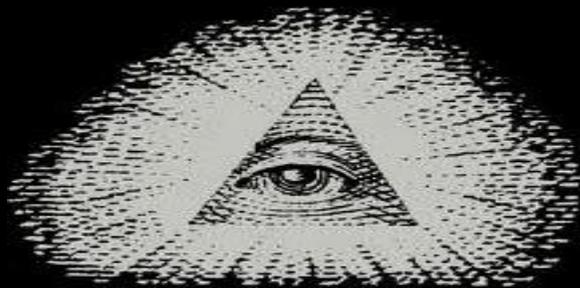


# ILLUMINATI HUNTER

*Adam Weishaupt and the Eye of Horus*

**By Sebastian P. Drechsler**



**Republished by Ethan T. Harrison**

# **Illuminati Hunter**

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## Foreword

After this brief introduction the following text, apart from the addition of the hyper-links and their footnotes, is an exact reprint of a book that I found in a junk shop in London during the summer of 2012. Originally published in 1913 by Necromancer, a small English publishing house that has since vanished, it seems to have had only a limited release as after much extensive searching, I have not been able to find another copy anywhere.

There are several reasons I decided to republish the book. Mainly because it is a fantastic adventure story written in a surprisingly modern way that I feel the contemporary reader will appreciate but also because when I checked the story's details on the internet to my astonishment many of them, however outlandish, were borne out by existing records or so close that it was impossible to believe they could all be coincidence, hence the addition of the hypertext links so that you can see for yourself.

If the extraordinary account in the book is true it would throw a completely new light onto what is already a remarkable period of Bavarian and World history that I'm sure you'll find fascinating especially if you are connected to the net and use the hyper-links embedded in the text.

I hope you will enjoy researching the background of this adventure as much as I did and, of course, be thrilled by the truly amazing story itself. *E.T. Harrison.2013*

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*Adam Weishaupt and the Eye of Horus*

**By Sebastian P. Drechsler**

*Published in Great Britain by Necromancer Press 1913.*

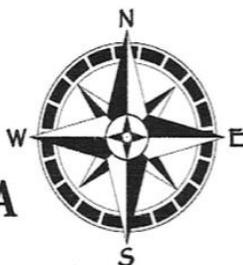
## Introduction

*This volume is formed from a collection of memoirs discovered in 1898 at the University of Munich in Bavaria. Sebastian Pierre Drechsler was a student and eventually lecturer at Ingolstadt University between 1783 – 1800, before the faculty was closed down. He later went on to become Professor and then Director of History at Munich University until he retired in 1833. It is understood that the original memoirs were dictated by the scholar on his deathbed (circa 1852) and that he had not wanted them to come to the public's attention for 'some time' after he died so as not to besmirch his fine reputation achieved after many years working within academe. He was on record to have made claim that they would be valuable 'To those in the future who are already illuminated, or are ready to come into the light.' It should be noted that the transcript was dictated to an Englishman, a court stenographer by trade, who was not fluent in the Bavarian tongue but the far-sighted Professor had understood that his scribe's natural dialect was fast becoming the international language of the world and so by means of this translation would secure the text's widest readership when it eventually saw the light of day. This detail and the fact that it is a vocal record would explain the sound effects, British measurements, occasional vernacular and the constant personal observations of a humorous nature.*

*A. Jones Editor Necromancer Press. 1913*

The Kingdom of  
**BAVARIA**

Drawn By  
The Best Authorities



**PRUSSIA**



**SWITZERLAND**

**AUSTRIA**

Scale: miles

0 25 50 75 100



This map shows the Bavarian borders as they were determined by the Vienna Conference of 1815 and as such is in accordance with the statutes laid down by that auspicious international council. 

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*To my darling Francesca*

*I will never forget you.*

I, Sebastian Drechsler, finding myself of sound mind but failing body, in the year of our Lord 1852, at the grand old age of eighty seven, do finally commit these words to paper and solemnly swear that though much of the following text may at times sound unbelievable, it is, in fact, a true and accurate account of the extraordinary adventures in which I played my part as a young man in my homeland of Bavaria many, many years ago. Also, I truly hope that if the text has survived as long as I have intended before coming to the public's attention then the incredible tale you are about to read no longer contains a very necessary warning for the world. But if that is the case then may God Almighty have mercy on your souls.

