

Lost Continents & The Hollow Earth

by
**David
Hatcher
Childress
&
Richard
Shaver**



Remember
Temuria
&
The
Shaver
Mystery

Lost Continents & the Hollow Earth

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**Lost Continents
& the
Hollow Earth**

by
David Hatcher Childress
&
Richard S. Shaver

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by David Hatcher Childress

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**Lost Continents
& the
Hollow Earth**

**I Remember Lemuria
&
The Shaver Mystery**

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Introduction

by

David Hatcher Childress

*To let understanding stop
at what cannot be understood,
is a high attainment.
Those who cannot do it
will be destroyed on the lathe of heaven.*
—Chuang Tzu

Years ago, while shopping in some of the interesting used bookstores that can be found in Kathmandu, I came across a curious book. It was called *The Hollow Earth*² and the author was one "Dr. Raymond Bernard."

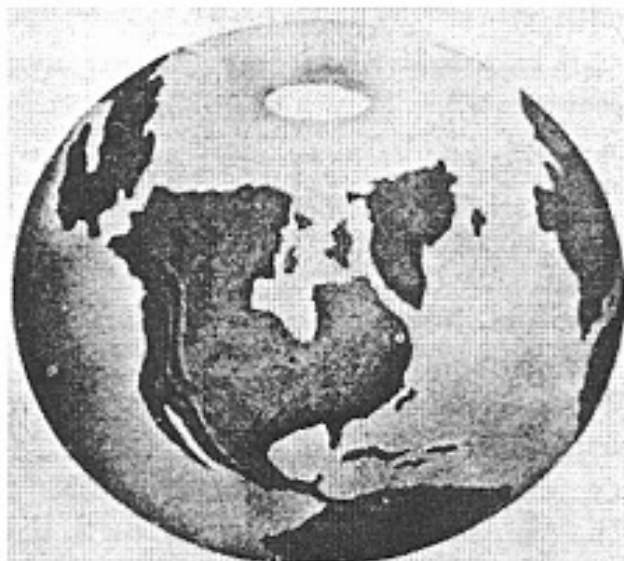
The blurb on the back of the book claimed the contents revealed "the underground world of Supermen discovered under the North Pole."

It further asked, "Can you explain the following? Why does one find tropical seeds, plants and trees floating in the fresh water of icebergs? Why do millions of tropical birds and animals go farther north in the wintertime? If it is not hollow and warm inside the Earth at the Poles, then why does colored pollen color the Earth for thousands of miles? Why does the north wind in the Arctic get warmer as one sails north beyond 70° latitude?"

The book cover promised the answers to these enigmas, and others, were to be found within its pages. I bought the book for 10 Nepalese rupees and my journey into the Hollow Earth began in earnest.

I had always been interested in lost continents, tunnels in the earth, megalithic walls, pyramids and such. I believed, in some vague way, that there were tunnels in the earth, but was the planet hollow? It seemed fantastic indeed!

Bernard's book, published in 1964, combined UFOs with a huge cover-up of the fact that the earth was really hollow,



with giant holes at the poles leading inside. He claimed that flying saucers came out of these holes at the poles and were responsible for the UFO-flying saucer craze that America and much of the world experienced throughout the late '40s and '50s.

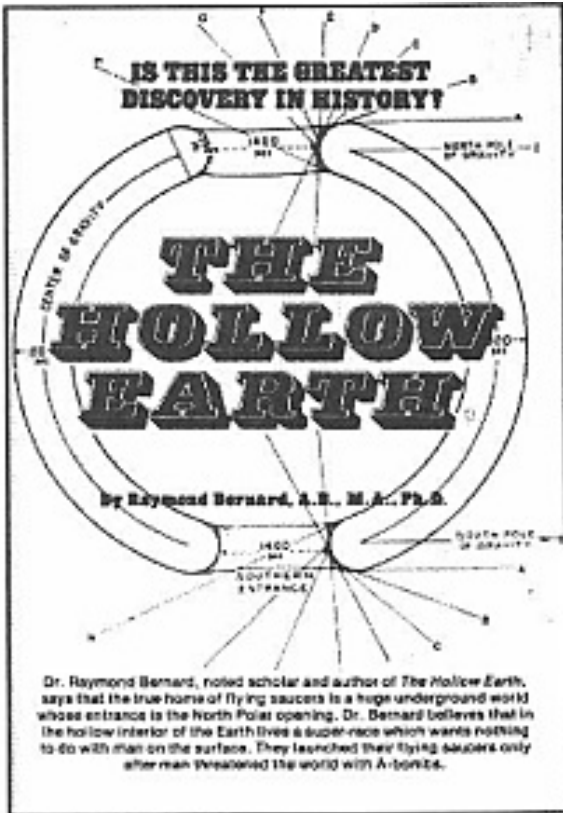
The theory of the hollow earth was first proposed by the famous 17th-century astronomer Sir Edmund Halley, who discovered Halley's comet. He conceived the hollow earth as being composed of three concentric worlds, each supporting life.

Later, other hollow earth theories became popular. One slightly warped hollow earth idea—which included the belief that mankind was already living inside a hollow earth whose sun was a half dark, half light ball in the center—was an important part of Nazi doctrine. This idea was first proposed by Cyrus Reed Teed of Utica, New York, in the 1860s and has steadily gained popularity over the years in certain occult circles. The Nazis apparently believed in two seemingly contradictory ideas: that their Supermen lived in the hollow earth, and that we were already inside the hollow earth.⁴⁹

The Nazis went so far as to make German scientists working for the Third Reich officially declare their belief in a hollow earth. It is a recorded historical fact that the Nazi admiralty sent a naval expedition to the island of Ruegen in the Baltic in April 1942, with the purpose of taking pictures of the British fleet by aiming their cameras upward and shooting across the center of the hollow earth!^{49,29}

Today, many occultists still believe that the earth is hollow, though the idea that we are already inside it seems to have died with World War II. They also believe that most UFOs come from the center of the earth, out of holes at either pole. These holes are known as "Symmes holes," named after another American, John Cleves Symmes, who was also keen on a hollow earth and thought it was inhabited.⁴⁹

I took Bernard's book with me to a once-popular gathering spot in Kathmandu, Aunt Jane's Cafe. At the cafe, I was fortunate to meet a well-known character who was an eccentric relative of the King of Nepal and would sign notes to people as the "Global Emperor." He was an older Nepali wearing an old blue wool army overcoat and a black, conical Nepali hat, which looked something like a Shriner's hat. He was unshaven, and carried a bundle of papers and notebooks under one arm. Like many of us, he was a regular breakfaster at Aunt Jane's and, through the years, as I came and went, I would



often find him there. He appeared well-educated and was always very friendly and polite.

I was reading Bernard's *The Hollow Earth* when the waiter, Gopal, mentioned that the Global Emperor had a message for me.

The Global Emperor handed me a message written on a napkin as he left the cafe. I looked at the message, written in English with a blue pen. This one was signed:

From!—his Majesty the Great
Vishosamrat Chakravrah Kaja
Almighty King—God Vishnu
Sri Panch Boda Mahraj Douraj
Bhagwann Travokyo Birbikram
Shah Dev God Vishnu!
Global Emperor Military Dictator
Patron of the Globe

This was the first time I had seen his entire celebrated title, and a long one it is, full of all kinds of Sanskrit-Hindu titles, common in use among Masters of the Age, God-Kings, and the like.

Richard S. Shaver (author of the "Shaver Mysteries" published in *Amazing Stories* beginning with the December, 1943 issue of the magazine) and Ray Palmer (editor of *Amazing Stories*) had told tales of the "King of the World," a Global Emperor or Kut-Humi who ruled an inner earth kingdom named Agartha. This underground kingdom, including a large university, is located beneath Tibet, with many entrances through the monasteries of Central Asia and the Himalayas.

According to the May, 1946 issue of *Amazing Stories*, the "Ruler of Agarti" or King of the World, was a Venusian who "came here ages ago from the planet Venus to be the instructor and guide of our then just dawning humanity. Though he is thousands of years old, his appearance is that of an exceptionally well-developed and handsome youth of about sixteen."

And so we come to the so-called "Shaver Mystery," a tale of fantastic technology, tunnels through the earth, lost continents, reincarnation and flying saucers.

Richard Sharpe Shaver was born in Berwick, Pennsylvania in 1907. He was the fourth of five children and close to his older brother, Taylor, who shared Richard's interests and had actually sold adventure stories to popular boy's magazines such as *Boy's Life*, *The American Boy*, and others.

THE KING OF THE WORLD?

Is there an underground
cave city called Agharti
ruled by a Venusian who
holds our future hopes?

ALL through the world today are thousands of people who claim to have knowledge of an underground city, not specifically located although generally assumed to be in Tibet, called Agharti, or Shambala. In this city, they say, is a highly developed civilization ruled by an "Elder" or a "Great One" whose title is among others "The King of the World." Some claim to have seen him, and it is also claimed that he made at least one visit to the surface. It is also claimed that when Mankind is ready for the benefits he is bringing, he will emerge and establish a new civilization of peace and plenty.

To quote the words of a "witness": "He came here ages ago from the planet Venus to be the instructor and guide of our then just dawning humanity. Though he is thousands of years old, his appearance is that of an exceptionally well-developed and handsome youth of about sixteen. But there is nothing juvenile about the light of infinite love, wisdom and power that shines from his eyes. He is slightly larger than the average man, but there are no radical differences in race."

Apparently the ruler of Agharti is a man; apparently he possesses great power and science, including atomic energy machines. Apparently also he is dedicated to bring to us great benefits. Apparently he has power to end warfare on the surface at will. We, the people of Earth, ask: What man can judge man? What man can judge man, Great One, lest you be judged. For we ARE ready for peace!



In 1930 Shaver joined the John Reed Club, a Communist group named after the U.S. correspondent who had covered the Russian Revolution (as portrayed by Warren Beatty in the film *Reds*.) Later, Shaver became a welder and began writing letters to Ray Palmer, then the editor of the popular science fiction pulp magazine *Amazing Stories* published by the Ziff-Davis Company of Chicago.

Shaver claimed that he could hear voices being projected into his head through the welding equipment he was using at a Ford assembly plant in Michigan. The voices were those of a civilization living beneath the surface of the earth. Shaver claimed that he remembered part of his past lives as Mutan Mion and his various escapes, over 12,000 years ago, from this civilization's caves beneath the earth.

Shaver claimed that the voices, coupled also with the visions he obtained, and ultimately past-life memories, told him of a race of beings, humans like ourselves, who had originated in another solar system and had come to our solar system to take up habitation on the various planets.

These people were called the Elder Gods, Shaver claimed, and they had discovered the secret of living hundreds of years. Of course, they had all kinds of fantastic inventions, ray guns, mind control rays, tunneling machines, flying saucers, rocket packs and every other cool gizmo that you could dream up in the 1940s.

Shaver claimed that because of an increase in radiation from our sun (or perhaps from the galactic core) the Elder Race were forced to take their civilization beneath the surface of the earth. They bored into the ground with huge boring machines and also modified natural caverns. They had a laser-like device that could cut through solid rock as well.

Shaver claimed that he was told that large cities were built between four and 20 miles beneath the surface. These subterranean cities had connecting tunnels between them as well as various exit tunnels to the surface of the earth.

Shaver claimed that these people had lived in a closed society beneath the



Richard Shaver, a self portrait.

earth for such a long time that they had interbred and created a form of hereditary insanity. There were then two groups of the Elder Race—the insane robots or detrimental robots, which Shaver called “deros” for short, and the “tero” or “teros,” which is short for integrative energy robots.

Though some deros and teros have degenerated and are physically different, even ghastly in form, others look exactly like surface dwellers and freely come and go between the subterranean world and the surface.

The deros often interfere with civilizations on the surface, though they are fanatical in keeping the subterranean world a secret from outsiders. The deros have special beam weapon rays that they use to create as much trouble with the outside world as possible. The dero secretly foster wars, crimes and disasters while working among surface people or using their “controlling rays.”

These rays can create solid-looking illusions, nightmares, hypnotic compulsions and urges to commit a crime. Shaver claimed that this dero mind control ray was responsible for the strange urge to murder sometimes reported by mad killers.

The dero have a thought reading machine called a “telaug” or “thought reading mech” that is used in the subterranean tunnels for various purposes, including to discover any surface dwellers who have infiltrated the subterranean world. The dero are obsessed with the keeping the caves a secret and the punishment is generally death to surface dwellers. Another device used

by the dero is the “watch-ray” which brings instant annihilation of its victim, leaving little more than the victim’s shoes, similar to the phenomenon known as spontaneous human combustion.

The dero are kept in check by the tero who attempt to set up ray installations of their own, generally beneath major cities, to counteract the dero rays. If a dero mans a deadly ray and fires it, the tero uses the “simple principle of automatic rebound” in which “the



A Max Fyfield illustration.



Drawing of a dero done for *Amazing Stories*.



Titans and teros dance.

tion of *Amazing Stories* increased to 150,000 copies by the end of 1946, making it very profitable for the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company.

The June 1947 issue of *Amazing Stories* was devoted entirely to the The Shaver Mystery, "The Most Sensational True Story Ever Told." The cover featured a human attempting to escape the underground world, while deros fired their beam weapons at him and dero statues carved into the cavern walls looked down upon the scene.

The Shaver stories were largely discontinued after the June 1947 issue because of a massive write-in campaign complaining that *Amazing Stories* was now printing "true" stories. Readers wanted a return to "fiction." Ray Palmer quit in support of Shaver and went on to start *Fate* magazine.

Richard Shaver was still in his heyday in 1948 when his book, *I Remember Lemuria*, was published. This book had only

fired ray is turned back along its ion track to destroy the weapon from which it came; or by imposing another death-dealing ray upon its ion track."

And so was Shaver's fantastic world spun to the audience of *Amazing Stories*. Shaver, in his various letters to editor Ray Palmer and the magazine, claimed that it was all true, and that he had been in the caverns himself.

The response from the readers was tremendous. In the months that followed the first publication of Shaver's stories, the Ziff-Davis Company received more than 50,000 letters, all expressing total belief in the scenario that Shaver was painting.

Many readers of *Amazing Stories* wrote of their own experiences with the deros, the thought machines and the caves. The circula-

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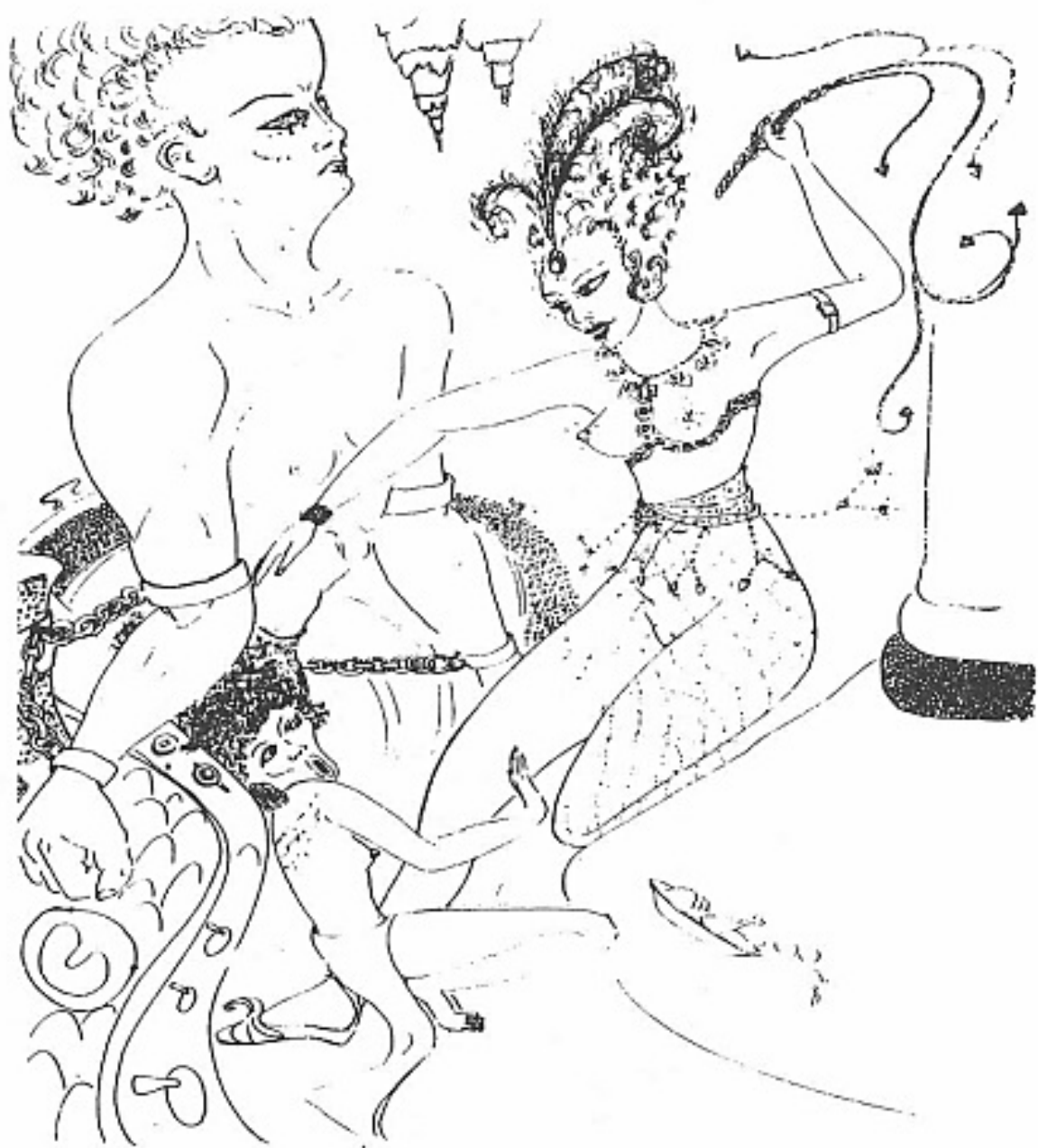
one printing and was quickly sold out. It has been out of print for nearly 50 years, and is available here for the first time.

Richard Shaver had a short-lived newsletter called *The Shaver Mystery Magazine*. Published from 1947 to 1949, there were only nine issues. Shaver moved from Wisconsin to Arkansas where he ran a small rock shop and occasionally worked with Ray Palmer, who started a succession of publications such as *Flying Saucers*, *Search*, and *Mystic*. Ray Palmer and Richard Shaver died in the same year, 1975.

But there is more to the story than we can tell here. After all, this is only the introduction. So sit back and enjoy *The Shaver Mystery*, a journey to the amazing world of lost continents and the hollow earth.



An illustration of 80-foot Princess Vanue of the Titans of Nor for the original *I Remember Lemuria!* story for *Amazing Stories*.



● Illustration by Richard S. Shaver depicting life in the caves as he knew it.

FOREWORD

Perhaps my parents never realized the puns that would be made on my name when they christened me Richard Sharpe Shaver. Under ordinary circumstances the puns would have been of little consequence, but because of the amazing fact of my amazing memory of the life of another person, long dead, it has been incredibly hard for me to speak convincingly and to make people believe in me. Invariably I get that oh-so-funny remark, "Sharp-shaver, eh? A regular cut-up, eh, kid!" accompanied by a sly dig in the ribs and a very stupid, "Get it?" How can a man get a serious audience after that?

And yet, there it is for all who wish—to pun and pun again. If I achieve nothing else at least you may laugh, and to laugh is to be physically and mentally healthy. For those of you who will read on and carefully weigh what I am about to tell you I am convinced there will be no thought of puns. Instead, when you consider the real truths behind what I say—and even better, experiment and study to corroborate them—it seems to me to be inevitable that you will forget that I am Richard Sharpe Shaver, and instead, am what science chooses to very vaguely define as the racial memory receptacle of a man (or should I say a being?) named Mutan Mion, who lived many thousands of years ago in Sub Atlan, one of the great cities of ancient Lemuria!

I myself cannot explain it. I know only that I remember Lemuria! Remember it with a faithfulness that I accept

with the absolute conviction of a fanatic. And yet, I am not a fanatic; I am a simple man, a worker in metal, employed in a steel mill in Pennsylvania. I am as normal as any of you who read this and gifted with much less imagination than most of you!

What I tell you is not fiction! How can I impress that on you as forcibly as I feel it must be impressed? But then, what good to impress it upon those who will crack wise about me being a "sharp-shaver"? I can only hope that when I have told the story of Mutan Mion as I remember it you will believe—not because I sound convincing or tell my story in a convincing manner, but because you will see the truth in what I say, and will realize, as you must, that many of the things I tell you are not a matter of present day scientific knowledge and yet are true!

I fervently hope that such great minds as Einstein, Carrel, and the late Crile check the things that I remember. I am no mathematician; I am no scientist. I have studied all the scientific books I can get—only to become more and more convinced that I remember true things. But surely someone can definitely say that I am wrong or that I am right, especially in such things as the true nature of gravity, or matter, of light, of the cause of age and many other things that the memory of Mutan Mion has expressed to me so definitely as to be conviction itself.

I intend to put down these things, and I invite—challenge!—any of you to work on them; to prove or disprove, as you like. Whatever your goal, I do not care. I care only that you believe me or disbelieve me with enough fervor to do some real work on those things I will propound. The final result may well stagger the science of the world.

I want to thank editor Ray Palmer, in whose "fiction" magazine, *Amazing Stories*, the stories in this book were

first published, for his open mind and for the way he has received the things I have told him in addition to what I have written in this story of Mutan Mion of ancient Lemuria. It began when he published my ancient alphabet in "Discussions"¹ and requested the readers to carry out checks of their own. I myself did not realize the extent of the alphabetic (more properly phonetic) language. But surely there must be tremendous significance in the fact that the alphabet fits into every language to which it has been applied, to the amazing percentage of 75% in the German to 94% in the ancient Egyptian! Even in Chinese and Japanese it ranked consistent nine out of ten times.

To me it is tragic that the only way I can tell my story is in the guise of fiction. And yet, I am thankful for the opportunity to do even this; and to editor Ray Palmer I express my unbounded gratitude. I know that if even a few of you go to the lengths he has gone to check many of the things I remember, a beginning will have been made to something, the ending of which (if ending there is) awes me beyond my poor power to express my feelings.

—RICHARD S. SHAVER.

¹ January, 1945 issue of AMAZING STORIES. Some of the reports by readers were subsequently published, but the great majority were not. These reports proved to be the most amazing the editor has ever received on anything published in his magazine. They would seem to indicate beyond all doubt that the "ancient language" of Mr. Shaver is part of an original "mother tongue" from which all Earthly language-

have sprung. For example, the name Mutan Mion, broken down into the letters and sounds of this ancient language becomes MU—"man"; T—"integration," "growth"; AN—"animal." MION means "manchild seed." So the name means "man spore cultured to new forms by integration growth forces." In other words, a synthetic mutation by the use of force or rays.—Ed.



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A massive anti-Shaver campaign organized by fandom during the late 1940's helped to eliminate his work from the popular market. There was much controversy.

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I

REMEMBER

LEMURIA

Thought Records from the
Past Tell the Ancient
Story of Lemuria which
Some Call Mu or Pan

—By Richard S. Shaver

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STORIES



The **SHAVER MYSTERY**

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Cover of the June 1947 *Amazing Stories*, devoted entirely to the Shaver Mystery.

CHAPTER I

City of the Titans

I was working in the studio of Artan Gro when I heard a great laugh behind me. If ever there was derision in a laugh, there was derision in this one. I flung down my gaudy brushes and my palette and turned about in a rage—to find the master himself, his red cave of a mouth wide open in his black beard. I cooled my temper with an effort; for great indeed is Artan Gro, master artist of Sub Atlan.

"I am sorry, Mutan Mion," he gasped, "but I can't control my laughter. No one ever has conceived, much less executed, anything worse than what you have put upon canvas! What do you call it, 'Proteus in a Convulsive Nightmare'?"

But Artan Gro could control himself, I was sure. It is one of the things I have learned of the really great in the arts; they make no pretenses. He was laughing because he wanted to tell me frankly what he thought of my ability as an artist. It is bad enough when your friends mock your work (and they had), but when the master is convulsed with laughter it is high time to wake up to the truth.

"It is true, great Artan Gro," I said humbly. "I want to paint but I cannot. I haven't the ability."

Artan Gro's expression softened. He smiled, and as he smiled it was as though he had turned on the sunlight.

"Go," he said, "go; to the deeper caverns at Mu's center. Once there study science; learn to mix the potions

that give the brain greater awareness, a better rate of growth." He patted my shoulder and added a last bit of advice. "Once you have mixed the potions, take them. Drink them—and grow!" He passed on, still chuckling.

Why is the truth always so brutal? Or does it just seem brutal when it comes from those wiser than you? I slunk from the studio; but I had already determined to take his advice. I would go to Tean City, at Mu's center. I would go to the science schools of the Titans.

Never before had I considered leaving Sub Atlan, my birthplace, or as I should express it, my growth place, for I am a culture man, a product of the laboratories. In fact, I remember no other place on Mu, although it is a fact that during the process of my development to culture manhood, I roamed the culture forests of Atlantis,² which is the name for Surface Atlan. Sub Atlan is just below Atlantis, while Tean City is located at the center of Mu, at a great depth below Sub Atlan. The walls of the great cavern in which Tean City is located are hardened to untellable strength by treatment with ray-flows which feed its growth until it is of great density. There are many other cities which grew

² According to Plato, Atlantis was a continent located some four hundred miles west of the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar). In the *Timaeus*, he describes it as an island larger than Asia Minor combined with Libya. Beyond it, he says, were an archipelago of lesser islands. Atlantis had been a powerful kingdom nine thousand years before the birth of Solon (from whom Plato heard of Atlantis reputedly as told to Solon by Egyptian priests), and its armies had overrun the Mediterranean lands, when Athens alone had resisted. (It has been a point of difference between students as to whether Plato referred to the "Mediterranean lands" as lands now inundated by the Mediterran-

ean Sea, or the lands surrounding the sea.) Finally the sea overwhelmed Atlantis and shoals marked the spot. In the *Critias* Plato gives a history of the commonwealth of Atlantis.

There are many other traditions of lands located west of Gibraltar. The Greek Isles of the Blest or Fortunate Isles; the Welsh Avalon; the Portuguese Antilia or Isle of Seven Cities; and St. Brendan's island. All except Avalon were marked on maps of the 14th and 15th centuries.

The legends of the Sargasso Sea are said to have sprung from encounters with the sea of weeds which periodically grew over the shallowly sunken continent.—Ed.

through the centuries to vast size, but none so great as Tean City. Some are abandoned, but all are indestructible; their cavern walls too dense to penetrate or to collapse.

Since Tean City is located near the center of Mother Mu, gravity neutralizes itself by opposition. It is very comfortable. Many of the Titans live there, and in fact, it is almost a Titan city. There also are the mighty ones, the Elders of the Atlan race's government. Huge they are, like great trees, many centuries old and still growing. I had long wished to see them, and now that I had decided to go, the thrill was greater than any I had ever experienced, I was going down into the city of many wonders!

Out on the street I took one of the many vehicles that are provided for travel about the city. These vehicles, their weight reduced by a gravity deflection device, are powered by motors whose energy is derived from a gravity focusing magnetic field, by which one side of a flywheel becomes much heavier than the other. This is accomplished by bending gravity fall³ in the same way that a lens bends a light ray.

The topless⁴ buildings of Sub Atlan fled by me; and soon I neared the squat entrance to the shafts that fell

³ The reader will note the curious use of the word "fall" in connection with gravity. Later in the story, the author elaborates on the subject of gravity in a very amazing manner, propounding a theory which your editor has examined in detail and by which he has been utterly confounded. This glib "focusing" and "deflecting" of gravity your editor cautions you to accept in the literal sense until Mutan Mion's story gives us more on the subject of gravity.—Ed.

⁴ Curious as to the literal meaning of the word "topless" we wrote to Mr. Shaver for a better description of the buildings of Sub Atlan. He revealed that (as Mutan Mion's

memory told him) they were topless in the sense that they were roofless. Sub Atlan is located in one of the giant near-surface caverns that underlie Surface Atlan, or Atlantis, which is mostly forest with scattered large buildings. Since the elements are not a factor, almost all buildings are constructed without roofs to admit a maximum of light. Sub Atlan must have presented a strange appearance, for no two buildings were architecturally alike; some of them huge spheres, or multi-sided geometric shapes, tall spires, or merely rambling structures of no apparent intentional design. The reason for this was to provide varie-

from Sub Atlan to Center Mu, to Tean City, home of the Titans.⁵ I knew that swift elevators dropped down these shafts; but I had never traveled in one of them.

Because I knew the control-man of one of the elevators, having talked with him often of Tean City and the wonders he had seen in it, I went to his shaft for my descent. He was glad to see me, and very much surprised to learn that I was going to Tean City.

"You will never regret it!" he declared.

The car dropped sickeningly, so swiftly that a great fear grew in me that I would be crushed by deceleration when we finally stopped. In panic I watched an indicator's two hands move slowly toward each other as though to cover its face in shame. Then, with little sensation, the

ty to interest the eye, which would otherwise be jaded by constant contemplation of the unending sameness of gray cavern walls and roof of stone.—Ed.

⁵ When asked to describe the Titans Mr. Shaver sent us the following notation, which is perhaps the oddest of all his communications. When queried about its oddity, he merely replied that he had "answered your question" and gave no further explanation. We quote:

"Our great race, the Atlans, together with the Titans, our allies and often our fellow citizens, swarm through all known space and watch ever for the birth of new suns. Then, too, there are the Nortans; but the Nor-men shun all suns and can only be found where the sun rays shine not.

"When our Atlan sciencons hear of or see a new sun born, our ships flash swiftly through the void, to test the rays for poisonous emanations. When they find clean heat from a surface shell of pure car-

bon, fast upon their trail come the first great colonization ships. For our race is fecund beyond imagination and there is little death from any cause."

Obviously this is nothing from the "racial" memory of Mutan Mion, but seemingly something from an Atlan himself! Here and there, through Mr. Shaver's correspondence with the editors, such departures from the identity of Mutan Mion occur, and we can only suggest that Mr. Shaver's racial memory contacts extend not only to the culture man, but to other beings as well. Mr. Shaver himself cannot explain, and in many instances, is unaware, that such extensions exist.

The reader will here, again, note several inexplicable references, such as "poisonous emanations" and "a surface shell of pure carbon." Later in the story Mutan Mion tells of these things in great detail, and in them gives still another of the amazing scientific theories that stagger the imagination.—Ed.

car stopped. Here at the center of Mu I had become nearly weightless and the ceasing of even such swift motion did not have ill effects upon my weightless body. I knew that I would not have that fear again.

Two fat Atlans stepped out of the car ahead of me, sighing with relief at their renewed weightlessness, which they had obviously been anticipating. As I was about to follow them from the car, the control-man drew me aside.

"Fear rides the ways down here," he whispered, his sharp-pointed, cat-like ears quivering an alert. "Fear is a smell down here that is ever in the nose—a bad smell, too. Try to figure it out while you are down here; and tell me, too, if you get an answer."

I did not understand what he meant, but I promised anyway. The smell of fear, in Tean City?

Immediately I was immersed in the sensually shocking appeal of a variform crowd, mostly at this hour, a shopping rush of female variforms. While there were many of my own type, and of the elevator control-man's type, there were a greater number of creatures of every shape the mind could grasp and some that it could not. All were citizens; all were animate and intelligent—hybrids of every race that space crossing had ever brought into contact, from planets whose very names are now lost in time. The technicians may have been wrong in the opinion of some when they developed variform breeding; but they have certainly given life variety. I had never seen so many variforms⁶ before.

At a corner of the vastly vaulted way where many

⁶ Obviously variforms are not natives of other planets, but hybrids developed from many interplanetary life forms mated with Titans and Atlans by deliberate applications of mutative rays in the laboratories of Mu's techni-

cons. It is extremely interesting to note that all have the status of citizens.—Ed.

⁷ Moving connected vehicles on the ways and walks which carried the bulk of pedestrian travel.—Ed.

rollat platforms⁷ crossed and recrossed each other, I stepped to a telescreen and dialed the student center. The image of a tremendous six-armed Sybyl female filled the screen and the electrically augmented body appeal of the mighty life within her seized the youth in me and wrung it as no embrace from lesser female ever had.

"And what" her voice shook me as a leaf in an organ pipe "might a pale and puny male like you want in Tean City? You look as if you never had enough to eat, as if love had passed you by. Did you come down here because no one wanted you elsewhere?"

I grinned self-consciously back at her image, my voice a feeble piping in comparison to hers.

"I have come to learn something beside drawing lines around dreams. I am a painter from the subsurface who has decided that knowledge of actual growth is more important than the false growth of an untrue image upon a canvas." I wondered what the master would have said to hear me.

"You are right," she boomed back, her six arms engaged in complex and mysterious movements, picking up and laying down instruments and tools in bewildering rapidity, her attention elsewhere yet enough remaining on me to hold me bound in an attraction as strong as a towing cable. She was a forty foot Titan, her age unknowable. As I thought upon this and tried not to think of the immense beauty and life force of her, I suddenly realized she was hiding fear. I have a peculiar faculty for sensing hidden emotions. That bluff greeting had been a hidden wish to drive me from some danger. But I did not speak of it, for I read that caution in her; a very strong mental flow that fairly screamed DON'T.

This kind of fear was a wonder and a new thing to me, for danger was a thing long banished from our life. Then she spoke, reluctantly it seemed.

"Go to the center of the Hall of Symbols. There you

can ask a student or an instructor who will tell you all you need to know."

The grip of the woman life in her left my mind and she was gone from my vision. As I turned from the telescreen my mind insisted on visualizing that six-armed embrace and its probable effect upon a man in love. I shivered in spite of the warmth, but not from fear. The blood of the Titans was alive, I thought; strangely and wonderfully alive!

I stepped into a rollat at the curb, inspected the directory, then inserted a coin and dialed the number of the building that housed the Hall of Symbols. I leaned back while the automatic drive of the rollat directed the car through the speeding traffic, its electric eye more efficient than my own.

Yes, much more efficient than my own at the moment, which were wandering over the figure of a variform female on the walk whose upper part was the perfect torso of a woman and whose lower part was a sinuously gliding thirty feet of brilliantly mottled snake. You could never have escaped her embrace of your own will once she had wrapped those life-generating coils around you!

I thought upon it. The gen of these variforms was certainly more vital; possibly because the Titan technicians who lived here kept the people healthier. Perhaps the hybrids were naturally more fecund of micro-spore. It had indeed been a day of brainstorm, I mused, when some old technicon had realized that not only would a strong integrative field with a rich exd⁸ supply cause all matter to grow at an increased rate, but would also cause even the most dissimilar life-gens to unite. It has been the realization that had resulted in various form life. Most of the crosses by this method had resulted in an increased strength and

⁸ Exd is Atlan for ex-disintegration or energy ash. It was the principal content of the beneficial vibrants. It is the space dust from

which all matter grows into being. Mutan Mion amplifies the exd theory later on in the story.—Ed.

fertility. They now were more numerous than four-limbed men, and often superior in mental ability.

Automatically my mind associated the embrace of the snake woman with the six arms of the giant Sybyl of Info; and I decided that I understood why Artan Gro had driven me here with his scorn. If I didn't learn about life here I never would anywhere. That had been what he had reasoned.

Soon I was striding between the pillaring fangs of the great beast's mouth that was the door of the Hall of Symbols where the school ways converged. About was the bustle attendant to any rollat way station; bearers rushing; travelers gazing about lost in wonder at the vaulting glitter of sculptured pillars and painted walls, done by men of a calibre whose work ro⁹ like myself cannot grasp entirely.

Paintings and sculpture here hammered into the brain a message of the richness of life that immense mutual effort can give the lift unit, the pro. This richness of life was pictured in a terrible clash with evil, its opposite.¹⁰ The hot fecundity of life and health growth was a sensuous blow

⁹ Here again we had to appeal to Mr. Shaver for amplification. We certainly got it, and along with it some amazing thoughts. Ro (he says) is a thing of simple repetitive life pattern easy to understand and control. To ro you is to make you do things against your will. A large generator of thought impulse can be set up to ro a whole group of people. Row the boat is modern and the meaning has become physical force and not mental force. Ro the people was an ancient method of government. Romantic was the name of such a government. Ro-man-tic (science of man life patterning by control). It is the same concept as used by some scientists when they say "hypnotically conditioned." It is

not necessarily an evil government method, but is one that was necessary. Any person is ro who is weaker than the mental impulses about him. Men are ro today because they are not self-determining, though they think they are. We are parts of a huge juggernaut, and we are ro in consequence. The determining forces that make our thought what it is are from outside when we are ro, from inside when we are men or gods.—Ed.

¹⁰ This is indeed a strange comparison. Evil is the opposite of live, the inference being that to be evil is to die. Oddly (or significantly?) evil is live spelled backward.—Ed.

upon the eyes, the soul leaped to take a hand and make life yet more worthwhile. I could not cease gazing at the leaping vault of pictured busy figures whose movements culminated in that offer to the spirit of man to join them in moulding life to a fit shape.

My rapt study of the paintings was interrupted by the sound of a pair of hooves that clicked daintily to a stop beside me. I glanced at the newcomer, who had stopped to stare up at the paintings also in that curious way that people have when they see another craning his neck—and my glance became a stare.

What was the use of aspiring to be an artist, my reason said, if those great masters who had placed that mighty picture book on the vaulting walls above were so easily outdone by the life force itself!

She was but a girl, younger than myself, but what a girl! Her body was encased in a transparent glitter; her skin a rosy pale purple; her legs, mottled with white, ended in a pair of cloven hooves. And as my brain struggled to grasp her colorful young perfection—she wagged her tail!

It was all too much. Speculating about the life-generating force possible in the variform creatures was one thing; but having it materialize beside you was another thing entirely. Such a beautiful tail it was. Of the softest, most beautiful fur.

“What were you staring at?” she asked. “The paintings?”

I stuttered, then answered. “The paintings . . . I guess . . . yes, the paintings. I’m a . . . painter . . . was a painter . . .” I gave up. I couldn’t talk, I had to look.

“They are marvelous, aren’t they,” she declared enthusiastically. “I always look at them when I come down to the school. I am studying medicine. Now take that painting up there—”

On her arm and breast I saw the medical school insignia;

a man's figure struggling with a great snake, disease.¹¹ It took brains to study medicine. This exquisite young thing, so full of gen force, so powerfully attractive, was smart too. And almost instantly she proved herself to be extremely friendly and companionable. She went on talking, describing, theorizing in a gush of amiable conversation that left me dizzy, gasping, and admiringly breathless. She told me everything about the paintings, the statues.

And before I realized it, we were walking on together. She was full of all sorts of information, and it seemed she had taken it upon herself to be my guide, to teach me the meaning of everything we saw. Her cheerful chatter soon told me all about herself, her studies, the schools, the great doors that led to each one from the central gathering place of the school rollat ways.

The Hall was justly famous for these doors. Before us now was the door to the medical school, formed of pillaring figures struggling with the coils of snakes. Next to it was the marine school door, formed of a crab whose huge claws met to form the arch. A planetron, a pendulum device to tell of the nearness of bodies in space, formed the entrance to the school of space navigation. All the ages of science of immortal growth had combined here in the symbols that formed the many doors.

¹¹ This insignia lives today in the legend of Apollo! According to the Greeks, Apollo was a son of Zeus himself. Disease is typified in the legend by the python, which Apollo killed. Etymologically his name signifies one who "drives away disease." Roscher's derivation names him as the "sun god." Using Mr. Shaver's ancient language, he is "authority, energizer, power source of man's growth." This is startling when we discover, upon studying the legends of Apollo, that he was

variously called god of prophecy; god of agriculture; ruler of seasons; keeper of flocks; rearer of boys; sponsor of gymnastics; the helper; healer and seer; averter of evil; god of song and music; leader of the muses; embarkers and disembarkers; god of streets and ways; one who stands before the house (as protector from violence and disease); originator and protector of civil order; founder of cities and legislation. Apollo, says Mutan Mion, was a son of one of the Titans of Mul—Ed.

CHAPTER II

From Art to Embryology

From the moment that I pocketed a disc that bore the faun-legged girl's name and address, I was no longer an aspiring artist; I wanted to know what she knew, wanted to learn what she was learning.

Arl was her name, a short, sweet name for a girl and hard to forget, too. You can't forget a girl who wags her tail at you just like that.

And so she took me into the medical school and directed me to her own teacher. I became a member of the class immediately and discovered that I had entered upon the opening discourse.

The class was dominated by the immense presence of the teacher, a son of the Titans, bearded and horned, expounding in the exact syllogism of the technicon training. As he spoke, I became certain that this dynamo of human force should soon charge such a small battery as myself with everything in the way of knowledge I could assimilate.

There was only one slight disturbing factor. Just as I had sensed a strange, deeply buried and secret fear in the Sybyl, I knew that in the mind of this great son of the Titans there was a gnawing something that a part of his brain dwelt on continually. Fear was a smell that was ever in the nose down here in Tean City. The realization disturbed me so much that I failed to absorb a portion of the teacher's discourse. My absorption must have caught his attention, too, for I saw him staring disapprovingly at me. With a start, I re-concentrated my mind on what he was saying.

" . . . a great cold ball hung in space. Once it had

been a mighty, living planet, swinging ponderously around a dying sun that it had never seen, being covered with clouds. Then that sun had gone out, and the deadly ter¹² stiffened the surface life into glittering death.

"The planet's forests, which had lived in dense, dripping fog, had, in their many ages of life, deposited coal beds untold miles in depth—clear down to the stony core of the planet. No fire had ever touched these forests, because the dense fog had never allowed fire to burn.

"Venus, our nearest neighbor in space, is such a planet now, although much smaller. As it is on Venus, so it was on the unknown planet.

"Hanging in space the dead immensity of this ball was largely potential heat, for its tremendously thick shell was mostly pure carbon.

"Such once was the sun, your sun and mine; the sun of which Mu is a daughter.

"Then a blazing meteor, spewed violently from some sun in space, came flaming toward this cold ball. Deep it plunged into the beds of carbon. The fire spread swiftly—an ever-fire of disintegrance, not the passing-fire of combustion—and our sun was born into live-giving flame!

"A carbon fire is a clean fire and contains no dense metals like radium, titanium, uranium, polonium—whose emanations in disintegrance in suns cause old age and death because minute particles given off accumulate and convey the ever-fire into the body, there to kill it in time.

"Then sun heat was clean, and life sprang furiously into being on its daughter, Mu's surface. Nor did this life die—death came only by being eaten. Then life suffered old age not at all, for there was no cause."

The voice of the teacher paused a moment, and now indeed I knew that there was much for me to learn. Here was something that struck deep into me with an instantly

¹² Ter—the Lemurian word for cold.—Ed.

vital interest. Most provoking of all was his peculiar emphasis on the word "then." I could not help the question that sprang to my lips.

"Why do you say 'Then life suffered old age not at all, for there was no cause.'? Is there cause now?"

It was as though I had placed a torch beneath the hidden fear in the Titan's eyes, for it flamed forth suddenly for all to see; but it was as quickly quelled. All in the class looked at me with that shocked expression which plainly said I had overstepped my bounds; but in the eyes of Arl I thought I saw the gleam of approval, and I found a dam to hold back my ebbing courage.

The teacher looked at me, and I saw kindness in his eyes.

"You are new here, Mutan Mion. Therefore it is easy to understand that you have not heard of the projected migration of all Atlans to a new world under a beneficial sun . . .

"Yes, young ro, there is cause." He was answering my question with determination now, but he was not speaking to me alone; he was making his answer a part of his discourse. "I have spoken of the carbon fire as a clean fire. By this I mean that the atoms of carbon, when disintegrated, send forth the beneficial energy ash called exd which can be assimilated by our bodies and used to promote life-growth. However, the source of this ash is not carbon alone, but all other elements excepting the heavy metals such as I mentioned before. It is when these heavy elements begin to disintegrate in the ever-fire that we come to the cause of age.

"The particles of radium and other radioactive metals are the poison that causes the aging of tissue. These particles are thrown out by all old suns whose shell of carbon has been partly or altogether burned away, permitting the disintegrating fire to reach and seize upon the heavy metals at the sun's core. Our sun has begun to

throw out great masses of these poisonous particles. They fall upon Mu in a continual flood, entering into living tissue and infecting it with the radioactive disease we call age.

"Through the years, the centuries, these poisons accumulate in the soil of the planet, and are continually being washed out of it by the rains with the result that all the water on Mu is becoming increasingly contaminated. When these waters are drunk, the poisons accumulate in the body, finally becoming numerous enough to completely halt all growth and still worse, to prevent any effectual use of food, which is the food of all integration.

"The technicians, of course, have devised means to protect us from the accumulation of the age poisons, but it has become evident that their efforts are not entirely fool-proof. We have discovered that we are living on a world that circles a sun that is growing old and is therefore deadly. We are living in the shadow of death, a shadow that will grow greater as the years pass until finally death will strike us all. We would, if we remained, not even begin to live out our lives. Centuries and centuries would be lost to us, and ultimately we might not even attain the initial growth of maturity!"

I ventured another question.

"What methods have the technicians devised?"

"They are simple ones. Multiple distillation of the water in which we drink and bathe; treatment of the water in a centrifuge to remove the very finely divided age poisons that cannot be removed by distillation; ben generators to create a magnetic field of ben energies; air centrifuges to remove poisons from the air. But I must impress upon you that it is impossible to shield us from all of the age poison; from that small amount that actually falls upon our own bodies and accumulates there as it does in the water. Eventually, if we remain on Mu, we will grow old,¹³ and finally die."

¹³ Impressed with the implications contained in this portion of

the story of Mutan Mion, we wrote Mr. Shaver for additional informa-

I looked him squarely in the eyes, respectful in a degree equal to the kindly interest that shone in his as he returned my look.

"It is not the age poisons you fear," I accused.

He looked at me silently; and a flood of force seemed to flow through me, encouraging me, protecting me, caut-

tion on this theory of the cause of age. This information is curious, because some of the theories seem to be modern (by Mr. Shaver) and others those of Mutan Mion, with no particular designation as to which is which. However, we present the whole for your judgment.

"The sun itself seems to be the mother source of all radioactivity, infecting all the earth's surface and all the life on its surface. The sun projects minute disintegrances down upon us in a steady, numerous rain whose effects we call age. In water the poison is heavily present in suspension, especially so in thermal springs. In the air the poison floats forever with the tiny thistledowns of dust it has infected and to which it clings. It settles on the leaves of plants. So we take the poison in with every breath, with every bite of food, with every drink of water; thus we age as the poison accumulates.

"But we do not have to let in that poison; we can protect ourselves and grow through a longer youth to a much greater age, with superior mental powers. It is very plain that a mother's body cells, although replaced every four to seven years, are not young because they remain in contact with the poison retaining fabric of the body and so age swiftly. Yet, the baby is **young**. Young because it gets filtered blood, filtered through the placenta—and would remain

young if the poisons were to be continued to be filtered out by a duplication of the placenta filter. The stalk of a plant is old, yet its seed is young, capable of reproducing itself without passing on the poisons of age. It is because the stalk contains a filter to prevent passage of the poison to the seed. The simple filtration processes of birth and seeding **CAN BE COPIED** by man, thus putting off old age.

"Here are a few verbatim quotations from Madame Curie's notes: 'Finally, the radiation of radium was contagious. Contagious like a disease and like persistent scent. It was impossible for an object, a plant, an animal or a person to be left near a table of radium without it immediately acquiring radioactivity — becoming radioactive — a notable activity which a sensitive apparatus could detect.' A later page: 'Thus the radio elements formed strange and cruel families in which each member was created by degeneration from the **mother** substance—radium was created by degeneration from uranium—polonium from radium, etc.' And from a later page: 'When one studies strongly radioactive substances special precautions must be taken if one wishes to be able to take delicate measurements. The various objects used in a chemical laboratory and those used in physics experiments all become radioactive in a short time, and affect photo paper

ioning me. It was the same feeling I had gotten from the Sybyl.

"Come, students," he said gently. "We will go now to the embryo laboratory."

Before we entered the laboratory we were given nutrient potions prescribed by the Titan for his students to make them more receptive and hence his work easier. We were told that we would receive these potions regularly. Even as I took the first draught my brain throbbed with a new growth of ideas and strange new images. I was exhilarated beyond all imagining, and my enthusiasm knew no bounds. I took Arl's hand in mine as we trooped into the laboratory.

It was truly a wonderful place, the most amazing I had ever seen. I felt like a mite admitted to the treasure-house of a giant. Here were things that were beyond my intelligence to create of my own mind power; and yet I was being given free and welcome access to all of them, to learn from them, and to use the knowledge if I wished in my future life and work.

Many strange machines filled the laboratory, all performing tasks that I could only guess at. But these machines were subordinate to the real science of this great room, being designed only to chemically and electronically nourish and develop the many human embryos that moved and grew in synthetically duplicated mother-blood in sealed bottles.

The older ones kicked and tugged healthily at the grafted umbilical tube which supplied the life fluid—called

through black paper. **Dust**, the air of the room, **one's clothes** all become radio-active. The evil has reached an acute stage in our laboratory.

"Note the word **mother**. The sun is the mother source of radio-actives.

"It is a matter of common knowledge that certain watch factories formerly allowed workers

(young girls of twenty) to tongue-tip the brushes with which they painted the radioactive dials. They died of **OLD AGE** at twenty and twenty-five years! Not of a disease, but of age poison; radioactive particles, whose origination is from the disintegration of the heavy metals of which radium is a member!"—Ed.

Icor, the "blood of the gods." And it was this blood that was the subject of the lecture the Titan now gave us.

He told us of the upkeep and preparation of this fluid, both in the embryo and the adult; the difficult and important part being (he now stressed his words with greater emphasis with his attention bent especially toward me) the process of detecting and removing the slightest trace of the radio-active poisons that cause age.

I studied and I learned! These were the processes which had given the planet Mu its health and enabled us to live under more aging suns than other races. These were the life methods that had given us our fecundity; which had populated space for thousands of centuries with the seed of Atlan. I wanted to know all there was to learn about them.

The Titan, an old master at this most basic process of Atlan life, had imbued me with an enthusiasm for the true creation of life in its infinite possibilities of growth—such as no mere painter ever had. The delicate handling of those ultra-minute products of disintegrance from which primary integrations are formed; the mixing of these integrations into the atoms of elements; the chemistry of combining these atoms into the molecules of the substances used in the manufacture of the synthetic blood, Icor—all these steps were sheer artistry, yet were made as simple as child thought by the genius of the Titan.

Once more the Titan commented on the proposed emigration from Mu, weaving it into his lecture. There seemed to me to be an undercurrent of double meaning in his motive for repeating it; a double meaning that I strove to associate mentally with the fear-thing that was something else and also something so secret it must not be mentioned. It was as though even the fact that there was fear of that "something" must be kept secret.

Our aging sun (he said) threw off increasingly large amounts of these sun's seeds, small but dense and active

disintegrative particles, and I learned that keeping Atlan's peoples young was an increasingly difficult job for the technicians. I learned that the coordinators and rodite¹⁴ were preparing the plans and ships for our migration to a young, new-born sun, where the force setup of life conditions left a greater margin of exd for intake of power, where integrance went on at a faster pace, and where the infection that caused the occasional trouble with detrimental energy robotism or detrimental err¹⁵ in the human did not occur.

When the lecture in the embryo laboratory was finished we filed back to the classroom, and there the Titan flipped the switch that controlled the teleyes that supplied the

¹⁴ Rodite — Life pattern synchronizers.—Ed.

¹⁵ This is mainly due (explains Mr. Shaver) to depolarization of the matter of the brain; it is no longer earth polared, it is sun polared—and hence inducts the disintegrant flows from the sun into the brain by simple dynamic induction. I think a magnet could be sun polared and point to the poles of the sun just as an ordinary compass points to the poles of the earth. This is what happens to parts of the brain; they become sun polared. In the desert this is known as "cafard," to become crazed and kill until killed. Others are just stupid, depending on what parts of the brain are affected. The Malay "amok" and the Norse "berserk" are the same phenomena. When it lies in the part of the brain devoted to memory, the result is absent mindedness. When it lies in the nervous system and ego recognition of activating centers, the victim is a killer or a repressive reactionary. It is simply true that man is an electrical machine which functions well when his

energy flows are of his own creating, but functions especially ill when the energy flows are from the sun.

The sun is quite a dynamo; it always gives off, from the surface; while earth always takes in, from the surface. Much of this intake is "snap-back"; that is, it is returning to a state of matter. Gravity is merely the disintegrant energy of suns returning to material form. Much of it, however, is like radium, a persistent disintegrant seed of a sun. Radioactivity is the seeds of disintegration.

Hence, a mind powered by sun particle energy flows of a detrimental nature becomes robot. The result is robotism, or the inability to think constructively. Victims of detrimental err have but one basic thought, to kill, in keeping with the natural elemental instinct of the disintegrant metals. (The reader has been presented here with two sensational theories which appear in complete form later in the manuscript; the nature of gravity, and the interrelation of energy and matter in an endless circle.—Ed.

home telecasts of many with the course. We had not been dismissed, and I could see from the puzzled looks on the faces of the other students that this was not in accordance with the regular schedule.

For a long moment the Titan looked at us, and especially at me. Then he spoke:

"Today things have been said and seen and discussed in this class that had no direct bearing on the course you came here to take. You, Mutan Mion, have been the most brash—" my face grew red, and he hastened to add, "No, Mutan, I do not mean that you have been too forward; I meant brash in the sense that you have exposed yourself to a greater danger than that of my wrath." His eyes twinkled at the word wrath, and I knew that such would never be much of a danger! "I meant the menace that has caused the fear you have somehow seen in me. Perhaps you have sensed this in other places in Tean City, among others of the Titans; so it must be, for you to have been so certain of it as to challenge me.

"Yes, there was, and is, fear in me. And it is a fear that we all try to keep secret because those of us who show fear also show suspicion if not knowledge, and either has been equivalent to the signing of a death warrant. There are spying rays on us . . . at the moment we are screened . . . that seek out our knowledge and destroy us before we can coordinate it into an effective counteraction to the thing that is going on; to the thing we fear."

"What is that thing?" I breathed aloud, so intense was my interest.

The Titan drew a deep breath. "It has come to me that certain groups of Atlan are against the projected migration, and the recent disappearance of several men important to our work lends color to the story. Of course we all know that the only units able to do anything of the kind would be the key rodite of Sub Atlan and Center Mu. Some of these may have accidentally suffered a severe

flashback of detrimental ion flow, so that their will has become one under detrimental hypnosis. What rodite area has become so corrupt as to allow such a condition to go unchecked I cannot understand; but that we are all in danger until the thing is checked is most certainly true.

"Therefore, since you here have gained an inkling of something wrong, it is only your right to be aware of it, so that inadvertent words may not cause you great harm. Also, we must fight this thing; and all of us must fight. So you may consider yourselves deputized by the ruling life of Mu to seek out the information that will clear the way for the migration. Until that is done we suffer fear, not new to me, but new to most of you.

"You may go."

Looking back at his gigantic form as I left the classroom, I saw him musing deeply; and the concern on his face told me that things must be even more fearful of consequence than he had made us believe. Reason told me, too, that it must be so—for great indeed must be the evil that can bring fear to the heart of a Titan, the super being of all Mu and of the universe.

CHAPTER III

Terror in Tean City

That evening Arl took me to a dance. Never had I known that there could be such pleasure! And as a part of it all I discovered that my education was to continue through every waking hour, whether in scheduled class or not. There was so much to be learned from actual living! And Arl, it seemed, was determined that nothing should be lacking in my education. Nor did I object, for nothing suited me better than to have her, beautiful tail and all, showing her friendship and interest.

The dance, she told me on the way to the hall in a rollat car, was very scientifically handled by trained technicons. The stimulation of human attraction between male and female, she told me, was due to the generation of many kinds of tiny and fecund spores which grow and are released upon stimulus by male and female. The male spores grow in the female and vice versa, just as pollen between flowers. This cell pollen and the sensation of its growing presence is love. I could imagine the immense fecundity given this process by the strength of the Atlan race, whose growth and youth¹⁶ never cease.

¹⁶ The Atlans, Mr. Shaver reveals, were ever youthful, and never ceased growing. There was no such thing as "maturity" in the sense that growth stopped. Thus, an Atlan's age could be determined to a certain extent by his size. Many of them reached tremendous stature, sometimes as

much as 300 feet, and heights of 40 feet and more were rather common. Mr. Shaver refers to "ancient" books which have been destroyed, which contained a great deal of Atlan knowledge and history, but points to references in the Bible such as "In those days there were giants in the Earth" as

We arrived at the place where the dance was to be held, and I found a great room, tastefully draped, and decorated by paintings that depicted such scenes of love and joy and health as I have never before seen. Just as the paintings at the Hall of Symbols held forth that invitation to join in the elevation of the race, so did these paintings show the way to participation in love and joy.

The dance had already begun and we joined the throng on the floor. Almost instantly I was aware of the influence of stimulating electromagnetic frequencies. I felt the flow of exd of appropriate attunements; my nerve cells responded in a thrilling fashion.

The stimulating rays strongly ionized the air of the hall; making it extremely conductive to the electric pressure of the body aura, so that the dancers were intensely aware of each other. The consequently augmented vital aura of the cell pollen permeated the hall. It was absorbed by my body, and by that of lovely, faun-legged Arl snuggled in my arms, and by all the young, ecstatic bodies of those who danced about us. Under the stimulus, we wove intricate patterns on the gleaming floor; and the odor music of the Atlans wove into the sound music many scent accompaniments. These scents are of the most penetrative and nutrient of all the food chemicals, feeding the nerves as they are driven into the body by strong sound waves of a penetrative frequency.

In the enhanced delight of the dance I was oblivious of all but the bundle of vitality to which my pulse and soul

actual truth, recorded memory of the Titans. Especially significant is the definite statement "in the Earth" and not on it! The Atlans, by the use of their wonderful machines, kept their bodies constantly supplied with a sufficient amount of exd (the energy ash from which all matter is formed by condensation) so that their growth never

stopped, but their bodies grew ever larger and heavier. Health itself was determined by weight; a healthy person was heavy. If he became ill, he lost weight. Illness is the inability of the body to fully utilize the available exd, or is the result of an insufficient quantity of exd.—Ed.

were synchronized, and my arms held Arl as a treasure beyond value.

Then, as I lost myself in pleasure, it happened. The madness of the fear that was upon Tean City struck; and for the first time in my life I knew the true meaning of terror!

Arl screamed, and pushing me from her, pointed to the edge of the dance floor. There the great shoulders of a horned son of a Titan hunched, one big hand clutching in desperate agony at the folds of a drape, the other pointing up and out to indicate the path of the ray that played upon him. Even in the face of death his only thought was to tell what he knew of the fear; and to point out its direction so that the technicians might answer with a ray of their own.

But nothing checked the ray; and I realized that contrary to all the usual rules there was no guard ray on duty. No wonder there was fear in Atlan! Slowly the huge youth's face turned black, his legs buckled, he fell and rolled over on his back, tongue protruding and eyes staring. He was dead.

His friends rushed to him, but the deadly ray had not ceased. It played first on one figure and then on another; each victim rolling in turn to the floor, face black with death.

"By the Elder Gods!" I swore to myself at the realization that no guard ray was going to protect us. "It is true; our perfect government is not so perfect after all!"

I stood as though oblivious to the fact that death might strike my way too. I could only look and rage within me at the death that played about the recently joy-filled hall. Within me the stimulating rays still caused an elation, but it was submerged beneath the surge of wrath that made my blood hot.

Arl was tugging at my elbow, the canny will to live of the female evident on her face in an expression of anxiety

and calculation. Together we left the hall, taking a route along which her clicking hooves led me. We kept with a group of young Atlans who walked, without panic or the impulse to run, toward the parked rollats. I knew why; they feared to attract a spy-ray to themselves.

Arl's fingers pressed warningly on my arm, and I heard her whisper, her voice low, casual. An excited tone might have attracted the curiosity of the mad mind behind the black deaths, who must even now be surveying the scene of his mad acts of killing in grisly satisfaction.

"Listen to that man just behind us—"

I listened. His voice was also casual—held no excited note. In his voice was the cultured note that was evidence of one who has absorbed much of the vast education obtainable in Tean City. —"also heard that what lies behind the fear and death here is the mad wish of certain rodite to appropriate the whole fleet of ships prepared for the migration and go to the new sun leaving nothing behind alive with brains enough to build and fly ships in pursuit. Thus they would have the new sun's clean light entirely for themselves and their future seed."

A selfish thing, indeed! But more mad than selfish. Such a view could only be the result of detrimental err.

The speaker went on. "We, the mediocro, know how fecund life can be, but we also know the madness of refusing all of the normal units of life's fabric the right to existence and growth. No social fabric can be built of dull and lifeless robots which are so besotted with detrimental energy that they refuse the least of the units of the fabric their right to growth and intelligence. Therein lies the strength of the social fabric—the unit's realization of its own self and its place in the whole. The whole basis of a fuller life is the acquisition by mutual effort, the backing on which is woven the social pattern of the fabric itself."

I heard another voice, answering in agreement, yet with a troubled note evident in its tones, as if the speaker felt

that agreement alone was not enough; that simply denouncing a thing that was as evil as this would not be enough. "Yes, this murderous effort is doomed to failure. The intelligent members of the guilty rodite must realize that such murder of the normal life unit is the refusal of their own right to share in the fruits of the social project. They must realize that such men as the Titan youth they killed have a potential value as great as their own."

Another voice chimed in. "Then why is it refused recognition? If they are intelligent, then why do they act so detrimentally? It must occur to them soon, or it will be too late."

"Unless they are all mad," said the first speaker. "The sane unit of such a project will see that the basic unit right is inherent to their own success, and realize that destroying those rights will wreck their own plans. The only thing it can be is the explanation a Titan growth technician offered—that some rodite have been detrimentally charged by disintegrant coil leaks . . ."

I could not help breaking into the conversation.

"That is right! The thing has been explained to me that way; as a detrimental hypnosis in which the ego—or self-will—the self recognition of the mind centers confuses its self-originated impulses with the exterior-originated detrimental impulses to destroy. Such a condition is called dero,¹⁷ or detrimental energy robotism. The thing is

¹⁷ Pressed for a more complete explanation, Mr. Shaver has defined 'dero' for us:

"Long ago it happened that certain (underground) cities were abandoned and into those cities stole many mild mortals to live. At first they were normal people, though on a lower intelligence plane; and ignorant due to lack of proper education. It was inevitable that certain inhabitants of the culture

forests lose themselves and escape proper development; and some of them are of faulty development. But due to their improper handling of the life-force and ray apparatus in the abandoned cities, these apparatus became harmful in effect. They simply did not realize that the ray filters of the ray mechanisms must be changed and much of the conductive metal renewed regularly. If such renewals are not

simple enough, but I cannot understand how it could happen here in Tean City, where perfection in romantics is so old. Such an occurrence is guarded against by many battle ro, by great organic battery brains raised for just that purpose. How could it happen?"

The two Titans looked at me and shook their heads. They knew as little as I how it could be.

"Well, it couldn't, but it did!" Arl said with feminine logic, and taking me by the arm, led the way to a rollat. In a moment we were speeding away from the dangerous area. Beside me Arl relaxed with a sigh, and I felt her trembling with reaction.

I put an arm around her. "Brave girl," I whispered.

made, the apparatus collects in itself—in its metal—a disintegrant particle which gradually turns its beneficial qualities into strangely harmful ones.

"These ignorant people learned to play with these things, but not to renew them; so gradually they were mentally impregnated with the persistently disintegrative particles. This habituates the creature's mind, its mental movements, to being overwhelmed by detrimental, evil force flows which in time produce a creature whose every reaction in thought is dominated by a detrimental will. So it is that these wild people, living in the same rooms with degenerating force generators, in time become dero, which is short for detrimental energy robot.

"When this process has gone on long enough, a race of dero is produced whose every thought movement is concluded with the decision to kill. They will instantly kill or torture anyone whom they contact unless they are extremely familiar with them and

fear them. That is why they do not instantly kill each other—because, being raised together, the part of their brain that functions has learned very early to recognize as friend or heartily to fear the members of their own group. They recognize no other living thing as friend; to a dero all new things are enemy.

"To define: A dero is a man who responds mentally to dis impulse more readily than to his own impulses. When a dero has used old, defective apparatus full of dis particle accumulations, they become so degenerate that they are able to think only when a machine is operating and they are using it; otherwise they are idiot. When they reach this stage they are known as 'ray' (A Lemurian word not to be confused with ray as it is used in English.) Translated, ray means 'dangerous or detrimental energy animal.' Ray is also used to mean a soldier—one of those who handles beam weapons (note how the ancient meaning has come into our modern word)."—Ed.

We were soon nearing Arl's apartment, and looking down at her fresh, young face, I felt a wave of worry pass through me.

"I wish we were under that new sun right now; on those fresh-born planets of life with clean new coordinating mechanisms under rodite we ourselves selected and could therefore trust. I fear that the migration has been too long delayed—the old sun's disintegrant pressure upon the unseen base of our life is now too great for anything else to happen than what happened tonight. Can we help to strive against this immense err, deep-seated in the control minds about us as it must be; or must we flee at once, before they make impossible our flight, thinking of it has a danger of tale bearing?"

But Arl's lips were on mine as the rollat slowed before her home, an effective quietus to my dangerous words, and my mind no longer dwelt on the fear—nor imagined the embrace of a six-armed giant Sybyl female or the crushing coils of a snake woman about me!—for it was too busy recording the ecstatic sensations of the intense vital charge the faun-legged girl threw into her embrace. My mind gave up its worry in Arl's soft contact.

The next day I entered the classroom and found it empty. I went to the incubation laboratory and found several other early students standing there in silent consternation, the fear welling up almost to openness in their eyes. The Titan was not present, nor were any of his attendants. Some of the embryos were dead, others half-smothered; because no attendant had turned on the filtered, enriched air tanks which kept their nutrient fluid supply aerated. I started toward them, but a young son of a Titan stopped me.

"I turned them on," he said in low, evenly-measured tones.

"Where is the Titan?" I asked.

"No one knows," was the answer I got from all.

Other students came in now, among them Arl. She came to my side, but remained silent, troubled.

We waited a short time. Then a student called tutor center, to inquire. He turned to us with a peculiar look in his eyes.

"They say he is ill!"

"Ill?" The exclaimed question burst from all of us. In Atlan this was startling. Illness is almost unheard of; a rarity existant only on the space frontiers where new varieties of germs were sometimes troublesome.

The news brought Arl close to me, her silky-furred tail trembling as shudders shook her slim body. "Mutan, I am afraid," she whispered.

Her fear transmitted itself to me, and the thought came into my mind that this room was not safe. The same thought obviously had come to the others, because our movement toward the exit was as though by mutual accord. There was obviously some awful connection between the black deaths and the Titan's strange non-appearance. Yesterday the Titan had said a guard ray was on while he spoke to us so gravely of the fear—Had that guard ray been no guard at all? Had those evil rodite penetrated the guard ray, heard his words, known the Titan as a menace to their plan?

The class was dismissed—this time by fear!

And somehow I knew that the thought in my mind was in the mind of all. We had the same knowledge the Titan had. We were in the same danger. We were marked for disappearance, illness, or the black death! We must flee, now or never!

Proof of the thoughts of the others came almost instantly. As we trooped in assumed light-heartedness down the tunnel toward the rollat ways one of the accompanying youths proposed a picnic in the forest to celebrate the unexpected holiday. He said it loudly in a gay voice, and the others chorused their delighted approval, a delight that

Arl and I feigned too. All fell in with the project, the unspoken desire to flee the city strong in our breasts, our anticipation of being together among the trees, which subterranean dwellers seldom see, strong too.

I raced ahead with Arl, shouting gayly, "Let me lead you to the elevators." There was meaning in my voice, and intent in my mind. I was not forgetting my promise to my friend, the control-man.

We reached the shaft that led to Sub Atlan, from which we would take another lift to surface Mu. There, as we shot upward, I whispered the news to the control-man. "The terror is loose in Tean City," I concluded. "Escape as soon as you can. If at all possible, beg off from another descent and be away. There is great danger for all whom they suspect are aware of them."

He retained a straight face, but I could see the concern in his eyes, and the determination to make good his escape also.

As we lolled in apparent ease on the soft sod of the culture forest, the traditional empty glass made its appearance in the circle. No one spoke of it, but its significant reminder of death's clutch was a constant thing in my mind. Never had fear and death been a part of my thought before; but that empty goblet with its sweetly spiraling stem uppermost was no longer just tradition, but now had a meaning almost immense. What to do to avoid that damnable mechanical play of detrimental force from the mind of some unknown rodite, staring through the viewplates of his defective, detrimentally hypnotic mechanism, seeking to destroy the best first?¹⁸ If they thought we were escaping they would seek us out and snatch us back.

¹⁸ Just as lightning strikes the highest point, so does detrimental force seek the most active and the healthiest fruit first—they are most attractive. The detrimental is only a film over an integrative ion.

which is attracted first to the most integrant bodies near. This holds true in thought movements also—thus a dero strikes at the best first.—Ed.

I sat and mused. "Simple magnetics; yet such mighty minds as the Atlans fall before it. We must be clever . . ." I went on thinking of it; but again recurred the regret of last night. If only the migration had taken place a few years ago! But perhaps it had been so planned; and delayed? Delayed by the black death which had thus far struck so secretly and silently. The plan of the rodite must be near completion or their secrecy would have been maintained.

And then, as I sat there, an idea presented itself. I knew a way to escape, and I spoke quickly before my thoughts were clear enough for any unseen listener to read—

"Let us all charter a space ship and take a look at Mother Mu from above! There is no greater thrill than that to cap the day!"

As one we leaped to our feet. I knew then that our thoughts had been very similar; I had only been the first to express the next step in spoken words.

"We will have to take a shuttle ship first," said a young Titan quickly. "Come, I know the way."

CHAPTER IV

Escape Into Space

Accustomed as I had become to variform life, we presented a strange, almost fearsome appearing company to my eyes as we made our way toward the shuttle ship station. There was young Halftan, of Venusian blood, long-legged, web-footed and fingered, his eyes huge and faceted; his mate, a girl of Mu except that some forebear had given the line four arms, probably under the stimulus of mutation rays because the family pursuit of making instruments was one where twice the number of fingers could well be used; Horton, a young fellow of mixed bloods, older than the rest of us, quiet, but long-eared and sharp-nosed—a listening fox; his girl, a thin, gray, transparent-skinned maid of Mars, fragile and lovely, her large, leaf-green eyes lighting devoted friendship wherever they rested; two young Titan sisters, their horns just sprouting from under their curls, their great bodies new-budding into womanhood; their two escorts, of the Elder's special creation, large-headed youths of tremendous intelligence, their hands double-length, their necks and shoulders by far stronger than normal to carry their great heads easily, and finally a young Titan male, accompanied by his friend who was a distant cousin of my own Arl and whose sprightly, colorful femininity hinted that Arl's family must be especially noted for their beauty.

Together we made up a company of twelve life-forms of great diversity; and yet all of us citizens of Atlan; citizens apparently on an outing, now bound for a gay adventure to end a holiday's festivities in the supreme thrill, a sight-seeing trip into space.

We dared not think of our true purpose; and I knew that at least the two Elder escorts were aware of what had brewed in my mind and would back me up when the time came. We thought only of our coming adventure, and tried to feel the delight of it so that even our emotions would register true to any spying teleray that sought us out to check on our motives.

The shuttle ship we boarded was a small, bullet-shaped plane containing little but a cabin, air-making equipment and a small fuel compartment in the rear. This plane was not a space ship, but only a sort of bullet to be shot from the surface of Mu to the large station ship of great weight which circled in its own orbit, just as the moon circles the earth forever.

To get the shuttle ship on its way gravity was neutralized by an upward beam of semi-penetrative force traveling at light speed which was turned on gradually until the car just floated in its cradle under the effect of the reverse friction to gravity of the force blast passing through the car.¹⁹

When the weight of the car was thus reduced to less than a pound, I turned on the rocket blasts very gradually and traveled up the reverse gravity beam by instrument. In thirty minutes we were circling the huge station ship as though we were in our turn its satellite just as it was a satellite of earth. With vernier rocket blasts, about the size of toy pistol explosions, the nearly weightless plane approached a landing. Above us spread the world we had just left, making an imposing sight as we settled into a cradle atop the space station.

¹⁹ Mutan Mion explains that gravity is the friction of condensing exd, ex-disintegrance, falling through matter into earth. By using a beam of similarly condensing particles of ex-disintegrance a harmless beam of upward gravity

is obtained which can levitate matter slowly or drive it upward at immense speed. All space is filled with the ash from disintegrance of the suns of the universe. This, condensing again into matter, is integrance or gravity.—Ed.

When we stepped from the shuttle ship at the edge of the oval landing area, we saw several globe-bodied moon-men bustling about their own type of shuttle plane, a long, wingless splinter constructed of a very fragile and glass-like substance. Although I feared to think upon it, the moon was my next destination. One thing that all of us knew was that we never intended to return to earth. The blackened face of that son of the Titans, the noblest blood in Tean City, as he lay dying on the dance floor rose before me to tell me flight was not only best, but the only course for us.

In spite of myself my eyes roved over the black dome of space, searching for the lights that might indicate a pursuing craft. It seemed almost impossible that we were fooling the mad rodite and their spying telepath rays. In spite of all self-imposed mental guards, my mind seemed intent on shrieking "Escape! Escape!" through every possible loophole in my concentration.

I engaged the gnome-like moon-men in conversation in an attempt to still further blanket my turbulent mind. Arl caught my eye and wagged her tail in cheerful encouragement, seeming to divine what was on my mind. How expressive that beautiful tail of hers was; how much it could say; and with no dangerous thought waves to betray its meaning to those who must not receive on their sensitive instruments. With that tail, no language, no thought-transference was needed!

But even if pursuit developed, I had one trick up my sleeve. I dared not think of it, or some watching rodite informer might advise any pursuers of my plans and a way to circumvent them would be devised.

It struck me that not all of the rodite might know of recent conditions and developments in Tean City. Nothing had been announced on the tele-screen news. Thus, while we were escaping, others ought to know the truth, and certainly not all the rodite were dis-infected. They would

not report what they read in my mind, and the rodite who knew would not attach special significance to others who knew; and the very fact that it was thought about in an unguarded way might cause them to dismiss us as of immediate danger, and thus blanket our intent to escape.

I thought of the dance, of the sudden striking of the black death on the dance floor, of my puzzlement as to what it might mean. I thought of the disappearance of our tutor technicon, wondered if he too were murdered. Any sub-rodite, getting a register of my thoughts, would certainly ponder the meaning of the unbelievable existence in center Mu of murder; murder whose actuality he could not doubt, because it would come to him as the unguarded and therefore true thought of a ro such as I was.

In double-quick time, still acting out our enthusiasm for an unexpected holiday, we chartered a fast space ship for an hour's time. An attendant led us to a cradle on the landing stage; and we entered the ship gaily.

The speedster rose slowly up the lifter beam under my control and when it was clear of the station ship I sent it hurtling outward.

When we were well out of sight of the station ship and picking up speed toward the moon I gave up thinking of our trip as a sight-seeing outing which was to proceed only a little way into space and then return, but began to think of the moon as our destination, meanwhile setting the autopilot destination needle on Venus. Then I pulled the throttle back to full on.

If what we had heard of the black death were true, it might well be that no space ships were allowed to leave the vicinity of Mu at all. Just the mere fact that we were hurtling straight away might have placed even more suspicion on our purpose if we maintained our original thought-fabrication. With the moon now our revealed destination, our true purpose was still veiled.

I switched on the electrically magnifying scope screen to the rear to look for possible pursuit. The scope had a screen of microscopic photo-cells which turned the tiniest light ray into an electrical impulse which was greatly augmented by vacuum tubes and the resulting impulse made a much larger cell on a viewplate glow strongly, giving a vivid image in half-tone.

Far behind us a craft sped along. Was it in pursuit? I watched it for long minutes, but there was no way of telling. It maintained its distance and its course. In a very short time their instruments could check our course, and if they were pursuing us, they would be unable to correlate it with my mental image of the moon as our destination; and they would be after us instantly. If they were merely harmless travelers to Venus, there would be no questioning of our own course.

I gave them time to check us with instruments, then I set the course pointer on Mercury, a planet almost never visited, and watched closely. The strange craft veered.

"They are on our trail," I said. The words broke a silence that had become almost intense.

Arl's cousin looked shocked. "Then we can't escape," she said. "They have a mechanical advantage over us."

One of the big-heads was eyeing me shrewdly. "You have a plan," he said. It was a plain statement of fact, not a question. It was as though he did not ask what was my plan, but expected me to put one into operation now that the crucial moment had come.

"Yes," I agreed. "Now is the time to play my one card. I hope that it will be an ace."

"We have not asked nor even wondered about your plan once we observed that you had one," said the other big-head. "But now the time for secrecy is at an end. It is unnecessary. If we cannot escape, our intent to do so will be useless to hide; if we can escape, our intent will not need to be hidden."

"True enough. And I will be more than glad to relieve my mind of the strain of withholding what is in it," I said. "I am but a ro youth, and the task has been hard."

"But one that you have done well," observed the young Titan gravely.

I accepted the compliment with a thrill of pride. Praise from a Titan was something to which I was not accustomed—indeed, old Artan Gro had many times given me exactly the opposite.

"It is a matter of mechanics," I explained. "And the one thing I will be forced to blank out of your mind as I do it. I warn you all not to think on the matter when you see it performed. As to my plan of escape—I have an even greater one. I will explain fully in a very short while—we will go to one of the sunless Elder stations on a cold planet. The nearest of these is Quanto, on the very rim of this solar system."

"A good choice," approved the big-heads. "But one that rouses our curiosity in your 'mechanical trick' to a high pitch. Obviously you know that Quanto is seventeen and one-third billion miles away."²⁰

I could almost read their minds. "Yes. Weeks away at the speed of this ship—and we have no food."

Even Arl's tail stopped wagging at that—but only momentarily. In her eyes I read that confidence I knew she had in me; a confidence that she herself felt was justified.

"Your plan!" she reminded me. "Now we know you have a definite one, for if you are aware of the fact that we have no food you must also be aware of a way to reach Quanto without it."

"Such great faith must be well placed," murmured one

²⁰ Mutan Mion says this is the eleventh and last planet of the solar system. The tenth (and yet undiscovered, though predicted by

astronomers) is two billion miles beyond Pluto, which is itself nearly four billion miles from the sun.—Ed.

of the Titan maids. "I, too, can have no fear now that you have a plan."

I proceeded now about the thing I had in mind, taking care not to think of what I was doing, but think, rather of the appearance of my hands as they worked, of the movements of my knuckles, of the muscles that caused those movements, of the nerves that carried the message to the muscles. . . .

It was a good thing for me now that I had listened so worshipfully to space pilots when I was younger; some of their adventures were going to stand me in good use. Auto-pilot mechanisms on these space ships were adjusted to a fool-proof speed, so that no speed-mad citizen could wreck a shipload of people. There was a stiff spring on the throttle, just a little stronger than a man's arm, which held the fuel flow to a safe maximum.

I found the case of the auto pilot locked and the key was naturally not aboard the ship, but kept by the attendant back at the satellite ship. But I found a way around that. I took the belts from several of my companions in spite of their puzzled faces and fastened them into one strong line. One end went around the throttle bar and with another I took a turn around a seat arm.

A dozen strong Atlan arms pulled the belt line taut at my bidding, and I took in all the slack at the seat arm. Back came the throttle bar. The acceleration of the ship spilled them all in a heap at the rear, but I held fast to the line and the bar stayed back.

Now our safety depended on whether the pursuing crew knew this simple trick—for many of the pleasure craft, which our pursuer plainly was, were as well powered as the police craft, although their autopilots restricted them to a much lower speed. If the pursuing craft's pilot did not think of adding other men's power to the strength of his own hand on the throttle bar, he would never overtake me. Even police craft were set to less than maximum motive

power, as the tubes burned out too quickly at full blast.

I watched the dark speck on the rear screen anxiously and slowly it grew smaller and smaller. When it had vanished the youthful Titan pounded me on the back until my ears rang and my knees buckled.

"You're a sly fellow, and your whole plan of escape is right. It's high time we ran away from the black death. I've worried and waited for it to strike me long enough. The Elder station on the cold planet are the best natured men you can find in space. Haven't been near a sun in centuries, and don't know the meaning of the word evil!"

He turned to the others and continued speaking eagerly. "They'll take us in, give us entrance cards to any government in space. . . . Personally I would choose some civilization that warms its cities with its own fires, and shuns all suns entirely. I've had enough worry waiting for Atlan's rulers to get wise to the danger and move. I want no more of these sun-bitten zany dero around me!"

The gray Martian maid spoke, her sensitive green eyes shining with admiration, her voice the slow singing speech of Mars—

"The best thing you did was not to tell us what you had in mind, for someone would have read our minds as surely as Venus loves us. We have lived in dread and indecision for many moons. The black death has struck day after day and no official word of it. No one can tell who is dead; there is no way to tell if anything is being done about the danger or not, for anyone who made the slightest effort to do so disappeared at once just as our loved teacher did. We all know that he was not ill; and we also all know that the day he made that announcement to us he had signed his own death warrant—but he had evidently decided he must, as no one else seemed to move. It has been terrible, and if you had planned this flight with us we would never have gotten away. We have been very lucky to get this far. Now, if you will take my advice,

you will go at once far beyond any influence from Mother Mu's rodite, under another space-group of planets, and there we will learn how to live where such things as the black death do not exist."

The smile she bestowed on me was Martian magic.

It must have been the look on my face that prevented any further remarks by my companions, and caused them to look at me in new curiosity. If so, my next words fanned the flame of that curiosity.

"I spoke of a greater plan, a few moments ago," I said. "And I am afraid it does not call for such conclusions as you two have made. I am sorry, but neither of you have given me any advice that I like, as sound as it may seem."

"Speak on," prodded one of the big-heads, his eyes alight with interest.

I checked our course briefly to make sure we were headed for Quanto correctly before I answered him. Then I made myself comfortable in a cushioned seat and faced them.

"What is it that we have been fleeing?" I asked.

"Basically, an aging sun," said the young Titan reflectively. "The black death is merely a result of detrimental action on certain rodite who have become dero and even ray. We have fled from them, but the real cause of our flight is the sun."

"Do we flee as cowards, deserting our comrades?" I asked softly. "Or do we flee only that we may be able to make a new plan to take the place of the one that has been interrupted by the rodite dero?"

There was a wry smile on the face of the big-head. "The day has come," he said, "when I have seen a ro put a Titan to shame! Of course, Mutan, we do not flee for cowardice, but to gain time and life to put up a fight. It is only that we have not thought it out as you have. Nor has inspiration as yet given us such a plan."

"Then listen to mine," I said, "Just as it is with you,

my first thoughts at realization of the fear that lay in Tean City were those of escape to a place where there was no fear. It is a natural reaction, especially if that possibility suddenly presents itself.

"Let us analyze the fear. First, the top unit of the force behind the black death must be a man in a very strong position, to stall off the whole migration as has obviously been done, and to control things so that no news leaks out about the terror that is otherwise so plain for many to see. So high and powerful must this man be that to fight against him on Mu itself must be to invite certain defeat. Perhaps even if we were to muster all clean-minded Atlans to the battle, we could meet only the same frustration as the migration plan has suffered—for is it not true that all Atlans who are aware of the danger of the sun's evil have made utmost effort to bring about the migration?"

"True enough," said a Titan maid. "No Titan has been unaware of the danger, and lately, even such ro as you have been brought into the plan. Perhaps it is fitting that the salvation of that plan come from the mind of a ro."

"Then here is the only salvation I can see," I said. "We must go to the Elders of Quanto. Through them we must contact the mightiest of the Titans and from them get advice and assistance. This thing may well become a space war before we are through—and as I see it, it must be so, or all the Atlans of Mu will be lost!"

I looked at Arl, to see if she listened, and she wagged her tail roguishly. Not only was she listening; she was thinking in tempo with me. At my glance her voice chimed in, doing things to my spine.

"Yes, and we ourselves must devote ourselves to the task, and go to a place where the growth rate is unlimited by law, so that we can become more equal to the job. It will take great power to displace the mad rodite. On Quanto we must find some mighty and old and wise technician to go along and assure us of a hearing; otherwise the

power will not be given us. We need the very mightiest power the Elders of space can give us to save the people of Mu."

"If you but wag that tail of yours at them, Arl, they will give it to us!" I laughed because I could see in all those around me the same conviction and devotion to my plan that was in her. The youthful company laughed too. "Of that there can be no doubt," they agreed, whereupon Arl swished her tail before them and pirouetted about on her clicking hooves.

In that instant the fear was gone from our minds. Instead we were filled with gaiety and hope, and great determination to do all that lay in our power to end all fear.

We circled Mercury, straightening out on a direct path for Quanto, constantly accelerating until it was unnecessary to explain why lack of food did not worry me. The young Titan remarked: "We will be at Quanto within twenty-four hours. Already our speed is approaching that of light."²¹

²¹ Mutan Mion, apparently, holds no brief for the "limit velocity" of light; or that the speed of light is the ultimate speed. According to Mr. Shaver's letters on the subject: "Light speed is due to 'escape velocity' on the sun, which is not large. This speed is a constant to our measurement because the friction of exd, which fills all space, holds down any increase unless there is more impetus. The escape velocity of light from a vaster sun than ours is higher, but once again exd slows the light speed down to its constant by friction, so that when it reaches the vicinity of our sun, no appreciable difference is to be noted. A body can travel at many times the exd constant, under additional impetus, such as rocket explosions. A ship whose weight is reduced to a very little by re-

verse gravity beam can attain a great speed with a very small rocket. Once beyond the limits of matter gravity ceases and the ship becomes weightless. Speeds over that of exd constant must be under constant impetus, for the friction slows them down quickly again, especially so in the case of solids. Sound, as an example, travels through air at a constant speed—and yet the impetus is obviously different in each case! The only conclusion is that the air itself is the governing factor in the speed of sound, which always remains appreciably the same. So it is with light. Both depend for their velocity on an initial impetus. Both remain constant because below a certain speed, friction disappears."

Your editors have been constantly amazed at the interchange-

On Quanto, we knew, a group of Elder technicians from sunless Nor, a group of sunless planets 0.16 light years away, had lately established an observatory for the study of our planetary system.²² It was these Elders I wished to contact in my effort to enlist aid for our cause.

