information obtained from the guard of the Boca do Inferno and from one or two other people I spoke to.

The upshot of my inquiry was this. There was no possible doubts that Gomes had been at the Boca do Inferno in the late afternoon of the 25th. September. He had spoken to the guard—seemingly after finding the letter, or pretending to find it—for he had put several questions about people who used to visit the place. This, in itself, meant nothing, though the contrary might have meant, or suggested, something. Gomes might have found the letter quite legitimately, or he might have pretended to find it, and, unless he were a particularly imprudent hoaxer, he would not omit to go out to the place where the letter was to be "found" and make his presence there clearly known.

No one had seen anybody resembling Crowley in the place or near it during those days. The fact that one man corresponding to Crowley's general description had been there with "a large lot of foreigners" meant nothing at all, for Crowley's general description fits a considerable number of Englishmen, Americans and even people of other nationalities. As in the

case of Gomes, this did not carry me any further. Crowley might have been there and committed suicide without anybody having seen him. He might also have never been there.

We now come to two curious facts. I was alert for a description of any circumstance which might be in the smallest way abnormal, connected with the place during those days. I elicited two. The presence of a thin middle-aged man, unknown to the informant family as living at Cascais, during the day which it was possible to fix as the 25th. He had been seen there two or three times during the day, but never before or after. The second was the presence, on the very next day, of a tall rough looking and unshaven man, who seemed to be wandering about the place looking for something. It was this man's action which attracted the attention of the boy and two girls of the family who had been out at the Boca in the early afternoon of the 25th.

This is how they remembered the days: they vaguely remembered the thin middle-aged well-dressed man wearing spectacles because they had seen him twice at the Boca, at different hours, and did not know him by sight. They (one of the girls and the boy) had strongly noticed the rough-looking unshaved low-class man owing to his somewhat unexplainable movements. They had read in the *Diário de Notícias* of the Crowley case and had naturally discussed it very much among themselves; one of them had said "I wonder if this man was that gentleman we saw the day before yesterday"; and another remembered the rough-looking man and wondered whether he might have had anything to do with the case—"the low-class man we saw yesterday"—and this, since the *Diário de Notícias* was that of 27th. September, fixes the dates of the other days as the 25th. for the well-dressed man and the 26th. for the ill-dressed one.

I went back to the guard after this information and elicited from him that no one corresponding to either of these men had spoken to him at all. This seemed to me rather more curious about the "low-class man" than about the "gentleman" (*homem fino*). According to the description, he might be simply looking for something he had lost; what was he looking for that did not lead him to put a question to the guard?

Having sworn smiling boy and two girls to secrecy, I was accompanied by them to the station, where I found I had missed the train. I therefore decided to walk to Estoril. I was already rather late for my plan and there was none too much time to investigate. So I decided to walk past the Hotel

Miramar, which came first on my way, being at Monte Estoril, since Crowley had been there only one day; I might return later. I went on to Hotel Paris, which was the place he had stayed at longer in Portugal. Here investigation had to be far more guarded and it took me right into black evening.

I got the exact descriptions of Crowley and of Miss Jaeger, and elicited the fact that, apart from the management, the two did not seem to have had much, if hardly any, conversation with guests; there were four possible exceptions, and I took down the names of those guests, putting two, who had been there all the time that Crowley and Miss Jaeger were there, as heads of the small list. I also found that Pessoa had indeed been there on Sunday the 7th. September, had lunched with the two guests and then had sat out in the garden in conversation with Miss Jaeger and Crowley till something like 5 in the afternoon.

I could no more except the train back to Lisbon to an abnormally deferred dinner. In the train I meditated that one of the first two people on my list of possible hotel acquaintances of Crowley was a well-known name—José Leitão de Barros. I had often seen his name in the papers in one way or another relating to artistic life, and particularly so as concerned in film production.

When I got to Lisbon I gave a little time before the new scandalously late dinner to finding out exactly who José Leitão de Barros was—just quick superficial inquiries, made from a Portuguese friend of mine who is well-acquainted with all these things. He confirmed my vague impression and made it concrete: Leitão de Barros is a painter, a decorator, an author and a film-producer. "He is also", my friend concluded casually, "the editor of *Notícias Ilustrado*".