It was a ghastly night. The wind roared and the rain lashed about in the black trees creaking outside my window. In my bed, I thrashed from side to side anxiously listening to the storm until at last I fell into a deep, deep sleep...

I had a terrible dream. In this fearful vision I was climbing up a mountain of moaning, writhing bodies. Far below me was an eternal blackness and I knew it was the abyss. In the distance, way above me, radiating from the top of the enormous pyramid of flesh, was the brightest light I had ever seen, so bright that I felt it burn my very soul, so bright that I knew it was also the abyss. As I climbed I could feel the faces of the people beneath me, their ears, their lips, their teeth, all of them imagined through my finger tips for I dared not look in case I caught one of the desperate stares. Under my feet I could feel their shoulders, their knees and their grasping hands clinging at my naked body. But I kicked hard to break their grip and struggled on even though I knew it would be the end, the end of everything, I still climbed upwards towards the light clambering over the seething wall of people as they cried out their awful calls.

I awoke with a gasp, covered in a cold sweat and filled with a dreadful sense of foreboding. It was at that moment, sitting up in my bed shivering with fear, that I first decided I would visit Professor Van Halestrom. I was sure that I had overheard one of my fellow students saying that the eccentric scholar had the skill to read dreams. That was how it all began for me. It was because of the terrible dream. As I pulled my nightshirt about me and tried to go back to sleep it would have been impossible for me to imagine the incredible adventures fate now held in store. Indeed, had I known the extraordinary series of events that first real meeting with the Professor was to set in motion and the effect it was to have on my future and the future of the entire world, I might never have decided to see Van Halestrom at all. For back then I was merely a student at the University of Ingolstadt immersed in the study of history, philosophy, canon law and chasing women. A

simple freshman from a small village; recently arrived in a big town and trying to make the same acclimatisation with his thoughts as to his new location in life. No mean task for a man who had received as strict an upbringing as mine and had picked up his father's stifling self-consciousness – a trait I was more than ready to shake off so that I could find out what was out there in this new world and discover within me a new self. Ah, but I digress. This tale is of such great importance that it must be told properly. So I will begin ...

## **Chapter 1**

### **Innocent Beginnings**

Though my nightmare had put me in a frightful state of mind, I was in much better shape as soon as I had begun my walk to Ingolstadt University on that warm May morning of 1784. The streets of the beautiful, ancient city were already bustling with throngs of traders, artisans and townspeople going about their daily business. The summer smells of the thriving town mixed pleasantly with those wafting from the river Danube filling the air with a scent that thrilled the senses. Another thing which thrilled the senses about this marvellous place to which I had moved, but eight months ago, from the tiny and distant village of Tuffengarten was that there seemed to be beautiful girls around every other corner and back in Tuffengarten there were no pretty girls at all. Believe me, I'd looked.

I smiled hopefully but with little effect at another lovely young maiden as I crossed the street and passed through the university gates. Back then, of course, I had no idea why my lack of success persisted with members of the fairer sex. I knew I wasn't a bad looking chap. Although, unfortunately it was still only my mother who would say so, I was actually quite a handsome man. Six foot tall, well built with thick brown hair and a generous face which sported a proud chin and a set of noble features. Maybe it was a bit too proud and noble for the girls, or so I thought. Of course, in reality, I was a spoilt brat and a total idiot, especially when it came to women, and so spent most of my time with my head stuck solidly up my Bavarian arse. Though the inexperience of youth kept me blissfully unaware of these crucial facts. So, in my innocence, and bad dreams aside, I had every reason to have a spring in my step that day because one thing I knew for certain - this was the time to be alive for a twenty-one-year-old man with a thirst for the amazing theories and discoveries of this wondrous

age of learning.

For the Great Enlightenment was everywhere. The thoughts of men like Rousseau, Newton, Voltaire and Copernicus were sweeping away the old ideas of the past and resigning their hocus pocus to the rubbish bin of history. Yes, this was the time to be young and open-minded. And the best place to be all these things was Ingolstadt University with one of the finest reputations in all of Europe, which meant the world. I was indeed very lucky and very proud to be attending this austere institution, although perhaps not always trying as hard at my studies as any proper student should.