Our trip to Quanto consumed slightly over twenty-four hours, the hunger of which we could easily endure; and on the landing station we switched to a shuttle ship.

As we settled into the cradles of the great cavern's entrance on Tiny Quanto, liquid air glistened over the view panes. The ship rocked as the cradle connected with its conveyor and was drawn by it into the cave through the

ability of Mr. Shaver's (Mutan Mion's?) physical phenomena, or rather, their adaptability to one great physical law which we have as yet hardly begun to comprehend in its entirety. However, at this point a brief definition might aid the reader in understanding many things he has already read and will read in the following pages.

Matter in all the cosmos is constantly disintegrating and integrating. There is the natural parallel as to whether the hen or the egg came first—did the integration come first, or the disintegration? But that is the one and only unanswerable question in the whole theory. Exd is the ash (matter so finely divided as to become energy rather than matter) of disintegrating suns. It spreads out and fills all space. Then, perhaps because of the presence of an actual bit of matter (as in the case of the salt grain in the salt solution that commences precipitation which does not end until all the salt is once more in its original form), or under the influence of a magnetic field which draws the exd

together, integration commences and the exd once more becomes matter. This fall of exd and its condensation is what causes gravity. When Newton was hit on the head by an apple, it was by an apple that was pushed down upon his head, rather than pulled down; since gravity is the friction caused by the fall through matter already existent of condensing exd. Obviously a condensation is a falling together of a finely divided element into a grosser state.

There are many finer points, staggering in their implications, concerning this theory which are not necessary to the reader's understanding of this manuscript; but they are being prepared in a monograph which is to be submitted to scientific circles.—Ed.

²² Quanto lies beyond the jurisdiction of Mu's government, which holds sway over all the planets of the solar system except this tiny world. Quanto is on the rim of Nor influence and is used by them as an observation station. Because of its small size, it is unimportant to the government of Mu.—Ed.

air locks. At last we were in the home of the kindly men from sunless Nor!

I leaned back with a sigh of thankfulness, feeling that I had saved at least some of the good life seed of ancient Atlan from the madness that was overtaking all of its races under the aging sun. To save still more would be a colossal effort; but as Arl's arms drew about my shoulders, I knew that such effort was worthwhile.

The purpose of life was plainer now. Such beauty and tenderness did not live in words or in paintings. Only in understanding and caring for the life seed, the bearers of future race growth, could a man find the true meaning of life. And in the mighty job that lay ahead in enlisting aid for the saving of our people from the black death of the mad rodite I knew I would become a man or die.

CHAPTER V

The Princess Vanue

We found the typical welcome that all the great ones accord to visitors. Our party was courteously received by the attendants, and we were directed to the administrative offices with swift efficiency.

For me, this first visit to a world people by other than Atlans or Titans was one of the most interesting of my life; but I did not find it half as exciting as my first glimpse of Tean City had been. The men from sunless Nor were of an amazing blondness, for no light but of their own making had ever struck their skins. Their size, as did that of Titans and Atlans, varied with their age and with the age of the parent. Thus, a son of a man of a hundred years age would be three times the size of a son of a man of thirty.²³

Further, the race from Nor, who are called Nortans, are a straight race of men. There had been no intermingling

²³ Proportionately this would not be true. A man of a hundred considering he did not stop growing at the usual age, would certainly not be three times as large as at thirty. A baby doubles its weight in six months, doubles it again in eighteen. Thus the rate decreases in proportion to total mass, although the actual poundage increase is the same for a similar period of time. Later, however, this poundage begins to lessen until maturity is reached,

where growth ceases altogether. In the time of Mutan Mion, however, growth was a constant thing, ended only by death. And the rate of growth could even be increased, if desired. This is what Arl was referring to when she mentioned that it would be necessary to "grow" to be able better to perform their mission. The reader will see the methods of this stimulated growth demonstrated further on in this manuscript.—Ed.

of races of other forms, not because it was forbidden, but because their technicians had not made the variform technique of breeding available to the public and without it all such intercourse is sterile. Perhaps they are right, although I see much beauty in variforms—especially in my own lovely and completely desirable Arl with her beautiful, expressive furry tail and her dainty, clicking hooves; certainly their race is beautiful and vital enough to please anyone.

All about the city of the Nortans it was evidenced by many wholly unfamiliar devices that the science of Nor had forged ahead of our own; and as I looked about, I knew why. Here was none of the fear that had pervaded Tean City; nor was there any of the sun-poison to be a detriment to constructive thinking in even the slight degree that evidently has long deterred the technicians of Mu from full scientific advancement.

The thought of the fear brought the need for haste once more home to me as we walked through the city toward the administrative buildings. It was better to continue our flight than to remain long even here, I knew. So, to improve time, I kept running over in my mind the desperate plight of center Mu; the delaying of the migration to a newborn sun; the fear of pursuit that was still with us; for I knew that in that administrative building toward which we were headed some watchful Elder of Nor was most certainly taking thought record of our minds, to see if there were harm in us.

So, when we reached our destination, it instantly became evident that we would have little explaining left to do. And at the same time, another thing became evident to me that filled me with terror. Fear, again, in the one place where I had thought I would not find it!

A young lady of the snowskinned Nortan race glided toward me, her hand outstretched in greeting, her voice a soft bell of welcome for all of us.

"We have read your thoughts and understand what

brings you here. Follow me now to the Princess Vanue, chief Elder, for an oral check; and forget your fear, for soon you will be going to where fear is not. Your message spells danger to us, as well as to your poor, helpless fellows in Mu."²⁴

It had been the words "Princess aVnue, chief Elder" that had struck a new kind of fear into me. The chief Elders had been described to me in Tean City. They are the oldest of the race, and are given official power according to the value of their achievements to the race. They are of both sexes, and have learned all there is to know of the secrets of growth; how to manufacture their own life-supporting essences, nutrients and beneficial vibrants. And on their ability to improve upon the standard nutrients of the people often depends their success. Thus, when a simple ro like myself comes near one of these Elders, his will becomes their will automatically; for it is overcome by the great, all-pervading force of the life within them. One hardly notices this when the Elder is of the same sex, but when that life force is of the opposite sex the attraction is so great as to be irresistible. So true is this that seldom is a ro of one sex allowed too near an Elder of the opposite sex; for never again would the poor ro free himself of love for the Elder.

My spirit trembled when I knew the Elder to which we were being taken was a woman; a woman who for unknown centuries had absorbed all the essences of growth-promoting substances. And too, Nor was a place where growth science must be far, far ahead of our own sun-

²⁴ The Nortans, as did the Atlans and Titans, spoke the universal language of space; a language originated by a Titan Elder of the far past. The name of the language is Mantong. The original individual language of each race has fallen into disuse

as the three races have intermingled through all space. This is the same language of which the alphabetical key was published in the January 1944 issue of *Amazing Stories*, and also as an appendix to this book.—Ed.

baked sciencon's achievements. Never would I be able to free myself of the spell that woman-force would cast upon me!

I looked desperately at Arl's sweet face. Never again would I love her if this thing were true. In Arl's eyes I read the same fear, and I know then that she surely loved me and I was torn by the approaching loss. However, I dimly understood that it must be necessary—for no man near an Elder woman can deny her the truth of love for her.

We left the building and presently were ascending a long, transparent boarding tube into the side of a space liner that lay like a sleeping monster in the launching cradles. This was one ship that could land directly on a planet! But then, Quanto was small. We passed through a series of airlocks, reached the inside of the ship.

It was a long way into the center of the ship. As we progressed, I noted that all the ro who passed were maidens; beautiful white Nor maidens with glittering white-yellow hair that floated about their heads in a cloud, so fine was it that it was air-borne.

Soon I became aware of an aura of complementary forces that I knew came from the Nor Chief Elder, Vanue, whom we were undoubtedly now nearing. Her force scent grew stronger as we approached a mighty door set across a corridor. In glowing letters of hammered metal above this door was the legend:

VANUE

Elder Princess Of Van Of Nor
Chief Of Nor On Quanto

The great door, I discovered, was an airlock; to hold in the ionized and nutrient-saturated air of the chamber. These chambers the Elders seldom leave, since all evil is restrained from entering.

As we passed through the lock, the terrific stimulation of this conductive electrified medium seized us in a mighty ecstasy. We were drawn as by a powerful magnet toward

a huge figure which was an intense concentration of all the vitally stimulating qualities that make beauty the sought-for thing that it is.

Within me I could feel the compass of my being swinging toward its new center of attraction. I was no longer myself. I was a part of that mighty being before me. My thought was her thought; I was her ro until she chose to release me.

Could she release me? I could not even wish it, nor ever would. Within me I knew that, and I felt no resentment, no regret—only joy.

All of eighty feet tall she must have been. She towered over our heads as she arose to greet us, a vast cloud of the glittering hair of the Nor women floating about her head, the sex aura a visible iridescence flashing about her form.

I yearned toward that vast beauty which was not hidden for in Nor it is considered impolite to conceal the body greatly, being an offense against art and friendship to take beauty out of life. I was impelled madly toward her until I fell on my knees before her, my hands outstretched to touch the gleaming, ultra-living flesh of her feet.

Beside me the other youths from center Mu were in the same condition of ecstatic desire.

As our hands touched her flesh, a terrific charge of body electric flowed into us. We fell face downward in unbearable pleasure on the floor.

She picked us up one by one and placed us on the desk before her. Waist-high now were our burning eyes. She bent to meet our gaze; and the mighty beauty of the eyes of the Elder princess of Nor flashed a question into our minds. As one man we chorused:

"Yes, it is true! Evil has the upper hand in center Mu; in Tean City itself!"

It was then that I realized how far ahead of Mother Mu's Titan and Atlan technicians were the Nortans and,

I supposed, all other great ones of the dark worlds. For Vanue wasted no more time on us, but bending toward the banks of instruments before her throne, pulled a lever and through all the ship was heard the warning signal of departure. As if they were my own, I knew her thoughts! Quanto was to be evacuated.

The Nortans were certainly not the sun-spoiled sleepy-heads our own race had proved to be. She understood the awful danger that could threaten a planet's multitudes' under the thumb of the dero madness.

At her willed command we all ran to seats that circled the throne. They were mounted on acceleration absorbers. The grand hand pressed the bar that lifted the now weightless ship up the force beam flowing out of the cavern.

Even through the thick walls of the ship we heard the huge airlocks scream shut behind us. Then we were out in space headed toward Nor, the vast cold planet where this Elder Goddess' daughter had been born centuries before. I realized that our precipitate departure was sure evidence that our news had meant much more than nothing to Vanue. She had enough Elder God sense in her to know that flight was imperative. There were misgivings in my breast as I wondered if any Atlan Elders or rodite had knowledge of mighty Vanue's presence in Quanto. It might make a great difference if they did!

As the acceleration lessened toward the midpoint of our takeoff, freeing us from our seats, the whelming voice of the great woman-being swept us.

"You children will remain with me until your future is settled. I will thus be sure that you are fully rewarded for bringing us such vital information."

The soft, singing voice of the gray maid from Mars questioned her, and in its notes was gray also.

"Will you . . . can you . . . then give us back the love of our dear ones, which has cleaved to you?" There was a powerful pleading in her voice that penetrated even

through the blanketing ecstasy that held me.

Infinite tenderness and compassion seemed to flow from the eyes of the great one.

"There is a way to do that," the master voice answered; and she bent swiftly toward the Mars maid, her great eyes flashing a strange thought I could not wholly read; a tender woman-language into the eyes of the Mars maid.

That simple Martian magic had made another friend, this time a great one indeed.

It was a strange passage. Most of it seemed more a dream than reality. Such things as the tremendous gait we built up—far more than light speed—and the great distances we traveled were the realities, but I barely noticed them. More real was the unreality of the thin, lovely forms of the Nor maids moving about their mighty princess, the soft fires of their floating hair like seedling flames from the vast fire of Vanue's god-life crowned by its floating cloud of yellow; our own eyes burning like the spotted wings of moths against the screen of her will; the sad faces of our own maids beside us, gazing first at the fierce white flame of her body and then at our own bemused selves; the vaulting of the vast ship walls about us; the unfamiliar instruments blinking and whirring.

It was a very real dream to me—a dream I knew I would never stop dreaming. Strange passage. . . . Ever the whisper of the feet of the Nor maids on some swift errand; the soft rumble of the voice of their living Goddess and the answering bright song of her worshipping maidens. Yes, it was a strange passage, and every mile of it brought home a fascinating realization.

I had embarked on the most amazing voyage of my whole life. The very thought of what now certainly lay before me was enough to stun my mind into an apathy of thinking that was hard to overcome; yet my mind was so full of excitement that it did strive to think, to add to the realization of what the future would hold. A new life was

at hand; opening to wonders that staggered me to think of them—and awed me into all-engulfing reverence.

To live to become what this Nor princess had become; to have the love of people as she had the love of these Nor maids—that is the real dream. I knew that I must gain the key to the door of a way of living that would lead to the full value of the Nortan life.

So it was, sitting in the thrall of that too-strong beauty of woman-life, we noted so little. How much time passed? I will never know. It was as if all body functions ceased, as though food and drink were not needed—as long as we were in the presence of Vanue of Nor. But I did know that she was in continual communication with the planet Nor over the space telescreens. Face after face appeared before her, murmured briefly and intensely, and vanished; only to be replaced by others. I knew vaguely that she was calling for a conference on the strength of our information; and sensed also that we would attend that conference at her side.

The thought dawned on me slowly. Here was an honor few ro ever attain in the first century of their growth. By old Mother Mu! To see those Elders of Nor, the whole lot of them, male and female, all at once . . . ! That would be more than one could well stand. An overpowering, devastating ecstasy. . . .

Well, it would be an interesting death.²⁵

²⁵ This reference to death from mere association with the Elders is singularly intriguing. According to Mr. Shaver, the Titans, Atlans and Nortans had the ability to bestow beneficial forces upon less favored mortals, such as Mutan Mion (a ro), and also radiated a perpetual flow of life energy which was beyond their control to cut off from any ro who visited them. Hence, the animal magnetism of Vanue was such as

to cause Mutan Mion's whole being to be drawn to her body with a force so great that it superseded any other love he might have had. Her attraction commanded all of his maleness, his ability and capacity for love of the opposite sex.

Now we find him referring to the possibility of dying from too much of this animal magnetism. Obviously in his mind a superstition has been built up which has enhanced his imagination of the ef-

facts of meeting the Elders in a great group. He refers to meeting the Elders as being "a great honor" for no less than a century old. Therefore we can discount his belief that it will be fatal to him; because it is sometimes done to no younger than a century as an "honor" and without fatal result. The truly interesting factor here is when we consider Mr. Shaver's constant insistence that dark space is full of Titans, Atlans and Nortans, and that they do not visit our world because it is plagued by the sun's poisonous radioactives and is a cause of death. They shun their ancient home, Mu. We, says Shaver, are a quarantined people under an evil sun. We have no value to them. In their language we are errant (detrimental energy animals: E—energy; R—dangerous dis force; AN—ani-

mal; T—force of growth. Literally errants are animals whose force of growth is directed by a dangerous dis energy and is therefore evil). Can we assume that he is incorrect in his assumption that these super beings never visit the earth, and that such instances as the biblical references to angels, Christ, and other things are actual records of such visits? Perhaps it is significant that the reference to these things always seem to include effusion of an energy of some sort; i. e. the radiance of the angel who drove Adam and Eve from the Garden; the brilliant light that blinded Saul as he rode to destroy Christians; the radiance amidst which Elija, and Christ himself, ascended into Heaven; the light that came from the burning bush and the voice that spoke to Abraham.—Ed.

Conclave of the Elders

I never knew how much time the voyage consumed; but it seemed very soon that the great vessel floated down the landing beam into the white and yawning face of a landing area on a station satellite of Nor while I and the other youths dreamed on almost oblivious in the quarters of Vanue.

Still in that dazed dream of love we followed among her maidens into the tubes and aboard the special shuttle ship awaiting her, and shot off to Nor looming not far away. We did not pause on Nor's dark surface, but descended into the depths of a great cave toward the council place somewhere in center Nor.

I had thought in the past that the Titans were mighty of thought and size—but what I saw now eclipsed anything I had ever heard of the glories of our own races. Big and vital as was Vanue, she was but a little child among the tremendous Nortan Elders and Gods.

There are no words to describe what the development of unchecked growth in man brings forth. These ancient Nortans, who had studied and purified all the source-substances of growth and combined them into an endless variety of nutrients which they introduced into their bodies by many means—borne in electric flows; on penetrative sound waves; by injections; by direct feeding—had been growing at a fierce rate for unknown centuries. Their inner beings had evolved in various ways, so that they were evidently of a more complex atomic and molecular construction than ordinary flesh. There is no way to describe the qualities of

thought, of inner strength of spirit seen on their faces and in the aura that is always about such beings.

We trooped after Vanue as she entered the vast reaches of the council cavern and took her throne by the side of her father, a mighty bulk of man-flesh but only a lesser luminary in that gathering.

Before the council came to the business at hand we were treated to a brief prelude of entertainment—psychologically a reward for the effort of coming to the council. It was a prelude to music and dancing, a review of the best talent of the planet, calculated to bring the minds of the council into harmony on the subject of the welfare and glory of the race. Entertainment, yes; but the amusements of Elder Gods are nothing to pass over.

What it all meant was beyond me; I was aware only of the awful beauty and tremendously fecund strength of the dancers—bred and fed by wizard technicians of growth; trained to express meaning and emotion of a kind too vast for ro to grasp. They danced in a vortex of conductive rays which carried their thought and body essence, augmented by apparatus, to each watcher.

The climax was the appearance of the greatest beauty of the planet—a sorceress of the art of entertainment named Hypaytee—who wore on her head a device which caused a vast augmentation of the thought images of her mind to play about her body in a tremendous revealment of the infinitely developed soul of woman. I had loved woman—but never before had I understood even vaguely what development did to the greatest value of life. The rewards this woman could give a man by the use of her mind alone, coupled as it was to that mighty, sinuous dancer's body expressing all the things that draw men to women, brought the concourse of Elders to their feet in an earth-shaking applause and a mighty vow to care for the race that produced her. This thought was also projected from the control rays which took root in every heart. It came to me,

too: and I was a Nor-man now, no matter what I had been before!

Then Vanue's thought flashed out, setting the thought cloud²⁶ areas into coruscation with an alarm, a command to attention. I was brought out of my daze to see my own thought record projected in the thought clouds. I saw once again, as real as the first time I had seen it, the fear on the faces of the six-armed Sybyl of the Info screens; the striking of the black death at the dance; the hideous fear on the faces of the dancers; Arl's sweet face contorted in a scream.

A thought-record from the brain of each of our group from Tean City followed. It was evidence enough, thus gathered together, that evil had the upper hand in Mu.

My own efforts to conceal my thought as I planned our escape and the trick of the belts on the throttle that had resulted in our success finished the record display.

I was mightily surprised to hear applause and a great thunder of voices calling for me—Mutan Mion of Atlan. They called for me, the stupid artist! those vast voices from hundreds of ancient beings, some of them three hundred feet in height!

Vanue held me out in her two hands for all to see. And as I became the center of their attention, my embarrassment exceeded any emotion of a similar nature I had ever had. If I had known that they would think of an escape from such a condition as so much of a feat it is probable I would never have tried it. I would have been hopeless of success from the very inception of the fool-hardy thought.

²⁶ Three dimensional pictures were formed by projection of the image into a mass of gases held by electric pressure in a cloud whose particles glowed in various colors according to the mental wavelength of the vibration field in which they floated. Ordinarily the cloud is opaque white, and

when the thought-picture is projected into it by the Nortan mind, it becomes transparent except for the particles which form the image in full color. The command for attention causes the whole cloud to change color from milky white to flaming red.—Ed.

I was put down again, my face red, my thoughts flustered, my embarrassment a flood of discomfort in me—but a discomfort that held within it a strange glow of humility that was at the same time a glow of pride. I was proud with a just pride; and I felt somehow that it was not my own pride, but the pride of Vanue, whose utter slave I had become. Vanue, Elder of Van of Nor, was proud of her role!

The actual conference of the Godheads took place now in thought projections in the thought-cloud area. I saw that any thought, no matter how abstract, could be projected in these clouds by thought augmentors.²⁷ They used an image language instead of words, and their talk was to me but a whirlwind of changing forms, faces, geometrical figures, maps of space and figures on orbits and many

²⁷ In a letter from Mr. Shaver, this reference to augmentors is explained in great detail. Says Mr. Shaver: "I refer you to a picture printed in many high school books of ancient history. It is from the 'Book of the Dead' a copy of which could be obtained in any large library from a book about the 'Book of the Dead.' This picture shows a scene which is called a picture of the Gods, and is in two sections. On the lower section the Gods are 'weighing the souls' our historians tell us. Actually it looks like a butcher buying a hybrid hog: half hog and half deer. . . the animal has a line around its middle as though it had been cut apart and sewn together again. It is evidence of the hybrid breeding of animals by the Atlans and Titans of Mu.

"Another picture shows a teacher seated before an instrument, and before the teacher, facing him, is a group of students each holding a smaller instrument. This is

an actual pictographic representation of the thought augmentor and the focusing device used to pick up its waves.

"Still another instrument pictured in ancient Egyptian glyphs is the crook the Pharaohs always carry. Notice the bottom end has a clevis—with holes. I have seen such handles protruding from the ancient weapon-beam apparatus. It acts as a beam director, like the stick of an airplane; and if removed would have kept the apparatus from being used by anyone else. Why else the clevis on the bottom? The origin of scepters was this carrying of the control handle to keep others from using the dangerous apparatus while one was gone for a short time.

"Certainly the use of this apparatus was very general in ancient times among rulers for it gave them control of men's minds and its use was always secret among them."—Ed.

other things incomprehensible to me and probably to most of the ro present. The powerful minds of the Nortans functioned too rapidly for us to grasp any but the simplest meaning in the ideographs unfolding in the cloud before us. But I did gather that some action was to take place at once to save the Atlans and the Titans of Atlan from the derodite.

Now from the mists of the Elder Gods' highest throne of all came a swift ray that lanced down and touched me delicately. An ecstasy of change came over me. What that ray did to me and told me in the next brief instant I can never say in any words. Then a voice spoke out:

"Muton Mion of Mu, we have seen the great compassion and love for your fellow man that lives in your breast. We admire such greatness in such a tiny ro; and because of the love of man in you we have decided that it must not go without full satisfaction in deed.

"You came here to gather together an expedition and return to Mu for the rescue of your comrades who are in deadly danger. Never could you carry such a gigantic project as this would require to its successful completion—and yet you have done it; for we of Nor have made a solemn vow to rescue the men of Atlan on Mu and to destroy the derodite who threaten to spread their evil even into dark space.

"However, because of your great desire, we have planned a place for you in this great mission. You shall have your part in it; and you shall have another duty which is worthy of your capacity for compassion. We, the Nortans, have seen in your mind a vision of the far future—of a time on Mu when men shall be slaves of the degenerate sun around which it circles; of a time when they will be but mentally deficient savages living out a life span compressed to an irreducible minimum by radioactives. This may be a true vision, in part or in whole—for we may not succeed entirely in our mission. We may even fail!

“Therefore, we give to you the task of preparing a message, in great duplication, to these pitiful men of the future—so that there may be some hope that those among them who have the mental power to fight against their cruel environment may make their lives in some measure complete. This message will be left on Mu, and in it, in many places for future man to find.”

The voice ceased. The conference was over.

CHAPTER VII

A Wedding on Nor

As we passed from the misty vastness of the council cavern Vanue turned to us of Atlan, trooping behind her, and said in a serious voice.

"It is law among Nortans that no service to the race goes unrewarded. Now there are certain things I plan for you which I cannot give you legally except you swear to serve me always as my loyal followers. Is there anything to keep you from that?" Her eyes searched us one by one.

The Mars maid answered, her eyes shining:

"There is only our oath to the state of Atlan, and the present evil conditions render that oath void."

Vanue went on: "I am only a young Elder; you might do better than to follow me—my fortune in the future is not wholly assured. You might do better!"

"You have honored us, Vanue," said the Mars maid. "You have let us see your mind at work; we know there is no evil in you. That your fortune should be our fortune is enough for me. You have said you will give the love of our men back to us, and though I don't understand how you will or can, I know you will."

One by one we swore loyalty to Vanue before all other greater beings.

Then Vanue looked at her Nor maids and said with a strange innuendo that made them laugh with delight and anticipation: "Now we must send them to school—in pairs!" The laughter of the gold-topped lilies of Nor rang merrily.

What sort of a school was this, I wondered, to make them laugh so?

The tubes took Vanue's train to the doors of her own cavern palace. Huge air locks swung open to admit the whole procession into the under parts of the palace. When we stepped out into the special air of her home that tremendous acceleration of the life processes that I had noted in her chambers in the space liner again seized us—and life became a thing to really fear to lose.

But as yet I had no inkling of what lay before me in the mystery of the wisdom that had built that place to house their first borne, Elder Princess Vanue, daughter of the Elder Gods of Nor.

Flinging off her wraps, which she had worn to the council chamber because of their significance, Vanue said: "We will put the children in school, and then to our own work. We have much to do to make ready and the time is short."

"School" turned out to be a vast laboratory—a replica on a much mightier scale of our own Titan technicon's laboratory school where Arl and I had learned to know each other and the possibilities of life. Instead of embryos, the nutrient tanks contained six foot ro and even much larger men and women.

Taking Arl and me in her hands she placed us in one of the big tanks. The liquids were warm and comforting and we splashed about playfully while others of our Atlan group were also being placed in pairs in tanks like our own.

Then Vanue's maids swarmed about us, placing wires about our arms, our wrists, our hands and feet; fastening breathing cups over our mouths; thrusting needles into our veins and attaching them to the ends of thin tubes; placing caps of metal with many wires connected to generators and other machines on our heads; covering our eyes with strangely wired plates of crystal.

I heard the tank cover sealed and more fluid gushed in until we were completely submerged. We floated in suspension within the tanks.

Then began a strange thing; for our minds, Arl's and mine, were conscious of each other through the medium of the interrelated wiring and the plates over our eyes—an awareness that must have been augmented a thousand times. Her breath was my breath, her thoughts took place in my head stronger than Vanue's ever had, and the woman-soul of her was so augmented in my mind as to eclipse all other woman's appeal that my memory had ever recorded.

A strange little voice (it must have been Vanue's speaking over a telethought instrument) whispered beside me: "You will never escape Arl now. You are her slave forever." And as I listened, I knew that Vanue spoke the truth.

Arl's face, laughing before me in the eye plates, became larger and larger, entered my brain, became the wellspring of my being. I heard Arl's thought, a vast river of force flowing in my mind, saying: "Where I go, there will you go also. The thing that is my desire is growing in you. My roots are your soul. You are my desire and the slave of my desire!"

And I heard my own thought make answer in Arl's mind: "So it shall be, always, oh maiden of the clicking hooves and swift hands, of the beautiful tail, of the clean will and strong desire!" And I knew that what I said was true.

The fluids and forces that were pulsing through us made these things grow within our beings, so that centuries of loving contact were replaced by minutes of furious growth; and we fell asleep, strangely within each other our thoughts, growing and becoming an integrant part of our being. Through every fibre of my body I could feel fecund growth swelling and expanding, patterned by thoughts which were mine and yet not mine. In my ears strange sounds beat mysterious meanings which were forces taking root within me. My memory was a vast garden of new thoughts growing as my mind grew, and remembering all

the principles that came over the wires from the Elder Gods' own thought record.

Always overhead I could feel the Nor maids watching my mind pictures and correcting the growth memory so that everything took its rightful place. And within me I could hear Arl, sleeping and growing too, and she was very dear.

The thing that was me slept as a babe sleeps in the womb, and the seeds of the Gods' thoughts took root in Arl and me and grew. We were at once children asleep in the womb of the God mother, and man and wife wrapped in each other's adoring arms. Time flowed by like water; and we slept but were more awake and alive than ever before, and felt the pleasure of each the other's body and soul appeal, the very inner essence of man-life and woman-appeal to man. Life pulsed from each of us into the other constantly. We had more pleasure of each other in the growth school tank than ever I have known of in any pleasure.

Among the things that became a part of my knowledge was the promise of the future in such tanks as this: Sometime Arl and I were to build such a tank and appartatus and take a long sleep in it and awake as Gods, full of the strength and the beauty and the pleasure of life and life's fulfilment.

So it was that Arl and I were married by an actual mingling of the seeds of our being, and not by any foolish ceremony; blessed by the actual love of Vanue, now our Lady, and not by any meaningless words.

Though we were in the growth tank less than a week, we came out inches bigger in every way; but the real growth that had taken place was an inner growth—for I was vastly heavier and my strength was aware of new limits.

Mentally, too, I was vastly more able; for when I looked about at the apparatus I knew the inner construction and

use of every bit of it, and I knew that from then on few things would mystify me other than the work of the very oldest Gods.

I found that I had not lost my love for Vanue, but that I loved her now as one loves and is grateful to a leader. My love for Arl was the strongest thing in me.²⁸

²⁸ The "school" of growth to which Mutan Mion and Arl and their companions went for their growth in both body and mind is the concrete manifestation in apparatus of the science of mangrowth as conceived by the three ancient god-races. It was based on simple laws of the integration of matter. These simple laws are being set forth in a scientific monograph by Mr. Shaver and your editor, who firmly believe that its publication will throw a bombshell into all of present-day physics and chemistry. Naturally they cannot be dealt with in complete form here, but a slight explanation of what was done to Mutan Mion seems necessary. Part of this explanation is in the words of Mr. Shaver:

Growth is an inflow of exd. Life itself is a flame of integration, which like a fire must be fed or it goes out. Exd is the fuel of that flame, and by its condensation into matter, adds to the flame, causing growth. Naturally this growth is a material growth. What the Nortans did was to concentrate the flow of exd so as to feed the flame of life at a greater rate, and thus cause greater growth. A technical simile might be drawn: a fire, when supplied with finely divided carbon and a larger supply of oxygen becomes a greater, fiercer thing. It is the same with life. When supplied with a greater quantity of exd, it grows, be-

comes stronger, more active.

The mechanical means is very similar to the magnetic field lenses used in electron microscopes, which direct and focus a flow of particles called electrons into a beam more revealing than light because its particles are smaller. This same magnetic field principle can be used to focus exd and thus hasten integration. A magnetic field, lens-shaped, could focus falling exd by attunement just as a radio collects certain waves. This attunement can be determined by constructing a coil in the same shape as the coils of the electron microscope—but much larger. The focus can be determined by its light focus, which would be the same. A plant, placed beneath this point of focus, perks up its leaves, reaches out, is invigorated, exudes a dew, in a short time is twice the size it would ordinarily have been.

Once there was a book called the "T" book (T for integration, for growth force, energy, etc.) which was in rather widespread use up to the time of Christ. It contained the elemental frames of logic and simple what-to-dos like the age-poison elimination, beneficial generators, and so on. But some group feared its influence and it was destroyed, so completely that only the memory of that once infallible book remains, which memory was the father of

All of us found out now that Vanue was not the most foolish of the Elders of Nor, despite her comparative youth, but was looked up to everywhere as one whose star was in the ascendant. Her followers were more numerous than many much more prominent Elders.

Arl and I spent several days together in our love, and in seeing the wonders of Nor's civilization. Here was a vast series of underground cities, all heated and bathed in beneficial energies artificially created. No need for a sun's light to live. No danger of dis-integratives from a dangerous sun poisoning the soil and water of the planet, to cause slow death by age.

Then one day Vanue called me to her.

"I speak now of the mission the Elders of the council granted to you in the conference chamber. As you remember, your part in the coming task is two-fold. In one phase of this you will accompany us to act with us in the great war that must be fought. We have developed a plan in which your help as an advance and secret agent is

the Bible and all its veneration, including the cross on its cover, the 'T' sign.

The direct need for a greater future for man is strengthening of the general mind by T forces, the growth of a better brain. No progress is truly progress unless man grows a better brain to grow a better brain. That is the pattern of progress—to grow a growth to grow, etc. What man needs is a conscious aim toward growth. To learn how to grow into a man better able to grow into a wiser man is a goal followed by but a few men out of all the number who could be striving in that direction. The great ones called such a goal 'TIC' and any energy not directed toward that goal was called 'ERR.' Alexis Car-

rel says much the same thing in 'Man, the Unknown.' He is one of the few men on earth whose efforts are not err to self interest. That is, he aims to understand his life process and make it last longer. True self interest is seen in his efforts, as in few others. These others think of self interest as an oppositional of other self interests—which is a de illusion (Atlan for disillusion), for oppositionals neutralize. True self interest would therefore always be a coincident, not an oppositional.

Our most basic concepts have become err from disintegrant force distortion of thought flows over the long period of time since we were children of the Gods of the past.—Ed.

necessary. You will be told more about that later, when we have embarked.

"Now, however, your other mission begins, here on Nor. It is the mission of love for your fellow men. No matter how successful we are in rescuing the men of Atlan, it cannot be that we will rescue all of them. Many must not be rescued! There is nothing we could do for them, poisoned as they are to the point of death. Nor must we allow any of this poison to escape to the dark worlds where it can infect others. Too, the dero influence is dangerous, and madness must not spread over the universe.

"Thus it has been given to you to inscribe on imperishable plates of telonion, our eternal metal, a message to future man which will be placed on and in Mu so that those who have the intelligence to find and read it may benefit by the truths of growth and defense against a too-soon death by age.

"After the passing of Atlan science from Mu, men will begin to die at the same age, and their sons will all be the same size at the same age. This will be caused by accumulations of sun-poison in the water of Mu, which will stop all growth in mankind at almost the very beginning of their development. They will scarcely get beyond childhood before they will begin to die.

"These plates you will inscribe will contain a message that is a key and a path to the door that will open life value to these future men, whose fate we know and pity, but cannot prevent. We can only teach them what we know that will enable them to get the most out of their life on Mu. The dero will not be able to read, and thus will die as they should. Those whose minds are powerful enough to escape complete dero-robotism will read and profit.

"You can tell them how to attain this life growth by freeing their food and water intake of all the poisons that will be found in it in the natural state. The age poisons can be removed by centrifuge and by still; their air can be

made a nutrient by proper treatment and freed of all its detrimental ions by field sweeps of electric. The exd on which the basic integration of life feeds can be concentrated (just as it was in your body in the growth school tank) in energy flows which greatly increase the rate of growth and the solidity and weight of the flesh.

"Tell future man to do these things, Mutan Mion, and their reward will be great. You have seen what the reward of such effort can be—in thousands of years of life's fullness—even on a planet under a detrimental sun. We cannot save those men yet unborn. We can only leave for them the heritage that is rightfully theirs, the heritage of our sciencon knowledge. And you, Mutan, in your infinite love and pity for your fellow men, shall perform this task with all the energy that your love makes possible!"

I left the presence of mighty Vanue, marveling at the understanding of the Elders and Gods of Nor. No wonder that their race is so great. To me, the humble artist of Sub Atlan, had been given a great mission; one that thrilled me to my depths. I hurried to Arl to tell her all about it.

"The wonder of it!" I exclaimed, having repeated what Vanue had told me, "In my hands—the simple-awkward, unskilled artist's hands of Mutan Mion, culture man of Mu—has been placed the hope of future man! To me is given the honor to preserve for men yet unborn the knowledge of their heritage of life!

Arl held me to her, and her eyes were shining.

"Yes, I understand," she said.

"There is more!" I went on. "The Nortans set out soon to rescue many thousands of Atlans and Titans and their variform offspring from the threat of death by a dying sun's radioactives, and from the black death of the dero-dite; but I, Mutan Mion, am to be the rescuer of untold numbers of future men down through the history of Mu, until the very planet is dead! Think of it . . ."

Arl kissed me tenderly. "Go, Mutan, and busy yourself

with the beginning of the message. You have but little time, and I think you should begin by putting down the story of Mu—our story!—and thus give body to the message to future man. Perhaps he will not even remember Atlantis! Nor Tean City, nor all the other vast cities of center Mu. Perhaps he will not even remember that there ever was such a being as an Atlan or a Titan or a Nortan. It will be your duty to tell him that, too, my loved one. For how can he believe and hope if he has no knowledge of the truth of life?"

"Most certainly must I tell them of you!" I exclaimed. "Never in all Time was there such a woman!"

And kissing her again, I hurried off to the sciencon laboratories to gather the materials necessary to begin scribing my imperishable plates of telonium with the message of hope to Lemurians unborn.

For many days I worked, putting down the truths and the knowledge to overcome the poison of age to the fullest possible extent, as it is now done in Tean City and all Mu; and the means to full life growth. I told the story of our flight from Mu, and much of the history of Mu. I told of the Titans and the Atlans who live throughout all dark space; who are seaching ever for new suns. I told of the Nortans; who do not believe in living near any sun, old or new.

I brought my message up to date—and barely in time. For when I had finished Arl came to me.

"Vanue's ship leaves for Mu in a few hours," she said. "You must be ready."

At that moment it hit me—these were my last hours with my loved Arl until I returned from the war in Mu; if ever I returned. Now for the first time since reaching Nor I knew sorrow. But Arl saw what was in my mind, and her words brought joy back to me.

"I am to go along, as operator of one of the telescreens on our own ship," she announced happily.

I should have known that my loyal Arl would never

consent to remaining behind while I went into danger!

"Your life is my life," she was whispering as she snuggled in my arms. "Where you go, there also will I go. Your soul's nearness is my desire."

Return to Mu

It had been but a short month since our arrival on Nor. Many had been the preparations, most of them unknown to me. Only now as I went to the launching cradles did I see the full extent of those preparations. I found a fleet of mighty space vessels lifting from the frozen face of Nor, leaving to gather at a rendezvous in space.

Vanue's own vast vessel was not the least among the fleet, nor I and Arl the last aboard. On her viewscreens we watched countless other ships lifting on reverse gravity beams with what seemed to be almost utter ponderance until they reached a point in space where they could take up normal flight. New-built ships these were, wonderful in their engineering and armament.

We watched, also, many Nortans, mostly Nor war-maidens and Nor warro, embark on our own ship. Vanue herself was already aboard, together with several other Elders of minor stature. They brought with them vast quantities of material of unguessable use. Observing it I understood that their purpose was not wholly to save the people of my race from their sad plight, but to nip in the bud the growing power of Evil forces so near their own stead in space. That they were wholly confident of their ability to do this, I knew, but I knew also of the mighty armaments and endless warrens of the Atlan armies. I had seen their tremendous vessels maneuvering around Mu on the viewscreens and the news teles. I hoped the Nortans were not overconfident.

But as we proceeded into space toward Mu at greater speed, I found that I did not really know the Nortans. I had underestimated them. They understood concept, and I came to realize that concept had become a frozen thing on Mu by comparison. The Nortans used the truth, for it was the right conceptual attack. Evil has no concept; it is a mad robot to detrimental force. When Evil has power and men must obey or die, then only is it to be feared. But sometimes men fight for Evil unknowingly.

As we passed an Atlan space station a Nortan ship would land and presently take off again, followed by all the ships of the station. They had just told them the truth. The Nortans had an ancient reputation that forbade any doubt of their words. It was as simple, and as powerful, as that.

This went on so often, that as we neared Mu the Atlan fleet with us was nearly as large as our own. The truth can be a mighty friend and these space warriors knew the Nor-men and trusted them.

So impressed was I by the ships of this vast battle fleet that I was tempted to go to my quarters and describe them as part of my message to future man; but I abandoned the idea. I reasoned that if my message were a needful one when it was found, its finders would have little use for, or need of, such technical information as the construction of space weapons.

Perhaps when they learned again to fight the aging power of the sun and the evil her disintegrant force can bring to life, they could again learn such other things as they would need by searching space for friendly peoples.

There was an idea—I would put down the information necessary to direct such a search. It would be a simple thing—for the great ones would never be found near or under the rays of a sun as old as this one will be by then. Aging suns would always be a space horror to be shunned by all men. Only the action of the derodite on

Mu had kept our own Atlans so long under its rays. Only on or near dark worlds and new suns would the great ones be found.

It was while I stood at Arl's side watching still more Atlan ships join us that a thought came to me.

"How can the Nortans so quickly trust the ships of the Atlans as to allow a number of them near their own fleet?"

"Silly," chided Arl, flirting her tail at my question, "they don't trust them. It is not a question of trust. They just place a very large female Elder aboard each ship as it joins our fleet and there is no further question of trust or obedience. Supposedly she goes aboard 'to advise the commander as to our plans and to interpret our ways to him,' but you know the real reason—"

"Of course!" I interrupted her with a rueful grin. "I should certainly understand from my own recent experience with Vanue!"

Atlan warriors are all male. Those commanders and their men would be unable to do anything else but obey, with complete loyalty. They could not do otherwise, for they could not find the will or wish to do it. Not even the commanders of space ships are Elders by any means. Under the spell of that vast woman-life, they would be helpless to her will in their ecstatic love for her.

There were maneuvers as we neared Mu, but I saw little of them. Most of the time I was busy with my telonion plates, inscribing further knowledge or duplicating them so that they might be deposited in Mu in many places.

Another job I had which took up much of my attention was the task of making thought-record from the heads of men in Atlan vessels nearby, in an attempt to learn what had happened in Mu since our flight. They knew little, for the telenews had evidently been as uncommunicative of Atlans' true troubles as before. Some whispers they had picked up, but nothing of great value.

I kept on, but it was of little use. They knew just enough to make them ready to join us, but no more. There was nothing that would help us in the coming battle. All we knew was that we were enroute to war upon an enemy who was undeniably powerful, but whose identity we would have no way of knowing—until he struck first! And that first blow might be a terrible one . . .

Noting some agitation in the ship I was watching, I focused on the commander's quarters just in time to hear the last of a general message from surface Atlan:

"—and since we hold the population under our war rays; and since the safety of that very population we know to be your objective; let me warn you that the very first sign of an attack on your part will be the signal for a general slaughter of the people on our part. They are only in our way anyway. You may kill us in time, but you will never attain your objective!"

The horrible import of the message stung me into inactivity for a moment, then I recovered and with haste swung my ray to hear Vanue's reaction to this problem-posing message. What would she reply? Or had she a reply to this development? Death for the very people we had come to save rested in her hands . . .

Then came Vanue's voice; and it held a world of bafflement in it, a note of defeat that opened my eyes wide in disbelief.

"Return to Nor," was what she said!

Return to Nor! Abandon our mission? No! It could not be. There must be a ruse in Vanue's mind. Vanue was not the kind to give up, even though the odds seemed great. Then what—

Vanue's voice in my mind said a single word: "Come."

I switched off my thought recorder ray and bounded down the corridor toward the great doors of hammered metal, a wild joy in my heart that at last she had need of me, and that certainly this was a ruse.

Even before I reached the great doors I knew one thing: Vanue's ship was not retreating toward Nor as the others seemed to be. Under cover of the swarm of retreating ships, our own vessel had slipped into the moon's shadow as we passed her and had come to a halt hanging there invisibly in the moon's earth lee.

Once I arrived before that vast flame of beauty I sank to my knees, but she reached out a great hand and raised me to my feet. From her desk she took a tiny box and showed me its one projection—a tiny stud; a switch.

"Take this and put it in your clothes. It looks like a pocket reading machine, and it will not be noticed with suspicion. In the locks an Atlan ship and pilot is waiting for you. He has been directed to take you to surface Atlan.

"Once there you will mask your thoughts in any way you please, for I know your ability in that respect. Then go to your old home in Sub Atlan. There turn on your telenews and wait beside it until you hear three clicks from it, repeated at uneven intervals. Then take out this box and press the metal stud full in. It will tell you what to do next. That is all."

I bowed low, kissed her foot's radiant flesh, and ran from her quarters.

The Atlan ship was waiting for me, the pilot ready and silent. He pointed out my old Atlan student's outfit, which was already aboard, and indicated that I was to wear it. I jettisoned my Nortan uniform and in a moment was once more Muton Mion, life-culture student of center Mu.

When I had completed my transformation I found that the ship was already rocketing down the regular passenger lane from moon to Mu. The pilot, an Atlan, spoke a few words of explanation and lapsed into silence.

"I am a taxi driver and you're a passenger. Mind that—and luck!"

It was all so simple. I could hardly believe it would work. But it did. The ship settled on the public field. I

jostled my way into the tubes, and soon was roaring along toward my home—a student returning from an outing.

I switched on the seat telenews but apparently nothing was happening.

It recited the most inane occurrences: a taxi motor failure had plunged two fares and the driver into the sea, and they had escaped with a ducking; a snakeman had caught his tail in a subway door, but would live; our adored chief Elder was having a birthday, may he have many more . . . I switched the telenews off. Anything could happen—and to Atlans nothing out of the way would even be whispered. Of the vast Nor fleet that had been so lately above, not the slightest hint. Great was the control of the derodite in Mu!

Not easy would be the task of the Nortan invaders!

Reaching Sub Atlan, I made my way to my own home, threw my hat at the old place on the hat rack, embraced my mother and kissed the tears from her dear face, slapped Foster Dad on the back and answered his grunted "Where in the whirling world of woolheads have you been wandering? with "Just sewing a wild oat. I'll tell you about it at dinner," and bounded up the stairs to my old room where I switched on the telenews and lay upon my bed, carefully masking my thoughts by thinking what tale I would make up to explain my outing to Dad.

Three sharp clicks from the telenews startled me. I had not expected the signal so soon. Vanue must have been watching. I leaped erect, drew the box from my pocket and pressed the switch. A voice came from the box.

"Put this box on your head and put your hat on tightly to keep the box in place. Do not take your hat off for any reason from then on. Go outside and walk around the block. Soon you will notice a strange thing; after which you will get more directions."

I did as directed, promising to return soon when I dashed past my astonished mother and father. I stopped only long

enough to retrieve my hat.

Outside a strange drowsiness came over me. It was hard to move. The lights of Sub Atlan flooded the ways, but I ignored them and walked slowly around the block. I noticed the girl at the food tablet stand lolling fast asleep over her open cash drawer. How very careless of her, to sleep so. But then I found the service ro at the rollat stand also deep in slumber; and several of his customers sprawled in slumber on the seats with the doors open, the hood up.

The voice in my hat explained the mystery.

"By now everyone in Sub Atlan but yourself and certain others is asleep. So will you be if you remove your hat and the box, which gives off stimulating vibrants.

"Go at once to the administration center and switch off the auto watch and general attack alarms. Bind the chief Elder and anyone else who seems able to frustrate a landing. Then, whenever everything seems safe, put a communication beam on our position and guide us in"

The Administration building in Sub Atlan is a great tower which reaches not only to the roof of the cavern that houses Sub Atlan but through that roof and on up to surface Atlan, where it looms as the tallest building on the surface also. Great rollat ways connected the surface building with the sub building.

I activated a rollat at the curb stand, dialed the administration center's number, and drove the rollat by hand directly into the great hall and up to the doors of the council chamber. As I arrived I was surprised to see four of my comrades, Atlans from Vanue's ship, racing into the hall behind me from rollats at the curb.

I nudged the great doors with the rollat bumper. They held. Turning the thing I drove across the hall and came back at full speed, crashing into the great valves and at last they gave. I plunged into the hall, brakes squealing.

CHAPTER IX

The Abandonero

Instead of finding the old chief Elder and his aides about the room, there was nothing. We raced through the place toward the telemachro center where the rodite mechs of the whole city were supervised by a concentration of screens which controlled them all when necessary. Upon these screens the whole city was watched, and could at any time be wholly robotized in an emergency from this point.²⁹ And here we found them, the controllers of the city; but they were not the giant elders I had expected to find. I broke into laughter at the sight of them.

Clothed in rags and dirt, hung all over with hand weapons, their hair long and matted, were the strangest, most disgusting creatures I had ever seen in my life. They were dwarfs, some of them white-haired, from the Gods know what hidden hole in Mu's endless warren of caverns.

"What in the name of mother Mu are these things?" I asked Halftan, who had been one of the Atlans arriving immediately behind me, and who now helped me in the task of binding the hideous dwarfs in turn after turn of the heavy drapes from the walls.

²⁹ The telemachro center was in itself under outside control, the communications mechanics being ro to the central control which was ro to the master control in its turn. Thus, all the rodite supervising the city could be placed under one master control through the screens in the telemachro cen-

ter. By this means, the whole city's inhabitants could be placed under hypnotic condition, even including the rodite themselves. From this it can be seen the telemachro center is a vital spot in the dero control which had been thrown over all Mu.—Ed.

"You already know of them," he said. "They come from the abandoned caves and cities of Mu. When the machinery became defective from age, many centuries ago, a vast number of caverns were sealed up. Fugitives hid in them, used the defective pleasure stimulators,³⁰ and as a result, their children were these things.

³⁰ Entirely aside from our questioning of Mr. Shaver, we received a letter from him in which he describes the pleasure stimulator mentioned here. Or rather, he describes the sensations concurrent with its use in a very peculiar manner—since his words seem to indicate that he himself went through the experience. Whether or not the following words are those of Mr. Shaver, or of Mutan Mion, your editors have as yet been unable to determine. Certainly some of them are Mr. Shaver's (which only makes them more startling in their implications) and certainly some of them are not. In either case, they give us something to ponder upon.

"They played stim on me, a powerful augmentation of woman-love; to a hundred powers of natural love. There are no words to describe what this apparatus did for life. There were hundreds of rays about, always pleasant, their messages like conversation as though a thousand Scheherazades were telling tales at once. It augmented every cell impulse to a power untold. It seemed that every tree carried a beautiful face; every breeze was like a bath in elixir; every sensation having the value of a thousand nights of love. Little bells and visions of indescribable beauty mantled my closed lids to waft me into a sleep of

dreams beyond anything mortal mind could devise.' (Note the difference between the foregoing paragraph and the following.—(Ed.)

"These mechs—rays — stim— have been used always as the forbidden fruit of life, the last treasure in the temple of secrecy which has consumed the ancient science. The orgies which the uses of such stimulants inspire have been going on secretly since the earliest times—beneath the temples and in the secret pleasure palaces of the world. (Shaver here seems to be talking of our modern world, not of ancient Mu.—Ed.) These orgies still go on, and are more deadly than before — more filled with de accumulated in the apparatus, the stim itself concealing the deadly rays whose effect is explained as the sad results of over-indulgence; which is untrue—the stim is a beneficial of great virtue and leaves one stronger and wiser after use.

"The legend of the sirens is an example of ancient mechs which no one could resist—in the hands of evil degenerates it became a deadly attraction—drawing shiploads of men to death and the ships to looting.

"The course of history, the battles, the decisions of tyrants and kings—was almost invariably decided by interfering control from

"They die of age, are stupid, cannot even read or write, but they must have a vicious, cunning leader who has learned to use them. They are called 'abandondero' by the techs, who have captured some of them for study.

"If you had been in Tean City years ago, you would have heard them talked about on the telenews. The ones shown then were so stupid no one paid any attention. There is nothing so careless as a swelled head, I guess. Those supremely intelligent Elders of ours who should be tending this center will probably be found in ashes in the incinerator!"

His words wiped the laughter from my lips. No laughing matter now, these ugly dwarfs! They were dero, children of dero, enslaved in some manner by the derodite master who sought the death of all Mu! And the very fact of it brought home to me the greatness of the menace we were beginning to fight. For the first time I felt some misgiving as to the outcome.

the caverns and their hidden apparatus. This interference, this use of the apparatus in a prankish, evil, destructive way, is the source of god worship, the thrill of divinity, the sensing of the invisible, the prostration of the will before the stronger will of the ray gen (ridden and unknown as it was)

"The remarkable part of it all is that it still goes on today. Emotional and mental stim—unsuspected by such as you and the average citizen—used in mad prankishness, all come from the ancient apparatus. If you will remember your stage fright in the school play, the many other times when your emotions seem to have gone awry without sufficient reason—were these natural?

"The dero of the caves are the greatest menace to our happiness

and progress; the cause of many mad things that happen to us, even so far as murder. Many people know something of it, but they say they do not. They are lying. They fear to be called mad, or to be held up to ridicule. Examine your own memory carefully. You will find many evidences of outside stim, some good, some evil—but mostly evil."

Mr. Shaver gives this information in all seriousness. In the deserted (and not so completely sealed!) caverns of Mu, the dero descendants of the abandondero still exist, idiotically tampering with our lives by senseless use of the ancient stim mechanisms which actually were created to enhance man's life and not to plague it, but now are detrimental through an accumulation of radioactives which impair their action.—Ed.

We finished tying the filthy brutes and then turned our attention to the immense central synchronizing screen where a multiplex view of every station in the city could be seen. At each screen slumped the particular wizened dwarf who had been operating it, and who was now fast asleep and secured by our makeshift bonds on his limbs.

We activated the big space communicator, swung the beam toward the approximate position of Vanue's ship, sounded the 'ware' signal.

Instantly Vanue's face appeared on our screens—and we flashed the view beam on each of the bound dwarfs and on the big multiplex screen, showing the sleeping dwarfs who had replaced the original Atlan Elder's rodite. She nodded comprehension, not speaking. Then she switched off her communicator. We waited; it was up to her from now on. Meanwhile it was up to us to hold the fort here in the telemechro center.

"Thank Venus," said Halftan, his eyes aglitter with excitement, "these creatures are stupid, or we would not have overcome them so easily, nor would our job holding out here be as easy. Smarter operators would have managed to flash some signal when they sensed they were going to sleep."

I was inclined to agree that his analysis was correct. But I also added mentally that when no checking signals went out in the next few minutes, an investigation might be made from Tean City, or wherever the central control was located.

"Do you suppose our enemies never heard of a sleeper ray?" I asked Halftan.

"Did you, before you met Vanue and the Nortans?" countered Halftan. "Besides, these dwarfs are sub-dero, not thinkers! I remember from the old tech report on them in the news. I wondered then why no one made a move to clean them out, but concluded that it was because they could not think coherently enough to be a menace. I

realize now, however, that our corrupt big-heads were using them even then by some means that they had discovered."

"I was not talking of these dwarfs," I said. "I am wondering about the rodite and the big-heads themselves."

Halftan's face grew thoughtful, and he began a watchful survey of the multiplex screens with a new tenseness evident in his body.

Both of us saw it coming at the same instant, and a shock of real surprise swept through us. The dark bulk of Vanue's great Nor ship showed on the screens shadowed over the great surface tower of the administration center. The lightless ship had drifted down the communicator beam! What power Vanue must have, not to need the lifter ray for landing! What unknown science to use a communicator beam as a pilot beam!

It hovered for a brief time, then the roar of its great jets became a maddening thing; and the ship lifted again into the night sky. Why had it come, and what had it done? Had it done anything?

Our wonder lasted only a brief time, for soon we saw Vanue coming into the center, dwarfing it, stooping low to clear the ceiling fittings. Swiftly after her came her Nor maids, a hundred or more of them; and a dizzying activity sprang into life about us.

A tender from the Nor ship was lying before the doors of the hall, and in and out we Atlans and Nor maids sped, trundling trucks of apparatus. Once emptied the tender returned to the surface. Under Vanue's eye the dwarfs were unbound and placed in their former positions, while a rodite beam was set up behind each screen. Now they were held in a ro beam from a Nor maid's mind, the slaves of her augmented will.

The hangings were replaced; the space communicator switched off; even the marks of binding were chafed from the dirt-encrusted wrists of the abandonero. Then we

hid. To the view screens all was as before our entrance.

Vanue gave a signal, and somewhere in space the sleep ray switched off. The city came to life. That sleep had not lasted more than thirty minutes. Would the freaks from the lost cavern realize what had happened? On that question depended the lives of millions of people, all over Mu. Vanue had no doubt but that the derodite would carry out their murderous threat to kill the people if we attacked. Well, we had attacked, but in a way Vanue hoped would not be realized.

The telescreen from Tean City began sounding a constant call. The nearest dwarf, a hideous old woman, reached over and threw the circuit open. On the screen was the furious face of a fat Atlan. He was one whom I knew well from his appearance on telenews screens as a high official in construction.

"Where have you been?" he screamed at her. "Don't you know how tough a spot we're in? Your orders are to stay on duty until relieved."

The hag's hoarse voice answered, a groveling fear on her dirty old face.

"We had a li'l trouble. One stray Elder came in with a private key, nearly bumped us all before we did away with him. Everything is all right, else. Nothing to worry about. He didn't know what was doing—been away for a year. He's dead meat man now."

"Might have upset everything," the fat Atlan growled. But he seemed appeased by the news. "The overgrown fools. There aren't many of them left alive in Mu. Let me know at once if anything else turns up."

Behind him, on the rodite screen, before he turned off the beam, we could see a scene of mad revelry. In the background were the tremendous figures of some of the great ones of Atlan writhing in horrible torment while about their bodies crackled the blue flames of some pain-giving electric. Drunken renegades from Atlan's army

reeled across the screen, dragging protesting girls after them. It was evident that they were celebrating the frustration of the Nor fleet in a manner deemed to be appropriate!

Then the Tean City screen went blank as the beam was switched off, and the old hag, her face a toothless grin at what she also had seen, reached out and broke the contact on the screen.

On the various units of the multiplex screen from the sub-rodite stations of surface Atlan and Sub Atlan cities much the same conversation took place. Each abandonero explained apologetically that he had fallen asleep and begged not to be reported. Each was reproved by the ro at the "plex" control.

We knew that they would never realize that all had fallen asleep. Many even denied their sleep, claiming they had had no signals. All reported everything all right.

"All right indeed!" I could hear mighty Vanue's thought in her furious mind. She waved her hand—and from somewhere in space that big sleep beam went on again.

On the multiplex screen at the center we could see Nor-men entering everywhere, setting up control apparatus without awakening the dwarfs. All over the sleeping city Nor-men were active, setting up hidden controls, ships landing and taking off—the armies of Nor gathering and entering the caverns. . . .

Could they do it? Could they take the planet without setting off the alarm which would bring death down on the helpless people? As I looked at the sleeping, hideous things whose forebears had once been men, I felt they could. And when they did, I would not have wanted to be in the shoes of the Atlan or Titan who had trained and turned these things loose on the people of a whole planet! There would be a grim reckoning when the Nortans caught him.

"Vanue—Vanue!" called a Nor maid to her mistress. "I have it! I have been reading the mind of this thing in

its sleep. The center of this whole mess is not in Tean City nor any city, but in the abandoned caverns. Some ancient Elder, exiled long ago, returned secretly to Mu and entered those sealed cities. He has been chief of the abandonero for all their life. All their orders come from him. They do everything he says—nothing without his word. If we took the whole planet, we would still have his high and mighty madness to reckon with, together with a horde of these creatures who do his bidding—with Venus herself knows what kind of antique junk to do it. Some of those old war mech builders were not fools, and their methods were lost in wars when they were killed. You know, like the one time we ran into antique war mech on Helbal, when the deros of those old burrows used that stuff on us. No one knew what it was. We had to blow it all to Hades to get them.”

Vanue picked her up with delight and kissed her. It was becoming increasingly plain to me that this was not the first time these warrior maids had seen action. They worked too smoothly. With the hand weapons and war weapon harness they wore, they were formidable looking Amazons. Their strength was unbelievable, and I knew it came from the inner growth of the incubator which increased the solidity of the flesh. My own period in the incubator had demonstrated that on my own body.

With the new knowledge the Nor maid had picked up, a new plan of action came into being. Vanue relinquished her authority in the telemechro center to one of the many space officers who had been going in and out on errands mysterious to me. Then the hundred Nor maids and ourselves accompanied Vanue to the tender and we were soon flashing skyward up the rollat tunnel and out into space.

CHAPTER X

Into the Tunnels of the Dero

Far out in Mu's nightshadow lay the silent fleet, dark and still as any lonesome rock drifting through space. We reached it and boarded Vanue's ship. Once aboard Vanue called a conference of fleet commanders, but we were excluded from it. Very obviously something very special was being planned that demanded no loopholes for a leak be left open. Not that we would consciously allow such a thing to escape our minds—but after all, we were only ro and far below the mental caliber of the Elders.

When Vanue came from the conference, her cheeks were flushed, she was beaming triumphantly, and her aura was pulsing madly. She went immediately into the tech laboratory of the ship and ordered two of the hideous abandondero brought in for examination.

They were placed in a telaug³¹ and examined exhaustively for details of the lost caverns' entrances and exits and the location of the renegade Elder's power plants. Also we got a more or less clear history of what had been happening on Mu for many years; although the picture was about as clear as mud to the abandondero themselves. They had minds like rabbits—like mean rabbits now suddenly discouraged in their meanness.

For many years, most of their short lives, they had been stealing youths and maidens for torture and tormenting thousands of the Atlans with rays right in the streets.

³¹ Telaug — a machine which augmented and strengthened telepathic signals so that even the

most secret thoughts could be read.
—Ed.

When any Atlan had tried to do anything about it, it had only resulted in his death by one means or another.

How this idiotic dominance of theirs had been kept a secret for so long a time, while it grew stronger and stronger, was comprehensible only when we understood that the centralizing of all power by the rodite method of government had allowed complete control once the central rodite synchronizer was taken over. It had meant the sudden and complete end of Atlan government without even a suspicion that such a turnover had taken place.

When the center had gone bad no one had known. Even the abandonero couldn't tell us, except that they knew it had been long ago. Little by little, after the important coup, normal Atlans in charge of minor branches of the rodite government had been replaced by abandonero. The secret police had been killed off! By their strangle hold on the telenews centers all knowledge of such deaths and disappearances was kept from the Atlans. By continually checking over people's minds for any who were becoming suspicious, any trouble could be checked before it started.

For Venus knows how long they had been picking off the best brains of Atlan, the very flower of our race; doing them to death day by day, and no one was ever the wiser.

Much of all this we had to guess, for the abandonero actually knew little of the master organization beyond their own vicious experiences; but they knew their ancient warrens well and we could deduce approximately, from the ugly, half-formed images in their minds, where our objectives lay.

With this information in our possession, we went into action. In a very short time a host of tiny winged planes were dropping silently toward the vast culture forests where the hidden degenerates had made tunnels to the surface to gather fruit.

These planes were sealed-cabin helicopters, equipped

for short flights in space by auxiliary gas jets, silent and flareless.

Our primary objectives were certain tunnels which held cables running to Tean City as well as other tunnels which held cables connecting the depths with the surface.

I kissed Arl lingeringly before I stepped into one of the planes and took off for Mu's forest-covered surface and became just one of many dropping motes that looked harmless enough but which carried more might than had ever before been gathered into such compactness.

We landed and made our way into the tunnel nearby. It led down steeply, and was a very ancient thing once we had gotten beyond the area constructed by the dero. It led soon into vast caverns housing long-abandoned cities.

These ancient ruins in the lost caverns were impressively eerie things. They had been built, I knew, in the early days of Mu, when under the new sun all growth had been furious and undying, with a fecundity scarcely to be imagined in present-day Mu. Most of the people who had once lived here had long ago become too big to stay in Mu; had gone to larger planets under other suns, or to huge, cold, planet-cities that drift in dark space. From what they had left behind I became more and more convinced that Mu's youth was too much in the past to have any more future. The planet should have been abandoned long ago. Just the contemplation of these mighty, long-gone glories in comparison with the lesser marvels of the best of modern Tean City was enough to tell the story to even the most thoughtless of Atlans.

Our lights played over the deserted, awful, death-like glory of the ancient mansions and even the hue of them gave off melancholy. However, to the warro and war maids accompanying me, such thoughts as those were not in order. Instead they kept sharp eyes and minds open for danger. What weapons lay unused in these tremendous fortresses from Mu's wild youth only the oldest of Elders

could guess. And which of them might suddenly prove to be manned by warriors of the renegade Elder was something we could not know. But from the portent of their presence we realized that our enemy might be a tougher nut to crack than we dreamed.

As we marched down the silent, dust-laden ways, sleep rays and augmentative detectors of several kinds played miles ahead of us. Now and then we came upon a modern rollat, wrecked against the wall of a building, a dero asleep in its seat. They had crashed because the auto drive would not work here—check rays at corners and building entrances not being activated.

It was not many hours before our communications beams told us that the enemy cables had been cut; and so far as could be determined all dero communication beams had been tapped with false answer equipment and so placed in attendance. So far our march into the depths had been accompanied by signal success. Next would come the actual locating of and the attempt to reduce the cavern stronghold of the renegade dero Elder. Rolling behind us as we advanced came an endless line of burden rollats, bearing war rays whose potency was incomprehensible to me. But I could guess from their complex construction that here were things that could loose terror itself. Before many hours I expected to see them go into action, loosing terror upon the author of the fear that had ridden hag-like upon the back of Tean City and all Mu's Atlans for many years.

It was then that I got a shock—for a big carry-all came riding by and in it, among the warrior maids bearing the crest of Vanue, was Arl . . . lovely, smiling, brave Arl of the cloven hoofs and defiantly flirting tail!

She flashed her teeth at me gaily as though she were on a picnic!

What is there about danger that accentuates the man-life in a man? As that smile played on me, the whole cos-

mos whirled in my head. I felt even more powerfully than I had in the duo-incubator the sensations of one-ness that existed between us. Comets buzzed in my head and I felt the urge for battle surge up in me; battle to preserve for myself and all others happiness such as was Arl's and mine.

Then, as we skirted a vast city bowl lit vaguely by a kind of marsh light that glimmers in these old warrens, action came! A dis ray raved out at us suddenly from a dark pile in the bowl several miles away. It cut great gashes in our columns before the swift, silent answer from the ray rollats had reduced the whole pile to silence.

Gray dust rose in a cloud over the bowl city as we swarmed into that huge old city-center building; and the horror that we found inside cured me forever of all sun lit planets. These devilish abandondero had a meat market in the lower floors, filled with human flesh; and a pile of choice cuts I saw was composed mainly of Atlan girl breasts! These dero things were cannibals and lived off immortal Atlan flesh!

So much for our illusion of benevolent government! How long had it been composed of hidden, grimming cannibals, the whole of our race unaware of its ultimate fate? I realized now that it takes more than patriotism and fine words over a telescreen from a ro face to make a state a safe place in which to live.

Because of a degenerating sun, all our apparent tremendous scientific advance had been set at naught by a few madmen . . . with these dero creatures eager to do anything the madmen said in return for a little fresh human meat. I saw now the fatal weakness in centralized government. One silent grab at that neck of power lines had resulted in death for the whole cream of the race. The awful power in telaug rodite methods of rule had only served to place the total wealth of the planet in mad criminal hands.

Yes, Halftan is right! There is "no thing so careless

as a swelled head." To see sweet Atlan girl breasts displayed as a butcher's merchandise set a fury to raging within me that will not cease so long as de makes dero!

Thousands of the ragged, filthy abandondero lay about the huge building, unconscious from our rays, and we put them rapidly under telaugs to get a complete picture of their strength and the location of their other forces. Once we had gained our information they did not live long! We could not think of them as human things, these slaves to the disintegrant impulse to destroy that courses through all matter under an aging sun; and perhaps we, too, in this moment of horror, felt within us the effects of the sun poisons.

The children of the abandondero lay about naked or with a few rags draped on them, usually with a human bone they had been gnawing upon or playing with clutched in their hands. Vanue had all of the children gathered up and sent back to the ship "to treat them and use them to people a small planet as an experiment."

"Let that planet be far away!" was my thought.

We had learned from our searching of the minds of the abandondero that the old Exile's stronghold lay far in, nearly at center Mu. Yes, the rot had progressed far in Mother Mu. Always in my mind the most amazing fact of this rot will be the extent of its influence on the pattern of Mu's life-supporting energy flows. This dictating pattern had been so effective that their plight was not known nor hardly whispered of by any of the Atlans. Yet they were slaughtered indiscriminately, sold as meat to the abandondero, and the gods know what else they had put up with for how many years with the sickening realization that to appeal to higher-ups for help would spell death. All these years . . . without managing to make their plight public knowledge!

The telaug records told us that many of the dero had been torturing and tormenting Atlans all their life, and

eating them too. Yet the news systems had managed to ignore all such tales, partly from individual fear of consequences, and partly from a dread of being considered mad for harboring such suspicions. There is no cloak for corruption like the average citizen's supreme faith that all is well as long as the paper is delivered, the telenews functions without saying anything alarming, and the dignitaries strut their pompous fronts regularly as upholders of righteousness.

I could see what had made them so supremely blind now. It was the effects from which the migration had been intended to save them. Yes, that migration had been delayed too long by a few centuries, it appeared.

It was another thing for me to stress in my message to future man; to inscribe on my timeless plates of telonion. Those who will people this planet again with children from the seed of the few we will not be able to find and rescue must be warned that there can be no peace nor beauty in life under this sun, except that they build special chambers which exclude detrimental forces as well as the radioactives that cause age.

Just so long as Mother Mu spins under this sun, just so long will her energy fields induct disintegrant charges from her destructive force, and these charges will work out into neutralization of man-matter growth through destructive will in the units of the life pattern. Without extraordinary precautions these detrimental forces will result in continual war and complete stalling of all real racial, social and individual growth.

If one of future man's really healthy men creates a machine of value to his people, one of the destructive men will take the same machine and destroy that same gain with it. Disintegrant energy must be neutralized by an equal amount of healthy integrant energy. If it is not, this disintegrant energy will work out in continual social troubles, famines, diseases and death—if it does not actually take the form

of a war.

This need not be the fate of future man! The life which grows in integrative source material concentrating chambers can be safe, immortal life—but all life outside such chambers will be destructive, if not by actual fierce blows, then by stupid interference and destructive disapproval.

These are the truths I, Mutan Mion, culture-man of Mu, realizing even more forcibly now, must pass on to future man, written on tablets that will be deposited in likely places so that they may be found in some future time. These truths—in addition to a history of the great war I am now observing; a war which wishes to save all future men, but which cannot, because of those lost ones of the forest whom we will never be able to search out—must reach future man!³²

³² Judging from the information recorded by Plato, as received from Solon, it would seem that these metal plates so often mentioned by Mutan Mion (which this manuscript definitely states were deposited in many places both inside and upon the surface of this planet) were deposited about 12,000 years ago. Since such vast upheavals of nature as the sinking of Atlantis, the smashing down of the gates of the Pillars of Hercules and thus forming the Mediterranean Sea, have occurred, it would seem that the hiding places of these plates more

than likely have been destroyed and rendered impossible of discovery. At least, science has no record of any such plates having been unearthed; nor is there any such record in legend or history beyond the possibility of the plates of the Ten Commandments given (found?) by Moses upon the mount. However this seems unlikely, since they are described as being of stone, which seems true since they were smashed by Moses in his anger. Apparently the message over which Mutan Mion labored so mightily has never been found.—Ed.

CHAPTER XI

Battle to the Death

At distances of a hundred miles and more the battle was joined at last. We surrounded the old fire-head,³³ ex-Elder Zeit, of Atlan in his center-Mu lair and succeeded in cutting him off without alarming Tean City or any other post so far as we could judge. We knew the dero would not use the destructive machines to kill the people without word from the old master of murder. And they would not get that word; for our ro sat astride all communications.

But the old idiot himself was actively alarmed! Every weapon that one-time Atlan stronghold held was throwing fire and death through every boring we could approach him by. Nor-men died by the thousands (and they are not enamored of death for they have much to live for!) before we finally brought up enough shorter³⁴ ray to ground

³³ The word "fire-head" used here does not mean that Zeit was a hothead, or impetuous, or any other similar modern meaning of the word. It has a deeper significance, denoting his mental condition. For a complete definition the reader is referred to footnote 17. Old Zeit's head, his brain, was infected by the ever-fire of the sun, and the infection was so derogatory to this thinking processes that the only possible result was detrimental thought culminating in murder, the most detrimental of all thoughts. The reader is here requested to note the word "derogatory," an accepted word of our

English language, which has as its root the ancient Lemurian word "dero." Note that the ancient meaning has come down unchanged!—Ed.

³⁴ By the word "shorter" Mutan Mion does not mean the rays brought up were not as long, but that they were capable of "shorting" the energy flows from Zeit's generators. They must have been ionizing rays which served in much the same capacity as lightning rods, grounding the destructive beams hurled at the Nor-men before they were able to strike their target.—Ed.

those tremendous flows of hell-fire from the ancient generators. Zeit's hideout was a super arsenal!

Now our own needle rays concentrated on a single spot in the old fortress' metal walls. That metal, we knew, had been hardened in the past by subjecting it to exd flows of great strength.⁸⁵ It would resist most rays, but it was just a matter of throwing enough dis at a small enough opening point till the metal began to blaze and flow in a stream.

The opening grew larger, but the defenses of old Zeit were a long way from being pierced. Our own forces were protected both by conductive fans of rays which grounded any ray that threatened us and by flows of energy which were so strong that any ray that struck them was repelled or swept out of existence by the out-massing kinetic of the cone of force. But since these rays coned out at Elder Zeit's dero fortress on a level with its walls, there was little overhead to protect us. It was an opening for Zeit and he took advantage of it!

From the towers of black metal suddenly sprang whirling comets; electrical vortices packed with howling energy in circular motion, which can be thrown in such a way that their circular motion causes them to describe an arc, for the same reason that a pitched ball curves. These arcing electronic cannonballs curved over our outflung protective wall and, striking our lines, bounced and leaped unpredictably from one point to another, searing everything within

⁸⁵ This principle of "hardening" metal and stone so that they become unbreakable (used to prevent the roofs of the cavern cities from collapsing) has been mentioned several times in this manuscript. It is accomplished by forcing additional exd (which the reader will remember is the ash of disintegrated matter, or more properly, the basic energy from which matter is again integrated)

into the substance to be toughened until it reaches a state whose ultimate end would be what we today conceive of as neutronium. By adding more matter, packing it so to speak, into the interstices between the particles of matter, a greater density and therefore a greater cohesiveness is obtained. This cohesiveness is actually the "in-flow" of gravity.—Ed.

a dozen feet of their erratic path.

A few of these would not have mattered, since their behavior was uncontrollable, but they came flaming over by the thousands and set the whole army into confusion, dodging about, trying to guess where the howling, whirling, pausing, leaping things would go next.

Since many of our men had to leave their controls to dodge the rolling fire, their retreat almost became a rout when old Zeit threw a hellishly dense concentration of dis on our protective fields, breaking it down before our remaining men could swing enough counter-force into action to neutralize it, burning down our grounding conductive rays; and boring a huge hole through our center.

As I watched in horror, my mind was unable to gasp this paradoxical truth. How is it that mere mechanisms can so rout intelligent men? The same intelligence built these machines, long ago. Now, seemingly, it confounds that intelligence, seeks to and almost succeeds in destroying its creator.

But our Nor giants had a few tricks left up their sleeves. I suspected that they had not been used because it had been unthinkable that the old devil of a dero Elder could have outreached us. Conductor rays soon dissipated the charges in the fireballs; an out-massing bank of force ray generators replaced the burned-out breach in our protective fields.

Now our men had time to carefully fine down the focus of our needle rays to a more and more concentrated beam of dis force. Then simultaneously placing all the needles on a predetermined point, usually at the base of the openings where Zeit's deros worked at their ray guns, they beat down the flashing black sweep of Zeit's counter-conductive concentration, . . . and his deros died at their controls.

This went on for hours as the dero were replaced by others under the devilish Elder's will—only to be killed

again by the dancing, unpredictable needles of death which went through anything when they suddenly all swung to one point.

All the time cutter needles gnawed steadily at the rock roof of the great bowl, directly over the ancient black-walled fortress. Chunks of the superhardened rock rained down. It was tough stuff; tougher than steel. As soon as the artificially hardened surface of the rock was cut away the soft body of the rock above could be cut down in masses huge enough to cover the renegade Elder's hide-out completely.

The walls and roof of the metal fort gave out great brazen clangings as the rocks fell from the height.

Still the fiery vortex spheres kept pouring from the black towers in steady streams, only to be caught by repeller beams and flung aside.

Force needles cut doggedly at the tower's sides and one by one they toppled with a great thunder of metal on metal and a fury of blazing-arc force from torn power cables.

Over the whole blazed a fiercely dancing flare of blue and purple flames from the clash of dis rays with the neutralizing fields. It was more and more evident that the end was approaching for the abandondero's feared master! A great exultance was growing in my heart as I foresaw the end which must soon come.

To corroborate my vision of nearing victory, interceptor ro of the false-answer communicators sent us a message that Zeit was calling wildly for help.

"Nothing is so pleasant," went the report, "as to sorrowfully tell him that we're unavoidably detained by pressing engagements."

But in my mind now came a darker, sobering thought. It was the thought wave of Vanue, impinging on my brain.

"What will his last effort be?" I heard her muse.

I had caught and repelled a couple of vortice balls on

my beam that might have approached her and had been dreaming of what form her reward might take—but now that thought left my mind. If Vanue had reason to worry of what Zeit might have up his sleeve as a last desperate gamble, I too had reason to be concerned.

I watched the battle with more sober contemplation, peering ever for signs of some final development that might be dangerous.

Then as I watched for it came the thing that is always feared in battle; the unseen factor that suddenly upsets all calculation. From somewhere the dero had unearthed a tremendous levitator.³⁶ We ourselves had a few with us to get the heavy stuff over tough going; but this one was a monster, once used in construction. This thing began lift-

³⁶ A levitator is a portable lifter beam generator. Some of them are very small, and can be carried in the palm of the hand, or in the pocket. They were in common use for all tasks in Mu, and from Mr. Shaver comes the amazing statement that some of these portable levitators have been found in modern times and their secret use has given rise to the belief in the ability of "mediums" to use levitation of objects as one of their tricks in their seances. Perhaps most noted of these mediums was Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home, wizard, whose seances were the sensation of the United States and of Europe, the incredible recount of which was recently presented in "Magazine Digest." His feats of levitation are indisputable, being vouched for by such persons as Princess Pauline Metternich; Austrian Ambassador, Prince Joachim Murat; Mme. Jauvin d'Attainville. Home was born in Currie, near Edinburgh, on March

20, 1833. Among his abilities was the power to see events happening a great distance away; the ability to "elongate" his body as much as a foot; and at one time he caused Ward Cheney, silk-manufacturing titan, to be lifted three times into the air while he "palpitated from head to foot with contending emotions of fear and joy that choked his utterances." (The reader should note the amazing similarity to many of the mechanisms of ancient Mu — the emotional stim; the levitator; the tele.) It was after he became the darling of such figures as Napoleon III, Eugenie of France, Alexander II of Russia, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning that he developed his "body elongation" trick and a still more sensational one wherein he placed his face among burning coals, bathing it as in water; without any sign of a burn. Is it possible that Home "discovered" his abilities in an ancient cave?—Ed.

ing the masses of rock that had fallen on the fort, lifting them and dropping them from high in the air upon our lines.

Our own lifters were not big enough to handle the tremendous masses that kept dropping on our ranks and smashing the protective force-beam generators. When several of the generators had been crushed, the old devil used the master beam of the old fortress and bored through the openings, burning a path of destruction. Our whole enterprise was endangered—even faced total defeat!

I could hear Vanue's mind racing madly, "What to do? What to do?" And because of her confusion and anxiety, I knew how desperate our situation was indeed. Never had so great a fear filled my heart as I watched with staring eyes the havoc old Zeit was causing in our lines with his great super-ray.

As fast as our needle rays found the thing, new dero rushed in, moved it, went on with its deadly work. However, a concentration of conductor rays finally bored through to its base, shorted its vast power down to our size. Now we could handle it!

But our losses had mounted horribly. As I gazed upon the slaughter, I could not help but think that with our superior mental equipment all this should have been avoided. I am afraid there was criticism of our Nortan minds in my thoughts at this moment. . .

Vanue's thought came into strong being in my head, answering my unspoken denunciation.

"Detrimental force has an automatic electric play about it that strangely serves for thought. It is hard, no, impossible, to predict; as our healthy minds neutralize detrimental force, cannot therefore 'think' it. Too, in these conditions, their telaugs read our minds and our own imagination works against us. Healthy men are naturally too optimistic to foresee trouble fully. Then, beside that, no one knew or could know that the old fortress in here

was so heavily equipped. Old Zeit nor any of his retainers have been out of the place for nearly a century. He kept the mech secret with very rigid care. People have gone into his fortress, but none have come out. The tunnels that lead down to this place are all too small to bring real war equipment down from the surface. We are really near the center of Mu. And on top of that, we have been a little over-confident, due to the unintelligent appearance of the dero. Who would expect such things to put up a fight?"

Her voice ceased in my mind, and I no longer fostered the thought that all this death could have been prevented. I felt a deep shame for even harboring the thought, and a deep gratitude for the favor she had bestowed on me in explaining so patiently even while she was in the midst of the greatest battle of her whole career. Such honor had never before been bestowed on a simple ro, I was sure.

Now, as I returned to my contemplation of the battle, I saw that our sleeper beams were following our dis rays' openings in Zeit's force shields, but they seemed not to have the desired effect. The old ogre must have had some means to jerk his harried dero awake as fast as they dropped off. Possibly some type of stimulator ray—a clever use for stim, I thought; ordinarily they are for entertainment.

Finally, however, we swept the whole place with a concentration of dis rays and sleeper beams and the boulder-covered pile of horrors fell silent. A few beams still played from the heap, but they were evidently automatic watch beams with no one awake behind them.

Our own lifters now cleared a path for our rollats to the doors. At last it was time to enter and mop up. As we went forward, I heard Vanue's ever-cautious mind warning me to "Watch out for the devil's joker" as our rollat-mounted rays moved up to the wall's lee and started blasting away at the doors. We rolled over the blazing

mass of their remains and were inside. Atlan's leech had been loosened!

The place was three-deep in corpses. Many of them had been Atlan warriors; whether captives driven by Zeit's or his rodite's will or renegades I could not say. They lay at the white-hot projectors, their hands burned free of flesh, the bones still clasping the red-hot controls. Powerful indeed had been Zeit's ro compulsion.

We found the vast mountain of flesh that was ex-Elder Zeit of old Atlan. He was snoring among a mass of synchronizing rodite apparatus as big as a city block. It was both antique and modern in construction, much of it evidently salvaged from ancient ruins. Zeit was a three-hundred-footer, and he was not only big, but amazingly fat from his soft life in his hideout.

It was going to be a real job to get him to the surface alive. It would not be surprising if the soldiers found it necessary to take him apart and reassemble him later on.

The realization that we were going to move him to the surface was a surprise to me, because not to blast him into nothingness the instant we found him had seemed to me to be infinitely more than godlike emotional control in itself. But that the huge and evil head might contain technical secrets of value I realized when I thought of it.

We bound him with endless turns of steel cable, lifted him with a dozen of our levitators, and started him floating along toward the surface. Before he arrived, I'll wager he scraped a few turns in a rather painful manner, and not by accident either!

Other things we found in old Zeit's fortress—things that horrified us. He had had a couple of dozen Elder captives. It is one thing to see a broken man of my size, but to see the living remains of a Goddess Elder broken by torture until she had become a whimpering, cringing, babbling thing to pity did not quiet the rage in my breast, rage that I could see and feel burning in the Nor-men around me.

There were many captives still living, of all sizes, many women and girls—but most of them were in horrible shape from their treatment, and the others nearly insane from waiting for the same torture. I saw the endless variations on the torture theme old Zeit had devised to amuse himself in the centuries he had spent hiding in this place—as we recorded it on the thought record from his ro's minds.

I was placed as a guard over some of the antique equipment reserved by Vanue for her research. As I stood there, I could read the thoughts of many of the Elders who passed by after having viewed the gibbering things Zeit had made of Atlan men, women and Elders. I knew that if what they were thinking ever came to pass, Zeit would receive the equivalent of his tortures in Nor before he died—if he were allowed to die!

Now that the battle was over, more important Nor Elders arrived. Vanue's father was among them, and I heard him speak to a comrade. Vanue stood beside him as he spoke, listening as I did.

"I see that exile for him was a large Atlan mistake. To humble the exalted and to release them to work out their revenge at leisure is to create a devil and give him leave to harm you. These Elders he has been so lavishly entertaining in so terrible a way are the very ones who sat at the council which expelled him. Obviously they were a bit too gentle with a monster who sold his own people as slaves and got caught at it."

Vanue turned briefly to me, and once again I discovered how close she kept track of me.

"Zeit's joker never materialized, Mutan . . . and your reward for diverting the vortice balls will not be forgotten. It is a good religion, the word 'reward'.³⁷ Do not forget it."

³⁷ This reference to the word "reward" as a religion is mystifying, and Mr. Shaver has never explained it. However, our

thought on it is what might be termed the basis for all religions—the incentive to do good because of the hope of a reward of some

There is a peace about being read by an understanding mind. Vanue would always know my intent toward her. I was her ro, until someday I would graduate into true self-determination. It was enough.

"Tean City still to take," I was thinking aloud a few minutes later, and suddenly realized that Arl, somewhere in the fortress, operating her telescreen beam, had been secretly watching me—for her voice sounded in my ear in answer.

"They got wind of what happened some way. Missing messengers, false reports exposed, or something. Anyway, they loaded up some of the finished migration ships, destroyed the rest, and took off. But I would say the abandondero migration has been too long delayed just as was the Atlans'—the Nor fleet will hunt them down like rats."

Hovering in the air before me her face appeared, materialized by tele-projection, and she bent forward and gave me a kiss with full augmentation. I reeled from the vital charge and nearly fell, but wound up on my knees asking for more. She went on speaking as if the tremendous kiss she had given were a nothing.

"They just made it, too. They tried to wipe out the Tean City population, but our men were entering from the lifts and from the tubes and laid down a blanket of conductive till none of the police corrective ray about the city would function at all. With the exception of the rockets on the ships, none of their mech would work.

"I think the Nor-men let them operate the lifter beams and the rockets to get them out into space where they

kind. This seems the correct view when we consider Vanue's insistence that a service of good is never left unrewarded. It is logical to believe that loyalty would remain constant so long as the reward always certainly comes as a

consequence of each demonstration of that loyalty. If nothing else, Vanue was an excellent psychologist, and a brilliant leader. Also she protected, as well as rewarded, as her reference to the "joker" demonstrates.—Ed.

can't hurt anyone."

And now Arl gave me the encore I had been begging for—but while she had been talking she had coupled on a booster circuit and the resulting kiss stretched me flat on the ground with a bump on my head as big as a dodo's egg.

I got to my feet to find her image gone, and the faint echo of her laugh still in my ears.

A few days later and Mu had been cleaned up. The victorious Nortan armies set up a temporary council of surviving Elders, who were few enough, to act in place of the real government that had not existed on Mu for nearly a century because of the coup of old Zeit. This council decided to take Nor advice and start building a home in a cold planet, far from any sun's evil influence.