"Is he a tall middle-aged man, of a gentlemanly type?" I asked.

"Middle-aged? No, nothing like that. He is about thirty. And he is not tall really."

I thanked my friend and sat down to dinner. I do not like dining with meditation, but I could not keep it away. It was now obvious that, before proceeding with the case, I would have to test it very severely for a common journalistic hoax. If Leitão de Barros had fixed this up with Crowley (which would be the case if this ham were generous), the arguments against a journalistic hoax broke down. The influence I had been told Gomes was not likely to have, and Pessoa certainly did not have, with the *Diário de Notícias* and the *Notícias Ilustrado* was

amply supplied by a man who was editor of one and who had as partners in it the proprietors of the other. Leitão de Barros formed a good link between Crowley and Gomes. I had also elicited the fact that he was not the "middle-aged gentleman" who had been wandering about the Boca do Inferno; at least twice on the 25th., before Gomes got there. I had put the question because Cascais is near Estoril and Barros may easily have gone there, to plant the letter. But, on the other hand, why go out there to plant the letter if he could get planting and finding worked, so to speak, in one operation by his subordinate, ensuring the publication of the results in his own paper, and his partner's one?

Yes, I had to test for a definite and simple hoax.

This was how the case stood before me when I went to bed on the 29th. September.

I returned to the porter at the Central Station and I went into further conversation with him. I particularly went over what he had said already, and he confirmed it all. He was sure, for instance, about the check pattern suit and he was, if possible, even more sure of the fact that the two men spoke to each other in French. I then tried to get the porter's memory to evoke any item of the conversation which he might remember; though he did not speak French, he was so accustomed to hear it that some word or other might have clung to his recollection. At first, beyond the mere abstract fact that French was spoken, and the words "Bon voyage!" cried out by the visitor from the passage, he could remember nothing; but, after some meditation, he came round at last to something which made me happy I had sought him out again. He remembered that, when putting into the place the other passenger's luggage, the elder of the two men, who was sitting, said to the visitor, who was standing by the door, something which seemed to the hearer to contain the words "Café Royal" in Lisbon.

The phrase might have been a casual one or a reference back to something; it might, on the other hand, be an appointment or an indication forward. So, when I left the Station, I went down straight to Café Royal, which is in the Cais do Sodré, facing the river. Basing myself on the possibility of an appointment, though with whom I did not know, and gauging that it might be on that very day, I made inquiries at the Café, and, after a good deal or purposely silly questioning, got the information that, a few days before, . . .

It suddenly occurred to me that the boy and girl description at Cascais of the well-dressed middle-aged man who had been

twice seen at the Boca do Inferno on the 25th. might have something fitting the French-speaking companion of the buyer of the ticket for the Sud-Express. So I went out again to Cascais that afternoon, and, having descended in glory on my young friends, put to them the direct question whether that man was not a tall, straight, middle-aged but not old, gentleman, wearing spectacles and dressed in a light suit of a costly type with a check pattern in light red lines. They hailed this description with delight and confirmed it with enthusiasm, except as to the red streaks, which they did not remember. That was exactly the man, "But it isn't that Crowley", one of the girls added; "he wasn't a bit like the photo in *Notícias Ilustrado*."

I conceded that it wasn't Crowley but that it was a mysterious man connected with the case and that was on his track. Unfortunately that was right only in the first part, but it gave those healthy youngsters a further interest in life and Cascais.

Then I seized the opportunity to ask about the low-class man. For all I knew, I might meet him somewhere in future evidence in the case. I got little more than I had before obtained. He was a tall, strong, though not bulky, individual, dressed in a common and unimpressive suit, unshaven, unprepossessing. It is curious that they did not remember whether he was clean-shaven (apart from his being unshaven) or not.

Unfortunately, description of the man was still very vague. All the boy and girl remembered was that he was a low-class man, ill-dressed and unshaven, and that he was not short. What they really remembered best, or at all, was his peculiar action in looking about the place as if for something lost.

I took charge of the case on the 29th. September. I had the case complete—in so far as it can be complete—on the 5th. of October.