I entered the university through the grand old doors and stepped into the darkness of the central hallway. After establishing with the campus clerk that Professor Van Halestrom was just finishing his morning lecture and that I may watch from the gallery, I made my way to the appropriate hall and quietly let myself in. The hall was packed with attentive students as his lectures were always very popular and I squeezed myself amongst the crowd at the back. I had met the intriguing scholar at the university chess club when he had congratulated me on my victory over one of the other masters and we had talked of chess and gone on to discuss military campaigns and great battles of the past. I found him personable, learned and very humorous at the same time, which was in complete contrast to all the teachers I had met before. Looking around I saw undergraduates from other courses who obviously felt they could learn something from the renowned academic, even though their particular subjects were unrelated. They were probably right. Although fifty-five, the eagle-eyed and animated Professor Van Halestrom was at his peak then and famous for delivering thoroughly illuminating lectures that encompassed many themes and that morning was no exception.

“And that is why, Gentlemen, the inherent problems of a debt-ridden monetary system make it anathema to civilised society. This system will always produce aggregated capital over much too wide a range which in turn produces an undesirably large gap between the haves and have-nots. As we have already learnt this will lead to

a problematic rise in crime, illness, child mortality, spread of disease, general suffering and all the associated unnecessary political upheaval that they bring in their wake. This particular form of capitalism can be shown as a cone. The majority of the people living on the bottom whilst a very few occupy the pinnacle at the top. It is my opinion that the shape which should be aspired to, when creating a system of trade and equity, is, in fact, the sphere which produces no spike, no high, no low but is the most harmonious of shapes within Greek geometry.” He energetically sketched on a large blackboard as he talked, “It is the shape that matter or energy most readily assumes, suggesting that there is equilibrium within the system. It is also, and I believe this is no coincidence, the most common of natural forms in the universe and also the mirror of our own and naturally balanced world.”

He finished a cleverly detailed drawing of the earth before turning to his audience and putting his finger tips together with a grin. A short pause was followed by warm applause from all around the lecture hall at which Van Halestrom raised a hand continuing, “Thank you. Thank you. Although I am flattered, your praise will not stop me from being extremely unhappy with you if you do not finish Adam Smith’s ‘Wealth of Nations’ and write a four thousand word essay on it by next week. I would also urge anyone who is not a student of this class to read this volume as it is very instructive and also outlines the rather ominous global economic realities of our future.” \*<sup>1</sup>

With this Van Halestrom collected his things and made his way

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<sup>1</sup>There is no record of a Professor Van Halestrom working at the University of Ingolstadt at this time but staff records are sketchy at the best so this is no surprise. Although no solid information exists to back up this theory, for which you will have to forgive me, because it is one of the most speculative in the footnotes, it is my belief that such was the Professor’s part in local history in some way it has led to it being the inspiration for Bram Stoker’s famous character [Professor Abraham von Helsing](#) in his 1897 novel *Dracula*. This point is given credence by the fact that Stoker had spent several years studying European folklore before penning his masterpiece which I believe may have recorded some of Van Halestrom’s exploits. If this seems unlikely then I merely suggest you read on.

out of the hall. I left along with the other students who gossiped excitedly about what they had just heard and made my way round to the Professor's rooms where he was enjoying a cup of tea and a smoke of his pipe.

He welcomed me with his typical aplomb, "Ah, Herr Drechsler. Good to see you. Would you like some tea? It's Darjeeling, a particularly pleasant flavour, I think you'll agree."

I greeted him and sat down. After briefly discussing chess and how I was doing in my studies he asked what the purpose of my visit was and I told him of my dream from the previous night. Upon hearing my description, to my astonishment, he calmly said, "I have recently had the same one."

Flabbergasted, I asked him, "But ... what does it mean, sir?"

Speaking with scholarly authority he declared, "It is capitalism, my friend, the greatest conspiracy of them all. A vile trap, in which you will be condemned to climb forever over the rest of humanity to reach your own pitiful end and the powerful light you saw at the top, was the eye of Horus, The Illuminated One, Lucifer himself!"