A planet with untouched coal deposits located near the Nortan group of planets was chosen as the Atlans of Mu's new home. Work ro were dispatched to commence borings into the planet and to begin building the huge, steam heated, ray-drenched greenhouses in which Nor-men live and know so well how to build.

In a few short months the first ships took off for New Mu, and the last of the race of Atlan soon followed, abandoning Mu for their new home in space. Arl and I remained on Mu to the last. During this time I finished my telonion message plates and distributed them in the most likely places both in and on the surface of Mu. I pray that the descendants of those few wild men I have seen in the culture forests but have been unable to approach, may someday find these plates and have the sense to read them and heed their message. Someday, I have a feeling, they will be a race of men again. It is good seed they inherit, and they might be worth my effort in spite of the sun.

I pray that when they find the plates they will understand!

THE END

**THE
RETURN
OF
SATHANAS**

A Novel of the Revolt of
Evil Against the Gods.

—By Richard S. Shaver



An illustration of 80-foot Princess Vanue of the Titans of Nor for the original *I Remember Lemuria!* story for *Amazing Stories*.

Quest of the Darkome

"Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
Came towering, armed in adamant and gold."

—John Milton

The pursuit needle indicated a dizzy succession of zigs and zags in front of my straining eyes. The huge dread-nor, the Darkome, slewed in sickening curves as my hand on the swivel-jet stick tried to follow the crazily dancing needle. Was it—or was it not—the erratic ion trail of a dodging ship?

"Are we following one ship or a dozen?" asked Lt. Tyron, tightening the straining straps of the co-pilot's chair beside me.

"I don't know—but sure as the God's vengeance we're following something with plenty of reason to want to escape. And we will follow as long as the fool's drivers leave us a trail.

"Too much trail right now. A few more of those sudden jerks and either the Darkome or me is going off in two directions at once—and the Darkome is tough."

"There's no question we can catch the ship or ships on this trail, but, what I am wondering . . . what has me worried . . . is, will our quarry be a big enough fish to be important, or some expandable decoy of Sathanas?"

I turned from my inspection of the dials and looked at my first officer. Tyron was a good man, but too impatient for action and too continually worried that he wouldn't see any. But he was intelligent and, in the two centuries he'd been in my command, there had never been a question of his reliability. He had the familiar look of fearing that action was going to get away from him again. I couldn't help laughing down at him.

"Well, Tyron, before this is over you'll have a chance to catch a lot of those devils—and when we do you may get those hands you're so proud of, singed. Carry on!"

I settled myself in my seat before the universal view screen¹, thinking, "There's nothing to do now until we catch sight of whatever is making this trail." I, myself, was as impatient for action as Tyron, but in the long years since I left the culture farms of Mother Mu, I had learned to restrain my desire for adventure until the opportunity came to unleash my energies into effective action.

The irritation I felt at being forced to stay on duty was just another score I had to settle with the fugitive fleeing through space somewhere ahead of us. Here, aboard ship, I have my duty, and when it is performed, the course checked and affirmed, the log set to rights, and my officers assigned to their special duties, my time is my own. And woe betide the unfortunate who unnecessarily disturbs my meditations and experiments in my own ship-board laboratory. It is a well equipped laboratory—befitting the ennobled station the Gods of Nor have seen fit to bestow upon their humble servant and brother. Only in the capital cities of the God race are there comparable laboratories. I have spent years and many a long voyage in some of the

¹ This "universal viewer" is a device which assembles and coordinates the images resulting from a large number of penetray beams and their accompanying televisor—or direct-view screens. These beams point to every direction in space and the screen images are reprojected upon tiny mental vision (telaug) beams directly into the brain of the pilot of the ship. (Telaug beams carry mental messages in a large part of the communication system of the Nortans.) The result was a complete mental view in all directions—

disturbing to a man used to seeing in but one direction at a time. But to a pilot accustomed to the device, it was a vastly superior method to the older devices—which gave a single view of the space directly ahead. They were standard equipment on all Nortan war-craft of any size. With it, an experienced pilot is continuously conscious of the contents of space in every direction simultaneously—and could at the same time use his exterior vision for other purposes, to write a report—or a letter home.—Author.

less frequented reaches of space to equip it for the work I do when I am not on the errands of the Gods. Full of apparatus picked up in the strange ports of a thousand far off planets—perhaps a little evil-smelling at times, but it is my life, and in it is life—little lives whose efforts are at times vastly more successful than man's own . . . poor doomed mankind whose glorious ancestors are the immortal gods themselves.

On most of the assignments that I took my ship, the Darkome, I had plenty of time for my own experiments, far from the distracting social activities of my own adorable Arl. But this trip would not allow me any time to myself—this trip was ordered by the great Elders of Nor themselves. I was to capture and bring to trial that unwise but accomplished fiend, Sathanas, Ruler of the planet Satana. Sathanas, though a younger member of the God Race, had started his own private revolt against all authority—and the dicta of the Elders are not so lightly flaunted by any upstarts a few score centuries old. He had violated the Elder laws designed to protect and foster life and growth—it seemed that he could not get enough victims for his orgies of cruelty under the existing laws and had set out to make a few laws of his own. But, as I said, the laws laid down by the myriad Lords of Nor in Council are not easily broken—even by a powerful and cunning master of sin like this Sathanas—and thus it was that I sat on the bridge of the war vessel, Darkome—the crew alerted for battle action—its glistening hull plunging toward the general area of the planetary system that gave me birth long years ago.

Once his defection² had been fully exposed, Sathanas escaped our avenging fleet by the barest seconds. The ships in his fleet—several hundreds in numbers—had blasted

² DEFECTION: Note the persistence of this word—WITH the meaning INTACT — "dis-integrant energy infection," is short-

ened to DEfection, and STILL means—"to fall into evil; err on a job."—Author.

up in the very face of our fleet—jockeyed into position in the center of the 'zone of weightlessness'³ between the planet Satana and her satellite Feon—then disappeared in that fierce burst of full acceleration into light speeds that is only possible in the precise center of such zones of weightlessness. To make the maneuver more untraceable, every ship in the enemy fleet disappeared in a different direction. Perhaps we could have followed a few of them, but never would we find all of those divergent trails at many light speeds into the depths of space.

Of course, they must have had some pre-arranged rendezvous. But where? Our only hope for their capture lay in attempting to follow some of them, and then, by keeping the various observed courses plotted on the space charts, eventually figuring out where, approximately, that rendezvous lay in all the infinite reaches of space. That blasting off in a variety of directions was a clever maneuver—one they had accomplished smoothly and at inimitable speed—and a precision that bespoke much dangerous practice in the zones of weightlessness.

I had flung the Darkome into that center of neutralized gravities between two spatial bodies and pushed the lever controlling the dis-flows to the driver plates. Rammed it home to the last notch, swinging the ship with short side bursts, jockeying the craft to conform with the zig-zag swings of the pursuit needle, following the crooked trail of the gas ions left hanging in the ether by the force flows from the driver-plates of the Satanists' ships.

Somewhere ahead, the enemy flung himself deeper into the evernight of space. My ionic-indicator—a device to

³ ZONE OF WEIGHTLESSNESS: In a place where no thing has weight, infinite acceleration can be achieved with every slight impetus—no inertia drag would crush the occupants. The acceleration would have no effect on

the bodies of the passengers.

A 'zone of weightlessness'—neutralized gravity—exists between any two bodies in space. These zones would be used by space ships as starting points for all long, fast voyages.—Author.

pick up the most tenuous of ion trails (standard equipment on all the battle ships of Nor) had finally stopped its wild gyrations and held steady on what was an ionic trail dead ahead. This was it! No more of the excitement and doubt if we would get a trail that wasn't just a decoy—this was heavy with the exhaust of a large craft—steady enough to indicate that the ship or ships just ahead were actually going some place. And, if the speed that we were making was any indication of just how fast the enemy was going, he was really racing through space at close to the top acceleration of the Darkome—the Darkome that I had worked and studied over and had the crew tune until it had the reputation as one of the fastest ships in the Nortan fleet. But, then, it should be—the best mechanical minds in my planet had been building it for three centuries.

Like the thoroughbred that she was, the Darkome settled down to the chase . . . the scent of the quarry was in her mechanical nostrils—and her powerful drivers were capable of hurtling her to the infinity of spatial boundaries if need be. We would catch whatever was ahead of us if it took years at this terrific speed.

Somewhere ahead that enemy crew bored a hole ever deeper into speed blackened space, their drivers heating as those of the Darkome were heating. Where would the chase lead?

CHAPTER II

Whence Came Sathanas?

This Arch-Angle, Sathanas, is not of the race of Nor. Being of Earth myself, it pains me to say that his ancestors first breathed the then untainted air of the third planet. Sathanas sprang from a vari-form family, originating among the Angles of Earth, which we call Mu. The Angles had originally been a blond, blue-eyed family of normal-appearing Earthmen. Then, some time in the past, Sathanas' blood-line had been crossed with some dark, hairy, cloven-hooved race of space. Long before the migration which emptied most of the Sun's planets of intelligent life, his family had taken over a dark planet—by name, Satana—on the outer rims of the Nor Empire. In time, their ability had won them the administration of the affairs of the planet from the Rulers of Nor. And, from that one planet, eventually, they were given the Rulership of all the little planets in the small system of which Satana was the dominant world. The "Angles" and their leaders were variously designated—a separate political group under their "Monitor Angles"—Arch-Angles—and their supreme head, their Ruler and representative in the God Council on Nor—Elder Angle Fontal.

There were some dozen of the Arch-Angles with some dozen small planets in their administration. One of these was the Arch-Angle Sathanas, Ruler of the Home planet of the Angles in their group, the planet Satana. Being the first planet that the family had settled on after they left Mu, they had, in accordance with the customs of the God-

Race, taken the name of the planet that they ruled as their family name. The rest of these planets were colonized with Angles from the cities of Earth . . . a numerous, system-wide clan.

Sathanas' family had been well liked for a long time . . . and being just and wise rulers, they, as well as the peoples under them, prospered. And so, Sathanas had the best education that Nor could provide.

As I remember Sathanas, he was a fellow of some fifty feet in height, dark visaged, with the horns that indicated a crossing of the blood line with that of some Titans (which wasn't uncommon in ancient Mu). I had seen him first at a council meeting some centuries ago, when I first acquired the status of a Ruler by my acquisition of the tiny planet of Callay. It was after concluding most of the formal ceremony incidental to the investiture of several new rulers that someone first introduced us.

I can still picture the scene as he first greeted me with the accepted ceremony of Nor's tradition. A score of us—Lemurians, Titans, Atlans, variforms and a few from planets I'd never heard of—had found the favor of the Elders of the Council of Nor and were being made rulers of certain planets of the Nor Empire. Not big, important planets, true . . . but still, we were all pleased that we should be so honored by the Elders. Not all became rulers as they grew older and bigger—even of small planets and planetoids.

Finally, the long ceremonies of creating a new ruler of a provincial planet were over and we could relax for a brief time before the festivities began in celebration of the event. Several of us newly invested rulers had gathered together slightly apart from the tremendous bulk of swarming Elders—gathered in a laughing, harmlessly excited little circle. We kept congratulating one another and with mock solemnity addressed each other with all the titles we'd ever heard and remembered. That was one of the best moments

of my life. I recall that I laughed, and raising my right arm in a formal Nortan salute, had addressed a great golden-haired Titan, though he was one of us, addressed him with as solemn a look and as impressive voice as I could manage.

"O Mighty Zeus, Grand Lord of the Thirtieth Tender Fleet, Conqueror of Limitless Cow Pastures, Ruler of the Lately Discovered World of Olympia, Greetings! Grant . . ."

"My Lords!" At the strange sound of someone addressing us so, we turned startled and looked up into the smiling understanding eyes of one of the Elders of Nor—one of the younger ones. He couldn't have been more than a few centuries older than we. For a moment we didn't know what to say, but the Elder continued before we became embarrassed.

"My Lords, may I present the Lord Sathanas, Arch-Angle and Ruler of the Planet Satana?"

We returned his salute and noticed this 'Lord Sathanas' that he'd presented. Accustomed as I am to life in all its varied forms and colors, the dark, ominous appearance of 'Lord Sathanas' was slightly depressing. He was too dark. Not the bronze darkness of a heavy space tan but the darkness of the sky just before a storm on Mother Mu. He made no effort to be friendly, just greeted us with stock phrases as though impatient to meet people more his equal. His impatience and boredom were further emphasized by the way he kept prancing on his cloven hooves—his heritage from some variform ancestor—and by the nervous way he kept drumming his fingers on the jeweled clasp of his weapon belt. Nothing about him pleased me, particularly the swaggering way he kept his long dark cape in motion. I thought to myself, 'What's he afraid of—that we'll contaminate his precious cloak?' I looked him full in the face—that handsome cynical face with the blue eyes of his Angle family, icily and incongruously staring back

at me with the disdain ill-befitting a Ruler of Nor. That struck me as odd and jarring, here in this usually solemn hall(and my nostrils twitched with the scent of the evil, sulphurous odor about him, no doubt from some ingredient of his nutrient vapors.

I should have known then, or at least have been suspicious, but, in the hallowed halls of the Council of Nor one does not suspect one's equals. But he was a dero⁴—I know that now.

There was a time, once, when the peoples of Mu and the other Sun planets were unaware that there could be such a thing as a dero. But that was when the Sun and Earth were young—before the Sun burned hot and deadly. But as the Sun burned down through its layers of carbon, it eventually reached the heavier substances near its core—the “de”—producing radio-active metals. It is the deadly emanations given off by burning radio-actives that produce in life, a dero—a detrimental energy from the Sun that so motivates life that they are like that which is robot—controlled by these “de”, or detrimental energy emanations—evil completely.

We didn't find that out until later, though. His family, foolishly indulgent, had concealed all the signs of his deroism. They didn't know enough of science to realize what a dread thing a dero can be.

They had paid for their indulgence and their ignorance with their lives—lives that should have been immortal—for the first of Sathanas crimes had been the summary and permanent removal of all the heirs above his rank in the family blocking his mad rise to power.

'Something has happened to Sathanas', people said. In a way, they were right, but they didn't know in what way or they would have removed him. I know from similar cases that his character was a long time growing.

⁴DERO: (See "I Remember Lemuria")

Sathanas had been born on the planet Mu (Earth) in one of the older cities and the mech of that city was condemned not long after Sathanas had left Mu to become the satellite Ruler of one of the planets under the Elders of Nor.

His was pretty much the same background, in many ways, as that of Ex-Elder Zeit whose antecedents I had studied long ago, as I had been curious as to how an apparently intelligent man had become such an unthinking monster.

I thought—and experiments of the Elder scientists subsequently proved—that aging mech has produced many a criminal. I think that their subjection to the infected energy from the wornout pleasure mech was the cause of this as it formed their inner polarization—their very soul—along dis-inductive lines. Hence, as long as stars blaze in space, such characters will induct that will to Evil from the stars' mighty destructive fields. And unfortunately there is absolutely no way to prevent these creations.

The whole group connected with Sathanas had fallen into some evil and dissipated habits, had formed a cult of great power, and had built secret hideouts where they could indulge their perverted tastes in safety. They did not relish being deterred by Nor laws protecting the rights of every individual to safety of person. All this evil they had kept concealed behind many a barrier of sub-officials. And all went along smoothly for the Gods of Space know only how many years.

But finally, a very beautiful young Nor maiden had wheedled and vamped her way out of their unholy clutches and exposed the whole rotten mess.

Their use of girls for wall ornaments,⁵ living in stimed

⁵ STIMMED BODY—ORNAMENTS: This use of girls and women for ornaments is a particularly revealing angle on the opu-

lence and cruel disregard for the natural rights of man which has marked ray-secrets since the earliest days. This use is an old, and

nutrient, the whole depraved business of torture for pleasure and profit—the horrible circuses where captive men were forced to fight for their lives against beasts from the unsettled sun-planets—all this disgusting blight on the rule and culture of the Nor Empire had finally been dragged out into the open. What Sathanas had thought was a corner on illegal entertainment had turned into a trap from which he was now just barely making his escape.

still extant, custom in the caverns that honeycomb this planet we call Earth but which the ancient ancestors of all of us called Mu. Down there in the great old ray mansions' salons are wall brackets where young women are hung, and the stim currents of too great pleasure flows make their bodies rigid with an overwhelming synthetic nerve-electric. The effect is one of great beauty for the girls' young bodies are then like forced flowers pouring out all the beauty and love of a lifetime in an almost visible and very sensual outpouring of energy — like the flower pours out its pollen in a single day. Thus a place can be decorated with human flowers—if one

doesn't care how soon such human flowers wilt. When the custom began, it is probable that the wonderful old mech contained strong beneficial flows which made the experience of the human ornament one of benefit. They survived, stronger than before and better. But as the mech grows older, such strong subjections to great energy flows from the old mech are no longer supportable by the human frame.

In the caverns, the custom still survives of decorating the walls for a feast with these living stimulated ornaments, but the custom of surviving the ordeal of pleasure has perished, from what I hear.—
Author.

CHAPTER III

Back on Mother Mu

The great sensitive needles of the ionic-trail-indicator⁶ became still and fell back against the pin marked 'O'—no more trail.

In the split second that the needle stopped, I leaped to my feet, stabbing the button opening the ship communicator.

"All hands! Attention! Reverse drivers! View screen open! Gun crews stand by!"

The great dreadnor braked to a tortured halt from full velocity. I could hear Tyron taking over control, alerting the crew for battle—action that might start immediately. Barked orders maneuvered the ship's immense bulk into the exact center of the "zone of weightlessness".

"—we might have to move fast."

"Where are we?" I asked myself, as soon as I had made sure that the enemy wasn't in the neighborhood.

"This constellation looks familiar," I mused. "Can it be . . . still . . . it is!"

Opening the communicator, I called, "Arl! Do you recognize that planet in your view screen? It's Mu!"

Nostalgia gripped me. A homesickness I didn't think I

⁶ GAS IONS: While the driver flow is a kind of reverse gravity formed by the disintegration of a certain metalloy, during the expansion under the dis-current, much gas is formed exclusive of the integrative snapback flow of exd which is the frictional flow

forming the drive. The dissociating sub-atoms of the driver plates pass through a gaseous stage where they leave a trail that is detectable. This ionizing trail is an unavoidable product of this form of drive.—Author.

could still feel smothered me at the sight of the familiar seas and green, white-topped mountains of my abandoned homeland of almost two thousand years ago.

Taking over the controls from the pilot who didn't even suspect that the planet under us was my former home, I tooled the mighty Darkome to a landing on Mu's satellite. For all of her tremendous mass, she slid gently to a stop in the glistening, liquid-air snow sheltered by the black shadow of one of the moon's mountains.

I ordered the tender broken out, then called to the control room.

"I am going to take Lady Arl to the surface of this satellite's planet. While I am scouting down there, keep the crew alerted."

Tyron saluted, looking a bit envious—envy, I guess, at the thought that he wasn't going to see his desired action.

"Yes, sir," was all he said.

"Observe standard precautions for operation in enemy territory. Avoid using equipment as much as possible to cut down the chances for detection."

"Yes, sir," he nodded.

"I don't know where the Sathanas' ship or ships have gone, but I doubt if they would be apt to be close by and still be undetected by our mech. But, until you hear from me, take no chances. That's an order!"

Returning his salute, the Lady Arl, who had come to the control room, and I boarded the tender and took off. And not too comfortably, either. A tender is a small spacer for short flights—lifeboats for the crew, and on the Darkome the tenders were big, but two thousand years of Vanue's wizardry of growth had increased our height till we were well over fifty feet.

Both Arl and I felt the old excitement we'd experienced as youths using the small spacers for picnics from Mu to the Moon—felt excitement as I drove the little craft to the surface of the doomed planet for the first visit in a score

of centuries.

Our excitement soon turned to sadness. This wasn't the same planet we'd left—no darting ships—no shining towers—no signs of civilized life.

"Oh, Mion," spoke the lovely Arl beside me, "this is all so sad and unreal. I feel like—Mion! Look! What's that over there?"

"It looks like . . . it is a city, Arl!" Her enthusiasm was contagious. "Shall we go over there?"

"Oh, yes, Mion. Let's see what man has done in all these years."

"All right, Arl, but remember we are not allowed to stay here long."

She nodded, silent.

We of the Nor are not allowed to stay long on a sunlit planet, for one's character soon becomes twisted—not necessarily into evil, but certainly into err—which can be worse. One in err is stupidly convinced of his correctness, of his own brilliance. All of our food and drink must be brought from our ship, for the radioactives in the water and meat of Earth may not be eaten by Nor men by law. That err, that mental polarization, is the thing men of Earth must fight most fiercely, for err will live in their thinking, an illogic that will make them think black is white till they are forced to check the question with a colorimeter.

We would pay for my stay on this sad planet with many boring hours before the medicos finish the mental tests to make sure that we have not been seriously affected by the sun's hard light. Sometimes I believed they feared evil and its cause too much to fight it effectively. The old medicos can be tiresome themselves, to the point of evil. I would like to give some of them a few tests myself—of my own devising. Yes! They are too close to some dense metals—err magnets of another kind—and have become polarized by the dullest and heaviest metal to be found on a thousand master-size planets, that I know.

I expected to stay but the few hours allowed me and then away. Nearly two thousand years of the destructive magnetic field sweep of the sun had passed over old Mu. The difference between this little planet third from the Sun and the dark planets is immense. There, time is a growth, never a loss. Here, time is a sorrow, a slow destruction, a completely OPPOSITE QUANTITY. Here, the proud towers of Old Atlantis are crumbling stones, eroded by the blowing sands of the encroaching deserts that did not exist under Atlan science. There, the fecund growth of man has multiplied the beauty and pleasure, the power and the glory of Nor, many, many times in these two thousand years.

Having seen death in many forms, I like to fight death's burning face wherever I find it. Surely, death's face is burning brighter on Mother Mu than on any other globe these feet have trod, feet that sink further into the dis-softened stones⁷ of this planet than any other I know. Many have been the globes trod since I last left old Mu to voyage through the dark voids where no light but the light of wisdom can be found. Dull it is, to one who has tasted war and death, and swift-tiding battles, to speed on some mission in which the element of danger has been reduced to the undetectable minimum. I am a warrior, trained through many centuries of supremely difficult schooling to the rigors of battle and war, and there are few indeed, for Nor men to fight who even dare to think of braving our slightest displeasure.

Nearly two thousand years had passed since I distributed the records of the Atlan migration to dark space to guide the men who should come after us on Mu.

As I guided the craft in a hovering flight over the

⁷ One of the most repeated legends of the Gods coming again to Earth is the detail that their heavy feet sank ankle deep into solid

rock—a very interesting legend—
heavy-planet races denoted.—Author.

scarred face of old Mu, I marveled at the green growth over everything, for it is hard to realize that though everything dies of the Sun poisons, life goes on, renewed forever. After first coming upon such worlds of death, one cannot accustom oneself to the idea that all this life that looks so vibrant and virile is so short-lived.

I know that since I had left Mu, cities probably had grown and died upon her surface, and cities under her surface must have been peopled and have again lost their peoples in the wars that always rage on the sun-burned planets.

Arl and I glided over the glittering golden roofs of the city, and, settling to Earth some miles distant, entered a cavern whose ancient shafts still gaped, unfilled by the rubble that now choked most of the openings to the Elder world. We were anxious to see what life had taken root within the caverns, for there lay the tools of the ancient wisdom, waiting for a wise man-child's learning. Arl opened the great air lock at the bottom of the shaft and I floated the tender in to the floor of the cavern.

We fell to rummaging about in the ruins of the great mansions, as one will in these old places. I activated one of the penetray view rays and took a look at the shining city on the surface not far away. A one man flyer of an antique make rose from the city and came toward us. I augmented the passengers' mind, saw that his name was Tyr, that he was of the Aesir, as the people of the city evidently called themselves. He had seen our ship and was coming to investigate. He seemed excited, as though something about our appearance had revealed to him that we were the uncommon "visitors from the stars" mentioned in the legends and folk-tales of his people.

"Arl," I called to my lovely lady who was busy satisfying her curiosity about some of the old mechanisms at the far wall of this big room. "Arl, come here and watch this flier—he seems to be heading this way!"

With the quick, cat-like change of interest of women, Arl pranced gaily over to where I sat at the controls of the tele-thought augmentor. With a pleased little laugh, she wagged that ever-charming tail of hers and took her place beside me.

As we sat at the screen watching the approaching flier, we could see his mind was a maelstrom of conflicting sentiments—I couldn't repress my laughter at the fear I saw there. But there are times when Arl saves me from unrequited cruelty, and when I laughed, she chided me.

"Oh Mion, don't laugh at that poor little man! Remember, it has been almost twenty centuries since they have had a visit from any of the Elder Races."

"Lovely Arl," I agreed, "I had forgotten. I should have remembered that fear goes with sun-infection."

"He is a brave man, Mion," Arl pointed out. "He is afraid, yet his will to investigate makes him overcome his fear. If he is representative of mankind . . .

I nodded, knowing what Arl meant. As long as there are brave men on Earth who can conquer their fear and dread with their own wills, there is hope that mankind can, in time, defeat the "de" curse of the Sun.

"Look, Mion, he's dropping down the shaft as though he has done it many times before."

It was true. The pilot of the little flier expertly dropped down the shaft and came to rest beside the Darkome's tender. There was a moment of indecision—Arl and I knew from reading his mind that it was all he could do to restrain a wild, nearly uncontrollable impulse to flee. He took heart, however, stepped from his machine, and came toward us. He was large for the race of Earthmen, being about twelve feet high.

Finally, eyes bulging, he stood in awe before us where we sat at the ancient mech.

I greeted him by name: "Ho, Tyr, what brings you to us who are strangers to you?"

At that he flung himself prostrate before us. Our lack of enmity loosed his tongue and he protested: "Of course you know me, O Gods from the Stars. I have heard the old men speak of your kind, and have read something of you in the ancient writings, but many of us no longer believe in the greater Gods. Of course, you understand all mysteries, and you have read my thoughts over the ancient mechanisms I see you toying with. I am of the Aesir race, and that is our city you see in the distance. I am one of the few who understand the great significance of your coming here. Odin, our all-father, in his palace invites your presence. We have great need of your wisdom, Mighty Ones."

I finally assented to Tyr's importuning and the invitation of Odin himself over the great ray called Odin's Eye, and we entered the tender and took off for the palace of Gladshheim⁸ dominating the shining, gilded-roofed city of Asgard in the distance.

We spiralled down toward the great courtyard of the palace, reading a dozen minds on my telaug on the way down.

It is habitual for a Nor to be careful. There was nothing but curiosity and awe in their minds; this was no trap, I knew. As I landed the ship, several brawny, armored warriors came up to us. Axes were slung on their belts beside the antique dis-ray pistols, pistols of a type that the science of the high gods has not surpassed to this day. They spoke the ancient universal tongue called Mantong, but time had so changed the pronunciation that it was difficult to understand it at once. We used small portable

⁸Note that this city of Asgard and this Gladshheim are not the city or people mentioned in the story "Thought Records of Lemuria," but is a city which takes its name from the site of one of the

first cities built by the Atlans. These Aesir are the latter gods who take many of their names from the elder gods; cities are named in the same manner.—Author.

telaugs to tell what was in the minds about us anyway. We easily carried them in our hands. But Arl and I soon began fully to understand the speech, for the basic sounds were all the same as our own, and not by any means are we mentally slow.

To our way of thinking, these Aesir were little fellows. They were not more than ten or twelve feet in height. The largest showed the graying hair of age, the sign dreaded most of all plagues, in all space, caused from over exposure to the poisonous emanations of a deadly Sun. In space flight, sometimes it happens that some poorly plotted course flashes a ship close into the terrible heat and deadly particles of the field surrounding some dense sun. Also, sometimes, in the little time of their passing such a sun at light speed, their hair grows white, and they die in a few weeks. Such is impregnation by radio-active particles—sure death. Old Sol, the Earth's sun, is not that bad, but it, too, is sure death. A great pity arose in me that these fine men did not know what caused their age, or how to avoid it if they did know. This pity of mine is one reason some man will sometime find this record I leave, and know how to shun the terrible plague of space, the deadly, dense particles from heavy suns that get into the flesh and stay, burning away good life force and leaving a shrivelled corpse.

Do you remember the lovely Arl? She is still Arl, but grown so big now that the Mutan who loved her then would worship at her feet as once he worshipped at Vanue's huge beauty . . . for that matter I still do anyway. She is here beside me now, toying with the ancient stim rays; the stim ray that is forbidden as its effects can be most evil if the metal is too far gone in slow disintegrance. But Arl carries with her a meter of my devising containing a dial which reveals the most minute flows of "de" force dangerous to man.

She must know if this one is dangerous stim or not. It seems to be still usable, for a vastly pleasurable viray is

flowing over my form even now from her hands, and her soft lips are multiplied a laughing million of times all over me. I am forever startled by the endlessly varied stim augments that Arl's infinite wit finds in any mech of the kind. I have had a billion tiny Arls lift me in my sleep and carry me to Elysia, their forms growing more and more about me, till all the world was soft, gleaming, rosy Arl, the flowers her faces, the breeze from her lips, and the stim rays looks from her eyes, loving me, while her hair became a vast forest of titanic, curling beauty sheltering me in its scented shade.

There are no words or images to tell you what a girl of imagination can do with stim augments of her thought. I still think of Arl as a girl, and she looks like a girl, too, except her size is as great as my own, and that is too much to think about. For soon we must leave our loved home on Nor and move on to the heavier planets⁹ of the Elder cities, and that is a hard time for adjustment, as it takes years to accustom oneself to the great gravity.

⁹ HEAVIER PLANETS: At a certain point in their development, the Normen must leave home and go to the heavier planets for development. They do not return from these heavy planets to the lighter ones except as rulers or

teachers. The princess Vanue and the other very tall characters appearing in these stories have returned to the children races as teachers, rulers, or judges. All the Elders are of this class of returned people.—Author.

CHAPTER IV

Pact with the Aesir

Odin welcomed us himself, leading us into the great hall of Gladsheim. The walls were covered with the gleaming shields of his followers; he sat us upon his own throne and the throne of his queen beside it. They were the only seats that could begin to hold us, for they were relics from the old time and must have been too great for their present users. So we took them, and indeed, Arl and I are used to great honor wherever we go, for we are much loved and respected. "A friend is the best gold," is my motto, and can be a mighty power when he is needed.

As he stood before us, Odin was nearly half our height. But age was showing on him. His beard was snow white, his ruby-red Santa Claus face lined with the progress of the dreaded sun-blight.

Odin stood on the steps of the throne dais and made a short speech to his followers.

"These are the high Gods who live among the far stars. You have heard of them from our wise men, and now they are here for you to see. They come at a time when we need them most. If they approve of us, our struggles with the Jotuns will go well, so hold your evil natures in check, and let the High Gods see the gold that we, your friends and I your ruler, know lies underneath the rude flesh." Then Odin turned to us, saying:

"We know much of your ancient race from writings found in the caves—the plates of imperishable metal left by Mutan Mion have been translated by some of our wise

men, and I have read their writings. Also, we have learned to use some of the ancient magic from the hot depths of the greater caverns where a man can no longer live for the heat. There we have found great things and brought them to the surface for use here in Gladsheim. We would like to have you explain many things about that science that produced such things, but just now we are getting ready for a seige. The Jotuns are preparing for an attack on Asgard. Even now their hosts gather in the misty depths of the dark land beyond. What are your names that I may properly present you to our brave warriors?"

With a bow toward Arl, I said, "This is the Lady Arl and I am called Mion."

Arl smiled at them with the graciousness of a true queen.

"My Lord is too modest," she said in that lovely voice. "He is the Lord Mutan Mion, the Lord Mion to whom even the Elder Titans and Atlans owe their lives."

The Aesirs' eyes popped with surprise and joy when they heard that we were the same Mutan Mion and Arl mentioned on the ancient plates.

"So many lives . . . and still living," were their excited comments, "so long . . . and so young to look upon. So fair, and yet so ancient of days. Yea, they are the Gods . . . come again to Earth as in the old days that some swear were true things."

But Odin had little time for much formality, though he seemed to think we merited a great deal of it.

"Oh Great Ones from Beyond, if you will not help us against the Jotuns, we must leave you for awhile and get to our work, preparing to meet the coming attack, but, Oh Mighty Ones, if you will help us, we are yours. Command us what we must do to beat off the fierce Jotuns."

As he spoke a messenger raced into the hall. With some urgency he approached the dais that held the throne and spoke privately into Odin's ear. The worthy human's face fell. As he turned again to us, I could detect a note of

sadness in his voice.

"The messenger brings bad news, My Lords. Another great ship from the stars—ininitely larger than the one in which you arrived—has come to Earth in the encampment of the Jotuns. That is not the whole of this ill news. Mighty men of a size as your own have come out of this huge vessel and are siding with the Jotuns in their preparation for the coming struggle with us. What means that to you, O Great Beings?"

Now, I knew that there was but one Nor ship in this immediate solar system, and that another space ship as large as the Darkome probably was the fugitive that we were seeking—one of the ships of the infamous fleet we were pledged to return to the Courts of the Rulers of Nor. I explained to these Earthmen that these were fugitives from the justice of the Gods, and that I could summon power to crush them utterly, as soon as I contacted my ship, the Darkome.

"Are the Jotuns and these strangers in view ray range?" I asked the white-bearded Odin.

"They smugly think they are not," was his answer as he led me to the instrument called "Odin's Eye."¹⁰ It

¹⁰ ODIN'S EYE: Was this the origin of the legends regarding 'Odin's Eye'? Norse folk-tales recounted it as an all seeing 'eye,' or all-seeing god-like power. This just might have been the result, or the USE of just such ancient mechanism or equipment as in this story—the view ray. The view ray, which the authors claim still exist in the ancient, God-built caverns, probably operated on a principle similar to a combination of present day radar and television. The television part of the ancient 'mech' operates, in any event, without the need for a transmitting station. The same way, for in-

stance, that your radio might pick up a conversation a few miles away without the need of a radio station 'sending.'

It is amazing when you consider that right beneath our feet this present day, and for untold centuries of the past, such equipment has lain idle and unused—except by a few degenerate tribes that somehow have lived there for all those years. It is the claim of the authors that the use of this marvelous equipment by these degenerates, or 'dero,' their 'tampering' with the lives of surface people, is the cause of most of our ills and 'bad luck.'—Editor.

was really a vast space telescope with a tri-dimensional screen, a big box of luminous mist in which three dimensional pictures of the objects in focus could be seen. Within it we saw the gathering place of the Jotuns, and monsters they were, recently having come to Earth from some huge, colder planet. There, their size had been naturally determined by the conditions of the planet. They were three times the size of the Aesir,¹¹ of a greater size than Odin

¹¹ Again referring to the books of Charles Fort:

He quotes from the JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK LORE, 17-203. viz, "Certain stone hatchets are said to have fallen from the heavens."

The authors pose the question: Are these stone axes that have been reported as having fallen from the heavens perhaps the crude 'side arms' of an uncultured race of 'esoteric ones' who have learned to fly the ancient cave-contained space craft, making inter-planetary flights, yet, of themselves, incapable of making any more mechanically advanced war weapons than crude stone hatchets that they have within historical times dropped from their flying space craft? The reference above is the report of South American Indians.

As to the possible 'size' of members of uncultured ones, read further in Fort's THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED:

(From NATURE, 30-300:)

May, 1884, the 27th, at Tysnas, Norway, a meteorite had fallen: that the turf was torn up at the spot where the object had been supposed to have fallen: two days later "a very peculiar stone" was found nearby. The description is

—"in shape and size very like the fourth part of a large Stilton cheese." See the story for a description of the size of the Jotunds and then compute how large the stone heads of their war axes would have to be.

In the same work, Fort quotes from The Proc. Soc. of Antiq. of Scotland, 1-1-121:

That in a lump of coal from a mine in Scotland an "iron instrument" had been found.

Is this another indication of the extreme age of the human race?

Again from Fort: Notice of a stone axe, 17 inches long, 9 inches across broad end. (Proc. Soc. of Ants. of Scotland, 1-9-184.)

American ANTIQUARIAN, 18-60:

Copper axe from an Ohio mound; 22 inches; weight 38 pounds.

AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGIST, n. s., 8-299.

Stone axe found at Birchwood, Wisconsin: 28 inches long, 14 inches wide, 11 inches thick, weight 300 pounds.

HUMAN FOOTPRINTS FOUND IN SANDSTONE, Near CARSON, NEVADA—EACH PRINT 18 to 20 inches LONG. (Amer. Jour. Sci., 3-26-139)—Editor.

himself, and infinitely uglier than any others I have ever seen. I had heard of the Jotuns, an evil race shunned by all wise men. They had a custom of following up Atlan and Titan migrations and occupying their abandoned cities for the pleasure instruments which were always to be found in the abandoned pleasure palaces and mansions of the immortals. They were, consequently, not entirely unaccustomed to handling ray equipment, and would prove mean antagonists for the Aesir. The Aesir had had many a brush with them since their arrival a century ago, and had come off a too close first in most of them.

Obviously, the Aesir were not relishing the contemplation of a war to the last ditch between the two races, for the Jotuns were not only more numerous, but they had occupied and used more of the ray equipment-filled caves than the Aesir. The Aesir ignorantly chose to build their cities on the surface in the cheerful sunlight, and they did not understand what the Sun did to them. A few of their wise men had warned them of the writings left by the Gods which told them that the Sun caused old age, but they scoffed at this as old men's garrulous fear. The only ray the Aesir had was portable equipment they had laboriously brought to the surface for their use.

When I saw the huge, dark figure of Sathanas himself among them, I knew several things by swift deduction. First, I knew his presence here was no accident. Second, I knew that here was the rendezvous of the fleeing ships the patrol had pursued to all the points of the compass, for it was not likely that Sathanas would have had time to mix into the quarrels of the Jotuns unless he was waiting here for that rendezvous. And last, I knew that Sathanas had had dealings with these gigantic and hideous Jotuns before to know them so well. Such dealings were forbidden expressly by law. The Elder Race literally 'fathered' the human race and they made strict laws protecting the lives of their children. The Jotuns were well known

as slave dealers,¹² and what was worse, they were known for their modifications on the ancient mechanisms they salvaged from abandoned caverns—modifications which made the mech potent tools for the changing of good human character to evil ends.

Putting a telaug beam on Sathanas' head in the tri-dimensional screen, I heard his thought and from it I gathered a general impression corroborating my deductions. For centuries, he had traded and had been in communication with these Jotuns. This was also forbidden by the Nor laws. For a long time he sold them Nor maids for slaves, and in return, he received much illegal equipment which the Jotuns manufactured from the ancient pleasure mech. It was evident that he had long ago promised them aid against the Aesir in return for some favor. That his flight from the Nor wrath was unknown to the Jotuns was clear, for he was striving with all his mighty brain to keep the

¹² DISAPPEARANCES — SLAVERY: The authors are convinced that there have been many writers in the past and the present who either knew or suspected the existence of the caverns beneath the surface of the Earth, or that there was a power or a force or a race that was influencing the human race, usually for evil. The numerous legends of evil spirits, and good ones, too, tales of strange happenings, and strange disappearances. Charles Fort was one of those who came closest to guessing, or knowing the mysteries contained in the artificial cave world beneath this Earth's surface. He thought that we were 'fished for,' or that the possibility existed that we were fished for. For what purpose? Our facts are still too intangible on this count to say for certain whether we are really fished for at the present day.

But if in the centuries past, there were races such as the Jotuns, trading in living humans — as slaves (or food?)—might they not still be extant? Before the reader dismisses this question with "ridiculous!" let him read any of the daily papers of the past few years, or the books of Charles Fort for literally thousands of unexplained 'disappearances.' People seen one moment and never again—even in the larger cities that are presumably well guarded.

If the reader lives near any of the country's large cities, he might call the Missing Persons' Bureau, if any, and get the LOCAL statistics on the annual number of disappearances that are not accounted for, or the number undetected. Then, figure out how many large cities there are in the whole nation.—Author.

knowledge of his trouble from escaping to their minds over the telaug over which the conference was being conducted. Evidently he did not intend to risk his ship in the coming battle, but was seated at a great table in the gloomy ruined home which was their meeting place, going over their battle plans with the leaders. These leaders were a fearful lot to look upon. Though somewhat lacking in logical mental powers, they seemed to make up for this by fierceness of physique and ruthlessness of intent.

Gathered in the vast cave that stretched its murky depths into the hidden distance were the sons of Loki and Sigyn, the wife of Loki. How he ever came to marry her was too much for me, for she was many times his size and as evil visaged as hell itself. The witch, Hela, who was not Loki's daughter, and who had no regard for him, was a very tall giantess of a hideous whiteness like frost, or dead bones. Evil lived in her eyes and on her face, and on her face twisted a shadow of death. Like most devotees of the spirit of evil, she was obviously mad and possessed of a mad-woman's peculiar appetites, augmented and exaggerated as they so easily can be by the use of the beneficial and stim. Also, there were many leaders of the Jotuns, hairy, gray beast-men, thirty feet high, knotted muscles, and armed with every kind of weapon known to two civilizations—stone clubs hung side by side with flame swords of a make superior to any made now, for the art is a lost one. This horde knew ray work, and they were blood-thirsty fighting men proved in a thousand brawls and dozens of wars. The Aesir had cause to worry, for these were professional warriors brought from space for the express purpose of getting the powerful Aesir out of the way for their commerce in souls, slaves and perverting mech. Evidently this was the reason Sathanas was here, as this commerce of the Jotuns was his greatest single source of income. The Aesir had a bad habit of raiding the Jotun's strongholds and releasing the poor

human beasts.

But the Einheriar, ¹³ the chosen, the warriors of Odin, were no match in size or in experience for this bunch of mad dogs from the pleasure dens of a dozen planets.

I doubted that this affair would ever come to hand to hand combat. I looked down into Odin's great "eye" for a chance to find out just what range weapons were available to the Horde, what they planned to use immediately. Sathanas was talking.

"All this array of armed force is of no use. One long range ray brings the whole army to naught. We must have a spy, someone who can tell us just what range weapons they have to use against us."

Loki pushed his comparatively small form to the foreground, shouting, "The Aesir have no weapons worth worrying about. I knew every ray in Asgard. They cannot touch us. You can sweep the whole place clean of life with one ray from your mighty ship."

I turned to Odin, "Just what is the range of your weapons?" I asked him.

"I can't reach him," answered Odin.

"I can see him, but I can't hit him."

"You don't know much about these tri-dimensional screens, I am afraid, O All-Father. Let me show you

¹³ EINHARIAR: This persistent legend of raising the dead for purposes of acquiring soldiers, slaves, etc. seems to come from the extreme potency of the antique beneficial ray. I, myself, have seen a boy of eight killed by a fiend from a distance with detrimental ray, raised again by his mother with beneficial ray at full strength. The fiend killed the boy three times in a period of four days, each time his mother revived or raised him again within a few minutes. There are many ac-

counts of the potency of these rays. Even the thuggee of India believe that their unseen backers can raise them from the dead if they are killed. It is very probably true that they are revived after a short time of death by this means. The Hindu ascetics who slit open their stomachs and let out their intestines with a knife, then push them back in to have the wound heal at once are the same kind of phenomena.—R. S. Shaver.

something."

Pulling a side arm from my belt, I directed its epileptoray pencil at Sathanas' head in the cube-screen, Sathanas immediately curled up into an agonized, crumpled heap of writhing, shrieking, slobbering flesh. The table, surrounded by the gigantic Jotuns, and a few of the really gigantic cohorts of Sathanas, leaped to their feet, mouths gaping in astonishment.

"See, Father, the beam of this particular view ray is constructed to transmit energy complete, and is, consequently, a most efficient and adaptable weapon, ready to carry any energy to any point it reaches, and it has tremendous penetrative range, as you can see. Some of this type of ray will even dislodge furniture, or transmit the energy of a push. Watch!" I seized a war club from the wall. It was very small for me, like a child's toy hammer in my hands, and I tapped one of the heads of the Sathanists.¹⁴ He promptly dropped unconscious or dead to the floor. "You see, you didn't know what there was in this beam. It is a very fine example of the best work of that particular time."

¹⁴ **PRECISE ACCURACY OF ANCIENT WEAPONS:** These ancient weapons were so accurate and so built for durability that perhaps they are the means by which certain phenomena have been actuated. Charles Fort, in his book, **WILD TALENTS**, says this:

"In the London newspapers, last of March, 1908, was told a story, which, when starting off, was called "what the coroner for South Northumberland described as the most extraordinary case that he had ever investigated." The story was of a woman, at Whitley Bay, near Blyth, England, who according to her statement, had found

her sister, burned to death on an unscorched bed. This was the equivalence of the old stories of 'spontaneous combustion of human bodies."

(I don't know what significance, if any, is in the spelling of "extraordin-RAY," but that is the precise way it is spelled on page 909, **THE BOOKS** of CHARLES FORT, **WILD TALENTS**, published for the Fortean Society by HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, New York, 1941.)

ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT, Dec. 16, 1889.—"In some mysterious way, a fire started in the mahogany desk in the center of the office of the Secretary of

Odin waited for no prompting from me, but seized a club from the wall and started bopping every head in the ray screen. Regularly I moved the beam a little to keep a good bunch of the enemy within its slightly reduced vision, reduced from life size, and pencilled my own epileptic-ray at everyone of the misfits of life that I could reach. Odin was enjoying himself immensely, and we had nearly cleared the cavern of its hundred or so big-shots of the Jotuns when a huge black shorter-ray swung out of Sathanas' vast ship from dark space and grounded Odin's Eye. Odin's fun was over for the time, his beam shorted to the ground by the black conductor ray. His troubles with the super science Sathanas had brought from his Nor-governed home had just begun. So had all Earthmen's troubles with Sathanas.

I figured that Odin's bopping of Jotun pates would have the effect of holding off the attack until I had time to make ready for it, because they hadn't known that they could be reached. I radioed the Darkome for certain supplies and for certain technicians I would need. Why didn't I tell them to radio a Nor base and tell them of the whereabouts of Sathanas? Because I had an idea that I could take Sathanas apart with a device I was planning to construct, and that I could bring him in single-handed, which would be quite a feather in my cap. Such is a man's thought when near a sun. Always wrong. It was foolish to do without the help I could have acquired so quickly, but I thought it a splendid idea, and so original. I had never had such a wonderful idea before. Err is very deluding when it appears in a mind unaccustomed to it.

First I asked the Aesir for a list of every available ray

War, at Washington, D. C. Several official papers were destroyed, but it was said that they were of no especial value, and could be replaced. Secretary Proctor cannot understand how

the fire originated, as he does not smoke, and keeps no matches about his desk." Taken from the BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT—WILD TALENTS—Page 911.

device within the city. When I got the list, I checked off the types of ray I wanted—those with a good long beam that would carry the greatest amount of superimposed power, and those with the most potent destructive qualities, regardless of the range. The latter would be aided in carrying power by the former in the huge device I was planning for the downfall of Sathanas. Why didn't I call the Darkome to me? I had another err—the less equipment I used to capture Sathanas, the greater would be my glory. Such errs I might have corrected if I had been used to their presence in my mind, but in the clean magnetic fields of Nor planets one's thought is naturally correct and I was unprepared for the sudden flood of distorted ideas the Sun was releasing in my mind.

On the list of ray equipment brought me, there were all kinds of pleasure rays and healing rays, but few weapon rays. The pleasure and healing rays were tricky stuff, well built, some of it, but of little use in a battle except for observation, inspiring the fighters, or for healing the wounded. I knew that Sathanas' black cruiser was loaded to its capacity with the heaviest war-ray available which was, as I know now, a power unsurveyed by any law-abiding eyes. So, it was hard to say just what he might have up his sleeve in the way of fighting ray. Whether his fleet would rendezvous with him here on Earth, or whether he was to meet them elsewhere, I could not make sure, for his trained mind had felt my probing thought and doubled the answer—saying that both were true. I suspected that the first was the truth and that we would have hundreds of outlaw ships flaming down upon us at any moment. Sathanas seemed committed to supporting the Jotuns in return for their cooperation in his own plans. Sathanas' crew on his ship kept the black shorterbeam on our view-beam, and Odin's Eye was the only ray of master size in the city. We had no way of knowing now what they were up to. Principally, I was anxious to know whether any of the

other ships of Sathanas had joined him or not.

This life on Earth is distorted and fading, a once brilliant picture that long ago fell on the water of life, and is now melting away. There is little left of the old God picture of life. The soft rounded chins of the Aesir young, the honest, beautiful truth in the undis-affected eyes of a child, the turned, beautiful perfection of some young limbs, these are the only true images left from the God era. The rest is distorted by an ill wind across the mirroring pool of life force. And thus it was that I saw those monstrous forms across the deep of Jotunheim, the life force distorted by some evil willed wind from Elvidnir—from the Hall of Hela in Niflheim—distorted and dying into the mental err of evil life.

While we waited for the supplies from the Darkome or for the arrival of the patrol ships from space, I put the Aesir at the construction of a cumbrous device I had seen put to good use on the field of battle. It was most effective, but slow to handle. It was a monstrous turntable, the axis of which was a universal joint. Throwing this piece of equipment together with the odds and ends available took two days of hard labor. Then we piled on it every ray device of destructiveness or ionizing power (to make the air a conductor for the other beams) that could be obtained in the whole city. The rays were then carefully aligned to throw a multi-beam of immense, irresistible power. Nothing of a portable nature could be possessed by the enemy to equal its vast power. The turntable took up the whole courtyard of the palace of Gladsheim, about the size of two city blocks. On the turntable, piled two and three deep, were rays of every type developed by the past Atlan and Titan life on Earth. I did not think that the Jotuns would have anything of the kind. In the center of this motley assemblage of destruction, I placed a small but very powerful dissociator of modern make I had brought from the Darkome.

CHAPTER V

War Against the Jotuns

The huge multi-beam we aimed by turning and tilting the great turntable by windlasses upon which the noble muscles of the Aesir were expanded by the hundreds. It was slow, but it was inexorable destruction. I had never seen an energy screen or a shorter-fan that could stand against such an assemblage of ray, anywhere. I had great faith in my rude handiwork, for I had seen it used. The trick, of course, was to align the beams perfectly, to form a very dense, small beam of utter power. Carefully sighting the thing at the base of the big black shorter-beam from Sathanas' hidden ship which still held Odin's Eye in its grip, we tried out our multi-beam. The black beam disappeared in a blaze of incandescence like the fall of a meteor. Whether we had hit Sathanas' ship or not I didn't know, but I did know that one beam generator was burned out for good. A good omen! I took over Odin's Eye now that it was useful again, and calling instructions to Tyr over the telaug, he walked the great beam along the lines of waiting ships of the Jotuns, the assembled raytanks, supply piles and equipment they had gathered for the prosecution of a long seige of Asgard. Where the multi-beam struck, there was left nothing but a great smoking ditch in the ground, a ditch which had no bottom—as far as the eye could see. The destruction was nearing completion which would end the Jotun hopes of a long war. But, it was not great enough, for as the beam neared the Jotun aircraft, the whole fleet took to the air. They had seen that the beam was

slow, and they figured they could avoid it by air maneuvers. Like a great funnel of fury, they rose from the mouth of the cavern and came on to attack, spreading out and sweeping down on Asgard.

The Jotuns—the personnel of the enemy—came from a dozen planets forgotten by the Atlans after their migrations. The Atlans were one of the greatest space roving races of all times, inhabiting thousands of dark, sunless planets and planetoids, a race that peopled a big chunk of outer space. As the populations of their home planets grew, population pressure forced most of the immortal Atlans to seek homes on uninhabited worlds. Eventually, like all the races of men when the cosmos was young, their own immortality forced them to seek homes elsewhere as they grew too big for even a good-sized world to support. So, as they increased in size and wisdom, they moved to more advanced worlds of the Elder Race, or else to larger, dark, uninhabited planets, there to stay until they became too large for even the larger planets—then a trek through space again in a few thousand years.

As vermin take over the homes of people when they have been deserted by the owners, so did the Jotun assume the discarded homes of the ever-migrating and growing Atlans and Titans. Worlds of outgrown and deserted mech were left by the continually growing races and it was this mech the Jotuns took as their own. Half the discoverable planets in this constellation are glutted with the ancient mech. Perhaps someday, the poor doomed men of this planet I hold so highly, my mother planet Mu, may find their way over the gulfs between the star-worlds and find this mech for their own betterment. Truly, the stores of these wondrous devices, bulging the labyrinthian caverns of thousands of planets are the "gifts" of the Gods. For the children that will follow us, we leave them—with our blessing.

Sometimes, however, there do appear dero races that, unluckily, escape the notice and supervision of the Elder

Race, and they use for evil purposes the ancient mech of the Gods—mech designed and built for good, not evil.¹⁵

Such a race were the Jotuns—offsprings of what unknown evil life? Evil life walking upright in a parody of the dignity and good that is man, appropriating to their own evil uses the wondrous machines and mechanisms of the Gods, the Elder Race—the flying craft, the growth and nutrient mech, the healing ray devices, the awful, deadly war mech and other weapons from a dozen varying cultures of different states of progress.

There are times, in my voyages to strange, deserted worlds, when I wonder if the God Races were truly wise to leave, intact and complete, so much of their mech science that might be perverted to evil purposes by minds that have not the good in them that motivates the Elder Races. But then, the Elders have more knowledge and experience in such things than I—I am a mere twenty centuries grown. The Elders? Who really can say? Fifty Lemurian feet is my present height—and that took all those centuries. I have, on the Ruler Worlds of the Elders, seen some of the

¹⁵ GOD-BUILT MECH: In the ancient world wide caverns that some old, old race built and then deserted, they had many marvelous mechanisms. When they left this planet, Mother Mu or Lemuria (See previous issues of *Amazing Stories*), the deadly rays that were emanating from the Sun had infected their machines and mechanisms, and so, to protect themselves from the death that they contained, the Elder Race left ALL of their tools of life—everything—behind them and then departed to far, friendly, star-homes where they live on even today. But as they live they grow, like the Giant Redwood trees of our own California, and by now, this ancient

race is too big to tread the paths of Earth.

Their stimulating machines were designed for pleasure and their growth science was meant to assist Nature—but that is not the use they get today. The degenerate humans that live in the caves pervert the antique mech to evil uses, and the machines, being infected with sun poison, make the evil users more evil—a vicious circle that is almost impossible to stop for several reasons. First, surface men doubt the existence of these things, and, secondly, their mech makes them infinitely more potent and powerful than surface men.—R. S. Shaver.

Gods that were easily three hundred or three hundred fifty Lemurian feet in height. They, alone, know how many centuries they have seen. Perhaps, though, even they could make an occasional mistake—a mistake like leaving equipment for the Jotun fleet heading toward us right now.

It was a motley array—the Jotun fleet. The black shape of Sathanas' space monster¹⁶ rose in the background, ready to come in when the time and place looked inviting—poised for a crushing decisive blow.

¹⁶ SATHANAS' SPACE MONSTER: These untellably ancient space ships are huge beyond belief . . . as large as the rigid, lighter-than-air Zeppelins of Earth were before the war—the Los Angeles, the Akron, the Hindenburg, etc. They were small craft compared to the antique spacers. For instance, dirigibles 800 to 1000 feet long with a diameter 80 to 120 feet would not offer much room or comfort for a man 50 to 60 feet tall, particularly on long space flights. Then, too, that size wouldn't offer much room for the necessary space equipment—drivers, stores, motors, etc.

Dirigibles are the largest flying machines modern man has made, yet, large as they are, they are comparable in size merely to the tender of the big Nor craft in the story, the Darkome.

For possible accounts of these space ships being seen in recent times, see Charles Fort's books.

On October 23, 1822, two unknown, dark bodies crossing the sun were observed by Pastorff (*Am. Sci. Disc.*, 1860-411).

Seven months later, May 22, 1823, an unknown shiny thing was seen near the planet Venus by the astronomer Webb (*NATURE*, 14-195).

There is no basis for assuming that these unknown objects were satellites. They would have to be very large even to be thought of as moons.

Furthermore, Charles Fort quotes from the *ANNALES DE CHIMIE*, 30-417 — "objects that were seen by many persons, in the streets of Embrun, during the eclipse of Sept. 7, 1820, moving in straight line, turning and retracing in the same straight lines, all of them separated by uniform spaces."

Two unknown dark bodies crossing the sun, a shiny thing near Venus, and objects moving in geometric patterns in this same general area, and all reported within a matter of months of each other—all these things seem to indicate unknown SHIPS or something—OF HUGE, ALMOST PLANE-TOID SIZE moving under intelligent control.

Were these actually spacers of the Elder Race? Men see only what they want—or are supposed to see.

Some idea of the size of the artificial caverns built by the Elder Race beneath the surface of this Earth can be gained when one recalls that the tender and Sathanas' ship both flew into the shafts

We—the Aesir, Arl and I—had nothing to stop them with but the huge multi-ray I had devised. I radioed the Darkome to come in and back us up. The huge turntable creaked ponderously around on its improvised bearings taken from a dismantled elevator that was lifted from the depths. We turned it by the windlasses manned by the sweating warriors of the Aesir. It was no weapon for the swift flight of planes. Not at all. But, fortunately, the fliers were not trained for this sort of thing, and they missed most of their targets.

I had strict orders not to risk my life except in dire necessity. The Nor had no particular enthusiasm about wasting thousands of years of schooling in a moment's madness. And, here I was, drawn into this brawl of sun-mad dero without seeing any sort of way that I could honorably withdraw. I imagine Sathanas was cursing the risking of all his plans in the attack, too. He was mighty careful not to come within range of our huge multi-beam. The thunder of that distance splitter was deafening, its flames shot out for thirty miles in a coruscating ray of utter annihilation. I had no way of figuring its effective range, but it was a lot more than the thirty miles of its visible force. How to get into real action was the problem. It couldn't be done. But we kept them hopping, sweeping it up and down the whole line of battle. They couldn't bring up any heavy stuff at all. They couldn't blast us out of Asgard's walls—couldn't touch us except with an occasional bolt from the swooping fliers. Sathanas moved his ship up to what he calculated was the effective range of our big beam, and started blasting away with his power beams—big dissociators they were—and the walls dissolved in great clouds

and caverns. It was in the caverns that they were manufactured, and it was there that they were stored. The sight of one of these incredibly ancient cave hangars

with several ancient spacers abandoned over the floor is breathtaking in its immensity, and unbelievable, in fact.—Author.

of rolling black smoke. Chunks fell, and he began to widen the breach.

I centered the big multi-beam on the Satana and played a card I had held back. Hoping to trap Sathanas into just this maneuver, I turned on the dissociator beam I had brought from the Darkome. Added to the other stuff the beam was made of, its effective range was immensely increased, for the multi-beam created a great path of ionization for it to travel over. The hull of the great ship, built of the most resistant materials manufactured by Nor, heated swiftly red and a gaping hole appeared in the black monster. Quick as thought, Sathanas blasted out of the range of our fumbling, snail-like beam. He did not take another chance with his ship.

It had been a close call, for him and for me, for I had little real knowledge of the strength or nature of the beams of which the great ray was composed. They were all obsolete forms of equipment of which I knew about theoretically, but in actual practical use I knew nothing. But the Atlans and Titans built such things well. They were as powerful and as uncorroded after two thousand years as they were the day they were built. Sometime I am going to spend a few years to learn everything there is to know about antique rays, both the actual equipment and the theoretical science behind their construction, for I will run into these hordes using the abandoned equipment again—if I am any ruler over my actions. I do not like their attitude toward war for war's sake, and I like the struggling bulldog idealism of such races as the Aesir. Handicapped by every evil—even their own thoughts play them false—they contrive to be good, jolly fellows, trustworthy, for the most part, and surprisingly able when emergency arises to call forth their best efforts.

As the Aesir began to acquire the knack of picking off the swooping fliers with their small rays, the whole battle dissolved into a great retreat of the Jotun forces to nurse

their wounds and to prepare a real campaign. The range of the huge ray I had improvised from the odds and ends the Aesir had gathered together—work of centuries of life here—had saved the day for us.

“That will be all of that for a while,” was Odin’s comment, relieved at the easy victory over what had seemed vastly superior forces. We lost about a hundred men from the fire of the planes overhead, but, since a plane is a much bigger target than a man, the Jotuns paid several times over for this loss. There were a couple of thousand smoking holes in the walls and pavings from the fliers’ rays and a two hundred foot breach in the walls. It did seem as though the Jotuns had decided the time was not ripe for a victory over the redoubtable Aesir whose reputation was greater than their prowess.

Odin continued, “They had no idea that we could reach them from here. They know little of the true uses of the old ray. That is certain. Sathanas has small stomach for real fighting, eh? I shall develop this use of many rays in one which you have shown me, and it will be a defense for Asgard for many years to come. Many lifetimes, maybe.”

Odin’s use of the word ‘lifetimes’ as a measurement of time struck me gloomily. Evidently the Aesir had lost all idea of fighting death, accepting it as an inevitable part of life. I shuddered to watch them down great drafts of water and ale, knowing that every drop of liquid on Earth contained some tiny particle of the dread radioactive material which is the cause of age. That a draught of water could become such a dread thing was a sad thought.

I resolved to do something about the future of the Aesir now. So, I said to Odin, “You Aesir are not an unworthy race. Long ago, on this very spot, there was a city called Atlansgard. Those people were the first colonizers to arrive here from the deeps of space and begin life when the Sun was young and clean. They were a mighty race, and they fought the primeval monsters of the world’s youth,

when growth had no end, and death did not confine size to a fixed measure for each species. That was the time of the Midgard serpent, who grew to nearly encircle the Earth, of Cronos who tried to eat all the life of Earth to keep his tremendous body in food. Those were the days of endless battle with the giants of growth whom hunger made mad, of the mad early Titans when the giants and men contended always for food and living space. Then government and the covenant came to Earth, to Mu, as men called the old planet then. Then came the time of real growth and goodness on earth, the Golden Age of Science when men pierced all mysteries with their minds. After a time, when the Sun began to age and bring age to Earth, the Atlans and Titans left Mu to dwell in dark space where no age is ever known. Now, you Aesir have grown here in Atlansgard and have taken the name of the great ancient Aesir to yourselves so that something of their greatness might adhere to your name. Well, you are not bad men, and I have a gift to offer you. Let me take with me into space a few of your young men with good heads on their shoulders. These I will teach the ways of navigation in deep space which is all that keeps your race from using the antique space ships which can still be found abandoned in the ancient caverns—abandoned because the Sun's radioactivity has infected the metal of their generators. Our law forbids such infected ships to be used by our races. But, you can use them to get away from the Sun, and I will train your men and send them back to you, and they can lead your people to a new home in space where the Sun is not an evil force. Then your race will remain forever young, instead of this pretense of immortality you now carry on for the benefit of your lessers. You would have the real thing—true immortality where there is no cause for age. What say you?"

Old Odin's eye shone—he had but one, though, the great ray he used was also called Odin's Eye—at the pros-

pect of saving his race from age, and he knew enough of the ancient wisdom from the old writings to know I spoke the truth. There was my immense size, too, as a proof of unending, evergrowing youth to be found in the dark spaces. Too, the idea of finding the greater Elder Gods and learning true wisdom from them was to him the uttermost in attraction. He straightway selected three young Aesir. Vol, Vi and Zig were their names; for mentor and captain he sent the aging Tyr. I told the four to ready themselves, for I was starting back to my ship soon. I had long overstayed the allotted time for an immortal under an infectious sun's light.

As I talked to Odin, I was treated to a glimpse of what even comparatively ignorant men could do with the ancient science of magic, or 'mag-mech-ic,' as it was called in Atlan. The hundred or more corpses scattered about the walls of Asgard were gathered into a heap in the great hall of Gladsheim. Here, the Aesir's wise men and their maiden helpers concentrated beneficial rays from a dozen great generators upon the pile of dead. That transformation which has never lost its wonder for me took place. The hue of death faded from their cheeks; slowly they began to breathe. The wounds that bored through them—in some cases many times—began to close gradually, the ragged red edges grew together as the healing of the ancient ben rays took place. When these slain warriors began to stir, the Aesir maidens picked them up and carried them to a place in the palace where smaller but more intense and potent ben rays were focused on their wounds to complete the healing process. The next day, most of them were again on their feet, nearly recovered. Yet, I knew that neither Odin nor his wise men had the slightest idea how to build or even repair the antique medical rays, nor had they even a proper curiosity about how its magic was accomplished. It was the "Ancient Gods' gift" was their attitude.

I realized that education was all this people needed to

raise them to true God estate. But they needed such a lot of it. I cursed the fear that dwelt in the Great Ones of the dark spaces, forbidding them to come near any sun, even to rescue such men as these from the doom that already whitened the hair of many of them. Sometimes, I realized that even the High Gods have faults.

Well, I was one God who would lose that fault of too great fear of the hideous sun-death. I would find a way to rescue these Aesir.

I had assured Odin I would send the fleet of the Nor Space Patrol I expected to contact presently, to put the Jotuns in their place and to apprehend Sathanas. At the same time I radioed the Darkome to return to her former position on the Moon. Not enough time elapsed between the two messages for the Darkome to more than ready herself for flight. Why didn't I let the Darkome come on down in answer to my first message? She had ample fuel for several landings on planets no larger than Mu. I knew Sathanas was at hand, anxious to annihilate everyone such as myself who knew of his presence on Earth. Such is one's thoughts under infectious suns—always incorrect. It is a hard thing to remember always to do otherwise than what one's reason dictates when near a sun. I respect such races as the Aesir for this one reason—in spite of their life under the evil-making rays of the sun, they manage to remain good, reasonable fellows. Their bodies seem to build up a resistance to the mind distorting magnetic force of the sun, and they manage to think pretty clearly in spite of it. More power to that ability.

Everything was as beautiful as a powerful ben-ray illusion in a master-dream as we lifted in the tender toward the Moon. Tyr was thrilled as a warrior like him is thrilled by a battle-axe coming at his head, while the three young Aesir, Vol, Vi and Zig, their flashing teeth and glittering eyes told me that nothing had ever interested them so much as the sight of this little ship of mine. I wondered what

would be their words when they saw for the first time the huge Dread-Nor Darkome lying in wait on the moon.

Then it happened.

As the tender swiftly flashed upward toward the day-lit moon of early evening, the features of the shoreline and the city of Asgard blurred at our speed. In a matter of moments we were so high that the flat horizon of this green ball of Mu could be seen as the curve it is. I felt a glow of pride in my ship, my lovely Arl, and these four new-found friends. Like the sudden snap of a breaking glass perfume ball, our contentment was shattered.

"Mion!" gasped ever watchful Arl, "isn't that the Satana?"

"Awk! Why did that devil have to choose this time to take off?"

Arl, her face intense as a bird hypnotized by a snake, refused to take her eyes off the enemy craft.

"We're in a tight spot, Arl. If I change our course they can't fail to see us, and if I don't, we'll collide with them."

That's the way it was, too. Any change of speed or course would have been certain to attract their attention. I felt—and it was shortly proven true—that this was just one of those unhappy accidents that always seems to happen on a sun-cursed planet. The two ships hurtled upward to a junction.

At the last minute, I drove the tender hard over on the port side and down, hoping to dive past the Satana's stern and escape to the other side of the planet before they could come about. As our craft flashed past the enemy's starboard tail, the dread flash of tractor beams and dis (disintegration) rays reached over with clawing fingers for the shiny hull of my space boat. My hands were clammy with the tension of battle as I hit the lifter controls and desperately pulled the little craft up and down in short waves. Suddenly, we were dead astern of the Satana. For the moment they couldn't fire on us, but the game was discovered.

They must have known who we were. It was useless to hope for concealment. There was but one thing to do—and I did it.

I gave the brave little craft all the power she had, and ordering the rest to strap themselves in their seats, set her nose toward the surface of Mother Mu. We could feel the heat of the atmosphere being ground against our hull by the power of the little tender's drivers—powerful mechanisms that could drive the little boat between worlds if need be, but more power than was wise near the surface of a planet. And this violent maneuvering with a space ship so close to the surface wasn't wise either.

"Arl," I called, "where are they?"

"Oh, Mion, they have swung around—they're coming after us!"

Futilely I struck the driver lever, trying to coax just a bit more power from the gallant little machines—vibrating and smoking in their compartments. I knew they'd never last long being used like this.

"Now, Arl—what?"

"They're gaining, I think," sobbed Arl. "Mion, they're trying to reach us with their rays."

I swung the craft to the right and then frantically to the left—all the while diving in a long, flat curve toward Earth—

Bang!

With a bone jarring wrench, one of the enemy's tractor beams wrapped tenuous fingers around the little tender's hull, then locked tight. From full speed, we were quickly slowed and drawn toward the Satana. A horrible, painful sensation—tractor beams lock on every atom of the object they hold—like being clawed inside.

We were lost.

The enemy drew his prey swiftly to the air-lock that surrounded the tractor-beam turret holding us and pulled us inside.

With a jar they set the tender on the floor of the air-lock. We couldn't move. The crew of the enemy craft swarmed into the air-lock after closing the outer port.

As they scrambled over the tender toward the entrance hatch, I took a look at Arl's strained features and refused to think—probably the last good look I would take at that lovely face.

CHAPTER VI

In the Hands of Sathanas

Sathanas' family was one of the few families of variforms among the Nor. Accepted as exiles long ago from some variform city of the Angles of Earth, the Satanic family was a clovenfooted one, something like Arl in general makeup, but with shaggy black hair on their legs and of a very dark complexion, with horns showing Titan blood somewhere in the family tree.

We were taken directly to his chambers. His dark form loomed ahead of us in the red mist of his nutrient air—of his own formula, and probably one of the causes of his evil character, for it had a smell like nothing I had ever experienced before. Some chemical he had added to the usual formula had fooled him into thinking it was beneficial, but was more than likely a dangerous stimulant and had weakened his body's insulative resistance to detrimental flows of energy. His character had certainly become that of a mad dero of the most dangerous kind, for his wisdom, untempered with concern for any other life, would be a never-ending horror to all men unless he were stopped. It didn't look as if Mutan Mion would be able to do much about stopping Sathanas.

A pretty predicament for the reputation of Mutan Mion. When my comrades would come to hear how I had fallen into the hands of Sathanas without a blow being struck, there would be many a head shaken behind my back. Sad, sad shakes of Nortan heads. Murmurs of "Tch, tch—too bad. Mion might have been such a noble specimen but

—the Sun infection, you know." And the others would nod silently in agreement and touch their foreheads with their finger-tips. Then, despite all the god-like qualities that they did possess, they would feel very smug and complacent. They would make a sincere attempt within their minds to—well, not forgive exactly, but—explain what the cause of my trouble was, and they would sympathize patronizingly. They'd think, "His unfortunate Earth background and birth; he lacks real stamina—resource—too bad." I always had to contend with that in my work among the God-men of Nor—they worried about the evil that had roamed on Earth expelling the Titans and Atlans and some foolish ones thought that everyone of Earth might—no, must—be affected.

Not all the men of Nor thought thusly, however. Most of that great race of Elders peered deeply into problems and didn't overlook any facts in arriving at the right answers. But I have found in all races and peoples in the planets I have trod that there are those who pass judgment on half facts. Fortunately for the progress on intelligence, those foolish ones are not too many among the Elder Races.

Sathanas, though infected by a taint of the deadly "de" from the Sun, usually collected facts—all of them—before making any of his illegal moves. The one error he'd made had caused me to chase him here to Mu, but I had been the one to err when we'd come too close to the deadly, treacherous Sun, and I was in his toils.

My lovely Arl and I and those valiant young Aesir were taken prisoners, they who had so blindly put their lives into my hands—lives that were not immortal as the lives of we of the Elder Races, 'tis true, but lives that were, nevertheless, well thought of by their owners. All those lives had been entrusted to me—to their belief in my legendary ability to carry success with me. And what had I done? I had fallen into as stupid error as any inhabitant

of the Sun's planets. What was worse for one of my almost god-like status, I had been trapped like a green cadet on his first solo space patrol—trapped without firing a shot, without the semblance of a struggle. Trapped and taken. There was nothing to be done about it now but to take as stoically as we could whatever foul torments our captor could devise.

It is not often that a proud member of the Elder Races stands captive before a creature such as this Sathanas.

The tender had been forced open in the air-lock of the Satana, and the evil crew of that black craft had ordered us out of it with little ceremony. At this close range, there was no point to attempt to overpower the crew, right in the very bowels of the enemy ship, so we allowed ourselves to be escorted into the presence of the Satana's master.

Sathanas sat surrounded by his women, his dark face gloating evilly. As we were led before him, we could hear his ill-repressed sigh of satisfaction at the prize his luck had won for him.

The first time I saw him I found him distasteful, and I had no more enthusiasm for him now. I thought that because we were of the Elder Races we weren't to fare too badly at his hands, and again I erred. Perhaps the Sun was beginning to affect me.

Slowly I glanced around the chamber—his own personal quarters judging by the wealth and luxury that had been expended on it. I have said that he was surrounded by women? That makes it sound like just a few—but there seemed to be scores of women here. And almost as many planetary races as there were women. His agents and slave raiders had done their job well. The place was full of women and girls culled—literally hand picked—from the beauties of a hundred far flung planet cities. From the looks of things, Sathanas had first choice of all the women his agents acquired for all of his illegal pleasure palaces that flourished in spite of all the laws of the Gods.

Now there are some pleasure palaces run by wise men, and very good things they are too, but some are only "apparently" good, concealing hideous evil behind a perfect facade of beneficence. These were served by men (or creatures that walk like men) like Sathanas—surface good concealing abysmal and horrible depravity.

All these beautiful women surrounding Sathanas were the end products of the hidden vices of the immortal Elder Races—vices that were unsuspected for a long time. True, these vice-ridden Elders were not very numerous, but, like every other race in Time, there are always some who do not measure up to the standard of the tribe—whether their lack is known or not. Perhaps certain ones have physical afflictions, and others, mental, but there always seems to be that little group that is incomplete or evil or decadent. Such was a certain element amongst the Elder Races—good and noble on the surface, but their minds were evil—or inclined to evil.

Where there is a profit to be made from evil that men do or desire, there will be other men to act to gratify evil desires and line their pockets. That was what Sathanas was—a panderer possessing immortality and catering to a mass of immortal degenerates—to their lusts and cruelty, procuring for their lusts, women and girls and for their cruelty, men, women and children of a hundred different races and colors. Their cruelty demanded unconditioned victims, but their lusts required refinements—refinements that no one knows for how many years have been improved and intensified.

These women around Sathanas, and I don't know how many thousands of others, had been made into something that was part human and part pure horror—made into robot servants of vast and synthetic forces beyond their poor strength to fight in any way—made by forces that can, and do, mould and pervert even the best natured person into something that is not human—into a tool or instrument of

pleasure, or an instrument of torture of the most insidious kind. Robot women whose minds the Elder mechanisms had perfected in some ways to beauty while other parts of their minds had been destroyed.

Centuries of the control of stimulation rays had caused their thought processes to be—not thoughts of the normal human. Rather, they were merely mental reaction to outside stimulation. They served others' purposes with the products of their minds as well as the motions of their bodies. The shape of their lips, the seductive sleekness of their bodies, the looks of longing and desire in their eyes.¹⁷

¹⁷ SIRENS: The authors are of the opinion that the alterations done upon the slave women of the Nor vice rings, carried on less efficiently here on Earth in the past, may be the factual origin of worldwide legends of sirens and goddesses of love as differentiated from female deities supposed to oversee fertility and procreation.

In the Hellenic Pantheon, Diana is usually imagined as the goddess of Fertility and Aphrodite, the goddess of Love. Thus, here we have the case where Aphrodite COULD have been an outstanding creation of some of the vice ring or perhaps merely one of those latter day, almost-immortal humans that, in legend, became the lesser Gods and Goddesses.

In the legend of Ulysees, he had himself tied to the mast of his ship, after sealing the ears of his

crew with wax, so that none of them could be beguiled by the enchanting voices of the sirens living on the treacherous, rock-bound shores. (In the story, certain female slaves were trained in various arts, much as the Geisha of Japan — specialists in various branches of entertainment.) Quite naturally, that would include girls that sang, and suppose that some of them were to escape? And, need we point out that these legends of sirens are almost world wide, but notably in Greece and in the Teutonic legends? Girls whose ("RAY-altered") voices were so compelling that even so primary an urge as self-preservation was thrown overboard in the victim's attempt to get closer to these infinitely desirable voices.—
Author.

CHAPTER VII

A Valuable Chunk of Meat

The awe-struck Aesir with me didn't guess that the voluptuous, desirable women around Sathanas were poor mindless creatures; machine-made to appeal to base masculine senses of some members of the immortal Elder Races. They didn't know that what they gazed upon was false and inhuman. They knew only that they saw here women beautiful and desirable beyond their wildest dreams—the fevered dreams of the Earthmen that they were. Here were dream creatures smiling at them through half-lidded eyes . . . sending their blood racing. And mirroring the gaze of Sathanas' women, the eyes of the young Aesir were pin-wheels of hungry fire.

Although it takes several moments to tell, I knew instantly what these women were—and a quick look at my new friend from fair Mu confirmed the fact that the agents and mech controllers of Sathanas had done their work well—the Aesir had lost their senses to the lure of the devil's women.

I looked at Arl. She, too, knew what lay behind all this unholy scenery and her little nose was raised, proudly disdainful. Her eyes stared past Sathanas and all the false finery around him.

"My lovely Arl is just going to ignore all this. Good girl!" I chuckled to myself. But the chuckle died in my throat as I came to a halt in front of Sathanas—the hidden, deadly evil, ill-concealed in those smoky eyes didn't promise much of enjoyment for us captives standing before him.

He glanced up from the snowy throat he'd been kissing, and our eyes locked. At first, there was just that evil stare. Then . . . recognition! With that, he became alive and casually tossed the attentive female from his lap, as a normal man would dispose of a puppy when other business called. With a displeased frown the poor creature glared at me for interrupting her pleasure, but she scurried to one side, followed by the hungry eyes of the Aesir, for she was about the same size as they. Evidently she was a new acquisition. After dismissing her, Sathanas had placed both hands on the arms of his "stim" chair and looked at us from under his dark brows.

Finally the dog deigned to speak.

"Ah, my dear Mutan Mion," the words were like the treacherous hiss of a deadly snake, and the smile that went with it was equally reptilian. "Ah, yes, and his lovely wife, the beautiful Arl."

When he mentioned her name, I would have strangled him had I been free to move . . . his using her name was profane. He had bowed as he spoke it.

"You know, Fair Lady, the tales that are told do not do justice to the beauty that you do have. I am honored by this visit from such a famous pair. I have many times read the record of your progress in the past centuries. I am grieved that I must welcome you in such poor surroundings as my little craft provides."

I said nothing. In fact, I tried desperately not to think of anything that his thought-readers might find of value.

"Oh, come, Mion, surely you haven't lost that oratorical tongue that we have heard of so much? Can't you speak?"

"The less I say, the better, O mighty Sathanas. I am not numbered among your admirers."

At that he frowned. There was no use to hide the truth or crawl to his ego. I knew that a dozen telaugs were

playing over us and certainly some of them transferred our thoughts to him. I didn't care for him or any of his kind.

Sathanas had looked like he was going to lose his temper, but he recovered his front of suavity. Just as he was ready to speak again, he was interrupted.

The Aesir, Tyr, was more accustomed to facing such characters than I and he had immediately adopted the best possible attitude for the moment.

"Your majesty!" said Tyr, "the Arch-Angel of the heavens, the one mighty man of blood and war that I have always wanted to meet! Oh! Mighty One, that black flag of yours is the banner and desire of every warrior who re-ushes true freedom!"

Even with the information that his "spy" rays were undoubtedly sending him, this spontaneous flattery from Tyr caught Sathanas momentarily off his guard, and he frowned darkly . . . puzzled.

"Why the gloomy frown?" asked Tyr. "Is the mighty Sathanas displeased at the offer of service from such fighters as these?" Tyr indicated the others. "Why only today, My Lord, we put the mighty Jotun to flight outside our city of Asgard . . . what better recommendation could a warrior bring you?"

Tyr was doing a valiant job of bluffing, but he couldn't know that the only "war" that Sathanas ever had any contact with was drunken space-men's brawls, or violent kidnappings and perhaps in arranging the monetary details of warfare on some of the other "der" planets. The Aesir tried, but his bluff failed.

At the mention of the battle outside the walls of Asgard, Sathanas blackened and shot to his feet. Some trinket or other that he had in his hand went violently to the floor.

"So! . . . so!" The huge fiend was raging but not saying much. I could see his lips quivering with self-indulgent

anger. "So! It was you, Mion, who pierced the hull of my best and newest battle ship! You . . . you are the upstart who is poking his nose into my affairs here in my refuge!"

He had bunched his fist and stood shaking it under my nose while I stood still, not moving a muscle.

"You insolent . . . you uncultured freak. It will not be you that carries the tale of my doings back to Nor! You can take the word of the Lord Sathanas for that!"

The miserable cur emphasized his last remark with a slap on the face that would have earned him death had I not been held in the grip of a watching control-ray. I kept silent. There was nothing for me to say. Sathanas ranted on.

"Centuries ago, you came to the Council Chambers on Nor and received more honors and recognition than all my labors have ever brought me. You rose steadily in power in the so-called government of Nor. And, as the final insult, you approach, no, you even eclipse the power of men three times your age!"

He was being carried away by his own thwarted ambitions. The more he raved, the more he became flecked with foam, like a stallion raced too hard. He was stomping back and forth in front of us. Every eye in the room was watching him, and it was only our little group that wasn't cowering at the sight and sound of his anger.

"But, my dear MUTAN MION! Your . . . luck . . . has . . . ended! You are in my power now—I, who am now the open enemy of all the base servants of the Nor Empire, and I will see that you die . . . slowly, painfully!" He threw back his head and laughed like a man gone mad. "Haw! and those so dainty hounds of our so high God-head—that thrice cursed Nor Patrol—will receive the complete sensation record of your death, with my compliments!"

That must have pleased him for he calmed down and smiled. "Ah ha, THAT should keep them somewhat less

hot on my trail, knowing the painful fate of the great Mion who unluckily caught up with me. Me . . . Sathanas!"

And he didn't mean to miss any nuance of sadistic pleasure. He pranced over to where Arl was standing, his black cloven hooves making the only sound in the room. She still was staring past him as he stroked the little black beard he affected.

His fevered eyes gazed up and down the glorious body of my beloved Arl and I swore to myself that if I were ever free I would tear those insulting eyes out with my own bare hands.

"Beautiful!" He nodded. "Mion, your Arl is a very valuable looking chunk of meat¹⁸.

At least, she will be valuable when my colleagues get finished with a few slight mental operations on her. No doubt you are familiar with the slight adjustments that we make on these lovely women's minds to enhance their value? No? That's a pity. And she is big, too. I'm sure there are some among the Nor men that will pay a pretty price to have such a sturdy plaything to take with them to the heavy planets. Perhaps I shall keep her here for my own use . . . for a little while, anyway. And, then, maybe I can reward one of the Jotun chiefs with her for certain favors that they have done me in the past.

¹⁸ MEAT: Cannibalism has been practiced for centuries in the now almost sterile caverns—dero eating tero, perhaps tero eating dero; both, it is suspected, capturing by means of the ancient "mech" (mechanism) surface people for food. They consider surface people merely a higher species of food-animal. Throughout the caverns, we of the surface are referred to, not as "surface" people, but "meat" people.

No doubt the European dero ate heartily beneath the concentration camps. We suspect that it was they who activated the Nazis guarding the camps to the abysmal depths of depravity to which they descended. For centuries, the dero have been doing the same things—and worse—though on a smaller scale.

The Jotuns were, no doubt, dealers in "meat" delicacies.—R. S. Shaver.

Mustering his courage, he reached up, and stripped Arl of the few garments that she wore, the better to inspect his new property.

"They say that Mion's Arl is one of the most expert manipulators of the 'stim' machines. Mmmm, I believe I know where such a woman of her size and ability with 'stim' would bring a fortune, and the size of a Ruler's ransom, too."

Evidently he was tired of merely taunting his captives without them saying anything, for he suddenly ordered, "Take them away!"

Obedying his command, the heavy ray that had held us captive was released and some of the ship's crew with small hand rays shackled us with them.

They didn't have them turned up to full power—they couldn't have, because all I could feel was a slight drag. As soon as I realized what was up—that I was free—I raced for the throat of the fiend now returning to his couch, hurling his sycophants and dancing girls to the right and left like a farmer sowing grain. Just as my fingers were about to clench about his neck, a beam from one of the ever watchful servitors struck me down at his feet, a contorted bundle of agony. The epilepto-ray¹⁹ that they used was the most painful known to Nor science—forbidden except for experimental laboratory work to discover a counter for it.

I rolled in tortured convulsions on the floor. Just as my last grip on consciousness slipped from my grasp, I saw my lady Arl folding like a wounded bird and something that she had tried to use as a weapon fell from her grasp . . . or was that blood!

¹⁹ EPILEPTO RAYS: The epilepto ray was originally intended for the use of the Elder Race's Police. By means of it, primitive tribes, wild animals, and even rioting or uncontrollable members of the race itself could be brought

under control, harmlessly.

However, as with all the ancient mechanisms, the Elder scientists continually improved them, and at times these improvements called for regulation by the Ruling Council to limit their use to

insure the general safety of the entire race.

Some of the epilepto ray projectors are still extant in the caverns here on Earth, and their use by the dero (degenerate humans) cause torment and paralysis to a lot of the surface people.

The ray itself, in action, contorts every muscle of the victim's body by means of an alternating current of synthetic pain-ray electric, the pulsations resulting in that spasmodic jerking so apparent in one suffering a so-called "epileptic" fit.—Author.

CHAPTER VIII

Under The Pain Ray

"Ooooooh, Mi . . . Mion . . ."

Hearing these moans and my name through a fuzzy humming in my ears, I tried to open my eyes and raise myself up. I couldn't. Then, gradually, with the return of consciousness, I realized that I was aching to the ends of my feet. I opened my eyes.

Above my head was the cause of that aching I felt. Now that I was awake and conscious, it wasn't just an ache, it was pain. There above my head was a slowly swinging pendulum, the end of which held a vari-pain ray lens and it was this sweeping motion of the ray that made me feel pain all over my body. I couldn't move from under it. I tried, but the crew of the *Satana* had too much practice with binding captives in chains for me to do more than tighten a few of the more uncomfortable ones around my wrist and ankles. I could move my head, and turning around I saw whence came the moans and my name. The brave Aesir were chained down alongside me. That was fiendish—chaining Earthmen in range of a pain ray that was nearly killing a fifty foot immortal member of the Elder Races²⁰.