Every item of investigation that I have put down can be directly verified, either by following the same tracks I went over, or by independent inquiry leading to the same points. Wherever possible, I have given names and have indicated process of investigation. In other cases I have omitted names, either because I did not know them or because it would not be right to mention them. But the facts elicited through the people whose names are thus diversely omitted can be verified by anybody without reference to those people. Anybody can cover the same ground I covered, especially now, when I left in the minds of casual witnesses the definite notion of what they had witnessed, sometimes laboriously evoked from their almost subconscious memories.

The Crowley disappearance is one of the most curious cases I have had to deal with, and, as commonly happens, it was quite an incidental case in my practice. I have been a private detective for five years and I have never met any interesting case except this. At least, I have never yet found a case which would be really worth the telling, or which, if worth the telling, could really be told.

A case which, at the outset, appeared to be nothing but a silly, though rather mysterious, journalistic hoax, developed into what really may be a hoax, but quite another sort of hoax, with nothing silly about it, or indeed nothing funny about it. At the end of the case I came up against something still worse—the possibility of murder having been included in the case—There, however, my investigation had to cease, for I could not tread on the heels of the Portuguese Police.

My case, nevertheless, is not inconclusive. I have arrived at definite conclusions. In what way the murder which seems to lie beyond them, yet connected with them, may really fir the fundamental case, is a thing I am unable to decide on.

## CHAPTER 9 — VARIANTS

The following are therefore my conclusions:

(1) Since death, and therefore suicide, cannot be proved until the corpse is found, and it has not (or not yet) been found in Crowley's case, there is no certainty of suicide.

(2) Since death, and therefore suicide, cannot be disproved until the living person is discovered and the living Crowley has not (or not yet) been discovered, there is no certainty against suicide.

(3) Since the checking of passports in the Portuguese frontier, as, in many cases, in other frontiers, is so conducted that there is no comparison between the photograph on the passport and the passenger himself, evidence that the passport has been handed out in the frontier is no evidence at all that it has been handed out by its legitimate bearer himself, there being therefore no evidence at all in point of identification. There can therefore be no certainty that Crowley passed the Portuguese frontier in the evening of the 23rd. September, but only that his passport passed the frontier, and, presumably, some one with it. (It may have been simply handed to an employee on the train and handed out to the authorities on the frontier without any actual passenger corresponding to it.)

(4) Since Crowley's letter and cigarette-case have been identified as genuine, if there is a hoax in the case, the hoax was made in collusion with Crowley, since, though his cigarette-case may have been stolen, his handwriting could not have been. Apart from this, he quite certainly disappeared and that would confirm collusion.

(5) The hoax could not have been fixed up directly between Crowley and Gomes, since the two did not know each other and never met. (?) The hoax then, if there be a hoax, was either (a) made solely by Crowley himself, (b) made by Crowley and some unknown person or persons, Gomes being quite out of it and a legitimate finder of the letter and cigarette-case, or (c) made by Crowley and some person or persons unknown who got into contact with Gomes for the staging of the whole thing.

The point then is this: Crowley seems to have arranged two false trails, either that one might be valid in case the other might fail, or that they might mutually confuse each other, establishing a false dualism, a choice between either when neither was true. That, indeed, would be over subtle, but there is no



objection to over-subtlety where Crowley is concerned, and, in any case, a confusion of issues would do him no harm.

If therefore Crowley carefully prepared things so that he might be considered as having killed himself or having left the country into Spain, the natural conclusion is that he did neither of the things. And if he did neither, there are three things he might have done: (1) remained in Portugal, (2) left Portugal for a place quite different than any one reached by a voyage through Spain, (3) left for the same place and towards the same place, or in the same direction as his passport-bearer, but either by a different route or on a different date.

Refute the hypothesis (1) and the hypothesis (2) and the hypothesis (3) by synthesis. Prove that Crowley left the country towards the same destination as his "sosia", but by a different route and on a different day. Purpose? To avoid being spied on or perhaps attacked. He would be tracked by name but would not be recognized by figure. For all intents and purposes he would have left the country, yet no one would recognize him as having left because the man who left with his passport\* [\*Note: There is, after an interlinear blank space, the following isolated and unfinished sentence: Of mighty opposites . . .]

The one person who must have been party to Crowley's movements and could reveal them is the chauffeur who carried him away from the Rossio Station.