Well, of course, all I could do was sit in my chair dumbfounded so much so that I thought I might be back in my horrendous nightmare. As my mind tried to make sense out of these seemingly bizarre statements the Professor surprised me once more. Whilst pouring another cup he asked, "Would you consider yourself a good horseman, my lad?"

I was still too busy thinking of 'Lucifer himself!' to properly reply and just let out a protracted, "Err..."

Regardless of my confusion he carried on, "Only, I heard some of my students saying that you were very accomplished in the saddle."

He looked me up and down as though evaluating my capacities for something that I uncomfortably knew nothing about. Whilst puckering his lips on his pipe he added, "I may have a task for you, a small matter of little consequence. Can you use a gun?"

This was another jump in the proceedings and finally I found my tongue.

"If the matter is of such little consequence, sir, why should I

need a gun?”

“I understand your father is a gunsmith. So I would presume you would be familiar, to a certain degree, with fire-arms.”

He lit his pipe with an ingenious system of flints contained in a miniature hand-held box before nodding at me knowingly. Feeling a little off guard anyway these remarks of a more personal nature unsettled me further.

It was true that I was a dab hand with a horse and I was known for doing tricks on my beautiful horse Petrova in the local stable yard. Also, as a member of the university shooting club it was common knowledge that I could use a gun and that my father was a gunsmith but that the Professor knew all of this was a surprise to me. I felt a little trapped and replied politely but firmly, “It is true that I can ride, sir, and that I have, to a certain degree, some familiarity with fire-arms but what that has to do with anything at the university is entirely beyond me. I am a simple freshman, Herr Professor, as you know from our brief meetings at the chess club and around the faculty. I am but twenty-one years old and know nothing about the indecencies of city life. How I could be of use to you in this matter, however small, is something I cannot even begin to imagine.”

This was not entirely true. I had, in fact, enjoyed a number of secretive adventures back in Tuffengarten, mostly running away from angry farmers and tavern landlords. The Professor seemed to sense this. “Oh, don’t do yourself down, Sebastian. You have an excellent mind for one thing. Remember I’ve seen you beat Herr Kandinsky and, back in his day he was a chess champion. You’re here at the university, for another, which means you’re prepared to learn. You’ve a ready wit which is always handy and you have a fast horse which I’d bet a whole month’s wages on to win against a thoroughbred.” He puffed on his pipe concluding with a flick of his eyebrows, “And a month’s wages at the university is quite a lot.”

With this he paused and looked unnervingly right into my eyes then came away with a broad smile, suggesting, “You also look as though you fancy a bit of adventure. It’s a good look. I’ve seen it before; sometimes in the mirror, sometimes in my students, but

always on the face of a man with a desire to live a life that's his own. So what do you say? Will you run a small errand for me and collect a letter from a messenger out on the road to Stuttgart?"

I didn't know what to make of the man at all as he sat there sucking his pipe and blowing out two evenly matched rings of smoke. My parents had warned me of the dangers of accepting offers from strange men in the city and with all the staring into my eyes I was feeling as uncomfortable as I had since arriving in Ingolstadt the previous September. I had thought he was an eccentric intellectual before this moment but now I felt a tiny shudder go up my spine and remembered him boldly declaring, 'Lucifer himself!'

This thought produced my answer, "I'm afraid I must refuse, sir. I hope you don't mind but I promised my parents ..."

"I understand, my lad. But if you change your mind there's fifty thalers in it for you which I'm sure you will find useful. Now if you'll forgive me I have another lecture to prepare."

"Of ... course, Herr Professor," I stumbled. His abrupt dismissal had brought on another wave of anxiety in me. I found myself standing up very quickly and performing a very low and overly earnest bow then clicking my heels as I'd seen my father do when taking leave of someone he believed socially superior. I immediately regretted it and caught his eye. He smiled and, almost laughing, said, "Good luck, my friend. See you at the chess club."

I left his rooms and walked up the corridor thinking of everything that had transpired. If I was so interested in discovering my new self why had I not jumped at the Professor's exciting offer faster than a rat blown up a drain pipe with a pair of blacksmith's bellows? I cursed my self-consciousness blaming it on my father's influence. Whatever the Professor had said about my nightmare, it was just a dream and he was just an unconventional old gentleman, as a man of reason I should not be scared of either. So caught up in my thoughts was I that I nearly walked into another student coming towards me before exiting the dim building into the sunshine of the spring day.