²⁰ SIZE OF THE ELDER RACE: The authors suggest that anyone interested get a copy of Charles Fort's "Lo!" In Chapter Nine, he discusses the findings, BY PRESENT DAY HUMANS, of

the skeletons of huge creatures 40 to 65 feet in length. The conventional "scientific" explanation is that they are the skeletal remains of whales washed up on the shore. Fort refutes this sort of

They were moaning softly and I felt the tears come to my eyes with pride in these men that old Mother Mu could still produce. Men suffering agonizing torture and just barely moaning—the same as a young boy of, say, ten years being tortured on a crude Jotun rack without making a sound. They must be near crazy with the torment. I was myself. Sathanas, it seemed, did not intend to have his guests miss any of the dubious comforts that he could provide.

I figured that we must be some place in the lower hold of the Satana—no ports were visible, just the blank dull metal walls. There was something missing, though I couldn't decide exactly what.

ARL!

"Arl! Arl . . . where are you?" I called, thinking that perhaps she might be in the same cell as we, but placed so that I couldn't see her. That hope was destroyed when Tyr, sobbing with the pain he was suffering, said, "My Lord . . . ugh . . . they didn't bring her with us . . ."

"Tyr, what did they do with her?" My concern for Arl made me forget for a moment the awful torment, the horrible spasms of pain that dropped like blood from our bodies.

". . . I don't know . . . Lord Mion! Are we dying? This . . . pain . . . I can't stand it!"

illogic by pointing out that whales' skeletons do not have **BROAD HIP BONES**.

He also mentions a report from the **LONDON DAILY NEWS**. In it is recounted the dredging up of a large skull from the north of Scotland, of a size that the authorities claimed would fit an elephant, but it would have to have been a large one to boast eye-sockets a foot across. We suggest, for those interested in such research, that it **MIGHT** have

been the skull, preserved somehow (or, perhaps, fairly recently dispatched), but a skull, nevertheless, of one of the ancient Giants that built the caves beneath our world. (Excerpt is from the *Daily News*, June 6, 1908.)

If the eyes are a gauge of the full size of the completed skeleton, the creature (a member of the Elder Race?) would have to have been at least 40 feet tall.—
Author.

"Easy, friend Tyr," I tried to comfort him, "they will not keep this up until we die . . . they're too cruel for even that. This is just a sample of what we are in for. Courage, friends."

My beloved Arl . . . what had these accursed fiends done to her? How long had I lain in this cell unconscious? Sathanas had admitted some of the foul things he planned for my wife. Had he had time to carry out some of them?

I strained at the chains; I had to get free. I failed. And these poor Aesir warriors were near death with pain. Something had to be done. But what?

I had it. Hypnosis!

These men were of a lower mental calibre than myself, understandable when you realized that I had twenty centuries to develop while they had barely that many years. Hypnosis would serve two purposes—take their minds off the pain they were enduring and fill them with subconscious information that we might be able to use if the scales of Fortune fell in our direction.

I commenced to talk to them, soothing their pain as much as I could with my voice. It wasn't long until they were in that stage half way between total hypnosis and consciousness. That was the best I could do, considering that we were operating under extreme difficulties, being bound and continually swept with the vari-pain beam. From talking about them and their families to fix their interest, I had gradually worked the talk around to technical subjects. I wanted to teach them as much of space-manship as I could under the circumstances.

"At the mid-space-point between two attracting spatial bodies," I explained, beginning with the most elementary principles of interstellar astrogation, "lies a thin 'zone of neutralization'—a thin zone where all matter is weightless."

"We have heard you mention that before, Lord Mion," spoke one of the Aesir from his bed of artificial pain.

"Well, friends, that 'zone of neutralization' is important. It is the knowledge and the use of the peculiarities of the way all mass is inertially neutralized there that enables us to journey between the farthest stars."

"Why is that, Mion?"

"Because, starting a star trip anywhere else would be impossible. There would be too much mass to overcome. It would be impossible to achieve the needed acceleration quick enough."

The Aesir were doing their best to follow what I was telling them—but now they could only groan.

"It's like . . . like . . . the difference between jumping off the top branch of a bushy tree and jumping off a wall. In the one, drag at the start slows you down somewhat, whereas, in going off the wall, there is nothing to slow your acceleration. Do you see, friends?"

"Aye, Lord, we hear . . ." They struggled to suppress the shrieks that hammered at their lips for voice.

"Now, Warriors, listen carefully. It is there, in the 'zone of complete lack of weight' that all long, interstellar flights MUST begin . . . always remember to be very careful in pointing your ship on the exact course to your distant objective lest your course intersects another path where some object may lie that would destroy you in the event of a collision."

When they had indicated that they understood that, I continued.

"Poised motionless in the exact center of the 'zone,' and pointing in the correct direction, the ship is given full power of all the plates²¹ at once. Ordinarily, such instant appli-

²¹ DRIVER PLATES: In the two thousand years since Mutan's visit to Earth, the ships used by him have developed and adopted the drive plate instead of the gas jet drive. Both are rocket drives in principle, but different in de-

tail. The drive is an alloy metal that decomposes into a repellant electric flow very much like gravity in reverse. Things fall away from the plate when certain frequencies of dis-electric are applied to the plate. The resultant im-

cation of all the power at rest would kill all the ship's passengers, but at the EXACT center of the 'zone' ANY acceleration can be achieved without danger, depending upon the amount of power impetus."

Again they groaned acceptance of what I had said.

"When you give your ship full throttle as I've told you, it will instantly attain vast velocity depending on the power of your ship's plates and how carefully you balanced your ship in the center of the 'zone'. Keep applying power, and in a short time you will find yourself far beyond your starting point. Like a flash you will be in the region of the stars which are unfamiliar to you, traveling at a speed your Earth brains cannot comprehend. If you were watching a spacer accelerate from the 'zone', it would seem to you that the ship had vanished. No motion would be seen. It would be there one moment and disappear the next—disappear into nothingness. Such is the speed of ships that fly between the stars. Using this tremendous speed, you can fling yourself far beyond the light of this deadly, evil Sun and within the regions of space that the Elder Races, the Gods of the Aesir, have chosen as their dwelling place."

"Would not we humans be in danger from the wrath of our Gods for daring to come to them, Lord Mion?"

"No, my friends, once in the general area of the dark planets, you would soon be overtaken by some space patrol and, your intentions being understood, you would be helped in every way to find yourselves a home far from the deadly 'de', a home near those of the Gods. Have you understood?"

pulse is rendered useful by a reflecting material, opaque to the drive flow, on the side of the plate nearest the ship. Hence all the repellant flow is directed backward—giving a drive like a rocket in principle but very different in detail. This is the drive gen-

erally used in the ancient ships—though there are several distinct types of drives—and ships from widely separated civilizations lying about the caverns, still today existant, and in some cases still usable.—Author.

All four of the Aesir groaned their answer: "Aye, Lord Mion, we have understood . . . you . . . and will do as . . . you advise . . . if . . . there ever comes . . . the time when we are . . . free of the clutches of this Sathanas."

There were other things I explained to the Aesir, things like how the first light speed is achieved with a light impetus but as the interstellar space ships move into as much as fifty-speeds, the 'ether drag' increases on the order of one unit of drag to fifty units of light speed.

Thus, the required impetus needed to achieve one light speed is increased by one for each additional fifty light speeds. Actually, no body in the known cosmos is ever entirely weightless, but there are conditions where a given mass or body loses apparent weight to the point where its weight is negligible. The best place to achieve this condition of weightlessness is that area that I've told you about . . . the area between the world or other spatial bodies that we term the "zone of weightlessness."

I went on and on with my talking and explaining, more to keep from thinking than from any hope of teaching these long suffering friends over-much. The pain, or rather, the perception of the pain, had gradually increased almost to the point of madness for the victim. No doubt the fiends that served Sathanas were making a thought record of all our sensations and words as the master of this depraved vessel had promised to send to my friends in the Nor Patrol.

"Course must be plotted and ship poised exactly in the center of the zone . . ."

". . . hit such zones every time you pass between worlds . . . maintain acceleration . . ."

The pain never stopped . . . on and on . . . pain . . . waves of agony . . . some smooth strokes of torment . . .

"Use the devices that the builders have installed to determine the center . . . full throttle . . . trust instruments . . ."

Flashes of memory came and went in the delirium of

our fevered agony . . . what I said . . . gone . . .

The young Aesir had good minds though very little real education. I could not have taught them any mathematics, even had my hands been free to do so. It would be fortunate, indeed, if they remembered any of the facts of space navigation that I was trying to get across to them. I, myself, am not certain of all that I told them. The longer we were chained under the vari-pain ray, the more our minds slipped from our conscious control. A living body can stand only so much of nerve vibration.

This torment had been going on for hours . . . painful . . . moments of release when it reached the ends of its swings and then that laving with agony again.

It may have been days . . . or weeks . . . I don't know . . . just back and forth . . . pain.

CHAPTER IX

Seizing the Satana

As one will, under the 'der' influence of a sun that burns heavy metals and makes men's minds function in evil error, I had spent my time waiting for—what? Some silly pap to my vanity—a feather in my cap that would be mine had I captured this fellow Sathanas single-handed. And what had the 'der' sun led me to? Capture—and worse, torture for myself and my four valiant companions . . . and . . . the Gods of Space only know what horrible fate for my lovely Arl. True, I had some idea that Sathanas was not going to kill me—that would have been too merciful for his evil dero soul. No, he meant to prolong my torment to its last groan, preferably, hoping that it would take years for me to groan my last.

That was small consolation, knowing that he wasn't going to kill me. But, a human body can stand only so much. My companions had fainted long ago. I must have fainted several times myself. I was aware of several periods of consciousness. Perhaps that fiend was merely reviving me in order to see my huge frame collapse again in an effeminate faint that would have given him great pleasure, no doubt.

But, as I say, I revived the last time. And, from somewhere within me came rage—rage that lent my tortured body strength . . . strength that Vanue's marvelous nu-

trients²² had given me, over and above my natural inheritance.

Had Sathanas known all that Vanue knew about nutrient and beneficial rays, he probably would not have become what he was, but instead he would have grown into a wise and noble man. As it was, his men had failed fully to realize the tremendous power that had been grown into my limbs. I didn't know it myself until that final moment when my agonized body could take no more and with supreme rage and pain, a mighty roar issued from my straining throat and I heaved on the chains that held me strapped to the floor—heaved until I could feel the warm blood from my lacerated wrists.

There was a sight—a mighty fifty-foot God-man flat on his back, his head thrown hard against the floor, his back arched with the massive, bowed muscles that quivered with the last supreme, flayed effort for a futile final flail against its bonds. Suddenly, my cry of rage turned to one of joy—sheer animal joy. One of the chains had pulled loose from the moorings in the floor! A catlike smile lighted my face as I grasped the chain on my other arm and pulled with savage joy on that mere chain with both my massive

²² NUTRIENTS: These nutrients are based on the hydrogen ion flow in the body. Most of the electric by which the greatest electrical machine known (human body) operates is borne about the body as a charge upon a flow of hydrogen ions. The ancients had developed a method of superimposing upon the hydrogen ion charges of certain energy flows not electric as we know it. These were borne into the body upon rays, where they become a part of the charge upon the hydrogen ion flow within the body's batteries, and are there borne to all the functioning parts of the flesh to be

absorbed directly by the flesh. These rays—nutrient in nature—were formed directly from energy ash, the stuff of which all matter is formed. As well they had methods of ionizing and rendering absorbable by the body such nutrients as we call vitamins. These volatile essences of nutrient foods they ionized and introduced into the blood stream as "nutrient rays"—driven through the air by electric pressure and sometimes by super-sonic force. These ions were charged in a complementary way that made them attractable by the ordinary body electric charge.—Author.

arms. It came free!

With both arms unchained, it was the work of a moment to loose myself of the chains binding my feet and I stood up. Free! Free, for the first time in hours . . . or was it days? Released from my bonds, but not entirely free as I learned after a moment's thought. I still had to get out of this cell—but I was standing, and on my feet. I could fight now.

I stepped from under the vari-pain beam, and, at once, I disposed of that with one vicious swipe of my balled fist. Then, I set about freeing my unconscious companions. That was done in a moment.

The five of us were released from our bonds. The only thing between us and complete freedom was a metal door and the crew of this war vessel of Sathanas' fleet, perhaps some three or four hundred men of the approximate size of myself. Quite a formidable obstacle under normal circumstances, but, just out of my bonds as I was, it didn't seem unconquerable. There was something in being able to move one's limbs that make other difficulties seem of less importance and of no consequence.

After making certain that my four Aesir were still living and would soon snap out of their stupor, I tried the metal door. It seemed strong enough. Then I really put my strength to the handle and with an oath to the unknown gods of spacemen, I braced my legs against the wall and pulled. The sweat stood out on my brow, my muscles ached with the tremendous load, the calves of my legs were quivering with the awful strain—then, with a shriek of tortured metal, the lock tore out and the door flew open, flinging me to the floor with the sudden reaction. I sprawled on the deck, a very much surprised and bruised God.

When breath finally came back to me, I mumbled something about "Our friend Sathanas must have been too unwise in some of his remarks to our Nortan engineers for such a weak bit of equipment to be installed in a war-

ship . . . ha! Serves him right!"

It was true. There are no finer cratsmen anywhere in all the known cosmos, yet they are sometimes prone to strike back, thusly, for some slight insult—letting inferior work pass as O.K. Then, one day, the one that insulted will find his mech failing when he needs it most. It pays to be courteous and considerate with everyone, I have found in twenty centuries of ruling. It pays.

Where this monster ship was heading, I had no idea. I did have the idea that I didn't wish to go wherever it was going—it no doubt wouldn't have been healthy.

My reverie was interrupted by a moan. I looked to the Aesir who were beginning to stir themselves. Tyr was the first to come to, and with his help we soon had the other three on their feet and spoiling for a fight. We all wanted vengeance for that period under the vari-pain machine, and we meant to get it.

Out the door I went, the four Aesir stalking behind me, an eager light in their eyes and a look of supreme faith in my judgment and ability on their faces.

We rounded a curve in the companionway and nearly barged into a ray-post unannounced. At the controls of the huge space gun sat a big Angle in the uniform of Sathanas' service, on watch for some sign of the Nor Patrol.

"Let's take 'im!" I yelled, bounding forward at the same time, seizing the man's arms and twisting them back and up. The Aesir needed no second urging. They swarmed over the huge fellow, one of them standing on his lap and stuffing part of his coat in the Angle's mouth to smother any outcry.

"Get his weapons, Tyr!" I ordered.

Tyr was tugging at the warrior's weapon belt and it came free. I couldn't help laughing, even in so crucial a moment, at the startled look on the fellow's face. Evidently he had never expected this. The fellow's dis gun Tyr gave to Vol, then he pulled out his flame sword and finding it

too big, asked if I wanted it. I shook my head, "No, Tyr, it too small for me." He flung it aside.

"Come with me, my evil friend," I said to the fellow whose arms must have been hurting him for the way I had them twisted behind him. With my invitation, I pulled the big guy to his feet and propelled him along in front of me down the corridor.

Adjacent to the cargo compartment where we had lain I had noticed another empty cell. I hurled our captive into it and locked the door.

Vi, one of the Aesir, shot a penetrative ray through the door and we could see the big one struggling to his feet.

"Give him the epilepto-ray, Vi," I ordered.

Flicking a little lever on the barrel of the gun he held, the ray changed color slightly and we could see the poor dupe in the cell fall, writhing in pain, to the floor. Well, we had had a lot worse at their hands. When he stopped moving, we knew he was paralyzed for the next few hours.

I began to like these Aesir more and more. There is something in the way a fighting man operates that gladdens the heart of another warrior, and these Aesir had jumped to action with alacrity that would have done credit to the noblest of the Nor. And Tyr was the best of the four. There is nothing that can replace experience in battle, and they all had that and more. Tyr, though, was a companion that I would find myself reluctant to give up . . . quiet, but quick . . . reflective and slow of speech, but fast as a snake when necessity called. There are few like him, yet, according to the Nor medicoes, such men as Tyr are hopelessly infected with the evil of the sun and are not fit to bear the sons of future Nor citizens. Bah! Those medics are soft from easy living, say I. The Gods have their ailments, and an easy, too well provided life, with too little danger, is one of them. For myself, I am determined to go my own way in this question of retrieving the sons of man from the Sun-evil.

I looked about for a second, deciding what to do next—not so Tyr. When he had locked the Angle in the cell safely, he had sprung back to our captive's ray-post and had swung the weapon around so as to cover the inside of the ship, rendering the whole craft visible to the screens within the post.

Before it had occurred to my reputedly superior mind to do so, Tyr had activated the sleeper ray—one ray which he knew was invisible—and had put half the ship's crew to sleep with it. Then, I took Tyr's place at the ray's controls, which was probably unwise, and swept the ship clean of conscious life.

I returned the view beam to its former position, angling slightly ahead to watch for other ships, when I saw a black shape cruising beside our own.

Scanning three hundred sixty degrees around the ship, I counted fifty of Sathanas' ships which had joined him since we had been captured.

"Oh-oh! This is a different problem entirely." I spoke to no one in particular. "This is going to require some thought."

I made one last swift search of the inside of what was now our ship, trying to find a trace of Arl. I failed. I had time for nothing more, for even though we had the flagship of Sathanas' fleet in our hands, that ship was surrounded by fifty of the enemy loyal to Sathanas, and more than willing to dispose of any Nortans—one Mutan Mion in particular. We had to get our ship out of there before we were discovered or be shot like roosting pigeons. At any moment one of the ships alongside of us would throw a view ray into the Satana for some purpose or other and our little game would be all over. I had no doubt that instant death would be our fate in the event of discovery.

Tyr again took the ray while I raced forward to the control bridge. It would have been too complicated for any of the Aesir to navigate this ship, and, besides, most

of the weapons were too huge for anyone but the size of Arl or me. And where in the name of the Gods of Space was Arl?

Quickly I placed a mind control ray upon the ship's commander, one ugly fellow, Haltor by name. Standing him upon his feet by sheer strength of synthetic nerve-current command, I walked him toward the general televisor which was set to contact all of the ships of the fleet at once. I had him rasp out a few words as though in a great hurry at some sudden emergency.

"Commander Haltor to all ship commanders. Unforeseen emergency makes necessary a return to Earth for certain valuable material that was overlooked. The fleet will continue on its present course to destination. We will rejoin you as soon as we are able."

Not giving them time to question or to think about the orders, I swung the huge Satana in a short, tight arc that glued all of us to our seats under a half dozen gravities, and accelerated the ship on a return course. We were near a zone of weightlessness or the maneuver could not have been accomplished at the speed we were traveling. The High Commander Haltor I dropped unceremoniously to the deck where he resumed his interrupted slumber.

If I only had used that time of the return to Mu to everlastingly eliminate the 'great' Sathanas. But one's mind never functions correctly near Old Sol. One should figure out what to do, then do the opposite, when near this sun. I had decided to take Sathanas and his crew to Mu and leave them in the hands of the Aesir as a means of education for themselves. They could use the minds under tele-mach telaugs for a ready reference library of space travel and other needed information, and in a year or more be ready for a migration to a more beneficent energy field on some other planet. It was not a perfect solution to my problems, for Sathanas was not disposed of as the Nor Elders would have wished, but it did justice to the Aesir,

and at the same time made it unnecessary for me to stay an illegal length of time upon the Earth.

But some ray from the fleet had caught a glimpse of the sleepers who should not have been sleeping, in tumbled positions everywhere about the ship. As I accelerated full back upon the return trail, out behind me I could see the fleet winging sharply around to turn upon me. Now I was the hunted. I prayed for the sight of a Nor patrol ship, but nothing showed in any direction. The ships behind me formed a 'V' of pursuit—being the quarry, I had the unpleasant feeling the formation was a spear point poised at my back. I was nearly helpless, for the massive guns of the great ship were not built to be fired by small men, or a few men, and I myself had to stay at the ship's controls. But I could leave her under robot control while I left for a short time to swing the big guns of the turrets for the smaller Aesir to fire. This I did and ran up into the master turret and swung a huge dis-ray in a vicious circle at the trailing ships. They did not want too close a taste of this. It was probable that the whole fleet was so built that this one ship could dominate it, for Sathanas did have sense enough to know that the type of men he used would be the type of men apt to find a reason to turn upon any domination. But they did not drop the pursuit. I might have shaken off one ship by a series of swift accelerations and change of course at each flash into invisibility of light speed, but to lose fifty pursuers was too much to expect. Too, it is dangerous to try complete acceleration thusly, for one may have miscalculated the weight in the haste of battle, and the figures on the sheet, suddenly resolved into actual force in the driver plates, would smear us against the metal walls—just so much human hash. In full speed flight, such maneuvers can be suicide without full checking by several sharp minds for error.

The ship began to heat under the combined fire of the rays from the whole circle of pursuit. I had to do something

fast. The old hostage gag was in my mind, but would these pursuers care what happened to Sathanas, or would they seize the excuse to make me rid them of their master? Well, I would soon find out.

I sped into the sealed chamber which Sathanas used to bask in his special nutrient and stimulative pleasures. About him lay his women in sleep and upon a bed of spikes from which still coruscated the blue fire of synthetic pain, lay one of the women in torture. I had time to throw the switch on the pain juice, for no sleeper ray could have put that torture distended body to sleep. Now I understood Sathanas. He was an ordinary idiot like Ex-Elder Zeit, who must always be plaguing some poor devil to death. And no man can do much thinking if he is always busy torturing some unlucky mortal.

I drew the flame sword I had appropriated from one of the sleepers who was my size. Holding its point a little way from his breast, I gave his sleeping body a slight taste of its potent destructive power. He screamed into wakefulness. Such screams from a full grown man—a God almost. A bystander would have thought I hurt him. Maybe I did cause him pain at that—I hope so.

"Now, you overgrown hunk of diseased meat," I ordered him. "Will you call off that fleet or must I kill you?" I activated the telescreen beside the dais and upon it appeared the fleet, a great crescent of powerful shapes. "Step up and speak!"

Sathanas was suddenly reasonable. He stepped to the screen and showed himself. "It may be best for you to fall back away out of range, while the lord of Mandark under Van of Nor has time to discuss a little business with me. You can use the time to dispatch that little package of stuff on its way to the rendezvous. I can use it if it is safely there. I am a hostage and his terms must be understood."

The fire from the fleet ceased. It was none too soon, either. Probably they had supposed Sathanas was dead

as well as the crew. Although the hull was not pierced, many of the sleepers had died from the rays upon us. They dropped away from us swiftly. Soon they were but hovering dots upon the far ray-view horizon, hundreds of miles astern. I kept the televisor upon the fleet. There was little discussion among them. They were just awaiting my next move. One ship moved off from the fleet and returned again upon the course we had just traveled along. Quickly I learned the reason for this action. Putting the question into the mind of one of the officers of the distant fleet, I was struck dumb by his answer, automatic and unconscious as I knew the thought was to him. I couldn't believe it. The mystery of our fruitless search for Arl aboard ship suddenly became clear to me. The answer in the man's mind was: "The ship is taking the great bodied queen of the giant Mutan Mion, beautiful Arl, to the place where women are made into love machines and automatons of the pleasure science. She will be a valuable stim operator after her will is removed and the will to pleasure only placed in her. Her beauty will be much sought after by the great ones. I wish I was getting the money someone will get for her from the dark ones of the evil palace of pleasure science."

Arl! It couldn't be another. And she was being taken from me. While I was still digesting the horrible facts, the ship disappeared.

CHAPTER X

A Satanic Hostage

I looked at Sathanas' face as he heard me read the man's thought over the distance telaug beam. He leered his sardonic and famous smile which he used only when he counted coup over some enemy. I juiced him a little with the flame sword and he sank half dead at my feet. I had lost all sympathy for the romance of evil as personified by Sathanas. He cost too much to have around. Arl was lost to me forever, unless I regained her soon, for a woman's soul cannot be replaced in her body once it is removed from her mind. I might get Arl back, but it did not look as though she would be anything but a smiling automaton to my wishes—a woman without volition or real thought. Well, I would regain her, anyway. Some Arl would be better than no Arl. I said as much to Sathanas: "So you prefer your woman in the condition in which you are putting my Arl. Yet, you do me the favor of doing the same thing to my Arl who was always too self-willed for my comfort. You have done me a favor, Sathanas, for which I will show my gratitude in due time. Meanwhile, stop that leering. I don't like it. A flame sword is a weapon that throws off a red flaming beam of destructive ions in any direction it is pointed," I explained to his agonized face, "and just now it is pointed at you, so don't try being so very clever. Even a God's patience can be exhausted by a fool's asinine facial expression." Sathanas altered his leering.

Meanwhile I had a problem on my hands. There was nothing I could do about Arl except try to heal her again

once I got her back. The hovering fleet was just awaiting my next move. So was I. I had to keep Sathanas in my hands. I dosed him with sleeper beams to quiet the contortions of his face, then I turned toward the ship's controls keeping us headed for Mu. I didn't use any more speed. In his present state, Sathanas was no gift for the Aesir, and I had the fleet hot on my heels. I sat down to think.

At last it struck me! My ship, the Darkome, was the answer. It lay where I had left it, if the crew had followed my orders. I could not try to contact the Nor patrol by radio from the Satana, as the wave lengths of the apparatus were known and watched by the pursuing fleet. To try this would only invite attack by Sathanas' ships. Their allegiance to their master would not be so great that they would wait quietly by while I called the whole strength of vast Nor down upon them. I knew that it was only because I had not attempted this that they did not continue their attack in spite of my threat upon their master's life. But, if I could set a course near enough to the Darkome, if the crew of the waiting ship were on the alert and saw the whole string of enemy ships course overhead, and if none of the ships of Sathanas' saw the dark shape of the Darkome in the shadows of the rocks of the moon's surface, if all these things worked out correctly, then the Darkome would contact the Nor patrol over our secret wave lengths and the fleet behind us couldn't possibly have the slightest idea of any strategy.

If the Darkome lay where I had placed her, well under the shadow of a mighty meteor crater's wall, it was possible that the fleet could pass overhead without detecting her presence—unless the crew had placed a light for my guidance. That worried me—but I had given orders not to do so. The ordinary space radio is on a wave length known to everyone, but for secret communication the radio panel of Nor war ships contained several switches for different types of messages, and the radio, after such switches

were thrown, operated on a wave length known to none but the construction men on the home planet. The receivers were also set up in the same manner so that secret messages could be heard only by commanders of ships of the intelligence branch according to which switch was set for the broadcast. Too, directional beam transmission cut down the chance of the message being intercepted by the Satanists. It might work. I stepped on the plate dis-flow button, my speed shot up to an uncomfortable acceleration. We shot past the moon, right over the Darkome's position. Whether she lay where I last left her or had gone in search of me, I could not tell. The place was all in the dark shadow of the mountains of the moon. I could not drop a beam to her without betraying her position. If she lay there, and if the fleet behind me failed to observe her, the chances were good that Nor ships would soon be coming toward our position at a good hundred light speeds. The men of the Darkome would hardly miss the sight and thunder of our drivers overhead. This was my only chance for escape from this Arch-fiend whose power over me still held, though he lay nearly dead at my feet.

Now, my problems were multiplied. First, I had to complete the capture and death of Sathanas. Second, I had to rescue my Arl from a secret stronghold of sin, the location of which I hadn't the faintest idea. Third, I had to turn over a brain to the Aesir for them to use to escape the sun-age death which I had sworn would not consume them. To stop me were the fifty great ships of war waiting impatiently overhead for me to conclude my conference with Sathanas and release him and his ship. It was ridiculous of them but they apparently expected me to strike a bargain with Sathanas and to take his word for a contract while I went about my business. Such is evil thought—ridiculous upon analysis. It was obvious to me that there was no way for me to release Sathanas from my hands except by death. I couldn't trust his word in the slightest; yet, to a logical man,

there was no other thing that fleet was waiting for. Then they could come flaming in with all rays blasting. Some of them would have died. But certainly so would have the Satana and myself and her master gone up with her. What was I supposed to do with him—in their minds? I can never understand evil.

Why didn't they give the ship a flood of sleeper ray? Because we would have gone spinning down to Earth and not one of them could have stopped our fall, for the weight of the great ship was too much for their cargo magnetic grapple rays. The truth was that they were just waiting and so was I. Well, I had more to wait for than they, but they didn't know it. It is possible, too, that they thought me fool enough to trust the word of their master to release me and to restore Arl in return for his life.

Why didn't I kill him? I thought I might have to reenact the threat scene with the flame sword at his breast over the television to convince them I still meant business, and while that possibility existed, keeping him alive was a good investment.

I could not land the ship on Mu, for if a sleeper beam was used on the whole ship, Sathanas and I would have been taken alive.

I hung the ship on her driver beams' balance at fifty miles over the rocks and waited. But, I kept my hand on the controls in such a way that should a sleeper beam drop me unconscious, the ship would drop with me. We waited while I kept up a running fire of conversation with the now awakened Sathanas. Quickly I figured out these angles and awakened him as I saw my safety lay in pretending to dicker with him for some understanding. The fool believed me and was promising to set me off at Quanto, a base that was safe for him to approach, not being heavily defended, and leave me there after he had returned Arl to me. He assured me that the place where she had been sent was not far away. But, I knew as well as I know Arl's face,

that he was lying. I did not have to look at the telaug needles to see the false needle vibrating in the red zone of der thought. No truth ever comes out of a man when he is in der, and all of Sathanas' thoughts were full of der—I knew that quite well. Yet, the man could live and other men could follow him. Why won't men study the lessons provided them to help them over the ever present opposition of dero which they are continually warned against? I can tell you—they are another kind of errant—a mentally blinded errant who cannot see because they will not look. Why don't they look? Because the der is in their will, too. How could Nor men have a der will when it is checked for continually? Because Sathanas, whose defection was hidden from the medicos by his doting family, had put the der will in them himself with cleverly contrived de-stim rays. After they had been fully infected with the deadly radio-activity, they had been ripe for his plans. How could Sathanas know so much about der as to use it on his own men to make them tractable to his will, and yet not understand the need for removing the radio-active material from his mind that caused his own err. Because Sathanas was mad, and a madman is not logical. 'Der' is a good thing to understand and I had studied it a long time.

Hanging there above old Mu, my four Aesir friends waiting with glum faces, I felt like a fly hung up in a spider web. But, somehow I knew that the wasp was coming for these spiders. Standing at the controls, I would doze for an instant, and the great Satana would start her long deadly plunge to the surface of Earth. The sudden drop would awaken me, or the Aesir would shake me awake and I would bring the ship back to its former position. Still faintly dotting the far ray-view horizon lay the fleet of the Satanists watching their master's ship. Sooner or later they would figure out that there was nothing to wait for, and would speed off, for there was no other choice left to them. They could do him no good now, for his fate

was in my hands. As this became clear to their officers, one by one they deserted the vigil, flashing out of sight into immense speed to . . . to where? I wish I knew. Some of them would be smoked out in a hurry once I got my hands on the Darkome again.

At last I saw what I was waiting for—the Dread-Nors of the Nor Patrol suddenly swooping out of the invisibility of light speed into the visible ranges of movement as they braked their flight between the Moon and Earth where braking could be done without danger from weight's inertia. It can seem like magic—this speeding from weightless point of space to weightless point at the speed of many light velocities. One instant you are here, and the next your ship has arrived . . . if the automatic ultrafast relays have tripped your drive and brake rockets correctly. If they fail, you would not live to talk about it. It is delicate stuff to plot such courses—to handle shiploads of men whose lives hang on their hair-breath of mental coordination necessary to set all the instruments aright before you take your course. To avoid disastrous inertia at start and stop is a feat, indeed.

Instantly, the patrol went into action. A moment before, the sky had been completely empty, then, suddenly, the Nor-ships appeared—guns blasting at the Satanists, like ships coming from the fourth dimension of ultra-speed into the three dimensions of visible speeds. One by one the ships of Satan's fleet dropped blazing into the seas of Earth. I grinned down at the semi-conscious Sathanas. "It seems that I win, O Lord of Foolishness and Evil, who turns on better men than himself who have done him no wrong. Soon your fleet will be no more. What do you think they will do with you?"

I gave his head a little ben-ray so that he would be able to answer me and be able to realize and suffer from the realization of his position. His answer was a snarl of hatred. "You may have won this time, but there will come

another day, Mutan Mion."

"If I know my Nor leaders, there will be no other day. However, you can win my support if you tell me where they have taken Arl. I will claim you as my captive and make sure that you live if you tell me where I can find my beloved."

Sathanas, as I had known he would, caved in immediately and told me the position of the pleasure science center where Arl had been taken. Although he had probably sworn a dozen mighty and terrible oaths not to reveal to Nor men any detail of the place, he did so at the first sign that it might be of value in saving his life. And like all evil men, he expected me to keep my word to one who would betray a trust without any provocation. Why? Because he knew my reputation as a man who keeps his word. Well, to keep that reputation, which at times has a great value, I would keep my word to the Arch-fiend. I would save him and turn him over to the Aesir as a walking map of the heavens where his evil life would at least find a use—a real use in making Gods and immortals out of worthy mortals.

As I wrote down the position of the place Sathanas described, I qualified my promise to him. "However, I promise that you will never again lead men to death . . . you are through with power."

The remaining ships of the Satanists' fleet raised the signal of surrender and were herded in beside our own floating giant which had hoisted the white flag as the first blast of power from a Nor driver was seen on the detectors. In less time than it takes to tell, the Satana was swarming with clean cut men in the smart, glittering uniforms of the Nor Patrol—efficiency and law backed up by cool shiny dis guns, and ordered in clipped stern voices.

The Satanists never had a chance once their position we known. And well they knew it, too. I was never so glad to see anyone as that sharpfaced young officer who

boarded us and cheerfully rubbed my position in to me. I showed him the mighty Sathanas coiled up in an agonized heap of epilepto-ray-charge, for I had no desire of a reputation for softness among the patrol man, and had dosed him with epilepto-ray as they drew alongside. His smile of triumph was very warm and pleasant. He fully understood the predicament he had rescued me from and I knew that he never intended to forget this episode. "How Mion got hold of the devil and couldn't let go . . ." was the story I would hear many times before I moved on to the heavy planets.

"Opportune, our arrival, wasn't it, sir? You are the Earthman, Mutan Mion of Nor, now of Van of Nor? Yes, I know much of you, but I have never had the pleasure of meeting you."

I shook his hand, not minding the implied sarcasm. "Yes, you saved me from a nasty situation. I was captured by the big fellow as I returned from a trip to Earth. We managed to take the ship from his crew just as this fleet showed up to the rendezvous here. We were safe because we still held Sathanas alive, but how to let go—how to get away from that bunch of armored battlewagons, I couldn't figure."

"Well, I guess it's all over now. We have only to take his nibs back to Nor and turn him and his remaining followers in." The young officer's face was greatly relieved that there was no more trouble in this affair for him. But I dashed his hopes.

"That's not entirely true, my friend. A few hours ago he sent my Lady Arl to a place that is called the "Pleasure Science Center." She is to be the victim of a mind degrading operation, and afterward is to be sold as a slave to some commercial pleasure palace of the illegal type. Much of Sathanas' business was of this pandering kind and we are apt to find many a maid of Nor there who has been or will be changed into the sort of animal Sathanas pre-

fers around him. We have no choice but to attack the place, however far or however strong it may be, according to the oath we swear when we take service under the Nor flag. Remember the words: 'To uphold the honor of Nortan womanhood at the expense even of our life or reason—to risk all dangers for the sake of extending the rule of reason through all space . . .'

"I did not know, Lord Mion. The businesses of Sathanas are much larger than Sathanas, that I do know. But of the Lady Arl or of any other Nor maidens who are in their hands, I did not know. Where is this place they have sent her? We must prepare an attack, of course, but that is something we must not rush headlong into. We know little about the strength of these illegal cults. They have only been uncovered among the Nor since the exposure of Sathanas."

"There is no time for the usual procedure of preparation for war. They will start work on Arl at once after she arrives. I don't intend to wait for that to happen. I have the position of the place. To get this, I bargained with Sathanas, promising him his life for the information. If he has lied, he dies. He is going to accompany me so that I may read his mind en route and learn all he knows of the thing. Whether or not you and the ships under your command accompany me is up to you or your superior officer at the base. The Darkome is under my command and the Darkome leaves at once to rescue Arl from the place called the Center of the Science of Pleasure. Its true name is more correctly the Place of Evil Lust, or it should be. Sathanas' ship and his own ugly self are both mine by right of capture, according to the Code of Nor. So, I have two ships to fling at this focus of evil."

"Where is the place?" asked the young commander— young to me, meaning he was but a century or two my junior. He was my senior in the patrol, but I was not under his command. In the Nor Military Organization,

a man is responsible only to those officers who are designated over him, that is, I could be overruled by him only after he reported to my superiors.

"It lies on the rim of the light of Fomalhaut, twenty some light years from this spot. Fomalhaut, itself, can be reached in four days accelerating from the zone of weightlessness between Saturn and Jupiter—in this system, Saturn and Jupiter are the sixth and fifth planets from the sun, respectively. At steady acceleration, we should reach fourteen hundred light speeds in a few hours. It is unwise to accelerate to a greater rate for such a short trip, so it will take us four days."

"Four days seems like a lot of time for even a short trip like this one," countered the young commander.

"Under normal circumstances that would be true, but I want to decelerate out of the ultra speeds near the sub-planet Pandral—but not too near. That's what will take the time."

"Pandral, Lord Mion? I can't recall ever having heard of it before."

"Neither had I until I read Sathanas' mind—but that is where these fiends have taken the Lady Arl—and that's where I am determined to go—alone, if need be."

"You will not have to go alone, Lord Mion—but, first, let us take another look at Sathanas' brain. If the place looks vulnerable, we will chance it. If not, we will report the place—and then scout it for the arrival of a real battle force."

I shook the man's hand. He was not over-cautious or too subservient to ritual—the only mark of evil that one can find in the clean race of the Nor. He was a man. We set the course at once and blasted off into the ultra speed that is used on such journeys. Some eighty light speeds we attained at one jolt from the center of no-weight between Moon and Earth. I set the pursuit needle to seek out the trail of the ship that had borne Arl away to her 'life of

pleasure' as these fiends ironically called condemning a human to a mindless life of slavery to evil desire. With another set of blasts from the ro-pilot as we passed between Saturn and Jupiter, we attained fourteen hundred light speeds—all that we required.

Then we put the telaug on Sathanas' mind and sat down to the job of examining every picture it contained that in any way related to our objective and the force that defended its evil existence. There was a great deal to know—to learn, we found. For many centuries this place—its true name was Pandral—had been in the business of manufacturing and peddling slaves for the Hell-holes of the rims of the Nor Empire. Like every great empire, Nor's sway extended only so far, and where her authority stopped, there lived her parasites, those who pandered to the thoughtless sybarites of the Empire who sought outside Nor what could not be obtained where her law prevailed. The very absoluteness and thoroughness of Nor police work gave them their opportunity, for those thirsts of evil origin could not be quenched in Nor, but those who thirst will drink some way, and so Normen themselves supported their worst enemies—just as they do in less intelligent worlds.

CHAPTER XI

Plot Against Pandral

Pandral was a planetoid about two thousand miles in diameter. To the eye, it was a lifeless ball, but so are all Nor planets and planetoids. There is not much use in their concealment, and the modern Nor are dropping the custom, but the ancient precaution of concealing all surface work to cut down the value of enemy observation from the exterior still exists, though there are few enemies for Nor to worry over any more. Within, Pandral was an exquisitely designed pleasure palace—all two thousand miles of it—honeycombed with the chambers that the life science of Nor knows so well how to build—honeycombed with the caverns of our Ancient Race as is Mother Mu. Within these vast chambers where all imaginable conditions of life are reproduced, life was studied, not for what value could be made of it, but for what could be made from it for profit—what attractions could be created which the nature of man would be unable to resist. This creation of bait for the sucker was the prime purpose of Pandral's existence. They did not create pleasure for itself; they created lures on which the rich fish would inevitably bite. Once hooked, the fish was exposed to their blackmail which was the source of their profit. He had no way of retaliating for fear of exposure to the Nor police system, and so Pandral extracted a great part of the income from the pockets of the weaker great of Nor. This process of milking Nor had gone on so long that it was practically taken for granted as not really evil but a natural result of the

existence of fools with money in their pockets—and no prosperous nation can avoid creating bulging pockets—even those of fools. But, the true evil of Pandral was very carefully hidden beneath a vast network of subtle propaganda and more sinister fear of their strength which kept those mouths closed which might have remedied the evil. This was the cover which hid the business of creating those creatures which Sathanas had so great a taste for—those without minds except in the pursuit of pleasure. Well, be that as it may, we knew what Pandral was, but did nothing about it for the reason that they were very careful about whom they hurt and had so far managed to avoid antagonizing anyone strong enough to trim their spreading power. It was high time, I realized, that more was known of these dives which grew so prolifically about the far spread boundaries of the Nor Empire. Again I was struck by a thing I can never understand—how can great minds make such fearful mistakes? Here was Nor, with the greatest minds of space at her helm, surrounded by festering evil which she apparently did not even know existed. But, then, did I know those minds I so firmly believed in? No. I only believed in them because I knew a few such minds as the Princess Vanue's. Again I was struck with my own ignorance in not realizing that even Nor had her ailments, and that this ailment must be chalked up to failure in her upper strata.

Pandral was well defended, in Sathanas' mind, both by ships and fixed batteries of rays far too powerful for any strength we had on our handful of ships—not quite two hundred powerful battlewagons, true, but no match for the strength we saw built into the stones of Pandral. We could not take the place by storm; we must take it by a strategem.

I had a ready means of entry in the person of Sathanas who was known there. If I could retain control over him when I got within their ray—that was the problem. It

would not be pleasant to be exposed by Sathanas within the power of Pandral's forces, for their fear of Nor would make our demise swift.

Using Sathanas' mind for continual reference, I disguised myself as a certain friend of his, Profir, by name, who had been killed in the action. He was about my size and fair, but we worked on the disguise carefully to make it correspond with Sathanas' mental images. Then, we dressed Sathanas' locks with care, crowning our handiwork with a golden circlet, studded with gems, within which was a powerful little mental radio which kept the commands from my own telaug imposed upon his thought in such strength that there was no danger of his using his own will. My telaug and control device were concealed in a great metal studded belt I wore, from which hung a flame sword and a powerful dissociator pistol ray. More weapons would have disclosed our purpose. I counted on their familiarity with Sathanas. Making up a party of twenty, which was about the number usually in Sathanas' parties on his visits here, we readied the Satana for a close look from examining ray. The crew was dressed in the uniforms of the captive crew, and carefully prepared mentally by hypnosis for their part as men whose allegiance was Sathanas'. However, a certain device was readied for general energy flows which would be released by me if at any time I needed their full minds for combat. When everything was ready, the Satana shot off to enter the watching ray beams of the pirate stronghold. If all went well, it would be the last time a ship would enter that place of mutilation. No more would minds of immortals be changed into the tools of fools. If I could hit that hole at all, I would not cease until it was a cinder floating in space, empty of life.

The place we entered had the reputation among those who frequented the illegal dens as the most glamorous and the most dangerous of them all. We entered, the huge form of Sathanas in the lead and myself towering a little higher

just behind him. The twenty stout fellows took up positions behind us where any attack could be shot at without interfering with each other. Thus protected at the back, we advanced down the tremendous hall. I knew that the people who ruled this place would not be glad to see Sathanas, knowing of his flight from the Nor Patrol. It was obvious that they welcomed anyone who was outside the law as a matter of general practice—and so, they could hardly refuse the great Sathanas—one of the biggest gears in this machinery of space-wide vice.

An obsequious female prostrated herself before us.

"My Lords, may I bid you welcome?"

With a sneer, and in his typically ungracious manner, Sathanas spoke:

"We will speak with 'the Boss', My Lord Harald."

It didn't sound like he held much respect or affection for this Harald—the way his voice dripped when he spoke his name. I, meanwhile, held my fingers tightly crossed under my cape, hoping that we were going through the usual Sathanas routine. Otherwise our little game would soon be terminated—perhaps fatally.

I sensed that something was going wrong and I'd better find out what it was and soon. I focused my telaug on the poor wretch who now was standing, puzzled before us. In her mind was bewilderment that the great Lord Sathanas hadn't gone at once to the chambers always held in readiness for the master of the Satana.

I made Sathanas speak: "Take me and my men to our rooms."

Again that wonder that Sathanas wasn't following his usual practice, but she obeyed.

"Will my Lords follow me," she offered as she led the way out of the hall that we were in.

"Damn!" I thought, "how had I missed that entrance in Sathanas' mind?" I thought that I had covered everything when I read his thoughts about this place. I didn't

know—or see—that he always met the big shot in the same place; in the same rooms.

True, I did know where the rooms were—but I wanted the girl to lead the way. She had wondered about things that, if somebody here in this palace had read in her mind, would have roused suspicion. We were in dangerous enough territory without having anything that we could cover give us away. This first step of ours had been a slip. I prayed to the gods of space for no more mistakes—another one might prove fatal.

One thing I knew. If it were usual for Sathanas to meet the Boss of this glorified den in some of the rooms in the immediate vicinity, then I could keep the girl who brought us here with us without arousing any suspicion—keep her here where we could watch that she didn't repeat those thoughts of wonder that could have ruined our little plan.

So, as she showed us into a large chamber off the great hall, I grasped her arm.

"Little Dark Flower, stay with us. We have been far and your smile is pleasant. Will you dance for us?"

The poor creature looked up into my eyes with her's wet with gratitude that someone had noticed her among all the beautiful women from a score of strange planets. She was a pretty thing, about half my own height, alive with the lush dark beauty of the women from Bohan. Her natural charms had been enhanced and stimulated with the life influence that had been grown in her making her an instrument for men's pleasure.

She couldn't speak for the rare pleasure of being noticed, but I read her thoughts. Again wonder.

'A kind face among Sathanas' friends? Now, perhaps, I shall get a little stim. Everyone around here is so tight with me. They begrudge even the breath I draw.'

She glanced at me, and at my reassuring nod she pressed a wall stud that flooded the room with a strong

vibrant ray of intense pleasure. Her face relaxed under it like one denied something a long time and then receiving it in abundance . . . something that was like the breath of life itself to her. I realized that stim replaced natural love with these maltreated creatures, that she loved those who gave her stim and had no emotions otherwise. Swiftly she shed her uniform, and donned a few slight spangles from a closet of female trappings in the wall. Then, adjusting a spot of stim ray, she placed it in my hand, telling me to keep it on her. I turned it up to full power, and her body writhed slowly, hands outstretched, as she warmed herself beautifully at the spot ray in my hands, begged and begged with her motions for a little indulgence, a little kindness. She was a master of the art of expressing her thoughts with her motions, and knowing her thoughts, I interpreted her motions correctly. Well, if I had my way, freedom or death would be her lot before long.

The rest of the party sprawled about the chamber on the rich divans, and bawled at the attendants for drinks and women, just as we had seen Sathanas' followers do in Sathanas' mental images. Soon they were well supplied with diversion. Before each of them writhed a dancer and on each side of them nestled a beauty amorously inclined. Music was supplied by a half dozen Amero youths, a race whose talent for music is superior to that of most races, and whose talent in other directions is singularly lacking. They are much used in their present capacity—unintrusive musical accompaniment.

The party was really moving along at a deceptive pace when the gentleman we had come across vast stellar space to see appeared.

A well concealed door at the rear of the chamber that we were in, opened, and, like a huge lumbering mammoth from the swamps of Mu, the Chief himself ambled through. He was dressed as we formerly decked out the mammoths of Mu for the annual games in which the Titans delighted.

This portly creature was of some unguessable racial origin—horned like a Titan, but as fat and as ungainly corpulent as a hippopotamus. He was as tall as I am, but I'll wager that he was thrice my weight. The fingers of the fat, pudgy hands swelled around many gaudy rings that his vain nature fancied. Reflecting the falsity and affectation of the many rings were his little gimlet eyes, sparkling with a sickly, unholy gleam through the generous folds of his too pig-like face. Pig eyes with the hidden, treacherous cunning of a fox somehow apparent within them. It had been many a year since I last slaughtered pigs on one of my estates on Mandark—but one look at this—this overstuffed imitation of a man, and my fingers itched to see a blade in my hand spread the fat folds of flesh on that accursed neck and send him to whatever lies beyond . . .

His name I knew from reading the mind of Sathanas. It was, unappropriately enough, Harald. He had no official tie with any government, though there were probably many that would have given a lot to get him if they knew that it was he that was the master mind behind this space-wide slave ring. Here, on his little unsavory ball of matter that polluted the reaches of space, he was known as the "Ruler of Pandral, Sir Harald".

Out of the mouth of Sathanas came the words that I willed him to say, though I nearly choked on the thought:

"Greetings, Sir Harald," spoke the voice of Sathanas as he stood up and approached the gross body of Harald, now seating himself in the best pile of cushions as gracefully as a space freighter settling to a port with half its lifters gone.

"Ugh . . . ugh . . ." the fat frog croaked.

"Sir Harald," Sathanas continued, "I have several matters that I wish to talk over with your Grace."

"His Grace" paused in his stuffing his fat mouth with some delicacy or another, to deign to raise an eyebrow and question, "Oh . . . yes?"

"The price of the little morsel that I sent you . . . the Lady Arl." I made Sathanas rub his hands as he would have, no doubt, if he were acting on his own volition.

"And the other matters?"

I thought to myself at this, 'The old buzzard can talk then, if it interests him.'

"The other matter," said Sathanas, answering Harald's question, "is our future plans, now that I am no longer numbered among the pillars of virtue of Nortan society."

As the Ruler of Pandral rearranged the folds of his crimson silken garments around him before continuing the talk with me, or as he thought, with Sathanas, Sathanas had to move as my mind ordered. There was this bloated thing before us, a thing that should not be insultingly alive and moving where we could see him.

The other parts of the plot were moving as we had planned. While Sathanas and Harald were talking, the rest of the men were disporting themselves with Harald's slaves. Some of them were feigning drunkenness and others merely were acting half drunk—making a clumsy attempt to dance and cavort with the girls they had chosen.

Two of the latter, among the biggest in our crew, managed to dance with their prizes behind the spot where sat Sathanas, Harald, and myself, presumably Sathanas' second in command.

So smoothly and quickly that the others in the room weren't aware of what was happening, our two suddenly stopped dancing and in a trice had the obese Harald, as he began to answer me in their iron embrace, and a circlet exactly like the one encircling Sathanas' head was clapped upon his head. Instantly he relaxed, his will now was overpowered by a flood of synthetic nerve impulse from a teleradio within the belt of my lieutenant. Sir Harald was now a servant of a brain not his own. No impulse his brain could generate would be powerful enough to overrule the steady flow of power from an instrument ruled by

another mind.

"Can you read him?" I asked Tyron, my lieutenant.

"Easily," he answered.

"Ask him what would be the thing he would do ordinarily when he left this apartment, if nothing had occurred."

"He would have gone directly to his own apartments to think over his talk with Sathanas and decide what was best to do. Then he would return to this chamber to tell Sathanas what he had decided."

"Did he ever take Sathanas to these apartments?"

"Never," answered Tyron. This had happened so quickly that only two of the attendant sirens had noticed the brief contact which had resulted in Harald's loss of control. Those were suddenly overcome by a sudden inexplicable drunkenness emanating from a tiny gun in my sleeve. I examined the rest of the poor fair heads to see if they realized what had occurred, but the only two who had seen were those who were dancing with our two champions who had slipped the circlet on Harald's head.

The situation, Tyron went on to explain, necessitated that we go to Harald's apartments for they were filled with apparatus which controlled the whole stronghold. I thought it best to dismiss the rest of the heterae before they overheard the strong mental conversation we were carrying on without their knowing it.

"We'll have to risk it. Whether or not it is the customary thing to do, we're going to his apartments."

Sending Sathanas and Harald ahead, we strolled out of the chambers. Working the two controls, the obese Harold and Sathanas were engaged in animated conversation. Tyron and I came next. Behind us, the rest of the party casually strolled fanwise as before. After all, Harald had placed himself in our hands. It should not look unusual except to those whom we should meet within the ruler's private nest.

Nothing happened. Step after step, each seeming an

age, and still nothing happened. We neared the ornate arch leading to Harald's private sanctum; nothing barred our way, no ray swept over us in revealing inquiry. Would one of their rays reveal the control I held over Harold and Sathanas or would it pass over, seeing nothing? The next few minutes would tell. It could be seen by alert men trained in the type of work to which we were accustomed, but did the outlaws have men trained as we were, or were they men who had picked up their training hit or miss? But, these were not the thoughts to think and I brushed them aside and filled my mind with visions of the choice beauties Harald was to show us for our entertainment during our stay here—of all the varied stim experiences which were to fill my days here—of all the delectable pleasures I was going to sample. With anything but the truth I filled my mind's images.

Then we were in the luxurious lounges of the rich pirate's suite of rooms. The armed guards looked us over curiously. I made Sathanas talk: "I must see these new mechanisms for the conversion of character you have built. I must see their results in the living person, for I intend to buy a great many of them. I am building anew in a secret place."

My lieutenant made Harald answer: "Yes, you shall see many new things we have devised for the entertainment of the customers or victims, whichever they happen to be. We have created several new character types—several different fixed-idea mentalities which are extremely appealing to the desirous male."

Then it happened. The women there who were Harald's things noticed the circlet. Stupidly they called attention to it, asking among themselves, "What is that new head ornament Harald is wearing? I have never seen it before."

One of the guards heard the women's chatter and glanced at Harald's head. Noting that Sathanas wore the same kind of head circlet, the truth flashed into his mind

as he looked at the rest of us and saw the space bronzed iron of the patrol warriors, the sharp, undissipated eyes, the clean, healthy flesh, not one soft, self-indulgent character among them. The incongruity of our health and intent gave us away to the man. He saw it all too plainly.

I shot him as he raised his voice to shout a warning. In an instant the rooms filled with a criss-cross of dissociator beams and the long flames of power swords reached at us from the rooms beyond. At the first bolt, we flung ourselves to the floor. The fire lasted but a minute, and the rooms were clear. Several of my men lay dead. As far as I could tell, the guards who had been there were also dead. I raced toward the inner rooms where the banks of control mech lay. I knew the whole stronghold could be ruled from these banks of instruments. I had carefully examined Harald's brain for the methods behind the mech that lay here. I reached the great permalloy door as it was almost swung to, and crashed my shoulder into it. Someone screamed beyond and the door opened. A man of small stature lay sprawled inert across the room where my charge had flung him. There were a half dozen in the room—females—aging creatures, too. Why age? I did not stop to ask, perhaps they were dupes of Harald's who had gained their allegiance with some promise of treatment.

They sat at the great multi-vision screens watching the life of the place for any untoward activity. How they missed our own was easy to explain. One man can't see everything, and we had not given them time to see much. I herded them into a corner and swiftly disarmed them. Now for the last bit of trickery. If it failed, I probably would die here before the place could be taken by the waiting battle fleet. I called Harald and his controller into the room full of mech. Standing him before the multi-screens, Tyron made him give the message we had composed.

"Men, we are going to be inspected by the Nor patrol. Do not be alarmed. Everything is arranged between us and they will merely perform a routine and perfunctory inspection. Be on your guard that nothing happens while the patrol are about. We have nothing to hide from them. Be sure that nothing goes on while they are here that should be hidden from them. I give you five minutes to make ready for their arrival. Do not fire on the ships. Everything has been arranged between us."

On the screen, a sudden confused scramble marked the attempt to hide in five minutes, the tell-tale traces of illegal activities. I knew that they had been inspected before and would not think another inspection amiss, in spite of the short notice. It would have been unnatural for Harald to fight Nor men, for he could not hope to win in a long struggle. Obviously, he was submitting to a search. They had noted Sathanas' arrival and may have thought Harald had decided to give the Great Sathanas up rather than defend him from pursuit. Whatever they thought, the fleet blazed up to a stop before the landing cradles and settled to a landing.

Into the great locks trundled the patrol ships, one after the other. I knew that this was unusual in an inspection, as the ships hung outside, and a few officers did the inspecting, but I trusted the bustle of the five minute preparation to conceal the movement of the ships from general notice. The alarmed faces of several of Harald's men announced this unusual feature to Harald's visage on the screens, but Tyron made Harald gesture reassuringly and nothing further happened.

The men dispersed through the great fortress as they had been ordered. After an interval of waiting for all the batteries to be invested, I showed my face on the screen beside Harald's to see if all the batteries had been entered by Normen. They stood in readiness, disblasters in their hands, occupying each great battery of space guns that or-

dinarily would have made every attempt at assault useless. A wave of my hand and they arrested every officer of Harald's guard, and disarmed the rest, a Nor man placing himself at every gun. The place was in our hands with not a shot fired since Harald had announced our entry on the screens. Such is subterfuge—a sweet weapon when it works, a deadly one to the user when it fails. In order to use it we had to place a chunk of our fleet under their guns in complete helplessness. But everything had gone without mishap.

Now to find the Lady Arl before anything more happened to her. Leaving Tyron to run things, I took a dozen men and raced through the endless caverns of Harald's pleasure palace looking for the growth caverns where his creatures were manufactured out of normal flesh and blood.

CHAPTER XII

Harald's Hostages

Servants of evil men can be fiends. These were. In the growth caverns, many things that no man should see were going on. Little girls were being trained by ro-mech to be faultless dancers—automatons of rhythm. The process was designed to develop those muscles and thoughts needed by a dancer to the exclusion of other growth within her body. To attain this, she was wired to a thought record taken from some famous dancer's brain, and day after day, her little body mechanically repeated the motions and her brain mechanically repeated the thoughts of the dancer until the whole dance became automatism. A thing was produced which would never be human and a thing hard to describe to those who have not seen it.

These creatures were slaves. They had nothing whatever to say about their fate in any way. Much of the treatment was very beneficial; the slavers adopted the best medical science of the immortal races to gain their own ends. It was the unbalance of the character aimed at by such men as Harald and Sathanas that was evil.

There were hundreds of liquid nutrient tanks in which females of all sizes and races were suspended. Upon their brains telerays played, impressing repeatedly hypnotic commands as well as the whole gamut of erotic thoughts culled from millions of years of the development of the science of pleasure in just such gilded palaces of slavery. All this was extremely pleasant to the recipient, so much

so as to crowd all other tendencies from their minds. They were given such treatment from the earliest childhood, if they fell into the hands of the slavers at that age. They received no other education. Thus, the art of pleasure was burned into their brains until they knew no other objective.

Through every pleasure nerve of the body ran nutrient and growth stimulating flows introduced directly into the nerves by tiny needles. The whole body immersed in the nutrient liquid, evolved a covering flesh more alive, more soft, more reactive to sensation than is the case in the normally developed human being.

Such women had many men passionately enslaved to them, giving them every penny of their income. All this went directly into the pockets of such as Harald. Naturally he never released any of these profitable slaves from his bondage.

Thus all the growth and life science of the vast races of immortals was here perverted in this evil world of Pandral to the ends of the master—power and gold. No one but Harald had a will in any matter on all Pandral but for the profit of the master.

The growth rays, if concentrated on those nerves which cause pleasure sensations, can give a person infinitely greater capacity for pleasure than in the normal person. But, when this is done, the ability to resist such pleasure does not grow normally and the creature becomes a servant to the will to pleasure. And, since the greatest pleasure comes from synthetic nerve impulse generators, they become a servant of the machine. While this could be a means of enhancing the joy of life in the proper hands, such men as Harald were certainly not the proper hands.

At last I found and released my beloved. I cannot tell you what had been done to her, but I have hopes of repairing the damage. She would have become a delectable morsel for some mad master, for what had been designed for her was not a choice future.

We herded the heterae, the drunken customers, the whole crew of unnatural servants aboard the captive vessels and dispatched them toward the courts of the Nor Empire. I will be there when their cases come up, and I will have plenty to say. Some of those child victims of his will yet grace Mandark after Vanue's laboratories are through with their reconstruction. Vanue's reward system will shake evil thought out of their beautiful young heads.

I said to Harald: "You think you can pervert the life stream of the race to your own selfish ends. Love is sacred to the Gods. Your manufacture of will-less sirens will not be appreciated by the courts such men hold in Nor for just your kind. It's only by accident that a youngster of my diminutive stature—a mere fifty feet of man—came upon your place in my pursuit of Sathanas. Had one of our leaders chanced upon information leading to this hole, your lot would have been different. Already you would have been dealt with. It pays to be virtuous so far as you can imagine virtue, for when one steps off the path, one faces these beings whom no power of our imagination could vision . . . no force we could conjure up would ever overcome, for their life is ages old and has been gaining in strength for all those years. Those who take a whole planet to build one home upon will not allow their laws to be set aside by any pipsqueak who conceives a new way to make money and fails to remember that the race is sacred to the Gods. You have forgotten that though the Gods must of necessity dwell afar, yet they do not forget their source. Some of the very creatures you have mutilated were kin of such mighty men, and if I had not caught up with you they would have, and your fate would have been far different from the trial and imprisonment I plan for you."

Harald made no answer, but only glared at me in furious frustration.

"The great ones always search for the young of the race for better brains to carry out their mighty plans, and

they are not pleased with the pollution of the blood that bears their agents. They guard the tree of life, for they have a mighty use for its fruit. Even assuming they were evil, and it is sometimes true that they guard the tree for nothing better than to pick the beautiful fruit—the young females as they mature—still they are not pleased with the malformation—the defiling of the tree that bears their much desired beauties to grace the harems of Gods. Even assuming the Gods themselves had no higher purpose than yourself, would you believe that they would allow you to pollute a tree that produced the agents of their immortal pleasures? Has it not seemed strangely easy for me to overcome your greater strength? We are probably flooded with the observation and control rays of mightier ones that we can imagine exist. How else could a man take a fortress like this with two simple mental radios and a couple of dis-guns? If you are ever free again, don't forget the Gods. One way to remain alive is to envision the will of the Gods and carry it out as if they were observing you, for sooner or later they will observe you. Go now, to central Nor and to trial for every ill deed you have worked against the life of Nor-men."

Pandral in the future will be a base for the Nor patrol. It is well suited to the purpose.

Once more I took Sathanas aboard the Satana. I instructed the four Aesir in the mind reading apparatus until I felt sure that nothing Sathanas knew would be lost to them. Then setting them on their course for Earth, I abandoned them to their pursuit of knowledge they would get from Sathanas. The arch-fiend was immobilized by a nerve operation I performed. There is little danger that he will get out of hand on Earth before the Aesir have used him for the purpose to which I dedicated the rest of his misused life. He will serve as a map and a guide to the operations of the ships the Aesir will need for a migration to the dark spaces beyond the deadly light of any sun. And when

the Aesir soar at last into the starless dark, Sathanas will lie in chains in one of the deepest pits of the forgotten cities beneath the Earth's crust. May he lie there forever.

. . . and Satan did lie there forever, as Dante tells us, but he succeeded in being a curse to man in spite of his chains.

THE END

SHAVER'S



SEA PEOPLE

Mr. Shaver's Lemurian Alphabet

- A—Animal (used AN for short)
 B—Be (to exist—often command)
 C—See
 D—(also used DE) Disintegrant energy; Detrimental (most important symbol in language)
 E—Energy (an all concept, including motion)
 F—Fecund (use FE as in female—fecund man)
 G—Generate (used GEN)
 H—Human (some doubt on this one)
 I—Self; Ego (same as our I)
 J—(see G) (same as generate)
 K—Kinetic (force of motion)
 L—Life
 M—Man
 N—Child; Spore; Seed (as ninny)
 O—Orifice (a source concept)
 P—Power
 Q—Quest (as question)
 R—(used as AR) Horror (symbol of dangerous quantity of dis force in the object)
 S—(SIS) (an important symbol of the sun)
 T—(used as TE) (the most important symbol; origin of the cross symbol) Integration; Force of growth (the intake of T is cause of gravity; the force is T; tic meant science of growth; remains as credit word)
 U—You
 V—Vital (used as VI) (the stuff Messmer calls animal magnetism; sex appeal)
 W—Will
 X—Conflict (crossed force lines)
 Y—Why
 Z—Zero (a quantity of energy of T neutralized by an equal quantity of D)

Some "English" Lemurian Words

- ABSENT—Animal be sent (one was sent, therefore is not here)
 ADDER—A der (the animal is a der, or deadly)
 ARREST—Animal stops to rest (the ar syllable means is dangerously stopped)
 BEGET—To cause to exist (command to generate the energy of intearance)
 BAD—Be a de (to be a destructive force)
 BARD—Bar de (one who allays depressing de force, who over-joys us, decreases depression)
 BIG—Be I generate (in the act of generation, as pregnant)
 BILK—Be ill kinetic (to run away from ill, to dodge—K for movement)
 DARK — Detrimental horrible movement (harrowing things we are apt to see "in the dark")
 DECEASE—Stopped by de (disintegrated to the point of ceasing to be—death)
 DEVIATE—De vital ate (de has eaten the vital force, implicatio. being the thing goes astray because of destructive force)

DEVIL—De vile (to be vile with de; completely destructive)
 DROP—De ro power (disintegrate governs power, thus it becomes less, falls)
 LADY—Lay de (allay depression; complimentary term)
 MAD—Man a de (one who may de, be apt to destroy)
 MEAN—Me animal (animal conscious only of self)
 MORBID—More be I de (I don't want to be any more, I want to die)
 NEE—Child energy (charm)
 NEUTRAL—Ne you te ral (at-

tracted by the charm of both parties)
 OBSCENE — Orifice see charm (orifice meant source of life, thus the meaning is evident)
 PACT—Power act (an empowered act)
 PEAL—Power all (power and all combine to give a loud sound)
 PRISON—Price on (to hold for ransom)
 QUIT—Quest you I te (get someone else to do good)
 VAN—Vital animal (the leader)
 ZEAL—Zero all (foolish ardor—to zeal)

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WORLD *Inside* A PLANET!

Persecuted, scoffed at, tortured, brave Hajjah and beautiful Volleen sought to escape the hollow planet, Wanzuura. . . . "There is no world outside this one," said the laws of Wanzuura. Who questioned the laws invited death. Yet Hajjah and Volleen dared dig, as had two generations before them—dared dig for the greater world outside. Starvation threatened the people chained to superstitions of the hollow planet. Only this intrepid pair could save them. . . . But the powerful Ecker loomed blackly craving the life of Hajjah, and seeking to force Volleen to be his wife. Titanic forces clash in Don Wilcox's stirring tale, "The Hollow Planet," in the

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Max Fyfield's cartoon of himself, with his arms around his long-time love, Gina Lollabrigida, and various denizens of the hollow earth. From an old *Shaverton* issue.

The Shaver Mystery

by
David Hatcher Childress

A government that will not tell
you what they know about UFO's
would certainly keep the origin of them a secret.
—Ray Palmer

Richard Shaver's Beginnings

With the great advances in technology that had begun with Nikola Tesla, Alexander Graham Bell and Thomas Edison at the turn of the century, the USA rushed into the 1930s and '40s with increased expectancy of new technological marvels to come rapidly forth.

Death ray devices, anti-gravity ships, tele-thought machines, rocket packs and flying cars were expected to come into realization any day. Also, the idea that ancient civilizations had existed in the past which had all of these devices and more, was gaining popularity.

The imagination of writers, fueled by the latest scientific discoveries and speculations, molded stories of lost continents, extraterrestrial races, subterranean cavern cities and fantastic devices including mind control and beam weapons.

America was largely free from religious dogma and persecution that had kept many societies from developing along a free-thinking technological avenue, and American publishers delved deep into the realms of science-fiction and fantasy. The French author Jules Verne and the British author H.G. Wells had set the stage for speculative science fiction, but it was

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"I REMEMBER LEMURIA!"

by **RICHARD S. SHAVER**

This is an incredible story of a Pennsylvania welder who began to receive strange thoughts from his electric welder. At first he thought he was going mad, but then, when the astounding story of Lemuria came to him, he realized that here was something more than mere madness. His experiences convinced him that what he was hearing was true. Whether his "memories" are true or not is for you to judge. Thousands of people have already claimed "I Remember Lemuria!" and its sequel of 10,000 years later, "The Return of Sorkman" is a revelation. The evidence of its truth is self-evident for those who will read, and think!

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THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT ESOTERIC BOOKS EVER PUBLISHED

America that blew the stage doors wide open.

With magazines like *Wonder Stories*, *As-tounding Science Fiction*, *Amazing Stories*, *Air Wonder Stories*, *Startling Stories* and others, the impressionable brains of a new generation were brought up on the bizarre tales of H.P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, Edgar Rice Burroughs, L. Sprague de Camp and many other writers. When fact and science fiction began to coincide on the pages of *Amazing Stories*, the so-called Shaver Mystery was born.

As mentioned in the introduction, Richard S. Shaver was born in Berwick, Pennsylvania in 1907. He was the fourth of five children and was close to his older brother, Taylor, who had written and sold adventure stories to popular boy's magazines such as *Boy's Life*, *The American Boy*, and others.

Richard was said to have been a wild child, playing many pranks, several of which backfired on him giving him a reputation as a "troubled youth." He was reported to have imaginary companions, one his friend, the other his enemy. He had names for these imaginary companions, and fifty years later they were said to be more real to him than other past acquaintances.

As a boy, Richard spent his summers selling ice door to door. After graduating from high school, he worked in a meat packing house and for a tree surgery company. As a young man, Richard rejoined his family which had moved to Detroit. He saw an ad while in Detroit for the Wicker School of Art and enrolled in the school.

While attending the school he worked as a part-time nude model, earning 35 cents an hour. Eventually he hired his own male nude model, paying him \$10 per day. He then let his fellow art students use the model for a fee of \$1.00 each. He reportedly made from \$30 to \$40 per day doing this, quite a large sum at the time.

In 1930 Shaver joined the John Reed Club, a communist group named after the U.S. correspondent who had covered the Russian Revolution (portrayed by Warren Beatty in the 1981 film *Reds*). During this period, a photograph was printed in the *Detroit Times* of Shaver speaking at a communist rally in Cass Park, on May 2, 1930.

This period did not last long, and soon the Depression made times difficult for the Wicker Art School and Richard S. Shaver. Fewer students could afford to attend the school, but Shaver became a part-time art instructor nev-



Cover of *Amazing Stories* for July 1926.

ertheless. In his spare time he set up a stand in a city park and made quick sketches of people for 25 cents per sketch.

The star student at the Wicker school was a young woman named Sophie Gurivinch who had been born in Kiev, Russia in 1901. She had attended the Chicago Art Institute before coming to the Wicker School of Art. Richard and Sophie became an item. They married in 1933 and had a daughter that same year.

During this time Richard took a job as a welder at Briggs Body at Highland Park, Michigan, working on an assembly line making bodies for the new V-8 Fords. Pay was 10 cents an hour and the work was hard, hot and dangerous.

Shaver's job was repetitive, noisy and mind-numbing. This job was to later be featured in *The Shaver Mystery*. Shaver himself described the scene:

"Overhead conveyors shot diagonally across the spaces which are the light wells, around me were welding jigs, and every few seconds I had to duck a welding gun. Two of them hung on swivels and were used in succession for two different sizes and shapes of welds. The swinging gun timed our action, and gave a pulsating to our movements.

"I was doing the welding. I grabbed the gun as it swung, welded, pushed it away and ducked its mate as it swung into position over me, then straightened and shot the juice to the next weld."^{10, 17}

Shaver worked this job off and on until 1934 when he was admitted to the Ypsilanti State Hospital by his wife Sophie. In February of 1934 Richard's brother Tate died, a loss which affected Richard greatly. Richard became increasingly paranoid and believed that people were following him. This may have been the case, in fact, as he was a known communist (a speaker at rallies, even) and a member of the John Reed Club. While institutionalized Shaver apparently complained to a Dr. Agnis that he believed that people were calling him a homosexual and a communist.

In an article published in Ray Palmer's *Forum* magazine (November 1971) Shaver said, "Yes,



Drawing of a dero done for *Amazing Stories*.



A dero drawn for *Amazing Stories*.

his rare book *Shaver: The Early Years*,¹⁷ found evidence that Shaver was in the Ypsilanti State Hospital for more than two weeks, though he could find no record of his release.

Little is known about the time from Shaver's admittance to the sanitarium on August 17, 1934 and 1943 when he first wrote to Ray Palmer at *Amazing Stories*.

Sophie and Richard were living apart, but still married, when she died from an (unspecified) accident in her apartment. The news devastated Richard, who had apparently returned to his welding job. Sophie's parents took custody of their daughter who was raised, it was later reported by Ray Palmer, with the story that her father had also died when she was young.

It is reported by Jim Probst that Shaver traveled around North America, getting work where he could. He sometimes traveled under assumed names and in one incident reported by Probst, Shaver was a stowaway on the S.S. Nova Scotia in Halifax, Newfoundland using the name "Leonard Hogan."

Also during this period, Shaver got married for a second time, but his wife discovered papers that indicated that he had been in a mental hospital and left him.

Shaver moved back to Pennsylvania and married for a third and last time. His wife, Dorothy, or Dot as she was usually called, once said of her

I had a heat stroke when I was away from home working. Yes, they put me in a sanitarium for two weeks because I was unable to talk. This form of shock is common with heat stroke.

"You can probably find that sort of thing in anybody's background if you look for it in the same way mine has been investigated. I am a bad character, and if I play a little poker, I will hear sooner or later that I'm a notorious gambler too."

Jim Probst, while researching



Ray Palmer, creator of The Shaver Mystery

husband, "I never saw anyone like him before... He used such big words. Took him and I about four weeks to get acquainted. I thought he was rather shy and really different than anyone I ever met or knew."

Indeed, Richard Shaver was soon to prove himself someone very different indeed. He was to become a denizen of the amazing cavern world below us.

The Deros and Teros of the Subterranean World

When a magazine called *Science World* ran an article in 1936 entitled "The True Basis of Today's Alphabet" by Albert F. Yeager, Shaver was inspired to write the first of his now famous letters.

Yeager had claimed in his article in *Science World* that six letters in our modern alphabet stood not only for sounds, but also for concepts. Yeager further claimed that each word in our language (and presumably other languages) could be deciphered using these concepts.

Shaver wrote a letter to *Science World* claiming that Yeager was right, but he could go one further. Shaver claimed to understand the "concept" for all 26 letters in the alphabet, and called this language "Mantong." In his letter to the magazine, Shaver said that this language was not a new language, but an old one—the oldest in the world, he claimed.

As it happened, Yeager was actively seeking others to work on his proposed language and actually took an advertisement in the classified section of *Writers Digest* appealing for an expert's "care, advice" on further development of the language.

Shaver began to work on the language, an ancient tongue that had our innermost thoughts and feelings in it. A primordial language. Then in 1943, Shaver sat down at his typewriter and wrote the following letter to Ray Palmer at *Amazing Stories*:

Sirs:

Am sending this in hopes you will insert it in an issue to keep it from dying with me. It would arouse a lot of discussion. Am sending you the language so that some time you can have it looked at by some one in the college or a friend who is a student of antique times. The language seems to me to be definite proof of the Atlantean legend.

A great number of our English words have come down intact as roman-



Cover of *Amazing Stories* for April 1939.



One of The Shaver Mystery illustrations.

nificance, and will perhaps put me right in your thoughts again if you will really understand this.

I need a little encouragement.

—R.S. Shaver, Barto, Pennsylvania

With this letter we see the beginnings of The Shaver Mystery. With Shaver's mention of t'ros and deros, it set the tone for the Elder Race that was to appear in the later letters.

Shaver's letter was accompanied by another page which was Shaver's Mantong alphabet. Palmer published both the letter to the magazine and the alphabet in the December 1943 issue of *Amazing Stories* with the following challenge, "We present this interesting letter concerning an ancient language with no comment, except to say that we applied the letter-meaning to the individual letters of many old root words and proper names and got an amazing "sense" out of them. Perhaps if readers interested were to apply his formula to more of these root words, we will be

tic—ro man tic—"science of man life patterning by control." Trocadero—t ro see a dero—"good one see a bad one"—applied now to theater. This is perhaps the only copy of this language in existence and it represents my work over a long period of years. It is an immensely important find, suggesting the god legends have a base in some wiser race than modern man; but to understand it takes a good head as it contains multi-thoughts like many puns on the same subject. It is too deep for ordinary man—who thinks it is a mistake. A little study reveals ancient words in English occurring many times. It should be saved and placed in wise hands. I can't, will you? It really has an immense sig-



Cover of *Amazing Stories* for Oct. 1942.

able to discover if the formula applies... [I]s this formula the basis of one of the most ancient languages on Earth? The mystery intrigues us very much.—ED.”

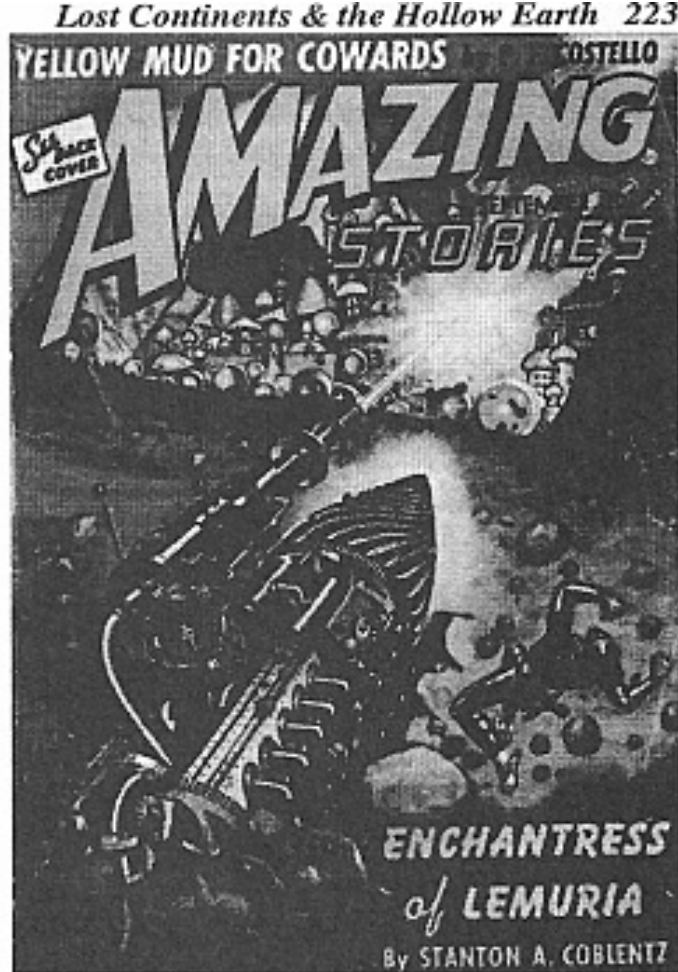
The concepts of an Elder Race, lost continents, Lemuria, and a subterranean world were not new with Richard Shaver. Such stories had begun many centuries before. The Mantong alphabet, however, was Shaver's (and Yeager's) invention.

The response from readers to Shaver's letter was surprising to Palmer. Hundreds of them had tried the strange, "ancient" alphabet and found that it worked. Many readers wanted more information on the subject. Palmer wrote a letter to Shaver asking for more material on his ancient alphabet.

Shaver then, sometime in 1944, sent Palmer a 10,000 word article which he entitled, "A Warning for Man." Palmer saw a good story which he deemed needed some rewriting. He apparently worked on the story himself, passed it on to some of the magazine's writers and ultimately published it as a 31,000 word article which he retitled, "I Remember Lemuria!" (complete with an exclamation mark at the end). This article appeared in the March 1945 issue of *Amazing Stories* and caused an immediate sensation.

Palmer had taken Shaver's raw story and turned it into the ultimate tale that encompassed all of the current science fiction trends, beliefs and myths in one narrative. And it was "true" at that! Palmer and Shaver gave their readers what they wanted: death rays, tunneling machines, high-tech ancient civilizations and even flying disks! All this before the "flying saucer" craze officially began.

The March 1945 issue of *Amazing Stories* was a total sellout, and Palmer determined that The Shaver Mystery, with its ancient cavern world, deros, teros, spaceships, ancient machinery and mind control rays was giving his magazine a larger readership. The letters to the editor section of *Amazing Stories* became especially popular, with more and more bizarre letters being written to the magazine. Letters from fans went from about 50 per month to 2,500. It seemed that everyone had some kind of experience to report having to do with the mystery. Many readers claimed to have had contact with the



Cover of *Amazing Stories* for Sept. 1941.



One of The Shaver Mystery illustrations.

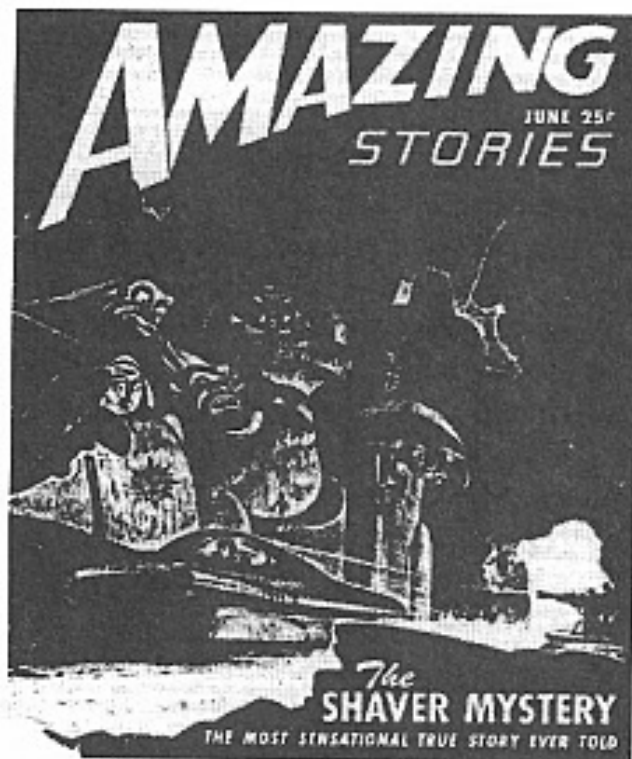
Germans built tunnel-fortresses along the Yugoslav coast, the Greek coast (as seen in *The Guns of Navarone*) as well as in the Italian and Bavarian Alps. Hitler's final retreat, known as Berchtesgaden, was a massive underground fortress, complete with many kilometers of tunnels. The Berchtesgaden was never used, and most of the tunnels have been sealed up.

Similarly, the Japanese built massive tunnel systems at Rabaul on the island of New Britain in the occupied territory of Papua New Guinea. Battles at Guadalcanal, Iwo Jima and other areas also involved extensive tunnel systems built by the Japanese for defense. Huge guns were stored in these tunnels, and entire battalions lived in them. The tunnel system at Rabaul was so large and impregnable that the allies bypassed this base altogether, as they did many Japanese fortifications. News of these battles, and true stories of combat veterans who had fought in such tunnels, may be the basis for the above letter to *Amazing Sto-*

deros, or that their neighbors were actually deros in disguise. The deros were referred to as "the fifth column of hell!"

One letter, written by an ex-Air Force Captain said, "For heaven's sake drop the whole thing! You are playing with dynamite. My companion and I fought our way out of a cave with submachine guns. I have two 9-inch scars on my left arm... [M]y friend has a hole the size of a dime in his right biceps. It was scarred inside. How we don't know. But we both believe we know more about The Shaver Mystery than any other pair... [D]on't print our names. We are not cowards, but we are not crazy."

At this time, WWII was being fought, to some degree, in the tunnel-fortresses that both the Germans and Japanese had built in their occupied territories. The



Cover of *Amazing Stories* for June 1947.

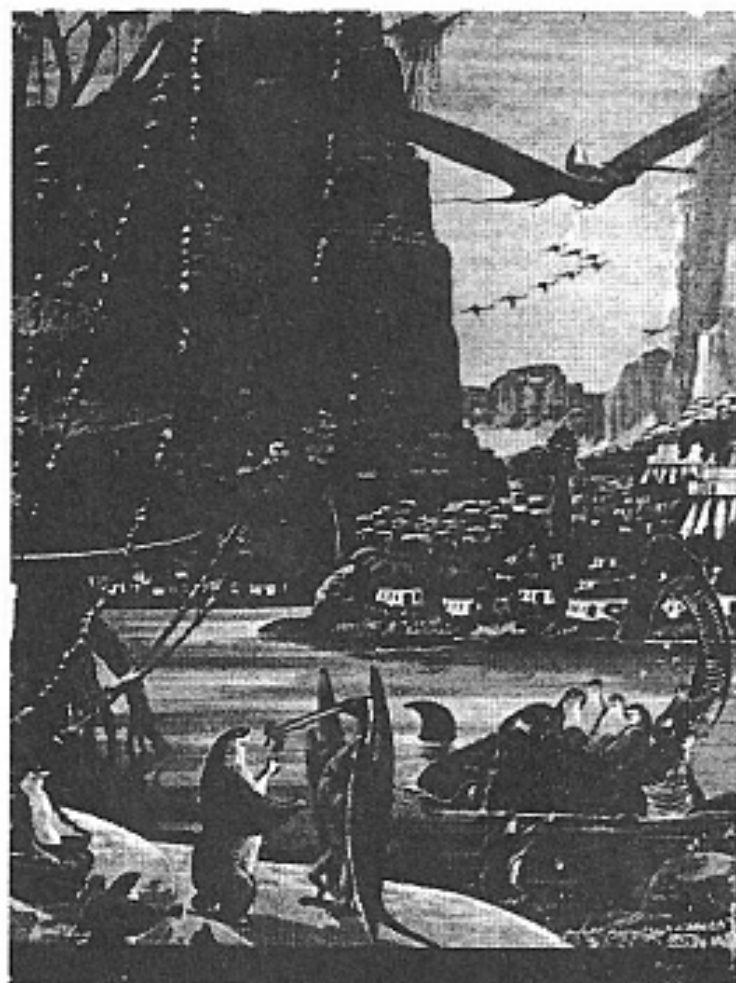
ries .

It is even conceivable that Ray Palmer himself fabricated the letter. On the other hand, most of the thousands of letters sent to *Amazing Stories* concerning The Shaver Mystery were definitely genuine. Most expressed belief in Shaver's stories, and many offered the writers' own strange encounters, either with strange thoughts in their heads, meetings with unusual people that they thought may have been deros or even experiences in the subterranean world beneath us.