That is to say, the trackers were so well informed that, when the finding of the letter and cigarette-case were yet a journalistic secret, unknown to the police and to the public, they were already making a vague test for vestiges of a suicide. And this means that they had been thrown off the track, for they would not go to the trouble of investigating a suicide if they had the absolute certainty, by knowing where the living man was, that no suicide had taken place.

As, however, it would have been dangerous for Crowley to have remained in Portugal then, it is safe to assume that he left Portugal either on the 24th. or on the 25th. and (since he had to go to Germany) that he did go there, but by some more devious route.

Now the more devious route seemed to me to be the one no one is likely to take if he is going beyond the Pyrenees. This is the Southern train. Now the Southern Express, which goes right to the end of South Portugal; next to the Spanish frontier, leaves at 8 a.m., and I conjectured that Crowley may have left

on that train, on the 25th., since he was still in Lisbon on the 24th.

The Southern train is not much used by foreigners. . .

I was able to ascertain that a man very closely corresponding to Crowley's description had—indeed and actually—left Lisbon on the boat which connects with the Southern train at Barreiro, in the morning of the 25th. That was enough for me. My case was proved.

In pursuance of this plan, he staged an elaborate complication with Miss Jaeger, which should allow her to leave for Germany by herself, ahead of him. Whether the hysterical attack was part of this plan, or whether it served as a natural basis for its sacrifice—it is useless, and indeed futile, to inquire. There seems little possibility of doubt that the intention, always or at the end, was to get the lady through to Germany by herself, she being obviously in no danger. Her appeal for financial aid to the American Consulate was probably faked to indicate a separation from Crowley, and, if it be true that her family intervened in the matter, then the fake was more elaborate still, though there might be a coincidence in the case, or she herself, in collusion with Crowley, may have so devised things as to make her family intervene. Any number of possibilities emerge, but they do not shake the substantial case I have made for the reason for her solitary voyage to Germany.

Crowley, in the presence of the American Consul, made extensive expostulations, asked her to stay, and the like. All this belongs to the same drama.

Certain authorities ascertained that Crowley was reported as being in Berlin on the 27th. Afterwards they became unsure of this. The case is very simple. The false Crowley no doubt went right through to Berlin and was naturally there on the 27th. The real Crowley followed no doubt two or three days after. The confusion between the two perhaps raised the doubt.

It is a curious point as to why Crowley should be safe in Germany though in danger elsewhere, but that may be explained by greater possibilities of hiding there, either by having friends or for some other reason.

It is a fortunate circumstance that the Southern train carries very few foreigners, except Spaniards, who are not physically like Englishmen nor radically distinguishable from Portuguese. It should therefore be possible to track a man like Crowley, though several days had intervened since his presumed departure.

So I tried to ascertain whether anyone remembered a man whom I described in accordance with Crowley's appearance, who had (I assumed) travelled to Vila Real de Santo António, that being the end of the line and right opposite Spain, with one suit-case only (this being the luggage carried by Crowley, according to the porter's statement, when he left the Central Railway Station). I made my investigation at Barreiro and was successful in a quarter of an hour. The man in question, easily remembered the day because [...] was going right to Vila Real de Santo António, and did have as luggage only one suit-case, a new one, the porter remembered too.

My case was complete.

I reasoned that, if the taxi had been waiting a long time at the Central Station, then it was likely that Crowley had hired it right in Terreiro do Paco, where the Café Arcada is and there is taxi-stand, that he had picked up the suit-case somewhere on the way.

This made the particular investigation rather [more] basic than it otherwise might be. Though a taxi-stand place, Terreiro do Paco, being down on the river, and as much out of the way as a central place can be, is not one where taxis are very abundant, so I thought a friendly chauffeur could be able to give me some indication about what taxi that could have been. When I had described the taxi and its driver in accordance with the railway porter's description, my chauffeur friend, after thinking a moment, suddenly started and stared at me: "Good Lord!" he said, "Why do you want to know? Why, that must have been Ernesto Martins' taxi!"

—"Well, what about it?"

"Why, don't you know...?"

Then, suddenly, I knew. I had been reading about it in the papers for several days. And that showed me that I had closed my quest.