Maybe it was the bright rays of sun that snapped me from my

ruminations but I suddenly remembered Jan, my old friend from school. I was meant to meet him at ten o'clock at the coaching inn. It was the shock of the previous night's dream that had made me forget. Just then the bells of St Maria's church rang out over the roof tops - I counted the chimes fearing the worst; eight, nine, ten, Oh dear, eleven times. I was late, very late indeed.

**Illuminati Hunter**

## **Chapter 2**

### **Old Friends**

When I reached the coaching inn some ten minutes later I instantly spotted Jan standing outside. There were a couple of reasons I saw my old friend so easily. First, his unruly mane of bright red hair clashed so violently with his vulgar purple clothes that they could have been seen by a blind man. Second because for some strange reason Jan Kohler, unlike myself, was found most attractive by members of the opposite sex and although the scoundrel had arrived only an hour ago he was already in the company of two pretty young ladies.

It wasn't his looks that made the women interested in him. He would be the first to admit that he was no oil-painting and perhaps no water-colour either. Neither was his figure so alluring because, although he was as tall as me, Jan was, well to put it bluntly, he was fat. No, the secret of his attraction did not lie in his physique or his features. It was immediately obvious to anyone who met him that he was very, very funny and this was the reason that the ladies liked him. And that's why I liked him too.

"Jan Kohler, you old rascal, how are you?" I cried and as quick as a flash he replied, "As happy as a Chinaman who has just found a huge dog in his kitchen and twice as good for seeing you. You're late!"

We embraced and as we pulled away he laughed, "You, Sebastian Drechsler will never change so I am not surprised to see that as usual you have not."

"You too are just as I remember. Your face is pulling exactly the same stupid expression as it was five months ago when I last saw it at Christmas."

"And yours, Seb, is as simple as it ever was, not ugly of course, but still simple. Tell me has that face felt the fair hand of a woman in the throes of a passionate embrace or has it just remained

simple?”

I squirmed with embarrassment in front of his new coquettish friends who were now giggling at me. He butted in, enjoying his enduring advantage with the ladies, “Well, my old friend just help yourself to one of mine. This is Astrid and this is Katrina.” He bowed at the tittering girls as he introduced them and continued, “Now you must take me somewhere where I can eat. I was on that stagecoach for six hours and here at this coaching inn for another and in that time I have found that neither serves a good breakfast.”

Jan was certainly my best childhood friend though, to be truthful, there were no others who qualified as candidates. We had only fought properly once when we were very young. This was a fight he had won using his superior weight to hold me down. After that the pair of us had become good friends; riding, swimming, shooting with guns borrowed from my father’s workshop, talking about girls at great length although enjoying their pleasures to a lesser extent and always he more successfully than me. This was something I had always been a little jealous of and he knew it. Jan had not been able to afford to come to university and, as we had discussed, was maybe not of the right temperament anyway. In truth his Latin and Greek were worse than a monkey’s and no way near the required standard for further education. He had said he thought ‘the pursuit of academia trivial’ although I secretly suspected that he was envious of my academic talents.

So, in a way, our jealousies balanced out. His uncle had found him a position at the local money-changers in Ingolstadt and I had promised to look after him for a short time until his room was vacated. Anyway, I always wanted to see him and I could do with a laugh: Funny old beggar that he was.

I led Jan and the ladies to the nearest place where we could get something proper to eat, and at Fassbender’s on Milchstrasse we did just that for the next four hours. Jan had certainly not lost his ability for great humour and we laughed so much that the whole afternoon passed without me thinking once of the Professor or my troubling dream. Later we moved to a bierkeller in the centre of town where the student fraternities spent much of their time and

the jokes and drinks flowed steadily as we laughed and reminisced into the night.