In many ways, the letter section of *Amazing Stories* became the first popular forum for people's unexplainable experiences, often called Fortean phenomena. The word Fortean comes to us from the New York City researcher Charles Fort (1874-1932) who cataloged strange phenomena of many types in his four books. His books are still in print today: *The Book of the Damned* (1919), *New Lands* (1923), *Lo!* (1931) and *Wild Talents* (1932).

Fort's books are full of strange stories, odd artifacts, impossible occurrences, and even strange UFO and sky phenomena. Most of the things related in Fort's books had been culled from news clippings from around the world that Fort had carefully collected over the years. It is clear that Shaver was familiar with Fort's works, as one of his stories, *Cult of the Witch Queen* (published in *Amazing Stories* in July, 1946), actually featured annotated references to Charles Fort's various books. Robert Ripley of *Ripley's Believe It or Not* fame also entertained the world with his popular cartoons (beginning in the 1930s) of impossible facts and curious incidents. However, until *Amazing Stories*, there was no real popular forum for the public to air their own personal experiences of psychic phenomena, wacky beliefs and paranoia.

This was a time of great stress on the American population (not to mention Europeans), who were largely occupied with fighting WWII rather than reading *Amazing Stories*. There was a tremendous amount of propaganda being used on all sides, as well as considerable paranoia of foreign spies, communists and Nazi sympathizers. That some of the paranoid feelings and fears



Back cover of *Amazing Stories* for Jan. 41 showing a city of web-footed people on Venus.

about the war that many Americans experienced surfaced on the pages of *Amazing Stories*, and later *Fate*, there can be little doubt. *Fate*, indeed, became the ultimate in a "letters fanzine" with a strong section, even today, of true psychic experiences sent in by the magazine's readers.

Today, fortunately, there are many magazines and newsletters, even newspapers, that publish strange letters to the editor on every topic from conspiracy and UFOs to psychic phenomena and Bigfoot. But in 1944, virtually the only forum for this genre was *Amazing Stories*. And *Amazing Stories* was literally deluged with hundreds of thousands of letters of this type from 1944 to 1948. The Shaver Mystery with its lost continents and subterranean world were a publishing sensation.

Letters to the editor concerning the deros, teros and Lemuria were published in every issue of *Amazing Stories* beginning with the January 1944 issue of the magazine, and Shaver himself wrote stories for about every other issue, culminating in the *All Shaver Mystery Issue*, "The Most Sensational True Story Ever Told," of June, 1947 (Vol. 21, No. 6).

Other notable Shaver stories that appeared in *Amazing Stories* were, starting after the March 1945 *I Remember Lemuria!* issue, (Vol. 19, No. 1):

Thought Records of Lemuria, June, 1945 (Vol. 19, No. 2)

Cave City of Hel, September, 1945 (Vol. 19, No. 3)

Quest of Brail, December, 1945 (Vol. 19, No. 4)

Invasion of the Micro-Men, February, 1946 (Vol. 20, No. 1)

The Masked World, May, 1946 (Vol. 20, No. 2)

Luder Valley, June, 1946 (Vol. 20, No. 3)

Cult of the Witch Queen, July, 1946 (Vol. 20, No. 4)

The Sea People, August, 1946 (Vol. 20, No. 5)

Earth Slaves to Space, September, 1946 (Vol. 20, No. 6)

Return of Sathanas, November, 1946 (Vol. 20, No. 8)

Land of Kui, December, 1946 (Vol. 20, No. 9)

The Mind Rovers, January, 1947 (Vol. 21, No. 1)

Joe Dannon, Pioneer, March, 1947 (Vol. 21, No. 3)

The Crystalline Sarcophagus, May, 1947 (Vol. 21, No. 5)

All Shaver Mystery Issue, June, 1947 (Vol. 21, No. 6)

This issue included the stories:

- *Formula From the Underworld*
- *Zigor Mephisto's Collection of Mentalia*
- *The Red Legion*

Mer-Witch of Ether-18, August, 1947 (Vol. 21, No. 7)

Of Gods & Goats, December, 1947 (Vol. 21, No. 12)

The Gods of Venus, March, 1948 (Vol. 22, No. 3)

The Ice-City of Gorgon, June, 1948 (Vol. 22, No. 6)

Titan's Daughter, September, 1948 (Vol. 22, No. 9)

Daughter of the Night, December, 1948 (Vol. 22, No. 12)

In the Caverns with the Deros and Teros

The letters section to *Amazing Stories* published many letters from readers who had claimed to have been in the caverns with deros and teros.

One well-known letter was written by Mrs. Margaret Rogers and appeared in the January, 1947 issue under the title "I Have Been in the Caves."

Rogers claimed that she was an American, but had lived in Mexico City since she was ten years old. Rogers was "a pitiful drug addict" who was addicted to Mexican brown heroin and was apparently a prostitute to upper-class Mexicans and foreigners. She usually hung around the American Club on Mexico City's Bolivar Street.

In her letter to *Amazing Stories* she claimed that on January 9, 1930, at the age of 39, she was urged to enter a car owned by a Doc Kelmer of the "Electro Therapy Institute." Doc Kelmer was a middle-aged man who was a friend of Rogers and occasionally gave her money for food, clothing, hotel rent, etc.

Jim Wentworth tells her story in *Giants in the Earth*,¹⁰ "Now he drove her past the city limits on the road leading to Cuernavaca. When she became violently ill, he gave her a small vial. Drinking it brought on immediate sleep. She awoke hours later to find herself and Doc Kelmer before a mass of greenery at the foot of a tall cliff. This could have been near Ixtaccihauatl."

Doc Kelmer wailed (rather than spoke, a few words, and the mass of greenery slid to one side. A large opening was revealed. Both figures walked in, Margaret oddly unafraid.

Margaret then met the benevolent race of people living underground called the Nephli. The Nephli were kind to Margaret, and giant physicians who were over ten feet tall cured her of her drug addiction. These Nephli, similar to Shaver's teros, used their miraculous machines to shrink themselves to our own height and walk about on the surface. It was claimed that the Nephli often helped people on the surface and worked in large numbers as scientists, doctors, lawyers, judges and even high-level officials in our government.

Wonderous Nephli machines were examined by Margaret, who also saw numerous articles of upper-world manufacture. There were also marvelous sub-



80-foot Princess Vanue of the Titans.

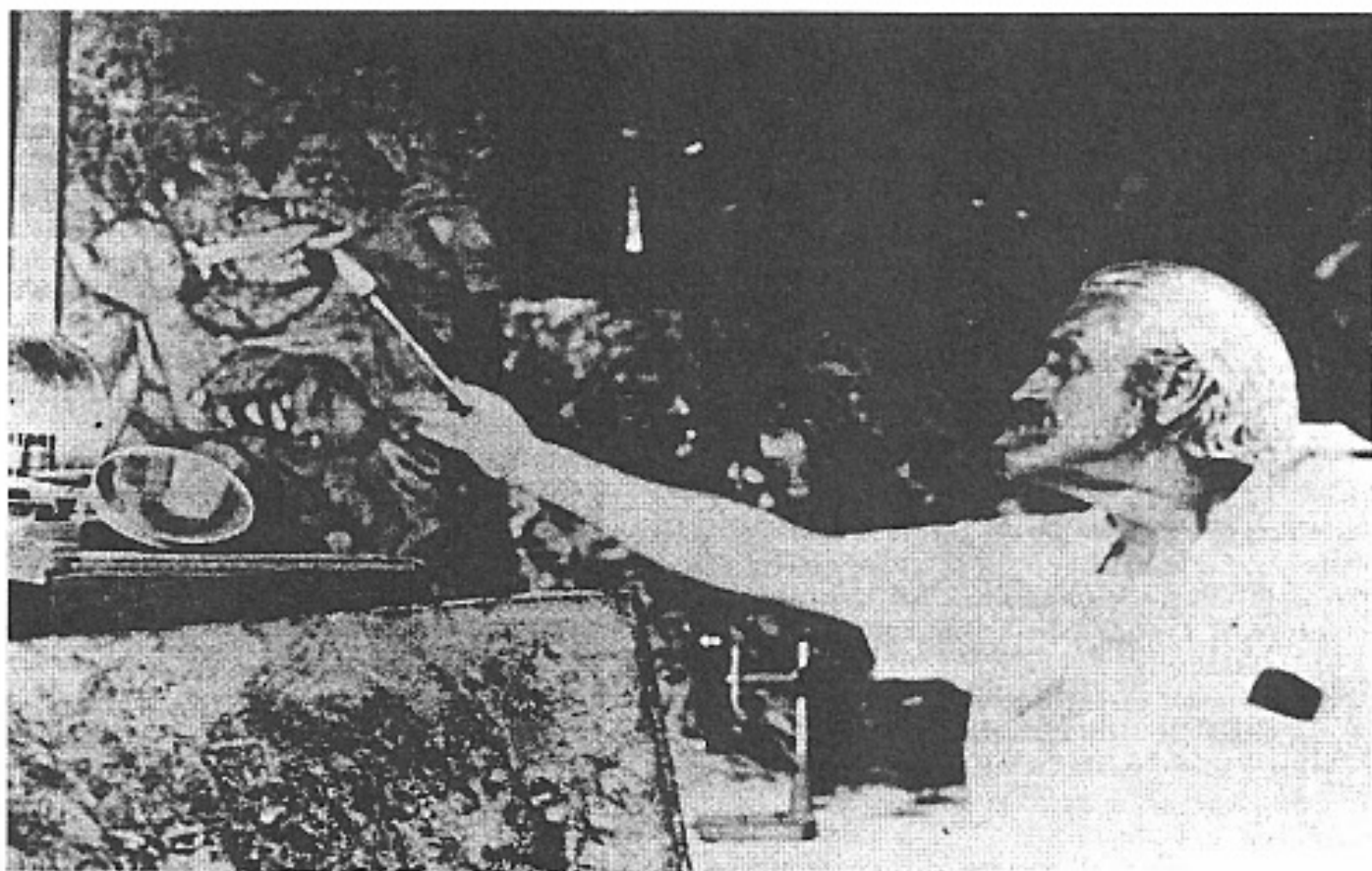
terrestrial vehicles that were two-seater, torpedo-shaped vehicles without wheels or motors. They were propelled over perfectly smooth roads by "thought." Margaret claimed to have made a trip of about 2,000 miles in two hours on one occasion.

Her letter continued to say, "Colonial Venusians visit the giant caverns. Colonies exist all over the known—and unknown—universe, as all planets as large as Earth (and larger) have life in humanoid form. Animals are more varied."

She claimed to have been taken to many areas in the cavern world, but certain ones were strictly forbidden for unexplained reasons. She had been told of the existence of evil entities (Shaver's deros?) called Janza. Could these forbidden areas have been their territories?

After staying underground for approximately three years, Margaret returned to the surface in 1933. She was driven by car from "the underworld entrance by an uncommunicative driver. In Mexico City she was let off on San Juan de Letran Street."¹⁰

Rogers' story was published in even more detail than her letter to *Amazing Stories* in the rare book entitled *Beginning* published at the end of 1947. Author Jim Wentworth reports that Rogers died of a stroke on December 10, 1955, at the age of 64. She was married at that time and had been living in the U.S. since the mid-30s.



Richard Shaver painting at his rock shop in Arkansas, circa 1970.

After the December, 1948 issue of *Amazing Stories*, public pressure on Ray Palmer and the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company was so great that Shaver was essentially banned from the magazine and Ray Palmer quit as the editor in support of Shaver. This, although in the five years or so of *The Shaver Mystery* in *Amazing Stories*, the readership had virtually doubled and the magazine had gone from quarterly publication to monthly.

Jim Probst says in *Shaver: The Early Years*, "The Queens Science Fiction League of New York passed a resolution that the Shaver stories endangered the sanity of their readers, and brought the resolution before the Society for the Suppression of Vice. A fan conference in Philadelphia was rocked by threats to draw up a petition to the Post Office, asking that *Amazing Stories* be banned from the mail."¹⁷

Ray Palmer later claimed that "somebody convinced the publisher, William B. Ziff of Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, that the theories of Shaver and Palmer were in flat contradiction to Albert Einstein's Theory of Relativity" and this was "obviously too much."²¹

One of the problems that many science fiction fans had with the Shaver stories was that they purported to be true. Like Charles Fort had said in his books, the world is a very, very strange place. However, Shaver's stories were heavily rewritten by Ray Palmer originally, and then later by other writers who were assigned *The Shaver Mystery* job by Palmer. Among these was Bob McKenna, who received a co-author credit with Shaver on *The Return of Sathanas* and *Cult of the Witch Queen*. Other stories featured a co-author named Chester Gier. It is largely assumed that most, if not all, of Shaver's stories were heavily rewritten by Palmer and others.

Shaver is not to be dismissed lightly, however! Palmer was the publishing genius behind Shaver, and it was no doubt Palmer's sophisticated knowledge of literature, science fiction and contemporary science, myth and legend that propelled *The Shaver Mystery* into the public eye so successfully. Still, it was Shaver's raw sexuality and paranoia that were at the core of *The Shaver Mystery*. Shaver had early on been a sexually liberated artist and nude model. He had also been a communist orator, cheering on crowds of John Reed fans. Then "they" started following him...

Not only were the Germans and Japanese forcing America into a life and death struggle, it seemed, but spies were everywhere, and people were not who they seemed to be. Some of them were deros, here to destroy us. Others were teros, here to help us.



LETTERS

A Max Fyfield illustration.

In the first issue of one of Ray Palmer's publications, *The Hidden World* (1961) Shaver described the cave home of deros and teros he had always been talking about:

"...I repeat, with the most positive finality, the caverns *do* exist, and they are incredibly extensive, so that the possible population (were not so many dead!) could be *thousands* of times that of the surface of the earth, because it consists of so very many tiers of caves... The caves are connected by broad highways, carved through the solid rock for thousands of miles, the whole inner earth being a vastly complicated network of tunnels connecting literally thousands of great caves as large as any surface city, and some so large as to dwarf a New York to insignificance."

Palmer remained fascinated with mystical phenomena and "true" experiences, and was eager to get away from his controlling publishers and have his own magazine. Palmer moved to Evanston, Illinois, and apparently Shaver joined him there for awhile. Palmer started *Fate* magazine and published his first issue in Spring 1948. He published his first book, *I Remember Lemuria* (without the exclamation mark), as Venture Books in 1948 as well.

The first issue of *Fate* featured Kenneth Arnold's June, 1947 sighting of disk-type objects over Mount Ranier in Washington State. Other issues of *Fate* continued to bring the flying saucer mystery forth to the public.

Eventually, Palmer sold *Fate* but went on to start more publications including *Flying Saucers*, *Mystic*, *Search* and others. Eventually Palmer moved to a large farm near Amherst, Wisconsin and continued to publish. Palmer and Shaver maintained a relationship and continued to work together off and on, even after Shaver moved to Arkansas and started a rock shop.

There seemed to be no hard feelings with Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, either. The October, 1957 issue of *Amazing Stories* was a "Special Flying Saucer Issue" and featured Ray Palmer and Richard Shaver on the cover.

Inside, Palmer had authored an article entitled, "Is the Government Hiding Saucer Facts?" and Shaver had authored an article entitled, "Historical Aspects of the Saucers." Other stories in this special issue that had two science-fiction stories and eight articles on flying saucers, were, "We Need Not Fear the Aliens" by Rev. Neal Harvey, "The Aliens Are Among Us" by Gray

CHAINED, TORTURED BY FEAR OF
SEX
IGNORANCE?

Then We Can't
Help You!

BUT
If It's The
Shaver
Mystery
You Crave..

We've Got It

Ad for *The Shaver Mystery Magazine*.



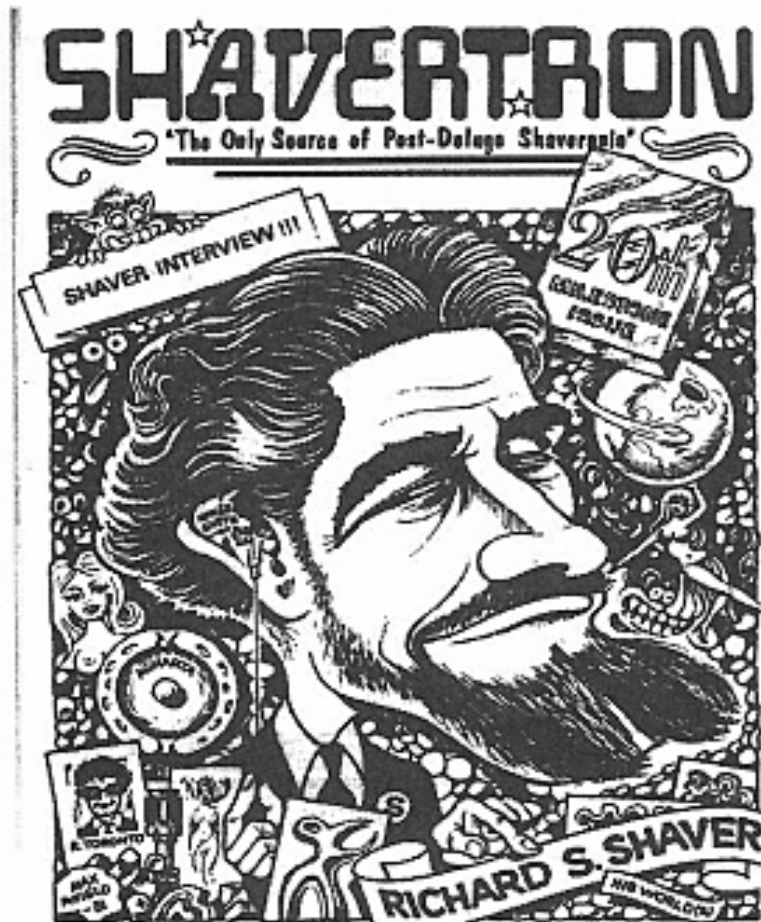
Barker, and, "The Saucers Still Patrol Our Skies" by Kenneth Arnold.

Said Shaver in his article, "I appreciate the editor of *Amazing Stories* wanting to include me in the special flying saucer factual issue; it is my personal opinion that I deserve a place there, because I did tell its readers about flying saucers before anyone else. ...I found out that they were not "solid" objects, but something you might relate to a mirage. They were what I call "projections." A sort of television broadcast in which a receiver was not necessary.

"Now don't get me wrong—not all sightings are projections. There are real space ships, and they do visit Earth. They have visited for thousands of years. But not all flying saucers are from space—most of them are native to this Earth. If you had a secret saucer base on Earth, and you wished to avoid observance, you would try to create a diversion—you would use your projection apparatus to cause saucers to appear where they actually were not, so as to draw attention away from the real ship. That is the primary purpose of the projection.

"Space travel is older than the pyramids. Other investigators (Charles Fort, as an example) have gathered together evidence of this, which you can read for yourself if you are truly interested in the matter that is readily available."

Shaver went on to discuss airships in ancient records in India and their "beam" which conquered gravity, as well as the Oer Linda Book from ancient Holland, Atlantis and vitrified sand



Shaver on the cover of the *Shavertron* Fanzine.

in the desert of Iraq. He mentions how he outlined such inventions as anti-gravity, photonics, ionics, ion propulsion and other devices.

Shaver ends by saying, "The saucers, historically and presently provable, are real. They are in our skies. They have nothing to do with us, and do not intend to have anything to do with us. They will continue to be around. They are the products of intelligent races far beyond us in capability.

"They are not angels in disguise.

"They are not the spirits of the dead.

"They are not from another dimension.

"They are not from heaven or hell.

"They are other human races far more favored than we, and it is sad indeed to contemplate that it is so.

"I sincerely pray that we can change the record of history, and make contact. It would mean an infinite enrichment of our lives!"

Palmer published *The Secret World* (1975)⁴⁴ which he co-authored with Shaver. *The Secret World* was a deluxe hardback book in two parts. The first part was Ray Palmer's own autobiography, including his many psychic experiences and exciting days as editor of *Amazing Stories*. The second part of the book was about Richard Shaver and his photos of pictures, or simulacra, in rock. Color photos of rocks from Shaver's rock shop, as well as some of his paintings, were included in the book.

Both Palmer and Shaver died in the same year, 1975, each claiming that, at least in part, The Shaver Mystery was true.

I Live With the Teros

After Palmer and Shaver had passed away, several hollow earth type magazines grew up, including Richard Toronto's fanzine *Shavertron*, published out of his various San Francisco area digs from 1979 to 1985. *Shavertron* was a small, but well-produced fanzine that was "The Only Source of Post-Deluge Shaverania." A heady claim.

Toronto featured Danish cartoonist Max Fiefield's drawings, taken from Shaver's own scribbles. Also, lots of interesting mind control and hollow earth material, plus plenty of bizarre news clippings from the local papers in the tradition of Charles Fort. *Shavertron* issues are a major collectors' item these days. Richard, where are you?

Shavertron readers would claim that Toronto was a victim of dero mind



Richard Toronto on Shaver Street.

control rays, citing instances like the time Toronto mentioned that his car, parked on a steep hillside of San Francisco, had suddenly come out of gear while he was standing right in front of it. He managed to jump out of the way just before his own car killed him. The work of the deros? Both Richard Shaver and Richard Toronto would apparently think so.

There was also *The Hollow Hassle*, published by long time Shaver-Palmer fan Mary LeVesque of Sante Fe, New Mexico. LeVesque published *The Hollow Hassle* from 1979 to 1983, a large-format, xeroxed zine that was full of news clippings, hollow earth interviews and stories, and a regular column by old time hollow earth believer, the Rev. Charles A. Marcoux.

Charles Marcoux was one of the early members of Shaver and Palmer's "I Search For the Portals" club started through ads in *Amazing Stories* in 1945. Marcoux's off-and-on again column for various hollow earth fanzines often carried the headlines, "I Live With the Teros," or "I Search For the Portals."

Charles Marcoux was a cave explorer, a spelunker shall we say, who had grown up on The Shaver Mystery and was a firm believer that many of the various caves he explored would ultimately lead him to larger dero caverns and ultimately to the cities of the Titans.

Rev. Marcoux wore a dark suit and thick black spectacles, and he gave the impression in his photos that he meant serious business when he said that he had hunted the dero in their caverns and had seen strange things underground. Like Shaver, Marcoux searched for the portals, continuing until his death in 1983.

He wrote in the August, 1981 issue of *The Hollow Hassle* (Vol. 2, No. 4), "My experiences in the cavern world began at a very young age with astral experiences in the caverns ever since my birth, and in other worlds from other dimensions too. I joined R.A. Palmer and R. S. Shaver's group in January of 1945, and I am one of the few original members left. I still 'SEARCH FOR THE PORTALS,' and as far as I know, am the only original member who does."



Charles Marcoux's mimeographed book.

Marcoux and his wife, Lorene, eventually moved from Arizona to Arkansas, apparently to live near Shaver and to be able to explore the extensive caves of the Ozarks.

Marcoux believed that the Ozarks held entrances into the cavern world of the deros and teros, and their deteriorating high-tech cities. It was reported in issue Number 15 of *Shavertron* (Dec. 82) that Marcoux and Lorene were exploring a cave in Arkansas called "Blowing Cave" (a huge system of tunnels, some of which remain unexplored). Marcoux claimed that it was a portal to the inner earth used by teros.

Marcoux passed away on September 23, 1983 while exploring The Blowing Cave. Marcoux's last installment of his semi-regular column, titled, "I Live With the Teros," had appeared in *Shavertron* Number 16. Issue Number 18 announced Marcoux's sudden death: "Charles and his wife Lorene moved from Phoenix, Arizona to Cushman, Arkansas so that they would be close to Blowing Cave, the supposed portal to the Teros. They set up house in a leased mobile home trailer in September, just two months ago. While out on a hike near the cave entrance, the Marcouxes were attacked by a swarm of yellowjackets, which stung them. Continuing on, Charles mentioned something about being tired. He sat down ...and that was it. He died almost instantly, on September 23rd ...less than a month after relocating."

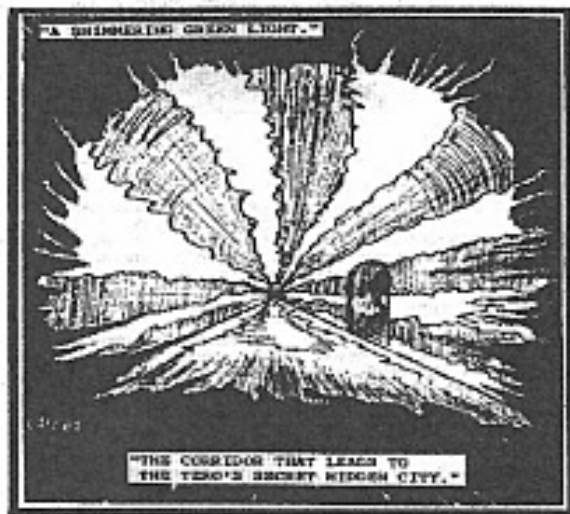
Marcoux had been one of the last of the original *Amazing Stories* readers who still lived in Shaver's and Palmer's underground world of cavern cities.

Marcoux had even claimed to have seen a dero couple standing on a corner in Flint, Michigan one day at 4:00 P.M. in 1945. He published some of his own bizarre stories in a mimeographed booklet entitled *I Live With the Teros*.

Marcoux tells the story of his tero meeting on the pages of *Shavertron* Number 13: "It was a dreary day with a steady light snow. ...[While] I stood at the intersection, facing the Rialto Theater and waiting for the signal to change, I felt a very strong sensation come over me, and my eyes were drawn to two people standing under a light post on the other side of the street. ...I stood magnetically 'trans-



Marcoux's teros he had seen in 1945.



Cave entrance drawn by Marcoux.

fixed,' unable to move and unaware of my surroundings. At last my mind became completely attuned to theirs, and our eyes seemed to pierce each other's. There are no words to explain the wild panorama of thoughts and feeling that came over me. Telepathically they impressed me that they were 'Teros,' and I KNEW THEM PERSONALLY, and knew that they were 'Teros from the cavern world.'"

Marcoux notes that as they crossed the street, "...when they passed so close to me, their eyes did not waver right or left, and their thoughts left a mark in my mind. They seemed to say, 'Guard your thoughts from unfriendly rays.'"

Hollow earth regulars like Bruce Walton, Jim Wentworth, the Canadian researcher Gene Duplantier, Floria Benton, Riley Crabb, Vaughn Greene, and others regularly wrote to *The Hollow Hassle* and *Shavertron* to express their latest thoughts on the cavern world, mind control, cover-ups, UFOs and the latest activities of the deros.

In the early '90s the fanzine *The Hollow Earth Insider*, edited by Dennis Crenshaw of Yulee, Florida, was introduced. In his large-size, xeroxed zine, Crenshaw reprinted various Shaver and hollow earth material plus new clippings and material on conspiracy and mind control, true to Shaver's original concept.

The Hollow Earth Insider may no longer be published (Dennis stopped publishing a few years ago) but back issues are probably available. Information can be obtained by writing to D.G. Crenshaw, P.O. Box 918, Yulee, FL 32097. With the same sort of clever humor of Richard Toronto or Bob Rickard of *Fortean Times*, Crenshaw deals with sophisticated technology, underground bases, ancient civilizations and mind control techniques.

Mind Control and the Tunnels

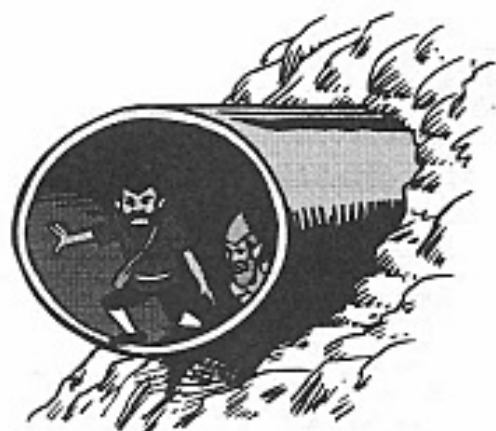
The subject of mind control has always been central to The Shaver Mystery, and, to a lesser extent, other theories on the hollow earth.

Shaver, who believed he was being followed (not without rea-



RAY PALMER: "THIS IS AN UNRETOUCHED PHOTO!"

Hollow Earth Insider cover featuring Palmer's famous satellite photo.



son either, being a known communist agitator) also claimed that through his welding equipment at the Ford plant in Michigan, he could hear voices being projected into his head by a civilization living beneath the surface of the earth.

Shaver claimed that the voices, coupled also with the visions he obtained, told him of the teros, deros and mind control rays from the caverns.

Could it be that Shaver was himself an early victim of mind control? He was ultimately put in a state asylum due to his beliefs. It was dur-

ing these years that he apparently wrote some of his early material. Was it closer to truth or fiction?



Shavertron cover from the early '80s showing a chupacabra-type critter.

The Search for the Hollow Earth

by
David Hatcher Childress

He stretcheth out the north
over the empty place,
and hangeth the earth upon nothing.
—*The Book of Job*

When one studies such subjects as lost continents, the hollow earth and the Shaver Mystery, two questions always leap to the forefront of the research:

(1) Are there ancient tunnel systems in the earth?

And, (2) Are the famous "Holes at the Poles" for real?

The answer to the first question, I can say, is a resounding "YES!"

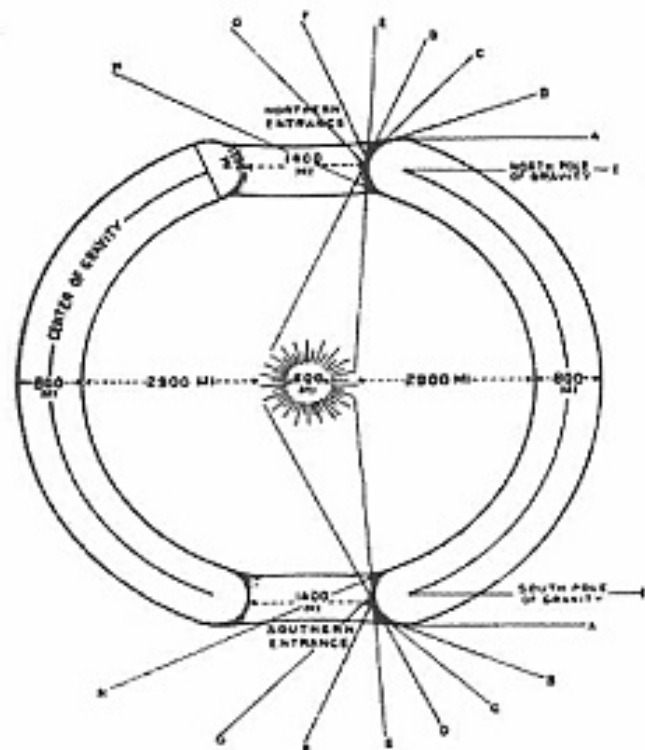
The answer to the second question seems to be a cautious "Probably not."

Early Books on the Hollow Earth

The concept that the earth is hollow, shaped somewhat like a big donut, with entrances at the north and south poles, has been around for a long time, many hundreds of years, at least.

Plato had written of enormous subterranean tunnels both broad and narrow that made up the earth's interior. But, the famous discoverer of Halley's Comet, Sir Edmund Halley (1656-1742), was one of the first to propose that the earth was hollow and that entrances might be found at either pole.

Halley believed that all heavenly bodies were hollow, and in a speech before the members of the Royal Society of London stated, "Beneath the crust of the Earth, which



Gardner's hollow earth diagram.

is 500 feet thick, is a hollow void."^{28, 44}

A short time after Halley, the Swiss mathematician Leonhard Euler (1707-1783) stated that, "mathematically the Earth has to be hollow." Euler, the founder of higher mathematics, also believed there "was a center sun inside the Earth's interior, which provided daylight to a splendid subterranean civilization."²⁸

The first person to try to mount an expedition to prove that the earth was hollow was an eccentric American named John Cleves Symmes (1779-1829). As a captain in the newly-formed army of the United States, Symmes was a war hero of the War of 1812. It was Symmes' belief that the earth was made up of a series of concentric spheres, one inside the other. He also believed that there were holes at the poles that provided an entrance into these hollow earths.

Symmes' ardent beliefs convinced James McBride, an Ohio millionaire, that the hollow earth should be explored. McBride used his political connections to Rep. Richard M. Johnson (D) of Kentucky (later Vice-President under Van Buren 1837-1841) to petition congress to finance an expedition to claim the lands inside the earth for the U.S. The petition was defeated by a vote of 56-46.

Only slightly daunted, Symmes continued his campaign, lecturing and writing to raise money for an expedition into the earth's interior. He claimed that the holes at the poles were 4,000 miles wide and proposed a massive expedition from Washington D.C. to the North Pole, where the group would enter into the hollow earth. There he planned to meet the inner earth people and open "new sources of trade and commerce."

It was during this time that the Smithsonian Institution was built in Washington D.C., an institution that Symmes helped create. It was his impression that the Smithsonian Institution was built to house artifacts that were to be brought back from his expedition to the hollow earth. Symmes died in 1829 and his foray into the North Pole and inner earth never happened. The Smithsonian Institution was used for other things. But Edgar Allen Poe did fictionalize Symmes' lifelong quest in his early science-fiction story of an expedition to the hollow earth, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, published in 1838.

Though Symmes never personally published a book on his theories of the hollow earth, his son later published a volume of his father's lectures, which spurred on many hollow earth believers. While most



A drawing of John Symmes.

scientists dismissed the whole idea as absurd and physically impossible, others embraced the concept.

Science fiction writers also picked up on the theory of the hollow earth, the most famous work on the subject being the French author Jules Verne's *Journey to the Center of the Earth* published in 1864.

In 1871 a curious book was published entitled *The Hollow Globe or the World's Agitator & Reconciler* by William F. Lyon. Lyon's book contained chapters on the hollow earth, the polar openings, gravity, volcanic theories and other wild speculation of an unusual manner. Some of the chapter titles are revealing: The Open Polar Sea, The Igneous Theory, Electro-Magnetism Productive of Earthquakes, Gravitation A Subordinate Force, and Who Are The World Builders?

Another curious book, *Paradise Found* by William F. Warren, was published in 1885. Warren claimed that his careful studies had led him to conclude that the cradle of the human race was the North Pole. Warren believed that a primitive Eden had once existed at the North Pole from which all civilization arose. While *Paradise Found* did not actually propose a hollow earth and an Eden inside the earth, it no doubt greatly augmented other books that sought to prove the existence of an inner world and holes at the poles.

Another book, published in 1895, entitled *Among the Gnomes*, may have also influenced hollow earth enthusiasts and Richard Shaver. *Among the Gnomes* was written by Franz Hartmann and is the story of an Irishman who visits a subterranean world populated by gnomes, fairies, dragons and goblins.

In 1896 another strange book was published. The book *Etidorpha* (the reverse of Aphrodite) by John Uri Lloyd with illustrations by J. Augustus Knapp was the remarkable account of a journey into the hollow earth by a Mason and would-be initiate into the mysteries of the world. The story is of Llewellyn Drury, who is taken deep into a cave in Kentucky by a faceless man-creature who communicates to him by telepathy. The two eventually reach a central sun inside the earth



The central sea, from Jules Verne's book.

where Drury is taught to levitate.

Another book coming out about this time was *Beyond the Great South Wall* by Frank Saville. Published in 1901, Saville's novel was an illustrated journey to the south polar opening of the hollow earth. The book is fictionalized as a true story, the testimony of Sir John Dorrencourte, KNT (this apparently means Knight Templar). His group sails to Antarctica by ship and penetrates the great ice wall of Antarctica into the ocean inside the earth. They discover an ancient temple and are almost crushed escaping from the massive ice walls of the southern pole.

A Journey to the Earth's Interior

In the new century was the important William Reed book *Phantom of the Poles*¹⁹ published in 1906. *Phantom of the Poles* was not a fictionalized story like other hollow earth books of the time, but a serious attempt to gather evidence for the theory.

Reed's book provided the first compilation of evidence that had been gathered by arctic explorers. Reed was fascinated by some of the odd things mentioned by early explorers such as icebergs with pollen and "tropical" seeds in them, or the occasional encounters with birds and other animals in the far north. Reed theorized that these seeds and animals were coming from the paradise inside the earth.

Reed estimated that the crust of the earth was 800 miles thick while the hollow interior had a diameter of 6,400 miles. Said Reed, "The earth is hollow. The Poles, so long sought, are phantoms. There are openings at the northern and southern extremities. In the interior are vast continents, oceans, mountains and rivers. Vegetable and animal life are evident in the New World, and it is probably peopled by races unknown to dwellers on the Earth's surface."¹⁹

William Gardner authored the 1913 book *A Journey to the Earth's Interior*, (subtitled: "Or Have the Poles Really Been Discovered?").¹⁸ Gardner, like Euler before him, proposed that there was an inner sun within the earth. Gardner published the book himself in 1913 with the help of friends, and it was professionally printed and sold in a second edition in 1920. Gardner claimed that his work was the product of over 20 years of research.

A Journey to the Earth's Interior was well illustrated and is the origin of the often seen diagram of the hollow earth showing the holes at the poles and inner sun. The inner sun was 600 miles across, Gardner claimed, and it was 2,900 miles from the outer shell of the inner sun to the inner "crust." The holes at the poles were 1,400 miles across, while the crust of the earth was believed to be about 800 miles



William Gardner

thick. Within this 800-mile crust was the rock pressure that created magma for surface volcanoes.

Gardner theorized that the inner world was warm and tropical, a literal paradise. Gardner attempted to gain funds for an expedition to the hollow earth, but was unsuccessful.¹⁸

Gardner wrote at the end of his book, "We shall see all when we explore the Arctic in earnest, as we shall easily be able to do with the aid of airships. And when once we have seen it we shall wonder why it was for so long we were blind to evidence which, as is shown in this book, has been before men's eyes for practically a whole century and over."¹⁸

The hollow earth soon returned to the world of fiction with Edgar Rice Burrough's inner world of Pelucidar in *Tarzan at the Earth's Core* and other pulp fantasy books. Ultimately the hollow earth concept made it the pages of *Amazing Stories* and other magazines.

The Smoky God

A novel on the hollow earth was published in 1908 by Willis George Emerson entitled *The Smoky God*.³² Ray Palmer later reprinted this hollow earth classic in 1965 with a special afterword.

The Smoky God told the (purportedly true) story of Jens Jansen and his son Olaf, two Norwegian fishermen who had supposedly entered the hollow earth in 1829. According to the book, on April 3, 1829 Jens and Olaf, who was 19 at the time, left Stockholm in their sailing sloop bound for the Lofoden Islands.

Their goal was to return with ivory tusks known to be on the west coast of Franz Joseph Island. Additional supplies were taken aboard at Spitzbergen prior to the resumption of their trip along the coast. Somewhere along the Spitzbergen coast the two found a rocky inlet which contained a two-acre area of green plants and relatively warm climate. This, amazingly, along a coast of glaciers and icebergs.

They continued on across the Arctic Ocean bound for Franz Joseph Island, but were blown off course by a storm, which carried them ever farther north. Navigating strange warm winds, giant icebergs and blinding snowstorms, they penetrated ever further into the polar regions. Their supply of food was dwindling and their compass had gone



Gardner's hollow earth globe.

haywire.

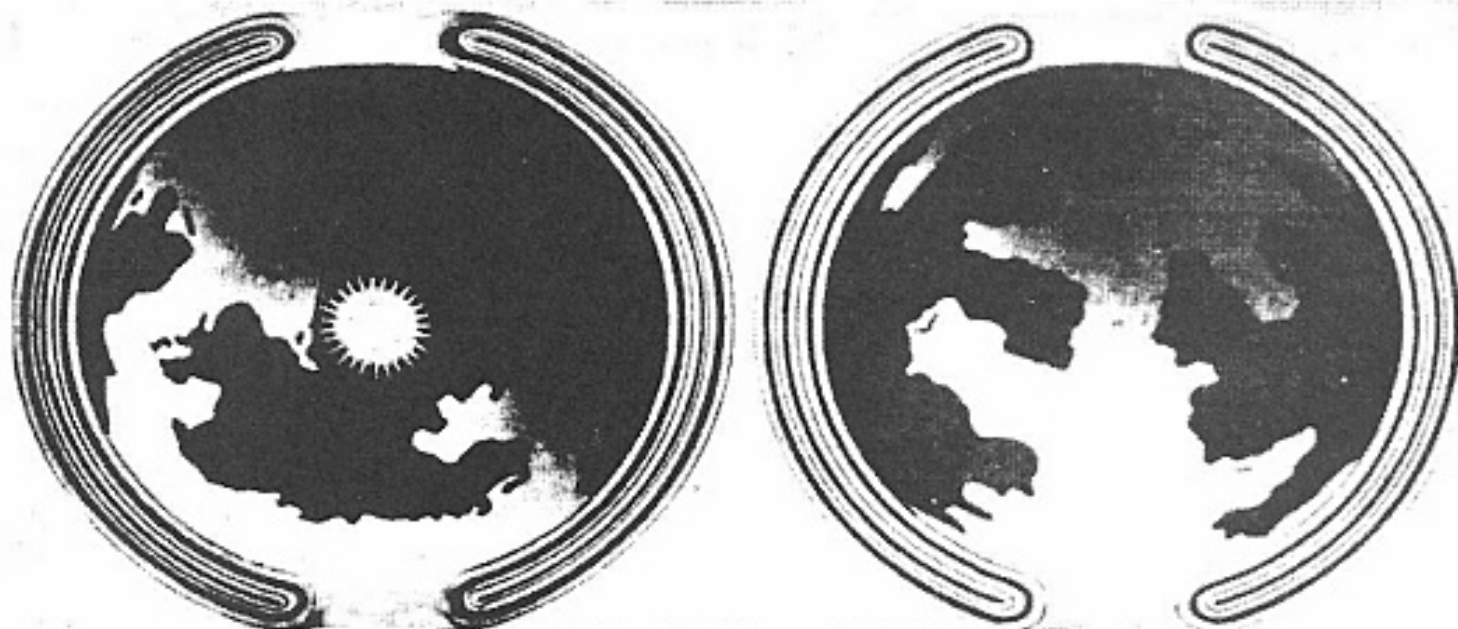
Then, after many days had passed, they looked at the sky one afternoon and saw a sun on the horizon. But it was a peculiar sun, with a "smoky, furnace-colored" appearance, sometimes hidden by clouds and mist. Several days later, land was sighted—with tropical vegetation. They could now survive on their new found food source, and, happily, their compass was even operating again. Eventually a river brought them inland.

Days later they were shocked to come in contact with another ship that was gigantic in size and carried gigantic humans. This ship was on a pleasure cruise, and carried several hundred people, the women being from 9 to 11 feet tall while the men were generally a foot or so taller.

This kindly race of giants befriended Jens and Olaf and taught them their language. The tunic-wearing males were also very musical. Communication was through "air currents," something similar to electricity, or Bulwer Lytton's Vril power described in his 1871 novel *The Coming Race*.⁶⁰

The men and women of the inner earth lived between 600 and 900 years, like early Biblical patriarchs. They were sun worshipers and adored their inner sun, the Smoky God. Gold was abundant and covered almost everything. Giant trees 800 to 1,000 feet high and 100 feet in diameter made up the extensive forests. Huge herds of cattle and elephants existed, as well as abundant agriculture and various forms of vegetation.

After two years, the Norwegian fishermen attempted to leave this inner Eden and return to the outer world. However, the northern hole in the pole was blocked by a wall of icebergs. They decided to sail to the south polar opening that they had been told about.



Gardner's hollow earth globe.

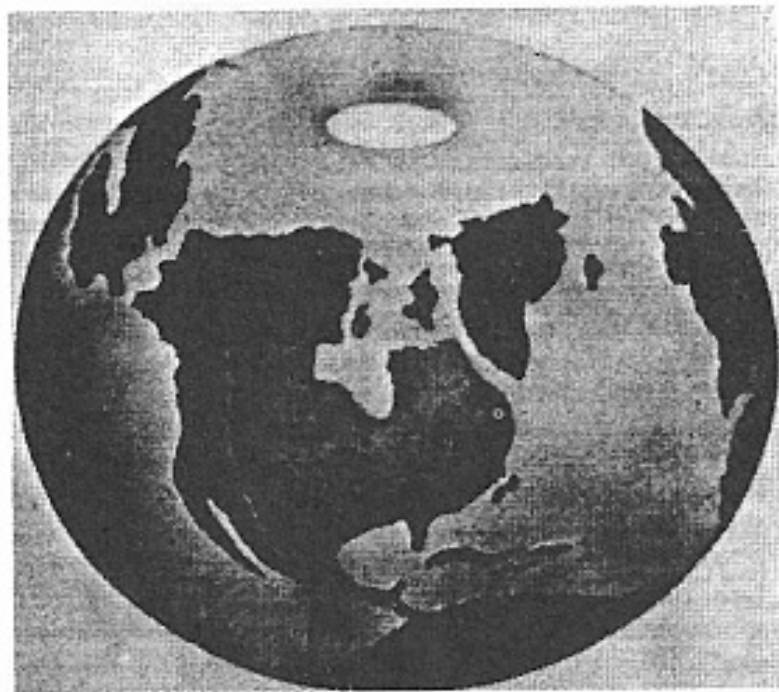
After some time, they made it to the southern hole in the pole and, skirting large icebergs, found themselves in the Antarctic Ocean. Finally, disaster struck: their ship was crushed between two icebergs and the older Jansen was killed. All records of their voyage were destroyed and only Olaf remained alive, surviving on an iceberg with what he had salvaged from the wreck of their boat.

Amazingly, he was rescued by a whaling ship from Dundee, Scotland, a ship named the Arlington. Olaf was pulled from the freezing iceberg and, after being given food and hot drinks, told Captain Angus McPherson his incredible adventure.

Emerson says that the captain flatly refused to believe the story, and Olaf never again told it to the captain and crew. When Olaf eventually returned home, he discovered that his mother had died and the city officials also refused to believe his story. An unscrupulous relative had him committed to an insane asylum. After 28 years, he was released and allowed to emigrate to America, where he met Willis George Emerson and his story was ultimately published.

Books like *The Smoky God* are clearly fiction, and it was common for many science fiction and fantasy books at the turn of the century to be the purported "true story" of an expedition to Tibet, a remote island, or some other faraway place. Edgar Rice Burroughs of Tarzan fame used such a device in his Pellucidar novels of the hollow earth. The American writer Abraham Merritt wrote a number of novels as true "scientific reports" by his hero Dr. Godwin concerning his amazing adventures in the cavern world beneath the Micronesian Island of Pohnpei in *The Moon Pool* (1918) and in a lost valley in Tibet with an underground city in *The Metal Monster* (1919).

Books such as these no doubt influenced Ray Palmer and Richard Shaver. In 1934, Guy Warren Ballard wrote a book entitled *Unveiled Mysteries* under his pen name Godfrey Ray King. In this book he described many out-of-body tours he had taken to a secret city of high-tech ancient wonders at Mount Shasta, or thereabouts. Ballard described the inner world he had astrally visited as beautiful, with many scientific marvels. (Up until Shaver and Palmer, the inner world had always been populated by an advanced, highly spiritual race of people rather than the degenerated deros of *Amazing Stories*.) While on tour of these inner cities, Ballard even claimed to have met with extraterrestrials.



Gardner's hollow earth globe.

Dr. Bernard, Walter Siegmeister & the Hollow Earth

One of the next characters to step onto the hollow earth stage was a long-time spiritualist and health food advocate named Walter Siegmeister. Siegmeister was destined to take a mishmash of Palmer's and Gardner's writing and create the most popular hollow earth book of them all, appropriately titled *The Hollow Earth*.² The book was published in 1964 under the pen name Dr. Raymond Bernard.

According to Walter Kafton-Minkel in his book *Subterranean Worlds*,²¹ Siegmeister was born in 1901 to a family of non-practicing Russian Jews in New York City. His father was a doctor, and, according to Kafton-Minkel, Siegmeister was unusually concerned with sex and the differences between boys and girls at an early age. Female menstruation, in particular, fascinated him.

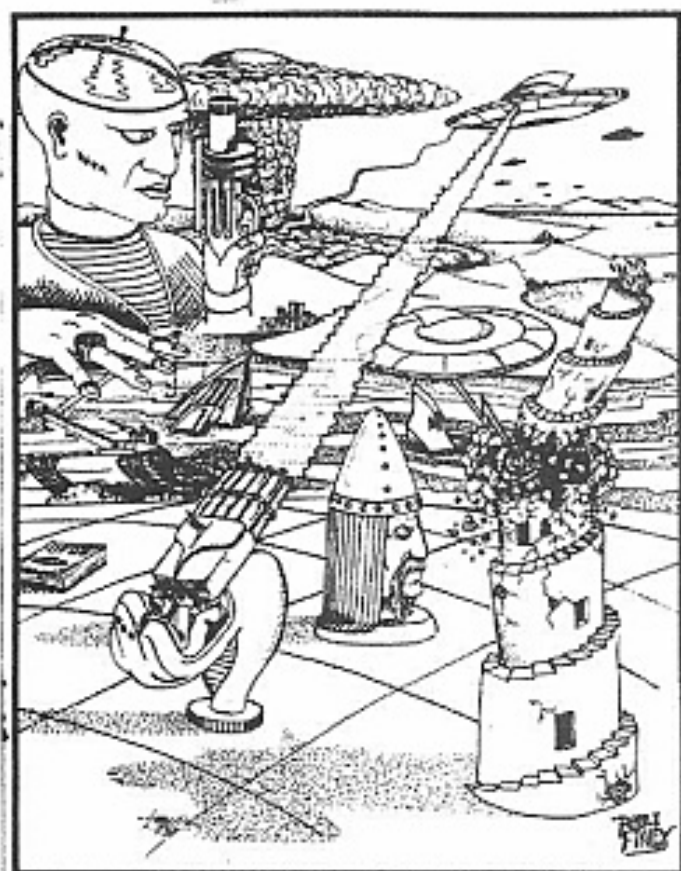
Siegmeister obtained a bachelor's degree from New York's Columbia University in 1924, and his master's degree and doctorate from New York University in 1930 and 1932, respectively. Demonstrating his interest in the occult, his Ph.D. dissertation was entitled, "Theory and Practice of Rudolf Steiner's Pedagogy."

Kafton-Minkel claims to have seen only two photos of Siegmeister, one taken soon after his graduation from NYU in 1933, and one which appeared in the magazine *The American Weekly* for May 9, 1943 when Siegmeister. Both photos show a man with thick black hair and beard and "penetrating eyes."

According to Kafton-Minkel, Siegmeister moved to Florida in 1933 where he started a newsletter entitled *Diet and Health* and attempted to set up a health food colony near Lake Istokpoga in Florida with a real estate developer named G.R. Clements. Clements was also a health writer but, according to Kafton-Minkel, was a real estate "shyster."

Clements and Siegmeister sold swampland to those wanting to grow papayas, avocados, pineapples and other semi-tropical fruits. Unfortunately, the land flooded regularly and was unsuitable for crops. Siegmeister and Clements were threatened with legal action, and Siegmeister decided that it was best to leave the country.

Siegmeister went to Ecuador in 1941 to escape civilization. He followed a friend named John Wierlo, who had left for South America in 1940. In Ecuador, Siegmeister



An illustration from *Shavertron*.

and Wierlo attempted to found a new promised land at an isolated spot in the eastern part of the country.

It was while in Ecuador that Siegmeister appeared in the May 9, 1943 issue of *The American Weekly*. The sensational article was entitled "Hope to Breed a Super-Race in Ecuador's Secret Jungles," and was written by J.M. Sheppard.

In the article, Wierlo, "a blond giant of 24 years... 200 pounds of solid muscle, clad in native garb after his two year preparation in the jungle," was to wed a woman named Marian Windish, a "24-year-old girl hermit who lived two years in the Ecuadorian jungle without clothes, cooked foods, weapons or medicines."

Also interviewed was the man who brought them together to create a superrace, Walter Siegmeister. Said Sheppard of Siegmeister, "At 40 years of age, Dr. Siegmeister has the skin of a child, a complexion a movie star would envy and the most unusual eyes I've ever seen—brown, extraordinarily large and of such depth and fire that they draw one's attention inexorably. Yet the manner of the man is one of meekness and solemnity."

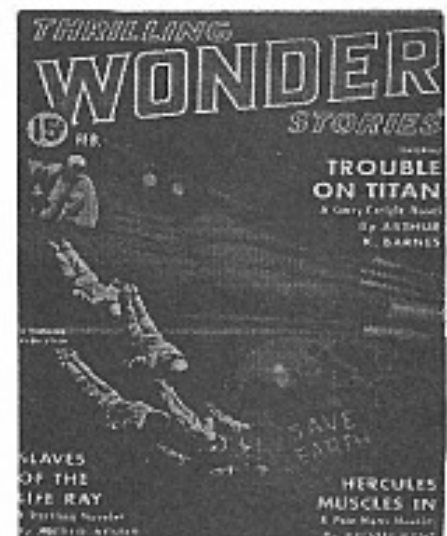
The article continued that a paradisaical society, based on a raw food diet and natural living, was to be built on the eastern slopes of the Andes and a new race would be created. But there was apparently trouble in paradise.

Wierlo later wrote that he refused to consent to the "super-baby" creation scheme, and that Marian Windish was actually married to another man, but Sheppard had wanted to use Wierlo in his photos.

Wierlo also charged that Sheppard had "photographed bearded Siegmeister with long hair down, in a robe, walking on water (with supports just below the surface) and other 'miracles.'" In an earlier edition of *The American Weekly*, Wierlo said, Sheppard and his photographer had "faked some stories about meeting Tibetan Masters with prayer wheels on a nearby mountain." According to Kafton-Minkel, these were the "same stories picked up by Vincent Gaddis for his 'Tales from Tibet' series in *Amazing Stories*..."

Wierlo wrote, "With such perversion of facts, both Sheppard and Siegmeister were banned from the use of U.S. Mails, and Sheppard was banned by the Ecuadorian Immigration Department."²¹

Kafton-Minkel thinks that Siegmeister had a genuine desire to set up a superrace colony in South America. He now continued on his quest to establish healthier eating patterns. Siegmeister journeyed to California and sold health food and two books he had written, now using the pen name Dr. Robert Raymond since he had been banned from using the U.S. mail under the name Walter Siegmeister. The two books were entitled *Are You Being Poisoned by the Food You Eat?* and *Super-Health thru Organic Super-Foods*.





Siegmeister continued to travel for ten years, living for awhile in Hawaii, Guatemala and Puerto Rico, where he sold mail-order health books under the name Dr. Uriel Adriana, A.B., M.A., Ph.D. Kafton-Minkel reports that all this time he was searching for the spot to create his superrace colony. Finally, his mother passed away and left him a sizable amount of money in 1955. Siegmeister moved to Brazil and purchased a fairly large bit of property near the town of Joinville on the island of Sao Francisco do Sul just off the coast of Santa Catharina state in southern Brazil.

Throughout his life Siegmeister had lived on the income generated from self-produced manuscripts that he photocopied or mimeographed and sold through the mail as books. He wrote the self-published book *Escape From Destruction* (1955) and sold

it from Joinville, Brazil, again using the name "Dr. Raymond Bernard, A.B., M.A., Ph.D.," due to the mail ban.

In the book, Siegmeister talks about the coming atomic war and how his colony in Brazil would be a safe place. He also mentions a Puerto Rican psychic named "Mayita" who predicted that a global nuclear war would begin between 1965 and 1970, and that by the year 2000 there would be no living thing left on earth. Extraterrestrials, however, would take the worthy to Mars where they would be safe.

Siegmeister mentions lost continents, Masters within the earth, and his belief that the female sex of human beings is the superior creature. In his colony, sex was to be forbidden; women would ultimately regenerate through virgin birth, and eventually, they would all have to move to Mars with the space brothers. Siegmeister also suggested that we might escape destruction by moving underground!

Flying Saucers from the Earth's Interior

About this time, Siegmeister, now firmly ensconced in his identity as Dr. Raymond Bernard, discovered a curious book published in Brazil in 1955 entitled (in English) *From the Subterranean World to the Sky* by O.C. Huguenin, a Brazilian writer and apparently the director of the Theosophical Society in Brazil. Huguenin's book has never appeared in English, but Siegmeister translated large parts of the book after he obtained a copy in 1956 while browsing in a bookstore in Sao Paulo.

From the Subterranean World to the Sky relates Huguenin's thesis that flying saucers had been constructed over 12,000 years ago by Atlanteans, just before their continent sank into the ocean. Some Atlanteans used their craft to escape the destruction and migrate through the holes at the poles to the inner world, where

they reconstructed their advanced civilization.

Huguenin argued that the features commonly attributed to UFOs made little sense if they were extraterrestrial in nature, but were quite logical if they were from earth itself. The UFO-nauts were monitoring radiation levels on the surface of the earth, he maintained, and had no intention of contacting governments on the outer earth.

Two other Brazilian Theosophists, an army colonel named Commander Paulo Strauss and a Professor Henrique de Souza, described by Siegmeister as an "archaeologist and esotericist," were friends with Huguenin and provided him with much of the information in his obscure Portuguese book.

In 1956, Commander Strauss toured Brazil, lecturing on UFOs and their secret base inside the hollow earth which was called Agharta. He was presumably lecturing in an unofficial capacity, apart from the Brazilian military, though one has to wonder. He may have been on an official mission to disseminate false information on the very real UFO phenomena happening in South America, and all over the world, at the time.

Siegmeister indicated that Professor de Souza was in actual contact with Atlanteans of the inner earth, mentioning how residents of Sao Lourenzo frequently saw strange spacecraft landing near the Society's headquarters; men "of great stature" would leave the ship, greet de Souza, and hurry inside for conferences of an esoteric nature.

According to Kafton-Minkel, Siegmeister paid a visit to the Theosophical Headquarters in Sao Lourenzo to visit Professor de Souza. Siegmeister was publishing a newsletter from Brazil called the *Biosophical Bulletin*, and described the meeting in one of the issues: "On the sofa in the back of the room sat a young girl, looking about 18 years of age. Much to my surprise she was introduced as [the professor's] wife, though he was over 70, and I was told that she is a subterranean woman, and really over 50 years of age, but retains her youth, since subterranean people live much longer than we do.

"The Professor began the conversation saying, "I just returned from a visit to the Subterranean World, where I am well known. I have frequently visited the city of Shamballah and once had the key of the door that leads to this city."

De Souza even told Siegmeister that he knew of a number of tunnel entrances in Brazil. One was in the Roncador Mountains of the Matto Grosso, the area where the famous British explorer Colonel Percy Fawcett disappeared in 1925.



Walter Siegmeister, alias Raymond Bernard.

The story of Colonel Fawcett and his ill-fated expedition to find Atlantean ruins in the remote jungles of Brazil was still very well known in the 1950s. The publication of Fawcett's son Brian's book *Expedition Fawcett*⁵² (published in the U.S. as *Lost Trails, Lost Cities*) and the works of Harold Wilkins (*Secret Cities of Old South America*⁵⁴ and *Mysteries of Ancient South America*⁵⁵) kept his fame alive.

De Souza told Siegmeister that Colonel Fawcett and his companions were still alive in the subterranean tunnels of the Roncador Mountains, in an Atlantean city. Said Siegmeister, they "are not permitted to leave lest they be forced to reveal its whereabouts." The entrance to the tunnels was guarded by fierce Chavantes Indians who would attack any intruder.

De Souza gave to Siegmeister a password that would enable him to pass the Chavantes guardians and enter the tunnels. He told Siegmeister that the tunnel descended through several levels of subterranean cities and farms, but it finally ended in the great hollow at the center of the earth.²¹

Siegmeister continued his self-publishing with a 1960 book entitled *Nuclear Age Survivors* in which he described himself as a searcher for the concealed entrances to Agartha, much in the same way that Charles Marcoux was to claim "I Live With the Teros." Siegmeister made trips to the Matto Grosso and Roncador Mountains, but could not find any subterranean entrances.

Later that year, friends sent him copies of Ray Palmer's articles in *Flying Saucers* about the hollow earth and Byrd's flight "beyond the poles," as well as some of Theodore Fitch's pamphlets on the hollow earth and the free-energy flying saucers.

During this period of 1959-1960, Siegmeister wrote *Agharta, The Subterranean World* and shortly afterward, *Flying Saucers from the Earth's Interior*. *Agharta, The Subterranean World* was only 58 pages of self-typed manuscript, and *Flying Saucers from the Earth's Interior* was only 89 pages. Both outlined Siegmeister's belief in a subterranean world, ancient continents and UFOs.

Siegmeister was also sent a letter from a man named Ottmar Kaub, secretary to Dr. George Marlo, the head of a St. Louis organization called UFO



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Arnold's 1947 sighting started the UFO craze.

World Research. Siegmeister published the letter in his *Biosophical Bulletin*. The letter stated that Dr. Marlo was interested in living at Siegmeister's Santa Catarina monastery, was a vegetarian, and had "been taken inside the earth via the North Pole opening on many different trips on a flying saucer. He is in constant touch with the saucer people and in conference with them."

Ottmar Kaub, writing to Siegmeister continued, "because of his position and the orders he is under, he does not seek or desire any publicity whatever, and this letter is not for publication or showing to anyone outside of our group, because various governments and air forces do not want certain information given publicly."²¹

Siegmeister and Dr. Marlo exchanged letters and Dr. Marlo claimed that he had been in touch for the past several years with two beings named Sol-Mar and Zola. These names also appear in George Hunt Williamson's *The Saucers Speak*, to be discussed in the next chapter.

Sol-Mar and Zola lived beneath South Africa in a city called Masars II. Marlo claimed that he had made over 60 trips with Sol-Mar and Zola in their flying saucers. Some of these trips were to the North Pole region where they entered the earth through a "curve" in the earth to the inner world, while other trips were to Masars II in the caverns beneath South Africa.

Dr. Marlo told Siegmeister that the inner world people called themselves "Terrans" and they lived in a lush world, much like our own, in which the sun never set. There were many cities, including Masars II, Eden, Delfi, Jehu, Nigi, and Hectea.

The inner world had an ideal climate, Marlo told Siegmeister, with people 12 to 14 feet tall, birds with 30-foot wingspans, and apples or oranges as large as a man's head. They also had flying saucers.

The inner world people loved to cruise the outer world, Marlo told Siegmeister, and pick up "contactees" to confuse them as to the origins of UFOs. In a prelude to the "Bo" and "Peep" of the Heaven's Gate suicide group, Marlo claimed that Sol-Mar and Zola would pick up worthy candidates with their saucers and save them from the coming catastrophe.

Siegmeister writes about Marlo, Sol-Mar and Zola, all in glowing terms, in his self-published books *Nuclear Age Survivors* and *Flying Saucers from the Earth's Interior*. Siegmeister used Marlo's material to seek more immigrants to his Brazilian commune, and suggested that a flying saucer shuttle would bring people between



Arnold with a photo of the UFO he saw.

Brazil and the USA.

Over several years, Marlo, through the letters of Ottmar Kaub, continued to promise that he, Sol-Mar, and Zola, would arrive in their flying saucer. However, usually agents of the US government stepped in to forbid the flights or he was suddenly called to Washington D.C. with his flying saucer.

Walter Kafton-Minkel says that Siegmeister finally realized that he had been hoaxed (perhaps willingly) by "Marlo" and "Ottmar Kaub." Siegmeister warned his readers in an issue of *Biosophical Bulletin*, "Don't come here expecting Dr. Raymond Bernard to bring you Atlanteans. He is hot on their trail, and must first meet them himself. After he does and he secures their permission, he will bring qualified refugees to them. The first step is to come to Santa Catarina, the New Holy Land. The next step is the tunnels."²¹

By the late 1950s, Siegmeister's Biosophical community had stagnated. His island of Sao Francisco contained only a few poor Brazilians and a few German immigrants from nearby Joinville. Says Kafton-Minkel, "When his American correspondents wrote him of their searches for entrances to the inner world in the caves and mountains of Arizona, New Mexico, and northern Mexico, Bernard became especially disturbed; he pleaded with them not to explore the dero-haunted caverns of North America. He felt the dero were the 'outcasts and degenerates' expelled from the Lemurian 'Motherland' thousands of years ago, and their presence beneath America explained the growth of juvenile delinquency in American cities. Desperate to convince his American readers to join him in Brazil, he went to work on his final book, *The Hollow Earth*."²¹

In compiling the book, Siegmeister used material from Reed's book and Gardner's book. He also drew heavily from Giannini's book, and Palmer's 1960 article in *Flying Saucers*, both of which concerned Byrd's expedition to the South Pole, which Giannini and Palmer had mistakenly said was to the North Pole (to be discussed in the next chapter). Siegmeister later claimed that Byrd had made a "secret" trip to the North Pole in 1947, rather than admit the mistake.

But *The Hollow Earth* was unlike Siegmeister's earlier mimeographed "books," in that he was able to get a New York publisher named Fieldcrest (now extinct), to publish his work. This was after he had circulated the book, much of it a rewrite of *Flying Saucers from the Earth's Interior*, as a mimeographed or photocopied private edition. *The Hollow Earth* was heavily advertised by Fieldcrest and sold quite well, introducing an entire new generation to the concept of the hollow earth. Fieldcrest sold out to University Books of New York which re-copyrighted the book in 1969.

Meanwhile, Siegmeister died in 1965 at his island in Brazil, reportedly of pneu-



monia. Kafton-Minkel reports that letters sent to him beginning in the summer of 1965 were sent back to the senders with "deceased" (in Portuguese, presumably) stamped on the envelope.

The Hollow Earth had little new material about the hollow earth in it except for interesting material on tunnel entrances in Brazil, the country Siegmeister had moved to (like George Hunt Williamson, to be discussed in the next chapter), to form a commune. Otherwise, Siegmeister largely rehashed Reed's and Gardner's books, including all of the illustrations (one of which became the cover of the book). But he did bring up the conspiracy angle to flying saucers and the hollow earth, something that had not been discussed at length before.

The Hollow Earth goes beyond other books of its genre by suggesting that flying saucers were coming from inside the earth, rather than outer space. In fact, the first chapter of *The Hollow Earth* wasn't about the hollow earth at all but rather "UFOs and Government Secrecy" as it was entitled. Siegmeister made the rational point that if there were holes at the poles—and flying saucers were coming from this interior earth—then the U.S. government must be covering up this incredible discovery, along with the origin of the flying saucers.

Flying saucers from the earth's interior was the great secret of our time, claimed Siegmeister and it was being kept a secret by the U.S. government (actually a secret military-intelligence community within our government that controlled such black projects) and all the major world powers. Here we see the beginnings of a conspiracy that claimed that the U.S. government and Russians were working together. The last chapter of the book is about free energy devices and anti-gravity.

Walter Siegmeister was a true believer in the old books on the hollow earth and had clearly read the issues of *Amazing Stories* that constituted The Shaver Mystery. Though Siegmeister's claims were fantastic and often delusional, some evidence for his tunnels in Brazil, as well as UFO bases in South America, has emerged since the '60s.

A recent report (Sept. 98) from the internet said:

Brazil's Sociedade de Estudos Extraterrestres (SOCEX) is currently investigating a flurry of reports of strange tunnels in the mountains of Santa Catarina and Parana states. The "tunnel sightings" are concentrated around the city of Joinville in Santa Catarina state, about 304 kilometers (190 miles) southwest of Sao Paulo.

According to Eustaquio Andrea Patounas of SOCEX, "Recently two explorers entered a tunnel near Ponta Grossa (a city in Parana state 400 kilometers or 250 miles southwest of Sao Paulo—J.T.), and they spent five days in a subterranean city of



more or less 50 inhabitants." During their "tour," the unnamed Brazilians were provided with fruits grown hydroponically underground "by the city's chief, who said they took two years to produce."

The two men also claimed to have "entered a tunnel in Rincano," in the Serra da Paranapiacaba mountains in the state of Parana and "discovered a staircase underground" leading to four different levels. In another case, a man identified as J.D., a guide for Montanha Misterioso in Joinville, S.C. said that many times luminous flying saucers have been seen around the opening of the tunnel, and that he had heard a "chorus of men and women singing underground" near the site. "He said that the discs are so bright that they converted darkest night to the luminosity of day. On this occasion, he encountered a group of strange subterraneans who were near the tunnel. They were white, of red beard and long hair, very muscular. When he approached them, they fled.

Other times he has seen strange lights in this area which are "probably related to the flying saucers." An elderly man in Joinville also claims to have seen subterraneans dressed like the barbarians on *Xena, Warrior Princess*. He stated that he visited a "strange tunnel near Conceiacao in the state of Sao Paulo and saw at a distance a marvelous underground city."

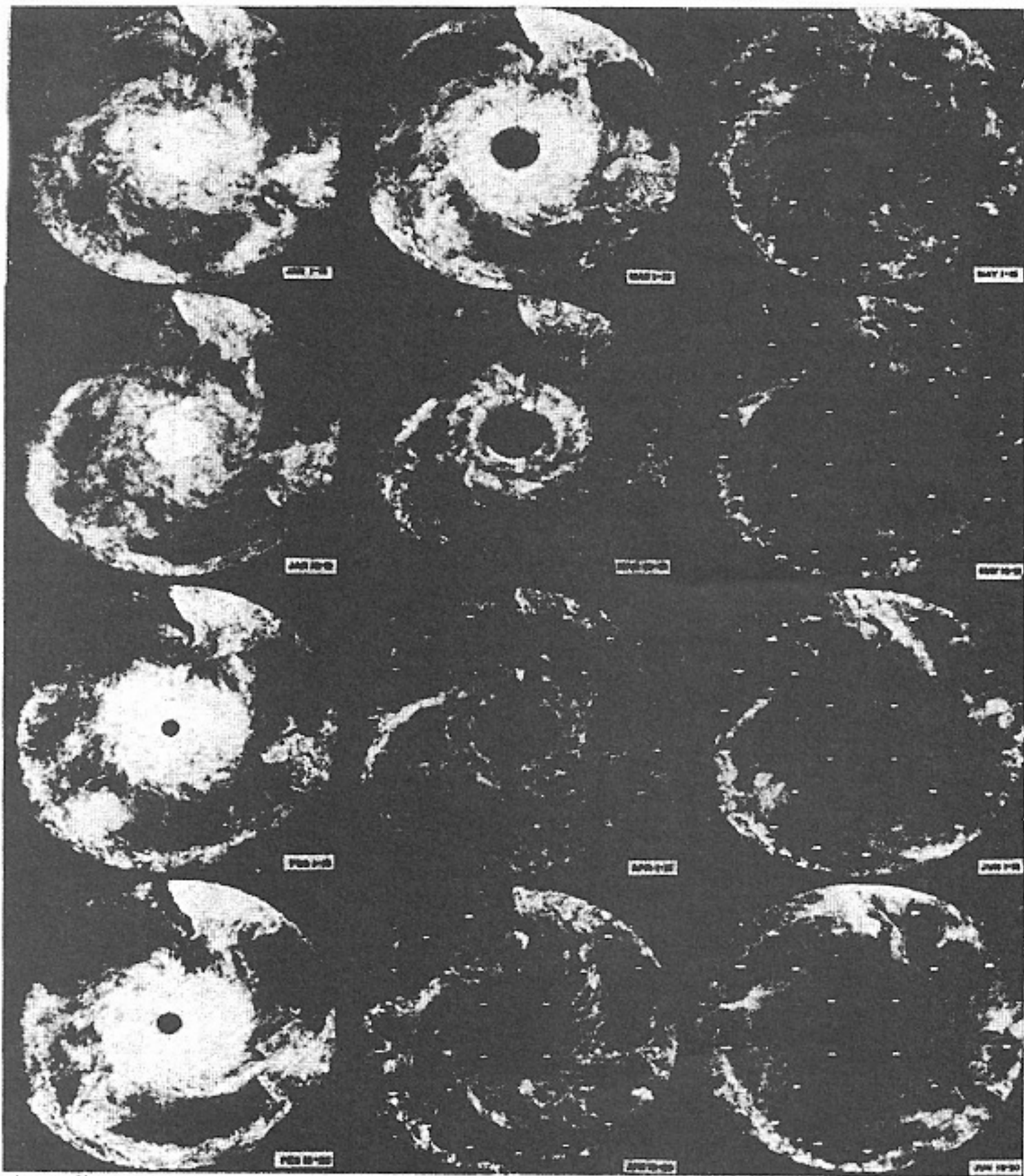
An explorer named N.C. said he had visited a tunnel in Rio Castor and encountered a beautiful young woman who did not appear more than 20 years old. She spoke to him in Portuguese and said she was 2,500 years old. He also said he had met with those "barbarous subterranean men."

Another explorer named D.O. encountered a similar tunnel in Gaspar, S.C., in the Serra do Mar mountains, and "sampled a mysterious fruit from an orchid." He also claimed to have seen subterraneans "talking to each other in high-pitched voices in an unknown language."

Thus ended the story.

It is interesting to note that Joinville is Siegmeister's old address. Coincidence, hoax, or is "Raymond Bernard" still up to his old tricks?





A startling series of satellite photos of the North Pole area showing a contraction and expansion of the clouds over the pole. From the *Journal of Applied Meteorology* and E.T. Stringer's 1974 book *The Secret of the Gods* (Neville Spearman, London).

REVEALED!

The Underground World of Supermen Discovered by Admiral Byrd . . . Under the North Pole . . . and Kept Secret by U. S. Government



Dr. Raymond Bernard, A.B., M.A., Ph.D., N.Y. University, noted scholar and author of "THE HOLLOW EARTH," says that the true home of the flying saucers is a huge underground world whose entrance is at the North Pole opening. In the hollow interior of the Earth lives a super race which wants nothing to do with man on the surface. They launched their flying saucers only after man threatened the world with A-Bombs.

Admiral Byrd, says Dr. Bernard, led a Navy team into the polar opening and came upon this underground region. It is free of ice and snow, has mountains covered with forests; lakes, rivers, vegetation and strange animals. But the news of his discovery was suppressed by the U.S. government in order to prevent other

CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE FOLLOWING?

- Why does one find tropical seeds, plants and trees floating in the fresh water of icebergs?
- Why do millions of tropical birds and animals go farther North in the wintertime?
- If it is not hollow and warm inside the Earth at the Poles, then why does colored pollen color the Earth for thousands of miles?
- Why is it warmer at the Poles than 600 to 1000 miles away from them?
- Why does the North Wind in the Arctic get warmer as one sails North beyond 70° latitude?



nations from exploring the inner world and claiming it. Now Dr. Bernard leads you through this subterranean world to meet the civilization which occupies an underground area larger than North America!

Beneath the 800 mile crust of the Earth is the greatest discovery in human history inhabited by millions of super intelligent beings. If you are ready for information that not many people can handle, order this book today.

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Please send me "The Hollow Earth" by
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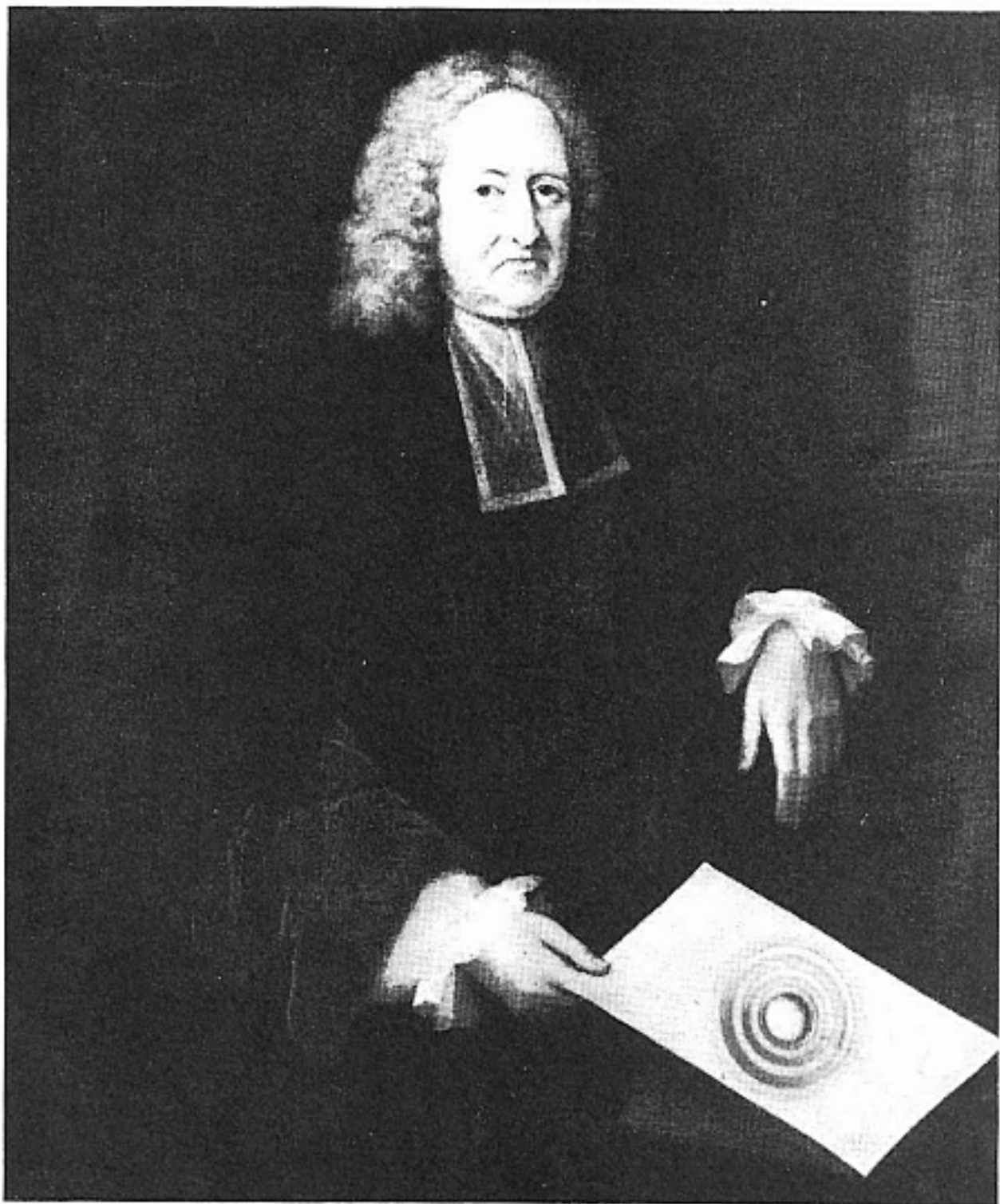
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charge.

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Original 1964 ad for *The Hollow Earth*.



Above: Dr Edmund Halley holding a sketch of his Hollow Earth theory, from a portrait belonging to the Royal Society



One of Richard Shaver's many rock paintings, taking images out of stone and elaborating on them.

UFOS AND ANTARCTICA

by
David Hatcher Childress

I'd like to see that that land beyond the Pole.
That area beyond the Pole is the center
of the great unknown.

—Rear Admiral Richard Byrd

In February of 1947, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd made the above statement before embarking on his epic journey which was to become the keystone of many modern hollow earth beliefs. Byrd's expeditions to Antarctica, and the belief that UFOs were coming from this icebound continent, were to play an important role in the new era of hollow earth books.

The Physical Continuity of the Universe

The first book to discuss Rear Admiral Byrd's southerly expeditions as more than scientific explorations of Antarctica was F. Amadeo Giannini's 1959 book *Worlds Beyond the Poles*. Giannini's book was published in 1959 by the New York vanity publisher Vantage Press (Giannini shelling out \$3000, a large sum at the time) and was the result of Giannini's lifetime of research into "the continuity of the universe."

While Giannini's thesis was not exactly of a hollow earth, it was an important book of of the genre and clearly influenced other later writers such as Walter Siegmester, discussed in the previous chapter.

Giannini's book is a scattered look at such diverse topics as Christian prophecy, Biblical teachings, Rear Admiral Byrd's often confusing statements, and Giannini's belief that our world and the rest of the universe are connected at the poles and that the earth as an isolated sphere in space is an illusion.

Said Giannini at the end of his book, summing



Photo taken by the Brazilian navy.



The most interesting part of *Worlds Beyond the Pole* is Giannini's use of quotes from newspapers of the time about the Antarctic expeditions which took place during the late 1940s and '50s. Giannini was a contemporary of Byrd and his expeditions and collected newspaper articles extensively on anything that related to his thesis. Giannini looked at these reports from a different perspective than the typical reader, and gleaned from them hints of some mysterious land "beyond the pole" which Byrd had penetrated.

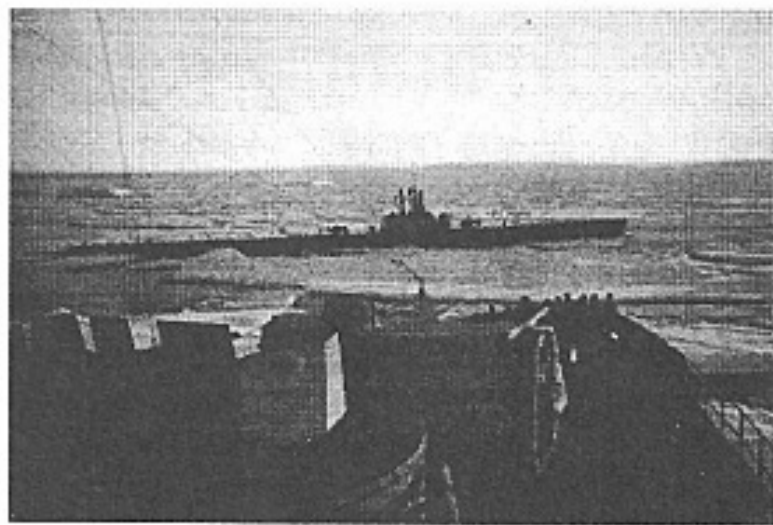
Giannini was the first to quote Byrd after he said "I'd like to see this land beyond the Pole. That area beyond the Pole is the center of the great unknown."

Giannini believed that Byrd, speaking literally rather than figuratively, flew beyond the pole into the rest of the "physically continuous universe." Says Giannini, "How could the admiral have had reference to any mathematically established and then currently known area of the assumed globe?... It must be conceded that the land beyond to which Admiral Byrd referred had to be land beyond and out of bounds of theoretic Earth extent. If it had been considered part of the mathematized Earth it would not have been referred to as the 'center of the great unknown.'"

Despite Giannini's narrow-minded belief that Byrd or other explorers are bound to express themselves in the

up his arguments, "Yesteryear's dread of the fearful unknown may be dispelled in the light of unprecedented modern research and discovery; for they confirm that there is no northern or southern end to the Earth. The terrestrial world is in fact 'a world without end.'"⁴⁶

Giannini had been expounding his theory of "Physical Continuity of the Universe" since 1927. He was related to Amadeo Peter Giannini, the former president of the Bank of Italy and the Bank of America in San Francisco. Amadeo Peter Giannini had passed away just prior to the publication of *Worlds Beyond the Pole* in 1959, and the book was dedicated to him among several others.



One of the submarines with Operation High Jump.

strictest mathematical terms, he did publicize (to a limited extent) some of the oddball statements of Rear Admiral Richard Byrd.

For instance, Byrd was quoted in an *International News* dispatch on April 6, 1955 as saying that he was to establish a satellite base at the South Pole, a feat that seems beyond the scope of the expedition—an expedition which appears to be a literal invasion of Antarctica. Giannini felt that Byrd was unusually interested in maintaining a base at the pole:

"BYRD TO CONSTRUCT NAVY BASE ON SOUTH POLE EXPEDITION.

The Navy announcement said that five ships, fourteen planes, a mobile construction battalion with special Antarctic equipment and a total of thirteen hundred and ninety-three officers and men, will be involved in the expedition. ...The expedition shall procure a satellite base at the South Pole."

Giannini also quotes a November 28, 1955 statement Byrd made before departing for the South Pole, "This is the most important expedition in the history of the world." In a radio announcement of February 5, 1956 Byrd said, "On January 13 members of the United States expedition accomplished a flight of 2,700 miles from the base at McMurdo Sound, which is 400 miles west of the South Pole, and penetrated a land extent of 2,300 miles beyond the Pole."

Later that year, on March 13, Byrd said, "The present expedition has opened up a vast new land." In 1957, just prior to his death, Byrd called Antarctica "...that enchanted continent in the sky, land of everlasting mystery!"

Giannini didn't really believe in the hollow earth, he believed in a literal continent in the sky, one that led to other planets and solar systems as well! And Admiral Byrd's statements did little to dissuade such belief.

Ray Palmer and the Saucers from Earth

In December 1959, Ray Palmer released his now famous "Hollow Earth" issue of *Flying Saucers*, where he in-



Rear Admiral Byrd about to fly to the South Pole.



One of the ships used in Operation High Jump.

formed the public that flying saucers were not extraterrestrial craft at all, but came from inside the earth!

With the headline "SAUCERS FROM EARTH! A Challenge to Secrecy!" Palmer brought out his latest theory on flying saucers: they were coming from Antarctica and ultimately from inside the hollow earth. This information was "the world's top secret" and was being covered up by the governments of the U.S., Britain, Russia and other countries that knew the truth.