For the taxi was taxi Nr. 10:279-S owned and driven by Ernesto Martins. Now Ernesto Martins was found shot in his taxi in the early hours of the 26th. September, outside an estate called Quinta da Torre on the railway line between Lisbon and Cascais. The first news of the crime, as a matter of fact, appeared in the same issue of the *Diário de Notícias* where the Crowley case was first reported.

Ernesto Martins (who corresponded exactly to the porter's description of the chauffeur), owner and driver of taxi Nr. 10:279-S (which [...] corresponded exactly to the porter's description) was found shot in his car.

## CHAPTER 10

### MURDER AND EPITAPH

The murderer had been found, and, it appears, had been found to be missing.

AM... The statement is stupid to the verge of incredibility. It is incredible that the Head of a Police should have no better nonsense to tell. It was rightly received with very explicit scepticism by the reporters on whom it was inflicted.

We need not absolutely doubt that the man indicated by the police was the murderer. This, however, invalidates nothing contained in my tentative hypothesis. I have established (as near as can be) the identity of the driver of the taxi who carried Crowley away from Rossio Station with the driver of the taxi who was murdered on the Cascais line. I have shown how suspicious a coincidence this is, when it had been also shown with what murderous intent Crowley had been pursued. My conclusions and supplementary hypothesis involve nothing, one way or another, as to the identity of the murder of the taxi-driver. He must have been someone, that is all. It is his motive that seems clear to me, and nothing but silly motives have been propounded by the police in counter to the one which I also propounded because it has emerged naturally out of my investigation.

1. The Devil's Way.
2. The Finder's Statement.
3. The Explainer's Statement.
4. The Case.
5. Testing for a Hoax.
6. Crowley's Alibi.
7. Enter Mr. Cole.
8. The Crowley-Cole Problem. (Duality)
9. The Case Concluded.
10. Murder and an Epitaph.

And though I cannot affirm with real assurance that Crowley has not been killed, I nevertheless prefer my hypothesis, or conclusion, that, avoiding his persecutors, he has made good his way, in some manner which I could not discover, to Germany, which Mr. Cole may or may not have reached. And I wonder whether in some out of the way place an unidentified body

may not be Mr. Cole's. It would not be strange drama of a war behind the scenes.

The chauffeur certainly paid for his probably very minor part. For that, at least, is the one certainly tragic incident in this complex case, and the mystery surrounding even this nugatory consequence of Crowley's escape, or temporary escape, does really fit in nicely with the whole mistiness of the matter.

Though I cannot claim any special sympathy with Crowley's aims and purposes—chiefly because I do not know what they are-- , yet I hope my chosen hypothesis is right, and that he has passed, not only the Portuguese, the Spanish and the French frontiers, into Germany, but the worst frontiers of a vigilant hatred, the cause of which I am incompetent to determine or to understand. Crowley, whatever he may be otherwise than intellectually, is certainly a writer of great distinction and power, and so, howsoever may be in other respects, his death would be a real loss to the world.

We need not, I think, trouble about his epitaph. But the poor chauffeur might fitly have one on his humble grave, and it would be doubly fitting that it were in English and that it were Shakespeare's:

The investigation of the Lisbon taxis which might fit, both in respect of their appearance and of that of their drivers, the one which bore away Crowley from Rossio Station for some destination unknown is one of the most tedious inquiries I have ever conducted. It took me from the 5th. October right down to the 20th. and by then I had narrowed down the vehicles to three. Of the possible fourteen I succeeded probably in ruling out eleven, and it took me eight clear days to do so.

Of the final three, I found that one had not been in Lisbon on the 23rd. After two further days' work I ruled out another, for a reason which need not concern the reader but is fully sufficient. I was left with one taxi and that the right one at last. Crowley had left Rossio Station, between eleven and twelve on the 23rd., in taxi Nr. 10-279-S owned and driven . . .

My investigation was at an end. But it was at a dead end. Ernesto Martins owner and driver of taxi Nr. 10-279-S could not be questioned by me, nor by anyone else. He was shot dead in his car, at a point of the Cascais line, on the late evening of the 26th. September. The crime was committed in highly mysterious circumstances and the true murderer has not yet been found. I do not think he will ever be found. Meantime the poor driver has been buried, amid great regret from his followers. His grave, no doubt a humble one, bears certainly no inscrip-

tion. If anyone is ever required and an English one can do it, it is to hand in Shakespeare.