It must have been ten o'clock when, returning after a much needed visit to the privy and feeling quite the worse for wear, I could not find either the girls or Jan at the table where I had left them. Slowly gawping around the room I finally spotted my party gathered in front of a well-to-do but nervous looking couple sitting at another table. I focused my bleary eyes to see my old school chum holding up his handkerchief in one hand and a beer mug in the other whilst drunkenly announcing, "Ladies and, Gentleman," he pointed a swaying finger at the man sitting at the table adding "That's you, sir," before slurring on, "For your pleasure and most hearty entertainment I shall turn these two everyday objects into a piece of meat." He wrapped the handkerchief tightly round the mug and gripped it between his thighs then reached down and picked up the hand of the man's pretty friend placing it under the mug. He smiled before proudly boasting, "Behold. Have you ever seen such magic? What a Frankfurter!"

There was a pause as everyone looked at the phallic arrangement in Jan's groin then at the triumphant smile on his face before the girls' initial tittering turned into a mighty howl. Surprisingly, the young woman, still resolutely holding the phallus aloft, slowly joined in with the laughter but for her poor companion this was the last straw. He stood up and slapped Jan round the face with a glove, of all things. Unfortunately this made the girls even worse and this final humiliation was too much for the insulted man. Seething with anger he grabbed Jan by the ear and dragged him through the tavern and into the street where honour could be satisfied. Seeing that the gentleman was carrying a sword, I ran after them to try and prevent any unnecessary bloodshed.

Falling out of the door into the street I found Jan swaying around in front of the angry duellist who was thankfully having some difficulty freeing his blade from its scabbard. Jan, like a fool, was oblivious to any impending danger and carried on drunkenly repeating, "It's a Frankfurter! A Frankfurter! Get it? And, of course, when I say Frankfurter I mean cock!"

The incensed gentleman only grew angrier at Jan's crude japery and struggled in vain to free his sword. By now a small crowd, including his female companion and the girls had come outside to see the fight. Though what actually transpired was hardly a fight. In fact, it was one of the most pathetic brawls I have ever seen. For when the man eventually lost his patience trying to unleash the sword he raised it anyway presumably to bludgeon some manners into Jan. Finally taking exception to this Jan grabbed up at the weapon and the pair of them proceeded to wrestle about for its possession. The struggle came to an end when Jan let go but such was the duellist's eagerness to get the sword back he went pitching backwards through the window of a china shop in the narrow lane. Although the fight itself was pathetic enough to embarrass the patrons of a kindergarten the crash was loud enough to have been heard at the town gates. For it was not only the window that broke, but two shelves of chamber pots as well and the carnage drew a deep gasp from the audience and even a few fearful screams from the ladies.

The destruction was sufficient to render me immediately sober and even the Bacchic Jan became momentarily lucid as he witnessed the wreckage. The two of us exchanged worried glances as the last piece of glass fell to the floor before running to the aid of the hapless fellow who was miraculously unhurt. Dragging him from the splinters of wood and shattered glass we could hear the shouts and whistles of the town's night watchmen already approaching fast. Suffice to say within a minute we were both arrested and another thirty after that locked in jail.

Our fortunes continued to wane when we found out that the idiot with the sword was the son of a local councillor and so, unsurprisingly, we were charged with affray and spent the night in the local clink. The jailer told us that the authorities held a dim view of the antics of drunken students and though Jan argued relentlessly that he was not a student we were told the fine would be more than ten thalers each. Languishing in our cold damp cell that night listening to the sound of Jan's snoring and the rats scurrying around in the darkness I had already decided what I

would do come the morning and freedom.

## Chapter 3

### Under the Doctor's Knife

“It wasn't my fault, I tell you,” complained Jan for the umpteenth time as we shuffled away from the town jail in the chill of the early morning.

“But then, in a much truer sense, yes it was.” I could not lie. It was.

“How can I be blamed for another man's lack of good humour?”

“Maybe you could have guessed he was not going to find your joke amusing in the first place.”

“But it was an excellent joke. A Frankfurter! Get it? A Frankfurter!”

“Yes, yes! I get it. Now could you please stop repeating it at the top of your voice - it's making my head ache even more.”

“You've changed since you've become a la-di-da student, Seb. Back in Tuffengarten you'd still be laughing at that in a week's time.”