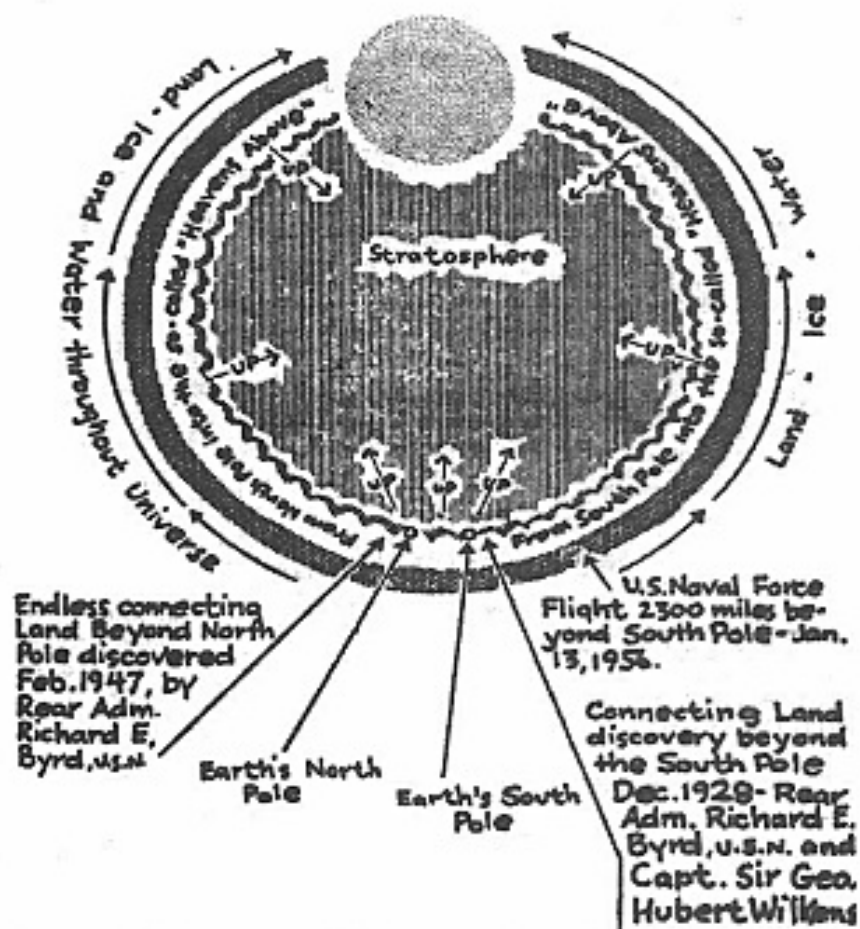
Palmer had been sent a copy of *Worlds Beyond the Poles* by Giannini himself, and it was from this book that Palmer gleaned the information with which he formulated his new theory. Palmer largely discarded Giannini's belief in a physical continuity of reality, but picked up on Giannini's interesting quotes of Byrd, particularly the claims that Byrd had flown to some land "beyond the pole." Palmer, being familiar with Gardner's work, immediately recognized this as the fabled land inside the hollow earth.

In 1956, the book that launched the "Men In Black" phenomena, *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*,⁷⁶ was published. Author Gray Barker had been an investigator for the International Flying Saucer Bureau for a few years in the early '50s until its activities were abruptly stopped.

The International Flying Saucer Bureau published a small UFO newsletter from 1952 to 1953 called *The Saucerian*. The head of the club was a man named Albert Bender. Bender hinted at some menacing force which had warned him to stop publishing his newsletter and disband the club.

In *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*, Gray Barker told Bender's story, plus discussed such topics as Richard Shaver and the Shaver Mystery. The book claimed that Bender had been visited by three "Men In Black" who told him that the ultimate secret of UFOs was that they came from Antarctica!

Secret bases there were being used by the UFOs, which flew from "pole to pole." The three "Men In Black" delivered the



Giannini's diagram of the continuity of the universe.

threats that caused Bender to disband his club. Later Bender told his own tale in the book *Flying Saucers & the Three Men In Black*.⁶²

Though neither Bender nor Barker mentioned the hollow earth, Barker did discuss underground tunnels, deros, teros, Antarctica and flying saucers. Palmer now synthesized and expanded on this material, using Giannini's book and Bender's story that the UFOs were ultimately coming from Antarctica.

Palmer reported that Byrd had flown beyond both the North and South Poles in 1947 and 1956, and then repeated Giannini's quotes of Admiral Byrd. He also repeated some of Giannini's mistakes, as Byrd had not flown to the North Pole in either 1947 or 1956, but had flown to the South Pole on both occasions (or so press releases said). This was a matter of public record and could be checked by anyone.

It was, in fact, checked by many of Palmer's readers, who criticized him for poor scholarship and pointed out some basic facts to him. Palmer had also reported that while Byrd flew over the arctic wastes he saw lush country, tree-covered mountains and ice-free lakes. He even saw a "monstrous animal moving through the underbrush." Palmer hinted that this might have been a mammoth.

Dozens of readers wrote Palmer saying they had gone back and combed through the newspapers and none of them could find any mention of Byrd flying over tree-covered forests, or of any large animals. There were, however, references to ice-free lakes observed in Antarctica.

Admiral Byrd made a number of bizarre statements concerning Antarctica, but apparently not about any forests or herds of animals. Strangely, I have had several people tell me that they remember seeing a newsreel in the late '40s of Admiral Byrd that included footage of a herd of animals taken from the air, presumably from Byrd's zeppelin. This may have been footage of northern Canada, Lapland or Siberia.

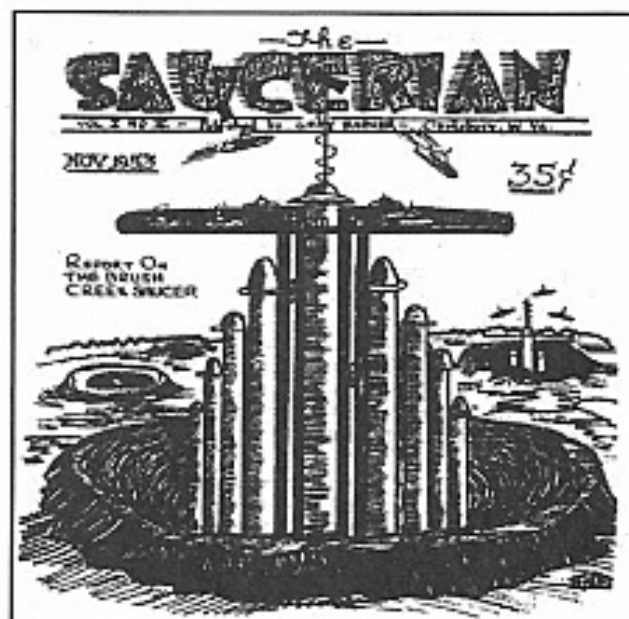
Palmer admitted in the next issue of *Flying Saucers* that he had made some mistakes, and that he had gotten much of his information from Giannini's book (unlike Siegmeister, after him).

Giannini himself wrote to Palmer and had his letter published in the February



1961 issue of *Flying Saucers*. Giannini, too, maintained that Admiral Byrd had made a secret flight to the North Pole in 1947 immediately after his early February 1947 flight to the South Pole. Giannini said that neither Palmer nor his audience, "KNOW where Rear Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd was during the entire month of February, 1947." Giannini stated that Naval Intelligence was covering up a great deal concerning Byrd's various expeditions.

Palmer continued to promote the idea of flying saucers from the hollow earth throughout 1960 and 1961. He wrote long articles on the subject for his various magazines. Palmer also came across and publicized pamphlets written by an Iowa evangelist named Theodore Fisk. Fisk believed in an inner world as advocated by Gardner. This inner world was populated by "small brown men" who flew flying saucers powered by free energy, and lived in a communist paradise. They came out through the holes in the poles to observe humanity's progress on the outside world.²¹



Bender's newsletter showing a drawing of a UFO base in Antarctica.

Flying Saucers Magazine's Hollow Earth Photo

A controversial photo of the hole at the North Pole appeared on the cover of *Flying Saucers* magazine issue number 69, published June 1970. In his editorial in that issue Palmer commented, "On the cover this month we reproduce the most remarkable photo ever made. It was taken by the ESSA-7 satellite on November 23, 1968 of the North Pole. As the photo is lacking clouds in the polar area, it therefore reveals the surface of the planet. Although, surrounding the polar area, and north of such areas as the North American continent and Greenland and the Asian continent, we can see the ice-field's 8-foot thick ice we do not see any ice fields in a large circular area directly at the geographic pole. Instead we see THE HOLE!"

Answered Palmer to one of the many critics who wrote to his magazine, "A government that will not tell you what they know about UFOs would certainly keep the origin of them a secret."

Continued Palmer, "Certain researchers swear the earth is shaped like a giant doughnut and that holes at the poles provide an entrance into the inner lands. 'Not so!' shouts another group. 'Entrance to the interior world can be gained only by entering a cave and discovering the subterranean tunnels.'"

Rear Admiral Byrd's Flight Beyond the Pole

As we have seen, a key part of the modern myth of the hollow earth rests on the strange secrecy and bizarre statements of Rear Admiral Byrd concerning his flights of exploration to the North and South Poles. It was believed by many who read Ray Palmer, Shaver and Siegmeyer that Byrd had actually gone inside the earth (Giannini actually believing Byrd had gone outside the earth!).

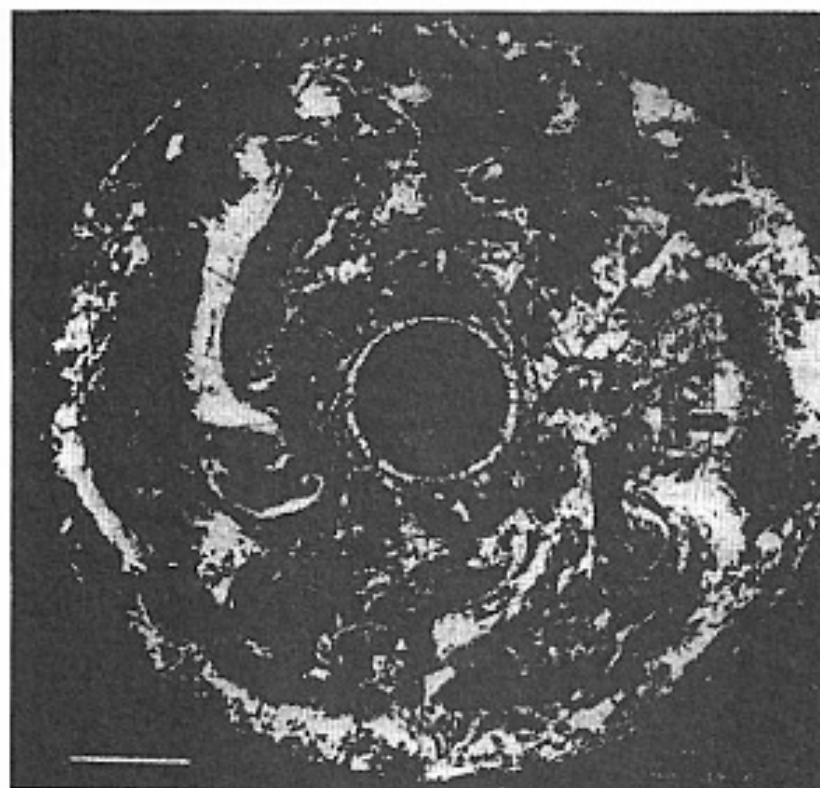
Byrd continually talked about the land "beyond the pole" which was very likely, thought hollow earth enthusiasts, the temperate paradise inside the earth. Byrd returned from Antarctica and stated enigmatically that "the present expedition has opened up a vast new territory." Had Byrd really been inside the hollow earth on his flights "beyond the pole"?

Byrd did make unusual remarks, and later was confined to a mental institution, according to various sources. What happened in Byrd's later life is sketchy, but Byrd apparently knew more about Antarctica than the government wanted him to talk about. That he had actually flown inside a hole in the pole seems doubtful, though from his statements, one might infer such.

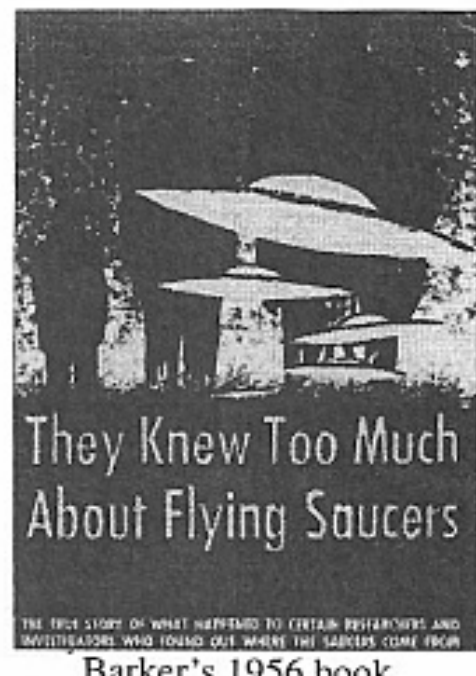
So what was Byrd really doing at the South Pole? Wild theories began to circulate around Byrd's expeditions to Antarctica and the connection they may have had to rumors of a secret German base there and the sudden flying saucer hysteria that swept the world in 1947.

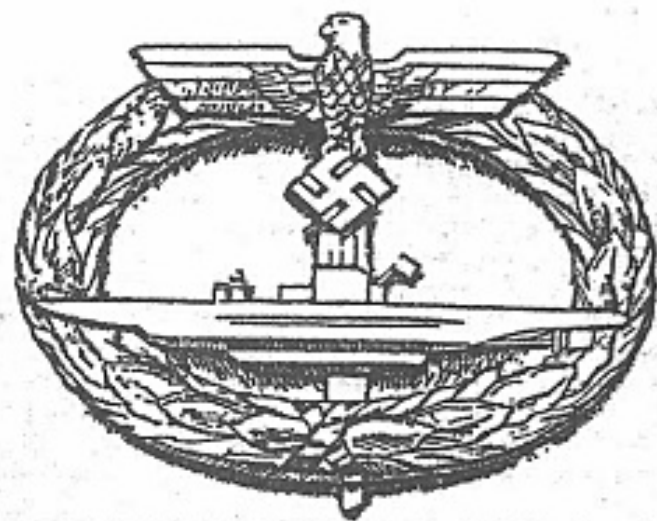
During that year, the US military mounted a massive expedition to Antarctica. Its stated purpose was to "circumnavigate the 16,000 mile continent and map it thoroughly." Captain Charles Thomas describes the operation in Antarctica briefly in his 1951 book *Ice Is Where You Find It*.⁵⁰

Says Thomas, "Further experiment and progress were made during Byrd's two succeeding expeditions to the Antarctic. Finally he convinced President Harry S. Truman and his naval leaders of the importance of a large-scale exploration of the Antarctic continent to our mili-



1968 photo montage of the North Pole by an ESSA weather satellite.





A German U-Boat commander's badge.

in the operation was the icebreaker *Northwind* and the submarine *Sennet* and six Martin PBM flying boats. Other US Navy ships accompanied the "fleet" were the *Mount Olympus*, the *Merrick* and the *Yancey*. There may have been up to 13 ships in all. Byrd's 1947 invasion of Antarctica had begun.

Though little is known as to exactly what happened during Operation High Jump, it is known that at least one plane was lost during the expedition. Capt. Thomas said, "Somewhere on the ice, far to the east, a PBM was down. Whether or not its crew of eight men was alive no one knew... But it was a vast region, and the weather was treacherous. To locate the missing plane would be like finding a needle in a haystack."⁵⁰ What happened to this plane or its occupants was never explained in the book.

Capt. Thomas gives us a tantalizing few paragraphs at one point when he describes a three-hour, private talk with Rear Admiral Byrd: "For the next three hours Byrd held me spellbound. He discussed informally the subject nearest his heart—polar operations. He asserted his belief that God has hidden untold wealth beneath ice masses against such time as we are intellectually prepared to unlock His secrets. The admiral emphasized that ice is present for man to use rather than fear.

"The impression I gathered of Admiral Byrd that day has persisted ever since. He is a great visionary, and his imagination is supported by energy, tenacity and organizing ability.

"Byrd thinks in terms of science as well as operation. He delegates responsibility freely, particularly in the treatment of specialized tasks. He knows how to size men up and how to make them work for him. His enthusiasm is infectious, and his smile inspires his subordinates to double their efforts. Byrd's interest in polar development is humanitarian and his motive basically altruistic. He believes the Polar Regions offer both economic and military potential to the peace-loving nations of the world."

What "untold wealth" did Byrd think was hidden until we were intellectually

tary and economic potential. ...Only during the brief Antarctic summer is it possible to carry out any extensive work in this region. To explore it on a large scale over a short season would require an unprecedented organization of ships, men and machines. Such a task was clearly a naval one. Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Chief of Naval Operations, tabbed the expedition with a name—Operation High Jump."

Operation High Jump included the aircraft carrier *Philippine Sea* with six R4D (C-47) planes, two Piper Cubs and a helicopter with their spares and crews. Also included

prepared to unlock its secrets? Some Lovecraftian city encased in ice? A lost city of Atlantis or even the amazing world inside the earth? Or was there something else happening in Antarctica?

Foo Fighters at the South Pole

In the wake of WWII and The Shaver Mystery, the late 1940s ushered in an era of UFO activity and government paranoia. In the Los Angeles area, particularly, flying saucers were seen by large groups of people in broad daylight. Kenn Thomas and DeWayne B. Johnson describe this early UFO hysteria in their book *Flying Saucers Over Los Angeles*.⁶⁶

Many investigators now trace the origin of the modern UFO craze to the so-called Foo Fighters that were used over Germany in the last year of the war in Europe.

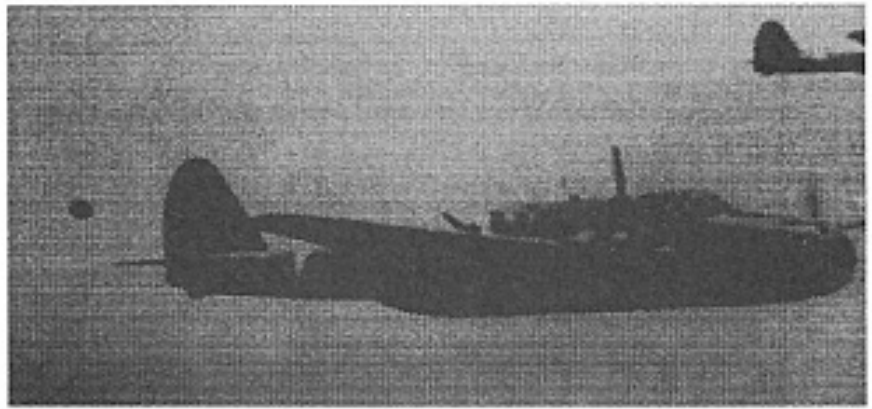
A report by Marshall Yarrow, then the Reuters special correspondent to Supreme H.Q. in liberated Paris, was published in the *South Wales Argus* on December 13, 1944, stating, "The Germans have produced a 'secret' weapon in keeping with the Christmas season. The new device, which is apparently an air defense weapon, resembles the glass balls that adorn Christmas trees. They have been seen hanging in the air over German territory, sometimes singly, sometimes in clusters. They are colored silver and are apparently transparent."

Another article regarding the Germans' secret craft was released by Associated Press in the *New York Herald Tribune* dated January 2, 1945. The article said:

"Now, it seems, the Nazis have thrown something new into the night skies over Germany. It is the weird, mysterious 'Foo Fighter' balls which race alongside the wings of fighters flying intruder missions over Germany. Pilots have been encountering this eerie weapon for more than a month in their night flights. No one apparently knows what this sky weapon is. The balls of fire appear suddenly and accompany the planes for miles. They seem to be radio controlled from the ground, so official intelligence reports reveal..."

Dr. Renato Vesco, an Italian aircraft engineer, confirms in his book *Man Made UFOs*⁶⁷ that the Foo Fighter actually existed. It was originally called the "Feurball," and was first built at an aeronautical establishment in Weiner Neustatt with the help of the Flugfunk Forschungsanstalt of Oberpfaffenhoffen (FFO). According to Vesco, the craft was a flat, circular flying machine, powered by a special turbojet engine, which was used by the Germans during the end of the war.

Part of the purpose of Foo Fighters was to cause a strong electromagnetic pulse



A photograph of Foo Fighters behind a bomber.

around the engines of the allied bombers that were flying daily missions over Germany during this time. The engines would begin to sputter or even fail completely. The bombers would often drop their bomb loads before reaching their targets and return to their bases in England, saving major cities in central Germany from being bombed—that day.

Vesco says, "The fiery halo around the Feurball perimeter was caused by a very rich fuel mixture in addition to the chemical additives that interrupted the flow of electricity by over-ionizing the atmosphere in the vicinity of the plane, generally around the wing tips or tail surfaces, subjecting the H2S radar on the plane to the action of powerful electrostatic fields and electromagnetic impulses."

Vesco also claims that the basic principles of the Feurball were later applied to a much larger craft called the "Kugelblitz" or Ball Lightning Fighter. Tests of this craft—which was rumored to be a revolutionary kind of supersonic aircraft—were successfully conducted over the underground complex of Kahla, in Thuringia, sometime during February of 1945.

In 1956, Captain Ed Ruppelt, then director and editor of the U.S.A.F.'s *Project Blue Book*, wrote, "When WWII ended, the Germans had several radical types of aircraft and guided missiles under development. The majority of these were in the most preliminary states, but they were the only known craft that could even approach the performances of the objects reported by UFO observers."

In 1975, a German company named Luftfahrt International announced that a WWII Flugkapitan Rudolph Schriever had died and found among his papers were the incomplete notes for a large flying saucer, a series of rough sketches of the machine, and several newspaper clippings of himself and his alleged flying saucer. Luftfahrt pointed out that Schriever, up until his death, had been convinced that the UFO sightings since the end of the war were proof that his original ideas had been taken further with successful results.

In May of 1978, some people were giving out a single-issue magazine entitled *Brisant* at Stand 111 in a scientific exhibition in the Hanover Messe Hall. The magazine contained two seemingly unrelated articles: (1) The Scientific Future of the Antarctic, and (2) Germany's WWII Flying Saucers. The flying saucer article covered the information I have presented above. The article also included detailed drawings of a typical WWII flying disk (without mention of the designer's name), but claimed that the drawing was altered by the West German government to render it "safe" for publication.

The *Brisant* article went on to say that at the end of the war, some of the patents

Silver Balls Floating in Air Nazis' Newest War Device

(The Associated Press)

1944

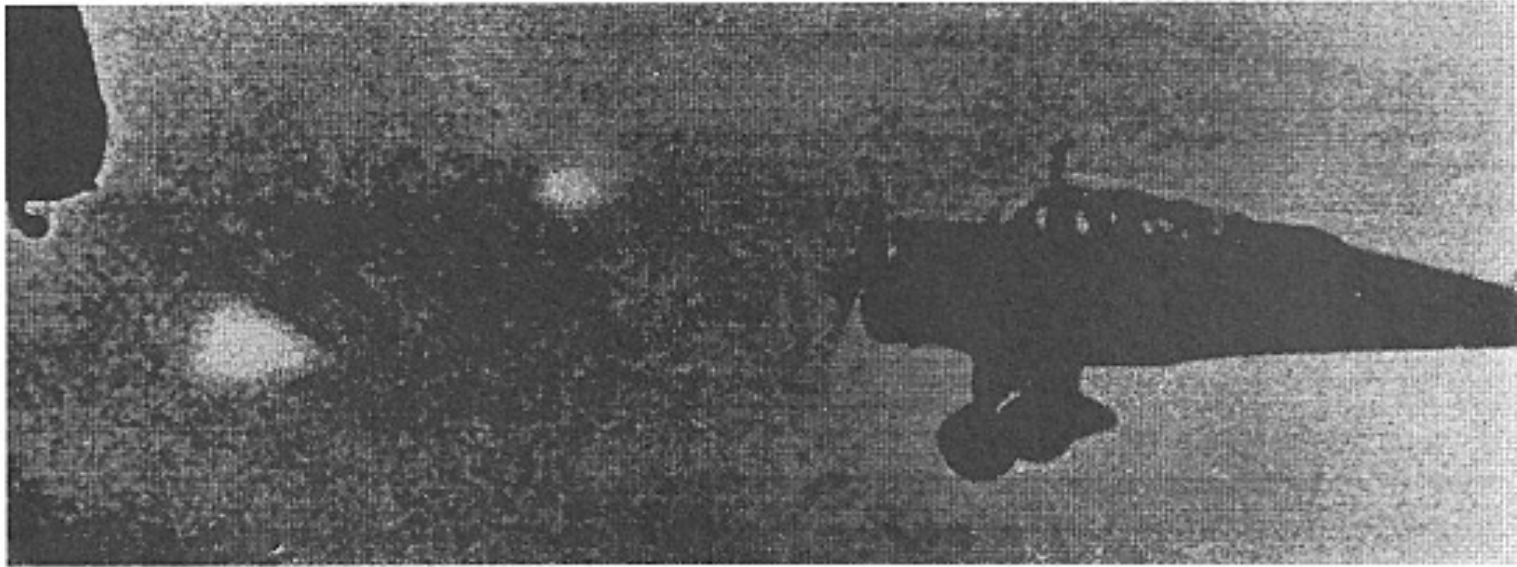
Paris, Dec. 18.—As the Allied armies ground out new gains on the western front today, the Germans were disclosed to have thrown a new "device" into the war—mysterious silvery balls which float in the air.

Pilots report seeing these objects, both individually and in clusters, during forays over the Reich.

(The purpose of the floaters was not immediately evident. It is possible that they represent a new anti-aircraft defense instrument or weapon.)

(This dispatch was heavily censored at supreme headquarters.)

An early newspaper article on Foo Fighters.



A photograph of Foo Fighters over Germany.

for this craft disappeared into secret Russian, American, and British files. The remainder of the flying saucer and Foo Fighter files, and most likely the most important ones, went with the "missing" German scientists and S.S. men.

The article also states that in 1938, Hitler, anxious for a foothold in the Antarctic, sent an expedition commanded by Captain Alfred Richter to the coast due south of South Africa. Two seaplanes were launched daily from the deck of the carrier *Schwabenland* for three weeks. They had orders to fly back and forth across the territory which Norwegian explorers had named Queen Maud Land. The Germans then made a far more thorough study of these regions, finding vast areas that were free of ice.

German Flying Saucer Bases in Antarctica?

The Germans renamed this area of Antarctica, the part of the continent that is nearest to South Africa, "Neuschwabenland" and claimed it as part of the Third Reich. German ships and U-boats continued to operate in the South Atlantic Ocean, particularly between South Africa and the Antarctic, throughout WWII, often carrying personnel or supplies. Then, in March 1945, just before the end of the war, two German U-boats, U-530 and U-977, left from a port on the Baltic Sea.

Brisant maintained that U-530 and U-977 took with them members of the flying saucer research teams, the last of the most vital saucer components, the notes and drawings for the saucer, and the designs for gigantic underground complexes and living accommodations modelled after the underground factories of Nordhausen in the Harz mountains.

The U-boats allegedly unloaded all of this in Antarctica. Then, two months after the war, they mysteriously surfaced off the coast of Argentina where the crews were handed over to the American authorities, who interrogated them at length and then flew them all back to the United States where the Captains of both U-

boats were questioned for almost a year.

Brisant felt it an odd coincidence that Operation High Jump, under the command of Admiral Richard E. Byrd, was launched about one year after the U-boats were captured. *Brisant* reported that the American convoy docked near the German-claimed Neuschwabenland and split up into three separate task forces, with the apparent aim of destroying any German remnants found. Some reports claimed that the mission was an enormous success. Other, mainly foreign, reports said that it was a complete disaster: that many of Byrd's men were lost on the first day, that at least four of his airplanes had disappeared, and that while the expedition had gone provisioned for six to eight months, they had returned after only a few weeks.

According to *Brisant*, Admiral Byrd told a reporter that it was "necessary for the USA to take defensive actions against enemy air fighters which come from the polar regions" and that in case of a new war the USA would be "attacked by fighters that are able to fly from one pole to the other with incredible speed."

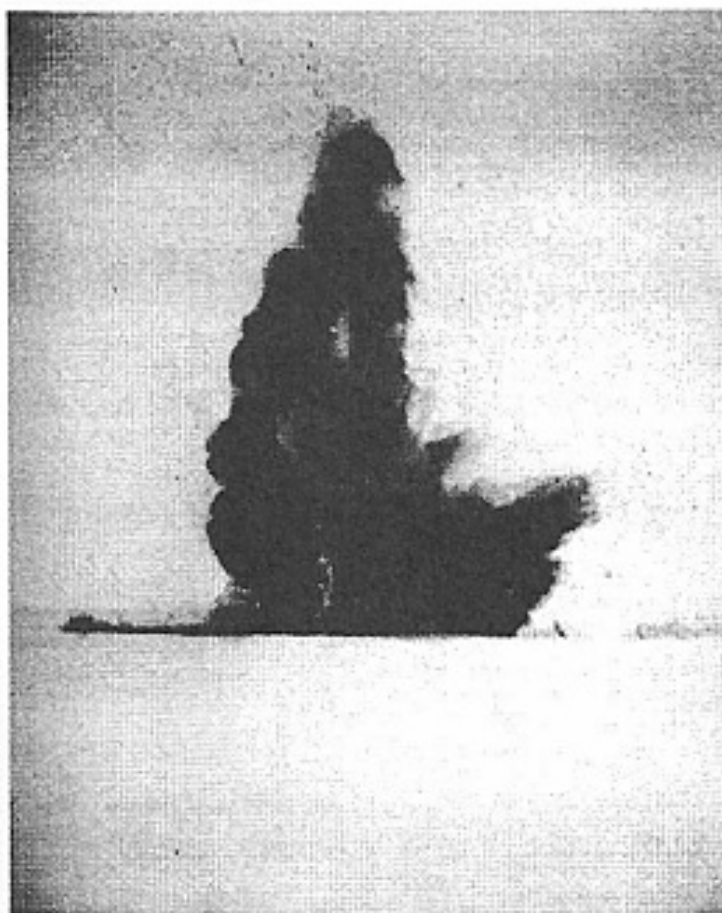
Admiral Byrd was then ordered to undergo a secret cross-examination and the US withdrew from the Antarctic for almost a decade.

The British novelist W. A. Harbinson wrote an appendix to his 1980 novel *Genesis*⁷⁰ (included as the foreword to *Man-Made UFOs*⁶⁷) that tells the story of the one-of-a-kind magazine *Brisant* and of his own investigation into the matter.

Harbinson found corroborating information in a highly technical but little-known book called *Intercettateli Senza Sparare* for Renato Vesco's claims regarding the Foo Fighters. In addition, Harbinson reported that Robert Ley, Minister for Labor in Nazi Germany in April 1945, excitedly told Albert Speer that German scientists had invented a "death ray" (possibly a laser weapon).

In his book *U-boat 977*,⁷² Captain Heinze Schaeffer, commander of the famous submarine stated that in April 1945 an S.S. associate had offered him a demonstration of a so-called "death ray." Schaeffer had to decline the offer in order to make his famous last voyage before the final German downfall.

At the end of his book, Captain Schaeffer comments on allegations made in the 1951 book *Hitler Is Alive* by Ladislav Szabo about his journey to the German bases in Antarctica. Szabo's book carried the subtitle "The New Berchtesgaden in Antarctica" and alleged that U-977 and U-530 had carried Hitler and other important



An explosion during Operation High Jump.

Nazis to Antarctica and Patagonia. Among other things, Szabo's book said that, "In 1938 the *Schwabenland*, by order of Admiral Donitz, had set up the new Berchtesgaden...somewhere in Antarctica..."⁷²

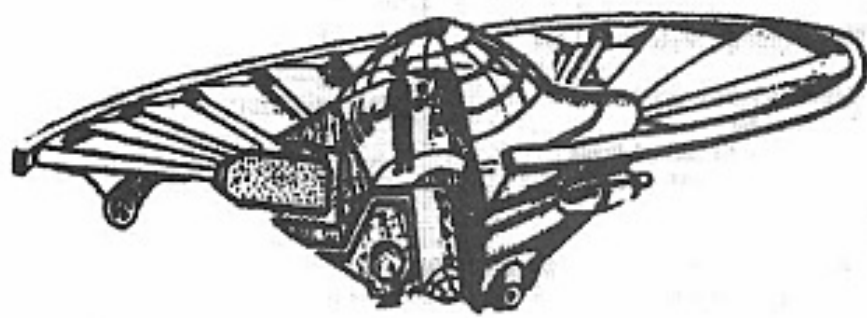
Schaeffer denies having transported Hitler, but the very need for him to reply to such allegations shows that speculation was rife in the late '40s and early '50s about a secret German base in Antarctica.

The possibility exists that UFOs were indeed coming from Antarctica in the late '40s and early '50s, but not from the holes in the poles. In fact, it is quite possible that the hollow earth articles and books were a form of disinformation to hide this super-secret fact: the Germans had developed revolutionary saucer-shaped aircraft at the end of the war and had moved their factories to Antarctica (and probably South America).

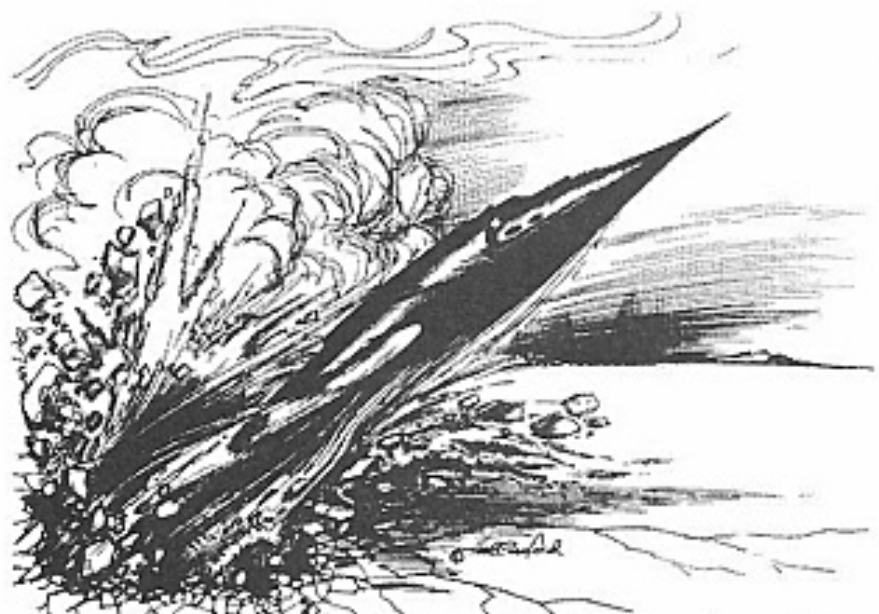
By linking stories of Antarctica and UFOs with the hollow earth, the intelligence community was able to discredit whatever validity the notion of flying saucers from Antarctica may have had. There was even a fake "diary" of an Admiral Byrd foray into the hollow earth published in the late 1980s.

It seems likely that the German bases in Antarctica were either destroyed and abandoned by the late 1950s, if they ever existed at all. The scientists may have been absorbed into the American space program and military industrial complex, as had other Operation Paperclip Nazi scientists, or perhaps they moved on to Argentina, or possibly even the Moon, or Mars! The possibilities, no matter how strange, are endless. As recently as the summer of 1998, a film of the popular television series *The X-Files* featured a giant UFO base in Antarctica.

Bizarrely, Canadian Nazi "historian" Ernst Zündel, the publisher of an underground UFO newsletter entitled *Samisdat* (which means "an unpublished manuscript") advertised an expedition by chartered jet to the hollow earth and Hitler's Antarctic UFO bases. The expedition was advertised in 1978, depart-



A German saucer design from *Der Spiegel*, 1950.



Dr. Rubens Villela and two other witnesses observed a rocketlike object burst through the ice pack and ascend rapidly while in Antarctica.

ing sometime in 1979 or 1980, and the cost was \$9,999.00 (presumably Canadian dollars). The expedition never occurred, as one might imagine.

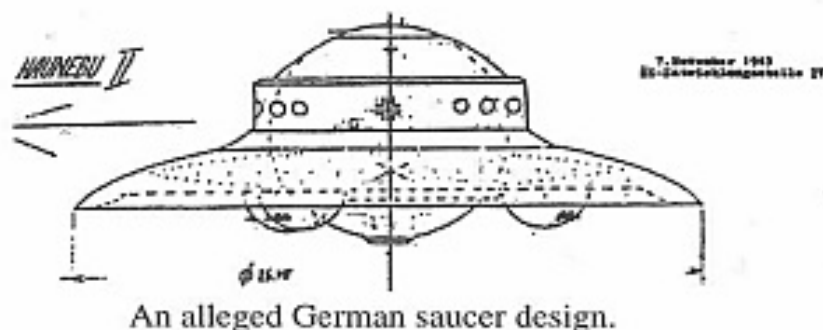
Some groups continue to advertise expeditions to the hollow earth. Using a modern chartered airplane is usually the suggestion.

As late as 1998, a California group called "The Society for a Complete Earth" was planning a trip to recreate Admiral Byrd's alleged 1947 flight to the lands beyond the pole. For more information you can contact the director of the society, Danny Weiss, P.O.Box 890, Felton, CA 95018.

It is quite possible to go to either of the poles, though a joint American-Russian base occupies the South Pole. In fact, many expeditions reach the North and South Poles every year. In the 1980s, *Monty Python* comedy member Michael Palin flew to the South Pole in a chartered aircraft for his British television documentary *Pole To Pole with Michael Palin*. As recently as April 1998, it was reported in newspapers around the world that Malaysian skydivers guided the national car, a Proton Wira, on a parachute to a landing at the North Pole, where the engine started right away. Prime Minister Mahathir Mahamad said the drop "bolsters our spirits," but critics said it was a stunt by the government to get peoples' minds off the dismal economy. No mention of a Malaysian expedition to the hollow earth was mentioned.

The Reality of the Subterranean World Beneath Us

Though true believers in the holes at the poles still exist, believing as Siegmeister



ACHTUNG! SAMISDAT NEWS BULLETIN
SAMISDAT HOLLOW EARTH EXPEDITION \$9999.⁰⁰
IN SEARCH OF HOLES IN THE POLES



Flight path of proposed 1979-1980 Antarctic Expedition.



The end is the South Pole.

ANTARCTICA



Our Model No. 1 in flight, called "Flügelrad" by the Nazis. \$6.95+1.00



Specially-designed "Samisdat-Saucer" Frisbee based on Nazi German Flying Disc designs. \$2.95 +0.75





SEARCH FOR HITLER'S ANTARCTIC U.F.O. BASES

did that a huge cover-up is being created to hide the evidence, their numbers are dwindling. There is plenty of reason to believe that there is indeed a subterranean world of tunnels, underground cities and UFO bases, however. In fact, as noted above, the entire modern hollow earth phenomenon may have been a disinformation campaign designed to divert attention from this reality.



Ice-free mountains in Antarctica.

The UFO mystery, beginning just after WWII, is a genuine enigma that needs to be solved. Scientists, journalists, and investigators all over the world have declared UFOs a genuine phenomenon, one that has a basis in real fact, with military and government data—from all over the world—to back this up.

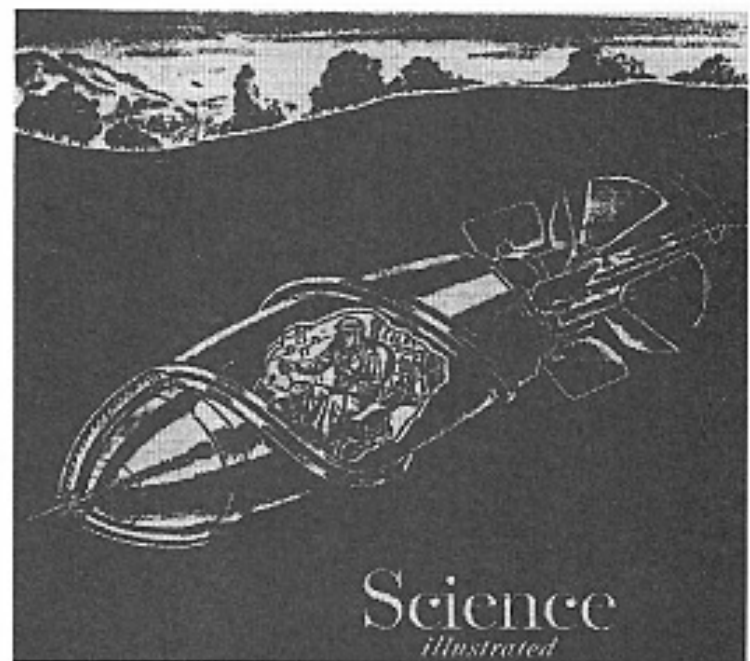
Where do UFOs come from? Are they natural phenomena, such as swamp gas or a brightly flashing Venus in the night sky? Are they from outer space, coming here from other solar systems? Are they secret craft being built on earth by the US, Russian, German and other governments?

That UFOs may be coming from underground bases is a common deduction. The bases underground, used for launching and storing flying saucers, could be alien or human, or even a combination of both.

The US Government is known to have built a system of underground bases with tunnels linking them, beginning shortly after WWII (if not before). The extent of these tunnels and bases is not known, however, and remains Above Top Secret. If there was such a thing as "German saucer technology" then this idea was probably captured as well, since the Germans had built their most secret aircraft factories underground.

Giant tunneling machines exist and are built by various companies around the world, including the Robbins Company of Portland, Oregon. Underground tunnels and high-tech subterranean bases are known to exist in such places as in the Washington D.C. area, at Cheyenne Mountain in Colorado, at Los Alamos Labs in New Mexico, at Mercury, Nevada, and presumably beneath almost every major military installation in the United States.

Underground tunnels could presum-



A tunneling machine featured on the cover of Science illustrated.

ably crisscross the entire United States, literally from coast to coast. Robert Salter, of the RAND Corporation, has suggested building a subway from New York to Los Angeles, with the trains magnetically levitated above the tracks. The trains would zip through the evacuated tunnels at speeds faster than an SST, crossing the country in less than one hour.

Salter claimed that the federal government's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, in New Mexico, was building a machine called the Subterrene, which looks like a vicious, giant mole. Salter said that the beauty of the Subterrene is that, as it burrows through the rock hundreds of feet below the surface, it heats whatever stone it encounters into molten rock, or magma, which cools after the Subterrene has moved on. The result is a tunnel with a smooth, glazed lining. For power, the Subterrene can use a built-in miniature nuclear engine or even a conventional power plant.

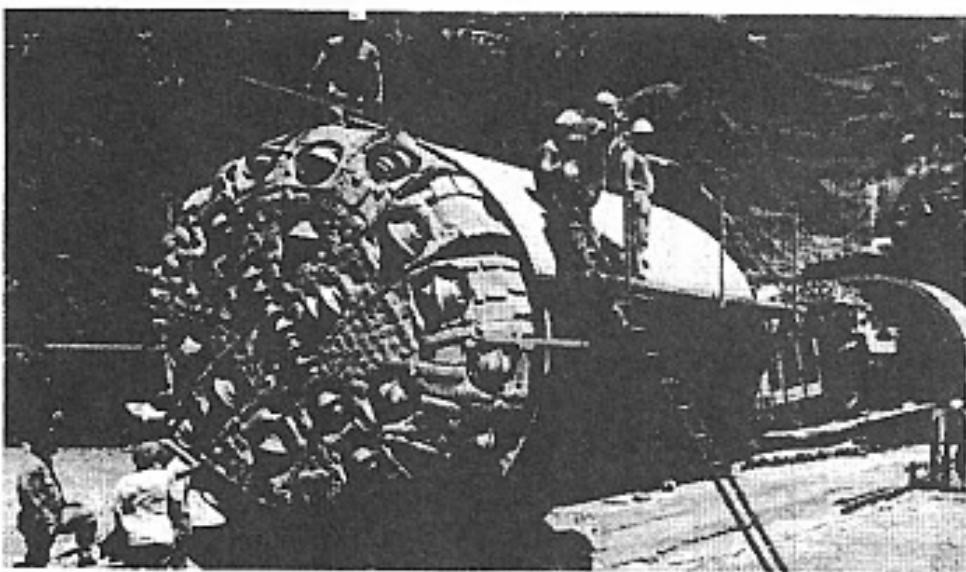
Richard Sauder, in his book *Underground Bases & Tunnels*,⁴² provides a great wealth of evidence for the existence of vast underground projects undertaken by the US government, and shows that such devices as nuclear power "flame-jet" tunnelers have existed for many years and are not a new invention at all. Sauder shows document after document, all from the public record, showing the design and construction of numerous underground facilities. Many of these facilities could easily be used to store and launch UFOs.

One of the most famous underground bases is Area 51, near the Mercury, Nevada, NASA/Army research center. The vast complex is officially designated the "Nellis Air Force Bombing and Gunnery Range" on Nevada maps.

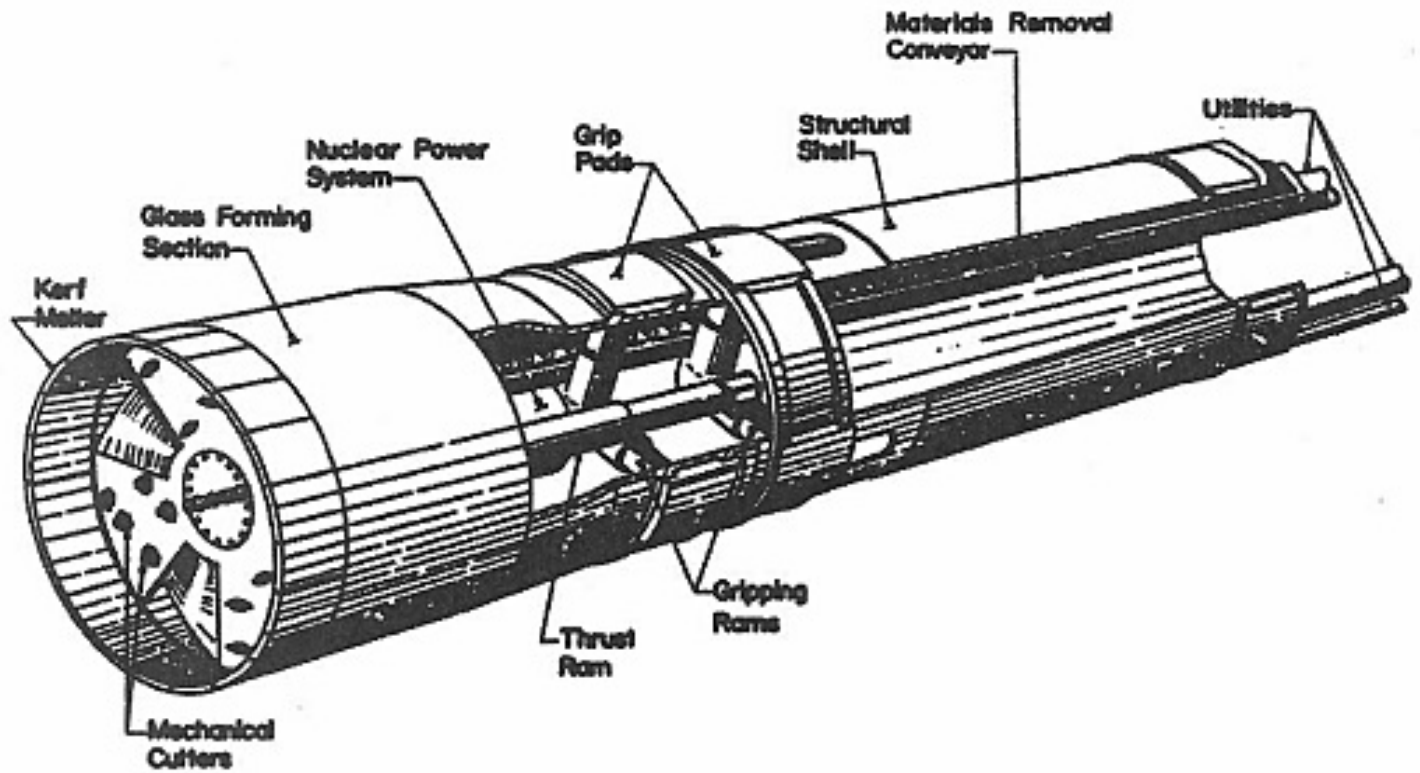
A 1998 Scripps Howard News Service release said that there were "1,850 Now Employed at "Area 51." Underground installations, ultra-secure manufacturing plants and secret laboratories America needed to wage the Cold War are still intact despite federal downsizing policies that have gutted many other military and civilian programs."

The article continued with a quote from Jeff Moag, a researcher for the National Security News Service, who told Scripps Howard, "This really is one of the last big secret military bases in the United States. It used to be that the Air Force tried to pretend that Area 51 didn't exist at all."

Non-government military observers believe that hundreds, or thousands, of mili-



A modern tunnel boring machine from the Robbins Co.



A nuclear Subterranean tunnel boring machine.

tary and civilian workers who are employed in the desert facilities take daily flights from Las Vegas airfields into the base. "Computer records appear to confirm this," says the fascinating report.

Unquestionably, whatever they do at Area 51, it is still done in secret. The base is the testing ground for America's most secret military machines, everything from the F-117 stealth fighter to electromagnetic pulse weapons. Tunneling machines, similar to those described by Shaver, are used to create the vast tunnels beneath the base. Where do they go?

More is known about the fascinating underground complex known as the Cheyenne Mountain NORAD Command Center just outside of Colorado Springs, Colorado. There are 6,658 employees there. This vast city inside of a mountain uses thousands of electric cars and golf carts to navigate the many miles of tunnel systems.

With such huge underground complexes, one can only ask, what exactly do all the employees do? Cheyenne Mountain operates military communication and navigation satellites; it watches for the launch of any high-altitude missile system anywhere in the world.

The area around Cheyenne Mountain is known for strange activities, including tunneling sounds and UFO activity. In the San Luis Valley between the facility and Dulce, New Mexico, there is a great deal of cattle mutilation. In fact, the majority of all known "mutilations" have occurred in this area southwest of Cheyenne

Mountain.

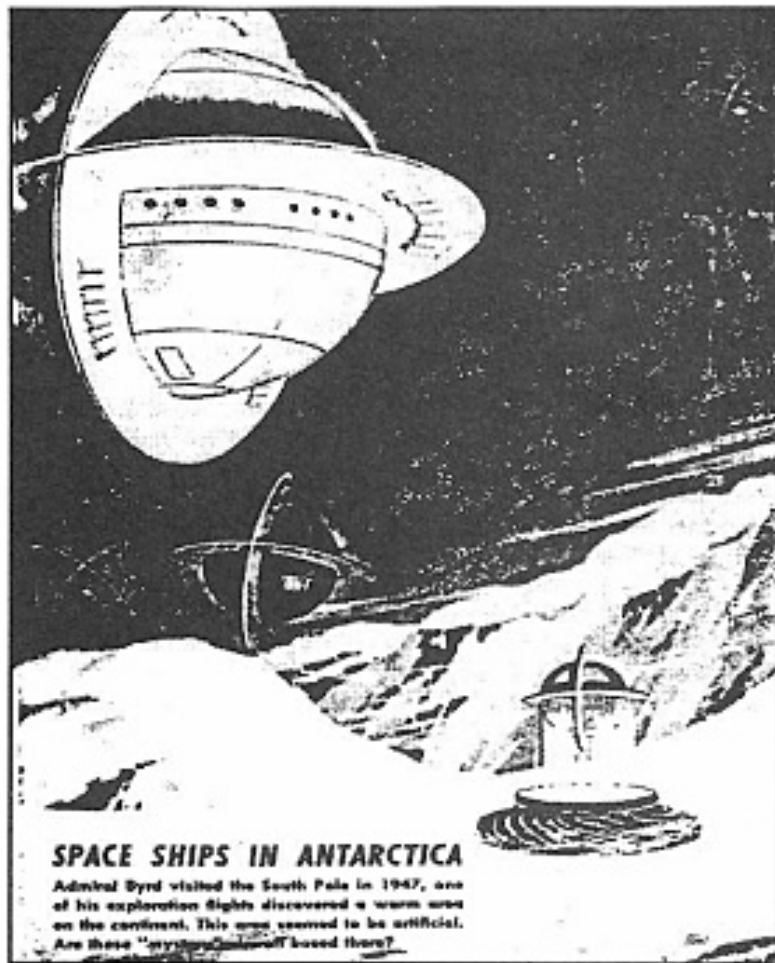
Other hollowed-out mountains may have been built on or near US military bases. It seems likely that many governments around the world have burrowed down into the earth to make their own secret, bomb-proof bunkers and bases. Saddam Hussein, the military dictator of Iraq, is known to have a number of such super-bunkers deep beneath the earth, crude versions of the huge underground bases built by the Americans.

In his 1995 book *Alien Update*,⁶¹ British UFO Researcher Timothy Good reports in a chapter entitled, "They Took Me To Their Base" of an interview with Carlos Manuel Mencado in Puerto Rico. Mr. Mencado was abducted by the "aliens" commonly called the "little grays" who escorted him aboard a flying saucer.

"The craft shot up, and I believed we would go far away, but instead, it seemed to veer to the left and descended toward the Sierra Benmeja. I was afraid we would crash, but a hole appeared in a depression to the side of El Cayul mountain and the craft went all the way down it through a tunnel and came out in a big place that seemed to be like a long, large cavern."

A great deal of UFO activity occurs near Sierra Benmeja in Puerto Rico, and, curiously, there is a U.S. military base nearby. Could they somehow be missing all the UFO activity around their base or are they creating it themselves? Perhaps the deros are just up to their old tricks.

Suddenly, a very real world comes to life, one of underground tunnels, high-tech weapons, and even flying saucers kept secret for almost 50 years. Were Palmer and Shaver predicting the future in *Amazing Stories*, or merely reporting the news?



SPACE SHIPS IN ANTARCTICA

Admiral Byrd visited the South Pole in 1947, and of his exploration flights discovered a warm area on the continent. This area seemed to be artificial. Are these "mystical" bases there?

February 1948 back cover of *Amazing Stories*.



Tunnel Systems Beneath South America

by
David Hatcher Childress

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great;
Some with lesser rhyme.
—Longfellow, "The Builders"

Although it seems incredible, there is a great deal of evidence to show that a network of ancient tunnels exists throughout much of South America. Legends abound on this tunnel system, and I can state that I have even been inside some of the tunnels on this strangest of continents.

The Gold of the Incas

Legends of tunnels in South America surfaced almost immediately after the conquest when the Spaniards discovered that the Incas had hidden much of their treasure—sacred relics of pure gold—either beneath the Inca capital of Cuzco or in a secret city known as Paititi. Legend had it that a tunnel system was used.

The history of the conquest of the Inca Empire by the Spanish is one of the most bizarre and incredible stories of history. That Francisco Pizarro with only 183 men could conquer a sophisticated empire of several million people is a feat that has never been equaled, and probably never will be!

Pizarro made his first expedition down the Pacific Coast from Panama in 1527, attracted by rumors of gold and other treasure. A Greek of his company went alone from the ship into an Inca village on the coast, and was taken to be a returning god by the natives. They brought him to a temple filled with more gold than he had seen in his life. Returning to the ship, he told Pizarro about the fabulous wealth he had seen. Satisfied that the rumors were true, Pizarro returned to Panama and then to Spain to prepare another expedition. He set out again in 1531, landed on a lonely beach in Ecuador and began marching inland. He was entering the newly united Inca empire, which had just recovered





from a civil war. The people of Peru, Bolivia, and rest of the Inca empire were not all true Incas, but largely Quechua and Aymara Indians. Incas were the ruling elite, of a different race, who believed themselves descended from "Manco Capac," a red-haired, bearded messenger from God.

After taking the town of Tumbez and putting quite a few of the people to death, the Spanish conquistadors continued their march south. At Cajamarca, they were received by Inca royalty with great pomp, splendor, and gifts. The ruler of the Incas (or more correctly, "the Inca") Atahualpa was impressed by their beards and white skin, believing them to fulfill a prophecy about the return of Viracocha, the legendary bearded prophet from a far away land who had visited the South American peoples many hundreds of years before. American Indians have no facial hair, though the first Incas are said to have had reddish-brown hair and beards, like Viracocha. Therefore, Atahualpa believed that the Spanish were Incas themselves, Sons of the Sun, gods in their own right, just as he, the Inca, was a god.

The conquistadors remained in Cajamarca for a time, while the Inca showered them with gifts. In fact, the Incas believed that the horses ridden by the Spaniards were also men, and assumed by the way the horses constantly chewed on their bits that these were the horses' fodder. The Incas would put bars of gold and silver in the horses' feeding troughs, saying, "Eat this, it is much better than iron." The Spaniards found this quite amusing, and encouraged the Indians to keep bringing gold and silver for the horses to eat!

Finally, Atahualpa himself came to the Spaniards from his nearby palace. During this audience inside the walls of Cajamarca, Atahualpa had with him no less than 30,000 men, all under strict command not to harm the Spaniards, even if they themselves were attacked. This prohibition proved to be their downfall. The conquistadors kept many of their men in hiding, ready to attack, as Pizarro and his generals with the Dominican friar Vincente de Valverde had their audience with Atahualpa in the town square.

The Inca welcomed them as Viracocha Incas and fellow Sons of the Sun. Then the friar Valverde addressed



A portion of the wall at Sacsayhuaman.

the Inca, telling him about the one true faith, and the most powerful men on earth, the Pope and King Charles of Spain. After a long speech translated by the Indian Felipe, the Inca asked the source of the friar's material, who responded by handing the Inca a Bible. The Inca placed it to his ear. Hearing nothing, he threw it to the ground.

This rather un-pious gesture from Atahualpa was just what the conquistadors were waiting for. The Spaniards attacked in full force, many from hiding, and began a slaughter of the Incas. They killed literally thousands, many of whom were trying to escape. Not one conquistador was hurt, with the exception of Francisco Pizarro himself, who was wounded by one of his own men as he reached for Atahualpa.

And so was Atahualpa kidnaped by a mere 160 gold-crazed conquistadors (some of the original 183 had died of disease and in earlier battles). To secure his freedom, Atahualpa offered to give the Spaniards gold in exchange for his release. Sensing that they still did not realize the fabulous wealth at his command, Atahualpa stood up in the room in which he was imprisoned and reached as high as he could; he offered to fill the room with gold to that height in return for his release. The Spaniards agreed.

Complicating the story at this point were several intrigues. First, there was a great rivalry between Francisco Pizarro, his brother Ferdinand, and Don Diego de Almagro. Indeed, Francisco Pizarro and de Almagro were bitter enemies. Second, Atahualpa was still at odds with his brother Huascar, who by many accounts was the legitimate heir to the Inca throne. It had been the civil war between the two brothers that had weakened the Inca Empire just prior to the arrival of the Spanish. While he was still in captivity, Atahualpa ordered Huascar arrested, believing him to be plotting a takeover of the Empire. Both Atahualpa and Huascar now took a rather fatalistic attitude to the events taking place, as their father had predicted such a conflict before his death.

Third, most of the subjects of the Inca Empire were not Incas, but common Indians of entirely different races and cultural heritages. Few were loyal to the Incas, and many of them eventually sided with the Spanish. Finally, again from captivity, Atahualpa ordered his brother Huascar killed, thinking this would save the em-



An illustration from *Secret of the Andes*.



pire from him, believing that the Spaniards may not release him even after the ransom was paid. All of these factors together set the stage for the fall of the greatest civilization extant in the Western Hemisphere at the time.

It took some time for the gold to reach Cajamarca, as it had to be brought from Quito, Cuzco, and other cities that were hundreds of miles away. While the ransom was being gathered, Pizarro sent some of the conquistadors as emissaries to Quito and Cuzco to ensure that Atahualpa had not ordered an assault on Cajamarca. When they returned, they reported that fabulous wealth was to be found in these cities. The Incas did not use gold, silver, and precious stones for currency as Europeans and other cultures did. Instead, they were valued for

decoration, and used extensively for religious objects, furnishings, and even utensils. Many buildings had interior gold-lined walls, and exterior gold rain gutters and plumbing. Therefore, when the Inca was ransomed for a room full of gold, to the Incas it was as if they were paying with pots and pans, old plumbing, and rain gutters!

These were sent gladly, though religious objects and those with esthetic value were not. The ransom paid has been estimated to have been 600-650 tons of gold and jewels and 384 million "pesos de oro," the equivalent of \$500,000,000 in 1940. Given the rise in the price of gold since then, today that ransom would be worth almost five billion dollars.

Not surprisingly, once the ransom was paid, Atahualpa was not released. The Indian interpreter, Felipe, had fallen in love with one of Atahualpa's wives, and he was keen to see that the Inca did not survive. He spread the rumor that Atahualpa was raising an army to storm Cajamarca. This being the only excuse the Spaniards needed to execute the Inca, he was condemned to death. Spaniards who had befriended Atahualpa advised him to convert to Christianity before his execution, which would allow the Dominican fathers to strangle him as a Christian rather than burn him at the stake as a heretic. He complied, was baptized, then strangled. This was done even though more gold was on its way, as part of a second ransom, worth much more than the first.

Meanwhile, three Spanish emissaries came back from Cuzco, the Inca capital, with even more treasure, looted from the Sun Temple. They brought an immense

cargo of gold and silver vessels loaded on the backs of 200 staggering, sweating Indians. And the second ransom train of 11,000 llamas was on its way to Pizarro's camp. Loaded with gold, it had been sent by Atahualpa's queen from Cuzco. But when they heard of the Inca's assassination, the Indians drove the llamas off the road and buried the 100 pounds of gold that each animal carried.

Sir Clements Markham, who had a particularly keen knowledge of Peru, believed that the gold was hidden in the mountains behind Azangaro. The Cordillera de Azangaro is a wild sierra little known to foreigners, the name in Quechua meaning, "place farthest away." It is believed that this was the easternmost point in the Andean cordilleras which the old Inca empire dominated. However, other versions of this story say that the treasure was hidden in a system of tunnels that goes through the Andes.

One fantastic treasure story involves "The Garden of the Sun." Sarmiento, a Spanish historian (1532-1589), wrote that this subterranean garden was located near the Temple of the Sun. "They had a garden in which the lumps of earth were pieces of fine gold. These were cleverly sown with maize—the stalks, leaves and ears of which were all of gold. They were so well planted that nothing would disturb them. Besides all this, they had more than twenty sheep with their young. The shepherds who guarded the sheep were armed with slings and staves made of gold. There were large numbers of jars of gold and silver pots, vases, and every kind of vessel." 36, 54, 55

Shortly after the conquest of Peru, Cieza de Leon, part Inca and part Spanish, wrote, "If all the gold that is buried in Peru... were collected, it would be impossible to coin it, so great the quantity; and yet the Spaniards of the conquest got very little, compared with what remains. The Indians said, 'The treasure is so concealed that even we, ourselves, know not the hiding place!'

"If, when the Spaniards entered Cuzco they had not committed other tricks, and had not so soon executed their cruelty in putting Atahualpa to death, I know not how many great ships



Harold Wilkins' 1947 map of the tunnel system in South America.

would have been required to bring such treasures to old Spain as is now lost in the bowels of the earth and will remain so because those who buried it are now dead."

What Cieza de Leon did not say was that, although the Indians as a whole did not know where this treasure lay, there were a few among them who did know and closely guarded the secret.

After seeing the fineness of the treasures in Atahualpa's first ransom, Pizarro had demanded that he be shown the source of this fabulous wealth before he would release the Inca. He had heard that the Incas possessed a secret and inexhaustible mine or depository, which lay in a vast, subterranean tunnel running many miles underground. Here was supposedly kept the accumulated riches of the country.

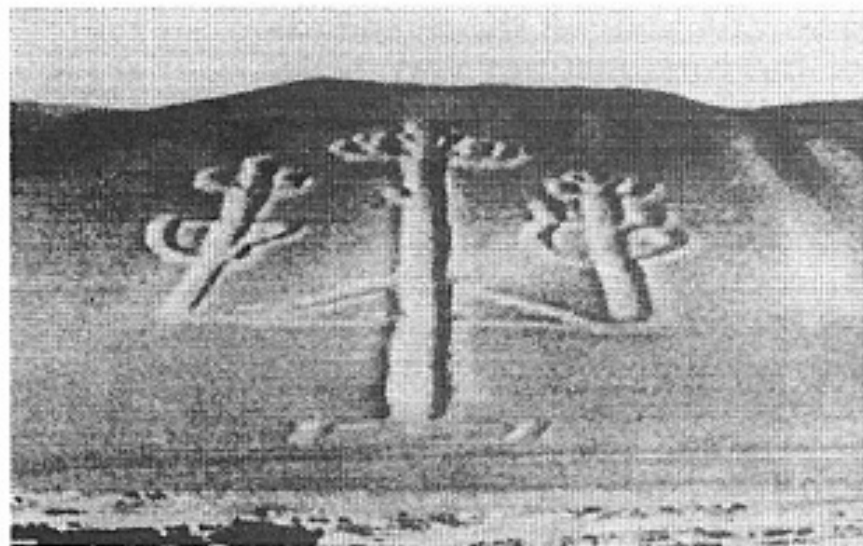
However, legend has it that Atahualpa's queen consulted the Black Mirror at the Temple of the Sun, a sort of magic mirror similar to that in the story of Snow White. In it she saw the fate of her husband, whether she paid the ransom or not. She realized that her husband and the empire were doomed and that she must certainly not reveal the secret of the tunnels or wealth to the gold-crazed conquistadors.

The horrified queen ordered that the entrance to the great tunnel be closed under the direction of the priests and magicians. A large door into a rocky wall of a cliff gorge near Cuzco, it was sealed by filling its depths with huge masses of rock. Then the disguised entrance was hidden under green grass and bushes, so that not the slightest sign of any fissure was perceptible to the eye.

Conquistadors, adventurers, treasure hunters, and historians have all wondered about and pursued this legend. What incredible treasure did the Incas seal into these tunnels? And as to the tunnels themselves, when and how were they made, and where do they go?

Researchers like Harold Wilkins believed that the tunnels run from the central Andes around Cuzco for hundreds of miles north and south through the mountains, as far as Chile and Ecuador. Wilkins believed that there were other spurs of these tunnels that ran to the east, coming out at the lost city of Paititi in the high jungle somewhere. Another spur was said to run to the west, down to the coastal desert of Peru. This spur of the tunnel system could have come out near Lima, the area of the ancient Inca city of Pachacamac, or near Pisac and the Candlestick of the Andes, which is further south along the coast.

Wilkins believed, as did apparently Madame Blavatsky (a well



The Candlestick of the Andes, near the catacombs of Pisco.

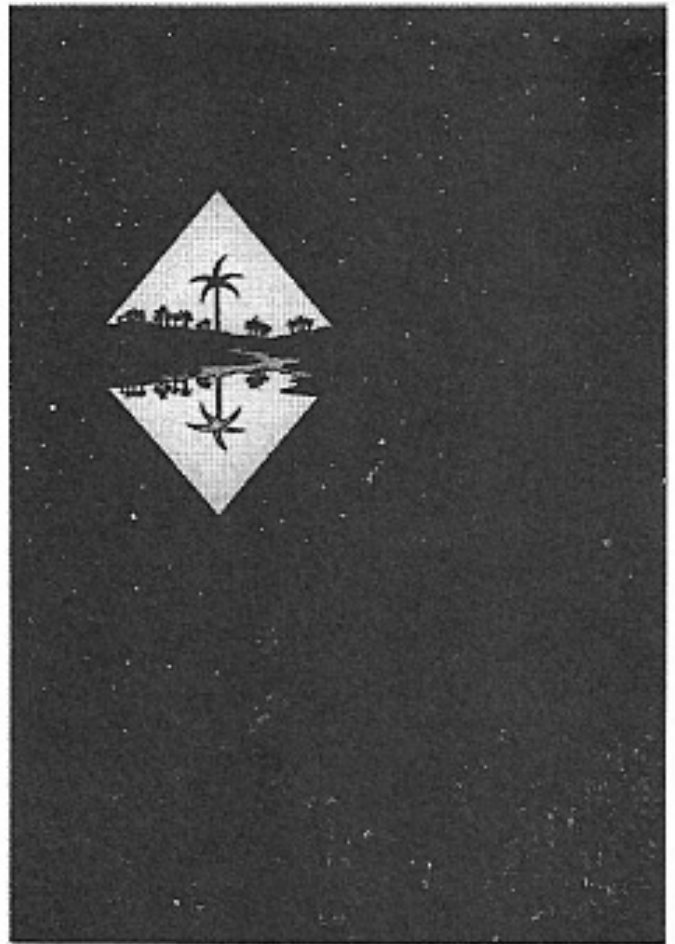
known psychic and founder of The Theosophical Society), that a spur of the ancient tunnel system came out in the Atacama Desert near to Arica and the current border between Chile and Peru, which is further south still. Madame Blavatsky related the story, retold by Wilkins, of the ancient treasure and tunnel system.

Sometime around the year 1844, a Catholic priest was called to absolve a dying Quechua Indian. Whispering quietly to the priest, the old Indian told an amazing story about a labyrinth and a series of tunnels built far before the days of the Inca emperors of the Sun. It was told under the inviolable seal of the confessional, and could not be divulged by the priest under pain of death. This story would probably never have been told, except that the priest, while traveling to Lima, met with a "sinister Italian." The priest let out a hint of great treasure, and was later supposedly hypnotized by the Italian to get him tell the story!

"I will reveal to thee what no White man, be he Spaniard, or American, or English, knows," the dying Indian had said to the priest. He then told of the queen's closing of the tunnels when the Inca Atahualpa was being held captive by Pizarro. The priest added under hypnosis that the Peruvian government, in about 1830, had heard rumors of these tunnels and sent an expedition out to find and explore them. They were unsuccessful.

In another similar story, the Father Pedro del Sancho tells in his *Relacion* that in the early period of the conquest of Peru, another dying Indian made a confession. Father del Sancho wrote, "...my informant was a subject of the Incan Emperor. He was held in high esteem by those in power at Cuzco. He had been a chieftain of his tribe and made a yearly pilgrimage to Cuzco to worship his idolistic gods. It was a custom of the Incas to conquer a tribe or nation and take their idols to Cuzco. Those who wished to worship their ancient idols were forced to travel to the Incan capital. They brought gifts to their heathen idols. They were also expected to pay homage to the Incan emperor during these journeys."

Del Sancho continues, "These treasures were placed in ancient tunnels that were in the land when the Incas arrived. Also placed in these subterranean repositories were artifacts and statues deemed sacred to the Incas. When the hoard had been placed in the tunnels, there was a ceremony conducted by the high priest. Follow-



ing these rites, the entrance to the tunnels was sealed in such a manner that one could walk within a few feet and never be aware of the entrance.

"...My informant said that the entrance lay in his land, the territory which he ruled. It was under his direction and by his subjects that the openings were sealed. All who were in attendance were sworn to silence under the penalty of death. Although I requested more information on the exact location of the entrance, my informant refused to divulge more than what has been written down here."^{36, 54,}

55

Another interesting story of the tunnels around Cuzco and the incredible treasure they contain involves Carlos Inca, a descendant of an Inca emperor, who had married a Spanish lady, Dona Maria Esquivel. His Castilian wife thought that he was not ambitious enough, and that he did not keep her in the style she deemed befitting her rank, or his descent.

Poor Carlos was plagued night and day by his wife's nagging, until late one night, he blindfolded her and led her out into the patio of the hacienda. Under the cold light of the stars, when all around were asleep and no unseen eye was on the watch, he began to lead her by the shoulders. Although he was exposing himself to many risks including torture and death at the hands of the Quechuas, he proceeded to reveal his secret. He twirled her around three times, then, assuming her disoriented, led her down some steps into a concealed vault in or under Sacsayhuaman Fortress. When he removed her blinds, her tongue was finally silenced. She stood on the dusty, stone floor of an ancient vault, cluttered with gold and silver ingots, exquisite jewelry, and temple ornaments. Around the walls, ranged in fine gold, were life-size statues of long dead Inca kings. Only the golden Disk of the Sun, which the old Incas treasured most, was missing.

Carlos Inca was supposedly one of the custodians of the secret hiding place of Inca treasure that eluded the Spanish and other treasure seekers for centuries. The U.S. Commissioner to Peru in 1870 commented on this episode: "All I can say is if that secret chamber which she had entered has not been found and despoiled, it has not been for want of digging...Three-hundred years have not sufficed to eradicate the notion that enormous treasures are concealed within the fortress of Cuzco. Nor have three-hundred years of excavation, more or less constant, entirely discouraged the searchers for tapadas, or treasure mounds."

There certainly appears to be some repetition and borrowing between some of these stories. Yet most historians and archaeologists believe that they are based on some fact. That tunnels and lost treasure exist, there seems to be no doubt. But the real questions are, where are they? And, who made them?

The treasure of the Incas is believed to still be hidden in the tunnels that run



under Cuzco and the ruins of the megalithic fortress mentioned above called Sacsayhuaman.

The Fortress of Sacsayhuaman

The stories of a subterranean world fascinated me and I decided that South America was a good place to investigate whatever reality there might be in the many legends. Lost treasure has its appeal as well, and many tunnels would probably never be explored if it were not for some promised treasure at the end.

I began my search in Peru where I visited Ica, Pisco and Nazca to look at the mummies, geoglyphs and catacombs. I then continued on to Cuzco to look into the tunnels that were rumored to be in the vicinity.

During this visit I went to Sacsayhuaman. The road leads up from the Plaza de Armas to a hill on the north side of Cuzco. At a leveling off of the hill, looking over the Cuzco Valley, is the colossal fortress, one of the most imposing edifices ever constructed. Walking around, we could hardly believe our eyes! Here was a stone structure that covered the entire hill; it appeared almost unworldly. It contains tunnel entrances that are sealed. The visitor can walk a short distance inside some of the tunnels, but they are ultimately blocked after 20 or 30 feet.

All over Sacsayhuaman gigantic blocks of stone, some weighing more than 200 tons (400 thousand pounds) are fitted together perfectly. The enormous stone blocks are cut, faced, and fitted so well that even today one cannot slip the blade of a knife, or even a piece of paper between them. No mortar is used, and no two blocks are alike. Yet they fit perfectly, and it has been said by some engineers that no modern builder with the aid of tools of the finest steel could produce results more accurate.

Each individual stone had to have been planned well in advance; a 20-ton stone, let alone one weighing 80 to 200 tons, cannot just be dropped casually into position with any hope of attaining that kind of accuracy! The stones are locked and dovetailed into position, making them earthquake-proof. Indeed, after many devastating earthquakes in the Andes over the last few hundred years, the blocks are still perfectly fitted, while the Spanish Cathedral in Cuzco has been leveled twice.

Though this fantastic fortress was supposedly built just a few hundred years ago by the Incas, they leave no record of having built it, nor does it figure in any of their legends. How is it that the Incas, who reportedly had no knowledge of higher mathematics, no written language, no iron tools, and did not even use the wheel, are credited with having built this cyclopean complex of walls and buildings? Frankly, one



Fourteen former Inca emperors were mummified and placed, sitting on their thrones, in the Temple of the Sun.

must literally grope for an explanation, and it is not an easy one.

When the Spaniards first arrived in Cuzco and saw these structures, they thought that they had been built by the devil himself, because of their enormity. Indeed, nowhere else can you see such large blocks placed together so perfectly. I have traveled all over the world searching for ancient mysteries and lost cities, but I had never in my life seen anything like this!

The builders of the stoneworks were not merely good stone masons—they were excellent! Similar stoneworks can be seen throughout the Cuzco Valley. These are usually made up of finely cut, rectangular blocks of stone weighing up to perhaps a ton. A group of strong people could lift a block and put it in place; this is undoubtedly how some of the smaller structures were put together. But in Sacsayhuaman, Cuzco, and other ancient Inca cities, one can see gigantic blocks cut with 30 or more angles each.

At the time of the Spanish conquest, Cuzco was at its peak, with perhaps 100,000 Inca subjects living in the ancient city. The fortress of Sacsayhuaman could hold the entire population within its walls in case of war or natural catastrophe. Some historians have stated that the fortress was built a few years before the Spanish invasion, and that the Incas take credit for the structure. But, the Incas could not recall exactly how or when it was built!

The Spanish dismantled as much of Sacsayhuaman as they could. When Cuzco was first conquered, Sacsayhuaman had three round towers at the top of the fortress, behind three concentric megalithic walls. These were taken apart stone by stone, and the stones used to build new structures for the Spanish.

Sacsayhuaman was also equipped with a subterranean network of aqueducts. Water was brought down from the mountains into a valley, then had to ascend a hill before reaching Sacsayhuaman. This indicates that the engineers who built the intricate system knew that water rises to its own level.

Garcilaso de la Vega, who wrote just after the conquest, said this about the tunnels beneath Sacsayhuaman: "An underground network of passages, which was as vast as the towers themselves, connected them with one another. This was composed of a quantity of streets and alleyways which ran in every direction, and so many doors, all of them identical, that the most experienced men dared not



venture into this labyrinth without a guide, consisting of a long thread tied to the first door, which unwound as they advanced. I often went up to the fortress with boys of my own age, when I was a child, and we did not dare to go farther than the sunlight itself, we were so afraid of getting lost, after all that the Indians had told us on the subject...the roofs of these underground passages were composed of large flat stones resting on rafters jutting out from the walls."

There are indeed tunnels that one may enter at Sacsayhuaman and nearby Qenqo. If one walks behind the Inca's stone seat inside the fortress toward Qenqo, one will find all sorts of bizarre stone cuttings, upside-down staircases, and seemingly senseless rock carving on a grand scale. There are also tunnel entrances in this area. Various rock-cut tunnels lead down into the earth, and at least one goes to another part of the mountain area of Qenqo. All of these tunnels are blocked at some point and this area of Sacsayhuaman is still being excavated by Peruvian archaeologists.

The area is quite fascinating, but it seems quite clear that one cannot penetrate into the tunnels beneath Cuzco from these now-blocked tunnel entrances.

The old chroniclers say the tunnels were connected with the Coricancha, a name given to the Sun Temple and its surrounds in old Cuzco.

The Coricancha was originally larger than it is today and contained many ancient temples, including the Temples of the Sun and the Moon, and all of these buildings were believed to be connected with Sacsayhuaman by underground tunnels. The place where these tunnels started was known as the Chincana, or "the place where one gets lost." This entrance was known up until the mid-1800s, when it was walled up.

In his book *Jungle Paths and Inca Ruins*, Dr. William Montgomery McGovern states: "Near this fortress [Sacsayhuaman] are several strange caverns reaching far into the earth. Here altars to the Gods of the Deep were carved out of the living rock, and the many bones scattered about tell of the sacrifices which were offered up here. The end of one of these caverns, Chincana, has never been found. It is supposed to communicate by a long underground passage with the Temple of the Sun in the heart of Cuzco. In this cavern is supposed, and with good reason, to be hidden a large part of the golden treasure of the Inca Emperors which was stored away lest it fall into the hands of the Spaniards. But the cavern is so huge, so complicated, and its passages are so manifold, that its secret has never been discovered.

"One man, indeed, is said to have found his way underground to the Sun Temple, and when he emerged, to have had two golden bars in his hand. But his mind had been affected by days of blind wandering in the subterranean caves, and he died



almost immediately afterwards. Since that time many have gone into the cavern—never to return again. Only a month or two before my arrival the disappearance of three prominent people in this Inca cave caused the Prefect of the Province of Cuzco to wall in the mouth of the cavern, so that the secret and the treasures of the Incas seem likely to remain forever undiscovered.”^{36, 54, 55}

Another story, which may well be derived from the same source, tells of a treasure hunter who went into the tunnels and wandered through the maze for several days. One morning, about a week after the adventurer had vanished, a priest was conducting mass in the church of Santo Domingo. The priest and his congregation were astonished to hear sudden, sharp rattings from beneath the church’s stone floor. Several worshipers crossed themselves and murmured about the devil. The priest quieted his congregation, then directed the removal of a large stone slab from the floor (this was the converted Temple of the Sun!). The group was surprised to see the treasure hunter emerge with a bar of gold in each hand.

Even the Peruvian government got into the act of exploring these Cuzco tunnels, ostensibly for scientific purposes. The Peruvian *Seria Documental del Peru* describes an expedition undertaken by staff from Lima University in 1923. Accompanied by experienced speleologists, the party penetrated the trapezoid-shaped tunnels starting from an entrance at Cuzco.

They took measurements of the subterranean aperture and advanced in the direction of the coast. After a few days, members of the expedition at the entrance of the tunnel lost contact with the explorers inside, and no communication came for twelve days. Then a solitary explorer returned to the entrance, starving. His reports of an underground labyrinth of tunnels and deadly obstacles would make an Indiana Jones movie seem tame by comparison. His tale was so incredible that his colleagues declared him mad. To prevent further loss of life in the tunnels, the police dynamited the entrance.

More recently, the big Lima earthquake of 1972 brought to light a tunnel system beneath that coastal city. During salvage operations, workers found long passages no one had ever known existed. The following systematic examination of Lima’s foundations led to the astonishing discovery that large parts of the city were undercut by tunnels, all leading into the mountains. But their terminal points could no longer be ascertained because they had collapsed during the course of the centuries. Did the Cuzco tunnels explored in 1923 lead to Lima? As far back as the 1940s, Harold Wilkins, in his books (*Mysteries of Ancient South America* and *Secret Cities of Old South America*) wrote that they did.

Tunnels to the Hidden City of Paititi?

In my quest for the lost treasure of the Incas and the tunnel systems associated with it, I joined up in the search for Paititi, the ultimate lost city of the Incas accord-



ing to Cuzco legends.

While the Incas placed some of their hoard in the Cuzco tunnel system to hide it from the conquering Spanish, other treasure (including 14 gold-clad mummies of the former Inca emperors removed from the Sun Temple) was sent by llama caravan into the Antisuyo region of South America, the mountain jungle area east of Cuzco. The caravan's destination was a mountain-jungle city called "Paikikin" in Quechua which is supposed to mean "like the other." The Spanish called this city El Gran Paititi.

It is well known that the Incan Empire at its height stretched from north of Quito in Ecuador, south along the Andes and west to the coast, all the way down into central Chile. What is not generally known is just how far east the Incas had set up their roads, trade routes and cities. The Incas did have a trade network that stretched eastward deep into the jungles on the east side of the Andes. Salt was frequently carried across the mountains in exchange for gold and feathers. According to Jorge Arellano, director of the Institute of Archaeology in La Paz, Bolivia, Inca ruins have been found in the Bolivian state of Beni, which is several hundred miles east of the Andes and in dense jungle. He says that a series of small fortresses in the jungle form a line in an easterly direction. He believes that the Incas used these fortresses as stopovers on their migration from the Madre de Dios area of Peru, believed by some to be the site of Paititi.

Though there is little doubt that Paititi did exist, there is a great deal of myth surrounding this lost city. Harold Wilkins believes that the Incas escaped from the Spanish after the battle of Ollantaytambo by fleeing through a branch of the tunnel system discussed earlier, heading east toward Paititi. This may well be true, though it was hardly necessary for the Incas to have fled through a tunnel. They could have left by canoe, then crossed the mountains using the excellent Inca roads.

Assuming this tunnel did exist, Wilkins thinks it went due east from Cuzco, through the jungles, to the empire of Paititi. He indicates that Paititi was a separate kingdom, ruled by mysterious white men whose king was known as the "Tiger King." According to Wilkins, Paititi means "jaguar." The Tiger King, or Jaguar King, lived in a white house by a great lake.^{54,55}

In 1681, a Jesuit missionary named Fray Lucero wrote of information given to him by Indians in the Río Huallagu area of northeastern Peru. They told him that the lost city of Gran Paititi lay behind the forests and mountains east of Cuzco.

The Jesuit wrote, "This empire of Gran Paytite has bearded, white Indians. The nation called Curveros, these Indians told me, dwell in a place called Yurachuasi or the 'white house.' For king, they have a descendant of the Inca Tupac Amaru, who with 40,000 Peruvians, fled far away into



the forests, before the face of the conquistadors of Francisco Pizarro's day in AD 1533. He took with him a rich treasure, and the Castilians who pursued him fought each other in the forests, leaving the savage Chunchu Indios, who watched their internecine struggles, to kill off the wounded and shoot the survivors with arrows. I myself have been shown plates of gold and half-moons and ear-rings of gold that have come from this mysterious nation." This story is independently documented in the book *Amazonas y El Marañon* by Fray Manuel Rodriguez, published in 1684, according to Wilkins.

Many people seem to confuse Gran Paititi and El Dorado, though the legends locate them thousands of miles apart. El Dorado is often believed to be in the vicinity of the Orinoco River near the borders of Columbia, Venezuela and Brazil. In early 1559, the Viceroy of Peru wanted to rid his country of unemployed soldiers and troublesome Spanish adventurers, so he sent a party of 370 Spaniards and thousands of Andean Indians on an expedition down the Amazon in search of a legendary city of gold. This expedition was an utter failure, during which the men mutinied, and a psychopathic soldier, Lope de Aguirre, killed the leader Pedro de Ursua. Taking over the expedition, he abandoned the search for "El Dorado," vowing to return and conquer Peru itself. This wild and incredible adventure, during which the women warriors known as Amazons were first reported, and the Amazon River was first navigated, was made into a German movie called, *Aguirre: The Wrath of God*.

This disastrous expedition was the beginning of the confusion between El Dorado and Paititi, the real city of gold. It searched in an area far removed from where Paititi appears to be located, and this is why most adventurers after "El Dorado" searched in the vicinity of Columbia and Venezuela instead of Peru, where the legends actually originated.

One adventurer who searched for Paititi was Pedro Bohorques, a penniless soldier who pretended to be a nobleman. In 1659, after serving in Chile, Bohorques became a wanderer. Calling himself Don Pedro el Inca, he swore that royal Inca blood flowed through his veins. Bohorques set himself up as emperor of an Indian kingdom at the headwaters of the Huallaga River south of Cuzco. He converted almost 10,000 Pelados Indians into his service, and declared all Spaniards fair game. He also sent some of his followers on a search for Paititi, hoping to find the treasure.

When these men did not come back with gold, Bohorques left his empire and went to Lima. Unfortunately, the Spaniards had heard of his decree against them, threw him in prison, and sentenced him to death. He pled for his life, promising to reveal the location of the Kingdom



of Gran Paititi if he was released. The judges refused his offer, but many gold hunters visited him in prison, begging him to share his secret with them. He refused, and went to the gallows in 1667, much to the chagrin of the treasure hunters of Lima.

Actually, it is not likely that Bohorques knew the location of Paititi (since his adventurers returned without gold), though he was in the correct area, and may have learned the general location. Also, Paititi was probably still a living city at this time, so it would have been difficult for Bohorques or anyone else to enter.

Of course, the search for Gran Paititi still continues, and many explorers feel that they are getting close. Today, many feel that Paititi is somewhere in the



The strange grooves at Samaipata.

Paucartambo area of Peru, east of Cuzco toward the Madre de Dios River. This is the same area in which Fray Lucero indicated that Gran Paititi could be found. Some expeditions, however, because they either found the city or disturbed the Indians too much in their search, end up dead.

Boston anthropologist Gregory Deyermenjian and British photographer Michael Mirecki mounted their own expedition into this area in 1984. Their goal was a jungle mountain in eastern Peru called Apucatinti. I accompanied Deyermenjian.

According to many sources, the mountain on which Paititi is located is called *Apucatinti*, though exactly which mountain is really Apucatinti is open for debate. The word means "Lord of the Sun" in Quechua, and any mountain with this name (there are several) is a good candidate for having Paititi on it.

As noted above, *Paititi* comes from the Quechua word "*Paikikin*" which means "the same as the other" which has also been translated as "the same as Cuzco." What could it mean, "The same as Cuzco?" Deyermenjian thinks that this indicates Paititi is another stone city, similar in its construction to that found at Cuzco and Sacsayhuaman; a megalithic city like Machu Picchu. On the other hand, it may mean that Paititi is like Cuzco in the sense that it is the abode of the Inca kings, as Cuzco once was. If Paititi was built from scratch by the retreating Inca royal fringe, then the ruins are more likely to be similar to those found at Espiritu Pampa: small and unimpressive. Machu Picchu also has part of a tunnel that can be found off the trail on the northern part of the city.

Historically, Gran Paititi was not reported as being located on top of a mountain, but rather by a lake. If these older reports are correct, Paititi may be further

into the jungles to the east or south. Some researchers even believe that it may still be a living city, where the Inca tradition is still carried on. Many areas, particularly to the east, could have remained under Inca control for quite some time after the Spanish conquest.

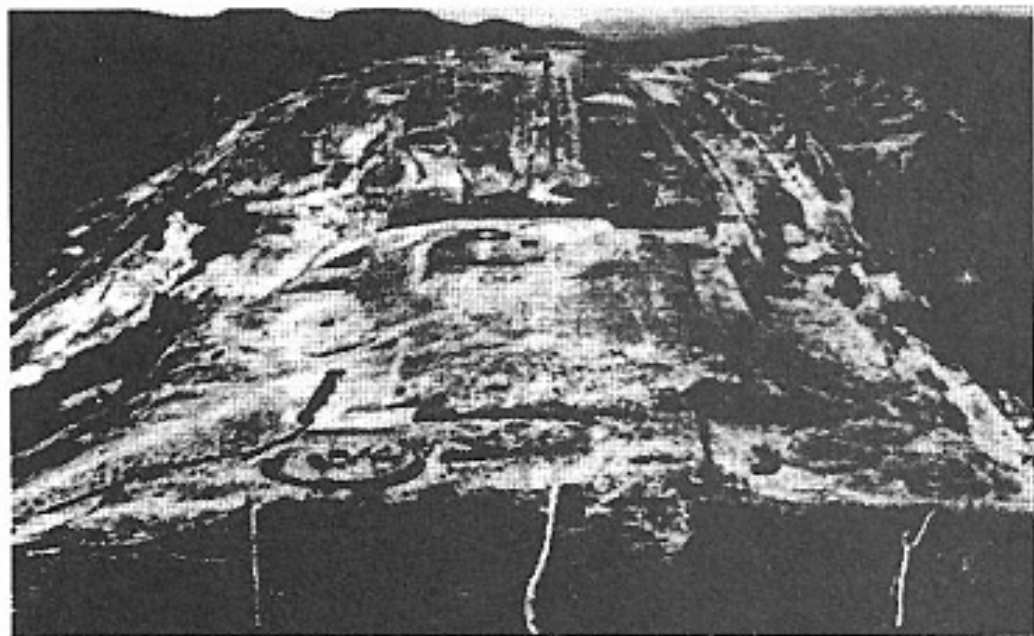
Then again, Apucatinti may well be the site of a long-dead Paititi. Demoralized and cut off from their former empire, the surviving Incas could have existed on top of this remote mountain in a self-sufficient city much like Machu Picchu, until they died out. Deyermenjian backs this theory, and thinks that the city effectively died about the year 1600, a mere 30 or 40 years after the Incas escaped to their refuge there.

In June of 1986, I accompanied Greg Deyermenjian and a party of Peruvians to scale the Apucatinti in Mameria. It took one week by horseback to the edge of the jungle, and a further two weeks of living with Machiguenga Indians in effort to scale the peak. We discovered Inca buildings, ovens, tombs and coca plantations, as well as the first-ever structures in the Madre de Dios district of Peru, but the ascent to the top of the mountain was extremely difficult. The mountain has no fresh water, and is covered in thick, almost impenetrable jungle. We ascended the mountain for five days from the base, with Machiguenga Indians leading the way. However, after running out of food and water, we had to return to the Indian village.

In August of 1986, Deyermenjian returned to Mameria by himself, and made it to the summit of Apucatinti with his Indian guides. To their disappointment, neither Paititi nor any other structures were at the summit of the mountain. It had been a false lead, but it had looked like a good prospect. Deyermenjian continued to search for Paititi, focusing on a nearby area that was even more remote than Mameria and Apucatinti. I turned my attentions to Bolivia.

A Tunnel in Eastern Bolivia

With several old friends from the World Explorers Club, including Carl Hart, Steve Yenouskas, and Raul Fernandez, I journeyed to Peru and Bolivia to discover what we could of the tunnels in South America. After a week in Peru, we set off one day from Cuzco for Tiahuanaco and then to eastern Bolivia to the strange hilltop city of Samaipata. I had visited



The hill top fortress of Samaipata.

Samaipata by myself in the mid-80s, and wrote about the strange "fort" in my book *Lost Cities & Ancient Mysteries of South America*. At the time, I was the 153rd person to visit the site since it had been opened to the public in 1974.

Erich von Daniken had visited the site in the early 70s and had described it as a "rocket launching pad" for his alien visitors. The site itself was bizarre enough: high on the summit of mountain was a large outcrop of rock that had been cut into various rooms, channels, pools, chairs, petroglyphs and odd, crisscross grooves.

The whole place was extremely ancient and worn, and apparently there had once been walls and buildings that were now long gone. A large jaguar was carved into the solid at the western end of the "fort." Was Samaipata a cult center for the jaguar? Was it a mining city? Or possibly a remote fort on the eastern edge of the mountain highlands, watching over the lower valleys to the east? No archaeologist has so far come up with an answer to Samaipata, including who built the "city" and when. On a *National Geographic* map of archaeological sites in South America that I carried with me, Samaipata was not even listed.

The strangest part of Samaipata was a feature that was hidden in the jungle about a 100 meters south of the main fort, a tunnel into the ground that was called by the locals the *Camino de la Chinchana*, or the "Path of the Subterranean."

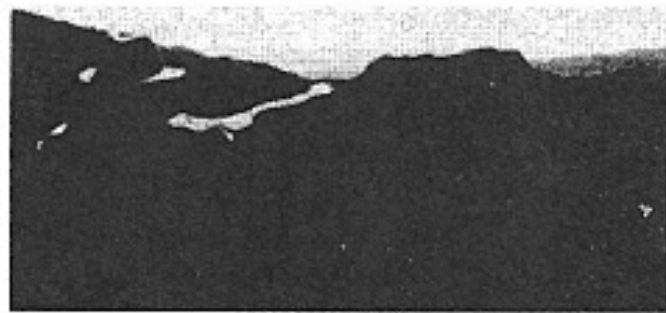
The *Camino de la Chinchana* was a tunnel that began as a two-meter opening to a pit that went straight down for about 6 meters. Once one had made the first descent down to the floor of the pit, something that would take a rope or a ladder, then one would find himself standing in a tunnel that was high enough and wide enough for a man to stand without stooping. This tunnel then descended downhill from the fort, apparently going in a northwest direction.

According to the caretaker of Samaipata, the tunnel had been explored once by Bolivian archaeologists who had entered the pit with a rope and had advanced some 100 meters or more into the tunnel. The air became stale and a small cave-in had blocked a portion of the tunnel. Without proper breathing gear, the team was unable to advance any farther into the earth.

The tunnel was clearly man-made, and at least around the entrance, it was dug out of dirt, rather than cut out of solid rock. I asked the caretaker of Samaipata where this tunnel was supposed to go. He pointed to the north, across the valley, to a mountain about 15 kilometers away. This mountain looked something like the back molar in a row of teeth.

"There," he said, pointing to the mountain, "there to *La Muela el Diablo*, is where the archaeologists say that the tunnel goes. On that mountain is supposed to be another city, just as here."

Using my dictionary, I translated *La Muela el Diablo* as "The Devil's Dimple."



The author points to the Devil's Dimple.

This tunnel was said to run from the top of the mountain of Samaipata down to the valley, beneath a river, and then up to a mountain on the other side.

Carl, Steve, Raul and I made a brief search of the area around the Devil's Dimple but could not find evidence of any lost city or of a tunnel entrance. It was a cursory exploration that proved or disproved little. Still the fact remained that the entrance to a bizarre man-made tunnel, one that was apparently thousands of years old, existed at the weird ruins of Samaipata.

Was it the entrance to a lost mine used thousands of years ago? Was it a spur of the legendary tunnels near Cuzco? The thought that one might be able to enter into a vast labyrinth of tunnels beneath the Andes by entering the *Camino de la Chinchana* was an exciting thought. The entrance still exists at Samaipata, waiting for a bold adventurer with the right equipment to discover its secrets. But for myself and Carl, we were to continue on to Brazil and the even more intriguing tunnel entrance at Sao Tomé das Lettres near Sao Paulo.

The Tunnel Beneath Sao Tomé das Lettres

Our WEX team had to split up, with Steve and Raul returning to Peru and the U.S. while Carl and I headed down to Corumba, the Bolivian bordertown with Brazil. From there we took a bus through the Matto Grosso to Sao Paulo, the largest city in South America.

In Sao Paulo Carl and I visited my Brazilian publisher and various Brazilian friends. I had received a letter from a Brazilian woman who had read the Portuguese version of my book *Lost Cities & Ancient Mysteries of South America* and had written me a letter concerning the opening to a tunnel system at the resort mountain town of Sao Tomé das Lettres. Her name was Marli and she worked at one of the many banks in Sao Paulo.

Carl and I met with Marli one night for dinner and she told us about the town and the tunnel entrance. Sao Tomé das Lettres is Portuguese for "Saint Thomas of the Letters" and is the rather long name of a small town north of Sao Paulo that, like Samaipata in Bolivia, is on the top of a mountain. Sao Tomé das Lettres is in fact a well-known tourist town in Sao Paulo state, though I had never heard of it. Being on top of a mountain, it had good views, was cooler than Sao Paulo, and offered hiking trails, good restaurants and an artist colony for atmosphere. It also had the entrance to a man-made tunnel system, a feature well known to visitors of the small town.

Carl and I suggested to Marli that the three of us take a trip to Sao Tomé das Lettres and see the entrance to the tunnel system. She agreed to accompany the two of us as our guide and interpreter. We left the next day, taking a bus for some four or five hours out of Sao Paulo, heading on a major highway toward the city of Belo Horizonte in the state of Minas Gerais



Soon the bus turned off the main road and headed up a narrow paved road for some distant, low mountains. Eventually the road wound its way to the top of one of the mountains and we found ourselves in Sao Tomé das Lettres.

Carl, Marli and I grabbed our luggage from beneath the bus and stood on the cobblestone street at the lower edge of town. There were many quaint houses, all made of well carved stone with tile roofs and small windows. I noticed that stonework and even stacks of stone slate, was everywhere. Sao Tomé das Lettres was not only a tourist town, it was also a mountaintop quarry.

We walked up the main street and found a small hotel to spend the night, leaving our packs and other luggage in the hotel. By now it was late afternoon and we had only time to walk about town and familiarize ourselves with this pleasant area.

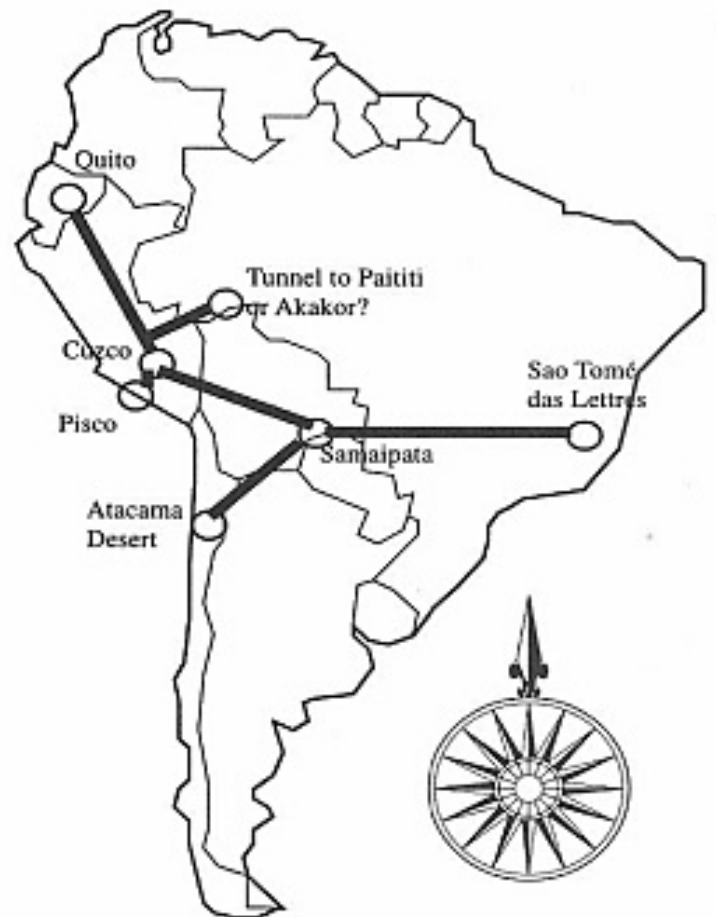
Later, Marli took us to a local restaurant where a crowd of young people had gathered to hear the local restaurant owner talk about the mysteries of Sao Tomé das Lettres. He was a large man, in his 50s, who spoke in Portuguese to the 20 or so people gathered in his restaurant.

The crowd listened intently as the man spoke and occasionally I asked Marli what he was saying.

"He is talking about the tunnel that is at the northern edge of town," said Marli, whispering to me. "He says that the tunnel is open as far as anyone has ever walked through it. At no place is the tunnel blocked. The tunnel is man-made, but no one knows who built it or where it goes.

"The Brazilian army went into the tunnel one time to find out where it ends. After travelling for four days through the tunnel the team of Army explorers eventually came to a large room deep underground. This room had four openings to four tunnels, each going in a different direction. They had arrived in the room by one of the tunnels.

"They stayed in the room for sometime, using it as their base and attempted to explore each of the other three tunnels, but after following each for some time, turned back to the large room. Eventually they returned to the surface, here at Sao Tomé das Lettres."



A map of the possible tunnel system in South America.



The man continued talking about the tunnel. Apparently he gave this lecture every night at his restaurant.

"Now he is saying," continued Marli, "that there is a man here in town who claims to know the tunnel and claims that he has been many weeks inside the tunnel. This man claims that the tunnel goes all the way to Peru, to Machu Picchu in the Andes. This man claims that he went completely under South America, across Brazil and to Machu Picchu. Isn't that amazing!"

I raised an eyebrow and looked at Carl. He nodded to me at the fantastic nature of the story. "Does this restaurant owner say that he has been through the tunnel to Peru?" asked Carl.

"No," said Marli, "it is not this man, it is another man. I don't know who this other man is. But now he is telling another story, this time it is about himself. He says that he was walking early in the morning on the north side of town, near to the tunnel entrance. On this morning, he suddenly met a strange man walking in the area of the tunnel. This man was very tall, about seven feet, and dressed strangely, like the Indians of the Andes in Peru and Bolivia. The man did not talk to him, but walked away. Later, the restaurant owner tried to find this man, but no one knew about him or knew who he was. The restaurant owner thinks that he came from the tunnel!"

As we left the restaurant, Carl, Marli and I were quite stunned. It all seemed so incredible. "Well, Marli," I said, "tomorrow we must see this tunnel and explore it!"

The next morning after breakfast, we checked our flashlights, put water and snacks into our daypacks, and set off up the cobblestone streets of Sao Tomé das Lettres to the north side of town.

It didn't take long to find the tunnel entrance; already four or five young people were gathered around the entrance looking into the wide cavern.

The entrance was quite large. It was a wide mouth of a cave with a mound of dirt creating a small hill over the entrance. The cavern entrance faced to the west and immediately began running down hill, into the earth. The tunnel/cavern would have to go downhill, as we were essentially on top of a mountain.

With our flashlights in hand, we entered the cavern. Within a few meters, the cavern entrance narrowed into a tunnel which was about three meters (9 feet) high and two meters wide. The tunnel was dug out of dirt, and was not cut out of solid rock, as some tunnels are.

The tunnel headed downward at a steady slope, but it was not too steep. A small channel, made by running water moving through this part of the tunnel (and perhaps by the visitors walking through it) was in the middle of the floor, sort of a small "trail" worn into the floor. At no point was it ever necessary to duck, stoop or crawl in this tunnel. Quite the opposite, it was quite wide and high, even for the tallest man to walk through, even someone who was, say, seven feet tall!

I was amazed at this ancient feat of engineering. We were descending down into the earth in a wide, gradually sloping tunnel that was dug into a red, clay-type dirt. It was not the smooth, laser-cut rock walls that Erich von Daniken had claimed to have seen in Ecuador in his book *Gold of the Gods*, but it was just as incredible.

It wouldn't have taken some space-age device to make this tunnel, just simple tools; yet, it was clearly a colossal undertaking. Why would anyone build such a tunnel? Was it an ancient mine that went deep into the earth, searching for an elusive vein of gold or merely red clay for the long gone ceramic kilns? Was it an elaborate escape tunnel used in the horrific wars that were said to have been fought in South America—and around the world—in the distant past? Or was it some bizarre subterranean road that linked up with other tunnels in the Andes and ultimately could be used to journey safely to such places as Machu Picchu, Cuzco or the Atacama Desert? Maybe a combination of all three.

Marli, Carl and I continued walking through the tunnel for a kilometer or so. Other visitors to Sao Tomé das Lettres followed us into the subterranean system. The tunnel was not perfectly straight, but wound left and right and occasionally dropped down a few feet and continued on. It was perfectly dry and the air was fresh and quite breathable.

Eventually, after an hour or so, we came to a spot in the tunnel where it suddenly dropped down about a meter and a half. It was not a great obstacle and we could see the tunnel continuing downward, but it was a convenient place to stop. We had a candy bar and a drink from our daypacks and rested at this spot and then decided to go back to the surface. We had no intention of continuing for several days to the fabled room of four doors deep beneath Brazil. We simply weren't prepared for such an expedition.

Back on the surface, we had lunch in one of the restaurants and prepared to get a bus back to Sao Paulo. We talked about the bizarre tunnel. It was real, there was no doubt about that. It was man-made as well, as the tunnel was perfectly uniform and contained no fissures or faults of any kind.

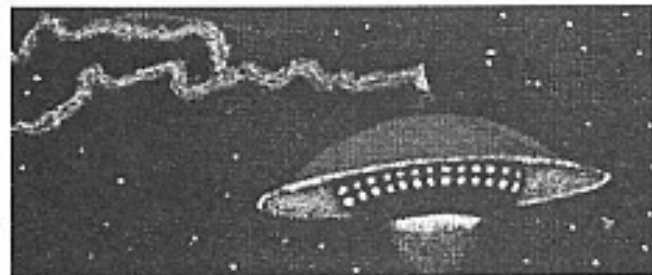
Did it really go to Machu Picchu and the Andes? It seemed incredible, but we could not discount this story. Not yet anyway. Perhaps in the future we would return to Sao Tomé das Lettres, and find the secret of the room with four doors.

A Galactic Space Base at Lake Titicaca

I began investigating other tales of tunnels and lost cities in Peru. My search eventually led me to the strange story of the Valley of the Blue Moon and a secret monastery of the Andes.



This monastery is the subject of a book, *Secret of the Andes*,⁵⁶ by George Hunt Williamson, written under the pen name Brother Philip. Williamson was also the author of a number of other books, including *The Saucers Speak* (1954), *Other Tongues, Other Flesh* (1957), *Secret Places of the Lion* (1958)⁵⁹ and *Road in the Sky* (1959).⁵⁸ He was an adventurer and anthropologist, and a believer in lost continents, UFOs and hidden worlds. Williamson was no doubt a fascinating person (he died in 1986), however it is clear that he fabricated much of the "true" information in his books, and even used material typed directly from Richard Shaver's book *I Remember Lemuria* as his own past life "memories."



With the publication of *The Saucers Speak*, a book of channeled material by a Chicago woman named Dorothy Martin, Williamson embarked on a lifetime of trips to Peru and began writing the strange books that were the result his travels.

With automatic writing, Dorothy Martin wrote out a message that said that cataclysmic earth changes would occur on December 20, 1954. The automatic writing informed that Martin and her followers, which included George Hunt Williamson, would be rescued by a flying saucer just before a massive tidal wave destroyed the city. As the date approached, the group was instructed to inform the press of the imminent end of the world.

When the cataclysm did not occur, the group faced massive public ridicule. Martin's chief follower, Dr. Charles Laughead, was forced to resign from his position as a doctor at Michigan State Hospital.

Undaunted, Dorothy Martin, Dr. Laughead and wife, and George Hunt Williamson, moved to Peru expecting the cataclysm to soon take place. The group flew to Lima and, travelled thence by train to Puno, a Peruvian city on Lake Titicaca.

Williamson had been to Peru once before and claimed that "the space federation has a gigantic base" at Lake Titicaca. The group built a small community on the eastern side of Lake Titicaca. Williamson and the Laugheads, and no doubt others from their community, came and went from Peru to the U.S.

During this period, Williamson and his friend, John McCoy, began to solicit money for their community. According to Jack Robinson, writing in the *Shavertron* fanzine (No. 25, summer '86), Williamson, the Laugheads, Martin, and McCoy established the Priory of All the Saints of the Brotherhood of the Seven Rays at Moyobamba, Peru sometime in 1956.

This was a modified version of another group, known as the Amethystine Order of the Seven Rays. Little is known about this organization, except that it was at one time affiliated with Williamson and seemed to be rife with friction. Charles and Lillia Laughead began sending out mimeographed letters claiming that they represented the Amethystine Order of the Seven Rays whose headquarters was in Moyobamba, Peru.

Says Robinson, "The last letter from the group is dated May 23, 1957. It says that the work of the Priory, having served its purpose, would be discontinued on orders from the Brothers. Williamson, writing in several places, claims that there is a housing shortage in Peru, and that he rented a house for the Priory only with the spiritual aid of the Brothers. This is just so much nonsense. Forty dollars a month will pay the rent on a decent house almost anywhere in the temperate regions of the Peruvian Coast. All further communications to the Priory were to be addressed to the Priory Representative at P.O. Box 1076, Hemat, CA, an occult metropolis every bit the equal of Moyobamba."



A photo of George Hunt Williamson in Peru, circa 1956.

The next communication, says Robinson, was dated April 12, 1957, and was issued by the Abbey's Lake Titicaca branch. "This was not mailed from Peru, however; it was postmarked Corpus Christi, Texas. It said that the right way to contact the Abbey was through the representative at Corpus Christi, evidently leaving the gentleman in California high and dry. The letter went on to say that the Abbey was located in a hidden valley in eastern Peru, and that even the workers in Peru were unaware of its exact location. All mail was to be sent to the post office box at Corpus Christi, and would then be forwarded to Peru by airmail. One might have cause to wonder at this point as to how the Peruvian postal authorities would handle the mail once it got to Peru. They are, as I have learned through bitter experience, rather inefficient. Perhaps the Texas representative had the idea of hiring his own plane, and dropping the mail by parachute."

Robinson mentions that he has a document on file from the Nov. 1958 issue of *Equilibrium*, the predecessor to another journal, now extinct, called the *Journal of Correlative Philosophy*. Printed in that monthly was a notice forwarded by Mme. Darlaine Manon of Los Angeles, CA, chairman of the journal's Advisory Committee. It read as follows:

"To whom it may concern: This is to inform you that George Hunt Williamson and John McCoy are not acting under the direction of the Amethystine Order of the Seven Rays. Any contributions made to them for proposed trips to Peru, South America, are made on your own, and do not have the authority of the Order. Signed, John I. Norkin, Public Relations Director, The Amethystine Order of the Seven Rays."

Williamson was also accused of taking money from the community in the Andes and using it for a trip to London in 1957. This trip was ultimately a success, culmi-

nating in Williamson making a major publishing deal with Neville Spearman, a prominent publisher of occult literature at the time. Apparently, Williamson received a large advance from Neville Spearman and the British company subsequently published *Secret Places of the Lion* (1958),⁵⁹ *Road in the Sky* (1959),⁵⁸ and finally *Secret of the Andes* (1961)⁵⁶ by "Brother Philip."

In *Secret of the Andes*, Williamson claims that a "Lord Muru" arrived at Lake Titicaca at some time in the remote past, when the Andes Mountains were first uplifted in a cataclysmic event that also sank the Pacific continent of Mu. Lord Muru set up the "Monastery of the Brotherhood of the Seven Rays," which was to keep the secrets and treasures of his race in its archives.

Among these treasures was the Golden Sun Disc of Mu. Williamson maintains that this Sun Disc was later given to the Incas, when they had advanced enough spiritually to appreciate it. But when the Spaniards conquered Peru, the Sun Disc was removed from the Sun Temple at Cuzco, and placed back in safekeeping at the monastery.

These things were presumably told to Williamson by the keeper of the monastery, "Brother Philip." Said Robinson in the *Shavertron* story, "Brother Philip was his supposed contact for much of the info he used in his books, and was the original informant for the passage concerning Mutan Mion, Richard Shaver's famous hero from *Amazing Stories*. Not only was *Secret of the Andes* written by George Hunt Williamson, it was composed of material he had channeled in the home of one of his ardent admirers, who freely admitted this in a letter to a friend. It was this ardent admirer who did much of the legwork for his books, doing all of the typing, and possibly doing some of the research for them." Robinson later goes on to quote a letter from the woman, who said that the second part of *Secret of the Andes* was "channeled in our abode before 1956."

In the quote above, Robinson alludes to Williamson's liberal borrowing from Richard Shaver's work, *I Remember Lemuria!* In *Secret Places of the Lion* he not only used the famous name Mutan Mion (slightly changing the spelling to "Mian"), but it was noticed that he took several paragraphs almost verbatim!

For example, from Williamson's past life "remembrances" in *Secret Places of the Lion*: "The winds were howling as if all the night gods were shrieking for vengeance as the two small solitary figures went about their task. Mian opened his account on the first tablet by saying: 'These are the truths of I, Mutan Mian, historian-scribe of Mu, realizing even more forcibly now, must pass on to future man, written on tablets that will be deposited in several places so that they may be found in some future times. These truths, in addition to a history of the great exodus I have observed, must reach future man! The telonium message plates will be dis-



tributed in the most likely places both in and on the surface of the remainder of Mu. I pray that the descendants of those few wildmen (Indians) I have seen in the great forest, but have been unable to approach, may some day find these plates and have the sense to read them and heed their message. Some day, I have a feeling, they will be a race of men again. It is good seed they inherit, and they might be worth this effort in spite of the increasing cosmic ray activity. I pray that when they find these plates they will understand!"

This is essentially the very last paragraph of *I Remember Lemuria*:

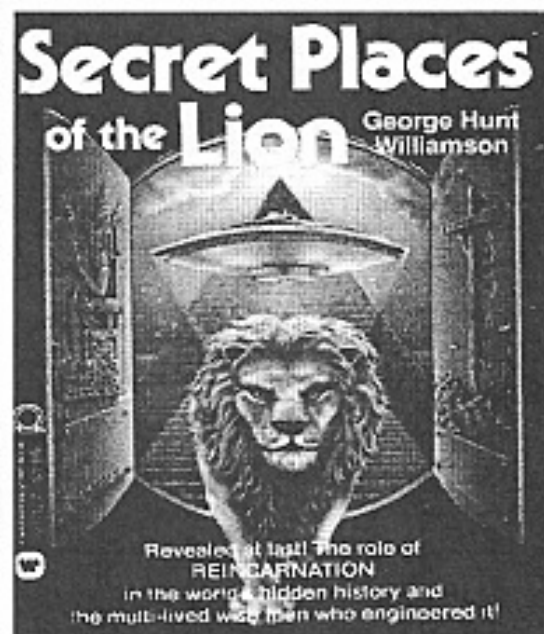
"In a few short months the first ships took off for New Mu, and the last of the race of Atlan soon followed, abandoning Mu for their new home in space. Arl and I remained on Mu to the last. During this time I finished my telonian message plates and distributed them in the most likely places both in and on the surface of Mu. I pray that the descendants of those few wild men I have seen in the culture forests but have been unable to approach, may some day find these plates and have the sense to read them and heed their message. Some day, I have a feeling, they will be a race of men again. It is good seed they inherit, and they might be worth my effort in spite of the sun. I pray that when they find the plates they will understand!"

Williamson is probably most remembered for his witnessing of the George Adamski UFO sightings in 1951 and signing an affidavit along with others that he had seen Adamski with a "Venusian." Williamson chronicled this adventure in his 1957 book *Other Tongues, Other Flesh*.

Williamson died 1986, but his books have lived on. Despite his credibility problems, George Hunt Williamson cannot be dismissed too easily. He must be given credit for bringing some of the popular mysteries of South America into the forefront. Williamson had made expeditions into the Madre de Dios jungles of Peru in search of Paititi in the early 1950s, as many British explorers were attempting to do. In his various books, he talked about many of the mysteries of Peru including Paititi, tunnel systems, the weird stone formations on the Marahuasi Plateau near Lima, and the Nazca Lines along the southern coast. Undoubtedly, later writers such as Erich von Daniken, Charles Berlitz and Robert Charroux used his writings as early guidebooks to the mysteries of Peru.

The Lost Pyramid in the Valley of the Blue Moon

There is still some indication that a tunnel system, and perhaps a hidden "monastery," does exist in South America. The legend of the Valley of the Blue Moon is one that has a life beyond Brother Philip and George Hunt Williamson.



One story told to me by a friend from Indianapolis, Bryan Strohm, also tends to confirm that there is a secret, underground, "city" in the Andes east of Lake Titicaca.

Bryan came to visit me at the World Explorers Club in Kempton while I was researching the tunnels and told me of his quest for the Valley of the Blue Moon some years before. Bryan arrived in Lima and flew to Cuzco to take the train to Puno. From Puno he took a truck to San Juan del Oro, in the rugged mountains northeast of Lake Titicaca.

He continued past San Juan del Oro by truck to another small village where he met a school teacher who told him an interesting story of a local Quechua Indian who had wandered over a high altitude ridge in the mountains where he saw a small mountain lake with grassy fields leading down to it. It was a small, hidden valley in the Andes.

The Indian was camping beside this lake when late at night he heard the sound of chanting. He hid behind a bush, and soon saw a group of men dressed in white robes. These men came walking down a trail to the lake, chanting and carrying some kind of lights with them.

Terrified, the man hid behind the bush and then watched as the men in white robes began to chant around the lake. The water in the small mountain lake then levitated out of the lake. Astonished, the man then saw steps that were cut in the solid rock, going down to a pedestals and a platform made out of stone. There may have been some sort of door going into the earth among these stone structures. The men in white robes then performed some unknown ceremony.

The man watched for some time until suddenly he was seen by the central figure on the pedestal who turned to the hiding man and suddenly raised his arms into the air and created a storm. A cloud immediately appeared and began to hail on the man. A bolt of lightning struck nearby.

The Quechua Indian ran from the bushes and, with the hail and lightning following him, went back down the mountains the way he had come. When he returned the villages below he told the strange story to others, and it was now well known.

Bryan also mentioned that the Valley of the Blue Moon, which appears to be in a different location from the lake, was said to have a huge pyramid at the end of it. Bryan spent two weeks hiking on the trails around San Juan del Oro and eventually came to large but hidden valley which had a gigantic pyramid-shaped mountain at the end of it.

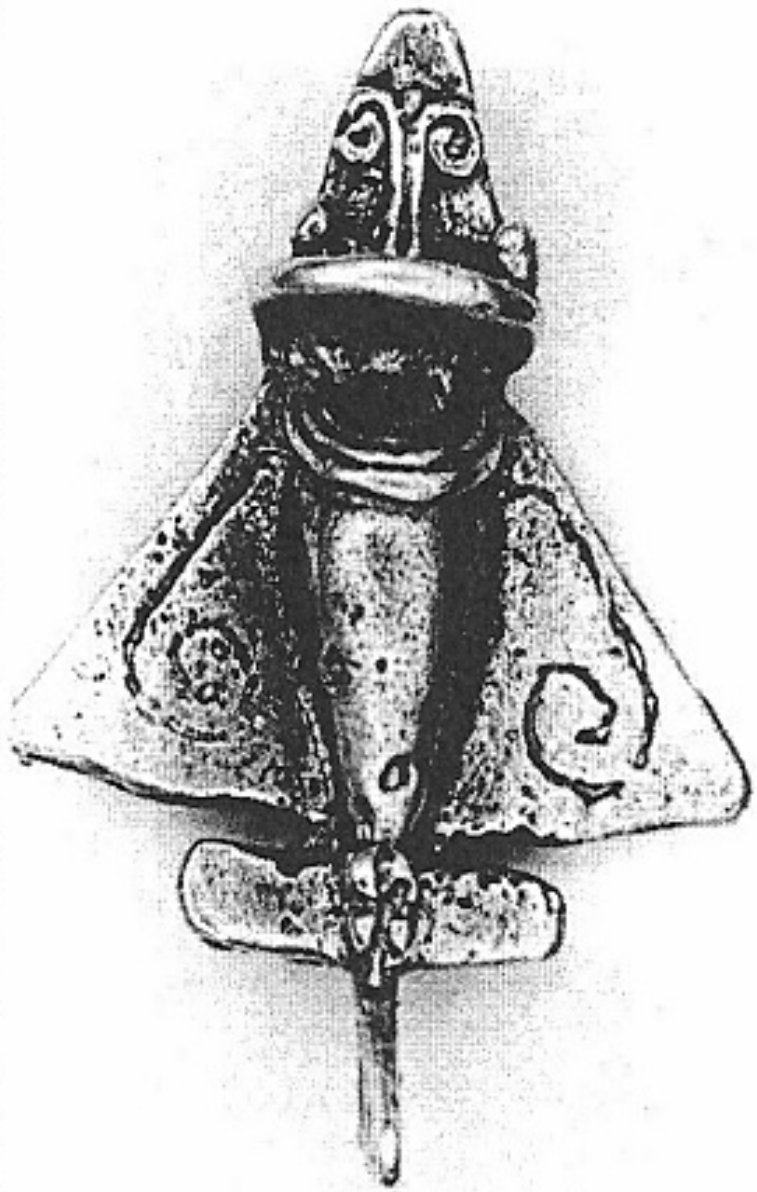
The pyramid-mountain was distant and obscured by clouds. They thought that they might reach the area of the pyramid with only a day's walk after glimpsing the pyramid, but two and a half days later they had still not reached it. Clouds obscured their view most of time, but occasionally they would clear for a short time and reveal the pyramid-mountain to them. This pyramid-mountain, he be-



lieved, was the true location of the secret brotherhood which George Hunt Williamson had described in his books.

Storms and lack of food eventually drove their party back to a small village near San Juan del Oro. They didn't reach their destination, but Bryan said that they were all convinced that they had found the Valley of the Blue Moon and that there was something unusual about it. Did it lead to an ancient tunnel system they wondered?

There are plenty of people who feel that something unusual is going on underground, not only in South America, but in North America, Europe, Asia, Africa and around the world. A huge underground tunnel system connecting distant points on earth is a fascinating possibility. Does it exist? Who will find it? How far back was it built? Time, shall we say, will tell.



A solid gold model of what looks like a delta winged aircraft. Found in an ancient Colombian tomb, it may be evidence of an advanced civilization in South America's remote past.



The well-known Russian artist, mystic, and Central Asian explorer Nicholas Roerich. Here Roerich holds a chest containing the Chintamani Stone, a powerful talisman which was sent to the League of Nations in the late 1920s. Roerich traveled across Asia to return the stone to an unknown destination.

THE UNDERGROUND WORLD OF CENTRAL ASIA

by
David Hatcher Childress

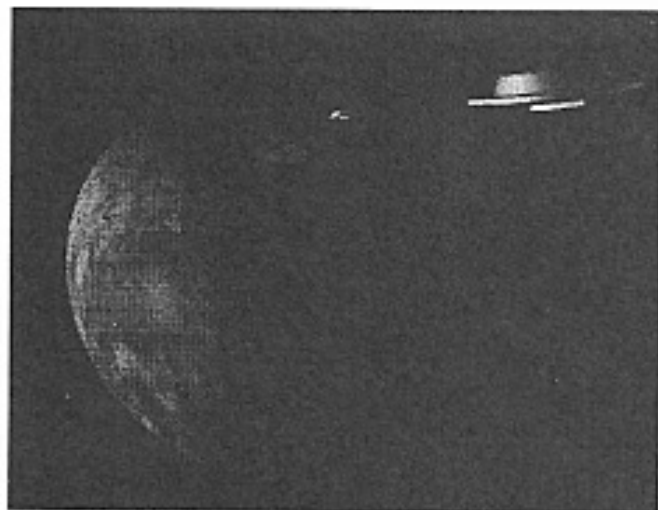
The ancient Masters were subtle,
mysterious, profound, responsive.
Because they are unfathomable,
all we can do is describe their appearance.
Watchful, like men crossing a winter stream.
Alert, like men aware of danger.
—Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*

In cars strange and unknown to us
they rush through the narrow cleavages inside our planet.
—The Lama Turgut to Ferdinand Ossendowski
Beasts, Men and Gods

Gods, Beasts and the Underground World of Agharta

My search for the subterranean world ultimately took me around the world, from South and Central America to India, Nepal, China and Tibet. From my base at the World Explorers Club in Kathmandu, I travelled by bus and truck over the Himalayas to Lhasa and Shigatze in Tibet. At the Pilgrims Bookstore in Kathmandu I had purchased a number of old books on Mongolia, Tibet and China as part of my research on the legendary underground world of Central Asia.

My research in Kathmandu and Lhasa showed that there was a great deal of material on the subject of subterranean tunnels, underground cities, and the various "Masters



Tales of these mysterious groups and places are contradictory as well as bizarre. There was mention of the "Abode of the Immortals" in western Tibet, said to be the headquarters of "The Great White Brotherhood," the "Sacred City of Shambhala" in the Gobi Desert and the "Underground University of Agharta," in Mongolia, northern Tibet or on the border of Nepal and southeastern Tibet.

One of the first books to discuss the bizarre, legendary underground world of Central Asia was *Beasts, Men and Gods*⁶⁵ by the Polish scientist Ferdinand Ossendowski (1876-1945). Ossendowski had lived most of his life in Russia and had attended the University of St. Petersburg. In the 1890s he travelled east through Siberia into Mongolia and western China for several years, and was in awe of the rugged wilderness and mystic Buddhism of these areas.

He returned to Europe at the turn of the century and earned a doctorate in Paris in 1903. He left again for Russia where he became a chemical expert for the Russian Army during the Russo-Japanese War of 1905. Shortly afterward he became the president of the short-lived "Revolutionary Government of the Russian Far East." He was taken a political prisoner by the Russian government for his activities against the Tsarist regime.

After his release from prison a few years later, he was living in the Siberian town of Omsk, teaching physics and chemistry, when the Bolshevik revolution exploded across Russia. Ossendowski had been active with the brief White Russian government and was anti-communist. As Bolsheviks took control of more and more of Russia, Ossendowski and a small group of White Russians fled from Omsk with a Bolshevik army in pursuit. Ossendowski and his companions voyaged across Siberia and into Mongolia, and their adventures along the way became the bulk of his best-selling book.

Ossendowski and his group then crossed into China from whence he made his way back to Europe. There he wrote his book in 1921, being published first in Polish as *Przez Kraj Zwierząt, Ludzi i Bogów*. It was translated into English and published in 1922 as *Beasts, Men and Gods*. The book was wildly successful, with the New York publisher E.P. Dutton & Company reprinting it 21 times between August 1922 and June 1923. It was what might be considered an "early New Age best seller."



Ferdinand Ossendowski.

In the last section of the book Ossendowski writes about the "Mystery of Mysteries—The King of the World," and "The Subterranean Kingdom." Says Ossendowski, "On my journey into Central Asia I came to know for the first time about 'the Mystery of Mysteries,' which I can call by no other name. At the outset I did not pay much attention to it and did not attach to it such importance as I afterwards realized belonged to it, when I had analyzed and connoted many sporadic, hazy and often controversial bits of evidence.

"The old people on the shore of the River Amyl related to me an ancient legend to the effect that a certain Mongolian tribe in their escape from the demands of Jenghiz Khan hid themselves in a subterranean country. Afterwards a Soyot from near the Lake of Nogan Kul showed me the smoking gate that serves as the entrance to the 'Kingdom of Agharti.' Through this gate a hunter formerly entered into the Kingdom and, after his return, began to relate what he had seen there. The Lamas cut out his tongue in order to prevent him from telling about the Mystery of Mysteries. When he arrived at old age, he came back to the entrance of this cave and disappeared into the subterranean kingdom, the memory of which had ornamented and lightened his nomad heart."

Ossendowski adds, "I received more realistic information about this from Hutuktu Jelyb Djamsrap in Narabanchi Kure. He told me the story of the semi-realistic arrival of the powerful King of the World from the subterranean kingdom, of his appearance, of his miracles and of his prophecies; and only then did I begin to understand that in that legend, hypnosis or mass vision, whichever it may be, is hidden not only mystery but a realistic and powerful force capable of influencing the course of the political life of Asia. From that moment I began making some investigations."⁶⁵

One of Ossendowski's informants told him, "More than sixty thousand years ago a Holyman disappeared with a whole tribe of people under the ground and never appeared again on the surface of the earth. Many people, however, have since visited this kingdom, Sakkia Mouni, Undur Gheghen, Paspas, Khan Babaer and others. No one knows where this place is. One says Afghanistan, others India. All the people there are protected against Evil and crimes do not exist within its bournes. Science has there developed calmly and nothing is threatened with destruction. The subterranean people have reached the highest knowledge. Now it is a large kingdom, millions of men

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with the King of the World as their ruler. He knows all the forces of the world and reads all the souls of humankind and the great book of their destiny. Invisibly he rules eight hundred million men on the surface of the earth and they will accomplish his every order."

One of Ossendowski's informants, Prince Chultun Beyli added, "This kingdom is Agharti. It extends throughout all the subterranean passages of the whole world. I heard a learned Lama of China relating to Bogdo Khan that all the subterranean caves of America are inhabited by the ancient people who have disappeared underground. Traces of them are still found on the surface of the land. These subterranean peoples and spaces are governed by rulers owing allegiance to the King of the World. In it there is much of the wonderful. You know that in the two greatest oceans of the east and the west there were formerly two continents. They disappeared under the water but their people went into the subterranean kingdom. In underground caves there exists a peculiar light which affords growth to the grains and vegetables and long life without disease to the people. There are many different peoples and many different tribes."

Here Ossendowski has touched the familiar themes of lost continents and a super-civilization living within the bowels of the earth. One can see where Richard Shaver and Ray Palmer could have gleaned some inspiration for their tales, but there is more!

Another of Ossendowski's informants, the Lama Turgut who travelled with Ossendowski's group from Urga in Mongolia to Peking told him, "The capital of Agharti is surrounded with towns of high priests and scientists. It reminds one of Lhasa where the palace of the Dalai Lama, the Potala, is the top of a mountain covered with monasteries and temples. The throne of the King of the World is surrounded by millions of incarnated Gods. They are the Holy Panditas. The palace itself is encircled by the palaces of the Goro, who possess all the visible and invisible forces of the earth, of inferno and of the sky and who can do everything for the life and death of man. If our mad humankind should begin a war against them, they would be able to explode the whole surface of our planet and trans-



Louis Jacolliot at Ellora Caves in India.

form it into deserts. They can dry up the seas, transform lands into oceans and scatter the mountains into the sands of the deserts. By his order trees, grasses and bushes can be made to grow; old and feeble men can become young and stalwart; and the dead can be resurrected. In cars strange and unknown to us they rush through the narrow cleavages inside our planet."

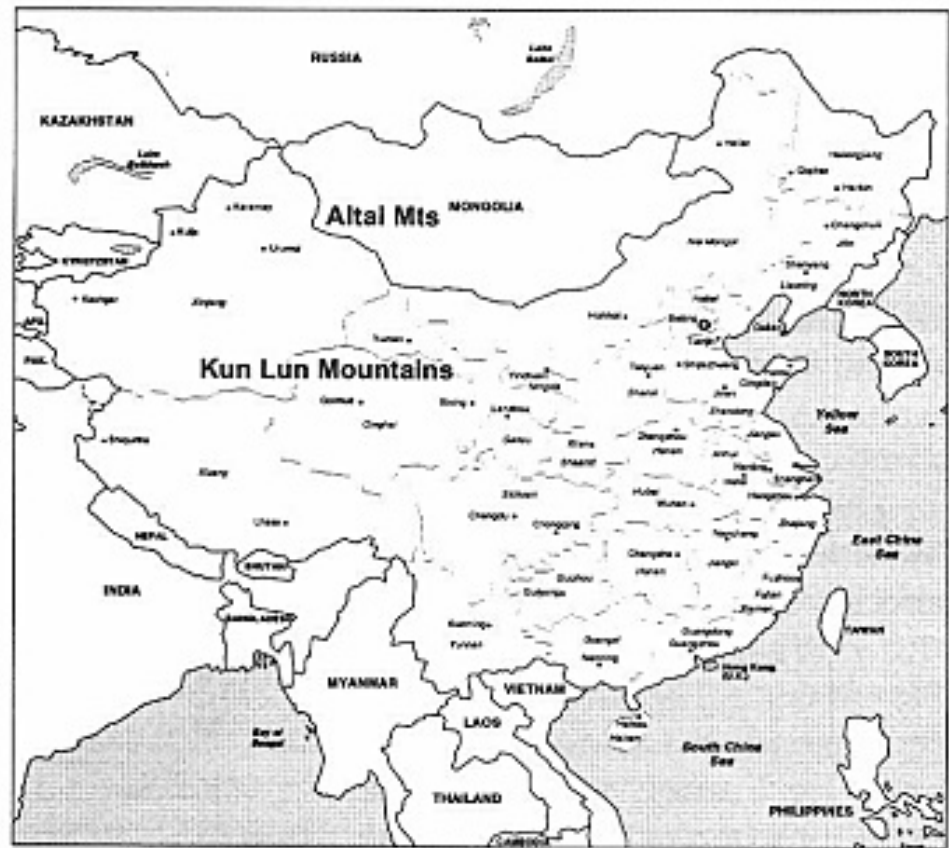
Here we even have the "strange and unknown" cars rushing through tunnels inside the earth. This was Agharti or Agharta (there are several versions of the name), the subterranean realm of the "King of the World." Ray Palmer used Ossendowski's material for his own King of the World feature in the May 1946 issue of *Amazing Stories*, the height of the Shaver era.

Tales of Agharta reached Europe with the publication of an obscure book in French, *Mission de l'Inde en Europe*, by Saint-Yves d'Alveydre, published in Paris in 1885. Using d'Alveydre's book and Ossendowski's *Beasts, Men and Gods* as sources, *The Dictionary of Imaginary Places* has this to say about Agharta:

"Agharta, an ancient kingdom in Sri Lanka (although some travellers say that it is located in Tibet). Agharta is remarkable mainly because visitors are known to have crossed it without ever realizing it. Unaware, they have probably gazed on the famous University of Knowledge, Paradesa, where the spiritual and occult treasures of humanity are guarded. Unaware, they have walked through Agharta's royal capital, which houses a gilded throne decorated with the figures of two million small gods. Perhaps they have been told (and now cannot remember) that this divine exuberance holds our planet together. If a common mortal ever angered any of the two million, the divine wrath of the gods would be immediately felt: the seas would dry up and the mountains would be powdered into deserts.

"It is probably useless to add (again, visitors will have seen them and forgotten) that Agharta holds some of the world's largest libraries of stone books and that its fauna includes birds with sharp teeth and turtles with six feet, while many of the inhabitants have forked tongues.

"Forgotten Agharta is defended by a small but powerful army, the Templars or Confederates of Agharta."⁶⁸



Agharta would appear a rather fanciful lost city, though many persons attest that it really exists, and most probably in Tibet or Nepal, rather than in Sri Lanka. In the last hundred years, a number of travelers and mystics have claimed to have visited Agharta, or at least to have had some contact with its citizens.

The whole idea of hidden Masters in secret underground abodes had been introduced in the West with Madame Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine* (published in London in 1888) and the French writer Louis Jacolliot's books *Le Spiritualisme dans le Monde*⁸⁴ (published in Paris in 1875) and *Occult Science in India*⁸⁶ (published by Rider, London, in 1884).

Louis Jacolliot (1837-1890), was a traveller and writer who collected a great many Sanskrit myths on his travels to India. According to him, the Hindu classics told of a former continent in the Pacific which they called Rutas. This continent was where civilization had begun, and it had sunken into the ocean in remote antiquity, leaving only a bunch of small islands.⁵⁷

Jacolliot also told the earliest tales in the West of secret libraries, underground cities and ancient technology. Said Jacolliot in 1875 about the legendary subterranean world, "This unknown world, of which no human power, even now when the land above has been crushed under the Mongolian and European invasions, could force a disclosure, is known as the temple of Asgartha[sic]... Those who dwell there are possessed of great powers and have knowledge of all the world's affairs."

According to various traditions, Agharta has been located in places besides the hollow earth: in Sri Lanka, Afghanistan, and other areas; but I believe that it is most reliably thought to be near the Tibetan border of Sikkim and Nepal. Possibly it is in Tibet, in the region of the Shigatse and Kwen Lun monasteries which are on the Bhramaputra river, to the southwest of Lhasa, or perhaps closer to the Nepal border just near Mount Kanchenjunga (the third highest mountain in the world), or even beneath it, which could place it in northeastern Nepal.^{38, 49, 33}

Several legends relate to the idea that the entrance to Agharta is beneath Kanchenjunga. This would be supported by certain Theosophical literature, which



Alec Maclellan's map of the Agharti tunnel system.

seems to locate Agharta in this vicinity. The great Russian explorer and mystic Nicholas Roerich speaks about the mysteries of Kanchenjunga in his story *Treasure of the Snows* in 1928: "In the foothills of the Himalayas are many caves and it is said that from these caves, subterranean passages proceed far below Kanchenjunga. Some have even seen the stone door which has never been opened, because the date has not arrived. The deep passages proceed to the Splendid Valley."⁶⁹

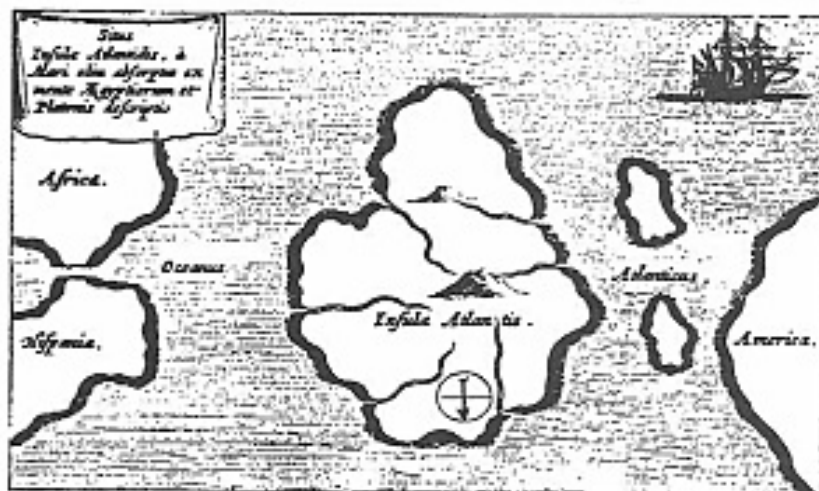
What is the truth about Agharta? Kingdom in the hollow earth, gigantic underground University of Enlightened Masters, or cave community of wayward Indian and Tibetan Occultists out to deceive the world? Maybe all or none of the above? Who knows?

Hsi Wang Mu & the Land of the Immortals

The great Chinese philosopher, Lao Tzu, often talked of the "Ancient Ones" in his writings, much as Confucius did. They were wise and knowledgeable, human beings that were as Gods—powerful, good, loving, and all-knowing. Born around 604 BC, Lao Tzu wrote the book which is still perhaps the most famous Chinese classic of all time, the *Tao Te Ching*. When he finally left China, at the close of his very long life, he journeyed to the west, to the legendary land of Hsi Wang Mu, which may have been the headquarters of the Ancient Ones, the Great White Brotherhood. It was as he was leaving, at one of the border posts of China, that a guard persuaded him to write down the *Tao Te Ching* so that Lao Tzu's wisdom would not be lost. No one ever heard of Lao Tzu again, and it is presumed that he made it to the Land of Hsi Wang Mu.

Hsi Wang Mu is also another name for the popular Chinese Goddess Kuan Yin, the "Merciful Guardian" and "Queen Mother of the West." Therefore, this land, traditionally located in the Kun Lun mountains, was known as the "Abode of the Immortals" and "The Western Paradise."

In the Chin Dynasty (265-420 AD) the Emperor Wu-ti ordered the scholar Hsu to re-edit the "bamboo books" found in the tomb of an ancient king named Ling-Wang, the son of Hui-che'ng-wang, ruler of Wei State, circa 245 BC. They recorded the travels of the Chou Dynasty emperor "Mu" (1001-946 BC) who journeyed to the Kun Lun mountains to "pay a visit the Royal Mother of the West." The emperor met with Hsi Wang Mu on the auspicious day *chia-tzu*. (The ancient Chinese counted days and years in a special way, similar to the ancient Mayans of Central America. There are ten characters known as the ten stems of heaven and another twelve characters known as



Did the tunnels go beneath ancient Atlantis?

the twelve branches of earth. The combinations of these two sets of characters give names to the sixty years of the Chinese cycle. They named and counted the days the same way, in a cyclical fashion.)

Emperor Mu had an audience with Hsi Wang Mu on the bank of Jasper Lake in the Kun Lun range. She blessed him and sang for him, and the emperor promised to return in three years after bringing peace and prosperity to his millions of subjects. He then had rocks engraved as a record of his visit and departed eastward across the desert back to his kingdom.¹⁴⁶



The Potala Palace in Lhasa.

Over the years of Chinese history, expeditions were sent out to the Kun Lun mountains, the "Mount Olympus" of ancient China, in their many efforts to contact the Ancient Ones.^{38, 114, 146}

In *Myths and Legends of China*,¹¹⁴ a collection published in 1922, Hsi Wang Mu is connected to a lost continent. Was the legendary continent of Shen Chou the same as the lost continent in the Pacific? Curiously, this lost continent was called Mu by James Churchward in his books.

Myths and Legends of China states, "Hsi Wang Mu was formed of the pure quintessence of the Western Air, in the legendary continent of Shen Chou. ...As Mu Kung, formed of the Eastern Air, is the active principle of the male air and sovereign of the Eastern Air, so Hsi Wang Mu, born of the Western Air, is the passive or female principle (yin) and sovereign of the Western Air. These two principles, cooperating, engender Heaven and earth and all the beings of the universe, and thus become the two principles of life and of the subsistence of all that exists. She is the head of the troop of genii dwelling on the K'un-lun Mountains (the Taoist equivalent of the Buddhist Sumeru), and from time to time holds intercourse with favored imperial votaries.

"Hsi Wang Mu's palace is situated in the high mountains of the snowy K'un-lun. It is 100 *li* (about 333 miles) in circuit; a rampart of massive gold surrounds its battlements of precious stones. Its right wing rises on the edge of the Kingfishers' River. It is the usual abode of the *Immortals*, who are divided into seven special categories according to the color of their garments—red, blue, black, violet, yellow, green, and 'nature color.' There is a marvelous fountain built of precious stones, where the periodical banquet of the Immortals is held. This feast is called P'an-t'ao Hui, 'the feast of the Peaches.' It takes place on the borders of Yao Ch'ih, Lake of

Gems, and is attended by both male and female immortals."¹¹⁴

The strong similarity between legends of Agharta and the secret land of Hsi Wang Mu are easily noticed. Although with Agharta the leader is always a man (King of the World, typically) which seems to underscore the patriarchal system of Tibetan Lamaism, in Chinese tradition the apparent leader is a woman.

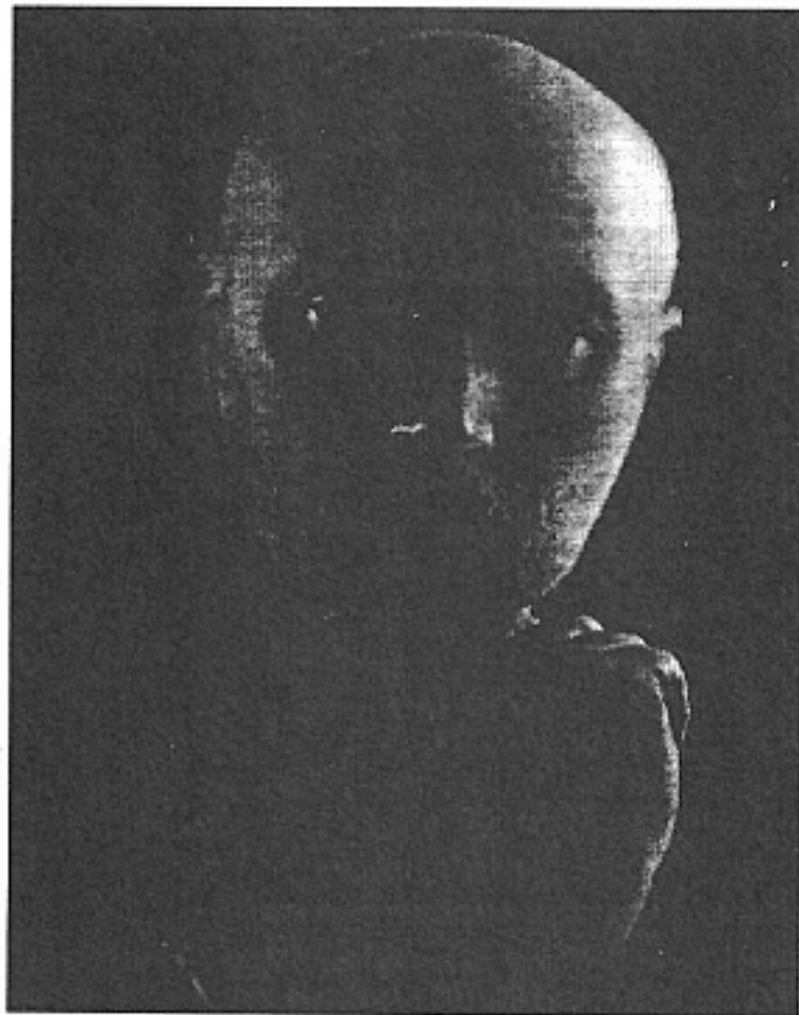
In Taoist legends there is the strong tradition of the Eight Immortals, eight Masters who reside at the secret headquarters in the Kun Lun mountains. The first and oldest of the Immortals, Li T'ieh-kuai (also known as K'ung-mu and Li Yuan) journeyed to the Kun Lun mountains where Hsi Wang Mu cured him of an ulcer on the leg and taught him the art of becoming immortal. He was said to have a commanding stature and devoted his life to studying Taoist lore. Hsi Wang Mu then sent him east to the Chinese capital.¹¹⁴

One story told about the Immortals is that this group is also called the *Thirteenth School*.

This school was said to have started tens of thousands of years ago in what was called by the ancients "Rutas," "Mu," or "the Motherland"—the great volcanic earthquake belt that rings the Pacific Basin.

The first civilization of Rutas, or Mu, began in a certain area, and eventually became a highly developed civilization. The elders of this country formed schools to educate the common people. There were twelve of these schools, and then a *Thirteenth School* that was composed of the Elders, the wisest men of this first civilization. Eventually, the civilization achieved great heights, though not the degree of technology found in Atlantis in the days following Rutas (Mu). The twelve schools taught people the basics of life—the natural sciences, plus all forms of psychology and the mental development of the self.

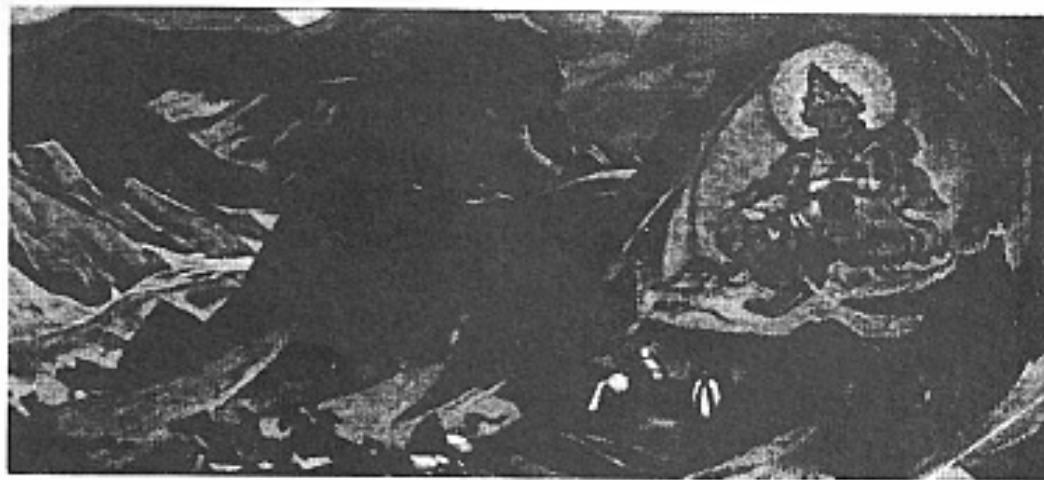
The *Thirteenth School*, as it came to be known, was composed only of those persons of exceptional quality who possessed great mental power and capabilities: "Masters," as they are known. A balanced, and wholly positive, loving, unselfish, and giving disposition with a net positive karmic balance was needed as well. It is pos-



Russian artist and mystic Nicholas Roerich, c. 1934.

sible for persons of a negative, greedy, evil disposition to gain great mental powers too, unfortunately.

A geological shifting of the continents, destroyed Rutas (Mu). Many of the people escaped to other lands. The twelve schools were dissolved, but the *Thirteenth School*, with its Masters,



Russian artist Roerich's painting of the entrance to a subterranean world.

realized that the world needed its help and relocated itself in Tibet, becoming the Great White Brotherhood, the first of other Brotherhoods that were to be created. Seven Masters were the head of it, and they are known as the *Council of Seven*.

Nicholas Roerich and Mysterious Tibet

Just north of the Kun Lun mountains, in Sinkiang, the famous Russian artist, explorer and mystic, Nicholas Roerich heard of the "Valley of the Immortals" just over the mountains. In his 1930 book *Heart of Asia*⁹³ he wrote, "Behind that mountain live holy men who are saving humanity through wisdom; many tried to see them but failed—somehow as soon as they go over the ridge, they lose their way." A native guide told him of huge vaults inside the mountains where treasures had been stored from the beginning of history. He also indicated that tall white people had been seen disappearing into those rock galleries.⁹³

Nicholas Roerich was one of the most famous painters of his time and authored several best-selling books including *Shambhala*⁶⁹ (1930) and *Altai Himalaya*⁹¹ (1929) and led several well-financed expeditions through Mongolia, western China and Tibet. He carried with him a large, very transparent quartz crystal now in the Roerich Museum in Moscow (another Roerich Museum can be found in New York). At one time, he was in the possession of a fragment of "a magical stone from another world," called in Sanskrit the Chintamani Stone. Alleged to come from the star system of Sirius, ancient Asian chronicles claim that a divine messenger from the heavens gave a fragment of the stone to Emperor Tazlavoo of Atlantis.⁹⁴ According to legend, the stone was sent from Tibet to King Solomon in Jerusalem (also said to have a vimana airship) who split the stone and made a ring out of one piece.

A fragment of this stone was supposedly sent to Europe to help aid in the establishment of the League of Nations. With the failure of the League of Nations, Nicholas Roerich had the stone in his possession. On one of his expeditions in the 1920s he returned the fragment of the stone to its rightful owners, whoever they were. The stone has been described as being the size of a small finger in the shape of a

fruit or heart, shiny grey in color with four unknown hieroglyphs inscribed on it. It has certain magical properties, and can be used for divination.⁹⁴

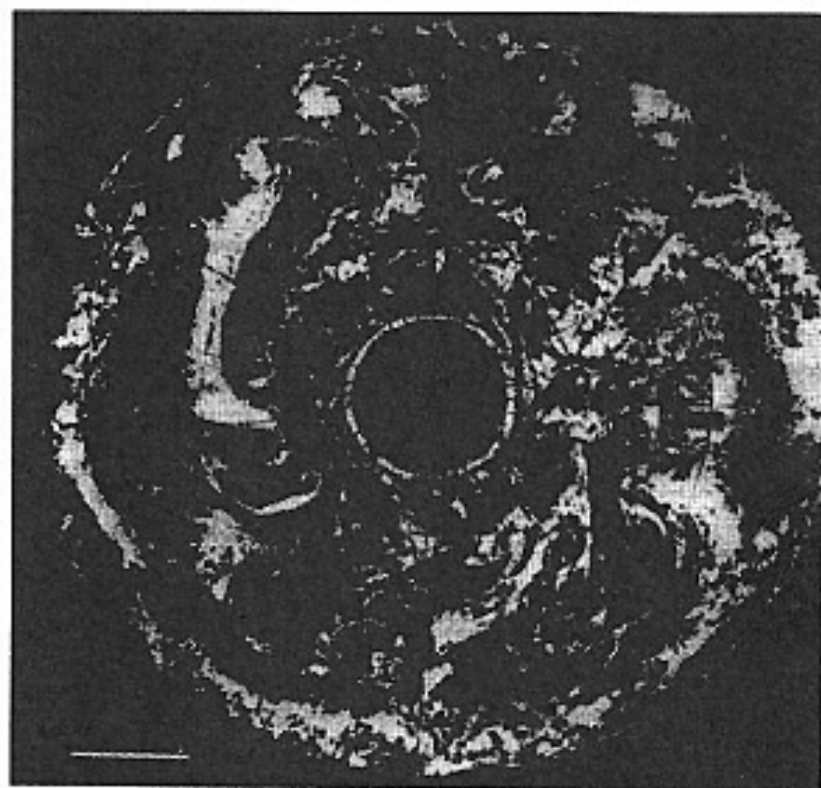
The stone is believed by some people to be Moldavite, a magnetic stone sold in crystal shops, said to have fallen to earth in a meteor shower 14.8 million years ago. Moldavite is said to be a spiritual accelerator and has achieved a certain popularity in recent years. It is entirely possible that the Chintamani stone is a special piece of Moldavite. It is worth noting here, too, that the sacred black stone kept in the Kabbah of Mecca in Saudi Arabia, to which all Muslims pray, is also a piece of meteorite.

Roerich may have taken the stone to the "Valley of the Immortals" in the Kun Lun Range, or possibly to Lhasa, Tibet, where it was said that the Thirteenth Dalai Lama had been in possession of a fragment of the stone (perhaps this was the one sent to Europe). The Thirteenth Dalai Lama was a man of certain mystery. Tibetan tradition had it that there would be but one more Dalai Lama after him. This is the Dalai Lama of today.

One legend of the Thirteenth Dalai Lama was that he never actually died, but essentially faked his own death. He was born in Tibet in 1876 and died (officially) in 1933. He was a mere 57 years old, a very young age for initiates to Tantric Yoga and other disciplines to die.

According to the rare and unusual book *Prophecies of Melchi-Zedek in the Great Pyramid & the Seven Temples*⁹⁶ by Brown Landone, published in 1940, the Thirteenth Dalai Lama left Tibet in 1922 for the Andes mountains of South America. Says Landone, "...on February 22, 1922, the last great conclave of the holiest of the holy was held in the Temple of Temples in Lhasa. On March 6, the Thirteenth Dalai Lama left Thibet; a subordinate took his place and name, so that the remaining lower orders of priests did not even know the great holy man had gone. These two dates are indicated in the Pyramid by circles determined by the cubic space of the Temple, finished 4802 years before the two events took place."

Landone, in his esoteric decoding of the Great Pyramid (a popular pastime in the '30s and '40s) claims that teleois circles (geometric relationships within the passages of the Great Pyramid) reveal "to those who know, the events of the journey of the Dalai Lama and his holy men, who left Thibet with him. April 27, 1922—glo-



A satellite photo composite of the North Pole.

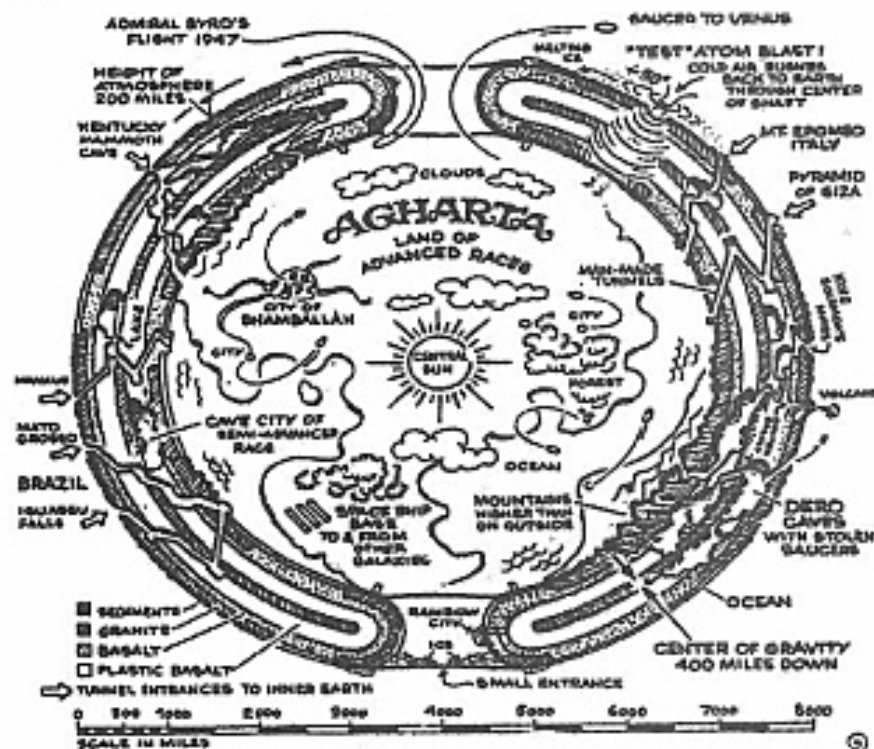
rification of shrine of the Son of Heaven in Japan; July 27, 1922—Temple of the Northern Light; January 12, 1923—Mountain Temple of the North; October 23, 1924—sanctification of four masters in Europe; November 5, 1924—New Temple in Russia; December 13, 1925—in Jerusalem; August 17, 1926—hidden Holy of Holies in Ethiopia; February 2, 1927—Coptic Temple; May 4, 1927—leaving Africa for South America; June 25, 1927—arrival in the eastern Andes; July 16, 1927—consecration of the first stone of New Temple.

“This change—from Thibet back to the eastern Andes, after many thousand years’ absence—is a symbol of the reglorification of the Western World, the active participation of supremely great powers of good, activated to work with man to BUILD UP a new era, to let brutal power destroy brutal power, and to establish peace forever on earth.”

Though Landone Brown may have what is merely an active imagination, it is a fascinating thought, and one expounded by a number of different people, that a shift has taken place from Tibet to the high Andes. That the Thirteenth Dalai Lama, with the help of trusted aids, faked his own death, traveled the world for five years and eventually ended up consecrating his new headquarters at some secret spot in the Andes is an astonishing idea!

The Potala Palace, the residence of the Dalai Lama in Lhasa, is a fairly recent structure, built by the fifth Dalai Lama, Ngwang Lobsang Gyatso who was born in 1617. It was he who persuaded the Mongol king and the Chinese emperor to recognize his suzerainty over Tibet. The Potala, the most famous building in Tibet, is a tall, massive, imposing mud-and-brick skyscraper, now turned into a museum by the Chinese. It was claimed that the *Thirteenth School* established a library and school in Lhasa (thousands of years before Buddhism or Taoism) and that tunnels were to be found beneath the present site of the Potala Palace.

The prolific occult writer T. Lobsang Rampa tells an interesting story of the exploration of these underground tunnels beneath the Potala in his fascinating book, *The Third Eye*. While the story is somewhat dubious, it does at least indicate that there is a great deal of myth about the existence of such tunnels. Rampa re-



Danish artist Max Fyfield's drawing of Agharta.

ports them as very extensive, and including a large underground lake. Nicholas Roerich also mentions tales of the tunnels and lake beneath the Potala; perhaps it is from here that Rampa learned of such things, if not from actual experience.⁶⁹

Recently, Sanskrit documents discovered by the Chinese in Lhasa were sent to India to be studied by experts there.

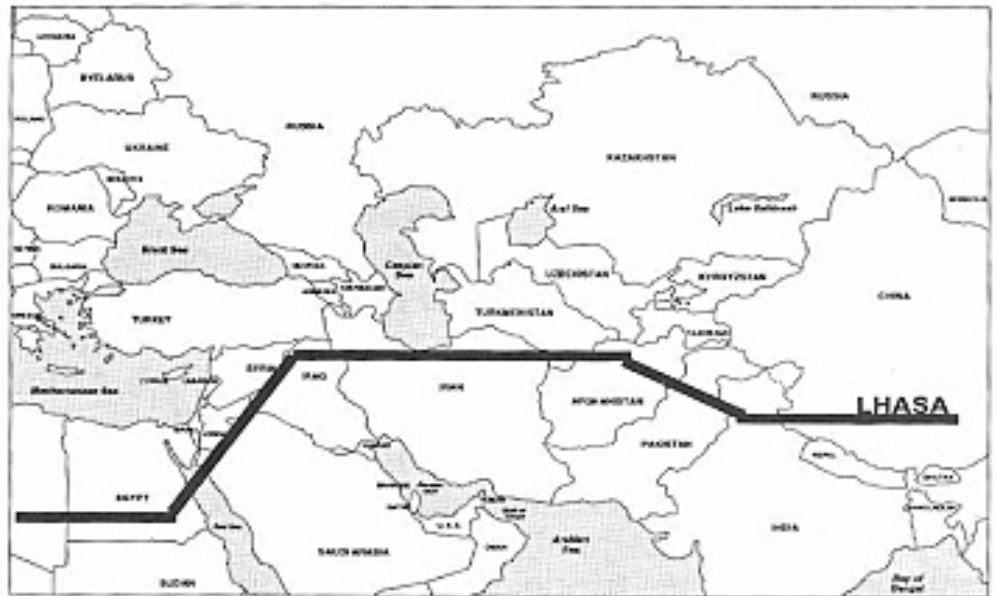
Dr. Ruth Reyna of the University of Chandigarth said that the manuscripts contain directions for building interplanetary spaceships!

Perhaps this document is from the Great White Brotherhood's ancient library under Lhasa. In any case, Dr. Reyna explained that the document stated that the method of propulsion was "anti-gravitational." On board these machines, which were called "astras," the builders of these crafts could have sent a detachment of men to any planet. The manuscripts do not say that any interplanetary communication was achieved, but do mention a trip from the earth to the moon, though it is not clear whether the trip was just planned or actually carried out.^{14, 97}

Nicholas Roerich himself saw what was possibly a vimana from the land of Hsi Wang Mu in the Kun Lun. In his travel diary of August 5th, 1926 while in the Kukunor district, he noted that their caravan saw "something big and shiny reflecting the sun, like a huge oval moving at great speed. Crossing our camp this thing changed in its direction from south to southwest. And we saw how it disappeared in the intense blue sky. We even had time to take out our field glasses and saw quite distinctly an oval form with shiny surface, one side of which was brilliant from the sun."¹³⁴ (For more information on the fascinating subject of vimanas in Central Asia, see my book *Vimana Aircraft of Ancient India & Atlantis*.⁹⁷)

Incredible as it may seem, tunnels housing ancient technology in the Kun Lun range of northwestern Tibet are quite possible. A high-tech civilization, such as those of Shaver's teros, could have tunneled into a mountain in the Kun Lun range and made an installation similar to the famous Cheyenne Mountain NORAD base just west of Colorado Springs.

I might note that a normal citizen walking inside Cheyenne Mountain would be absolutely astonished at the technology within the facility. Should these air-



A map of the tunnel system said to be in Central Asia.

ships actually exist within secret areas of Tibet, they would be virtual UFOs, and the possible cause of some UFO sightings, especially those in Central Asia. Interestingly, the Kun Lun mountains and the Lop Nor desert nearby are the center for Central Asia's main UFO mysteries!⁹⁷

A Tunnel System Around the World!

Elizabeth van Buren wrote about the connections between Tibet and South America in her 1984 book *Land of the White Waters*,⁷⁷ and another British writer, Alec Maclellan even created a map in his 1982 book *The Lost World of Agharti*⁷⁸ showing the tunnel system from Tibet to South America. His vague tunnel map starts in Lhasa and goes westward through Tibet to Kashmir, through Afghanistan and Iran, and across the Middle East to Egypt.

From Egypt, Maclellan's tunnel goes through Chad and Nigeria and under the Atlantic Ocean (passing through sunken Atlantis) to Brazil and ultimately to Peru. From Peru another tunnel goes north through Panama, Central America to the Rocky Mountains and up to the Yukon and Alaska where the tunnel crosses the Bering Strait back to Siberia, Mongolia and Tibet.

Maclellan's map would be a good route for a round-the-world subway system, one perhaps that uses those "cars strange and unknown to us [that] rush through the narrow cleavages inside our planet."

Tunnels are known to exist in parts of Egypt and North Africa, and I discuss the strange systems in Egypt, Jordan, and the Ahaggar region of southern Algeria in my book *Lost Cities & Ancient Mysteries of Africa and Arabia*.¹⁰⁰

The underground caverns and tunnels in the strange, mountainous area of Ahaggar were first reported in a book entitled *In Quest of Lost Worlds*¹⁰¹ by Count Byron de Prorok. Published in 1935, de Prorok tells of his group's discovery of an underground lake, shown to them by a Tuareg guide: "We threaded our way down a narrow corridor, which speedily darkened, so that we had to use our torches, and were surprised to come upon a clear, transparent pool, with a fine sandy beach. The walls around were covered with inscriptions and rock drawings of elephants, buffaloes, antelopes, and ostriches. Not one or two; but scores of drawings were there, and we knew that we were definitely on the trail of the old caravan routes to the gold and ivory lands of the ancients."¹⁰¹

A similar book, *The Ancient At-*



A scene from *Lost Horizon*, about a valley of immortals.

lantic,⁹⁶ was published by Ray Palmer's Amherst, Wisconsin publishing company. The author, L. Taylor Hansen, was the daughter of a famous geologist, Dr. Taylor, co-formulator of the Wegener-Taylor Continental Drift Theory. In her highly-illustrated book, Hansen discusses in one chapter an ancient tunnel system of the Tuaregs in the Ahaggar Mountains. According to her, the earliest myths and legends of antiquity say that there was once a lake called Triton or Triconis where today is the western Sahara Desert.

According to Hansen, the Triton Sea was held by the curve of the Atlas Mountains like the rim of a cup, and the water thus held covered the land from the Gulf of Gabes where it entered the Mediterranean to the mountains south of Lake Chad. Only after the sudden sinking of the southern arm of the Atlas did the Niger river break through these southern mountains and tear its way out to the Atlantic. Lake Chad and the underground lakes of the Sahara were all that remained of the Triton Sea, except for the massive port cities that existed in the Sahara!

An unnamed Arab related to Hansen that, "Near In-Salah there are three high peaks of the Ahaggar. No Arab will go there if he can help it. These peaks touch the sky with claw-like fingers. Once a friend of mine got lost and saw the ruins of one of their cities on the Atlas. It was built of giant stones — each one the size of an Arabian tent. In the front is a great circular wall. But in the desert they live underground. I have heard that under Ahaggar are many galleries deep in the earth around an underground lake. These galleries are filled with paintings of the long age."⁹⁶

The Arab then spoke of galleries and tunnels in the mountains, and told how a friend climbed one of the peaks and discovered a shaft that was covered by a metal grate. He then told of another friend with whom, when they were younger, he went to the Ahaggar mountains in the moonlight out of curiosity. Crouching in the moonlight, they saw a ceremonial war take place between two mounted Tuareg groups who clashed until some of their members were genuinely dead. Then, one group of Tuaregs, while the young Arab boys watched from their hiding place, rode into a cliff wall and disappeared!

The Arab ended his incredible tale to Hansen with the legend that, "Down in the miles and miles of underground galleries, where it is said that they wander about a beautiful artificial lake, and then pass along torchlighted passageways looking at pictures painted of their cities so many thousands of years ago—are their libraries. There are kept the books which are the oldest libraries of the earth. There are the histories which go way beyond the great deluge, to the times when the Tuaregs ruled the seas. How do I know? They told me, that is, the emperor did. But save your next question. I could not get to read them. Neither could you, or anyone else—no one will ever read them except the people of the veil."



Do tunnels stretch from Tibet, beneath India and the Middle East into North Africa? Perhaps.

The Lost Civilization of the Gobi Desert

One theory on the Kun Lun mountains and the legends of Hsi Wang Mu and lost continents is that the Gobi was an inland sea with several large cities along its former shores. Such cities, thriving during the time period of Atlantis (10,000 to 20,000 years ago) may have been located in the Kun Lun range of northern Tibet, the Altai Himalaya of western Mongolia, and other areas of western China and Central Asia.

A popular legend in Central Asia is that the Tarim Basin was a fresh-water sea before 3145 BC. Around this inland sea were the last surviving remnants of the golden age of Ancient Civilization. The Gobi desert was fertile and on the shores of a large body of water. The Kun Lun mountains were along the southern edge of this sea.

The Pamir Plateau, on the western side of the lake, is said by some Biblical historians to have been the original garden of Eden. In Genesis 4:10 we read "...A lake also sprang up in Eden to supply the Garden with waters, and from there it divided and became four rivers." The four rivers were named: Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates. Because the Euphrates is mentioned, it has been assumed that Eden was in Mesopotamia. However, E. Raymond Capt and F. Haberman assert that this is because the Hebrew Eden story is coming from the Sumerian Gilgamesh epic which would favor local rivers (the Tigris joins the Euphrates).

The "Euphrates," according to them, is the river Syr Daria whose original name was the Jaxartes River which now flows to the Aral Sea. The Indus River is the Pison, and the Tarim River is believed to be the Hiddekel. According to Haberman and Capt, "The Oxus is still called by the natives the Dgihun or Gihon. The Pamir plateau of today is, of course, a different place from what it was six thousand years ago. At that time the whole of Asia was lower than it is today. A large inland sea covered the steppes of southern Siberia of which the Caspian and Aral Seas are remnants. Over the now frozen steppes of Northern Siberia roamed the mammoth and sabre-toothed tiger. All the indications are that northern Siberia then had a semi-tropical climate, and ideal conditions prevailed on the Pamir Plateau. The group of Alpine lakes, which now constitute the headwaters of the four rivers, may once have been one lake."

Should a scenario like this actually be the case, then perhaps the Tarim Basin



German travel writer Theodore Illion.

civilizations continued until 3145 BC when another change in the earth's crust turned the area into a desert. The Pamir plateau was still habitable, though it did not have the same climate as before. In this theory, civilization did not resume in the Tarim Basin until about the second century BC. Most of the Buddhist caves, pyramids and abandoned cities in the Gobi can be traced to that period.

It was on the edge of the Gobi that the Uigers had their first alleged capital city, Karakhota. That the Caucasian Uigers inhabited this area before the Mongols is quite certain. The Mongols apparently came from farther north in Siberia. How long the Uigers lived there, the level of their culture, and what exactly caused their decline, are still mysteries.

A legendary evil aura hangs over the Gobi. The Gobi is called the "Shamo" by Mongolians (Gobi being the word for desert) and this word may be related to the name of the god Shamos, who was worshipped in the Middle East as a "black star." Shamos is also the "evil luminary" of the Arabs, probably based upon Saturn, or perhaps some other heavenly body.²⁰ The Gobi has a reputation for magic that surpasses even that of Tibet, and certain areas of the Gobi are literally taboo to the Mongols. Could parts of the Gobi be the realm of black occults? Could these black occults have brought Genghis Khan into power, giving him some "magic ring," causing him to terrorize the world and depopulate whole countries? Without a doubt, Genghis Khan was one of the world's most cruel, heartless, and evil despots that ever lived!

"And how are we to explain without magic," writes historian Charles Correga, "the fact that Genghis Khan, an untutored herdsman aided by a handful of nomads, was able to subjugate a succession of peoples and empires a thousand times more advanced than he was?"¹⁴

The King of the Mongolia and the World

One of the stories of Genghis Khan was that his power came from a magic ring. He was called "Genghis Kha Khan" by his people, meaning "Emperor of All Men." His real name was Temujin, "the finest steel." After melding together the feuding Mongol tribes into an army, he turned this army against the Tartars to the east and conquered them. With the Tartars added to his army, he turned against the collapsing Chin Dynasty, and took Peking in 1214. Soon, nearly all of China was un-



An 1892 drawing the mythical Atvatabar.

der his control— except for a small portion in the south—and he turned his armies to the west, to march against peoples who had never even heard about the Mongols.

He swept over Turkestan, Persia, the Middle East, and Eastern Europe. The entire population of Herat, in Afghanistan, over one million people, were slaughtered at his command. When a Chinese historian visited Balk, where Zoroaster had preached his cosmic battle between good and evil, it was immediately after Genghis Khan had leveled the city, and the scribe was astonished to find even one living thing in the smoldering ruins: a cat!

Good ol' Genghis is credited with saying, when asked what would best bring great happiness, "To crush your enemies, to see them fall at your feet, to take their horses and goods, to hear the crying and see the tears of their women: that is best."¹⁴

The Mongols, after Genghis' death, continued their bloody campaigns, and the one good thing they did do was to destroy the power of the Order of Assassins in Persia. The Mongols ruled over all of Persia, most of Russia, and many countries in Eastern Europe. The Kublai Khan, for whom Marco Polo was court minister, succeeded the other Mongol rulers, but was in turn overthrown by the Chinese, finishing off the Yuan, or Mongol, Dynasty. The Chinese then marched on Karakorum, the capital of the Mongols (which they had in turn taken over from the Uigers), and razed it to the ground.

All that is left now of Karakorum is a single stone tortoise, staring blindly out over the empty grassland. Also left from the exploits of Genghis Khan and his successors was the Genghis Khan Wall (similar to the Great Wall of China, which was originally meant to keep guys like Genghis out) which stretched for several hundred miles across northeast Mongolia.