Maybe he was right; just a little. Perhaps I did feel as though I had more responsibility on my shoulders here in Ingolstadt. I knew I felt a burden of duty to my parents not to let them down and to flourish in my studies before graduating, hopefully. Since my enrolment the previous September I had not committed a single transgression and although I was a little behind in my work, maybe more, I had not come to the attention of my superiors at the university. This indiscretion would change all that. The city council were in constant contact with the faculty's administration so I knew that this incident would definitely be reported.

I sighed at this prospect as we reached my lodgings. After entering as quietly as possible we sneaked up to my room as it was still very early in the morning and I did not wish to wake my nosy landlady Fraulein Warburg. Unfortunately, my huge guffawing friend made too much noise going up the creaking stairs and she

came to her door in the hallway calling up from below us, “Is that you, Herr Drechsler? I know it is as you did not come back last night. You should not come in at this hour because you will wake my other guests and you still owe me two month’s rent.”

Jan sniggered, “She’ll wake the whole street if she doesn’t shut up. Never mind this house.”

I told him to shush and we eventually found my door at the top of the stairs as her voice faded behind us. I let Jan have my own bed, washed and shaved, had a small breakfast of cakes and cold coffee, collected my books and made my way to the university to attend my morning class.

The weather had changed and a grey, drizzling mist hung over the city. On my way through the narrow streets I reviewed my accounts. Although no lengthy calculations were necessary, my financial situation was obvious. I had been swindled a little in the first few weeks after my arrival in Ingolstadt, as all freshmen are. So I was told, although mainly by the ones who did the swindling. Also the books I had bought for my studies had been more expensive than I had planned. Combined with my habits of a little drink, purely for social purposes of course, and the feeding and stabling of Petrova and, indeed, myself, I had already been feeling the pinch. This last small ‘problem’ with the smashed window, the five broken chamber pots, two counts of affray and the subsequent fifteen thaler fine had pushed me over the edge. Now I was broke. I had been reluctant to inform my parents of my money problems not having wanted to worry them as they were prone to do, especially my mother. My father would just have said I should have been able to purchase my necessities for a fraction of their actual price as he would no doubt have been able to do ‘back in his day’.

I had already decided I would agree to help Professor Van Halestrom. Not only would his intriguing offer give me the opportunity to explore my new self, the money would be essential if I was to keep up with the deluge of debts with which I was faced without concerning my parents. So keen was I to resolve my financial woes that I had planned to see the Professor before my

first lecture which was three hours of canon law but now realised I would not have enough time. I cursed Jan's pranks and also my selection of subjects.

Law was the least favourite of these. But because I was certainly no genius or wealthy young man, I had had to come to the university under the patronage of our local lord, Count Von Friedrich. This philanthropic aristocrat, having no offspring of his own, took it upon himself to sponsor the education of a few of the more promising young men of Tuffengarten and fortunately the latest of these was me. Although this arrangement meant there was an added sense of responsibility for me, knowing that my parents would feel greatly humiliated back in the village if I were to let them down. It also meant that I had to study a mixture of topics that were pre-selected for me so as to 'make it easier to obtain proper employment when entering the modern environment of work,' or so I'd been told. After I had graduated and found suitable employment I would be expected to reimburse the Count's estate.

This was fair enough but Canon Law? I didn't enjoy it for several reasons. Mainly because it was incalculably boring and immeasurably complicated but also to me lawyers, whether they worked for the church or not, just seemed like professional liars; clever charlatans who would say literally anything, although very correctly and persuasively, to get what they wanted and this was simply immoral. Another reason was my teacher, Herr Adam Weishaupt. Although incredibly intelligent - amazingly for a head of faculty still only in his early thirties - he was also cold, aloof and possessed a strangely menacing air about him. Indeed, such was his icy detachment that it had been responsible for earning him the nickname of 'The Doctor' amongst the fraternity, as he always managed to make his students feel like they were about to go under the surgeon's knife. Also, late students were his pet hate. So on hearing the bell of St Maria's ring quarter to eight I pulled up my collar, put my head down and marched a little faster through the drizzle that was now turning into rain.

I made it just in time and found a seat at the top of the lecture hall not wanting to draw attention to myself from the fearsome

Weishaupt. At exactly eight o'clock, dressed in his black gown, the stern tutor appeared and took his place behind the lectern watching the rain-soaked stragglers come in with a disapproving frown.