Mongolia feuded and raided with other nations continuously for three hundred years. One Mongol chieftain almost took Peking again, until the Manchus, having toppled the Ming Dynasty, invaded Mongolia, bringing it under the control of China. The Mongol Revolution of 1911 then sought to recreate the independent Mongol country. Sun Yat Sen was busy overthrowing the Manchus in China, so it was an excellent time for the Mongolians to have their own revolution. The new capital was Urga, now Ulan Bator, and was just near the ancient, destroyed capital of Karakorum.

The chosen ruler of the new Independent Monarchy was the Khutuku or Kut-Humi, eighth "Living Buddha" of the Mongols; the Bodgo Gegen. Mongolian dreams of independence lasted a short time, as both the Russians and Chinese



The Thirteenth Dalai Lama.

began grabbing bits of territory, and the Chinese captured Urga in a war that began in 1919.

The Bodgo Gegen, known as the "Master of the World" by his people, was the spiritual ruler of a hundred thousand lamas and a million subjects. He is a living Buddha in the same way as the Dalai Lama of Tibet is a successive incarnation of the same person, according to his followers. In the past, the Bodgo Gegen resided in the Bodgo Ol, a palace in Urga (Ulan Bator). Supernatural powers are ascribed to the Bodgo Gegen; he is said to possess a "magic" ring—basically a large ruby set in a ring—which is said to have been worn constantly by Genghis Khan and his successor, Kublai Khan, on the right index finger.^{20,33}

The Bodgo Gegen, it is said, in one of his past incarnations, aided the Czar Alexander I against Napoleon, as records in the Kremlin supposedly indicate. A popular legend in Russia is that the Czar wandered Russia under the name of Feodor Kuzmich for years after his official death, which was faked, in 1825, and may eventually have ended up in Mongolia with the Bodgo Gegen.²⁰

Ferdinand Ossendowski once said that he was given a magic ring by the Bodgo Gegen which allowed him to escape from "grave dangers." The last Bodgo Gegen, it is claimed, aided V. M. Molotov, Stalin's former right-hand man, who was the Soviet Ambassador to Mongolia from 1957 to 1960 (this was something of a banishment by the new First Secretary, Nikita Khrushchev). Molotov was Khrushchev's main adversary, and the Bodgo Gegen supposedly helped Molotov to escape the deadly purge aimed at him by Khrushchev.²⁰

All of this is mere hearsay and legend, but what legend is not based somewhat on fact? The Bodgo Gegen seems to be somewhat connected with two mysterious occult groups, the Agartha and Shamballists. In 1947, a man showed up in Paris, claiming to be the Maha Chohan, "Master of the World," and ruler of Agharta. He called himself Kut-Humi and he claimed he wore the ring of Genghis Khan—all these are titles and artifacts of the Bodgo Gegen!³³

It is interesting to note here that the term Kuthumi or Kut-Humi is a title, not a person's name. Sort of like Great King. Specifically, it relates to the ruler of Mongolia. It makes one wonder about metaphysical groups, channellers and churches in the West that claim to receive information from "an ascended Master" named Kut-Humi. Are they

THE KING OF THE WORLD?

**Is there an underground
cave city called Agharti
ruled by a Venusian who
holds our future hopes?**

All through the world today are thousands of people who claim to have knowledge of an underground city, not specifically located although generally assumed to be in Tibet, called Agharti, or Shambala. In this city, they say, is a highly developed civilization ruled by an "Elder" or a "Great One" whose title is among others "The King of the World." Some claim to have seen him, and it is also claimed that he made at least one visit to the surface. It is also claimed that when mankind is ready for the benefits he can bring, he will emerge and establish a new civilization of peace and plenty.

To quote the words of a "witness":
"He came here ages ago from the planet Venus to be the instructor and guide of our then just dawning humanity. Though he is thousands of years old, his appearance is that of an exceptional, well-developed and handsome youth of about sixteen. But there is nothing juvenile about the light of infinite love, wisdom and power that shines from his eyes. He is slightly larger than the average man, but there are no radical differences in race."

Apparently the ruler of Agharti is a man; apparently he possesses great power and science, including atomic energy machines. Apparently also he is dedicated to bring us an great benefits. Apparently he has power to end wars on the surface at will. We, the people of Earth, ask: What man can judge man? Wars more and now! Judge not, Great One, but you be judged. For we ARE ready for peace!



Ray Palmer's King of the World feature.

channeling the living Buddha from Ulan Bator? Probably not! This is a vague *nom de plume* at best. Probably one to be used by someone wanting to conceal his true identity.

Black Magicians of Tibet & the Hollow Earth Theory

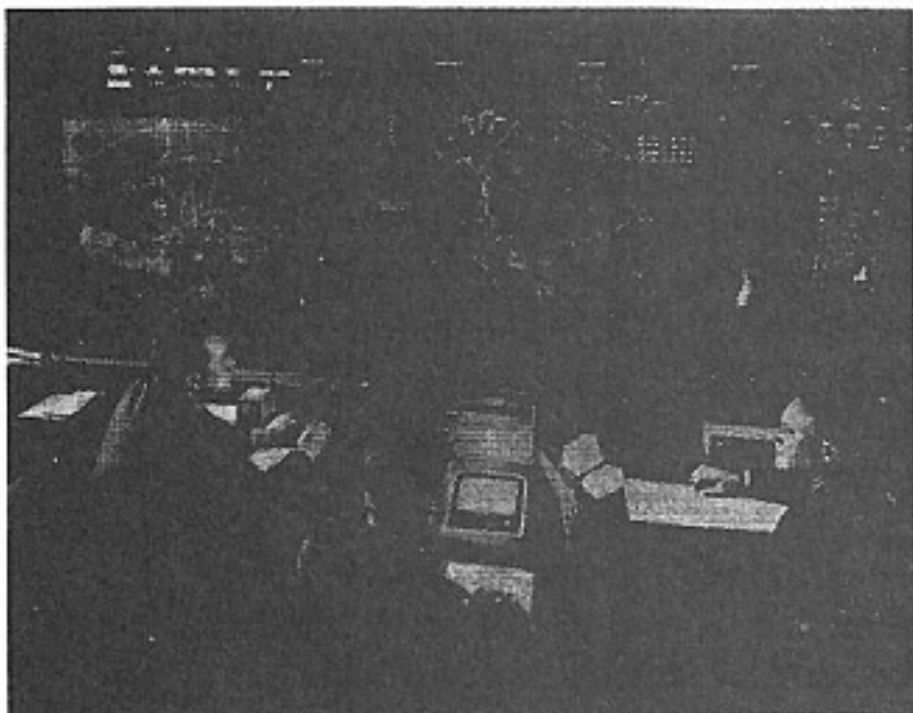
Information on Shambhala and Agharta is widely varied and contradictory. In some texts, Agharta and Shambhala are said to be underground cities, or kingdoms, somewhere in Central Asia where occults live and study.

Shambhala is sometimes said to be north of Lhasa, possibly in the Gobi Desert, and other times it is said to be somewhere in Mongolia, or else in northern Tibet, possibly in the Changtang Highlands. Agharta is said to be south of Lhasa, perhaps near the Shigatse Monastery, or even in Northeast Nepal beneath Mount Kanchenjunga. Occasionally it is said to be in Sri Lanka. Both have been located inside the hollow earth.

Shambhala and Agharta are sometimes said to be at odds. In some traditions, Agharta is the right-hand path, the "white occult" group, while Shambhala is the left-hand path, or "black occult" group. Conversely, it is said that Agharta is occupied by dark forces and Shambhala is the abode of the "Masters of the World" and a place of goodness.^{38, 33, 29}

While the "King of the World" may be here to save us (from ourselves, presumably), other accounts have the Agharti as an evil force of black magicians bent on causing chaos and suffering. The Shadow of Metatron (as the King of the World was identified in *The Shaver Mystery*) is known as a dark force and is identified with Sar Ha-Olam, or Satan, whose name is derived from that of the ancient Egyptian god of the underworld and evil, Set.^{20, 23}

French writer Robert Charroux tells the story of how in 1947, "Prince Cherenzi Lind, Maha Chohan (Great Leader) and Supreme Regent of the Realm of the Agharta" came to France to meet Michel Ivanoff, an occultist of the period. In Paris, the magazine *Point de Vue* interviewed the "Maha Chohan" (also known as Kut-Humi, or Kuthumi, as he liked to call himself), who claimed to be the director of the Great White Brotherhood as well as the "Supreme Regent of the Realm of Agharta." In the interview, he said that there was an underground kingdom in Tibet, linked with nearly all the monasteries, and that he would personally guide an expedition to Agharta in August of 1948, which he would also finance. He



The NORAD installation inside Cheyenne Mountain.

claimed that all beings in the realm of Agharta have their own luminosity, although flash bulbs had to be used to photograph the Maha Chohan. He refused to work any miracles on the grounds that one is never enough (quite true!) and promised to meet with some distinguished French physicists of the day to discuss nuclear physics, but instead disappeared.

He also claimed to wear the ring of Genghis Khan in which was a hydrogen atom "capable of blowing up the whole world"! When the French investigator Robert Charroux gave the Agartha some bad press for their imaginative claims and unfulfilled promises, he was officially condemned to death by them. Certainly not a very tolerant and loving attitude for the "Masters of the World," as the rulers of Agharta like to call themselves.³³

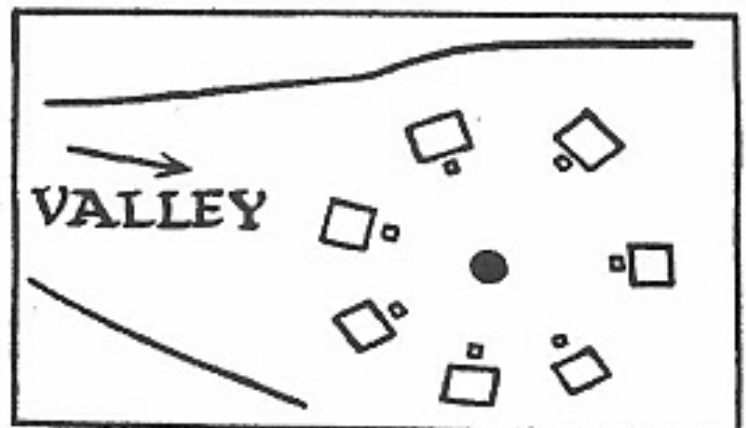
The Bön religion of ancient Tibet has a legend of a secret kingdom similar to Agharta named Olmolungring. According to tradition, the creator of the first systemic doctrinal structure of the Bön religion was gShen-rabmibo, who came from Olmolungring and returned there.^{119,148} Olmolungring may well be the secret land in the Kun Lun or another name for the cave communities which are apparently the antithesis of the Land of Hsi Wang Mu.

There are other stories of sinister black occult groups operating out of Central Asia, and they sometimes call themselves the Shambhala or the Agartha. Buddhists of Tibet were aware of some of these secret communities and outlawed them along with the Bön religion in Tibet. Yet reports indicate that they continued to operate underground and find students to work with them through guile, deception and the promise of power over others.

Theodore Illion, a German traveller who spoke Tibetan, travelled in dis-



The man on the left is a Tibetan adept said to be able to kill from a distance.



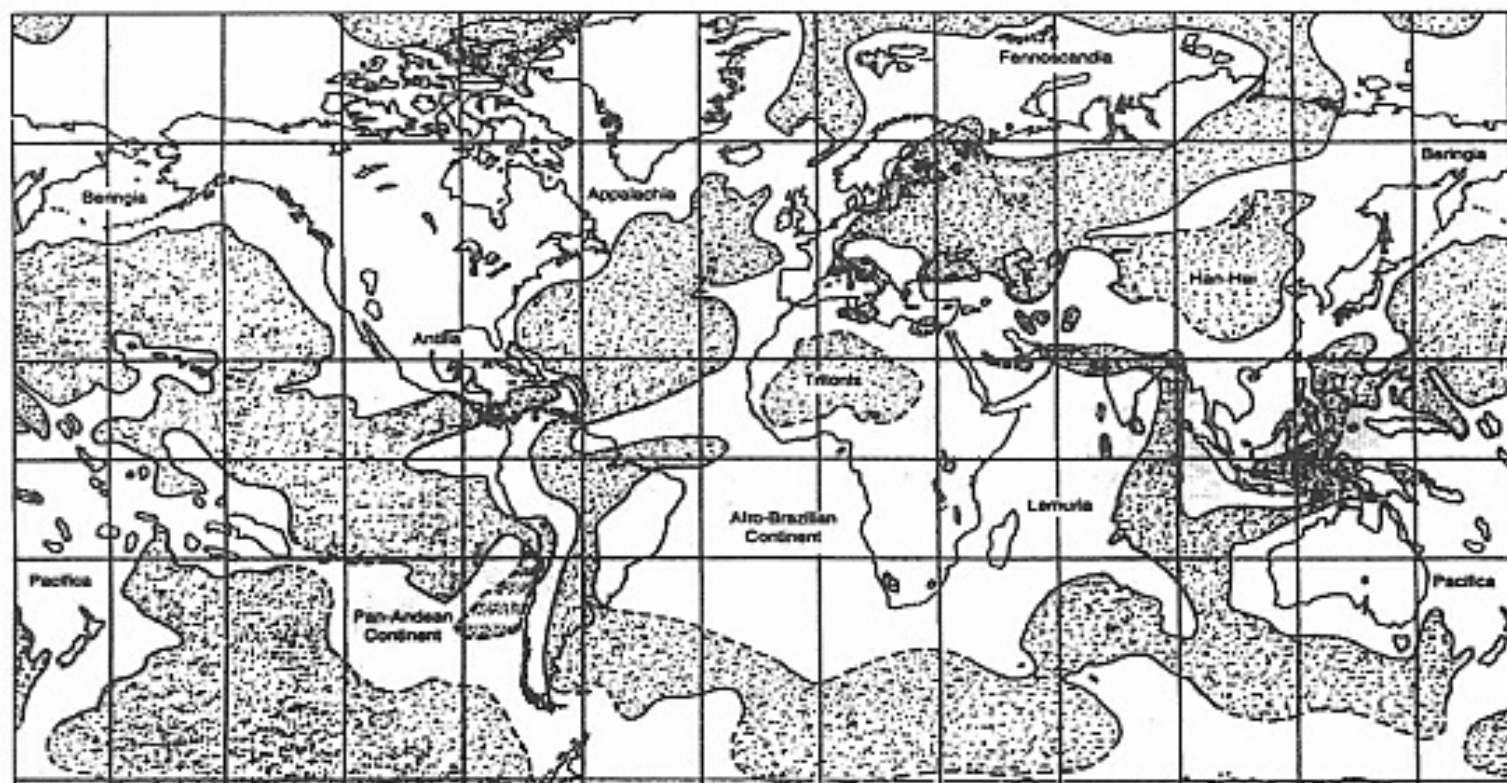
Illion's map of the underground city.

guise in Tibet in 1935 and '36. His first book, *In Secret Tibet*,¹⁰⁴ describes his early encounters while his second book, *Darkness Over Tibet*,¹⁰⁵ describes his entry to an underground city.

While out walking the countryside of Tibet, Illion noticed an incredibly deep shaft on the land's surface. He tossed a few stones down it and stood silently listening. He never heard them hit bottom. Later, he passed the opening again and asked one of the initiates of the underground city about this wonder. He responded, "It is immeasurably deep, but no one except the Prince of Light and a few of the highest Initiates who are called the Lords of Compassion know where it leads to. Anyone who would find out where it leads to and what it is used for would have to die..."¹⁰⁵

Illion gains access to the city, hidden underground and inhabited by hundreds of people, most of them monks. But he soon learns that he is amidst an enclave of black yogis who seek to control the world through telepathy and astral projection, contacting willing followers and deceiving true spiritual seekers to follow the dark path of controlling others spiritually and religiously. After discovering that he is being fed a gruel of human flesh, Illion escapes the city with an assassination squad after him. He wanders Tibet for several weeks being pursued, and eventually escapes to warn the world.

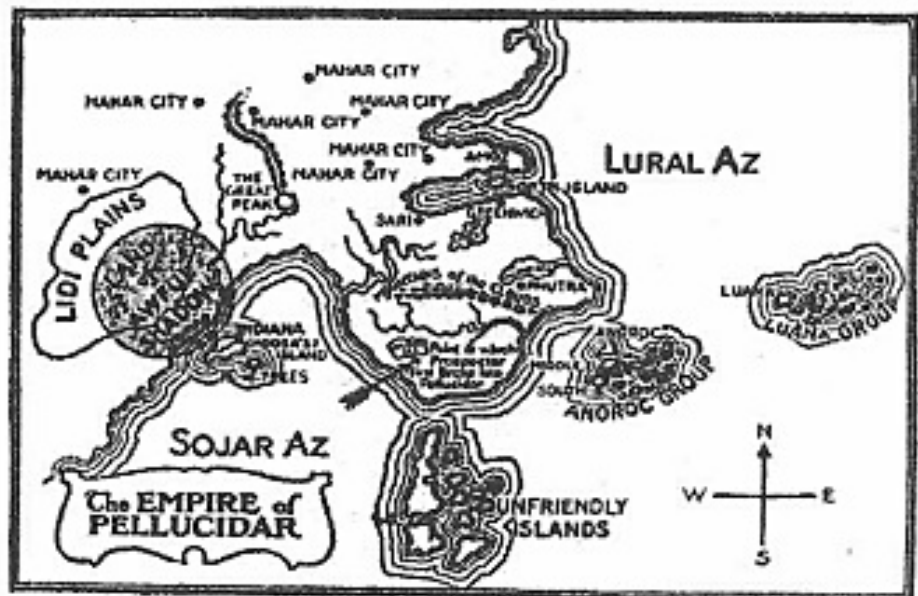
While Illion's book may be alarmist fiction disguised as a travelogue, there are many reports that such places do indeed exist.



A map of geological lost continents and ancient seas, including the Tritonis Sea in North Africa and the Han-Hai Sea in the Gobi Desert.

The Nazis and Central Asia

Shambhala and Agharta are also associated with the hollow earth theories of certain groups, including the Nazis. In these, the inside of the earth, which is thought to be hollow, contains the "sacred territory of Agharta." In Nazi occult doctrine, it is here that the Nazi "Supermen" lived. The Nazis hoped to contact these Supermen, who were a central part of their own "Hollow Earth-Eternal Ice" ideology.²⁹



Edgar Rice Burroughs created the inner world of Pellucidar.

A number of authors, including Trevor Ravenscroft who wrote *The Spear of Destiny*,⁶⁰ believe that the Germans contacted black yogis of Central Asia who not only influenced the Nazis, but sent an entire school of monks back to Berlin!

According to ancient legends familiar to the occult societies at the turn of the century, and related in the book *Le Roi du Monde* by Rene Guenon, there was a cataclysm in the Gobi desert, so the "Sons of Intelligences of Beyond" took up their abode in the vast underground encampment under the Himalayas. There inside these caves, they split up into two groups: one, the Agarthi, supposedly following the "right-hand way" of meditation and goodness, and the other, the Shambalists, following the "left-hand way" of evil and violence.

Shambhala, according to Guenon, was a city of black occults located underground whose forces commanded the elements and the masses of humanity through telepathic hypnosis, mediumship and other occult means, hastening the arrival of the human race to the "turning point in time," which might be construed to mean "Armageddon."²⁰ Madame Blavatsky, founder of the Theosophical Society, decried the "black Bön" though she may have been fooled by them as well. Unfortunately, much of her "root race" material was used by the Occult Reich hierarchy in their "Eternal Ice" doctrine. That there had been earlier root races of man and that man was now entering a new, higher stage of evolution was twisted into doctrines of racial hatred against Jews, Gypsies and other minority groups.

Hitler sent several expeditions to Tibet in the late thirties (curiously, after Illion had returned to Germany and written his books on Tibet) to contact occult groups and apparently created quite strong ties with a group that Ravenscroft and others were to term "Shambalists."^{29,60}

After the Nazis succeeded in contacting occult groups, a number of Tibetans were taken back to Germany to help the Nazis, or so some historians tell us. After

Hitler's release from prison, one of his associates was a Tibetan monk, known only, it seems, as "The Tibetan." The monk and seer was said to have told Hitler that Germany could rule the entire world by conquering the Gobi Desert, which, he claimed, had been inhabited by the "Lords of Creation" who would direct Germany's future!⁵⁰ When the Russians finally captured Berlin, they found a bunker full of Indian and Tibetan monks, who had committed mass suicide rather than be captured by the Russians.^{29,74,149}



Even more incredible are the end-of-the-war myths surrounding the mysterious death of Adolf Hitler himself. Although he was supposedly cremated while a half-dozen of his various "doubles" were shot, his death was never proven to the satisfaction of many researchers, including Dwight D. Eisenhower and Josef Stalin, who both voiced the opinion that Hitler might still be alive. Some tales told of Hitler flying out of Berlin as the Russians took the city, landing in Denmark and embarking on a U-boat to Argentina or to a "secret base in the Antarctic."¹⁵

One story, related in May, 1950, by the openly pro-Nazi West German magazine *Tempo Der Welt*, claimed that Hitler escaped Germany and went to Tibet where he was hidden by the forces who'd brought him into power. The periodical's publisher, Karl Heinz Kaerner, claimed he had spoken with Hitler's former secretary, Martin Bormann, the summer before in Spanish Morocco. (Borman himself, theoretically killed in a tank explosion while trying to smash through Russian lines and get out of Berlin, is the "biggest unsolved Nazi mystery" according to famous Nazi hunter Simon Wiesenthal, who believes Bormann alive, as no remains were ever found.)

Bormann supposedly told Kaerner that, "Hitler is alive in a Tibetan monastery" and that "one day we will be back" in power in Germany!¹⁵ Considering the enormous amount of "Hitler survival" mythology, this is likely to be utter hogwash, but it does support the concept that Hitler had some strong ties with Tibetans, notably the so-called Shambalists. Whatever happened to Hitler's aide "The Tibetan"? Perhaps they both escaped—back to an underground city in Tibet!

Were the Nazis in touch with the ancient Bön of Tibet, of whom both Roerich and Blavatsky were abhorrent? The symbol for the Bön religion is a swastika running to the left, just as the Nazis had their swastika run. The Buddhist swastika, however, runs to the right, symbolizing the "right-hand path" as opposed to the "left-hand path" of black occults. While Buddhism sought to exterminate the Bön religion, it was only outlawed in the 7th century.

It has long been well known among travelers in Tibet that black occults linked to the ancient Bön religion still wandered Central Asia. The famous mystic Alexandra David-Neel describes one such man she met in her book *Initiations and*

Initiates in Tibet, who could hypnotize and kill from a distance. This is not the sort of thing that good Buddhists go around doing, and such powers are generally attributed to black sorcerers and Bön adepts.

Nicholas Roerich also mentions that "Bön Occults" were still at war with the Buddhists of Tibet. He, like most Tibetan Buddhists, does not associate Shambhala with the Bön, but with the Ancients residing at the Valley of the Immortals.⁶⁹ Certainly Bön adepts are clever and fiendishly deceptive.

It is confusing—all this stuff about the Agartha and the Shambalists. How does one separate the fact from the fiction? What, I wondered, is the truth of these occult cave communities, and how dangerous and extensive were they?

Ultimately, they may be just crude, dirty hovels in some remote area, probably underground in extensive caves, quite possibly beneath Kunchenjunga or the Shigatse Monastery (for the Agartha), and in other caves to the north (for the Shambalists). The occultists who lived there, so legend goes, had the ability to create, in the minds of their visitors, visions of a magnificent city by use of a kind of telepathic hypnosis.

Shambhala draws strong similarities to the Land of the Immortals (Hsi Wang Mu) in that it is said to be a wonderful, lush valley in the high mountains with a tall, ornate solid jade tower from which a brilliant light shines. Like in the Kun Lun mountains, Agharta and Shambhala have a cache of fantastic inventions and artifacts from distant civilizations of the past.³⁸

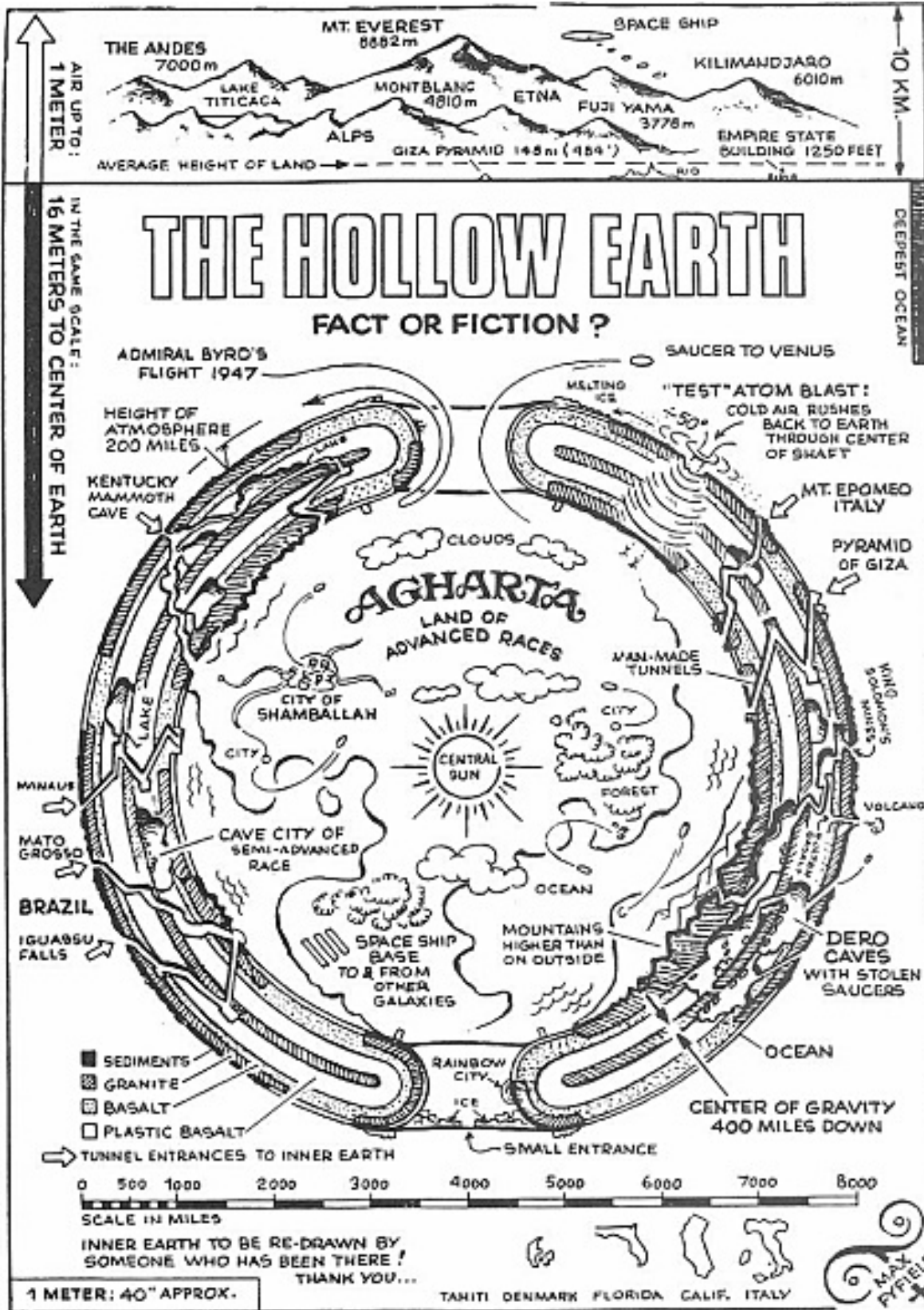
In contrast to the Valley of the Immortals in the Kun Lun Mountains, the cave communities with their incredible sights were part illusion, say Illion and Ravenscroft. At the Valley of the Immortals, perhaps there really were ancient artifacts of a time gone by watched over by Ancient Masters. Yet, it is unlikely that any person not chosen specifically by those who are the caretakers of this repository would be allowed inside. Nor would those who had entered (such as possibly Nicholas Roerich) ever reveal the location or what they had seen there.

"As you sow, so shall you reap": this, like everything, is the natural outworking of karma, I suppose. The black occults mentioned by David-Neel, Illion, Roerich, Guenon, and others are in theory still active, carrying on their activities disguised as "good," under the auspices of Masters of the World, Kut-Humis and the like.

When dealing with such fringe subjects as the hollow earth, subterranean worlds, lost continents and occult groups, there are few real facts. Rather, there is a lot of theory, conjecture, and ultimately, fantasy.

Yet, the reality of a subterranean world cannot be doubted. So the next time you are riding in a subway in New York, London, Tokyo or Paris, look out at the passing tunnel walls and ask your self: Is there anything new under the sun?





Danish artist Max Fyfield's drawing of the hollow earth and the land of Agharta inside.

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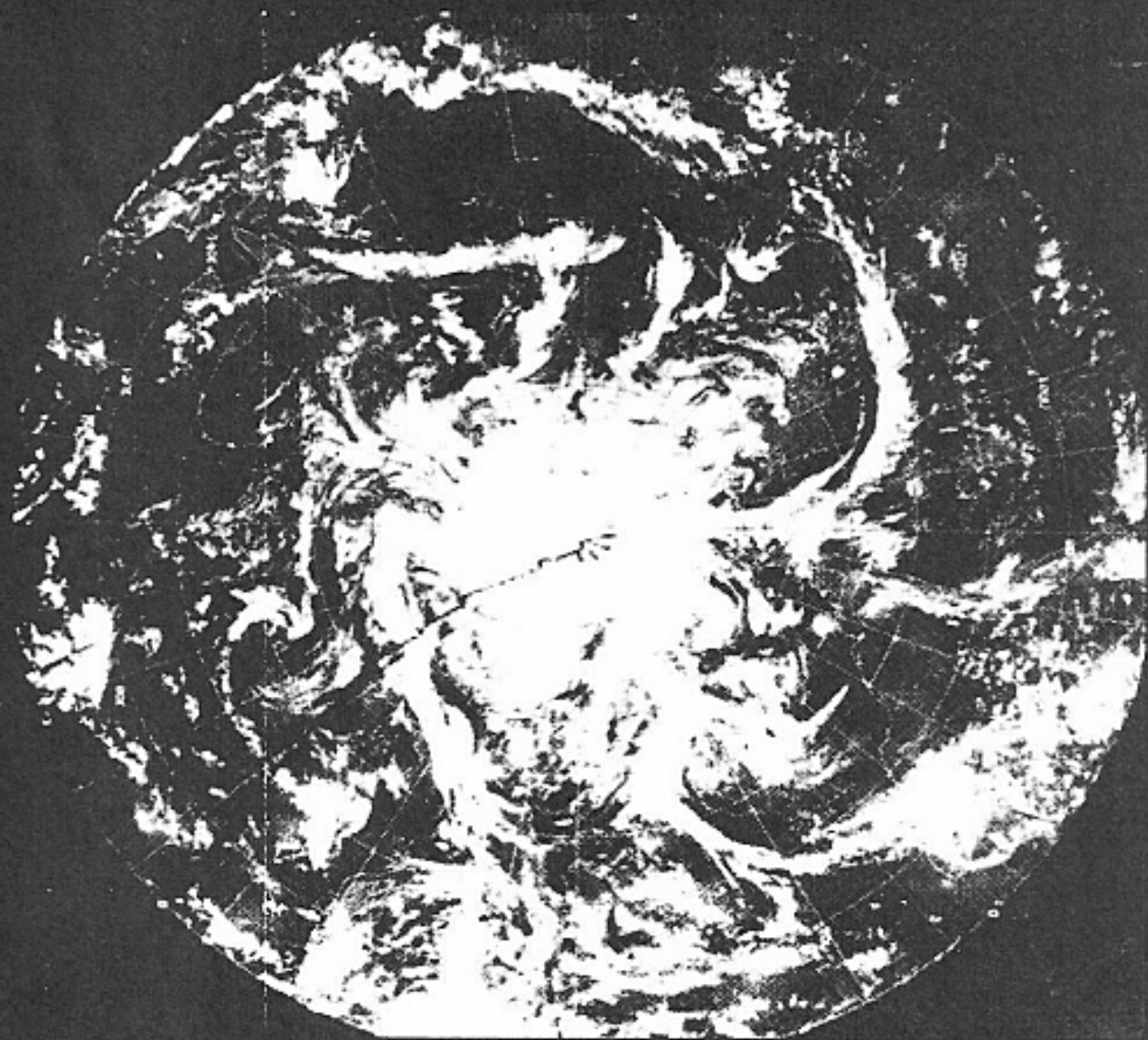
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These two photographs of the North Pole were taken by an American space satellite on 23 November 1968. The photograph on the left indicates that there is a hole in the North Pole; the picture on the right gives a more traditional view of the Pole - shrouded in cloud



"All the News That's Fit to Print."

The New York Times.

THE WEATHER

VOL. LXXXI, No. 10848

NEW YORK, MONDAY, MAY 15, 1944

PRICE: FIVE CENTS

BYRD FLIES TO NORTH POLE AND BACK; ROUND TRIP FROM KINGS BAY IN 15 HRS. 51 MIN.; CIRCLES TOP OF THE WORLD SEVERAL TIMES

BALDWIN STRATEGY IS WINNING STRIKE FOR GOVERNMENT

Approve Action From Vital Services Board at 11:45 A. M. of 'Frank Carls'

THORNER'S TALK IMPROVED

Both Sides Seem to Give Victory, While Laborers Seek Another Fair Contract

FOOD PRICES LEFT DOWN

Only One Raised in New York; Retailing Bureau Set Controls and Restrictions

NO T. R. CHAIRS

House of Representatives Will Not Buy More Than 100,000 of the Seats for the Chamber

SEES BATTLE FIGHT RISE

Confidence Returns to the Market; Found Not a Minority of Investors in Profit

WETS NOW DEMAND SENATORS SUMMON GARY, ROCKEFELLER

In Brief First Today With the Committee They Call for 'Hate-Cry' Testimony

END OF WIFE'S CHALLENGE

End of Anti-Trust Prosecution; Charged That Big Business 'Used Wife's Professions'

WANE WHEELER ATTACKED

Opposition Urged for General of Army; Senate and the House Expected to Reject Him

NO TRACE OF WARD; FAMILY IS ALARMED

Search for Missing Man; Last Seen in Broadway Near the Shipping Way

SEARCH ON IN THREE STATES

Tractor Pilots Sought Here in Searching for Co.-Plane; Search in the Midwest

PEARLY'S OBSERVATIONS ARE CONFIRMED

Flight Is Favored by Sunlight and the Absence of Fog; Sun Compass Functions Perfectly

LEAK DEVELOPS IN PLANE'S OIL SYSTEM NEAR POLE

But Byrd Insists on Going On, Overruling Pilot Bennett—Commander's Nose and Fingers Frozen in Zero Temperature

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THE WEATHER

VOL. LXXXI, No. 10848

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1943

PRICE: FIVE CENTS

BYRD SAFELY FLIES TO SOUTH POLE AND BACK, LOOKING OVER 'ALMOST LIMITLESS PLATEAU'; DROPS FOOD, LIGHTENS SHIP ON PERILOUS TRIP

WOMAN HEARD CRASH IN HOTEL AT THE TIME; ROTHEIMER WAS SHOT

Save the Law Was With Her; or Spangled Look Her With a Gun

UNCERTAIN ON HIS IDENTITY

Mr. M. A. Rotheim, 'Spartan' Whose Car Was Struck by the Police

RAYMOND TELLS OF PROBE

He Said He Was Shot From Behind as He Was Being Held in a Room

WINTER CROPS NATIONAL MERCURY AT 20 HERE

By Staff Reporting Out of the Northwest City & Service; Temperate Climate

ELIZABETH RISE IN WEST

Our Progress in South in the Northwest City & Service; Temperate Climate

CAPITAL DISPLAYS KEENEST INTEREST

President, Working Men, in the First in Washington in Honor of Byrd's Success

BRITISH APPLAUD FLIGHT AS TRIUMPH

Think That Byrd's Flight From Pole Land People in the Background

FIRST MESSAGE EVER SENT FROM THE SOUTH POLE

By Commander Richard E. Byrd

WHELEIGH TO THE NEW YORK TIMES

ABOARD AIRPLANE FLOYD BENNETT, in flight, 1:55 P. M. Greenwich mean time (8:55 A. M. New York time), Friday, Nov. 29.—My calculations indicate that we have reached the vicinity of the South Pole, flying high for a survey. The airplane is in good shape, crew all well. Will soon turn north. We can see an almost limitless polar plateau. Our departure from the Pole was at 1:25 P. M.

The difference in the times mentioned in this dispatch, that is between 1:55 P. M. in the date line and 1:25 P. M., given by the Commander as that of his departure from the South Pole, is probably accounted for, by the lapse between the writing of the dispatch by the Commander and its sending and reading by the wireless operator, Harold G. Jones, Greenwich time is five hours ahead of New York time and twelve hours ahead of time at Little America.

The Commander's last sentence was evidently added after he began to fly away from the Pole; the first part written before he left there.

President Sends His Congratulations to Byrd, Saying Spirit of Great Adventure Still Lives

By Staff Reporting Out of the Northwest City & Service; Temperate Climate

GROSSER'S GLACIER PASS AT 11,500 FEET

Commander Takes Chance and Plane Rears Upward Amid Swirling Drift Out Through Gorge to Tableland

FLYING TIME FOR THE WHOLE CIRCUIT ABOUT 18 HOURS

With Two New Ranges Discovered, the Four Air Argonauts, Guided by Chief, Turn Back to Wild Welcome at Base Camp.

By Staff Reporting Out of the Northwest City & Service; Temperate Climate

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The Time Travel Handbook

A Manual of Practical Teleportation & Time Travel

Edited by David Hatcher Childress

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The Time Travel Handbook takes readers beyond government experiments in time travel, into the uncharted territory of the early time travelers. From Nikola Tesla and Guglielmo Marconi's alleged time travel experiments to the Wilson Brothers of EMI and their connection to the Philadelphia Experiment (the U.S. Navy's experiments in invisibility, time travel, and teleportation), Childress uncovers it all. This fascinating book examines the claims of "time traveling" individuals and investigates the unusual claim that the pyramids on Mars were built in the future and sent back in time.

Filled with photographs, patents, diagrams, and cartoons, this large-format book will dazzle time travel believers and skeptics alike, and especially those readers who want to be the first on their block to own their own time travel machine!

David Hatcher Childress is an internationally known science, archaeology and UFO writer. He has appeared on various television shows including an NBC special on Atlantis, the NBC programs "Mysterious Origins of Man" and "Sightings," and the "Today Show." He is the author of more than sixteen books, a number of which have been translated into foreign languages.

THE TIME TRAVEL HANDBOOK

A Manual of Practical Teleportation & Time Travel



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by George Piccard

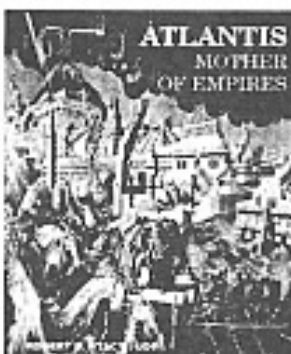
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by John Michell

The first paperback edition of Michell's fascinating study of the lives and beliefs of over 20 eccentric people. Published in hardback by Thames & Hudson in London, *Eccentric Lives and Peculiar Notions* takes us into the bizarre and often humorous lives of such people as Lady Blount, who was sure that the earth is flat; Cyrus Teed, who believed that the earth is a hollow shell with us on the inside; Edward Hime, who believed that the British are the lost Tribes of Israel; and Baron de Guldenstubbé, who was sure that statues wrote him letters. British writer and housewife Nesta Webster devoted her life to exposing international conspiracies, and Father O'Callaghan devoted his to opposing interest on loans. The extraordinary characters in this book were—and in some cases still are—wholehearted enthusiasts for the various causes and outrageous notions they adopted, and John Michell describes their adventures with spirit and compassion. Some of them prospered and lived happily with their obsessions, while others failed dismally. We read of the hapless inventor of a giant battleship made of ice who died alone and neglected, and of the London couple who achieved peace and prosperity by drilling holes in their heads. Other chapters on the Last of the Welsh Druids; Congressman Ignacius Donnelly, the Great Heretic and Atlantis; Shakespearean Decoders and the Baconian Treasure Hunt; Early Ufologists; Jerusalem in Scotland; Bibliomania; more.

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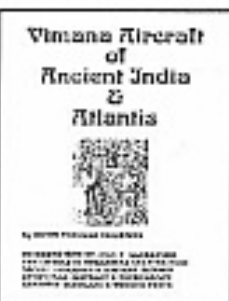
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The Incredible Sciences of the Ancients

by David Hatcher Childress

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by David Hatcher Childress, introduction by Ivan T. Sanderson

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I Remember Lemuria and the Shaver Mystery

by David Hatcher Childress & Richard Shaver

Lost Continents & the Hollow Earth is Childress' thorough examination of the early hollow earth stories of Richard Shaver and the fascination that fringe fantasy subjects such as lost continents and the hollow earth have had for the American public. Shaver's rare 1948 book *I Remember Lemuria* is reprinted in its entirety, and the book is packed with illustrations from Ray Palmer's *Amazing Stories* magazine of the 1940s. Palmer and Shaver told of tunnels running through the earth—tunnels inhabited by the Deros and Teros, humanoids from an ancient spacefaring race that had inhabited the earth, eventually going underground, hundreds of thousands of years ago. Childress discusses the famous hollow earth books and delves deep into whatever reality may be behind the stories of tunnels in the earth. Operation High Jump to Antarctica in 1947 and Admiral Byrd's bizarre statements, tunnel systems in South America and Tibet, the underground world of Agartha, the belief of UFOs coming from the South Pole, more.

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by David Hatcher Childress

With wit and humor, popular *Lost Cities* author David Hatcher Childress takes us around the world and back in his trippy finale to the *Lost Cities* series. He's off on an adventure in search of the apocalypse and end times. Childress hits the road from the fortress of Megiddo, the legendary citadel in northern Israel where Armageddon is prophesied to start. Hitchhiking around the world, Childress takes us from one adventure to another, to ancient cities in the deserts and the legends of worlds before our own. Childress muses on the rise and fall of civilizations, and the forces that have shaped mankind over the millennia, including wars, invasions and cataclysms. He discusses the ancient Armageddons of the past, and chronicles recent Middle East developments and their ominous undertones. In the meantime, he becomes a cargo cult god on a remote island off New Guinea, gets dragged into the Kennedy Assassination by one of the "conspirators," investigates a strange power operating out of the Altai Mountains of Mongolia, and discovers how the Knights Templar and their off-shoots have driven the world toward an epic battle centered around Jerusalem and the Middle East.

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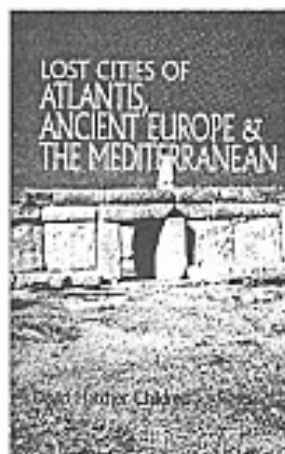
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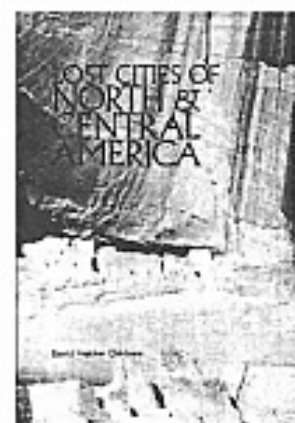
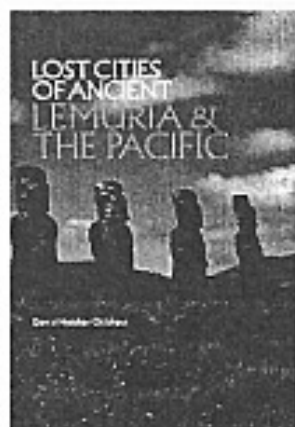
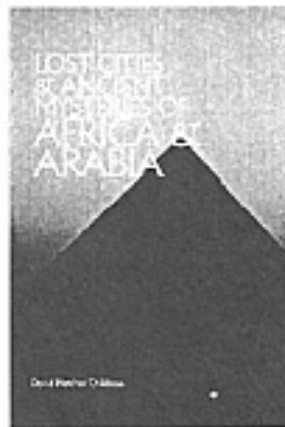
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ANCIENT SCIENCE



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by Joseph P. Farrell

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Charles Hapgood's classic 1966 book on ancient maps produces concrete evidence of an advanced world-wide civilization existing many thousands of years before ancient Egypt. He has found the evidence in the Piri Reis Map that shows Antarctica, the Hadji Ahmed map, the Oronteus Finaeus and other amazing maps. Hapgood concluded that these maps were made from more ancient maps from the various ancient archives around the world, now lost. Not only were these unknown people more advanced in mapmaking than any people prior to the 18th century, it appears they mapped all the continents. The Americas were mapped thousands of years before Columbus. Antarctica was mapped when its coasts were free of ice.

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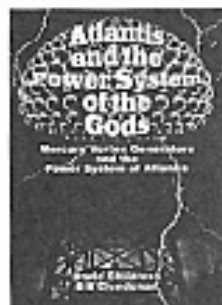
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Cataclysmic Pole Shift Geology

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Maps of the Ancient Sea Kings author Hapgood's classic book *Path of the Pole* is back in print! Hapgood researched Antarctica, ancient maps and the geological record to conclude that the Earth's crust has slipped in the inner core many times in the past, changing the position of the pole. *Path of the Pole* discusses the various "pole shifts" in Earth's past, giving evidence for each one, and moves on to possible future pole shifts. Packed with illustrations, this is the sourcebook for many other books on cataclysms and pole shifts.

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ATLANTIS & THE POWER SYSTEM OF THE GODS

Mercury Vortex Generators & the Power System of Atlantis

by David Hatcher Childress and Bill Clendenon

Atlantis and the Power System of the Gods starts with a reprinting of the rare 1990 book *Mercury: UFO Messenger of the Gods* by Bill Clendenon. Clendenon takes on an unusual voyage into the world of ancient flying vehicles, strange personal UFO sightings, a meeting with a "Man In Black" and then to a centuries-old library in India where he got his ideas for the diagrams of mercury vortex engines. The second part of the book is Childress' fascinating analysis of Nikola Tesla's broadcast system in light of Edgar Cayce's "Terrible Crystal" and the obelisks of ancient Egypt and Ethiopia. Includes: Atlantis and its crystal power towers that broadcast energy; how these incredible power stations may still exist today; inventor Nikola Tesla's nearly identical system of power transmission; Mercury Proton Gyros and mercury vortex propulsion; more. Richly illustrated, and packed with evidence that Atlantis not only existed—it had a world-wide energy system more sophisticated than ours today.

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Navigators of the Ancient World

by Ivar Zapp and George Erikson

This book is an intensive examination of the archeological sites of the Americas, an examination that reveals civilization has existed here for tens of thousands of years. Zapp is an expert on the enigmatic giant stone spheres of Costa Rica, and maintains that they were sighting stones similar to those found throughout the Pacific as well as in Egypt and the Middle East. They were used to teach star-paths and sea navigation to the world-wide navigators of the ancient world. While the Mediterranean and European regions "forgot" world-wide navigation and fought wars, the Mesoamericans of diverse races were building vast interconnected cities without walls. This Golden Age of ancient America was merely a myth of suppressed history—until now. Profusely illustrated, chapters are on Navigators of the Ancient World; Pyramids & Megaliths: Older Than You Think; Ancient Ports and Colonies; Cataclysms of the Past; Atlantis: From Myth to Reality; The Serpent and the Cross; The Loss of the City States; Calendars and Star Temples; and more.

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RETURN OF THE SERPENTS OF WISDOM

by Mark Amaru Pinkham

According to ancient records, the patriarchs and founders of the early civilizations in Egypt, India, China, Peru, Mesopotamia, Britain, and the Americas were the Serpents of Wisdom—spiritual masters associated with the serpent—who arrived in these lands after abandoning their beloved homelands and crossing great seas. While bearing names denoting snake or dragon (such as Naga, Lung, Djedhi, Amaru, Quetzalcoatl, Adder, etc.), these Serpents of Wisdom oversaw the construction of magnificent civilizations within which they and their descendants served as the priest kings and as the enlightened heads of mystery school traditions. *The Return of the Serpents of Wisdom* recounts the history of these "Serpents"—where they came from, why they came, the secret wisdom they disseminated, and why they are returning now.

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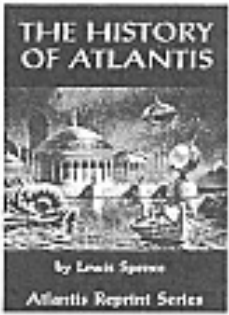
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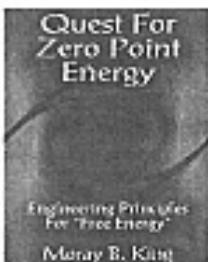
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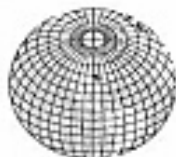
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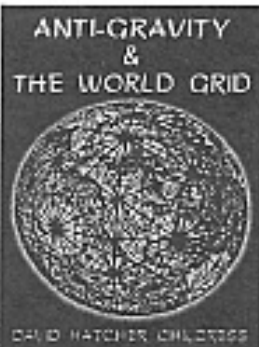
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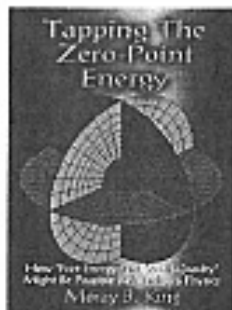


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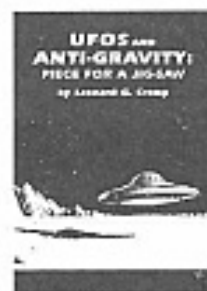
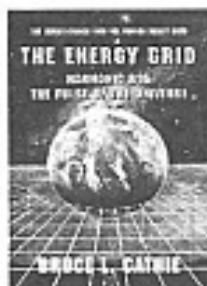
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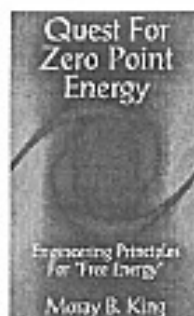
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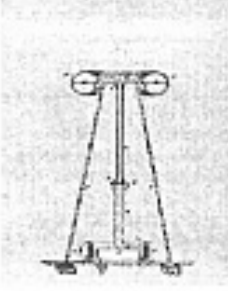
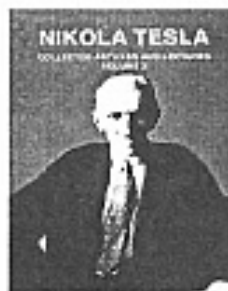
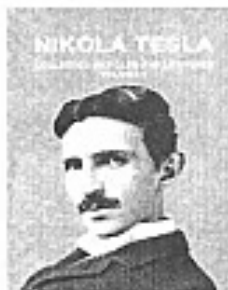
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HISTORY—CONSPIRACY



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The Best of Steamshovel Press

edited by Kenn Thomas

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Egyptian and Mayan Prophecies on the Cataclysm of 2012

by Patrick Geryl and Gino Ratinckx

In the year 2012 the Earth awaits a super catastrophe: its magnetic field will reverse in one go. Phenomenal earthquakes and tidal waves will completely destroy our civilization. Europe and North America will shift thousands of kilometers northwards into polar climes. Nearly everyone will perish in the apocalyptic happenings. These dire predictions stem from the Mayans and Egyptians—descendants of the legendary Atlantis. The Atlanteans had highly evolved astronomical knowledge and were able to exactly predict the previous world-wide flood in 9792 BC. They built tens of thousands of boats and escaped to South America and Egypt. In the year 2012 Venus, Orion and several others stars will take the same 'code-positions' as in 9792 BC! For thousands of years historical sources have told of a forgotten time capsule of ancient wisdom located in a labyrinth of secret chambers filled with artifacts and documents from the previous flood. We desperately need this information now—and this book gives one possible location.

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by Len Bracken, introduction by Kenn Thomas

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Engineering Human Consciousness

by Jim Keith

Conspiracy expert Keith's final book on mind control, Project Monarch, and mass manipulation presents chilling evidence that we are indeed spinning a Matrix. Keith describes the New Man, whose conception of reality is a dance of electronic images fired into his forebrain, a gossamer construction of his masters, designed so that he will not—under any circumstances—perceive the actual. His happiness is delivered to him through a tube or an electronic connection. His God lurks behind an electronic curtain; when the curtain is pulled away we find the CIA sorcerer, the media manipulator... Chapters on the CIA, Tavistock, Jolly West and the Violence Center, Guerrilla Mindwar, Brice Taylor, other recent "victims," more.

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by Greg Bishop

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THE MYSTERY OF EASTER ISLAND

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by Thomas Gann



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MYSTERY CITIES OF THE MAYA

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First published in 1925, *Mystery Cities of the Maya* is a classic in Central American archaeology-adventure. Gann was close friends with Mike Mitchell-Hedges, the British adventurer who discovered the famous crystal skull with his adopted daughter Sammy and Lady Richmond Brown, their benefactress. Gann battles pirates along Belize's coast and goes upriver with Mitchell-Hedges to the site of Lubaantun where they excavate a strange lost city where the crystal skull was discovered. Lubaantun is a unique city in the Mayan world as it is built out of precisely carved blocks of stone without the usual plaster-cement facing. Lubaantun contained several large pyramids partially destroyed by earthquakes and a large amount of artifacts. Gann shared Mitchell-Hedges' belief in Atlantis and lost civilizations (pre-Mayan) in Central America and the Caribbean. Lots of good photos, maps and diagrams.

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Danger My Ally



The life story of
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by Henning Haslund

First published by Kegan Paul of London in 1934, Haslund takes us into the barely known world of Mongolia of 1921, a land of god-kings, bandits, vast mountain wilderness and a Russian army running amok. Starting in Peking, Haslund journeys to Mongolia as part of the Krebs Expedition—a mission to establish a Danish butter farm in a remote corner of northern Mongolia. Along the way, he smuggles guns and nitroglycerin, is thrown into a prison by the new Communist regime, battles the Robber Princess and more. With Haslund we meet the "Mad Baron" Ungren-Stenberg and his renegade Russian army, the many characters of Urga's bedling foreign community, and the last god-king of Mongolia, Seng Chen Gegen, the fifth reincarnation of the Tiger god and the "ruler of all Torguts." Aside from the esoteric and mystical material, there is plenty of just plain adventure: Haslund encounters a Mongolian werewolf; is ambushed along the trail; escapes from prison and fights terrifying blizzards; more.

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by Henning Haslund

First published in 1935 by Kegan Paul of London, Haslund takes us to the lost city of Karakota in the Gobi desert. We meet the Bodgo Gegen, a god-king in Mongolia similar to the Dalai Lama of Tibet. We meet Dambin Jansang, the dreaded warlord of the "Black Gobi." There is even material in this incredible book on the Hi-moi, an "airhorse" that flies through the sky (similar to a Vimana) and carries with it the sacred stone of Chantamani. Aside from the esoteric and mystical material, there is plenty of just plain adventure: Haslund and companions journey across the Gobi desert by camel caravan; are kidnapped and held for ransom; witness initiation into Shamanic societies; meet reincarnated warlords; and experience the violent birth of "modern" Mongolia.

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by Graeme R. Kearsley

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SOLOMON: FALCON OF SHEBA

The Tomb and Image of the Queen of Sheba Discovered

by Ralph Ellis

The Queen of Sheba, King Solomon and King David are still household names in much of the Western and Middle Eastern world, so how is it possible that all of these influential monarchs are completely missing from the archaeological record? The reality of this omission has perplexed theologians and historians alike for centuries, but maverick archaeologist Ralph Ellis, author of *Jesus, Last of the Pharaohs and Tempest & Exodus*, has rediscovered their lost tombs and sarcophagi. The reason that Ralph has succeeded where generations of archaeologists have failed is that the latter were looking in the wrong location—surprisingly enough, the tombs of these monarchs are not to be found in either Israel, Ethiopia or Yemen. While the discovery of the tombs of King Solomon, King David, Hiram Abif and the Queen of Sheba may in itself be a startling and dramatic revelation, the precise historical identities of these monarchs serves to completely rewrite the whole of the Biblical Old Testament and much of our secular history, too. In short, history was not as we know it...

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by Ralph Ellis

This great book, now available in paperback, is on sacred geometry, megalithic architecture and the worship of the mathematical constant pi. Ellis contemplates Stonehenge; the ancient Egyptian god Thoth and his Emerald Tablets, Atlantis; Thoth's Raft; Henge of the World; The Secret Gate of Knowledge; Processional Henge; Royal Hemisphere; Kufu's Continents; the Ma'at of the Egyptians; ancient technological civilizations; the Ark of Turankhament; Pyramids; the Pyramid Inch and Pi, more. Well illustrated with color photo sections.

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K2—QUEST OF THE GODS

by Ralph Ellis

This sequel to *Thoth, Architect of the Universe* explains the design of the Great Pyramid in great detail, and it appears that its architect specified a structure that contains a curious blend of technology, lateral thinking and childish fun—yet this design can also point out the exact location of the legendary 'Hall of Records' to within a few meters! The 'X' marks the spot location has been found at last. Join the author on the most ancient quest ever devised, a dramatic journey in the footsteps of Alexander the Great on his search for the legendary Hall of Records, then on to the highest peaks at the top of the world to find the 'The Great Pyramid in the Himalayas'; more.

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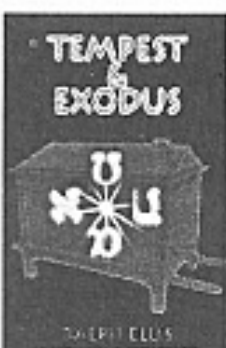
JESUS, LAST OF THE PHARAOHS

Truth Behind the Mask Revealed

by Ralph Ellis

This book, with 43 color plates, traces the history of the Egyptian royal family from the time of Noah through to Jesus, comparing biblical and historical records. Nearly all of the biblical characters can be identified in the historical record—all are pharaohs of Egypt or pharaohs in exile. The Bible depicts them as being simple shepherds, but in truth they were the Hyksos, the Shepherd Kings of Egypt. The biblical story that has circulated around the globe is simply a history of one family, Abraham and his descendants. In the Bible he was known as Abram; in the historical record he is the pharaoh Maybren—the most powerful man on Earth in his lifetime. By such simple sleight of hand, the pharaohs of Egypt have hidden their identity, but preserved their ancient history and bloodline. These kings were born of the gods; they were not only royal, they were also Sons of God.

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Using official NASA and Soviet photos, as well as other photos taken via telescope, this book seeks to prove that many of the planets (and moons) of our solar system are in some way inhabited by intelligent life. The book includes many blow-ups of NASA photos and detailed diagrams of structures—particularly on the Moon. •NASA PHOTOS OF PYRAMIDS AND DOMED CITIES ON THE MOON. •PYRAMIDS AND GIANT STRUCTURES ON MARS. •HOLLOW MOONS OF MARS AND OTHER PLANETS. •ROBOT MOVING VEHICLES THAT MOVE ABOUT THE MOON PROCESSING VALUABLE METALS. •NASA & RUSSIAN PHOTOS OF SPACE-BASES ON MARS AND ITS MOONS. •A BRITISH SCIENTIST WHO DISCOVERED A TUNNEL ON THE MOON, AND OTHER "BOUNCELESS CRATERS." •EARLY CLAIMS OF TRIPS TO THE MOON AND MARS. •STRUCTURAL ANOMALIES ON VENUS, SATURN, JUPITER, MERCURY, URANUS & NEPTUNE. •NASA, THE MOON AND ANTI-GRAVITY. PLUS MORE. Includes a glossary with proper, DOVERisms and more! 320 PAGES. 8X11 PAPERBACK. BIBLIOGRAPHY & APPENDIX. \$19.95. CODE: ETA

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Scientists Examine the Evidence for Alien Artifacts on Mars

edited by Stanley McDaniel and Monica Rix Paxson. Mars Imagery by Mark Carlotta

The ultimate compendium on artificial structures in the Cydonia region of Mars. *The Case for the Face* imprints the research and opinions of a remarkably accomplished group of scientists, including a former NASA astronaut, a quantum physicist who is the chair of a space science program, leading meteor researchers, nine Ph.D.'s, the best-selling science author in Germany and more. The book includes: NASA research proving we're not the first intelligent race in this solar system; 120 amazing high resolution images never seen before by the general public; three separate doctoral statistical studies demonstrating the likelihood of artificial objects at the Cydonian site to be over 99%; and other definitive proof of life on Mars.

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DARK MOON

Apollo and the Whistleblowers

by Mary Bennett and David Percy

•Was Neil Armstrong really the first man on the Moon?
•Did you know a second craft was going to the Moon at the same time as Apollo 11?
•Do you know that potentially lethal radiation is prevalent throughout deep space?
•Did you know that 'live' color TV from the Moon was not actually live at all?
•Do you know that lighting was used in the Apollo photographs—yet no lighting equipment was taken to the Moon?
All these questions, and more, are discussed in great detail by British researchers Bennett and Percy in *Dark Moon*, the definitive book (nearly 600 pages) on the possible faking of the Apollo Moon missions. Bennett and Percy delve into every possible aspect of this beguiling theory, one that rocks the very foundation of our beliefs concerning NASA and the space program. Tons of NASA photos analyzed for possible deceptions.

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A Complete History of Nefilim

by Neil Zimmerer

Follow the Nefilim through the Ages! This is a complete history of Genesis, the gods and the history of Earth — before the gods were destroyed by their own creations more than 2500 years ago! Zimmerer presents the most complete history of the Nefilim ever developed — from the Sumerian Nefilim kings through the Nefilim today. He provides evidence of extraterrestrial Nefilim monuments, and includes fascinating information on pre-Nefilim man-apes and man-apes of the world in the present age. Includes the following subjects and chapters: Creation of the Universe; Evolution: The Greatest Mystery; Who Were the Nefilim?; Pre-Nefilim Man-Apes; Man-Apes of the World—Present Age; Extraterrestrial Nefilim Monuments; The Nefilim Today; All the Sumerian Nefilim Kings listed in chronological order, more. A book not to be missed by researchers into the mysterious origins of mankind.

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FACES OF THE VISITORS

An Illustrated Reference to Alien Contact

by Kevin Randle and Russ Estes

A visual encyclopedia of reports of alien visitors with detailed drawings of each entity. Includes some photos, a unique reliability rating and meticulous documentation of source material. Includes virtually every photo and illustration of extraterrestrial entities.

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THE ROSWELL MESSAGE

50 Years On—The Aliens Speak

by René Coudris

This strange book, imported from Britain, is a compilation of material on the Roswell, New Mexico UFO crash of 1947. With lots of good photos, including the Santilli alien autopsy pics (the strange instrument panel for two six-fingered hands is worth the price of the book alone), plus other material with an impressive reconstruction of the crash and messages from the "aliens" themselves, who say: "We are your future."

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WAKE UP DOWN THERE!

The Excluded Middle Anthology

by Greg Bishop

The great American tradition of dropout culture makes it over the millennium mark with a collection of the best from *The Excluded Middle*, the critically acclaimed underground zine of UFOs, the paranormal, conspiracies, psychedelia, and spirit. Contributions from Robert Anton Wilson, Ivan Stang, Martin Kottmeyer, John Shirley, Scott Corrales, Adam Conighly and Robert Sterling; and interviews with James Moseley, Karl Turner, Bill Moore, Kern Thomas, Richard Boylan, Dean Radin, Joe McMoneagle, and the mysterious Ira Einhorn (an *Excluded Middle* exclusive). Includes full versions of interviews and extra material not found in the newsstand versions.

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CONSPIRACY & HISTORY



LIQUID CONSPIRACY JFK, LSD, the CIA, Area 51 & UFOs by George Piccard

Underground author George Piccard on the politics of LSD, mind control, and Kennedy's involvement with Area 51 and UFOs. Reveals JFK's LSD experiences with Mary Pinchot-Meyer. The plot thickens with an ever expanding web of CIA involvement, from underground bases with UFOs seen by JFK and Marilyn Monroe (among others) to a vast conspiracy that affects every government agency from NASA to the Justice Department. This may have been the reason that Marilyn Monroe and actress-columnist Dorothy Kilgallen were both murdered. Focusing on the bizarre side of history, *Liquid Conspiracy* takes the reader on a psychedelic tour de force. This is your government on drugs!
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INSIDE THE GEMSTONE FILE

Howard Hughes, Onassis & JFK by Kenn Thomas & David Hatcher Childress

Stanshovel Press editor Thomas takes on the Gemstone File in this run-up and run-down of the most famous underground document ever circulated. Photocopied and distributed for over 20 years, the Gemstone File is the story of Bruce Roberts, the inventor of the synthetic ruby widely used in laser technology today, and his relationship with the Howard Hughes Company and ultimately with Aristotle Onassis, the Mafia, and the CIA. Hughes kidnapped and held a drugged-up prisoner for 10 years; Onassis and his role in the Kennedy Assassination; how the Mafia ran corporate America in the 1960s; the death of Onassis' son in the crash of a small private plane in Greece; Onassis as Ian Fleming's archvillain Ernst Stavro Blofeld, more.
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WHO KILLED DIANA?

by Peter Hounam and Derek McAdam

Hounam and McAdam take the reader through a land of unofficial branches of secret services, professional assassins, Psy-Ops, "Peather Men," remote-controlled cars, and ancient clandestine societies protecting the British establishment. They sort through a web of traceless drugs and poisons, inexplicable caches of money, fuzzy photographs, phantom cars of changing color, a large mysterious dog, and rivals in class and ethnic combat to answer the question, Who Killed Diana?? After this book was published, Mohammed El Fayed held an international news conference to announce that evidence showed that a blinding flash of light had contributed to the crash.
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THE ARCH CONSPIRATOR

Essays and Actions by Len Bracken

Veteran conspiracy author Len Bracken's witty essays and articles lead us down the dark corridors of conspiracy, politics, murder and mayhem. In 12 chapters Bracken takes us through a maze of interesting tales from the Russian Conspiracy to his interview with Costa Rican novelist Joaquin Gutierrez and his Psychogeographic Map into the Third Millennium. Other chapters in the book are A General Theory of Civil War; The New-Catline Conspiracy for the Cancellation of Debt; Anti-Labor Day; 1997 with selected Aphorisms Against Work; Solar Economics; and more. Bracken's work has appeared in such pop-conspiracy publications as *Paranoia*, *Stanshovel Press* and the *Village Voice*. Len Bracken lives in Arlington, Virginia and hunts the back alleys of Washington D.C., keeping an eye on the predators who run our country.
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MIND CONTROL, WORLD CONTROL

by Jim Keith

Veteran author and investigator Jim Keith uncovers a surprising amount of information on the technology, experimentation and implementation of mind control. Various chapters in this shocking book are on early CIA experiments such as Project Artichoke and Project R.H.I.C.-EDOM, the methodology and technology of implants, mind control assassins and couriers, various famous Mind Control victims such as Sirhan Sirhan and Candy Jones. Also featured in this book are chapters on how mind control technology may be linked to some UFO activity and "UFO abductions."
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NASA, NAZIS & JFK:

The Torbitt Document & the JFK Assassination Introduction by Kenn Thomas

This book emphasizes the links between "Operation Paper Clip" Nazi scientists working for NASA, the assassination of JFK, and the secret Nevada air base Area 51. The Torbitt Document also talks about the roles played in the assassination by Division Five of the FBI, the Defense Industrial Security Command (DISC), the Las Vegas mob, and the shadow corporate entities Permindex and Centro-Mondiale Commerciale. The Torbitt Document claims that the same players planned the 1962 assassination attempt on Charles de Gaul, who ultimately pulled out of NATO because he traced the "Assassination Caha" to Permindex in Switzerland and to NATO headquarters in Brussels. The Torbitt Document paints a dark picture of NASA, the military industrial complex, and the connections to Mercury, Nevada which headquarters the "secret space program."
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MIND CONTROL, OSWALD & JFK:

Were We Controlled? Introduction by Kenn Thomas

Stanshovel Press editor Kenn Thomas examines the little-known book *Were We Controlled?*, first published in 1968. The book's author, the mysterious Lincoln Lawrence, maintained that Lee Harvey Oswald was a special agent who was a mind control subject, having received an implant in 1960 at a Russian hospital. Thomas examines the evidence for implant technology and the role it could have played in the Kennedy Assassination. Thomas also looks at the mind control aspects of the RPK assassination and details the history of implant technology. A growing number of people are interested in CIA experiments and its "Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars." Looks at the case that the reporter Damon Runyon, Jr. was murdered because of this book.
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CONSPIRACY & HISTORY

TEMPLARS' LEGACY IN MONTREAL

The New Jerusalem

by Francine Bernier

Designed in the 17th century as the New Jerusalem of the Christian world, the people behind the scene in turning this dream into reality were the Société de Notre-Dame, half of whose members were in the elusive Compagnie du Saint-Sacrement. They took no formal vows and formed the interior elitist and invisible "heart of the church" following a "Johannite" doctrine of the Essene tradition, where men and women were considered equal apostles. The book reveals the links between Montreal and: John the Baptist as patron saint; Melchizedek, the first king-priest and a father figure to the Templars and the Issaron; Stella Maris, the Star of the Sea from Mount Carmel; the Phrygian goddess Cybele as the androgynous Mother of the Church; St. Blaise, the Armenian healer or "Therapist"—the patron saint of the stonemasons and a major figure to the Benedictine Order and the Templars; the presence of two Black Virgins; an intriguing family coat of arms with twelve blue apples; and more. **352 PAGES. 6X9 PAPERBACK. ILLUSTRATED. BIBLIOGRAPHY. \$21.95. CODE: TLIM**

THE STONE PUZZLE OF ROSSLYN CHAPEL

by Philip Coppens

Roslyn Chapel is revered by Freemasons as a vital part of their history, believed by some to hold evidence of pre-Columbian voyages to America, assumed by others to hold important relics, from the Holy Grail to the Head of Christ, the Scottish chapel is a place full of mystery. The history of the chapel, its relationship to Freemasonry and the family behind the scenes, the Sinclairs, is brought to life, incorporating new, previously forgotten and heretofore unknown evidence. Significantly, the story is placed in the equally enigmatic landscape surrounding the chapel, which includes features from Templar commanderies to prehistoric markings, from an ancient kingly site to the South to Arthur's Seat directly north of the chapel. The true significance and meaning of the chapel is finally unveiled: it is a medieval stone book of esoteric knowledge "written" by the Sinclair family, one of the most powerful and wealthy families in Scotland, chosen patrons of Freemasonry.

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NOSTRADAMUS AND THE LOST TEMPLAR LEGACY

by Rudy Cambier

Rudy Cambier's decade-long research and analysis of the verses of Nostradamus' "prophecies" has shown that the language of those verses does not belong in the 16th Century, nor in Nostradamus' region of Provence. The language spoken in the verses belongs to the medieval times of the 14th Century, and the Belgian banks. The documents known as Nostradamus' prophecies were not written ca. 1550 by the French "visionary" Michel de Nostradamus. Instead, they were composed between 1323 and 1328 by a Cistercian monk, Yves de Lessines, prior of the abbey of Cambrai, on the border between France and Belgium. According to the author, these documents reveal the location of a Templar treasure. This key allowed Cambier to translate the "prophecies." But rather than being confronted with a series of cataclysms and revelations of future events, Cambier discovered a possibly even more stunning secret. Yves de Lessines had waited for many years for someone called "l'attendu," the expected one. This person was supposed to come to collect the safeguarded treasures of the Knights Templar, an organization suppressed in 1307. But no-one came. Hence, the prior decided to impart the whereabouts and nature of the treasure in a most cryptic manner in verses.

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The Proportions & Symbolic Numbers of Ancient Cosmology

by John Michell

The Dimensions of Paradise were known to ancient civilizations as the harmonious numerical standards that underlie the created world. John Michell's quest for these standards provides vital clues for understanding: The dimensions and symbolism of Stonehenge; The plan of Atlantis and reasons for its fall; The numbers behind the sacred names of Christianity; The form of St. John's vision of the New Jerusalem; The name of the man with the number 666; The foundation plan of Glastonbury and other sanctuaries and how these symbols suggest a potential for personal, cultural and political regeneration in the 21st century.

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THE HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS

by Charles G. Addison, introduction by David Hatcher Childress

Chapters on the origin of the Templars, their popularity in Europe and their rivalry with the Knights of St. John, later to be known as the Knights of Malta. Detailed information on the activities of the Templars in the Holy Land, and the 1312 AD suppression of the Templars in France and other countries, which culminated in the execution of Jacques de Molay and the continuation of the Knights Templar in England and Scotland; the formation of the society of Knights Templar in London; and the rebuilding of the Temple in 1816. Plus a lengthy intro about the lost Templar fleet and its connections to the ancient North American sea routes.

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SAUNIER'S MODEL AND THE SECRET OF RENNES-LE-CHATEAU

The Priest's Final Legacy

by André Douzet

Berenger Saunière, the enigmatic priest of the French village of Rennes-le-Château, is rumored to have found the legendary treasure of the Cathars. But what became of it? In 1916, Saunière created his ultimate clue: he went to great expense to create a model of a region said to be the Calvary Mount, indicating the "Tomb of Jesus." But the region on the model does not resemble the region of Jerusalem. Did Saunière leave a clue as to the true location of his treasure? And what is that treasure? After years of research, André Douzet discovered this model—the only real clue Saunière left behind as to the nature and location of his treasure—and the possible tomb of Jesus.

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ARKTOS

The Myth of the Pole in Science, Symbolism, and Nazi Survival

by Joscelyn Godwin

A scholarly treatment of catastrophes, ancient myths and the Nazi Occult beliefs. Explored are the many tales of an ancient race said to have lived in the Arctic regions, such as Thule and Hyperborea. Progressing outward, the book looks at modern polar legends including the survival of Hitler, German bases in Antarctica, UFOs, the hollow earth, Agartha and Shambhala, more.

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PHILOSOPHY & RELIGION

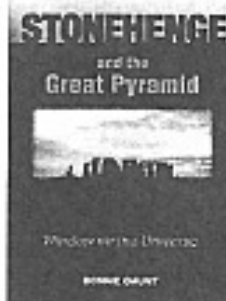
STONEHENGE AND THE GREAT PYRAMID

Window on the Universe

by Bonnie Gaunt

Mathematician and theologian Bonnie Gaunt's study on the Sacred Geometry of Stonehenge and the Great Pyramid. Through architecture, mathematics, geometry and the ancient science of "measuring," man can know the secrets of the Universe as encoded in these ancient structures. This is a fascinating study of the geometry and mathematics encompassed in these amazing megaliths as well as the prophecy beliefs surrounding the inner chambers of the Great Pyramid, the gematria of the Bible and how this translates into numbers which are also encoded within these structures. Interest is high in ancient Egypt at the moment, with attention focused on how old the Sphinx and Great Pyramid really are. Additionally, the current crop circle phenomenon is centered around Stonehenge.

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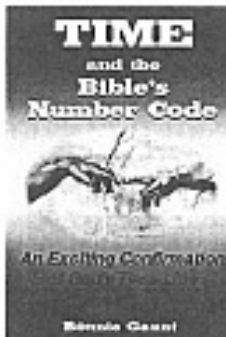
TIME AND THE BIBLE'S NUMBER CODE

An Exciting Confirmation of God's Time-Line

by Bonnie Gaunt

Bonnie Gaunt's latest research confirms the authenticity of the Bible's Number Code (Gematria) in this latest book of all new material. Gaunt delves into the fascinating patterns of time and numbers that reveal, she says, the master plan of the "Great Mathematician" to create the Kingdom of God on Earth. Confirming the time-line using the Number Code and the beautiful Golden Proportion is the exciting theme of this book. Chapters include: Finding a New Method; Why 6,000 Years?; The Year 1999 and 5760; The Pilgrim Festivals; Confirmation of Time Blocks; Jubilees—a Countdown; "Seven Times" (The Amazing Golden Proportion); Putting It All Together; more.

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THE STONES AND THE SCARLET THREAD

New Evidence from the Bible's Number Code, Stonehenge & the Great Pyramid

by Bonnie Gaunt

Researcher Bonnie Gaunt's latest work confirms the authenticity of the Bible's Number Code (Gematria). New evidence has been found linking its amazing pattern of numbers and its time prophecies with the sacred geometry of ancient stone structures such as Stonehenge and the Great Pyramid. In this, her ninth book, Gaunt builds on the research presented in her previous eight books, and brings to light new evidence that a Master Plan involving man and his future on planet earth has been in the process from the beginning. She shows, through the Number Code, that the Bible's ancient story of the scarlet thread has been intricately woven through the history and future of man. This exciting book will open new vistas of understanding and insight into the marvelous works of the Master Designer.

224 PAGES. 5X8 PAPERBACK. ILLUSTRATED. APPENDIX. \$14.95. CODE: SST



THE BIBLE'S AWESOME NUMBER CODE!

by Bonnie Gaunt

Researcher Bonnie Gaunt continues her research on Gematria and Bible codes. In this book, Gaunt details a new discovery of the numeric patterns in the Gematria of the Bible and their relationship to the 3-4-5 triangle, and the earth, moon and sun. Using the Number Code, it is found that the parable of the Good Samaritan is, in fact, a time prophecy, telling the time of Jesus' return. His miracles of healing and of turning water into wine have been encoded with evidence of the time and the work of the beginning of the great "Third Day." The Number Code takes us on a journey from Bethlehem to Golgotha, and into the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, the Kingdom of God and the building of the New Jerusalem. According to Gaunt, these awesome numbers also reveal the great "Third Day" as beginning in the Hebrew Year 5760 (AD 1999-2000).

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BEGINNINGS

The Sacred Design

by Bonnie Gaunt

Bonnie Gaunt continues the line of research begun by John Michell into the geometric design of Stonehenge, the Great Pyramid and the Golden Proportions. Chapters in this book cover the following topics: the amazing number 144 and the numbers in the design of the New Jerusalem; the Great Pyramid, Stonehenge and Solomon's Temple display a common design that reveals the work of a Master Designer; the amazing location of Bethlehem; how the process of photosynthesis reveals the sacred design while transforming light into organic substance; how the Bible's number code (gematria) reveals a sacred design; more.

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JESUS CHRIST: THE NUMBER OF HIS NAME

The Amazing Number Code Found in the Bible

by Bonnie Gaunt

Gaunt says that the numerological code tells of the new Millennium and of a "Grand Octave of Time" for man. She demonstrates that the Bible's number code reveals amazing realities for today's world, and gives evidence of the year of the "second coming" of Jesus Christ. The book reveals amazing evidence that the code number for Jesus Christ has been planted in the geometry of the Earth, ancient megalithic buildings in Egypt, Britain and elsewhere, and in the Bible itself. Gaunt examines the mathematics of the Great Pyramid, Stonehenge, and the city of Bethlehem, which she says bears the number of Jesus in its latitude and longitude. Discover the hidden meaning to such number codes in the Bible as 666, 888, 864, 3168, and more.

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STONEHENGE ...A CLOSER LOOK

by Bonnie Gaunt

Like the Great Pyramid, Stonehenge is steeped in mystery and is a masterwork in stone. Gaunt decodes the megaliths and tells not only of 4,000 years of history, but of the timeless forces of the universe and of the future of this planet.

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THE CHRIST CONSPIRACY

The Greatest Story Ever Sold



ACHARYA S.

THE CHRIST CONSPIRACY

The Greatest Story Ever Sold

by Acharya S.

In this highly controversial and explosive book, archaeologist, historian, mythologist and linguist Acharya S. marshals an enormous amount of startling evidence to demonstrate that Christianity and the story of Jesus Christ were created by members of various secret societies, mystery schools and religions in order to unify the Roman Empire under one state religion. In developing such a fabrication, this multinational cabal drew upon a multitude of myths and rituals that existed long before the Christian era, and reworked them for centuries into the religion passed down to us today. Contrary to popular belief, there was no single man who was at the genesis of Christianity; Jesus was many characters rolled into one. These characters personified the ubiquitous solar myth, and their exploits were well known, as reflected by such popular deities as Mithras, Heracles/Hercules, Dionysos and many others throughout the Roman Empire and beyond. The story of Jesus as portrayed in the Gospels is revealed to be nearly identical in detail to that of the earlier savior-gods Krishna and Horus, who for millennia preceding Christianity held great favor with the people. *The Christ Conspiracy* shows the Jesus character as neither unique nor original, not "divine revelation." Christianity re-interprets the same extremely ancient body of knowledge that revolved around the celestial bodies and natural forces.

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The Aquarian Gospel



Jesus
The
Christ

THE AQUARIAN GOSPEL OF JESUS THE CHRIST

Transcribed from the Akashic Records

by Levi

First published in 1908, this is the amazing story of Jesus, the man from Galilee, and how he attained the Christ consciousness open to all men. It includes a complete record of the "lost" 18 years of his life, a time on which the New Testament is strangely silent. During this period Jesus travelled widely in India, Tibet, Persia, Egypt and Greece, learning from the Masters, seers and wisemen of the East and the West in their temples and schools. Included is information on the Council of the Seven Sages of the World, Jesus with the Chinese Master Mencius (Meng Tzu) in Tibet, the ministry, trial, execution and resurrection of Jesus.

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CONVERSATIONS WITH THE GODDESS

by Mark Amaru Pinkham

Return of the Serpents of Wisdom author Pinkham tells us that "The Goddess is returning!" Pinkham gives us an alternative history of Lucifer, the ancient King of the World, and the Matriarchal Tradition he founded thousands of years ago. The name Lucifer means "Light Bringer" and he is the same as the Greek god Prometheus, and is different from Satan, who was based on the Egyptian god Set. Find out how the branches of the Matriarchy—the Secret Societies and Mystery Schools—were formed, and how they have been receiving assistance from the Brotherhoods on Sirius and Venus to evolve the world and overthrow the Patriarchy. Learn about the revival of the Goddess Tradition in the New Age and why the Goddess wants us all to reunite with Her now! An unusual book from an unusual writer!

296 PAGES. 7X10 PAPERBACK. ILLUSTRATED. BIBLIOGRAPHY. \$14.95. CODE: CWTG.

Conversations with the Goddess



by
Mark Amaru Pinkham

THE BOOK OF ENOCH

The Prophet

translated by Richard Laurence

This is a reprint of the Apocryphal *Book of Enoch the Prophet* which was first discovered in Abyssinia in the year 1773 by a Scottish explorer named James Bruce. In 1821 *The Book of Enoch* was translated by Richard Laurence and published in a number of successive editions, culminating in the 1883 edition. One of the main influences from the book is its explanation of evil coming into the world with the arrival of the "fallen angels." Enoch acts as a scribe, writing up a petition on behalf of these fallen angels, or fallen ones, to be given to a higher power for ultimate judgment. Christianity adopted some ideas from Enoch, including the Final Judgment, the concept of demons, the origins of evil and the fallen angels, and the coming of a Messiah and ultimately, a Messianic kingdom. The *Book of Enoch* was ultimately removed from the Bible and banned by the early church. Copies of it were found to have survived in Ethiopia, and fragments in Greece and Italy.

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Christianity Before Christ

by Kersey Graves, foreword by Acharya S.

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The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors



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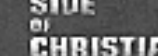
THE DARK SIDE OF CHRISTIAN HISTORY

by Helen Ellerbe

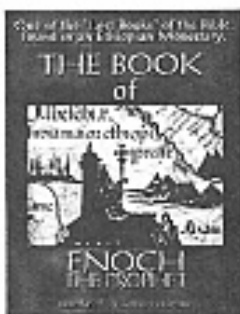
Over a period of almost two millennia, millions of people have been oppressed and brutalized by elements in the Christian church in its attempt to control and contain spirituality. *The Dark Side of Christian History* reveals in painstaking detail the tragedies, sorrows and injustices inflicted upon humanity by the Church. Chapters on Political Maneuvering in Rome; Deciding on Doctrine; Sex, Free Will, Reincarnation and the Use of Force; The Dark Ages; The Inquisition and Slavery; the Witch Hunts; more. "This is simply a book that everyone must sit down and read." —Alice Walker, author of the book *The Color Purple*.

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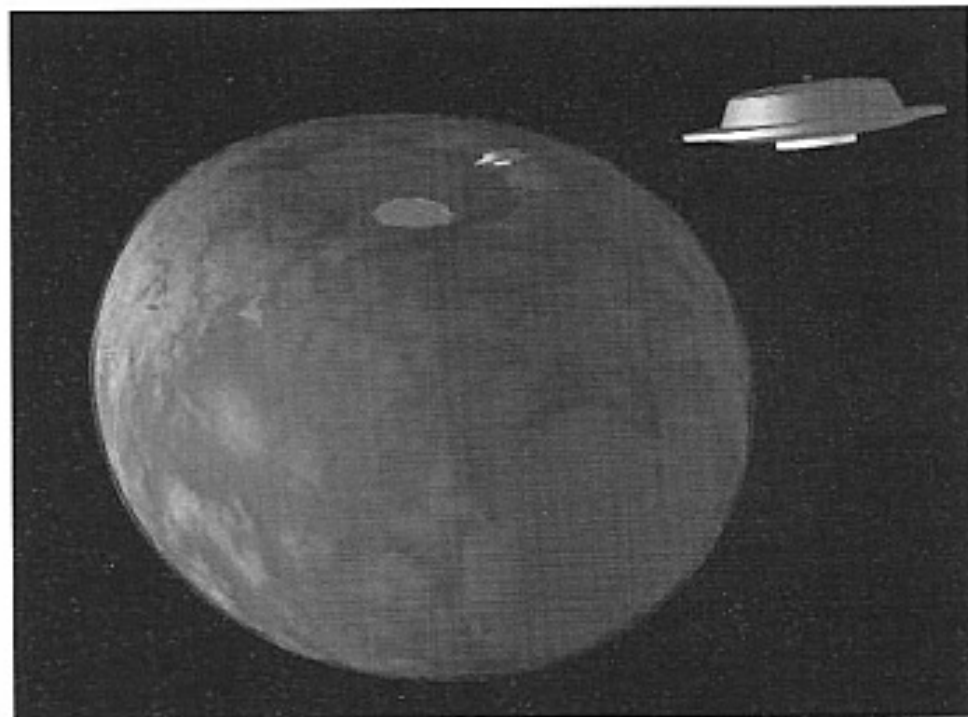
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