After the last had taken his place he began, "Good morning, Gentle...." Only to be interrupted by one more late comer. Herr Grubber, a portly chap with a look of constant surprise on his face who nodded at the Doctor apologetically mumbling, "Sorry, sir, I ..."

Weishaupt coolly intoned, "Tell me, Herr Grubber, do you think that the ancient civilisations of the past could have ever achieved the glorious triumphs which still resonate throughout our world today, if their citizens had perpetually turned up late for everything?"

Grubber looked even more shocked than usual and answered, "I was run into by a horse in the square near..."

"It was not a question, Herr Grubber!" snapped the lecturer, "It was a rhetorical statement of empirical fact. Now sit down! You will report to me afterwards. Let this be a lesson to all of you. Bad time keeping will not be tolerated in this class. Now everyone open your book at page two-hundred and sixty-eight and we shall finally begin."

It was a good job lippy Jan wasn't there or we would have been expelled before the good Doctor could shout 'Habeas Corpus!' I put my head into my book as did the rest of the class and the lesson began. \*<sup>2</sup>

It might have been the previous night's drinking and incarcerations or just plain boredom but I awoke with a start on my

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<sup>2</sup> [Adam Johann Weishaupt](#). This immensely intriguing character was certainly lecturing at the University of Ingolstadt in 1784. Although S. Drechsler refers to him as 'The Doctor' he was, in fact, Professor of Canon Law and the first non Jesuit to hold this position at the faculty in over 90 years. It is one view that the young academic's education by the Jesuit priesthood, which would have probably been extremely harsh, was the reason he adopted his revolutionary anti-Christian philosophy. At the time the story is written he is known to have denounced his Catholicism and adopted the doctrines of the Hermetics, Manicheans and those that revolved around astrology, medicine, magic and the mysteries of ancient Egypt taking special interest in the pyramids at Giza.

seat at the back of the hall and tried to compose myself. Fortunately my slumber had not been spotted by Weishaupt and as I looked around I saw two of my fellow students were also dozing. It was dark at the back of the hall and I'm sure the Doctor's eyesight was not good enough to see those of us who were in the shadows. He was still delivering his lecture and I forced myself to concentrate thinking that I should at least try to take in something if only for the sake of my parents and, of course, to stay awake.

Weishaupt rumbled on, "In this classic case of canon law the orders in the constitution clearly define our legally binding claimant to the rendering and inscription of new legislature be that disposed to a country of colonies, rightful heir or royal sovereign i.e. king or queen."

He paused as if pondering his notes before lifting his eyes above his spectacles and meditatively continuing, "Actually this may be a moot point as one can envisage a time in the future where society will organise itself properly and we shall see the abolishment of the aristocracy, property, social authority, nationality and the return of the human race to a happy state: A single family without artificial needs or useless sciences: Every father being a priest and a magistrate. These priests would not teach a religion that most of you would be familiar with but more a God of Nature."

The Doctor's line of thought was broken by the clerk ringing the bell in the hallway marking the morning recess but he re-focused with irritation to see the haste which his class showed in leaving the room. He shouted out above the din of the departing students, "Herr Grubber. I trust you have not forgotten our meeting?" and gestured to the foot of the lectern. The dejected pupil slowly made his way to the bottom of the stairs from where he was escorted out by Weishaupt. Keeping at a safe distance I followed the pair and watched as the Doctor opened the door of his private chambers and ushered Grubber inside. When I passed I briefly caught Weishaupt's eye chilling the blood in my veins. The door closed with a bang and I heard him growling at the unlucky Grubber as I hurried off to see Van Halestrom.

I knocked at the Professor's door and he called me to enter,

greeting me with his usual smile. Then, before I could even begin he started, “I’m so glad you have decided to accept my offer. Actually I was expecting you a little earlier. Perhaps something happened last night that prevented you from coming sooner?”

I stood frozen in the doorway like an old man crossing the street who just realised he’s about to be run over by a stagecoach. I stumbled, “But ... how did you know I would come?”

“It was in your eyes, my lad. And the eyes have it.”